

# THE CONTROVERSY



DOUGLAS REED

# **THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION**

**BY DOUGLAS REED**

**AAARGH  
INTERNET  
2004**

*"For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance and the year of recompences for the controversy of Zion"- Isaiah 34:8.*

*"An event has happened, upon which it is difficult to speak and impossible to be silent"Edmund Burke, 1789.*

This book was written in 1951-1956.

First published in 1978 by Dolphin Press (Pty) Ltd., Durban.

ISBN 0 939482 03 7

Several times republishd and reprinted by

Veritas Publishing Company Pty., Ltd., P .0. Box 20, Bullsbrook, Western Australia, 6084

ISBN 0-945001-38-X 587 p.

The book seems to be on sale at various places. See for instance

TGS Services, 22241 Pinedale Lane, Frankston, Texas 75763, USA, 903-876-3256

This book has been made available in <html> format at this address:

<<http://www.nationalvanguard.org/docs/reed.html>> in 2004.

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The <pdf> version by AAARGH, December 2004

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THE AUTHOR Douglas Lancelot Reed (1995 – 1976)

It is one of the commonplaces of history that adverse circumstances offer no obstacle to men of outstanding energy and ability. Douglas Reed, who described himself as "relatively unschooled", started out in life as an office boy at the age of 13 and was a bank clerk at 19 before enlisting at the outbreak of World War I. A less promising preparation for a man destined to be one of the most brilliant political analysts and descriptive writers of the century could hardly be imagined. He was already 26 years old when he reached the *London Times* in 1921 as a telephonist and clerk; and he was 30 when he finally reached journalism as sub-editor. Thereafter there was no stopping this late-starter. Three years later he became assistant *Times* correspondent in Berlin before moving on to Vienna as Chief Central European correspondent stationed at Vienna. Reed broke with *The Times* in October 1938, almost simultaneously with the appearance of a book which was to win him instant world fame - *Insanity Fair*, a charming combination of autobiography and contemporary history. This was followed a year later by another runaway best seller, *Disgrace Abounding*. Other best-sellers followed in quick succession - *A Prophet at Home*, *All Our Tomorrows*, *Lest We Regret*, *Somewhere South of Suez* and *Far and Wide*. After *Far and Wide* Reed was virtually banned by the establishment publishers and booksellers, but he emerged from his enforced retirement as a writer in 1966 with *The Battle for Rhodesia*, followed by *The Siege Of Southern Africa* in 1974, *Behind the Scene* (a new edition of Part Two of *Far and Wide*) and *The Grand Design*, published in 1976 and 1977.



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#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

Where italics have been used in this book they have in all cases been added by the author, to direct attention to a word or passage which he holds to be of especial importance.

Where a passage is quoted without its source, it is taken from the last authority previously quoted.

# A PREFACE

*By Ivor Benson*

The Author: In Europe during the years immediately before and after World War II the name of Douglas Reed was on everyone's lips; his books were being sold by scores of thousand, and he was known with intimate familiarity throughout the English-speaking world by a vast army of readers and admirers. Former London *Times* correspondent in Central Europe, he had won great fame with books like *Insanity Fair*, *Disgrace Abounding*, *Lest We Regret*, *Somewhere South of Suez*, *Far and Wide* and several others, each amplifying a hundredfold the scope available to him as one of the world's leading foreign correspondents.

The disappearance into almost total oblivion of Douglas Reed and all his works was a change that could not have been wrought by time alone; indeed, the correctness of his interpretation of the unfolding history of the times found some confirmation in what happened to him when at the height of his powers.

After 1951, with the publication of *Far and Wide*, in which he set the history of the United States of America into the context of all he had learned in Europe of the politics of the world, Reed found himself banished from the bookstands, all publishers' doors closed to him, and those books already published liable to be withdrawn from library shelves and "lost", never to be replaced.

His public career as a writer now apparently at an end, Reed was at last free to undertake a great task for which all that had gone before was but a kind of preparation and education that no university could provide and which only the fortunate and gifted few could fully use - his years as a foreign correspondent, his travels in Europe and America, his conversations and contacts with the great political leaders of his day, plus his eager absorption through reading and observation of all that was best in European culture.

Experiences which other men might have accepted as defeat, served only to focus Douglas Reed's powers on what was to be his most important undertaking - that of researching and retelling the story of the last 2000 years and more in such a way as to render intelligible much of modern history which for the masses remains in our time steeped in darkness and closely guarded by the terrors of an invisible system of censorship.

The Book: Commencing in 1951, Douglas Reed spent more than three years - much of this time separated from his wife and young family - working in the New York Central Library, or tapping away at his typewriter in spartan lodgings in New York or Montreal. With workmanlike zeal, the book was rewritten, all 300,000 words of it, and the Epilogue only added in 1956.

The story of the book itself - the unusual circumstances in which it was written, and how the manuscript, after having remained hidden for more than 20 years, came to light and was at last made available for publication - is part of the history of our century, throwing some light on a struggle of which the multitudes know nothing: that conducted relentlessly and unceasingly on the battleground of the human mind.

It needed some unusual source of spiritual power and motivation to bring [v] to completion so big a book involving so much laborious research and cross-checking, a book, moreover, which seemed to have little or no chance of being published in the author's lifetime.

Although there is correspondence to show that the title was briefly discussed with one publisher, the manuscript was never submitted but remained for 22 years stowed away in three zippered files on top of a wardrobe in Reed's home in Durban, South Africa.

Relaxed and at peace with himself in the knowledge that he had carried his great enterprise as far as possible in the circumstances of the times, Douglas Reed patiently accepted his forced retirement as journalist and writer, put behind him all that belonged to the past and adjusted himself cheerfully to a different mode of existence, in which most of his new-found friends and acquaintances, charmed by his lively

mind and rich sense of humour, remained for years wholly unaware that this was indeed *the Douglas Reed* of literary fame.

Of this he was sure, whether or not it would happen in his lifetime, there would come a time when circumstances would permit, and the means be found, to communicate to the world his message of history rewritten, and the central message of Christianity restated. Interpretation: For the rest, *The Controversy of Zion*, can be left to speak for itself; indeed, it is a work of revisionist history and religious exposition the central message of which is revealed in almost every page, understanding and compassionate of people but severely critical of the inordinate and dangerous ambitions of their leaders.

In the final chapter, under the heading *the Climacteric*, Douglas Reed remarks that if he could have planned it all when he began writing his book in 1949, he could not have chosen a better moment than the last months of 1956 to review the long history of Talmudic Zionism and re-examine it against the background of what was still happening on the stage of world politics.

For 1956 was the year of another American presidential election in which, once again, the Zionists demonstrated their decisive power to influence Western politics; it was the year in which the nations of the West stood by as helpless spectators as Soviet forces were used to crush a spontaneous revolt and re-install a Jewish-Communist regime in Hungary; and it was the year in which Britain and France, under Zionist pressure, were drawn into the disastrous fiasco of an attempt to capture the Suez Canal, an adventure from which, once again, Israel alone gained any advantage.

Everything that has happened since Reed wrote those last sentences in 1956 has continued to endorse the correctness of his interpretation of more than 2000 years of troubled history.

The Middle East has remained an area of intense political activity and of the maximum falsification of news and suppression of genuine debate, and it was only the few with some knowledge of the role of Talmudic Zionism and Communism who could have had any chance of solving the problem of successive events of major importance, like the so-called Six Day War in 1967 [vi] and the massive Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982.

Those who have read *The Controversy of Zion* will not be surprised to learn that there were clear signs of collusion between the Soviet Union and Israel in precipitating the Israeli attack on Egypt, for it was only because Colonel Nasser had been warned by the Kremlin bosses that Israel was about to attack Egypt's ally Syria that he moved nearly all his armed forces to his country's northern border, where they fell an easy prey to Israel's vastly superior army.

It seemed as if nothing had changed when in 1982 Israel launched a massive and most ruthless attack on Southern Lebanon, ostensibly for the purpose of rooting out the Palestine Liberation Organisation, but actually in furtherance of an expansionist policy about which Jewish leaders have always been remarkably frank.

By this time, however, the pro-Zionist mythology generated by Western politicians and media in which Israel was always represented as a tiny and virtuous nation in constant need of help and protection, was obviously beginning to lose much of its plausibility, so that few were surprised when the British Institute of Strategic Studies announced that Israel could now be regarded as fourth in the world as a military power, after the USA, the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China - well ahead of nations like Britain and France.

More deeply significant was the reaction of the Jewish people, both in Israel and abroad, to an apparent triumph of Zionist arms in Lebanon. While Western politicians and media remained timorously restrained in their comment, even after news of the massacre of an estimated 1500 men, women and children in two Beirut refugee camps, 350,000 of the residents of Tel Aviv staged a public demonstration against their government and there were reports in the Jewish press that controversy over the Lebanese war had rocked the Israel army and affected all ranks.

Of this, too, Douglas Reed seems to have had some presentiment, for among the last words in his book are these: "I believe the Jews of the world are equally beginning to see the error of revolutionary Zionism, the twin of the other destructive movement, and, as this century ends, will at last decide to seek involvement in common mankind" .

IVOR BENSON.

## Chapter 1

### THE START OF THE AFFAIR

The true start of this affair occurred on a day in 458 BC which this narrative will reach in its sixth chapter. On that day the petty Palestinian tribe of Judah (earlier disowned by the Israelites) produced a racial creed, the disruptive effect of which on subsequent human affairs may have exceeded that of explosives or epidemics. This was the day on which the theory of the master-race was set up as "the Law".

At the time Judah was a small tribe among the subject-peoples of the Persian king, and what today is known as "the West" could not even be imagined. Now the Christian era is nearly two thousand years old and "Western civilization", which grew out of it, is threatened with disintegration.

The creed born in Judah 2,500 years ago, in the author's opinion, has chiefly brought this about. The process, from original cause to present effect, can be fairly clearly traced because the period is, in the main, one of verifiable history.

The creed which a fanatical sect produced that day has shown a great power over the minds of men throughout these twenty-five centuries; hence its destructive achievement. *Why* it was born at that particular moment, or ever, is something that none can explain. This is among the greatest mysteries of our world, unless the theory that every action produces an equal and opposite reaction is valid in the area of religious thought; so that the impulse which at that remote time set many men searching for a universal, loving God produced this fierce counter-idea of an exclusive, vengeful deity.

Judah-ism was retrogressive even in 458 BC, when men in the known world were beginning to turn their eyes away from idols and tribal gods and to look for a God of all men, of justice and of neighbourliness. Confucius and Buddha had already pointed in that direction and the idea of one-God was known among the neighbouring peoples of Judah. Today the claim is often made that the religious man, Christian, Muslim or other, must pay respect to Judaism, whatever its errors, on one incontestable ground: it was the first *universal* religion, so that in a sense all universal religions descend from it. Every Jewish child is taught this. In truth, the idea of the one-God of all men was known long before the tribe of Judah even took shape, and Judaism was above all else the denial of that idea. The Egyptian Book of the Dead (manuscripts of which were found in the tombs of kings of 2,600 BC, over two thousand years before the Judaist "Law" was completed) contains the passage: "Thou art the one, the God from the very beginnings of time, the heir of immortality, self-produced and self-born; thou didst create the earth and make man". Conversely, the Scripture produced in Judah of the Levites asked, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, *among* the Gods?" (*Exodus*).

The sect which attached itself to and mastered the tribe of Judah took this rising concept of one-God of all-peoples and embodied it in its Scripture only to [2] destroy it, and to set up the creed based on its denial. It is denied subtly, but with scorn, and as the creed is based on the theory of the master-race this denial is necessary and inevitable. A master-race, if there be one, must *itself* be God.

The creed which was given force of daily law in Judah in 458 BC was then and still is unique in the world. It rested on the assertion, attributed to the tribal deity (Jehovah), that "the Israelites" (in fact, the Judahites) were his "chosen people" who, if they did all his "statutes and judgments", would be set over all other peoples and be established in a "promised land". Out of this theory, whether by forethought or unforeseen necessity, grew the pendent theories of "captivity" and "destruction". If Jehovah were to be worshipped, as he demanded, at a certain place in a specified land, all his worshippers had to live there.

Obviously all of them could not live there, but if they lived elsewhere, whether by constraint or their own choice, they automatically became "captives" of "the stranger", whom they had to "root out", "pull

down" and "destroy". Given this basic tenet of the creed, it made no difference whether the "captors" were conquerors or friendly hosts; their ordained lot was to be destruction or enslavement.

Before they were destroyed or enslaved, they were, for a time, to be "captors" of the Judahites, not in their own right, but because the Judahites, having failed in "observance", deserved punishment. In *this* way, Jehovah revealed himself as the one-God of all-peoples: though he "knew" only the "chosen people", he would employ the heathen to punish them for their "transgressions", before meting out the foreordained destruction to these heathen.

The Judahites had this inheritance thrust on them. It was not even theirs, for the "covenant", according to these Scriptures, had been made between Jehovah and "the children of Israel", and by 458 BC the Israelites, spurning the non-Israelitish Judahites, had long since been absorbed by other mankind, taking with them the vision of a universal, loving God of all men. The Israelites, from all the evidence, never knew this racial creed which was to come down through the centuries as the Jewish religion, or Judaism. It stands, for all time, as the product of Judah of the Levites.

What happened before 458 BC is largely lore, legend and mythology, as distinct from the period following, the main events of which are known. Before 458 BC, for instance, there were in the main only "oral traditions"; the documentary period begins in the two centuries leading up to 458 BC, when Judah had been disavowed by the Israelites. At this stage, when the word-of-mouth tradition became written Scripture, the perversion occurred. The surviving words of the earlier Israelites show that their tradition was a widening one of neighbourliness under a universal God. This was changed into its opposite by the itinerant priests who segregated the Judahites and established the worship of Jehovah as the god of racialism, hatred and revenge.

In the earlier tradition Moses was a great tribal leader who heard the voice of [3] one-God speak from a burning bush and came down from a mountain bearing this one-God's moral commandments to the people. The time when this tradition took shape was one when the idea of religion was first moving in the minds of men and when all the peoples were borrowing from each other's traditions and thought.

Whence the idea of one-God may have come has already been shown, although the earlier Egyptians themselves may have received it from others. The figure of Moses himself, and his Law, both were taken from material already existing. The story of Moses's discovery in the bulrushes was plainly borrowed from the much earlier legend (with which it is identical) of a king of Babylonia, Sargon the Elder, who lived between one and two thousand years before him; the Commandments much resemble earlier law codes of the Egyptians, Babylonians and Assyrians. The ancient Israelites built on current ideas, and by this means apparently were well on the way to a universal religion when they were swallowed up by mankind.

Then Judah put the process into reverse, so that the effect is that of a film run backward. The masters of Judah, the Levites, as they drew up their Law also took what they could use from the inheritance of other peoples and worked it into the stuff they were moulding. They began with the one just God of all men, whose voice had been briefly heard from the burning bush (in the oral tradition) and in the course of five books of their written Law turned him into the racial, bargaining Jehovah who promised territory, treasure, blood and power over others in return for a ritual of sacrifice, to be performed at a precise place in a specified land.

Thus they founded the permanent counter-movement to all universal religions and identified the name Judah with the doctrine of self-segregation from mankind, racial hatred, murder in the name of religion, and revenge.

The perversion thus accomplished may be traced in the Old Testament, where Moses first appears as the bearer of the moral commandments and good neighbour, and ends as a racial mass-murderer, the moral commandments having been converted into their opposites between *Exodus* and *Numbers*. In the course of this same transmutation the God who begins by commanding the people not to kill or to covet their neighbours' goods or wives, finishes by ordering a tribal massacre of a neighbouring people, only the virgins to be saved alive!

Thus the achievement of the itinerant priests who mastered the tribe of Judah, so long ago, was to turn one small, captive people away from the rising idea of a God of all men, to reinstate a bloodthirsty tribal deity and racial law, and to send the followers of this creed on their way through the centuries with a destructive mission.

The creed, or revelation of God as thus presented, was based on a version of history, every event of which had to conform with, and to confirm the teaching.

[4]

This version of history went back to the Creation, the exact moment of which was known; as the priests also claimed to possess the future, this was a complete story and theory of the universe from start to finish. The end was to be the triumphant consummation in Jerusalem, when world dominion was to be established on the ruins of the heathen and their kingdoms.

The theme of mass-captivity, ending in a Jehovan vengeance ("all the firstborn of Egypt"), appears when this version of history reaches the Egyptian phase, leading up to the mass-exodus and mass-conquest of the promised land. This episode was necessary if the Judahites were to be organized as a permanent disruptive force among nations and for that reason, evidently, was invented; the Judaist scholars agree that nothing resembling the narrative in *Exodus* actually occurred.

Whether Moses even lived is in dispute. "They tell you", said the late Rabbi Emil Hirsch, "that Moses never lived. I acquiesce. If they tell me that the story that came from Egypt is mythology, I shall not protest; it is mythology. They tell me that the book of Isaiah, as we have it today, is composed of writings of at least three and perhaps four different periods; I knew it before they ever told me; before they knew it, it was my conviction".

Whether Moses lived or not, he cannot have led any mass-exodus from Egypt into Canaan (Palestine). No sharply-defined Israelitish tribes existed (says Rabbi Elmer Berger) at any time when anyone called Moses may have led some small groups out of Egyptian slavery. The Habiru (Hebrews) then were *already* established in Canaan, having reached it long before from Babylonia on the far side: Their name, Habiru, denoted no racial or tribal identity; it meant "nomads". Long before any small band led by Moses can have arrived they had overrun large Canaanite areas, and the governor of Jerusalem reported to Pharaoh in Egypt, "The King no longer has any territory, the Habiru have devastated all the King's territory".

A most zealous Zionist historian, Dr. Josef Kastein, is equally specific about this. He will often be quoted during this narrative because his book, like this one, covers the entire span of the controversy of Zion (save for the last twenty-two years; it was published in 1933). He says, "Countless other Semitic and Hebrew tribes *were already settled in the promised land* which, Moses told his followers, was *theirs by ancient right of inheritance*; what matter that *actual conditions in Canaan had long since effaced this right* and rendered it illusory".

Dr. Kastein, a fervent Zionist, holds that the Law laid down in the Old Testament must be fulfilled to the letter, but does not pretend to take the version of history seriously, on which this Law is based. In this he differs from Christian polemicists of the "every word is true" school. He holds that the Old Testament was in fact a political programme, drafted to meet the conditions of a time, and frequently revised to meet changing conditions.

Historically, therefore, the Egyptian captivity, the slaying of "all the firstborn [5] of Egypt", the exodus toward and conquest of the promised land are myths. The story was invented, but the lesson, of vengeance on the heathen, was implanted in men's minds and the deep effect continues into our time.

It was evidently invented to turn the Judahites away from the earlier tradition of the God who, from the burning bush, laid down a simple law of moral behaviour and neighbourliness; by the insertion of imaginary, allegorical incident, presented as historical truth, this tradition was converted into its opposite and the "Law" of exclusion, hatred and vengeance established. With this as their religion and inheritance, attested by the historical narrative appended to it, a little band of human beings were sent on their way into the future.

By the time of that achievement of 458 BC, many centuries after any possible period when Moses may have lived, much had happened in Canaan. The nomadic Habiru, supplanting the native Canaanites by penetration, intermarriage, settlement or conquest, had thrown off a tribe called the Ben Yisrael, or Children of Israel, which had split into a number of tribes, very loosely confederated and often at war with each other. The main body of these tribes, the Israelites, held the north of Canaan. In the south, isolated and surrounded by native Canaanitish peoples, a tribe called Judah took shape. This was the tribe from which the racial creed and such words as "Judaism", "Jewish" and "Jew" in the course of centuries emerged.

From the moment when it first appears as an entity this tribe of Judah has a strange look. It was always cut off, and never got on well with its neighbours. Its origins are mysterious. It seems from the beginning, with its ominous name, somehow to have been set apart, rather than to have been "chosen". The Levitical



Scriptures include it among the tribes of Israel, and as the others mingled themselves with mankind this would leave it the last claimant to the rewards promised by Jehovah to "the chosen people". However, even this claim seems to be false, for the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* impartially says that Judah was "in all likelihood a *non-Israelitish tribe*".

This tribe with the curious air was the one which set out into the future saddled with the doctrine drawn up by the Levites, namely, that it was Jehovah's "chosen people" and, when it had done "all my statutes and judgments", would inherit a promised land and dominion over all peoples.

Among these "statutes and judgments" as the Levites finally edited them appeared, repeatedly, the commands, "utterly destroy", "pull down", "root out". Judah was destined to produce a nation dedicated to destruction.



## Chapter 2

### THE END OF ISRAEL

About five hundred years before the event of 458 BC, or nearly three thousand years ago today, the brief and troubled association between Judah and the Israelites ("the children of Israel") came to an end. Israel rejected the chosen people creed which was beginning to take shape in Judah and went its own way. (The adoption of the name "Israel" by the Zionist state which was set up in Palestine in 1948 was transparent false pretence).

The events which led to the short-lived, unhappy union covered earlier centuries. The mythological or legendary period of Moses was followed by one in Canaan during which "Israel" was the strong, cohesive and recognizable entity, the northern confederation of the ten tribes. Judah (to which the very small tribe of Benjamin attached itself) was a petty chiefdom in the south.

Judah, from which today's Zionism comes down, was a tribe of ill repute. Judah sold his brother Joseph, the most beloved son of Jacob-called-Israel, to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver (as Judas, the only Judean among the disciples, much later betrayed Jesus for thirty pieces of silver), and then founded the tribe in incest, (*Genesis* 37-38). The priestly scribes who wrote this Scriptural account centuries afterwards had made themselves the masters of Judah and as they altered the oral tradition, whenever it suited them, the question prompts itself: why were they at pains to preserve, or possibly even to insert, this attribution of incestuous beginnings and a treacherous nature to the very people who, they said, were the chosen of God? The thing is mysterious, like much else in the Levitical Scriptures, and only the inner sect could supply an answer.

Anyway, those Scriptures and today's authorities agree about the separateness of "Israel" and "Judah". In the Old Testament Israel is often called "the house of Joseph", in pointed distinction from "the house of Judah". The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says, "Joseph and Judah typify *two distinct lines of descent*" and adds (as already cited) that Judah was "in all likelihood a non-Israelitish tribe". The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says that Judaism developed *long after the Israelites had merged themselves with mankind*, and that the true relationship of the two peoples is best expressed in the phrase, "*The Israelites were not Jews*". Historically, Judah was to survive for a little while and to bring forth Judaism, which begat Zionism. Israel was to disappear as an entity, and it all came about in this way:

The little tribe in the south, Judah, became identified with the landless tribe, that of the Levites. These hereditary priests, who claimed that their office had been bestowed on them by Jehovah on Mount Sinai, were the true fathers of Judaism. They wandered among the tribes, preaching that the war of one was the war of all, and Jehovah's war. Their aim was power and they strove for a theocracy, a state in which God is the sovereign and religion the law. During the period of the Judges they achieved their aim to some extent, for they naturally

[7] *were* the Judges. What they, and isolated Judah, most needed was union with Israel. Israel, which distrusted this lawgiving priesthood, would not hear of unification unless it were under a king; all the surrounding peoples had kings.

The Levites grasped this opportunity. They saw that if a king were appointed the ruling class would supply the nominee, and they were the ruling class. Samuel, at their head, set up a puppet monarchy, behind which the priesthood wielded true power; this was achieved through the stipulation that the king should reign only for life, which meant that he would not be able to found a dynasty. Samuel chose a young Benjaminite peasant, Saul, who had made some name in tribal warfare and, presumably, was thought likely to be tractable (the choice of a Benjaminite suggests that Israel would not consider any man of Judah for the kingship). The unified kingdom of Israel then began; in truth it survived but this one reign, Saul's.

In Saul's fate (or in the account given of it in the later Scriptures) the ominous nature of Judaism, as it was to be given shape, may be discerned. He was commanded to begin the holy war by attacking the Amalekites "and *utterly destroy* all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass". He destroyed "man and woman, infant and suckling", but spared King-Agag and the best of the sheep, oxen, yearlings and lambs. For this he was excommunicated by Samuel, who secretly chose one David, of *Judah*, to be Saul's successor. Thereafter Saul vainly strove by zeal in "utter destruction" to appease the Levites, and then by attempting David's life to save his throne. At last he killed himself.

Possibly none of this happened; it is the account given in the Book of Samuel, which the Levites produced centuries later. Whether it is true or allegorical, the importance lies in the plain implication: Jehovah demanded literal obedience when he commanded "utter destruction", and mercy or pity were capital offences. This lesson is driven home in many other depictions of events which were possibly historical and possibly imaginary.

This was really the end, three thousand years ago, of the united kingdom, for Israel would not accept the man of Judah, David, as king. Dr. Kastein says that "the rest of Israel ignored him" and proclaimed Saul's son, Ishbosheth, king, whereon the re-division into Israel and Judah "really took place". According to *Samuel*, Ishbosheth was killed and his head was sent to David, who thereon restored a nominal union and made Jerusalem his capital. He never again truly united the kingdom or the tribes; he founded a dynasty which survived one more reign.

Formal Judaism holds to this day that the Messianic consummation will come about under a worldly king of "the house of David"; and racial exclusion is the first tenet of formal Judaism (and the law of the land in the Zionist state). The origins of the dynasty founded by David are thus of direct relevance to this narrative.

[8]

Racial discrimination and segregation were clearly unknown to the tribespeople in those days of the association between Israel and Judah, for the Old Testament says that David, the Judahite, from his roof, saw "a very beautiful woman" bathing, commanded her to him and made her with child, and then had her husband, a Hittite, sent into the front battle-line with orders that he be killed. When he was dead David added the woman, Bathsheba, to his wives, and her second son by him became the next king, Solomon (this story of David and Bathsheba, as related in the Old Testament, was bowdlerized in a Hollywood-made moving picture of our day).

Such was the racial descent of Solomon, the last king of the riven confederacy, according to the Levitical scribes. He began his reign with three murders, including that of his brother, and vainly sought to save his dynasty by the Habsburg method, marriage, though on grander scale. He married princesses from Egypt and many neighbouring tribes and had hundreds of lesser wives, so that in his day, too, racial segregation must have been unknown. He built the temple and established a hereditary high priesthood.

That was the story, concluded in 937 BC, of the short association between Israel and Judah. When Solomon died the incompatible associates finally split, and in the north Israel resumed its independent life. Dr Kastein says:

"The two states had *no more in common*, for good or evil, than any other two countries with a common frontier. From time to time they waged war against each other or made treaties, *but they were entirely separate. The Israelites ceased to believe that they had a destiny apart from their neighbours and King Jeroboam made separation from Judah as complete in the religious as in the political sense*". Then, of the Judahites, Dr. Kastein adds, "they decided that they were destined to develop as *a race apart*. . . they demanded an order of existence *fundamentally different from that of the people about them*. These were *differences which allowed of no process of assimilation to others*. They demanded *separation, absolute differentiation*. "

Thus the cause of the breach and separation is made clear. Israel believed that its destiny lay with involvement in mankind, and rejected Judah on the very grounds which recurrently, in the ensuing three thousand years, caused other peoples to turn in alarm, resentment and repudiation from Judaism. Judah "demanded separation, absolute differentiation". (However, Dr. Kastein, though he says "Judah", means "the Levites". How could even the tribespeople of Judah, at that stage, have demanded "separation, absolute differentiation", when Solomon had had a thousand wives?)

It was the Levites, with their racial creed, that Israel rejected. The next two hundred years, during which Israel and Judah existed separately, and often in enmity, but side by side, are filled with the voices of the Hebrew "prophets", arraigning the Levites and the creed which they were constructing. These voices still call to mankind out of the tribal darkness which beclouds much of the Old

[9] Testament, for they scarified the creed which was in the making just as Jesus scarified it seven or eight hundred years later, when it was long established, at the Temple in Jerusalem.

These men were nearly all Israelites; most of them were Josephites. They were on the road to the one-God of all-peoples and to participation in mankind. They were not unique among men in this: soon the Buddha, in India, was to oppose his Sermon at Benares and his Five Commands of Uprightness to the creed of Brahma, the creator of caste-segregation, and to the worship of idols. They were in truth Israelite remonstrants against the Levitical teaching which was to become identified with the name of Judah. The name "Hebrew prophets" is inapt because they made no pretence to power of divination and were angered by the description ("I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son", *Amos*). They were protestants in their time and gave simple warning of the calculable consequences of the racial creed; their warning remains valid today.

The claims of the Levite priesthood moved them to these protests, particularly the priestly claim to the firstborn ("That which openeth the womb is mine," *Exodus*), and the priestly insistence on sacrificial rites. The Israelite expostulants (to whom this "so-called law of Moses" was unknown, according to Mr. Montefiore) saw no virtue in the bloodying of priests, the endless sacrifice of animals and the "burnt offerings", the "sweet savour" of which was supposed to please Jehovah. They rebuked the priestly doctrine of slaying and enslaving "the heathen". God, they cried, desired moral behaviour, neighbourly conduct and justice towards the poor, the fatherless, the widow and the oppressed, not blood sacrifices and hatred of the heathen.

These protests provide the first forelight of the dawn which came some eight hundred years later. They find themselves in strange company among the injunctions to massacre in which the Old Testament abounds. The strange thing is that these remonstrances survived the compilation, when Israel was gone and the Levites, supreme in Judah, wrote down the Scriptures.

Today's student cannot explain, for instance, why King David suffers Nathan publicly to rebuke him for taking Uriah's wife and having Uriah murdered. Possibly among the later scribes who compiled the historical narrative, long after Israel and the Israelite expostulants were gone, were some of their mind, who contrived in this way to continue their protest.

Conversely, these benevolent and enlightened passages are often followed by fanatical ones, attributed to the same man, which cancel them, or put the opposite in their place. The only reasonable explanation is that these are interpolations later made, to bring the heretics into line with Levitical dogma.

Whatever the explanation, these Israelite protests against the heresy of Judah have an ageless appeal and form the monument to vanished Israel. They force their way, like little blades of truth, between the dark stones of tribal saga. They pointed the way to the rising and widening road of common involvement in [10] mankind and away from the tribal abyss.

Elijah and Elisha both worked in Israel, and Amos spoke solely to the Josephites. He in particular attacked the blood sacrifices and priestly rites: "I hate, I despise your feasts and I take no delight in your solemn assemblies. Yea, though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meal offerings, I will not accept them. Neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs" (the Levites' chanted liturgies) "and let me not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment run as water and righteousness as a mighty stream". And then the immortal rebuke to the "peculiar people" doctrine: "Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto me, O children of Israel, saith the Lord".

Hosea, another Israelite, says, "I desired mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings". Hosea exhorts to the practice of "justice and righteousness", "loving kindness and compassion and faithfulness", not discrimination and contempt.

In Micah's time the Levites apparently still demanded the sacrifice of all the firstborn to Jehovah:

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before God on high? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands of rivers of oil. *Shall I give my firstborn for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?* It

hath been told to thee, O man, what is good and what the Lord doth require of thee: only to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God" .

These men contended for the soul of the tribespeople during the two centuries when Israel and Judah existed side by side, and sometimes at daggers drawn. During this period the Levites, earlier distributed among the twelve tribes, were driven more and more to congregate in tiny Judah and in Jerusalem, and to concentrate their energies on the Judahites.

Then, in 721 BC, Israel was attacked and conquered by Assyria and the Israelites were carried into captivity. Judah was spared for that moment and for another century remained an insignificant vassal, first of Assyria and then of Egypt, and the stronghold of the Levitical sect.

At that point "the children of Israel" disappear from history and if promises made to them are to be redeemed, this redemption must evidently be from among the ranks of mankind, in which they became involved and merged. Given the prevalent westward trend among the movements of peoples during the last twenty-seven hundred years, it is probable that much of their blood has gone into the European and American peoples.

The Judaist claim, on the other hand, is that Israel was totally and deservedly "lost", because it rejected the Levitical creed and chose "rapprochement with neighbouring peoples". Dr. Kastein, whose words these are, nearly twenty-seven

[11] centuries later ardently rejoiced, on that very account, in their downfall: "The ten northern tribes, with their separate development, had drifted so far from their kindred in the south that the chronicle of their fall takes the form of a brief bald statement of fact unrelieved by any expression of grief. No epic poem, no dirge, no sympathy marked the hour of their downfall".

The student of the controversy of Zion has to plod far before he begins to unveil its mysteries, but very soon discovers that in all things it speaks with two tongues, one for "the heathen" and one for the initiates.

The Levites of that ancient time did not, and today's Zionists do not believe that the Israelites "vanished without leaving a trace" (as Dr. Kastein says). They were *pronounced* "dead", in the way that a Jew marrying out of the fold today is pronounced dead (for instance, Dr. John Goldstein); they were excommunicated and only in that sense "vanished".

Peoples do not become extinct; the North American Indians, the Australian Blackfellows, the New Zealand Maoris, the South African Bantu and others are the proofs of that. For that matter, the Israelites could not have been "taken away captive", had they been physically exterminated. Their blood and thought survive in mankind, somewhere, today.

Israel remained separate from Judah of its own will, and for the very reasons which ever since have aroused the mistrust and misgiving of other peoples. The Israelites "were not Jews"; the Judahites were "in all likelihood non-Israelitish".

The true meaning of the assertion that Israel "disappeared" is to be found in the later Talmud, which says: "The ten tribes have no share in the world to come". Thus, "the children of Israel" are banned from heaven by the ruling sect of Judah because they refused to exclude themselves from mankind on earth.

The Chief Rabbi of the British Empire in 1918, the Very Rev. J.H. Hertz, in answer to an enquiry on this point said explicitly, "The people known at present as Jews are descendants *of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin* with a certain number of descendants of the tribe of Levi". This statement makes perfectly clear that "Israel" had no part in what has become Judaism (no authority, Judaist or other, would support the claim made to blood-descent from Judah, for the Jews of today, but this is of little account).

Therefore the use of the name "Israel" by the Zionist state which was created in Palestine in this century is in the nature of a forgery. Some strong reason must have dictated the use of the name of a people who were not Jews and would have none of the creed which has become Judaism. One tenable theory suggests itself. The Zionist state was set up with the connivance of the great nations of the West, which is also the area of Christendom. The calculation may have been that these peoples would be comforted in their consciences if they could be led to believe that they were fulfilling Biblical prophecy and God's promise to "Israel", at whatever cost in the "destruction" of innocent peoples.

If that was the motive for the misuse of the name "Israel", the expedient may [12] for the time being have been successful; the multitude was ever easily "persuaded". However, truth will out in the long run, as the surviving remonstrances of the Israelite prophets show.

If the Zionist state of 1948 could lay claim to any name whatever taken from far antiquity, this could only be "Judah", as this chapter has shown.

## Chapter 3

### THE LEVITES AND THE LAW

During the hundred years that followed the Assyrian conquest of Israel, the Levites in Judah began to compile the written Law. In 621 BC they produced *Deuteronomy* and read it to the people in the temple at Jerusalem.

This was the birth of "the Mosaic law", which Moses, if he ever lived, never knew. It is called the Mosaic law because it is attributed to him, but the authorities agree that it was the product of the Levites, who then and later repeatedly made Moses (and for that matter, Jehovah) say what suited them. Its correct description would be "the Levitical law" or "the Judaic law".

*Deuteronomy* is to formal Judaism and Zionism what the Communist Manifesto was to the destructive revolution of our century. It is the basis of the Torah ("the Law") contained in the Pentateuch, which itself forms the raw material of the Talmud, which again gave birth to those "commentaries" and commentaries-on-commentaries which together constitute the Judaic "law".

Therefore *Deuteronomy* is also the basis of the political programme, of worldly dominion over nations despoiled and enslaved, which has been largely realized in the West during this Twentieth Century. *Deuteronomy* is of direct relevancy to the events of our day, and much of the confusion surrounding them disperses if they are studied in its light.

It was read, in 621 BC, to so small an audience in so small a place that its great effects for the whole world, through the following centuries into our time, are by contrast the more striking.

Before *Deuteronomy* was compiled only the "oral tradition" of what God said to Moses existed. The Levites claimed to be the consecrated guardians of this tradition and the tribespeople had to take their word for it (their pretensions in this respect chiefly caused the anger of the Israelite "prophets"). If anything had been written down before *Deuteronomy* was read, such manuscripts were fragmentary and in priestly keeping, and as little known to the primitive tribesmen as the Greek poets to Kentucky hillfolk today.

That *Deuteronomy* was *different* from anything that had been known or understood before is implicit in its name, which means "Second Law". *Deuteronomy*, in fact, was Levitical *Judaism*, first revealed; the Israelites (as already shown) "were not Jews" and had never known *this* "Law".

Significantly, *Deuteronomy* which appears as the fifth book of today's Bible, with an air of growing naturally out of the previous ones, was the first book to be completed as a whole. Though *Genesis* and *Exodus* provide the historical background and mount for it, they were later produced by the Levites, and *Leviticus* and *Numbers*, the other books of the Torah, were compiled even later.

*Deuteronomy* stood the earlier tradition on its head, if it was in harmony with the moral commandments. However, the Levites were within their self-granted right in making any changes they chose, for they held that they were divinely

[14] authorized to amend the Law, as orally revealed by God to Moses, in order to meet "the constantly changing conditions of existence in the spirit of traditional teaching" (Dr. Kastein).

For that matter, they also claimed that Moses had received at Sinai a *secret* oral Torah, which must *never* be committed to writing. In view of the later inclusion of the Old Testament in one volume with the Christian New Testament, and the average Gentile's assumption that he thus has before his eyes the whole of "the Mosaic Law", this qualification is of permanent interest.



The Talmud, as quoted by Dr. Funk, says, "God foresaw that one day a time would come when the Heathen would possess themselves of the Torah and would say to Israel, 'We, too, are sons of God'. Then will the Lord say: 'Only he who knows my secrets is my son'. And what are the secrets of God? The oral teachings".

The few people who heard *Deuteronomy* read in 621 BC, and then first learned what "the Mosaic Law" was to be, were told that the manuscripts had been "discovered". Today's Judaist authorities dismiss this and agree that *Deuteronomy* was the independent work of the Levites in isolated Judah after Judah's rejection by the Israelites and the conquest of Israel. Dr. Kastein puts the matter like this:

"In 621 BC, a manuscript hoary with the dust of ages was discovered among the archives. It contained a curious version of the laws which had been codified up to that time, a sort of repetition and variation of them, giving a host of instructions regarding man's duty to God and to his neighbour. It was couched in the form of speeches supposed to have been delivered by Moses just before his death on the farther side of Jordan. *Who the author was it is impossible to say*".

Thus Dr. Kastein, a zealot who awaits the literal fulfilment of "the Mosaic Law" in every detail, does not believe that its author was either Jehovah or Moses. It is enough for him that it was produced by the lawgiving priesthood, which for him is divine authority.

None can now tell how closely *Deuteronomy*, as we know it, resembles *Deuteronomy* as it was read in 621 BC, for the books of the Old Testament were repeatedly revised up to the time of the first translation, when various other modifications were made, presumably to avoid excessive perturbation among the Gentiles. No doubt something was then excised, so that *Deuteronomy* in its original form may have been ferocious indeed, for what remains is savage enough.

Religious intolerance is the basis of this "Second Law" (racial intolerance was to follow later, in another "New Law") and murder in the name of religion is its distinctive tenet. This necessitates the destruction of the moral Commandments, which in fact are set up to be knocked down. Only those of them which relate to the exclusive worship of the "jealous" Jehovah are left intact. The others are buried beneath a great mound of "statutes and judgments" (regulations issued [15] under a governing Law, as it were) which in effect cancel them.

Thus the moral commandments against murder, stealing, adultery, coveting, bad neighbourliness, and the like are vitiated by a mass of "statutes" expressly enjoining the massacre of other peoples, the murder of apostates individually or in communities, the taking of concubines from among women captives, "utter destruction" that leaves "nothing alive", the exclusion of "the stranger" from debt-remission and the like.

By the time the end of *Deuteronomy* is reached the moral commandments have been nullified in this way, for the purpose of setting up, in the guise of a religion, the grandiose political idea of a people especially sent into the world to destroy and "possess" other peoples and to rule the earth. The idea of *destruction* is essential to *Deuteronomy*. If it be taken away no *Deuteronomy*, or Mosaic Law, remains.

This concept of destruction as an article of faith is unique, and where it occurs in political thought (for instance, in the Communist philosophy) may also derive originally from the teaching of *Deuteronomy*, for there is no other discoverable source.

*Deuteronomy* is above all a complete *political* programme: the story of the planet, created by Jehovah for this "special people", is to be completed by their triumph and the ruination of all others. The *rewards* offered to the faithful are exclusively material: slaughter, slaves, women, booty, territory, empire. The only *condition* laid down for these rewards is *observance* of "the statutes and judgments", which primarily command the destruction of others. The only *guilt* defined lies is non-observance of these laws. *Intolerance* is specified as *observance*; tolerance as *non-observance*, and therefore as guilt. The punishments prescribed are of this world and of the flesh, not of the spirit. Moral behaviour, if ever demanded, is required only towards co-religionists and "strangers" are excluded from it.

This unique form of nationalism was first presented to the Judahites in *Deuteronomy* as "the Law" of Jehovah and as his literal word, spoken to Moses. The notion of world domination through destruction is introduced at the start (chapter 2) of these "speeches supposed to have been delivered" by the dying Moses:

"The Lord spake unto me, saying. . . This day will I begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee upon the nations that are under the whole heaven, who shall hear report of thee, and shall tremble, and be in

anguish because of thee". In token of this, the fate of two nations is at once shown. The King of Sihon and the King of Bashan "came out against us, he and all his people", whereon they were "utterly *destroyed*, the men, and the women, and the little ones", only the cattle being spared and "the spoil" being taken "for a prey unto ourselves". (The insistence on *utter* destruction is a recurrent and significant feature of these illustrative anecdotes).

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These first examples of the power of Jehovah to destroy the heathen are followed by the first of many warnings that unless "the statutes and judgments" are observed Jehovah will punish his special people by dispersing them among these heathen. The enumeration of these "statutes and judgments" follows the Commandments, the moral validity of which is at once destroyed by a promise of tribal massacre:

"Seven nations greater and mightier than thou" are to be delivered into the Judahites' hands, and: "Thou shalt *utterly destroy* them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them. . . ye shall *destroy* their alters . . . for thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are on the face of the earth . . . Thou shalt be blessed above all people . . . And thou shalt *consume* all the people which the Lord thy God shall deliver thee; thine eye shall have *no pity* upon them. . . the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them, until they that are left, and hide themselves from thee, be *destroyed*. . . And the Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee by little and little. . . But the Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall *destroy* them with a mighty *destruction* until they be *destroyed*. And he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt *destroy* their name from under heaven; there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have *destroyed* them. . ."

By the Twentieth Century AD the peoples of the West, as a whole, had ceased to attach any present meaning to these incitements, but the peoples directly concerned thought differently. For instance, the Arab population of Palestine fled en masse from its native land after the massacre at Deir Yasin in 1948 because this event meant for them (as its perpetrators intended it to mean) that if they stayed they would be "utterly destroyed".

They knew that the Zionist leaders, in the palavers with British and American politicians of the distant West, repeatedly had stated that "the Bible is our Mandate" (Dr. Chaim Weizmann), and they knew (if the Western peoples did not realize) that the allusion was to such passages as that commanding the "utter destruction" of the Arab peoples. They knew that the leaders of the West had supported and would continue to support the invaders and thus they had no hope of even bare survival, save by flight. This massacre of 1948 AD relates directly to the "statute and judgment" laid down in chapter 7 of the book of The Law which the Levites completed and read in 621 BC.

The incitements and allurements of *Deuteronomy* continue: ". . . Go in to *possess* nations greater and mightier than thyself . . . the Lord thy God is he which goeth over before thee; as a consuming fire he shall *destroy* them, and he shall bring them down before thy face; so shalt thou drive them out, and *destroy* them quickly, as the Lord hath said unto thee. . . For if ye shall diligently keep all these commandments which I command you . . . then will the Lord *drive out* all these nations from before you, and ye shall *possess* greater nations and mightier

[17] than yourselves . . . even unto the uttermost sea shall your coast be. There shall no man be able to stand before you: for the Lord your God shall lay the fear of you and the dread of you upon all the land that ye shall tread upon . . ."

Then Moses, in this account, enumerates the "statutes and judgments" which must be "observed" if all these rewards are to be gained, and again "the Law" is to destroy:

"These are the statutes and judgments, which ye shall observe to do . . . Ye shall *utterly destroy* all the places, wherein the nations which ye shall *possess* served their gods. . . When the Lord thy God shall *cut off* the nations from before thee, whither thou goest to *possess* them, and thou succeedest them, and dwellest in their land: Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them. . . and that thou inquire not after their gods."

This tenet of "the Law" requires the faithful to destroy other religions. It was impartial when enacted but gained a specific application in later centuries from the fact that the Christian faith grew up in, and the mass of Jews then moved into, the same geographical area: the West. (This made Christianity the primary object of the command to "utterly destroy the places. . .", and the dynamiting of Russian cathedrals, the opening of "anti-God museums", the canonization of Judas and other acts of early Bolshevik governments,



which were to nine-tenths comprized of Eastern Jews, were evidently deeds of "observance" under this "statute" of *Deuteronomy*).

The ideas of the inquisition of heretics and of the informer, which the West has used in its retrogressive periods and repudiated in its enlightened ones, also find their original source (unless any can locate an earlier one) in *Deuteronomy*. Lest any such heretic should call in question the Law of destruction, summarized in the preceding paragraphs, *Deuteronomy* next provides that "if there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer of dreams . . . (he) shall be put to death"; the crucifixion of Jesus (and the deaths of numerous expostulants against literal Judaism) fall under this "statute".

The denunciation of kinsfolk who incur suspicion of heresy is required. This is the terrorist device introduced in Russia by the Bolsheviks in 1917 and copied in Germany by the National Socialists in 1933. The Christian world at the time professed horror at these barbarous innovations, but the method is plainly laid down in *Deuteronomy*, which requires that any who say, "Let us go and serve other gods", be denounced by their brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, wives and so on, and be stoned to death.

Characteristically, *Deuteronomy* prescribes that the hand of the bloodkinsman or spouse shall be "first upon" the victim of denunciation at the killing, and only afterwards "the hand of all the people". This "statute of the Law" is still observed today, in a measure dictated by local conditions and other circumstances. Apostates cannot be publicly stoned to death in the environment of foreign communities, where the law of "the stranger" might hold this to be [18] murder, so that a formal pronouncement of "death" and ceremony of mourning symbolically takes the place of the legal penalty; see Dr. John Goldstein's account both of the symbolic rite and of a recent attempt to exact the literal penalty, which during the centuries was often inflicted in closed Jewish communities where the law of "the stranger" could not reach.

The Law also demands that entire communities shall be massacred on the charge of apostasy: "Thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, *destroying it utterly*, and all that is therein".

In this matter of destroying cities, *Deuteronomy* distinguishes between near (that is, Palestinian) and far cities. When a "far off city" has been captured, "thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword, but the women, and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself. . ." This incitement in respect of captured women is a recurrent theme and *Deuteronomy* lays down the law that a Judahite captor who sees among captives "a beautiful woman" may take her home, but if he had "no delight in her" may turn her out again.

The case of a near city is different; the law of *utter* destruction (against which Saul transgressed) then rules. "But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt *save alive nothing that breatheth; But thou shalt utterly destroy them*. . . as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee". (This verse 16 of chapter 20, again, explains the mass flight of the Palestinian Arabs after Deir Yasin, where nothing that breathed was saved alive. They saw that literal fulfilment of the Law of 621 BC was the order of the day in 1948 AD, and that the might of the West was behind this fulfilment of the Law of "utter destruction".)

The Second Law continues: "Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth". Further "statutes and judgments" then provide that "anything that dieth of itself", being unclean, may not be eaten, but "thou shalt give it to the stranger . . . or thou mayest sell it to the alien; for thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God".

Every seven years a creditor shall remit his "neighbour's" debt, but "of a foreigner thou mayest exact it again". Chapter 10 (surprisingly in this context) says, "Love ye therefore the stranger; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt", but chapter 23 brings the familiar cancellation: "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother . . . unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury" (and graver examples of this legal discrimination between the "neighbour" and "the stranger" appear in later books, as will be seen).

*Deuteronomy* ends with the long-drawn-out, rolling, thunderous curse-or-blessing theme. Moses, about to die, once more exhorts "the people" to choose between blessings and cursings, and these are enumerated.

The blessings are exclusively material: prosperity through the increase of kith,

[19] crop and kine; the defeat of enemies; and world dominion. "The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth . . . The Lord shall establish thee an holy people unto himself . . . And all people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord; and they shall be afraid of thee. . . *thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow.* And the Lord shall make thee the head, and not the tail; and thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath . . ."

These blessings occupy thirteen verses; the cursings some fifty or sixty. The deity in whose name the curses are uttered clearly was held capable of doing evil (indeed, this is explicitly stated in a later book, *Ezekiel*, as will be shown).

Literal Judaism is ultimately based on terror and fear and the list of curses set out in chapter 28 of The Second Law shows the importance which the priesthood attached to this practice of cursing (which literal Judaists to this day hold to be effective in use). These curses, be it remembered, are the penalties for *non-observance*, not for moral transgressions! "If thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and statutes. . . all these curses shall come upon thee . . ."

The city and the dwelling, the children, crops and cattle, are to be cursed "until thou be *destroyed* and until thou *perish* utterly". Plague, wasting, inflammation, mildew, botch, emerods, scab, itch, madness, blindness, famine, cannibalism and drought are specified. Men's wives are to lie with other men; their children are to be lost into slavery; any that remain at home are to be eaten by their parents, the father and mother contesting for the flesh and denying any to the children still alive. (These curses were included in the Great Ban when it was pronounced on apostates down to relatively recent times, and in the fastnesses of Talmudic Jewry are probably in use today).

The diseases and disasters were to be visited on the people "if thou wilt not observe to do all the words of this law that are written in this book, that thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, the Lord Thy God: . . . I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live for ever".

Such was the life and the blessing which the Judahites, gathered in the Temple in 621 BC, were exhorted in the name of Jehovah and Moses to choose by their tribal chieftain Josiah, the mouthpiece of the priesthood. The purpose and meaning of existence, under this "Mosaic Law", was the destruction and enslavement of others for the sake of plunder and power. Israel might from that moment have counted itself happy to have been pronounced dead and to have been excluded from such a world to come. The Israelites had mingled in the living bloodstream of mankind; on its banks the Judahites were left stranded in the power of a fanatical priesthood which commanded them, on pain of "all these curses", to *destroy*.

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To the terror inspired by "all these curses" the Levites added also an allurement. If "the people" should "return and obey the voice of the Lord, and do all his commandments. . .", then "all these curses" would be *transferred to their "enemies"* (not because these had sinned, but simply to swell the measure of the blessing conferred on the rehabilitated Judahites!)

In this tenet *Deuteronomy* most clearly revealed the status allotted to the heathen by The Second Law. In the last analysis, "the heathen" have no legal existence under this Law; how could they have, when Jehovah only "knows" his "holy people"? Insofar as their actual existence is admitted, it is only for such purposes as those stated in verse 65, chapter 28 and verse 7, chapter 30: namely, to receive the Judahites when they are dispersed for their transgressions and then, when their guests repent and are forgiven, to inherit curses lifted from the regenerate Judahites. True, the second verse quoted gives the pretext that "all these curses" will be transferred to the heathen because they "hated" and "persecuted" the judahites, but how could they be held culpable of this when the very presence of the Judahites among them was merely the result of punitive "curses" inflicted by Jehovah? For Jehovah himself, according to another verse (64, chapter 28) took credit for putting the curse of exile on the Judahites:

"And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other . . . and among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest..."

*Deuteronomy* employs this Doublespeak (to use the modem idiom) throughout: the Lord makes the special people homeless among the heathen for their transgressions; the heathen, who have no blame either for their exile or for those transgressions, are their "persecutors "; ergo, the heathen will be destroyed.

The Judaist attitude towards other mankind, creation, and the universe in general, is better understood when these and related passages have been pondered, and especially the constant plaint that Jews are "persecuted" everywhere, which in one tone or another runs through nearly all Jewish literature. To any who accept this book as The Law, the mere existence of others is in fact persecution; *Deuteronomy* plainly implies that.

The most nationalist Jew and the most enlightened Jew often agree in one thing: they cannot truly consider the world and its affairs from any but a Jewish angle, and from that angle "the stranger" seems insignificant. Thinking makes it so, and this is the legacy of twenty-five centuries of Jewish thinking; even those Jews who see the heresy or fallacy cannot always divest themselves entirely of the incubus on their minds and spirits.

The passage from *Deuteronomy* last quoted shows that the ruling sect depicted homelessness at one and the same time as the act of the special people's god and as persecution by the special people's enemies, deserving of "all these curses". To minds of such extreme egotism a political outrage in which 95 Gentiles and 5 Jews lose their lives or property is simply an anti-Jewish disaster, and they are not [21] consciously hypocritical in this. In the Twentieth Century this standard of judgment has been projected into the lives of other peoples and applied to all major events in the ordeal of the West. Thus we live in the century of the Levitical fallacy.

Having undertaken to put "all these curses" on innocent parties, if the Judahites would return to observance of "all these statutes and judgments", the resurrected Moses of *Deuteronomy* promised one more blessing ("The Lord thy God, he will go over before thee, and he will *destroy* these nations from before thee, and thou shalt *possess* them. . .") and then was allowed to die in the land of Moab.

In "the Mosaic Law" the destructive idea took shape, which was to threaten Christian civilization and the West, both then undreamed of. During the Christian era a council of theologians made the decision that the Old Testament and the New should be bound in one book, without any differentiation, as if they were stem and blossom, instead of immovable object and irresistible force. The encyclopaedia before me as I write states laconically that the Christian churches accept the Old Testament as being of "equal divine authority" with the New.

This unqualified acceptance covers the entire content of the Old Testament and may be the original source of much confusion in the Christian churches and much distraction among the masses that seek Christianity, for the dogma requires belief in opposite things at the same time. How can the same God, by commandment to Moses, have enjoined men to love their neighbours and "utterly to destroy" their neighbours? What relationship can there be between the universal, loving God of the Christian revelation and the cursing deity of *Deuteronomy*?

But if in fact all the Old Testament, including these and other commands, is of "equal divine authority" with the New, then the latterday Westerner is entitled to invoke it in justification of those deeds by which Christendom most denied itself: the British settlers' importation of African slaves to America, the American and Canadian settlers' treatment of the North American Indian, and the Afrikaners' harsh rule over the South African Bantu. He may justly put the responsibility for all these things directly on his Christian priest or bishop, if that man teaches that the Old Testament, with its repeated injunction to slay, enslave, and despoil is of "equal divine authority". No Christian divine can hold himself blameless if he so teaches. The theological decision which set up this dogma cast over Christendom and the centuries to come the shadow of *Deuteronomy*, just as it fell on the Judahites themselves when it was read to them in 621 BC.

Only one other piece of writing has had any comparable effect on the minds of men and on future generations; if any simplification is permissible, the most tempting one is to see the whole story of the West, and particularly of this decisive Twentieth Century, as a struggle between the Mosaic Law and the New Testament and between the two bodies of mankind which rank themselves [22] behind one or other of those two messages of hatred and love respectively.

In *Deuteronomy* Judaism was born, yet this would have been a stillbirth, and *Deuteronomy* might never again have been heard of, if that question had rested only with the Levites and their captive Judahites. They were not numerous, and a nation a hundred times as many could never have hoped to enforce this barbarous creed on the world by force of its own muscle. There was only one way in which "the Mosaic Law" could gain life and potency and become a disturbing influence in the life of other peoples during the centuries to

follow. This was if some powerful "stranger" (among all those strangers yet to be accursed), some mighty king of those "heathen" yet to be destroyed, should support it with arms and treasure.

Precisely that was about to happen when Josiah read The Second Law to the people in 621 BC, and it was to repeat itself continually down the centuries to our day: the gigantic improbability of the thing confronts the equally large, demonstrable fact that it is so! The rulers of those "other nations" which were to be dispossessed and destroyed repeatedly espoused the destructive creed, did the bidding of the dominant sect, and at the expense of their own peoples helped to further its strange ambition.

Some twenty years after the reading of *Deuteronomy* in Jerusalem, Judah was conquered by the Babylonian king, in about 596 BC. At the time, this looked like the end of the affair, which was a petty one in itself, among the great events of that period. Judah never again existed as an independent state, and but for the Levites, their Second Law and the foreign helper the Judahites, like the Israelites, would have become involved in mankind.

Instead, the Babylonian victory was the start of the affair, or of its great consequences for the world. The Law, instead of dying, grew stronger in Babylon, where for the first time a foreign king gave it his protection. The permanent state-within-states, nation-within-nations was projected, a first time, into the life of peoples; initial experience in usurping power over them was gained. Much tribulation for other peoples was brewed then.

As for the Judahites, or the Judaists and Jews who sprang from them, they seem to have acquired the unhappiest future of all. Anyway, it was not a happy man (though it was a Jewish writer of our day, 2,500 years later, Mr. Maurice Samuel) who wrote: "... we Jews, the destroyers, will remain the destroyer forever. . . nothing that the Gentiles will do will meet our needs and demands".

At first sight this seems mocking, venomous, shameless. The diligent student of the controversy of Zionism discovers that it is more in the nature of a cry of hopelessness, such as the "Mosaic Law" must wring from any man who feels he cannot escape its remorseless doctrine of destruction.

## Chapter 4

### THE FORGING OF THE CHAINS

The Babylonian episode was decisive in its consequences, both for the petty tribe of Judah at the time and for the Western world today.

During this period the Levites achieved things which were permanently to affect the life of peoples. They added four Books to *Deuteronomy* and thus set up a Law of racio-religious intolerance which, if it could be enforced, would for all time cut off the Judahites from mankind. By experiment in Babylon, they found ways of enforcing it, that is to say, of keeping their followers segregated from those among whom they dwelt. They acquired authority among their captors, and at last they "pulled down" and "utterly destroyed" their captors' house; or if this did not truly happen, they handed on this version of history to a posterity which accepted it and in time began to see in these people an irresistibly destructive force.

The first "captivity" (the Egyptian) seems to have been completely legendary; at any rate, what is known confutes it and as *Exodus* was completed after the Babylonian incident the Levitical scribes may have devised the story of the earlier "captivity", and of Jehovah's punishment of the Egyptians, to support the version of the Babylonian period which they were then preparing.

In any case, what truly happened in Babylon seems to have been greatly different from the picture of a mass-captivity, later followed by a mass-return, which has been handed down by the Levitical scriptures.

No mass-exodus of captives from Jerusalem to Babylon can have occurred, because the mass of the Judahite people, from which a Jewish nation later emerged, was already self-distributed far and wide about the known world (that is, around the Mediterranean, in lands west and east of Judah), having gone wherever conditions for commerce were most favourable.

In that respect the picture was in its proportions very much like that of today. In Jerusalem was only a nucleus, comprizing chiefly the most zealous devotees of the Temple cult and folk whose pursuits bound them to the land. The authorities agree that merely a few tens of thousands of people were taken to Babylon, and that these represented a small fraction of the whole.

Nor were the Judahites unique in this dispersion, although the literature of lamentation implies that. The Parsees of India offer a case nearly identical and of the same period; they, too, survived the loss of state and country as a religious community in dispersion. The later centuries offer many examples of the survival of racial or religious groups far from their original clime. With the passing of generations such racial groups come to think of their ancestors' homeland simply as "the old country"; the religious ones turn their eyes towards a holy city (say, Rome or Mecca) merely from a different spot on earth.

The difference in the case of the Judahites was that old country and holy city were the same; that Jehovaism demanded a triumphant return and restoration of [24] temple-worship, over the bodies of the heathen destroyed; and that this religion was also their law of daily life, so that a worldly political ambition, of the ancient tribal or nationalist kind, was also a primary article of faith. Other such creeds of primitive times became fossilized; this one survived to derange the life of peoples throughout the ages to our day, when it achieved its most disruptive effect.

This was the direct result of the experiments made and the experience gained by the Levites in Babylon, where they were first able to test the creed in an alien environment.

The benevolent behaviour of the Babylonian conquerors towards their Judahite prisoners was the exact opposite of that enjoined on the Judahites, in the reverse circumstances, by the Second Law which had

been read to them just before their defeat: "Save nothing alive that breatheth. . ." Dr. Kastein says the captives "enjoyed complete freedom" of residence, worship, occupation and selfadministration.

This liberality allowed the Levites to make captives of people who thus were largely free; under priestly insistence they were constrained to settle in closed communities, and in this way the ghetto and Levite power were born. The Talmudic ruling of the Christian era, which decreed the excommunication of Jews if without permission they sold "neighbour-property" to "strangers", comes down from that first experiment in self-segregation, in Babylon.

The support of the foreign ruler was necessary for this corralling of expatriates by their own priests, and it was given on this first occasion, as on innumerable other occasions ever since.

With their people firmly under their thumbs, the Levites then set about to complete the compilation of "The Law". The four books which they added to *Deuteronomy* make up the Torah, and this word, which originally meant doctrine, is now recognized to mean "the Law". However, "completion" is a most misleading word in this connection.

Only *the Torah* (in the sense of the five books) was completed. The *Law* was not then and never can be completed, given the existence of the "secret Torah" recorded by the Talmud (which itself was but the later continuation of the Torah), and the priestly claim to divine right of interpretation. In fact, "the Law" was constantly changed, often to close some loophole which might have allowed "the stranger" to enjoy a right devolving only on "a neighbour". Some examples of this continuing process of amendment have already been given, and others follow in this chapter. The effect was usually to make hatred of or contempt for "the stranger" an integral part of "the Law" through the provision of discriminatory penalties or immunities.

When the Torah was complete a great stockade, unique in its nature but still incomplete, had been built between any human beings who at any time accepted this "Law" and the rest of mankind. The Torah allowed no distinction between this Law of Jehovah and that of man, between religious and civil law. The law of

[25] "the stranger", theologically and juridically, had no existence, and any pretension to enforce one was "persecution", as Jehovah's was the *only* law.

The priesthood claimed that the Torah governed every act of daily life, down to the most trivial. Any objection that Moses could not have received from Jehovah on the mountain detailed instructions covering every conceivable action performed by man, was met with the dogma that the priesthood, like relay runners, handed on from generation to generation "the oral tradition" of Jehovah's revelation to Moses, and infinite power of reinterpretation. However, such objections were rare, as the Law prescribed the death penalty for doubters.

Mr. Montefiore remarks, accurately, that the Old Testament is "revealed legislation, not revealed truth", and says the Israelite prophets cannot have known anything of the Torah as the Levites completed it in Babylon. Jeremiah's words, "the pen of the Scribes is in vain" evidently refer to this process of Levitical revision and to the attribution of innumerable new "statutes and judgments" to Jehovah and Moses.

"Sin" was not a concept in the Torah as it took shape. That is logical, for in law there cannot be "sin", only crime or misdemeanour. The only offence known to this Law was *non-observance*, which meant crime or misdemeanour. What is commonly understood by "sin", namely, moral transgression, was sometimes expressly enjoined by it or made absolvable by the sacrifice of an animal.

The idea of "the return" (together with the related ideas of destruction and dominion) was basic to the dogma, which stood or fell by it. No strong impulse to return from Babylon to Jerusalem existed among the people (any more than today, when the instinct of the vast majority of Jews is completely against "return", so that the Zionist state is much more easily able to find money abroad than immigrants).

Literal fulfilment was the supreme tenet and that meant that possession of Palestine, the "centre" of the dominant empire to come, was essential (as it still is); its importance in the pattern was political, not residential.

Thus the Levites in Babylon added *Exodus*, *Genesis*, *Leviticus* and *Numbers* to *Deuteronomy*. *Genesis* and *Exodus* provide a version of history moulded to fit the "Law" which the Levites by then had already promulgated, in *Deuteronomy*. This goes right back to the Creation, of which the Scribes knew the exact date



(however the first two chapters of *Genesis* give somewhat different accounts of the Creation and the Levitical hand, as scholars believe, is more to be seen in the second chapter than the first).

Whatever has survived of the former Israelite tradition is in *Genesis* and *Exodus*, and in the enlightened passages of the Israelite prophets. These more benevolent parts are invariably cancelled out by later, fanatical ones, which are presumably Levitical interpolations.

The puzzle is to guess why the Levites allowed these glimpses of a loving God of all men to remain; as they invalidated the New Law and could have been [26] removed. A tenable theory might be that the earlier tradition was too well known to the tribespeople to be merely expunged, so that it had to be retained and cancelled out by allegorical incident and amendment.

Although *Genesis* and *Exodus* were produced after *Deuteronomy* the theme of fanatical tribalism is faint in them. The swell and crescendo come in *Deuteronomy*, *Leviticus* and *Numbers*, which bear the plain imprint of the Levite in isolated Judah and Babylon.

Thus in *Genesis* the only fore-echo of the later sound and fury is, "And I will make of thee a great nation and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. . . and the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land. . ."

*Exodus* is not much different: for instance, "If thou shalt indeed, . . do all that I speak, then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies. . . and I will cut them off"; and even these passages may be Levitical interpolations.

But in *Exodus* something of the first importance appears: this promise is *sealed in blood*, and from this point on blood runs like a river through the books of The Law. Moses is depicted as "taking the blood and sprinkling it on the people" and saying, "Behold the blood of the covenant, which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words". The hereditary and perpetual office of the Aaronite priesthood is founded in this blood-ritual: Jehovah says unto Moses, "And take unto thee Aaron thy brother and his sons with him that he may minister unto me in the priest's office".

The manner of a priest's consecration is then laid down in detail by Jehovah himself, according to the Levitical scribes:

He must take a bullock and two rams "without blemish", have them butchered "before the Lord", and on the altar burn one ram and the innards of the bullock. The blood of the second ram is to be put "upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons and upon the thumb of their right hands and upon the great toe of their right foot" and sprinkled "upon the altar round about. . . and upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons and the garments of his sons".

The picture of blood-bespattered priests, thus given, is worth contemplation. Even at this distance of time the question prompts itself: why was this insistent emphasis laid on *blood-sacrifice* in the books of the Law which the Levites produced. The answer seems to lie in the sect's uncanny genius for instilling fear by terror; for the very mention of "blood", in such contexts, made the faithful or superstitious Judahite tremble for his own son!

It is all spelt out in *Exodus*, this claim of the fanatical priests to the firstborn of their followers:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Sanctify unto me all the firstborn, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of Israel, both of man and of [27] beast: it is mine".

According to the passage earlier quoted from *Micah*, this practice of sacrificing the human firstborn long continued, and the sight of the bloodied Levite must have had a terrible significance for the humble tribesman, for in the words attributed to God, quoted above, the firstborn "of man and of beast" are coupled. This significance remained long after the priesthood (in a most ingenious way which will later be described) contrived to discontinue human sacrifice while retaining the prerogative. Even then the blood which was sprinkled on the priest, though it was an animal's, was to the congregation still symbolically that of their own offspring!

Moreover, in the Talmudic strongholds of Jewry this ritual bloodying of priests has continued into our time; this is not a reminiscence from antiquity. Twenty-four centuries after *Exodus* was compiled the Reform Rabbis of America (at Pittsburgh in 1885) declared: "We expect neither a return to Palestine, *nor a sacrificial worship under the administration of the sons of Aaron*; nor the restoration of any of the laws concerning the Jewish State". The importance of this statement lay in the need, thus felt in 1885, to make it publicly; it shows that the opposite school of Jewry still practised literal observance, including the ritual of "sacrificial worship". (By the 1950's the Reform Rabbis of America had lost much ground and were in retreat before the force of Zionist chauvinism).

The Levitical authorship of the Torah is indicated, again, by the fact that more than half of the five books are given to minutely detailed instructions, attributed directly to the Lord, about the construction and furnishings of altars and tabernacles, the cloth and design of vestments, mitres, girdles, the kind of golden chains and precious stones in which the blood-baptized priest is to be arrayed, as well as the number and kind of beasts to be sacrificed for various transgressions, the uses to be made of their blood, the payment of tithes and shekels, and in general the privileges and perquisites of the priesthood. Scores of chapters are devoted to blood sacrifice, in particular.

God probably does not so highly rate the blood of animals or the fine raiment of priests. This was the very thing, against which the Israelite "prophets" had protested. It was the mummifying of a primeval tribal religion; yet this is still The Law of the ruling sect and it is of great potency in our present-day world.

When they compiled these Books of the Law, the Levitical scribes included many allegorical or illustrative incidents of the awful results of "non-observance". These are the parables of the Old Testament, and their moral is always the same: death to the "transgressor". *Exodus* includes the best known of these, the parable of the golden calf. While Moses was in the mountain Aaron made a golden calf; when Moses came down and saw it he commanded "the sons of Levi" to go through the camp "and slay every man *his brother*, and every man *his companion*, and every man *his neighbour*", which these dutiful Levites did, so that "there fell of the people that day about three thousand men".

[28]

Christendom also has inherited this parable of the golden calf (having inherited the Old Testament) and holds it to be a warning against the worship of idols. However, a quite different motive may have produced whatever trend among the people caused the Levites to invent it. Many Judahites, and possibly some priests, at that time may have thought that God would be better pleased with the symbolic offering of a *golden* calf than with the eternal bleating of butchered animals, the "sprinkling" of their blood, and the "sweet savour" of their burning carcasses. The Levites at all times fought fiercely against any such weakening of their ritual, so that these parables are always directed against any who seek to change it in any detail.

A similar case is the "rebellion of Korah" (*Numbers*), when "two and fifty hundred princes of the assembly, famous in the congregation, men of renown, gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron and said unto them, Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them; wherefore then lift ye yourselves above the congregation of the Lord".

The Israelite "prophets" had made this very complaint, that the Levites took much on themselves, and the parable in *Numbers* is plainly intended to discourage any other objectors: "So the earth opened and swallowed Korah and his two hundred and fifty men of renown" (however, the congregation "continued to murmur", whereon the Lord smote it with the plague, and by the time Aaron interceded, "fourteen thousand and seven hundred" lay dead.)

The lesson of these parables, respect for the priesthood, is driven home immediately after this anecdote by the enumeration, in words attributed to the Lord, of the Levite's perquisites: "All the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee".

Presumably because the older tradition imposed some restraint in the writing of history, *Genesis* and *Exodus* are relatively restrained. The fanatical note, first loudly sounded in *Deuteronomy*, then becomes ever louder in *Leviticus* and *Numbers*, until at the end a concluding parable depicts a racio-religious massacre as an act of the highest piety in "observance", singled out for reward by God! These last two books, like *Deuteronomy*, are supposed to have been left by Moses and to relate his communions with Jehovah. In their cases, no claim was made that "a manuscript hoary with the dust of ages" had been discovered; they were just produced.



They show the growth of the sect's fanaticism at this period, and the increasing heat of their exhortations to racial and religious hatred. *Deuteronomy* had first decreed, "Love ye therefore the stranger", and then cancelled this "judgment" (which probably came down from the earlier Israelite tradition) by the later one which excluded the stranger from the ban on usury.

*Leviticus* went much further. It, too, began with the admonition to love: "The [29] stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself" (chapter 19). The reversal came in chapter 25: "Of the children of the stranger that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land, and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever: but over your brethren, the children of Israel, ye shall not rule over one another with rigour".

This made hereditary bondage and chattel-slavery of "strangers" a tenet of the Law (which is still valid). If the Old Testament is of "equal divine authority" with the New, professing Christians of the pioneer, frontiersman or Voortrekker kind were entitled in their day to invoke such passages as these in respect of slavery in America or South Africa.

*Leviticus* introduced (at all events by clear implication) what is perhaps the most significant of all the discriminations made by the Law between "thy neighbour" and "the stranger". *Deuteronomy*, earlier, had provided (chapter 22) that "if a man find a betrothed damsel in the field, and the man force her, and lie with her: then the man only that lay with her shall die; but unto the damsel thou shalt do nothing; there is in the damsel no sin worthy of death; for as when a man riseth against his neighbour, and slayeth him, even so is this matter". This is the kind of provision, in respect of rape, which probably would have been found in any of the legal codes which were then taking shape, and for that matter it would fit into almost any legal code today, save for the extreme nature of the penalty. This passage, again, may very well represent the earlier Israelite attitude towards this particular transgression; it was impartial and did not vary according to the person of the victim.

*Leviticus* (chapter 19) then provided that a man who "lieth carnally" with a betrothed woman *slave* might acquit himself of fault by bringing a ram to the priest "as a trespass offering", when "the sin which he hath done shall be forgiven him", but the woman "shall be scourged". Under this Law the word of a woman *slave* clearly would not count against that of her owner, on a charge of rape, so that this passage appears to be an amendment, of the discriminatory kind, to the provision in *Deuteronomy*. Certain allusions in the Talmud support this interpretation, as will be shown. .

*Leviticus* also contains its parable depicting the awful consequences of non-observance, and this particular example shows the extreme lengths to which the Levites went. The transgression committed by the two allegorical characters in this case (who were themselves two Levites, Hadab and Abihu) was merely that they burned the wrong kind of fire in their censers. This was a capital offence under "the Law" and they were immediately devoured by the Lord!

*Numbers*, the last of the five Books to be produced, is the most extreme. In it the Levites found a way to rid themselves of their chief prerogative (the claim to [30] the firstborn) while perpetuating "the Law" in this, its supreme tenet. This was a political move of genius. The claim to the firstborn evidently had become a source of grave embarrassment to them, but they could not possibly surrender the first article of a literal Law which knew no latitude whatever in "observance"; to do so would have been itself a capital transgression. By one more reinterpretation of the Law they made themselves proxies for the firstborn, and thus staked a permanent claim on the gratitude of the people without any risk to themselves:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, And I, behold. I have taken the Levites from among the children of Israel *instead of all the firstborn* that openeth the matrix among the children of Israel: therefore the Levites shall be mine; because all the firstborn are mine. . ." (As the firstborn to be so redeemed outnumbered their Levite redeemers by 273, payment of five shekels each for these 273 was required, the money to be given "to Aaron and his sons".)

Proceeding from this new status of redeemers, the Levites laid down many more "statutes and judgments" in *Numbers*. They ruled by terror and were ingenious in devising new ways of instilling it; an example is their "trial of jealousy". If "the spirit of jealousy" came on a man, he was legally obliged (by "the Lord speaking unto Moses, saying") to hale his wife before the Levite, who, at the altar, presented her with a

concoction of "bitter water" made by him, saying, "If no man have lain with thee and if thou hast not gone aside to uncleanness with another instead of thy husband, be thou free from this bitter water that causeth the curse. But if thou hast gone aside to another instead of thy husband, and if thou be defiled, and some man have lain with thee beside thine husband. . . the Lord make thee a curse and an oath among thy people, when the Lord doth make thy thigh to rot, and thy belly to swell."

The woman then had to drink the bitter water and if her belly swelled the priests "executed the law" of death on her. The power which such a rite put in the hands of the priesthood is apparent; ascribed to the direct command of God, it resembles the practices of witch doctors in Africa.

The final touch is given to "the Law" in the last chapters of this, the last book to be compiled. It is provided by the parable of Moses and the Midianites. The reader will have remarked that the life and deeds of Moses, as related in *Exodus*, made him a capital transgressor, several times over, under the "Second Law" of *Deuteronomy* and the numerous other amendments of *Leviticus* and *Numbers*. By taking refuge with the Midianites, by marrying the Midianite highpriest's daughter and by receiving instruction in priestly rites from him, and in other ways, Moses had "gone a-whoring after other gods", had "taken of their daughters", and so on. As the whole structure of the law rested on Moses, in whose name the commands against these things were laid down in the later books, something evidently had to be done about him before the Books of the Law were completed, or the whole structure would fall to the ground.

[31]

The last small section of *Numbers* shows how the difficulty was overcome by the scribes. In these final chapters of "the Law" Moses is made to conform with "all the statutes and judgments" and to redeem his transgressions by massacring the entire Midianite tribe, save for the virgins! By what in today's idiom would be called a fantastic "twist", Moses was resurrected so that he might dishonour his saviours, his wife, two sons and father-in-law. Posthumously he was made to "turn from his wickedness", to validate the racio-religious dogma which the Levites had invented, and by complete transfiguration from the benevolent patriarch of earlier legend to become the founding father of their Law of hatred and murder!

In Chapter 25 Moses is made to relate that "the anger of the Lord was kindled" because the people were turning to other gods. He is commanded by the Lord, "Take all the heads of the people and hang them up before the Lord against the sun", whereon Moses instructs the judges, "Slay ye every one his men that were joined unto Baalpeor" (Baal-worship was extensively practised throughout Canaan, and the competition of this cult with Jehovah-worship was a particular grievance of the Levites).

The theme of *religious* hatred is thus introduced into the narrative. That of *racial* hatred is joined to it when, in the direct sequence, a man brings "a *Midianitish* woman in the sight of Moses". Phinehas (the grandson of Moses's brother Aaron) goes after them "and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel, and the woman through her belly". Because of this deed, "the plague was stayed", and "the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Phinehas hath turned away my wrath from the children of Israel, *while he was zealous for my sake*. . . Wherefore say, Behold, I give unto him my covenant of peace!"

Thus the covenant between Jehovah and the hereditary Aaronite priesthood was again sealed (by the Levitical scribes) in blood, this time the blood of a racioreligious murder, which "the Lord" then describes as "an atonement for the children of Israel". Moses, the witness of the murder, is then ordered by the Lord, "Vex the Midianites and smite them". The symbolism is plain. He is required, in resurrection, to strike equally at "other gods" (the god of the high priest Jethro, from whom he had received instruction) and at "strangers" (his wife's and father-in-law's race).

The Levites even made the ensuing massacre Moses's last act on earth; he was rehabilitated on the brink of eternity! "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites; afterwards thou shalt be gathered to thy people". Thus ordered, Moses's men "warred against the Midianites as the Lord commanded Moses; and they slew all the males. . . and took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of their cities, and all their flocks, and all their gods, and burnt their cities".

This was not enough. Moses, the husband of a loving Midianite wife and the father of her two sons, was "wroth" with his officers because they had "saved all

[32] the Midianite women alive. Behold these caused the children of Israel. . . to commit trespass against the Lord in the matter of Peor, and there was a plague among the congregations of the Lord. Now therefore *kill every male among the little ones and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him*. But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, *keep alive for yourselves*". (The booty is then listed; *after the*

enumeration of sheep, beeves and asses follow "thirty and two thousand persons in all, of women that had not known man by lying with him". These were shared among the Levites, the soldiers and the congregation; "the gold" was brought to the Levites "for the Lord".)

With that, Moses was allowed at last to rest and the Books of the Law were concluded. Incitement could hardly be given a more demoniac shape. Chapters 25 and 31 of *Numbers* need to be compared with chapters 2, 3 and 18 of *Exodus* for the full significance of the deed foisted on Jehovah and Moses by the Levites to become apparent. It was a plain warning to the special people of what Jehovaism was to mean to them; it remains today a warning to others.

On that note The Law ended. Its authors were a small sect in Babylon, with a few thousand followers there. However, the power of their perverse idea was to prove very great. By giving material ambition the largest shape it can have on earth, they identified themselves forever with the baser of the two forces which eternally contend for the soul of man: that downward pull of the fleshly instincts which wars with the uplifting impulse of the spirit.

The theologians of Christendom claim more for this Law than the scholars of Jewry. I have before me a Christian Bible, recently published, with an explanatory note which says the five books of the Torah are "accepted as true", and for that matter also the historical, prophetic and poetic books. This logically flows from the dogma, earlier quoted, that the Old Testament is of "equal divine authority" with the New.

The Judaist scholars say differently. Dr. Kastein, for instance, says that the Torah was "the work of an *anonymous compiler*" who "produced a *pragmatic* historical work". The description is exact; the scribe or scribes provided a *version* of history, subjectively written to support the compendium of laws which was built on it; and both history and laws were devised to serve a "*political* purpose. "A unifying idea underlay it all", says Dr. Kastein, and this unifying idea was tribal nationalism, in a more fanatical form than the world has otherwise known. The Torah was not revealed religion but, as Mr. Montefiore remarked, "revealed legislation", enacted to an end.

While the Law was being compiled (it was not completed until the Babylonian "captivity" had ended) the last two remonstrants made their voices heard, Isaiah and Jeremiah. The hand of the Levite may be traced in the interpolations which were made in their books, to bring them into line with "the Law" and its supporting "version of history". The falsification is clearest in the book of Isaiah, [33] "which is the best known case because it is the most easily demonstrable. Fifteen chapters of the book were written by someone who knew the Babylonian captivity, whereas Isaiah lived some two hundred years earlier. The Christian scholars circumvent this by calling the unknown man "Deutero-Isaiah", or the second Isaiah.

"This man left the famous words (often quoted out of their context), "The Lord hath said. . . I will also give thee for a light unto the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth". This was heresy under the Law which was in preparation and the Levite apparently added (as the same man presumably would not have written) the passages foretelling that "the kings and queens" of the Gentiles "shall bow down to thee with their face towards the earth and lick up the dust of thy feet . . . I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine; and all flesh shall know that I am the Lord thy Saviour and thy Redeemer" (This sounds like the voice of Ezekiel, who was the true father of the Levitical Law, as will be seen.)

Jeremiah's book seems to have received Levitical amendment at the start, because the familiar opening passage sharply discords with other of Jeremiah's thoughts: "See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to *root out*, and to *pull down*, and to *destroy* . . ."

That does not sound like the man who wrote, in the next chapter: "The word of the Lord came to me saying, Go and cry in the ears of Jerusalem, saying, Thus saith the Lord: I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown . . . What iniquity have your fathers found in me, that they are gone far from me . . . my people have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters . . ."

Jeremiah then identified the culprit, Judah (and for this offence well may have come by his death): "The backsliding Israel hath justified herself more than *treacherous Judah*". Israel had fallen from grace, but Judah had *betrayed*; the allusion is plainly to the Levites' new Law. Then comes the impassioned protest, common to all the expostulants, against the priestly rites and sacrifices:

"Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord. . ." (the formal, repetitious incantations) ". . . but thoroughly amend your ways and your doings, oppress not the stranger, the fatherless and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place" (the ritual of blood-sacrifice and the ordained murder of apostates). . . "Will ye steal, murder and commit adultery, and swear falsely. . . and come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name, and say, We are delivered to do all these abominations" (the ceremonial absolution after animal-sacrifice). "Is this house, which is called by my name, become a den of robbers in your eyes? . . . I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices...."

[34]

In such words Jeremiah, like Jesus later, protested against the "destruction" of the Law in the name of its fulfilment. It seems possible that even in Jeremiah's time the Levites still exacted the sacrifice of firstborn children, because he adds, "And they have built the high place. . . to burn their sons and daughters in the fire; which I commanded not, neither came it into my heart".

Because of these very "abominations", Jeremiah continued, the Lord would "cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate".

This is the famous political forecast which was borne out; the Levites, with their genius for perversion, later invoked it to support their claim that Judah fell because their Law was not observed, whereas Jeremiah's warning was that their Law would destroy "treacherous Judah". Were he to rise from the earth today he might use the word without change in respect of Zionism, for the state of affairs is similar and the ultimate consequence seems equally foreseeable.

When Judah fell Jeremiah gave his most famous message of all, the one to which the Jewish masses today often instinctively turn, and the one which the ruling sect ever and again forbids them to heed: "*Seek the peace of the city* whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it; *for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace*". The Levites gave their angry answer in the 137th Psalm:

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept..... Our *tormentors* asked of us mirth: Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. . . O daughter of Babylon, *who art to be destroyed*, happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. *Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones*".

In Jeremiah's admonition and the Levites' reply lies the whole story of the controversy of Zion, and of its effects for others, down to our day.

Jeremiah, who was apparently put to death, would today be attacked as a "crackpot", "paranoiac", "antisemite" and the like; the phrase then used was "prophet and dreamer of dreams". He describes the methods of defamation, used against such men, in words exactly applicable to our time and to many men whose public lives and reputations have been destroyed by them (as this narrative will show when it reaches the present century): "For I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, they say, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him".

While Jeremiah was a refugee in Egypt, the second Isaiah, in Babylon, wrote those benevolent words which glow like the last light of day against the dark background of the teaching which was about to triumph: "Thus saith the Lord, Keep ye judgment, and do justice..... let not the son of *the stranger*, that hath [35] joined himself to the Lord, speak, saying The Lord hath utterly separated me from his people . . . The sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants . . . even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer . . . *for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people*".

With this glimpse of a loving God of all mankind the protests ended. The Levites and their Law were left paramount, and therewith the true captivity of "the Jews" began, for their enslavement to the law of racial and religious hatred is the only genuine captivity they have suffered.

Jeremiah and the Second Isaiah, like the earlier Israelite remonstrants, spoke for mankind, which was slowly groping its way towards the light when the Levites reverted to darkness. Before the Law was even

completed Prince Sidharta Gautama, the Buddha, had lived and died and founded the first religion of all mankind, founded on his First Law of Life: "From good must come good, and from evil must come evil". This was the answer to the Levites' Second Law, though they probably never heard of it. It was also time's and the human spirit's inevitable answer to Brahminism, Hindu racialism and the cult of the perpetual master-caste (which strongly resembles literal Judaism).

Five hundred years ahead lay a second universal religion, and five hundred years after that a third. The little nation of Judah was held back in the Law's chains from this movement of mankind; it was arrested in the fossil stage of spiritual development, and yet its primitive tribal creed retained life and vigour. The Levitical Law, still potent in the Twentieth Century, is in its nature a survival from sunken times.

Such a Law was bound to cause curiosity, first, and alarm next among peoples with whom the Judahites dwelt, or to their neighbours, if they dwelt alone. When the Judahites returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, about 538 BC, this impact on other peoples began. At that moment in time it was felt only by little clans and tribes, the immediate neighbours of the repatriated Judahites in Jerusalem. It has continued ever since in widening circles, being felt by ever greater numbers of peoples, and in our century has produced its greatest disturbances among them.

## Chapter 5

### THE FALL OF BABYLON

Before this first impact of "the Mosaic Law" could be felt by other peoples came the event of 536 BC which set the pattern of the Twentieth Century AD: the fall of Babylon.

The resemblance between the pattern of events today (that is to say, the shape taken by the outcome of the two World Wars) and that of the fall of Babylon is too great to be accidental, and in fact can now be shown to have been deliberately produced. The peoples of the West in the present century, had they realized it, were governed under "the Judaic Law", not under any law of their own, by the forces that controlled governments.

The grouping of characters and the final denouement are alike in all three cases. On one side of the stage is the foreign potentate who has oppressed and affronted the Judahites (or, today, the Jews). In Babylon this was "King Belshazzar"; in the first World War it was the Russian Czar; in the second war, it was Hitler. Confronting this "persecutor", is the other foreign potentate, the liberator. In Babylon, this was King Cyrus of Persia; in the second case, it was a Mr. Balfour; in the third, it was a President Truman.

Between these adversaries stands the Jehovan prophet triumphant, the great man at the foreign ruler's court who foretells, and survives, the disaster which is about to befall the "persecutor". In Babylon, this was Daniel. In the first and second world wars of this century it was a Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist prophet at foreign courts.

These are the characters. Then comes the denouement, a Jehovan vengeance on "the heathen" and a Jewish triumph in the form of a symbolic "restoration". "King Belshazzar", when Daniel has foretold his doom, is killed "in the same night" and his kingdom falls to the enemy. The Jewish captors who killed the Russian Czar and his family, at the end of the First Twentieth Century war, quoted this precedent in a couplet "written on the wall" of the room where the massacre occurred; the Nazi leaders, at the end of the Second Twentieth Century war, were hanged on the Jewish Day of Atonement.

Thus the two World Wars of this century have conformed, in their outcomes, to the pattern of the Babylonian-Persian war of antiquity as depicted in the Old Testament.

Presumably the peoples who fought that ancient war thought that something more than the cause of the Judahites was at stake, and that they strove for some purpose or interest of their own. But in the narrative that has come down through the centuries all else has been expunged. The only significant results, in the picture which has been imprinted on the minds of peoples, are the Jehovan vengeance and Judahite triumph, and the two world wars of this century followed that same pattern.

King Belshazzar survives only as the symbolic foreign "persecutor" of the [37] Judahites (although Jehovah made them his captives, as a punishment, he is nevertheless their "persecutor" and hence must be barbarously destroyed). King Cyrus, similarly, is but the fulfilling instrument of Jehovah's promise to visit "all these curses" on "thine enemies" when they have served their turn as captors (and thus deserves no credit in his own right, either as conqueror or liberator; he is not truly any better than King Belshazzar, and his house will in turn be destroyed).

King Cyrus, from what true history tells of him, seems to have been an enlightened man, as well as the founder of an empire which spread over all Western Asia. According to the encyclopaedias, "he left the nations he subjected free in the observance of their religions and the maintenance of their institutions". Thus



the Judahites may have benefited by a policy which he impartially applied to all, and possibly King Cyrus, could he return to earth today, would be surprised to find that his portrait in history is that of a man whose only notable and enduring achievement was to restore a few thousand Judahites to Jerusalem.

However, if by any chance he thought this particular question to be of paramount importance among his undertakings (as the Twentieth Century politicians demonstrably think), he would at his return to earth today be much gratified, for he would find that through this act he exerted a greater influence on human events in the 2,500 years to come, probably than any other temporal ruler of any age. No other deed of antiquity has had consequences in the present time so great or so plain to trace.

In the Twentieth Century AD two generations of Western politicians, in the quest for Jewish favour, competed with each other to play the part of King Cyrus. The result was that the two World Wars produced only two enduring and significant results: the Jehovan vengeance on the symbolic "persecutor" and the Jewish triumph in the form of a new "restoration". Thus the symbolic legend of what happened at Babylon had by the Twentieth Century gained the force of the supreme "Law", overriding all other laws, and of truth and history.

The legend itself seems to have been two-thirds untruth, or what today would be called propaganda. King Belshazzar himself was apparently invented by the Levites. The historical book which records the fall of Babylon was compiled several centuries later and was attributed to one "Daniel". It states that he was a Judahite captive in Babylon who rose to the highest place at court there and "sat in the gate of the king" (Nebuchadnezzar) through his skill in interpreting dreams. Upon him devolved the task of interpreting the "writing on the wall" (*Daniel*, 5).

King "Belshazzar, the son of Nebuchadnezzar", is then depicted as offering an insult to the Judahites by using "the golden and silver vessels" taken by his father from the temple in Jerusalem for a banquet with his princes, wives and concubines. Thereon the fingers of a man's hand write on the wall the words, [38] "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin". Daniel, being called to interpret, tells the king that they mean, "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting; thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians". Thereon King Belshazzar "*in the same night*" is slain, and the Persian conqueror enters, who is to "restore" the Judahites.

Thus the end of a king and a kingdom is related directly to an affront offered to Judah and given the guise of a Jehovan retribution and Jewish vengeance. What matter if Daniel and King Belshazzar never existed: by its inclusion in the Levitical scriptures this anecdote gained the status of a legal precedent! When the murder of the Russian Czar, his wife, daughters and son in 1918, again, was related directly to this legend by words quoted from it and scrawled on a blood-bespattered wall this was at once an avowal of authorship of the deed, and a citation of the legal authority for it.

When an ancient legend can produce such effects, twenty-five centuries afterwards, there is little gain in demonstrating its untruth, for politicians and the masses they manipulate alike love their legends more than truth. However, of the three protagonists in this version of the fall of Babylon, only King Cyrus certainly existed; King Belshazzar and Daniel seem to be figures of Levitical phantasy!

The *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, which points out that King Nebuchadnezzar had no son called Belshazzar and that no king called Belshazzar reigned in Babylon when King Cyrus conquered it, says impartially that "the *author* of *Daniel* simply did not have correct data at hand", and thus does not believe that Daniel wrote *Daniel*. Obviously, if an important Judahite favourite at court, called Daniel, had written the book he would at least have known the name of the king whose end he foretold, and thus have had "correct data".

Evidently the book of Daniel, like the books of the Law attributed to Moses, was the product of Levitical scribes who in it patiently continued to make history conform with their Law, already laid down. If a King Belshazzar could be invented for the purpose of illustration and precedent, so could a prophet Daniel. This, apparently mythical Daniel is the most popular prophet of all with the fervent Zionists of today, who rejoice in the anecdote of the Judahite vengeance and triumph foretold on the wall, and see in it the legal precedent for all later time. The story of our present century has done more than that of any earlier one to strengthen them in this belief and for them Daniel, with his "interpretation" fulfilled "*in the same night*", gives the conclusive, crushing answer to the earlier Israelite prophets who had envisioned a loving God of all men. The fall of Babylon (as depicted by the Levites) gave practical proof of the truth and force of the "Mosaic" Law.

However, it would all have come to nothing without King Cyrus, who alone of the three protagonists *did* exist and *did* either allow, or compel, a few thousand Judahites to return to Jerusalem. At that point in history the Levitical theory of [39] politics, which aimed at the exercise of power through the acquirement of mastery over foreign rulers, was put to its first practical test and was successful.

The Persian king was the first of a long line of Gentile oracles worked by the ruling sect, which through him demonstrated that it had found the secret of infesting, first, and then directing the actions of foreign governments.

By the present century this mastery of governments had been brought to such a degree of power that they were all, in large measure, under one supreme control, so that their actions, in the end, always served the ambition of this supreme party. Towards the end of this book the reader will see how the Gentile oracles were worked, so that the antagonisms of peoples might be incited and brought into collision for this super-national purpose.

However, the reader will need to look into his own soul to find, if he can, the reason *why* these oracles, his own leaders, submitted.

King Cyrus was the first of them. Without his support the sect could not have set itself up again in Jerusalem and have convinced the incredulous Judahite masses, watching from all parts of the known world, that the racial Law *was* potent and *would* be literally fulfilled. The line of cause-and-effect runs straight and clear from the fall of Babylon to this century's great events; the West today owes its successive disappointments and its decline even more to King Cyrus, the first of the Gentile puppets, than to the ingenious, stealthy priesthood itself.

"Judaism originated in the name of the Persian king and by the authority of his Empire, and thus the effect of the Empire of the Alchemenides extends with great power, as almost nothing else, directly into our present age", says Professor Eduard Meyer, and this authority's conclusion is demonstrably true. Five hundred years before the West even began, the Levites laid down the Law, and then through King Cyrus set the precedent and pattern for the downfall of the West itself.

The five books of the Law were still not complete when King Cyrus came to Babylon and conquered. The sect in Babylon was still busy on them and on the supporting version of history which, by such examples as that of "King Belshazzar", was to give plausibility to the unbelievable and supply the precedent for barbaric deeds twenty-five centuries later. The mass of Judahites still knew nothing of the Law of *racial* intolerance which was being prepared for them, though *religious* intolerance was by this time familiar to them:

The sect had yet to complete the Law and then to apply it to its own people. When that happened in 458 BC, under another Persian king, the controversy of Zion at last took the shape in which it still implacably confronts its own people and the rest of mankind. The umbilical cord between the Judahites and other men was then finally severed.

These segregated people, before whom the priesthood flaunted its version of the fall of Babylon like a banner, then were set on the road to a future which would find them a compact force among other peoples, to whose undoing they were by their Law dedicated.



## Chapter 6

### THE PEOPLE WEPT

The first people to feel the impact of this "Mosaic Law" which the Levites were developing in Babylon were the Samaritans, who in 538 BC warmly welcomed the Judahites returning to Jerusalem and in token of friendship offered to help rebuild the temple, destroyed by the Babylonians in 596 BC. At the Levites' order the Samaritans were brusquely repulsed and at this affront became hostile, so that the restoration of the temple was delayed until 520 BC. (The feud against the Samaritans continued throughout the centuries to the present time, when they have been reduced to a few score or dozen souls).

The friendly approach shows that the new "Law" of the Judeans was unknown to their neighbours, who were taken by surprise by this rebuff. It seems to have been just as little known to, or understood by the Judeans themselves, at that period. The books of the Law were still being compiled in Babylon and, despite anything the priests may have told them, they clearly did not at that time realize that they were to be racially, as well as religiously, debarred from their fellow men.

The repulse of the Samaritans gave the first hint of what was to follow. The Samaritans were Israelites, probably infused with other blood. They practised Jehovah-worship but did not recognize the supremacy of Jerusalem and on that account alone would have incurred the hatred of the Levites, who probably saw in them the danger of an Israelite revival and absorption of Judah. Thus the Samaritans were put under the major ban; even by taking a piece of bread from a Samaritan a Judahite broke all the statutes and judgments of the Levites and abominably defiled himself.

After this first clash with their neighbours, the Judeans looked around them at ruined and depopulated Jerusalem. None of them, unless they were ancients, can have known it before. They were few in number: those who "returned" numbered about forty thousand, which was perhaps a tenth or twentieth of the total, for centuries self-dispersed in other lands.

It was not a happy or triumphant return for these people, though it was a major political success for the priesthood. The Levites met the same difficulty as the Zionists in 1903, 1929 and 1953: the chosen people did not want to go to the promised land. Moreover, the leaders did not intend to head "the return"; they wished to stay in Babylon (as the Zionist leaders today wish to stay in New York).

The solution found in 538 BC was similar to the one found in 1946: the zealots were ready to go, and a hapless few, who were too poor to choose, were rounded up to accompany them. Those who desired the privilege of remaining in Babylon (under their own prince, the Exilarch, in his own capital!) were mulcted in fines (just as the wealthy Jews of America are pressed today to provide funds for the Zionist state).

[41]

The Jewish *nation* was already and finally dispersed; obviously it could never again be reassembled in Canaan. That was a fact, unalterable and permanent; "from the exile the nation did not return, but a religious sect only", says Professor Wellhausen. But this symbolic "return" was of the utmost importance to the priesthood in establishing its mystic power over the scattered mass. It could be held up as the proof that "the Law" was true and valid, and that the destiny of the "special people" *was* to destroy and dominate.

The "return" meant quite different things to the few who returned and to the many who watched from the dispersion. To the few it meant the possibility to practise Jehovah-worship in the way and on the spot prescribed by "the Law". To the many it was a triumph of Judahite nationalism and the portent of the final triumph foreseen by the Law.

This watching mass had seen the means by which the success had been achieved, the conqueror undone and overthrown, and the "captivity" transformed into the "return". Segregation had proved effective, and the chief methods of enforcing this segregation were the ghetto and the synagogue. The ghetto (essentially a Levitical concept) had been tried out in Babylon, in the form of the closed-community in which the Judahites lived.

The collective reading of the law had also proved to be an effective substitute for the ritual of worship which, under the Law, could be performed only at the temple in Jerusalem (this was the beginning of the synagogue). The institutions of the ghetto and the synagogue were adopted by the communities of the dispersion, and gave them a feeling of union with the exiled Judahites and the returned Judeans.

Thus the "religious sect" which "returned" to an unknown Jerusalem was also the core of the nation-within-nations, state-within-states. The priesthood had shown itself able to maintain its theocracy without a territory of its own and under a foreign king. It had ruled its followers under its own Law; and of this Law as it was first imposed in exile on the Judahites in Babylon Dr. Kastein says: "Instead of the constitution of the defunct state, communal autonomy was established, and, instead of the power of the state, there came into being another power, more reliable and more enduring: *the stern and inexorable regime enforced by the obligation to render unquestioning obedience to the regulations of the ritual.*"

The words deserve careful study; many of "the regulations of the ritual" have been quoted in this book. The Levites had succeeded, in "captivity" and on foreign soil, in "enforcing" a "stern and inexorable regime". The achievement is unique, and it has been a continuing one, from that time to our day.

"Strangers" are usually puzzled to imagine any means by which the ruling sect could keep so firm a hold over a community scattered about the world. This power is based, ultimately, on terror and fear. Its mysteries are kept hidden from the stranger, but by diligent study he may gain some idea of them.

The weapon of excommunication is a dreaded one, and the fear which it [42] inspires rests to some extent on the literal Judaist's belief in the physical efficacy of the curses enumerated in *Deuteronomy* and other books; the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* testifies to this continuing belief. In this matter there is a strong resemblance to the African Native's belief that he will die if he is "tagati'd", and to the American Negro's fear of voodooist spells. Casting out of the fold is a much-feared penalty (and in the past was often a lethal one), of which examples may be found in the literature of our day.

Also, for pious (or for that matter superstitious) Judaists the Torah-Talmud is the *only* Law, and if they submit formally to the laws of countries where they dwell, it is with this inner reservation. Under that only-Law the priesthood wields all judicial and magisterial powers (and often has had these formally delegated to it by governments), and literally the Law includes capital punishment on numerous counts; in practice the priesthood in closed-communities of the dispersion has often exacted that penalty.

The Jerusalem to which a few returned was far from Babylon, in those times, and after their first coup (the repulse of the Samaritans' offer of friendship) the Levites apparently found themselves unable, from a distance, to restrain the normal impulses of human kind. The Judahites, in their impoverished fragment of land, began to settle down and intermarry with their neighbours for all that. They broke no law comprehended by them. The books of the Law were still being compiled in Babylon; they knew about Solomon's hundreds of wives and Moses's Midianite father-in-law, but did not yet know that Moses had been resurrected in order to exterminate all the Midianites save the virgins. Thus they married their neighbours' sons and daughters and this natural intermingling continued for about eighty years after the return.

During that period the Levites in Babylon completed the Law, the impact of which all nations have felt ever since. Ezekiel of the High Priest's family was its chief architect and probably all five books of the Law, as they have come down, bear his mark. He was the founding-father of intolerance, of racialism and vengeance as a religion, and of murder in the name of God.

The book of Ezekiel is the most significant of all the Old Testament books. It is more significant than even *Deuteronomy*, *Leviticus* and *Numbers* because it seems to be the fountainhead from which the dark ideas of those books of the Law first sprang. For instance, the student of the curses enumerated in *Deuteronomy* is bound to suspect that the deity in whose name they were uttered was of diabolic nature, not divine; the name, "God", in the sense which has been given to it, cannot be coupled with such menaces. In Ezekiel's book the student finds this suspicion expressly confirmed. Ezekiel puts into the very mouth of God the statement that

he had made *evil* laws in order to inspire misery and fear! This appears in chapter 20 and gives the key to the whole mystery of "the Mosaic Law" .

In this passage Ezekiel appears to be answering Jeremiah's attack on the [43] Levites in the matter of sacrificing the firstborn: "And they have built the high places to burn their sons and daughters in the fire; *which I commanded not, neither came it into my heart*". Ezekiel is not much concerned about the lot of the sons and daughters but is clearly enraged by the charge that the Lord had *not* commanded the sacrifice of the firstborn, when the scribes had repeatedly ascribed this command to him. His retort is concerned only to show that God *had* so commanded and thus to justify the priesthood; the admission that the commandment was evil is casual and nonchalant, as if this were of no importance:

"I am the Lord your God; walk in my statutes and keep my judgments, and do them....Notwithstanding the children rebelled against me; they walked not in my statutes, neither kept my judgments to do them.... then I said, I would pour out my fury upon them, to accomplish my anger against them in the wilderness....*Wherefore I gave them also statutes that were not good and judgments whereby they should not live; And I polluted them in their own gifts, in that they caused to pass through the fire all that openeth the womb, that I might make them desolate, to the end that they might know that I am the Lord.*"

The ruling of Christian theologians, that the Old Testament is of "equal divine authority" with the New, presumably includes this passage! Ezekiel, in his day, forbade any protest by quickly adding, "And shall I be enquired of by you, O house of Israel? As I live, saith the Lord, I will not be enquired of by you".

Ezekiel experienced the Fall of Judah and the removal of the sect to Babylon, so that his book is in parts an eye-witness account of events. Its other, "prophetic" parts show this founding-father of literal Judaism to have been a man of dark, even demoniac obsessions; indeed, parts of the book of Ezekiel probably could not be publicly printed as anything but Scripture.

Early in it he portrays (in words which he also attributes to the Lord God) a siege of Jerusalem in which he, Ezekiel, to atone "for the iniquity of the people", is commanded to eat human excrement baked before his eyes. At his plea, that he has always scrupulously observed the dietary laws and never taken anything abominable in his mouth, this is mitigated to cow's dung. Then he threatens transgressors with cannibalism, a curse on which the Levites laid marked stress:

". . . the fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of thee and the sons shall eat their fathers.... a third part shall fall by the sword.... and I will scatter a third part unto all the winds....famine and evil beasts.... pestilence and blood...."

All this is to be the retribution for non-observance, not for evil deeds. Pages of cursings follow and Jehovah promises to use the Gentiles as the rod of chastisement: "Wherefore I will bring the worst of the heathen,.. and they shall possess your houses".

Portraying what will happen to those who worship "other gods", Ezekiel in a characteristic vision sees "them that have charge over the city" (Jerusalem) "draw near, every man with his destroying weapon in his hand," One, with a

[44] writer's inkhorn by his side, is commanded by the Lord, "go through the midst of Jerusalem and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof" (these are the zealots in "observance"). The foreheads having been marked, Ezekiel quotes the Lord, "in my hearing", as saying to the men, "Go ye through the city and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity; slay utterly old and young, both maids, and little children and women; but come not near any man upon whom is the mark . . . and they went forth and slew in the city".

After Ezekiel's time men may have thought it wise to be seen sighing and crying in Jerusalem; hence, perhaps, the Wailing Wall. Chapter on chapter of menaces follow, always with the alluring proviso that if the transgressors turn from their wickedness towards observance, even worse things will then be visited on the heathen:

"I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land.... And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.... Assemble yourselves, and come; gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink *blood*. Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the *blood* of the princes of the

earth.... And ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink *blood* till ye be drunken.... and I will set my glory among the heathen, and all the heathen shall see my judgment that I have executed, and my hand that I have laid upon them".

While the school of scribes founded by Ezekiel continued for eighty years, in Babylon, to compile their Law, the repatriated Judahites in Jerusalem gradually developed normal relationships with their neighbours. They had never known the regime of bigotry and exclusion which was being prepared for them in Babylon. Many of the people still prayed to "other gods" for rain, crops, sun and herds, and to Jehovah in tribal feuds.

Then, in 458 BC, the Levites struck.

Their Law was ready, which was not by itself of much importance. *The Persian King was ready to enforce it for them*, and that was of the greatest importance, then and up to the present moment. For the first time the ruling sect accomplished the wonder which they have since repeatedly achieved: by some means they induced a foreign ruler, who was their ostensible master and to all outer appearances a mighty potentate in his own right, to put his soldiers and money at their disposal.

On this day in 458 BC the Judahites in Jerusalem were finally cut off from mankind and enslaved in a way they never knew in Babylon. This was the true "start of the affair". The story is told in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, the Levitical emissaries from Babylon who were sent to Jerusalem to enforce Ezekiel's law.

[45]

Ezra of the high priesthood came from Babylon to Jerusalem with some 1500 followers. He came in the name of the Persian King Artaxerxes the Longhanded, with Persian soldiers and Persian gold. He arrived just as Dr. Chaim Weizmann arrived in Palestine in 1917, supported by British arms and British gold, and in 1947, supported by American money and power. Ezra was in legal form a Persian emissary (Dr. Weizmann, a Russian-born Jew, was in legal form a British emissary in 1917).

What means the sect found to bend King Artaxerxes to its will, none can now discover; after King Cyrus, he was the second potentate to play a puppet's part and in our century this readiness has become a strict qualification for public life.

Ezra brought the new *racial* Law with him. He enforced it first among his own travelling companions, allowing only those to accompany him who could prove that they were Judahites by descent, or Levites. When he reached Jerusalem he was "filled with horror and dismay" (Dr. Kastein) by the prevalence of mixed marriages. The Judahites were finding happiness in their fashion; "by tolerating *miscegenation* with neighbouring tribes they had established *peaceful relations based on family ties*".

Dr. Kastein (who was equally horrified by this picture many centuries afterwards) has to admit that the Judahites by this intermingling "observed their tradition as it was understood at the time" and broke no law known to them. Ezra brought Ezekiel's *new Law*, which once more supplanted the old "tradition". In his status as emissary of the Persian king he had the Jerusalemites assembled and told them that all mixed marriages were to be dissolved; thenceforth "strangers" and everything foreign were to be rigorously excluded. A commission of elders was set up to undo all the wedlocks forged and thus to destroy the "peaceful relations based on family ties".

Dr. Kastein says that "Ezra's measure was undoubtedly *reactionary*; it raised to the *dignity of a law* an enactment which at that time *was not included in the Torah*" (which the Levites, in Babylon, were still writing down). Dr. Kastein's use of the word "dignity" is of interest in this connection; his book was published, in Berlin, in the year, twenty-four centuries later, when Hitler enacted exactly the same kind of law; it was then called "infamous" by the Zionists, and the armies of the West, reversing the role of the Persian soldiers of 458 BC, were mobilized to destroy it!

The effect of this deed was the natural one, in 458 BC as in 1917 AD: the neighbouring peoples were affronted and alarmed by the unheard-of innovation. They saw the threat to themselves and they attacked Jerusalem, tearing down the symbols of the inferiority imputed to them: its walls. By that time Ezra, like any Twentieth Century Zionist, had evidently returned to his home abroad, for once more the artificial structure began to crumble and natural tendencies were resumed: intermarriage began again and led anew to "peaceful relations based on family ties". Only force can prevent this from happening.

[46]

After thirteen years, in 445 BC, the elders in Babylon struck again. Nehemiah was another figure, as typical of our century as of that time in Babylon. He was of Judahite descent and stood high in the Persian king's favour (as Zionist "advisers" today habitually stand at the right hand of British Prime Ministers and American Presidents; the parallel could not be much closer). He was cupbearer to Artaxerxes himself. He arrived from Babylon in Jerusalem with dictatorial power and enough men and money to re-wall the city (at *Persian* expense; the parallel with today continues), and it thus became the first true ghetto. It was an empty one, and when the walls were ready Nehemiah ordered that one in ten of the Judahites be chosen by lot to reside in it.

Race thus became the supreme, though still unwritten tenet of the Law. Jehovah-worshippers who could not satisfy Persian officials and the Levite elders of their descent from Judah, Benjamin or Levi were rejected "with horror" (Dr. Kastein). Every man had to establish "the undisputed purity of his stock" from the registers of births (Hitler's Twentieth Century edict about the Aryan grandmothers was less extreme).

Then, in 444 BC, Nehemiah had Ezra embody the ban on mixed marriages in the Torah, so that at last what had been done became part of the much-amended "Law" (and David and Solomon presumably were posthumously cast out of the fold). The heads of clans and families were assembled and required to sign a pledge that they and their peoples would keep all the statutes and judgments of the Torah, with special emphasis on this new one.

In *Leviticus* the necessary insertion was made: "I have *severed* you from other people that ye should be mine". Thenceforth no Judahite might marry outside the clan, under penalty of death; every man who married a foreign woman committed a sin against God (*Nehemiah*, 13.27; this is the law in the Zionist state today). "Strangers" were forbidden to enter the city, so that the Judahites "might be *purified* from everything foreign".

Nehemiah and Ezra were both eye-witnesses. Nehemiah is the ideal, unchallengeable narrator: he was there, he was the dictator, his was the deed. He says that when Ezra for the first time read this new Law to the Jerusalemites:

"All the people wept when they heard the words of the Law".

These twelve words of contemporary journalism bring the scene as clearly before today's reader as if it had occurred twenty-four hours, not twenty-four centuries ago. He sees the weeping, ghettoized throng of 444 BC through the eyes of the man who, with Persian warriors at his side, forced them into their first true captivity, the spiritual one which thereafter was to enclose any man who called himself "Jew".

Nehemiah remained twelve years in Jerusalem and then returned to the Babylonian court. At once the artificial structure he had set up in Jerusalem began to disintegrate, so that some years later he descended again on the city, where once more mixed marriages had occurred. He "forcibly dissolved" these, [47] also setting "the severest penalties" on further transgressions of the kind. Next, "with a view to applying rigorously the selective principle, he again carefully studied the register of births" and ejected all, including even Aaronite families, in whose descent the slightest flaw could be detected. Last, he "ruthlessly purged" the community of all who had failed in "unquestioning and unhesitating allegiance to the established order and the law" and made the entire people renew their pledge.

This is known as "the *New Covenant*" (as *Deuteronomy* was the *Second Law*; these qualifying words are the milestones of the supplanting heresy). It had to be signed, at Levite order and under Persian duress, by every man in Jerusalem singly, as if it were a business contract. Then Nehemiah finally departed for Babylon, his home, having "completed the task of isolation" and "left behind him a community which, *agreed as it now was* on all fundamental questions, was able to fend for itself. He had organized their everyday life for them and built up their spiritual foundations". These words are Dr. Kastein's; the reader has seen, also in his words, by what means these Jerusalemites were brought to "agree on all fundamental questions".

By this time about four hundred years had passed since the repudiation of Judah by Israel, and three hundred since the Assyrian conquest of Israel. This period of time the Levites had used to complete the perversion of the older tradition, to put their racio-religious Law in writing, and at last to clamp it, like shackles, on the Judahites in the little Persian province of Judea. They *had* succeeded in setting up their fantastic, tribal creed and in establishing their little theocracy. They had started the catalytic agent on its journey through the centuries.

For more than a hundred generations, since that day when the New Covenant was enforced by Persian arms, and the people who had wept were compelled to sign it anew, a mass of human beings, changing in blood but closely or loosely held in the bonds of this Law, have carried its burden and inheritance, in spiritual isolation from the rest of mankind. The singular paradox remains: though their enchainment was devised by the Levites the chains were Persian. On that day as ever since, though the fanatical sect has dictated their continuing captivity, foreign arms and foreign money have kept them in it.

Where does responsibility lie between those who incite to a deed and those who commit it? If the answer is that the greater and final responsibility lies with the perpetrator, then the verdict of history is incontestably, though strangely, that responsibility for the heresy of Judaism lies with the Gentiles, who from the time of the Persian kings to this century have done the bidding of the sect that devised it.

It *was* a heresy: On the day when King Artaxerxes's soldiers forced the Jerusalemites to sign Ezekiel's New Covenant, *the perversion of the earlier Israelite tradition was made complete and the affirmation of God was supplanted*  
[48] *by the denial of God.*

No resemblance remained between the God of the moral commandments and Ezekiel's malevolent deity who boasted that he commanded men to kill their firstborn in order to keep them in awe of himself! This was not revealed God, but a man-made deity, the incarnation of primitive tribalism. What those ancient people signed under duress, in the New Covenant, was either the formal denial of God or the formal claim that God was Judah, and this in fact is the claim expressly made in many Zionist utterances of our time, so that the heresy is openly avowed:

"God is absorbed in the nationalism of Israel. He becomes the national ethos . . . He creates the world in the Hebrew language. He is the National God" (Rabbi Solomon Goldman).

"We and God grew up together. . . We have a national God. . . We believe that God is a Jew, that there is no English or American God" (Mr. Maurice Samuel).

"It was not God who willed these people and their meaning. It was this people who willed this God and this meaning" (Dr. Kastein).

These statements are explicit, and such phrases are easy to pen in this century, in New York or Chicago, London or Berlin. But at the start of this affair, as Nehemiah recorded:

"All the people wept when they heard the words of the Law" and since that day it has given very many cause to weep.



## Chapter 7

### THE TRANSLATION OF THE LAW

The most important event (as it proved) of the next four hundred years was the first translation of the Judaic scriptures (later to become known as the Old Testament) into a foreign tongue, Greek. This enabled, and still enables, "the heathen" to become partially acquainted with the Law that ordained their own enslavement and destruction and the supremacy of Judah. Save for this translation the nature of literal Judaism must have remained a matter of surmise, whereas the translation made it appear to be one of evidence and proof.

For that reason it is at first sight surprising that the translation was ever made (as tradition says, by seventy-two Jewish scholars at Alexandria between 275 and 150 BC.) Dr. Kastein explains that it was undertaken "with a definite object in view, that of making it comprehensible to the Greeks; this led to the *distortion and twisting of words, changes of meaning, and the frequent substitution of general terms and ideas for those that were purely local and national*".

Dr. Kastein's words in this instance are carelessly chosen if they were intended to disguise what occurred: a matter is not made "comprehensible" to others by distorting and twisting it, changing its meaning, and substituting ambiguous terms for precise ones. Moreover, so learned a Judaic scholar must have known what the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* records, that the later Talmud even "prohibited the teaching to a Gentile of the Torah, anyone so teaching 'deserving death'." Indeed, the Talmud saw such danger in the acquirement by the heathen of knowledge of the Law that it set up the *oral* Torah as the last repository of Jehovah's secrets, safe from any Gentile eye.

If the Judaic scriptures were translated into Greek, then, this was not for the benefit of the Greeks (Dr. Kastein wrote for a largely Gentile audience). The reason, almost certainly, was that the Jews themselves needed the translation. The Judahites had lost their Hebrew tongue in Babylon (thereafter it became a priestly mystery, "one of the *secret* spiritual bonds which held the Judaists of the Diaspora together", as Dr. Kastein says), and spoke Aramaic. However, the largest single body of Jews was in Alexandria, where Greek became their everyday language; many of them could no longer understand Hebrew and a Greek version of their Law was needed as a basis for the rabbinical interpretations of it.

Above all, the elders could not foresee that centuries later a new religion would arise in the world which would take over their scriptures as part of its own Bible, and thus bring "the Mosaic Law" before the eyes of all mankind. Had that been anticipated, the Greek translation might never have been made.

Nevertheless, the translators were evidently reminded by the priests that their work would bring "the Law", for the first time, under Gentile scrutiny; hence the distortions, twistings, changes and substitutions mentioned by Dr. Kastein. An instance of these is apparently given by *Deuteronomy* 32:21; the translation which

[50] has come down to the heathen alludes vaguely to "a foolish nation", whereas the reference in the Hebrew original, according to the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, is to "vile and vicious Gentiles".

What was translated? First, the five books of the Law, the Torah. After the "New Covenant" had been forcibly imposed on the Jerusalemites by Ezra and Nehemiah, the priesthood in Babylon had given the Torah yet another revision: "once again *anonymous editors lent their past history, their traditions, laws and customs a meaning* entirely in keeping with theocracy and applicable to that system of government.... The form which the Torah



then received was the final and conclusive form which was not to be altered by one iota; no single thought, word or letter of it was to be changed."

When mortal men repeatedly "lend meaning" to something supposed already to be immutable, and force all spiritual tradition into the framework of their worldly political ambition, what remains cannot be an original revelation of God. What had happened was that the earlier, Israelite tradition had been expunged or cancelled, and in its place the Judaic racial law had assumed "final and conclusive form".

The same method was followed in the compilation of the other books, historical, prophetic or lyrical. The book of *Daniel*, for instance, was completed at about this time, that is to say, some four hundred years after the events related in it; small wonder that the anonymous author got all his historical facts wrong. Dr. Kastein is candid about the manner in which these books were produced:

"The editors who put the books of *Joshua*, *Judges*, *Samuel* and *Kings* into their final form gathered *every fragment*" (of the old teachings and traditions) and "creatively *interpreted* them . . . It was impossible always definitely to assign particular words to particular persons, for they had so frequently worked *anonymously*, and, *as the editors were more concerned with the subject matter than with philological exactitude*, they were content with stringing the sayings of the prophets together as best they could". (This method might account for the attribution of the identical "Messianic" prophecy to two prophets, *Isaiah* 2, 2-4, and *Micah* 4, 1-4, and for the numerous repetitions to be found in other books).

The *subject matter*, then, was the important thing, not historical truth, or "philological exactitude", or the word of God. The subject matter was political nationalism in the most extreme form ever known to man, and conformity with this dogma was the only rule that had to be observed. The way in which these books were compiled, after Judah was cast off by Israel, and the reasons, are clear to any who study their origin.

The resultant product, the growth of five or six hundred years and the work of generations of political priests, was the book which was translated into Greek around 150 BC. After the lifetime of Jesus it, and the New Testament, was translated into Latin by Saint Jerome, when both "came to be regarded by the Church as of equal divine authority and as sections of one book" (from a typical [51] modern encyclopaedia), a theological dictum which was formally confirmed by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century of our era and has been adopted by nearly all Protestant churches, although in this matter they might have found valid reason to protest.

In view of the changes which were made, at the translation, (see Dr. Kastein's words, above), none but Judaist scholars could tell today how closely the Old Testament in the Hebrew-Aramaic original compares with the version which has come down, from the first translation into Greek, as one of the two sections of Christendom's Bible. Clearly substantial changes were made, and quite apart from that there is the "oral Torah", and the Talmudic continuation of the Torah, so that the Gentile world has never known the whole truth of the Judaic Law.

Nevertheless, the essence of it is all in the Old Testament as it has come down to Christendom, and that is a surprising thing. Whatever may have been expunged or modified, the vengeful, tribal deity, the savage creed and the law of destruction and enslavement remain plain for all to ponder. The fact is that no amount of twisting, distortion, changing or other subterfuge could conceal the nature of the Judaic Law, once it was translated; although glosses were made, the writing beneath remains clear, and this is the best evidence that, when the first translation was authorized, the universal audience it would ultimately reach was not foreseen.

With that translation the Old Testament, as we now call and know it, entered the West, its teaching of racial hatred and destruction only a little muted by the emendations. That was before the story of the West even had truly begun.

By the time the West, and Christianity, were nineteen and a half centuries old, the political leaders there, being much in awe of the central sect of Judaism, had begun to speak with pious awe of the Old Testament, as if it were the better half of the Book by which they professed to live. Nevertheless it was, as it always had been, the Law of their peoples' destruction and enslavement, and all their deeds, under *the servitude which they accepted*, led towards that end.

## Chapter 8

### THE LAW AND THE IDUMEANS

While the Judaic scriptures, thus compiled, were on their way, thus translated, from the Alexandrine Jews to the Greeks and thereafter to the other heathen, Persian, Greek and Roman overlords followed each other in little Judea.

These chaotic centuries brought in their course the second significant event of the period: the enforced conversion of the Idumeans to Jehovaism ("Judaism" is a word apparently first used by the Judean historian Josephus to denote the culture and way of life of Judea, as "Hellenism" described those of Greece, and originally had no religious connotation. For want of a better word it will now be used in this book to identify the racial religion set up by the Levites on their perversion of the "Mosaic Law".)

Only one other mass-conversion to Judaism is known to recorded history, and that one, which came about eight or nine centuries later, was of immediate importance to our present generation, as will be shown. Individual conversion, on the other hand, was at this period frequent, and apparently was encouraged even by the rabbis, for Jesus himself, according to Saint Matthew, told the scribes and pharisees, rebukingly, that they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte" .

Thus, for some reason, the racial ban introduced by the Second Law and the New Covenant was not, at this time, being enforced. Presumably the explanation is the numerical one; if the racial law had been strictly enforced the small tribe of Judah would have died out and the priesthood, with its creed, would have been left like generals with a plan of battle, but no army.

Evidently there was much intermingling, for whatever reason. The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says that "early and late Judah derived strength from the absorption of outsiders" and other authorities agree, so that anything like a purebred tribe of Judah must have disappeared some centuries before Christ, at the latest.

Nevertheless, the racial *Law* remained in full vigour, not weakened by these exceptions, so that in the Christian era proselytizing virtually ceased and the Judaists of the world, although obviously they were not descended from Judah, became again a community separated from mankind by a rigid racial ban. Racial exclusion remained, or again became, the supreme tenet of formal Zionism, and the Talmudic ruling was that "proselytes are as injurious to Judaism as ulcers to a sound body".

Fervent Zionists still beat their heads on a wall of lamentation when they consider the case of the Idumeans, which, they hold, proves the dictum just quoted. The problem of what to do with them apparently arose out of the priests' own sleight-of-hand feats with history and The Law. In the first historical book, *Genesis*, the Idumeans are shown as the tribe descended from Esau ("Esau the father of the Edomites"), who was own brother to Jacob-called-Israel. This [53] kinsmanship between Judah and Edom was apparently the original tradition, so that the Idumeans' special status was still recognized when *Deuteronomy* was produced in 621 BC, the Lord then "saying unto Moses":

"And command thou the people, saying, Ye are to pass through the coast of your brethren the children of Edom. . . Meddle not with them; for I will not give you of their land, no, not so much as a foot breadth. . . And when we *passed by* from our brethren the children of Esau . . ."

When *Numbers* came to be written, say two hundred years later, this situation had changed. By then Ezra and Nehemiah, escorted by Persian soldiery, had enforced their racial law on the Judahites, and the Idumeans, like other neighbouring peoples, became hostile (for exactly the same reasons that cause Arab hostility today).

They learned, from *Numbers*, that, far from being "not meddled" with, they were now marked down for "utter destruction". Thus in *Numbers* Moses and his followers no longer "pass by our brethren the children of Esau"; they demand to pass *through* the Idumean land. The King of Idumea refuses permission, whereon Moses takes another route and the Lord promises him that "Edom shall be a *possession*".

From other passages in The Law the Idumeans were able to learn the fate of cities so taken in possession; in them, nothing was to be left alive that breathed. (The scribes dealt similarly with the Moabites; in *Deuteronomy* Moses is commanded "Distress not the Moabites, neither contend with them in battle; for I will not give thee of their land for a possession"; in *Numbers*, the divine command is that the Moabites be destroyed).

From about 400 BC on, therefore, the Judeans were distrusted and feared by neighbouring tribes, including the Idumeans. They were proved right in this, for during the brief revival of Judah under the Hasmonians, John Hyrcanus, who was king and high priest in Judea, fell on them and at the swordpoint forced them to submit to circumcision and the Mosaic Law. Of the two versions of The Law ("not to meddle" and "take possession") he obeyed the second, which might have been a satisfactory solution if the matter had ended there, for any good rabbi could have told him that either, neither or both of these decrees was right ("If the Rabbis call left right and right left, you must believe it": Dr. William Rubens).

But the matter did not end there. A law set up in this way throws up a new problem for each one that is solved. Having "taken possession", was John Hyrcanus to "utterly destroy" and "save nothing alive that breatheth" of "our brethren, the children of Esau"? He disobeyed *that* law, and contented himself with the forcible conversion. But by so doing he made himself a capital transgressor, like Saul, the first king of the united kingdom of Israel and Judah, long before. For this very thing, stopping short of utter destruction (by sparing King Agag and some beasts), Saul had been repudiated, dethroned and [54] destroyed (according to the Levitical version of history).

John Hyrcanus had to deal with two political parties. Of these, the more moderate Sadducees, who supported the monarchy, presumably tendered the counsel to spare the Idumeans, and merely by force to make them Jews. The other party was that of the Pharisees, who represented the old despotic priesthood of the Levites and wished to restore it in full sovereignty.

Presumably these fanatical Pharisees, as heirs of the Levites, would have had him exact the full rigour of the Law and "utterly destroy" the Idumeans. They continued fiercely to oppose him (as Samuel opposed Saul) and to work for the overthrow of the monarchy. What is of particular interest today, they later claimed that from his clemency towards the Idumeans the entire ensuing catastrophe of Judea came! They saw in the second destruction of the temple and the extinction of Judea in AD 70 the prescribed penalty for John Hyrcanus's failure in observance; like Saul, he had "transgressed".

The Pharisees had to wait about 150 years for the proof of this argument, if proof it was to any but themselves. Out of the converted Idumeans came one Antipater who rose to high favour in the little court at Jerusalem (as the legendary Daniel had risen at the much greater courts of Babylon and Persia). The Pharisees themselves appealed to the Roman triumvir, Pompey, to intervene in Judea and restore the old priesthood, while abolishing the little monarchy. Their plan went a-gley; though the Hasmonian dynasty was in fact exterminated in the chaotic decades of little wars and insurrections that followed, Antipater the Idumean rose until Caesar made him procurator of Judea, and his son, Herod, was by Antony made king of Judea!

In the sequel, utter confusion reigned in the little province so that even the shadow of independence vanished and Rome, left no other choice, began directly to rule the land.

For this denouement the Pharisees, as the authors of Roman intervention, were apparently to blame. They laid the fault on "the half caste" and "Idumean slave", Herod. Had John Hyrcanus but "observed the Law" and "utterly destroyed" the Idumeans, 150 years before, all this would not have come about, they said. It is illuminating to see with what bitter anger Dr. Josef Kastein, two thousand years later, took up this reproach, as if it were an event of the day before. A Twentieth Century Zionist, who wrote in the time of Hitler's advent to power in Germany, he was convinced that this offence against the racial law had brought the second calamity on Judea.

However, the calamity of Judea was also the victory of the Pharisees, as will be seen, and this is typical of the paradoxes in which the story of Zion abounds from its start.

## Chapter 9

### THE RISE OF THE PHARISEES

These Pharisees, who formed the most numerous political party in the little Roman province of Judea, contained the dominant inner sect, earlier represented by the Levite priesthood. They made themselves the carriers of the Levitical idea in its most fanatical form, as it had found expression in Ezekiel, Ezra and Nehemiah; they were sworn to "the strict observance of Levitical purity", says the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*.

As the Levites had triumphed over the Israelite remonstrants, and had succeeded in severing Judah from its neighbours, so did the Pharisees, their successors, stand ready to crush any attempt to reintegrate the Judeans in mankind. They were the guardians of the destructive idea, and the next chapter in the story of Zion was to be that of their victory; as in the case of the Levites, the background to it was to be that of Jerusalem destroyed.

Among the priests themselves, the passing generations had produced something of a revolt against the process of constant amendment of The Law, begun by the scribes of the school of Ezekiel and Ezra. These priests held that The Law was now immutable and must not be further "reinterpreted".

To this challenge (which strikes at the very root of Judaist nationalism) the Pharisees in deadly enmity opposed their reply: that *they* were the keepers of "the traditions" and o that *oral* Law, directly imparted by God to Moses, which must never be put in writing but which governed all the rest of The Law. This claim to possess the secrets of God (or, in truth, to *be* God) is at the heart of the mystic awe in which so many generations of Jews hold "the elders"; it has a power to affright which even enlightened beings on the far fringes of Jewry cannot quite escape.

Nevertheless, the instinctive impulse to break free from this thrall has at all times thrown up a moderate party in Judaism, and at this period it was that of the Sadducees, which represented the bulk of the priesthood and stood for "keeping the peace of the city" and avoiding violent conflict with the Roman overlords. The Pharisees and the Sadducees were bitter foes. This internal dissension among Jews has continued for twenty-five hundred years into our time.

It is chiefly of academic interest to the rest of mankind (though it has to be recorded) because history shows that whenever the dispute for and against "seeking the peace of the city" has reached a climax, the party of segregation and destruction has always prevailed, and the Judaist ranks have closed behind it. The present century has given the latest example to this. At its start the established Jewish communities of Germany, England and America (who may be compared with the Sadducees) were implacably hostile to the Zionists from Russia (the Pharisees), but within fifty years the extreme party had made itself the exclusive spokesman of "the Jews" with the Western governments, and had succeeded in beating down nearly all opposition among the Jewish communities of the world.

[56]

The Pharisees occupy the second place in the pedigree of the sect which has brought about such large events in our time. The line of descent is from the Levites in Babylon, through the Pharisees in Jerusalem, through the Talmudists of Spain and the rabbis of Russia, to the Zionists of today.

The name "Pharisee", according to the Judaist authorities, means "one who separates himself", or keeps away from persons or things impure in order to attain the degree of holiness and righteousness required in those who would commune with God. The Pharisees formed a league or brotherhood of their

own, admitting to their inmost councils only those who, in the presence of three members, pledged themselves to the strict observance of Levitical purity. They were the earliest specialists in secret conspiracy, as a political science.

The experience and knowledge gained by the Pharisees may be plainly traced in the methods used by the conspiratorial parties which have emerged in Europe during the last two centuries, and particularly in those of the destructive revolution in Europe, which has been Jewish-organized and Jewish-led.

For instance, the Pharisees originally devised the basic method, resting on mutual fear and suspicion, by which in our day conspirators are held together and conspiratorial bodies made strong. This is the system of spies-on-spies and informers-among-informers on which the Communist Party is built (and its Red Army; the official regulations of which show the "political commissar" and "informer" to be a recognized part of the military structure, from the high-command level to the platoon one).

The Pharisees first employed this device, basing it on a passage in Leviticus: "Ye shall place a guard around my guard" (quoted by the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* from the Hebrew original, in use among Jews). The nature of the revolutionary machine which was set up in Europe in the Nineteenth Century cannot be understood at all unless the Talmudic knowledge and training be taken into account, which most of its organizers and leaders inherited; and the Pharisees were the first Talmudists. They claimed divine authority for any decision of their Scribes, *even in case of error*, and this is a ruling concept of the Talmud.

Under the domination of the Pharisees the Messianic idea first emerged, which was to have great consequences through the centuries. It was unknown to the earlier Israelite prophets; they never admitted the notion of an exclusive, master-race, and therefore they could not be aware of the later, consequential concept of a visitant who would come in person to set up the supreme kingdom of this exclusive master-race on earth.

The nature of this Messianic event is clear, in the Judaist authorities. The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says the Pharisees' conception of it was that "God's kingship shall be *universally recognized* in the future. . . God's kingship *excluded* any other". As Jehovah, according to the earlier Torah, "knew" only the Jews, this meant that the world would belong to the Jews. The later Talmud confirmed this, if any doubt remained, by ruling that "the non-Jews are as such precluded [57] from admission to a future world" (the former Rabbi Laible).

The mass of the Judeans undoubtedly expected that "the Anointed one", when he came, would restore their national glory; in the perfect theocratic state he would be their spiritual leader, but also their temporal one who would reunite the scattered people in a supreme kingdom of this world. The Messianic idea, as it took shape under the Pharisees, was not an expectation of any kingdom of heaven unrelated to material triumph on earth, or at any rate it was not this among the mass of the people.

The Messianic expectation, indeed, must in a sense have been the logical and natural result of the sect's own teaching. The Pharisees, like the Levites whose message they carried on, claimed to know all things, from the date of the world's creation, and its purpose, to the manner of the special people's triumph.

Only one thing they never stated: the moment of that glorious consummation. The burden of observance which they laid on the people was harsh, however, and it was but natural that, like prison inmates serving a term, the people should clamour to know *when* they would be free.

That seems to be the origin of Messianism. The people who once had "wept" to hear the words of the New Law, now had borne its rigour for four hundred years. Spontaneously the question burst from them: When? When would the glorious consummation come, the miraculous end? They were "doing all the statutes and judgments", and the performance of them meant a heavy daily task and burden. They were doing all this under "a covenant", which promised a specific reward. When would this reward be theirs? Their rulers were in direct communion with God, and knew God's mysteries; they must be able to answer this question, *When?*

This was the one question which the Pharisees could not answer. They seem to have given the most ingenious answer they could devise: though they would not say *when*, they would say that one day "the Messiah the Prince" would appear (*Daniel*), and *then* there would be given to him "dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him".

Thus the compressed, ghettoized Judean spirit was anaesthetized with the promise of a visitant; Messianism appeared and produced the recurrent outbreaks of frenzied anticipation, the latest of which our Twentieth Century is experiencing.

Such was the setting of the scene when, nearly two thousand years ago, the man from Galilee appeared. At that time those Judeans who remained in Judea had spent the six hundred years since their casting-off by Israel in what Dr. John Goldstein, in our day, calls "Jewish darkness", and at the end of this period had come to wait and hope for the liberating Messiah.

The visitant who then appeared claimed to point them the way to "the kingdom of heaven". He was the very opposite road from that, leading over ruined nations to a temple filled with gold, towards which the Pharisees beckoned them, [58] crying "Observe!"

The Pharisees were strong and the foreign "governor" quailed before their menaces (the picture was very much like that of our day) and those of the people who saw in the newcomer the Messiah they awaited, despite his contempt for worldly rewards, put themselves in danger of death by saying so. They were "transgressing", and the Roman ruler, like the Persian king five hundred years earlier, was ready to enforce "the Law".

Evidently many of these people were only too ready to listen, if they were allowed, to any who could show them the way out of their darkness into the light and the community of mankind. However, victory lay with the Pharisees (as with the Levites of yore), so that, once more, many of these people had cause to weep, and the catalytic force was preserved intact.



## Chapter 10

### THE MAN FROM GALILEE

When Jesus was born the vibrant expectation that a marvellous being was about to appear was general among the Judeans. They longed for such proof that Jehovah intended to keep the Covenant with his chosen people, and the scribes, reacting to the pressure of this popular longing, gradually had introduced into the scriptures the idea of the anointed one, the Messiah, who would come to fulfil his bargain.

The *Targams*, the rabbinical commentaries on the Law, said: "How beautiful he is, the Messiah king who shall arise from the house of Judah. He will gird up his loins and advance to do battle with his enemies and *many kings shall be slain*".

This passage shows what the Judeans had been led to expect. They awaited a militant, avenging Messiah (in the tradition of "all the firstborn of Egypt" and the destruction of Babylon) who would break Judah's enemies "with a rod of iron" and "dash them in pieces like a potter's vase"; who would bring them empire of this world and the literal fulfilment of the tribal Law; for this was what generations of Pharisees and Levites had foretold.

The idea of a lowly Messiah who would say "*love your enemies*" and be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows" was not present in the public mind at all and would have been "despised and rejected", had any called attention to these words of Isaiah (which only gained significance after Jesus had lived and died).

Yet the being who appeared, though he was lowly and taught love, apparently claimed to be this Messiah and was by many so acclaimed!

In few words he swept aside the entire mass of racial politics, which the ruling sect had heaped on the earlier, moral law, and like an excavator revealed again what had been buried. The Pharisees at once recognized a most dangerous "prophet and dreamer of dreams".

The fact that he found so large a following among the Judeans shows that, even if the mass of the people wanted a militant, nationalist Messiah who would liberate them from the Romans, many among them must subconsciously have realised that their true captivity was of the spirit and of the Pharisees, more than of the Romans. Nevertheless, the mass responded mechanically to the Pharisaic politicians' charge that the man was a blasphemer and bogus Messiah.

By this response they bequeathed to all future generations of Jews a tormenting doubt, no less insistent because it must not be uttered (for the name Jesus may not even be mentioned in a pious Jewish home): Did the Messiah appear, only to be rejected by the Jews, and if so, what is their future, under The Law?

What manner of man was this? Another paradox in the story of Zion is that in our generation Christian divines and theologians often insist that "Jesus was a Jew", whereas the Judaist elders refuse to allow this (those Zionist rabbis who occasionally tell political or "interfaith" audiences that Jesus was a Jew are not

[60] true exceptions to this rule; they would not make the statement among Jews and seek to produce an effect among their non-Jewish listeners, for political reasons). \*

This public assertion, "Jesus was a Jew", is always used in our century for political purposes. It is often employed to quell objections to the Zionist influence in international politics or to the Zionist invasion of Palestine, the suggestion being that, as Jesus was a Jew, none ought to object to anything purporting to be done in the name of Jews. The irrelevance is obvious, but mobs are moved by such phrases, and the paradoxical result, once again, is that a statement, most offensive to literal Jews, is most frequently made by non-Jewish politicians and ecclesiastics who seek Jewish favour.

The English abbreviation, "Jew", is recent and does not correspond to anything denoted by the Aramaic, Greek or Roman terms for "Judahite" or "Judean", which were in use during the lifetime of Jesus. In fact, the English noun "Jew" cannot be defined (so that dictionaries, which are scrupulously careful about all other words, are reduced to such obvious absurdities as "A person of *Hebrew race*"); and the Zionist state has no legal definition of the term (which is natural, because the Torah, which is *the Law*, exacts pure Judahite descent, and a person of this lineage is hardly to be found in the entire world).

If the statement, "Jesus was a Jew", has meaning therefore, it must apply to the conditions prevailing in his time. In that case it would mean one of three things, or all of them: that Jesus was of the tribe of Judah (therefore Judahite); that he was of Judean domicile (and therefore Judean); that he was religiously "a Jew", if any religion denoted by that term existed in his time.

Race, residence, religion, then.

This book is not the place to argue the question of Jesus's racial descent, and the surprising thing is that Christian divines allow themselves some of the statements which they make. The reader should form his own opinion, if he desires to have one in this question.

The genealogy of Mary is not given in the New Testament, but three passages might imply that she was of Davidic descent; St. Matthew and St. Luke trace the descent of Joseph from David and Judah, but Joseph was not the blood father of Jesus. The *Judaist* authorities discredit all these references to descent, holding that they were inserted to bring the narrative into line with prophecy.

As to residence, St. John states that Jesus was born at Bethlehem in Judea through the chance that his mother had to go there from Galilee to register; the

\* Rabbi Stephen Wise, the leading Zionist organizer in the United States during the 1910-1950 period, used this phrase for the obvious political motive, of confusing non-Jewish hearers. Speaking to such an "inter-faith" meeting at the Carnegie Hall at Christmastide 1925, he stated "Jesus was a Jew, not a Christian" (Christianity was born with the *death* of Jesus).

For this he was excommunicated by the Orthodox Rabbis Society of the United States, but a Christian Ministers Association "hailed me as a brother". Rabbi Wise adds the characteristic comment: "I know not which was more hurtful, the acceptance of me as a brother and welcoming me into the Christian fold, or the violent diatribe of the rabbis".

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*Judaist* authorities, again, hold that this was inserted to make the account agree with Micah's prophecy that "a ruler" would "come out of Bethlehem".

The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* insists that Nazareth was Jesus's *native* town, and indeed, general agreement exists that he was a Galilean, whatever the chance of his actual birthplace. Galilee, where nearly all his life was spent, was politically entirely separate from Judea, under its own Roman tetrarch, and stood to Judea in the relationship of "a foreign country" (Graetz). Marriage between a Judean and a Galilean was forbidden and even before Jesus's birth all Judeans living in Galilee had been forced by Simon Tharsi, one of the Maccabean princes, to migrate to Judah.

Thus, the Galileans were racially and politically distinct from the Judeans.

Was this Galilean, religiously, what might today be called "a Jew"? The *Judaist* authorities, of course, deny that most strenuously of all; the statement, often heard from the platform and pulpit, might cause a riot in the synagogue.

It is difficult to see what responsible public men can mean when they use the phrase. There was in the time of Jesus no "Jewish" (or even Judahite or *Judaist* or Judean) religion. There was Jehovahism, and there were the various sects, Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, which disputed violently between themselves and contended, around the temple, for power over the people. They were not only sects, but also political parties,

and the most powerful of them were the Pharisees with their "oral traditions" of what God had said to Moses.

If today the Zionists are "the Jews" (and this is the claim accepted by all great Western nations), then the party which in Judea in the time of Jesus corresponded to the Zionists was that of the Pharisees. Jesus brought the whole weight of his attack to bear on these Pharisees. He also rebuked the Sadducees and the scribes, but the Gospels show that he held the Pharisees to be the foe of God and man and that he used an especial scarring scorn towards them. The things which he singled out for attack, in them and in their creed, are the very things which today's Zionists claim to be the identifying features of Jews, Jewishness and Judaism.

Religiously, Jesus seems beyond doubt to have been the opposite and adversary of all that which would make a literal Jew today or would have made a literal Pharisee then.

None can say with certainty who or what he was, and these suggestive statements by non-Jewish politicians ring as false as the derisive and mocking lampoons about "the bastard" which circulated in the Jewish ghettos.

What he did and said is of such transcendental importance that nothing else counts. On a much lesser scale Shakespeare's case is somewhat comparable. The quality of inspiration in his works is clear, so that it is of little account whether he wrote them, or who wrote them if he did not, yet the vain argument goes on.

The carpenter's son from Galilee evidently had no formal schooling: "The Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

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What is much more significant, he had known no rabbinical schools or priestly training. His enemies, the Pharisees, testify to that; had he been of their clan or kind they would not have asked, "Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works".

What gives the teaching of this unlettered young man its effect of blinding revelation, the quality of light first discovered, is the black background, of the Levitical Law and the Pharisaic tradition, against which he moved when he went to Judea. Even today the sudden fullness of enlightenment, in the Sermon on the Mount, dazzles the student who has emerged from a critical perusal of the Old Testament; it is as if high noon came at midnight.

The Law, when Jesus came to "fulfil" it, had grown into a huge mass of legislation, stifling and lethal in its immense complexity. The Torah was but the start; heaped on it were all the interpretations and commentaries and rabbinical rulings; the elders, like pious silkworms, span the thread ever further in the effort to catch up in it every conceivable act of man; generations of lawyers had laboured to reach the conclusion that an egg must not be eaten on the Sabbath day if the greater part of it had been laid before a second star was visible in the sky.

Already the Law and all the commentaries needed a library to themselves, and a committee of international jurists, called to give an opinion on it, would have required years to sift the accumulated layers.

The unschooled youth from Galilee reached out a finger and thrust aside the entire mass, revealing at once the truth and the heresy. He reduced "all the Law and the Prophets" to the two commandments, Love God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself.

This was the exposure and condemnation of the basic heresy which the Levites and Pharisees, in the course of centuries, had woven into the Law.

*Leviticus* contained the injunction, "Love thy neighbour as thyself", but it was governed by the limitation of "neighbour" to fellow-Judeans. Jesus now reinstated the forgotten, earlier tradition, of neighbourly love irrespective of race or creed; this was clearly what he meant by the words, "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil". He made his meaning plain when he added, "Ye have heard that it hath been said . . . hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemy". (The artful objection is sometimes made that the specific commandment, "Hate thine enemy", nowhere appears in the Old Testament. Jesus's meaning was clear; the innumerable injunctions to the murder and massacre of neighbours who were not "neighbours", in which the Old Testament abounds, certainly required hatred and enmity).

This was a direct challenge to The Law as the Pharisees represented it, and Jesus carried the challenge further by deliberately refusing to play the part of the nationalist liberator and conqueror of territory for which the prophecies had cast the Messiah. Probably he could have had a much larger following, and possibly [63] the support of the Pharisees, if he had accepted that role.

His rebuke, again, was terse and clear: "My kingdom is *not of this world* . . . The kingdom of Heaven is *within you* . . . Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal".

Everything he said, in such simple words as these, was a quiet, but direct challenge to the most powerful men of his time and place, and a blow at the foundations of the creed which the sect had built up in the course of centuries.

What the entire Old Testament taught in hundreds of pages, the Sermon on the Mount confuted in a few words. It opposed love to hatred, mercy to vengeance, charity to malice, neighbourliness to segregation, justice to discrimination, affirmation (or reaffirmation) to denial, and life to death. It began (like the "blessings-or-cursings" chapters of *Deuteronomy*) with blessings, but there the resemblance ended.

*Deuteronomy* offered material blessings, in the form of territory, loot and slaughter, in return for strict performance of thousands of "statutes and judgments", some of them enjoining murder. The Sermon on the Mount offered no material rewards, but simply taught that moral behaviour, humility, the effort to do right, mercy, purity, peaceableness and fortitude would be blessed for their own sake and receive spiritual reward.

*Deuteronomy* followed its "blessings" with "cursings". The Sermon on the Mount made no threats; it did not require that the transgressor be "stoned to death" or "hanged on a tree", or offer absolution for non-observance at the price of washing the hands in the blood of a heifer. The worst that was to befall the sinner was that he was to be "the least in the kingdom of heaven"; and most that the obedient might expect was to be "called great in the kingdom of heaven".

The young Galilean never taught subservience, only an *inner* humility, and in one direction he was consistently and constantly scornful: in his attack on the Pharisees.

The name, Pharisees, denoted that they "kept away from persons or things impure". The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says, "Only in regard to intercourse with the unclean and the unwashed multitude did Jesus differ widely from the Pharisees". Echo may answer, "Only!" This was of course the great cleavage, between the idea of the tribal deity and the idea of the universal god; between the creed of hatred and the teaching of love. The challenge was clear and the Pharisees accepted it at once. They began to bait their traps, in the very manner described by Jeremiah long before: "All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him".

The Pharisees watched him and asked, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners" (a penal offence under their Law). He was equally their master in debate and in eluding their baited traps, and answered, swiftly but [64] quietly, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick . . . , I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance".

They followed him further and saw his disciples plucking ears of corn to eat on the Sabbath (another offence under the Law), "Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the Sabbath day". They pursued him with such interrogations, always related to the rite, and never to faith or behaviour; "why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders, for they wash not their hands when they eat bread?". "Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophecy of you, saying, this people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines *the commandments of men*",

This was the lie direct: The Law, he charged, was not *God's* law, but the law of the Levites and Pharisees: "the commandments of men"!

From this moment there could be no compromise, for Jesus turned away from the Pharisees and "called the multitude, and said unto them, Hear, and understand: Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man".

With these words Jesus cast public scorn on one of the most jealously-guarded of the priestly prerogatives, involving the great mass of dietary laws with the whole ritual of slaughter, draining of blood, rejection of "that which dieth of itself", and so on. All this was undoubtedly a "commandment of man", although attributed to Moses, and strict observance of this dietary ritual was held to be of the highest importance by the Pharisees, Ezekiel (the reader will recall) on being commanded by the Lord to eat excrement "to atone for the iniquities of the people", had pleaded his unfailing observance of the dietary laws and had had his ordeal somewhat mitigated on that account. Even the disciples were apparently so much under the influence of this dietary tradition that they could not understand how "that which cometh out of the mouth" could defile a man, rather than that which went in, and asked for an explanation, remarking that the Pharisees "were offended, after they heard this saying".

The simple truth which Jesus then gave them was abominable heresy to the Pharisees: "Do not ye understand, that what whatsoever entereth in at the mouth goeth into the belly, and is cast out into the draught? But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man; *but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man*".

This last remark was another penal offence under the Law and the Pharisees began to gather for the kill. They prepared the famous trick questions: "Then went the Pharisees and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk". The two chief questions were, "To whom shall we render tribute?" and "Who then is my neighbour?" A wrong answer to the first would deliver him to [65] punishment by the foreign ruler, Rome. A wrong answer to the second would enable the Pharisees to denounce him to the foreign ruler as an offender against their own Law, and to demand his punishment.

This is the method earlier pictured by Jeremiah and still in use today, in the Twentieth Century. All who have had to do with public debate in our time, know the trick question, carefully prepared beforehand, and the difficulty of answering it on the spur of the moment. Various methods of eluding the trap are known to professional debaters (for instance, to say "No comment", or to reply with another question). To give a complete *answer*, instead of resorting to such evasions, and in so doing to avoid the trap of incrimination and yet maintain the principle at stake is one of the most difficult things known to man. It demands the highest qualities of quickwittedness, presence of mind and clarity of thought. The answers given by Jesus to these two questions remain for all time the models, which mortal man can only hope to emulate.

"Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?" (the affable tone of honest enquiry can be heard). "But Jesus perceived their wickedness and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? . . . Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. When they heard these words, they marvelled, and left him and went their way".

On the second occasion, "a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" In his answer Jesus again swept aside the great mass of Levitical Law and restated the two essentials: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbour as thyself". Then came the baited trap: "And who *is* my neighbour?"

What mortal man would have given the answer that Jesus gave? No doubt some mortal men, knowing like Jesus that their lives were at stake, would have said what they believed, for martyrs are by no means rare. But Jesus did much more than that; he disarmed his questioner like an expert swordsman who effortlessly sends his opponent's rapier spinning into the air. He was being enticed to declare himself openly; to say that "the heathen" were also "neighbours", and thus to convict himself of transgressing The Law. In fact he replied in this sense, but in such a way that the interrogator was undone; seldom was a lawyer so confounded.

The Levitical-Pharisaic teaching was that only Judeans were "neighbours", and of all the outcast heathen they especially abominated the Samaritans (for reasons earlier indicated). The mere touch of a Samaritan was defilement and a major "transgression" (this continues true to the present day). The purpose of the question put to him was to lure Jesus into some statement that would qualify him for the major ban; by choosing the Samaritans, of all peoples, for the purpose of his reply, he displayed an audacity, or genius, that was more than human:

He said that a certain man fell among thieves and was left for dead. Then came [66] "a priest" and "likewise a Levite" (the usual stinging rebuke to those who sought the chance to put him to death), who "passed by on the other side". Last came "a certain Samaritan", who bound the man's injuries, took him to an inn, and paid for his care: "which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?"

The lawyer, cornered, could not bring himself to pronounce the defiling name "Samaritan"; he said, "He that showed mercy on him" and thereby joined himself (as he probably realized too late) with the condemnation of those for whom he spoke, such as "the priest" and "the Levite". "Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise". In these few words, and without any direct allusion, he made his interrogator destroy, out of his own mouth, the entire racial heresy on which the Law had been raised.

One moderate Judaist critic, Mr. Montefiore, has made the complaint that Jesus made one exception to his rule of "love thine enemies"; he never said a good word for the Pharisees.

Scholars may debate the point. Jesus knew that they would kill him or any man who exposed them. It is true that he especially arraigned the Pharisees, together with the scribes, and plainly saw in them the sect responsible for the perversion of the Law, so that the entire literature of denunciation contains nothing to equal this:

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in . . . ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves . . . . ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the *weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith*. . . ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess . . . ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. . . ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, *we would not have partaken with them in the blood of the prophets*. *Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets*. *Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers*. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers. . ."

Some critics profess to find the last six words surprisingly harsh. However, if they are read in the context of the three sentences which precede them they are seen to be an explicit allusion to his approaching end, made by a man about to die to those who were about to put him to death, and at such a moment hardly any words could be hard enough. (However, even the deadly reproach, "Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers", had a later sequel: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do".)

The end approached. The "chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders" (the [67] Sanhedrin) met under the high priest Caiaphas to concert measures against the man who disputed their authority and their Law. The only Judean among the Galilean disciples, Judas Iscariot, led the "great multitude with swords and staves", sent by the "chief priests and elders of the people", to the garden of Gethsemane and identified the man they sought by the kiss of death.

This Judas deserves a passing glance. He was twice canonized in the Twentieth Century, once in Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution, and again in Germany after the defeat of Hitler, and these two episodes indicated that the sect which was more powerful than Rome, in Jerusalem at the start of our era, was once more supremely powerful in the West in the Twentieth Century.

According to St. Matthew, Judas later hanged himself and if he thus chose the form of death "accursed of God", his deed presumably brought him no happiness. To Zionist historians of Dr. Kastein's school Judas is a sympathetic figure; Dr. Kastein explains that he was a good man who became disappointed with Jesus and therefore "secretly broke" with him (the words "secretly broke" could only occur in Zionist literature).

The Pharisees, who controlled the Sanhedrin, tried Jesus first, before what would today be called "a Jewish court". Possibly "a people's court" would be a more accurate description in today's idiom, for he was "fingered" by an informer, seized by a mob, haled before a tribunal without legitimate authority, and condemned to death after false witnesses had spoken to trumped-up charges.

However, the "elders", who from this point on took charge of events in exactly the same way as the "advisers" of our century control events, devised the charge which deserved death equally under their "Law" and under the law of the Roman ruler. Under "the Mosaic Law", Jesus had committed blasphemy by claiming to be the Messiah; under the Roman law, he had committed treason by claiming to be the king of the Jews.

The Roman governor, Pilate, tried one device after another, to avoid complying with the demand of these imperious "elders", that the man be put to death.



This Pilate was the prototype of the Twentieth Century British and American politician. He feared the power of the sect in the last resort, more than anything else. His wife urged him to have no truck with the business. He tried, in the politician's way, to pass the responsibility to another, Herod Antipas, whose tetrarchy included Galilee; Herod sent it back to him. Pilate next tried to let Jesus off with a scourging, but the Pharisees insisted on death and threatened to denounce Pilate in Rome: "Thou art not Caesar's friend".

This was the threat to which Pilate yielded, just as one British Governor after another, one United Nations representative after another, yielded in the Twentieth Century to the threat that they would be defamed in London or New York. Evidently Pilate, like these men nineteen centuries later, knew that his home government would disavow or displace him if he refused to do as he was [68] bid.

The resemblance between Pilate and some British governors of the period between the First and Second World Wars is strong, (and at least one of these men knew it, for when he telephoned to a powerful Zionist rabbi in New York he jocularly asked, as he relates, that the High Priest Caiaphas be informed that Pontius Pilate was on the line).

Pilate made one other attempt to have the actual deed done by other hands: "Take ye him, and judge him according to *your* law". With the ease of long experience it was foiled: "it is not lawful for *us* to put any man to death".

After that he even tried to save Jesus by giving "the people" the choice between pardoning Jesus or Barabbas, the robber and murderer. Presumably Pilate had small hope from this quarter, for "the people" and "the mob" are synonyms and justice and mercy never yet came from a mob, as Pilate would have known; the function of the mob is always to do the will of powerful sects. Thus, "the chief priests and elders *persuaded the multitude* that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus".

In this persuasion of the multitude the sect is equally powerful today.

The longer the time that passes, the more brightly glow the colours of that unique final scene. The scarlet robe, mock sceptre, crown of thorns and derisive pantomime of homage; only Pharisaic minds could have devised that ritual of mockery which today so greatly strengthens the effect of the victim's victory. The road to Calvary, the crucifixion between two thieves: Rome, on that day, did the bidding of the Pharisees, as Persia, five hundred years before, had done that of the Levites.

These Pharisees had taught the people of Judea to expect a Messiah, and now had crucified the first claimant. That meant that the Messiah was still to come. According to the Pharisees the Davidic king had yet to appear and claim his empire of the world, and that is still the situation today.

Dr. Kastein, in his survey of Judaism from its start, devotes a chapter to the life of Jesus. After explaining that Jesus was a failure, he dismissed the episode with the characteristic words, "His life and death are *our* affair".



## Chapter 11

### THE PHARISAIC PHOENIX

Then comes the familiar, recurrent paradox; the catastrophe of Judea, which followed within a few decades of the death of Jesus, was the triumph of the Pharisees, for it left them supreme in Jewry. By the crucifixion of Jesus they rid themselves of a "prophet and dreamer" who would have cast down their Law. The brief remaining years of Judea rid them of all other parties that contended with them for power *under* that Law.

After the death of Jesus the Pharisees, according to the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, found "a supporter and friend" in the last Herodian king of Judea, Agrippa I. Agrippa helped dispose of the Sadducees, who disappeared from the Judean scene, leaving all affairs there in the hands of the Pharisees (whose complaint about the Idumean line, therefore, seems to have little ground). They were thus left all-powerful in Jerusalem, like the Levites after the severance of Judah from Israel, and as on that earlier occasion disaster at once followed. In rising, phoenix-like, from the ashes of this, the Pharisees also repeated the history of the Levites.

During the few remaining years of the tiny and riven province the Pharisees once more revised "the Law", those "commandments of *men*" which Jesus had most scathingly attacked. Dr. Kastein says, "*Jewish life was regulated by the teachings of the Pharisees; the whole history of Judaism was reconstructed from the Pharisaic point of view . . . Pharisaism shaped the character of Judaism and the life and the thought of the Jew for all the future . . . It makes 'separatism' its chief characteristic*".

Thus, in the immediate sequel to Jesus's life and arraignment of the "commandments of men", the Pharisees, like the Levites earlier, intensified the racial and tribal nature and rigour of the Law; the creed of destruction, enslavement and dominion was sharpened on the eve of the people's final dispersion.

Dr. Kastein's words are of especial interest. He had earlier stated (as quoted) that after the infliction of the "New Covenant" on the Judahites by Nehemiah, the Torah received a "final" editing, and that "no word" of it was thereafter to be changed. Moreover, at the time of this Pharisaic "reconstruction" the Old Testament had already been translated into Greek, so that further changes made by the Pharisees could only have been in the original.

It seems more probable that Dr. Kastein's statement refers to the Talmud, the immense continuation of the Torah which was apparently begun during the last years of Judea, although it was not reduced to writing until much later. Whatever happened, "the life and the thought of the Jew" were once again settled "for all the future", and "separatism" was reaffirmed as the supreme tenet of the Law.

In AD 70, perhaps thirty-five years after the death of Jesus, all fell to pieces. The confusion and disorder in Judea were incurable and Rome stepped in. The [70] Pharisees, who had originally invited Roman intervention and were supreme in Judea under the Romans, remained passive.

Other peoples of Palestine, and most especially the Galileans, would not submit to Rome and after many risings and campaigns the Romans entered and razed Jerusalem. Judea was declared conquered territory and the name vanished from the map. For long periods during the next nineteen hundred years no Jews at all lived in Jerusalem (the Samaritans, a tiny remnant of whom have survived all the persecutions, are the only people who have lived continuously in Palestine since Old Testamentary times).

Dr. Kastein calls the seventy years which ended with the Roman destruction of Jerusalem "The Heroic Age", presumably because of the Pharisaic triumph over all others in the contest for the soul of Judaism. He

can hardly intend to apply the adjective to the fighting against the Romans, as this was so largely done by the alien Galileans, of whom he is no admirer.

## Chapter 12

### THE LIGHT AND THE SHADOW

Before Jerusalem fell in 70 AD two bands of travellers passed through its gates. The disciples bore a new message to mankind, for Christianity had been born. The Pharisees, foreseeing the fate which they had brought on Jerusalem, removed to a new headquarters from which (as from Babylon of yore) the ruling sect might exercise command over "the Jews", wherever in the world they lived.

These two small groups of travellers were the vanguard of parties of light and of darkness which, like a man and his shadow, have gone ever since through the centuries, and ever westward.

The crisis of "the West" today traces directly back to that departure from doomed Jerusalem nineteen centuries ago, for the two groups bore into the West ideas that could never be reconciled. One had to prevail over the other, sooner or later, and the great bid for victory of the destructive idea is being witnessed in our generation.

In the centuries between the story of the West was always, in essentials, that of the struggle between the two ideas. When "the Law" according to the Levites and Pharisees was in the ascendant, the West made slaves of men, brought heretics before an inquisition, put apostates to death, and yielded to primitive visions of master-racehood; thus the Twentieth Century was the time of the worst backsliding in the West. When the West made men and nations free, established justice between them, set up the right of fair and open trial, repudiated master-racehood and acknowledged the universal fatherhood of God, it followed the teaching of him who had come to "*fulfil* the Law".

The Romans, when they took Jerusalem, struck medals with the inscription, "Judaea devicta, Judaea capta". This was a premature paean; Jerusalem might be ruined and Judea be empty of Jews, but the ruling sect was free and victorious. Its opponents around the temple had been swept away by the conqueror and it was already established in its new "centre", to which it had withdrawn before the fall of the city.

The Pharisees were as supreme in this new citadel as the Levites once in Babylon, but in the outer world they espied a new enemy. The sect which believed that the Messiah had appeared, and called itself Christian, did not acknowledge this enmity; on the contrary, its ruling tenet was "love your enemies". But as the first tenet of the Pharisaic law was "hate your enemies", this was in itself a deliberate affront and challenge to the elders in their retreat.

They saw from the start that the new religion would have to be destroyed if their "Law" were to prevail, and they were not deterred by the warning voices which (at this juncture as on all earlier and later occasions) were heard within their own ranks; for instance, Gamaliel's words when the high priest and council were about to have Peter and John scourged for preaching in the temple: "Consider well what you are about to do. If this be the work of men, it will soon [72] fall to nothing; but if it be the work of God you cannot destroy it". The majority of the Pharisees felt strong enough, in their own manmade Law, to "destroy it", and if necessary to work for centuries at that task.

Thus the Pharisees, when they left the surviving Judeans to their fate and set up their new headquarters at Jamnia (still in Palestine), took their dark secrets of power over men into a world different from any before it.

Previously their tribal creed had been one among many tribal creeds. Blood vengeance had been the rule among all men and clans. The neighbouring "heathen" might have been alarmed by the especial fierceness and vindictiveness of the Judaic creed, but had not offered anything much more enlightened. From this time on, however, the ruling sect was confronted by a creed which directly controverted every tenet of their own "Law", as white controverts black. Moreover, this new idea in the world, by the manner and place of its birth, was forever a rebuke to themselves.

The Pharisees in their stronghold prepared to vanquish this new force that had risen in the world. Their task was larger than that of the Levites in Babylon. The temple was destroyed and Jerusalem was depopulated. The tribe of Judah had long since been broken up; now the race of Judeans was dissolving. There remained a "Jewish nation", composed of people of many admixtures of blood, who were spread all over the known world, and had to be kept united by the power of the tribal idea and of the "return" to a land "promised" to a "special people"; this dispersed nation had also to be kept convinced of its destructive mission among the nations where it dwelt.

"The Law", in the form that was already becoming known to the outer world, could not again be amended, or new historical chapters be added to it. Moreover, Jesus had addressed his rebukes specifically to the falsification of these "commandments of men" by the scribes. He had been killed but not controverted or even (as the growth of the Christian sect showed) given his quietus. Thus his arraignment of the Law stood and was so conclusive that not even the Pharisees could expect to convince anybody simply by calling him a transgressor of it.

Nevertheless, the Law needed constant reinterpretation and application to the events of changing times, so that the "special people" could always be shown that each and every event, however paradoxical at first sight, was in fact one of Jehovan fulfilment. The Pharisees at Jamnia invoked once more their claim to possess the oral secrets of God and began, under it, to reinterpret the "statutes and commandments" so that these could be shown to apply to Christianity. This was the origin of the Talmud, which in effect is the anti-Christian extension of the Torah.

The Talmud became, in the course of centuries, "the fence around the Law"; the outer tribal stockade around the inner tribal stockade. The significance lies in the period at which it was begun: when Judea was gone, when "the people" were scattered among all nations, and when a new religion was taking shape which [73] taught that God was the father of all men, not merely the patron of a selected tribe.

Looking back from this distance of time, the task which the Pharisees undertook looks hopeless, for the wish to become part of mankind must surely have had strong appeal to a scattered people.

The Pharisees, as the event has proved, were successful in their huge undertaking. The Talmud was effective in interposing a fence between the Jews and the forces of integration released by Christianity.

Two examples from our present time illustrate the effect of the Talmud, many centuries after its compilation. The brothers Thoreau in their books give the diligent student some rare glimpses behind the Talmudic walls; in one book they depict the little Jewish boy in Poland who had been taught to spit, quite mechanically, as he passed the wayside Calvary and to say, "Cursed be thou who created another religion". In 1953, in New York, a young missionary of the Moravian Church in Jerusalem described the seizure by the Zionists of the Moravian leper home there, called "The Jesus Mission"; their first act was to putty over the name "Jesus" which for more than a hundred years had been inscribed above its door.

Such incidents as these (and the ban on the mention of the name Jesus) derive directly from the teaching of the Talmud, which in effect was another "New Law" with a specifically anti-Christian application. For this reason the next period in the story of Zion is best described as that of the Talmudists, the former ones being those of the Pharisees and of the Levites.

While the Pharisaic Talmudists, in their new academy at Jamnia, worked on the new Law, the tidings of Jesus's life and lesson spread through the territories of Rome.

A Pharisee greatly helped to spread them; Saul of Tarsus set out from Jerusalem (before its fall) to exterminate heretics in Damascus and before he arrived there became a follower of Christ. He preached to Jew and Gentile alike, until he was prevented, and he told the Jews, "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing that ye put it from you and judge yourselves worthy of everlasting life, we turn to the Gentiles".

Dr. Kastein says of Saul, named Paul, that "he made all those whom he persuaded to believe in his prophecy renegades in the widest sense, whether they were Jew or Gentile".

However, what Paul (and others) said was in fact inevitable at that point in time, because men everywhere were groping towards the universal God and turned to the teaching of Jesus as growing things to the light. Possibly this impulse in men was also the reason why Jesus had to appear *among* the Judeans; the Judaic creed was tribalism in its most fanatical form, even at that time, and, as every action produces its reaction, the counter-idea was bound to appear where the pressure was greatest.

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This was a fateful moment for that great area, then little known or populated, which today is called The West. Had not the disciples turned their faces westward, the term, "the West", and that which it denotes, might never have come about.

What is called "Western civilization" cannot be conceived without Christianity. During the nineteen hundred years which followed the death of Jesus the West improved so greatly that it left the rest of the world behind. In material things its advance was so great that at the time when this book was written it was on the brink of the conquest of space; it was about to open the universe to exploration by man. But that was much the lesser part of its achievement.

Its greatest improvement was in the field of the spirit and of man's behaviour towards man. The West established men's right to public charge and open trial, or release, (a right which was again in jeopardy in the Twentieth Century) and this was the greatest advance in the entire history of man; on the survival or destruction of this achievement depends his future.

The shadow that followed the disciples out of the gates of Jerusalem, before the Romans entered, also followed Christianity into the West and the Talmudic sect dogged it during all those centuries. The West, in the Twentieth Century, became the scene of the struggle between the nations which had risen with Christianity and the sect dedicated to the destructive idea.

Not only the West is involved in its issue. About five hundred years after the life of Jesus the instinctive impulse of men to seek one God produced another challenge to Talmudic racialism, and this time it came from among the Semitic masses. The Arabs, too, attained to the concept of one God of all men.

Muhammad (dismissed by Dr. Kastein as "a half-educated Bedouin"), like Saul on the road to Damascus, had a vision of God. His teaching in many ways resembled that of Jesus. He held Jesus to have been, like Abraham and Moses, a prophet of God (not the Messiah). He regarded himself as the successor of Moses and Jesus and as the prophet of God, whom he called Allah. There was but *one* God, Allah, the creator of mankind, and Allah was *not* the tribal god of the Arabs, but *the God of all men*.

This religion, like Christianity, taught no hatred of other religions. Muhammad showed only reverence for Jesus and his mother (who are both the subjects of profane derision in Talmudic literature).

However, Muhammad held the Jews to be a destructive force, self-dedicated. The Koran says of them, "*Oft as they kindle a beacon fire for war, shall God quench it. And their aim will be to abet disorder on the earth; but God loveth not the abettors of disorder*". All down the centuries the wisest men spoke thus of the tribal creed and the sect, until the Twentieth Century of our era, when public discussion of this question was virtually suppressed.

Thus was Islam born, and it spread over the meridional parts of the known  
[75] world as Christianity spread over the West and Buddhism, earlier, over the East. Great streams began to move, as if towards a confluence at some distant day, for these universal religions are in no major tenet as oil and water, and in the repudiation of master-racehood and the destructive idea they agree.

Christianity and Islam spread out and embraced great masses of mankind; the impulse that moved in men became clear. Far behind these universal religions lay Judaism, in its tribal enclosure, jealously guarded by the inner sect.

In the Twentieth Century this powerful sect was able to bring the masses of Christendom and Islam to the verge of destructive battle with each other. If the present generation sees that clash, the spectacle will be that of one great universal religion contending with another for the purpose of setting up the creed of the "master-race".

Towards this strange denouement, nineteen centuries ahead, the two parties of men set out from Jerusalem long ago.

## Chapter 13

### THE FENCE AROUND THE LAW

The story of Zion, from its start, falls into five distinct phases: those of the Levites, the Pharisees, the Talmudists, the "emancipation" interlude and the Zionists. This narrative has now reached the third phase.

The Levitical phase was that of isolated Judah, the Babylonian "captivity" and "return", and the production and enforcement of "the Mosaic Law". The Pharisaic phase, which followed and roughly coincided with the Roman overlordship of the province of Judea, ended with the second destruction of Jerusalem, the dispersion of the last Judeans, the Pharisaic supremacy and the withdrawal of the "government" to its new "centre" at Jamnia.

The third, Talmudic phase was much the longest for it lasted seventeen centuries, from 70 AD to about 1800 AD. During this period the Jews entered the West and the "government", from a succession of "centres", worked tirelessly to keep the dispersed nation under its control, subject to "the Law", and separate from other peoples.

As this was also the period of Western civilization and of the rise of Christianity, it was inevitable that Christendom specifically (and not merely the generic "heathen", or "strangers", or "other gods") should become the chief target of the Law's destructive commands.

In the eyes of the dominant sect and its devotees, this period, which seems so long and important to Western minds, was essentially as insignificant as the Babylonian period. The fact that the one lasted seventeen centuries and the other fifty years made no real difference: both were merely periods of "exile" for the special people; and under the Law the long Western episode, like the short Babylonian one, was ordained to terminate in disaster for the "captors", a Jewish triumph and a new "return", all of which some new Daniel would interpret in those terms.

The seventeen centuries represented a new "captivity", under the Law, which laid down that wherever the chosen people dwelt outside Jerusalem they were in captivity, and that this captivity was in itself "persecution".

To a literal Zionist like Dr. Kastein, therefore, the seventeen centuries which saw the rise of Christendom form a page of history which is blank save for the record of "Jewish persecution" inscribed on it. The rest was all sound and fury, signifying nothing; it was a period of time during which Jehovah used the heathen to plague the Jews while he prepared the triumph of his special people; and for what they did the heathen have yet to pay (he cries). The one positive result of the seventeen Christian centuries, for him, is that the Jews emerged from them still segregated from mankind, thanks to their Talmudic governors.

Certainly this was an astounding feat; in the entire history of negative achievement, nothing can approach the results obtained by the elders of Zion. In the Talmud they built that "fence around the Law" which successfully

[77] withstood, during seventeen hundred years, all the centrifugal forces which attracted the Jews towards mankind.

While they reinforced their stockade, European men, having accepted Christianity, toiled through the centuries to apply its moral law to daily life, by abolishing serfdom and slavery, reducing privilege and inequality and generally raising the dignity of man. This process was known as "emancipation" and by the year 1800 it was about to prevail over the system of absolute rulers and privileged castes.



The Jews, directed by their Talmudic rulers, took a leading part in the struggle for emancipation. That in itself was fair enough. The masses of Christendom held from the start that the liberties to be won should ultimately accrue to all men, without distinction of race, class or creed; that was the very meaning of the struggle itself, and anything else or less would have made it meaningless.

Nevertheless, in the case of the Jews there was an obvious paradox which repeatedly baffled and alarmed the peoples among whom they dwelt: The Jewish Law expressed the theory of the master-race in the most arrogant and vindictive form conceivable to the human imagination; how then could the Jews attack nationhood in others? Why did the Jews demand the levelling of barriers between men when they built an ever stronger barrier between the Jews and other men? How could people, who claimed that God had made the very world itself for them to rule, and forbade them to mix with lesser breeds, complain of discrimination?

Now that another hundred and fifty years have passed, the answer to such questions has been given by events.

It was true that the Jewish clamour for emancipation was not truly concerned with the great idea or principle at issue: human liberty. The Jewish Law denied that idea and principle. The Talmudic governors of Jewry saw that the quickest way to remove the barriers between themselves and power over nations was to destroy legitimate government in these nations; and the quickest way to that end was to cry "emancipation!".

Thus the door opened by emancipation could be used to introduce the permanent revolutionary force into the life of nations; with the destruction of all legitimate government, the revolutionaries would succeed to power, and these revolutionaries would be Talmud-trained and Talmud-controlled. They would act always under the Mosaic Law, and in this way the end of Babylon could be reproduced in the West.

The evidence of events in the Twentieth Century now shows that this was the plan to which the Talmudic elders worked during the third phase of the story of Zion, from 70 AD to about 1800 AD. Thus there was the widest possible difference in the understanding of "emancipation" by the Christianized European peoples among whom the Jews dwelt and among the Talmudic rulers of the Jews. For the great mass of peoples emancipation represented an end: the [78] end of servitude. For the powerful, secret sect it represented a means to the opposite end; the imposition of a new and harsher servitude.

One great danger attended this undertaking. It was, that the destruction of barriers between men might also destroy the barrier between the Jews and other men; this would have destroyed the plan itself, for that force would have been dispersed which was to be used, emancipation once gained, to "pull down and destroy" the nations.

This very nearly happened in the fourth phase of the story of Zion; the century of emancipation (say, from 1800 to 1900 AD) brought the peril of "assimilation". In the century of "freedom" a great number of Jews, in Western Europe and in the new "West" oversea, did evince the desire to cast off the chains of the Judaic Law and to mingle themselves with the life of peoples. For that reason our Zionist historian, Dr. Kastein, considers the Nineteenth Century to be the darkest age in all Jewish history, fraught with the deadly peril of involvement in mankind, which happily was averted. He cannot contemplate without horror the destruction, through assimilation, of the Judaic barriers of race and creed. Thus he calls the Nineteenth Century movement towards emancipation "retrograde" and thanks God that "the Zionist ideology" preserved the Jews from the fate of assimilation.

That led to the fifth phase, the one which began in about 1900 and in which we live. The Talmudic stockade held fast and at the end of the fourth phase the Jews, fully "emancipated" in the Western understanding, were still segregated under their own Law. Those who tended to escape, towards "assimilation", were then drawn back into the tribal enclosure by the mystic power of nationalism.

Using the power over governments which it had gained through emancipation, the ruling sect achieved a second "return" to the chosen land, and thus reestablished the Law of 458 BC, with its destructive and imperial mission. A chauvinist fever, which yet must run its course, was injected into the veins of world Jewry; the great power wielded over Western governments was used to a co-ordinated end; and the whole destructive ordeal of the West in the Twentieth Century was related to and dominated by the ancient ambition of Zion, revived from antiquity to become the dogma of Western politics.

This fifth phase is about fifty-five years old as the present book is written, and its first results are formidable. The "Mosaic Law" has been superimposed on the life of Western peoples, which in fact is governed by that law, not by any law of their own. The political and military operations of two world wars have been diverted to promote the Zionist ambition and the life and treasure of the West have been poured out in support of it.

Forty years of continuous bloodshed in Palestine have obviously been but the prelude to what is yet to come there. Any third world war may begin and spread outward from Palestine, and if one were to start elsewhere it would in its course foreseeably revolve around and turn on the ambition of Zion, which will not be

[79] fulfilled until a much greater area in the Middle East has been conquered, "other Gods" have been thrown down, and "all nations" have been enslaved.

Dr. Kastein sees in this fifth phase the golden age when "history may be resumed" (after the meaningless interregnum known as the Christian era) and Zionism, as "the possessor of a world mission", will re-enter into a destined inheritance, culminating in world dominion, of which it was criminally dispossessed in AD 70 (when "history" was interrupted).

This narrative has now reached the third of these five phases, the long one when the Talmudic scribes in the Academy at Jamnia began with infinite industry to spin The Law into a much greater web, of endless ramifications, from which a Jew could hardly escape without dire penalty. By means of it the seemingly impossible was achieved: a breed of people dispersed throughout the world was for seventeen hundred years kept apart from mankind and was trained for a destructive task in the Twentieth Century of the Christian era.

Some account of that remarkable period of preparation and organization, when a fence was built around the Judaic Law, so that "liberty" should not absorb the special people or weaken their destructive force, is here appropriate.

## Chapter 14

### THE MOVABLE GOVERNMENT

The Pharisaic elders who moved to Jamnia from Jerusalem before its destruction in 70 AD intended, like the Levites in Babylon earlier, to set up a centre of power and remote-control, from which they might keep in subjection a tribal organization, by that time distributed over the earth. They took with them to Jamnia the accumulated experience of Jerusalem and Babylon and the stored secrets of ages and they succeeded in establishing a mobile government which has continued to exercise authority over the Jews until the present day.

Before the last battles with Rome (says Dr. Kastein) "a group of teachers, scholars and educators repaired to Jamnia, taking the fate of their people on their shoulders so as to be responsible for it through the ages . . . At Jamnia the central body for the administration of the Jewish people was established . . . As a rule, when a nation has been utterly routed as the Jews were on this occasion, they perish altogether. But the Jewish people did not perish . . . They had already learnt how to change their attitude during the Babylonian captivity . . . And they followed a similar course now".

At Jamnia the Old Sanhedrin, the source of all legislative, administrative and judicial authority, was established under a new name. In addition, an academy was created for the further development of The Law. In it, the scribes continued the revelation of Jehovah's mind and the interpretation of The Law, so often said to have been put in its final form. In fact, as the dogma is that the Law governs every act of human life in circumstances which continually change, it never could or can be finally codified and must ever be expanded.

Apart from that permanent reason for revision, the new factor, Christianity, had arisen and the Law's application to it had to be defined. Thus the Torah (the Law) began to receive its huge supplement, the Talmud, which was of equal or greater authority.

From Jamnia the Law was administered which "raised an insuperable barrier against the outside world", enforced a discipline "*rigid to the point of deadliness*", and "kept proselytes at arm's length". The aim was to "make the life of the Jew utterly different from that of the Gentiles". Any law that received a majority of votes of the Sanhedrin became enforceable throughout the dispersed Judaist communities everywhere; "opponents were threatened with the ban, which meant being excluded from the community".

In this way, "the centre of the circle was finally fixed, and the circle itself fully described in the form of the law and the hedge that was set about the people". During this period (before Christianity became the religion of Rome) the secret edict went out from "the centre" at Jamnia, authorizing Jews to pretend denial of their creed and profess conversion to "pagan religions", if circumstances made this expedient.

The period of government from Jamnia lasted for about a century, and then it [81] was transferred to Usha in Galilee, where the Sanhedrin was re-established. "Judaism set limitations about itself and *grew ever more exclusive*"; at this time the special curse on Jewish Christians was pronounced. In 320 AD the Roman Emperor Constantine was converted to Christianity, and enacted laws which forbade marriages between Christians and Jews and forbade Jews to keep Christian slaves. These were the natural response to the Law of exclusion and "stranger"-slavery administered by the Talmudic government at Usha, but they were held to be "persecution" and to escape their reach "the centre" was moved back to Babylonia,

where the Judean colony, which eight centuries earlier had preferred to stay there rather than "return" to Jerusalem, "was still intact". The Talmudic government was set up at Sura, and academies were established there at Pumbedita.

The Talmud, begun at Jamnia and Usha, was completed at Sura and Pumbedita. "A ring of vast proportions and colossal elasticity" was built around the Jews everywhere; the mystic circle of fear and superstition was drawn tighter. From Sura an Exilarch (prince of the captivity of the house of David), ruled, but in time he became a figurehead. Thereafter "the president of the academy" (in effect, the high priest and prime minister) "laid down the rules and regulations not only for the Babylonian Jews but for the whole of Judaism . . . The Jews *throughout the world* recognized the academies in Babylonia as the authoritative centre of Judaism, and regarded any laws they passed as binding".

Thus the nation-within-nations, the state-within-states, was enfettered and ruled by the Talmudic government in Babylonia.

The core of dogma remained as Ezekiel, Ezra and Nehemiah had shaped and enforced it; but the Talmud, in effect, had taken the place of the Torah, as the Torah earlier had supplanted the "oral traditions". The heads of the academies of Sura and Pumbedita were called Gaonim and began to exercise autocratic power over the scattered Jews. The shadowy Exilarchs (later Nasim, or princes) were dependent on their approval and the Sanhedrin surrendered its functions to them, or was deprived of these. When doubt arose among Jews, anywhere in the world, about the interpretation or application of the Law in any matter of the day, the question was referred to the Gaonate. The verdicts and judgments returned (in the name of Jehovah) from the distant government were the Gaonic Replies, or laws enacted from Babylonia, to which Jews everywhere submitted, or incurred danger of excommunication.

In this manner the Talmudic thrall spread round the dispersed Jews, wherever they dwelt, "like a closely woven net . . . over ordinary days and holidays, over their actions and over their prayers, over their whole lives and every step they took . . . Nothing in their external lives was any longer allowed to be the sport of arbitrary settlement or of chance". This is the picture of an absolute despotism, different from other despotisms only in the element of distance between the despots and their subjects. Given a benevolent mission, a community of people so [82] closely controlled might immensely fructify the life of peoples; given a destructive one, their presence among others is like that of a blasting charge in rock, operated by a distant hand on a plunger.

For six hundred years the Talmudic government, at Jamnia, Usha, and Sura, remained in or near to its native, oriental climate, where its nature was comprehended by other peoples; they knew how to cope with and counter the savage tribal creed and, as long as they were not hampered or constrained by foreign powers in their dealings with it, they were always able to find a workaday compromise, which enabled all to live in practical amity side by side.

Then came the event which has produced such violent results in our time: the Talmudic government *moved into Christianized Europe* and established itself among peoples to whom the nature of its dogma and its methods were strange and even incomprehensible. This led, in the course of many centuries, to the recurrent clash of the alien ambition and creed against native interest, which our century is again experiencing.

The nature of Westerners (more especially in the northern latitudes) is to be candid, to declare purposes, and to use words to express intention, and Christianity developed these native traits. The force which appeared among them was of the opposite character, oriental, infinitely subtle, secretive, conspiratorial, and practised in the use of language to disguise real purposes. Therein lay its greatest strength in the encounter with the West.

The removal to Europe came about through the Islamic conquests. The Arabs, under the Prophet's banner, drove the Romans from Palestine. By this means the native inhabitants of Palestine, who had inhabited it some two thousand years before the first Hebrew tribes entered, became the rulers of their own country, and remained so for nine hundred years (until 1517, when the Turks conquered it). An instructive comparison may be made between the Islamic and the Judaic treatment of captives:

The Caliph's order to the Arab conquerors in 637 AD was, "You shall not act treacherously, dishonestly, commit any excess or mutilation, kill any child or old man; cut or burn down palms or fruit trees, kill any sheep, cow or camel, and shall leave alone those whom you find devoting themselves to worship in their cells". Jehovah's order, according to *Deuteronomy* 20.16, is, "Of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shall save alive nothing that breatheth".

From Palestine, Islam then spread its frontiers right across North Africa, so that the great mass of Jews came within the boundaries of the same external authority. Next, Islam turned towards Europe and invaded Spain. Therewith the shadow of Talmudic Zionism fell across the West. The Moorish conquest was "supported with both men and money" by the Jews, who as camp-followers were treated with remarkable favour by the conquerors, city after city being handed to their control! The Koran itself said, "Their aim will be to abet disorder on the [83] earth"; the Islamic armies certainly facilitated this aim.

Christianity thus became submerged in Spain. In these propitious circumstances the Talmudic government was transferred from Babylonia to Spain, and the process began, the results of which have become apparent in our generation. Dr. Kastein says:

"Judaism, dispersed as it was over the face of the globe, was always inclined to set up a fictitious state in the place of the one that had been lost, and always aimed, therefore, at looking to a common centre for guidance . . . This centre was now held to be situated in Spain, whither the national hegemony was transferred from the East. Just as Babylonia had providentially taken the place of Palestine, so now Spain opportunely replaced Babylonia, which, *as a centre of Judaism*, had ceased to be capable of functioning. All that could be done there had already been accomplished; it had forged the chains with which the individual could bind himself, to avoid being swallowed up by his environment: the Talmud".

The reader will observe the description of events: "individuals" do not commonly bind themselves, of choice, with chains forged for them. Anyway, the Jewish captivity was as close as ever, or perhaps had been made closer. That was for the Jews to ponder.

What was to become of vital importance to the West was that the Jewish government was now *in Europe*. The directing centre and the destructive idea had both entered the West.

The Talmudic government of the nation-within-nations was continued from Spanish soil. The Gaonate issued its directives; the Talmudic academy was established at Cordova; and sometimes, at least, a shadowy Exilarch reigned over Jewry.

This was done under the protection of Islam; the Moors, like Babylon and Persia before, showed remarkable benevolence towards this force in their midst. To the Spaniards the invader came to bear more and more a Jewish countenance and less and less a Moorish one; the Moors had conquered, but the conqueror's power passed into Jewish hands. The story which the world had earlier seen enacted in Babylon, repeated itself in Spain, and in later centuries was to be re-enacted in every great country of the West.

The Moors remained in Spain for nearly eight hundred years. When the Spanish reconquest, after this long ordeal, was completed in 1492 the Jews, as well as the Moors, were expelled. They had become identified with the invaders' rule and were cast out when it ended, as they had followed it in.

The "centre" of Talmudic government was then transferred to Poland.

At that point, less than four centuries before our own generation, a significant mystery enters the story of Zion: *why* was the government set up *in Poland*? Up to that stage the annals reveal no trace of any large migration of Jews to Poland. The Jews who entered Spain with the Moors came from North Africa and when they left most of them returned thither or went to Egypt, Palestine, Italy, the [84] Greek islands and Turkey. Other colonies had appeared in France, Germany, Holland and England and these were enlarged by the arrival among them of Jews from the Spanish Peninsula. *There is no record that any substantial number of Spanish Jews went to Poland, or that any Jewish mass-migration to Poland had occurred at any earlier time.*

Yet in the 1500's, when the "centre" was set up in Poland, "a Jewish population of millions *came into being there*", according to Dr. Kastein. But populations of millions do not suddenly "come into being". Dr. Kastein shows himself to be aware that something needs explanation here, and to be reluctant to go into it, for he dismisses the strange thing with the casual remark that the size of this community, of which nothing has previously been heard, "was more due to immigration, *apparently* from France, Germany and Bohemia, *than to any other cause*". He does not explain what other cause he might have in mind and, for a diligent scholar, is on this one occasion strangely content with a random surmise.

But when a Zionist historian thus slurs over something the seeker after knowledge may be fairly sure that the root of the matter may by perseverance be found.

So it is in this case; behind Dr. Kastein's artless conjecture the most important fact in the later story of Zion is concealed. The "centre" of Jewish government was at this time planted among a large community of people who were unknown to the world as Jews and in fact were not Jews in any literal sense. They had no Judahite blood at all (for that matter; Judahite blood must by this time have been almost extinct even among the Jews of Western Europe) and their forefathers had never known Judea, or any soil but that of Tartary.

These people were the Khazars, a Turco-Mongolian race which had been converted to Judaism in about the 7th century of our era. This is the only case of the conversion of a large body of people of quite distinct blood to Judaism (the Idumeans were "brothers"). The reason why the Talmudic elders permitted or encouraged it can only be guessed; without it, however, the "Jewish question" would by now have joined the problems that time has solved.

This development (which will be further discussed in a later chapter) was of vital, and perhaps even mortal importance to the West. The natural instinct of Europe was always to expect the greatest danger to its survival from Asia. From the moment when "the centre" was transferred to Poland these Asiatics began to move towards, and later to enter the West in the guise of "Jews" and they brought Europe to its greatest crisis. Though their conversion had occurred so long before they were so remote that the world might never have known of them, had not the Talmudic centre been set up among them, so that they came to group themselves around it.

When they became known, as "Eastern Jews", they profited by the confusing effect of the contraction of the word Judahite, or Judean, to "Jew"; none would ever have believed that they were *Judabites* or *Judeans*. From the time when they [85] took over the leadership of Jewry the dogma of "the return" to Palestine was preached in the name of people who had no Semitic blood or ancestral link with Palestine whatever!

From this period the Talmudic government operated with a *masse de manoeuvre* of a different Asiatic order.

Once again, a virtually independent state was formed within the Polish state, which like so many states before and after showed the greatest benevolence to the nation-within-nations that took shape within its gates. As in the earlier and later cases this in no wise mitigated the hostility of the Talmudic Jews towards it, which was proverbial.

Dr. Kastein gives the picture of this independent Jewish government during the Polish phase. The Talmudists were allowed to draw up "a constitution", and through the 1500's and 1600's the Jews in Poland lived under "an autonomous government". This administered "an *iron* system of autonomy and an *iron* religious discipline, which inevitably resulted in the formation of an oligarchic body of administrators and the development of an extreme form of mysticism" (this gives the picture of the training, under rigid discipline in close confinement, which produced the Communist and Zionist revolutionaries of our century).

This autonomous Talmudic government was called the Kahal. In its own territory the Kahal was a fully-empowered government, under Polish suzerainty. It had independent authority of taxation in the ghettos and communities, being responsible for payment of a global sum to the Polish government. It passed laws regulating every action and transaction between man and man and had power to try, judge, convict or acquit.

This power *only nominally* stopped short of capital punishment: Professor Salo Baron says, "In Poland, where the Jewish court had no right to inflict capital punishment, *lynching, as an extra-legal preventive, was encouraged by rabbinical authorities such as Solomon Luria*". (This quotation reveals the inner meaning of Dr. Kastein's frequent, but cautious, allusions to "iron discipline", "inexorable discipline", "discipline rigid to the point of deadliness", and the like).

In effect, a Jewish state, Talmud-ruled, was recreated on the soil of Poland.

As Dr. Kastein says, "Such was *the constitution of the Jewish state*, planted on foreign soil, hemmed in by a wall of foreign laws, with a structure partly self-chosen and partly forced upon it . . . It had *its own Jewish law*, its own priesthood, its own schools, and its own social institutions, and its own representatives in the Polish



government . . . in fact, it possessed all the elements which go to form a state". The achievement of this status was due "in no small measure to the co-operation of the Polish Government".

Then, in 1772, Poland was partitioned and this great community of "Eastern Jews", organized as a state-within-the-state, was divided by national boundaries, most of it coming under Russian rule. At that point, for the first time in more than 2500 years and less than two hundred years before our own day, the [86] "centre" of Jewish government disappears from sight. Up to 1772 there had always been one: in Poland, Spain, Babylonia, Galilee, Judea, Babylon and Judah.

Dr. Kastein says that "the centre ceased to exist". The suggestion is that the centralized control of Jewry at that moment ended, but the length and strength of its earlier survival, and the significant events of the ensuing century, confute that. In a later passage Dr. Kastein himself reveals the truth, when he jubilantly records that in the Nineteenth Century "a Jewish international took shape".

Clearly "the centre" continued, but from 1772 in secret. The reason for the withdrawal into concealment may be deduced from the shape of later events.

The century which followed was that of the revolutionary conspiracy, Communist and Zionist, culminating in the open appearance of these two movements, which have dominated the present century. The Talmudic "centre" was also the centre of this conspiracy. Had it remained in the open the source of conspiracy would have been visible, and the identification of the Talmudic, Eastern Jews with it obvious.

In the event this only became clear when the revolution of 1917 produced an almost all-Jewish government in Russia; and by that time power over governments in the West was so great that the nature of this new regime was little discussed, a virtual law of heresy having come into force there. Had the visible institution continued, the masses of the West would in time have become aware that the Talmudic government of Jewry, though it led the clamour for "emancipation", was also organizing a revolution to destroy all that the peoples might gain from this emancipation.

The Russians, among whom this largest single community of Jews at that time dwelt, knew what had happened. Dr. Kastein says, "The Russians wondered what could possibly be the reason why the Jews did not amalgamate with the rest of the population, and came to the conclusion that *in their secret Kabals* they possessed a strong reserve, and that *a 'World Kabal'* existed". Dr. Kastein later confirms what the Russians believed, by his own allusion to the "Jewish international" of the Nineteenth Century.

In other words, the "government" continued, but in concealment, and probably in the different form suggested by Dr. Kastein's word "international". The strong presumption is that the "centre" today is not located in any one country and that, although its main seat of power is evidently in the United States, it now takes the form of a directorate distributed among the nations and working in unison, over the heads of governments and peoples.

The Russians, who at the time of the disappearance of "the centre" from public view were better informed than any others about this matter, have been proved right.

The manner in which this international directorate gains and wields its power over Gentile governments is no longer quite mysterious; enough authentic, [87] published information has come out of these last fifty years to explain that, as this book will later show.

The mystery of its agelong hold over "Jews" is more difficult to penetrate. How has a sect been able to keep people, distributed around the globe, in the clutch of a primitive tribalism during twenty-five centuries?

The next chapter seeks to give some insight into the methods used during the third and longest phase of the story of Zion, the Talmudic period which lasted from AD 70 to about 1800. These methods have so much of the Orient and of Asia in them that they are puzzling to Western minds and are best comprehended by those whose own experience took them much among the communities of "Eastern Jews" before the Second World War, and into secret-police states, where rule is also by fear and terror.



## Chapter 15

### THE TALMUD AND THE GHETTOES

Whatever else is in dispute, one thing is incontestable: that great force must repose in a Law which for nineteen centuries obtains obedience from people scattered over the earth, when by an effort of will they could escape its thrall. The Talmud was (and is) such a law, and the only one of its kind.

"The Talmud was regarded almost as the supreme authority by the majority of Jews . . . *Even the Bible was relegated to a secondary place*" (the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*). "The *absolute superiority of the Talmud over the Bible of Moses* must be recognized by all" (the *Archives Israelites*, quoted by Mgr. Landrieux). "The words of the elders *are more important than the words of the Prophets*" (the *Talmud*, Treatise Berachoth, i.4.).

The compilation of the Talmud began at Jamnia, the part played in Babylon by Ezekiel and Ezra being played in this new revision of the Law, by the rabbi known as Judah the Holy or the Prince.

It was in effect a massive addition to the "statutes and judgments" of *Deuteronomy*, *Leviticus* and *Numbers*. All the laws which "the centre" enacted were appended to the Torah as the "Oral Torah", having equal divine origin. Then they were written down in the *Mishna*. Later again (under the oft-used pretext of "completing" the work) immense records of rabbinical discussions and rulings were added in the *Gemara*, but as the *Gemara* was the product of two distinct Jewish communities, those of Jerusalem in the fifth and of Babylon in the seventh century, there are two Talmuds, known as the Palestinian and the Babylonian.

The Talmud, which thus was produced during the Christian era, is anti-Christian. It is supposed to derive from the same original source as the Torah; the priestly scribes who compiled it once more claimed to revise or expand under powers "orally" bestowed on Mount Sinai.

The copy of the Christian Bible which I have states that "the churches of all denominations receive and accept" the Old Testament "as given by inspiration of God, therefore being for them a Divine rule or guide of faith and practice", a ruling which comes down from the Council of Trent. A question therefore arises: in what way was the inspiration of the Talmud different from that of the Torah? If it was *not* different, then why should not the anti-Christian Talmud be added to the Christian Bible?

If that were done the entire work would extend along several shelves of a library, and the New Testament would be a tiny pamphlet, lost among and excommunicated by the Talmudic mass, the teaching of which is thus summarized by the Talmudic scholar Drach:

"The precepts of justice, of equity, of charity towards one's neighbours, are not only not applicable with regard to the Christian, but constitute a crime in anyone who would act differently . . . The Talmud expressly forbids one to save a [89] non-Jew from death. . . to restore lost goods, etc., to him, to have pity on him".

The theological decision about the "equal divine authority" of the Torah seems to have introduced an element of confusion into the Christian lesson from which Christianity itself in the end might not recover.

The Talmudic precepts just quoted are not essentially different in nature from those included in *Deuteronomy* when *that* "second Law" was made public a thousand years before the Palestinian Talmud was completed; they are merely given a specifically anti-Christian application.

Why was the Talmud necessary at all? The reasons seem clear. The Judeans had been finally dispersed about the world, or at any rate until such time as these "exiles" should be "in-gathered" and congregate again around the temple. The world where they were scattered contained a new "enemy" in the form of a religion which had been born in the very declaration that Phariseism was heresy: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" Moreover, the Judaic Law had become known through translation to the heathen world, which had even found some things in it that it could use. Thus the special people, if they were to be kept apart, needed a new Law of their own, which could be kept from the eyes of the Gentiles. The Torah needed "a hedge" about it, strong enough to preserve the exiles both from absorption by other peoples and from "a-whoring after other gods".

The Talmud was essentially the hostile answer to Christianity, the order-of-battle revised in the light of "the enemy's" new dispositions. The lay encyclopaedias (which in our generation have been made untrustworthy on subjects related to Judaism) disguise this fact from Gentile readers. The one now before me, for instance, says, "The Talmud has been attacked by Christians at times - quite unfairly - as anti-Christian". The insertion of two suggestive words by some partisan Scribe causes this volume to purvey demonstrable untruth and to convert a factual statement into a propagandist one. The attack on Christianity gave the Talmud its distinctive tone and is indeed the only new thing in the Talmud. Its other teaching remains that of Ezekiel and the Pharisees.

The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says, "It is the tendency of Jewish legends in the Talmud, the Midrash" (the sermons in the synagogues) "and in the Life of Jesus Christ (*Toledoth Jeshua*) that originated in the Middle Ages to belittle the person of Jesus by ascribing to him illegitimate birth, magic and a shameful death". He is generally alluded to as "that anonymous one", "liar", "impostor" or "bastard" (the attribution of bastardy is intended to bring him under The Law as stated in *Deuteronomy* 23.2: "A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord"). Mention of the name, Jesus, is prohibited in Jewish households.

The work cited by the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* as having "originated in the Middle Ages" is not merely a discreditable memory of an ancient past, as that allusion might suggest; it is used in Hebrew schools today. It was a rabbinical production of the Talmudic era and repeated all the ritual of mockery of Calvary [90] itself in a different form. Jesus is depicted as the illegitimate son of Mary, a hairdresser's wife, and of a Roman soldier called Panthera. Jesus himself is referred to by a name which might be translated "Joey Virgo". He is shown as being taken by his stepfather to Egypt and there learning sorcery.

The significant thing about this bogus life-story (the only information about Jesus which Jews were supposed to read) is that in it Jesus is *not* crucified by Romans. After his appearance in Jerusalem and his arrest there as an agitator and a sorcerer he is turned over to the Sanhedrin and spends forty days in the pillory before being stoned and hanged at the Feast of the Passover; this form of death exactly fulfils the Law laid down in *Deuteronomy* 21.22 and 17.5, whereas crucifixion would *not* have been in compliance with that *Judaic* Law. The book then states that in hell he suffers the torture of boiling mud.

The Talmud also refers to Jesus as "Fool", "sorcerer", "profane person", "idolator", "dog", "child of lust" and the like more; the effect of this teaching, over a period of centuries, is shown by the book of the Spanish Jew Mose de Leon, republished in 1880, which speaks of Jesus as a "dead dog" that lies "buried in a dunghill". The original Hebrew texts of these Talmudic allusions appear in Laible's *Jesus Christus im Talmud*. This scholar says that during the period of the Talmudists hatred of Jesus became "the most national trait of Judaism", that "at the approach of Christianity the Jews were seized ever and again with a fury and hatred that were akin to madness", that "the hatred and scorn of the Jews was always directed in the first place against the person of Jesus" and that "the Jesus-hatred of the Jews is a firmly-established fact, but they want to show it as little as possible".

This wish to conceal from the outer world that which was taught behind the Talmudic hedge led to the censoring of the above-quoted passages during the seventeenth century. Knowledge of the Talmud became fairly widespread then (it was frequently denounced by remonstrant Jews) and the embarrassment thus caused to the Talmudic elders led to the following edict (quoted in the original Hebrew and in translation by P.L.B. Drach, who was brought up in a Talmudic school and later became converted to Christianity):

"This is why we enjoin you, under pain of excommunication major, to print nothing in future editions, whether of the Mishna or of the Gemara, which relates whether for good or evil to the acts of Jesus the Nazarene, and to substitute instead a circle like this: O, which will warn the rabbis and schoolmasters to teach the young these passages only *viva voce*. By means of this precaution the savants among the Nazarenes will have no further pretext to attack us on this subject" (decree of the Judaist Synod which met in Poland in 1631. At the present time, when public enquiry into such matters, or objection to them, has been virtually

forbidden by Gentile governments, these passages, according to report, have been restored in the Hebrew editions of the Talmud).

This vilification of the founder of another religion sets Judaism apart from [91] other creeds and the Talmud from other literature published in the name of religion. Muslims, Buddhists, Confucians, Christians and others do not hate other creeds or their founders *as such*. They are content to differ and to believe that the paths may one day meet, God deciding the meeting-point.

For instance, the Koran describes Jesus as "strengthened with the Holy Spirit" and the Jews are reproached with rejecting "the Apostle of God", to whom was given "the Evangel with its guidance and light". Of his mother, the Koran says, "O Mary! verily hath God chosen thee and purified thee, and chosen thee above the women of the world", and, "Jesus, the son of Mary, illustrious in this world, and in the next, and one of those who have near access to God".

The central message of the Talmud, the newest "new Law", is plain: it specifically extended the Law to apply to Christianity and left no doubt about the duty of a Jew towards it.

Another motive for the new compendium was the problem created for the inner sect by the fact that the Gentiles had found much in the translated Torah that appealed to them (despite the obvious fact that it was lethally directed against them). The earlier Levitical scribes could not foresee that (because they could not foresee the translation itself). The ruling sect needed a new Law of its own, into which "stranger" eyes could not pry, and it needed to make the Jews understand that, though the heathen inexplicably had bound the racio-religious Law into the Christian Bible, this Law nevertheless still was the Law of the Jews alone, and inexorably in force.

Thus the Talmud set out to widen the gap and heighten the barrier between the Jews and others. An example of the different language which the Torah spoke, for Jews and for Gentiles, has previously been given: the obscure and apparently harmless allusion to "a foolish nation" (*Deuteronomy*, 32.21). According to the article on *Discrimination against Gentiles* in the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* the allusion in the original Hebrew is to "vile and vicious Gentiles", so that Jew and Gentile received very different meanings from the same passage in the original and in the translation. The Talmud, however, which was to reach only Jewish eyes, removed any doubt that might have been caused in Jewish minds by perusal of the milder translation; it specifically related the passage in *Deuteronomy* to one in *Ezekiel*, 23.20, and by so doing defined Gentiles as those "whose flesh is as the flesh of asses and whose issue is like the issue of horses"! In this spirit was the, "interpretation" of The Law continued by the Talmudists.

The Talmudic edicts were all to similar effect. The Law (the Talmud laid down) allowed the restoration of a lost article to its owner if "a brother or neighbour", but not if a Gentile. Book-burning (of Gentile books) was recommended (book-burning is a Talmudic invention, as the witch-hunt was prescribed by the Torah). The benediction, "Blessed be Thou . . . who has not made me a goi", was to be recited daily. Eclipses were of bad augury for Gentiles only. Rabbi Levi laid down that the injunction not to take revenge (*Leviticus* 19.18) did not apply to

[92] Gentiles, and apparently invoked *Ecclesiastes* 8.4 in support of his ruling (a discriminatory interpretation then being given to a passage in which the Gentile could not suspect any such intention).

The Jew who sells to a Gentile landed property bordering on the land of another Jew is to be excommunicated. A Gentile cannot be trusted as witness in a criminal or civil suit because he could not be depended on to keep his word like a Jew. A Jew testifying in a petty Gentile court as a single witness against a Jew must be excommunicated. Adultery committed with a non-Jewish woman is not adultery "for the heathen have no lawfully wedded wife, they are not really their wives". The Gentiles are as such precluded from admission to a future world.

Finally, the Talmudic interpretation of the original moral commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart", is that "man shall occupy himself with the study of Holy Scripture and of the Mishna and have intercourse with learned and wise men". In other words, the man who best proves his love of God is he who studies the Talmud and shuns his Gentile fellow-man.

An illustrative glimpse from our present time sometimes best shows the effect produced on human minds by centuries of Talmudic rule. In 1952 a Mr. Frank Chodorov published this anecdote: "One very cold night the rabbi tottered into our house in a pitiful condition; it took half a dozen glasses of boiling tea to thaw him out. He then told how a sympathetic goy had offered him a pair of gloves and why he had refused the gift; a Jew must not be the instrument of bringing a *mitvah*, or blessing, on a non-believer. This was the first

time, I believe, that I came smack up against the doctrine of the 'chosen people', and it struck me as stupid and mean".

So much for the "hedge" which the Talmud set up between the Jews and mankind, and for the feeling of contempt and hatred for "strangers" which it set out to instil in the Jews. What did it do to the Jews themselves? Of this, the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says, "The Talmudists made the Torah into a *penal code*". For once, in this painstakingly accurate work, the meaning is not quite clear; the Torah already *was* a penal code (as perusal of it today will show), and its penalties had sometimes been applied (by Ezra and Nehemiah against the Jews; and for that matter by the Romans, at the behest of the Sanhedrin, against the "prophet and dreamer of dreams", Jesus). Possibly the meaning is that, under the Talmudists, the penal code was regularly enforced, and its provisions strengthened.

That is certainly true; the rabbinical practice, previously cited, of "encouraging lynching as an extra-legal preventive", because they were not allowed by host-governments to pronounce death sentences, shows in how real a sense the Talmud could be applied as "a penal code". It was a very far cry from the few moral commandments of remote tradition to the multitudinous laws and regulations of the Talmud, which often forbade moral behaviour and assigned drastic punishments for "transgressions". Observance of these laws, not moral [93] behaviour, remained the basis.

The Talmudic Law governed every imaginable action of a Jew's life anywhere in the world: marriage, divorce, property settlements, commercial transactions, down to the pettiest details of dress and toilet. As unforeseen things frequently crop in daily life, the question of what was legal or illegal (not what was right or wrong) in all manner of novel circumstances had incessantly to be debated, and this produced the immense records of rabbinical dispute and decisions in which the Talmud abounds.

Was it as much a crime to crush a flea as to kill a camel on the sacred day? One learned rabbi allowed that the flea might be gently squeezed, and another thought its feet might even be cut off. How many white hairs might a sacrificial red cow have and yet remain a red cow? What sort of scabs required this or that ritual of purification? At which end of an animal should the operation of slaughter be performed? Ought the high priest to put on his shirt or his hose first? Methods of putting apostates to death were debated; they must be strangled, said the elders, until they opened their mouths, into which boiling lead must be poured. Thereon a pious rabbi urged that the victim's mouth be held open with pincers so that he not suffocate before the molten lead enter and consume his soul with his body. The word "pious" is here not sardonically used; this scholar sought to discover the precise intention of "the Law".

Was Dr. Johnson acquainted with or ignorant of the Talmud; the subject might prove a fascinating one for a literary debating society. He gave one argument its quietus by declaring, "There is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea". Precisely this point had been discussed, and settled, among the Talmudic scholars. Might a louse or a flea be killed on the Sabbath? The Talmudic reponse was that the first was allowed and the second was a deadly sin.

"The Talmud became the unbreakable husk around a kernel determined to survive; it encased the heart of the Jew with a spirituality which though cold as ice was strong as steel to protect . . . The Talmud, which they carried with them everywhere, became their home", A home made of ice and steel, behedged and walled around, with all the windows stopped and the doors barred; the picture is Dr. Kastein 's.

In this home the Jews, "owing to the acceptance of the idea of the Chosen People, and of salvation . . . could interpret everything that happened *only from the standpoint of themselves as the centre*". The planet swam in space, among the myriad stars, only to enthrone them on a mound of gold in a temple surrounded by heathen dead; "the Law raised an insuperable barrier against the outside world".

No Jew, save a Talmudic scholar, could know all of this huge compendium. Probably no Gentile could gain access to an unedited version. A college of specialists and a lifetime of work would be needed to compare such translations

[94] as have been made with the originals, if they were made available. Many students, until recently, found the lack of translations significant, but the present writer cannot see that this is important. Enough is known of the Talmud (and most of this from Jewish or converted-Jewish sources) for its nature to be clear, and nothing is gained by heaping proof endlessly on proof. Ample enlightenment can be obtained from the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, the German translation of the Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmuds (Zurich 1880 and Leipzig 1889), William Ruben's *Der alte und der neue Glaube im Judentum*, Strack's *Einleitung in den Talmud*, Laible's *Jesus Christus im Talmud*, Drach's *De l'Harmoni entre l'Eglise et la Synagogue*, and Graetz's *History of the Jews*.

The Talmud is *admittedly* manmade. The Torah was *attributed* to the voice of Jehovah, recorded by Moses. This is of great significance.

The reason for the difference is obvious: Mosaic manuscripts "hoary with the dust of ages" could not be indefinitely discovered. The scribes had to accept the responsibility, simply declaring that in doing so they used the absolute power of interpretation "orally" given to the first of their line. Thus they revealed the truth: that *They*, and none other, were God!

Dr. Kastein was accurate in saying, "It was not God who willed these people and their meaning; it was this people who willed this God and this meaning", or he would have been accurate had he said, "these scribes" instead of "this people". The earlier generation of scribes had willed the revelation made in *Deuteronomy*; the later one willed the Talmudic God and demanded that "these people" accept the Talmud as a continuation of the revelation earlier "willed".

When the Talmud was completed the question which the future had to answer was whether the central sect would succeed in imposing this New Law on the scattered Jews, as Ezra and Nehemiah, with Persian help, had inflicted the New Covenant on the Judahites in Jerusalem in 444 BC.

They did succeed. In 1898, at the Second World Zionist Congress at Basel, a Zionist from Russia, Dr. Mandelstamm of Kieff, declared, "The Jews energetically reject the idea of fusion with other nationalities and cling firmly to their historical hope, i.e., of world empire".

The Twentieth Century is witnessing the attempt to consummate that hope. Probably the institution of the ghetto chiefly helped the Talmudists to this success.

In the Twentieth Century the masses have been misled to think of "the ghetto" as a kind of concentration camp for Jews set up by Gentile persecutors. The same operation on fact has been performed on the entire history of oppression in the West; in the Twentieth Century all else has been drained away until what remains is presented solely as "the Jewish persecution".

The many persecutions of *men* during the last 1900 years have involved the Jews in proportion to their numbers, so that their share of the total mass of suffering was small (in the most notorious case of the present century, that of [95] Russia, they were the oppressors, not the oppressed). I do not know if I should ever have elicited this fact, had not my own experience confronted me so sharply with it.

The ghetto was not something inflicted on the Jews by the Gentiles. It was the logical product of the Talmudic Law, and derived directly from the experiment in Babylon. Dr. Kastein describes the Talmud as "the home" which the Jews took everywhere with them. However, for physical life they also needed four walls and a roof. The Talmud itself decreed that the Gentiles were not "neighbours" and that a Jew might not sell landed property adjoining that of a Jew to a Gentile. The express object of such provisions as these was the segregation of Jews from others and their isolation in ghettos.

The first ghetto was that which the Babylonian rulers allowed the Levites to set up in Babylon. The next was the Jerusalem around which Nehemiah, backed by the Persian king's soldiers, built new walls, wherefrom he drove out all non-Judahites. From those models the European ghetto took its shape. This institution is probably the most onerous part of the modern Jew's spiritual inheritance:

"The ghetto, friend, the ghetto, where all hopes at birth decay".

Jews who never saw a ghetto carry a half-conscious memory of it within them like a haunting fear, yet it was essentially a Talmudist conception, to which their ancestors surrendered. It was the perfect means of corralling a scattered congregation, imprisoning people's minds, and wielding power over them.

The demand for a ghetto often came from the Talmudists (that is to say, outside Poland, where all Jewish life, of course, was ghetto-life). The modern suggestion that the ghetto signified inferiority is part of the legend of "persecution", which is chiefly meant to intimidate Jews, so that they shall always fear to venture outside the fold; today's myth of "antisemitism" is intended to produce the same effect on them.

In ancient Alexandria (the New York of its day) and in medieval Cairo and Cordova the Jewish quarters were established at the insistence of the rabbis, intent on keeping their flock isolated from others. In 1084 the Jews of Speyer petitioned the ruling German prince to set up a ghetto; in 1412, at Jewish request, a



ghetto law was enacted throughout Portugal. The erection of the ghetto walls in Verona and Mantua was for centuries celebrated annually by the Jews there in a festival of victory (Purim). The ghettos of Russia and Poland were an essential and integral part of the Talmudic organization and any attempt to abolish them would have been denounced as persecution.

When the Roman ghetto was destroyed at Mussolini's order in the early 1930's the Jewish press (as Mr. Bernard J. Brown records) lamented the event in such words as these:

"One of the most unique phenomena of Jewish life in Göluth is gone. Where but a few months ago a vibrant Jewish life was pulsating, there now remains a few [96] half-destroyed buildings as the last vestige of the quondam ghetto. It has fallen victim to the Fascist passion for beauty and under Mussolini's order the ghetto has been razed. . ."

The implication of this is that the razing of the ghetto was "Fascism", just as the original creation of ghettos (at Jewish demand) is presented as persecution by the Zionist historians of today.

With emancipation the ghetto disappeared; its maintenance would too blatantly have shown that the rulers of Jewry had no true intention of sharing in emancipation on an equal basis.

The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* recorded in its 1903 edition that "in the whole civilized world there is now not a single ghetto, in the original meaning of the word: The qualification is important, because in many places and ways the Jews continue the closed-community life, though without the identifying walls, and the law forbidding the sale of neighbour-land to Gentiles, without permission, has not lapsed (to give one instance, illustrative to those who know the city: in Montreal an entire district east of the Mountain has by such methods been made almost as solidly Jewish as if it were a ghetto).

The decline of the ghetto, during the century of emancipation, was a blow to the main prop of Talmudic power. A substitute had to be found unless the ghetto-spirit (as distinct from the physical ghetto) was to disintegrate altogether, and one was found in Zionism, which is the new method devised to re-coral the communities:

"There are many who *desire greater control over Jews by Jews*, and who resent the dissolution of this control in Russia, where once a ghetto made such control easy and absolute" (Rabbi Elmer Berger). "Only the intellectually blind can fail to note that the promotion of group life, centered around ancient religious traditions and cultures, *is a return to the ghetto*. . . There can be no glory in a group of people striving *to perpetuate ghetto life* . . . Even a cursory reading of history *shows that the Jew built his own ghettos*" (Mr. Bernard J. Brown).

Zionism is the true revival of Talmudic ghettoism, as these two Jewish authorities state. It is designed to undo the work of emancipation, to re-segregate the Jews, and to reimpose the creed of "severance" on them in full force. The chauvinist appeal of conquest and empire in the Middle East is being used to disguise this true meaning of the process.

The direction in which Jews were moving before Zionism set out to recapture them may be seen in this quotation from the article on *The Attitude of Modern Judaism* in the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, 1916:

"Modern Judaism as inculcated in the catechism and explained in the declarations of the various rabbinical conferences, and as interpreted in the sermons of modern rabbis, is founded on the recognition of the unity of the human races; the law of righteousness and truth being supreme over all men, without distinction of race, or creed, and its fulfilment being possible for all.

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Righteousness is not conditioned by birth. The Gentiles may attain unto as perfect a righteousness as the Jews . . . In the modern synagogues, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour like thyself" (*Leviticus* 29) signified every human being".

Much has changed since 1916, and in 1955 these words are but the picture of what might have been. No doubt individual rabbis continue to "interpret their sermons" in this sense, but unless they are of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made they cannot long defy their congregations, and these have been taken back centuries by the appeal of Zionism.

The Zionists have gained political control over Gentile governments and the Jewish masses alike, so that what the individual remonstrant says is of little weight. The Zionists have restored the Levitical Law, in

its Pharisaic and Talmudic interpretations, in full force. Their actions towards others in the past have been and in the future will be guided by that, and not by what "the attitude of modern Judaism" was in 1916.

The great change came in the year, 1917, which followed the publication of the words quoted above. The tradition of the Talmud and the ghettos was still too strong, among the masses of Jewry, for "the attitude of modern Judaism" to prevail over the fanatical elders who then appeared.



## Chapter 16

### THE MESSIANIC LONGING

The Talmudic regime in the close confinement of the ghettos was in its nature essentially rule by terror, and employed the recognizable methods of terror: spies-on-spies, informers, denuncians, cursing and excommunication, and death. The secret-police and concentration-camp regime of the Communist era evidently took its nature from this model, which was familiar to its Talmudic organizers.

During the many centuries of Talmudist government the terror, and the dogma which it enclosed, produced two significant results. These were recurrent Messianic outbursts, which expressed the captives' longing to escape the terror; and recurrent protests against the dogma, from the Jews themselves.

These were latterday symptoms of the feeling expressed on the ancient day when "the people wept" at the reading of The Law. The Talmud forbade the Jew almost every activity other than the amassing of money ("they only conceded just enough to the people about them to make their economic activities possible"; Dr. Kastein) and the study of the Talmud ("whenever the Law could not be unequivocally applied to the relations of life, they endeavoured to discover its interpretation").

The energies of the people were directed to spinning ever more tightly about themselves the net in which they were enmeshed: "They not only set a hedge about the Law, but, by cutting themselves off more definitely than ever from the outside world, and by binding themselves more exclusively to a given circle of laws, they set a hedge about themselves". With every breath they drew and movement they made, they had to ask themselves, "Does the Talmud allow or forbid this", and the ruling sect decided.

Even the most docile in time questioned the credentials of such a Law, asking "Can it be really true that every new edict and ban derives from God's revelation at Sinai?" That was their rulers' claim: "according to the Jewish view God had given Moses on Mount Sinai alike the oral and written Law, that is, the Law *with all its interpretations and applications*", says Mr. Alfred Edersheim. The people submitted to, but could not always inwardly accept so obviously political a claim, and this inner rebellion against something outwardly professed often led to strange happenings.

For instance, a Portuguese Marrano (a converted, or sometimes a secret Jew) called Uriel da Costa was once reconverted to Judaism, and then became appalled by the Talmud. In 1616, at Hamburg, he published his *Thesis against Tradition* in which he attacked "the Pharisees", charging that the Talmudic laws were *their* creation and not of any divine origin. The treatise was addressed to the Jews of Venice and the rabbi there, one Leo Modena, thereon by command pronounced the dreaded "Ban" on da Costa. At Rabbi Modena's death papers found among his effects showed that he had held exactly the same view as da Costa, but had not dared to declare that for which he excommunicated da Costa.

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As a Communist Leo Modena would be a familiar figure in our own century. In effect, he sentenced to death the man whose beliefs he shared. Da Costa returned to the attack in 1624 with his *Test of the Pharisaical Tradition by Comparing it with the Written Law*. The Talmudists of Amsterdam, where da Costa then was, denounced him to the Dutch courts on the ground that his treatise was subversive of the *Christian* faith, and it was burned at the order of these Gentile authorities, who thus carried out the Talmudic Law!

This act of Gentile submission to the ruling sect recurs through all history from the time of Babylon to the present day. Da Costa was literally hounded to death and in 1640 shot himself.

Jewish history shows many such episodes. The student of this subject walks with terror as he turns its pages. The "Great Ban" was in effect a death sentence, and was so intended. It called down on the victim the "cursings" enumerated in *Deuteronomy*, and cursing was (and by the literal devotees of this sect still is) held to be *literally* effective.

The article on "Cursing" in the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says, "Talmudic literature betrays a belief, amounting to downright superstition, in the mere power of the word . . . *Not only is a curse uttered by a scholar unailing even if undeserved . . .* Scholars cursed sometimes not only with their mouths, but by *an angry, fixed look. The unailing consequence of such a look was either immediate death or poverty*".

This is recognizably the practice known today as "the evil eye", of which my encyclopaedia says, "This superstition is of ancient date, and is met with among almost all races, as it is among illiterate people and savages still". The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* shows that it is a *prescribed legal penalty* under the Judaic Law, for this same authority (as earlier quoted) states that "even the Bible" is secondary to the Talmud. Moreover, Mr. M.L. Rodkinson, the scholar who was selected to make an English translation of the Talmud, says that "not a single line" of the Talmud has been modified. For that matter, the Talmud, in this case, only carries on the law of cursing as earlier laid down, by the Levites, in *Deuteronomy*.

The practice of cursing and of the evil eye, therefore, is still part of "The Law", as the quotations given above show. (The student may find a present-day example of the Talmudic "angry, fixed look" in operation if he refer to Mr. Whittaker Chambers's description of his confrontation with the attorneys of Mr. Alger Hiss; and the student may form his own opinion of the fact that soon afterwards Mr. Chambers felt himself driven to commit suicide, failing in this attempt only through a chance).

Thus excommunication was a deadly thing. Mr. Rodkinson makes this remarkable reference to it:

"We can conceive their" (the Talmudic rabbinate's) "terrible vengeance against an ordinary man or scholar who ventured to express opinions *in any degree at variance* with their own, or to transgress the Sabbath by carrying a [100] handkerchief or drinking of Gentile wine, which in their opinion is against the law. Who, then, could resist *their terrible weapon of excommunication*, which they used for the purpose of making a man *a ravening wolf whom every human being fled from and shunned as the plague-smitten? Many who drank of this bitter cup were driven to the grave and many others went mad*".

This fate befell some of the great remonstrants. Moses Maimonides (born at the Talmudic centre, Cordova, in 1135) drew up a famous code of the principles of Judaism and wrote, "It is forbidden to defraud or deceive *any* person in business. *Judaist and non-Judaist are to be treated alike . . . What some people imagine, that it is permissible to cheat a Gentile, is an error, and based on ignorance . . .* Deception, duplicity, cheating and circumvention towards a Gentile are despicable to the Almighty, as 'all that do unrighteously are an abomination unto the Lord thy God' ".

The Talmudists denounced Maimonides *to the Inquisition*, saying, "Behold, there are among us heretics and infidels, for they were seduced by Moses Ben Maimonides. . . you who clear your community of heretics, clear ours too". At this behest his books were burned in Paris and Montpellier, the book-burning edict of the Talmudic law thus being fulfilled. On his grave the words were incised, "Here lies an excommunicated Jew".

The Inquisition, like the Gentile rulers of the earlier period and the Gentile politicians of our day, often did the bidding of the inveterate sect. The falsification of history, insofar as it relates to this particular subject, has left the impression on Gentile minds that the Inquisition was primarily an instrument of "the Jewish persecution".

Dr. Kastein's presentation is typical: he says the Inquisition persecuted "heretics and peoples of alien creeds" and then adds, "that is to say, *principally* Jews", and from that point on he conveys the impression of a *solely* Jewish persecution. (In the same way, in our century, Hitler's persecution was through four stages of propagandist misrepresentation transformed from one of "political opponents" into one of "political opponents and Jews", then of "Jews and political opponents", and last, "of Jews").

The Inquisition sometimes burned the Talmud; it would have done better to translate and publish the significant parts, and that would still be wise. However, it also burned remonstrances against the Talmud, at the demand of the ruling sect. For instance, in 1240 the Talmud was denounced to it by a converted Jew, the

Dominican Nicholas Donin, in Paris, and nothing was done, but in 1232, at the denunciation of the Talmudists, it had ordered the anti-Talmudic work of Maimonides to be publicly burned!

Another great expostulant against the Talmud was Baruch Spinoza, born at Amsterdam in 1632. The ban pronounced on him by the Amsterdam rabbinate derives directly from the "cursings" of *Deuteronomy*:

"By the sentence of the angels, by the decree of the saints, we anathematise, cut [101] off, curse and execrate Baruch Spinoza, in the presence of these sacred books with the six hundred and thirteen precepts which are written therein, with the anathema wherewith Joshua anathematized Jericho; with the cursing wherewith Elisha cursed the children; and with *all the cursings which are written in the Torah*; cursed be he by day and cursed by night; cursed when he goeth out, and cursed when he cometh in; the Lord pardon him never; the wrath and fury of the Lord burn upon this man; and bring upon him all the curses which are written in the Torah. The Lord blot out his name under the heaven. The Lord set him apart for destruction from all the tribes of Israel, with all the curses of the firmament which are written in the Torah. There shall be no man to speak to him, no man write to him, no man show him any kindness, no man stay under the same roof with him, no man come nigh unto him".

Spinoza was banished from Amsterdam and exposed to "a persecution which threatened his life", as one encyclopaedia puts it. In fact it took his life, in the way depicted by Mr. Rodkinson (as previously quoted). Shunned and destitute, he died at forty-four in a Gentile city, far from the centre of Talmudic government but not far enough to save him.

Two hundred years later, during the century of emancipation, Moses Mendelssohn proclaimed the heresy that Jews, while retaining their faith, ought to become integrated with their fellow men. That meant breaking free from the Talmud and returning to the ancient religious idea of which the Israelite remonstrants had glimpses. His guiding thought was, "Oh, my brethren, follow the example of love, as you have till now followed that of *hatred*". Mendelssohn had grown up in the study of the Talmud. He prepared for his children a German translation of the Bible, which he then published for general use among Jews.

The Talmudic rabbinate, declaring that "the Jewish youth would learn the German language from Mendelssohn's translation, more than an understanding of the Torah", put it under ban: "All true to Judaism are for bidden under penalty of excommunication to use the translation". They then had the translation publicly burned in Berlin.

The great remonstrants of Judaism always stirred Jewry, but always failed; the ruling sect always prevailed. There were two reasons for this: the invariable support given by Gentile governments to the dominant sect and its dogma, and an element of self-surrender among the Jewish masses. In this the Jewish mass, or mob, was not different from all mobs, or masses, at all periods in history. The mass passively submitted to the revolution in France, to Communism in Russia, to National Socialism in Germany, its inertia being greater than any will to resist or the fear of ensuing danger. So it has always been with the Jews and the Talmudic terror.

In our century remonstrant Jews affirmed, too soon, that the terror was no longer potent. In 1933 Mr. Bernard J. Brown wrote, "The bite of excommunication has lost its sting. . . The rabbis and the priests have lost their grip on human [102] thought and men are free to believe as they please without let or hindrance"; and in 1946 Rabbi Elmer Berger said, "The average Jew is no longer subject to the punishment of excommunication".

Both were premature. The years which followed these statements show that the paramount sect was still able to enforce the submission of Jews throughout the world.

Nevertheless, the fierceness of the Talmudic rule, within the ghettos, often produced a weeping, groaning and rattling of chains. This caused the Talmudists enough concern for them to introduce what seemed to be a mitigation. In about 900 AD "discussion about the Talmud and religious dogma became allowable" (Dr. Kastein). On the face of it this appeared to be in itself a reversion of the dogma, whereunder no dot or comma of any rabbinical ruling might be called in question, or any doubt expressed about the derivation from Mount Sinai.

Genuine debate would have let fresh air into the ghettos, but if any intention to allow that had existed, Maimonides and Spinoza need never have been persecuted. What was actually permitted in the synagogues and schools was a unique form of dialectics, designed still further to strengthen the edifice of The

Law. The disputants were merely allowed to prove that *anything* was legal under the Talmud; one debater would state a proposition and another the contrary, each demonstrating that The Law allowed it!

This practice (the brothers Thoreau give glimpses of it in their books) was called "pilpulism". It gives the key to a mystery which often baffles Gentiles: the agility with which Zionists are often able to justify, in themselves, precisely what they reproach in others. A polemist trained in pilpulism would have no difficulty in showing the Judaic law ordaining the enslavement of household Gentiles to be righteous and the Roman ban on the enslavement of Christians by Jewish masters to be "persecution"; the Judaic ban on intermarriage to be "voluntary separation" and any Gentile counter-ban to be "discrimination based in prejudice" (Dr. Kastein's terms); a massacre of Arabs to be rightful under The Law and a massacre of Jews to be wrongful under any law.

An example of pilpulism is provided by Dr. Kastein's own description of pilpulism: "A species of spiritual gymnastics which is frequently practised where men's intellects, *menaced with suffocation by the pressure of the outside world*, find no outlet for creative expression in real life".

The italicised words are the pilpulist's suggestive interjection; these debaters were stifled by pressure from *within* their communities, not from "the outside world" (which their Law excluded).

These pilpulist "discussions of the Talmud" may have given the closed communities a slight, and illusory, sense of participation in the despotism that ruled them (like the vote, which may be cast only for one party, in today's dictatorship states). Their real yearning, to escape from their captivity, found its outlet in the Messianic outbreaks; possibly the permission to "discuss the [103] Talmud" was granted in the hope of checking these.

Ever and again the cry went up from the communities, held fast within the tribal palisade, "We *are* doing all the statutes and judgments; now give us the promised, miraculous End!" Thus the series of Messiahs appeared, and each time whipped the communities into a frenzy of anticipation. They were always denounced as "false Messiahs" (they had to be so denounced, as the ruling sect could not effect the triumphant enthronement in Jerusalem which The Law promised), and the people in the ghettos fell back into hope deferred.

Early Messiahs were Abu Isa of Ispahan in the seventh, Zonarias of Syria in the eighth, and Saadya ben Joseph in the tenth century. The most famous of all was Sabbatai Zevi of Smyrna, who in 1648 proclaimed that the Millennium was at hand by pronouncing the dread name of God in the Synagogue, whereon the Ban was put on him and "to escape its effects" he fled, and stayed away for many years. However, his effect on the Jewish communities, pining for the promised End, was immense. They agreed that he *was* the Messiah; so that he returned to Smyrna in 1665 in defiance of the Talmudists, who in him perceived the greatest threat to their authority in many centuries.

Sabbatai Zevi next *declared himself to* be the Messiah. The desire to exchange the chains of the Talmud for the triumphant fulfilment in Jerusalem was so great that the congregation in Smyrna, followed by the Jewish masses all over the world, brushed aside the Talmudists' ban and acclaimed him. He then proclaimed that 1666 was to be the Messianic year, distributed the crowns of the world among his friends, and set out for Constantinople to dethrone the Sultan of Turkey (then ruler of Palestine). Jews everywhere began to sell their businesses, homes and chattels in preparation for "the return" and the day of world dominion. In London (as Samuel Pepys recorded in February 1666) bets were made among Jews on the prospects of his being acclaimed "King of the World and the true Messiah".

As was to be expected, he was arrested when he reached Constantinople and cast in jail. This merely increased his renown and following; the prison was besieged by clamorous throngs, so that he was removed to a fortress in Gallipoli, which in turn was transformed into a royal residence by gifts from Jews. Mass-emotions were fully aroused; in the imagination of a scattered nation, long isolated from mankind, he *was* the King of the World, come to liberate them by setting them over all mankind.

At that instant Sabbatai Zevi had done exactly what the elders of the sect themselves had done: he had promised what he could not fulfil (this is the basic flaw in the creed, which must eventually destroy it). Unlike the wary elders, he had set himself a time limit: the last day of the year 1666! As the year approached its end (and the Talmudic government in Poland, now sure of the outcome, through an emissary denounced him to the Sultan as "a false Messiah"), he decided, in his prison-palace, to save himself. With great ceremony he had [104] himself converted to Islam and ended his days at the Sultan's court, like any present-day Zionist in New York. For a while he had shaken even the Talmudic government, which then put "the great Ban" on his

followers. A tiny remnant of them survive to this day; they believe that Sabbatai will return and that his example must be copied, including conversion to Islam.

Zionism in our time is recognisably a new form of Messianism, leading to the same inevitable disappointment. After the passing of Sabbatai Zevi, and the hope they had put in him, the Jewish masses relapsed into the captivity of the ghettos. Deprived of the hope of liberation, they reverted, beneath the stern gaze of their masters, to the study of The Law and its destructive message. They were being prepared for a task.

## Chapter 17

### THE DESTRUCTIVE MISSION

The study of hundreds of volumes, during many years, gradually brought realization that the essential truth of the story of Zion is all summed-up in Mr. Maurice Samuel's twenty-one words: "We Jews, the destroyers, will remain the destroyer forever . . . nothing that the Gentiles will do will meet our needs and demands".

At first hearing they sound vainglorious or neurotic, but increasing knowledge of the subject shows them to be honestly meant and carefully chosen. They mean that a man who is born and continues a Jew acquires a destructive mission which he cannot elude. If he deviates from this "Law" he is not a good Jew, in the eyes of the elders; if he wishes or is compelled to be a good Jew, he must conform to it.

This is the reason why the part played by those who directed "the Jews" in history was bound to be a destructive one; and in our generation of the Twentieth Century the destructive mission has attained its greatest force, with results which cannot even yet be fully foreseen.

This is not an opinion of the present writer. Zionist scribes, apostate rabbis and Gentile historians *agree* about the destructive purpose; it is not in dispute among serious students and is probably the only point on which agreement is unanimous.

All history is presented to the Jew in these terms: that destruction is the condition of the fulfilment of the Judaic Law and of the ultimate Jewish triumph.

"All history" means different things to the Jew and the Gentile. To the Gentile it means, approximately, the annals of the Christian era and any that extend further back before they begin to fade into legend and myth.

To the Jew it means the record of events given in the Torah-Talmud and the rabbinical sermons, and this reaches back to 3760 BC., the exact date of the Creation. The Law and "history" are the same, and there is only Jewish history; this narrative unfolds itself before his eyes exclusively as a tale of destructive achievement and of Jewish vengeance, in the present time as three thousand or more years ago.

By this method of portrayal the whole picture of other nations' lives collapses into almost nothing, like the bamboo-and-paper framework of a Chinese lantern. It is salutary for the Gentile to contemplate his world, past and present, through these eyes and to find that what he always thought to be significant, worthy of pride, or shameful, does not even exist, save as a blurred background to the story of Zion. It is like looking at himself through the wrong end of a telescope with one eye and at Judah through a magnifying glass with the other.

To the literal Jew the world is still flat and Judah, its inheritant, is the centre of the universe. The ruling sect has been able, in great measure, to impose this theory of life on the great nations of the West, as it originally inflicted The Law on the Judahites themselves.



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The command, "destroy", forms the very basis of the Law which the Levites made. If it be deleted, what remains is not "the Mosaic Law", or the same religion, but something different; the imperative, "destroy", is the mark of identity. It must have been deliberately chosen. Many other words could have been used; for instance, conquer, defeat, vanquish, subdue; but *destroy* was chosen. It was put in the mouth of God, but obviously was the choice of the scribes.

This was the kind of perversion which Jesus attacked: "teaching for doctrine *the commandments of men*".

It comes first at the very start of the story, being attributed directly to God in the original promise of the promised land: "I will . . . *destroy* all the people to whom thou shalt come". Even before that the first act of destruction has been imputed to God, in the form of the first "vengeance" on the heathen: "I will stretch out my hand and smite Egypt. . . I will smite all the first born in the land of Egypt . . . And Pharaoh's servants said unto him . . . knowest thou not yet that Egypt is *destroyed*?" (*Exodus*)

From that beginning the teaching, "destroy", runs through all The Law, first, and all the portrayal of historical events, next. The act of destruction is sometimes the subject of a bargain between God and the chosen people, on an "If" and "Then" basis; either God offers to destroy, or the chosen people ask him to destroy. In each case the act of destruction is depicted as something so meritorious that it demands a high equivalent service. Thus:

"*If thou* shalt indeed. . . do all that I speak, *then* I will be an enemy unto thine enemies . . . and will *destroy* all the people to whom thou shalt come" (*Exodus*). (In this case God is quoted as promising destruction in return for "observance"; chief among the "statutes and judgments" to be observed is, "Ye shall utterly *destroy* all the places, wherein the nations which ye shall possess served other Gods"; *Deuteronomy*).

Conversely: "And Israel vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, *If thou wilt* indeed deliver this people into my hand, *then* I will utterly destroy their cities; And the Lord hearkened to the voice of Israel, and delivered up the Canaanites; and they *utterly destroyed* them and their cities" (*Numbers*).

As will be seen, the bargain about "destruction" is conditional, in both cases, on performance of a counter-service by the people or by God.

The command, "utterly destroy", being high among the tenets of the inflexible Law, any exercise of clemency, or other shortcoming in utter destruction, is a grave *legal* offence, not merely an error of judgment. For this very crime (under this Law it *is* a crime, not a misdemeanour) Saul, the first and only true king of the united kingdom of Israel and Judah, was dethroned by the priests and David, the man of Judah, put in his place. This reason for David's elevation is significant, as the "king of the world", yet to come, is to be of the house of David. The same lesson is repeatedly driven home in the books of The Law, particularly by the [107] allegorical massacre of the Midianites which concludes Moses's narrative ( *Numbers*).

This was the basis on which all The Law, and all history of that time and later times, was built. From the moment when Israel rejected them and they were left alone with the Levites, the Judahites were ruled by a priesthood which avowed that destruction was Jehovah's chief command and that they were divinely chosen to destroy. Thus they became the only people in history specifically dedicated to destruction *as such*. Destruction as an *attendant result* of war is a familiar feature of all human history. Destruction as an avowed purpose was never before known and the only discoverable source of this unique idea is the Torah-Talmud.

The intention clearly was to organize a destructive force; therein lies the great truth of Mr. Samuel's words in our time.

As long as any large body of people, distributed among the nations, submitted to such a Law their energies, wherever they were, were bound to be directed to a destructive end. Out of the experience of 458-444 BC, when the Levites with Persian help clamped down their law on a weeping people, the nation was born which ever since has performed its catalytic function of changing surrounding societies while remaining itself unchanged.

The Jews became the universal catalyst, and the changes they produced were destructive. This process caused much tribulation to the Gentiles (which they brought on themselves by their servience to the ruling sect) and no true gratification to the Jews (who inherited a melancholy mission).



The Gentiles have survived and will survive; despite the Daniels and Mordecais. and their latterday successors, the "full end" of those nations "whither I have driven thee" is further off than ever.

The Law specifically enjoined the chosen people to ruin other peoples among whom Jehovah "scattered" them as punishment for their own "transgressions".

For instance, *Exodus* cannot be regarded as more than a legend which received a priestly re-editing in Jerusalem and Babylon many centuries after any time at which anything resembling the events described in it could have occurred. Therefore the scribes had no need to attribute to the Egyptians fear of the destructive purpose nursed by the sojourners in their midst. If they did this, in the very first chapter of *Exodus*. ("Come, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, *they join also unto our enemies and fight against us.* . . ") it was evidently to fix the idea of this destructive mission in the minds of the people over whom they ruled.

Here the idea that "the people" should join with their hosts' enemies, in order to destroy their hosts, first appears. When the story reaches a more or less verifiable event (the fall of Babylon) it is portrayed in such a way as to foster this same notion. The Judahites are depicted as joining with the enemies of Babylon and exultantly welcoming the Persian invader. The destruction of Babylon is [108] shown as an act of vengeance wreaked by Jehovah on behalf of the Judahites, exclusively; this vengeance is extended also to a king and the manner of his death (both apparently invented, but valid as historical precedents).

The presentation of history in the Old Testament ends with the next act of vengeance, on the Persian liberators! Western political leaders of our century, who often were flattered to be compared by Zionist visitors to good King Cyrus of Persia, the liberator of the Judahites, may not have read "The Law" with attention or have noted what then befell the Persians. Logically the Persians in their turn had to suffer for having Judahites among them.

For the purpose of this allegorical anecdote, a symbolic heathen "persecutor", Haman, was created, who advised the Persian king Ahasuerus: "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the peoples in all the provinces of thy kingdom and their laws are diverse from those of every people; neither keep they the king's laws; therefore it profiteth not the king to suffer them" (*Esther* 3). Thus far, Haman's words are not much different from the opinion which any statesman might, and many statesmen through the centuries until our day did, proffer in respect of the "severed" people and their unique Law. But then, according to *Esther*, Haman adds, "If it please the king, let it be written that they may be *destroyed*", and king Ahasuerus gives the order. (Haman has to speak so, and king Ahasuerus to act so, in order that the ensuing Jewish vengeance may come about.) Letters go out to all provincial governors that all Jews are to be killed in one day, "even upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month".

The later scribes who composed the book of Esther apparently wished to vary the theme of the powerful Judahite at the court of the foreign king, and conceived the character of Esther the secret Jewess, the favourite concubine of the Persian king who was raised to be his consort. At Esther's intercession the king cancels the order and has Haman and his ten sons hanged on gallows which Haman had built for Mordecai the Jew (Esther's cousin and guardian). The king also gives Mordecai carte blanche, whereon Mordecai instructs the governors of the "hundred twenty and seven provinces" from India unto Ethiopia to have the Jews in every city "gather themselves together and to stand for their life, to *destroy*, to slay and to cause to perish all the power of the people . . . both little ones and women . . ."

This countermanding decree being published, "the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day" and (a detail of interest) "many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them".

Then, on the appointed day, the Jews "smote all their enemies with the stroke of the sword, and slaughter, and *destruction*, and did what they would unto those that hated them, slaying of their foes "seventy and five thousand". Mordecai then ordered that the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the month Adar should in future be kept as "days of feasting and joy", and so it has been, ever since.

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Apparently Haman, Mordecai and Esther were all imaginary. No "king Ahasuerus" historically exists, though one encyclopaedia (possibly from the wish to breathe life into the veins of the parables) says that Ahasuerus "has been identified with Xerxes". In that case he was father of the king Artaxerxes who sent

soldiers with Nehemiah to Jerusalem to enforce the racial "New Covenant", and in that event, again, Artaxerxes so acted after witnessing in his own country a massacre of 75,000 Persian subjects by Jews!

No historical basis for the story can be discovered and it has all the marks of chauvinist propaganda.

The perplexing fact remains that, if it was invented, it could be true in every detail today, when The Law founded on such anecdotes has been imposed on The West. Today people cannot "become Jews" (or very rarely), but a familiar picture of our time is conveyed in the words, "many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them"; in our generation they become "Zionist sympathizers" from the same motive.

How faithful a portrait of the 20th Century politician in Washington or London is given in the passage, "and all the rulers of the provinces, and the lieutenants, and the deputies, and officers of the king, helped the Jews; because the fear of Mordecai fell upon them". If neither king Ahasuerus nor "Mordecai sitting in the king's gate" truly lived in 550 BC, nevertheless Mordecai in our century is real and powerful and two generations of public men have administered their offices from fear of him more than from care of their peoples' interest.

It is our today which makes this remote, implausible yesterday so plausible. On the face of it, Belshazzar and Daniel, Ahasuerus and Mordecai seem to be symbolic figures, created for the purpose of the Levitical political programme, not men who once lived. But . . . the massacre of the Czar and his family, in our century, was carried out according to verse 30, chapter 5 of *Daniel*: the hanging of the Nazi leaders followed the precept laid down in verses 6 and 10, chapter 7, and verses 13 and 14, chapter 9, of *Esther*.

Whether these anecdotes were fact or fable, they have become The Law of our century. The most joyful festivals of the Jewish year commemorate the ancient legends of destruction and vengeance on which The Law is based: the slaying of "all the firstborn of Egypt", and Mordecai's massacre.

Perhaps, then, it is even true that within fifty years of their conquest by Babylon the Jews brought about the destruction of that kingdom by Persia; and that within fifty years of their liberation by the Persian king they had in turn possessed themselves of the Persian kingdom, to such an extent that the king's governors "from India to Ethiopia" from fear of the Jews carried out a pogrom of 75,000 people, and that the death "accursed of God" was inflicted on some selected "enemies". In that case the Persian liberator fared rather worse at the captives' hands than the Babylonian captor, earlier.

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As this tale goes along, with its inevitable allusions to "the Jews", it is important to remember that there have always been two minds in Judaism, and quotations from our time serve to illustrate this.

A Chicago rabbi, Mr. Solomon B. Freehof, quoted by Mr. Bernard J. Brown, considered the story of Haman, Mordecai and Esther to be "the essence of all the history of the Jewish people"; whereas Mr. Brown himself (also of Chicago) says the celebration of Purim ought to be discontinued and forgotten, being in the present time "a travesty" even of "the festivals which were so disgusting" to the Israelite prophets. (Purim had not been invented when Isaiah and Hosea made their impassioned protests against the "appointed seasons" and "feast days").

Mr. Brown wrote in 1933 and the event of 1946, when the Nazi leaders were hanged on a Jewish feast day, showed that his remonstrance was as vain as the ancient remonstrances cited by him. In 1946, as twenty-seven centuries earlier, the view expressed by Rabbi Freehof prevailed. The essential features of the event commemorated by Purim are those which invariably recur in earlier and later stages of the story of Zion: the use of a Gentile ruler to destroy Gentiles and give effect to the Judaic vengeance.

From the time of Mordecai, as the Old Testament provides no more history, the student must turn to Judaist authorities to learn whether later events also were presented to Jews in the same light; namely, as a series of Jewish ordeals suffered at the hands of "the heathen", each leading to the ruination of the heathen nation concerned and to a Judaic vengeance.

This research leads to the conclusion that all history, to the present time, is so seen by the elders of the sect and so presented to the Jewish masses. In the same way that Egypt, Babylon and Persia, in the Old Testament, exist only insofar as they capture, oppress or otherwise behave towards Jews, who are then avenged by Jehovah, so in the scholars' presentation of the later period does all else fall away. Rome, Greece

and all subsequent empires have life and being, in this depiction, only to the extent that the behaviour of Jews towards them or their behaviour towards Jews gives them existence.

After Babylon and Persia, the next nation to feel the impact of the catalytic force was Egypt. The Jewish community in Alexandria (which had been large even before its reinforcement by fugitives from the Babylonian invasion) was at this period the largest single body of Jews in the known world; Egypt was in that respect in the position of Russia before the 1914-1918 war and of the United States today. The attitude of the Jews, or at all events of the elders, towards the Egyptians was the same as their earlier attitude towards the Persians and Babylonians.

Dr. Kastein says, first, that Egypt was "the historic refuge" for Jews, which sounds like a grateful tribute until subsequent words show that "a refuge" is a place to be destroyed. He describes the feeling of the Jews towards the Egyptians in words very similar to those concerning the Jews which *Exodus* attributes to the [111] Egyptians in respect of the earlier "captivity". He says, the Jews in Egypt "constituted a closed community . . . they led a secluded life and built their own temples . . . the Egyptians felt that the religious exclusiveness of the Jews showed that they despised and spurned their own form of faith". He adds that the Jews "naturally" upheld the Persian cause because Persia had formerly "helped them restore Judah.

Thus the fact that Egypt had given shelter, and was "the historic refuge" did not entitle Egypt to any gratitude or loyalty. Hostility to the host-people took the form of support for the Egyptians' enemy and therefore awoke Egyptian suspicion: "Other causes of hostility were the determination Shown by the Jews not to become assimilated with the people about them or *identify themselves with the country of their adoption* . . . The profound spiritual necessity of keeping in touch with every branch of the nation, the call for loyalty towards every group of their own people, however fragmentary, *was bound to affect the integrity of their citizenship of a particular state*".

"As in Babylon of yore", concludes Dr. Kastein, the Jews in Egypt extended "open arms" to the Persian conqueror. Yet Egypt had shown the Jews only hospitality.

Babylon, Persia, Egypt . . . then came Greece. In 332 BC. Greece conquered Persia and the Greek rule of Egypt began; Alexandria became the Greek capital. Many Alexandrine Jews would fain have followed Jeremiah's counsel to "seek the peace of the city". The power of the sect and the destructive teaching prevailed.

Dr. Kastein, the sect's devotee, says of Greece and its civilization merely that, "it was intellectually brilliant . . . but the *prototype* of everything that was mendacious, cruel, slanderous, cunning, indolent, vain, corruptible, grasping and unjust". He dismisses the episode of Greece with the triumphant note. "*The Alexandrian Jews brought about the disintegration of Hellenic civilization*".

Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Greece . . . Up to the start of the Christian era, therefore, history back to the Creation was presented to the Jews, by their scriptures and their scholars, as an exclusively Jewish affair, which took note of "the heathen" only insofar as they impinged on Jewish life, and as a record of destruction achieved against these heathen, in peace and war.

Was this portrayal true, of events in the pre-Christian era, and did it continue true of later events, down to our day?

The inference of our own generation, of which it is certainly true, is that it has always been true. In our century conflicts between nations, on the Babylonian-Persian model, even though they seemed at their start to be concerned with issues remote from any Jewish question, were turned into Judaic triumphs and Judaic vengeance, so that the destruction which accompanied them became an act of fulfilment under The Judaic Law, like the slaying of the Egyptian firstborn, the destruction of Babylon, and Mordecai's pogrom.

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Rome followed Greece, and when Rome rose Cicero evidently shared the opinion, about the part played by the Jews in the disintegration of Greek civilization, which a Dr. Kastein was to express twenty centuries later, for at the trial of Flaccus Cicero looked fearfully behind him when he spoke of Jews; he knew (he said) that they all held together and that they knew how to ruin him who opposed them, and he counselled caution in dealing with them.

Fuscus, Ovid and Persius uttered similar warnings, and, during the lifetime of Jesus, Seneca said, "The customs of this criminal nation are gaining ground so rapidly that they already have adherents in every

country, and thus the conquered force their laws upon the conqueror". At this period too the Roman geographer Strabo commented on the distribution and number of the Jews (which in our time is patently so much greater than any statistics are allowed to express), saying that there was no place in the earth where they were not.

Greece and Rome, in the common Gentile view, created enduring values on which the civilization of Europe was built. Out of Greece came beauty and Greek foundations lie beneath all poetry and art; out of Rome came law and Roman ones lie beneath Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus and the right of a man to fair and public trial, which was the greatest achievement of The West.

To the Zionist scholar Greece and Rome were just transient heathen manifestations, equally repellent. Dr. Kastein says disdainfully that in Rome "from the very beginning Judea quite rightly saw merely the representative of unintellectual and stupid brute force".

For three hundred years after the lifetime of Jesus, Rome persecuted the Christians. After the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity in 320 AD, the Jews were forbidden to circumcize their slaves, keep Christian ones, or intermarry; this application of the Judaic Law in reverse is held by Dr. Kastein to be persecution.

After the division of the Roman Empire in 395 Palestine became part of the Byzantine Empire. The ban on Jews in Jerusalem had only been lifted after Rome became predominantly Christian, so that the city might still have been empty of Jews, but for Christianity. However, when the Persians in 614 carried their war against Byzantium into Palestine, the Jews "flocked to the Persian army from all sides" and then participated, "with the fury of men bent on avenging themselves for *three hundred years of oppression*", in "a wholesale massacre of Christians", (again according to Dr. Kastein, to whom, as above shown, the ban on the enslavement of Christians is oppression).

Enthusiasm for the Persians died with the vengeance on Christians; fourteen years later the Jews "were only too ready to negotiate with the Byzantine emperor Heraclitus", and to help him to reconquer Jerusalem.

Then came Muhammad and Islam. Muhammad shared the view of Cicero and other, earlier authorities; his Koran, in addition to the allusion previously cited, says, "Thou shalt surely find the most violent of all men in enmity against the true [113] believers to be the Jews and the idolaters . . ."

Nevertheless, Islam (like Christianity) showed no enmity against the Jews and Dr. Kastein has a relatively good word for it: "Islam allowed the infidel absolute economic freedom and autonomous administration . . . Islam certainly practised toleration towards those of other faith . . . Judaism was never offered such fine chances, such fine opportunities to flourish, from Christianity".

These "opportunities to flourish" were provided by Islam for the Jews on the soil of Europe, in Spain, as previously told; this was the entrance into the West, made possible by Islam to "the most violent of all men". In the wake of the Islamic conqueror the Talmudic government (after the Caliph Omar had taken Jerusalem in 637 and swept on westward with his armies) moved into Spain!

The Visigoth kings there had already developed similar feelings, about the Jews in their midst, to those expressed by Cicero, Muhammad and others. One of their last, Euric, at the Twelfth Council of Toledo, begged the bishops "to make one last effort to pull this Jewish pest out by the roots" (about 680). After that the Visigoth era quickly came to an end, the Islamic invader establishing himself in southern and central Spain in 712.

Dr. Kastein says, "The Jews supplied pickets and garrison troops for Andalusia". Professor Graetz more fully describes this first encounter between the Jews and peoples of Northern *European* stock:

"The Jews of Africa . . . and their unlucky co-religionists of the Peninsula *made common cause with the Mohammedan conqueror, Tarik* . . . After the battle of Xeres, July 711, and the death of Roderic, the last Visigoth king, the victorious Arabs pushed onward and *were everywhere supported by the Jews*. In every city that they conquered, the Moslem generals were able to leave but a small garrison of their own troops, as they had need of every man for the subjection of their country; *they therefore confided them to the safekeeping of the Jews. In this manner the Jews, who but lately had been serfs, now became the masters of the towns of Cordova, Granada, Malaga and many others. When Tarik appeared before the capital, Toledo, he found it occupied by a small garrison only* . . . *While the Christians were in church, praying for the safety of their country and religion, the Jews flung open the gates to the victorious Arabs, receiving them with acclamations and thus avenged themselves for the many miseries which had befallen them* . . . *The capital also was*

*entrusted by Tarik to the custody of the Jews . . . Finally when Musa Ibn Nossair, the Governor of Africa, brought a second army into Spain and conquered other cities, he also delivered them into the custody of the Jews . . ."*

The picture is identical with that of all earlier historical, or legendary, events in which the Jews were concerned: a conflict between two "stranger" peoples was transformed into a *Judaic* triumph and a *Judaic* vengeance.

The Jews (as in Babylon and Egypt) turned against the people with whom they lived and once more "flung open the gates" to the foreign invader. The foreign invader, in his turn, "delivered" the cities taken by him to the Jews.

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In war the capital city and the other great cities, the power and control over them, are the fruits of victory; they went to the Jews, not to the victor. The Caliph's generals evidently paid as little heed to the Koran's warnings as Western politicians of today pay to the teaching of the New Testament.

As to "the miseries" for which the Jews thus took vengeance, Professor Graetz specifically states that the cruellest of these was the denial of the right to keep slaves: "the *most oppressive* of them was the restraint touching the possession of slaves; henceforward the Jews were neither to purchase Christian slaves nor to accept them as presents!"

If the Arab conquerors counted on thankfulness from those to whom they had "entrusted the capital" and the great cities, they misreckoned. After the conquest Judah Halevi of Cordova sang:

" . . . how fulfil my sacred vows, deserve my consecration,

While Zion still remains Rome's thrall, and I an Arab minion?

As trash to me all Spanish treasure, wealth or Spanish good,

When dust as purest gold I treasure, where once our temple stood!"

This spirit disquietened the Caliph's advisers, as it had disquietened the Visigoth kings, Muhammad and the statesmen of Rome. Abu Ishak of Elvira spoke to the Caliph at Cordova in words which again recall those of Cicero:

"The Jews . . . have become great lords, and their pride and arrogance know no bounds . . . Take not such men for thy ministers . . . for the whole earth crieth out against them; ere long it will quake and we shall all perish . . . I came to Granada and I beheld the Jews reigning. They had parcelled out the provinces and the capital between them; everywhere one of these accursed ruled. They collected the taxes, they made good cheer, they were sumptuously clad, while your garments, O Muslims, were old and worn-out. All the secrets of state were known to them; yet is it folly to put trust in traitors!"

The Caliph, nevertheless, continued to select his ministers from among the nominees of the Talmudic government of Cordova. The Spanish period shows, perhaps more clearly than any other, that the Jewish portrayal of history may be nearer to historical truth than the narrative according to the Gentiles; for the conquest of Spain certainly proved to be *Judaic* rather than Moorish. The formal Moorish domination continued for 800 years and at the end, in keeping with precedent, the Jews helped the Spaniards expel the Moors.

Nevertheless, the general feeling towards them was too deeply distrustful to be assuaged. This popular suspicion particularly directed itself against the *conversos*, or Marranos. The genuineness of their conversion was not believed, and in this the Spaniards were right, for Dr. Kastein says that between the Jews and Marranos "a secret atmosphere of conspiracy" prevailed; evidently use was being made of the Talmudic dispensation about feigned conversion.

In spite of this public feeling the Spanish kings, during the gradual reconquest, habitually made Jews or Marranos their finance ministers, and eventually

[115] appointed one Isaac Arrabanel administrator of the state finances with instructions to raise funds for the reconquest of Granada. The elders, at this period, were dutifully applying the important tenet of The Law about "lending to all nations and borrowing from none", for Dr. Kastein records that they gave "financial help" to the Christian north in its final assault on the Mohammedan south.



After the reconquest the stored-up feeling of resentment against the Jews, born of the 800 years of Moorish occupation and of their share in it, broke through; in 1492 the Jews were expelled from Spain and in 1496 from Portugal.

Today's Zionist historians show a remarkable hatred of Spain on this account, and a firm belief in a Jehovan vengeance not yet completed. The overthrow of the Spanish monarchy nearly five centuries later, and the civil war of the 1930's, are sometimes depicted as instalments on account of this reckoning. This belief was reflected in the imperious words used by Mr. Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, a leading Zionist, to Rabbi Stephen Wise in 1933: "Let Germany *share the fate of Spain!*" The treatment accorded to Spain in the subsequent decades of this century, in particular its long exclusion from the United Nations, has to be considered in this light.

At that point fifteen hundred years of the Christian era had passed and events had conformed to the pattern of the pre-Christian era, as laid down in the historical parts of the Old Testament, and to the requirements of the Judaic Law. The Jews in their impact on other peoples had continued, under Talmudic direction, to act as a destructive force . . .

"Captive" and "persecuted" everywhere they went (under their own Law, not through the fault of the peoples with whom they sojourned) their part was always what this Law ordained that it should be: to "pull down and *destroy*". They were indeed used by their rulers to "abet disorder" between others, as the Koran said, and through the disorders thus abetted their rulers achieved civil power, wreaked vengeance, supported invaders and financed counter-blows.

During all this time this was the behest of their Talmudic masters, and constantly Jews rose to protest against it; but The Law was too strong for them. There was no happiness or fulfilment for the Jews in this mission, but they could not escape it.

At the end of this first encounter with the West, after eight centuries, the land "spewed them out".

This was the moment, so decisive for our present generation, to which a previous chapter alluded. But for the secret which was stored in the depths of Russia, this might have been the end of the catalytic force.

The experience of this expulsion was a very hard one for the body of Jews who experienced it, and they and their descendants gave many signs that they accepted the inference and would in time find some way to remain Jews and yet to become involved in mankind. That would have meant the end of the destructive [116] idea and of the sect that fostered it.

Instead, the destructive idea survived and was projected into the affairs of the world through a new group of people, who had no physical descent from any Hebrews, or "children of Israel", or the tribe of Judah. They used the name "Jew" merely as a sign of allegiance to a political programme. The point now reached, in following the course of the destructive idea through the centuries, calls for some further description of these people (mentioned in the chapter on *The Movable Government*).

Even at the start of the 800 years in Spain (from 711 to 1492) the Jews there (the largest single community of Jews) were no longer Judahite or Judeans; not even they could claim to be of the pure line of Judah, or of Palestinian ancestry. Professor Graetz says of them, "The first settlement of Jews in beautiful Hesperia is buried in dim obscurity", and adds that the Jews there "desired to lay claim to high antiquity" for their ancestry, so that they simply asserted that "they had been transported thither after the destruction of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar".

Through many centuries the processes of nature and of man had enforced a mingling. The idea of a people chosen to rule the world over the bodies of fallen heathen appealed to primitive tribespeople in many places; the already-circumcized Arab could become a Jew and hardly notice any change; Rabbis in north African deserts and towns were remote from the "centre" and gladly extended their congregations. When the Roman emperors began to persecute "pagan religions" Judaism never fell under a general prohibition, so that many worshippers of Isis, Baal and Adonis, if they did not become Christians, entered the synagogues. The fierce law of tribal segregation could not at that time be enforced in places far from Babylon.

Thus the Jews who entered Spain with the Moors were, racially, already a mixed throng. During the 800 years *in* Spain the racial teaching was more strictly enforced, the "government" having been transferred to Spain, and in this way the "Sephardic" Jews took shape as a distinct national type. Then, at the expulsion

from Spain, the government, as already told, was suddenly transplanted to Poland. What became, at that point, of these Sephardic Jews, who alone may have retained some faint trace of original Judahite or Judean descent?

The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* is explicit: "The Sephardim are the descendants of the Jews who were expelled from Spain and Portugal and who settled in Southern France, Italy, North Africa, Asia Minor, Holland, England, North and South America, Germany, Denmark, Austria and Hungary". *Poland is not mentioned*; the Talmudic Government went there, but the mass of these Sephardic Jews distributed themselves in Western Europe; they moved westward, not eastward. The "government" was suddenly separated from the people and the mass began to dissolve.

The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says, of the Sephardim who were thus dispersed:  
[117] "Among these settlers were many who were the descendants or heads of wealthy families and who, as Marranos, had occupied prominent positions in the countries they had left . . . They considered themselves a superior class, the nobility of Jewry, and for a long time their co-religionists, on whom they looked down, regarded them as such . . . The Sephardim never engaged in chaffering occupations nor in usury and they did not mingle with the lower classes. Although the Sephardim lived on peaceful terms with other Jews they rarely intermarried with them . . . *In modern times the Sephardim have lost the authority which for several centuries they exercised over other Jews*".

The Sephardim, then, neither went to Poland nor mingled with other Jews, when they left the Spanish Peninsula and spread over Western Europe. They remained aloof and apart, "looked down" on others professing to be Jews, and lost their authority. (The Judaists reference works also give curious estimates of the decline in their proportion of Jewry, from a large minority to a small minority; these seem beyond biological explanation *and probably are not trustworthy*).

Thus, at this removal of "the centre", the body of people, in whose name it had asserted authority for two thousand years, abruptly changed its nature as by magic.

The Jews hitherto known to the world, who had just emerged from their first impact between their Law and the peoples of *the West*, and were *in reflective mood*, suddenly began to lose caste in Jewry and to dwindle in numbers!

The Talmudic government set out to prepare its second encounter with the West from a new headquarters, planted among an Asiatic people, the Khazars, converted to Jehovah worship many centuries before. The ruling sect was thenceforward to operate through this different body of people; they were wild folk who had not known the cautionary experience in Spain.

In 1951 a New York publisher who contemplated issuing one of the present writer's books was strongly advised not to do this by the head of a Jewish political bureau, and was told, "Mr. Reed invented the Khazars".

However, the *Judaist authorities agree about their existence* and conversion, and the historical atlases show the development of the Khazar kingdom, which at its greatest extent reached from the Black Sea to the Caspian (around 600 AD). They are described as a Tartar or Turco-Mongolian people and the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says that their chagan, or chieftain, "with his grandees and a large number of his heathen people embraced Judaism, probably about 679 AD".

The fact is attested by correspondence between Hasdai ibn Shapnet, Foreign Minister to Abdel Rahman, Sultan of Cordova, and King Joseph of the Khazars, exchanged about 960 AD. The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says that the Judaist scholars had *no doubts* as to the genuineness of this correspondence, in which the word *Ashkenazi* first occurs as denoting this sharply-outlined, hitherto unknown group of "Eastern Jews" *and as indicating Slav associations*.

[118]

This community of Turco-Mongolian Ashkenazim, then, was distinct in every element save that of the creed from the Jews previously known to the Western world, the Sephardim.

The hold of the Talmudic government, in the centuries that followed, became looser over the scattered communities of the West; but it ruled this new compact community in the East with a rod of iron.



The Jew of Semitic physiognomy became ever rarer (today the typical countenance of the Jew has Mongolian traits, as is natural).

No Gentile will ever know why this one mass-conversion of a numerous "heathen" people to Talmudic Judaism was permitted, thirteen hundred years ago. Was it chance, or were these elders able to foresee every mortal possibility? At all events, when the Sephardim were scattered and the destructive idea received, in Spain, its sharpest setback, this reserve force lay ready to hand and for the purpose of the destructive mission it was the best possible material.

Long before their conversion to Judaism the Khazars were hostile to the immigrant Russ from the north who eventually conquered them, established the Russian monarchy and accepted Christianity.

When the Khazars became converted the Talmud was complete, and after the collapse of their kingdom (in about 1000 AD) they remained the political subjects of the Talmudic government, all their resistance to Russia being governed by the Talmudic, anti-Christian Law. Thereafter they moved about in Russia, particularly to Kieff (the traditional "holy city" of Russian Christianity), elsewhere in the Ukraine, and to Poland and Lithuania.

Though they had no Judahite blood, they became under this Talmudic direction the typical nation-within-the-nation in Russia. The areas where they congregated, under Talmudic direction, became the centres of that anti-Russian revolution which was to become "the world revolution"; in these parts, and through these people, new instruments of destruction were forged, specifically for the destruction of Christianity and the West.

These savage people from the inmost recesses of Asia lived within the Talmud like any Babylonian or Cordovan Jew and for centuries "observed the Law" in order that they might "return" to a "promised land" of which their ancestors probably never heard, there to rule the world. In the Twentieth Century, when the politicians of the West were all agog with this project of the return, none of them had ever heard of the Khazars. Only the Arabs, whose lives and lands were directly at stake, knew of them, and vainly tried to inform the Peace Conference of 1919 and the United Nations in 1947.

After 1500, therefore, the Jews fell into two distinct groups: the scattered communities of the West, who were Sephardic in origin, and this closely corralled mass of Talmudic, Slav "Jews" in the East. Time had to show if the Talmudic centre would be able to make out of the Ashkenazim a destructive force as potent in the future as the earlier one in the past, and whether it could keep its hold over [119] the communities in the West, with their different tradition and their memory of the Iberian expulsion.

About the year 1500, then, the Talmudic government moved from Spain to Poland, establishing itself among a body of "Jews" hitherto unknown to the West and relaxing its hold on the Sephardic Jews, who began to dwindle in numbers and to disintegrate as a cohesive force (in the judgment of the Judaic elders). Only about 450 years separate that event and that point in time from our present day, when the effects of the removal of the Talmudists to Poland have shown themselves, and have answered the two questions raised in the last paragraph.

These 450 years saw the *visible* Talmudic "centre" cease to exist (in Dr. Kastein's words) and the destructive idea simultaneously enter Europe in a new form, which bore the name "revolution".

The 450 years have seen three of these "revolutions" (counting only the chief ones). Each was more destructive than the last. Each was recognizable as the heir of the former one by its chief characteristics, and these, again, were the chief characteristics of the Judaic Law as laid down in the Torah-Talmud. The main assault in each case was on legitimate government, nationhood and Christianity. Under the Judaic Law the only legitimate government is that of Jehovah and the only legitimate nation is that of Jehovah's chosen people; under the Talmudic supplement of that Law Christianity is specifically the chief of those "other gods", after whom the chosen are for bidden to "go a-whoring"; and "destruction", as has been shown, is a supreme tenet of that Law.

When these revolutions began they were supposed to be aimed at "kings and priests", as the symbolic figures of oppression. Now that the power of kings and priests is gone, but the revolution is established in permanence, it may be seen that these were false words, chosen to delude "the multitude". The attack was on *nationhood* (the murdered king being in each case the symbol) and on *religion* (the destruction of churches being the symbolic act).

These were recognizable marks of authorship. The Torah-Talmud is the only original fount of such ideas that research can discover. "He shall deliver their kings into thine hand and thou shalt *destroy* their name from them . . . ye shall utterly *destroy* all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods". At the very moment when the Talmudic government vanished from sight, after setting itself among a barbaric Asiatic people, this creed of destruction entered Western Europe and began its ruinous march.

These three revolutions, then, like the historic events of the pre-Christian era depicted in the Old Testament, and of the Christian era up to the expulsion from Spain, also conformed with and fulfilled the Judaic Law. All three of them bear the common hallmark of a Judaic triumph, as their outcome. Were they originally instigated, organized and directed by the Talmudists?

In that respect there is a great difference between the first two and the last one. [120] Talmudic incitement and control of the English and French revolutions cannot be discovered, at any rate by the present writer's research. In each case the *results* bore the familiar signs of the Judaic triumph (the "return" of the Jews to England; the emancipation of the Jews in France), although at the start of both revolutions the Jewish question had not been present in the public mind as an issue at stake. As far as the student can ascertain at this distance of time, the projection of "the Jewish question" into these issues, and its elevation to a chief place among them, was something achieved while the revolutions went along, and the Judaic elders who accomplished this did not actually bring about the revolutions.

The third case, that of the Russian revolution, is entirely different. It culminated in the greatest Judaic triumph and Judaic vengeance on record, either in Old Testamentary history or in later history, and was organized, directed and controlled by Jews who had grown up in the Talmud-controlled areas. This is a fact of our present day, demonstrable and undeniable, and it is the most significant fact in the whole story of Zion, illuminating all the past and giving the key to all the future.

For our century, which produced that event has also seen the word "revolution" given a new meaning, or more accurately, given its *true* meaning: destruction without end until The Law is fulfilled. When the word "revolution" first became current in the West it was held to mean a limited thing: a violent uprising in a definite place caused by specific conditions there at a certain time. Unbearable oppression produced an explosive reaction, rather in the manner of a kettle blowing off its lid: that was the popular conception, instilled in "the multitude" by elders who knew better.

The Russian revolution revealed that the revolution had been organized as a *permanent* thing: a *permanently* destructive force, *permanently* organized with a *permanent* headquarters and staff, and worldwide aims.

Thus, it had nothing to do with *conditions* here or there, or now and then, or local oppression. It stood for destruction as an aim in itself, or as a means of removing all legitimate government from the world and putting in its place some other government, other governors. Who could these be but the Talmudists themselves, given the Talmudic nature of the revolution in Russia and the obviously Talmudic aims of "the world revolution"?

What was aimed at was plainly the final consummation of The Law, in its literal form: "Thou shalt reign over every nation but they shall not reign over thee . . . the Lord thy God shall set thee on high above all nations of the earth".

Without this motive the three revolutions would never have taken the course they took; the course they took prefigures the shape of the future. They represent stages in and steps towards the fulfilment of The Law, and, once again, those who in their day seemed to be great or powerful men in their own right, like King Cyrus and the mysterious King Ahasuerus, now look like mere puppets in the [121] great drama of Judaic history as it moves towards its miraculous end in Jerusalem.

Cromwell was another such. To the average English schoolboy he lives only as the man who beheaded a king and brought back the Jews to England. Add to that his vaunted massacre of priests at Drogheda (an event which has not its like in British history) and what remains but a typical puppet-figure of Zionist history, created merely to help fulfil The Law?

Cromwell was one of the first of those many who since his day have called them selves Old Testamentary Christians, which figure of speech disguises the fact of anti-Christianity, as God and Mammon, on the best authority, cannot both be served. He forbade the celebration of Christmas Day, burned churches and murdered priors, and for an instant was a candidate for the Jewish Messiahship!

He was in power at the time when Sabbatai Zevi was whipping the Jewish masses into a frenzy of Zionist anticipation and shaking the Talmudic government to its foundations. Indeed, the alarm of the Talmudists about Sabbatai Zevi may have prompted the idea that they should use Cromwell to destroy him. In any case Jewish emissaries from Amsterdam were urgently despatched to England to discover whether Cromwell might be of Judaic decent! Had their research yielded positive results, Cromwell might have been proclaimed the Messiah, for he had one qualification most appealing to the elders: his zeal in "utter destruction". (If ever a Messiah should be proclaimed, the choice may prove surprising; when I was in Prague in 1939 a rabbi there was preaching that Hitler was the Jewish Messiah, so that a worried Jewish acquaintance asked me what I thought of this.)

Cromwell's pedigree disclosed no descent from David, or he would probably have been glad to play the part. His sword-and-Bible followers claimed by their bloodthirsty deeds to be fulfilling prophecy, and by restoring the Jews to England to be accomplishing the prescribed steps preparatory to the Millennium. They even proposed, on that account, that Cromwell's Council of State should follow the model of the ancient Sanhedrin and be composed of seventy members! (Cromwell himself had some contempt for these his "Millenarians", but as a "practical politician" of the kind familiar in our century he was glad to orate about "religious freedom" and the fulfilment of prophecy, while hunting down priests and clergymen).

For his part, Cromwell's real purpose was to enlist the financial support of the rich Amsterdam Jews (the entire history of the West seems to have been made under that tenet of the Judaic Law which commands lending unto all nations and borrowing from none). Mr. John Buchan says of the Amsterdam Jews that "they controlled the Spanish, Portuguese and much of the Levant trade . . . they commanded the flow of bullion; they would help him in the difficult finances of his government". Rabbi Manasseh ben Israel from Amsterdam (who had been [122] foretelling the advent of the Messiah and the return of the Jews to Palestine) came to London and the matter was arranged.

Manasseh ben Israel's petition to Cromwell is reminiscent of the kind of argument, formally respectful and implicitly menacing, which was used in this century by Dr. Chaim Weizmann in his dealings with British Prime Ministers and American Presidents; he asked for "the readmission" of the Jews to England in one breath, alluded darkly in the next to the Jehovan retribution awaiting those who resisted such demands, and then depicted the rewards which would follow compliance. The picture is closely comparable with that of a New York Zionist informing an American presidential candidate in our generation that he can only expect the "New York State vote" if he commits himself to uphold the Zionist state in peace and war, by money and arms.

What was demanded from Cromwell was in fact an act of public submission to the Judaic Law, not "the readmission" of the Jews, for they had never left England! They had been expelled on paper but had remained where they were, and a formal legalization of that situation was required. Cromwell was prevented by public opposition from doing this (although according to a Judaist authority, Mr. Margoliouth, he was offered £500,000 to sell to the Jews England's greatest Christian monument, Saint Paul's Cathedral, with the Bodleian Library thrown in!)

Then Cromwell's brief Interregnum came to an end (nevertheless, the popular mind insists on remembering him as the man who readmitted the Jews!) and at this first bid in the West the destructive idea gained little ground. England was able to digest its revolution as if nothing very much had happened and to go on its way, if not refreshed, at any rate little the worse. Legitimate government was at once restored and religion was at all events not damaged more by this alien attempt on it than by the native inertia which began to weaken it at that time.

Nevertheless, this new phenomenon "revolution" had entered Europe, and 150 years after the expulsion from Spain "the Jewish question" dominated the event.

The sequel to Cromwell's Interregnum deserves brief comment because of the way the restored king was used for the Jewish purpose, as if nothing had happened. At Cromwell's death the Jews transferred their financial aid to Charles II who, soon after his restoration, made the necessary amendments, formally legalizing the position of the Jews in England. This did not in the least avail his dynasty, for the Amsterdam Jews next financed the expedition of William of Orange against his brother and successor, James II, who was dethroned and fled to France, the Stuart dynasty then coming virtually to an end. Thus the answer to the question, "Who has won?", as between Cromwell and the Stuarts, seems to have been, the Jews.

After a hundred and fifty years the revolution struck again, this time in France. It seemed a separate, different revolution at the time, but was it truly so? It bore the same distinctive features as the English revolution, earlier (and the Russian [123] revolution, later): nationhood and religion were attacked under the pretext of curbing the tyranny of "kings and priests", and when that was done a much harsher despotism was set up.

At that time, after the partition of Poland, the Talmudic government had just "ceased to exist" (in Dr. Kastein's words), but obviously was operating from concealment; its activity would not have so abruptly ended after more than 2,500 years. Because of this withdrawal into obscurity today's student cannot trace what part it played, if any, in inciting and organizing the French revolution, through its followers in France. However, the revolution in Russia, 120 years later, gave proof of direct Talmudic-Jewish control in a measure never before suspected, so that this influence may have been greater, in the preparatory stages of the revolution in France, than history now reveals.

What is certain is that the French revolution, while it was brewing, was supposed to be for "the rights of man" (which presumably meant all men, equally), but when it began "the Jewish question", as by magic, at once came to the fore. One of the earliest acts of the revolution (1791) was the complete emancipation of the Jews (just as the law against "anti-semitism" was one of the first acts of the revolution in Russia).

Therefore the French revolution, in retrospect, assumes the look, common to its English predecessor and to so many violent events in history, of a Jewish triumph in its outcome; if it was not that in truth, then "history" has made it so. Presumably the masses concerned expected something quite different at its outset (and in that respect they resemble the masses which later were engaged in the two Twentieth Century wars).

The emancipation of the Jews was one enduring result of a revolution which achieved little else of permanence and left France in a condition of spiritual apathy from which it has never truly rallied. The history of France since the revolution is one of a long interregnum, in the course of which it has experimented, with almost every form of government known to man but has not until now again found happiness or stability.

From the downfall of Babylon to the revolution in France the ruling Talmudic Jews always acted as a destructive force among the peoples "whither I have driven thee". This was inevitable, given the creed to which they adhered and the fact that this religion was also The Law governing every act of their daily lives. Under the Judaic Law they could not act differently, and were indeed condemned to remain "the destroyers forever": "See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdom, to root out, and to pull down and to *destroy*".

The story of the Jews, under this control, was the same in Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome and Spain, and could not be anything else, given the unique Judaic Law.

Nevertheless not all "the Jews" wrote this story, nor is the story that of all "the Jews"; to omit this qualification would be like condemning "the Germans" for [124] National Socialism or "the Russians" for an essentially alien Communism.

Resistance to the Law of destruction has been continual in Jewry, as this account has shown. At all times and places the Jews have given out a more embittered protest against this destiny of destruction, forced on them, than the Gentiles have made against the threat of destruction, aimed at them.

The words, "the Jews", wherever used in this discussion, need always to be read with this qualification.

Within three hundred years of the expulsion from Spain, then, "the Jewish question" twice came to the forefront during violent civil conflicts which seemed, when they began, to have been caused by the clash of native interests: the revolutions in England and France (this narrative will in its later course come to the all-significant matter of the revolution in Russia, and the Jewish part in it).

The aftermath of the revolution in France produced a man who also tried to settle the controversy of Zion. History records attempts to solve "the Jewish question" by almost every imaginable method, from force and suppression to placation, compromise and capitulation. They all failed, leaving this question still a thorn in the side of the Gentiles (and, for that matter, of the Jews, who were somewhat in the condition of people sent into the world with a burr beneath their skins).

The method he chose was the simplest conceivable and possibly for that reason is remembered even now with some consternation by the devotees of Zion; this upstart was very nearly too clever for them!

He failed, apparently because this question cannot be solved by man at all, only by God in his good time.

The man was Napoleon, whose attempt needs to be considered before the study of the revolution which threw him up is resumed.

## Chapter 18

### THE NAPOLEONIC INTERROGATION

When Napoleon reached his dizzy peak of power he presumably hoped to do great things for France and the French, as well as for himself (and his family).

Very soon after he became Emperor (or possibly even before) he found that one of the most difficult problems which would confront him was not a French affair at all but an alien one: "the Jewish question"! It had racked the lives of the people for centuries; no sooner was the Pope persuaded, and the imperial crown on Napoleon's head, than it popped up from behind Napoleon's throne, to harass him.

In Napoleonic manner he took it by the throat and tried to extract an answer from it to the eternal question: did the Jews truly desire to become part of the nation and to live by its law, or did they secretly acknowledge another law which commanded them to destroy and dominate the peoples among whom they dwelt?

However, this famous Interrogation was Napoleon's *second* attempt to solve the Jewish riddle and the tale of the little known earlier one should briefly be told.

Napoleon was one of the first men to conceive the idea of conquering Jerusalem for the Jews and thus "fulfilling prophecy", in the currently fashionable phrase. He thus set an example imitated in the present century by all those British and American leaders who probably would most dislike to be compared with him: Messrs. Balfour and Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, and Sir Winston Churchill.

Napoleon's venture was so shortlived that history says almost nothing of it or of his motives. As he was at the time not yet ruler of France, only the commander in chief, he may have hoped by it merely to gain military support from the Jews of the Middle East for his campaign there. If he already pictured himself as First Consul and Emperor, he may (like Cromwell) have looked for monetary support from the Jews of Europe in that greater ambition.

In any case, he was the first European potentate (as supreme military commander he was really that) to court the favour of the Jewish rulers by promising them Jerusalem! In doing this he espoused the theory of separate Jewish nationhood which he later arraigned.

The story is authentic but brief. It rests entirely on two reports published in Napoleon's Paris *Moniteur* in 1799, when he was in command of the French expedition sent to strike at English power through Egypt.

The first, dated from Constantinople on April 17, 1799, and published on May 22, 1799, said: "Bonaparte has published a proclamation in which he invites all the Jews of Asia and of Africa to come and place themselves under his flag in *order to re-establish ancient Jerusalem*. He has already armed a great number and their battalions are threatening Aleppo".

This is explicit; Napoleon was undertaking to "fulfil prophecy" in the matter of "the return".

The second report appeared in the *Moniteur* a few weeks later and said, "It is not solely to give Jerusalem to the Jews that Buonaparte has conquered Syria; he has vaster designs. . ."

Possibly Napoleon had received news of the effect which the first report had produced in France, where this intimation that the war against England (like the revolution against "kings and priests") might be turned chiefly to Jewish advantage was not well received; alternatively, it may have done the English more good, among the other peoples of Arabia, than it could ever do Buonaparte among the Jews.

The bubble evaporated at that point, for Napoleon never reached Jerusalem. Two days before the first report was published by the distant *Moniteur*, he was already in retreat towards Egypt, thwarted by an obstinate Englishman at Acre.

Today's student feels somewhat resentful that Napoleon's Zionist bid was soon cut short, for if he had been able to press on with it a deputation of Zionist elders might soon have been examining his ancestry (like Cromwell's, earlier) for some trace of Davidic descent which would qualify him to be proclaimed the Messiah.

Thus all that remains today of this venture of Napoleon's is a significant comment made on it in our time by Mr. Philip Guedalla (1925): "An angry man had missed, as he thought, his destiny. But a patient race still waited; and after a century, when other conquerors had tramped the same dusty roads, it was seen that we had not missed ours".

The reference is to the British troops of 1917, who in this typical Zionist presentation of history are merely instruments in the fulfilment of Jewish destiny, a part missed by Napoleon. Mr. Guedalla uttered these words in the presence of Mr. Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister of 1917 who had sent those soldiers along those same "dusty roads". Mr. Lloyd George thus was able to sun himself in the approving gaze of an audience which looked on him as "an instrument in the hands of the Jewish God" (Dr. Kastein).

In 1804 Napoleon was crowned Emperor; and by 1806 "the Jewish question" was so large among his cares that he made his renowned second attempt to solve it.

Amid all his campaigns he was engrossed by it, like many potentates before him, and now he tried the reverse method of settling it: having briefly undertaken to restore "ancient Jerusalem" (and thus the Jewish nation), he now demanded that the Jews choose publicly between separate nationhood and integration in the nation wherein they dwelt.

He was in bad odour with the French at this time because of the favour which (they said) he showed to Jews. Complaints and appeals for protection against them poured in on him, so that he told the Council of State, "These Jews are locusts and caterpillars, they devour my France. . . They are *a nation within the nation*". Even *Orthodox* Judaism at that time strenuously denied this description.

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The State Council itself was divided and in doubt, so that Napoleon summoned 112 leading representatives of Judaism, from France, Germany and Italy, to come to Paris and answer a list of questions.

The strange world in which Napoleon thus set foot is little understood by Gentiles. It is illumined by the following two quotations:

"Owing to the acceptance of the idea of the Chosen People and of salvation, the Jewish world was Judeocentric, and the Jews could interpret everything that happened only from the standpoint of *themselves as the centre*" (Dr. Kastein).

"The Jew constructed a whole history of the world of which he made *himself the centre*; and from this moment, that is, the moment when Jehovah makes the covenant with Abraham, the fate of Israel forms the history of the world, indeed, the history of the whole cosmos, the one thing about which the Creator of the world troubles himself. It is as if the circles always become narrower; at last *only the central point remains: the Ego*" (Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain).

One of these authorities is a Zionist Jew and the other is what the first would call an anti-semite; the reader will see that they are in perfect agreement about the essence of the Judaic creed.



Indeed, the student of this question finds that there is really no disagreement about such matters between the Talmudic-Jewish scholars and those objectors whom they accuse of prejudice; what the Jewish extremists really complain of is that any criticism should be made from quarters "outside the law"; this is to them intolerable.

The questions devised by Napoleon show that, unlike the British and American politicians of this century who have taken up Zionism, he perfectly understood the nature of Judaism and the problem of human relationships thrown up by it. He knew that, according to the Judaic Law, the world had been created, at a date precisely determined, solely for the Jews and everything that happened in it (including such an episode as that of his own fame and power) was calculated simply to bring about the Jewish triumph.

Napoleon in his day comprehended the Judaic theory as it is expounded, in this century, by Dr. Kastein in relation to King Cyrus of Persia and his conquest of Babylon in 538 BC:

"If the greatest king of the age was to be *an instrument in the hands of the Jewish God*, it meant that this God was one who determined the date not only of one people *but of all peoples; that he determined the fate of nations, the fate of the whole world*".

Napoleon had tentatively offered to make himself "an instrument in the hands of the Jewish God" in the matter of Jerusalem, but had been foiled by the defender of Acre. Now he was Emperor and was not ready to be "an instrument", nor would he accept the proposition at all.

He set out to make the Jews stand up and declare their allegiance, and shrewdly devised questions which were equally impossible to answer without repudiating [128] the central idea, or to evade without incurring the later reproach of falsehood. Dr. Kastein calls the questions "infamous", but that is only in the spirit earlier mentioned, that *any* question from a being outside the Law is infamous.

In another passage Dr. Kastein says, with involuntary admiration, that Napoleon in his questions "correctly grasped the principle of the problem", and this is higher praise than that accorded by Dr. Kastein to any other Gentile ruler.

Also, it is true; had mortal man been able to find an answer to "the Jewish question" Napoleon would have found it, for his enquiries went to the very heart of the matter and left truthful men only with the choice between a pledge of loyalty and an open admission of inveterate disloyalty.

The delegates, elected by the Jewish communities, came to Paris. They were in a quandary. On the one hand, they were all bred in the age-old faith that they must ever remain a "severed" people, chosen by God to "pull down and destroy" other nations and eventually to "return" to a promised land; on the other hand, they had just been foremost among those emancipated by the revolution, and the most famous general of that revolution, who interrogated them, once had undertaken to "re-establish ancient Jerusalem".

Now this man, Napoleon, asked them to say whether they were part of the nation he ruled, or not.

Napoleon's questions went, like arrows to a target, straight to the tenets of the Torah-Talmud on which the wall between the Jews and other men had been built. The chief ones were, did the Jewish Law permit mixed marriages; did the Jews regard Frenchmen as "strangers" (foreigners) or as brothers; did they regard France as their native country, the laws of which they were bound to obey; did the Judaic Law draw any distinction between Jewish and Christian debtors?

All these questions turned on the discriminatory racial and religious laws which the Levites (as earlier chapters showed) had heaped upon the moral commandments, thus cancelling them.

Napoleon with the utmost publicity and formality put *questions* before the Jewish representatives, which the world for centuries had been asking.

With this fierce light beating on them the Jewish notables had only two alternatives: to repudiate the racial Law in all sincerity, or to profess repudiation while secretly denying it (an expedient permitted by the Talmud).

As Dr. Kastein says, "The Jewish scholars who were called upon to refute the charges found themselves in an extremely difficult position, *for to them everything in the Talmud was sacred, even its legends and*

*anecdotes*". This is Dr. Kastein's way of saying that they could only evade the questions by falsehood, for they were not "called upon to refute charges"; they were merely asked to answer truthfully.

The Jewish delegates *ardently affirmed* that there was no longer any such thing as a Jewish nation; that they did not desire to live in closed, self-governed communities; that they were in every respect Frenchmen and nothing more. They [129] hedged only on the point of mixed marriages; these, they said, were permissible "under the *civil* law".

Even Dr. Kastein is constrained to call Napoleon's next move "a stroke of genius".

It established historically that if forced publicly to answer these vital questions (vital to the peoples with whom they live) the representatives of Judaism will give answers which are either untrue or to which they cannot give effect.

The events of the decades that followed showed that the claim to separate nationhood-within-nations was never renounced by those who truly wielded power in Jewry.

Thus Napoleon, in failure, achieved a historic victory for truth which retains its value in our day.

He sought to give the responses obtained by him the most binding public form, which would commit Jews everywhere and for all the future to the undertakings given by their elders, by desiring that the Great Sanhedrin be convened!

From all parts of *Europe* the traditional 71 members of the Sanhedrin, 46 rabbis and 25 laymen, hastened to Paris and met among scenes of great magnificence in February 1807. Though the Sanhedrin, as such, had not met for centuries, the Talmudic "centre" in Poland had but recently ceased publicly to function, so that the idea of a directing body of Jewry was real and live.

The Sanhedrin went further than the Jewish notables in the completeness and ardour of its declarations; (incidentally, it began by recording thanks to the Christian churches for the protection enjoyed in the past, and this tribute is worth comparing with the usual Zionist version of history in the Christian era, which suggests that it was all a long ordeal of "Jewish persecution" at Christian hands).

The Sanhedrin acknowledged *the extinction of the Jewish nation to be an accomplished fact*. This solved the central dilemma thrown up by the fact that the Law, which theretofore had always been held to be exclusively binding for Jews, allowed no distinction between religious and civil law. As "the nation" had ceased to exist, *the Talmudic laws of daily life were proclaimed to be no longer effective*, but the Torah, as the law of faith, remained immutable; thus said the Sanhedrists. If any clash or dispute were to occur, the religious laws were to be held *subordinate* to those of the state in which individual Jews lived. Israel thenceforward would exist *only as a religion*, and *no longer looked forward to any national rehabilitation*.

It was a unique triumph for Napoleon (and who knows how much it may have contributed to his downfall?). The Jews were liberated from the Talmud; the way to their re-integration in their fellow men, their involvement in mankind, was reopened where the Levites had closed it over two thousand years before; the spirit of discrimination and hatred was renounced and exorcised.

These declarations formed the basis on which the claim for full civil liberties was made and realized throughout the West in the years that followed. All [130] sections of Judaism, known to the West, supported them.

Thenceforth Orthodox Judaism, with the face it turned toward the West, denied any suggestion that the Jews would form a nation within nations. Reform Judaism in time "eliminated every prayer expressing so much as even the suspicion of a hope or a desire for any form of Jewish national resurrection" (Rabbi Moses P. Jacobson).

The ground was cut from beneath those opponents of Jewish emancipation in the British Parliament who contended that "the Jews look forward to the coming of a great deliverer, to their return to Palestine, to the rebuilding of their temple, to the revival of their ancient worship, and therefore, they will always consider England not as their country, but merely as their place of exile" (quoted by Mr. Bernard J. Brown).

Yet these warning voices spoke the truth. In less than ninety years the declarations of the Napoleonic Sanhedrin had in effect been cancelled, so that Mr. Brown was brought to write:

"Now, although civil equalities have been firmly established by law in nearly every land, Jewish nationalism *has become the philosophy of Israel*. Jews should not be surprised if people charge that we obtained equality before the law under false pretences; *that we are still a nation within nations and that rights accorded us should be revoked*".

Napoleon unwittingly did posterity a service in revealing the important fact that the replies obtained by him were valueless. The one-and-only Law, of all thought and action, was in the remainder of the Nineteenth Century reinflicted on the Jews by their Talmudic rulers, and by Gentile politicians who gave them the same help as King Artaxerxes gave to Nehemiah.

Were the responses sincere or false when they were given? The answer probably may be divided, just as Judaism itself has always been divided.

No doubt the delegates had much in mind the accelerating effect which their responses, as they were framed, would have on the grant of full equality in other countries. On the other hand, many of them must earnestly have hoped that the Jews, at long last, might enter into mankind without secret denials, for in Jewry this impulse to break through the tribal ban has always existed, though it has always been beaten back by the ruling sect.

The probability is that some of the delegates sincerely intended what they said, and that others "secretly broke" (Dr. Kastein's phrase) with the loyalties thus publicly affirmed.

Napoleon's Sanhedrin had a basic flaw. It represented the Jews of *Europe*, and these (who were in the main the Sephardim) were losing authority in Jewry. The Talmudic centre, and the great mass of "Eastern Jews" (the Slavic Ashkenazi) were in Russia or Russian-Poland, and not even Napoleon gave much thought to that fact if he even knew of it. These Talmudists were not represented in the Sanhedrin and the responses given were by their Law heresy, for they were the [131] guardians of the traditions of the Pharisees and Levites.

The Sanhedrin's avowals brought to an end the third Talmudic period in the story of Zion. It was that which began with the fall of Judea in AD 70, when the Pharisees bequeathed their traditions to the Talmudists, and at the end of these seventeen centuries the eternal question seemed, by the Sanhedrin's responses, to have been solved.

The Jews were ready to join with mankind and to follow the counsel of a French Jew, Isaac Berr, that they should rid themselves "of that narrow spirit, of corporation and congregation, in all civil and political matters not immediately connected with our spiritual law. In these things we must absolutely appear simply as individuals, as Frenchmen, guided only by a true patriotism and by the general good of the nations". That meant the end of the Talmud, "the hedge around the Law".

It was an illusion. In the eyes of today's Gentile student it seems to have been a great opportunity missed. In the eyes of the literal Jew it was an appalling danger narrowly averted: that of common involvement in mankind.

The fourth period in this narrative then began, the century of "emancipation", the 19th Century. During it the Talmudists in the East set out to cancel what the Sanhedrin had affirmed, and to use all the liberties gained through emancipation, not to put Jews and all other men on one footing, but to corral the Jews again, to reaffirm their "severance" from others and their claim to separate nationhood, which in fact was one to be a nation above all nations, not a nation-within-nations.

The Talmudists succeeded, with results which we are witnessing in our generation, which is the fifth period in the controversy of Zion. The story of their success cannot be separated from that of the Revolution, to which this narrative now returns.

## Chapter 19

### THE WORLD REVOLUTION

For the sake of orderly sequence this narrative has been carried through to Napoleon's Sanhedrin; the answers given by it closed the third, and opened the fourth period in the story of Zion, which began with the public renunciation of separate-nationhood and ended, ninety years later, with the public re-affirmation of separate-nationhood in its extremest form.

Before it continues into that fourth phase, the narrative now must move back twenty years to the start of the *world-revolution*, and consider what part, if any, was played by "the Jews" in that.

The 19th Century, in the West, differed from the preceding eighteen centuries of the Christian era there in the emergence of two movements with a converging aim, which by the century's end dominated all its affairs.

The one movement, Zionism, aimed at reassembling a dispersed nation in a territory promised to it by *the Jewish god*; the second movement, Communism, aimed at the destruction of separate nationhood as such.

Thus these two movements appeared at first sight to be fixedly opposed to each other, for the one made nationalism its religion, even its god, and the other declared war to the death on nationalism. This antagonism was only apparent, and in truth the two movements ran on parallel tracks, not head on towards a collision on the same line. For the god who promised land to the nation to be gathered-in also promised to set it "above all people that are upon the face of the earth" and to destroy all other nations "with a mighty destruction until they be destroyed". The world-revolution, which pursued the second of these aims, thus fulfilled the condition set for the first of them; either by accident or by design, it too was doing the will of Jehovah.

That being so, the historian's task is to find out, if he can, what relationship existed between the organizers of Zionism and those of the world-revolution. If there was none, and the parallelism of purpose was coincidental, then history was evidently having a little joke with the West. If relationship can be shown, the pattern of the last 170 years prefigures the shape of coming events; in that case the world-revolution has been the handmaiden of Zion.

These 170 years have probably been the most profligate and least creditable in the history of the West. At the start of the 19th Century it had behind it seventeen centuries of Christian achievement; the world had never before seen man so much improve his own state and his conduct to others; even warfare was becoming subject to a civilized code, and the future seemed certain to continue this upward process. By the middle of the 20th Century much of this achievement had been lost; a large area of the West had been surrendered to Asiatic barbarism; the question whether the remaining West and its faith could even survive clearly hung in the balance and probably would be answered during the closing decades of the century.

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The period which saw this deterioration was that of the rise of the Judaist power to a peak of influence in the affairs of the West which hardly any European potentate or pontiff, doctrine or dogma had ever attained. The picture of this swelling might, spreading over Europe like an eastern thundercloud, is given in two quotations from the beginning and end of the 19th Century. In 1791 the great German historian Johann Gottfried von Herder, looking back on the hundred years behind him, wrote:

"The ruder nations of Europe are *willing slaves* of Jewish usury. . . The Jewish people is and remains in Europe an Asiatic people alien to our part of the world, *bound to that old law which it received in a distant climate*, and which according to its own confession it cannot do away with. . . It is indissolubly bound to *an alien law that is hostile to all alien peoples*".

The newspaper reader of 1807, when he learned of the Sanhedrin's ardent avowals of non-nationhood, would presumably have dismissed von Herder as a "bigot" (or even an "antisemite"), but the years and events have shown that he, like many before him, was but a scholar speaking truth. A hundred years later, in 1899, another, Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, looked back on what Herder had written and recorded the further, continuing usurpation of power:

"A great change has taken place: the Jews play in Europe, and wherever European influence extends, a different part from that which they played a hundred years ago; as Viktor Hohn expresses it, we live today in a 'Jewish age'; we may think what we like about the past history of the Jews, their present history actually takes up so much room in our own history that we cannot possibly refuse to notice them: The 'alien' element emphasized by Herder has become more and more prominent. . . The direct influence of Judaism on the 19th Century appears for the first time as a new influence in the history of culture; it thus becomes one of the burning subjects of the day. This alien people has become precisely in the course of the 19th Century a disproportionately important and *in many spheres actually dominant* constituent of our life . . . . Herder said that 'the ruder nations of Europe were willing slaves of Jewish usury'. Today Herder could say the same of *by far the greatest part of our civilized world. . . . our governments, our law, our science, our commerce, our literature, our art, practically all branches of our life, have become more or less willing slaves of the Jews and drag the feudal fetter, if not yet on two, at least on one leg. . . . . The direct influence of Judaism on the 19th century thus becomes one of the burning subjects of the day. We have to deal here with a question affecting not only the present, but also the future of the world. . . . . If the Jewish influence were to gain the upper hand in Europe in the intellectual and cultural sphere, we would have one more example of negative, destructive power.*"

Such was the development in a hundred years from von Herder to Chamberlain. The last three sentences are a brilliant prognosis, for Chamberlain had not seen the *proofs*, which our century has brought, of the truth of what he [134] said; namely, that fantastic feat of international stage-management on the grand scale in October 1917 when Communism (the destroyer of nationhood) and Zionism (the creator of the dominant nation) triumphed at the same instant!

In the sixty years which have passed since Chamberlain wrote the process observed by him and Herder has gathered pace and power. The question no longer simply "affects the future of the world"; it is with us every day and we have no *present* that is not shaped by it; it has already altered the nature of the world and of man's lot in it. "Our governments", in the half-century that has elapsed, have become such "willing slaves" of the Judaic master-sect that they are in fact the bailiffs or agents of a new, international ruling-class, and not true governors at all.

The West has come to this dilemma through the pressure of two millstones, Communism and Zionism, the nation-destroying world-revolution and the new, nation-creating, ruling-class. The one has incited the mob; the other has gained mastery over rulers. Are the organizers of both the same? This book seeks to answer the question in its remaining chapters. What is clear is that each stage in the ruination of the West, during these 170 years, has been accompanied by successive stages of "the return" to the promised land. That is an indication of common managership too strong to be set aside unless it can be conclusively disproved. To the "heathen" masses of Christendom the process which began with the emergence of the world-revolution in 1789 has been merely one of sound and fury, signifying nothing; but the student perceives that in majestic rhythm it fulfils The Law and The Prophets of Judah.

The 19th Century was one of conspiracy, of which the things we witness in the 20th Century are the results. Conspiracy bred Communism and Zionism, and these took the future of the West in a pincer-like clutch. What were their origins? Why did they germinate in darkness until they broke ground together in the 19th Century? Had they a *common* root? The way to answer that question is to examine the roots of each separately and find out if they join; and the purpose of this chapter and the next is to trace the root-idea of world-revolution.

The French revolution was the *world-revolution* in action, not a revolution *in* France. From the moment of the event in France no doubt remains on that score. Before then people might indulge notions about suffering peasants, stung to sudden uprising by arrogant aristocrats and the like, but diligent study of

the background of the French revolution dispels such illusions. It was the result of a plan and the work of a secret organization revealed before it occurred; it was *not* merely a French outburst produced by French causes. The plan behind it is the plan of Communism today; and Communism today, which is the world-revolution in permanence, has inherited the organization which evolved the plan.

The French revolution of 1789 is the one that provides the key to the mystery. It forms the link between the English one of 1640 and the Russian one of 1917 and reveals the whole process as a planned and continuing one which, having [135] passed through these three stages, clearly will reach its final orgasm at some moment not far distant, probably during this century. That climax, foreseeably, will take the shape of an attempt to consummate and complete the worldrevolution by setting up a world-government under the control of the organization which has guided the revolutionary process from its start. This would establish the sway of a new ruling-class over the submerged nations. (As Dr. Kastein would say, it would "determine the fate of the whole world").

This picture, which only slowly emerged as the three centuries passed, is today clear in its historical perspective, where each of the three great revolutions is seen in the light thrown on it by the next:

(1) The English revolution *appeared* at the time to be a spontaneous English episode, directed only against the pretensions, at that moment, of a particular royal house, the Stuarts, and a particular form of religion, called "Popery". No contemporary dreamed of considering it as the start of a *world-movement* against *all* religion and *all* legitimate government. (The ruling sect of Jewry supplied the revolutionary dictator with funds and by means of this, traditional "abetting" part the Jewish leaders became chief beneficiaries of the revolution; if they had any part in the original instigation of it, this cannot be shown, nor has any evidence of a long-term, master-plan behind the revolution survived).

(2) The nature and course of the French revolution, however, puts the English one in a different light. It was *not*, and even at the time did not seem to be, a native French episode caused merely by French conditions. On the contrary, it followed a plan for *universal* revolution discovered and made public some years before; and the secret organization then exposed had members in many countries and all classes. Therefore its most characteristic acts (regicide and sacrilege), though they repeated those of the revolution in England, were seen not to be spontaneously vengeful deeds committed in the heat of a moment, but actions deliberately symbolic of a *continuing* plan and purpose: the destruction of *all* religion and *all* legitimate government, everywhere. Inevitably, this revelation leads to the surmise that the English revolution too may have been prepared by this secret organization with the aim of destroying all nationhood. (In the French revolution, as in the English one, the Judaist sect emerged as a chief beneficiary; the general emancipation of Jews, which came of it, was used by it as a cover for its conspiratorial work during the ensuing decades. Original Judaist instigation is not shown by any evidence now available.)

Thus the French revolution, unlike the English one, demonstrably was the product of a major conspiracy, with worldwide aims and deep roots. From this instant, the nature of the plan was plain, but the conspirators, wherever they were unmasked, seemed to be a horde of individuals with no bond of union between them save that of the arsonist's lust for destruction. The purpose was beyond doubt, but the identity of the organizers was still mysterious. This half-clarified scene was depicted in famous words by a classic authority on the subject, Lord Acton:

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"The appalling thing in the revolution is not the tumult *but the design*. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the *evidence of calculating organization*. *The Managers* remain studiously concealed and masked *but there is no doubt about their presence from the first*".

The French revolution, then, revealed a *design* behind revolution, and it was the design of a set purpose in a *worldwide* field. What had seemed planless at the time of the English revolution now was seen to be, or had become the result of a plan and a pattern, and the conspiracy clearly was of such strength and age that its complicity in the earlier revolution had to be allowed for. However, this second revolution still left "the managers" masked, so that only half of the mystery had been solved (Lord Acton died in 1902 and thus did not see the third revolution).

(3) The revolution in Russia, again, opened room for new theories about the French and English revolutions. Its acts of regicide and sacrilege were as unmistakable an identity-card as the Muslim's greeting is a token of his faith; by them it informed all who wished to hear that it was still working to "the design" of worldwide destruction first revealed by the French revolution. Moreover, the secret, for a hundred years called "a lie", was no longer even denied; from 1917 on the world-revolution was avowedly *permanent*,



avowedly worldwide in purpose, and the erstwhile secret conspiracy became a political party, operating in all countries under orders from a central headquarters in Moscow.

Thus the Russian revolution threw a brighter light on the French one, clarifying its outlines and origins. However, in the matter of the "studiously concealed" and "masked" *managers*, the Russian revolution threw an entirely different light on the two earlier ones, or at the least it opened up conjectures about their possible origins which none had previously spent much thought upon. The "managers" of the revolution in Russia were nearly all Eastern Jews. On this occasion the significant, symbolic acts of regicide and sacrilege were committed by Jews and a law was enacted which in effect forbade all discussion of the part played by Jews, or by "the Jewish question", in these events or in public affairs at all.

Thus vital questions were answered and what was a great mystery in 1789 became plain in 1917. The great benefit which today's student derives from the French revolution is the proof, supplied by it, of the existence of a *design* for world-revolution, and of an *organization* which pursued that destructive ambition. Its existence and activity made the 19th Century the century of the grand conspiracy. A sense of evil things stirring in dark places, like the sounds which a prisoner in a dungeon awaits at night, disquieted men and nations. This was the feeling imparted by conspiracy to the enpested air around. From the moment of the French revolution men intuitively knew that they lived with conspiracy in their midst; in our day, which has suffered its effects, we can at least see with what we have to deal, if we look, and may say that it is the devil that we [137] know.

Perhaps the greatest disservice that Napoleon did was, by his campaigns and glittering exploits to distract men's thoughts from the much greater danger that menaced them: the world-revolution and its secret "managers". But for him they might have paid more attention to the conspiracy, for they had the proof of its existence.



## Chapter 20

### THE DESIGN

This proof was given when the papers of Adam Weishaupt's secret society of "Illuminati" were seized by the Bavarian Government in 1786 and published in 1787. The original blueprint of *world*-revolution, and the existence of a powerful organization with members in the highest places, were then revealed. From that moment on no doubt remained that all countries and classes of society contained men who were leagued together to destroy *all* legitimate government and *all* religion. The conspiratorial organization burrowed underground again after its exposure, but survived and pursued its plan, bursting into full public view in 1917. Since then, as Communism, it has openly pursued the aims disclosed by the Bavarian Government's coup of 1786, by the methods then also revealed.

The publication of the Weishaupt documents came about by a chance as curious as that of the preservation of Mr. Whittaker Chambers's documents in 1948.\* They were only a residue, remaining after the bulk had been destroyed, for something of the Illuminati's doings and designs had become known before 1786, partly through the boastings of its members, partly through the disclosures of some who (like Mr. Chambers 160 years later) revolted against the company in which they found themselves when they comprehended its true nature. Thus the Dowager Duchess Maria Anna of Bavaria in 1783 received information from former Illuminates that the order was teaching that religion should be regarded as nonsense (Lenin's "opiate for the people") and patriotism as puerility, that suicide was justifiable, that life should be ruled by passion rather than reason, that one might poison one's enemies, and the like. As a result of this and other information the Duke of Bavaria in 1785 issued an edict against the Illuminati; the order was indicted as a branch of Freemasonry, and government officials, members of the armed services, professors, teachers and students were forbidden to join it. A general ban was laid on the formation of secret societies (that is, bodies which banded together without making registration, as the law required).

\* Mr. Whittaker Chambers, an impressionable, rather morbid young American, was "captured" by the Communists at Columbia University, New York, in 1925 and became an agent and courier who, working under an alias, conveyed stolen official documents to his Communist superiors. In 1938 he sickened of his bondage and fled the party. In 1939, appalled by the alliance between Communism and Hitlerism, he tried to inform President Roosevelt of the infestation of government departments by Communist agents, and of the espionage that went on, but was rudely rebuffed, being told by a presidential emissary to "go jump in the lake". As a precaution, he had secreted his proofs (photographs of hundreds of secret official documents) in a disused lift-shaft and in the course of years forgot them, for he heard nothing more until 1948! Then his name was mentioned in the course of an enquiry arising out of disclosures made by another former Communist agent, and he was sub-poenaed to give evidence. He did this and was at once sued for libel by a high government official, Mr. Alger Hiss, whom he incriminated of stealing highly secret papers and conveying them, through Mr. Chambers, to the Communists. For his own protection he then sought out his relative in New York and asked if the package, secreted in the disused service-lift shaft ten years before, was still there. Covered with dust, it was, and the enormity of its contents, examined again after ten years, startled even Mr. Chambers. He hid the packet in a pumpkin on his farm, where at last it came to light of day when his defence against the libel charge had to be produced. This led to the conviction of his accuser, Mr. Hiss, and to the *partial* exposure of a condition of Communist infestation in the American Government so deep and widespread, that American state policy obviously must, during the entire period of the Second World War, have been to a great extent under the direct influence of the world-revolutionary leaders in Moscow.

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This interdict (which obviously could not be made effective; *secret* organizations cannot be suppressed by decree) put the conspirators on guard, so that (as the two historians of the Illuminati relate, Messrs. C.F. Forestier and Leopold Engel) "a considerable amount of the most valuable papers of the order were either carefully concealed or burned" and "few documents survive, for most of them were destroyed and external relationships were broken off, in order to avert suspicion"; in other words, the order went deep underground. Thus the documents which *were* found, in 1786, represent only a minimum. M.Forestier says that in 1784 (the last year in which it tended rather to vaunt its power than to conceal it) the order stretched from its Bavarian base "over all Central Europe, from the Rhine to the Vistula and from the Alps to the Baltic; its members included young people who were later to apply the principles instilled into them, officials of all kinds who put their influence at its service, members of the clergy whom it inspired to be 'tolerant' and princes whose protection it was able to claim and whom it hoped to control". The reader will see that this is a picture of Communism today, save for the allusion to "princes"; the number of these has diminished almost to nothing since 1784.

However, the papers which were found and published, if they did not show the full range of the Illuminati's membership and connections, especially in France, Britain and America, nevertheless exposed the nature of the secret society and its all-destructive ambition. An Illuminist emissary was struck by lightning on a journey to Silesia in 1785. Papers found on him caused the houses of two Illuminist leaders to be searched. Correspondence between "Spartacus" (Adam Weishaupt) and the "Areopagites" (his closest associates in the order), and other papers then found revealed the full plan for world-revolution with which we of the 20th Century have become familiar through its results and under the name of "Communism".

None can believe today that this grandiose plan of destruction originated in the brain of one Bavarian professor, or resist the conclusion that (as Mrs. Nesta Webster suggests) Weishaupt and his allies did not *create*, but only loosed upon the world a live and terrible force that had lain dormant for many centuries.

When he founded his Illuminati, on May 1, 1776, Weishaupt was dean of the faculty of law at Ingolstadt University (in our day university professors who are secret Communists are often to be found in the faculties of law). He had been brought up by the Jesuits, whom he came to hate, and he borrowed from them, and perverted to the opposite purpose, their secret of organization: the method which (as his associate Mirabeau said) "under one head, *made men dispersed over the universe tend towards the same goal*". This idea, of leaguering men together in secret conspiracy and using them to achieve an aim which they do not comprehend, pervades the entire mass of letters and other Illuminist documents seized by the Bavarian Government.

The idea is presented with ardent fondness and the many ways of realizing it [140] are of high ingenuity. The accumulated experience of ages, in conspiracy, must have been drawn on and Mrs. Nesta Webster, in her search for the source of this morbid and perverse doctrine, found herself led back to the start of the Christian era and further. For instance, M. Silvestre de Sacy says that the method used by the Ismailis (a subversive sect within Islam in the 8th Century) was to enlist "partisans in all places and in all classes of society" in the attempt to destroy their professed faith and government; the Ismaili leader, Abdullah ibn Maymun, set out "to unite in the form of a vast secret society with many degrees of initiation freethinkers, who regarded religion only as a curb for the people, and bigots of all sects". The achievement of Abdulla ibn Maymun, according to another authority, M. Reinhart Dozy, was that "by means such as these the extraordinary result was brought about that a multitude of men of divers beliefs were all working together for an object known only to a few of them". These quotations exactly describe both the aims, methods and achievement of Adam Weishaupt and of Communism and they could be multiplied by extracts from the literature of the Cabalists, the Gnostics and the Manicheans.

The Weishaupt documents are incontestably authentic; the Bavarian Government unwittingly forestalled any attempt to cry "Forgery" (in the manner made familiar in our century) by inviting any who were interested to inspect the original documents in the Archives at Munich.

They revealed three main things: first, the aims of the society; second, the method of organization; and third, the membership, at least in a relatively restricted area (chiefly, the South German States). These three matters will be separately discussed here.

The basic idea, made abundantly clear in the correspondence between "Spartacus" and his pseudonymous fellow-conspirators, was to destroy all established authority, nationhood and religion, and thus to clear the way for the rise of a new ruling class, that of the Illuminates. The society's aims, as summed up by Henri Martin, were "the abolition of property, social authority and nationality, and the return of the

human race to the happy state in which it formed only a single family without artificial needs, without useless sciences, every father being priest and magistrate; priest of we know not what religion, for in spite of their frequent invocations of the God of Nature, many indications lead us to conclude that Weishaupt had no other God than Nature herself".

This is confirmed by Weishaupt; "Princes and nations will disappear . . . Reason will be the only code of man". In all his writings he completely eliminated any idea of divine power outside Man.

The attack on "kings and princes" was merely "cover" for the true attack, on all *nationhood* (as time has shown; now that the supply of kings and princes has given out Communism impartially destroys proletarian prime ministers and politicians); and that on "priests" was a disguise for the real attack, on *all* religion. The true aim, in both cases, is revealed in Weishaupt's own

[141] correspondence with his intimates; the false one was professed to inferior agents of the society, or to the public if it ever got wind of Illuminist doings. Weishaupt's great skill in enlisting important people, who joined him in the belief that they were thus proving themselves "progressive" or "liberal", is shown by the number of princes and priests who were found in his secret membership-lists.

The best example of his success, and of his quick adaptability of method, is given by the case of religion. His attack on religion was a much more daring and startling thing in his day than in ours, when we have lived long enough with open Communism to become familiar with a proposition which in Weishaupt's day must have seemed scarcely credible: that man, having once found his way to the idea of God, should of his own will retrace his footsteps!

Weishaupt's original idea was to make Fire Worship the religion of Illuminism. This was unlikely ever to bring recruits from the ranks of the clergy, and he hit on a better idea, which brought them in numbers. He averred that Jesus had had "a secret doctrine", never openly revealed, which could be found by the diligent between the lines of the Gospels. This secret doctrine was to abolish religion and establish reason in its place: "when at last Reason becomes the religion of man so will the problem be solved". The idea of joining a secret society of which Jesus had been the true founder, and of following an example set by Jesus in using words to disguise meaning, proved irresistible to the many clerics who then passed through the door thus opened to them. They were figures of a new kind in their day; in ours the Communist cleric has become familiar.

The Illuminist leaders privately mocked them. "Spartacus's" chief collaborator "Philo" (the Hanoverian Baron von Knigge) wrote, "We say then, Jesus wished to introduce no new religion, but only to restore natural religion and reason to their old rights . . . There are many passages in the Bible which can be made use of and explained, and so all quarrelling between the sects ceases if one can find a reasonable meaning in the teaching of Jesus, *be it true or not* . . . Now therefore that people see that *we are the only real and true Christians*, we can say a word more against priests and princes, but I have so managed that after previous tests *I can receive pontiffs and kings in this degree*. In the higher Mysteries we must then (a) *disclose the pious fraud* and (b) reveal from all writings the origin of *all* religious lies and their connexion . . ."

"Spartacus" happily commented, "You cannot imagine what sensation our Priest's degree is arousing. The most wonderful thing is that great Protestant and reformed theologians who belong to Illuminism still believe that the religious teaching imparted in it contains the true and genuine spirit of the Christian religion. Oh, man, of what cannot you be persuaded! I never thought that I should become the founder of a new religion".

Through this success in persuading clerics that irreligion was the true faith and antichrist the true Christianity Weishaupt made great strides in Bavaria. He recorded that all non-Illuminist professors had been driven from Ingolstadt

[142] University, that the society had provided its clerical members with "good benefices, parishes, posts at court", that the schools were Illuminist-controlled, and that the seminary for young priests would soon be captured, whereon "we shall be able to provide the whole of Bavaria with proper priests".

Weishaupt's attack on religion was the most distinctive feature of his doctrine. His ideas about "the god of Reason" and "the god of Nature" bring his thought very close to Judaic thought, in its relation to the Gentiles, and as Illuminism became Communism, and Communism came under Jewish leadership, this might be significant. The Judaic Law also lays down that the Gentiles (who as such are excluded from the world to come) are entitled only to the religion of nature and of reason which Weishaupt taught. Moses Mendelssohn,\* as quoted in his Memoirs, says:

"Our rabbis unanimously teach that the written and oral laws which form conjointly our revealed religion are obligatory *on our nation only*: 'Moses commanded us a law, even the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob'. We believe that all other nations of the earth have been *directed by God to adhere to the laws of nature* . . . Those who regulate their lives according to the precepts of *this religion of nature and of reason* are called virtuous men of other nations . . ."

In this authoritative view, then, God himself excluded the Gentiles from his congregation and commanded them to live merely according to the laws of nature and of reason. Thus Weishaupt was directing them to do just what the Jewish god directed them to do. If the Talmudic rabbis had no part in inspiring Illuminism (and research cannot discover any) the reason why they later took a

\* Moses Mendelssohn wrote this nearly two hundred years ago and it correctly defines the Judaist attitude toward Kipling's "lesser breeds without the Law". In our day (1955) a proposal was being bruited in Jewry to bring the lesser breeds nominally *within* the Judaist fold while perpetuating their inferiority and exclusion. As the reader of this book will recall, in the pre-Christian era proselytes were sought, but from the start of the Christian period Judaist hostility to conversion has been firm and even fierce (with the one exception of the mass-conversion of the Mongolian Khazars, from whom today's Ashkenazi sprang) and the Talmud says that "proselytes are annoying to Israel like a scab".

In 1955 a young Reform rabbi, born in Germany but living in America, suggested that the time had come for Judaism to undertake missionary work among the Gentiles. The basis he laid down was identical with Moses Mendelssohn's dictum; this rabbi, Mr. Jakob Petuchowski, merely succeeded in finding a solution to what had seemed to Mendelssohn an insoluble difficulty ("Pursuant to the principles of my religion, I am not to seek to convert anyone who is not born according to our laws; . . . the Jewish religion is diametrically opposed to it" i.e., conversion).

Mr. Petuchowski proposed, in fact, that conversions made by his proposed mission should be on a basis which would give the convert a status, in relation to the original Jews, rather comparable with that of the American Negro, during the slavery era, to the white folk in the big plantation house. The converts would be required (in other words, permitted) only to obey the "Seven Laws of Noah", (the allusion is presumably to the ninth chapter of *Genesis*), and not the hundreds of commands and vetoes attributed to God by the "Mosaic Law". In this way the "lesser breeds" would apparently receive, at the hands of Judaism, the "religion of nature and of reason" recommended for them by Adam Weishaupt and Moses Mendelssohn alike. If they then called themselves "Jews", this would be rather as the plantation Negro took his owner's family-name.

This ingenious proposal may have been prompted by the reflection that Jewish power in the world is now so great that a solution to the problem of the status of the "lesser breeds" will have to be found, if "The Law" is to be literally "observed". Mr. Petuchowski's own words were, "Religious Jews do believe that the plans for God's kingdom on earth have been delivered into their keeping. . . Those Gentiles, therefore, who have this larger salvation at heart, should be made acquainted with what Judaism has to offer, and should be invited to cast in their lot with the household of Israel".

What was here "offered" was in fact "the religion of nature and reason".

[143] directing part in Communism seems here to become plain.

So much for the *aims* of the Illuminati. They are those of Communism today, unchanged. As for the method, every baseness of which human beings are capable was listed for exploitation in the cause of recruitment. Among the papers were found two packets which particularly horrified public opinion at the time. They contained documents laying down the order's right to exercise the law of life and death over its members, a eulogy of atheism, the description of a machine for the automatic destruction of secret papers, and prescriptions for procuring abortion, counterfeiting seals, making poisonous perfumes and secret ink, and the like. Today, again, the contents of a Communist laboratory are familiar to any who follow such matters, but in 1787 the effect of this disclosure, in Catholic Bavaria, was like a glimpse of the antechamber of Hades.

Weishaupt's papers included a diagram illustrating the way in which he exercised control over his organization. It shows what might be a section of chain-mail, or of honeycomb, and is identical with the celebrated "cell" system on which Communism is built today. It is the product of an intelligence of the highest kind (and, obviously, of centuries of experience; methods of this sort cannot be devised without a long process of trial and error). The secret is that damage to such a structure cannot be more than local, the main fabric remaining always unimpaired and capable of repair. If a few links, or cells, are destroyed these can be made good in due time, and meanwhile the organization continues, substantially unharmed.

At the centre of this web sat Weishaupt, and held all threads in his hands. "One must show how easy it would be for one clever head to direct hundreds and thousands of men", he wrote above the diagram, and below it he added, "I have two immediately below me into whom I breathe my whole spirit, and each of these two has again two others, and so on. In this way I can set a thousand men in motion and on fire in the simplest manner, and in this way one must impart orders and operate on politics".

When the Illuminist papers were published most of its members first learned that Weishaupt was its head, for he was known only to his close associates. The mass knew only that, somewhere above them, was a "beloved leader" or "big brother", a Being all-wise, kindly but stern, who through them would reshape the world. Weishaupt had in fact achieved the "extraordinary result" ascribed to Abdulla ibn Maymun in Islam: under him "a multitude of men of divers beliefs were all working together for an object known only to a few of them".

The fact that each dupe only knew his two neighbour dupes would not alone have been enough to bring about that result. How were the Illuminates *kept* together? The answer is that Weishaupt discovered, or received from some higher intelligence the secret on which the cohesive strength of the world-revolution rests today, under Communism: terror!

All Illuminates took "illuminated" names, which they used in their dealings [144] with each other, and in all correspondence. This practice of the alias, or "cover name", has been continued to the present-day. The members of the Communist governments which usurped power in Russia in 1917 were known to the world, for the first time in history, by aliases (and are so known to posterity also). The exposures of 1945-1955 in America, England, Canada and Australia showed that the men who worked as Communist agents in the governments of these countries used "cover-names", in the way begun by Weishaupt.

Weishaupt organized his society in grades, or circles, the outer rings of which contained the new recruits and lesser dupes. Advancement through the grades was supposed to bring initiation into further chapters of the central mystery. Weishaupt preferred the enrolment of young men at their most impressionable ages, between 15 and 30. (This practice also was continued into our day; Messrs. Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, Whittaker Chambers, Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess and others were all "netted" at their American or English universities). Other grades or degrees were added as the circle of recruitment widened, or especial obstacles to it were discovered; the example of religion has already been given, and in this case also Communism, by making use of the suggestion that Jesus was the first Communist, has followed Weishaupt's precedent, merely changing "Illuminist" to "Communist". In this approach to prospective members the manner of the invitation, "Will you walk into my parlour?", was varied to meet individual cases.

The young men who were recruited for the conspiracy were sworn in with much intimidating ceremonial, including a significant mockery of the Christian sacrament. They were required to supply a dossier about their parents, listing their "dominant passions", and to spy on each other. Both these ideas are basic in Communism and one possibly original source of them is the "Mosaic Law", where the obligation to denounce kinsfolk who incur suspicion of heresy, and to place "a guard upon my guard", is included in the "statutes and judgments".

The young Illuminate was made to feel that he would never know how many eyes of unknown superiors might be on him (he only *knew* his immediate superiors); he was taught to inform on those around him and inferred that they informed on him. This is the basic principle of terror, which can never be completely established merely by killing, torture or imprisonment; only the knowledge that he can trust no man, not his own son or father or friend, reduces the human victim to utter submission. Since Weishaupt's day this secret terror has been resident in the West. Those who have no personal experience of it may gain understanding of the power it wields in our day, even many thousands of miles from its central headquarters, by reading Mr. Whittaker Chambers's description of his flight into concealment after he resolved to break with his Communist masters.

As to the membership of the Illuminati, the papers discovered showed that, after ten years of existence, it had several thousand members, many of them in [145] important civil positions where they could exert influence on the acts of rulers and governments. They even *included* rulers: the contemporary Marquis de Luchet relates that some thirty reigning and non-reigning princes had gutlessly joined an order, the masters of which were sworn to destroy them! It included the Dukes of Brunswick, Gotha and Saxe-Weimar, princes of Hesse and Saxe-Gotha, and the Elector of Mainz; Metternich, Pestalozzi the educationist, ambassadors and politicians and professors.



Above all others, it included the man who, twenty years later, was to write the world's most famous masterpiece on the theme of the youth who sold his soul to the devil. The inference that *Faust* was in truth the story of Goethe and Illuminism is hard to resist; its theme is essentially the same as that of *Witness* and other works which, in our day, have been written by men who escaped from Communism.

These lists were obviously not even complete, for the reason previously given, that precautions had already been taken before the Bavarian authorities raided the dwellings of Weishaupt's chief associates in 1786. For the same reason, the documents discovered only show a part of the area over which the Illuminati had spread; Weishaupt's own diagram showed that the secret order was constructed in such a way that detection should never uncover or damage more than a segment. It is possible, for the same reason again, that Weishaupt was but a group or area leader, and that the high directorate of what demonstrably was a world-revolutionary organization was never unmasked.

What is certain is that, although the Illuminist documents contained no names or other indications to show its power in France, the French revolution, when it began three years later, developed into an attack on all civil authority and all religion, exactly of the kind planned by Weishaupt and his associates. From that day to this writers in the service of the world-revolution (their name is legion, in all countries) have never ceased to deny all connexion whatsoever between Illuminism and the French Revolution; they artlessly argue that, as the secret society was forbidden in 1786, it cannot have had anything to do with an event in 1789.

The truth is that Illuminism, though forbidden, was no more extirpated than Communism would be by a legal ban today, and that its agents gave the French revolution those landmarks which identify it as the work of the *world* revolutionaries, not of discontented French people. The acts of the Reign of Terror were of a nature unimaginable before they were committed, but they had long been familiar, in imagination, to the Illuminati. In what other minds could the idea have taken shape that the vessels of the sacramental supper should be borne by an ass in public procession through the streets of Paris? They were nurtured in the ancient tradition of such mockery, and their own initiates were admitted in a ceremony mocking the sacrament. In what brain but Weishaupt's could the notion of enthroning an actress as Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame [146] have found birth?

"For the purpose of infernal evocation . . . it is requisite . . . to profane the ceremonies of the religion to which one belongs and to trample its holiest symbols underfoot"; this is Mr. A.E. Waite's description of the formula of black magic, and black magic and satanism were two of the ingredients in the Illuminist brew.

Weishaupt and his intimates, or perhaps his masters, proposed to enter into France through their agents, secret Illuminates, in high places. In this century we have seen what great results can be achieved by this method, the aborted result of the Second World War, and the condition of armed truce in which it has left the world, was brought about by such men as Hiss and White and the higher men who protected them. Weishaupt selected the perfect way of gaining such power over French affairs and events: through another, very powerful secret society, which he permeated and captured by the methods laid down in his papers. This was Grand Orient Freemasonry.

The plan to acquire control of Freemasonry through Illuminist agents, and the success achieved, is plainly stated in Weishaupt's papers. First he records that, "I have succeeded in obtaining a profound glimpse into the secrets of the Freemasons; I know their whole aim and shall impart it all at the right time in one of the higher degrees". At a later stage he gave a general order for his "Areopagites" to enter Freemasonry: "Then we shall have a masonic lodge of our own. . . we shall regard this as our nursery garden. . . at every opportunity we shall *cover* ourselves with this . . ." (i.e., Freemasonry).

This device of advancing "under cover" (which is still basic in Communism today) was the guiding principle: "If only the aim is achieved, it does not matter under what *cover* it takes place; and a *cover* is always necessary. For in concealment lies a great part of our strength. For this reason we must always *cover* ourselves with the name of another society. The lodges that are under Freemasonry are in the meantime the most suitable cloak for our high purpose . . . a society concealed in this manner cannot be worked against. . . In case of a prosecution or of treason *the superiors cannot be discovered*. . . We shall be *shrouded* in impenetrable darkness from spies and emissaries of other societies".

Today's Communist method, once again, may be clearly recognized in these words; they could be applied to the "capture" of parties, associations and societies in our day without change of a syllable. The extent of Weishaupt's success is best shown by quotation from the lament uttered, five years after the



outbreak of the French revolution, by the Duke of Brunswick, Grand Master of German Freemasonry, who had also been an Illuminate. In 1794 he dissolved the order with words of pained surprise:

"... We see our edifice" (i.e., Freemasonry) "crumbling and covering the ground with ruins; we see *destruction* that our hands no longer arrest. . . A *great sect* arose, which taking for its motto the good and the happiness of man, worked in the darkness of the conspiracy to make the happiness of humanity a prey for [147] itself. This sect is known to everyone; its brothers are known no less than its name. It is they who have undermined the foundations of the Order to the point of complete overthrow; it is by them that all humanity has been poisoned and led astray for several generations . . . They began by casting odium on religion . . . the plan they had formed for breaking all social ties and *destroying all order* was revealed in all their speeches and acts . . . they recruited apprentices of every rank and in every position; *they deluded the most perspicacious men by falsely alleging different intentions*. . . Their masters had nothing less in view than the thrones of the earth, and the government of the nations was to be directed by their nocturnal clubs. This is what has been done *and is still being done*. But we notice that princes and people are unaware how and by what means this is being accomplished. That is why we say to them in all frankness: the misuse of our Order . . . has produced all the political and moral troubles with which the world is filled today. You who have been initiated, you must join yourselves with us in raising your voices, so as to teach peoples and princes that *the sectarians, the apostates of our Order, have alone been and will be the authors of present and future revolutions* . . . So as to cut out to the roots the abuse and error, we must from this moment dissolve the whole Order. . . "

In this quotation the present narrative has jumped five years ahead of events, in order to show that one of the leading Freemasons of that generation, himself a penitent, identified the Illuminati as the authors of the French revolution and of *future* revolutions. Weishaupt's success in his declared intention of capturing Freemasonry from within, and the part then played by Illuminist agents inside Freemasonry in directing the revolution, could not be attested by a better authority than the Grand Master of German Freemasonry himself.

Under this injected influence Freemasonry, which was very strong in France, took an extreme course and produced the Jacobin clubs; these, again under Illuminist influence, presided over the Reign of Terror, when the masked authors of the revolution revealed its true nature by their deeds. Like the Russian revolution 130 years later, the one in France then displayed its hatred of the poor and defenceless more than of the rich, of the peasants of the Vendee more than their supposed oppressors, of all beauty as such, of churches and religion, of everything that might uplift the human soul above the level of animal needs and desires.

Adam Weishaupt himself became a Freemason in 1777, the year after he founded the Illuminati, being received into a Munich lodge. Count Mirabeau, the later revolutionary leader in France, was privy both to Weishaupt's intention to join and to the secret reason for it, for his *Memoirs* included a paper, dated 1776, which set out a programme identical with that of the Illuminati, and in his History of the Prussian Monarchy he refers to Weishaupt and to the Illuminati by name and says:

"The Lodge Theodore de Bon Conseil at Munich, where there were a few men [148] with brains and hearts, was tired of being tossed about by the vain promises and quarrels of Masonry. The heads resolved to *graft on to their branch another secret association to which they gave the name of the Order of the Illuminés. They modelled it on the Society of Jesus, whilst proposing to themselves views diametrically opposed*".

This is the exact intention and method described by Weishaupt in his own correspondence, and this is the proof that Mirabeau, the later revolutionary leader, knew of it at the time, that is in 1776. Moreover, his words suggest that the secret society of the Illuminati was founded with the express intention of gaining control of Freemasonry and of instigating and directing revolution through it. That Mirabeau was party to the whole undertaking from the start is suggested by the fact that the memoir of 1776 (the year in which the Illuminati were founded) ascribes to him the Illuminist "cover-name" of Arcesilas, so that he must have been a founder member, with Adam Weishaupt, and a leading Illuminate thereafter. Mirabeau, as the link between Weishaupt and the French Revolution, cannot be ignored. The editor of his *Memoirs*, M. Barthou, remarks that the "plan of reform" of 1776, found among Mirabeau's papers, "resembles very much in certain parts the work accomplished later by the Constituent Assembly" (the revolutionary parliament of 1789). That is another way of saying that the work of the Constituent Assembly very much resembled Adam Weishaupt's plan of 1776, when he and Mirabeau together were founding the Illuminati and planning together to gain control of Freemasonry.

The other stages in Weishaupt's underground capture of Freemasonry are also clear in the record. At the general congress of 1782 (seven years before the revolution) at Wilhelmsbad the Illuminati gained so

many recruits that the Order of the Strict Observance, previously the most powerful body in Freemasonry, ceased to exist. The way to complete victory in the Masonic world was opened when the Illuminati enlisted the two most important personages in German Freemasonry, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick (the later penitent) and Prince Carl of Hesse.

In 1785 Illuminist emissaries attended another general congress, in Paris, and from that moment the detailed planning of the revolution seems to have become the task of the Lodge of the Amis Reunis, which was a "cover" for the Illuminati. The blurring of traces at this point is the result of the notoriety which the order gained in Bavaria, its proscription in the following year, 1786, and the destruction of evidence. Nevertheless, in 1787, the same emissaries visited Paris at the invitation of the secret committee of the Lodge.

Even before the revolution had really developed, the fact that it was instigated and directed by Illuminism was known and published. The indictment and the warning uttered by the Marquis de Luchet stands out today as an astonishingly accurate prediction, not only of the course which the revolution would take in France, but of the continuing course of the *world* revolution down to our day. As [149] early as 1789 he wrote:

"Learn that there exists a conspiracy in favour of despotism against liberty, of in capacity against talent; of vice against virtue, of ignorance against enlightenment . . . This society aims at governing *the world* . . . Its object is universal domination . . . No such calamity has ever yet afflicted the world . . . "

De Luchet precisely depicted the role which the monarch was to be forced to play during the Girondist phase ("see him condemned to serve the passions of all that surround him . . . to raise degraded men to power, to prostitute his judgment by choices that dishonour his prudence"), and the plight in which the revolution would leave France ("We do not mean to say that the country where the Illuminés reign will cease to exist, but it will fall into such a degree of humiliation that it will no longer count in politics, that the population will diminish . . ."). If his warning went unheeded, cried de Luchet, there would be "a series of calamities of which the end is lost in the darkness of time . . . *a subterranean fire smouldering eternally and breaking forth periodically in violent and devastating explosions*".

The events of the last 165 years have not been better described than in these words of de Luchet, which foretold them. He also foresaw the "liberal and progressive" patron of the revolution who was to help greatly in bringing about the "violent and devastating explosions" of these 165 years: "there are too many passions interested in supporting the system of the Illumines, too many deluded rulers, imagining themselves enlightened, ready to precipitate their people into the abyss". He foresaw the continuing strength and clutch of the conspiracy: "the heads of the Order will never relinquish the authority they have acquired nor the treasure at their disposal". De Luchet called on Freemasonry to cleanse its stable while time remained: "would it not be possible to direct the Freemasons themselves against the Illumines by showing them that, whilst they are working to maintain harmony in society, those others are everywhere sowing seeds of discord and preparing the ultimate destruction of their order?" 165 years later, in Britain and America, men were calling on their governments in just such words, and just as vainly, to cleanse the public offices and services of the Illumines, by then called Communists.

The measure of de Luchet's foresight is given by the fact that he wrote in 1789, when the French revolution was hardly a revolution; it was universally held to be merely a mild, health-giving reform which would leave the monarch a wise meed of power, amend obvious evils, and establish justice and freedom for ever in a happy, regenerated France! That was still the general belief in 1790, when across the Channel another man saw the true nature of the revolution and "predicted with uncanny accuracy the course of events", to quote his biographer of more than a century later, Mr. John Morley.

Edmund Burke, an Irishman, was one of the greatest orators the British House of Commons ever saw. Time is the test of such a man's quality, and as the years pass the phrases of his attack on the French revolution ring ever more nobly; as in [150] de Luchet's case, the remarkable thing is that it was published in 1790, when the names of Robespierre and Danton were hardly known, before the word "republic" had been heard, when the king looked forward to long years of constitutional reign, when all France was joyfully celebrating the peaceful improvement that had been effected. Across this happy scene fell suddenly the shadow of Burke's outstretched arm, pointing "like an inspired prophet" to the doom to come. His biographer says, "It is no wonder that when the cloud burst and the doom was fulfilled men turned to Burke as they turned of old to Ahithopheth, whose counsel was as if men enquired of the oracle of God".

Unhappily that is not a true picture of what occurred when Burke's warning was fulfilled. Very many men turned *against* Burke, not to him, precisely *because* he had spoken the truth; indeed, the power which the conspiracy even at that time wielded over the press and public debate is most clearly shown by the way flattery of him was suddenly turned into attack and defamation after he published his *Reflections* on the revolution. The Illumines, and the "liberal and progressive" organs and speakers controlled by them, had greatly counted on Edmund Burke, because he had upheld the cause of the American colonists a decade earlier. How could he support one revolution and attack another, they asked angrily, and Burke came under the kind of general attack which the united press, in our generation, keeps in its locker for any man who publicly demands the investigation of Communism-in-government.

Had Burke followed the "progressive" line, and pretended that the French revolution would help "the common man", the flattery of him would have continued, but in that case nothing he said would have been of enduring value, or have been remembered today. As it is, the inspired words of his attack on the revolution have the imperishable gleam of gold: "It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound . . . The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever".

If these words, too, were inspired prophecy (and in 1955 they look truer than they were even in 1790) Christendom and the West at least found an eloquent and noble mourner in Edmund Burke. For he knew the difference between "revolutions" as clearly as he saw the true shape of the event in France. He was not to be bamboozled by the fact that somebody had miscalled a colonial war of independence, led by country squires, a "revolution". As a genuine friend of liberty, he had supported the colonists' bid to govern themselves and be masters in their own household. There was no resemblance whatever between their motives and those of the secret men who, as Burke saw, were behind the revolution in France. Therefore he stretched out his accusing hand and was as heedless of the reproaches of "liberal" and "progressive" as he had been of their flattery on the earlier occasion (assuredly Edmund Burke knew that their praise then had not been prompted by any sympathy with New England merchants or [151] Southern plantation-owners).

In America, at that moment, the general feeling about the event in France was a deluded one, produced by the confusion of ideas which Burke rejected. There was, for the time being, a popular notion that another benign "revolution" had occurred, somewhat similar to the "American revolution". There was a transient "French Frenzy", when Americans wore cockades and liberty-caps, danced, feasted and paraded beneath intertwined French and American flags, and shouted "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity". With the Reign of Terror, this phase of illusion was followed by one of revulsion and horror.

The Jacobin leaders directed the Reign of Terror and, as good Illuminates, used classic pseudonyms in the manner initiated by "Spartacus" Weishaupt himself: Chaumette was Anaxagoras, Clotz (described as a Prussian baron) was Anarcharsis, Danton Horace, Lacroix Publicola and Ronsin Scaevola. These terrorists, when they succeeded the Kerensky-phase, faithfully carried out the plan of the Illuminati, and by the killing of a king and the desecration of churches gave expression to its two chief ideas: the destruction of all legitimate government and of all religion. Yet even they were apparently only tools, for a contemporary, Lombard de Langres, wrote of that "most secret convention which directed everything after May 31, an occult and terrible power of which the other Convention became the slave and which was composed of the *prime initiates of Illuminism. This power was above Robespierre and the committees of the government. . . it was this occult power which appropriated to itself the treasures of the nation and distributed them to the brothers and friends who had helped on the great work*".

It is this picture of men in high places doing the will of some hidden, but palpably directing, supreme *sect* that gives the revolution the aspect of a demoniac puppet-show, played against flickering red flames amid the odour of brimstone. *The* revolution, not the *French* revolution; whatever the true nature of the English one, since 1789 there has only been *one*, continuous revolution. There have not been episodic, disconnected outbreaks, in 1848 and 1905 and so on, but those recurrent eruptions of "a subterranean fire smouldering eternally" which de Luchet and Burke foresaw *before* the event. What is historically of great value in the annals of the French revolution, however, is the proof, which they afford, of the use of men for a purpose uncomprehended by them. This gives the revolution, then and now, its peculiar and satanic imprint; it is, as Lombard de Langres wrote, "the code of hell".

When the revolution was ebbing, three men arose, in France, England and America, who saw three things plainly: that its course had followed the chart revealed by the Illuminati papers in 1787; that this secret society had been able, through Freemasonry, to instigate and direct it; and that the secret league of

conspirators, with its continuing plan for *world* revolution, had survived and was preparing the further "violent and devastating explosions" foretold by

[152] de Luchet. These three men were the Abbé Baruel, a Jesuit and eyewitness of the revolution; Professor John Robison a Scottish scientist who for over twenty years was general secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and the Rev. Jedediah Morse, a New England clergyman and geographer. They were all distinguished men. The Abbé Baruel's and Professor Robison's books and Mr. Morse's published sermons (all 1797-8) went into many editions and are still indispensable to students of the time. Their works and words gained much public attention and they were supported from Philadelphia, in his *Porcupine's Gazette*, by William Cobbett, who seems to have been driven into exile by the same occult power which set out to destroy Messrs. Baruel, Robison and Morse.

The Abbé Baruel's verdict on what had occurred was identical with de Luchet's earlier prophecy and Lord Acton's much later analysis:

" . . . We shall demonstrate that, even to the most horrid deeds perpetrated during the French revolution, everything *was foreseen and resolved on, combined and premeditated*; that they were the offspring of deep thought villainy, since they had been prepared and were produced by men, who alone held the clue of these plots and conspiracies, lurking in the secret meetings where they had been conceived . . . Though the events of each day may not appear to have been combined, there nevertheless existed a secret agent and a secret cause, giving rise to each event and turning each circumstance to the long-sought-for end . . . The grand cause of the revolution, its leading features, its atrocious crimes, will still remain one continued chain of deep-laid and *premeditated* villainy".

The three men came to the same conclusion: "An anti-Christian conspiracy . . . not only against kings, but against every government, against all civil society, even against all property whatsoever" (the Abbé Baruel); "An association has been formed for the express purpose of rooting out all the religious establishments, and overturning all the existing governments of Europe" (Prof. Robison); "The express aim is 'to root out and abolish Christianity and overthrow all civil governments'." (Mr. Morse). They agreed that what had happened was, not merely an episode in France, born of French circumstances, but the work of an organization with a continuing plan in all countries: a *universal* plan. They agreed that this organization was the secret society of the Illuminati, that it had inspired and controlled the terrorist phase of the revolution, that it had survived, and that it was established and strong in England and the United States. The Abbé Baruel in particular gave warning in this last respect.

The words and writings of these three men were supported by the leading public men of their day, and have been so fully borne out by events, particularly in our century, that historically they simply serve to show that the world-revolution was recognized by some, and its future course foretold, at the moment of its second appearance in the West. The efforts of these three men were as vain in averting the havoc which the conspiracy later wreaked, and for that reason the [153] case of Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse is of especial interest.

What befell them proves more conclusively than any of their own words the very thing they strove to establish: the continued existence and strength of a secret society working, in all countries, for the destructive purpose which they described. Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse were smothered with vituperation. In their day newspapers were in their infancy, and were usually owned by one man, who also edited them. It must therefore have been much more difficult than it is today to gain control of a large proportion of them. The concentrated attack which was delivered against the three men from the moment when they said that Illuminism had brought about the French revolution and still existed shows that even in 1797 the Illuminés were in effective control of the press in America and England.

This was one of the most surprising discoveries yielded by the research which produced this book. In my own day I have been forced to realize that this control exists, and that a writer who writes about the world revolution in the vein of Edmund Burke will find all avenues of publication closing against him. Mrs. Nesta Webster relates the same experience. When she first began to write on revolution, in the early 1920's, a well-known London publisher said to her, "Remember that if you take an anti-revolutionary line you will have the whole literary world against you". She says she thought this extraordinary but then found through experience that the publisher was right and that has been my observation too. However, I thought it was a condition that had arisen during the last thirty years until I studied the story of Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse; then I saw that "the whole literary world" fell as one man on them in 1798, when the Reign of Terror was recent. Nothing else so clearly showed, to me, that the line from Illuminism in 1789 to Communism today is but a line of inheritance; the *same* organization pursues the same aim with the same methods and even with the same *words*.

That was another curious thing about the attack on those three writers who took "an anti-revolutionary line". Soon after they gained the public eye the attacks in the newspapers began; nearly always anonymous. They made use of exactly the same language (Doublespeak) as that which is employed in similar assaults today. The three men were accused of starting a "witch-hunt", of being bigots and alarmists, of persecuting "freedom of opinion" and "academic freedom", of misrepresenting "liberal" and "progressive" thought, and the like. From that, the attack continued to slander and scurrilous innuendo, and I often found phrases which recurred in the campaign waged against an American Cabinet member, Mr. James Forrestal, in 1947-9; their private lives were said to be immoral and their financial habits shady; and at the last came the familiar suggestion that they were "mad". This suggestion is often made today, in the culminant stages of a campaign against any anti-revolutionary figure; it is evidently held to be especially strong medicine in defamation. This particular

[154] form of attack might have its original source in the Talmud, which uses it against Jesus (the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, in its article on Jesus, refers its readers to the work of a Jewish writer who "agrees that there must have been abnormal mental processes involved in the utterances and behaviour of Jesus").

In short, these attacks on Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse made use of a limited political vocabulary which today is plainly recognizable as that of the revolution and its agents, and is now so hackneyed that it must be imparted to all initiates from some central place in the organization. The campaign against them was effective, so that their warnings, like those of Burke, were forgotten by the masses. However, the secret band (which must have the same horror of truth as the devil might have of the cross) continued to fear them, so that the defamation continued long after all three were dead! As recently as 1918 the Columbia University of New York allotted funds for a costly piece of research designed to show that the Illuminati truly died when they were proscribed in 1786 and thus could not have caused or survived the French revolution, and in this publication all the stock-in-trade epithets were brought out and used again, as if the three dead men were live "witch-hunters"!

In 1918 the Russian revolution was but a year old and the moment was evidently held apt for another attempt to show that the French revolution had been a self-contained affair, leaving no roots which might have erupted in Russia in 1917. Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse, if from some bourn they were able to watch these proceedings, no doubt observed that in 1918 and the following years Communism found the Columbia University of New York to be a very good hunting-ground. (Among the unlucky young men who were there entrapped for the cause was the Mr. Whittaker Chambers whose repentance and warning in 1939, had it been heeded by President Franklin Roosevelt, might have changed the whole course of the Second World War and of this century for the better).

The first two presidents of the American Republic, though they did not effectively act against the secret society, were deeply alarmed about it and well knew that what Barruel, Robison and Morse said was true. One of George Washington's last acts was, in a letter to Mr. Morse, to express the hope that his work would have "a more general circulation . . . for it contains important information, as little known, *out of a small circle*, as the dissemination of it would be useful, if spread through the community". (Presumably General Washington would not have told a Whittaker Chambers to "go jump in the lake"). A little earlier Washington had informed another correspondent that he was fully satisfied that "the doctrines of the Illuminati and the principles of Jacobinism" had "spread in the United States".

Indeed, this was beyond doubt, for secret societies had appeared in the United States in 1793, that is, within ten years of the Republic's birth, under the guise of "Democratic Clubs". Their true nature was made plain by the attitude of the

[155] French Minister, Genet, towards them; he showed the open sympathy which Soviet Ambassadors, in our generation, display for Communist organizations, or perhaps more accurately, for those which serve as "cover" for Communism (the relationship between the Soviet embassies and the revolutionary party in the country of accreditation was established by massive documentary proof in the Canadian and Australian investigations of 1945-46 and 1954-55 respectively). George Washington, as president in 1794, charged these "self-created societies" with instigating the insurrectionary outbreak in Pennsylvania known as the Whiskey Rebellion. Washington's authority was too great for him to be attacked as a witch-hunter and the clubs burrowed quickly underground, but from that moment the presence on American soil of an organization for world-revolution was known to all who cared to know and were able to withstand the "brainwashing" of the press.

The part admittedly played by Grand Orient Freemasonry, under Illuminist permeation, in the French Revolution caused American Freemasonry also to fall under suspicion, but frank discussion of this question was hindered by the fact that the great Washington was head of the Masonic fraternity. The defenders of



Freemasonry laid much emphasis on this (evidently on the principle of "innocence by association"), and on the occasion of Washington's funeral in 1799 made a great parade of fellowship with the dead hero. Out of respect for him, rather than from satisfied curiosity, the public debate then waned, but at least two prominent Masons, Amos Stoddard and the Rev. Seth Payson, like the Duke of Brunswick in Europe publicly stated that the Illuminati had permeated Freemasonry and were working under its name. Washington's successor, President John Adams, in 1798 addressed a stern warning to Freemasonry:

"... the society of Masons have discovered a science of government, or art of ruling society, peculiar to themselves, and unknown to all the other legislators and philosophers of the world; I mean not only the skill to know each other by marks or signs that no other persons can divine but the wonderful power of enabling and compelling all men, and I suppose all women, at all hours, to keep a secret. If this art can be applied, to set aside the ordinary maxims of society, and introduce politics and disobedience to government, and still keep the secret, it must be obvious that such science and *such societies may be perverted to all the ill purposes which have been suspected...*"

After this public rebuke nothing but the death of Washington in the next year, probably, could have appeased the public desire for a thorough investigation; as so often in these affairs, the opponents of investigation profited from an irrelevant event which distracted or disarmed public attention. Nevertheless, public suspicion continued through three decades and led to the formation of an Anti-masonic Party in 1827, which at its State convention in Massachusetts in 1829 declared "there is evidence of an intimate connexion between the higher orders of Freemasonry and French Illuminism". That was almost the last kick of [156] the party of investigation, for the next State convention, in Vermont in 1830, recorded the sequel with which our century has been made familiar: "... the spirit of enquiry ... was soon and unaccountably quelled; the press was mute as if the voice of the strangled sentinel and the mass of the people kept in ignorance that an alarm on the subject of Masonry had ever been sounded".

In other words, the cry for investigation had been drowned, as in our generation, by the counter-cry of "witch-hunt" and the like. From that moment until today the American people have never succeeded in moving any government to a full investigation and the secret infestation of government and the public departments continued, with results only partially revealed by the exposures of 1948 and after. The situation in England has been very similar.

In the last few paragraphs this narrative has jumped a few years to follow the course of American public uneasiness about Freemasonry to its end in 1830 (the Anti-masonic Party actually died in 1840). Now it returns to the immediate aftermath of the French revolution, and its effect on the world.

President Adams, as his *Works* show, was fully informed and persuaded about the existence of a *universal* and continuing conspiracy against all legitimate government and religion. He made the mistake, natural in his day, of thinking the plan a *French* one, just as people today, with no excuse, speak and think of *Russian* Communism, although the international nature of the revolution has long been made plain, beyond all doubt.

By his Sedition Act of 1798 President Adams tried to safeguard the future of the Republic, but time has since shown that laws against secret societies and conspiracies (although they *should* be enacted, to establish the illegality of the undertaking) are ineffective in checking them, especially as the secret organization has centuries of experience in eluding such laws. The one effective measure against secret conspiracy is investigation, public exposure and remedy, and this has never been fully used.

The American public man who most plainly perceived the entire shape of the future was Washington's confidant, Alexander Hamilton. He left among his papers an undated memoir (probably 1797-1800) which said:

"... the present era is among the most extraordinary which have occurred in the history of human affairs. Opinions, for a long time, have been gradually gaining ground, which threaten the foundations of religion, morality and society. An attack was first made upon the Christian revelation, for which natural religion was offered as a substitute ... The very existence of a Deity has been questioned and in some instances denied. The duty of piety has been ridiculed, the perishable nature of man asserted, and his hopes bounded to the short span of his earthly state. Death has been proclaimed an eternal sleep, the dogma of the immortality of the soul a cheat, invented to torment the living for the benefit of the dead ... A league has at length been cemented between the apostles and disciples of irreligion and anarchy. Religion and government have both been



[157] "stigmatized as abuses . . . The practical development of this pernicious system has been seen in France. It has served as an engine to subvert all her ancient institutions, civil and religious, with all the checks that served to mitigate the rigour of authority; it has hurried her headlong through a series of dreadful revolutions, which have laid waste property, made havoc among the arts, overthrown cities, desolated provinces, unpeopled regions, crimsoned her soil with blood, and deluged it in crime, poverty, and wretchedness; . . . This horrid system seemed awhile to threaten *the subversion of civilized society and the introduction of general disorder among mankind*. And though the frightful evils which have been its first and only fruits have given a check to its progress, it is to be feared that *the poison has spread too widely and penetrated too deeply to be as yet eradicated*. Its activity has been suspended, *but the elements remain, concocting for new eruptions as occasion shall permit*. It is greatly to be apprehended that *mankind is not near the end of the misfortunes which it is calculated to produce, and that it still portends a long train of convulsion, revolution, carnage, devastation and misery*. Symptoms of the too great prevalence of this system in the United States are alarmingly visible. It was by its influence that efforts were made to embark this country in a common cause with France in the early period of the present war; to induce our government to sanction and promote her odious principles and views with the blood and treasure of our citizens. It is by its influence that every succeeding revolution has been approved or excused; all the horrors that have been committed justified or extenuated; that even the last usurpation, which contradicts all the ostensible principles of the Revolution, has been regarded with complacency, and the despotic constitution engendered by it slyly held up as a model not unworthy of our imitation. In the progress of this system, impiety and infidelity have advanced with gigantic strides. Prodigious crimes heretofore unknown among us are seen . . . "

We of the 1950's are so familiar with the results here foreseen that we can scarcely realize what skill was needed, in the 1790's, so clearly to foresee them! From de Luchet before the Reign of Terror ("a series of calamities of which the end is lost in the darkness of time . . . a subterranean fire smouldering eternally and breaking forth periodically in violent and devastating explosions") to Alexander Hamilton after it ("the elements remain, concocting for new eruptions as occasion shall permit . . . mankind is not near the end of the misfortunes which it is calculated to produce . . . a long train of convulsion, revolution, carnage, devastation and misery") the shape of our century was most plainly and accurately foretold.

The net result of all this prescience, in terms of precaution, was nothing.

Needlessly but massively, all came about as these men, and the Burkes and Barruels, Robisons and Morses foresaw; like a man sleepwalking, the West trod on all the charted landmines. The anti-revolutionary prophets were cried down; the revolutionary orators and writers took over the debate and were applauded.

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Napoleon's wars helped to divert public attention from the plot and the organization that had been discovered. Ten years after the French revolution the documents of the Illuminati and the French revolution were being forgotten; the public masses either began to believe that the secret society truly was dead, or had never had part in the revolution, or did not care. Twenty years after the French revolution the Illuminati were as busy as ever. Nothing had changed, save that the sect's followers in England and America had succeeded, through their power over published information, in beguiling the public mind and in defaming all who gave warning.

This later knowledge about the Illuminati is recent; Mrs. Nesta Webster's research discovered it. It comes from the boxes of Napoleon's police, which have now yielded their contents to the student and historian. These show that, two decades after the revolution and on the eve of Napoleon's own downfall, the Illuminati were very much alive, and pursued their undeviating aim.

Francois Charles de Berckheim was a special commissioner of police at Mayence under the Empire, and a Freemason. He reported in 1810 that the Illuminati had initiates all over Europe and were working hard to introduce their principles into the lodges of Freemasonry: "Illuminism is becoming a great and formidable power . . . kings and peoples will have much to suffer from it unless foresight and prudence break its frightful mechanism". A later report, of 1814, fully bears out the main contention of Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse in 1797-9 about the continuance of the secret society:

"The oldest and most dangerous association that which is generally known under the denomination of the Illuminés and of which the foundation goes back towards the middle of the last century . . . the doctrine of Illuminism is subversive of every kind of monarchy; unlimited liberty, absolute levelling down, such is the fundamental dogma of the sect; to break the ties that bind the sovereign to the citizen of a state, that is the object of all its efforts".

Twenty years after the act of penance publicly performed by the Duke of Brunswick, Berckheim recorded that "among the principal chiefs . . . are numbered men distinguished for their fortune, their birth, and the dignities with which they are invested". He believed that some of these were "*not* the dupes of these demagogic dreams" but "hope to find in the popular emotions they stir up the means of seizing the reins of power, or at any rate of increasing their wealth and credit; but the crowd of adepts believe in it religiously . . ."

The picture given in these words (which recall de Luchet's, of twenty-five years before) is, or should be, familiar today, for our generation has shown again that avarice for power still leads wealthy or well-known people to associate themselves with movements, apparently hostile to their wealth or renown, in the belief that through them they may become even richer or more notorious.

Berckheim then gives a description of the organization and methods of the Illuminati which reproduces the picture given by Weishaupt's correspondence of [159] 1786, and could equally be a photograph of Communism at work in our century. The following extract shows a group of recognizable 20th Century characters, to which any attentive student of our times could fit names, yet it was written in 1813:

"As the principal force of the Illuminés lies in the power of opinions, they have set themselves out from the beginning to make proselytes amongst the men who through their profession exercise a direct influence on minds, such as literateurs, savants and above all professors. The latter in their chairs, the former in their writings, propagate the principles of the sect by disguising the poison that they circulate under a thousand different forms. These germs, often imperceptible to the eyes of the vulgar, are afterwards developed by the adepts of the Societies they frequent, and the most obscure wording is thus brought to the understanding of the least discerning. *It is above all in the universities that Illuminism has always found and always will find numerous recruits; Those professors who belong to the Association set out from the first to study the character of their pupils.* If a student gives evidence of a vigorous mind, an ardent imagination, the sectaries at once get hold of him; they sound in his ears the words Despotism, Tyranny, Rights of the People, etc., etc. Before he can even attach any meaning to these words, as he advances in age, reading works chosen for him, conversations skilfully arranged, develop the germ deposited in his youthful brain. Soon, his imagination ferments . . . At last, when he has been completely captivated, when several years of testing guarantee to the society inviolable secrecy and absolute devotion, it is made known to him that millions of individuals distributed in all the States of Europe share his sentiments and his hopes, that a secret link binds firmly all the scattered members of this immense family, and that the reforms he desires so ardently must sooner or later come about. This propaganda is rendered the easier by the existing associations of students, who meet together for the study of literature, for fencing, gaming or even mere debauchery. The Illuminés insinuate themselves into all these circles and turn them into hotbeds for the propagation of their principles. Such then is the Association's continual mode of progression from its origins until the present moment; it is by convening from childhood the germ of poison into the highest classes of society, in feeding the minds of students on ideas diametrically opposed to that order of things under which they have to live, in breaking the ties that bind them to sovereigns, that Illuminism has recruited the largest number of adepts . . ."

Thus Illuminism survived and flourished in darkness after its "adepts" in the editorial offices, university chairs and pulpits had beaten down the public clamour for its extirpation. For some five generations since then the thing has continued: a proportion of notable men and a proportion of young men at the universities have in each succeeding generation been enticed into this net. The only counter-measure which would give the seniors pause and open the eyes of the unwary younger ones would be full public information about the world

[160] revolution and its methods, and that has been denied from generation to generation, so that the secret sect has maintained its power and hold. There can be only one explanation for this refusal of governments, from generation to generation, to investigate and expose: namely, that in this day as in Weishaupt's the sect has its "adepts" in the governments themselves; of that our century has given sufficient evidence.

What of Weishaupt himself, twenty years and more after his exposure and the proscription of his order? In 1808 he was enquiring about a point of masonic ritual and his enquiry reached the notice of an eminent member of the Grand Orient, the Marquis de Chefdebien, who then wrote in a letter to a friend that Illuminism had supplied the men who "stirred up revolt, devastation, assassination": When Weishaupt died, in 1830, his order was probably stronger than it had ever been, but was about to change its name; the same organization, with the same aims, was in the 1840's to emerge as Communism. That further story belongs to later chapters, and at this point the present narrative takes leave of Adam Weishaupt, the man whose name is forever identified with the emergence of world-revolution as a permanent idea and ambition, propagated by a permanent organization of secret conspirators in all lands, and having nothing whatever to do with remedying oppression or injustice; these evils it desired to aggravate and perpetuate.

Whoever his prompters, whatever the original source of his great knowledge of human weakness, Weishaupt, as Mrs. Nesta Webster says, "gathered into his hands the threads of all the conspiracies, was able to weave them together into a gigantic scheme for the destruction of France and the world". In his army men of all classes and of the most diverse views were welded together by bonds of infamy which seemed as strong as those of faith and honour: "Weishaupt's admirable system of watertight compartments precluded them from a knowledge of these differences and they all marched, unconsciously or not, towards the same goal".

If there were manifold currents of discontent before, Weishaupt fused them into one. With him and Illuminism, "vague subversive theory became active revolution"; the general staff was formed, the battle-operation laid down, the objective clarified. Today, nearly two hundred years later, the consequence of that is also clear: the all-destructive world-revolution must either prevail over Christendom and the West, reducing them both to ruins, or itself be crushed and broken up. There is now no third solution or middle course or different end to the conflict which was revealed in 1786. Leading public men and the sect's devotees both saw that from the start. By 1875 Mgr. Dillon tersely stated the unalterable fact:

"Had Weishaupt not lived, Masonry might have ceased to be a power after the reaction consequent on the French revolution. He gave it a form and character which caused it to outlive that reaction, *to energise it to the present day, and which will cause it to advance until its final conflict with Christianity must determine* [161] *whether Christ or Satan shall reign on this earth in the end*".

This book is a study of "the Jewish question" as the most important question in world affairs at the present time; yet the present chapter (the longest yet) on the world-revolution has made no mention of the Jewish question or of Jews. There is a reason for this. Fifty years *after* the French revolution the world-revolution was under Judaist direction, but original Judaist instigation of the world-revolution in its French phase *cannot* be shown. Therefore the possibility is open that the world-revolution was not at the start a Judaist undertaking, but one in which the ruling sect of Judaism later became the majority stockholder. Nothing definite can be established either way; the covering-up of tracks is the first principle of revolutionary tactics.

*Apparently* Jews played little or no part in the master-conspiracy (that of Weishaupt and his Illuminati) and simply a proportionate part, with all others, in the French revolution. As to the first, the leading authority on this subject, Mrs. Nesta Webster, says "Jews appear to have been only in rare cases admitted to the Order". Leopold Engel, a mysterious character who reorganized the order in 1880, goes further, stating that the recruitment of the Jews was *forbidden*. On the other hand, Mirabeau, a leading Illuminate and revolutionary, identified himself with Judaist demands and pretensions, so that any restriction on the actual appearance of Jews in the Order may have been a "cover" device of the kind which Weishaupt held to be supremely important.

The best authorities at the time agreed that the Illuminati were the instigators of the revolution and that they were men of all countries. The Chevalier de Malet says, "The authors of the revolution are not more French than German, Italian, English, etc. They form a particular nation which took birth and has grown in darkness, in the midst of all civilized nations, with the object of subjecting them to its domination". This is the picture which today's student also gains from study of the literature of the French revolution; it is entirely different from the picture of the Russian revolution of 1917, to which the words could not be applied.

In the French revolution *itself* (as distinct from the foregoing conspiracy) the part played by Jews is fairly clear, but seems to have been that of "abetting disorder" ascribed to them by the Koran, rather than that of control or direction. Indeed, it is often difficult to distinguish Jews, as such, in the records of the time, because writers of the day did not so separate them. Moreover, the revolution in its French phase *appeared* to be against *all* religion and *all* nationhood (in the Russian phase, again, this was no longer the case). Thus, the mob which brought crosses and chalices to the revolutionary assembly, while the churches of Paris were being given over to "Feasts of Reason", also included Jews who contributed ornaments from the synagogue to the display of profanation. Again, at "the Temple of Liberty", a citizen "brought up in the prejudices of the Jewish religion" undertook to prove "that all forms of worship are impostures equally [162] degrading to man". Alexandre Lambert *filis* then gave voice to this protest against the bondage of the Talmud:

"The bad faith, citizens, of which the Jewish nation is accused does not come from themselves but from their priests. Their religion, which would allow them only to lend to those of their nation at 5 percent, tells them to take all they can from Catholics; it is even hallowed as a custom in our morning prayers to solicit God's help in catching out a Christian. There is more, citizens, and it is the climax of abomination; if any

mistake is made in commerce between Jews, they are ordered to make reparation: but if on 100 louis a Christian should have paid 25 too much, one is not bound to return them to him. What an abomination! What a horror! *And where does that all come from but from the Rabbis?* Who have excited proscriptions against us? Our priests! Ah, citizens, more than anything in the world we must abjure a religion which. . . by subjecting us to irksome and servile practices, makes it impossible for us to be good citizens". \*

If the Jews are anywhere identified *as Jews* (not simply as participants) in the worst deeds of the revolution, this is in Jewish vaunt, not Gentile accusation. For instance, such a writer as M. Leon Kahn goes far out of his way to associate Jews, by name, with the attack on the king and on religion, and that a hundred years after the events. This is an example of the laboured effort, which may be traced in much Judaist literature, to show that nothing of this kind *can* happen in the world save by the hand of Jehovah, that is to say, of Jews. M. Leon Kahn apparently could not picture the French revolution in any other terms than those of Daniel and Belshazzar. But for the Russian revolution, M. Leon Kahn might be forgotten; once again, it is our present-day that gives these depictions of old events their look of truth.

In the aftermath of the French revolution, the Jews, through their leaders, seem simply to have turned a situation to good account, as they were entitled to do. However, in the light of what followed later it is significant that the Jews who profited were the "Eastern Jews", and that these non-Semitic converts to Judaism at that point in time made their first breach in the walls of the West.

Most of the Jews in France were Sephardim, descended from those Spanish and Portuguese Jews who had some tenuous tradition, at least, linking them with Palestine. Any disabilities still suffered by these long-settled Jews were ended by the decree of 1790, which gave them all the rights of French citizens. In Alsace a

\* The italicized line in this quotation gives a timely opportunity to remark that when Alexandre Lambert *filed* so spoke the *rabbinical* period in Judaist history had just begun. Before 1772, when Poland was partitioned, there had always been a visible, central, governing or directing authority for all of Jewry. At the start this was the Levitical priesthood, in Jerusalem and Babylon. Under Rome it was the dominant political party, the Pharisees, who were in effect the government. After the fall of Jerusalem and the dispersion it was the Talmudic "movable government" in Palestine, Babylonia, Spain and Poland. After this sank from sight in 1772 the "rabbinical" period began, where authority over the entire congregation of Jewry, as far as it was wielded, was exercised through the rabbis everywhere. Among these, naturally, were men of every degree of belief and temperament, from the most extreme to the most temperate; but the present century has shown that the majority of them, as at all earlier periods in Jewish history, followed the literal "Law" of Judaism, which from the Gentile point of view, of course, is extremism at its most extreme.

[163] community of Ashkenazim, the Slavic Jews, had appeared and these visitors from Russia were greatly disliked, so that the proposal to bestow citizenship on them provoked stormy debates, in the revolutionary Assembly and an insurrection among the Alsatian peasants. On this occasion the warnings with which earlier centuries had made the West familiar again were heard. The Abbé Maury told the citizen deputies, "The Jews have traversed seventeen centuries without mingling with other nations. . . They must not be persecuted, they must be protected as individuals and not as Frenchmen, since they cannot be citizens . . . Whatever you do, they will always remain foreigners in our midst". The Bishop of Nancy concurred; "They must be accorded protection, safety, liberty; but should we admit into the family a tribe that is foreign to it, that turns its eyes unceasingly towards a common country, that aspires to abandon the land that bears it? The interest of the Jews themselves necessitates this protest".

The Sephardic Jews also protested: "We dare to believe that our condition in France would not today be open to discussion if certain demands of the Jews of Alsace, Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics had not caused a confusion of ideas which appears to reflect on us . . . To judge by the public papers they appear to be rather extraordinary, since these Jews aspire to live in France under a special regime, to have laws peculiar to themselves, and to constitute a class of citizens separated from all the others".

This *Jewish* protest (a recurrent one through the ages down to our present day, and one always ignored by Gentile rulers) was as vain as that of the merchants of Paris thirty years before against the opening of their corporations to Jews:

"The French merchant carries on his commerce alone; each commercial house is in a way isolated; whilst the Jews are *particles of quicksilver, which at the least slant run together into a block*".

Despite all opposition the decree emancipating the Jews of Alsace was passed in 1791. By the time Napoleon succeeded to power a Jewish problem of the first order had thus been created for him and (after his failure to solve it) for the world.

From this time on the ruling sect of Jewry bent all its efforts on reducing the authority of the original, Sephardic Jews and increasing that of their compact Ashkenazi in the East; from this moment on the Ashkenazi began to move into Europe (and later into America), to assume the leadership of the world-revolution and to carry with them everywhere the assault on all legitimate government, religion and nationhood.

That development followed the French revolution, or first phase of the world-revolution, which was like the opening of a door or the breaking of a dyke. At the time all that could fairly be said of the Jews in relation to the revolution was that they had been involved in it like other men, and had benefited from it rather more than other men. The sequel turned a different light on all this, and began to show Judaist *direction*, not mere involvement.

For in the half-century following the revelation of the blueprint for world-[164] revolution and the outbreak in France, the historical processes of Jewry and of the world-revolution no longer remained separate or distinct; they converged. The continuing conspiracy and "the Jews" (in the sense of the dominant sect) then became identical and could no longer be considered apart. From the middle of the 19th Century the world-revolution was under Jewish leadership; whatever the fact had been before, it then passed into these hands.

The authoritative witness, whose words (like the earlier ones of de Luchet, Alexander Hamilton and Edmund Burke) were fully borne out by events, was one Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of England.

## Chapter 21

### THE WARNINGS OF DISRAELI

Benjamin Disraeli, later Lord Beaconsfield, repeatedly warned Christendom against the world-revolution. Like de Luchet, Alexander Hamilton and Edmund Burke fifty years before, he saw "the design" behind it; unlike Lord Acton, who fifty years later spoke only of anonymous "managers", Disraeli identified these organizers *as Jews*. The century that has passed since he uttered the plainest of these warnings has justified him; whatever its origins, the organized world-revolution was under Judaist leadership by the middle of the 19th Century and continued under Judaist leadership at least until the 1920's (in the present writer's opinion the condition continued after that and prevails today).

Why the Talmudic sect took over the leadership of the revolutionary organization established by Weishaupt, or whether it instigated the original revolutionary undertaking, are two questions which cannot be answered today.

If the ambition of Judaic world domination, instilled through the centuries by the Talmud and even more by the Cabala\*, is ever to be realized the enslavement of "the heathen" to the Holy Nation will have to be accomplished through some destructive organization like that set up by Weishaupt; the fact that Weishaupt founded his Illuminati at the very moment when the Jewish "centre" in Poland sank from sight, after an unbroken life of more than two thousand years, might be more than a coincidence. On the other hand, it is equally possible that the dominant sect for the purpose of Talmudic fulfilment, took over control of a destructive organization already set up by non-Jews for a different end.

Disraeli's two most significant warnings preceded and followed the revolutionary outbreaks which occurred in many parts of Europe in 1848. Based on the experience gained in France a half-century before, these represented the second of the "eruptions, concocted as occasion shall permit", and "the periodical explosions" which (as de Luchet and Alexander Hamilton had foretold) the world-revolutionary organization was to bring about. They failed everywhere, possibly because the memory of the French revolution was recent enough for governments and peoples to deal resolutely with them. Their suppression left Disraeli in no illusion about the future. He had described what would happen before it occurred; after it, he foretold the continuance of the conspiracy and the recurrence of the violent outbreaks.

Disraeli wrote novels (with greater success than two later imitators, Colonel House of Texas and Mr. Winston Churchill when young), and depicted himself in them as the aloof, urbane, omniscient, slightly mocking impresario of human affairs. In *Coningsby* he is the chief character, Sidonia, a Spanish-Moslem Jew, the master financier, power behind all powers and passionless manipulator of

\* The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says that the Cabala (the oral, traditional lore, in contradistinction to the written law, or Torah) from the 13th century on branched out into an extensive literature alongside of and in opposition to the Talmud, being entrusted only to the few elect ones. Mrs. Nesta Webster, however, quotes another passage from the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* as saying that "the Cabala is not really in opposition to the Talmud".

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affairs, one who is "assisted by that absolute freedom from prejudice which is the compensatory possession of a man without a country".



Sidonia remarked in 1846 (the year when *Coningsby* was published): "That mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany and . . . of which so little is as yet known in England, *is developing entirely under the auspices of the Jews*".

Then, after the outbreaks of 1848, Disraeli returned to the subject, telling the House of Commons in 1852: "The *influence of the Jews* may be traced in the last outbreak of *the destructive principle* in Europe. An insurrection takes place against tradition and aristocracy, against religion and property. .. The natural equality of men and the abrogation of property are proclaimed by *the secret societies* who form provisional governments and *men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them*" (exactly the same thing recurred in Russia, in 1917, that is, seventy years after the 1848 outbreaks).

Disraeli added, "The most skilful manipulators of property ally them selves with Communists; the peculiar and chosen people touch the hands of all the scum and low castes of Europe". This, he said, was because they wished to destroy Christianity.

The task of research, in such a work as this, is arduous and has few compensations, but acquaintanceship with Disraeli was a solace. The reader has already met some true prophets among the many false ones, during this journey through the centuries, but he will not meet another quite like Benjamin Disraeli, whose liberation from Talmudic bonds gave him this "absolute freedom from prejudice". His name was significant, for he was of the breed of the Israelite prophets who denounced Judah. He was proud of his descent, and yet was enabled by his detachment to feel a love of England which those of native ancestry often cannot emulate. His ironical comments on public affairs and human events are refreshing to read today, when politicians shun the truth as the devil might shun holy water.

He candidly stated that "the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes", and in these words he publicly affirmed that real government is by the Hidden Hand. All informed observers know that this is the truth of affairs, but any presentday American president or British prime minister would denounce the statement as "witch-hunting". "I think", said Sidonia, "that there is no error so vulgar as to believe that revolutions are occasioned by economical causes". Thus spoke Disraeli; in our day the Lloyd Georges and Woodrow Wilsons, Roosevelts and Trumans have pretended that the revolutions in France and Russia and elsewhere were spontaneous mass-eruptions by "the people", infuriate, against "tyranny".

Disraeli practised the teaching of Christianity; he was not merely "a baptised Jew".

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He would not have associated himself, or his country's name, with the Old Testamentary vengeance of Nuremberg, for this is what he said after the Indian Mutiny in 1857, when the spirit of revenge was ravaging in the land: "I do without the slightest hesitation declare my humble disapprobation of persons in high authority announcing that upon the high standard of England 'vengeance' and not 'justice' should be inscribed . . . I protest against meeting atrocities by atrocities. I have heard things said and seen things written of late which would make me almost suppose that the religious opinions of the people of England had undergone some sudden change, and that, instead of bowing before the name of Jesus, *we were preparing to revive the worship of Moloch*. I cannot believe that it is our duty to indulge in such a spirit".

These words contain an allusion which reaches every Jew and Gentile. Talmudic Judaism *is* "the worship of Moloch" and Disraeli knew this when he chose the words. The whole dispute between ancient Israel and Judah of the Levites raged round this false deity and his demands, and Israel turned its back on Judah on this very account; this is the root of the controversy of Zion, three thousand years ago and now.

It is reflected in the two most significant passages in the Old Testament: Jeremiah's charge that God had never commanded the children of Israel "to cause their sons and daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch. . . neither came it into my mind, that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin"; and Ezekiel's answer that God *had* given Israel these "statutes that are not good" and the sacrifice of the firstborn. The god of love and mercy, the god of hatred, vengeance and human sacrifice: that was from the start the issue, and is today, and if Disraeli had lived a hundred years later Christendom might by this scion of Jewry have been spared the stigma of the Talmudic vengeance at Nuremberg.

Similarly, Disraeli cannot be imagined lending himself, his office and his country's strength to the support and spread of the world-revolution, as the leaders of Britain and America lent themselves in the first and second world wars; his whole public life was spent in forewarning his country against the destructive conspiracy which their acts promoted.

In 1955 a Lord Samuel (who in the heyday of Liberalism rose from plain Mr. Herbert Samuel, through various political offices, to ennoblement) proudly stated that he was the first Jew ever to have held Cabinet rank in England. This was presumably a jibe at Disraeli's conversion; nevertheless, the world in the 20th Century might have been the better for more Disraelis. The striking things about Disraeli, studied at the distance of a century, are his habit of speaking absolute truth, his accuracy of prediction, his vast instinctive and acquired knowledge, his deep though unimpassioned love for England, and his Christian charity. In matters of fact he was always right; in those of opinion, he was ever on the side of the angels. His contempt for "Liberals" was great, though delicately phrased

[168] ("infanticide is practised as extensively and as legally in England as it is on the banks of the Ganges, a circumstance which apparently has not yet engaged the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel"). The present writer thinks he erred in one matter, namely, in his opinion that the doctrines of Jesus were the completion, not the repudiation, of Judaism. The contrary seems to me to be true, namely, that Judaism was that very heresy ("the worship of Moloch") which Disraeli spurned, and which Jesus came to change.

Disraeli was the product both of Sephardic Jewry and of England at that period; he could not, without *both* of these influences, have achieved that "absolute freedom from prejudice". His father, Isaac D'Israeli, wrote, "A religion which admits not *toleration* cannot be safely tolerated, if there is any chance of its obtaining a political ascendancy", and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says Isaac's reason for withdrawing from the synagogue was that Talmudic Judaism with its rigid laws "cuts off the Jews from the great family of mankind". His son's biographer, Mr. Hesketh Pearson, says the elders fined Isaac D'Israeli forty pounds when he declined election as Warden of the Congregation stating that he could never take part in their public worship "because, as now conducted, it disturbs, instead of exciting religious emotions". Isaac would not have been able so to challenge the elders, had he lived in a Talmudic community in Russia or Poland; he would have been outlawed, possibly killed.

Thus the father and the son (who became a member of the Church of England at the age of twelve) were formed by the free air of England at that time. Benjamin Disraeli, was to achieve the removal of the last disabilities put on Jews in England, and then publicly to proclaim that (in the immediate sequence to this emancipation) Jews were taking over control of the world-revolution everywhere. To a man of "absolute freedom from prejudice" the campaign against Jewish disabilities and the candid statement of this result were duties equally inescapable, even though the second development bore out the warnings of the enemies of that Jewish emancipation, which Disraeli had fought to complete.

Before concluding the tale of Disraeli's own warnings, the course of the world-revolution during his time needs to be traced, that is to say, during the century succeeding the outbreak in France. When Weishaupt died in 1830, leaving behind him the plan and the organization first revealed by the discovery of the Illuminati's documents in 1786, Disraeli was 26. The next fifty years were filled with the contest for Weishaupt's succession; during this period Disraeli uttered his many warnings. When it ended Jewish control of the world-revolution had nevertheless been firmly established and it had been given the imprint of the Eastern Jews, the Mongoloid Khazars, under their Talmudic rabbis.

The result might have been different, for men of various kinds struggled to succeed Weishaupt, and many of them were Gentiles. At the start there was no single, united revolutionary organization; there were revolutionary secret

[169] societies, not yet coalesced, in various countries. The chief of them, and the one in clearest line of descent from Weishaupt's Illuminati, was the Alta Vendita in Italy, some of the papers of which, seized and published by the Pontifical Government, revealed an identity of aim and method with the Illuminati documents of a half-century earlier (as Mrs. Nesta Webster has established from the work of Cretineau Joly.)

In France Freemasonry continued to serve as the cloak used by the revolution, and in Germany the "League of Virtue" (Tugendbund) was directed by lieutenants of Weishaupt.

Various men worked to fuse these, apparently distinct national movements into one, and to assume the leadership, in succession to Adam Weishaupt. Among them were a Frenchman, Louis Blanc (whose name the reader is asked to bear in mind, for a reason which will appear later; at one moment he seemed likely to play the part of Lenin, even before Lenin was born), a Russian, Michel Bakunin, and a Jew, born in Germany, Karl Marx.

The struggle was fought between the last two, for Louis Blanc soon faded from the scene. Michel Bakunin and Karl Marx were as poles apart. Bakunin, "the father of Anarchy", was "a disciple of Weishaupt",

according to the French revolutionary socialist, Benoit Malon. He represented that early breed of idealist revolutionaries who thought that they had found in revolution an instrument to destroy tyranny. He saw the danger that the confiscatory State, set up on the ruins of private property, would merely reproduce the tyrannical propensities of the private capitalist in gargantuan shape; therefore he looked for ways to reconcile the communal ownership of land and capital with the utmost possible diminution in the powers of the State and ultimately even with *the complete abolition of the State*. Thus he was the very opposite of Karl Marx, whose similar proposal, for the communal ownership of land and capital, was aimed simply at setting up a super-tyranny in place of petty tyrants.

The ruling passion (and original motive) of all Bakunin's work was a horror of despotism; Marx planned to destroy a ruling class in order to establish such a despotism as the world had never known. This was the profound difference between the two men, and it throws up a question never to be answered: what would the effect on the world have been if Bakunin's Anarchism, instead of Marx's Communism, had assumed leadership of the world-revolution? For Anarchism was opposed to every kind of forcible government, and to the State as the embodiment of the force employed in the government of the community; Communism was the deification of force wielded by the State.

Everything about Bakunin is genuine: his struggle, sufferings and death. Everything about Marx is bogus: his thirty years of incitement from the British Museum reading-room, his comfortable life on Friedrich Engels's bounty, his obviously calculated marriage to a "von", his genteel funeral with graveside orations; all are typical of the petty bourgeois who so loudly declaimed against [170] the *bourgeoisie*. The most bogus thing of all was his Communist Manifesto, which diagnosed an ailment ("The proletariat is without property") and prescribed suicide as the remedy ("The theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property").

This was a plain intimation to the proletariat that it had nothing to gain but chains from Communism, and if revolutionary outbreaks all over Europe followed the publication of the Manifesto in January 1848, the oppressed masses cannot have roused to them by its logic. Within a few weeks of publication, revolts occurred all over Germany, in Austria, Hungary, Italy, France and Denmark. This was proof that the individual "secret societies" in the various countries were fusing together, that some means had been found to co-ordinate and synchronise their outbreaks, and thus, for the first time, to demonstrate *world-revolution* in action, through *simultaneous* eruptions in numerous countries.

Probably only one organization, already existing at that time, had at its disposal the international network which could make this synchronization and co-ordination possible, and that was the Talmudic rabbinate in Eastern Europe. Theoretically, the vast organization of the Catholic Church could have been put to the same purpose, but the Church saw its deadliest enemy in the revolution and was *not* so used; on that point history is clear. What Disraeli had known and stated two years before became historical fact: "that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany . . . is developing *entirely under the auspices of the Jews*". Karl Marx and his Communist Manifesto were the outward and visible signs of a significant historic event: Talmudic Judaism had taken over the world-revolution.

Of the three men who at that time appeared to contend for the generalship of the revolution, Louis Blanc quickly fell out of the running. He was a member of the provisional government set up in Paris after the 1848 revolt, and in the capacity of minister seemed to have the opportunity to put his theories into practice. He held that individualism and competition were cancers in the body social and, like Marx, wished to set up the all-despotic State (albeit of the "welfare" kind favoured by the British Socialists a century later). He was the herald of the "right to work" which, in Russia in the present century, proved to be the State's right to inflict forced labour. In his shortlived office he undertook "to guarantee the livelihood of the workers by work" and was authorized to call together an assembly of workers' delegates to prepare a plan for "full employment". This body was in form an anticipation of the Soviets, and it represents Louis Blanc's chief claim to be remembered. After the suppression of the revolt he fled to England and only returned twenty-three years later, bereft of importance.

That left Marx and Bakunin. Typically, Karl Marx, expelled from Prussia and France after 1848, settled comfortably in London until he died, thirty-four years [171] later. Only Bakunin ran to man the "barricades". Bakunin was by birth a Russian aristocrat and had thrown up his ensignship in a Czarist regiment in 1832 after the suppression of the Polish insurrection of 1830; the spectacle of terrorized Poland inspired in the heart of this young Russian officer the horror of despotism which thenceforth dominated his life. He met Marx before 1848 and left a description of the difference between them: "Marx called me a sentimental idealist, and he was right; I called him a vain man, perfidious and crafty, and I also was right".

Bakunin was in Paris for the fighting of 1848, and in May 1849 was a member of the provisional government set up by the revolutionaries in Saxony, leading the defence of Dresden until the Prussian troops prevailed, when he was captured while trying to escape (with Richard Wagner). He was sentenced to death, and reprieved, successively by the Saxon and Austrian governments. "He was kept in fetters and chained to a wall for a year and then surrendered to the Russian government. After six years imprisonment he was sent, toothless, scorbutic and prematurely aged, to "the comparative freedom of Siberia", whence, in 1861, after twelve years of captivity, he escaped to Japan, America and eventually England. Unbroken by his experiences, he at once resumed preaching the spirit of anarchist revolt and in 1864, in Switzerland, founded his International (the *Alliance Internationale Sociale Democratique*).

About the same time, Karl Marx founded his International (the International Working Men's Association) in London, and the next few years were filled with the decisive struggle between Bakunin and Marx for the soul of the revolution. During Bakunin's long absence in Saxon, Austrian and Russian jails and in Siberia, Marx in London had established his hold on the international revolutionary organization (in several countries he had sons-in-law as lieutenants, on the Napoleonic model), but Bakunin's renown was great and he was deprived of the leadership only by a series of tricks which Marx, through his control of the General Council, was able to use against his rival. In 1872 the General Council called a congress of the International at The Hague, where Bakunin and his friends could not go on account of governmental hostility. At this congress charges were made against Bakunin (reminiscent of those which sixty years later were to be raised against any Communist leaders of whom Stalin wished to rid himself and he was expelled from the International by vote of the Council, packed by Marx's handpicked men.

Broken in health Bakunin died a few years later, and apparently brought on his end by refusing to take food. With him died any hope (if such hope ever existed) that the organized world-revolution might be used to overthrow tyranny and liberate men; from the moment that it came "entirely under the auspices of Jews" (Disraeli) its purpose was to enslave men and to establish an indestructible tyranny. Bakunin's idea was to organize force against oppression, and the worst oppressor of all, in his eyes, was The State. These are his words: "The State is not [172] society, it is only an historical form of it, as brutal as it is abstract. It was born historically, in all countries, of the marriage of violence, rapine, pillage, in a word, war and conquest . . . It has been from its origin, and it remains still at present, the divine sanction of brutal force and triumphant inequality. The State is authority; it is force; it is the ostentation and infatuation of force . . ."

Precisely such a State as that, Karl Marx designed to set up through his international revolutionary movement, and it was to be a *world* State. Bakunin in 1869, when his contest with Karl Marx was reaching its climax, like Disraeli in 1846 and 1852 identified the leadership of the world-revolution as Jewish and in this he saw the cause of the perversion, as he considered it, of the revolutionary idea. His *Polemique contre les Juifs*, written in 1869, was mainly directed against the Jews of the International, and from what we have since seen of these affairs we may assume that his expulsion by the Marxist General Council in 1872 became certain at the moment of that publication in 1869.

When Disraeli died in 1881 he had spent between thirty and forty years warning his countrymen and the world against "the secret societies":

"It was neither parliaments, nor populations, nor the course of nature, nor the course of events, that overthrew the throne of Louis Philippe . . . The throne was surprised by the *secret societies*, ever prepared to ravage Europe . . . Acting in unison with a great popular movement they may destroy society . . ." (1852). "There is in Italy a power which we seldom mention in this House . . . I mean *the secret societies*. It is useless to deny, because it is impossible to conceal, that a great part of Europe is covered with *a network of these secret societies, just as the superficies of the earth is now being covered with railroads* . . . They do not want constitutional government; they do not want ameliorated institutions. . . they want to change the tenure of land, to drive out the present owners of the soil, and to put an end to ecclesiastical establishments . . ." (1856).

Disraeli plainly saw, and perhaps was the first to recognize the name, the fraudulent nature of Liberalism: "it is the manoeuvres of these men who are striking at property and Christ, which the good people of this country, who are so accumulative and so religious, recognize and applaud as the progress of the Liberal cause".

If it were in the power of man, by informed warnings to avert disastrous events, the repeated warnings of this unique authority would have averted the tribulation which the revolution brought on the millions of mankind in the next century. But, "by a divine instinct. men's minds mistrust ensuing danger"; the neglect of

Disraeli's warnings proved what all preceding centuries had shown: that human beings will not be deterred from a dangerous undertaking, or aroused from a perilous inertia, by any spoken counsel. Experience alone can in time move them to act, and in that the 20th Century has made them rich.

In the middle decades of the last century Disraeli spoke in vain. He could not be merely defamed as a "witch-hunter", and therefore was derided with the mien [173] of affectionate disdain: "it was generally thought" (says Mr. Hesketh Pearson) "that he had a bee in his bonnet on the subject of the secret societies, *the existence of which was denied*; but we can now see them as the seeds of a movement which, having found a formula, *fused and festered into Communism*". That verdict of 1951 is obviously true and agrees with the contemporary one of the revolutionary eye-witness Benoît Malon: "Communism was handed down in the dark through the secret societies of the 19th Century".

Thus, when Disraeli died the thing he had striven to avoid had come about: the "secret societies" had been welded into one world-revolutionary movement under Jewish control, and this was preparing to blow up the foundations of the 20th Century. He had found the perfect description for this organization: "a network" which covered Europe "just as the superficies of the earth is now being covered with railroads". Informed men began more and more frequently to use this expression, "the network", and to speak of "the hidden hand" which ruled governments. In the years before the revolutions of 1848 the former Rabbi Drach, who like Disraeli foresaw what was coming, published his indictment of the Talmud as the source of this disruptive process; his ensuing persecution was described by a Jewish writer named Morel, who among other things said, "what can the wisest measures of the authorities of all countries do against *the vast and permanent conspiracy of a people which, like a network as vast as it is strong, stretched over the whole globe, brings its force to bear wherever an event occurs that interests the name of Israelite*".

The sequence of events is significant. In 1772 Poland was partitioned and, after more than 2,500 years, the "centre" of Jewish Government "ceased to exist" (according to Dr. Kastein) or became a secret Jewish government (as the Russian authorities believed). In 1776 Adam Weishaupt founded his Illuminati. By 1846 Disraeli was writing that "the revolution is developing entirely under Jewish auspices". In 1869 Michel Bakunin, the disciple of Weishaupt, attacked the Jews in the revolutionary movement. In 1872 Bakunin was expelled and the united Communist movement plainly emerged, under Karl Marx (in 1917 it produced an almost exclusively Jewish Bolshevik government).

Such was the result, foretold by Disraeli, of the removal of Jewish disabilities and of a few decades of Jewish emancipation. The lowering of the barriers had not had the effect of amalgamating the Jews in the comity of peoples; its consequences had been to give "the most formidable sect" (Bakunin's words) freedom to work for the ruination of these peoples by revolution. The responses given by the Sanhedrin to Napoleon's questions at the century's start, by its middle-age had been shown to be void of force. Jews would *not* thenceforward be allowed to involve themselves with other men, in the nationhoods and laws of the lands where they dwelt; on the contrary, identification with the worldrevolution set them more apart from others than even they had ever been before. The century of emancipation had been turned into a fraud even before it ended.

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During the 19th Century (as Dr. Kastein, again, records) the term "antisemitism" was born. As "persecution" could no longer be said to exist, some new word had to be found, capable of intimidating Gentiles and terrifying Jews, the second purpose being more important than the first, and "antisemitism" was invented. "Abracadabra" might have served as well, for the term "antisemitism" is patently absurd in relation to people who are demonstrably not Semites and whose Law commands the extirpation of Semites (the Arab peoples of Palestine; any expression of sympathy with the Semitic Arabs, expelled from their native land by the Zionist intruders in 1948, in time came to be attacked as "antisemitism").

Presumably the authors of this term desired to keep such words as Jew, Jewish and anti-Jewish out of the public controversy and counted on intimidating the mass-mind by the introduction of an obscurantist word. What the dominant sect meant by "antisemitism" was in fact a combination of lese majesty (offences against the dignity of the sovereign power) and heresy (opposition to the paramount religious doctrine); and by the middle of the present century the mass-mind had to a great extent submitted to this idea; that numerous breed which in earlier times would have doffed its cap at the approach of the squire's bailiff or have crossed itself when the priestly eye turned its way held its tongue and looked respectful when any Jewish affair was mentioned.

The word "antisemitism" was coined at the time when "men of Jewish race", as Disraeli and Bakunin pointed out, took over the direction of the world-revolution, and the main object of its invention was by



intimidation to deter public discussion of that remarkable development; the events of the present century have abundantly proved that, as this book will show. In the recent time, a Jewish authority, Mr. Bernard Lazare, offered a definition of "antisemitism" in a book which bore the word as its title. This definition had nothing whatever to do with the prophet Shem and his tribe, with Semitic blood or speech or stock, or with anything Semitic whatsoever; Mr. Lazare related "antisemitism" entirely to an adverse opinion of the Jewish role in revolution. He wrote:

"This is what must separate the impartial historian from antisemitism. The antisemite says: 'The Jew is the preparer, the machinator, the chief engineer of revolutions'; the impartial historian confines himself to studying the part which the Jew, considering his spirit his character, the nature of his philosophy, and his religion, may have taken in revolutionary processes and movements".

What Mr. Lazare clearly meant was that nothing more than "a part" in revolutionary processes might be attributed to Jews, and that a man who said that The Jew is the preparer, the machinator, the chief engineer of revolutions" committed lese majesty and heresy.

However, it is substantially what Disraeli said (who may even have had a drop or two of Semitic blood, and in that differed from the Eastern Jews to whom he alluded): "that mighty revolution. . . is developing *entirely under the auspices of* [175] *the Jews*", "*the influence of the Jews* may be traced in the last outbreak of the destructive principle", "*men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them*" (i.e., the secret societies).

As he was himself racially Jewish, Disraeli presumably felt no need to labour the fact that many Jews were as stoutly opposed as he to the "mighty revolution" and to "the destructive principle". In his day this would have been apparent, and he would not have had to armourplate his words against the propagandist who, today, would accuse him of incriminating *all* Jews by his allusions to "the auspices of *the Jews*" and "the influence of *the Jews*" (which by Mr. Lazare's definition would make him "antisemitic"!).

From the French revolutionary period onward (when the long resident Jews of France gave warning against the newcomers from the East who were making trouble in Alsace) the Sephardic Jews of the West strongly resisted the ill wind that was blowing towards them from the East. Emancipation had loosened their bonds; they stood to lose all they had gained if "the destructive principle", "engineered" by the Talmudic sect and the Ashkenazim in the East, were to prevail over the West.

The warnings of Disraeli were addressed to this, then the dominant section of Jewry as much as to the Gentiles; perhaps more. The Sephardic Jews may also be said to have paid more heed to them than the Gentile masses around them. Their punishment was to be excommunicated; by one of the most remarkable operations ever performed by statisticians on a body of people, the Sephardim were within a hundred years to be pronounced virtually extinct (like the "ten lost tribes" long before).



## Chapter 22

### THE MANAGERS

When Jewish direction of the world-revolution became discernible by the middle of the last century it was direction by the Ashkenazic (Eastern, or Slavic) Jews. The Sephardic (Western, or Iberian) Jews were in the mass strongly opposed to it. It was directed against them as much as against Christendom, for emancipation in Europe had led to a substantial measure of assimilation in their case; they were slipping from the grasp of the ruling elders of Judaism, who were faced with the loss of their power through Jewish integration in mankind. Segregation was vital to Talmudic Judaism, and integration was lethal.

At that point they threw the "Eastern Jews" into the contest, whose emergence as a separate body of Jews coincided with the start of the world-revolution. Before then the West knew only "Jews", and these were the Sephardic Jews. Alluding to the period when Disraeli began to speak of Jewish leadership of the revolution, Dr. Kastein says, "From this time onwards it is possible to speak of Western and Eastern Jews". In fact the separate breeds had existed for about a thousand years; what Dr. Kastein means is that the Eastern Jews at that moment emerged as a distinct body, mobilized by the rabbinical government for action against the emancipated Sephardic Jews of the West and against the West itself.

Up to that time the Western Jews had only been dimly aware of these Eastern Jews, and to the Christian West they were unknown. Their cohesion as a mass, and the energy which had been stored up in them by many centuries of rabbinical absolutism in the ghettos, was to make of them, when they entered the West, the most powerful of all the forces which shaped the events of the 20th Century. They were good material for the purpose to which they were put. Racially of barbaric Asiatic origins, for centuries they had received a Talmudic training in a regimentation as strict as that of any ancient Oriental despotism.

In the grand strategy which unfolded during the 19th Century they were employed for a double purpose, and with skill were used to achieve ends, so contradictory, that their simultaneous accomplishment must have been held impossible, before it came about, by any rational observer. In Russia itself they were used, as a mass, to wreck emancipation (for there would have been no hope of reclaiming the emancipated Jews of Western Europe if these had seen that the Eastern Jews, too, were becoming emancipated). To the outer world they were simultaneously depicted, even while they blocked the process of emancipation in Russia, as being the victims of a cruel, "antisemitic" persecution which wantonly denied them emancipation!

Given the control of modern media of mass-propaganda and mass-suggestion it is possible to impress on the mind of the multitude these false images of what is happening elsewhere, and under the spell of such false notions to incite them into war itself. During the last century the politicians of the West began habitually to declaim against the persecution of the Jews in Russia, while those Jews, under a [177] rigorous leadership, were being prompted to destroy emancipation by every conceivable means.

Lest the reader doubt, I must add that the picture here given is historically authentic, and is confirmed by the Judaist authorities. Among others Dr. Kastein says, "The great majority of Jews offered *bitter passive resistance* to all 'attempts at amelioration' ". However, this resistance was not simply "passive" but also took lethal forms. Dr. Chaim Weizmann is probably the best authority on this period, and his work will be extensively cited in what follows. The ghettoized Ashkenazim (both in their Communist and their Zionist organizations) were inspired to obstruct emancipation by every possible device (including assassination in the last resort) while the story of their persecution was hammered, as an intimidatory warning, into the consciousness of the Western Jews and, as a rightful claim for succour, into that of the Christian West.

The Gentile politicians of the West presented these fictions to their peoples as truth, for they had found that powerful Jews, in all countries, were able to assist parties favoured by them with money, press support and votes; the return they required was support for the cause of the "persecuted" Jews in Russia and for the "return" to Palestine. In effect this meant that politicians who sought these favours had to subordinate national interest to two causes ultimately destructive of all nation-states: the revolution and the ambition to acquire territory for the dominant race. This was the process by means of which, as Disraeli said in *Lothair* (1870) "democracy has degraded statesmen into politicians". In this way also that state of the mass-mind began to take shape which would not brook any confutation, no matter how fully proven, of the legend of a permanent Jewish persecution and of a disease endemic in Gentile man (an epidemic at that time in Russia called "antisemitism"). When it was dangerous to believe that the world was round, the multitude vocally agreed that it was flat; this condition was reproduced, in respect of Talmudic Judaism's propaganda, in the 19th century, with the results which have been seen in this one.

The Western Jews were much less responsive than the Western politicians to these two currents from the East. These original Jews, in whom the Sephardic tradition and strain continued, were moving towards integration, or at least towards an involvement, with diminishing frictions, in mankind. They intuitively feared the growing pressure from Russia and, recalling the unhappy end of the long, prosperous centuries in Spain, were filled with foreboding by the thought of its possible consequences. I recall, from my own time in Europe, how the Western Jews distrusted and feared these Eastern Jews, in whom they saw the spectral threat of an enforced return to the ghettos and to rabbinical absolutism. The German Jew then was wont to refer to "*diese Ostjuden*" (these Eastern Jews!) with aversion; the Eastern Jew for his part, when after the first world war he made his way from Russia and Poland into Germany, spoke with contempt of the settled Jews there as "*diese Berliner*" (these Berliners!).

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The rabbinical directorate of Jewry, in its Eastern fastnesses, set out to use these Judaized Tartars from Russia against the emancipated Jews of the West and against the West itself. The secretive life of Jewry has made the counting of Jewish heads impossible at all periods. This lack of any trustworthy figures of Jewish populations enabled the ruling sect a century ago to begin, and in our day almost to complete, an astonishing biological operation: they have transformed nearly all Jews into Ashkenazim!

At the end of the 18th century the Jews known to the West were the Sephardim, who inherited at least a tenuous tradition, a frail thread leading back through Spain to Africa, and fading then into a legend of Canaanitish origins. By the middle of the present century these Jews were declared by the elders of Jewry to have become almost extinct! A report presented to the Second World Sephardic Conference held in New York in 1954 stated that the Jewish world population was 11,763,491; that *only* 1,744,883 (or 15 percent) of these Jews were Sephardim; and that *merely* 52,000 of these Sephardim lived in Europe (which formerly knew *only* Sephardic Jews) and the entire Western Hemisphere.

Normal processes of birth and death could not have worked this magic. Evidently the Sephardim, like the ten tribes of Israel nearly three thousand years ago, have been declared to have "vanished" because they "ceased to believe that they had a destiny apart from their neighbours". The Ashkenazim have been awarded the inheritance of Judah, "an order of existence fundamentally different from that of the people about . . . no process of assimilation to others . . . absolute differentiation"; and nearly *all* Jews have now been declared to be Ashkenazim! Thus the elders of Judaism twice have expunged masses by strokes of the pen. The Sephardim have been excommunicated for the same reason as the Israelites, but obviously they live on in truth, some integrated in mankind, some segregated in original Judaism.

The identification of the Eastern Jews with the world-revolution, a century ago, cannot have come about by chance or by individual leanings, for they were despotically ruled. The regime of the rabbis in the East was nearly absolute and the ghettoized communities obeyed their commands, as God-empowered lawgivers and magistrates, in every act of daily life. During the 1930's, when I saw a good deal of such Eastern Jewish communities, in Poland and Ruthenia, they still lived a life of seclusion, unimaginable to the Western mind until it was beheld. A mass move of these Eastern Jews into the revolutionary camp (or any other camp) could not have occurred without rabbinical guidance, for the penalties of disobedience, in those Talmudic confines, were dire (I have quoted the Jewish authority who testifies that the rabbis sometimes encouraged lynching if local circumstances disabled them from openly pronouncing the death penalty [179] prescribed by the Law.)\*

Therefore the mass move into the revolutionary camp must be regarded as one of high policy, directed after full consideration by that Jewish government which was transferred to Poland after the expulsion from Spain and sank from the sight of men at the dissection of Poland in 1772. Contemplated in that historical

perspective, the threefold purposes of the grand design become clear, and events have demonstrated them. First, through revolution the process of emancipation (and therewith of Jewish assimilation in the West) might be reversed and the supremacy of the ruling sect in Jewry maintained. Second, through revolution vengeance might be taken on Christendom for the expulsion from Spain, or perhaps for the existence of Christendom (for that is the affront to which the Talmud is in effect the answer). Third, revolution would promote the fulfilment of The Law, which ordained the ruination of the heathen and the triumph of the Chosen People, or at any rate of the sect which used that beguiling term.

An ambition which perhaps was not hugely foolish among Near Eastern tribes and in the small space of the known world in 500 BC, thus became the megalomaniac one of our global era, which is witnessing an attempt to impose an ancient tribal law, born in the petty feuds of little ancient lands, upon the world. The Gentile is apt to imagine that The Law which governs this undertaking is that which he can find in the Torah, or Old Testament, which he shares with the Jew, but this is not true. The Old Testament contains a lofty law of righteousness and neighbourly behaviour and inspired glimpses of the universal "house of prayer of all peoples". This Law was rejected by Judah, and the Torah includes the interpolations and cancellations which nullify it; but at any rate it contains *both*; it is two books, and any man may choose the one that seems to him to be the word of God. In fact that is what Christianity did; it took from the Old Testament, and applied to itself, those parts of the Torah which have a universal application, and it ignored the Levitical insertions which voided the moral commandments.

But the Judaic Law under which the Eastern rabbinate directed Eastern

\* This rabbinical administration of the Judaic Law within Jewish communities continues today in America, England and other Western countries. In 1955 a Jewish merchant of Leeds, in England, came under Jewish suspicion of having allowed some of 223 old British tanks, disposed of by him, to reach Egypt, a neighbour of the Zionist state. No complaint was raised in respect of their sale to other countries, and the transaction, whatever their destination, was legal under British law. The alleged Egyptian sale, *alone*, was brought before a Jewish court, the president of which stated in the British Press that if the man were cleared the court's findings "will be accepted without question by the Jewish community", but if he were not "we have our ways as a community of dealing with a transgressor".

The word "transgressor" relates to the Judaic rabbinical law, so that this was a public intimation that a man found to have "transgressed" that law would be punished, without regard to his innocence or guilt under the law of the country of which he was a citizen.

In this case the action taken cuts across State policy at its highest levels, those of foreign policy and national defence: for foreign policy and national defence cannot be conducted in the national interest if sections of the community are able to nullify governmental policy by dictating the choice of foreign countries to which arms may be sold, and punishing "transgressors". This case, however, was exceptional only in the publicity it received. As to that, as far as I was able to judge it aroused no great public interest or feeling, or if it did, this was not allowed to find expression in the newspapers. This was an example of the extent to which public discussion or criticism of any action taken by the ruling powers of Jewry had been silenced in the West by 1955.

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Jews into the revolutionary camp is that of the Talmud, of which "the modern Jew is the product" (Mr. Rodkinson, previously cited). The Talmud contains no lofty law of righteousness applicable to *all* men, but sets up the creed of Moloch, shorn of the universal applications; it is *one* book, not two. It is the uncompromising response to Christianity: "the precepts of justice, of equity, or charity towards one's neighbour, are not only not applicable with regard to the Christian, but constitute a crime in anyone who would act differently. The Talmud expressly forbids one to save a non-Jew from death . . . to restore lost goods, etc. to him, to have pity on him" (the former Rabbi Drach, already quoted). This was The Law of the Slavic Ashkenazim in their ghettos; the Ashkenazim, under stern direction, became the engineers of the world-revolution; and according to the Judaic authorities the Ashkenazim are now "the Jews", or 85 percent of them.

Thus a formidable, secret sect, in parts of Russia little known to the outer world trained a compact mass of human beings for an onslaught on the nation-states of Christendom and the West, and in the 19th century began to unleash the force which it had generated. For the next hundred and fifty years (until the present day) the revolutionary force worked with spreading effect to disrupt the West, always following the plan originally disclosed in Weishaupt's papers, and "men of Jewish race" were constantly found at the head of it. The results have shown: Europe, once a land-mass of prosperous and virile nation-states, is now a place

of bewildered peoples who struggle to make their way out of the new Dark Age and into the light again. The effects have spread far beyond Europe; Disraeli's "destructive principle" today beats on the doors of all the world. Possibly another hundred years must pass before the force let loose expends itself and the Ashkenazim (like the Sephardim before them) find the pull of mankind too strong for them, so that the Cabalist's dream of world dominion fades.

Under The Law this destruction was not an end in itself; it was a means *to* the end laid down in The Law. The extirpation of nation-states was to be the essential prelude to the establishment of the triumphant nation-State, that of the chosen people in their promised land. Thus, in the middle of the last century, a second force also was brought into being in those same Eastern, Talmudic-ruled areas where the world-revolution received its shape and impetus.

This was Zionism, the force that was set in movement to achieve "the return" and lay the foundations of the supreme Nation-State in Palestine. This, the force of domination, at every stage in the process of the last hundred years kept step with the force of revolution, and neither could have achieved what it did achieve without the other. The achievement is clear: the "return" *has* been accomplished and the nation-state of the chosen people *has* been founded; simultaneously the nation-states of other peoples, those breeds outside The Law, have been reduced or extinguished. The dominant-force corrupted the governments of these states at the top level; the revolutionary-force eroded their foundations at the bottom [181] level.

Dr. Kastein, having affirmed that the Jewish government (the "centre", with its unbroken history of more than two thousand years) "ceased to exist" after the dissection of Poland in 1772, records that a hundred years later "a Jewish international" was in being. He evidently meant that the Jewish government *of Jews* had given way to a Jewish government *of governments*, and this is evidently the truth of our time.

Disraeli spoke of "a network" of revolutionary organizations which covered the earth like a system of railroads; it is the perfect description of the destructive mechanism which was constructed. To achieve the greater purpose there had to be another network at the top, and although Disraeli did not use the word in that case, he alluded to it when he said, "The world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes". This is presumably "the Jewish international" of which Dr. Kastein speaks, a league of powerful and wealthy men at the top, under whose authority kings and princes, first, and republican presidents and politicians, next, equally found themselves.

These two machines worked in synchronization, each promoting the aim of the other. In their dealings with the masses, the Gentile rulers were forced by the threat of revolution from below to yield ever more authority, until they fell; in their dealings with foreign countries, and in the wars to which these led, they were constrained by the power of the purse to support the plan of the symbolic "return" to Palestine. The Gentile often asks why men of wealth should promote revolution. Disraeli put the same question, in order to give the answer: they wish to destroy Christianity. He knew precisely what he meant; to the Gentile the answer may be made more comprehensible by saying that they obey the Talmudic Law, which requires the destruction of heathen nation-states as the prelude to the triumphant "return".

Thus the story of the emergence of Zionism from the ghettos of Russia and of the delicate interplay between the two forces, the one coiling itself round the rulers of the West and the other undermining the structure of the nation-states, forms the next chapter of the controversy of Zion.

## Chapter 23

### THE "PROPHET"

The 19th Century moved inexorably towards the repudiation of the Sanhedrin's avowals to Napoleon, towards the re-segregation of the Jews, towards the re-establishment of that theocratic state in the midst of states, the danger of which Tiberius had depicted before the Christian era began. The struggle was not between "the Jews" and "the Gentiles"; as on the ancient day when the Persian king's soldiers enabled Ezra and Nehemiah to enforce "the new Law" on the Judahites, it was once more between some Jews and some Gentiles and the other Jews and the other Gentiles. The mystery always was that at such junctures the Gentile rulers allied themselves with the ruling sect of Judaism against the Jewish masses and thus against their own peoples, among whom they fostered a disruptive force. This paradox repeated itself in the 19th century and produced the climacteric of our present day, in which all nations are heavily involved.

The emancipated Jews of the West were undone on this occasion, with the mass of Gentile mankind, by the Western politicians, who enlisted, like a Swiss Guard, in the service of Zionism. Therefore this narrative must pause to look "at the Liberals" of the 19th Century, who by espousing Zionism enabled it to disrupt the affairs and deflect the national policies of peoples.

They may best be studied through the founder of their line. "The Prophet" (he claimed the title which Amos angrily repudiated) was Henry Wentworth Monk, by few remembered today. He was the prototype of the 20th Century American president or British prime minister, the very model of a modern Western politician.

To account for this man one would have to revivify all the thoughts and impulses of the last century. It is recent enough for a plausible attempt. One effect of emancipation was to make every undisciplined thinker believe himself a leader of causes. The spread of the printed word enabled demagogues to distribute ill considered thoughts: The increasing speed and range of transport led them to look for causes far outside their native ken. Irresponsibility might pose as Christian charity when it denounced its neighbours for indifference to the plight of Ethiopian orphans, and who could check the facts? Dickens depicted the type in Stiggins, with his society for providing infant negroes with moral pocket handkerchiefs; Disraeli remarked that the hideous lives of coalminers in the North of England had "escaped the notice of the Society for the Abolition of Negro Slavery".

The new way of acquiring a public reputation was too easy for such rebukes to deter those who were tempted by the beguiling term "liberal", and soon the passion for reform filled the liberal air, which would not brook a vacuum. The "rights of man" had to be asserted; and the surviving wrongs were most easily discovered among peoples faraway (and, for fervour, the further the better). It [183] was the heyday of the self-righteous, of those who only wanted the good of others, and cared not how much bad they did under that banner. The do-gooders founded a generation, and also an industry (for this vocation was not devoid of material reward, as well as plaudits). In the name of freedom, these folk were in our day to applaud, and help bring about, the re-enslavement of half Europe.

Into such a time Henry Wentworth Monk was born (1827) in a farm settlement on the then remote Ottawa River in Canada. At seven he was wrenched from kith and kip and transported to the Bluecoat School in London, at that time a rigorous place for a lonely child. The boys wore the dress of their founder's day (Edward VI), long blue coat, priestly cravat, yellow stockings and buckled shoon. They lived as a sect apart, ate monastic fare and little of it, the rod was not spared, and they were sternly drilled in the Scriptures.



Thus young Monk had many emotional needs, crying to be appeased, and his child's mind began to find modern applications in the Old Testament, to which his infant mind was so diligently directed. By "swift beasts", he deduced, Isaiah meant railways, and by "swift messengers", steamships. He next decided, at this early age, that he had found the keys to "prophecy" and could interpret the mind of God in terms of his day. He ignored the warnings of the Israelite prophets and of the New Testament against this very temptation; what he found was merely the teaching of the Levitical priesthood, that one day the heathen would be destroyed and the chosen people re-gathered in their supreme kingdom in the promised land.

Men of rank and influence also were toying with this idea that the time had come for them to make up God's mind. When Monk was eleven a Lord Shaftesbury proposed that the great powers should buy Palestine from the Sultan of Turkey and "restore it to the Jews". England then had a statesman, Lord Palmerston, who did not let such notions disturb his duty, and nothing was done. But in young Monk an idea was ignited, and The Prophet was born; his life thenceforth held no other interest until it ended sixty years later!

At fourteen he obtained special leave to attend a sermon preached by "the first English Bishop in Jerusalem" (whose name, history records, was Solomon Alexander). The little boy returned to school with shining eyes, dedicated to his life's work of procuring Palestine, without regard to the people already in it, for some body of other people utterly unknown to him. The idea would not let him settle down on his father's Canadian farm when he returned to it; it stood between him and the Christian ministry, when he was made a candidate for this. He pored over the Old Testament and found it was but a code, that cleared before his eyes.

Thus he fell into the irreverence which the study of the Levitical scriptures sometimes produces in men who describe them selves as Christians and yet ignore the New Testament. Once they accept the concept of foretellings to be *literally* fulfilled, they yield, in fact, to the Judaic Law of a political contract which leaves

[184] no latitude whatever to God, save in the one point of the *time* of completion. From that they proceed, in one bound, to the conclusion that *they* know the time (which God, presumably, has forgotten). At that stage such men believe that they are God. This is the end to which the process must lead them: the denial of Christianity, and of all divinity. This is the profanity to which all leading politicians of the West, in our century, lent themselves; Monk was the original of a multitude.

Even in his remote Canadian habitat he found other prophets. An American Jew, a Major Mordecai Noah, was trying to build a Jewish "city of refuge" on an island in the Niagara River, preparatory to "the return"; from what the Jews of North America needed refuge, until they "returned", he alone knew. Also, a Mr. Warder Cresson, the first United States Consul in Jerusalem, became so ardent for "restoration" that he embraced Judaism and published a book, *Jerusalem The Centre And Joy Of The Whole World*. Returning to America, he cast off his Gentile wife, renamed himself Michael Boas Israel, went to Palestine and there contrived to marry a Jewish girl with whom he could communicate only by signs.

All this fired Monk's ardour the more. He decided, in the Old Testamentary tradition, no more to cut his hair or adorn his body until "Zion is restored". As his hair grew abundantly, he became most hirsute; as he sold his small property and thereafter never laboured, he was for the rest of his days dependent on others. At twenty-six he set out for Jerusalem and reached it after much hardship. Having nothing but shagginess and shabbiness to testify to the truth of his message, he found few hearers.

Monk might have disappeared from the annals at that point but for a chance encounter which made him publicly known. In this century of world wars, trans-continental and trans-oceanic projectiles, and mass-destroying explosives, the 19th Century counts as a stable, peaceful period of time, unshadowed by fear for the morrow. The student, particularly of this controversy of Zion, is astonished to find how many educated men apparently lived in fright of annihilation and decided that they could only be saved if a body of the planet's inhabitants were transported to Arabia. The Prophet's path crossed that of another of these tremulous beings.

A young English painter, Holman Hunt, appeared in Jerusalem. He also was ready for "a cause", for he was waging the characteristic feud of the young artist against the Academicians, and that produces an inflammable state of mind. He enjoyed ill health and often thought his end near (he lived to be eighty-three). He had just painted *The Light of the World*, which depicted Jesus, lantern in hand, at the sinner's door, and the sudden apparition of the bearded Monk caught his imagination. He grasped eagerly at the Prophet's idea of threatening mankind (including the Academicians) with extermination if it did not do what Prophecy ordained.



So these two, Prophet. and pre-Raphaelite, concerted a plan to startle the [185] indifferent world. Monk depicted "the scapegoat" to Holman Hunt as the symbol of Jewish persecution by mankind. They agreed that Holman Hunt should paint a picture of "the scapegoat" and that Monk should simultaneously write a book explaining that the time had come for the persecuted to be restored, in fulfilment of prophecy.

(In fact the scapegoat was an ingenious Levitical device, whereby the priest was empowered to absolve the congregation of its sins by taking two kids of the goat, killing one for a sin-offering, and driving the other into the wilderness to expiate by its suffering "all their transgressions and all their sins. . . putting them upon the head of the goat". The Prophet and Holman Hunt transformed the meaning into its opposite. The scapegoat for the sins of the Jews was to become the symbol of the Jews themselves; its tormentors, the Levitical priests, were by implication to be changed into Gentile oppressors!)

Holman Hunt went to work; this was a delightful way, both to take a swing at the Royal Academy ("problem pictures") and to identify himself with a cause. His picture would say more than any spoken word, and it would be followed by Monk's written word. The Picture and The Book, The Symbol and The Interpretation, The Herald and The Prophet: once the world beheld "The Scapegoat" Monk's work of revelation would find an audience, awakened to its transgressions and eager to make amends.

Hunt, wearing Arab robes and carrying easel and rifle, was then seen by the Bedouin driving a white goat to the Dead Sea. He painted an excellent picture of a goat (indeed, of two goats, as the first goat, with excessive zeal, died, and a substitute had to be found). For greater effect, a camel's skeleton was brought from Sodom and a goat's skull borrowed, and these were arranged in the background. The painting certainly produces the impression that the Levites must have been cruel (the animal's agony was graphically represented) and wicked, to pretend that by its suffering they could wash out all the iniquities of their people: Holman Hunt took it to England, first pledging himself, with Monk, "to the restoration of the Temple, the abolition of warfare among men, and the coming of the Kingdom of God upon the earth"; probably no painter ever had such large purposes in mind when he conceived a picture.

Monk then produced his *Simple Interpretation of the Revelation* and the joint undertaking was complete; the world had but to respond. In this first book Monk still tried to wed Levitical politics with Christian doctrine. Historically he stayed on safe ground; he pointed out, correctly, that "the ten tribes" could not have become extinct, but lived on in the mass of mankind: This led him to his "interpretation", which was to the effect that "the true Israelites", Jewish and Christian, should migrate to Palestine and establish a model state there (at that point he was far from literal Zionism, and ran risk of being accounted an "antisemite"). His portrayal of the consequences was plain demagoguery; if this were done, he said, war would come to an end. But then came the paramount idea

[186] (and who knows whence Monk got it?): an International Government must be set up in Jerusalem. Here Monk hit on the true intention of Zionism. Monk was only enabled to have his work published through an acquaintanceship which he owed to Holman Hunt: John Ruskin, the famous art critic, prevailed on the publisher Constable to print it. The Book (like The Picture) failed of effect, but Ruskin helped The Prophet with money and in other ways, and thus saved him from oblivion.

Ruskin, too, was the product of early pressures and inner disappointments. Like Wilkie Collins (an excellent craftsman who could not rest content with writing good novels and vainly tried to emulate Dickens's gift for arousing moral indignation), he was not happy to remain in the field where he was eminent but was ever ready to champion (and less ready to examine) anything that looked like a moral cause. Like Monk, he had been drilled in the Old Testament as a child (though by a possessive Puritan mother), and he was recurrently unlucky in love, sometimes humiliatingly so. He was therefore at all times in search of an outlet for unspent emotional impulses. He feared life and the future, so that The Prophet's incessant warnings of wrath to come unnerved him and made him put his hand in his pocket. He had a large audience and yielded to the same impiety as Monk and Holman; as his biographer says (Mr. Besketh Pearson), "he succumbed to the delusion, common to all messiahs, that his word was God's", and in the end his reason waned, but by then he had enabled The Prophet to preach and wander on.

After the failure of Monk's book Holman Hunt tried again. He began a painting of Jesus, in the synagogue, reading the messianic prophecies and announcing their fulfilment in himself. To make his meaning clear, he used Monk as the model for the figure of Jesus, and the indignation of the elders was to symbolize the world's rejection of The Prophet. Holman Hunt's preliminary study for this picture is in the National Gallery at Ottawa and shows Monk holding in one hand the Bible (open at the Book of the Revelation) and in the other: a copy of the London *Times*. (I was working in monastic seclusion in Montreal, somewhat bowed down by the nature and weight of the task, when I discovered the picture, and my

neighbours were then surprised by the loud noise of mirth which burst from the usually silent room where a former correspondent of *The Times* bent over his labours).

Thereafter human nature slowly had its way. Holman Hunt sold a picture of the *Finding of Christ in the Temple* for 5,500 (pounds) and his resentment against life (and the Academicians) mellowed. He found himself unable to ask the tattered Prophet to accompany him to fine houses like those of Val Prinsep and Tennyson. Ruskin was busy with ill-starred loves, and was becoming sceptical as well. Nevertheless, these two sedentary men could not quite forget The Prophet's warnings that they would be destroyed unless they soon effected the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. He was always telling them that "the day" was at hand [187] and pointing to some warlike episode, in Africa or Asia Minor or the Balkans or Europe, as the foretold beginning of the end; skirmishes and minor campaigns never lacked. At last Holman Hunt and Ruskin hit on a plan which seemed likely to allay their fears, appease their consciences and rid them of The Prophet; they urged him to go to Jerusalem and (like Sabbatai Zevi) proclaim the approach of The Millennium!

He was about to go when another war broke out, completely confounding him because it was not in any of the places where, interpreting prophecy, he had foretold the beginning of the end of days. It was in the very area from which, according to his published interpretation, salvation was to come: America.

After a glance at the authorities, The Prophet announced that he had located the error in his calculations: the Civil War was in fact the great, premonitory event. Now something must be done about Palestine without delay! John Ruskin put his foot down. If The Prophet were truly a prophet, he said, let him hasten to America before he went to Jerusalem, and call down some sign from heaven that would stop the Civil War. He, Ruskin, would finance the journey. And The Prophet went, to stop the Civil War.

The tradition then prevailed in America that a republican president must be accessible to all, and Mr. Abraham Lincoln was so beleaguered three days a week. One day, when the President's doors were open, The Prophet was swept in with a crowd of patronage-seekers, petitioners and sightseers.

His appearance gained him a few words of conversation with the President. Mr. Lincoln's harassed eye was arrested by the sight of something peering at him through the undergrowth. He asked who the visitor was, then learning that he was a Canadian come to end the war. Asked for his proposal, The Prophet urged that the South free its slaves against compensation and the North agree to Southern secession, a suggestion which (Monk recorded) "appeared to amuse the President. Mr. Lincoln asked, "Do not you Canadians consider my Emancipation Proclamation as a great step forward in the social and moral progress of the world?"

Monk said this was not enough: "Why not follow the emancipation of the Negro by a still more urgent step: the emancipation of the Jew?" Mr. Lincoln was baffled (the Jews had always been emancipated in America) and asked in astonishment, "The Jew, why the Jew? Are they not free already?"

Monk said, "Certainly, Mr. President, the American Jew is free, and so is the British Jew, but not the European. In America we live so far off that we are blind to what goes on in Russia and Prussia and Turkey. There can be no permanent peace in the world until the civilized nations, led, I hope, by Great Britain and the United States, atone for what they have done to the Jews, for their two thousand years of persecution, by restoring them to their national home in Palestine, and making Jerusalem the capital city of a reunited Christendom".

Characteristically, Monk had never been to "Russia, Prussia or Turkey"; he [188] was that kind of "Liberal". In Russia the Talmudic rabbinate was opposing emancipation by every means, and two years before Monk saw Mr. Lincoln the Czar Alexander II had been assassinated when he announced a parliamentary constitution; in Prussia the Jews *were* emancipated and for this very reason were the objects of attack by the Jews in Russia; the Jews under Turkish rule (which oppressed *all* subject nationalities impartially) were already *in* Palestine and thus could not be restored thither.

In Mr. Lincoln's day the notion that all wars, wherever fought and for whatever reason, ought to be diverted to the aim of establishing a Jewish state in Palestine was new (today it is generally accepted and put into practice, as the two world wars have shown), and the President was again amused.

He had on hand the cruellest war in Western history, up to that time. Being a man of resource, and versed in dealing with importuners, he rid himself of The Prophet with a good-humoured jest. "My chiropodist is a Jew", he said, "and he has so often put me on my feet that I would have no objection to giving his countrymen a leg up". Then, reminding Monk of the war in progress, he begged The Prophet to

await its end: "then we may begin again to see visions and dream dreams". (Another topic for a debating society: was the use of this phrase chance or intention? Mr. Lincoln certainly knew what fate the Old Testament prescribes for "false prophets and dreamers of dreams".)

Monk returned to London and Ruskin paid his expenses to Palestine, whence, on arrival, he was deported as a nuisance in 1864. Destitute, he signed as seaman aboard a Boston-bound clipper and, being wrecked, swam the last part of the Atlantic. He was cast ashore bleeding and almost naked, so that, looking like a bear, he was shot as one, in semi-darkness, by a farmer. He lost his memory and mind, and in this condition at last came home. He recovered after some years and at once returned to his obsession. The "day of trouble", so long foretold, still had not come; the planet kept its accustomed place. He re-examined prophecy and decided that he had erred in recommending the union of Jews and Christians in the world-state to be set up in Jerusalem. Now he saw that what prophecy required God to do was first to put the Jews in possession of Palestine, *and then to set up a worldwide organization with power to enforce the submission of nations to its law.*

After a lifetime Monk thus stumbled on the fullness of the political plan of world dominion which is contained in the Old Testament, and still thought that he was interpreting divine prophecy. No evidence offers that he ever came in contact with the initiates and illuminates of the grand design. The only recorded Jewish money he was ever offered was a charitable gift of five pounds "if you are personally in want". He moved always in the company and at the cost of the bemused Gentile "Liberals".

He was forgotten in the Ottawa Valley when, in 1870, his hope (one must use the word) that "the day of troubles" was at last at hand was revived by a huge [189] forest fire, which he took as a sign from heaven that the time had come. Somehow he made his way to London (1872) and to Hunt and Ruskin, who had thought him dead. Ruskin was wooing Rose La Touche, so that for the time he was unresponsive to warnings of doom and wrote to The Prophet, "I acknowledge the wonderfulness of much that you tell me, but I simply do not believe that you can understand so much about God when you understand so little about man. . . you appear to me to be mad, but for aught I know I may be mad myself" (these last words, unhappily, were prescient).

Such admonitions were not new to The Prophet. His relatives and friends had ever implored him, if he felt called to improve mankind, to look around him at home: the lot of the Canadian Indians, or even of the Canadians, might be bettered. To a man who held the key to divine revelation advice of this kind was sacrilegious, and Monk, by way of various pamphlets, came at length to the idea of a "Palestine Restoration Fund". For this he borrowed a notion of Ruskin's, originally devised to help Ruskin's own country; namely, that wealthy folk should forfeit a tithe of their incomes for the purpose of reclaiming English wastelands. Monk decided that the tithe should serve a better object: the "return"!

By this time (1875) Ruskin was once more unnerved, first by the death of Rose La Touche and next by the apparent imminence of one more distant war (this time a British-Russian one). Clearly The Prophet was right after all; the "day of troubles" *was* come. Ruskin signed Monk's manifesto and dedicated a tenth of his income to The Prophet's fund for the purchase of Palestine from the Sultan while the English wastelands stayed unreclaimed. When this was achieved, a congress of all nations was to set up a federation of the world in Jerusalem.

The Prophet, thus propped on his feet again, was further helped by Laurence Oliphant, a lion of the Victorian drawing rooms whom he had by chance met when he made his way about America, hobo-fashion. Oliphant was a man of different type, a bold, cynical venturer, or adventurer. The idea of buying Palestine appealed to him, but he had no illusions about it. He wrote to Monk, "Any amount of money can be raised upon it, owing to the belief which people have that they would *be fulfilling prophecy and bringing on the end of the world. I don't know why they are so anxious for the latter event, but it makes the commercial speculation easy*". Oliphant, as will be seen, did not trouble to hide his disdain for The Prophet's message. \*

In 1880 Holman Hunt, again enjoying deteriorated health, was so alarmed by small warlike episodes in Egypt and South Africa that he thought extinction at

\* Oliphant touched on an interesting point. One interpretation of the numerous prophecies is that the end of the world will follow the "return" of the Jews to Palestine, so that the folk who promote this migration presume even to determine the moment when Jehovah shall bring the planet to an end. The mystification expressed by Oliphant was felt by a perplexed French politician at the Peace Conference of 1919, who asked Mr. Balfour why he was so eager to bring about "the return" of the Jews to Palestine; if this truly was the fulfilment of prophecy, then prophecy also decreed that the end of the world would follow. Mr. Balfour replied languidly. "Precisely, that is what makes it all so very interesting".

[190] hand and joined with Monk in issuing a manifesto which anticipated the Zionist-ruled world-government schemes of this century. It was headed "The abolition of national warfare", called on all men of goodwill to subscribe a tenth of their income to the realization of "the Kingdom of God" in the form of a world government to be set up in Palestine and to be called "*the United Nations*", and proposed that the money be given to Mr. Monk for the purpose of acquiring Palestine.

That was the finish. Ruskin, approaching his end, rudely refused all further part in the fantasy. Oliphant dropped out. The "Bank of Israel" came to nothing. Samuel Butler showed The Prophet the door. Even Holman Hunt at last appealed to him to preach "that there is a God in heaven, who will judge every man on earth" and to desist from pretending in effect that he, Monk, was God. The Jews spoke similarly: one told him, "The land of our forefathers is dead, and Palestine is its grave. . . to attempt to form a nation from the polyglot people of Judaism today would only end in utter failure".

Monk was beyond redemption. In 1884 the Bluecoat boy returned to Ottawa for the last time and spent his final years canvassing, pamphleteering, and haranguing members of the Canadian House of Commons as they sat, between sessions, in their garden by the Ottawa River. They listened to him with amused indulgence; sixty years later Canadian Ministers, at Ottawa and New York, were to repeat all the things Monk said as the unassailable principles of high policy, and no Member would demur.

Monk's life was wretched and was not redeemed by any true faith or genuine mission. This account of it is given to show how false and foolish the great project was seen to be, and how misguided the men who took it up, against the background of the last century. The fallacy of the whole notion, of Zionism leading to the despotic world-government, is instantly displayed when it is considered in that setting, with Monk and his friends declaiming from the stage. The whole thing then is seen as a picaresque comedy; a farce, not merely because it was unsuccessful, but because it was never serious. What was recommended could not be seriously entertained because its consequences obviously had not been considered and, if calculated, at once were foreseen to be disastrous. Against the background of a time when debate was free and opinion, being informed, might be brought to bear on the matter, these men strut foolishly, leaving only the faint echo of clownish noises in the corridors of time.

Nevertheless, in the present century the entire vainglorious scheme, unchanged, was imported into the life of peoples as a serious and urgent undertaking, transcending the needs of nations. Indeed, it was made a sacrosanct one, for an unwritten law of heresy was set around it which in effect checked the antiseptic force of public discussion, and within this palisade the politicians of the West made a morality play out of The Prophet's claptrap. John Ruskin and Holman Hunt, from whatever bourne the Victorian friends of the oppressed may

[191] now inhabit, may look down and see the graves of many dead, and the living graves of nearly a million fugitives, as the first results of their great plan, now in accomplishment.

Monk, had he lived in this century, would have been qualified for important political rank, for support of this cause has become the first condition for admission to the high temporal places. His life was spent in pursuing the lure of an excessive vanity and in the very year of his death, 1896, the fantasy which led him became a political and practical reality, dominating our time. While he went his vagrant way between Ottawa, Washington, London and Jerusalem very different men, in Russia, built up the real force of Zionism. In 1896 it was launched into the lives of the peoples, and its explosive detonations have grown louder and more destructive until today even the newspaper scribes commonly allude to it as the issue which may set the spark to the third world war.

## Chapter 24

### THE COMING OF ZIONISM

In the second half of the last century when Communism and Zionism began their simultaneous assault on the West, Europe was a place of strong and confident states well able to withstand the effects of inner troubles and foreign wars. The revolutionary outbreaks of 1848 had been overcome without great exertion. Austria-Hungary and France were not much weakened by their Prussian defeats in 1866 and 1871; they resumed their national existences, as defeated countries for centuries had done, side by side with yesterday's victor, and soon were tranquil again. The Balkan people, emerging from five centuries of Turkish rule also were moving towards prosperity, in the kindlier air of national freedom. On the eastern borders of Europe Russia, under the flag of Christendom, appeared to be joining in this process of national and individual improvement.

The appearance was deceptive, for the two maggots were in the apple, and today's scene shows the result. The eighteen Christian centuries which, despite ups and downs showed a total sum of human betterment greater than that of any earlier time known to man, were coming either to an end or an interregnum; which, we still do not know, though believers have no doubt about the good resumption, somewhen. However, one eminent man of that period, from whom confidence in the outcome might have been expected, foresaw what was to come in our century and thought it would be the *end*, not a transient Dark Age.

This was Henry Edward Manning, the English clergyman who was converted to Rome, became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and, had he accepted nomination by his fellow cardinals, might have become Pope. Edmund Burke, John Adams and Alexander Hamilton had all perceived the worldwide aims of the revolution and foretold its spreading eruptions. Disraeli, Bakunin and others, a half-century later, had testified to, and warned against, the Jewish usurpation of the revolutionary leadership. Manning joined in these warnings but also foresaw the coming of Zionism and the part it would play in the dual process.

Of the revolution he said, "The *secret societies* of the world, *the existence of which men laugh at and deny* in the plenitude of their self-confidence; the secret societies are forcing their existence and their reality upon the consciousness of those who, until the other day, would not believe that they existed" (1861). He expected the full success of Weishaupt's original plan and thought the time in which he lived was "the prelude of the anti-Christian period of the final dethronement of Christendom, and of the restoration of society without God in the world". Today the anti-Christian revolution holds temporal power in half of Europe, the Christian cross has been expunged from the flags of all great European nations save the British and from those of many small ones, and a "society without God" has been set up as a potential world-government, so that [193] these words of ninety years ago are seen as an impressive forecast part-fulfilled.

Then (and in this he rose above the other seers) he depicted the part which Zionism would play in this process: "Those who have lost faith in the Incarnation, such as humanitarians, rationalists and pantheists, may well be deceived by any person of great political power and success, *who should restore the Jews to their own land*. . . and there is nothing in the political aspect of the world which renders such a combination impossible".

Finally, he said that he expected the *personal* coming of Antichrist in the form of a Jew. (In these words he moved from the ground of political calculation, where as events have shown he was expert, to that of interpreting prophecy; he related Saint Paul's message to the Thessalonians, 2.1.iii-xi, to the coming time, saying, "It is a law of Holy Scripture that when persons are prophesied of, persons appear".)



Thus, while Europe outwardly appeared to be slowly moving towards an improving future on the path which for eighteen centuries had served it well, in the Talmudic areas of Russia Zionism joined Communism as the second of the two forces which were to intercept that process. Communism was designed to subvert the masses; it was the "great popular movement" foreseen by Disraeli, by means of which "the secret societies" were to work in unison for the disruption of Europe. Zionism set out to subvert rulers at the top. Neither force could have moved forward without the other, for rulers of unimpaired authority would have checked the revolution as it had been checked in 1848.

Zionism was essentially the rejoinder of the Talmudic centre in Russia to the emancipation of Jews in the West. It was the intimation that they must not involve themselves in mankind but must remain apart.

Never since Babylon had the ruling sect ventured to play this card. It can never be played again, if the present attempt ultimately ends in fiasco. For that reason the Talmudists ever refrained from playing it, and only did this when emancipation confronted them with a vital emergency, the loss of their power over Jewry. Indeed, they had always denounced as "false Messiahs" those who clamoured that the day of fulfilment was come. 'Had Sabbatai Zevi, or for that matter Cromwell or Napoleon, been able to deliver Palestine to them, they might have proclaimed one of these to be the Messiah. On this occasion they proclaimed *themselves* to be the Messiah, and that bold enterprise can hardly be repeated. Historically therefore, we are probably moving towards the end of the destructive plan, because it obviously cannot be fulfilled, but the present generation, and possibly some generations to come, by all the signs have yet a heavy price to pay for having encouraged the attempt.

Dr. Chaim Weizmann's book is the best single fount of information about the twin roots of Communism and Zionism and their convergent purpose. He was present at the birth of Zionism, he became its roving plenipotentiary, he was for forty years the darling of Western courts, presidential offices and cabinet rooms,

[194] he became the first president of the Zionist state, and he told the entire tale with astonishing candour. He shows how, in those remote Talmudic communities nearly a hundred years ago, the strategy took shape which in its consequences was to catch up, as in a vortex, all peoples of the West. Americans and Britons, Germans and Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, Scandinavians, Balts, the Balkanic peoples and all others were to be implicated. The lifeblood and treasure of the West were to be spent on the promotion of these two complementary purposes like water from a running tap.

Millions, living and dead, were during two wars involved in their furtherance. Men now being born inherit a share in the final upheavals to which they must inexorably lead. The Jews shared in all that tribulation, in their small proportion to the masses affected. Dr. Weizmann's account enables today's student to see the beginnings of all this; and now this narrative reaches our own time, which receives daily shape from what then occurred.

He explains that the Jews in Russia were divided into three groups. The first group was that of the Jews who, seeking "the peace of the city", simply wanted to become peaceable Russian citizens, as the Jews of the West, in the majority, at that time were loyal German, French or other citizens. Emancipation was for this group the final aim, and it chiefly contained those Jews who, by talent, diligence and fear of Talmudic rule, had escaped from the ghettos.

Dr. Weizmann dismisses it as small, unrepresentative and "renegade", and as it was swept away it must also disappear from this narrative, which belongs to the two other groups. By the edict of the Talmudists it has "disappeared from the face of the earth", or been excommunicated.

The remaining mass of Jews in Russia, (that is, those that lived in the ghettos under Talmudic rule) were divided into two groups by a vertical line which split households and families, including Dr. Weizmann's own house and family. Both groups were revolutionary; that is to say, they agreed in working for the destruction of Russia. The dissension was solely on the point of Zionism. The "Communist-revolutionary" group held that full "emancipation" would be achieved when the world-revolution supplanted the nation-states everywhere. The "Zionist-revolutionary" group, while agreeing that the world-revolution was indispensable to the process, held that full "emancipation" would only be achieved when a Jewish nation was established in a Jewish state.

Of these two groups, the Zionist one was clearly the superior in Talmudic orthodoxy, as destruction, under the Law is but a means to the end of domination, and the dominant nation is that ordained to be set up in Jerusalem. In the households, dispute was fierce. The Communists maintained that Zionism would weaken the revolution, which professed to deny "race and creed"; the Zionists contended that revolution must lead to



the restoration of the chosen people, of whom race *was* the creed. Individual members of these households probably believed that the point in dispute was valid, but in fact it was not.

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*Neither* of these groups could have taken shape, in those sternly ruled communities, against the will of the rabbinate. If the rabbis had given out the word that Communism was "transgression" and Zionism "observance" of "the statutes and judgments", there would have been no Communists in the ghettos, only Zionists.

The ruling sect, looking into the future above the heads of the regimented mass, evidently saw that both groups were essential to the end in view; and Disraeli, in one of the passages earlier quoted, named the motive. From the middle of the last century the story of the revolution is that of Communism and Zionism, directed from one source and working to a convergent aim.

Dr. Weizmann gives an illuminating glimpse of this apparent dissension among the members of a conspiratorial, but divided, Jewish household where the ultimate shape of the high strategy was not seen and the issue between "revolutionary-Communism" and "revolutionary-Zionism" was fiercely argued. He quotes his mother, the Jewish matriarch, as saying contentedly that if the Communist-revolutionary son were proved right she would be happy in Russia, and if the Zionist-revolutionary one were correct, then she would be happy in Palestine. In the outcome both were by their lights proved right; after spending some years in Bolshevized Moscow she went to end her days in Zionized Palestine. That was after the two conspiracies, having grown in secrecy side by side, triumphed in the same week of 1917.

Communism was already an organized, though still a secret and conspiratorial party in the ghettos when Zionism first took organized (though equally secret) form in the *Chibath Zion* (Love of Zion) movement. This was founded at Pinsk, where Dr. Weizmann went to school, so that as a boy his path led him into the Zionist-revolutionary wing of the anti-Russian conspiracy. In his childhood (1881) something happened which threatened to destroy the entire legend of "persecution in Russia" on which Talmudic propaganda in the outer world was based.

In 1861 Czar Alexander II, the famous Liberator, had liberated 23,000,000 Russian serfs. From that moment the prospect of liberty and improvement on the Western model opened out for Russian citizens of all nationalities (Russia contained about 160 nationalities and the Jews formed about 4 percent of the total population). Then, during the twenty years following the liberation of the serfs, the Jews began, under Talmudic direction, to offer "bitter passive resistance to all 'attempts at improvements' " (Dr. Kastein). In March 1881, Alexander II moved to complete his life's work by proclaiming a parliamentary constitution. Dr. Kastein's comment speaks for itself: "It is not surprising to find a Jewess taking part in the conspiracy which led to the assassination of Alexander II".

This event, the first of a similar series, was the first major success of the revolutionaries in preventing emancipation. It restored the ideal condition

[196] depicted by Moses Hess (one of the earliest Zionist propagandists) in the year *following* the liberation of the serfs: "We Jews shall always remain strangers among the nations; these, it is true, will grant us rights from feelings of humanity and justice, but they will never respect us so long as we place our great memories in the second rank and accept as our first principle, 'Where I flourish, there is my country' ".

During this period Leon Pinsker, another herald of Zionism, published his book *Auto-Emancipation*. The title was a threat (to the initiated); it meant, "We will not accept any kind of emancipation bestowed on us by others; we will emancipate ourselves and will give 'emancipation' our own interpretation". He said, "There is an inexorable and inescapable conflict between humans known as Jews and other humans", and he described the master-method to be used to bring about this "self-emancipation" and to "restore the Jewish nation": the struggle to achieve "these ends, he said, *"must be entered upon in such a spirit as to exert an irresistible pressure upon the international politics of the present"*.

These words of 1882 are some of the most significant in this entire story. They show foreknowledge of the highest order, as the reader may discern if he try to picture, say, some Polish or Ukrainian patriot-in-exile talking, then or now, of "exerting irresistible pressure upon international politics". The political emitter is a sad man of hope deferred, an habitué of the Café des Exiles who is usually thankful if the second secretary of an Under Secretary of State deigns to spare him half an hour. Pinsker was an obscure Jewish emigré in Berlin, little known outside revolutionary circles, when he wrote these words, which would seem to be of the most foolish pretension if the events of the next seventy years had not proved that he knew exactly what he meant. He knew *how* Zionism would prevail. Clearly the conspiracy, long before its nature was even suspected in the

outer world, had powerful support far outside Russia and this unknown Pinsker was aware of the methods by which the affairs of the world were to be rearranged.

Such was the state of the two-headed conspiracy in Russia when Dr. Weizmann grew to manhood and began to play his part. The word "conspiracy", frequently used here, is not the author's; Dr. Weizmann candidly employs it. Loathing Russia, he went (without hindrance) to Germany. The sight of "emancipated" Jews there so repelled him that he longed for the ghettos of Russia and returned to them during his holidays, then resuming his part in "the conspiracy", as he says. Then, at various universities in the emancipated West he continued his "open fight" to de-emancipate the Jews of Europe. They recognized the danger and turned faces of fear and enmity to these *Ostjuden*.

Thus in Germany Gabriel Rieser told the Zionist-revolutionaries from Russia "We did not immigrate here, we were born here, and because we were born here, we lay no claim to a home anywhere else; we are either Germans or else we are homeless". Similarly, the rabbis of Reform Judaism resolved that "the idea of the Messiah deserves every consideration in our prayers, but all requests that we may [197] be led back to the land of our fathers and the Jewish State be restored must be dropped out of them".

These Jews struggled to keep faith with the Sanhedrin's pledges. They had made peace with mankind, and it appeared impossible that the Talmudists could ever lead them back into a new Nehemiahian captivity. Dr. Kastein records with horror that towards the end of the 19th century "one Jew in five married a Gentile" and, with greater horror, that in war "on all fronts Jew stood opposed to Jew; this was a tragedy . . . which will be repeated . . . as long as Jews are *compelled* to fulfil their duties as citizens of the lands of their adoption".

The shadow of the new Talmudic captivity was much nearer to the Jews of the West than even they could suspect. The elders in Russia had been organizing during all these decades and as the end of the century approached were ready to "exert irresistible pressure upon the international politics of the present". The most successful specialist in this exertion of pressure; a roving Zionist prime minister, was young Chaim Weizmann, who during the last years of Monk's life moved about the European cities and universities, from Darmstadt to Berlin, and later from Berlin to Geneva, planting therein the time-bombs of the future and preparing for his 20th Century task.

As the century closed came a sudden acceleration in this process, as if a machine long in construction were completed and began to run at high power, and its throbbing pulsations were at once felt throughout all Jewry, though the Gentile masses, less sensitive to such vibrations, remarked them not at all. In the succession to Moses Hess another Jew from Russia, Asher Ginsburg (Ahad Ha'am) proclaimed that the Jews not only formed a nation but must have a Jewish state in Palestine. However, this was but one more voice from remote Russia, and the weakness of the Jews in the West was that they did not realize the power and strength of the compact, organized mass in the Eastern ghettos, or at any rate, they could not see how it could make itself felt in Europe.

The warning to them came in 1896, the year of Prophet Monk's death, when Theodor Herzl published *The Jewish State*. With that, the cat was in their dovecot, and not very long afterwards the doves were in the cat. Their ranks were split, for this Theodor Herzl was not one of the Eastern Jews, not a Jew from Russia. He was one of themselves, or at all events they held him to be one. He appeared to be the very model of an emancipated Western Jew, yet he was on the side of the Zionists. A premonitory tremor ran through Jewry. Christendom, which had as much cause to be perturbed, remained blissfully unaware for another sixty years.

## Chapter 25

### THE WORLD ZIONIST ORGANIZATION

If mere chance, ever and again, produces men like Karl Marx and Dr. Theodor Herzl at moments when their acts can lead to destructive consequences out of proportion to their own importance, then chance in the past century has been enlisted in the conspiracy against the West. The likelier explanation is that a higher command was already in charge of these events and that it chose, or at all events used Herzl for the part he played. The brevity of his course across the firmament (like that of a shooting star), the disdainful way in which when his task was done he was cast aside, and his unhappy end would all support that explanation.

Those who have known Vienna and its atmosphere in our century will understand Herzl and his effect. A declining monarchy and a tottering nobility: a class of Jews rising suddenly and swiftly to the highest places; these things made great impression among the Jewish masses. Dr. Herzl, rather than the *Neue Freie Presse*, now told them how went the world and instructed politicians what to do. Obsequious *Obers* in the chattering cafés hastened to serve "Herr Doktor!" It was all new, exciting. Self-importance filled the Herzl's and de Blowitz's of that time and when Dr. Herzl emerged as the self-proclaimed herald of Zion the Western Jews were left awed and uncertain. If Dr. Herzl could talk like this to the Great Powers, perhaps he was right and the Napoleonic Sanhedrin had been wrong!

Could it be true that policy was made in Dr. Herzl's office, not in the Ballhausplatz? Had a Jew from Russia written *The Jewish State*, or attempted to set up a World Zionist Organization, the Western Jews would have ignored him, for they feared the conspiracy from the East and at least suspected its implications. But if Dr. Herzl, a fully emancipated Western Jew, thought that Jews must re-segregate themselves, the matter was becoming serious.

Herzl asserted that the Dreyfus case had convinced him of the reality of "antisemitism". The term was then of fairly recent coinage, though Dr. Kastein seeks to show that the state of mind denoted by it is immemorial by saying "it has existed from the time that Judaism came into contact with other peoples in something more than neighbourly hostility". (By this definition resistance in war is "antisemitism", and the "neighbours" in the tribal warfare of antique times, to which he refers, were themselves Semites. However, the words "contact exceeding neighbourly hostility" offer a good example of Zionist pilpulism.)

Anyway, Dr. Herzl stated that "the Dreyfus process made me a Zionist", and the words are as empty as Mr. Lloyd George's later ones, "Acetone converted me to Zionism" (which were demonstrably untrue). The Dreyfus case gave the Jews complete proof of the validity of emancipation and of the impartiality of justice under it. Never was one man defended so publicly by so many or so fully vindicated. Today whole nations, east of Berlin, have no right to any process of [199] law and the West, which signed the deed of their outlawry, is indifferent to their plight; they may be imprisoned or killed without charge or trial. Yet in the West today the Dreyfus case, the classic example of justice, continues to be cited by the propagandists as the horrid example of injustice. If the case for or against Zionism stood or fell by the Dreyfus case, the word should have disappeared from history at that point.

Nevertheless Dr. Herzl demanded that "*the sovereignty be granted us over a portion of the globe large enough to satisfy the rightful requirements of a nation*" (he specified no particular territory and did not especially lean towards Palestine). For the first time the idea of resurrecting a Jewish state came under lively discussion among Western Jews.\* The London *Jewish Chronicle* described the book as "one of the most astounding pronouncements which have ever been put forward". Herzl, thus encouraged, went to London, then the

focus of power, to canvass his idea. After successful meetings in London's East End he decided to call a Congress of Jews in support of it.

Consequently, in March 1897, Jews "all over the world" were invited to send delegates to a "Zionist congress", a counter-Sanhedrin, at Munich in August. The Western Jews were adamantly opposed. The rabbis of Germany, and then the Jews of Munich, protested, and the place of meeting was changed to Basel, in Switzerland. The Reform Jews of America two years earlier had announced that they expected "neither a return to Palestine. . . nor the restoration of any of the laws concerning the Jewish State". (Most curious to relate today, when Rabbi Stephen Wise *in 1899* suggested a book about Zionism to the Jewish Publication Society of America its secretary replied, "The Society cannot risk a book on Zionism").

When Herzl's congress met most of the 197 delegates came from Eastern Europe. This group of men then set up a "World Zionist Organization", which proclaimed Jewish nationhood and "a publicly secured, legally assured home" to be its aims, and Herzl declared "The Jewish State exists". In fact, a few Jews, claiming to speak for *all* Jews but vehemently repudiated by many representative bodies of Western Jewry, had held a meeting in Basel, and that was all.

Nevertheless, the proposal, for what it was worth in those circumstances, was at last on the table of international affairs. The congress was in fact a Sanhedrin summoned to cancel the avowals made by the Napoleonic Sanhedrin eighty years before. That Sanhedrin repudiated separate nationhood and any ambition to form a Jewish state; this one proclaimed separate nationhood and the ambition of statehood. Looking back fifty years later, Rabbi Elmer Berger observed, "Here was the wedge of Jewish nationalism, to be driven between Jews and other human beings. Here was the permanent mould of ghettoism into which Jewish

\* At that time it hardly reached the mind of the Gentile multitude. In 1841 a Colonel Churchill, English Consul at Smyrna, at the conference of Central European States called to determine the future of Syria had put forward a proposal to set up a Jewish state in Palestine, but apparently it was dismissed with little or no consideration.

[200] life in the unemancipated nations was to remain compressed so that the self-generating processes of emancipation and integration could not come into play".

The Napoleonic Sanhedrin had a basic flaw, now revealed, of which Napoleon may well have been unaware. It represented the *Western* Jews, and Napoleon cannot reasonably be expected to have known of the strength of the compact, Talmudic-ruled mass of Jews in Russia, for Dr. Herzl, who surely should have known of this, was ignorant of it! He made the discovery at that first World Zionist Congress, called by him in such confident expectation of mass-support: "and then. . . there rose before our eyes a Russian Jewry, *the strength of which we had not even suspected*. Seventy of our delegates came from Russia, and it was patent to all of us that they represented the views and sentiments of the five million Jews of that country. *What a humiliation for us, who had taken our superiority for granted!*"

Dr. Herzl found himself face to face with his masters and with the conspiracy, which through him was about to enter the West. He had declared war on emancipation and, like many successors, was unaware of the nature of the force he had released. He was soon left behind, a bugler whose task was done, while the real "managers" took over.

He had forged the instrument which they were to use in their onslaught on the West. Dr. Weizmann, who became the real leader, clearly sees that: "It was Dr. Herzl's enduring contribution to Zionism to have created one central parliamentary authority for Zionism . . . This was the first time in the exilic history of Jewry that a great government had officially negotiated with the elected representatives of the Jewish people. The identity, the legal personality of the Jewish people, had been re-established".

Dr. Weizmann presumably smiled to himself when he included the words "parliamentary" and "elected". The middle sentence contains the great fact. The Jews who met at Basel, shunned by the majority of Western Jews, and its declarations, could only be lent authority by one event, which at that time seemed unimaginable; namely, their recognition by a Great Power. This inconceivable thing happened a few years later when the British Government offered Dr. Herzl Uganda, and that is the event to which Dr. Weizmann refers. From that moment all the Great Powers of the West in effect accepted the Talmudists from Russia as representing all *Jews*, and from that moment the Zionist-revolution also entered the West.

Thus ended the century of emancipation, which began with such bright prospect of common involvement, and the prescient words of Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain (written just before Dr. Herzl's congress met at Basel) at once became truth and living reality. Looking back on Gottfried von Herder's words of a hundred years before, "The ruder nations of Europe are willing slaves of Jewish usury", Chamberlain wrote that during the 19th Century "a great change has taken place. . . today Herder could say the same of by far the greatest [201] part of our civilized world . . . The direct influence of Judaism on the 19th Century thus becomes one of the burning subjects of the day. We have to deal here with a question affecting not only the present, but also the future of the world".

With the formation of the World Zionist Organization, which the great governments of the West were to treat, in effect, as an authority superior to themselves, the burning subject began to mould the entire shape of events. That it affected "the future of the world" is plainly seen in 1956, when this book is concluded; from the start of that year the political leaders of the remaining great powers of the West, Britain and America, observed in tones of sad surprise that the next world war might at any time break out in the place where they had set up "the Jewish State", and they hastened to and fro across the ocean in the effort to concert some way of preventing that consummation.

## Chapter 26

### THE HERESY OF DR. HERZL

For the six years from 1897 to 1903 Dr. Theodor Herzl of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* was a world figure of an entirely new kind. He had created Zionism as an organized political force (and it was to be the death of him, as of some others who followed him on that path). He had launched it among the affairs of the West like a Chinese cracker. Yet he was an insubstantial shadow, the product of the cafés, of *Sacher Torte* and *Kaffee mit Schlagsahne*. He was like a man used for his "connections" by an astute company promoter and discarded when the flotation was well launched. He was never truly the leader and began to realize that, with a shock of alarm, at his first congress of 1897, when "there rose before our eyes a Russian Jewry, the strength of which we had not even suspected"; by 1904 the full realization of his captivity had killed him.

He once wrote that at Basel in 1897 "I founded the Jewish state . . . I bounded the people into the state sentiment and conveyed to them the emotion that they were the national assembly". The next six years showed, in actual events, what Leon Pinsker had meant in 1882 by "exerting irresistible pressure upon the international politics of the present".

Herzl, the Budapest-born Viennese journalist, began a triumphal tour of the great capitals; he was launched on a glittering flight, as from trapeze to trapeze, through the *haut monde*. Emperors, potentates and statesmen received him as the spokesman of all the Jews and the contrast between what they thought and what he must have known is impressive for, as his first lieutenant, Max Nordau, said after his death: "Our people had a Herzl but Herzl never had a people"; the Talmudic rabbinate in the East, which scorned this false Messiah, stood between him and any mass following.

The world in which he moved seemed firm and well founded. The Widow at Windsor and the Old Gentleman at Schoenbrunn were beloved by their peoples; the Young Man in Berlin was growing older and mellowing; the Czar was still the father of his people; men's right to process of law was everywhere being asserted; gradually industrial serfdom was giving way to better conditions. But everywhere the rulers and politicians knew and feared the danger that this process, calculably good if given time, would be arrested and destroyed by the world-revolution, for by this time Weishaupt's secret society had grown, through Disraeli's "network of secret societies", into the Communist party organized in all countries.

Herzl's method was to exploit this general fear for his particular end, the Jewish State. He offered domestic peace if it were supported and revolution if it were not and he claimed to speak in the name of all the Jews. It is, of course, implicit in this that he knew the revolutionary leadership to be Jewish, and he thus confirmed, several decades later, what Disraeli and Bakunin had said. His belief in the method he used is expressed in his famous phrase, "When we sink we become a revolutionary proletariat; when we rise there rises the terrible power of [203] our purse".

Thus he told a Grand Duke of Baden that he would diminish revolutionary propaganda in Europe in proportion to the support that his territorial ambition received from high authority. Then he was received by the bel helmeted Kaiser, mounted on a charger, at the very gates of Jerusalem, and the emperor agreed to present to the Sultan Herzl's proposal for a Zionist chartered company in Palestine under German protection. When nothing came of this Herzl threatened the Kaiser, too, with revolution: "If our work miscarries, *hundreds of thousands of our supporters will at a single bound join the revolutionary parties*".



Then in Russia he was received by the Czar himself, to whom he spoke in similar terms. About this time the third World Zionist Congress was held and the decision was taken that every Jew who became a member *acknowledged the sovereignty of the still mythical Jewish State*. Rabbi Elmer Berger says despondently that therewith "ghettoized, corporate Jewish existence became a reality again and now existed upon a greater scale than it had ever before achieved" .

Next Herzl saw another potentate, the Sultan of Turkey. Nothing tangible came of all these journeys, but the great coup was at hand, for Herzl then transferred his activities to England. There, too, he evidently had access to the highest places, for one of the decisive actions of world history was prepared, British folk who were then in their cradles, and their children and grandchildren were to be caught up in the consequences of those unrecorded interviews.

Who enabled Dr. Herzl from Vienna to command reception by the great in all countries, and who ensured that they should listen to demands that were imperious, and intimidatory as well? Obviously "kingly portals" (his own phrase) would not have opened to him merely because he had called a meeting of 197 men at Basel and this had passed a resolution. Others, more powerful than he, must have interceded to set aside porters, doormen, footmen, secretaries, chamberlains and all those whose task it is to keep importuners from their masters.

At this point the present narrative enters the most secret and jealously guarded field of all. The origins of the world-revolution, its aims and the Jewish assumption of its leadership may now be shown from the mass of documentary evidence which has accumulated; the existence of Disraeli's "network", spreading over the superficies of the earth, is known to all; the nature of the "revolutionary proletariat" is clear. But there is also that second network, of influential men at the higher level where "the power of the purse" may be used to exert "irresistible pressure on the international politics of the present" through rulers and politicians. This network of men, working in all countries to a common end, is the one which must have enabled Herzl to penetrate, with his demands, to the highest places.

All experienced observers know of the existence of this force at the highest level [204] of international affairs. The Zionist propagandists pretend that Jewish opposition to Zionism came only from "Jewish notables", "Jewish magnates" and "rich Jews" (these phrases repeatedly recur, for instance in Dr. Weizmann's book). In fact the division in Judaism was vertical, among rich and poor alike, and though the majority of Western Jews were at that time violently opposed to Zionism the minority contained rich and notable Jews. Only these can have enabled the spectre of Zionism, in the person of Dr. Herzl, to make its sudden, Nijinski-like leap into courts and cabinet-rooms, where he began to go in and out as if he were born to privilege. Those who helped him were plainly in alliance with the one compact, organized body of Zionists: the Talmudic communities in Russia.

Dr. Kastein says that the "executive" set up by the 197 men at Basel "was the first *embodiment* of a real *Jewish international*". In other words, something that already existed received a visible expression. A "Jewish international" was already in being and this was powerful enough to command royal, princely and ministerial audiences for Dr. Herzl everywhere.

Of this international "network" of like-thinking men at the highest level, in Dr. Herzl's day, the student may only make a picture by carefully piecing together significant glimpses and fragments (its existence and concerted actions in our time are plainly demonstrable, as this book in its later chapters will show, from the growing mass of literature). For instance, Dr. Weizmann says he told Dr. Herzl that Sir Francis Montefiore (a leading Jew in England) was "a fool", whereon Herzl answered, "He opens kingly portals to me". Again, one Baron de Hirsch was Herzl's chief financial backer and supporter. Of this Baron de Hirsch Count Carl Lonyay (quoting from documents in the secret archives of the Imperial Court at Vienna) says that Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, wishing to make provision for a woman friend before his suicide at Mayerling, obtained 100,000 gulden "from the banker, Baron Hirsch, in return for an act of friendliness he had performed in December, when he invited the banker to meet the Prince of Wales" (the future King Edward VII).

Baron de Hirsch, in the sequence to this introduction, became an intimate of the Prince of Wales, and private banker and financial adviser to the future King of England. He was also brother-in-law of a Mr. Bischoffsheim of the Jewish financial house of Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt in London, of which a very rich German-born Jew, Sir Ernest Cassel, was a member. Sir Ernest, as Mr. Brian Connell says in a biographical study, fell heir to Baron de Hirsch's friendship with the future king: "where Hirsch had been an intimate, Cassel was to become Edward VII's closest personal friend". He was indeed the last of the king's

intimates to see him alive, the king, on the day of his death, insisting on keeping an appointment with Sir Edward and rising to dress himself for the purpose.

In the sequence to this account Mr. Connell says: "The *small international fraternity* of which he" (Sir Ernest Cassel) "became perhaps the leading member [205] were all men with backgrounds similar to his own, people whom he approached in the course of his extensive travels. There was Max Warburg, head of the great private banking house in Hamburg; Edouard Noetzelin, honorary president of the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, in Paris; Franz Philippson in Brussels; Wertheim and Gompertz in Amsterdam and, above all, Jacob Schiff of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company in New York. *Ties of race and interest bound these men together. The web of their communications quivered at the slightest touch. They maintained between them an incredibly accurate network of economic, political and financial intelligence at the highest level. They could withdraw support here, provide additional funds there, move immense sums of money with lightning rapidity and secrecy from one corner to another of their financial empires, and influence the political decisions of a score of countries*".

"Ties of race and interest . . . web . . . network . . . intelligence at the highest level. . . move immense sums of money . . . influence political decisions . . .": there can be no reasonable doubt that this was the "Jewish international" of which Dr. Kastein wrote and the mechanism which operated, across all national boundaries, to support Dr. Herzl. Nothing less could explain the action which the British Government took and if there was doubt earlier, about the concerted action of this force, above and distinct from nations, the events of our mid-century have removed it. With such a power behind him Dr. Herzl was in a position to make demands and utter menaces. The powerful men who formed this international directorate (the term is not too large) at that time may not, as individuals, have believed in Zionism, and may even have been privately opposed to it. In the present writer's belief even they were not powerful enough to oppose, or to deny support to, a policy laid down by the elders of Jewry.

While the consequences of Dr. Herzl's journeys were secretly taking shape, he continued his travels. He took an innocent pride in his sudden elevation and liked the elegance of society, the tailcoats and white gloves, the chandeliers and receptions. The Talmudic elders in Russia, who had grown up to the kaftan and earlocks and were preparing to overthrow him, disdained but made use of this typical figure of "Western emancipation".

In 1903 he had astonishing experiences, resembling those of Sabbatai Zevi in 1666. He went to Russia and on his progress through Jewish cities was the object of Messianic ovations from the unenlightened masses. On this occasion he sought to persuade de Russia to bring pressure on the Sultan, in the matter of his proposal for a chartered company in Palestine. He made some impression on the Russian Minister of the Interior, von Plehve, to whom he said that he spoke for "all the Jews of Russia".

If he believed that he was soon undeceived. He did something that shows him either to have been recklessly brave or else quite unaware of what truly went on around him (this happens sometimes with such men). Presumably in order to strengthen his case with von Plehve, with whom he must have used the "Zionism [206] or revolution" argument, he urged the Jews in Russia *to abstain from revolutionary activities* and discussed their "emancipation" with the Russian authorities!

Thus he wrote his own political death warrant, and indeed he soon died. To the Talmudic elders this was heresy; he had entered the forbidden room. They had been working to prevent Jewish emancipation in Russia, because they saw in it the loss of their power over Jewry. If his negotiations with the Russian Government succeeded, pacification in Russia would follow, and that would mean the end of the propagandist legend of "Jewish persecution" in Russia.

When he returned to address the Sixth Congress of his World Zionist Organization his fate rose to meet him in the form of a compact mass of Russian Jews no longer merely "humiliating" to him, but menacing. At this moment of his fiasco he thought he had the ace of trumps in his pocket and he produced it. As a result of those interviews in London and of the "irresistible pressure" which supported him, the British Government had offered Dr. Herzl of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* a territory in Africa, Uganda!

If history records a stranger thing, I have not discovered it. Yet the trump card proved to be a deuce. 295 delegates voted to accept the offer, but 175 rejected it; clearly Dr. Herzl did not speak for "all Jews". The great majority of the 175 Noes came from the Jews of Russia. The huddled Jewish throngs there had hailed Herzl as the Messiah; these 175 emissaries of the Eastern rabbinate imprecated him, for Uganda meant the ruin of their plan. They cast themselves on the floor in the traditional attitude of mourning for the dead or

for the destruction of the temple. One of them, a woman, called the world-famous Dr. Herzl "a traitor" and when he was gone tore down the map of Uganda from behind the speakers' dais.

If what he said and wrote was fully candid, Dr. Herzl never understood why the Jewish emissaries from Russia refused to consider any other place than Palestine, and if that is so he must have been most guileless. He had built up his entire movement on the claim that "a place of refuge" was directly needed for "persecuted Jews", and these were the Jews of Russia; Jews were fully emancipated elsewhere. If that was true, then any good place would do, and he had now procured one for them; moreover, if any of them preferred to stay in Russia, and his negotiations with the Russian Government succeeded, they could have all they wanted in Russia too!

From the point of view of the Talmudic rabbinate in Russia the matter was entirely different. They, too, had built up the legend of "persecution in Russia", while they worked against emancipation there, but this was for the purpose of fulfilling the ancient Law, which meant possession of Palestine and all subsequent things that the Law ordained. Acceptance of Uganda would have meant Doomsday for Talmudic Judaism.

Dr. Weizmann describes Dr. Herzl's final humiliation. After the vote Herzl [207] went to see the Jews from Russia, who had turned their backs on him and walked out, in their committee room. "He came in, looking haggard and exhausted. He was received in dead silence. Nobody rose from his seat to greet him, nobody applauded him when he ended. . . It was probably the first time that Herzl was thus received at any Zionist gathering; he, the idol of all Zionists".

It was also the last time. Within the year Dr. Herzl was dead, at the age of forty-four. No conclusion can be offered about his death. Judaist writers refer to it in cryptic terms. The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* says it was the result of what he endured and other authorities make similarly obscure, though significant, allusions. Those who during the centuries have been the object of anathema or excommunication by the ruling sect often have died soon and wretchedly. The student comes to feel that in this matter he approaches mysterious things, closed to all ordinary research.

The curious thing is that Herzl's intimate, right-hand man and leading orator saw the shape of things, at that time and to come, with complete clarity. He displayed a foreknowledge as great as that of Leon Pinsker when he depicted the series of events to which Pinsker's "irresistible pressure on international politics" would lead. At the very congress where Herzl suffered his humiliation Max Nordau (an alias or pseudonym; his name was Suedfeld) gave this exact prognosis:

"Let me tell you the following words as if I were showing you the rungs of a ladder leading upward and upward: Herzl, the Zionist congress, the English Uganda proposition, *the future world war, the peace conference where, with the help of England, a free and Jewish Palestine will be created*" (1903). Here spoke the initiate, the illuminate, the man who knew the strength and purpose of "the international". (Max Nordau helped the process, the course of which he foretold, by writing such best-sellers of the 1890's as *Degeneration*, in which he told the West that it was irredeemably corrupt). Even Max Nordau did not spell out his conclusion to its logical end. Another delegate did that, Dr. Nahum Sokoloff, who said: "*Jerusalem will one day become the capital of world peace*". That the ambition is to make it the capital of the world is clear in 1956, when the Western governments stand in daily fear of its annexation to the Zionist state; whether mankind would find it to be the capital of *peace* remains to be seen.

After Dr. Herzl died Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the later Zionist leader, led the attack on the Uganda offer and at the Seventh Congress, of 1905, the acceptance, at his instigation, was revoked. From that moment Zionism was the instrument of the Talmudic rabbinate in the East.

The story of the Uganda offer and its scornful rejection shows the indifference of the ruling sect to the welfare and the wishes of the Jewish masses, for whom they pretended to speak; indeed, when the matter is carefully considered "hostility" suggests itself as a truer word than "indifference". This is seen by examining, in turn, the feeling expressed towards the offer by the three main [208] groups of Jews: those of the West, those of Russia, and (a section of Jewry never even mentioned in all these loud exchanges) the Jews already in Palestine.

The Jews of the West at that time were strongly opposed to Zionism as such, whether it led to Uganda, Palestine or anywhere else; they just wanted to stay where they were. The Jews of Russia were depicted as needing simply "a place of refuge" from "persecution", and if that was true, Uganda might have appealed to them; anyway, the frenzied ovations with which they received Dr. Herzl suggest that they would

have followed any lead he gave, had the rabbinate allowed them. That leaves the Jews who were already in Palestine.

This one community of original Jews was ardently in favour of removal to Uganda, as research discovers, and for this reason they were denounced as "traitors" by the Judaized Chazars from Russia who had taken over Zionism! This is what the Zionist Organization at Tel Aviv still was saying about them *in 1945*:

"It was a degrading and distressing sight to see all these people who . . . had been the first to build up the Jewish Palestine of that day, publicly denying and repudiating their own past. . . *The passion for Uganda became associated with a deadly hatred for Palestine.* . . In the community centres of the first Jewish colonies young men educated in the Alliance Israelite schools denounced Palestine as 'a land of corpses and graves', a land of malaria and eye-diseases, a land which destroys its inhabitants. *Nor was this the expression of a few individuals.* Indeed, it was only a few individuals here and there . . . who remained loyal. . . The whole of Palestine was in a state of ferment. . . *All opposition to Uganda came from outside of Palestine. In Zion itself all were against Zion*".

What the masses of people wanted, Jewish or Gentile, was from 1903 of no account. Acceptance or refusal made no difference; the *offer* had been made, and by it the West and its future were involved in an enterprise foreseeably disastrous. As Dr. Weizmann says, a British government *by this act* committed itself to recognize the Talmudists from Russia as the government of all Jews; thereby it also committed future generations of its people, and the similar commitment of the American people was to follow a decade later, when the path had been prepared.

Out of that act of 1903 came the beginning of this century's tribulations. The story of Zion thereafter became that of Western politicians who, under "irresistible pressure", did the bidding of a powerful sect. 1903 was the conspiracy's triumphant year, and for the West it was to prove as ominous as 1914 and 1939, which years both took their shape under its shadow.

## Chapter 27

### THE "PROTOCOLS"

While Zionism thus took shape in the Eastern ghettos during the last century and at the start of this one emerged as a new force in international affairs (when the British Government offered it Uganda), the world-revolution, in those same Talmudic areas, prepared its third "eruption". The two forces moved forward together in synchronization (for Zionism, as has been shown, used the threat of Communism in Europe to gain the ear of European rulers for its territorial demand outside Europe). It was as if twin turbines began to revolve, generating what was in effect *one* force, from which the new century was to receive galvanic shocks.

According to Disraeli and Bakunin the world-revolution had come under Jewish leadership around the middle of the century, and its aims then changed. Bakunin's followers, who sought to abolish the State as such because they foresaw that the revolutionary State might become more despotic than any earlier despotism, were ousted and forgotten. The world-revolution therewith took the shape of Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto, which aimed at the super-State founded in slave-labour and in "the confiscation of human liberty" (as de Tocqueville wrote in 1848).

This change in leadership and aims determined the course of the 20th Century. However, the *methods* by which the existing order was to be destroyed did *not* change; they continued to be those revealed by Weishaupt's papers published in 1787. Many publications of the 19th Century showed that the original Illuminist plan continued through the generations to be the textbook of the revolutionaries of all camps, as to *method*.

These works propagated or exposed the destructive plan in various ways, sometimes allegorical, but always recognizable if compared with the original, Weishaupt's documents. In 1859 Crétineau Joly assailed Jewish Leadership of "the secret societies". His book reproduced documents (communicated to him by Pope Gregory XVI) of the Italian secret society, the Haute Vente Romaine; their authenticity is beyond question. The Haute Vente Romaine was headed by an Italian prince who had been initiated by one of Weishaupt's own intimates (Knigge) and was a reincarnation of the Illuminati. The outer circle of initiates, the dupes, were persuaded that "the object of the association is something high and noble, that it is the Order of those who desire a purer morality and a stronger piety, the independence and unity of their country". Those who graduated into the inner degrees progressively learned the real aims and swore to destroy all religion and legitimate government; then they received the secrets of assassination, poison and perjury first disclosed by Weishaupt's documents.

In 1862 Karl Marx (whose Communist Manifesto is recognizably Illuminist) founded his First International, and Bakunin formed his Alliance Sociale Democratique (the programme of which, as Mrs. Nesta Webster has shown by [210] quoting correlative passages, was Illuminism undiluted). In the same year Maurice Joly published an attack on Napoleon III, to whom he attributed the identical methods of corrupting and ruining the social system (this book was written in allegorical form). In 1868 the German Goedsche reproduced the same ideas in the form of an attack on Jewish leadership of the revolution, and in 1869 the French Catholic and Royalist Gougenot Des Mousseaux took up the same theme. In that year Bakunin also published his *Polemic Against The Jews*.

In all these works, in one form or another, the continuity of the basic idea first revealed by Weishaupt's documents appears: namely, that of destroying all legitimate government, religion and nationhood and setting up a universal despotism to rule the enslaved masses by terror and violence. *Some* of them assailed the Jewish usurpation of, or succession to the leadership of the revolution.

After that came a pause in the published literature of the conspiracy first disclosed in 1787, until in 1905 one Professor Sergyei Nilus, an official of the Department of Foreign Religions at Moscow, published a book, of which the British Museum in London has a copy bearing its date-stamp, August 10, 1906. Great interest would attach to anything that could be elicited about Nilus and his book, which has never been translated; the mystery with which he and it have been surrounded impedes research. *One chapter* was translated into English in 1920. This calls for mention here because the original publication occurred in 1905, although the violent uproar only began when it appeared in English in 1920.

This one chapter was published in England and America as "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion"; I cannot learn whether this was the original chapter heading or whether it was provided during translation. No proof is given that the document is what it purports to be, a minute of a secret meeting of Jewish "Elders". In that respect, therefore, it is valueless."

In every other respect it is of inestimable importance, for it is shown by the conclusive test (that of subsequent events) to be an authentic document of the world-conspiracy first disclosed by Weishaupt's papers. Many other documents in the same series had followed that first revelation, as I have shown, but this one transcends all of them. The others were fragmentary and gave glimpses; this one gives the entire picture of the conspiracy, motive, method and objective. It adds nothing new to what had been revealed in parts (save for the unproven, attribution to Jewish elders *themselves*), but it puts all the parts in place and exposes the whole. It accurately depicts all that has come about in the fifty years since it was published, and what clearly will follow in the next fifty years unless in that time the force which the conspiracy has generated produces the counter-force.

It is informed by a mass of knowledge (particularly of human weaknesses) which can only have sprung from the accumulated experience and continuing [211] study of centuries, or of ages. It is written in a tone of lofty superiority, as by beings perched on some Olympian pinnacle of sardonic and ancient wisdom, and of mocking scorn for the writhing masses far below ("the mob" . . . "alcoholized animals" . . . "cattle" . . . "bloodthirsty beasts") who vainly struggle to elude the "nippers" which are closing on them; these nippers are "the power of gold" and the brute force of the mob, incited to destroy its only protectors and consequently itself.

The destructive idea is presented in the form of a scientific theory, almost of an exact science, argued with gusto and eloquence. In studying the Protocols I am constantly reminded of something that caught my eye in Disraeli's dictum, earlier quoted. Disraeli, who was careful in the choice of words, spoke of "the destructive *principle*" (not idea, scheme, notion, plan, plot or the like), and the Protocols elevate the theory of destruction to this status of "a fundamental truth, a primary or basic law, a governing law of conduct" (to quote various dictionary definitions of "principle"). In many passages the Protocols appear, at first sight, to recommend destruction as a thing virtuous in itself, and consequently justifying all the methods explicitly recommended to promote it (bribery, blackmail, corruption, subversion, sedition, mob-incitement, terror and violence), which thus become virtuous too.

But careful scrutiny shows that this is not the case. In fact the argument presented begins at the end, world power, and goes backward through the means, which are advocated simply as the best ones to that end. The end is that first revealed in Weishaupt's documents, and it is apparent that both spring from a much earlier source, although the Protocols, in time, stand to the Weishaupt papers as grandson to grandsire. The final aim is the destruction of all religion and nationhood and the establishment of the super State, ruling the world by ruthless terror.

When the Protocols appeared in English the minor point, who was the author of this particular document, was given a false semblance of major importance by the enraged Jewish attack on the document itself. The asseveration of Jewish leadership of the revolutionary conspiracy was not new at all; the reader has seen that Disraeli, Bakunin and many others earlier affirmed it. In this case the allegation about a specific meeting of Jewish leaders of the conspiracy was unsupported and could have been ignored (in 1913 a somewhat similar publication accused the Jesuits of instigating a world-conspiracy resembling that depicted alike in the Protocols and in Weishaupt's papers; the Jesuits quietly remarked that this was false and the matter was forgotten).



The response of official Jewry in 1920 and afterwards was different. It was aimed, with fury, at the entire *substance* of the Protocols; it did not stop at denying a Jewish plot, but denied that there was *any* plot, which was demonstrably untrue. The existence of the conspiracy had been recognized and affirmed by a long chain of high authorities, from Edmund Burke, George

[212] Washington and Alexander Hamilton to Disraeli, Bakunin and the many others mentioned in an earlier chapter. Moreover, when the Protocols appeared in English conclusive proof had been given by the event in Russia. Thus the nature of the Jewish attack could only strengthen public doubts; it protested much too much.

This attack was the repetition of the one which silenced those earlier leaders of the public demand for investigation and remedy, Robison, Barruel and Morse, but on this occasion it was a Jewish attack. Those three men made no imputation of Jewish leadership, and they were defamed solely because they drew public attention to the *continuing* nature of the conspiracy and to the fact that the French revolution was clearly but its first "eruption". The attack on the Protocols in the 1920's proved above all else the truth of their contention; it showed that the standing organization for suppressing public discussion of the conspiracy had been perfected in the intervening 120 years. Probably so much money and energy were never before in history expended on the effort to suppress a single document.

It was brought to England by one of the two leading British correspondents of that day in Moscow, Victor Marsden of the *Morning Post* (the significant story of the other correspondent belongs to a later chapter). Marsden was an authority on Russia and was much under the enduring effect of the Terror. He was in effect its victim, for he died soon after completing what he evidently felt to be a duty, the translation of the Protocols at the British Museum.

Publication in English aroused worldwide interest. That period (1920 and onward) marks the end of the time when Jewish questions could be impartially discussed in public. The initial debate was free and vigorous, but in following years the attack succeeded in imposing the law of lese majesty in this matter and today hardly any public man or print ventures to mention the Protocols unless to declare them "forged" or "infamous" (an act of submission also foretold in them).

The first reaction was the natural one. The Protocols were received as formidable evidence of an international conspiracy against religion, nationhood, legitimate government and property. All agreed that the attribution to Jewish authorship was unsupported, but that the subject matter was so grave, and so strongly supported by events subsequent to the original publication, that full enquiry was needed. This remedy, "investigation", was the one advocated by many leading men 120 years earlier. In this instance the attack was in effect again on the demand for *investigation*, not simply on the allegation against "the Elders of Zion".

*The Times* (of London) on May 8, 1920 in a long article said, "An impartial *investigation* of these would-be documents and of their history is most desirable . . . Are we to dismiss the whole matter without inquiry and to let the influence of such a book as this work unchecked?" *The Morning Post* (then the oldest and [213] soberest British newspaper) published twenty-three articles, also calling for *investigation*.

In *The Spectator* on August 27, 1921, Lord Sydenham, a foremost authority of that day, also urged *investigation*: "The main point is, of course, the source from which Nilus obtained the Protocols. The Russians who knew Nilus and his writings cannot all have been exterminated by the Bolsheviks. His book . . . has not been translated, though it would give some idea of the man. . . What is the most striking characteristic of the Protocols? The answer is *knowledge* of a rare kind, embracing the widest field. The solution of this 'mystery', if it is one, is to be found where this uncanny knowledge, *on which prophecies now literally fulfilled are based*, can be shown to reside". In America Mr. Henry Ford, declaring that "the Protocols have fitted the world situation up to this time; they fit it now", caused his *Dearborn Independent* to publish a series of articles of which a million and a half reprints were sold.

Within two years the proprietor of *The Times* was certified insane (by an unnamed doctor in a foreign land; a later chapter will describe this episode) and forcibly removed from control of his publications, and *The Times* published an article dismissing the Protocols as a plagiarism of Maurice Joly's book. The proprietor of the *Morning Post* became the object of sustained vituperation until he sold the newspaper, which then ceased publication. In 1927 Mr. Henry Ford published an apology addressed to a well-known Jew of America; when I was in the United States in later years I was told by credible informants that he was persuaded to do this, at a moment when a new-model Ford automobile was about to be marketed, by hostile threats from dealers on whom the fortunes of his concern depended.

The campaign against the Protocols has never ceased since then. In communized Russia all copies discoverable had been destroyed at the revolution and possession of the book became a capital crime under the law against "anti-semitism". In the direct sequence to that, though twenty-five years later, the American and British authorities in occupied Germany after the Second World War constrained the Western German government to enact laws against "anti-semitism" on the Bolshevik model; and in 1955 a Munich printer who reproduced the Protocols had his business confiscated. In England at the time of publication the sale of the book was temporarily stopped by authority, under the pressure described, and in the course of the years the attack on it continued so violent that publishers feared it and only small local firms ever ventured to print it. In Switzerland, between the wars, a Jewish suit was brought against the book as "improper literature"; the case was won, but the verdict was set aside by a higher court.

The state of affairs thus brought about after 1920, and continuing today, was foretold by the Protocols in 1905: "Through the press we have gained the power to influence while remaining ourselves in the shade . . . The principal factor of [214] success in the political" (field) "is the secrecy of its undertaking; the word should not agree with the deeds of the diplomat. . . We must compel the governments . . . to take action in the direction favoured by our widely-conceived plan, already approaching the desired consummation, by what we shall represent as public opinion, secretly prompted by us through the means of that so-called 'Great Power', the press, which, with a few exceptions that may be disregarded, is already entirely in our hands. . . We shall deal with the press in the following way: . . . we shall saddle and bridle it with a tight curb; we shall do the same also with all productions of the printingpress, for where would be the sense of getting rid of the attacks of the press if we remain targets for pamphlets and books? . . . No one shall with impunity lay a finger on the aureole of our government infallibility. *The pretext for stopping any publication will be the alleged plea that it is agitating the public mind without occasion or justification* . . . We shall have a sure triumph over our opponents since they will not have at their disposition organs of the press in which they can give full and final expression to their views owing to the aforesaid methods of dealing with the press . . ."

Such is the history of the Protocols thus far. Their attribution to Jewish "Elders" is unsupported and should be rejected, without prejudice to any other evidence about Jewish leadership of the world-revolution as such. The Jewish attack on them was bent, not on exculpating Jewry, but on stopping the publication on the plea that it was "agitating the public mind without occasion or justification". The arguments advanced were bogus; they were that the Protocols closely resembled several earlier publications and thus were "plagiaries" or "forgeries", whereas what this in truth showed was the obvious thing: that they were part of the continuing literature of the conspiracy. They might equally well be the product of non-Jewish or of anti-Jewish revolutionaries, and that is of secondary importance. What they proved is that *the organization* first revealed by Weishaupt's documents was in existence 120 years later, and was still using the methods and pursuing the aim then exposed; and when they were published in English the Bolshevik revolution had given the proof.

In my opinion the Protocols provide the essential handbook for students of the time and subject. If Lord Sydenham, in 1921, was arrested by the "uncanny knowledge" they displayed, "on which prophecies now literally fulfilled are based", how much more would he be impressed today, in 1956, when much more of them has been as literally fulfilled. Through this book any man can see how the upheavals of the past 150 years were, and how those of the next fifty years will be brought about; he will know in advance just how "the deeds" of his elected representatives will differ from their "word".

In one point I am able from my own experience to test Lord Sydenham's dictum about fulfilled prophecies. The Protocols, speaking of control of published information, say: "Not a single announcement will reach the public

[215] without our control. Even now this is already being attained by us inasmuch as all news items are received by a few agencies, in whose offices they are focused from all parts of the world. These agencies will then be entirely ours and will give publicity only to what we dictate to them". That was not the situation in 1905, or in Lord Sydenham's day, or in 1926, when I became a journalist, but it was developing and today *is* the situation. The stream of "news" which pours into the public mind through the newspapers comes from a few agencies, as if from half a dozen taps. Any hand that can control those valves can control "the news", and the reader may observe for himself the filtered form in which the news reaches him. As to the editorial *views*, based on this supply of news, the transformation that has been brought about may be comprehended by referring to the impartially critical articles published in *The Times*, *Morning Post*, *Spectator*, *Dearborn Independent* and thousands of other journals some twenty-five years ago. This could not happen today. The subjugation of the press has been accomplished as the Protocols foretold, and by the accident of my generation and calling I saw it come about.

Comparative study of the Protocols and of the Weishaupt papers leads to the strong deduction that both derive from a common and much older source. They cannot have been the product of any one man or one group of men in the period when they were published; the "uncanny knowledge" displayed in them obviously rests on the cumulative experience of eras. In particular, this applies (in Weishaupt's papers and the Protocols alike) to the knowledge of human weaknesses, which are singled out with analytical exactitude, the method of exploiting each of them being described with disdainful glee.

The instrument to be used for the destruction of the Christian nation-states and their religion is "the mob". The word is used throughout with searing contempt to denote the masses, (who in public are flattered by being called "the people"). "Men with bad instincts are more in number than the good, and therefore the best results in governing them are attained by violence and terrorization . . . The might of a mob is blind, senseless and unreasoning force ever at the mercy of a suggestion from any side". From this the argument is developed that "an absolute despotism" is necessary to govern "the mob", which is "a savage", and that "our State" will employ "the terror which tends to produce blind submission". The "literal fulfilment" of these precepts in communized Russia must be obvious to all today).

This "absolute despotism" is to be vested in the international super-State at the end of the road. In the meanwhile regional puppet-despots are depicted as essential to the process of breaking down the structure of states and the defences of peoples: "From the premier-dictators of the present day the peoples suffer patiently and bear such abuses as for the least of them they would have beheaded twenty kings. What is the explanation . . . ? It is explained by the fact that these dictators whisper to the peoples through their agents that through these abuses

[216] they are inflicting injury on the States with the highest purpose - to secure the welfare of the peoples, the international brotherhood of them all, their solidarity and equality of rights. Naturally they do not tell the peoples that this unification must be accomplished only under our sovereign rule".

This passage is of especial interest. The term "premier-dictator" would not generally have been understood in 1905, when the peoples of the West believed their elected representatives to express and depend on *their* approval. However, it became applicable during the First and Second World Wars, when American presidents and British prime ministers made themselves, in fact, "premier-dictators" and used emergency powers in the name of "the welfare of peoples. . . international brotherhood . . . equality of rights". Moreover, these premier-dictators, in both wars, *did* tell the peoples that the ultimate end of all this would be "unification" under a world government of some kind. The question, who would govern this world government, was one which never received straightforward answer; so much else of the Protocols has been fulfilled that their assertion that it would be the instrument of the conspiracy for governing the world "by violence and terrorization" deserves much thought.

The especial characteristic of the two 20th Century wars is the disappointment which each brought to the peoples who *appeared* to be victorious. "Uncanny knowledge", therefore, again seems to have inspired the statement, *made in 1905 or earlier*, "Ever since that time" (the French Revolution) "we have been *leading the peoples from one disenchantment to another*", followed later by this: "By these acts all States are in torture; they exhort to tranquillity, are ready to sacrifice everything for peace; *but, we will not give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international Super-Government, and with submissiveness*". The words, written before 1905, seem accurately to depict the course of the 20th Century.

Again, the document says "it is indispensable for our purpose that wars, so far as possible, *should not result in territorial gains*". This very phrase, of 1905 or earlier, was made the chief slogan, or apparent moral principle, proclaimed by the political leaders of America and Britain in *both* world wars, and in this case the difference between "the word" and "the deed" of "the diplomat" has been shown by results. The chief result of the First War was to establish revolutionary-Zionism and revolutionary-Communism as new forces in international affairs, the first with a promised "homeland" and the second with a resident State. The chief result of the Second War was that further "territorial gains" accrued to, and *only* to, Zionism and Communism; Zionism received its resident State and Communism received half of Europe. The "deadly accuracy" (Lord Sydenham's words) of the Protocol's forecasts seems apparent in this case, where a specious phrase used in the Protocols of 1905 became the daily language of American presidents and British prime ministers in 1914-1918 and 1939-1945.

The reason why the authors of the Protocols held this slogan to be so important, in beguiling the peoples, is also explained. If the nations embroiled in [217] wars are denied "territorial gains", the only victors will then be "our international *agentur*. . . our international rights will then wipe out national rights, in the proper sense of right, and will rule the nations precisely as the civil law of States rules the relations of their subjects among themselves". To bring about this

state of affairs compliant politicians are needed, and of them the Protocols say: "The administrators whom we shall choose from among the public, with strict regard to their capacities for *servile obedience*, will not be persons trained in the arts of government, and will therefore easily become pawns in our game in the hands of men of learning and genius who will be *their advisers, specialists bred and reared from early childhood to rule the affairs of the whole world*".

The reader may judge for himself whether this description fits some of "the administrators" of the West in the last five decades; the test is their attitude towards Zionism, the world-revolution and world-government, and subsequent chapters will offer information in these three respects. But "deadly accuracy" appears to reside even more in the allusion to "advisers".

Here again is "uncanny knowledge", displayed more than fifty years ago. In 1905 the non-elected but powerful "adviser" was publicly unknown. True, the enlightened few, men like Disraeli, knew that "the world is governed by very different persons from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes", but to the general public the passage would have been meaningless.

In the First and Second World Wars, however, the non-elected, unofficial but imperious "adviser" became a familiar public figure. He emerged into the open (under "emergency powers") and became known to and was passively accepted by the public masses; possibly the contempt which the Protocols display for "the mob" was justified by this submission to behind-the-scenes rule even when it was openly exercised. In the United States, for instance, "advisers on Jewish affairs" became resident at the White House and at the headquarters of American armies of occupation. One financier (who publicly recommended drastic measures for "ruling the affairs of the world") was adviser to so many presidents that he was permanently dubbed "Elder Statesman" by the press, and visiting prime ministers from England also repaired to him as if to a supreme seat of authority.

The Protocols foretold this regime of the "advisers" when none understood what was meant and few would have credited that they would openly appear in the high places.

The Protocols repeatedly affirm that the first objective is the destruction of the existing ruling class ("the aristocracy", the term employed, was still applicable in 1905) and the seizure of property through the incitement of the insensate, brutish "mob". Once again, subsequent events give the "forecast" its "deadly accuracy":

"In politics one must know how to seize the property of others without hesitation if by it we secure submission and sovereignty. . . The words, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', brought to our ranks, thanks to our blind agents, whole [218] legions who bore our banners with enthusiasm. And all the time these words were canker-worms boring into the wellbeing of the people, putting an end everywhere to peace, quiet, solidarity and destroying all the foundations of the States. . . This helped us to our greatest triumph; it gave us the possibility, among other things, of getting into our hands the master card, the destruction of privileges, or in other words the very existence of the aristocracy . . . that class which was the only defence peoples and countries had against us. On the ruins of the natural and genealogical aristocracy . . . we have set up the aristocracy of our educated class headed by the aristocracy of money. The qualifications of this aristocracy we have established in wealth, which is dependent upon us, and in knowledge. . . *It is this possibility of replacing the representatives of the people which has placed them at our disposal, and, as it were, given us the power of appointment* . . . . We appear on the scene as *alleged saviours of the worker* from this oppression when we propose to him to enter the ranks of our fighting forces; Socialists, Anarchists, Communists . . . By want and the envy and hatred which it engenders we shall move the mobs and with their hands we shall wipe out all those who hinder us on our way . . . The people, blindly believing things in print, cherishes . . . a blind hatred towards all conditions which it considers above itself, for it has no understanding of the meaning of class and condition. . . These mobs will rush delightedly to shed the blood of those whom, in the simplicity of their ignorance, they have envied from their cradles, and whose property they will then be able to loot. 'Ours' they will not touch, because the moment of attack will be known to us and we shall take measures to protect our own. . . The word 'freedom' brings out the communities of men to fight against every kind of force, against every kind of authority, even against God and the laws of nature. For this reason we, when we come into our kingdom, *shall have to erase this word from the lexicon of life* as implying a principle of brute force which turns mobs into bloodthirsty beasts. . . But even freedom might be harmless and have its place in the State economy without injury to the wellbeing of the peoples if it rested upon the foundation of faith in God. . . This is the reason why it is indispensable for us to undermine all faith, to tear out of the minds of the masses the very principle of Godhead and the spirit, and to put in its place arithmetical calculations and material needs . . ."

"... We have set one against another the personal and national reckonings of the peoples, religious and race hatreds, which we have fostered into a huge growth in the course of the past twenty centuries. This is the reason why there is not one State which would anywhere receive support if it were to raise its arm, for every one of them must bear in mind that any agreement against us would be unprofitable to itself. We are too strong, there is no evading our power. The nations cannot come to even an inconsiderable private agreement without our secretly having a hand in it... In order to put public opinion into our hands we must bring it into a state of bewilderment by giving expression from all sides to so many contradictory opinions and for such length of time as will suffice to make

[219] the peoples lose their heads in the labyrinth and come to see that the best thing is to have no opinion of any kind in matters political, which it is not given to the public to understand, because they are understood only by him who guides the public. This is the first secret. The second secret requisite for the success of our government is comprised in the following: to multiply to such an extent national failings, habits, passions, conditions of civil life, that it will be impossible for anyone to know where he is in the resulting chaos, so that the people in consequence will fail to understand one another... By all these means we shall so wear down the peoples that they will be compelled to offer us international power of a nature that by its possession will enable us without any violence gradually to absorb all the State forces of the world and to form a Super-Government. In place of the rulers of today we shall set up a bogey which will be called the Super-Government administration. Its hands will reach out in all directions like nippers and its organization will be of such colossal dimensions that it cannot fail to subdue all the nations of the world".

That the Protocols reveal the common source of inspiration of Zionism and Communism is shown by significant parallels that can be drawn between the two chief methods laid down in them and the chief methods pursued by Dr. Herzl and Karl Marx:

The Protocols repeatedly lay emphasis on the incitement of "the mob" against the ruling class as the most effective means of destroying States and nations and achieving world dominion. Dr. Herzl, as was shown in the preceding chapter, used precisely this method to gain the ear of European rulers.

Next, Karl Marx. The Protocols say, "The aristocracy of the peoples, as a political force, is dead... but as *landed proprietors* they can still be harmful to us from the fact that they are self-sufficing in the resources upon which they live. It is essential therefore for us at whatever cost *to deprive them of their land*... At the same time we must intensively patronize trade and industry... what we want is that industry should drain off from the land both labour and capital and by means of speculation transfer into our hands all the money of the world..."

Karl Marx in his *Communist Manifesto* exactly followed this formula. True he declared that Communism might be summed up in one sentence, "abolition of private property", but subsequently he qualified this dictum by restricting actual confiscation to *land* and implying that other types of private property were to remain intact. (In the later Marxist event, of course, all private property was confiscated, but I speak here of the strict parallel between the strategy laid down *before* the event alike by the Protocols and Marx).

A passage of particular interest in the present, though it was written before 1905, says, "Nowadays if any States raise a protest against us, it is only *proforma* at our discretion and by our direction, for their anti-semitism is indispensable to us for the management of our lesser brethren". A distinctive feature of our era is the way the charge of "anti-semitism" is continually transferred from one [220] country to another, the country so accused becoming automatically the specified enemy in the next war. This passage might cause the prudent to turn a sceptical eye on today's periodical reports of sudden "anti-semitic" turns in communized Russia, or elsewhere.

The resemblance to Weishaupt's documents is very strong in the passages which relate to the infiltration of public departments, professions and parties, for instance: "It is from us that the all-engulfing terror proceeds. We have in our service persons of all opinions, of all doctrines, restoring monarchists, demagogues, socialists, communists, and utopian dreamers of every kind. We have harnessed them all to the task: each one of them on his own account is boring away at the last remnants of authority, is striving to overthrow all established form of order. By these acts all States are in torture; they exhort to tranquillity, are ready to sacrifice everything for peace; but we will not give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international Super-Government, *and with submissiveness*".

The allusions to the permeation of universities in particular, and of education in general, also spring directly from Weishaupt, or from whatever earlier source he received them: "... We shall emasculate the universities... Their officials and professors will be prepared for their business by detailed secret programmes of action from which they will not with immunity diverge, not by one iota. They will be



appointed with especial precaution, and will be so placed as to be wholly dependent upon the Government". This secret permeation of universities (which was successful in the German ones in Weishaupt's day, as his documents show) was very largely effective in our generation. The two British government officials who after their flight to Moscow were paraded before the international press in 1956 to state that they had been captured by Communism at their universities, were typical products of this method, described by the Protocols early in this century and by Weishaupt in 1787.

Weishaupt's documents speak of Freemasonry as the best "cover" to be used by the agents of the conspiracy. The Protocols allot the function of "cover" to "Liberalism": "When we introduced into the State organism the poison of Liberalism its whole political complexion underwent a change. States have been seized with a mortal illness, blood-poisoning. All that remains is to await the end of their death agony".

The term "utopian dreamers", used more than once, is applied to Liberals, and its original source probably resides in the Old Testamentary allusion to "dreamers of dreams" with "false prophets", are to be put to death. The end of Liberalism, therefore, would be apparent to the student even if the Protocols did not specify it: "We shall root out liberalism from the important strategic posts of our government on which depends the training of subordinates for our State structure".

The "Big Brother" regimes of our century, are accurately foretold in the [221] passage, "Our government will have *the appearance* of a patriarchal paternal guardianship on the part of our ruler".

Republicanism, too, is to be a "cover" for the conspiracy. The Protocols are especially contemptuous of republicanism, in which (and in liberalism) they see the weapon of self-destruction forged out of "the mob": ". . . then it was that the era of republics became possible of realization; and then it was that we replaced the ruler by a caricature of a government, by a president, taken from the mob, from the midst of our puppet creatures, our slaves. This was the foundation of the mine which we have laid under the peoples".

Then the unknown scribes of some time before 1905 describe the position to which American presidents have been reduced in our century. The passage begins, "In the near future we shall establish *the responsibility of presidents*". This, as the sequence shows, means *personal* responsibility, as distinct from responsibility curbed by constitutional controls; the president is to become one of the "premier-dictators" earlier foreseen, whose function is to be to break down the constitutional defences of states and thus prepare "unification under our sovereign rule".

During the First and Second World Wars the American presidents did in fact become "premier-dictators" in this sense, claiming that "the emergency" and the need for "victory" dictated this seizure of powers of *personal* responsibility; powers which would be restored to "the people" when "the emergency" was past. Readers of sufficient years will recall how inconceivable this appeared before it happened and how passively it was accepted in the event. The passage then continues:

"The chamber of deputies will provide cover for, will protect, will elect presidents, but we shall take from it the right to propose new, or make changes in existing laws, for this right will be given by us to the responsible president, a puppet in our hands. . . *Independently of this we shall invest the president with the right of declaring a state of war. We shall justify this last right on the ground that the president as chief of the whole army of the country must have it at his disposal in case of need. . . It is easy to understand that in these conditions the key of the shrine will lie in our hands. and that no one outside ourselves will any longer direct the force of legislation. . . The president will. at our discretion, interpret the sense of such of the existing laws as admit of various interpretation; he will further annul them when we indicate to him the necessity to do so, besides this, he will have the right to propose temporary laws, and even new departures in the government constitutional working, the pretext both for the one and the other being the requirements for the supreme welfare of the state. By such measures we shall obtain the power of destroying little by little, step by step, all that at the outset when we enter on our rights, we are compelled to introduce into the constitutions of states to prepare for the transition to an imperceptible abolition of every kind of constitution, and then the time is come to turn every government into our despotism*".

[222]

This forecast of 1905 or earlier particularly deserves Lord Sydenham's tribute of "deadly accuracy". American presidents in the two wars of this century have acted as here shown. They did take the right of declaring and making war, and it has been used at least once (in Korea) since the Second World War ended; any attempt in Congress or outside to deprive them of this power, or curb them in the use of it meets with violently hostile attack.



So the Protocols continue. The peoples, on their progress "from one disenchantment to another", will not be allowed "a breathing-space". Any country "which dares to oppose us" must be met with war, and any collective opposition with "universal war". The peoples will not be allowed "to contend with sedition" (here is the key to the furious attacks of the 1790's, 1920 and today on all demands for "investigation", "Witch-hunting", "McCarthyism" and the like). In the Super-State to come the obligation will fall on members of one family to denounce dissidents within the family circle (the Old Testamentary dispensation earlier mentioned). The "complete wrecking of the Christian religion" will not be long delayed. The peoples will be kept distracted by trivial amusements ("people's palaces") from becoming troublesome and asking questions. History will be rewritten for their delusion (another precept since fulfilled in communized Russia), for "we shall erase from the memory of men all facts of previous centuries which are undesirable to us, and leave only those which depict all the errors of the national governments". "All the wheels of the machinery of all States go by the force of the engine, which is in our hands, and that engine of the machinery of States is Gold".

And the end of it all: "What we have to get at is that there should be in all the States of the world, beside ourselves, only the masses of the proletariat, a few millionaires devoted to our interests, police and soldiers. . . The recognition of our despot. . . will come when the peoples, utterly wearied by the irregularities and incompetence. . . of their rulers, will clamour: 'Away with them and give us one king over all the earth who will unite us and annihilate the causes of discords, frontiers, nationalities, religions, State debts, who will give us peace and quiet, which we cannot find under our rulers and representatives'".

In two or three of these passages I have substituted "people" or "masses" for "*Goyim*", because the use of that word relates to the unproven assertion contained in the book's title, and I do not want to confuse the issues; evidence about the identity of the authors of the conspiracy must be sought elsewhere than in an unsupported allegation. The authors may have been Jewish, non-Jewish or anti-Jewish. That is immaterial. When it was published this work was the typescript of a drama which had not been performed; today it has been running for fifty years and its title is *The Twentieth Century*. The characters depicted in it move on our contemporary stage, play the parts foretold and produce the events foreseen.

Only the denouement remains, fiasco or fulfilment. It is a grandiose plan, and [223] in my estimation cannot succeed. But it has existed for at least 180 years and probably for much longer, and the Protocols provided one more proof in a chain of proofs that has since been greatly lengthened. The conspiracy for world dominion through a world slave state *exists* and cannot at this stage be abruptly checked or broken off; of the momentum which it has acquired it now must go on to fulfilment or failure. Either will be destructive for a time, and hard for those of the time in which the dénouement comes.

## Chapter 28

### THE ABERRATION OF MR. BALFOUR

As the first decade of the 20th Century grew older the signs of the coming storms multiplied. In 1903 the British Government had offered Uganda to Zionism and Max Nordau had publicly foretold "the future world war", in the sequence to which England would procure Palestine for Zionism. In 1905 the Protocols prophetically revealed the destructive orgy of Communism. Then in 1906 one Mr. Arthur James Balfour, Prime Minister of England, met Dr. Weizmann in a hotel room and was captivated by the notion of presenting Palestine, which was not his to give, to "the Jews".

The shape which "the future world war" would take was then determined. Mr. Balfour stood guard over the new century and yielded the pass. A different man, in his place, might have saved it; or another might have done the same, for by 1906 the hidden mechanism for exerting "irresistible pressure on the international affairs of the present" (Leon Pinsker, 1882) had evidently been perfected. Rabbi Elmer Berger says of that time, "that group of Jews which committed itself to Zionism . . . entered a peripatetic kind of diplomacy which took it into many chancelleries and parliaments, exploring the labyrinthine and devious ways of international politics in a part of the world where political intrigue and secret deals were a byword. Jews began to play the game of 'practical politics'." The era of the malleable "administrators" and compliant "premier-dictators", all furthering the great plan, was beginning. Therefore any other politician, put in Mr. Balfour's place at that time, might have acted similarly. However, his name attaches to the initial misdeed.

His actions are almost unaccountable in a man of such birth, training and type. Research cannot discover evidence of any other motive than an infatuation, of the "liberal" sort, for an enterprise which he did not even examine in the light of duty and wisdom. "Hard-boiled" considerations of "practical politics" (that is, a cold calculation that money or votes might be gained by supporting Zionism) can hardly be suspected in him. He and his colleagues belonged to the oldest families of England, which carried on a long tradition of public service. Statesmanship was in their blood; understanding of government and knowledge of foreign affairs were instinctive in them; they represented the most successful ruling class in recorded history; and they were wealthy.

Why, then, did instinct, tradition and wisdom suddenly desert them in this one question, at the moment when their Conservative Party, in its old form, for the last time governed England, and their families still guided the country's fortunes from great houses in Piccadilly and Mayfair and from country abbeys? Were they alarmed by the menace that "the mob" would be incited against them if they did not comply? They realized that birth and privilege alone would not continue to qualify for the function of governing. The world had changed much in the century before, and they knew that the process would go on. In the British [225] tradition they worked to ensure continuity, unbroken by violence and eased by conciliation. They were too wise to resist change; they aimed at guiding change. Perhaps they were too eager on that account to shake hands with Progress, when it knocked, without examining the emissaries' credentials.

Mr. Balfour, their leader, was a tall, aloof and scholarly bachelor, impassive and pessimistic; he was of chilly mien but his intimates contend that his heart was warm. His middle-aged love affair with Zionism might be a symptom of unwilling celibacy. In youth he delayed asking his ladylove until she became affianced to another; before they could marry her lover died; and as Mr. Balfour was about to make good his earlier tardiness *she* died. He then resolved to remain unmarried.

Women may not be good judges of a distinguished bachelor who wears a broken heart on his sleeve, but many of the contemporary comments about him come from women, and I quote the opinions of two of the most beautiful women of that day. Consuelo Vanderbilt (an American, later the Duchess of Marlborough)

wrote, "The opinions he expressed and the doctrines he held seemed to be the products of *pure logic*. . . he was gifted with a breadth of comprehension I have never seen equalled"; and Lady Cynthia Asquith said, "As for his being devoid of moral indignation, I often saw him white with anger; any *personal injustice* enraged him".

The italicised words could not more completely misportray Mr. Balfour, if the result of his actions is any test. The one thought-process which cannot have guided him, in pledging his country to Zionism, was *logic*; for no *logical* good could come of this for any of the parties concerned, his own country, the native inhabitants of Palestine, or (in my opinion) the mass of Jews, who had no intention of going there. As for injustice (unless Lady Cynthia intended to distinguish between "personal" and mass injustice), the million innocent beings who today have been driven into the Arabian wilderness (in the manner of the Levitical "scapegoat") offer the obvious answer.

Anyway, there he was, Prime Minister of England, having succeeded "dear Uncle Robert" (Lord Salisbury, of the great house of Cecil) in 1902. Clearly he cannot at that instant have conceived, from nowhere, the notion of giving Uganda to the Zionists, so that "irresistible pressure" must have been at work before he took office. What went on in that earlier period is all mystery or, in truth, conspiracy ("labyrinthine intrigue"). When he became prime minister the mine was already laid, and to the end of his days Mr. Balfour apparently never realized that it *was* the mine of which all are today aware.

Dr. Herzl, despairing of the Czar, the Kaiser and the Sultan (the three potentates had been amiable but prudent and non-committal; they knew, what Mr. Balfour never learned, that Zionism was dynamite\*) had declared: "England, great England, free England, England commanding the seas will understand our aims" (the reader will perceive for what purpose, in this view,

\* For that matter, the successors of the Czars were of just the same opinion. Lenin in 1903 wrote, "This Zionist idea is entirely false and reactionary in its essence. The idea of a separate Jewish nation, which is utterly untenable scientifically, is reactionary in its political implications . . . The Jewish question is: assimilation or separateness? And the idea of a Jewish people is manifestly reactionary". And in 1913 Stalin reaffirmed this dictum. The destiny of the Jews, he said, was assimilation (in a Communist world, of course, in this opinion).

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England had become great, free, and commander of the seas). When the Uganda offer showed the Talmudic directorate in Russia that Dr. Herzl was wrong in thinking that England would "understand" their needs, Dr. Weizmann was sent to London. He was preparing to overthrow Dr. Herzl and now becomes our chief witness to the hidden events of that time.

A young Englishman, with some modest petition, would have great trouble even today in penetrating the janitorial and secretarial defences of a Cabinet minister's private room. Young Dr. Weizmann from Russia, who wanted Palestine, was quickly ushered into that of Lord Percy ("in charge of African affairs").

Lord Percy was another scion of a great ruling family with an ancient tradition of public service and wise administration. According to Dr. Weizmann, he "expressed boundless astonishment that the Jews should ever so much as have considered the Uganda proposal, which he regarded as impractical on the one hand, and, on the other, a denial of the Jewish religion. Himself *deeply religious*, he was bewildered by the thought that Jews could even entertain the idea of any other country than Palestine as the centre of their revival; and he was delighted to learn from me that there were so many Jews who had emphatically refused. He added, 'If I were a Jew, I would not give a halfpenny for the proposition'."

Presumably Dr. Weizmann did not inform Lord Percy of the unanimous longing of *the Jews in Palestine* to remove to Uganda. What he had heard, if his record is correct, was virtually an invitation to get rid of Dr. Herzl and a promise to support the claim to Palestine. He went away to prepare Dr. Herzl's discomfiture. He did not go empty-handed.

Possibly, in the fifty years that have elapsed, British ministers have learned that official notepaper should be kept where only those authorized may use it. On leaving Lord Percy's room Dr. Weizmann took some Foreign Office notepaper and on it wrote a report of the conversation, which he sent to Russia (where, under the Romanoffs and the Communist Czars alike, government stationery is not left lying around). In Russia, this document, written on official Foreign Office paper, must have aroused feelings akin to those which a holy ikon would cause in a moujik. Clearly it meant that the British Government had no further use for Dr. Herzl and would procure Palestine for the Zionists in Russia. Lord Percy, in today's idiom, had started something.

All else followed as if arranged by Greek gods: the triumph of the Zionists from Russia over Dr. Herzl, his collapse and death, the rejection of the Uganda offer. Then Dr. Weizmann moved to England, "the one country which seemed likely to show a genuine sympathy for a movement like ours", and where he [227] could "live and work without let or hindrance, *at least theoretically*" (any compilation of classical understatements might include this passage in first place).

Dr. Weizmann chose Manchester for his residence. He says "by chance", but credulity balks. Manchester held Mr. Balfour's constituency; Manchester was the Zionist headquarters in England; the chairman of Mr. Balfour's party in Manchester was a Zionist (today the British Conservative Party is still enmeshed in these toils).

The Greek drama continued. Mr. Balfour's prime-ministership ended in a fiasco for his party when in the 1906 election eight out of nine Manchester seats were lost to it. He then faded temporarily from office. At that moment another personage entered the present narrative. Among the triumphant Liberal candidates was a rising young man with a keen nose for political winds, a Mr. Winston Churchill. He also sought election in Manchester and commended himself to the Zionist headquarters there, first by attacking the Balfour government's Aliens Bill (which set a brake on large-scale immigration from such places as Russia) and next by supporting Zionism. Thereon "the Manchester Jews promptly fell into line behind him as though he were a kind of latterday Moses; one of their leaders got up at an all-Jewish-meeting and announced that 'any Jew who votes against Churchill is a traitor to the common cause' " (Mr. R.C. Taylor). Mr. Churchill, elected, became Under Secretary for the Colonies. His public espousal of Zionism was simply a significant episode at that time; three decades later, when Mr. Balfour was dead, it was to have consequences as fateful as Mr. Balfour's own aberration.

To return to Mr. Balfour: his private thoughts were much with Zionism. At no time, as far as the annals disclose, did he give thought to the native inhabitants of Palestine, whose expulsion into the wilderness he was to cause. By coincidence, the election was being mainly fought around the question of the allegedly cruel treatment of some humble beings far away (this is an instance of the method of stirring up the passions of "the mob", recommended by Dr. Herzl and the Protocols). The electors knew nothing of Zionism and when they later became acquainted with it felt no concern for the menaced Arabs, because that side of the matter was not put before them by a press then "submissive". However, in 1906 their feelings were being inflamed about "Chinese slavery" and (Manchester being Manchester) they were highly indignant about it. At that time Chinese Coolies were being indentured for three years work in the South African gold mines. Those chosen counted themselves fortunate, but for electoral and "rabble-rousing" purposes in Manchester this was "slavery" and the battle was fought and won on that score. The victorious Liberals forgot "Chinese slavery" immediately after the counting of the votes, (and when their turn in office came outdid the Conservatives in their enthusiasm for Zionism).

Thus, while shouts of "Chinese slavery" resounded outside his windows, Mr. [228] Balfour, closeted with a Zionist emissary from Russia, prepared something worse than slavery for the Arabs of Palestine. His captivation was complete before the interview began, as his niece and lifelong confidante (Mrs. Dugdale) shows: "His interest in the subject was *whetted*. . . by the refusal of the Zionist Jews to accept the Uganda offer. . . The opposition aroused in him *a curiosity* which he found no means to satisfy . . . He had asked his chairman in Manchester to fathom the reasons for the Zionist attitude. . . Balfour's interest in the Jews and their history. . . originated *in the Old Testament training* of his mother and in his Scottish upbringing. As he grew up his intellectual admiration and sympathy for certain aspects of the Jews in the modern world seemed to him of immense importance. I remember in childhood imbibing from him the idea that Christian religion and civilization owed to Judaism *an immeasurable debt, ill repaid*".

Such was Mr. Balfour's frame of mind when he received Dr. Weizmann in a room of the old Queen's Hotel in dank and foggy Manchester in 1906. The proposition before him, if accepted, meant adding Turkey, in 1906, to England's enemies in any "future world war" and, if Turkey were defeated in it, engaging in perpetual warfare thereafter with the Arab world.

But calculations of national interest, moral principle and statesmanship, if the above quotations are the test, had deserted Mr. Balfour's mind.

He was in the grip of a "whetted" interest and an unsatisfied "curiosity"; it sounds like a young girl's romantic feeling about love. He had not been elected to decide what "debt" Christianity owed to Judaism, or if he decided that one was owing, to effect its repayment, from a third party's funds, to some canvasser professing title to collect. If there *were* any identifiable debt and any rational cause to link his country with it, and he could convince the country of this, he might have had a case. Instead, he decided privately that there

was a debt, and that he was entitled to choose between claimants in favour of a caller from Russia, when the mass of Jews in England repudiated any notion of such a debt. History does not tell of a stranger thing.

Dr. Weizmann, forty years later, recorded that the Mr. Balfour whom he met "had only the most naive and rudimentary notion of the movement"; he did not even know Dr. Herzl's name, the nearest he could get to it being "Dr. Herz". Mr. Balfour was already carried away by his enthusiasm for the unknown cause. He posed formal objections, but apparently only for the pleasure of hearing them overborne, as might a girl object to the elopement she secretly desires. He was much impressed (as Dr. Weizmann says) when his visitor said, "Mr. Balfour, supposing I were to offer you Paris instead of London, would you take it?" "But, Dr. Weizmann, we have London", he answered. Dr. Weizmann retorted, "But we had Jerusalem when London was a marsh".

Mr. Balfour apparently felt this to be a conclusive reason why the Ashkenazic Jews from Russia should be removed to Palestine. However, the only body of [229] Jews whose interest he had any right to consider, those of England, had been working hard to dissuade him from getting entangled in Zionism, and he made a last feeble objection: "It is curious, Dr. Weizmann, the Jews I meet are quite different". Dr. Weizmann replied, "Mr. Balfour, you meet the wrong kind of Jew".

Mr. Balfour never again questioned the claim of the Zionists from Russia to be the right kind of Jew. "It was from that talk with Weizmann that I saw that the Jewish form of patriotism was unique. It was Weizmann's absolute refusal even to look at it" (the Uganda proposition) "which impressed me"; to these words Mrs. Dugdale adds the comment, "The more Balfour thought about Zionism, the more his respect for it and his belief in its importance grew. His convictions took shape before the defeat of Turkey in the Great War, *transforming the whole future for the Zionists*". He also transformed the whole future for the entire West and for two generations of its sons. In this hotel-room meeting of 1906 Max Nordau's prophecy of 1903 about the shape of "the future world war" was given fulfilment.

As that war approached, the number of leading public men who privily espoused Zionism grew apace. They made themselves in fact co-conspirators, for they did not inform the public masses of any intention about Palestine. None outside the inner circle of "labyrinthine intrigue" knew that one was in their minds and would be carried out in the confusion of a great war, when parliamentary and popular scrutiny of acts of State policy was in suspense. The secrecy observed stamps the process as a conspiratorial one, originating in Russia, and it bore fruit in 1917.

The next meeting between Dr. Weizmann and Mr. Balfour was on December 14, 1914\*. Then the First World War had just begun. The standing British army had been almost wiped out in France, and France itself faced catastrophe, while only the British Navy stood between England and the gravest dangers. A war, costing Britain and France some three million lives, lay ahead, and the youth of Britain was rushing to join in the battle. The great cause was supposed to be that of overthrowing "Prussian militarism", liberating "small nations", and restoring "freedom and democracy".

Mr. Balfour was soon to be restored to office. His thoughts, when he met Dr. Weizmann again, were apparently far from the great battle in France. His mind was not with his country or his people. It was with Zionism and Palestine. He began his talk with Dr. Weizmann by saying, "I was thinking about that conversation of ours" (in 1906) "and I believe that when the guns stop firing *you may get your Jerusalem*".

\* An instance of the difficulty of eliciting facts in this matter: Mrs. Dugdale quoted Dr. Weizmann as saying, "did not see him again *until 1916*", but contradicts this statement by another of her own, "*On December 14, 1914, Dr. Weizmann had an appointment to see Balfour*". This *implicit* mention of a second meeting on that date appears to be confirmed by Dr. Weizmann's own statement, that after seeing Mr. Lloyd George on *December 3, 1914*, he "*followed up at once Lloyd George's suggestion about seeing Mr. Balfour*".

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People who lived at that time may recall the moment and see how far from anything which they supposed to be at stake were these thoughts of Mr. Balfour. In the person of Mr. Balfour the Prophet Monk reappeared, but this time armed with power to shape the destiny of nations. Obviously "irresistible pressure" behind the scenes had gained great power and was already most effective in 1914.

By that time the American people were equally enmeshed in this web of "labyrinthine intrigue", hidden from the general view, though they did not suspect it. They feared "foreign entanglements"; they wished to keep out of the war and had a president who promised he would keep them out of it. In fact, they were virtually in it, for "irresistible pressure" by that time was working as effectively in Washington as in London.

## Chapter 29

### THE AMBITION OF MR. HOUSE

While Mr. Balfour and his associates in this still secret enterprise moved towards power in England during the First World War, a similar group of men secretly took shape in the American Republic. The political machine they built produced its full result nearly fifty years later, when President Truman in effect set up the Zionist state in Palestine.

In 1900 Americans still clung to their "American dream", and the essence of it was to avoid "foreign entanglements". In fact the attack on Spain in Cuba in 1898 had already separated them from this secure anchorage, and the mysterious origins of that little war are therefore of continuing interest. The American public was caused to explode in warlike frenzy, in the familiar way, when it was told that the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbour by a Spanish mine. When she was raised, many years later, her plates were found to have been blown *out* by an *inner* explosion (but by then "the mob" had long lost interest in the matter).

The effect of the Spanish-American war (continuing American "entanglement" in the affairs of others) lent major importance to the question: who was to exercise the ruling power in America, for the nature of any "entanglements" clearly depended on that. The answer to this question, again, was governed by the effect of an earlier war, the American Civil War of 1861-1865. The chief consequences of it (little comprehended by the contending Northerners and Southerners) was sensibly to change the nature, first of the population, and next of the government of the Republic.

Before the Civil War the American population was predominantly Irish, Scots-Irish, Scottish, British, German and Scandinavian, and from this amalgam a distinctly "American" individual evolved. In the direct sequence to that war the era of unrestricted immigration began, which in a few decades brought to America many millions of new citizens from Eastern and Southern Europe. These included a great mass of Jews from the Talmudic areas of Russia and Russian Poland. In Russia the rabbinate had stood between them and "assimilation" and this continued when they reached America. Thus the 20th Century, at its start, threw up the question, what part would their leaders acquire in the political control of the Republic and of its foreign undertakings. The later events showed that the Eastern conspiracy, in both its forms, entered America through this mass-immigration. The process of acquiring an ever-increasing measure of political power began, behind the scenes, about 1900 and was to become the major issue of American national life in the ensuing fifty years.

The man who first involved America in this process was a Mr. Edward Mandell House (popularly known as Colonel House, but he had no military service), a Southern gentleman, chiefly of Dutch and English descent, who grew up in Texas during the bitter Reconstruction period that followed the Civil War. He is a remarkable character in this tale. As other connoisseurs might exult in the [232] taste of rare brandy, he loved the secret exercise of power through others, and candidly confided this to his diary. He shunned publicity (says his editor, Mr. Charles Seymour) "from a sardonic sense of humour which was tickled by the thought that he, unseen and often unsuspected, without great wealth or office, merely through the power of personality and good sense, was actually *deflecting the currents of history*". Few men have wielded so much power in complete irresponsibility: "it is easy enough for one *without responsibility* to sit down over a cigar and a glass of wine and decide what is best to be done", wrote Mr. House.



His editor's choice of words is exact; Mr. House did not *guide* American State policy, but *deflected it towards* Zionism, the support of the world-revolution, and the promotion of the world-government ambition. The *fact* of his exercise of secret power is proven. *His motives* for exercising it in those directions are hard to discover, for his thoughts (as revealed by his diary and his novel) appear to have been so confused and contradictory that no clear picture emerges from them.

His immense daily record of his secret reign (the *Private Papers*) fully exposed *how* he worked. It leaves unanswered the question of *what* he ultimately wanted, or if he even knew what he wanted; as to that, his novel shows only a mind full of half-baked demagogic notions, never clearly thought out. The highfalutin apostrophe on the flyleaf is typical: "This book is dedicated to the unhappy many who have lived and died lacking opportunity, because, in the starting, the worldwide social structure was wrongly begun"; apparently this means that Mr. House, who held himself to be a religious man, thought poorly of the work of an earlier authority, described in the words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth".

In the search for the origins of Mr. House's political ideas (which at first were akin to Communism; in later life, when the damage was done, he became more moderate) the student is cast on significant clues. His editor finds in his early thought a note "reminiscent of *Louis Blanc and the revolutionaries of 1848*". With this in mind I earlier directed the readers attention to Louis Blanc, the French revolutionary who for a moment, in 1848, seemed likely to play Lenin's part and summoned the assembly of workers' delegates which was an anticipation of the 1917 Soviets.

Such notions, in a Texan of the late 19th Century, are as unexpected as Buddhism in an Eskimo. Nevertheless, Mr. House in youth acquired these ideas; someone had implanted them in him. His middle name, Mandell, was that of "a Jewish merchant in Houston, who was one of his father's most intimate friends; the fact that the elder House conferred a Jewish name upon his son *indicates the family's attitude towards the race*" (Mr. Arthur D. Howden, his biographer). In Mr. House's novel the hero refuses all preferment to go and live in a humble East Side room with a Polish Jew, come to America after anti-Jewish disturbances in Warsaw caused by the murder there, by "a young Jew, baited beyond endurance", of the son of a high government official. In later life Mr. House's [233] brother-in-law and counsellor was a Jew, Dr. Sidney Mezes, who was one of the initiators of this century's world-government plan in its earliest form (The League to Enforce Peace).

That is about all that can be elicited about the intellectual atmosphere of Mr. House's mind-formative period. In one of his most revealing passages Mr. House himself comments on the suggestion of ideas to others and shows, apparently without realizing it, how powerless he ultimately was, who thought himself all-powerful: "With the President, as with all other men I sought to influence, it was invariably my intention to make him think that ideas he derived from me were his own. . . Usually, to tell the truth, *the idea was not original with me. . . The most difficult thing in the world is to trace any idea to its source. . .* We often think an idea to be original with ourselves when, in plain truth, *it was subconsciously absorbed from someone else*".

He began to learn about politics in Texas when he was only eighteen, then discerning during a presidential election (1876) that "two or three men in the Senate and two or three in the House and the President himself ran the government. The others were merely figureheads . . . Therefore I had no ambition to hold office, nor had I any ambition to speak". (He puts the same idea into the mouth of a politician in his novel of 1912; "In Washington. . . I found that the government was run by a few men; that outside of this little circle no one was of much importance. It was my ambition to break into it if possible and my ambition now leaped so far as to want, not only to be of it, but later, to be IT . . . The President asked me to undertake the direction of his campaign . . . He was overwhelmingly nominated and re-elected . . . and I was now well within the charmed circle and within easy reach of my further desire to have no rivals. . . *I tightened a nearly invisible coil around the people, which held them fast. . .*")

In that spirit Mr. House entered Texan politics: "I began at the top rather than at the bottom. . . it has been my habit to put *someone else nominally at the head*, so that I could do the real work undisturbed by the demands which are made on a chairman . . . Each chairman of the campaigns which I directed received the publicity and the applause of both the press and the people during the campaign . . . they passed out of public notice within a few months . . . and yet when the next campaign came around, the public and the press as eagerly accepted another figurehead".

Mr. House used Texas somewhat as a rising actor may use the provinces. He was so successful as a party-organizer there that at the turn of the century he was the real ruler of the state and sat daily in the office of its governor (appointed by Mr. House and long forgotten) at the State Capitol, where he chose State senators and congressmen and handled the requests of the many office-holders who habitually besiege a State

governor. The provincial tour accomplished, he prepared to conquer the capital. By 1900 he was "tired of the position I occupied in Texas" and was "ready to take part in national affairs". After further [234] preparation he began, in 1910 as the First World War approached, "*to look about for a proper candidate for the Democratic nomination for President*".

Thus Mr. House, aged fifty, was a president-maker. Until I read his *Private Papers* I was much impressed by the "uncanny knowledge" displayed by a leading American Zionist, Rabbi Stephen Wise, who in 1910 told a New Jersey audience: "On Tuesday Mr. Woodrow Wilson will be elected governor of your State; he will not complete his term of office as governor; in November 1912 he will be elected President of the United States; he will be inaugurated for the second time as president". This was fore-knowledge of the quality shown by the Protocols, Leon Pinsker and Max Nordau, but further research showed that Rabbi Wise had it from Colonel House!

Evidently Mr. Wilson had been closely studied by the group of secret men which then was coalescing, for neither Mr. House nor Rabbi Wise at that moment had met him! But Mr. House "became convinced that he had found his man, although he had never met him . . . 'I turned to Woodrow Wilson . . . as being the only man. . . who in every way measured up to the office' " (Mr. Howden). The standard measurement used is indicated by a later passage: "The trouble with getting a candidate for president is that the man that is best fitted for the place cannot be nominated and, if nominated, could not be elected. The People seldom take the best man fitted for the job; therefore it is necessary to work for the best man who can be nominated and elected, and just now Wilson seems to be that man". (This description, again, is qualified by the allusion in Mr. House's novel to the methods used by a powerful group to elect "*its creature*" to the presidency).

The Zionist idea coupled itself to the revolutionary idea, among the group of men which was secretly selecting Mr. Woodrow Wilson for the presidency, in the person of this Rabbi Stephen Wise (born in Budapest, like Herzl and Nordau). He was the chief Zionist organizer in America and as such still something of a curiosity among the Jews of America, who at that time repudiated Zionism and distrusted the "Eastern Jews". Until 1900, as Rabbi Wise says, Zionism in America was confined to the immigrant Jews from Russia, who brought it with them from the Talmudic ghettos there; the mass of American Jews were of German origins and would have none of it. Between 1900 and 1910, a million new Jewish immigrants arrived from Russia and under Zionist organization began to form an important body of voters; here was the link between Mr. House (whose election-strategy will be described) and Rabbi Wise. Rabbi Wise, who was known chiefly as a militant orator, if not an agitator, in labour questions, was not then a representative Jewish figure, and nevertheless (like Dr. Weizmann in England) he was the man to whom the political potentates *secretly* gave access and ear.

The strength of this secret group is shown by the fact that in 1910, when Mr. House had privately decided that Mr. Wilson should be the next president, Rabbi [235] Wise publicly proclaimed that he *would* be that, and for two terms. This called for a rearrangement of the rabbi's politics, for he had always supported the Republican party; after Mr. House's secret selection of Mr. Wilson, he changed to the Democratic one. Thus Mr. House's confused "revolutionary" ideas and Zionism's perfectly clear ones arrived together on the doorstep of the White House. Agreement between the group was cordial: Mr. Wise states that (after the election) "we received warm and heartening help from Colonel House, close friend of the president. . . *House not only made our cause the object of his very special concern but served as liaison officer between the Wilson administration and the Zionist movement*". The close parallel between the course of these hidden processes in America and in England is here shown.

The secret of Mr. House's hold over the Democratic Party lay in the strategy which he had devised for winning elections. The Democratic party had been out of office for nearly fifty unbroken years and he had devised a method which made victory almost a mathematical certainty. The Democratic party was in fact to owe its victories in 1912 and 1916, as well as President Roosevelt's and President Truman's victories in 1932, 1936, 1940, 1944 and 1948 to the application of Mr. House's plan. In this electoral plan, which in its field perhaps deserves the name of genius, lies Mr. House's enduring effect on the life of America; his political *ideas* were never clearly formed and were frequently changed, so that he forged an instrument whereby the *ideas of others* were put into effect; the *instrument* itself was brilliantly designed.

In essence, it was a plan to gain the vote of the "foreign-born", the new immigrants, solidly for the Democratic party by making appeal to their racial feelings and especial emotional reflexes. It was worked out in great detail and was the product of a master hand in this particular branch of political science.

The unique, fantastic thing about this plan is that Mr. House published it, anonymously, in the very year, 1912, when Mr. Wilson, secretly "chosen", was publicly nominated and elected. In that busy year Mr.

House found time to write, in thirty days, a novel called *Philip Dru: Administrator* (the unusual word recalls the allusion in the Protocols to "The Administrators whom we shall choose ..."). The chapter entitled "The Making of a President", which is obviously not fiction, makes this almost unreadable novel a historical document of the first importance.

In this chapter of his novel (which Mr. House was prompted to publish by his assiduous mentor, Dr. Sidney Mezes) an American Senator called Selwyn is depicted as setting about to "govern the Nation with an absolute hand, and yet not be known as the directing power". Selwyn is Mr. House. Apparently he could not resist the temptation to give a clue to his identity, and he caused "Selwyn" to invite the man he selected as his puppet-president ("Selwyn seeks a Candidate") to "dine with me in my rooms at the *Mandell House*".

Before that, Selwyn has devised "a nefarious plan", in concert with one John [236] Thor, "the high priest of finance", whereby "a complete and compact organization", using "*the most infamous sort of deception regarding its real opinions and intentions*", might "elect *its creature* to the Presidency". The financing of this secret league was "simple". "Thor's influence throughout commercial America was absolute. . . Thor and Selwyn selected the thousand" (millionaires) "that were to give each ten thousand dollars. . . Thor was to tell each of them that there was a matter, appertaining to the general welfare of the business fraternity, which needed twenty thousand dollars, and that he, Thor, would put up ten and wanted him to put up as much. . . There were but few men of business. . . who did not consider themselves fortunate in being called to New York by Thor and in being asked to join him in a blind pool looking to the safeguarding of wealth". The money of this "great corruption fund" was placed by Thor in different banks, paid at request by Selwyn to other banks, and from them transferred to the private bank of Selwyn's son-in-law; "the result was that the public had no chance of obtaining any knowledge of the fund or how it was spent".

On this basis of finance Selwyn selects his "creature", one Rockland, (Mr. Wilson), who on dining with Selwyn at "Mandell House" is told, that his responsibility as president will be "diffuse": "while a president has a consitutional right to act alone, he has no moral right to act contrary to the tenets and traditions of his party, *or to the advice of the party leaders*, for the country accepts the candidate, the party and the party *advisers* as a whole and not severally" (the resemblance between this passage and the allusions in the Protocols to "the responsibility of presidents" and the ultimate authority of their "advisers" is strong).

Rockland humbly agrees to this. (After the election, "drunk with power and the adulation of sycophants, once or twice Rockland asserted himself, and acted upon important matters without having first conferred with Selwyn. But, after he had been bitterly assailed by Selwyn's papers. . . *he made no further attempts at independence*. He felt that he was utterly helpless in that strong man's hands, and so, indeed, he was". This passage in Mr. House's novel of 1912, written before Mr. Wilson's inauguration, may be compared with one in Mr. House's *Private Papers of 1926*, recording his actual relationship with the candidate during the election campaign. It states that Mr. House edited the presidential candidate's speeches and instructed him not to heed any other advice, whereon Mr. Wilson admitted indiscretions and promised "*not to act independently in future*". In the novel Selwyn is shown as telling Thor of Rockland's attempt to escape the thrall: "When he told how Rockland had made an effort for freedom, and how he brought him back, squirming under his defeat, they laughed joyously"; this chapter is called "The Exultant Conspirators").

Another chapter shows *how* the election of the "creature" was achieved. The [237] plan described makes electioneering almost into an exact science and still governs electioneering in America. It is based on Mr. House's fundamental calculation that about 80 percent of the electors would in any circumstance whatever vote for one of the two opposed parties in roughly equal proportions, and that expenditure of money and effort must therefore be concentrated on "the fluctuating 20 percent". Then it analyzes this 20 percent in detail until the small residue is isolated, on which the utmost effort is to be bent. Every ounce or cent of wasteful expenditure is eliminated and a mass of energy released to be directed against the small body of voters who can sway the result. This plan has done so much to "deflect" the course of events in America and the world that it needs to be summarized here at some length.

Selwyn begins the nomination campaign by eliminating all states where either his party or the other was sure to win. In this way he is free to give his entire thought to the twelve doubtful States, upon whose votes the election would turn. He divides these into units of five thousand voters, appointing for each unit a man on the spot and one at national headquarters. He calculated that of the five thousand, four thousand, in equal parts, probably could not be diverted from his own or the other party, and this brought his analysis down to *one thousand* doubtful voters, in each unit of five thousand in twelve States, on whom to concentrate. The local man was charged to obtain all possible information about their "race, religion, occupation and former party ties", and to forward this to the national man in charge of the particular unit, who was then responsible for reaching *each individual* by means of "literature, persuasion or perhaps by some more subtle

argument". The duty of the two agents for each unit, one in the field and one at headquarters, was between them to "bring in a majority of the one thousand votes within their charge".

Meanwhile the managers of the other party were sending out "tons of printed matter to their State headquarters, which, in turn, distributed it to the country organizations, where it was dumped into a corner and given to visitors when asked for. Selwyn's committee used one-fourth as much printed matter, but it went in a sealed envelope, along with a cordial letter, directed to a voter that had as yet not decided how to vote. The opposition was sending speakers at great expense from one end of the country to the other . . . Selwyn sent men into his units to personally persuade each of the one thousand hesitating voters to support the Rockland ticket".

By means of this most skilful method of analysis, elimination and concentration Rockland, in the novel, (and Mr. Wilson, in fact) was elected in 1912. The concentrated appeal to the "one thousand hesitating voters" in each unit was especially directed to the "race, creed and colour" emotion, and the objects of attention were evidently singled out with that in mind. "Thus Selwyn won and Rockland became the keystone of the arch he had set out to build".

The remainder of the novel is unimportant but contains a few other significant [238] things. Its sub-title is "A Story of Tomorrow, 1920-1935". The hero, Philip Dru, is a young West Pointer under the influence of Karl Marx, who is elected leader of a mass movement by acclamation at an indignation meeting after Selwyn's and Thor's conspiracy has become known. The manner of this exposure is also interesting; Thor has a microphone concealed in his room (something little known in 1912 but today almost as familiar in politics as the Statesman's Yearbook) and, forgetting to disconnect it, his "exultant" talk with Selwyn after Rockland's election becomes known to his secretary, who gives it to the press; a most implausible episode is that the press published it! Then Dru assembles an army (armed, apparently by magic, with rifles and artillery), defeats the government forces at a single battle, marches on Washington, and proclaims himself "Administrator of the Republic". His first major action (and President Wilson's) is to introduce "a graduated income tax exempting no income whatsoever" (Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto demanded "a heavy progressive or graduated income tax"; the Protocols, "a progressive tax on property").

Dru next attacks Mexico. and the Central American Republics, also defeating them in one battle and thereafter uniting them under the American flag, which in the next chapter becomes also "the undisputed emblem of authority" over Canada and the British, French and other Possessions in the West Indies. Selwyn and Philip Dru are obviously both Mr. House. Selwyn is the superbly efficient party-organizer and secret wielder of Power; Dru is the muddled "utopian dreamer" (the Protocols) who does not know what to do with Power when he gets it. Inevitably, at the end, Mr. House did not know what to do with two characters who were in truth one man, and was compelled to merge them, as it were, by making Selwyn, the original villain of the piece, the confidant and bosom companion of Dru. After that, equally clearly, he did not know what to do with Dru, short of having him chased off by bears. Therefore he put him on a ship bound for an unknown destination with Gloria (a love-hungry girl who for fifty chapters has had to listen to Dru's incoherent plans for remoulding the world), and concludes: "Happy Gloria! Happy Philip! . . . Where were they bound? Would they return? These were the questions asked by all, but to which none could give answer".

In fact hardly anybody can have persisted to the end of this novel, and nobody would have cared where Philip and Gloria went, with one exception. There was one solitary being in the world for whom the story must have held a meaning as terrible and true as Dorian Gray's Portrait for Dorian: Mr. Woodrow Wilson. In that respect *Philip Dru: Administrator* is a unique work. Two questions haunt the student. Did Mr. Wilson read it? What prompted Mr. House (or *his* prompter) to publish this exact picture of what was going on at the very moment when "the creature" was being nominated and elected? Considered in that light the book becomes a work of sadistic mockery, and the reader becomes aware that [239] the group of men around Mr. House must have been as malevolent as they are depicted to be in the chapter, "The Exultant Conspirators".

Is it conceivable that Mr. Wilson did *not* read it? Between his enemies and his friends, during an election campaign, someone must have put it in his hands. The student of history is bound to wonder whether the perusal of it, either then or later, may have caused the mental and physical state into which he soon fell. A few contemporary descriptions of him may be given as illustration (although they anticipate the chronology of the narrative a little). Mr. House later wrote of the man he had "chosen" and had elected ("the only one who in every way measured up to the office"), "I thought *at that time*" (1914) "and on several occasions afterwards, that the President wanted to die; certainly his attitude and his mental state indicated that he found *no zest in life*". When Mr. Wilson had not long been president Sir Horace Plunkett, the British



Ambassador, wrote to Mr. House, "I paid my respects to the President, and was *shocked* to see him looking so worn; the change since January last is terribly marked". Six years later Sir William Wiseman, a British governmental emissary, told Mr. House, "I was *shocked* by his appearance . . . His face was drawn and of a grey colour, and frequently twitching in a pitiful effort to control nerves which had broken down" (1919)\*.

Apparently a sure way to unhappiness is to receive high office as the instrument of others who remain unseen. Mr. Wilson inevitably looks wraithlike when contemplated against this record, now unfurled. Mr. House, Rabbi Wise and others around him seem to have gazed on him as collectors might on a specimen transfixed by a pin. In the circumstances, he must have been guided by guesswork, rather than by revelation, when at the age of twenty he decided that he would one day be president. This was known and Rabbi Wise once asked him, "When did you first think or dream of the presidency?" As the rabbi knew so much more than the President of the way in which the dream had been realized, he may have spoken tongue in cheek, and was evidently startled out of his customary deference when Mr. Wilson answered, "There never was a time after my graduation from Davidson College in South Carolina when I did not expect to become president", so that the rabbi asked sardonically, "Even when you were a teacher in a girls' college!" Mr. Wilson, apparently still oblivious, repeated, "There never was a time when I did not expect and prepare myself to become president".

Between Mr. Wilson's secret "choice" by Mr. House in 1910 and his public

\* Strong resemblances occur in contemporary descriptions of Mr. Roosevelt, whom Mr. House also believed that he chose as a "figurehead". Mr. Robert E. Sherwood says with emphasis that Mr. Roosevelt was ever haunted "by the ghost of Wilson". When Mr. Roosevelt had been president two years his party manager, Mr. James Farley, wrote, "The President looked bad. . . face drawn and his reactions slow" (1935), and two years later he was "*shocked* at the President's appearance" (1937). In 1943 Madame Chiang Kai-shek was "*shocked* by the President's looks"; in 1944, says Mr. Merriman Smith, "he looked older than I have ever seen him and he made an irrelevant speech", and Mr. John T. Flynn says the President's pictures "*shocked* the nation". In 1945 Miss Frances Perkins, a member of his cabinet, emerged from his office saying, "I can't stand it, the President looks horrible".

[240] nomination for president in 1912 he was prompted to make public obeisance to Zionism; at that point the American people became involved, as the British people had in fact been committed by the Uganda offer of 1903. Mr. Wilson, under coaching for the campaign, made a speech on "The rights of the Jews", in which he said, "I am not here to express our sympathy with our Jewish fellow-citizens but *to make evident our sense of identity with them. This is not their cause; it is America's*".

This could only have one meaning; it was a declaration of foreign policy, if Mr. Wilson were elected. No need existed to "make evident the sense of identity" between Americans and Americans, and Jews in America were in every respect free and equal; only a refusal to identify *themselves* with America could alter that and Mr. Wilson in effect proclaimed this refusal. He was specifically stating that Jewish "identity" was different and separate and that America, under him, would support this self-segregation as a cause.

To the initiates it was a pledge to Zionism. It was also an oblique allusion and threat to Russia, for the implication of Mr. Wilson's words was that he recognized the Jews in Russia (who were then the only organized Zionists) as representing *all* Jews. Thus he took the Balfourean part in the American production of this drama.

At that time all the Zionist propaganda was directed against Russia. Some thirty years had passed since the assassination of Czar Alexander II, who had incurred the enmity of the revolutionaries by his attempt to introduce a parliamentary constitution (Dr. Kastein remarked that Jewish participation in the assassination was "natural"). His successor, Alexander III, was forced to devote himself to combating the revolution. In Mr. Wilson's time Czar Nicholas II was resuming Alexander the Liberator's attempt to pacify and unify his country by enfranchising the people, and once more was being fiercely opposed by the Talmudic Zionists.

Then, at the very moment when Mr. Wilson made his implicit attack on Russian "intolerance", assassination was again used in Russia to destroy Nicholas II's work. During the revolution of 1906 he had issued an imperial decree making Russia a constitutional monarchy, and in 1907 he introduced *universal suffrage*. The revolutionaries feared this liberating measure more than they feared any Cossacks and used the People's Assembly, when it first met, for riotous uproar, so that it had to be dissolved. The Czar then chose as his prime minister an enlightened statesman, Count Stolypin, who by decree enacted a *land reform followed by new elections*. The result was that in the second parliament he received a great ovation and the revolutionaries were routed (some 3,000,000 landless peasants became owners of their land).

The future of Russia at that moment looked brighter than ever before. Stolypin was a national hero and wrote, "Our principal aim is to strengthen the agricultural population. The whole strength of the country rests on it . . . *Give*

[241] *this country ten years of inner tranquility* and you will not know Russia".

Those ten tranquil years would have changed the course of history for the better; instead, the conspiracy intervened and produced the ten days that shook the world. In 1911 Count Stolypin went to Kieff, where the Czar was to unveil a monument to the murdered Liberator, Alexander II, and was shot at a gala performance in the theatre by a Jewish revolutionary, Bagroff (in 1917 a Jewish commissar, discovering that a girl among some fugitives was Count Stolypin's daughter, promptly shot her).

That happened in *September* 1911; in *December* 1911 Mr. Wilson, the candidate, made his speech expressing "a sense of identity" with the Jewish "cause". In *November* 1911 Mr. Wilson had for the first time met the man, Mr. House, who had "chosen" him in 1910 (and who had then already "lined up all my political friends and following" on Mr. Wilson's behalf). Mr. House reported to his brother-in-law, "Never before have I found *both the man and the opportunity*".

Before the election Mr. House drew up a list of cabinet ministers (see *Philip Dru*) in consultation with a Mr. Bernard Baruch, who now enters this tale. He might be the most important of all the figures who will appear in it during the ensuing fifty years, for he was to become known as "the adviser" to several Presidents and in the 1950's was still advising President Eisenhower and Mr. Winston Churchill: In 1912 he was publicly known only as a highly successful financier. His biographer states that he contributed \$50,000 to Mr. Wilson's campaign.

Then during the election campaign Mr. Wilson was made to feel the bit. After initial indiscretions he promised Mr. House (as earlier quoted, and compared with *Philip Dru*) "not to act independently in future". Immediately after the election he received Rabbi Stephen Wise "in a lengthy session" at which they discussed "*Russian affairs with special reference to the treatment of Jews*" (Mr. Wise). At the same moment Mr. House lunched with a Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, an eminent jurist and a Jew, and recorded that "*his mind and mine are in accord concerning most of the questions that are now to the fore*".

Thus three of the four men around Mr. Wilson were Jews and all three, at one stage or another, played leading parts in promoting the re-segregation of the Jews through Zionism and its Palestinian ambition. At that time Mr. Brandeis and Rabbi Wise were the leading Zionists in America, and Mr. Brandeis, at his entrance into the story, deserves a paragraph.

He was distinguished in appearance and in intellect, but neither he nor any other lawyer could have defined what constituted, in him, "a Jew". He did not practise the Judaist religion, either in the Orthodox or Reformed versions, and once wrote, "During most of my life my contact with Jews and Judaism was slight and I gave little thought to their problems". His conversion was of the irrational, romantic kind (recalling Mr. Balfour's): one day in 1897 he read at [242] breakfast a report of Dr. Herzl's speech at the First Zionist Congress and told his wife, "There is a cause to which I could give my life".

Thus the fully assimilated American Jew was transformed in a trice. He displayed the ardour of the convert in his subsequent attacks on "assimilation": "Assimilation cannot be *averted* unless there be re-established *in the Fatherland* a centre from which the Jewish spirit may radiate". The Zionists from Russia never trusted this product of assimilation who now wanted to de-assimilate himself. They detested his frequent talk about "Americanism". He said, "My approach to Zionism was through Americanism", and to the Talmudists this was akin to saying that Zionism could be approached through "Russianism", which they were bent on destroying. In fact it was illogical to advocate the fiercest form of racial segregation while professing to admire American assimilationism, and Mr. Brandeis, for all his lawyer's skill, seems never truly to have understood the nature of Zionism. He became the Herzl of American Zionists (Rabbi Stephen Wise was their Weizmann) and was rudely dropped when he had served his turn. However, at the decisive moment, in 1917, he played a decisive part.

Such was the grouping around a captive president as the American Republic moved towards involvement in the First World War, and such was the cause which was to be pursued through him and through his country's involvement. After his election Mr. House took over his correspondence, arranged whom he should see or not receive, told Cabinet officers what they were to say or not to say, and so on. By then he had also found time to write and publish that astonishing novel. He wanted *power*, and achieved it, but what else he wanted, in the sequence, he never decided. Thus his ambition was purposeless, and in retrospect



he now looks like Savrola, the hero of another politician's novel, of whom its author, Mr. Winston Churchill, said "Ambition was the motive force, and Savrola was powerless to resist it". At the end of his life Mr. House, lonely and forgotten, greatly disliked Philip Dru.

But between 1911 and 1919 life was delightful for Mr. House. He loved the feeling of power for its own sake, and withal was too kind to want to hurt Rockland in the White House:

"It was invariably my intention, with the President as with all other men I sought to influence, to make him think that ideas he derived from me were his own. In the nature of things I have thought more on many things than had the President, and I had had opportunities to discuss them more widely than he. But no man honestly likes to have another man steer his conclusions. We are all a little vain on that score. Most human beings are too much guided by personal vanity in what they do. It happens that I am not. It does not matter to me who gets the credit for an idea I have imparted. The main thing is to get the idea to work. Usually, to tell the truth, *the idea was not original with me...*" (and as previously quoted, from Mr. Howden).

Thus someone "steered" Mr. House, who steered Mr. Wilson, to the [243] conclusion that a body of men in the Talmudic areas of Russia ought to be put in possession of Palestine, with the obvious consequence that a permanent source of world warfare would be established there, and that the Jews of the world ought to be re-segregated from mankind. In this plan the destruction of Russia and the spread of the world-revolution also were foreseeably involved.

At that period (1913) an event occurred which seemed of little importance then but needs recording here because of its later, large consequence. In America was an organization called *B'nai B'rith* (Hebrew for "Children of the Covenant"). Founded in 1843 as a fraternal lodge exclusively for Jews, it was called "purely an American institution", but it put out branches in many countries and today claims to "represent all Jews throughout the world", so that it appears to be part of the arrangement described by Dr. Kastein as "the Jewish international". In 1913 B'nai B'rith put out a tiny offshoot, the "Anti-Defamation League". It was to grow to great size and power; in it the state-within-states acquired a kind of secret police and it will reappear in this story.

With the accession of Mr. Wilson and the group behind his presidential chair, the stage was set for the war about to begin. The function of America, in promoting the great supernatural "design" through that war, was to be auxiliary. In that first stage England was cast for the chief part and the major objective, control of the British government, had not been fully attained when the war began.

Thus the story now recrosses the Atlantic to England, where Mr. Balfour was moving again towards office. The leading men there were still resistant to the hidden purpose and plan and were intent on fighting the war, and winning it as quickly as possible, in the place where it began, Europe. They had to be brought into line if the process foretold by Max Nordau in 1903 was to be accomplished. Therefore the resistant men had to be disciplined or removed.

From 1914 to 1916, then, the story becomes that of the struggle to displace these men in England, and to supplant them by others who, like Mr. Wilson, would fall into line.

## Chapter 30

### THE DECISIVE BATTLE

The 1914-1918 war was the first war of nations, as distinct from armies; the hands that directed it reached into every home in most European, and many non-European countries, This was a new thing in the world, but it was foretold by the conspirators of Communism and Zionism. The Protocols of 1905 said that resistance to the plan therein unfolded would be met by "universal war"; Max Nordau in 1903 said that the Zionist ambition in Palestine would be achieved through "the coming world war".

If such words were to be fulfilled, and thus to acquire the status of "uncanny knowledge" revealed in advance of the event, the conspiracy had to gain control of the governments involved so that their acts of State policy, and in consequence their military operations, might be diverted to serve the ends of the conspiracy, not national interests. The American president was already (i.e., from 1912) the captive of secret "advisers", as has been shown; and if Mr. House's depiction of him (alike in the anonymous novel and the acknowledged *Private Papers*) is correct, he fits the picture given in the earlier Protocols, "... we replaced the ruler by a caricature of a president, taken from the mob, from the midst of our puppet creatures, our slaves".

However, Mr. Wilson was not required to take much active part in furthering the great "design" in the early stages of the First World War; he fulfilled his function later. At its start the main objective was to gain control of the British Government. The struggle to do this lasted two years and ended in victory for the intriguers, whose activities were unknown to the public masses. This battle, fought in the "labyrinth" of "international politics", was the decisive battle of the First World War. That is to say (as no decision is ever final, and can always be modified by a later decision), it produced the greatest and most enduring effects on the further course of the 20th Century; these effects continued to dominate events between the wars and during the Second World War, and in 1956 may be seen to form the most probable cause of any third "universal war". No clash of arms during the 1914-1918 war produced an effect on the future comparable with that brought about by the capture of the British Government in 1916. This process was hidden from the embroiled masses. From start to finish Britons believed that they had only to do with an impetuous Teutonic warlord, and Americans, that the incorrigible quarrelsomeness of European peoples was the root cause of the upheaval.

In England in 1914 the situation brought about in America by the secret captivity of President Wilson did not prevail. The leading political and military posts were held by men who put every proposal for the political and military conduct of the war to one test: would it help win the war and was it in their country's interest. By that test Zionism failed. The story of the first two years of the four-year war is that of the struggle behind the scenes to dislodge these [245] obstructive men and to supplant them by other, submissive men.

Before 1914 the conspiracy had penetrated-only into antechambers (apart from the Balfour Government's fateful step in 1903). After 1914 a widening circle of leading men associated themselves with the diversionary enterprise, Zionism. Today the "practical considerations" (of public popularity or hostility, votes, financial backing and office) which influence politicians in this matter are well known, because they have been revealed by many authentic publications. At that time, a politician in England must have been exceptionally astute or far-sighted to see in the Zionists the holders of the keys to political advancement. Therefore the Balfourean motive of romantic infatuation *may* have impelled them; the annals are unclear at that period and do not explain the unaccountable. Moreover, the English have always tended to give their actions a guise of high moral purpose, and to persuade themselves to believe in it; this led Macaulay to observe that "we know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of

morality". Possibly, then, *some* of the men who joined in this intrigue (which it undoubtedly was) *thought* they were doing right. This process of self-delusion is shown by the one statement, discoverable by me, which clearly identifies a group of pro-Zionists in high English places at that time, and offers a motive of the kind satirized by Lord Macaulay.

This comes from a Mr. Oliver Locker-Lampson, early in this century a Conservative Member of parliament. He played no great part and was notable, if at all, only for his later, fanatical support of Zionism in and outside parliament, but he was a personal friend of the leading men who fathered Zionism on the British people. In 1952, in a London weekly journal, he wrote:

"Winston, Lloyd George, Balfour and I were brought up vigorous Protestants, who believe in the coming of a new Saviour when Palestine returns to Jews". This is the Messianic idea of Cromwell's Millenarians, foisted on the 20th Century. Only the men named could say if the statement is true, and but one of them survives. Whether this is the true basis of Protestantism, vigorous or otherwise, readers may judge for themselves. None will contend that it is a sound basis for the conduct of State policy or military operations in war. Also, of course, it expresses the same impious idea that moved the Prophet Monk and all such men: that God has forgotten his duty and, having defaulted, must have it done for him. Anyway, a group had formed and we may as well use for it the name which this man gave it: the Vigorous Protestants.

The First World War began, with these Vigorous Protestants ambitious to attain power so that they might divert military operations in Europe to the cause of procuring Palestine for the Zionists. Dr. Weizmann, who had not been idle since we last saw him closeted with Mr. Balfour at Manchester in 1906, at once went into action: "now is the time. . . the political considerations will be favourable", he wrote in October 1914. He sought out Mr. C.P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, which was much addicted (then as now) to any non-

[246] native cause. Mr. Scott was enchanted to learn that his visitor was "a Jew who hated Russia" (Russia, England's ally, at that moment was saving the British and French armies in the west by attacking from the east) and at once took him to breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George (whom Dr. Weizmann found "extraordinarily flippant" about the war in Europe) was "warm and encouraging" about Zionism and suggested another meeting with Mr. Balfour. This ensued on December 14, 1914. Mr. Balfour, recalling the 1906 conversation, "quite nonchalantly" asked if he could help Dr. Weizmann in any practical way, receiving the answer, "Not while the guns are roaring; when the military situation becomes clearer I will come again" (Mrs. Dugdale, with whose account Dr. Weizmann's agrees: "I did not follow up this opening, the time and place were not propitious"). This was the meeting at which Mr. Balfour gratuitously said that "when the guns stop firing you may get your Jerusalem").

Dr. Weizmann did not grasp eagerly at Mr. Balfour's "quite nonchalant" offer for a good reason. The Zionist headquarters at that moment was *in Berlin* and Dr. Weizmann's colleagues there were convinced that Germany would win the war. Before they put any cards on the table they wished to be sure about that. When, later, they resolved to stake on the Allied card, "the guns" were still "roaring". Dr. Weizmann was not deterred by thought of the carnage in Europe from "following up the opening". As he truly told Mr. Balfour (and Mr. Balfour certainly did not understand just what was in his visitor's mind), "the time. . . was not propitious", and Dr. Weizmann meant to wait "until the military situation becomes clearer".

Significantly, some of the men concerned in these publicly-unknown interviews seem to have sought to cover up their dates; at the time the fate of England was supposed to be their only preoccupation. I have already given one apparent instance of this: the confusion about the date of Mr. Balfour's second meeting with Dr. Weizmann, the one just described. Mr. Lloyd George, similarly, wrote that *his first* meeting with Dr. Weizmann occurred *in 1917*, when he was Prime Minister, and called it a "chance" one. Dr. Weizmann disdainfully corrected this: "actually Mr. Lloyd George's advocacy of the Jewish homeland *long predated his accession to the premiership and we had several meetings in the intervening years*".

A third meeting with Mr. Balfour followed, "a tremendous talk which lasted several hours" and went off "extraordinarily well". Dr. Weizmann, once more, expressed his "hatred for Russia", England's hard-pressed ally. Mr. Balfour mildly wondered "how a friend of England could be so anti-Russian when Russia was doing so much to help England win the war". As on the earlier occasion, when he alluded to the anti-Zionist convictions of British Jews, he seems to have had no true intention to remonstrate, and concluded, "It is a great cause you are working for; you must come *again and again*".

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Mr. Lloyd George also warned Dr. Weizmann that "there would undoubtedly be strong opposition from certain Jewish quarters" and Dr. Weizmann made his stock reply, that in fact "rich and powerful Jews

were for the most part against us". Strangely, this insinuation seems greatly to have impressed the Vigorous Protestants, who were mostly rich and powerful men, and they soon became as hostile to their fellow-countrymen, the Jews of England, as their importuner, Dr. Weizmann from Russia.

Opposition to Zionism developed from another source. In the *highest* places still stood men who thought only of national duty and winning the war. They would not condone "hatred" of a military ally or espouse a wasteful "sideshow" in Palestine. These men were Mr. Herbert Asquith (Prime Minister), Lord Kitchener (Secretary for War), Sir Douglas Haig (who became Commander-in-Chief in France), and Sir William Robertson (Chief-of-Staff in France, later Chief of the Imperial General Staff).

Mr. Asquith was the last Liberal leader in England who sought to give "Liberalism" a meaning concordant with national interest and religious belief, as opposed to the meaning which the term has been given in the last four decades (the one attributed to it by the Protocols: "When we introduced into the State organism the poison of Liberalism its whole political complexion underwent a change; States have been seized with a mortal illness, blood-poisoning . . ."). With his later overthrow Liberalism, in the first sense, died in England; and in fact the party itself fell into decline and collapsed, leaving only a name used chiefly as "cover" by Communism and its legion of "utopian dreamers".

Mr. Asquith first learned of the intrigue that was brewing when he received a proposal for a Jewish state in Palestine from a Jewish minister, Mr. Herbert Samuel, who had been present at the Weizmann-Lloyd George breakfast in December 1914; these two were informed of it beforehand. Mr. Asquith wrote, ". . . Samuel's proposal in favour of the British annexation of Palestine, a country of the size of Wales, much of it barren mountain and part of it waterless. He thinks we might plant in this not very promising territory about *three or four million Jews*. . . I am not attracted to this proposed addition to our responsibilities. . . The only other partisan of this proposal is Lloyd George, and I need not say that he does not care a damn for the Jews or their part of the future. . ."

Mr. Asquith (who correctly summed-up Mr. Lloyd George) remained of the same opinion to the end. Ten years later, when long out of office, he visited Palestine, and wrote, "This talk of making Palestine a Jewish National Home seems to me just as fantastic as it has always been". In 1915, by his adverse response, he made himself, and his removal from office, the object of the intrigue. As long as he could he kept his country out of the Palestinian adventure; he accepted the opinion of the military leaders, that the war could only be won (if at all) on the main battlefield, in Europe.

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Lord Kitchener, who held this view, was of immense authority and public popularity. The paramount military objective at that stage, he held, was to keep Russia in the war (the Zionists wanted Russia's destruction and so informed the Vigorous Protestants). Lord Kitchener was sent to Russia by Mr. Asquith in June 1916. The cruiser *Hampshire*, and Lord Kitchener in it, vanished. Good authorities concur that he was the one man who might have sustained Russia. A formidable obstacle, both to the world-revolution there and to the Zionist enterprise, disappeared. Probably Zionism could not have been foisted on the West, had he lived. I remember that the soldiers on the Western Front, when they heard the news, felt that they had lost a major battle. Their intuition was truer than they knew.

After that only Asquith, Robertson, Haig and the Jews of England stood between Zionism and its goal. The circle of intrigue widened. The *Times* and *Sunday Times* joined the *Manchester Guardian* in its enthusiasm for Zionism, and in or around the Cabinet new men added themselves to Balfour and Lloyd George. Lord Milner (about to join it) announced that "if the Arabs think that Palestine will become an Arab country they are much mistaken"; at that moment Colonel Lawrence was rousing the Arabs to revolt against an enemy of the Allies, the Turk. Mr. Philip Kerr (Later Lord Lothian, at that time Mr. Lloyd George's amanuensis) decided that "a Jewish Palestine" must come out of the chastisement of "the mad dog in Berlin" (as the Kaiser was depicted to "the mob"). Sir Mark Sykes, Chief Secretary of the War Cabinet, was "one of our greatest finds" (Dr. Weizmann), and broadened the idea into "the liberation of the Jews, the Arabs and the Armenians".

By means of such false suggestions is "the multitude" ever and again "persuaded". The Arabs and Armenians were where they always had been and did not aspire to be removed elsewhere. The Jews in Europe were as free or unfree as other men; the Jews of *Palestine* had demonstrated their eagerness to go to Uganda, the Jews of Europe and America wanted to stay where they were, and only the Judaized Khazars of Russia, under their Talmudic directors, wanted possession of Palestine. Sir Mark's invention of this formula was one more misfortune for posterity, for it implied that the Palestinian adventure was but one of several, all

akin. Unlike the other Vigorous Protestants, he was an expert in Middle Eastern affairs and must have known better.

Another recruit, Lord Robert Cecil, also used this deceptive formula, "Arabia for the Arabs, Judea for the Jews, Armenia for the Armenians" (Armenian liberation was quite lost sight of in the later events), and his case also is curious, for statesmanship is inborn in the Cecils. Zionism had strange power to produce aberrations in wise men. Mr. Balfour (a half Cecil) had a Cecilian wisdom in other matters; he produced a paper on the reorganization of *Europe* after the war which stands today as a model of prudent statesmanship, whereas in the question of Zionism he was as a man drugged.

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Lord Cecil's case is similarly unaccountable. I remember a lecture he gave in Berlin (in the 1930's) about the League of Nations. Tall, stooped, hawk-visaged, ancestrally gifted, he uttered warnings about the future as from some mountain-top of revelation, and sepulchraly invoked "the Hebrew prophets". As a young journalist I was much impressed without comprehending what he meant. Today, when I have learned a little, it is still mysterious to me; if Jeremiah, for instance, was anything he was an anti-Zionist.

Yet Dr. Weizmann says specifically of Lord Robert, "To him the re-establishment of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine *and the organization of the world in a great federation were complementary features of the next step in the management of human affairs.* . . . *One of the founders of the League of Nations, he considered the Jewish Homeland to be of equal importance with the League itself*".

Here the great secret is out; but did Lord Robert discern it? The conquest of Palestine for the Zionists from Russia was but "the next step" in "*the management of human affairs*" (Lord Acton's dictum about "the design" and "the managers" recurs to mind). The "world federation" is depicted as a concurrent part of the *same* plan. The basic theory of that league, in its various forms, has proved to be that *nations* should surrender their *sovereignty*, so that separate nationhood will disappear (this, of course, is also the basic principle of the Protocols). But if nations are to disappear, why should the process of their obliteration begin with the creation of *one* new nation, unless it is to be the supreme authority in "the management of human affairs" (this conception of the one *supreme* nation runs alike through the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Protocols and literal Zionism).

Thus Lord Robert's espousal of Zionism becomes incomprehensible, for his inherited wisdom made him fully aware of the perils of world-despotism and at that very period he wrote to Mr. House in America:

"That we ought to make some real effort to establish a peace machinery when this war is over, I have no doubt. . . One danger seems to me to be that too much will be aimed at . . . . Nothing did more harm to the cause of peace than the breakdown of the efforts after Waterloo in this direction. It is now generally forgotten that the Holy Alliance was originally started as a *League to Enforce Peace*. Unfortunately, it allowed its energies to be diverted in such a way that it really became a *league to uphold tyranny*, with the consequence that it was generally discredited, *besides doing infinite harm in other ways* . . . The example shows how easily the best intended schemes may come to grief".

The quotation shows that Lord Cecil should have been aware of the danger of "diverting energies"; it also shows that he misunderstood the nature of Zionism, if the opinion attributed to him by Dr. Weizmann is correct. When he wrote these words, a new "League to Enforce Peace" was being organized in America by Mr. House's own brother-in-law, Dr. Mezes; it was the precursor of the various world-government flotations that have followed, in which the intention of

[250] powerful groups to set up "a league to uphold tyranny" in the world has been plainly revealed.

Thus, as the second twelvemonth of the First World War ended, the Vigorous Protestants, who looked toward Palestine, not Europe, were a numerous band of brothers, husking the Russian-Zionist core. Messrs. Leopold Amery, Ormsby-Gore and Ronald Graham joined the "friends" above named. Zionism had its foot in every department of government save the War Office. Whatever the original nature of their enthusiasm for Zionism, material rewards at this stage undeniably beckoned; the intrigue was aimed at dislodging men from office and taking their places.

The obstructive prime minister, Mr. Asquith, was removed at the end of 1916. The pages of yesterday now reveal the way this was done, and the passage of time enables the results to be judged. The motive offered to the public masses was that Mr. Asquith was ineffective in prosecuting the war. The sincerity of the contention may be tested by what followed; the first act of his successors was to divert forces to Palestine and in the sequence to that Mr. Lloyd George nearly lost the war entirely.



On November 25, 1916 Mr. Lloyd George recommended that his chief retire from the chairmanship of the War Council in favour of Mr. Lloyd George. Normally such a demand would have been suicidal, but this was a coalition government and the Liberal Mr. Lloyd George was supported in his demand by the Conservative leaders, Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson, so that it was an ultimatum. (These two presumably had honest faith in Mr. Lloyd George's superior abilities; they cannot be suspected of Tory duplicity deep enough to foresee that he would ultimately destroy the Liberal Party!)

Mr. Lloyd George also required that the incompetent (and Conservative) Mr. Balfour be ousted from the First Lordship of the Admiralty. The Liberal prime minister indignantly refused either to surrender the War Council or to dismiss Mr. Balfour (*December 4*). He then received *Mr. Balfour's resignation*, whereon he at once sent Mr. Balfour a copy of his own letter refusing to dismiss Mr. Balfour. Thereon Mr. Balfour, though kept indoors by a bad cold, found strength to send another letter in which he *insisted* on resigning, as Mr. Lloyd George had demanded, and Mr. Lloyd George also resigned:

Mr. Asquith was left alone. On *December 6* Mr. Balfour (resigned at Mr. Lloyd George's dictate) felt well enough to receive Mr. Lloyd George. That afternoon the party leaders met and announced that they would gladly serve *under Mr. Balfour*. Mr. Balfour declined but offered gladly to serve *under Mr. Lloyd George*. Mr. Lloyd George then became Prime Minister and appointed the incompetent Mr. Balfour Foreign Secretary. Thus the two men privily committed to support Zionism moved into the highest political offices and from that moment the energies of the British Government were directed to the procurement of Palestine for the Zionists above all other purposes. (In 1952 I read a letter in the Jewish [251] journal *Commentary*, of New York, intimating that the Jews of North Wales had by their votes played the decisive part in effecting Mr. Lloyd George's election. I am credibly informed, also, that in his attorney's practice he received much Zionist business, but cannot myself vouch for that. In his case the explanation of venal motives cannot be discounted, in my judgment; the inaccuracy of his statements about his relations with Zionism, which Dr. Weizmann twice corrects, is suggestive).

Thus the central figures on the stage regrouped themselves. Mr. Lloyd George, a small, smart-lawyer in a cutaway among taller colleagues, many still in the old frock coat, looked like a cocksparrow among crows. Beside him stood Mr. Balfour, tall, limp, ever ready with a wearily cynical answer to an honest question, given to a little gentle tennis; I see him now, strolling dreamily across Saint James's Park to the House. Around these two, the Greek chorus of cabinet ministers, junior ministers and high officials who had discovered their Vigorous Protestantism. Some of these fellow-travellers of Zion may have been honestly deluded, and not have realized in what chariot they rode. Mr. Lloyd George was the first major figure in a long line of others who knew a band-wagon when they saw one; through them the innocent words, "twentieth century politician", gained an ominous meaning and the century owes much of its ordeal to them.

As to the diversion of British military strength to an alien purpose, one stout resistant alone remained after the death of Lord Kitchener and removal of Mr. Asquith. The sturdy figure of Sir William Robertson faced the group around Mr. Lloyd George. Had he joined it, he could have had titles, receptions, freedoms, orders, gilt boxes, and ribbons down to his waistbelt; he could have had fortunes for "the rights" of anything he wrote (or any ghost for him); he could have had boulevards named after him and have paraded through cheering cities in Europe and America; he could have had Congress and the House of Commons rise to him and have entered Jerusalem on a white horse. He did not even receive a peerage, and is rare among British field marshals in this.

He was the only man ever to have risen to that highest rank from private. In England of the small professional army this was a great achievement. He was simple, honest, heavy, rugged in feature; he was of the people and looked like a handsome sergeant-major. His only support, in his struggle, lay in the commander in France, Sir Douglas Haig, who was of the cavalry officer caste, goodlooking and soldierly, the private soldier's ideal of what an officer should be. Robertson, the gruff old soldier, had (reluctantly) to attend some of the money-raising festivities with which society ladies, in wartime, keep themselves occupied, and at one such saw Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who felt moved to perform dances in the draperies and manner of Isadora Duncan. A general, noticing Robertson's impatience, said, "You must admit she has a very fine leg". "Umph, just like any other damn leg", growled Robertson.

On this last man felt the task of thwarting the diversion of British armies to [252] Palestine, if he could. He considered all proposals exclusively in their military bearing on the war and victory; if it would help win the war, motive was to him indifferent; if it would not, he opposed it without regard for any other consideration. On that basis he decided that the Zionist proposal was for a dangerous



"sideshow" which could only delay and imperil victory. He never discussed and may not even have suspected any political implications; these were irrelevant to him.

He had told Mr. Asquith in 1915, "Obviously the most effective method" (of defeating the Central Powers) "is to *defeat decisively the main German armies, which are still on the Western Front*". Therefore he counselled urgently against, "*auxiliary campaigns in minor theatres and the depletion of the forces in France. . . The one touchstone by which all plans and proposals must be tested is their bearing on the object of the war*".

Peoples engaged in war, are fortunate if their leaders reason like this, and unfortunate if they deviate from this reasoning. By that conclusive logic the Palestinian enterprise (a *political* one) was out. When Mr. Lloyd George became prime minister he *at once* bent all his efforts on diverting strength to a major campaign in Palestine: "When I formed my government I *at once* raised with the War Office the question of *a further campaign into Palestine*. Sir William Robertson, who was most anxious to avert the danger of any troops being sent from France to Palestine. . . *strongly opposed this and for the time being won his point*".

Sir William Robertson corroborates: "*Up to December 1916*" (when Mr. Lloyd George became prime minister) "*operations beyond the Suez Canal had been essentially defensive in principle, the government and General Staff alike. . . recognizing the paramount importance of the struggle in Europe and the need to give the armies there the utmost support. This unanimity between ministers and soldiers did not obtain after the premiership changed hands. . . The fundamental difference of opinion was particularly obtrusive in the case of Palestine. . . The new War Cabinet had been in existence only a few days when it directed the General Staff to examine the possibility of extending the operations in Palestine. . . The General Staff put the requirements at three additional divisions and these could only be obtained from the armies on the Western Front. . . The General Staff said the project would prove a great source of embarrassment and injure our prospects of success in France. . . These conclusions were disappointing to Ministers, . . . who wished to see Palestine occupied at once, but they could not be refuted . . .* In February the War Cabinet *again* approached the Chief of the General Staff, asking what progress was being made with the preparation of an autumn campaign in Palestine".

These passages show how the course of State policy and of military operations in war may be "deflected" by political pressure behind the scenes. In this case, the issue of the battle between the politicians and the soldier affects the lives of [253] nations at the present time, the 1950's.

Mr. Lloyd George then reinforced himself by a move which once more shows the long thought that must have gone into the preparation of this enterprise, and the careful selection of "administrators", to support it, that must have gone before. He proposed that the War Cabinet "take the Dominions into counsel in a much larger measure than hitherto in the prosecution of the war". Put in that way, the idea appealed greatly to the public masses in England. Fighting-men from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa were campaigning shoulder to shoulder with their own sons. The immediate response of the overseas countries to the "old country's" danger had touched the native Briton's heart, and he was very happy that their leaders should join more closely with his own in "prosecuting the war".

However, "the diplomat's word" (and his intention) differed greatly from his deed; Mr. Lloyd George's proposal was merely a "cover" for bringing to London General Smuts from South Africa, who was regarded by the Zionists as their most valuable "friend" outside Europe and America, and General Smuts was brought across to propose the conquest of Palestine!

The voting-population in South Africa is so equally divided between Afrikaners and English-speaking South Africans that the "fluctuating 20 percent" was, if anything, more decisive there than in America. The Zionists felt able, and possibly General Smuts believed they were able, to "deliver" an election-winning vote. One of his colleagues, a Mr. B.K. Long (a Smuts Member of Parliament and earlier of the *London Times*) wrote that "the substantial Jewish vote, which was firmly loyal to Smuts and his party", greatly helped him to such electoral victories. His biography mentions a large legacy from "a rich and powerful Jew" (an example of the falsity of Dr. Weizmann's charge against rich and powerful Jews; apropos, the same Sir Henry Strakosch bequeathed a similar gift to Mr. Winston Churchill) and gifts from some unnamed quarter of a house and car. Thus the party-political considerations which weighed with him were similar to those of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. House and later others, and material factors are reasonably apparent in his case.

However, the religious (or pseudo-religious) motive is frequently invoked in his biographies (as it was sometimes claimed by Mr. Lloyd George). They state that he *preferred* the Old Testament to the New, and quote him as saying, "The older I get the more of an Hebraist I become". I met him many years later, when I knew how important a part he played in this earlier story. He was then (1948) much troubled about the declining situation in the world, and the explosive part of Palestine in it. He was of fine appearance, fit and

erect when nearly eighty, keen-eyed, and wore a little beard. He was ruthless and on occasion could have been depicted in a cruel light (had the mass-newspapers been arrayed against instead of behind him) and his political astuteness equalled Mr. Lloyd George's. Propaganda portrayed him as the great architect of Anglo-Boer reconciliation;

[254] when he died at his lonely Transvaal farm the two races were more at variance than ever, so that true reconciliation remained for later generations to effect. In South Africa he was a divisive force and all knew that the real power behind his party was that of the gold and diamond mining group, not of England; Johannesburg was the base of his political strength. In 1948, when the test came, he was the first to support Zionism against a hard-pressed British Government.

On March 17, 1917 General Smuts reached London, amid unprecedented ovations, and the overthrow of Sir William Robertson at last loomed near. General Smuts's triumphant reception was an early example of the now familiar "build-up" of selected public figures by a push-button press. The method, in another form, is known among the primitive peoples of his native Africa, where "M'Bongo", the Praisemaker, stalks before the chief, proclaiming him "Great Elephant, Earth Shaker, Stabber of Heaven" and the like.

General Smuts was presented to the Imperial War Cabinet as "one of the most brilliant generals of the war" (Mr. Lloyd George). General Smuts had in fact conducted a small colonial campaign in South West Africa, and when he was summoned to London was waging an uncompleted one in East Africa against "a small but efficiently bush-trained army of 2,000 German officers and 20,000 native askaris" (his son, Mr. J.C. Smuts). The tribute thus was generous (Mr. Lloyd George's opinion of professional soldiers was low: "There is no profession where experience and training count less in comparison with judgment and flair").

By that time, the better to seclude themselves from "the generals" (other than General Smuts) Mr. Lloyd George and his small war-waging committee had taken a private house "where they sit twice a day and occupy their whole time with military policy, which is my job; a little body of politicians, quite ignorant of war and all its needs, are trying to run the war themselves" (Sir William Robertson). To this cloistered body, in April 1917, General Smuts by invitation presented his recommendations for winning the war. It was couched in this form: "*The Palestine campaign presents very interesting military and even political possibilities . . . There remains for consideration the far more important and complicated question of the Western Front. I have always looked on it as a misfortune. . . . that the British forces have become so entirely absorbed by this front*". (When this advice was tendered Russia was in collapse, the transfer of German armies to the Western Front was an obvious and imminent event, and the threat to that front had suddenly increased to the size of a deadly peril).

This recommendation gave Mr. Lloyd George the high military support (from East Africa) which he needed, and he at once had the War Cabinet order the military commander in Egypt to attack towards Jerusalem. General Murray objected that his forces were insufficient *and was removed*. Thereon the command was offered to General Smuts, whom Mr. Lloyd George considered "likely to prosecute a campaign *in that quarter* with great determination".

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Sir William Robertson then won his greatest victory of the war. He had a talk with General Smuts. His visitor's qualities as a general can never be estimated because he never had an opportunity to test them, in the small campaigns in which he served. His qualities as a politician, however, are beyond all doubt; he was the wariest of men, and strongly averse to exchanging the triumphs of London for the risk of a fiasco in the field which might destroy his *political* future in South Africa. Therefore, after his talk with Sir William Robertson, he declined Mr. Lloyd George's offer. (As events turned out he would have been spared the fiasco, but that was unforeseeable, and thus one more conqueror missed the chance of entering Jerusalem on a charger. As politicians habitually love such moments, despite the comic aspect which time often gives them, he later regretted this: "To have entered Jerusalem! What a memory!"). At the time he told Mr. Lloyd George, "My strong conviction is that *our present military situation does not really justify an offensive campaign for the capture of Jerusalem and the occupation of Palestine*".

Mr. Lloyd George was not to be deterred even by this volte-face, or by the collapse of Russia and the new danger in the West. In September 1917 he decided that "the requisite troops for a big campaign in Palestine *could be spared from the Western Front during the winter of 1917-1918 and could complete the task in Palestine in time to be back in France for the opening of active work in the spring*".

Only God can have preserved Mr. Lloyd George's fellow countrymen from the full penalties of this decision. The war could not be won in Palestine; it still could be lost in France, and the danger was grave. But Mr. Lloyd George, failed even by General Smuts, had found military support at last, for at this moment another figure, crying "mud-months", advanced from the wings of the central stage.

This was one Sir Henry Wilson, who thus portrays himself during a wartime mission to Russia in January 1917: "Gala dinner at the Foreign Office. . . I wore the Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Star and Necklace of the Bath, also Russian shoulder-straps and grey astrakhan cap, and altogether I was a fine picture of a man. I created quite a sensation at the Foreign Office dinner and the reception afterwards. I was much taller than the Grand Duke Serge and altogether a 'notable', as I was told. Superb!"

To this man, posturing against the tragic Russian background, Mr. Lloyd George and Zionism owed their golden opportunity, arrived at last, and England very nearly a catastrophe. Sir Henry Wilson was very tall, thin, smooth and smiling; one of those dapper, polished-leather-bound, red-tabbed, beribboned and brass-edged elegants of the Staff who discouraged the muddled, trenchweary soldiers in France. He spoke native French (by the chance of a French governess) and on this account "Henri" was beloved by the French generals, who thought him refreshingly free from English stiffness (indeed, he was an Irishman and on Irish questions disagreed with other Irishmen, by two of whom he was shot on his London doorstep in 1922, they being hanged).

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Sir Henry earlier had agreed with all other military leaders about the paramountcy of the main front and the madness of wasteful "sideshows" and excelled others in the vigour with which he stated this principle: "The way to end this war is to kill Germans, *not Turks*. . . The place where we can kill most Germans is *here*" (France) "*and therefore every pound of ammunition we have in the world ought to come here. All history shows that operations in a secondary and ineffectual theatre have no bearing on major operations except to weaken the forces there engaged*" (1915).

No staff graduate, or any fighting private, would dispute that. Sir Henry cannot by 1917 have discovered any *military* reason to abandon this basic principle of war for its opposite. The explanation of his volt-face can only be the obvious one. He had observed the rise of Zion and the nature of Mr. Lloyd George's dispute with his own chief, Sir William Robertson. Sir Henry saw the way to occupy Sir William's shoes. Hence Dr. Weizmann's account of his "discoveries of friends" at that period include an allusion to the "sympathy" of General Wilson, "a great friend of Lloyd George". On *August 23, 1917* Sir Henry reported to Mr. Lloyd George "the strong belief that if a really good scheme was thoroughly well worked out, we could clear the Turks out of Palestine and very likely knock them completely out *during the mud-months without in any way interfering with Haig's operations next spring and winter*" (in France).

In this report Mr. Lloyd George at long last found the support he needed for his order of *September 1917*, quoted six paragraphs back. He seized on the alluring phrase "mud-months"; it gave him a *military* argument! General Wilson explained to him that these "mud-months" in France, which by bogging down the armies would preclude a major German offensive while they continued, comprized "five months of mud and snow from the middle of November to *the middle of April*" (1918). On this counsel Mr. Lloyd George founded his decision to take from France "the requisite troops for a big campaign in Palestine" and to have them back in France in time for any emergency there. As to that, General Wilson, alone among military leaders, advised Mr. Lloyd George that the big German attack probably would never happen (it came in *the middle of March*).

Sir William Robertson vainly pointed out that the time-table was illusory; the movement of armies entailed major problems of transport and shipping, and by the time the last divisions landed in Palestine the first ones would be re-embarking! In *October* he again warned that troops taken from France could *not* be back there in time for summer fighting: "the right military course to pursue is to act *on the defensive in Palestine*. . . and continue to seek a decision in the West . . . *all reserves should be sent to the Western Front*".

At that fateful instant chance, ever the arch-conspirator in this story, struck in favour of the Zionists. Cabinet Ministers in London (who apparently had almost forgotten the Western Front) were badgering Sir William Robertson to "give us Jerusalem as a Christmas box" (the phrase appears to reveal again the [257] "extraordinary flippancy" about the war which Dr. Weizmann earlier attributed to Mr. Lloyd George). In Palestine General Allenby, under similar pressure, made a probing advance, found to his surprise that the Turks offered little opposition, and without much difficulty marched into Jerusalem.

The prize was of no military value, in the total sum of the war, but Mr. Lloyd George thenceforward was not to be restrained. Troops were diverted from France without regard to what impended there. On *January 6, 1918* Sir Douglas Haig complained of the weakening of his armies in France on the eve of the greatest battle; he was "114,000 infantry down". On *January 10, 1918* the War Office was forced to issue orders to reduce all divisions from 12 to 9 battalions of infantry.

A free press might at that period have given Sir William Robertson the backing he needed, in public opinion, to avert all this. He was denied that, too, for at that stage the state of affairs foretold by the Protocols of 1905 was being brought about: "We must compel the governments . . . to take action in the direction favoured by our widely-conceived plan. . . by what we shall represent as public opinion, secretly prompted by us through the means of that so-called 'Great Power', the Press, which, with a few exceptions that may be disregarded, is already entirely in our hands". Writers of great repute were ready to inform the public of the imminent danger; they were not allowed to speak.

Colonel Repington, of *The Times*, was the best-known military writer of that day; his reputation in this field was the highest in the world. He noted in his diary, "This is terrible and will mean the reduction of our infantry in France by a quarter and confusion in all our infantry *at the moment of coming crisis*. I have never felt so miserable since the war began. . . I can say very little because the editor of *The Times* often manipulates my criticisms or does not publish them. . . If *The Times* does not return to its independent line and act as watchdog of the public I shall wash my hands of it".

When the fulfilment of his warnings was at hand, Sir William Robertson was removed. Mr. Lloyd George, resolved to obtain authority for his Palestinian adventure, put his plan to the Supreme War Council of the Allies at Versailles, whose technical advisers, in January 1918, approved it "*subject to the Western Front being made secure*". Sir William Robertson, at M. Clemenceau's request, restated his warning that it would mortally *endanger* the Western Front. When the meeting broke up Mr. Lloyd George angrily rebuked him and he was at once supplanted by Sir Henry Wilson.

Before he left his post he used his last moments in it to make a final attempt to avert the coming disaster. He went (also in January) to Paris to ask help from General Pershing, the American commander, in replenishing the depleted front (only four and a half American divisions then had reached France). General Pershing, a soldier true to his duty, made the reply which Sir William expected and would himself have made in General Pershing's place: "He shrewdly [258] observed that it was difficult to reconcile my request for assistance in defence of the Western Front *with Mr. George's desire to act offensively in Palestine*. There was, unfortunately, no answer to that argument, except that, so far as I was personally concerned, not a man or gun would be sent to Palestine from anywhere".

After that Sir William Robertson was no longer "concerned". His account differs from the memoirs of Mr. Lloyd George and other politicians in that it shows no rancour; his sole theme is *duty*. Of his treatment he merely says, "It had frequently been my unpleasant duty during 1917 to object to military enterprises which the Prime Minister wished the army to carry out and this opposition had doubtless determined him to try another Chief of the Imperial General Staff. . . On the point of supersession, therefore, *there was nothing to say and I said nothing*". Thus an admirable man passes from this story of many lesser men, but his work endured, because, up to the time of his dismissal, he may have saved just enough men and guns for the crumbling line to hold at the last extremity, in March, as a rending hawser may hold by a single thread.

When he was gone two men outside the government and army continued the struggle, and their efforts deserve record because theirs were among the last attempts to preserve the principle of free, independent and vigilant reporting. Colonel Repington was a former cavalry officer, an admirer of pretty women, a lover of good talk, a *beau sabreur*. His diaries give a lasting picture of the frothy life of the drawing-rooms that went on while armies fought in France and in London intriguers conspired in the political antechambers. He enjoyed it and although he felt its incongruity he realized that gloom alone was no remedy. He was as honest and patriotic as Robertson, and incorruptible; lavish offers (which might have lured him into silence, and possibly were so intended) had no effect on him.

He wrote, "We are feeding over a million men into the sideshow theatres of war and are letting down our strengths in France *at a moment when all the Boche forces from Russia may come against us*. . . I am unable to get the support from the editor of *The Times* that I must have to rouse the country and I do not think I will be able to go on with him much longer". (I discovered Colonel Repington's diaries through my work on this book and then realized that his experience was identical with mine, just twenty years later, with the same editor). A month later he wrote, "In a stormy interview I told Mr. Geoffrey Dawson that his subservience to the War Cabinet during this year was *largely the cause of the dangerous position of our army*. . . I would have nothing more to do with *The Times*".

This left one man in England who was able and willing to publish the truth. Mr. H.A. Gwynne, of the *Morning Post*, printed Colonel Repington's article, which exposed the weakening of the French front on the eve of its attack, without submitting it to the censor. He and Colonel Repington then were prosecuted, tried and fined (public opinion was apparently too much on their side for harsher

[259] retribution). Sir William Robertson wrote to Colonel Repington, "Like yourself, I did what was best in the general interests of the country and the result has been exactly what I expected . . . *But the great thing is to keep on a straight course and then one may be sure that good will eventually come of what may now seem to be evil*". \*

Thus the two wartime years of Mr. Lloyd George's leadership in England were momentous in their effects on the present time, and I believe I have shown how he achieved office and what paramount purpose he pursued through it. After eighteen months he had overcome all opposition, diverted a mass of men from France to Palestine, and was ready at last for the great venture.

On *March 7, 1918* he gave orders for "*a decisive campaign*" to conquer all Palestine, and sent General Smuts there to instruct General Allenby accordingly.

On *March 21, 1918* the long-awaited German attack in France began, embodying all the men, guns and aircraft released from the Russian front.

The "decisive campaign" in Palestine was immediately suspended and every man who could be squeezed out of Palestine was rushed to France. The total number of men employed in Palestine was 1,192,511 up to October 1918 (General Robertson).

On *March 27, 1918* Colonel Repington wrote, "This is the worst defeat in the history of the army". By June 6 the Germans claimed 175,000 prisoners and over 2,000 guns.

At that point the truth was shown of the last words above quoted from Sir William Robertson's letter to Colonel Repington, and they are of continuing hopeful augury to men of goodwill today. By keeping on a straight course he *had* saved enough for the line to hold, at breaking point, until the Americans began to arrive in strength. Therewith the war was virtually at an end. Clearly, if Russia had been sustained, the Palestinian excursion avoided, and strength concentrated in France it could have been concluded earlier, and probably without the "entanglement" of America. However, that would not have furthered the great plan for "the management of human affairs".

At this point in the tale I write with the feelings of a participant, and they probably influence what I have written of the long earlier story, because the effects, as I have seen them in my generation, appear to me to be bad. I recall the great German attack of March 21, 1918; I saw it from the air and on the ground and was in the fighting for the first month, until I was removed by stretcher. I remember Sir Douglas Haig's order, that every man must fight and die where he stood; it was posted on the walls of my squadron's mess. I have no complaints

\* In the sequel to all this Sir Edward Carson, who had unwittingly helped Mr. Lloyd George into the premiership, resigned from the government and told the editor of *The Times* that it was but Mr. Lloyd George's mouthpiece, the *Morning Post* being the truly independent paper. Mr. Gwynne told Colonel Repington that the government wished to destroy the *Morning Post* "as it is one of the few independent papers left". Before the Second War came it *was* "destroyed", as already related. After that only one weekly publication survived in England which, in my opinion, for many years sought to uphold the principle of impartial and independent reporting, but in 1953 *Truth* too, was by a change of ownership brought into line.

[260] about the experience, and would not delete it from my life if I could. Now that I have *come* to see by what ulterior means and motives it was all brought about, I think coming generations might be a little better able to keep Sir William Robertson's "straight course", and so to ensure that good will eventually come of what seems to them to be evil, if they know a little more of what went on then and has continued since. This is my reason for writing the present book.

As a result of the victory in Europe the coveted territory in Palestine was at length acquired. But it is one thing to acquire land and another to build something on it. On this land a Zionist "homeland" was to be erected, then a "state" (and last a "commonwealth"?). None of these things could be done by England alone. No precedent existed for the donation of Arabian territory, by a European conqueror, to an Asiatic beneficiary. For such a transaction other nations had to be co-opted, many nations, and a company promoted, so that it might be given the semblance of honest business. In fact, a "league of nations" was required, and America, above all, had to be "entangled". This other part of the plan was also in preparation; while British armies seized the tract of land desired, the smart lawyers had been looking for ways to amend the rightful title deeds to it, float a company and generally promote the undertaking.



Mr. Lloyd George had served his turn and his day was nearly done. The reader may now turn his eyes across the Atlantic and see what Mr. House, Mr. Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen Wise have been up to. A Mr. Woodrow Wilson plays a shadowy part in these proceedings.



## Chapter 31

### THE WEB OF INTRIGUE

Such words as "conspiracy" and "intrigue", often used in this narrative, are not original with me; they come from authoritative sources. Mr. Arthur D. Howden, who wrote his biography in consultation with the man depicted, supplies the chapter title above; he describes the process of which Mr. House was (in America) the centre during the 1914-1918 war in the words, "*a web of intrigue was spun across the Atlantic*".

In England the Lloyd George government and in America the president were at first separately enmeshed. Between 1914 and 1917 these "webs" in London and Washington were joined together by the transoceanic threads which Mr. Howden depicts in the spinning. Thereafter the two governments were caught in the same web and have never since freed themselves from it.

In President Wilson's America the real president was Mr. House ("liaison officer between the Wilson administration and the Zionist movement", Rabbi Wise). Mr. Justice Brandeis, who had decided to "give his life" to Zionism, was the president's "adviser on the Jewish question" (Dr. Weizmann); this is the first appearance in the Presidential household of an authority theretofore unknown in it and now apparently permanent. The chief Zionist organizer was Rabbi Wise, constantly in touch with the two other men.

Mr. House (and Mr. Bernard Baruch), chose the president's cabinet officers, so that one of them had to introduce himself to Mr. Wilson thus: "My name is Lane, Mr. President, I believe I am the Secretary of the Interior". The president lived at the White House in Washington but was frequently seen to visit a small apartment in East 35th Street, New York, where a Mr. House lived. In time this led to pointed questions and one party-man was told, "Mr. House is my second personality; he is my independent self. His thoughts and mine are one". Mr. House was often in Washington, where he conducted the president's interviews and correspondence, and, stopping cabinet officers outside the cabinet room, instructed them what to say inside it. Even from New York he directed America by means of private telephone lines linking him with Washington: "it is only necessary to lift off the receiver and I reach the Secretary of State's desk immediately".

The president's assent to acts of State policy was not required. Mr. House "did not expect affirmative commendation . . . if the President did not object, I knew that it was safe to go ahead". Thus Mr. Wilson had to express *dissent*, to delay or amend any action (and immediately after election he had been made to promise "not to act independently in future").

In 1914 Mr. House, who in 1900 had resolved to extend his power from Texan to *national* politics, prepared to take over *international* affairs: "he wanted to exercise his energy in a broader field. . . From the beginning of 1914 he gave more and more thought to what he regarded as the highest form of politics and [262] that for which he was peculiarly suited: international affairs". In fact, Texan upbringing did not so qualify Mr. House. In Texas the words "international affairs" had, in the public mind, a sound akin to "skunk", and there, more than anywhere in America, "the traditions of the 19th century still held the public mind; traditions which laid down, as the primary principle of American policy, *a complete abstention from the political affairs of Europe*" (Mr. Seymour). Mr. House, who somewhere in Texas had absorbed "the ideas of the revolutionaries of 1848" was to destroy that tradition, but this did not prove him "peculiarly suited" to intervene in "international affairs".

Mr. House was of different type from the languid Mr. Balfour, with his background of Scottish hills and mists, and Mr. Lloyd George, the Artful Dodger of Zionism from Wales, but he acted as if he and they had together graduated from some occult academy of political machination. In 1914 he began to appoint

American ambassadors (as he says) and made his first calls on European governments as "a personal friend of the President".

Mr. Seymour, his editor, says: "It would be difficult in all history to find another instance of diplomacy so unconventional and so effective. Colonel House, a private citizen, spreads all the cards on the table and *concerts with the Ambassador of a foreign power the despatches to be sent to the American Ambassador and Foreign Minister of that power*". Mr. Howden, his confidant, expatiates: "Mr. House had the initiative in what was done. . . The State Department was *relegated to the status of an intermediary for his ideas, a depository of public records*. Much of the more confidential diplomatic correspondence passed directly through the little apartment in East 35th Street. The Ambassadors of the belligerents called on him when they *wanted to influence the Administration* or sought assistance in *the web of intrigue that was being spun across the Atlantic*".

Mr. House: "The life I am leading transcends in interest and excitement any romance. . . Information from every quarter of the globe pours into this little, unobtrusive study". Mr. Seymour again: "Cabinet members in search of candidates, candidates in search of positions made of his study a clearing house. Editors and journalists sought his opinion and despatches to the foreign press were framed almost at his dictation. United States Treasury officials, British diplomats. . . and *metropolitan financiers* came to his study to discuss their plans" .

A rising man across the Atlantic also was interested in "financiers". Mrs. Beatrice Webb says that Mr. Winston Churchill, somewhat earlier, at a dinner party confided to her that "he looks to *haute finance* to keep the peace and for that reason *objects to a self-contained Empire* as he thinks it would destroy this cosmopolitan capitalism, the *cosmopolitan financier* being the professional peacemaker of the modern world and to his mind the acme of civilization". Later events did not support this notion that leading financiers ("metropolitan" or [263] "cosmopolitan") were "professional peacemakers".

Such was the American picture, behind-the-scenes in 1915 and 1916. The purpose of the ruling group whose web now began to *span* the Atlantic is shown by the events which followed. Mr. Asquith was overthrown in the pretext that his incompetency imperilled victory; Mr. Lloyd George risked total defeat by diverting armies to Palestine. Mr. Wilson was re-elected in the pretext that he, in the old tradition, would "keep America out of the war"; elected, at once involved America in the war. "The diplomat's word" and his "deed" were different.

Mr. House privately "concluded that war with Germany is inevitable" on *May 30, 1915*, and in *June 1916* devised the election-winning slogan for Mr. Wilson's second campaign: "He kept us out of the war". Rabbi Stephen Wise, *before* the election, supported Mr. House's efforts: in letters to the President the rabbi "deplored his advocacy of a preparedness programme" and from public platforms he preached against war. All went as planned: "the House strategy worked perfectly" (Mr. Howden), and Mr. Wilson was triumphantly re-elected.

Mr. Wilson seems at that point to have believed the words put into his mouth. Immediately after the election he set up as a peacemaker and drafted a note to the belligerents in which he used the phrase, "*the causes and objects of the war are obscure*". This was a culpable act of "independence" on the president's part, and Mr. House was furious. The harassed president amended the phrase to "the objects which the statesmen and the belligerents *on both sides* have in mind in this war *are virtually the same*". This made Mr. House even angrier, and Mr. Wilson's efforts to expose the nature of "the web" in which he was caught thereon expired. He remained in ignorance of what his next act was to be for a little, informing Mr. House on *January 4, 1917*, "*There will be no war. This country does not intend to become involved in the war. . . It would be a crime against civilization for us to go in*".

The power-group moved to dispel these illusions as soon as Mr. Wilson's second inauguration was safely past (*January 20, 1917*). Rabbi Stephen Wise informed the president of a change of mind; he was now "convinced that *the time had come for the American people to understand that it might be our destiny to have part in the struggle*". Mr. House (who during the "no war" election had noted, "We are on the verge of war") confided to his diary on *February 12, 1917*, "We are drifting into war as rapidly as I expected" (which gave a new meaning to the word "drift").

Then on *March 27, 1917* President Wilson asked Mr. House "whether he should *ask Congress to declare war* or whether he should *say that a state of war exists*", and Mr. House "advised the latter", so that the American people were informed, on April 2, 1917, that a state of war *existed*. \* Between November 1916 and April 1917, therefore, "the web of intrigue", spanning the ocean, achieved these decisive aims: the overthrow of Mr. Asquith in favour of Mr. Lloyd

\* Lord Sydenham, when he wrote of the "deadly accuracy" of the forecast in the "Protocols" of about 1900, might have had particularly in mind the passage, "... We shall invest the president with the right of declaring a state of war. We shall justify this last right on the ground that the president as chief of the whole army of the country must have it at his disposal in case of need". The situation here described became established practice during the present century. In 1950 President Truman sent American troops into Korea. "to check Communist aggression", without consulting Congress. Later this was declared to be a "United Nations" war and they were joined by troops of seventeen other countries under an American commander, General MacArthur. This was the first experiment in a "world government"-type war and its course produced Senator Taft's question of 1952. "Do we really mean our anti-Communist policy?" General MacArthur was dismissed after protesting an order forbidding him to pursue Communist aircraft into their Chinese sanctuary and in 1953, under President Eisenhower, the war was broken off, leaving half of Korea in "the aggressor's" hands. General MacArthur and other American commanders later charged that the order forbidding pursuit was made known to the enemy by "a spy ring responsible for the purloining of my top secret reports to Washington" (*Life*, Feb. 7, 1956), and the Chinese Communist commander confirmed this (*New York Daily News*, Feb. 13, 1956). In June 1951 two British Foreign Office officials, Burgess and Maclean, disappeared and in September 1955 the British Government, after refusing information for four years, confirmed the general belief that they were in Moscow and "had spied for the Soviet Union over a long period". General MacArthur then charged that these two men had revealed the non-pursuit order to the Communist "aggressor" (*Life*, above-quoted).

On April 4, 1956 President Eisenhower was asked by a reporter at his regular news conference whether he would order a United States marine battalion, then recently sent to the Mediterranean, into war "without asking Congress first" (by that time war in the Middle East was an obvious possibility). He answered angrily. "I have announced time and time again I will never be guilty of any kind of action that can be interpreted as war until the Congress, which has the constitutional authority". On January 3, 1957, the first major act of his second term, he sent a draft resolution to Congress designed to invest him with unlimited, standing authority to act militarily in the Middle East "to deter Communist armed aggression".

[264] George, the commitment of British armies to the Palestinian diversion, the re-election of a president who would be constrained to support that enterprise, and the embroilment of America.

The statement of *existing war* made to Congress said the *purpose* of the war (which Mr. Wilson, a few weeks before, had declared in his draft to be "obscure") was "*to set up a new international order*". Thus a *new* purpose was openly, though cryptically revealed. To the public masses the words meant anything or nothing. To the initiates they carried a commitment to support the plan, of which Zionism and Communism both were instruments, for establishing a "world federation" founded on force and the obliteration of nationhood, with the exception of one "nation" to be recreated.

From this moment the power-groups in America and England worked in perfect synchronization, so that the two stories become one story, or one "web". The apparently powerful men in Washington and London co-ordinated their actions at the prompting of the inter-communicating Zionists on both sides of the ocean. Foreknowledge of what was to happen had earlier been displayed by Dr. Weizmann in London, who in *March 1915* wrote to his ally, Mr. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*, that he "understood" the British Government to be willing to support Zionist aspirations at the peace conference to come (the event also foretold by Max Nordau in 1903). This was exactly what Mr. Asquith would not consider, so that Dr. Weizmann, in March 1915, was already describing Mr. Asquith's supplanters of December 1916 as "the British Government".

This "British Government", said Dr. Weizmann, would leave "the organization of *the Jewish commonwealth*" in Palestine "entirely to the care of the Jews". However, the Zionists could not possibly, even in a Palestine conquered

[265] for them, have set up "a commonwealth" against the native inhabitants. They could only do that behind the protection of a great power and its armies. Therefore Dr. Weizmann (foretelling in 1915 exactly what was to happen in 1919 and the following two decades) considered that a British "protectorate" should be set up in Palestine (to protect the Zionist intruders). This would mean, he said, that "the Jews take over the country; the *whole burden* of organization falls on them, but for the next ten or fifteen years they work under a *temporary* British protectorate".

Dr. Weizmann adds that this was "an anticipation of the mandate system", so that today's student also learns where the notion of "mandates" was born. The idea of ruling conquered territories under a "mandate" bestowed by a self-proclaimed "league of nations" was devised solely with an eye to Palestine. (Events have proved this. All the other "mandates" distributed after the 1914-1918 war, to give the appearance of a procedure generally applicable, have faded away, either by relinquishment of the territory to its inhabitants or by its conversion, in fact, into a possession of the conqueror. The concept of the "mandate" was maintained for just as long as was needed for the Zionists to amass enough arms to take possession of Palestine for themselves).

Thus, after the elevation of Mr. Lloyd George and the second election of Mr. Wilson, the shape of the future, far beyond the war's end, was fully known to Dr. Weizmann at the web's centre, who went into action.

In a memorandum to the British Government he demanded that "*The Jewish population of Palestine. . . shall be officially recognized by the Suzerain government as the Jewish Nation*". The "first full-dress conference leading to the Balfour Declaration" was then held. This committee, met to draft a British governmental document, met in a private Jewish house and consisted of nine Zionist leaders and one representative of the government concerned, Sir Mark Sykes (who attended "in his private capacity"). As a result Mr. Balfour at once arranged to go to America to discuss the matter.

Dr. Weizmann and his associates had to steer a very narrow course between two difficulties at that moment, and might have failed, had not "the web" enabled them to dictate what Mr. Balfour would be told by the men he crossed the ocean to see. The British Government, for all its zeal, took alarm at the prospect of acting as sole protector of the Zionists and wanted America to share the armed occupation of Palestine. The Zionists knew that this would violently upset American opinion, (had it come about America, from bitter experience shared, would have been much harder to win for the deed of 1948) and did not want the question of American co-occupation raised. Dr. Weizmann's misgivings were increased when, in "a long talk" he found Mr. Balfour, before his departure, eager for "an *Anglo-American* protectorate".

Dr. Weizmann at once wrote to Mr. Justice Brandeis warning him to oppose any such plan, but to assure Mr. Balfour of American support for the proposal of [266] a solely British protectorate, (April 8, 1917), and this letter to Mr. Brandeis "must have reached him about the time of Balfour's arrival". Mr. Brandeis, risen to the United States Supreme Court, had retired from the *public* leadership of Zionism in America. In the tradition of his office, he should have remained aloof from all political affairs, but in fact, as Mr. Wilson's "adviser on the Jewish question", he informed the president that he was "*in favour of a British protectorate and utterly opposed to a condominium*" (that is, joint Anglo-American control).

When Mr. Balfour reached America (then in a state of "existing war" for just eighteen days) he apparently never discussed Palestine with the American President at all. Mr. Wilson's part at this stage "was limited to a humble undertaking to Rabbi Wise, "Whenever the time comes and *you and Justice Brandeis feel that the time is ripe for me to speak and act, I shall be ready*". By that time the rabbi had "briefed" Mr. House: "He is enlisted in our cause. There is no question about it whatever. The thing will go through Washington, I think, without delay" (*April 8, 1917*, six days after the "existing war" proclamation).

Mr. Balfour saw Mr. Brandeis. Clearly he might as well have stayed at home with Dr. Weizmann, as Mr. Brandeis merely repeated the contents of Dr. Weizmann's letters; Mr. Balfour simply moved from one end of "the web of intrigue" to the other. Mr. Brandeis (as Mrs. Dugdale records) "became' *increasingly emphatic* about the desire of the Zionists to see a *British administration in Palestine*". Mr. Balfour, his biographer adds, "pledged his own personal support to Zionism; he had done it before to Dr. Weizmann, *but now he was British Foreign Secretary*".

A later American comment on the part played by Mr. Brandeis in this affair is here relevant. Professor John O. Beatty of the Southern Methodist University of the United States says that the day when Mr. Brandeis's appointment to the Supreme Court was confirmed was "one of the most significant days in American history, for we had for the first time, since the first decade of the 19th Century, an official of the highest status whose heart's interest was in something besides the United States".

Mr. Brandeis "did more than press the idea of a Jewish Palestine under a British protectorate" (Dr. Weizmann). He and Mr. House issued (over the president's signature) the famous declaration repudiating secret treaties). This declaration was popular with the masses, who heard in it the voice of the Brave New World rebuking the bad old one. The words evoked pictures of becloaked diplomats climbing dark backstairs to secret chancelleries; now that America was in the war these feudal machinations would be stopped and all done above the board.

Alas for a pleasant illusion; the noble rebuke was another submission to Zionism. Turkey had still to be defeated so that the French and British governments (whose fighting men were engaged) wished to win over the Arabs

[267] and with them had made the "Sykes-Picot agreement", which foresaw an independent confederation of Arab States and, among them, an *international administration* for Palestine. Dr. Weizmann had learned of this agreement and saw that there could be no Zionist *state* if Palestine were under *international* control; exclusive British "protection" was essential. Pressure was applied and President Wilson's ringing denunciation of "secret treaties" was in fact aimed solely at the Arabs of Palestine and their hopes for the future. America insisted that England hold the baby.

Of this secret achievement Mr. Balfour's biographer happily records that it showed "*a Jewish national diplomacy was now in being*"; the words may be used as an alternative heading to this chapter, if any so desire. The British Foreign Office at last "recognized, with some slight dismay, that the British Government was virtually *committed*". America, though in the war, was not at war with Turkey, and yet had been secretly committed (by Mr. Brandeis) to support the transfer of Turkish territory to an outside party. Therefore American participation in the intrigue had to remain publicly unknown for the moment, though Mr. Balfour had been informed of it in imperative tones.

The summer of 1917 passed while the Balfour Declaration was prepared, America thus having become secretly involved in the Zionist adventure. The only remaining opposition, apart from that of generals and a few high Foreign Office or State Department officials, came from the Jews of England and America. It was ineffective because the leading politicians, in both countries, were even more hostile to their Jewish fellow-citizens than were the Zionists. (The part played in all this by non-Jews was so great, even if it was the part of puppets, that one is constantly reminded of the need to regard with suspicion the attribution of the Protocols to solely Jewish authorship).

In England in 1915 the Anglo-Jewish Association, through its Conjoint Committee, declared that "the Zionists do not consider civil and political emancipation as a sufficiently important factor for victory over the persecution and oppression of Jews and think that such a victory can only be achieved by establishing a legally secured home for the Jewish people. The Conjoint Committee considers as dangerous and provoking anti-semitism the 'national' postulate of the Zionists, as well as special privileges for Jews in Palestine. The Committee could not discuss the question of a British Protectorate with *an international organization which included different, even enemy elements*".

In any rational time the British and American governments would have spoken thus, and they would have been supported by Jewish citizens. In 1914, however, Dr. Weizmann had written that such Jews "have to be made to realize that *we and not they are the masters of the situation*". The Conjoint Committee represented the Jews long established in England, but the British Government *accepted* the claim of the revolutionaries from Russia to be "the masters" of Jewry.

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In 1917, as the irrevocable moment approached, the Conjoint Committee again declared that the Jews were a religious community and nothing more, that they could not claim "a national home", and that Jews in Palestine needed nothing more than "the assurance of religious and civil liberty, reasonable facilities for immigration and the like".

By that time such statements infuriated the embattled *Goyim* around Dr. Weizmann from Russia. Mr. Wickham Steed of *The Times* expressed "downright annoyance" after discussing "for a good hour" (with Dr. Weizmann) "the kind of leader which was likely to make the best appeal to the British public", produced "a magnificent presentation of the Zionist case".

In America, Mr. Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen Wise were equally vigilant against the Jews there. The rabbi (from Hungary) asked President Wilson, "What will you do when their protests reach you?" For one moment only he was silent. Then he pointed to a large wastepaper basket at his desk. "Is not that basket capacious enough for all their protests?"

In England Dr. Weizmann was enraged by "*outside interference, entirely from Jews*". At this point he felt himself to be a member of the Government, or perhaps *the* member of the Government, and in the power he wielded apparently was that. He did not stop at dismissing the objections of British Jews as "outside interference"; he dictated what the Cabinet should discuss and demanded to sit in Cabinet meetings so that he might attack a Jewish minister! He required that Mr. Lloyd George put the question "on the agenda of the War Cabinet for *October 4, 1917*" and on *October 3* he wrote to the British Foreign Office protesting against objections which he expected to be raised at that meeting "by a prominent Englishman of the Jewish faith".

Mr. Edwin Montagu was a cabinet minister and a Jew. Dr. Weizmann implicitly urged that he be not heard by his colleagues, or that if he *were* heard, Dr. Weizmann should be called in to reply! On the day of the meeting Dr. Weizmann appeared in the office of the prime minister's secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr (another "friend") and proposed that he remain there in case the Cabinet "decide to ask me some questions before they decide the matter". Mr. Kerr said, "Since the British Government has been a government, no private person has been admitted to one of its sessions", and Dr. Weizmann then went away.



But for that Mr. Lloyd George would have set the precedent, for Dr. Weizmann was scarcely gone when, after hearing Mr. Montagu, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour sent out to ask Dr. Weizmann to come in. Mr. Montagu then succeeded, in the teeth of the Gentiles arrayed against him, in obtaining minor modifications in the draft, and Dr. Weizmann later rebuked Mr. Kerr for this petty compromise: "The Cabinet and even yourself attach undue importance to the opinion held by *so-called 'British Jewry'*". Two days later (*October 9*) Dr. Weizmann cabled triumphantly to Mr. Justice Brandeis that the British Government had formally undertaken to establish a "national home for the [269] Jewish race" in Palestine.

The draft experienced revealing adventures between October 9 and November 2, when it was published. It was sent to America, where it was edited by Mr. Brandeis, Mr. Jacob de Haas and Rabbi Wise before being shown to President Wilson for his "final approval". He simply sent it to Mr. Brandeis (who had already had it from Dr. Weizmann), who passed it to Rabbi Stephen Wise, "to be handed to Colonel House for transmission to the British Cabinet".

In this way one of the most fateful actions ever taken by any British Government was prepared. The draft, incorporated in a letter addressed by Mr. Balfour to Lord Rothschild, became "the Balfour Declaration". The Rothschild family, like many leading Jewish families, was sharply divided about Zionism. The name of a sympathetic Rothschild, as the recipient of the letter, was evidently used to impress Western Jewry in general, and to divert attention from the Eastern Jewish origins of Zionism. The true addressee was Dr. Weizmann. He appears to have become an habitu   of the War Cabinet's antechamber and the document was delivered to him, Sir Mark Sykes informing him, "Dr. Weizmann, it's a boy!" (today the shape of the man may be seen).

No rational explanation for the action of leading Western politicians in supporting this alien enterprise has ever been given, and as the undertaking was up to that point secret and conspiratorial no genuine explanation *can* be given; if an undertaking is good conspiracy is not requisite to it, and secrecy itself indicates motives that cannot be divulged. If any of these men ever gave some public reason, it usually took the form of some vague invocation of the Old Testament. This has a sanctimonious ring, and may be held likely to daunt objectors. Mr. Lloyd George liked to tell Zionist visitors (as Rabbi Wise ironically records), "You shall have Palestine from Dan to Beersheba", and thus to present himself as the instrument of divine will. He once asked Sir Charles and Lady Henry to call anxious Jewish Members of Parliament together at breakfast "so that I may convince them of the rightfulness of my Zionist position". A *minyan* (Jewish religious quorum of ten) was accordingly assembled in the British Prime Minister's breakfast room, where Mr. Lloyd George read a series of passages which, in his opinion, prescribed the transplantation of Jews in Palestine in 1917: Then he said, "Now, gentlemen, you know What your Bible says; that is the end of the matter".

On other occasions he gave different, and mutually destructive, explanations. He told the Palestine Royal Commission of 1937 that he acted to gain "the support of American Jewry" and that he had "a definite promise" from the Zionist leaders "that if the allies committed themselves to giving facilities for the establishment of a national home for the Jews in Palestine, they would do their best to rally Jewish sentiment and support throughout the world to the Allied cause". .

This was brazen untruth at the very bar of history. America was already *in the* [270] *war* when Mr. Balfour went there to agree the Balfour Declaration, and Mr. Balfour's biographer scouts the notion of any such bargain. Rabbi Elmer Berger, a Jewish commentator, says the alleged promise by Zionist leaders inspires in him, ". . . an irrepressible indignation, for myself, my family, my Jewish friends, all of whom are just ordinary Jews . . . it constitutes one of the most obscene libels in all history. Only callousness and cynicism could imply that Jews in the Allied nations were not already giving their utmost to the prosecution of the war". .

Mr. Lloyd George's *third* explanation ("Acetone converted me to Zionism") is the best known. According to this version Mr. Lloyd George asked Dr. Weizmann how he could be requited for a useful chemical discovery made during the war (when Dr. Weizmann worked for the government, in any spare time left by his work for Zionism). Dr. Weizmann is quoted as replying, "I want nothing for myself, but everything for my people", whereon Mr. Lloyd George decided to give him Palestine! Dr. Weizmann himself derides this story ("History does not deal in Aladdin's lamps. Mr. Lloyd George's *advocacy of the Jewish homeland long predated his accession to the premiership*"). For that matter, it is British practice to make cash awards for such services and Dr. Weizmann, far from wanting nothing for himself, received ten thousand pounds. (If chemical research were customarily rewarded in land he might have claimed a minor duchy *from Germany* in respect of a patent earlier sold to the German Dye Trust, and presumably found useful in war as in peace; he was naturally content with the income he received from it for several years).



The conclusion cannot be escaped: if any honest explanation of his actions in this matter could be found Mr. Lloyd George would have given it. From this period in 1916-1917 the decay of parliamentary and representative government can be traced, both in England and America. If secret men could dictate major acts of American state policy and major operations of British armies, then clearly "election" and "responsible office" were terms devoid of meaning. Party distinctions began to fade in both countries, once this hidden, supreme authority was accepted by leading Western politicians, and the American and British electors began to be deprived of all true choice. Today this condition is general, and now is public. Leaders of *all* parties, before elections, make obeisance to Zionism, and the voter's selection of president, prime minister or party makes no true difference.

In November 1917 the American Republic thus became equally involved with Great Britain in Zionism, which has proved to be a destructive force. However, it was only one agency of "the destructive principle". The reader will recall that in Dr. Weizmann's Russian youth the mass of Jews there, under their Talmudic directors, were united in the revolutionary aim, and only divided between revolutionary-Zionism and revolutionary-Communism.

In the very week of the Balfour Declaration the other group of Jews in Russia [271] achieved their aim, the destruction of the Russian nation-state. The Western politicians thus bred a bicephalous monster, one head being the power of Zionism in the Western capitals, and the other the power of Communism advancing from captive Russia. Submission to Zionism weakened the power of the West to preserve itself against the world-revolution, for Zionism worked to keep Western governments submissive and to deflect their policies from national interests; indeed, at that instant the cry was first raised that opposition to the world-revolution, too, was "anti-semitism". Governments hampered by secret capitulations in any one direction cannot act firmly in any other, and the timidity of London and Washington in their dealings with the world-revolution, during the four decades to follow, evidently derived from their initial submission to "the web of intrigue" spun across the Atlantic between 1914 and 1917.

After 1917, therefore, the question which the remainder of the 20th Century had to answer was whether the West could yet find in itself the strength to break free, or prise its political leaders loose, from this double thrall. In considering the remainder of this account the reader should bear in mind what British and American politicians were induced to do during the First World War.

## Chapter 32

### THE WORLD REVOLUTION AGAIN

The simultaneous triumphs of Bolshevism in Moscow and Zionism in London in the same week of 1917 were only in appearance distinct events. The identity of their original source has been shown in an earlier chapter, and the hidden men who promoted Zionism through the Western governments also supported the world-revolution. The two forces fulfilled correlative tenets of the ancient Law: "Pull down and destroy . . . rule over all nations"; the one destroyed in the East and the other secretly ruled in the West.

1917 gave proof of Disraeli's dictum about the revolution in its 1848 phase, when he said that Jews headed "every one" of the secret societies and aimed to destroy Christianity. The controlling group that emerged in 1917 was so preponderantly Jewish that it may be called Jewish. The nature of the instigating force then became a matter of historical fact, not of further polemical debate. It was further identified by its deeds: the character of its earliest enactments, a symbolic mockery of Christianity, and a special mark of authorship deliberately given to the murder of the monarch. All these bore the traits of a Talmudic vengeance.

In the forty years that have passed great efforts have been made to suppress public knowledge of this *fact*, which has been conclusively established, by non-sequential rebukes to any who claim to discuss history. For instance, in the 1950's an able (and deservedly respected) Jewish writer in America, Mr. George Sokolsky, in criticizing a book previously cited wrote, "It is impossible to read it without reaching the conclusion that Professor Beaty seeks to prove that Communism is a Jewish movement". In respect of the leadership it *was* that for a long period before 1917 (as to later and the present situation, subsequent chapters will look at the evidence). It was *not* a conspiracy of all Jews, but neither were the French revolution, Fascism and National Socialism conspiracies of all Frenchmen, Italians or Germans. The organizing force and the leadership were drawn from the Talmudic-controlled Jewish areas of Russia, and in that sense Communism was demonstrably Eastern Jewish.

As to the purposes revealed when the revolution struck in 1917, these showed that it was not episodic or spontaneous but the third "eruption" of the organization first revealed through Weishaupt. The two main features reappeared: the attack on all legitimate government of any kind whatsoever and on religion. Since 1917 the world-revolution has had to cast aside the earlier pretence of being directed only against "kings" or the political power of priests.

One authority of that period knew and stated this. In the tradition of Edmund Burke and John Robison, George Washington and Alexander Hamilton and Disraeli, Mr. Winston Churchill wrote:

"It would almost seem as if the gospel of Christ and *the gospel of anti-Christ* were designed to originate among the same people; and that this mystic and [273] mysterious race had been chosen for the supreme manifestations, both of the divine *and the diabolical*. . . From the days of 'Spartacus' Weishaupt to those of Karl Marx, and down to Trotsky (Russia), Bela Kun (Hungary), Rosa Luxembourg (Germany) and Emma Goldman (United States), *this worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilization and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence and impossible equality, has been steadily growing*. It played, as a modern writer, Mrs. Nesta Webster, has so ably shown, a definitely recognizable part in the tragedy of the French Revolution. *It has been the mainspring of every subversive movement during the nineteenth century; and now at last this band of extraordinary personalities from the underworld of the great cities of Europe and America have gripped the Russian people by the hair of their heads and have become practically the*

*undisputed masters of that enormous empire. There is no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the bringing about of the Russian Revolution by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews. It is certainly a very great one; it probably outweighs all others".*

This is the last candid statement (discoverable by me) from a leading public man on this question. After it the ban on public discussion came down and the great silence ensued, which continues to this day. In 1953 Mr. Churchill refused permission (requisite under English law) for a photostat to be made of this article (*Illustrated Sunday Herald*, February 8, 1920), without saying why.

The fact of Jewish leadership was a supremely important piece of knowledge and the later suppression of it, where public debate would have been sanative, produced immense effects in weakening the West. The formulation of any rational State policy becomes impossible when such major elements of knowledge are excluded from public discussion; it is like playing billiards with twisted cues and elliptical balls. The strength of the conspiracy is shown by its success in this matter (as in the earlier period, of Messrs. Robison, Barruel and Morse) more than by any other thing.

At the time, the facts were available. The British Government's White Paper of 1919 (Russia, No. 1, a Collection of Reports on Bolshevism) quoted the report sent to Mr. Balfour in London in 1918 by the Netherlands Minister at Saint Petersburg, M. Oudendyke: "Bolshevism is organized and worked by Jews, who have no nationality and whose one object is *to destroy* for their own ends the existing order of things". The United States Ambassador, Mr. David R. Francis, reported similarly: "The Bolshevik leaders here, most of whom are Jews and 90 percent of whom are returned exiles, care little for Russia or any other country but are internationalists and they are trying to start a *worldwide social revolution*". M. Oudendyke's report was deleted from later editions of the British official publication and all such authentic documents of that period are now difficult to obtain. Fortunately for the student, one witness preserved the *official* record.

[274]

This was Mr. Robert Wilton, correspondent of the *London Times*, who experienced the Bolshevik revolution. The *French* edition of his book included *the official Bolshevik lists* of the membership of the ruling revolutionary bodies (they were *omitted* from the English edition).

These records show that the Central Committee of the Bolshevik party, which wielded the supreme power, contained 3 Russians (including Lenin) and 9 Jews. The next body in importance, the Central Committee of the Executive Commission (or secret police) comprized 42 Jews and 19 Russians, Letts, Georgians and others. The Council of People's Commissars consisted of 17 Jews and five others. The Moscow Che-ka (secret police) was formed of 23 Jews and 13 others. Among the names of 556 high officials of the Bolshevik state officially published in 1918-1919, were 458 Jews and 108 others. Among the central committees of small, supposedly "Socialist" or other non-Communist parties (during that early period the semblance of "opposition" was permitted, to beguile the masses, accustomed under the Czar to opposition parties) were 55 Jews and 6 others. All the names are given in the original documents reproduced by Mr. Wilton. (In parentheses, the composition of the two short-lived Bolshevik governments *outside* Russia in 1918-1919, namely those of Hungary and Bavaria, was similar).

Mr. Wilton made a great and thankless effort to tell newspaper readers what went on in Russia (broken, he survived only a few years and died in his fifties). He did not choose the task of reporting the most momentous event that ever came in any journalist's path of duty; it devolved on him. Educated in Russia, he knew the country and its language perfectly, and was held in high esteem by the Russians and the British Embassy alike. He watched the rioting from the window of *The Times* office, adjoining the Prefecture where the ministers of the collapsing regime took refuge. Between the advent of the Kerensky government in the spring of 1917 and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks in November 1917, his duty was to report an entirely new phenomenon in world affairs: the rise of a Jewish regime to despotic supremacy in Russia and to overt control of the world-revolution. At that moment he was made to realize that he would not be allowed faithfully to report the fact.

The secret story is told, with surprising candour, in the *Official History* of his paper, *The Times*, published in 1952. It shows the hidden mechanism which operated, as early as 1917, to prevent the truth about the revolution reaching the peoples of the West.

This volume pays tribute to the quality of Mr. Wilton's reporting, and his standing in Russia, *before 1917*. Then the tone of the references to him abruptly changes. Mr. Wilton's early warnings of what was to come in 1917, says the book, "*did not at once affect the policy of the paper, partly because their writer did not command full confidence*".

Why, if his earlier work and reputation were so good? The reason transpires.

[275] The narrative continues that Mr. Wilton began to complain about the "burking" or suppression of his messages. Then *The Times* began to publish articles about Russia from men who had little knowledge of that country. As a result the editorial articles about Russia took on the tone, exasperating to Mr. Wilton, with which newspaper-readers became familiar in the following decades: "those who believe in the future of Russia as a free and efficient democracy will watch the vindication of the new regime with patient confidence and earnest sympathy". (Every incident of Mr. Wilton's experience in Moscow, which Colonel Repington was sharing in London, was repeated in my own experience, and in that of other correspondents, in Berlin in 1933-1938).

The "interregnum of five months began, during which a Jewish regime was to take over from Kerensky. At this very moment his newspaper lost "confidence" in Mr. Wilton. Why? The explanation emerges. The *Official History of The Times* says, "It was not happy for Wilton that one of his messages . . . should spread to Zionist circles, and even into the Foreign Office, the idea that he was an anti-semite".

"Zionist circles", the reader will observe; not even "Communist circles"; here the working partnership becomes plain. Why should "Zionists" (who wanted the British government to procure them "a homeland" in Palestine) be affronted because a British correspondent in Moscow reported that a Jewish regime was preparing to take over in Russia? Mr. Wilton was reporting the nature of the coming regime; this was his job. In the opinion of "Zionists", this was "anti-semitism", and the mere allegation was enough to destroy "confidence" in him at his head office. How, then, could he have remained "happy" and have retained "confidence". Obviously, only by misreporting events in Russia. In effect, he was expected not to mention the determining fact of the day's news!

When I read this illuminating account I wondered by what route "Zionist circles" had spread to "the Foreign Office", and the Foreign Office to Printing House Square the "idea" that Mr. Wilton was "an anti-semite". The researcher, like the lonely prospector, learns to expect little for much toil, but in this case I was startled by the large nugget of truth which I found in *The Times Official History* thirty-five years after the event. It said that "the head of propaganda at the Foreign Office sent to the Editor a paper by one of his staff" repeating the "allegation", (which apparently was first printed in some Zionist sheet). The *Official History* revealed even the identity of this assiduous "one".

It was a young Mr. Reginald Leeper, who three decades later (as Sir Reginald) became British Ambassador in Argentina. I then looked to *Who's Who* for information about Mr. Leeper's career and found that his first recorded employment began (when he was twenty-nine) in 1917: "entered International Bureau, Department of Information in 1917". Mr. Leeper's memorandum about Mr. Wilton was sent to *The Times* early in May 1917. Therefore, if he entered the Foreign Office on New Year's day of 1917, he had been in it just four months

[276] when he conveyed to *The Times* his "allegation" about the exceptionally qualified Mr. Wilton, of seventeen years service with that paper, and the effect was immediate; the *Official History* says that Mr. Wilton's despatches thereafter, during the decisive period, either miscarried or "were ignored". (The editor was the same of whom Colonel Repington complained in 1917-1918 and to whom the present writer sent his resignation in 1938 on the same basic principle of reputable journalism.)

Mr. Wilton Struggled on for a time, continually protesting against the "burking" and suppression of his despatches, and then as his last service to truthful journalism put all that he knew into his book. He recognized and recorded the acts which identified the especial nature of the regime: the law against "anti-semitism", the anti-Christian measures, the canonization of Judas Iscariot, and the Talmudic fingerprint mockingly left in the death-chamber of the Romanoffs.

The law against "anti-semitism" (which cannot be defined) was in itself a fingerprint. An illegal government, predominantly Jewish, by this measure warned the Russian masses, under pain of death, not to interest them selves in the origins of the revolution. It meant in effect that the Talmud became the law of Russia, and in the subsequent four decades this law has in effect and in growing degree been made part of the structure of the west.

The short-lived anti-Christian deeds of the French phase of the revolution reappeared in more open form. The dynamiting of churches and the installation of an anti-God museum in the Cathedral of Saint Basil were the most ostentatious indications of the nature of the regime, which Mr. Wilton indicated: "Taken according to numbers of population, the Jews represented one in ten; among the commissars that rule Bolshevik Russia they are nine in ten; if anything the proportion of Jews is still greater". This was plain reporting, and if the report had related to "Ukrainians", for instance, instead of "Jews", none would have

objected; the mere act of reporting a fact became the ground for secret denunciation because the fact related to Jews.

The memorial to Judas Iscariot, recorded by Mr. Wilton, was another deliberate intimation to Christendom. If the Jewish rulers merely wanted to bring about an equalitarian society in 1917, there was no relevance in bestowing a halo of heroism on a deed of AD 29; the revolution in Russia cannot be understood at all unless the symbolism of this act is comprehended.

The aspect of a Talmudic vengeance on "the heathen" was unmistakably given to the massacres of that period. In August 1918 a Jew, Kanegisser, shot a Jew, Uritsky; thereon a Jew, Peters, at the head of the Petrograd Cheka ordered "mass terror" on *Russians* and another Jew, Zinovieff, demanded that ten million Russians be "annihilated"; the British Government's White Book on Bolshevism (1919) records the massacre of Russian peasants which followed.

By far the most significant act was the form given to the murder of the [277] Romanoff family. But for Mr. Wilton this story would never have reached the world, which to this day might believe that the Czar's wife and children ended their lives naturally in "protective" custody.

The Czar acted *constitutionally* to the end, abdicating at the advice of his ministers (March 5, 1917). Thereafter (during the Kerensky period and its first aftermath) he was relatively well treated for a year as the prisoner at Tobolsk of a *Russian* commandant and *Russian* guards. In April 1918, when the Jewish regime had gained control, he was transferred, by order from Moscow, to Ekaterinburg. The Russian guards were then withdrawn and their place inside his prison house was taken by men whose identity has never been established: The local Russians later recalled them as "Letts" (the only foreign-speaking Red soldiers known to them), but they seem to have been brought from Hungary.

The Russian commandant's place was taken by a Jew, Yankel Yurovsky (July 7). That completed a chain of Jewish captors from the top, Moscow, through the regional Urals Soviet, to his prison at Ekaterinburg (which is in the Urals). The real ruler of Russia then was the terrorist Yankel Sverdloff, president of the Moscow Cheka, who was a Jew. The Ekaterinburg Cheka was run by seven Jews, one of them Yankel Yurovsky. On July 20 the Urals Soviet announced that it had shot the Czar and sent his wife and son to "a place of security". The Moscow Cheka issued a similar announcement, signed by Sverdloff, "approving the action of the Regional Soviet of the Urals". At that time the entire family was dead.

The truth only became known through the chance that Ekaterinburg fell to the White armies on July 25, that Mr. Wilton accompanied them, and that their commander, General Diterichs, a famous Russian criminologist, M. Sokoloff, and Mr. Wilton uncovered the buried evidence. When the White troops withdrew Mr. Wilton brought away the proofs; they appear in his book and include many photographs.

The murders had been carried out by order from and in constant consultation with Sverdloff in Moscow; records of telephone conversations between him and the Chekists in Ekaterinburg were found. Among these was a report to him from Ekaterinburg saying "Yesterday a courier left with the documents that interest you". This courier was the chief assassin, Yurovsky, and the investigators believed that the "documents" were the heads of the Romanoffs, as no skulls or skull-bones were found.

The deed was described by witnesses who had not been able to escape, and at least one was a participant. At midnight on July 16 Yurovsky awoke the Czar and his family, took them to a basement room and there shot them. The actual murderers were Yurovsky, his seven unidentified foreign accomplices, one Nikulin from the local Cheka, and two Russians, apparently professional gunmen employed by the Cheka. The victims were the Czar, his wife, ailing son (who was held in his father's arms as he could not walk), four daughters, Russian [278] doctor, manservant, cook and maid. The room was still a shambles, from the shooting and bayoneting, when M. Sokoloff and Mr. Wilton saw it, and his book includes the picture of it.

The circumstances having been determined, the investigators almost despaired of finding the bodies, or their remains; they learned that Yurovsky, before escaping the town, had boasted that "the world will never know what we did with the bodies". However, the earth at length gave up its secret. The bodies had been taken by five lorries to a disused iron pit in the woods, cut up and burned, 150 gallons of petrol being used; one Voikoff of the Urals Cheka (a fellow-passenger of Lenin in the train from Germany) as Commissar of Supplies had supplied 400 lbs. of sulphuric acid for dissolving the bones. The ashes and fragments had been thrown down the shaft, the ice at the bottom having first been smashed so that the mass would sink; then a flooring had been lowered and fixed over the place. When this was removed the search reached its



end. On top lay the corpse of a spaniel belonging to one of the princesses; below were fragments of bone and skin, a finger, and many identifiable personal belongings which had escaped destruction. A puzzling find was a small collection of nails, coins, pieces of tinfoil and the like. This looked like the contents of a schoolboy's pockets, and was; the little boy's English tutor, Mr. Sidney Gibbes, identified it. The precautions taken to dispose of the bodies and of other evidence were of the kind that only criminals of long experience in their trade could have devised; they resemble the methods used in gang warfare, during the Prohibition period, in the United States.

These discoveries, becoming known in the outer world, exposed the untruth of Sverdloff's announcement that only the Czar had been "executed" and his family sent to "a place of security". The murderers staged a mock trial of "28 persons on the accusation of having murdered the Czar and his family". Only eight names were published, all of them unknown in connection with the crime, and five persons were said to have been shot, who if they existed at all cannot have had any part in it. The arch-assassin, Sverdloff, was soon afterwards killed in some party dispute and thousands of innocent people died in the indiscriminate massacres which followed. Ekaterinburg was renamed Sverdlovsk to give enduring fame to his part in the symbolic deed.

The chief reason for recounting the details of the pogrom of the Romanoffs is to point to the "fingerprint" which was left in the room where it was done. One of the assassins, presumably their leader, stayed to exult and put a significant signature on the wall, which was covered with obscene or mocking inscriptions in Hebrew, Magyar and German. Among them was a couplet which deliberately related the deed to the Law of the Torah-Talmud and thus offered it to posterity as an example of the fulfilment of that law, and of Jewish vengeance as understood by the Levites. It was written in German by someone who parodied the Jewish poet, Heinrich Heine's lines on the death of Belshazzar, the imaginary potentate whose murder is portrayed in *Daniel* as God's punishment for an [279] affront offered to Judah:

Belsazar ward aber in selbiger Nacht  
Von selbigen Knechten umgebracht.

The parodist, sardonically surveying the shambles, adapted these lines to what he had just done:

Belsazar ward in selbiger Nacht  
Von *seinen* Knechten umgebracht.

No clearer clue to motive and identity was ever left behind.

The revolution was not Russian; the eruption was brought about in Russia, but the revolution had its friends in high places everywhere. At this period (1917-1918) the student for the first time is able to establish that leading men began to give that secret support to Communism which they were already giving to its blood brother, Zionism. This happened on *both* sides of the fighting-line; once the secret, but overriding purposes of the war came into play the distinction between "friend" and "foe" disappeared. The Zionists, though they concentrated "irresistible pressure" on the politicians of London and Washington, long kept their headquarters in *Berlin*; the Communists obtained decisive support from Germany at one moment and from Germany's enemies the next.

For instance, Germany when the 1914-1918 war began started "sending back to Russia Russians of revolutionary tendencies who were prisoners here, with money and passports, in order that they may stir up trouble at home" (Ambassador Gerard in Berlin to Mr. House). Mr. Robert Wilton says the decision to *Foment the revolution* in Russia was formally taken at a German and Austrian General Staff meeting at Vienna late in 1915. The German Chief-of-Staff, General Ludendorff, later regretted this: "By sending Lenin to Russia our government assumed. . . a great responsibility. From a *military* point of view his journey was justified, for Russia had to be laid low; but our government should have seen to it that we were not involved in her fall".

That, taken as an isolated case, might be a simple human error: what appeared to be a sound *military* move produced catastrophic *political* consequences not foreseen when it was made. But what explanation can be found for American and British politicians, whose foremost *military and political* principle should have been to sustain Russia and yet who supported the alien revolutionaries who "laid Russia low"?

I have already quoted the editorial about the revolution (" . . . a free and efficient democracy . . . the vindication of the new regime . . .") which appeared in *The Times* of London while its experienced



correspondent's despatches were being "ignored" and "confidence" withdrawn from him because the newspaper had received "an allegation" that he was "an anti-semite". On the other side of the Atlantic the true ruler of the Republic, Mr. House was confiding to his diary similar sentiments. For him the alien revolutionaries smuggled into Russia

[280] during wartime *from the West* ("this band of extraordinary personalities from the underworld of the great cities of Europe and America", Mr. Churchill) were honest agrarian reformers: "the Bolsheviks appeared to the peace-hungry and land-hungry Russians as the first leaders who made a sincere effort to satisfy their needs".

Today all know what happened to the Russians' "land-hunger" under Bolshevism. In 1917 the Czars and their ministers for fifty years had been toiling to satisfy this "land-hunger" and by assassination had been thwarted. Apparently Mr. House was ignorant of that. When the revolution was accomplished he instructed the shadow-president: "that literally nothing be done further than that an expression of sympathy be offered for *Russia's* efforts to weld herself into a *virile democracy* and to *proffer our financial, industrial and moral support in every way possible*". \*

The resemblance between the first phrase of this sentence and the editorial of *The Times* in London may be noted; powerful behind-scene groups in both capitals evidently were agreed to present the public masses with this false picture of a "virile" and "efficient" *democracy* in the making. The second phrase cancelled the policy initially recommended of "literally doing nothing" beyond uttering sympathetic words, by giving the order literally to do *everything*; for what more can be done than to give "financial, industrial and moral support in every way possible"? This was American state policy from the moment that Mr. House so instructed the president, and it exactly describes the policy pursued by President Roosevelt during the *Second* World War, as will be shown.

Thus the West, or powerful men in the West, began to range itself with the world-revolution against the Russians, which meant, against all men who abhorred the revolution. Not all the powerful men, or men later to become powerful, lent them selves to this hidden undertaking. At that time Mr. Winston Churchill again stated the nature of the revolution:

"Certainly I dispute the title of the Bolsheviks to represent Russia . . . They despise such a mere commonplace as nationality. Their ideal is a worldwide proletarian revolution. The Bolsheviks robbed Russia at one stroke of two most precious things: peace and victory, the victory that was within her grasp and the peace which was her dearest desire. The Germans sent Lenin into Russia with the deliberate intention of working for the downfall of Russia . . . No sooner did Lenin arrive there than he began *beckoning a finger here and a finger there to obscure persons in sheltered retreats in New York, in Glasgo., in Berne and other countries*" (the reader will perceive whence the "Russian" revolutionaries were

\* It might be significant of the influences which continued to prevail in the entourage of American presidents during the next two generations that President Eisenhower in 1955, from his hospital room in Denver, sent a personal message of congratulations to the Soviet Premier, Bulganin, on the anniversary of the *Bolshevik* revolution, November 7. The democratic and parliamentary revolution, legitimized by the Czars abdication, occurred in March 1917; November 7 was a day on which the Bolsheviks overthrew the legitimate regime. By 1955 American presidents *were* habitually warning their people against the menace of "Soviet" or "Communist" (i.e., Bolshevik) aggression

[281] brought to Russia) "*and he gathered together the leading spirits of a formidable sect, the most formidable sect in the world. . . With these spirits around him he set to work with demoniacal ability to tear to pieces every institution on which the Russian state and nation depended. Russia was laid low. Russia had to be laid low . . . Her sufferings are more fearful than modern records hold and she had been robbed of her place among the great nations of the world*". (House of Commons, 5 November 1919).

Mr. Churchill's description remains valid, particularly the phrase, "the most formidable sect in the world", which resembles the phrase used by Bakunin in his attack on Jewish usurpation of the revolution fifty years earlier. The passage quoted from Mr. Churchill's article earlier in this chapter shows that he was equally aware of the identity of this sect.

Thus Dr. Chaim Weizmann's youthful fellow-conspirators from the Talmudic area of Russia triumphed in Russia at the very moment when he triumphed in London and Washington. The only difference between him and them, from the start, was that between "revolutionary-Zionism" and "revolutionary-Communism", as he shows. In his student days in Berlin, Freiburg and Geneva, he had waged many a hot debate about this point of difference, which for those who reject revolution as such is a distinction without

meaning. Mr. Balfour's amanuensis, Mrs. Dugdale, portrays the blood-brothers of the revolution in argument during the years when their simultaneous triumph was in preparation:

"Lenin and Trotsky took power in the same week of November 1917 that Jewish nationalism won its recognition. Years before, in Geneva, Trotsky and Weizmann had night after night expounded from rival cafés in the university quarter their opposed political beliefs. Both of them Russian-born. . . . they had swayed *the crowds of Jewish students* from one side of the street to the other; Leon Trotsky, apostle of Red revolution; Chaim Weizmann, apostle of a tradition unbroken for two thousand years. Now by a most strange coincidence in the same week each of them accomplished the fulfilment of his dream".

In truth, the pincers in which the West was to be gripped had been forged, and each handle was held by one of two groups of revolutionaries "Russian-born" (but not Russian).

For Dr. Weizmann and his associates in London and Washington, the event in Moscow was a passing embarrassment, in one respect. They had based their demand for Palestine on the legend that "a place of refuge" must be found for Jews "persecuted in Russia" (an obvious *non sequitur* but good enough for "the mob"), and now there *was* no "persecution in Russia". On the contrary, in Moscow a Jewish regime ruled and "anti-Semitism" was a capital offence. Where, then, were the Jews who needed "a place of refuge"? (This is evidently the reason why Mr. Robert Wilton had to be prevented from reporting the nature of the new regime in Moscow).

Rabbi Elmer Berger says, "The Soviet government *even privileged Jews as Jews*... [282] at a single stroke, the revolution emancipated those very Jews for whom, previously, no solution other than Zionism would be efficacious, *according to Zionist spokesmen. Soviet Jews no longer had need of Palestine, or any other refuge.* The *lever* of the suffering of Russian Jewry, which Herzl had often used in attempts to prise a charter for Palestine from some power, *was gone*".

That did not deter Dr. Weizmann. At once he informed the Jews that they must not expect any respite:

"Some of our friends. . . are very quick in drawing conclusions as to what will happen to the Zionist movement after the Russian revolution. Now, they say, the greatest stimulus for the Zionist movement has been removed. Russian Jewry is free. . . Nothing can be more superficial and wrong than that. *We have never built our Zionist movement on the sufferings of our people in Russia or elsewhere. These sufferings were never the cause of Zionism.* The fundamental cause of Zionism was, and is, the ineradicable striving of Jewry to have a home of its own".

Dr. Weizmann spoke truth in untruth. It was true that the organizers of Zionism, in their private hearts, had never in reality built their movement on "the sufferings of our people in Russia or elsewhere"; they were indifferent to any suffering, Jewish or other, caused by Zionism. But they *had* beyond all dispute *used* "the sufferings of our people in Russia" as their argument in beleaguering Western politicians, who from Mr. Wilson in 1912 onward repeatedly alluded to it.

In this crucial week, the falsity of the entire contention, though revealed, made no difference, for the British Government, as Mrs. Dugdale recorded, was at length *committed*. Not even a pretence could be maintained that any Jews needed "a place of refuge" but Mr. Lloyd George had undertaken to conquer Palestine for "the Jews".

The basic fallacy of the enterprise was exposed at the very instant when it was clamped like a millstone round the neck of the West. Although this irreparable flaw in its foundation must cause its ultimate collapse, like that of Sabbatai Zevi's messiahship in 1666, the tragi-comedy thenceforth had to be played to its ruinous end.

But for one later event, the undertaking would have died a natural death within a few years and would survive today in the annals merely as Balfour's Folly. This event was the coming of Hitler, which for a while filled the gap left by the collapse of the legend of "persecution in Russia" and produced in some Jews a desire to go even to Palestine. For the Zionists Hitler, had he not arisen, would have needed to be created; a collapsing scheme was made by him to look almost lifelike for some time. The Hitlerist episode belongs to a later chapter in this narrative.

## Chapter 33

### THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

At the same moment in 1917 when the two kindred forces from Russia, revolutionary-Communism and revolutionary-Zionism, emerged into the full open, the third secret purpose of the war, the one of which they were the instruments, also was revealed. This was the project for a "federation of the world" to take over "the management of human affairs" and to rule *by force*.

The masses then (as in the Second War, twenty-five years later) were being egged on to destroy a "madman in Berlin" on this very ground, that he sought to rule the world by force. In England Mr. Eden Philpotts (one of many such oracles then and in the next war) thundered:

"You thought *to grasp the world*; but you shall keep its curses only, crowned upon your brow . . ." and that was the universal cry. Yet the secret plan promoted in the West was equally one to "grasp the world by force" and to put new "warlords" over it.

It was merely dressed in other words. What was reactionary Prussian militarism in Germany was one of Mr. House's "advanced ideas" in Washington; what was megalomaniac ambition in the Kaiser was an enlightened concept of "a new world order" in London. The politicians of the West became professional dissimulators. Even Disraeli could not foresee in 1832 ( "The practice of politics in the East may be defined by one word: dissimulation") that this would become the definition of political practice in the *West* in the 20th Century; but this happened when Western political leaders, by supporting Zionism and the world-revolution, yielded to the prompting of Asiatics; their acts took on an Asiatic duplicity in place of native candour.

Strangely, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the most compliant of them all, at the start rebelled most fretfully against the secret constraints. He tried, as has been shown, to declare that "the causes and objects of the war are obscure", and when this was forbidden by Mr. House, still avowed that the belligerents on both sides pursued "the same" objects. He went further at the very start of his presidency, when he wrote, "It is an intolerable thing that *the government of the Republic should have got so far out* of the hands of the people; should have been *captured by interests which are special and not general*. We know that *something intervenes* between the people of the United States *and the control of their own affairs* at Washington". Presumably he learned the nature of these "interests" and this "control", and the galling knowledge may have caused his collapse (and that of Mr. Roosevelt in the later generation).

Nevertheless, he was used to launch the plan for setting up "a federation of the world", based on force. The idea was "oozed into his brain" by others; the phrase is used by Mr. House's biographer to describe the method by which Mr. House prompted the actions of other men (and by which his own were prompted). In *November* 1915, when the American people were still ardent for the president [284] who was keeping them out of the war, Mr. House instructed him:

"We must throw the influence of this nation in behalf of a plan by which international obligations must be kept and maintained and in behalf of some plan by which *the peace of the world* may be maintained".

This was always the sales-talk: that "the plan" would "maintain world peace". Mr. House had long been discussing the plan with Sir Edward Grey (Mr. Asquith's Foreign Secretary; he became blind in 1914 but in a moment of spiritual clairvoyance used the words which have become truer ever since, "The lights are going out all over Europe"). Sir Edward Grey was captivated by "the plan", and wrote to Mr. House, "International

law has hitherto had *no sanction*; the lesson of this war is that the Powers must bind themselves to give it *sanction*". "Sanction" was the euphemism used by the dissimulators to avoid alarming the masses by the sound of "war" or "force". The dictionary definition, in such a context, is "a coercive measure", and the only means of coercion between nations is, ultimately, war: no "sanction" can be effective unless it is backed by that threat. Therefore Sir Edward Grey thought war could be ended by making war. He was an incorruptible but apparently deluded man; the originators of the great "idea" knew what they meant (and in our day this also has been revealed).

By 1916 Mr. House had instructed Mr. Wilson as to his duty and in May the president publicly announced support for "the plan" at a meeting of a new body candidly called "The League To Enforce Peace". Mr. Wilson knew nothing of its nature: "*it does not appear that Woodrow Wilson studied seriously the programme of the League To Enforce Peace*" (Mr. House's *Private Papers*).

This was a reincarnation of the earlier "League to enforce peace" which (as Lord Robert Cecil had reminded Mr. House) "really became a *league to uphold tyranny*". In 1916 the name gave away the game; American opinion was not then ready to walk into so obvious a trap. Senator George Wharton Pepper recalls: "*A heavily-financed organization* aptly entitled 'The League To Enforce Peace' was making our task easier by emphasizing, as its title indicated, that the Covenant" (of the League of Nations) "was intended to be made effective *by force*. . . Our constant contention, in opposition to theirs, was that *the appeal to force* was at the best futile and at the worst dangerous. . . I contrasted the certain futility of *an appeal to international force* with the possible hopefulness of reliance upon international conference, and declared myself favourable to any association of the latter type and unalterably opposed to a league which was based on the former".

The dissimulators soon dropped the name, "The League To Enforce Peace", but the "plan", which produced "The League of Nations", transparently remained the same: it was one to transfer the control of national armies to some super-national committee which could use them for "the management of human affairs" in ways serving its own special ends, and that has continued the motive to the present day. As in the earlier case of Zionism, President Wilson was [285] committed long before the crucial moment (by his public declaration of May 1916) and as soon as America was in the war (April 1917) announced that it was involved in an undertaking to set up "*a new international order*"; this statement was made at the moment of the first revolution in Russia and of the preparation of the Balfour Declaration.

Thus the three great "plans" moved together into the West, and this was the project which was to crown the work of the other two. Its basic principle was the destruction of nation-states and nationhood so that it gave expression, in modern form, to the ancient conflict between the Old Testament and the New, between the Levitical Law and the Christian message. The Torah-Talmud is the only discoverable, original source of this *idea* of "destroying nations"; Mr. House thought it almost impossible to trace any "idea" to its fount, but in this case the track *can* be followed back through the centuries to 500 BC, and it is nowhere obliterated during those twenty-five hundred years. If before that time anybody in the known world had made this "destructive principle" into a code and creed they and it have faded into oblivion. The *idea* contained in the Torah-Talmud has gone unbroken through all the generations. The New Testament rejects it and speaks of "the *deception* of nations", not of their destruction. *Revelation* foretells a day when this process of deception of nations shall end. Those who seek to interpret prophecy might very well see in The League To Enforce Peace, under its successive aliases, the instrument of this "deception", doomed at the end to fail.

Mr. House having decided, and Mr. Wilson having declared, that "a new international order" must be established, Mr. House (according to Mr. Howden) set up a body known as "The Inquiry" to draft a plan. Its head was his brother-in-law, Dr. Sidney Mezes (then president of the College of the City of New York), and its secretary a Mr. Walter Lippmann (then writing for *The New Republic*). A Dr. Isaiah Bowman (then director of the American Geographical Society) gave "personal advice and assistance".

The group of men placed in charge of The Inquiry therefore was predominantly Jewish (though in this case not Russian-Jewish: this might indicate the true nature of the superior authority indicated by Dr. Kastein's allusion to "a Jewish international") and Jewish inspiration may thus reasonably be seen in the plan which it produced. This (says Mr. Howden) was a draft "Convention for a League of Nations" to which Mr. House put his signature in July 1918: "President Wilson *was not*, and never pretended to be, *the author of the Covenant*". Here, then, are the origins of the League of Nations.

The Peace Conference loomed ahead when Mr. House prepared to launch this "new world order", and its first acts pointed to the identity of the controlling-group behind the Western governments. Zionism and

Palestine (issues unknown to the masses when the 1914-1918 war began) were found to be high, if not paramount among the matters to be discussed at the conference which ended it.

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President Wilson, for this reason, seems to have known moments of exaltation between long periods of despondency. Rabbi Stephen Wise, at his side, depicted the Palestinean undertaking in such terms that the president, entranced, soliloquised, "To think that I, a son of the manse, should be able to help restore the Holy Land to its people". While he thus contemplated himself in the mirror of posterity the rabbi beside him compared him with the Persian King Cyrus, who had enabled the exiled Jews of his land to return to Jerusalem". King Cyrus had allowed native Judahites, if they wished, to return to Judah after some fifty years; President Wilson was required to transplant Judaized Chazars from Russia to a land left by the original Jews some eighteen centuries before.

Across the Atlantic Dr. Weizmann made ready for the Peace Conference. He was then evidently one of the most powerful men in the world, a potentate (or emissary of potentates) to whom the "premier-dictators" of the West made humble obeisance. At a moment in 1918 when the fate of England was in the balance on the stricken Western Front an audience of the King of England was postponed. Dr. Weizmann complained so imperiously that Mr. Balfour at once restored the appointment; save for the place of meeting, which was Buckingham Palace, Mr. Weizmann seems in fact to have given audience to the monarch. During the Second World War the Soviet dictator Stalin, being urged by the Western leaders to take account of the influence of the Pope, asked brusquely, "How many divisions has the Pope?". Such at least was the anecdote, much retold in clubs and pubs, and to simple folk it seemed to express essential truth in a few words. Dr. Weizmann's case shows how essentially untrue it was. He had not a single soldier, but he and the international he represented were able to obtain capitulations never before won save by conquering armies.

He disdained the capitulants and the scene of his triumphs alike. He wrote to Lady Crewe, "We hate equally anti-semites and *philo-semites*". Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George and the other "friends" were philo-semites of the first degree, in Dr. Weizmann's meaning of the word, and excelled themselves in servience to the man who despised them. As to England itself, Dr. Weizmann two decades later, when he contemplated the wild beasts in the Kruger National Park, soliloquised, "It must be a wonderful thing to be *an animal* on the South African game reserve; much better than being a Jew in Warsaw or even in London".

In 1918 Dr. Weizmann decided to inspect his realm-elect. When he reached Palestine the German attack in France had begun, the depleted British armies were reeling back, and "most of the European troops in Palestine were being withdrawn to reinforce the armies in France". At such a moment he demanded that the foundation stone of a Hebrew University be laid with all public ceremony. Lord Allenby protested that "the Germans are almost at the gates of Paris!" Dr. Weizmann replied that this was "only one episode". Lord Allenby obdured; Dr. Weizmann persisted; Lord Allenby under duress referred to Mr. Balfour *and was at once ordered by cable to obey*. With great panoply of staff

[287] officers, troops and presented arms (disturbed only by the sounds of distant British-Turkish fighting) Dr. Weizmann then held his ceremony on Mount Scopus. .

(I remember those days in France. Even half a million more British soldiers there would have transformed the battle; a multitude of lives would have been saved, and the war probably ended sooner. The French and British ordeal in France made a Zionist holiday in Palestine).

When the war at last ended, on November 11, 1918, none other than Dr. Weizmann was at luncheon the *sole* guest of Mr. Lloyd George, whom he found "reading the Psalms and near to tears". Afterwards the Zionist chieftain watched from historic Ten Downing Street as the prime minister disappeared, borne shoulder high by a mafficking mob towards a Thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey.

Masses and "managers"; did any among the crowd notice the high, domed head, with bearded face and heavy-lidded eyes watching from the window of Ten Downing Street?

Then Dr. Weizmann led a Zionist delegation to the Peace Conference of 1919 where "the new world order" was to be set up. He informed the august Council of Ten that "the Jews had been *hit harder by the war than any other group*"; the politicians of 1919 made no demur to this insult to their millions of dead. However, a remonstrant Jew, Mr. Sylvain Levi of France, at the last moment tried to instil prudence in them. He told them:

First, that Palestine was a small, poor land with an existing population of 600,000 Arabs, and that the Jews, having a higher standard of life than the Arabs, *would tend to dispossess them*; second, that the Jews who



would go to Palestine would be *mainly Russian Jews, who were of explosive tendencies*; third, that the creation of a Jewish national home in Palestine would introduce *the dangerous principle of Jewish dual loyalties*.

These three warnings have been fulfilled to the letter, and were heard with hostility by the Gentile politicians assembled at the Peace Conference of 1919. Mr. Lansing, the American Secretary of State, at once gave M. Lévi his quietus. He asked Dr. Weizmann, "What do you mean by a Jewish national home?" Dr. Weizmann said he meant that, *always safeguarding the interests of non-Jews*, Palestine would ultimately become "*as Jewish as England is English*". Mr. Lansing said this absolutely obscure reply was "absolutely clear", the Council of Ten nodded agreement, and M. Lévi, like all Jewish remonstrants for twenty-five centuries, was discomfited. (He was only heard at all to maintain a pretence of impartial consideration; Rabbi Wise, disquietened by "the difficulties we had to face in Paris", had already made sure of President Wilson's docility. Approaching the president privately, he said, "Mr. President, *World Jewry* counts on you in its hour of need and hope", thus excommunicating M. Lévi and the Jews who thought like him. Mr. Wilson, placing his hand on the rabbi's [288] shoulder, "quietly and firmly said, 'Have no fear, Palestine will be yours'.")

One other man tried to avert the deed which these men, with frivolity, were preparing. Colonel Lawrence loved Semites, for he had lived with the Arabs and roused them in the desert against their Turkish rulers. He was equally a friend of Jews (Dr. Weizmann says "he has *mistakenly* been represented as anti-Zionist") and believed that "a Jewish homeland" (in the sense first given to the term, of a *cultural* centre) could well be incorporated in the united Arab State for which he had worked.

Lawrence saw in Paris that what was intended was to plant Zionist nationalism like a time-bomb among a clutter of weak Arab states, and the realization broke him. Mr. David Garnett, who edited his *Letters*, says, "Lawrence won his victories without endangering more than a handful of Englishmen and they were won, not to add subject provinces to our empire, but that the Arabs whom he had lived with and loved should be a free people, and that Arab civilization should be reborn".

That was Lawrence's faith during his "Revolt in the Desert", and what the men who sent him to Arabia told him. When the Paris Conference began he was "fully in control of his nerves and quite as normal as most of us" (Mr. J.M. Keynes). He arrived believing in President Wilson's pledge (speech of the Fourteen Points, January 8, 1918), "The nationalities under Turkish rule should be assured *an undoubted security of life and an absolutely independent opportunity of autonomous development*". He could not know that these words were false, because Mr. Wilson was secretly committed to Zionism, through the men around him.

After Dr. Weizmann's reply to Mr. Lansing, and its approval by the Council of Ten, the betrayal became clear to Lawrence and he showed "the disillusion and the bitterness and the defeat resulting from the Peace Conference; he had complete faith that President Wilson would secure self-determination for the Arab peoples when he went to the Peace Conference; he was completely disillusioned when he returned" (Mr. Garnett). Lawrence himself later wrote, "We lived many lives in those whirling campaigns" (in the desert) "never sparing ourselves any good or evil; yet when we achieved and the new world dawned *the old men came out again and took from us our victory and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew . . .* I meant to make a new nation, to restore to the world a lost influence, to give twenty millions of Semites the foundations on which to build an inspired dream-palace of their national thoughts".

Lawrence, who was broken by this experience, was then among the most famous men in the world. Had he joined the dissimulators hardly any rank or honour would have been refused him. He threw up his rank, and away his decorations, and tried from shame even to lose his identity; he enlisted under an assumed name in the lowest rank of the Royal Air Force, where he was later discovered by an assiduous newspaper man. This last phase of his life, and the [289] motor-bicycle accident which ended it, have a suicidal look (resembling the similar phase and end of Mr. James Forrestal after the Second War) and he must be accounted among the martyrs of this story.

The leading public men were agreed to promote the Zionist adventure through the "international world order" which they were about to found, at any cost in honour and human suffering. In nearly all *other* questions they differed, so that, the war hardly ended, reputations began bursting like bubbles and friendships cracking like plaster, in Paris. Some breach occurred between President Wilson and his "second personality, independent self" (a similar, mysterious estrangement was to sever President Roosevelt and *his* other self, Mr. Harry Hopkins, at the end of another war).

Mr. House was at his zenith. Prime ministers, ministers, ambassadors and delegates besieged him at the Hotel Crillon; in a single day he gave forty-nine audiences to such high notables. Once the French Prime



Minister, M. Clemenceau, called when Mr. Wilson was with Mr. House; the president was required to withdraw while the two great men privately conferred. Perhaps humiliation at last broke Mr. Woodrow Wilson; he was stricken by mortal illness in Paris (as Mr. Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta, though Mr. Wilson survived rather longer). Apparently the two never saw or communicated with each other again! Mr. House merely recorded, "My separation from Woodrow Wilson was and is to me a tragic mystery, a mystery that now can never be dispelled for its explanation lies buried with him".

The illusions of power were dissolving. These men were never truly powerful, because they acted as the instruments of others. They already look wraithlike in the annals, and if the squares and boulevards named after them still bear their names, few remember who they were. Mr. Wilson returned to America and soon died. Mr. House before long was lonely and forgotten in the apartment in East 35th Street. Mr. Lloyd George found himself in the political wilderness and was only able to complete the ruin of a once-great Liberal party; within a decade he found himself at the head of four followers. Mr. Balfour, for a few more years, absent-mindedly haunted Saint James's Park.

They were not able to accomplish all that their mentors wished. Shaken by the violence of American objections, Mr. Wilson "absolutely declined to accept the French demand for the creation of an international force that should operate *under the executive control of the League*". The American Constitution (the president suddenly recollected) did not permit of any such surrender of sovereignty.

Thus the worst was averted, in that generation. The secret men, who *continued* to be powerful when these "premier-dictators" and pliable "administrators" were shorn of their *semblance* of power, had to wait for the Second World War to get their hands on the armies of the nation-states. Then they achieved their "League to enforce peace" almost (but still not quite) in the fullness of despotic [290] power coveted by them. In 1919 they had to content themselves with a modest first experiment: The League Of Nations.

The United States would not even join it; the masses of America, disquietened by the results of the war and instinctively striving to regain the safe haven of "no foreign entanglements", would have none of it. Britain joined, but under other prime ministers than Mr. Lloyd George would not hand over control of its armies. The way to the kind of "new world order" envisaged by Mr. House and his prompters was blocked for the time being. Nevertheless a way was found, through the League of Nations, to effect one fateful, and possibly fatal breach in British sovereignty.

The authority of this "League of Nations", whatever it amounted to, was used to cover the use of British troops as a bodyguard for the Zionists intending to seize Palestine. The device employed to give this mock-legal air to the deed was called "the mandate", and I have earlier shown where it was born. By means of it the League of Nations was able to install the Zionists from Russia in Arabia, where they revealed the "explosive tendencies" foretold by M. Sylvain Levi in 1919 and apparent to all today, in 1956. This was the sole, enduring accomplishment of the "new world order" set up in 1919 and by the ancient test, *Cui bono?*, the authorship of this "idea" may be judged.

The story of "The mandate" (and of a man who tried to avert it) therefore forms the next chapter in this narrative.

## Chapter 34

### THE END OF LORD NORTHCLIFFE

During the three years which followed the Peace Conference of 1919 the way had to be found to keep British armies in Palestine, make them look as if they performed an honourable duty there, and in fact use them as cloak for a deed which had the character of an assassination. This problem, of infinite complexity, was efficiently solved. An impressive picture of the secret manipulation of great governments for a nefarious purpose emerges from the records; the method of exerting "irresistible pressure upon international politics" constantly improved with practice.

After the Peace Conference had approved the Zionist claim to Palestine (and thereby disowned the mass of emancipated Western Jews, personified by M. Sylvain Levi) the next step was taken at the San Remo Conference of 1920, where the victor powers met to dismember the conquered Turkish Empire. This conference adopted the ingenious deception invented by Dr. Weizmann in 1915 and agreed that Britain should administer Palestine under "a mandate".

Protests against the undertaking then were growing loud, because its true nature was beginning to be realized, but Mr. Balfour assured Dr. Weizmann that "they were regarded as without importance and would *certainly not affect policy, which had been definitely set*".

Here is the cryptic statement, often to recur later, that policy in this one question must not, cannot and never will alter, so that national interest, honour and all other considerations are irrelevant. I know of no other case where an unalterable tenet of high State policy has been fixed without regard to State interest or consultation of public opinion at any stage. At San Remo Mr. Lloyd George was worried lest "the frost" of peace should set in before the secret purpose was accomplished, and told Dr. Weizmann, "You have no time to waste. Today the world is like the Baltic *before a frost*. For the moment it is still in motion. But if it gets set, you will have to batter your heads against the ice blocks and wait for a second thaw". Had Mr. Lloyd George said "second war" he would have been correct and possibly that was what he meant by "thaw". In these circumstances the San Remo Conference "confirmed the Balfour Declaration *and the decision to give the mandate to Great Britain*". After that only one step remained between the Zionists and their goal; the League of Nations had to invent "mandates", bestow on itself the right to bestow mandates, and then "ratify" *this* Mandate.

That happened in 1922, as will be seen, but during the interval protests against the deed came from *every responsible authority or community directly involved*. The forces engaged in promoting it were three: the directing Zionists from Russia, the "philo-semites" in high places whom Dr. Weizmann "hated" while he used them, and, among the masses, that body of sentimental liberals scathingly depicted in the Protocols. Against it was ranked authoritative and

[292] experienced opinion in such overwhelming measure that, had the question been any other than this one to which the "administrators" were secretly committed, it would have collapsed. The mass of protest was so great that it is enumerated in its parts here for comparison with the summary which follows. It came from (1) the Palestinian Arabs; (2) the Palestinian Jews; (3) the chief *Zionist* leader in America, as well as 'the anti-Zionist Jews of America and England; (4) the British officials and soldiers in Palestine; (5) British and American official investigators; (6) a large body of the press, then still free of occult control in this matter.

(1) The Arabs saw from the start what was in store for them, for they knew the Torah. Dr. Weizmann had told the Peace Conference "The Bible is our mandate", and they knew about "the God of the Jews" and his promises of pogrom and reward: "When the Lord thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and shall cast out many nations before thee . . . seven nations greater and mightier than

thou; and when the Lord thy God shall deliver them up before thee, and thou shalt smite them; *then thou shalt utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them*" (Deuteronomy 7, 1-3).

Thus Zionism, and Western support of it, meant extermination for them under a Law of 2,500 years earlier (and the events of 1948 proved this). In 1945 King Ibn Saud told President Roosevelt, "You have fought two world wars to discover what we have known for two thousand years" and in 1948 the intention *literally* to fulfil the above-quoted "statute and commandment" was proved by deed. Significantly, even anti-Zionist Jews could not believe, before it happened, that this literal "fulfilment" was intended. In 1933 Mr. Bernard J. Brown correctly cited the above-mentioned passage as the reason for Arab fears and said, "Of course, the uncultured Arabs do not understand that *the modern Jew does not take his Bib/e literally and would not be so cruel to his fellow man*, but he suspects that if the Jews bottom their claim to Palestine on the strength of their historic rights to that land, *they can only do so on the authority of the Rib/e, and the Arab refuses to reject any part of it*". Mr. Brown of Chicago did not know the Chazars).

The Arabs in 1920 were not deceived by Mr. Balfour's *public* pledge (in the Declaration) that their "civil and religious rights" would be protected or by Mr. Wilson's *public* pledge (the Fourteen Points) that they would have "undoubted security of life" and "absolutely independent opportunity of autonomous development". If they did not know, they guessed that Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson had *secretly* promised the Zionists *Palestine*. Knowing the Torah, they equally disbelieved the *public* statement of Mr. Winston Churchill in 1922 (when he was Colonial Secretary), "Unauthorized statements have been made to the effect that the purpose in view is to create a wholly Jewish Palestine." Phrases have been used such as 'Palestine is to become as Jewish as England is English' " (a direct rebuke to Dr. Weizmann) "His Majesty's government regard any such suggestion as impracticable and have no such aim in [293] view. Nor have they at any time contemplated the disappearance or subordination of the Arabic population, language or culture in Palestine" (in the Second World War, as Prime Minister, and after it as Opposition leader Mr. Churchill gave his support to the process here denied).

(2) The original Jewish community of Palestine (never taken into consideration at any stage in all these proceedings) was violently anti-Zionist. Dr. Weizmann, almost alone among his fellow-Zionists and the Western politicians associated with them, had slight acquaintance with these original Jews, having made one or two brief visits to Palestine; he says most of his fellow-Zionists from Russia were "*completely ignorant*" of them. At this period in 1919-1922 the Zionist leaders first learned that the Jews of Palestine held them to be "heathen, impious, heartless, ignorant and malevolent". Dr. Weizmann (whose attitude is the familiar one that he was only acting for their good; "we were only anxious to make conditions a little modern and comfortable for them") was "rather horrified to discover *how remote from them we remained*". He dismisses them as old fogies who, annoyingly, bombarded the Jewish organizations in America with complaints about the Zionists, "quite ninety percent" of their letters being violently hostile. (Typically, Dr. Weizmann learned of the contents of these letters from a British censor, derelict in his duty, who showed them to him). These protests of the native Arabs and native Jews of Palestine were ignored by the politicians of Paris and San Remo.

(3) Mr. Louis Brandeis in 1919 visited the country which then, for twenty years, had formed the object of his revived interest in Judaism. He was at once disillusioned by actual acquaintance with the unknown land and decided that "it would be *wrong* to encourage immigration". He urged that the World Zionist Organization should be greatly reduced, if not abolished, and that future activity should be restricted to the modest task of building up a "Jewish Homeland" through separate Zionist associations in the various countries. In effect this would have been simply a "cultural centre" in Palestine, consisting perhaps of a university and academies, and of somewhat more numerous farm settlements, with reasonable means of immigration for the small number of Jews who, of their own volition, might wish to go to Palestine.

This meant abandoning the concept of separate Jewish nationhood symbolized by a Jewish *State*, and was treason. It was (as Dr. Weizmann says) a revival of the old cleavage between "east" and "west"; between "*Ostjuden*" and emancipated Western Jews; between "Washington" and "Pinsk" (the name of the author of the phrase about "international pressure" was significant, not coincidental).

The Zionists from Russia overthrew Mr. Brandeis as easily as Dr. Herzl in 1903-4. Mr. Brandeis made the proposal summarized above to the Cleveland Congress of American Zionists in 1921. Dr. Weizmann, opposing, insisted on "a *national fund*" (that is, revenue to be raised by the self-appointed government of [294] a Jewish *nation* from obligatory tithe-payments by members of the Zionist organization) and "a *national budget*". Mr. Brandeis's weakness was precisely that of Dr. Herzl in 1903; the great Western governments were *committed* to the Zionists from Russia. The congress, which if it was in any way "elected" was elected by about one-tenth of the Jews of America, upheld Dr. Weizmann and Dr. Brandeis fell from his high place.

(4) In Palestine the British soldiers and officials saw that an impossible task was to be inflicted on them. They were of a stock that had gained more experience in the administration of overseas territories than any other in history, and experience and instinct alike warned them. They knew how to administer a country justly on behalf of all its native peoples and had often done this. They knew that no country could be justly administered, or even kept quiet, if alien immigrants were to be forced into it and the native peoples compelled to allow this. Their protests, too, began to flow towards London and until the end, thirty years later, were ignored. The Arabs from the start accepted the bitter truth and began (in 1920) to resist by riot, rising and every means at hand; they have never since ceased and obviously will not until their grievance is amended or they are all put in permanent, armed captivity.

(5) As the "front-rank politicians" (Dr. Weizmann's phrase) in London and Washington were resolved at any cost to implant the Zionists in Palestine, without regard to any protest, opinion or counsel whatever, today's student might wonder why President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George sent commissions of investigation to the land bartered about by them. If they hoped to receive encouraging reports (in the manner of Sir Henry Wilson's "mud-months" advice) they were deceived, for these investigators merely confirmed what the Arabs, Jews and British in Palestine all had said. President Wilson's King-Crane Commission (1919) reported that "the Zionist look forward to a *practically complete dispossession of the present non-Jewish inhabitants of Palestine*". This commission added, "by various forms of *purchase*"; the more experienced British officers heard by it correctly informed it that "the Zionist programme could not be carried out except *by force of arms*". Mr. Lloyd George's Haycraft Commission (1921) reported that the real root of the trouble then starting in Palestine lay *in the justified Arab belief that the Zionists intended to dominate in Palestine*.

(6) By far the greatest obstacle to the Zionist ambition came from factual reporting in the press of what was happening in Palestine and from editorial comment adverse to Zionism. At any time up to the 1914-1918 war the American and British governments, before they went too far, would have had to reckon with public opinion, accurately informed by the newspapers. The corruption of the press (foretold by the Protocols) began with the censorship introduced during the First World War; the rise of the directing power behind the scenes had been shown by the cases of Colonel Repington, Mr. H.A. Gwynne and Mr. Robert [295] Wilton in 1917-1918; experienced correspondents were driven to resign or to write books because their reports were ignored, burked, or suppressed; an editor who published the faithful report without submission to the censorship was prosecuted.

In 1919-1922 the censorship was ending and the newspapers naturally reverted, in the main, to the earlier practice of true reporting and impartial comment on the facts reported. This re-established the former check on governmental policies, and if it had continued would undoubtedly have thwarted the Zionist project, which could not be maintained if it were open to public scrutiny. Therefore the entire future for the Zionists, at this crucial moment when "the Mandate" still was not "ratified", turned on the suppression of adverse newspaper information and comment. At that very juncture an event occurred which produced that result. By reason of this great effect on the future, and by its own singular nature, the event (denoted in the heading to the present chapter) deserves relation in detail here.

At that stage in the affair England was of paramount importance to the conspirators (I have shown that Dr. Weizmann and Mr. House both used this word) and in England the energetic Lord Northcliffe was a powerful man. The former Alfred Harmsworth, bulky and wearing a dank Napoleonic forelock, owned the two most widely read daily newspapers, various other journals and periodicals, and in addition was majority proprietor of the most influential newspaper in the world, at that time, *The Times* of London. Thus he had direct access to millions of people each day and, despite his business acumen, he was by nature a great newspaper *editor*, courageous, combative and patriotic. He was sometimes right and sometimes wrong in the causes he launched or espoused, but he was *independent* and unpurchasable. He somewhat resembled Mr. Randolph Hearst and Colonel Robert McCormick in America, which is to say that he would do many things to increase the circulation of his newspapers, but only within the limits of national interest; he would not peddle blasphemy, obscenity, libel *or sedition*. He could not be cowed and was a force in the land.

Lord Northcliffe made himself the adversary of the conspiracy from Russia in two ways. In May 1920 he caused to be printed in *The Times* the article, previously mentioned, on the Protocols. It was headed, "The Jewish Peril, A Disturbing Pamphlet, Call for Enquiry". It concluded, "An impartial *investigation* of these would-be documents and of their history is most desirable . . . are we to dismiss the whole matter *without inquiry* and to let the influence of such a book as this work unchecked?"

Then in 1922 Lord Northcliffe visited Palestine, accompanied by a journalist, Mr. J.M.N. Jeffries (whose subsequent book, *Palestine: The Reality*, remains the classic work of reference for that period). This was.

a combination of a different sort from that formed by the editors of *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian*, who wrote their leading articles about Palestine in England and in consultation with [296] the Zionist chieftain, Dr. Weizmann. Lord Northcliffe, on the spot, reached the same conclusion as all other impartial investigators, and wrote, "In my opinion we, without sufficient thought, guaranteed Palestine as a home for the Jews despite the fact that 700,000 Arab Moslems live there and own it . . . The Jews seemed to be under the impression that all England was devoted to the one cause of Zionism, enthusiastic for it in fact; and I told them that this was not so and to be careful that they do not tire out our people by *secret importation of arms to fight 700,000 Arabs*. . . *There will be trouble in Palestine*. . . *people dare not tell the Jews the truth here. They have had some from me*".

By stating *this* truth, Lord Northcliffe offended *twice*; he had already entered the forbidden room by demanding "inquiry" into the origins of the Protocols. Moreover, he was able to publish this truth in the mass-circulation newspapers owned by him, so that he became, to the conspirators, a dangerous man. He encountered one obstacle in the shape of Mr. Wickham Steed, who was editor of *The Times* and whose championship of Zionism Dr. Weizmann records.

In this contest Lord Northcliffe had an Achilles heel. He particularly wanted to get the truth about Palestine into *The Times*, but he was not *sole* proprietor of that paper, only chief proprietor. Thus his own newspapers published his series of articles about Palestine but *The Times*, in fact, refused to do so. Mr. Wickham Steed though he had made such large proposals about the future of Palestine, declined to go there, and denied publicity to the anti-Zionist case.

These facts, and all that now follows, are related (again, with surprising candour) in the *Official History of The Times* (1952). It records that Mr. Wickham Steed "evaded" visiting Palestine when Lord Northcliffe requested him to go there; it also records Mr. Wickham Steed's "inaction" following Lord Northcliffe's telegraphed wish "for a leading article attacking Balfour's attitude towards Zionism".

In what follows the reader's attention is particularly directed to *dates*.

In May 1920 Lord Northcliffe had caused publication of the article about the Protocols in *The Times*. Early in 1922 he visited Palestine and produced the series of articles above mentioned. On February 26, 1922 he left Palestine, after his request, which was ignored, to the editor of *The Times*. He was incensed against the incomppliant editor and had a message, strongly critical of his editorial policy, read to an editorial conference which met on March 2, 1922. Lord Northcliffe wished that Mr. Wickham Steed should resign and was astonished that he remained after this open rebuke. The editor, instead of resigning, decided "to secure a lawyer's opinion on the degree of provocation necessary to constitute unlawful dismissal". For this purpose he consulted *Lord Northcliffe's own special legal adviser* (March 7, 1922), who informed Mr. Wickham Steed that Lord Northcliffe was "abnormal", "incapable of business" and, judging from his appearance, "unlikely to live long" and advised the editor *to continue in his post!* The editor then went to Pau, in France, to see Lord Northcliffe, in his turn [297] decided that Lord Northcliffe was "abnormal" (March 31, 1922), and informed a director of *The Times* that Lord Northcliffe was "going mad".

The suggestion of madness thus was put out by an editor whom Lord Northcliffe desired to remove and the impressions of others therefore are obviously relevant. On May 3, 1922 Lord Northcliffe attended a farewell luncheon in London for a retiring editor of one of his papers and "*was in fine form*". On May 11, 1922 he made "*an excellent and effective speech*" to the Empire Press Union and "*most people who had thought him 'abnormal' believed they were mistaken*". A few days later Lord Northcliffe telegraphed instructions to the Managing Director of *The Times* to arrange for the editor's resignation. This Managing Director saw nothing "abnormal" in such an instruction and was not "*in the least anxious about Northcliffe's health*". Another director, who then saw him, "*considered him to have quite as good a life risk as his own*"; he "*noticed nothing unusual in Northcliffe's manner or appearance*" (May 24, 1922).

On June 8, 1922 Lord Northcliffe, from Boulogne, asked Mr. Wickham Steed to meet him in Paris; they met there on June 11, 1922, and Lord Northcliffe told his visitor that he, Lord Northcliffe, would assume the editorship of *The Times*. On June 12, 1922 the whole party left for Evian-les-Bains, a doctor being secreted on the train, as far as the Swiss frontier, by Mr. Wickham Steed. Arrived in Switzerland "a brilliant French nerve specialist" (unnamed) was summoned and in the evening certified Lord Northcliffe insane. On the strength of this Mr. Wickham Steed cabled instructions to *The Times* to disregard and not to publish anything received from Lord Northcliffe, and on June 13, 1922 he left, never to see Lord Northcliffe again. On June 18, 1922 Lord Northcliffe returned to London and was in fact removed from all control of, and even communication with his undertakings (especially *The Times*; his telephone was cut). The manager had police posted at the door



to prevent him entering the office of *The Times* if he were able to reach it. All this, according to the *Official History*, was on the strength of certification in a foreign country (Switzerland) by an unnamed (French) doctor. On August 14, 1922 Lord Northcliffe died; the cause of death stated was ulcerative endocarditis, and his age was fifty-seven. He was buried, after a service at Westminster Abbey, amid a great array of mourning editors.

Such is the story as I have taken it from the official publication. None of this was known outside a small circle at the time; it only emerged in the *Official History* after three decades, and if it had all been published in 1922 would presumably have called forth many questions. I doubt if any comparable displacement of a powerful and wealthy man can be adduced, at any rate in such mysterious circumstances.

For the first time, I now appear in this narrative as a personal witness of events. In the 1914-1918 war I was one participant among uncomprehending millions, and only began to see its true shape long afterwards. In 1922 I was for an instant in, though not of the inner circle; looking back, I see myself closeted with Lord [298] Northcliffe (about to die) and quite ignorant of Zionism, Palestine, Protocols or any other matter in which he had raised his voice. My testimony may be of some interest; I cannot myself judge of its value.

I was in 1922 a young man fresh from the war who struggled to find a place in the world and had become a clerk in the office of *The Times*. I was summoned thence, in that first week of June when Lord Northcliffe was preparing to remove Mr. Wickham Steed and himself assume the editorship of *The Times*, to go as secretary to Lord Northcliffe who was at Boulogne. I was warned beforehand that he was an unusual man whose every bidding must be quickly done. Possibly for that reason, everything he did seemed to me to be simply the expression of his unusual nature. No suspicion of anything more ever came to me, a week before he was "certified" and, in effect, put in captivity.

I was completely ignorant of "abnormal" conditions, so that the expert might discount my testimony. Anyway, the behaviour I observed was just what I had been told to expect by those who had worked with him for many years. There was one exception to this. Lord Northcliffe was convinced that his life was in danger and several time said this; specifically, he said he had been poisoned. If this is in itself madness, then he was mad, but in that case many victims of poisoning have died of madness, not of what was fed to them. If by any chance it was true, he was *not* mad. I remember that I thought it feasible that such a man should have dangerous enemies, though at that time I had no inkling at all of any particular hostility he might have incurred. His belief certainly charged him with suspicion of those around him, but if by chance he had reason for it, then again it was not *madness*; if all this had transpired in the light of day such things could have been thrashed out.

I cannot judge, and can only record what I saw and thought at the time, as a young man who had no more idea of what went on around him than a babe knows the shape of the world. When I returned to London I was questioned about Lord Northcliffe by his brother, Lord Rothermere, and one of his chief associates, Sir George Sutton. The thought of madness must by that time have been in their minds (the "certification" had ensued) and therefore have underlain their questions, but not even then did any such suspicion occur to me, although I had been one of the last people to see him before he was certified and removed from control of his newspapers. I did not know of that when I saw them or for long afterwards. In such secrecy was all this done that, although I continued in the service of *The Times* for sixteen years, I only learned of the "madness" and "certification" *thirty years late*, from the *Official History*. By that time I was able to see what great consequences had flowed from an affair in which I was an uninitiated onlooker at the age of twenty-seven.

Lord Northcliffe therefore was out of circulation, and of the control of his newspapers, during the decisive period preceding the ratification of "the mandate" by the League of Nations, which clinched the Palestinian transaction [299] and bequeathed the effects of it to our present generation: The opposition of a widely-read chain of journals at that period might have changed the whole course of events. After Lord Northcliffe died the possibility of editorials in *The Times* "attacking Balfour's attitude towards Zionism" faded. From that time the submission of the press, in the manner described by the Protocols, grew ever more apparent and in time reached the condition which prevails today, when faithful reporting and impartial comment on this question has long been, in suspense.

Lord Northcliffe was removed from control of his newspapers and put under constraint on June 18, 1922; on July 24, 1922 the Council of the League of Nations met in London, secure from any possibility of loud public protest by Lord Northcliffe, to bestow on Britain a "mandate" to remain in Palestine and by arms



to instal the Zionists there (I describe what events have shown to be the fact; the matter was not so depicted to the public, of course),.

This act of "ratifying" the "mandate" was in such circumstances a formality. The real work, of drawing up the document and of ensuring that it received approval, had been done in advance, in the first matter by drafters inspired by Dr. Weizmann and in the second by Dr. Weizmann himself in the ante-chambers of many capitals. The members of Mr. House's "Inquiry" had drafted the Covenant of the League of Nations; Dr. Weizmann, Mr. Brandeis, Rabbi Stephen Wise and their associates had drafted the Balfour Declaration; now the third essential document had to be drafted, one of a kind that history never knew before. Dr. Weizmann pays Lord Curzon (then British Foreign Secretary) the formal compliment of saying that he was "in charge of the actual drafting of the mandate" but adds, "on our side we had the valuable assistance of Mr. Ben V. Cohen. . . one of the ablest draughtsmen *in America*". Thus a Zionist in America (Mr. Cohen was to play an important part in a much later stage of this process) in fact drafted a document under which "the new world order" was to dictate British policy, the use of British troops and the future of Palestine.

Lord Curzon's part was merely to moderate the terms of the "mandate" if he could, and he did achieve minor modifications, though these had little effect on events in the long run. An able statesman (*not* a politician) who looked like a Roman emperor, he was "entirely loyal to the policy adopted and meant to stand by the Balfour Declaration" (Dr. Weizmann), but was known personally to disapprove the project which duty required him to further (this might be the reason why he never became Prime Minister, for which office he was highly qualified). He contrived to delete one word from the draft. Dr. Weizmann and Mr. Cohen desired it to begin, "Recognizing *the historic rights* of the Jews to Palestine. . ." Lord Curzon said, "If you word it like that, I can see Weizmann coming to me every day and saying he has a *right* to do this, that or the other in Palestine! I won't have it". Thus "historical rights" became "historical connection", a lesser misstatement; Lord Curzon, a scholar certainly did not

[300] believe that the Chazars from Russia had any historical connection with the Arabian Peninsula.

Dr. Weizmann, while the draft was thus being prepared, set off on another international tour, to ensure that all members of the Council of the League of Nations would inaugurate "the new world order" by voting for "the Mandate". He called first on the Italian Foreign Minister, one Signor Schanzer, who said the Vatican was worried about the future, under Zionism, of the Room of the Last Supper in Jerusalem. Dr. Weizmann, in the tone habitual among his associates when they spoke of things holy to others, says, "My education in Church history having been deficient, I did not know why the Italians laid such stress on the Room of the Last Supper".\*

Dr. Weizmann was able to reassure Signor Schanzer and left Rome assured of Italian support. After that the thing became a landslide and from that time on the "votes" of the League of Nations (and of the later "United Nations") in vital questions were always arranged beforehand by this method of secret canvassing, lobbying and "irresistible pressure" in general. Dr. Weizmann went on to Berlin and found a famous Jewish minister there, Dr. Walter Rathenau, to be violently opposed to Zionism. He "deplored any attempt to turn the Jews of Germany 'into a foreign body on the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg': that was all he could see in Zionism". Dr. Rathenau was murdered soon after this, so that the cause of the emancipated Western Jews was deprived of another notable champion.

By his journeys and visits Dr. Weizmann at last assured himself, in advance of the meeting, of all votes at the Council table save two, those of Spain and Brazil. He then called in London, on the Spanish dignitary who was to represent Spain and said, "Here is Spain's opportunity to repay *in part* that long-outstanding debt which it owes to the Jews. The evil which your forefathers were guilty of against us you can wipe out *in part*".

Dr. Weizmann was cautious, twice using the words "in part". His host, whose duty was to contemporary Spain, was being allured with the suggestion which had earlier fascinated Mr. Balfour; that Spain owed some indeterminate "debt" to "the Jews", for all of whom his visitor claimed to speak, and that by wiping out Arab hopes in Palestine he could wipe out (in part) this debt said to have been incurred by Spain. Considered by standards of reason these conversations read like something from the Mad Hatter's Tea-Party. In any case, the Spanish representative promised the vote of Spain and, for full measure, *also that of*

\*By 1950 the Zionists had opened a "Cellar of the Catastrophe" on a lower floor of the same building as a place of pilgrimage for Jews. A legend at the entrance said. "Entrance forbidden to those who have not strong nerves", The Chief Rabbi of South Africa after inspecting this place, wrote. "Everything is being done to develop and foster this new cult of Mount Zion; to provide a substitute for the Wailing Wall and an emotional out let for the religious feelings of the people. There seemed to me to be something un-Jewish in it, something which belonged rather to superstition than to true religious faith, . . . I tremble to think of the effect of these completely apocryphal stories" (of miraculous cures) "on the

simple, pious and superstitious Jews of Yemen, Is there being developed a Jewish Lourdes? I hope not, but the signs are ominous".

[301] *Brazil*, so that the chain of yesses was complete. Even Dr. Weizmann could not tell whether this happy ending to his visit was the result of his own eloquence or of pressure applied at a higher level (that of the Spanish delegate's superiors in Madrid).

In England, as the moment approached, a last bid was made to avert British embroilment in this enterprise. Lords Sydenham, Islington and Raglan led an attack on "the mandate" in the House of Lords and *by a large majority carried their motion for the repeal of the Balfour Declaration*. However, the upper house, its earlier powers abolished, by that time could only protest, and Mr. Balfour (soon to become a lord) at once reassured Dr. Weizmann: "What does it matter if a few foolish lords pass such a motion?"

After all this secret preparation the stage was set for the meeting of the League Council in London on July 24, 1922 and "everything went off smoothly when Mr. Balfour introduced the subject of the ratification of the Palestine Mandate". Without any demur Britain was awarded "the mandate" to remain in Palestine and to provide an armed cordon for the Zionists when they arrived there. \*

Thus in 1922 the British future was left burdened with an undertaking which had never received public scrutiny and during the next three decades the growing bills began to pour in. Early in the process America also was re-involved, although the general public there did not realize this for another thirty years.

President Wilson was dead and his Democratic party was out of office. President Harding was at the White House and the Republican party was back in power. It had been swept back by the wave of popular feeling against the disappointing outcome of the war and of instinctive desire to be free from "entanglements" overseas. The country felt itself well out of the League of Nations and its mysterious activities all over the world.

Then the Republican party led the Republic back in to the embroilments in which the Democratic party first had involved it. Presumably the party-managers, those architects of public misfortune, thought to compete with the other party for the favour of those powerful groups, and the "fluctuating vote" controlled by them, described in Mr. House's diary and novel.

In June 1922, just before the League Council in London bestowed the Palestine "Mandate" on Britain, the United States Congress passed a joint resolution of both houses, the wording of which was *almost identical with that of the Balfour Declaration of 1917*. Thereafter the Zionist halter was firmly reaffixed

\* The "mandates" also bestowed on Britain in respect of Iraq and Transjordan, and to France in respect of Syria, were soon relinquished, these territories becoming independent states. Other countries received "mandates" in respect of various colonial and oceanic territories, which in time and in fact became their possessions. These other "mandates" were from the start fictitious and served in the office of chaperones to the dubious one which needed respectable company. Of the entire bogus arrangement only the Palestine "mandate" continued until the Zionists being numerous enough and sufficiently supplied with arms, it was abandoned and the country left to the invaders then able to take and hold it by force: The later "United Nations", for obvious reasons, did not resurrect the word "Mandate". It found another word, "Trusteeship", for the same idea, which is transparently that of transferring territories from one ownership to another through a sham process of "international law" and legality.

[302] round the neck of American State policy, and though the American voter only realized this, it became immaterial to him which party prevailed at elections.

## Chapter 35

### THE NATIONAL HOME

For ten years after the foisting of "the Mandate" on the British people the pretence was continued that the "Jewish National Home" in Palestine, under their protection, would be simply "a cultural centre" of Judaism, harmless to the Arabs; a Judaist Mecca with university, library and farm-settlements. The Arabs were never beguiled; they saw that they were the objects of an attempt to reinforce, in the 20th Century AD, the Law of violent dispossession set up by the Levites in the 5th Century BC. They responded with riotous protest and warlike uprising which have never since ceased, so that "the war to end war" started warfare without end.

At once it became apparent that Zionism had been inserted like a blasting charge into the life of peoples and that in "a small country the size of Wales or Vermont" (just "liberated" from the Turk) the time-fuse of a future world-conflict had been planted. Nevertheless, a new British Colonial Secretary, Mr. Leopold Amery, went to Palestine in 1925 and (he says) "frankly told the Arabs that there was *no possibility of change* in the British policy" (*Jewish Telegraph Agency*).

These words (like Mr. Balfour's earlier statement that British policy in this question was "*definitely set*") contain the central mystery and challenge. In what other issue in history was a reversal of policy ever declared to be *impossible*? This policy had been proved impossible of *fulfilment*, and disastrous. What power dictated that it must be pursued in those or any circumstances whatever? No British or American political leader ever explained this secret capitulation to the electorate, to Parliament or to Congress (in the 1950's statements similar to those of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Amery were often made in America, as will be seen).

During this decade, when the project of the "national home" proved a fiasco, the Western politicians continued to congratulate themselves on what they had done. Mr. Lloyd George told an applauding Zionist audience in London: "I was brought up in a school where I was taught more about the history of the Jews than about the history of my own land". His day was ending, but candidates for his shoes hastened to declare their allegiance. A coming prime minister, Mr. Ramose Macdonald, though unable to attend this meeting, sent a message declaring support for Zionism; another, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, joined the circle of "friends" (Dr. Weizmann); In South Africa General Smuts saw in his "work for the Jews the justification of his life".

Lord Balfour considered his Declaration the great achievement of his life and in 1925 first went to see the country he had been privately bartering for twenty years. He was (characteristically) a bad sailor and emerged pale from his cabin at Alexandria. At Tel Aviv he said (with intention to flatter) that the Herzliah High School boys "might have come from Harrow" and the mayor "might easily be the mayor of Liverpool or of Manchester", and he "opened" the still unbuilt

[304] Hebrew University. He toured Palestine under strong guard and said his cordial reception reminded him of a general election "with everybody on the same side". Then (against Dr. Weizmann's pressing advice) he continued to Syria, where he was besieged by an Arab mob, clamant for his life, in the Victoria Hotel in Damascus, being rushed to the coast amid a strong escort of French cavalry and restored (still seasick) by ship to England.

Mr. J.M.N. Jeffries records what went on in Palestine during this decade. The Zionists began to buy up Arab land (which under the Talmudic Law might never under any conditions be resold to Arabs). The Arabs cheerfully sold them *some* land but too well knew the Torah to yield enough for Palestine ever to be taken from them by simple purchase (as the too-simple King-Crane Commission had foreseen). Moreover, they bred fast and soon showed that Zionist immigration, in any normal circumstances, could never produce a

population nearly equal to them. From the start it was clear, as all experienced observers had stated, that they could only be dispossessed through a new world war.

The intention to dispossess them was not admitted at that time. Mr. Churchill's White Paper of 1922, indeed, proposed that they should be allowed to hold elections in their own country! Dr. Weizmann forbade this and thus was placed "in the curious position of *seeming* to oppose democratic rights to the Arabs"; he then complains that the Arabs, who drew the obvious conclusion from his denial of elections, were the victims of "the deliberate misrepresentation of Zionist aims".

The uproar in Palestine caused the British government to send out more "investigators" (and again, one wonders why, if there was "no possibility of change" in British policy). The Shaw and Simpson Commissions followed the earlier King-Crane and Haycraft Commissions and, once they saw the facts, produced substantially the same reports. On this account Dr. Weizmann asks plaintively why "as often as a commission went out to Palestine to investigate" it was "an almost universal rule that such administrators as came out favourably inclined turned against us in a few months".

The fiasco of the "national home" was so clear that even the politicians began to hedge. Mr. Lloyd George in 1925 told the Zionists publicly "any policy of expropriation or anything that suggests it will only make difficulties in the path of Zionism". Dr. Weizmann at once replied: "Mr. Lloyd George will believe me when I say that the Jews are the last people in the world to *build their home on the back of somebody else*. The Jews have suffered so much from injustice *that they have learned their lesson* and I can assure you that *the Arabs will not suffer at our hands*". Again "the word" invites comparison with "the deed" that ensued later.

However, what happened in Palestine during this decade was all incidental to the greater purpose of retaining control over the politicians of London and Washington, so that "policy" there should continue to be "impossible to change". That, and not the success or failure of the "national home" in Palestine, [305] was decisive, and Dr. Weizmann at the end triumphed again.

At this period he had to deal with a greater difficulty than any offered by the Western politicians: the alarm, and hostility, of that "World Jewry" which he and his associates from Russia claimed to represent. The emancipated Jews could have offered effective opposition to the Zionists if they had formed an anti-Zionist organization. They feared to do so, and this was their undoing. They did not want Zionist nationalism and a Jewish state, but they *did* want the Judaist Mecca, the cultural and religious centre, and feared that the term "anti-Zionist" would imply antagonism to that. Through this chink in their armour Dr. Weizmann unerringly reached.

His whole undertaking in Palestine was then near collapse. The "Mandate" provided that the British government would recognize his Zionist Organization as "an appropriate Jewish agency for the purpose of advising and co-operating with the administration of Palestine" in matters affecting "the establishment of the Jewish National Home". However, there was a qualification: this agency was "to take steps in consultation with His Britannic Majesty's government *to secure the co-operation of all Jews* who are willing to assist in the establishment of the Jewish National Home".

As masses of Jews were openly opposed to Dr. Weizmann's Zionism, even he could not pretend that he spoke for them. Thus he transferred his canvassing from the antechambers of the Gentiles to the Jews and for *eight years* sped about the world in search of a solution to this problem. The great mass of emancipated Jews of the West resolutely opposed any project that might turn out to be one for the recreation of "a Jewish nation".

Then Dr. Weizmann found the riddle's answer. He coined the term "non-Zionist". The Jews in Britain remained aloof but those in America fell into the trap. "Non-Zionist" seemed to offer the best of both worlds; it would enable them to oppose Zionist nationalism while supporting the Judaist-Mecca idea. In 1928 a group of Jews announced that they represented "the non-Zionists" and would work with Dr. Weizmann for "the upbuilding of Palestine". On this basis Dr. Weizmann in 1929 set up his "*Enlarged Jewish Agency*", thereafter claiming that, by including "non-Zionists", it fulfilled all provisions of "the Mandate" and that he once more represented "all Jews". The dilemma from which Dr. Weizmann was rescued is shown by his words: he says he regarded the Zionist situation as "*hopeless and helpless* unless the non-Zionists came to the rescue",

The Arabs at once saw that this "enlarged" Jewish agency would be the true government of Palestine and intensified their resistance. The result was that at last a British government felt forced to admit the fiasco and in 1930 the Passfield White Paper undertook to *suspend Zionist immigration and to curtail the authority of the*

*Jewish Agency*. The "set" policy *was* "changed"! Dr. Weizmann, his authority reinforced by the recruitment of the "non-Zionists", struck at once. He gave audience to the British prime minister, then Mr. Ramsay Macdonald,

[306] who behaved like a man held up by a gun; he not only revoked the White Paper but humbly asked Dr. Weizmann whom he should appoint as the next High Commissioner in Palestine.

Thus the years that the Zionists have eaten continued. What these politicians feared, none can confidently say; their memoirs are uniformly silent on this central mystery and their capitulations are unique in history. Mr. Macdonald's surrender re-established the principle that "policy" in this matter was "set" and immutable, and during the ensuing twenty years this became the paramount principle of all British and American state policy. The politicians of both countries evidently held Dr. Weizmann to be the emissary of a power which they dared not disobey; their demeanour resembled the African Native's rolling-eyed fear of the witchdoctor.

Mr. Macdonald's submission restored the situation in London to its former shape, but in Palestine the "national home", an artificial growth forcibly implanted in a hostile soil, continued to wither. In ten years the Jewish population increased by less than a hundred thousand immigrants. In 1927 three thousand more emigrants departed than immigrants came. A small revival followed in 1928, but the average yearly exodus from Palestine, up to 1932, was almost a third of the immigration.

The Zionist adventure was in collapse, as all qualified parties had foretold. Left alone, the Jews of the world clearly would never in any substantial numbers go to Palestine; if events took their natural course the Arab population evidently would increase its preponderance.

Nothing was to take its natural course. At that very moment the mysterious Hitler arose in Germany (and at the same instant Mr. Roosevelt in America) and the Second World War loomed up ahead.

## Chapter 36

## THE STRANGE ROLE OF THE PRESS

The years which followed, 1933-1939, were those of the brewing of the Second World War. "Prussian militarism", supposed to have been laid low in 1918, rose up more formidable than ever and the spectacle so absorbed men's minds that they lost interest in the affair in Palestine, which seemed unrelated to the great events in Europe. In fact it was to loom large among those "causes and objects" of the second war which President Wilson had called "obscure" in the first one. The gap left by the collapse, in 1917, of the legend of "Jewish persecution in Russia" was filled by "the Jewish persecution in Germany" and, just when Zionism was "helpless and hopeless", the Zionists were able with a new cry to affright the Jews and beleaguer the Western politicians. The consequences showed in the outcome of the ensuing war, when revolutionary-Zionism and revolutionary-Communism proved to be the sole beneficiaries.

My own experience during those years ultimately produced this book. When they began, in 1933, I had climbed from my clerkship to be a correspondent of *The Times* in Berlin and was happy in that calling. When they ended, in 1939, I was fully disenchanted with it and had felt compelled to throw up my livelihood. The tale of the years between will show the reason.

From 1927 on I reported the rise of Hitler, and by chance was passing the Reichstag when it burst into flames in 1933. This event (used to set up the secret-police-and-concentration-camp system in Germany, on the Bolshevik model) cemented Hitler in power, but some prescience, that night, told me that it meant much more than that. In fact the present unfinished ordeal of the West dates from that night, not from the later war. Its true meaning was that the area of occupation of the world-revolution spread to the middle of Europe, and the actual transfer to Communist ownership in 1945 merely confirmed an accomplished fact (theretofore disguised from the masses by the bogus antagonism between National Socialism and Communism) which the war, at its outset, was supposed to undo. The only genuine question which the future has yet to answer is whether the world-revolution will be driven back or spread further westward from the position which, in effect, it occupied on the night of February 27, 1933.

From the start of Hitler's regime (on that night) all professional observers in Berlin, diplomats and journalists, knew that it meant a new war *unless this were prevented*. Prevention at that time was relatively simple; Mr. Winston Churchill in his memoirs rightly called the Second War "the unnecessary war". It could have been prevented by firm Western opposition to Hitler's preliminary warlike forays (into the Rhineland, Austria and Czechoslovakia) at any time up to 1938 when (as Mr. Churchill also confirms) the German generals, about to overthrow Hitler, were themselves undone by the Western capitulation to him at Munich.

The trained observers in Berlin were agreed that he would make war if allowed [308] and so advised their governmental or editorial superiors in London. The Chief Correspondent of *The Times* in Berlin, Mr. Norman Ebbutt (I was the second correspondent) reported early in 1933 that war must be expected *in about five years* unless it were forewarted, and this particular report was printed. He, I and many other reporters during the following years grew alarmed and perplexed by the suppression, "burking" and ignoring of despatches, and by the depiction of Hitler, in Parliament and the newspapers, as an inherently good man who would remain peaceable if his just grievances were met (at others' expense).

This period has become known as that of "the policy of appeasement" but *encouragement* is the truer word, and the policy changed the probability of war into certainty. The strain brought Mr. Ebbutt to physical collapse. From 1935 on I was Chief Correspondent in Vienna, which was then but another vantage-point for surveying the German scene. From there, late in 1937, I informed *The Times* that both Hitler and Goering had said that the war would begin "by the autumn of 1939"; I had this information from the Austrian Chancellor.



I was in Vienna during Hitler's invasion and then, after brief arrest by Storm Troops on the way out, transferred to Budapest, where I was when the supreme capitulation of Munich followed in September 1938. Realizing then that a faithful reporter could do nothing against "the policy of appeasement", and that his task was meaningless, I resigned by expostulant letter, and still have the editor's discursive acknowledgement.

Fourteen years later *The Times* publicly confessed error, in respect of its "policy of appeasement", in that curiously candid *Official History* of 1952. This contains a grudging reference to me: "There were resignations from junior members of the staff" (I was forty-three in 1938, was Chief Correspondent for Central Europe and the Balkans, had worked for *The Times* for seventeen years, and I believe I was the only correspondent to resign). In this volume *The Times* also undertook never so to err again: "it is not rash to say that aggression will never again be met at Printing House Square in terms of mere 'Munich'." The editorial articles and reports of *The Times* about such later events as the bisection of Europe in 1945, the Communization of China, the Zionization of Palestine and the Korean war seem to me to show that its policies did not change at all.

Thus my resignation of 1938 was inspired by a motive similar to that of Colonel Repington (of whom I then had not heard) in 1918. There was a major military danger to England and qualified reporters were not allowed to make this plain to the public: the result, in my opinion, was the Second World War. The journalist should not regard himself too seriously, but if his reports are disregarded in the most momentous matters of the day he feels that his calling is a sham and then he had best give it up, at any cost. This is what I did, and I was comforted, many years later, when I read Sir William Robertson's words to Colonel Repington: "The great thing is to keep on a straight course and then one may be sure that good will eventually come of what may now seem to be evil".

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When I resigned in 1938 I had a second reason, not present in 1933, for perplexity about the way the press is conducted. In that matter, too, I could only assume that some infatuation worked to distort the truthful picture of events. The outcome of the ensuing war, however, showed that a powerful motive had lain behind this particular misrepresentation.

In the case of "the Jewish persecution" in Germany I found that impartial presentation of the facts gradually gave way to so partisan a depiction that the truth was lost. This transformation was effected in three subtle stages. First the persecution of "political opponents and Jews" was reported; then this was imperceptibly amended to "Jews and political opponents"; and at the end the press in general spoke only of "the persecution of Jews". By this means a false image was projected on to the public mind and the plight of the overwhelming majority of the victims, by this fixing of the spotlight on one group, was lost to sight. The result showed in 1945, when, on the one hand, the persecution of Jews was made the subject of a formal indictment at Nuremberg, and on the other hand half of Europe and all the people in it were abandoned to the selfsame persecution, in which the Jews had shared in their small proportion to populations everywhere.

At that period I, typical of Englishmen of my generation, had never thought of Jews as different from myself, nor could I have said what might make a Jew, in his opinion, different from me. If I later became aware of any differentiation, or of the desire of a powerful group to assert one, this was not the result of Hitler's deeds but of the new impediment to impartial reporting which I then began to observe. When the general persecution began I reported it as I saw it. If I learned of a concentration camp containing a thousand captives I reported this; if I learned that the thousand included thirty or fifty Jews I reported that. I saw the first terror, spoke with many of the victims, examined their injuries, and was warned that I incurred Gestapo hostility thereby. The victims were in the great majority, certainly much over ninety percent, Germans, and a few were Jews. This reflected the population-ratio, in Germany and later in the countries overrun by Hitler. But the manner of reporting in the world's press in time blocked-out the great suffering mass, leaving only the case of the Jews.

I illustrate this by episodes and passages from my own experience and reporting. Rabbi Stephen Wise, writing in 1949, gave the following version of events personally reported by me in 1933, and undoubtedly purveyed the same version in the presidential circle of which he was a familiar during those years: "The measures against the Jews continued to *outstrip in systematic cruelty and planned destruction the terror against other groups*. On January 29, 1933 Hitler was summoned to be chancellor . . . *at once* the reign of terror began *with beatings and imprisonment of Jews*. . . We planned a protest march in New York on May 10, the day of *the ordered burning of Jewish books* in Germany . . . *the brunt* of the attack was borne *by Jews*. . . concentration camps were established

[310] and *filled with Jews*".

All these statements are false. The measures against the Jews did *not* outstrip the terror against other groups; the Jews were involved in a much larger number of others. The reign of terror did *not* begin on January 29, 1933, but in the night of the Reichstag fire, February 27. No "burning of Jewish books" was ordered; I attended and reported that bonfire and have looked up my report published in *The Times*, to verify my recollection. A mass of "Marxist" books was burned, including the works of many German, English and other non-Jewish writers (my books, had they then been published, would undoubtedly have been among them); the bonfire included *some* Jewish books. the "brunt" of the terror was *not* borne by Jews, nor were the concentration camps "filled with Jews". The number of Jewish victims was in proportion to their ratio of the population.

Nevertheless this false picture, by iteration, came to dominate the public mind during the Second War. At the time of my resignation, which was provoked solely by the "policy of appeasement" and the imminent advent of "the unnecessary war", this other hindrance to faithful reporting was but a secondary, minor annoyance. Later I discerned that the motive behind it was of major importance in shaping the course and outcome of the Second War". When I came to study the story of Mr. Robert Wilton I perceived that there was also a strong resemblance between my experience and his. He sought to explain the nature of an event in Russia and thus was inevitably led into "the Jewish question". Twenty years later I observed that it was in fact impossible to draw public attention to the misreporting of the nature of the persecution of Germany and to explain that the Jews formed only a small fraction of the victims.

That matter had nothing to do with my resignation, but I was becoming aware of it around that time, and this widening perception is reflected in the two books which I published after renouncing journalism. The first, *Insanity Fair*, was devoted entirely to the menace of war. I thought, somewhat vaingloriously, that one voice might still avert it, and today's reader may still verify that motive. To account for this excess of zeal in me, the indulgent reader, if he be old enough, might recall the feeling of horror which the thought of another world war caused in those who had known the first one. This feeling can never be fully comprehended by those of later generations, who have become familiar with the thought of a series of wars, but it was overpowering at the time.

The second book, *Disgrace Abounding*, on the eve of war continued the warning theme, but in it, for the first time, I gave some attention to "the Jewish question". My experience was widening and I had begun to discern the major part it would play in forming the shape and issue of the Second War which then was clearly at hand. My thought from then on was much given to it; in this way I came in time to write the present book and in that light the remaining chapters on the brewing, course and aftermath of the Second War, are written.

## Chapter 37

### THE MANAGERS, THE MESSIAHS AND THE MASSES

Amid jubilant scenes in Washington and Berlin on two successive days (March 4 and 5, 1933) the two twelve-year reigns began which were to end at almost the same instant in 1945. Today an impartial historian could hardly compute which reign produced the greater sum of human suffering. At the start the two men who appeared on the central scene were both hailed as Messiahs. In America a Rabbi Rosenblum described President Roosevelt as "a Godlike messenger, the darling of destiny, the Messiah of America's tomorrow"; there spoke a political flatterer in words intended to "persuade the multitude". In 1937, in Prague menaced by Hitler, a Jewish acquaintance told me his rabbi was preaching in the synagogue that Hitler was "the Jewish Messiah" (a pious elder who sought to interpret events in terms of Levitical prophecy). All through these years the masses in both countries (and for that matter in Russia too) had their particular "premier-dictator" depicted to them in such terms, or in those of "Big Brother", "Papa", "Uncle", "Beloved Leader" or the fireside-loving "Friend". The apparent antagonists, Mr. Roosevelt and Herr Hitler, both in different ways promoted "the destructive principle" in its three recognizable forms: revolutionary-Communism, revolutionary-Zionism and the ensuing "world government to enforce peace".

Mr. Roosevelt's reign began with a significant deception. He used a wheeled chair but the public masses were never allowed to see him, in flesh or picture, until he had been helped to an upright position. His infirmity was known; nevertheless, some directing intelligence decreed that the false picture of a robust man must to his last day be presented to the multitude (and even afterwards, for the sculptor who later made his London monument had to depict him in this sturdy pose).

Mr. Roosevelt created precedent by having his cabinet sworn in the hand of a distinguished Jew, Mr. Justice Cardozo, who was a committed Zionist, having yielded in 1918 to Mr. Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen Wise, with the despondent-sounding words, "Do what you please with my name"; he then received his Supreme Court judgeships, Rabbi Wise requesting them for him, first from Governor Al Smith of New York State and then from President Herbert Hoover. Thus the shadow of "dual allegiance" fell on Mr. Roosevelt's administration at its start (as on Mr. Wilson's, from the figure of Mr. Brandeis).

Mr. Roosevelt, after the Republican interregnum of 1921-1933, resumed the Wilson policies and in that spirit approached the major problem of America's future at that moment: namely, whether the forces represented by the great Jewish immigration from Eastern Europe, which had occurred in the six decades following the Civil War, should or should not *govern* America. All competent authorities had observed, usually with foreboding, the rapid rise of this new problem in American life, and had depicted the effects of the transplantation to American soil of a large population-mass which, under its religious directors, [312] rejected the concept of "the melting-pot" and of "assimilation". Mr. James Truslow Adams referred to it in his *Epic of America*, and Rudyard Kipling, who lived in New England in the 1890's, wrote:

"The land was denuding itself of its accustomed inhabitants and their places had not yet been taken by the wreckage of Eastern Europe. . . Immigrants were coming into the States at about a million head a year . . . Somewhere in the background, though he did not know it, was the 'representative' American, who traced his blood through three or four generations and who, controlling nothing and affecting less, protested that . . . all foreign elements could and would soon be assimilated into 'good Americans'. And not a soul cared what he said . . . What struck me. . . was the apparent waste and ineffectiveness, in the face of the foreign inrush, of all the indigenous effort of the past generation. It was then that I first began to wonder whether Abraham Lincoln had not killed too many autochthonous 'Americans' in the Civil War, for the benefit of their hastily imported Continental supporters. This is black heresy, but I have since met men and women who have breathed it. The weakest of the old-type immigrants had been sifted and salted by the long sailing-voyage of

those days. But steam began in the later sixties and early seventies, when human cargoes could be delivered with all their imperfections in a fortnight or so. And one million more-or-less acclimatized Americans had been killed".

This problem was only new *to America*; it was the oldest problem in recorded history and, as this narrative has shown, had recurred in country after country, down the ages, whenever Jewish immigration reached flood levels. Dr. Weizmann is a witness to it, for he discusses it in relating his beleaguering of a British official, Sir William Evans Gordon, who grappled with it in England twenty years before it excited the alarm of United States Congresses. In 1906 Sir William sought to solve it through an Aliens Bill (as the 67th and 68th United States Congresses by quota laws). Dr. Weizmann says that in performing his duty Sir William (like Senator Pat McCarran and Representative Francis E. Walter in America in the 1950's) came to be "generally regarded as responsible for all the difficulties placed in the way of Jewish immigrants into England". Dr. Weizmann then continues:

"Whenever the quantity of Jews in any country reaches the *saturation point*, that country *reacts against them*. . . England had reached the point where she could or would absorb so many Jews and no more. . . The reaction against this *cannot be looked upon as anti-semitism* in the ordinary or vulgar sense of that word; it is a universal social and economic concomitant of Jewish immigration and we cannot shake it off. Sir William had no particular anti-Jewish prejudice. He acted . . . in the most kindly way, *in the interests of his country*. . . *In his opinion it was physically impossible for England to make good the wrongs which Russia had inflicted on its Jewish population*. . . I am fairly sure he would equally have opposed mass influx of any foreign element; but, as it happened, no other [313] foreign element pressed for admission in such numbers". (Forty years later Dr. Weizmann spoke similarly to Jews in America: "Certain countries can digest a certain number of Jews; once that number has been passed, *something drastic must happen; the Jews must go*").

Dr. Weizmann thus soberly presented the valid argument against unrestricted Jewish immigration only because he was speaking chiefly to Jews and was drumming into them the Talmudic argument that Jews *cannot* be assimilated; this argument is essential to Zionism, but is not inherently true. The quoted passages show that in 1906 a man in authority was still able to state that his country could not make good "wronges" supposed to have been inflicted on Jews in another country, and to let "the interests of his country" govern his duty. In the ensuing decades all the premier-dictators of the West made it State policy to remedy alleged wrongs, done by a third party, at the expense of an innocent fourth party. The absurdity is shown by Dr. Weizmann's own last-quoted remark, that when the number of digestible Jews is exceeded in any country "something drastic must happen; the Jews must go". He and his associates for half a century had been using all their power in America to gain unrestricted access for Jews, so that, according to his own words, they were deliberately leading the Jews there to disaster; the time must come, if what he said was true, when governments elsewhere in the world will be under pressure to admit large numbers of Jews from America because of "the wrongs" done them there.

Such was the background of the dominant issue in American life when Mr. Roosevelt became president. Between 1881 and 1920 over three million legally-recorded immigrants entered the United States from Russia, most of them Jews. According to the United States Census Bureau the country contained 230,000 Jews in 1877 and about 4,500,000 in 1926. Only "estimates" are at any time obtainable in matters of Jewish population, as the "elders" oppose head-counting by others, and these figures are generally held to have been largely under-estimated. In the ensuing decade the figures eluded all verification, chiefly owing to changes in immigrant-classification ordered by President Roosevelt, and even the competent authorities will not attempt to estimate the extent of unrecorded and illegal immigration (competent observers judge that the total number of Jews in the United States now may be around ten million). In any case, the greatest single community of Jews in the world today is in the American Republic, having been transplanted thither during the last two generations.

In proportion to the total American population even the highest estimate would not reach one-tenth. In itself this is a relatively small group; politically organized to tip the balance of power it is of decisive importance. This problem was recognized and the Congressional Committee on Immigration in 1921 declared:

"The processes of assimilation and amalgamation are slow and difficult. With the population of the broken parts of Europe headed this way in ever-increasing [314] numbers, why not peremptorily check the stream with this temporary measure, and in the meantime try the unique and novel experiment of enforcing all the immigration laws on our statutes?"

A quota law then passed limited the number of any nationality entering the United States to three percent of the foreign-born of that nationality resident in the United States in 1910. The next Congress went much further than the general statement above quoted; it was specific about the danger, the same Committee reporting:

"If the principle of individual liberty, guarded by a constitutional government, created on this continent nearly a century and half ago *is to endure*, the basic strain of our population must be maintained and our economic standards preserved. . . The American people do not concede the right of *any foreign group . . . to dictate the character of our legislation*".

The years which then followed showed that the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency would be further to break down the principle stated, to alter "the basic strain", and to enable "a foreign group" to dictate State policy.

Mr. Roosevelt (like Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George and General Smuts) evidently was selected before he was elected. Mr. Howden says that Mr. House "picked Roosevelt as a natural candidate for the presidency long before any other responsible politician", chose him as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1913, and then through the years groomed him for the presidency, expecting to govern through him, as through President Wilson. Then something went wrong. Mr. House was confident that President Roosevelt would call on him but then realized that "certain people don't want the president to listen to me". These people were evidently too strong, for Mr. House was dropped without any courtesy and at this point (1933) disappears from the story.

One can only offer a reasonable surmise about the reasons. Mr. House, at seventy-five, regretted young *Philip Dru* of 1912, who had thought the American Constitution "outmoded and grotesque", had seized power by force and then governed by emergency decree. He had a new set of more sober and responsible ideas ready for Mr. Roosevelt and, from relegation, then "watched with forbidding" the concentration of irresponsible power in Mr. Roosevelt's hands. Mr. House had caused President Wilson, as his first major act, to write into the American Constitution (as the Sixteenth Amendment) the chief destructive measure proposed in Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto of 1848, the "progressive income tax", but in the 1930's Mr. House was alarmed by the completely untrammelled control of the public purse which his second "Rockland" obtained.

Presumably, then, Mr. House was discarded because he had retreated from his earlier ideas, for those original ideas governed Mr. Roosevelt's policy throughout his twelve years. He supported the world-revolution; his first major act of State policy was to recognize the Communist Government and in the [315] ensuing war he resumed the House-Wilson policy of "all support". He supported revolutionary-Zionism. Finally, he took up the old "league to enforce peace" idea and re-foisted it on the West under a new name, that of the "United Nations".

Thus Mr. Roosevelt put "Philip Dru's" ideas into further practice. Of Mr. Wilson in the earlier generation his Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, had said, "All Philip Dru had said should be comes about; the President comes to Philip Dru in the end". As to Mr. Roosevelt, twenty years later, Mr. House's biographer (Mr. Howden) says, "It is impossible to compare Dru's suggested legislation with Mr. Roosevelt's and not be impressed by their similarity" .

This is an illustrative example of the transmission of ideas from generation to generation, among a governing group. Mr. House's ideas were those of "the revolutionaries of 1848", which in turn derived from Weishaupt and the revolutionaries of 1789, who had them from some earlier source. When Mr. House abandoned them they were transmitted without a hitch to the ruling group around another president, and the one man who had modified these ideas was left behind.

Mr. House was the only casualty in the inner circle. Mr. Bernard Baruch was adviser to Mr. Roosevelt even before he became president. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt records that "Mr. Baruch was a trusted adviser to my husband both *in Albany* and in Washington", that is, during Mr. Roosevelt's four-year term as Governor of New York State, before his presidential nomination. During this pre-presidential period Mr. Roosevelt (according to one of Mr. Baruch's biographers, Mr. Morris V. Rosenbloom), although America had repudiated the League of Nations, drafted the plan for a new body to be called the United Nations. Rabbi Stephen Wise and Mr. Brandeis, of the earlier group around President Wilson, regrouped themselves around President Roosevelt (Hitler's anti-Jewish measures in Germany at this time revived Mr. Brandeis's desire to drive Arabs out of Palestine).



Right at the start of Mr. Roosevelt's twelve years some doubt may have arisen about his docility, and means have been found to ensure it (the reader will recall "Rockland's" attempt to assert independence in 1912 and the "exultant conspirators" mirth about his capitulation). That would explain the curious fact that Rabbi Stephen Wise, who had campaigned for Mr. Roosevelt as senator in 1914 and as governor of New York State in 1928, did *not* support him for the presidency in 1932. Then something happened to reassure the rabbi, for immediately after Mr. Roosevelt's election he proclaimed that the new president had "rewon my unstinted admiration", and by 1935 was again an intimate of the White House.

In the light of earlier experience, the identity of the men surrounding President Roosevelt plainly pointed to the policies he would pursue. He made this clearer [316] by widening the circle of his Jewish advisers. In 1933 this had a new significance. In 1913 President Wilson's Jewish advisers were publicly accepted as Americans like any other Americans, and simply of the Jewish faith. In 1933 the question of their allegiance had been raised by the Zionist adventure in Palestine. In addition, the issues of the world-revolution and of world-government had arisen since 1913, and both of these also threw up the question of American *national* interest, so that the feelings entertained about them in the president's immediate circle became a matter of first importance.

All this lent a specific significance to the earlier Congressional pronouncement (1924), denying the right of "any foreign group" to "dictate the character of our legislation". Among the president's "advisers" many were of foreign birth or in effect became "foreign" by their devotion to Zionism or their attitude towards the world-revolution and world-government. In this sense a "foreign group", embodying the mass-immigration of the preceding hundred years, formed itself around the American president and "steered" the course of events. The twelve years which followed showed that any "advice" acted on by the president must have been to the benefit of the destructive principle in its three interrelated forms: Communism, Zionism, world-government.

Prominent among his advisers (in addition to the three powerful men above named) was the Viennese-born Professor Felix Frankfurter. Mr. House's biographer Mr. Howden, who expresses Mr. House's opinion, thinks he was the most powerful of all: "Professor Frankfurter duplicated with Mr. Roosevelt, more than anyone else. . . the part played by Mr. House with President Wilson". The part played by unofficial advisers is always difficult to determine and this opinion may place Professor Frankfurter too high in the hierarchy. However, he was undoubtedly important (he, too, first came into the advisory circle under Mr. Wilson).

Like Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Cardozo, he became a Supreme Court Justice and never *openly* appeared in American politics; yet the effects of his influence are plainer to trace than those of other men, which have to be deeply delved for. He was head of the Harvard Law School during the 1930's and in that capacity trained an entire generation of young men who were to give a definite shape to the events of the 1940's and 1950's. They received marked preference for high employment in their later careers.

They include in particular Mr. Alger Hiss, who by trial and conviction was revealed as a Communist agent, though he was a high "adviser" of President Roosevelt, (Mr. Justice Frankfurter voluntarily appeared at the trial to testify to Mr. Hiss's character), and Mr. Dean Acheson, who as American Secretary of State at that time declared he would not "turn his back" on Mr. Hiss, and others. Mr. Hiss played an important part at the Yalta Conference, where the abandonment of half Europe to the revolution was agreed; Mr. Acheson's period of office coincided with the abandonment of China to the revolution.

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Apart from this distinct group of young men apparently trained during President Roosevelt's early years in office to take over the State Department, the president was accompanied by a group of Jewish advisers at the highest level. Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior (a leading Zionist, whose "Morgenthau Plan" of 1944 was the original basis for the bisection of Europe in 1945) was his Secretary of the Treasury for eleven of the twelve years. Other intimate associates were Senator Herbert Lehman (another leading Zionist who took great part in promoting the "second exodus" from Europe in 1945-1946, which led to the war in Palestine), Judge Samuel Rosenmann (a resident inmate of the White House, who helped write Mr. Roosevelt's speeches), Mr. David Niles (of Russian-born parentage, and for many years "adviser on Jewish affairs" to Mr. Roosevelt and his successor), Mr. Benjamin Cohen (a drafter of the Balfour Declaration in 1917 and another important Zionist), and three Jews from Russia, Messrs. Sidney Hillman, Isador Lubin and Leo Pasvolksky.

These leading names, from the personal entourage of the president, represent only the pinnacle of an edifice that was set around all American political life. This sudden growth of Jewish influence, behind the scenes of power, obviously was not a spontaneous natural phenomenon. The selection was discriminatory;



anti-Zionist, anti-revolutionary and anti-world-government Jews were excluded from it. The formation of this "palace guard" was unpopular, but unofficial advisers are difficult to attack on specific grounds and Mr. Roosevelt ignored all protests, and so escorted began his thrice-renewed presidency. Hitler simultaneously appeared as the symbol, at that moment, of the mathematically-recurrent Jewish persecution, and in the calculations of President Roosevelt's advisers took the place occupied by "the Czar" twenty years before in those of Mr. Wilson's.

Mr. Roosevelt's long continuance in office was chiefly due to Mr. House's master-plan for winning elections. Under this strategy of the intensive appeal to the "fluctuating" vote "discrimination" became the chief slogan. It was raised on behalf of the Negroes, who were used as a stalking-horse\*; and in fact was used to crush objection to the excessive influence of the "foreign group" represented by "the palace guard". Coupled with it was the appeal to the poor in the form of promises to soak the rich. This strategy proved so effective that the Republicans beat a retreat and began to compete with the Democrats for the favour of "the foreign group", who were held to be the arbiters of elections. In this way the secret grip on power was made secure, and the American elector was in fact deprived of true choice between parties. Mr. Roosevelt fortified himself by his policy of "deficit-spending", the basic theory of which was that the amount of public debt was unimportant, as the State only owed it to itself. At that point the American people lost and have never since regained control of the public purse, and the occupant of the White House became able by a stroke of the pen to command expenditures which in earlier times would have covered the annual

\* The agitation about the lot of the American Negro, of which so much is heard in the outer world, is kept going, from New York, almost entirely by the two chief Jewish publicity organizations (the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League, both of which dispose of large funds) and the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, which from its inception has been largely Jewish-directed. The Negro himself plays a passive part in it. His wish is for better opportunities of advancement *alongside* the white population; he does *not* desire to interbreed. The energy of the Jewish organizations which claim to intercede in his cause is entirely directed towards a compulsory *intermingling* which neither race desires. Thus the influence of these non-Negro groups was the chief one behind the litigation leading to the Supreme Court ruling of 1955, which held the existing separate-school system to be illegal and ordered its abolition and compulsory mixed-schooling (this judgment can hardly be enforced in the South without civil war and it has been followed by various violent episodes, including the use of the National Guard and of tanks to *enforce* mixed-schooling). I was able to see the American Jewish Committee's budget for 1953, the estimates for which were \$1,753,000. This stated, in respect of the Negroes, "The status of Jews is more secure in most of the civil and political rights areas than that of some other groups, especially Negroes. But so long as a successful threat is made to the enjoyment of rights by Negroes, the rights of Jews are riskfully in balance. Accordingly, a large proportion of our work has been directed towards securing greater equalization of opportunities for such other groups, rather than for ourselves . . . An example of this is our relationship with the N.A.A.C.P., which comes to us for assistance in certain matters where we have a special competence. . . A fruitful weapon is court action. . . We participate directly in litigation . . . We have filed briefs attacking segregation. . . and have prepared briefs challenging discrimination against Negroes". The Supreme Court is composed of political appointees, not of professional jurists; this is an important factor in what might develop into a grave situation.

[318] budgets of half-a-dozen thrifty States. Mr. Roosevelt gained these powers by invoking the need to beat "The Crisis", and he produced The Permanent Emergency in which his country still lives.

His presidency followed a design obviously predetermined and the course of events in the world might have been entirely different if it had been shorter. However, the hidden mechanism was so efficient, and the hold of his mentors on it so secure, that he was maintained in office through three re-elections. Only once was his tenure threatened with unexpected interruption, dangerous to these plans.

In a Southern State, Louisiana, arose a politico of Mr. Roosevelt's type. Mr. Huey Long, a young demagogue with a fleshy face and curly hair from a poor hillbilly home, grew popular (like Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt) by attacking "the interests" (in his particular countryside, the oil interests in general and Standard Oil in particular). The idol of the poor whites, he was elected governor in 1928 and at once tried to raise money for building schoolhouses by putting a tax on oil, whereon at the opening of the Louisiana Legislature one Rabbi Walter Peiser refused to invoke a blessing, calling him "an unworthy governor".

Mr. Long grew more popular and was elected to the United States Senate where (March 1935) he devoted "a large part" of a speech to "an attack on Mr. Bernard Baruch", in whom he apparently saw the supreme representative of the "interests" (about the only charge never made against Mr. Long, who had many Jewish associates, was that he was "anti-semitic"). Mr. Long was becoming a force in the land and wrote a book called *My First Week in the White House*, containing illustrations which showed Mr. Roosevelt, looking much like the Roosevelt of Yalta, listening humbly to the wisdom of a hale and ebullient Huey Long.

He set out to undo Mr. Roosevelt by outdoing him in Mr. Roosevelt's especial [319] skill: lavish spending and lavish promises. He did this in an ingenious way (he was possibly trickier than even Mr. Roosevelt). Mr. Long, with his "Share the Wealth" and "Every Man a King" programme, controlled the political machine in Louisiana. When the Roosevelt money began to flow into the States (for expenditure

on all manner of crisis "projects", and incidentally on votes) Mr. Long calmly diverted it to his own similar ends. He forced through the Louisiana Legislature a law prohibiting local authorities from receiving any Washington money without the consent of a Louisiana State Board. As he controlled this board, he intercepted the cornucopian stream and the money was spent to enhance his, not Mr. Roosevelt's voting strength. He did with public money what Mr. Roosevelt was doing, but for his own political account.

In 1935 Mr. Roosevelt's second election campaign loomed ahead. Suddenly his advisers became aware that Mr. Long was popular far beyond his native Louisiana; he was a national figure. The Democratic National Committee "was astonished when a secret poll revealed that Long on a third-party ticket could poll between three and four million votes and that his Share The Wealth plan had eaten deeply into the Democratic strength in the industrial and farm States" (Mr. John T. Flynn).

Therefore Mr. Long, although he could not have become president at that time, certainly *could* have prevented Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, and the ruling few suddenly beheld a disturber of their regime. However, as Mr. Flynn says, "Fate had gone Democratic and remained so"; on September 8, 1935 Mr. Long was shot in the Louisiana State Capitol by a young Jew, Dr. Carl Austin Weiss. The motive will never be known because Dr. Weiss, who might have explained it, was shot by Mr. Long's tardy bodyguard.\*

The political effect was clear; Mr. Roosevelt's re-election was ensured. The usual suggestion of "a madman" was conveyed to the public mind and various other motives, not entailing insanity, also were suggested. No public investigation was made, as in the cases of other political assassinations of the last hundred years, in respect of which investigation was denied or curtailed. Such investigations as have been made (for instance, in the cases of President Lincoln, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and King Alexander of Yugoslavia) have never supported the theory (always put forward) of the lonely "madman", but have revealed thorough organization with powerful support. The removal of Mr. Long determined the pattern of events for a decade, so that it was as important in its effects as the murders of more highly-placed men.

Mr. Roosevelt was re-elected in 1936. His allotted task evidently was to reinvolve his country in the "foreign entanglements" of Mr. House and Mr.

\* Mr. Long had foretold his assassination in July, saying in the Senate that enemies had planned his death with "one man, one gun, and one bullet" as the medium. He said that a dictograph, concealed in a New Orleans hotel room where his "enemies" had met, recorded this conversation. A contemporary writer who claims to have been present at the meeting, Mr. Hodding Carter, says, "The 'plotting' was limited to such hopefully expressed comments as, 'I wish somebody would kill the . . . '".

[320] Wilson, and, like Mr. Wilson, he promised from election to election to keep it out of these. Meanwhile, the uproar about Hitler grew and, as I have shown, his persecution of men was subtly transformed into a "persecution of Jews". Mr. Roosevelt, just two years before the Second War, made *public*, through cryptic statement which to the initiated was an undertaking to involve his country in war and to wage it primarily for the cause represented by his palace guard. Mr. Wilson made his public statement, with its menace to Russia, in December 1911, about three years before the First World War; Mr. Roosevelt made his, with its menace to Germany, in October 1937, about two years before the Second World War. The two statements are implicitly identical in identifying the American cause with the Jewish cause as mis-represented by the Zionists.

Mr. Roosevelt said (October 5, 1937), "Let no one imagine that America will escape. . . that this Western hemisphere will not be *attacked*. . . *When an epidemic of physical disease* starts to spread, the community approves and *joins in a quarantine of patients* in order to protect the health of the community against the spread of the disaster".

The president's speech-writers on this occasion were not cryptic enough. The allusion to "joining in a quarantine" was instantly understood by the public masses also as a threat of war. This caused such consternation that Mr. Roosevelt was obliged up to the very moment, four years later, when America was actually involved in war to promise "again and again and again" that "your sons will not be sent into any foreign war". (In October 1937 he certainly knew that war was coming in the autumn of 1939; at that very moment I had informed *The Times* from Vienna that Hitler and Goering had said so, and the American president would not have been less accurately informed).

By 1937 the falsification of the news-picture from Germany, which was described in the last chapter, had been going on for four years. I gave several instances, and here adduce another. Rabbi Stephen Wise relates that the American Jewish Congress immediately after Hitler's advent to power started the boycott-Germany movements on the basis of "cable reports" from Germany that "*a nationwide pogrom*" of Jews was

being "planned".\* He then mentions, casually, that the "reported" pogrom "did not come off", but the boycott did. \*\*

Starting with this imaginary pogrom in Berlin, the propagandist campaign in America formed the basis on which Mr. Roosevelt rested his "quarantine" speech. The Zionists around the president were not truly concerned about the suffering of Jews at all; on the contrary, it was necessary to their politics in America and to the entire undertaking, and they feared its alleviation. In this they continued the policy of the Talmudic revolutionaries in Czarist Russia, who went to the length of assassination to prevent the emancipation of Jews, as has been shown.

\* The Nazis always claimed that their one-day Jewish boycott of April 1, 1933 was in reply to this provocation from New York, and Rabbi Wise's book of 1949 thus bears out their statement.

\*\* The word "pogrom" (a Russian one meaning "massacre") plays an especial part in this propaganda. It is applied to any kind of disturbance in which Jews are involved and has by suggestion been given this specific, though false significance, so that the casual reader might suspect a misprint if he were to read of "a pogrom of Russians" (or of Arabs). Dr. Weizmann says "there were never any pogroms" in his native Russian countryside but uses the word continually, explaining that "it is not necessary to live among pogroms to know that the Gentile world is poisoned". In inciting a British military governor of Palestine to harsh measures against Arabs Dr. Weizmann said he "had had some experience with the atmosphere which precedes pogroms", though by his own earlier statement he had none. He describes as a pogrom disorders in which five or six Jews were injured, and as "Arab terrorism" the events of 1938, in which 69 British, 92 Jews and 1500 Arabs were killed. A distinguished British officer, Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart V.C., who lived in Poland between the two wars, says "The Jewish question seemed unanswerable . . . Pogroms *were rumoured* to be taking place, but I considered the rumours to have been grossly exaggerated for there were no ocular proofs of the massacre of thousands of Jews".

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Thus Rabbi Wise records that he and his fellow Zionists were not deterred by urgent protests and appeals from the Jews in Germany to stop the boycott. The prospect of an accommodation between Hitler and the Jews of Germany, indeed, appalled them and Rabbi Wise informed his associates of his "two fears" in this respect:

" . . . that our Jewish brothers in Germany might feel moved or compelled to accept a peace agreement or pact *that might mean some slight amelioration or mitigation of their wrongs*. . . that the Nazi regime might decide to prevent some of the evil consequences of its regime *by such palliative treatment of the Jews as would disarm worldwide Jewish protest*". (He describes the second possibility as the "graver" danger).

Thus they *feared* that "the persecution" would collapse; the words are specific. Rabbi Wise, in New York, preferred that Jews in Germany should suffer rather than this should happen: "To die at the hands of Nazism is cruel; *to survive by its grace were ten thousand times worse*. *We will survive Nazism unless we commit the inexpressible sin of bartering or trafficking with it in order to save some Jewish victims*" (1934, to the world Jewish Conference). "*We reject out of hand with scorn and contempt any and every proposal which would ensure the security of some Jews through the shame of all Jews*" (1936). Mr. Brandeis, in Washington, was equally resolute for martyrdom in Germany: "Any arrangement which results in making a market abroad for German goods strengthens Hitler.... ..To thus relieve Hitler's economic distress *in order to save by emigration some of Germany's Jews* would be .... deplorable statesmanship".\*

For the Zionists in America the spectral danger of a reconciliation between

\* In fact, these Zionists were quite ready to "traffic with the Nazis" and make financial deals with them when it suited their purpose. Seven years later, when the Second War was at its climax, Rabbi Stephen Wise received an offer from "a group of Nazi functionaries" to allow Jews to go from Poland to Hungary, against payment. Both these countries were German-occupied, so that the advantage to the Jews involved is not apparent, and Mr. Wise must have had some ulterior reason (possibly connected with the later "exodus" to Palestine) for wishing to transfer Jews from occupied Poland to occupied Hungary *in wartime* when he had so fiercely opposed their *liberation from Germany in peacetime*. He requested President Roosevelt to release dollars for the bribe, to be deposited to these Nazis' account in Switzerland, whereon the president "immediately" answered, "Why don't you go ahead and do it, Stephen!" Instructions were then given to another prominent Zionist, Mr. Henry Morgenthau at the Treasury, and despite State Department and British Foreign Office protests the money was transferred to the Geneva office of the World Jewish Congress for crediting to the Nazi leaders!

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Hitler and the Jews became most acute in 1938. General Smuts then sent his Defence Minister, Mr. Oswald Pirow, to Germany to ease tension in the Jewish question, if he could. The British prime minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, welcomed the attempt; he told Mr. Pirow that the pressure of international Jewry was one of the principal obstacles to an Anglo-German understanding and said he would be helped in resisting this pressure (Leon Pinsker's "irresistible pressure") if Hitler could be induced to moderate his spleen.

Mr. Pirow then went to Germany. He says that he made a specific proposal, that Hitler responded favourably, and that agreement was in sight.

At that very instant fate again intervened, as in the case of Mr. Huey Long, Count Stolypin, Czar Alexander II and others; whenever a chance of pacification appeared fate intervened. A young Jew shot a German diplomat, Herr von Rath, in Paris. Riots followed in Germany, synagogues were burned, and Mr. Pirow's mission abruptly ended. No investigation into the murder, or any organization that might have been behind it, was held, or if one was begun it never produced any informative result; Rabbi Wise presents the familiar picture (found also in Mr. House's novel) of the "half-crazed youth", maddened beyond endurance.

Mr. Roosevelt responded immediately: "The news of the past few days from Germany has deeply shocked public opinion in the United States. . . *I myself could scarcely believe that such things could occur in a twentieth century civilization* . . . I asked our Ambassador in Berlin to return at once for report and consultation" .

The words referred to the synagogue-burning. (Mr. Roosevelt did not comment on the murder) and the central sentence is demonstrably untrue, because Mr. Roosevelt, and all his contemporaries, had earlier seen the wanton destruction of religious edifices. True, they had not been synagogues, but Mr. Roosevelt had "seen" the dynamiting of Christian churches and cathedrals in Communized Russia, and on becoming president had rushed to recognize the government that did it. Moreover, when he made this declaration he had just sent a telegram cordially approving the enforced capitulation of Czechoslovakia to Hitler and in that deed had found nothing incongruous with 20th Century civilization. This was the moment when I threw up my post, feeling unable to continue in journalism at a time when untruth was master of "the news".

The United States in effect became involved in the Second War when President Roosevelt made these declarations in 1937 and 1938, not on the day of Pearl Harbour, and a straight line led from them to his later statement of July 17, 1942, when he implicitly promised vengeance on Germany solely on account of its treatment of Jews; the men who prompted him to that public threat had from the start vehemently opposed any mitigation of Jewish suffering in Germany.

The murder of von Rath in Paris was the shot of Serajevo which in effect opened the second war, as the developing fluid, time, now reveals. Unlike Mr. Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt never privately believed that he would keep his country

[323] neutral; in 1938 his mentor, Mr. Bernard Baruch, declared "We are going to lick that fellow Hitler; he isn't going to get away with it" (General George C. Marshall). Unless some change occurs, and none is foreseeable yet, the American president in any third war would find himself held in the same coils as his predecessors of 1914-1918 and 1939-1945.

During these six years when "the unnecessary war" was brewed I watched the turbulent, darkening scene from Berlin and Vienna and all the great cities on which the long night was soon to fall: Prague and Budapest, Belgrade and Bucharest, Sofia and Warsaw. I saw as much as any man, I suppose, of the stoking of the furnace from which the ingot, war, was produced; and more than most, because I was not confined to any one country or faction, but had the run of them all. I knew the noise of the bravoos in the Storm Troopers' *Stammkneipen*, the furtive, bitter talk of their adversaries in private dwellings, and the nervous murmur of men on the run, who glanced ever over their shoulders. I saw the face of the mob, that dinosaur without a cerebral cavity, in both its moods: the inflamed one of illusory hope (in Berlin) and the hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed one of hopeless disillusionment (in Moscow). I met fear at every level, from the street-cleaner to the head of state or of government; I saw the terror in both its headquarter cities.

I knew or met many of the men who *appeared* to be powerful and to uphold opposing causes, and yet by their acts all brought "the unnecessary war" nearer and nearer. I talked with Hitler, Goering and Goebbels; I lunched quietly by the Geneva lakeside with chubby Maxim Litvinoff, a typical figure of the Café des Exiles, and wondered what he knew of Russia who so little Russia knew, though he was Foreign Minister of that communized land. I saw Mussolini, and Ramsay Macdonald, one of the British prime ministers who passed shadow-like across the blind during these years. I talked for long hours with Edouard Benesh in the old castle at Prague, with Austrian chancellors and Hungarian prime ministers, with Balkan kings and politicians. I went to watch the League of Nations, with high expectations then (for I was still callow) and was repelled by the manner of its proceedings, which was without dignity, by the lobbying and canvassing behind the scenes, and by the throng of hangers-on and intriguers which infringed it; I think few enthusiasts for the "United Nations" would be found among those who knew the League of Nations. I went to Moscow, in the journalistic bodyguard of a rising young minister named Anthony Eden, and there saw a regime which was

the facsimile of the National Socialist one in Germany in every major respect save the status of the Jews, who appeared to me to be predominant in the key-positions of the Soviet state.

It was all a whirling confusion, at the centre of which was one plain fact: that Hitler would make war unless he were prevented and that this war was coming, because he would not be prevented. There was another British prime minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin (a source of grief to the newspaper correspondents in [324] Germany) who withheld the truth of Hitler's warlike intentions from his countrymen because, as he later said, he would have "lost the election" if he had told it. If his successor, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, thought that by continuing the policy of encouragement to Hitler he could "steer" Hitler to direct his war against the Soviet (I have no proof of this, but it may have been Mr. Chamberlain's calculation) that was at least *a policy*, where before was no policy at all. But it was a mistaken policy, for all qualified observers in Germany foresaw that when he struck Hitler would join hands with Stalin in waging war, not wage war against him (I wrote this in my pre-war books).

When I experienced Hitler's first two invasions, of Austria and Czechoslovakia, I realized that the last hope of averting the unnecessary war was gone. I felt that I lived in a mad world and this explains the title, *Insanity Fair*, which I gave to the book I wrote at that time. I could see only a lunatic lack of policy then. Eighteen years later, in the light of all that has come about and been made known, the possibility that the unnecessary war was not in all quarters held to be unnecessary obviously cannot be written off.



## Chapter 38

### THE LITTLE COUNTRY FAR AWAY

In forgotten Palestine during the 1930-1940 decade, while "The Chief" and "*Der Fuehrer*" reigned in Washington and Berlin, matters went from bad to worse and at the end a British government was about to abandon the hopeless task foisted on it by Mr. Balfour (who died in 1930 after a deathbed leavetaking from Dr. Weizmann) when, on the eve of another war, a Mr. Winston Churchill recommitted his country to it. Thus the British people, believing that their business was solely with Hitler, once more went into war under sealed orders, among which was the purpose, unsuspected by them, that had brought them to the brink of defeat in 1918.

Successive British governments, in this affair, found themselves in the plight of the circus clown who cannot rid himself of the fly-paper; each time they thought they had shaken it off, Dr. Weizmann affixed it in a new place. In Palestine the British administrators and soldiers, on whom "the Mandate" had been thrust, could not do their duty. The Arabs obdurately rebelled; the Zionists in London importuned the government there to use force against the Arabs; if the men on the spot tried to act impartially between the parties orders from home restrained them.

British history overseas is probably vindicated by results in every case but this. It produced free overseas nations in empty lands, and in conquered ones populated by others the oft-proclaimed (and ever-derided) intention to upraise the conquered and then depart is being carried out; India is only one proof of that. In the case of Palestine all the rules previously followed by Britain overseas were broken and all experience set at naught, under the "pressure" exercised in London, or from other capitals if London ever balked.

Thus the British officials and troops sent to Palestine were the unluckiest in British history (characteristically, the only man among them who was publicly honoured after their departure was a traitor). They knew how to administer a genuine "protectorate"; the word has an honest meaning as well as the false one mockingly given to it by Hitler in Czechoslovakia. Occupation with the consent, or at the invitation of native inhabitants can be an admirable thing. I have travelled in one such genuine "protectorate", Basutoland. The British went there at Basuto request and the consequence was that the Basuto survived as a free nation, where they would otherwise have been enslaved by stronger neighbours. Their lot and prospect today are better than they could have become in any other way and they realize this, so that a few dozen white administrators govern 660,000 Basuto in mutual esteem.

The British in Palestine, for the first time in their nation's history, were required to repress the people they had come to "protect" and to protect others who were in fact invaders from Russia. The corruption of "the civil power" in England, from Mr. Balfour's time on, achieved this result. The supreme maxim [326] of Western constitutionalism is that "the civil power" must always be superior to the military one, so that militarist regimes may not arise. But if the civil power yields to the dictates of a secret third party with military aims, it becomes in fact *inferior* to a military power, though not to its native generals. In this way the supreme maxim is stood on its head, because a nation's armed forces can then be put at the service of interests alien to, and destructive of, its own. This happened in Palestine.

The repression of native Arabs as "rebels" did not help Zionism *in Palestine*. At the start of the 1930-1940 decade the rise of Hitler strengthened its position in the lobbies of London and Washington, but this improvement was counterbalanced by the further deterioration which occurred in Palestine itself as the decade wore on. During this later period Dr. Weizmann, who from 1904 to 1919 had concentrated his efforts



on the British government extended his activities to two new places; his orbit covered "Jerusalem, London and New York" and he dealt with British prime ministers like a man whittling sticks.

His next victim was, once more, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who after desertion by his Socialist colleagues became prime minister of a coalition government of all other parties. Young Jimmy Macdonald from Lossiemouth, Scotland's poor boy made good, was by this time Mr. Ramsay Macdonald of the graying, floating hair. He made his son, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and therewith both Macdonalds left the happy dreamland of Socialist platform oratory for the cold, hard world of "irresistible pressure". Mr. Macdonald again set out to stop the endless fighting and rioting in Palestine, which by this time had claimed many British lives, and soon announced that his government would suspend Zionist immigration, regulate Zionist land purchases, and punish incitements to disorder "*in whatever quarter they may originate*".

Mr. Macdonald at once became the object of violent attack and began to wear the bewildered mien for which he became famous (and which I observed when I met him in 1935). He received the visit of Dr. Weizmann and three Zionist associates and was accused of "dealing rather frivolously" with "the *moral implications of promises* given to Jews" (Dr. Weizmann). Leading politicians in his own country, America and South Africa began a furious campaign against him. Intimidated a second time, he appointed a special Cabinet Committee to reconsider the oft-considered "Palestine policy". A Socialist minister, Mr. Arthur Henderson, was chairman and Mr. Malcolm Macdonald was secretary; Dr. Weizmann and six leading Zionists formed "the committee"; the Arabs, as usual, were not represented.

Dr. Weizmann violently attacked the undertaking to punish incitements to disorder *from whatever quarter*; disorder, violence and massacre, he said, originated *only* with the native Arabs. Mr. Macdonald again surrendered in a letter to Dr. Weizmann, under the terms of which Zionist immigration to [327] Palestine in 1934 and 1935 exceeded all previous figures. Having dealt with Mr. Macdonald Dr. Weizmann undertook the grand tour. As the Second War approached he was everywhere, in South Africa, Turkey, France, Italy, Belgium and other lands. In France he met "every premier between the two wars" and of these he found M. Leon Blum, a co-religionist, to be especially sympathetic. M. Aristide Briand, the Foreign Minister, was also well-disposed "although a little vague as to what was going on" (Dr. Weizmann often refers in such terms to the Western politicians who did his bidding). He saw Mussolini three times. He spoke to distinguished audiences about the iniquities of Hitler and told them it was "the responsibility of the civilized world" on this account to expel the Palestinian Arabs (he did not put it so plainly).

Nevertheless, by the later 1930's Zionism in Palestine was disintegrating again. But for the Second War it would have faded into oblivion, an Arabian Jameson Raid undertaken in irresponsibility and ignominiously ended.

In 1936 Arab rioting became even more violent. By then successive British governments for fourteen years, at Zionist behest, had refused to allow the Arabs to hold elections. With time Dr. Weizmann's argument that this refusal was of the essence of "democracy" lost appeal and the British government found itself in an increasingly difficult dilemma. Mr. Stanley Baldwin (after succeeding Mr. Macdonald) resorted to the old "pending-basket" procedure; he sent one more commission of investigation (the fifth?) to Palestine, and at this point the thing became plain farce.

Mr. Macdonald had been cowed by Dr. Weizmann and his bodyguard into cancelling a "Palestine policy" announced after full consultation with his responsible advisers. Now that Mr. Baldwin sent a commission to Palestine to discover an alternative policy it was received by Dr. Weizmann! With agility he hopped from London to Jerusalem and back, telling the British government in London what to do, their Commissioners in Palestine what to report, and the British government in London, again, what it should do with the report when it arrived. (Betweenwhiles he visited New York to arrange for more "pressure" from that quarter).

This Peel Commission received from some quarter a proposal that the eternal dilemma might be solved by partitioning Palestine, and promptly consulted Dr. Weizmann. Until that moment the pretence had been kept up, all through the years, that the Zionists did not claim a Jewish state, only the "national home". Dr. Weizmann knew that if a British government could once be brought to support "partition" it would at last be committed to a separate Jewish *state*.

His Asiatic mastery of the art of negotiation compels admiration. By invoking the Old Testament he firmly nailed down the *idea* of partition without committing himself to any boundaries. He said that he might

be able to make some concession about the actual area to be taken for his Zionists, as Jehovah had not indicated precise frontiers in his revelations to the Levites. This accepted [328] the offer of territory while leaving the entire question of boundaries open so that even "partition", obviously, was to be no solution. The words with which Dr. Weizmann supported partition are of interest in the light of later events: "The Arabs are afraid that we shall absorb the whole of Palestine. Say what we will about *the preservation of their rights*, they are dominated by fear and will not listen to reason. A Jewish state with definite boundaries internationally guaranteed would be something final; the transgressing of these boundaries would be *an act of war which the Jews would not commit, not merely because of its moral implications, but because it would arouse the whole world against them*".

The Peel Commission recommended partition and stated that "the Mandate" was unworkable. Had the British Government acted on that report and promptly withdrawn from Palestine much might have been spared mankind, but within two years the Second World War reinvolved it in the insoluble problem.

As it approached Dr. Weizmann continued to beleaguer the Western politicians with the argument that "the Jewish National Home would play a very considerable role in that part of the world as the one reliable ally of the democracies". By this he meant that the Zionist demand for arms for the forcible seizure of Palestine, which was about to be made, would be presented in that way, through the politicians and the press, to the public masses of the West. In 1938 he then proposed to Mr. Ormsby-Gore, British Secretary for the Colonies, that the Zionists should be allowed to form a force of something like 40,000 men. This presupposed that the unnecessary war would come about (an anticipation in which the leading men behind the scenes apparently were all agreed), and Dr. Weizmann did all he could to ensure this, using the case of the Jews as his sole argument. After the murder of von Rath and the anti-Jewish disorders in Germany he told Mr. Anthony Eden:

*"If a government is allowed to destroy a whole community which has committed no crime . . . it means the beginning of anarchy and the destruction of the basis of civilization. The powers which stand looking on without taking any measures to prevent the crime will one day be visited by severe punishment"*.

Hitler's persecution of *men* was ignored in these private, fateful, interviews in political antechambers; the plight of one "community" *alone* was advanced as the argument for war. The Zionists, as events have shown, were intent on destroying "a whole community which had committed no crime" (the Arabs of Palestine, who knew nothing of Hitler) and the arms they demanded were used for that purpose. Significantly, Dr. Weizmann put his argument in terms of the *Christian* creed; under that teaching the destruction of a community innocent of crime *is* itself a crime which will bring "severe punishment". Under the Levitical Law, however, which Dr. Weizmann invoked as the basis of his demand for Palestine, it is the chief "statute and commandment", to be rewarded by power and treasure, not punished.

In the last twelvemonth before the Second War the secret arbiters of power [329] exerted their maximum effort to gain control of men and events. Mr. Roosevelt was "committed" but could only be made use of at a later stage. In England Mr. Baldwin, the Worcestershire squire and manufacturer, gave way to the Birmingham business-man, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in whom a serious obstacle to the exercise of "irresistible pressure" behind the scenes arose.

Mr. Chamberlain's name is linked with the final, fatal act of encouragement to Hitler: the abandonment and enforced surrender of Czechoslovakia at Munich. For a few weeks the public masses thought he had saved the peace by this deed and at that moment I, in Budapest and Prague, first understood what Thomas Jefferson meant when he said, "I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow citizens who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in the world of their times".

Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain may have calculated that he was compelled to do what he did by the state of British weakness and unpreparedness which his predecessor, Mr. Baldwin, had allowed to come about. I believe he was wrong if he so calculated; even at that late moment firmness would have saved the day, because the German generals were ready to overthrow Hitler; but he may have been honestly convinced that he could not act otherwise. Where he unforgivably erred was in depicting the deed of Munich as something *morally* right and in bolstering up this contention with allusions to "a small country a long way away with which we have nothing to do", or similar words.

However, he was at least consistent in this last attitude. He wanted to disentangle England from its imbroglio in another small country far away where it had found only tribulation bequeathed to it by Mr.

Balfour. What he did incurred the bitter enmity of those who were powerful behind the political scenes, and in my opinion the true source of his overthrow may have been the same as that of Mr. Asquith in 1916.

1938, when the word "partition" rang out, was the bloodiest year in Palestine up to that time; 1500 Arabs were killed. The Peel Commission had recommended partition but could not suggest how it might be effected. Yet another body of investigators was sent out, this time in search of a means of bisecting the infant without killing it. This Woodhead Commission reported in October 1938 that it could not devise a practical plan; in November the von Rath murder and the anti-Jewish disorders which followed it in Germany were used by the Zionists to intensify their incitements against the Arabs in Palestine.

Mr. Chamberlain then did an extraordinary thing, by the standards prevailing. He called a Palestine conference in London at which *the Arabs* (for the first time since the Peace Conference of 1919) were represented. From this conference emerged the White Paper of March 1939 in which the British government undertook "*the establishment within ten years of an independent Palestine state*" and "*the termination of the Mandate*". In this state the native Arabs and immigrant Zionists were to *share* the government in such a way as to ensure that [330] the essential interests of *each* community were safeguarded. Jewish immigration was to be limited to 75,000 annually for five years and the irrevocable land-purchases were to be restricted.

This plan, if carried out, meant peace in Palestine at last, but no separate Jewish state. At that moment the figure of Mr. Winston Churchill advanced to the forefront of British affairs. He had for ten years been in political eclipse and the future student may be interested to know what contemporaries have already forgotten: that during this period he was a highly unpopular man, not because of any specific acts or quality, but because he was consistently given that "bad press" which is the strongest weapon in the hands of those who control political advancement. This organized hostility was made particularly plain during the abdication crisis of 1937, when his pleas for time received much more bitter attack than they inherently deserved and he was howled down in the House of Commons. His biographers depict him as suffering from depression during these years and thinking himself "finished" politically. His feeling in that respect may be reflected in his published words (privately written) to Mr. Bernard Baruch early in 1939: "War is coming very soon. We will be in it and you will be in it. You will be *running the show* over there, but *I will be on the sidelines over here*".

Very soon after he wrote this Mr. Churchill's political fortunes took a sudden turn for the better and (as in the case of Mr. Lloyd George in 1916) his attitude towards Zionism appears to have had much to do with this, to judge from what has been published. His record in this matter suggests that Mr. Churchill, the product of Blenheim and Brooklyn, is something of "a riddle inside a mystery wrapped in an enigma", to use the words employed by him about the Communist state in 1939. In 1906, as has been shown, he was among the earliest of the politicians who supported Zionism on the hustings, so that a Zionist speaker said any Jew who voted against him was a traitor. However, in office during the First War he took little part in that affair and Dr. Weizmann only mentions him once at that period, and then not as a "friend". Then, as Colonial Secretary in 1922, he gave offence to Zion by his White Paper, which Dr. Weizmann calls "a serious whittling down of the Balfour Declaration". It proposed for Palestine "a Legislative Council *with a majority of elected members*", and this would have meant, not only holding those elections which Dr. Weizmann to the end forbade, but allowing the native Arabs of Palestine to govern their own country!

Thus Mr. Churchill's ten years in the political wilderness, 1929-1939, were also ones during which he was in disfavour with the Zionists and Dr. Weizmann's narrative never mentions him until the eve of the Second War, when he is suddenly "discovered" (as the playwrights used to say) in it as a most ardent champion of Zionism. This is the more curious because, as late as October 20, 1938, Mr. Churchill was still talking like the author of the White Paper of 1922: "We should . . . give to the Arabs a solemn assurance. . . that the annual quota of Jewish immigration should not exceed a certain figure for a period of at least [331] ten years". Very soon after that he re-emerges in Dr. Weizmann's account as a man implicitly and *privately* agreed to support a Zionist immigration of millions.

Quite suddenly Dr. Weizmann says that in 1939 he "met Mr. Winston Churchill" (ignored in his story for seventeen years) "and he told me he would take part in the debate, speaking *of course against the Proposed White Paper*". The reader is left to guess why Mr. Churchill should have undertaken "of course" to speak against a document which, in its emphasis on the need to do justice to the Arabs, was in accord with his own White Paper of 1922 and with his speeches for seventeen years after it.

Then, on the day of this debate, Dr. Weizmann was invited to lunch with Mr. Churchill "who read his speech out to us" and asked if Dr. Weizmann had any changes to suggest. The reader will recall that editors of *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian* wrote editorial articles about Zionism after consultation with the

chieftain of one interested party; now Mr. Churchill approached a debate on a major issue of state policy in the same manner. He was renowned for the quality of his speeches, and became so in America on account of the strange fact (as it was considered there) that he wrote them himself. However, in the circumstances above described by Dr. Weizmann, the point of actual penmanship appears of minor importance.

At that moment Mr. Churchill's "championship" (Dr. Weizmann) was vain; the great debate ended in victory for Mr. Chamberlain and his White Paper by a majority of 268 to 179. It was substantial, but many politicians already smelt the wind and their sail-trimming instinct is reflected in the unusually large number of abstentions: 110. This gave the first warning to Mr. Chamberlain of the method, of dereliction within his own party, by which he was to be overthrown. The debate showed another interesting thing, namely, that the Opposition party by this time held Zionism to be a supreme tenet of its policy, and, indeed, the ultimate test by which a man could prove whether he was a "Socialist" or not! The rising Socialist party had long forgotten the wrongs of the working man, the plight of the oppressed and the sad lot of "the underdog"; it was caught up in international intrigue and wanted to be on the side of the top-dog. Thus Mr. Herbert Morrison, a Socialist leader, pointed accusingly at Mr. Malcolm Macdonald (whose department was closely identified with the White Paper) and mourned the heresy of a man who "was once a Socialist". Socialism, too, by this time meant driving Arabs out of Palestine, and the trade union notables, with their presentation gold watches, did not care how poor or oppressed those distant people were.

The Second War broke out very soon after the issuance of the White Paper and the debate. At once all thought of "establishing an independent Palestine" and "terminating the Mandate" was suspended, for the duration of the war (and at its end a very different picture was to be unveiled). At its start Mr. Roosevelt in America was "publicly and privately committed" to support Zionism (Mr. Harry [332] Hopkins). In England Mr. Chamberlain was an impediment, but he was on his way out. Mr. Churchill was on his way in. The people wanted him, because he was "the man who had been right" about Hitler and the war; they knew nothing of his talks with Dr. Weizmann and the effects these might produce.

## Chapter 39

### THE ARMING OF ZION

For six years the grappling masses surged to and fro over three continents, and at the end those who thought themselves the victors were further from the Holy Grail than at the start; at the victor-politicians' parleys the cock crowed a second time. Three decades earlier President Wilson had striven to cry that "the causes and objects are obscure . . . the objects of the statesmen on both sides are virtually the same", and the outcome justified him. The German leaders then had decided to "foment" and Mr. House to "support" the world-revolution; the Zionists kept their headquarters in Berlin as long as they thought that a victorious Germany might set up the "Jewish homeland" in Palestine, and only transferred them when victory was seen to lie with the West.

The Second War again bore out the truth of Mr. Wilson's stifled cry. It could not have begun at all without the complicity of the world-revolution in the onslaught of the new "madman in Berlin", and the peoples then overrun could discern no difference between the Communist and the Nazi oppression. Then, when the two turned against each other, Mr. Hopkins (in Mr. House's stead) began to "support" the world-revolution again, so that victory could bring no "liberation". Hitler wanted to re-segregate the Jews; Mr. Brandeis in America similarly, and imperially, decreed that "No Jew must live in Germany". Mr. Churchill desired that "three or four million Jews" should be transplanted to Palestine; the Communist state, by profession anti-Zionist, supplied the first contingent of these.

When the smoke of battle cleared only three purposes had been achieved, none of them disclosed at its start: the world-revolution, with Western arms and support, had advanced to the middle of Europe; Zionism had been armed to establish itself in Palestine by force; the "world-government", obviously the result which these two convergent forces were intended to produce, had been set up anew in embryo form, this time in New York. The war behind the war was the true one; it was fought to divert the arms, manpower and treasure of the West to these purposes. Through the dissolving fog of war the shape of the great "design" first revealed by Weishaupt's paper, and exposed again in the Protocols, showed clear.

When the war began the intention to abandon the unworkable "Mandate" and withdraw from Palestine, after ensuring the equitable representation of all parties there, was official British policy, approved by Parliament. The Zionists saw that no British government, in any foreseeable future, could be brought to perform the actual deed of assassination: that is to say, to expel the Arabs from their own Palestine by arms. They set about to obtain arms for themselves under cover of the war.

The war was hardly begun when Dr. Weizmann appeared in Mr. Churchill's office. Unknown to the general public, this remarkable man for thirty-three years [334] (from the day of his interview with Mr. Balfour) had exercised mastery over the politicians of England and America. His person cannot have inspired such awe, so that they must have seen in him the representative of a force which cowed them; the one which Dr. Kastein called "the Jewish international" and Mr. Neville Chamberlain "international Jewry".

Mr. Churchill, returned to office after ten years as First Lord of the Admiralty, presumably should have been absorbed by the war at sea, but Dr. Weizmann was concerned with other things. He said, "after the war we would want to build up a state of three or four million Jews in Palestine" and states that Mr. Churchill replied, "Yes, indeed, I quite agree with that". Mr. Churchill, twelve months earlier, had called for "solemn assurances" to the Arabs that Zionist immigration would be regulated and restricted. Even today, in 1956, Palestine has but 1,600,000 Jews and a state of permanent warfare exists in Arabia in consequence of their introduction; if their



number is to be doubled or trebled the shape of the future is apparent and Mr. Churchill, in 1939, presumably saw it.

Mr. Churchill then had no responsibility for Palestine. Dr. Weizmann evidently expected that Mr. Churchill would soon be Prime Minister. He then went to America and expounded his plan to President Roosevelt, finding him "interested" but cautious (his third election campaign impended), and returned to England, where Mr. Churchill had supplanted Mr. Chamberlain in the highest office.

Thus the situation of 1916 was recreated, with a small difference. Mr. Lloyd George was required to divert British *armies* to Palestine, for the initial conquest of the coveted land, and did so. Mr. Churchill was asked to divert *arms* to the Zionists there so that they could establish themselves, and sought to comply. Indeed, he had been giving orders in that sense for five months when he next saw Dr. Weizmann, and records them in appendices to his war memoirs.

He became prime minister on May 10, 1940 as France collapsed and the British island stood alone, defended only by the remnant of its air forces and its navy; the army had been destroyed in France. On May 23 he instructed his Colonial Secretary, Lord Lloyd, that the British troops in Palestine should be withdrawn and "*the Jews armed* in their own defence and properly organized as speedily as possible". He repeated the order on May 29 (while the evacuation from Dunkirk was in progress) and on June 2. On June 6 he complained of military opposition to it, and at the end of June of "difficulties" with two responsible ministers, particularly Lord Lloyd ("who was a convinced anti-Zionist and pro-Arab; I wished *to arm* the Jewish colonists").

Thus the matter was already being discussed in terms, not of national interest, but of "pro" this and "anti" that, the language of the soap-box. Mr. Churchill continued in this strain, telling Lord Lloyd that the large numbers of troops in Palestine were "the price we have to pay for the *anti-Jewish policy* which has been persisted in for some years" (the policy of his own White Paper of 1922). If the [335] Jews were properly armed, he said, British troops would be released for service elsewhere "*and there would be no danger of the Jews attacking the Arabs*". He refused to acquaint Parliament with the views of the *responsible* minister: "I could certainly not associate myself with such an answer as you have drawn up for me".

At that moment arms were more precious than diamonds in England. The armies rescued from France were without weapons and disorganized; Mr. Churchill records that the whole island contained barely 500 field guns and 200 tanks of any age or kind; months later he was still urgently appealing to President Roosevelt for 250,000 rifles for "trained and uniformed men" who had none. In those days I scoured the countryside to obtain, at last, a forty-year old pistol which would fire only single shots. Mr. Churchill's rousing words about fighting forever on the beaches and in the streets and never giving up did not thrill me, because I knew that, if an invasion once gained foothold, they were empty; men cannot fight tanks with bare hands. The unarmed state of the land was dire. I should have been bewildered had I known that Mr. Churchill, at such a time, gave his mind so persistently to the arming of Zionists in Palestine.

The danger of invasion was receding when Dr. Weizmann next saw Mr. Churchill, in August 1940. He then proposed that the Zionists should form an army of 50,000 men, and in September presented Mr. Churchill with "a five-point programme", the main point of which was "the recruitment of the greatest possible number of Jews in Palestine for the fighting services". He says that Mr. Churchill "consented to this programme".

Lord Lloyd (like Sir William Robertson, Mr. Edwin Montagu and many others in the First War) fought hard to avert all this. He was pursued by the untimely fate which dogged many of the men who tried to do their duty in this matter: he died in 1941, aged only 62. However, responsible officials and soldiers never ceased to try and restrain the "top-line politicians" from this new diversion. Dr. Weizmann complains that, despite Mr. Churchill's support, "exactly four years were to pass before, in September 1944, the Jewish Brigade was officially formed", and attributes this delay to the obstinate resistance of "*experts*" (his word). Mr. Churchill similarly complained: "I wished to *arm the Jews* at Telaviv . . . Here I encountered every kind of resistance" (July 1940, just before the air attack on Britain began).

Dr. Weizmann evidently thought the time was come to subdue this resistance by "pressure" from another quarter, for in the spring of 1941, he went again to America. At this time (as in the First War) he was nominally giving the British "war effort" the benefit of his scientific knowledge, on this occasion in the field of isoprene. He says he was "absorbed in the work", but he contrived to make himself free from it and, as he was Dr. Weizmann, no difficulties arose about crossing the Atlantic in wartime.



The ground had been prepared for him in America, where Rabbi Stephen Wise [336] was instructing President Roosevelt (as he had instructed the long-dead President Wilson) about his duty towards Zionism: "On May 13, 1941 I found it necessary to send the president firsthand reports from Palestine" (the rabbi's firsthand reports about a "reported" pogrom in 1933 had produced the boycott in New York) "and write about the imperilled status of the unarmed Jews . . . The British Government *ought to be made to understand how enormous would be the shock and how damaging its effect upon the democratic cause*, if there should be a general slaughter because of failure adequately to *arm the Jews* as well as to strengthen the defences of Palestine with *guns, tanks and planes*".

The president replied, "I can merely call to the attention of the British our deep interest in the defence of Palestine and our concern for *the defence of the Jewish population there*; and, as best I can, supply the British forces with the material means by which the maximum protection to Palestine will be afforded". Equipped with this letter (as Dr. Weizmann once with a report of an interview written on British Foreign Office letter-paper) Rabbi Stephen Wise "the next day left for Washington, and after conference with high government officials felt more confident that the British *would be made to understand* that there must be *adequate equipment (guns, tanks and planes) for our people in Palestine*. . . And probably thanks to the intervention of Mr. Roosevelt, the business of *parity* had been dropped to a large extent" (the last allusion is to the insistence of responsible British administrators that, if arms were being handed around, Arabs and Zionists *in equal numbers* should be armed in Palestine; even Mr. Churchill had found difficulty in resisting this proposal).

These Zionist potentates in the various countries applied "irresistible pressure on international politics" in perfect synchronization. If London lagged in compliance, it was "made to understand" by Washington; had the positions been reversed the procedure would have been the opposite. Thus the mechanism had been well oiled when Dr. Weizmann arrived and he soon satisfied himself that "the top political leaders" showed "real sympathy for our Zionist aspirations".

In Washington, as in London, he found the responsible officials a nuisance: "The trouble always began when it came to *the experts* in the State Department". Below the "top-line politician" in Washington level ministers and high officials, and in Palestine American professors, missionaries and businessmen, all tried to keep American state policy free of this incubus. The chief responsible official in Washington is described by Dr. Weizmann in the identical terms used by Mr. Churchill to Lord Lloyd: "The head of the Eastern Division of the State Department was an avowed *anti-Zionist* and *pro-Arab*"; this indicates the original source of political vocabulary at the top level.

Dr. Weizmann realized that from this period on Washington was the place whence pressure might best be maintained on London, and early in 1942 transferred himself thither. His liberation from the scientific work which "absorbed" him in England was easily arranged, President Roosevelt [337] discovering that Dr. Weizmann was urgently needed in America to work on the problem of synthetic rubber. The American Ambassador in London, Mr. John G. Winant, scented trouble and "earnestly advised" Dr. Weizmann, when he reached America, to devote himself "as completely as possible to chemistry". Mr. Winant was alarmed about the consequences of all these machinations, and foreboding eventually broke him; his death, soon afterwards, was of tragic nature. As for his counsel, Dr. Weizmann remarks that "actually, I divided my time almost equally between science and Zionism", and if that was so "chemistry" came off better than any who knew Dr. Weizmann would have expected.

Before he left he "dropped in" at Ten Downing Street, where by 1942 he had been on dropping-in terms for nearly thirty years, to bid goodbye to Mr. Churchill's secretary, as he says. Not surprisingly, he saw Mr. Churchill, who said (according to Dr. Weizmann):

"When the war is over, I would like to see Ibn Saud made lord of the Middle East, the boss of the bosses, *provided he settles with you*. . . of course we shall help you. Keep this confidential, but you might talk it over with Roosevelt when you get to America. There's nothing he and I cannot do if we set our minds on it". (Dr. Weizmann, after the interview, made a note of this confidence and gave it to the Zionist political secretary with instructions to disclose it to the Zionist executive if anything befell Dr. Weizmann; also, he published it in his later book).

Mr. Churchill erred if he expected Dr. Weizmann to help set up an Arabian "lord of the Middle East", for that potentateship is obviously reserved to Zionism. Hence Dr. Weizmann did not even convey Mr. Churchill's message when he saw President Roosevelt and talked only about his scientific work. In other quarters he pressed for "America to send *the maximum number of planes and tanks to that theatre*" (Africa, where they would be most accessible to the Zionists in Palestine). At this stage he began close co-operation with

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, junior, of the president's inner circle, who was to prove of "peculiar assistance" at the later, decisive moment.

Dr. Weizmann again encountered irritating hindrances: "Our difficulties were *not connected with the first-rank statesmen*. These had, for by far the greatest part, always understood our aspirations, and their statements in favour of the Jewish *National Home* really constitute a literature. It was always *behind the scenes*, and on the lower levels, that we encountered an *obstinate, devious and secretive opposition*. . . *All the information supplied from the Middle East to the authorities in Washington worked against us*".

For nearly forty years, at that time, Dr. Weizmann had worked "behind the scenes", deviously and in secret; history shows no comparable case. At one more behind-the-scenes meeting with President Roosevelt he then imparted Mr. Churchill's message, or rather (according to his own account) a different one: he said Mr. Churchill had assured him that "the end of the war would see a change [338] in the status of the Jewish National Home, and that the White Paper of 1939 would go". He describes this as Mr. Churchill's "plan" but it is not the message previously quoted, although it might depict Mr. Churchill's mind. What is significant is that Dr. Weizmann omitted Mr. Churchill's main proposal, to make King Ibn Saoud "lord of the Middle East . . . provided he settles with you".

Dr. Weizmann says that President Roosevelt's response to Mr. Churchill's plan (as thus misrepresented to him) was "completely affirmative", which in Zionese means that he said "Yes" to a Jewish *state* ("a change in the status of the Jewish National Home"). The president, according to Dr. Weizmann, then himself introduced the name of Ibn Saoud, and showed himself "aware of the Arab problem". Dr. Weizmann, if his account is correct, did *not* then say that Mr. Churchill recommended "a settlement" with Ibn Saoud. On the contrary, Dr. Weizmann "maintained the thesis that *we could not rest our cause on the consent of the Arabs*". .

That was the opposite of Mr. Churchill's envisaged "settlement" and was specific: it meant *war* against the Arabs and American support for such a war. Thereon Mr. Roosevelt merely "again assured me of his sympathies and of his desire to settle the problem".

There is some mystery in this reserve of President Roosevelt in the matter of "the Arab problem" which might have had important consequences had he not died, two years later, almost immediately after *meeting* Ibn Saoud. However, what he cautiously said and privately thought was no longer of vital importance in 1943, because the real decision had been taken. Behind the scenes, under cover of a war in Europe, arms were on their way to the Zionists, and this secret process was to determine the shape of the future. From this moment neither the top-line politicians, if they rebelled, nor the hard-pressed responsible officials had the power to prevent Zionism from planting in Palestine a time-bomb which may yet blow up the second half of the 20th Century.

For the time being Dr. Weizmann, in July 1943, returned to London, assured that "pressure" from Washington would be maintained.

## Chapter 40

### THE INVASION OF AMERICA

While military invasions and counter-invasions multiplied during the six years of the Second War, absorbing all thought and energy of the masses locked in combat, a silent invasion went on which produced more momentous effects than the armed ones. This was the political invasion of the American Republic and its success was shown by the shape of American state policy at the war's end, which was so directed as to ensure that the only *military* invasions that yielded enduring "territorial gains" were those of the revolution into Europe and of the Zionists into Arabia. Historically surveyed, Mr. Roosevelt's achievement may now be seen to have been threefold and in each respect perilous to his country's future: he helped to arm Zionism, he armed the revolution in its Moscow citadel, and he opened the doors of his American citadel to its agents.

He began the process at the start of his presidency by his recognition of the Soviet, when the ambassador of the revolution, Maxim Litvinoff, undertook that the revolutionary state would keep its nose out of American domestic affairs; Mr. Roosevelt's mentors were not the men to remind him that when once the fox gets in his nose he'll soon find ways to make his body follow. The story of his support of the revolutionary state by money and arms belongs to a later chapter; this one aims to tell the tale of its penetration of the American Republic on its own soil during his long presidency.

Mr. Roosevelt began by breaking down the barriers against uncontrolled immigration which the Congresses immediately before him strove to set up, because they saw in it the danger of the capture of the American administration by "a foreign group". Under various of his edicts the supervision of immigration was greatly weakened. Immigration officials were forbidden to put questions about Communist associations, and the separate classification of Jewish immigrants was discontinued. This was supported by a continuous press campaign against all demands for enquiry into loyalty or political record as "discrimination against the foreign-born".

None can say how many people entered the United States during that period. By 1952 Senator Pat McCarran, chairman of the United States Senate Judiciary Committee, estimated that, apart from legal immigration, five million aliens had *illegally* entered the country, including large numbers of "militant Communists, Sicilian bandits and other criminals". The chief investigating officer of the Immigration Service declined even to estimate the number of illegal entrants but said that at that time (when some measure of control had been re-established) "over half a million a year" were being intercepted and sent back at the Mexican border *alone*. The Social Security authorities, who supplied the cards necessary to obtain employment, were forbidden to give any information about applicants to the immigration or police authorities.

This mass of immigrants went to swell the size of the "fluctuating vote" on [340] which Mr. Roosevelt's party (still following Mr. House's strategy) concentrated its electoral effort and its cry of "no discrimination". Under the president's restrictions on loyalty-interrogations the way into the civil service and armed forces was opened to American-born or legally-domiciled alien Communists. The results to which this led were shown in part by the many exposures of the post-war period, the literature of which would fill an encyclopaedia of many volumes. The entire West was also involved (as the Canadian, British and Australian exposures in time showed) and the significant thing is that, with the Canadian exception, no governmental investigation ever led to these partial revelations, which were always the work of persistent private remonstrants; nor was genuine remedial action ever taken, so that the state of affairs brought about during the 1930's and 1940's today continues not much changed, a source of grave weakness to the West in any new war.

The renewal of large-scale immigration formed the background to the political invasion of the Republic. This was a three-pronged movement which aimed at the capture of the three vital points of a state's defences: state policy at the top level, the civil services at the middle level and "public opinion" or the mass-mind at the base. The way in which control over acts of state policy was achieved (through the "adviserships" which became part of American political life after 1913) has already been shown, this part of the process having preceded the others. The methods used to attempt the capture of government services will be discussed later in this chapter. In what immediately follows the capture of the mass-mind in America, through control of published information, will be described; it was indispensable to the other two thrusts.

This form of political invasion is called by Dr. Weizmann, who exhaustively studied it in his youth, when he was preparing in Russia for his life's work in the west, "the technique of propaganda and the approach to the masses". The operation so described may now be studied in actual operation:

Far back in this book the reader was invited to note that "B'nai B'rith" put out a shoot. B'nai B'rith, until then, might be compared with such groups of other religious affiliation as the Young Men's Christian Association or the Knights of Columbus; its declared objects were the help of the poor, sick and fatherless and good works in general. The little offshoot of 1913, the "Anti-Defamation League", had by 1947 become a secret police of formidable power in America.\*

In Doublespeak "anti-defamation" means "defamation" and this body lived by calumny, using such terms as anti-semite, fascist, rabble-rouser, Jew-baiter, Red-baiter, paranoiac, lunatic, madman, reactionary, dichard, bigot and more

\* In fact though not in form. The secret police in countries where the institution is native (Hitler's Gestapo was copied from the Asiatic model, which had a century-old tradition in Russia and Turkey) have the entire power and resources of the state behind them; indeed, they *are* the state. In America Zionism built the nucleus of a secret police nearly as effective in many ways as those prototypes. It could only become *equally* effective if it gained full control of the state's resources, including the power of arrest and imprisonment, and in my judgment that was the *ultimate* goal.

[341] of the like. The vocabulary is fixed and may be traced back to the attacks on Barruel, Robison and Morse after the French revolution; the true nature of any writer's or newspaper's allegiance may be detected by keeping count of the number of times these trade-mark words are used. The achievement of this organization (usually known as the A.D.L.) has been by iteration to make fetishes of them, so that party politicians hasten to deny that they are any of these things. Under this regime reasoned debate became outlawed; there is something of sorcery in this subjugation of two generations of Western men to the mumbo-jumbo of Asiatic conspirators.

When the A.D.L. was born *in 1913* it had merely desk-room in the parent B'nai B'rith office and a tiny budget. *In 1933* Mr. Bernard J. Brown wrote, "Through the intervention of the A.D.L. we have succeeded in *muzzling the non-Jewish press* to the extent that newspapers in America abstain from pointing out that any person unfavourably referred to is a Jew". *In 1948* the *Jewish Menorah Journal* of New York wrote, "Should but one phrase in a reprinted *literary classic* reflect unjustly upon Jews, the A.D.L. will promptly belabour the innocent publisher until he bowdlerizes the offending passage. Let one innocent movie-producer incorporate a Jewish prototype, however inoffensive, in his picture and the hue and cry raised by the A.D.L. will make him wish he's never heard of Jews. But when Jews are subtly propagandized into accepting Communist doctrine . . . *the A.D.L. remains silent. No word, no warning, no hint of caution, much less exposure and condemnation:* although there are men *high in the councils of the organization who should know by their own experience how the Communists 'infiltrate'.*" (The *Menorah Journal* spoke for the many Jews who were alarmed because the A.D.L. was attacking *anti-Communism as anti-semitism*).

These quotations show the growth of the A.D.L.'s power in thirty-five years. It has imposed the law of heresy on the public debate in America. No criticism of Zionism or the world-government plan is allowed to pass without virulent attack; criticism of Communism is only tolerated in the tacit understanding that any war with Communism would lead to the communized world-state; and as to that, "Jerusalem is the capital of the world no less than the capital of Israel" (the Zionist mayor of Jerusalem, 1952).

America has today a few surviving writers who fight on for independent debate and comment. They will discuss any public matter, in the light of traditional American policy and interest, save Zionism, which hardly any of them will touch. I have discussed this with four of the leading ones, who all gave the same answer: it could not be done. The employed ones would lose their posts, if they made the attempt. The independent ones would find no publisher for their books because no reviewer would mention these, save with the epithets enumerated above.

The A.D.L., of such small beginnings in 1913, in 1948 had a budget of three million dollars (it is only one of several Jewish organizations pursuing Zionist aims in America at a similar rate of expenditure). The *Menorah Journal*,

[342] discussing "Anti-Defamation Hysteria", said, "Fighting anti-semitism has been built up into a big business, with annual budgets running into millions of dollars". It said the object was "to continue beating the anti-semitic drum" and "to scare the pants off prospective contributors" in order to raise funds. It mentioned some of the methods used ("outright business blackmail; if you can't afford to give \$10,000 to this cause, you can take your business elsewhere"), and said American Jews were being "stampeded into a state of mass-hysteria by their self-styled defenders". \*

The *Menorah Journal* also drew attention to the falsification of news by Jewish newsagencies subsidized by the big organizations. It showed that some minor brawl among juveniles in Manhattan had been depicted in "front-page scare headlines which would have led a stranger to believe that a Czarist pogrom was going on" (by these same means the "Czarist pogroms" earlier, and Rabbi Stephen Wise's "reported pogrom in Berlin" in 1933 reached the world). Out of this particular "scare headline" grew a mass-meeting in Madison Garden, where another politician aspiring to presidential office (a Mr. Wendell Willkie at that moment) declared, "The mounting wave of anti-semitism at home shocks me. . . etc., etc."

"Mass-hysteria" is not only produced among Jews and band-wagon politicians by this method; it produces another kind of mass-hysteria among earnest but uninformed people of the "Liberal" kind: the mass-hysteria of self-righteousness, which is a tempting form of self-indulgence. The late Mr. George Orwell was of those who helped spread "mass-hysteria" in this way. He was a good man, because he did not merely incite others to succour the weak and avenge injustice, but went himself to fight when the Civil War broke out in Spain, then discovering that Communism, when he saw it, was worse than the thing which (as he thought) he set out to destroy. He died before he could go to Palestine and experience any similar enlightenment, so that what he wrote about "anti-semitism" was but the echo of "anti-defamationist hysteria". It is so good an example of this that I quote it; here a man of goodwill offered, as his own wisdom, phrases which others poured into his ear.

He explored "anti-semitism in Britain" (1945) and found "a perceptibly anti-semitic strain in Chaucer". Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. G.K.Chesterton were "literary Jew-baiters". He found passages in Shakespeare, Smollett, Thackeray, Shaw, T.S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and others "which *if written now* would be *stigmatized* as anti-semitism" (he was right without knowing it; if written *now* they would have been *stigmatized*). Then he suffered what Americans call a pratfall. He said that "offhand, the only English writers I can think of who,

\* The reader need not find any contradiction between this quotation and my statement in the preceding paragraph. Debate and comment are largely free in the *Jewish* press, which is intended chiefly for perusal "among ourselves", and the newspaper-reader, anywhere in the world, who takes the pains regularly to obtain Jewish newspapers of all opinions will find himself much better informed about what goes on in the world. The black-out is in the non-Jewish press.

[343] before the days of Hitler, made a definite effort to stick up for Jews are Dickens and Charles Reade". Thus he extolled one of the A.D.L.'s "Jew-baiters" as a champion of Jews; in America the film of *Oliver Twist* was banned because of Fagin! This was the work of the A.D.L.; its representative, a Mr. Arnold Forster, announced:

"American movie-distributors refused to become involved in the distribution and exhibition of the motion picture after the A.D.L. and others expressed the fear that the film was harmful; the Rank Organization *withdrew* the picture in the United States". Later the picture was released after censorship by the A.D.L.; "seventy two eliminations" were made at its command and a prologue was added assuring beholders that they might accept it as "a filmization of Dickens without anti-semitic intentions". (In occupied Berlin the A.D.L. ban was final; the *British* authorities ordered *Dickens* withdrawn from *German* eyes).

I was in America at this time and thus saw the fulfilment of a prediction made in a book of 1943, when I wrote that, as the secret censorship was going, Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dickens would one day be defamed as "anti-semites". I thought to strain probability, to make a point, but it happened in all three cases: a Shakespearean actor-manager visiting New York was ordered not to play *The Merchant of Venice*, Dickens was banned, and the defamationists put Chaucer on their black-list.

A private organization which can produce such results is obviously powerful; there is nothing comparable in the world. Mr. Vincent Sheehan wrote in 1949, "There is scarcely a voice in the United States that dares raise itself for the rights, any rights, of the Arabs; any slight criticism of the Zionist high command is immediately labelled as anti-semitic". Miss Dorothy Thompson, whose picture and articles at that time were



published everyday in hundreds of newspapers, similarly protested. Mr. Sheehan's popularity with book-reviewers immediately slumped; Miss Thompson's portrait and writings are seldom seen in the American press today.

How is the oracle worked? By what means has America (and the entire West) been brought to the state that no public man aspires to office, or editor feels secure at his desk, until he has brought out his prayer-mat and prostrated himself to Zion? How have presidents and prime ministers been led to compete for the approval of this faction like bridesmaids for the bride's bouquet? Why do leading men suffer themselves to be paraded at hundred-dollar-a-plate banquets for Zion, or to be herded on to Zionist platforms to receive "plaques" for services rendered?

The power of money and the prospect of votes have demonstrably been potent lures, but in my judgment by far the strongest weapon is this power to control published information; to lay stress on what a faction wants and to exclude from it all that the faction dislikes, and so to be able to give any selected person a "good" or a "bad" press. This is in fact control of "the mob". In today's [344] language it is "the technique of propaganda and the approach to the masses", as Dr. Weizmann said, but it is an ancient, Asiatic art and was described, on a famous occasion, by Saint Matthew and Saint Mark: "The chief priests and elders *persuaded the multitude*. . The chief priests *moved the people* . ."

In forty years the A.D.L. perfected a machine for persuading the multitude. It is a method of thought-control of which the subject-mass is unconscious and its ability to destroy any who cry out is great. One of the first to be politically destroyed was the head of the Congressional Committee charged to watch over sedition (the Un-American Activities Committee). The Protocols of 1905 foretold that the nation-states would not be allowed to "contend with sedition" by treating it as crime and this "forecast" also was fulfilled. Mr. Martin Dies relates that he was required by the secret inquisition to restrict the definition of "subversion" to "fascism", and to equate "fascism" with "anti-semitism". "Subversion", had these importuners had their way with him, would have been any kind of resistance to "the destructive principle", not the subverting of the nation-state. He would not yield, but was driven out of political life by defamation.

The A.D.L. (and the American Jewish Committee) "set out to make the American people *aware* of anti-semitism". It informed Jews that "25 out of every 100 Americans are *infected* with anti-semitism", and that another 50 might develop the disease. By 1945 it was carrying out "a high-powered educational program, geared to reach every man, woman and child" in America through the press, radio, advertising, children's comic books and school books, lectures, films, "churches" and trade unions. This programme included "219 broadcasts a day", full-page advertisements in 397 newspapers, poster advertizing in 130 cities, and "persuasions" subtly incorporated in the printed matter on blotters, matchbox covers, and envelopes. The entire national press ("1900 dailies with a 43,000,000 circulation") and the provincial, Negro, foreign-language and labour newspapers were kept supplied with, "and used", its material in the form of "news, background material, cartoons and comic strips". In addition, the A.D.L. in 1945 distributed "more than 330,000 copies of important books *carrying our message* to libraries and other institutions", furnished authors with "material and complete ideas", and circulated nine million pamphlets "all tailored to fit the audiences to which they are directed". It found "comic books" to be a particularly effective way of reaching the minds of young people, soldiers, sailors and airmen, and circulated "millions of copies" of propaganda in this form. Its organization consisted of the national headquarters, public relations committees in 150 cities, eleven regional offices, and "2,000 key men in 1,000 cities".

The name of the body which supplied this mass of suggestive material never reached the public. During the 1940's the system of "syndicated writers" in New York or Washington enveloped the entire American press. One such writer's

[345] column may appear in a thousand newspapers each day; editors like this system, which saves them the cost of employing their own writers, for its cheapness. Through a few dozen such writers the entire stream of information can be tinctured at its source (the method foretold in the Protocols). By all these means a generation has been reared in America (and this applies equally to England) which has been deprived of authentic information about, and independent comment on, the nature of Zionism, its original connection with Communism, the infestation of administrations and capture of "administrators", and the relationship of all this to the ultimate world-government project.

The opposition to this creeping control was strong at first and was gradually crushed during two decades (I have given examples in England) by various methods, including the purchase of newspapers, but chiefly by unremitting and organized pressure, persuasive or menacing. In America a newspaper which prints reports or comment unacceptable to the A.D.L. may expect to receive a visit from its representatives. Threats to withdraw advertizing are frequently made. The corps of "syndicated" writers joins in the attack on any



individual writer or broadcaster who becomes troublesome; many American commentators have been driven from the publishers' lists or "off the air" in this way. An illustrative example:

The *Chicago Tribune* in 1950 reported the view of a *senior official of the State Department* that the United States was ruled by "a secret government" consisting of three members of the deceased Mr. Roosevelt's circle: Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior, Justice Felix Frankfurter and Senator Herbert Lehman. The word "Jew" was not used; the article expressed the opinion of a high public servant on a matter held by him to be of great national importance. This article raised much commotion in the Zionist and Jewish press throughout the world (few non-Jewish newspapers paid attention to it, for the obvious reason). I was in South Africa but guessed what would follow and when I next went to America learned that I was right; the *Tribune* Tower in Chicago was besieged by the A.D.L. with peremptory demands for an apology. On this particular occasion none was made; the newspaper was at that time a lonely survivor from the days of independent reporting and comment. (A piquant detail; the writer of this "anti-semitic" report had interested himself, not long before, in efforts to obtain the release on parole of a Jew serving a life-term for murder, on the ground that expiation might reasonably be held to have been made).

Even the figures for expenditure, staff and activities, above given, convey no true idea of the power and omnipresence of the A.D.L. I myself would not have believed, until I saw it, that a body of such might could almost invisibly operate in a state still nominally governed by president and Congress. Its numerous offices and sub-offices are clearly only the centres of a great network of agents and sub-agents, for its eye is as all-seeing as that of the N.V.D. in captive Russia or of the Gestapo once in Germany, as I found through personal experience:

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I am a fairly obscure person and when I went to America in 1949 was almost unknown to the public there, the publication of most of my books having been prevented by the methods above described. I found that the A.D.L. watched me like a hawk from my arrival and from this first realized its immense spread and vigilance; I had not suspected that it scrutinized every roof for every sparrow. An American acquaintance who had read some of my books introduced me to a colleague who expressed pleasure at meeting their author. This man asked me to dine with him and a friend, whom he presented as "my cousin". The cousin was an entertaining fellow; I learned a year later that he was head of the A.D.L.'s New York office and the true organizer of the little dinner-party.\* This happened a few days after I landed and thereafter the A.D.L. knew my every movement. They knew about the book I was writing and when it was ready for publication the "cousin" approached the American publisher of an earlier book of mine with a pointed request to know if he *contemplated* issuing this one; a man of discretion, he answered No.

Three years later, in 1952, when this book had appeared in England, the American Legion's magazine at Hollywood published some five hundred words from it. The A.D.L. at once demanded a retraction from the Hollywood commander of the Legion, who referred to the magazine's editor. No inaccuracy was alleged; the deputation just called the book "anti-semitic". The editor refused to retract unless false statement or other valid reason were proved, and resigned when the commander, ignoring him, published the familiar "apology" in face of threats that "all Jews" would boycott the Hollywood Stadium, which was operated by the Legion. The editor, departing, said this proved the truth of what was stated in the book. The apology availed the commander nothing for the nationwide American Broadcasting Company, which had been televising the Legion's events at the Stadium, at once announced that it would terminate its contract with the Legion and televise rival events; the commander ruefully said that this "comes as a complete shock to me".

When I next visited America, in 1951, another acquaintance, who thought my books informative and wished me to write for American newspapers, refused to credit what I told him. He said he was sure a certain publication would welcome

\* By this means material for dossiers and for "smearing" attacks is often obtained. In 1956 the A.D.L. published such a "smear" volume called *Cross-Currents*, described as "the book that tells how anti-semitism is used today as a political weapon". It was filled with attacks on "anti-semites" and contained numerous extracts from letters and conversations supposed to have passed between the persons named. The reviewer of the book in the *New York Times*, though sympathetic (writing for that journal he would not be antagonistic) said "the authors do not let the reader in on the secret of how they came into possession of these intriguing papers. . . this reticence about sources is a major weakness and it is particularly serious where statements are quoted from an oral interview". Who were these interviewers, he asked, and how did they go about their assignment? I could have told him, and the reader of this book has the answer. If my "oral interview" with the "cousin", who purported to be a strong "anti-semite", did not provide material for this volume, the reason is of interest. Late in a convivial evening he asked me suddenly how strong I thought "anti-semitism" to be in the United States. Believing him to be what he professed to be, I answered just as I would have answered, had I known his identity. I said that I had travelled in more than thirty of the forty-eight States and had never once heard the word "Jew" mentioned by any of the thousands of people I had met, which was the fact.

[347] an article from me on a subject then topical (not Zionism) and wrote to its editor. He was told, to his astonishment, that the publication of anything of mine, was "*verboden*", and when he suggested publication without my name was informed that this would not avail: "there is probably a representative of the A.D.L. on our payroll" (I have the letter).

Another acquaintance, head of a large bookselling concern, ordered his office to obtain a book of mine from Canada and was told that the Toronto wholesaler reported inability to supply. I made enquiry and learned that no order had reached Toronto. My acquaintance then investigated and could not find out who, *in his own office*, had intercepted the order, telling me he now realized that my books were "on the index".

The reader need only multiply these few examples from the personal experience of one man to see the effect on the total sum of information supplied to the public masses. The peoples of the Western nation-states are deprived of information in the matters most vitally affecting their present and future, by a press which (they are constantly told) is "the freest in the world".

Another method used by the A.D.L. to keep Jews in "mass hysteria" and non-Jews in a state of delusion is that of the *agent provocateur*, the bogus "anti-semite" (the "cousin" above mentioned is an example). Part of this method is the distribution of "documents" exposing "the whole world plot" and usually attributed to some unverifiable gathering of rabbis. The serious student of the real Talmudic enterprise, which can be documented from authentic Talmudic sources, at once recognizes these fabrications. An "admirer" once sent me such a "document", found (he said) in a secret drawer of an old family bureau which could not have been opened for a hundred years. I had the paper examined and then asked my correspondent to tell me how his long dead great grandfather had contrived to obtain paper manufactured in the 1940's. The correspondence closed.

An example of the employment of the bogus "anti-semite" by the A.D.L. is on record, authenticated by the organization itself. A prolific writer of books attacking "anti-semitism" in America is a man of Armenian origins, one Avedis Boghos Derounian, whose best known alias is John Roy Carlson. Several libel actions were brought against one of his books published during the Second War, in which he attacked over seven hundred persons, and one judge, awarding damages, said "I think this book was written by a wholly irresponsible person who was willing to say anything for money; I would not believe him on oath, nor at any time hereafter; I think that book was published by a publisher who was willing to publish anything for money". In November 1952 a radio-interviewer confronted this man with a well-known American foreign correspondent, Mr. Ray Brock, who taxed Carlson with having formerly edited "*a viciously antisemitic sheet called The Christian Defender*". This could not be denied, as the fact had become known, so Carlson said he had done it "*with the approval of the Anti--*

[348] *Defamation League*". The host-interviewer then interrupted to say that the A.D.L., on enquiry by him, confirmed this (the confirmation was unavoidable, the A.D.L. having admitted to the *Chicago Tribune* in 1947 that it had employed the man between 1939 and 1941 and "found his services satisfactory").

The fact that this man then was able (1951) to publish another book *attacking* "anti-semites" and to have it loudly praised in the leading New York newspapers (in face of the judicial comment above quoted) is a sign of the great change which this organization has brought about in American life in the last twenty years. The web of which the A.D.L. formed the centre stretched to other English-speaking countries, so that no independent writer anywhere could escape it. I give instances from my own experiences in that larger setting:

In March 1952 *Truth* (which was then unsubjected), reported that the Canadian Jewish Congress had requested a Canadian bookseller to remove from his shelves a book of mine. When I visited Canada that year I made enquiry and found that this pressure was general on Canadian booksellers, many of whom had yielded to it. At that time also a Zionist journal in South Africa stated, "Until such time as racial groups receive protection in law, *no bookshop is entitled to say that it will sell books . . . like some of Reed's books*"; I later spent some time in South Africa and found the position there to be identical with the one in Canada. The "racial protection" foretold in the above quotation is the Zionist-drafted "Genocide Convention" of the United Nations, which contains a provision prescribing legal penalties for anything said by some faction to cause "mental harm"; this provision, if enforced during another war, would make the A.D.L. censorship permanent and worldwide. I never went to Australia but think I would have found there the secret interference prevailing in the bookshops of Canada and South Africa. However, about the same time an Australian senator, unknown to me even by name, in attacking an "anti-semitic" organization equally unheard of by me, said it was "in close touch" with me; Australian newspapers published this defamationist message but refused to print the factual correction. During these years I received many complaints from readers that the chief librarian of a large Toronto library had pasted on the flyleaves of books of mine a "warning" to readers about them; protests had no effect.

In all these ways a curtain was lowered between the public masses and factual information about their affairs. The capture of the mass-mind became as complete as that of "the top-line politicians".

This left one position unconquered at the middle-layer between the captive politicians and the persuaded-multitude. It was the class of which Dr. Weizmann repeatedly complains: the permanent officials, the professionals and experts. From the start the strongest opposition to Zionism's encroachment came from this group (and from the "outside interference, entirely from Jews" of which Dr. Weizmann also complained). The non-elected official, the career civil servant, the professional soldier, the foreign expert all are almost impossible to suborn. The

[349] permanent official does not depend on election and feels himself an integral part of the nation. The professional soldier instinctively feels that the nation and his duty are one, and recoils at the thought that military operations are being perverted for some ulterior, political motive. The expert cannot smother his knowledge at the bidding of party-men any more than an expert craftsman can be tempted to make a watch that goes backward.

In fact, only the *complete* capture of a state, including the power of dismissal, disqualification from employment and arrest can ever fully overcome the resistance of public servants, professionals and experts to something that clearly conflicts with their duty. The A.D.L., in my judgment, showed that it looked forward to a day when it would overcome this obstacle by an attempt that was made in 1943.

The high directing intelligence behind this body evidently knows that the best moment to attain its aims is in the later stages and aftermath of a great war. At the start the embroiled masses are still intent on the objects professed and after the period of confusion which follows the war they regain some clarity of vision and begin to ask questions about what has been done under cover of the war; if the secret purpose has not then been attained the opportunity has been lost. These secret purposes were advanced between 1916 and 1922 (not between 1914 and 1918) in the First War, and between 1942 and 1948 (not 1939-1945) in the Second War. If a third war were to begin, say, in 1965 and continue until 1970, ostensibly for the purpose of "destroying Communism", the secret effort to realize the full ambition of Zionism and of the communized world-state would come during the period of greatest confusion, say, from 1968 to 1974.

The bid to capture the civil service in America was made in 1943, the fourth year of the Second War, and was partially exposed (by chance) in 1947, when the fog was clearing. The aim was to interpose between the American people and their public services a secret, defamationist black-list which would prevent men of patriotic duty from entering them, and open them wide to approved agents of the conspiracy. The lists then compiled were at one period being so rapidly extended that they would soon have included every person in the United States whose employment in public office was not desired by the secret arbiters. The defamatory dossiers of the A.D.L. were being incorporated in the official files of the American Civil Service. This could have provided the basis for secret police action at a later stage ("political opponents" were rounded up on the strength of such lists by Goering's new secret police on the night of the Reichstag fire). All unknown to the American people, then and now, a coup of the first order was far advanced in preparation.

Mr. Martin Dies once described the A.D.L., which supplied these lists, as "a terrorist organization, using its resources, not to defend the good name of Jews, but to force and compel compliance with the objectives of their organization by

[350] terrorist methods; it is a league of defamation".\* The description was borne out by the disclosures of the Subcommittee to Investigate the Civil Service Commission set up by the Committee on Expenditures of the American House of Representatives, which met on October 3, 6 and 7, 1947 under the chairmanship of Representative Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan.

This investigation also was brought about solely by the efforts of individuals; the whole effort of government was bent on averting it. Some loyal civil servant saw what was secretly being done and informed certain Congressmen that black lists were being inserted in the Civil Service files. Even that might not have led to any action, had not these Congressmen learned that they themselves were among the blacklisted! Under the restraints bequeathed by the long Roosevelt administration investigation, even then, could only be set in motion on grounds that "funds voted by Congress were being misused" (hence the intervention of the Committee on Expenditures).

About a hundred American Senators and Congressmen then learned that they (and some of their wives) were shown as "Nazis" on cards in the Civil Service files. They succeeded in securing copies of these cards, which bore a note saying that the defamationist information on them was "copied from the subversive files" of a private firm of Zionist lawyers. These files, the note continued, "*were made up in co-operation with the*

*American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League; the sources of this information must not be disclosed under any circumstances; however, further information concerning above may be obtained . . .*" (from the Zionist attorneys).

The senior officer of that department of the United States Civil Service Commission which was charged with investigating applicants for employment appeared before the sub-committee on subpoena. As the official directly responsible, he said the files were secret ones, the existence of which had only just become known to him (presumably, when he received the subpoena). The only files theretofore known to him were those normally kept by his department; they recorded persons investigated who for various reasons were to be rejected if they sought employment. He had ascertained that the secret files contained "750,000 cards" and had been prepared in the Commission's *New York office* (his own headquarters office was in Washington), and that copies of the cards had been sent to and incorporated in the files of *every branch office of the Civil Service Commission throughout the United States*. He said he had no power to produce the secret files; power to do this lay solely with the three Civil Service Commissioners (the very heads, under the president, of the Civil Service).

These Commissioners (a Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Flemming and Miss Perkins), then subpoenaed, refused to produce the files, stating that the president had forbidden this (the secret files had been introduced under President Roosevelt; this order

\* In 1956 President Eisenhower sent the annual convention of the A.D.L. an eulogistic message commending it for "reminding the nation that the ideals of religion must apply in all areas of life".

[351] not to divulge came from President Truman). Thereon Mr. Hoffmann said, "*This is the first time I have ever heard the acknowledgement that we have in this country a Gestapo*".

The Commissioners made no protest. Mr. Hoffmann then asked if persons *who had no intention even of applying for a Civil Service post* were black-listed. The senior Commissioner, Mr. Mitchell, confirmed that this was the case, thus explicitly admitting that the black list was of *unlimited* range. Mr. Hoffmann said, "Then it has nothing to do with the immediate case of a person applying for a job?", and Mr. Mitchell agreed. Mr. Hoffmann continued, "You claim the right to list in your files the names of *anyone and everyone in this country*? Is that not correct?" and the three Commissioners silently assented.

The investigators discovered that in June and July of 1943 *alone* (that is, in the confusion-period of a great war) 487,033 cards had been added to the secret files, this work having occupied scores of clerks. A Congressman reminded the Commissioners that in the very year (1943) when these secret cards were incorporated the Civil Service Commission had specifically forbidden its investigators even to ask questions about any applicant's *Communist* associations (the policy generally introduced by President Roosevelt). The Commissioners showed great anxiety to avoid discussing the part played by the Anti-Defamation League in this affair and repeatedly evaded questions on that point.

The official report, so astonishing by earlier standards, shows that the A.D.L. was in a position secretly to introduce into official records defamatory dossiers, quickly extensible into secret police files covering the entire country. This was recognizably an attempt to gain control of the American Civil Service and to make loyalty, by the earlier standards, a disqualification. As no assurance of remedial action was obtained, the result of this public investigation may be compared with a surgical examination by doctors who, having opened the patient and found a malignant growth near a vital organ, declare that they have order not to remove it and sew up the incision. Thus the unhealthy condition remained.

The uses which could conceivably be made of such secret, nation wide black-lists were illustrated by some strange episodes of 1951 and 1952, when bodies of troops suddenly swooped on small towns in California, New York State and Texas and "occupied" them in the name of "the United Nations" or of "Military Government". City halls, police headquarters and telephone exchanges were taken over; mayors, officials and private individuals were arrested; bands of the "enemy" (garbed by some costumier in "Fascist" uniforms) were paraded around; trials were held by military courts and concentration camps were set up; proclamations were made threatening "resisters" and "conspirators" with dire penalties, and so on.

These proceedings look very much like a rehearsal of the kind of thing the [352] world might well see, in the confusion-period of any third war, if "the league to enforce peace" were making its third bid for world-authority. on this occasion, too, indignant private investigators were quite unable to discover what authority ordered these affairs. The official military spokesman, a colonel at the Pentagon, when hard pressed by an inquirer, was only allowed to say that the question was "one of local *and*

*political significance, over which the military exercises no control!"* That pointed to the president, government and State Department, but all these authorities remained as silent as the Civil Service Commissioners had been uninformative.

By the end of the Second War this secret invasion, in all its forms, had impaired the inner structure of the American Republic to such an extent that some change in its outer form, as known to the world for 150 years, was likely during the confusion-period of any third war. The instinctive struggle of the original population to maintain itself and its traditions against a usurpation, the nature of which it was not allowed to comprehend, was failing. This resistance would gain strength, and mend some of the breaches, as the Second War receded, but grave weaknesses remained which were bound to show themselves under the strain of the new war, with the thought of which the American mass-mind was daily made familiar by the politicians and the controlled press.

From 1943 onward the weakness of the American Republic lay more in its own impaired foundations than in any foreign air forces or fleets.

## Chapter 41

### THE REVOLUTION "EXTENDS"

The Second World War, much more clearly than the First, followed the course charted by the Protocols of 1905. The embroiled masses wreaked destruction and vengeance on each other, not for their own salvation, but for the furtherance of a plan of general enslavement under a despotic "world government". The aims initially proclaimed ("liberation", "freedom" and the destruction of "militarism", "Nazism", "Fascism", "totalitarian dictatorship" and the like) were not achieved; on the contrary, the area where these conditions prevailed was greatly enlarged.

Lenin, in his *Collected Works*, wrote: "The World War" (1914-1918) "will see the establishment of Communism in Russia; *a second world war will extend its control over Europe*; and a third world war will be necessary to make it worldwide", The central phrase of this forecast was almost literally fulfilled by the outcome of the Second War. The revolution extended its frontiers to the middle of Europe and thus was put in a position to extend its *military* control over all Europe, at least at the outset of any third war. In 1956 the American General Gruenther, who then bore the rank, apparently made permanent by some untraceable act of the "premier-dictators" in wartime; of "Supreme Allied Commander", told a West German newspaper, "If it should come to a battle on the ground at all, then we are, of course, not strong enough to hold the present front in Europe",

By 1956 the Western people, for ten years, had been made accustomed by almost daily intimations from their leaders to the thought that war with "Russia" was inevitable, This was the consequence of the outcome of the Second War; this outcome, again, was the result of the diversion of acts of state policy and of military operations to the purposes of destroying nation-states and of general enslavement; and this diversion, in turn, was the consequence of the process described in the previous chapter as "the invasion of America", The strength and wealth of America were decisive in the Second War and they were used to bring about a denouement which made a third war a permanent peril.

Thus the story of America's embroilment in the Second War demonstrated the power of the "foreign group" which had come to dictate in Washington, and gave living reality to the farewell address of George Washington himself: "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government". W Washington spoke in 1796, when the Reign of Terror had shown the true nature of the revolution in France and when the presence of the conspiracy's agents in America was first realized.

The published records of the Second War show that the conspiracy had obtained power to dictate major acts of American state policy, the course of [354] military operations and the movement of arms, munitions, supplies and treasure. Its conscious agents were numerous and highly-placed. Among the leading men who supported or submitted to them many may have been unaware of the consequences to which their actions were bound to lead.

This chapter in the republic's story occupied three and a half years, from Pearl Harbour to Yalta. A significant resemblance occurs between the manner of America's entry into war in 1898 and 1941. In both cases the provocation necessary to inflame the masses was supplied, and difficult problems of convincing Congress or "public opinion" were thus eluded. In 1898 the *Maine* was "sunk by a Spanish mine" in Havana harbour, and war followed on the instant; many years later, when the *Maine* was raised, her plates were found



to have been blown *out* by an *inner* explosion. In 1941 the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour "on a day that will live in infamy" enabled President Roosevelt to tell his country that through a completely unexpected attack it was "at war". The later disclosures showed that the government in Washington had long been warned of the impending attack and had not alerted the Pearl Harbour defenders. In both cases the public masses remained apathetic when these revelations ensued. (They are of continuing relevance in 1956, when another American president has publicly sworn that he will "never be guilty" of sending his country to war "without Congressional authority", but has added that American troops might have to undertake "*local warlike acts* in self-defence" without such parliamentary approval).

In the First War President Wilson, re-elected on the promise to keep his country out of war, immediately after his re-inauguration declared that "a state of war *exists*". In the Second War President Roosevelt was re-elected in 1940 on the repeated promise that "your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars". His electoral programme, however, included a five-word proviso: "We will not send our armies, navies or air forces to fight in foreign lands outside the Americas *except in case of attack*". These five words were added (says one of Mr. Bernard Baruch's approved biographers, Mr. Rosenbloom) "by Senator James F. Byrnes, who was so close to Baruch that it was sometimes impossible to tell which of the two originated the view that both expressed".

The importance of the proviso was shown on *December 7, 1941*, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. Twelve days earlier Mr. Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary for War, after a cabinet meeting on *November 25, 1941*, had noted in his diary: "The question was how we should *manoeuvre them*" (the Japanese) "*into the position of firing the first shot* without allowing too much danger to ourselves; it was a difficult proposition".

The pre-history of this notation, again, is that on *January 27, 1941* the United States Ambassador in Tokyo had advised his government that "in the event of trouble breaking out between the United States and Japan, the Japanese intended to make a surprise attack against Pearl Harbour"; that the Soviet spy in [355] Tokyo, Dr. Richard Sorge, informed the Soviet Government in *October 1941* that "the Japs intended to attack Pearl Harbour within sixty days" and was advised by the Soviet Government that his information had been transmitted to President Roosevelt (according to Sorge's confession, *New York Daily News*, May 17, 1951); that the Roosevelt government delivered a virtual ultimatum to Japan on *November 26, 1941*; that secret Japanese messages, from *September 1941* up to the very moment of the attack, which were intercepted and decoded by United States intelligence units, gave unmistakable evidence of a coming attack on Pearl Harbour but were not transmitted to the American commanders there; that on *December 1* the Head of Naval Intelligence, Far Eastern Section, drafted a despatch to the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet saying "war between Japan and the United States is imminent", which was cancelled by superior authority; that on *December 5* Colonel Sadtler of the U.S. Signal Corps, on information received, drafted a despatch to commanders, "War with Japan imminent; eliminate all possibility of another Port Arthur" (an allusion to the similar "surprise attack" that began the Russo-Japanese war), which was similarly suppressed; that a Japanese reply, obviously tantamount to a declaration of war, to the Roosevelt ultimatum was received in Washington on *December 6, 1941* but no word was sent to the Pearl Harbour defenders. A message stating that "the Japanese are presenting at one p.m., eastern time today what amounts to an ultimatum. . . be on the alert" was at last despatched about noon on *December 7, 1941*, and reached the commanders at Pearl Harbour between six and eight hours *after* the Japanese attack.

The record now available suggests that the Americans on Hawaii *alone* were left without knowledge of the imminent onslaught which cost two battleships and two destroyers (apart from many vessels put out of action), 177 aircraft and 4575 dead, wounded or missing. A direct and immediate consequence was also the disaster suffered by the British navy off Malaya, when the battleships *Prince of Wales* and *Renown* were sunk with great loss of life.

Political leaders who are ready to obtain their country's entry into war by facilitating an enemy attack on it cannot be depended on to wage it in the national interest. The American people as a whole still is unaware of the truth of Pearl Harbour, an ominous beginning which led in unbroken line to the ominous end.

Eight investigations were held, seven naval or military ones during wartime and one Congressional one at the war's end. Thus wartime secrecy enshrouded them all and none of them was truly public or exhaustive; moreover, all were conducted under the aegis of the political party whose man was president at the time of Pearl Harbour. The vital facts (that the president knew at the latest eight weeks earlier, from an intercepted Japanese despatch, that "a surprise attack was being planned and that these intercepted messages were withheld from the Pearl Harbour commanders over a long period) were burked throughout. The

[356] Secretary of War's diary (with the significant entry above quoted) was not admitted in evidence and Mr. Stimson himself was not called, being in ill health. Control of the press enabled the long proceedings (six months) to be presented to the public in bewildering and confusing form.

However, the three naval commanders chiefly concerned have published their accounts. Rear Admiral Kimmel, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet at the time, says of another admiral's belief that "President Roosevelt's plans *required* that no word be sent to alert the fleet in Hawaii", that "the individuals in high position in Washington who *wilfully* refrained from alerting our forces at Pearl Harbour should never be excused. The Commanders at Pearl Harbour Were never informed of. . . the American note delivered to the Japanese Ambassadors on November 26, 1941, which effectually ended the possibility of further negotiations and thus made the Pacific war inevitable . . . No hint of vital intercepts received, decoded and delivered to responsible officials in Washington on December 6 and 7, 1941, was sent to the Navy and Army Commanders in the Hawaiian area".

Fleet Admiral Halsey, who at that time was one of Admiral Kimmel's three senior commanders, says, "All our intelligence pointed to an attack by Japan against the Philippines or the southern areas in Malaya or the Dutch East Indies. While Pearl Harbour was considered and not ruled out, the mass of the evidence *made available to us* pointed in another direction. *Had we known* of Japan's minute and continued interest in the exact location and movement of our ships in Pearl Harbour" (indicated by the withheld message) "it is only logical that we would have concentrated our thought on meeting the practical certainty of an attack on Pearl Harbour".

Rear Admiral Theobald, commanding destroyers of the Battle Force at Pearl Harbour, writing in 1954 says, "Dictates of patriotism requiring secrecy regarding a line of national conduct *in order to preserve it for possible future repetition* do not apply in this case because, in this atomic age, *facilitating an enemy's surprise attack, as a method of initiating a war, is unthinkable*". (The admiral presumably means that he *hopes* a repetition is "unthinkable"). He adds. "The recurrent fact of the true Pearl Harbour story has been the repeated withholding of information from Admiral Kimmel and General Short" (the naval and military commanders at Pearl Harbour, who were made scapegoats) ". . . never before in recorded history had a field commander been denied information that his country would be at war in a matter of hours, and that everything pointed to a surprise attack upon his forces shortly after sunrise". Admiral Theobald quotes the later statement of Admiral Stark (who in December 1941 was Chief of Naval Operations in Washington and who refused to inform Admiral Kimmel of the Japanese declaration of war message) that all he did was done on the order of higher authority, "which can only mean President Roosevelt. The most arresting thing he did, during that time, was to

[357] withhold information from Admiral Kimmel".

Fleet Admiral Halsey, writing in 1953, described Admiral Kimmel and General Short as "our outstanding military martyrs". They were retired to conceal from the public, amid the confusion and secrecy of war, the true source of responsibility for the disaster at Pearl Harbour, but they were rather "the first" than the "outstanding" military martyrs, in the sense used by Admiral Halsey. They originated a line, now long, of American naval and military commanders who experienced something new in the history of their calling and country. They found that they courted dismissal or relegation if they strove for military victory by the best military means or objected to some strategy dictated from above which was obviously prejudicial to military victory. Their operations had to conform to some higher plan, the nature of which they could not plainly perceive, but which was patently not that, of military victory in the national interest, taught to them from their earliest days as the sole ultimate reason for a soldier's being.

What, then, was this superior plan, to which all American military effort from Pearl Harbour to Yalta and after was made to conform? It was in fact Lenin's "extension" of the revolution. The story of the three-and-a-half years only becomes explicable in that light.

In the First World War, American entry coincided with the revolution in Russia, and Mr. House at once instructed the president "to proffer our financial, industrial and moral support in every way possible" to the new "democracy". In the Second War Hitler's attack on his Moscovite accomplice followed quickly on Mr. Roosevelt's second re-inauguration and before Pearl Harbour America was in the war as far as support of the "new democracy" was concerned, for "financial, industrial and moral support", by way of "Lend-Lease", was being prepared for the Revolutionary state in a measure never before imagined possible. \*

By June of 1942 President Roosevelt's intimate, a Mr. Harry Hopkins, publicly told the Communist state (at a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden), "*We are determined that nothing shall stop us from sharing with you all that we have and are*". These words reflected a presidential order earlier issued (March 7, 1942) to

American war agencies (and much later made public) that preference in the supply of munitions should be given to the Soviet Union over *all other Allies and over the armed forces of the United States*. The Chief of the American Military Mission in Moscow, Major General John R. Deane, in a book of 1947 described his vain efforts to stem this tide and said this order of President Roosevelt was "the beginning of a policy of appeasement of Russia from which we have never recovered and from which we are still suffering".

The word "appeasement" was incorrectly used by General Deane, for the policy went far beyond simple "appeasement", and was obviously aimed at

\* The three forms of such support enumerated by Mr. House include "financial" support. The most difficult of all questions to answer is, how much *financial* support then was given. Innumerable books allude to large financial support by "Wall Street banking houses" and the like, but I have quoted none of these here because I could not verify, and therefore do not quote these; such transactions, in any case, are almost impossible to uncover, being conducted in the greatest secrecy. However, a significant allusion appears in a letter from Lenin himself to Angelica Balabanoff (his representative in Stockholm at the period when Communism was "establishing" itself in Moscow): "Spend millions, tens of millions, if necessary. There is plenty of money at our disposal". No doubt remains about the *German* financial support given to the Bolshevik conspirators. The German Foreign Office documents captured by the Allies in 1945 include a telegram sent by the German Foreign Minister, Richard von Kuehlmann, to the Kaiser on Dec. 3, 1916 which says, "It was not until the Bolsheviks had received from us a steady flow of funds through various channels and under varying labels that they were in a position to be able to build up their main organ, the *Pravda*, to conduct energetic propaganda and appreciably to extend the originally narrow basis of their party". The Foreign Minister, anticipating the illusions of Western politicians in the next generation, added "It is entirely in our interest that we should exploit the period while they are in power, which may be a short one . . ." (someone added a note in the margin, "There is no question of supporting the Bolsheviks in the future", a dictum which did not reckon with Hitler). The German papers include a report made in August 1915 by the German Ambassador in Copenhagen, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, on the activities of "an expert on Russia", one Dr. Helphand, who was helping to organize the Bolshevik conspiracy. This says, "Dr. Parvus" (Helphand's pseudonym) "has provided the organization with a sum to cover running expenses . . . not even the gentlemen working in the organization realize that our Government is behind it". Helphand then estimated the cost of organizing the revolution "completely" at "about twenty million roubles". Brockdorff-Rantzau received authority from Berlin to make an advance payment and Helphand's receipt is in the documents: "Received from the German Embassy in Copenhagen on the 29th of December 1915 the sum of one million roubles in Russian bank notes for the promotion of the revolutionary movement in Russia; signed, Dr. A. Helphand" (Royal Institute of International Affairs journal, London, April 1956).

[358] *increasing* the military and industrial strength of the revolutionary state *after* the war.

It is explicit in the above passages that Mr. Roosevelt intended to give the revolutionary state greater support than any other ally, free or captive, and implicit that he was resolved to support Poland's aggressor and was indifferent about the "liberation" of other countries overrun. The high causes held out to the Western masses, until they were fully involved in the war, had in fact been abandoned, and the supra-national project of extending the revolution, destroying nation-states and advancing the world-government ambition had been put in their place. (I began to write in this sense in 1942 and my elimination from daily journalism then began; up to that time I was one of the highly-paid "names" in the newspapers).

In 1941 this policy of supporting the revolutionary state was clearly bound to produce much greater effects than in 1917. In 1917 American support could only effect "the *establishment*" of Communism in Russia.

In 1941 the situation was entirely different. Communism was long since "*established*". Support, if given in the boundless measure promised by Mr. Hopkins, was bound to enable it to "*extend*", in accordance with Lenin's dictum. The support given was so prodigious that it enabled Communism to "extend" over a vast area and to prepare for another war as well; the prospect of this third war, arising immediately the second one ended, was then depicted to the Western masses as the consequences of Soviet perfidy.

The values transferred to the revolutionary state from America are almost beyond human comprehension. Elected in 1932 to abolish "deficits", President Roosevelt in twelve years spent more than all former American presidents

[359] together, and in sovereign irresponsibility. Public expenditure in America today, eleven years after his death, is still beyond the understanding of an academy of accountants; it is a balloon world of noughts with a few numerals scattered among them. In this zero-studded firmament the amount "lent-leased" to the revolutionary state by President Roosevelt might seem insignificant: 9,500,000,000 dollars. In fact arms and *goods* to that value were shipped, in theory on a sale-or-return basis; it was a vast transfer of treasure, and a few decades earlier would have enabled several new states to set up housekeeping without fear of the future.

This stream of wealth was directed by one man, described by his official biographer (Mr. Robert E. Sherwood) as "the second most important man in the United States". Mr. Harry Hopkins thus played the potentate's part, in the distribution of war materials, first filled by Mr. Bernard Baruch in 1917. The original idea was Mr. Baruch's, who in 1916 insistently demanded that "one man" be appointed as the "administrator"

of the all-powerful War Industries Board which, when America entered that war, grew out of an earlier "Advisory Commission" attached to the president's Cabinet "Defence Council".

This pre-history of Mr. Hopkins's appointment is significant, because it shows the continuing power and method of the group around the American presidents of both world wars. A Congressional Investigating Committee of 1919, headed by Mr. William J. Graham, said of the "Advisory Commission" which produced the 1918 War Industries Board, that it "served as *the secret government of the United States*. . . A commission of seven men chosen by the president seems to have devised the entire system of purchasing war supplies, planned a press censorship, designed a system of food control. . . and in a word designed practically every war measure which the Congress subsequently enacted, *and did all this behind closed doors* weeks and even months before the Congress of the United States declared war against Germany . . . There was not an act of the so-called war legislation afterwards enacted that had not before the actual declaration of war been discussed and settled upon by this Advisory Commission".

Mr. Baruch himself, testifying before a Select Committee of Congress on the wartime activities of the "one-man" authority which he himself had caused to be set up, said, "The final determination rested with me . . . whether the Army or Navy would have it. . . the railroad administration. . . or the Allies, or whether General Allenby should have locomotives, or whether they should be used in Russia or in France. . . I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did. . ." (This was the First War background to Mr. Churchill's words to Mr. Baruch in 1939, "War is coming. . . you will be running the show over there". The extent of Mr. Baruch's power in the First War is further illustrated by an incident in 1919, when President Wilson was brought back to America a completely incapacitated man. Mr. Baruch then "became one of the group that made decisions during the President's illness" (Mr. Rosenbloom). This group [360] came to be known as "the Regency Council", and when the ailing president's senior Cabinet officer, Mr. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, called Cabinet meetings on his own authority the president, from his sickbed, dismissed him; though he broke also with other associates, including Mr. House, "Wilson clung to his trust in Baruch").

In the Second War President Roosevelt revived President Wilson's power to establish a "Defence Council" with an "Advisory Commission" (1940), and in 1942 this was enlarged into a "War Production Board", the counterpart of the 1918 "War Industries Board". Mr. Baruch again advised that "one man" be put in charge of this all-powerful body, but in the event he was not the one man appointed. His biographer says that he was disappointed, but the reader may keep an open mind about that.

The rare references to Mr. Baruch in this narrative do not denote the extent of his influence. The best observers known to me all believed that he was the most powerful of the men around American presidents over a period of more than forty years, up to now. His biographer states that he continued to act as adviser to every American president (including the three Republican ones of 1920, 1924 and 1928) from President Wilson on, and, writing in 1952, predicted that he would also "advise" President Eisenhower and even gave an outline of what this advice would be. Mr. Baruch's true place in this story, or the present writer's estimate of it, will be shown at a later stage, when he made his most significant *open* appearance.

Even though Mr. Baruch, with evident accuracy, described himself as the most powerful man in the world in 1917-1918, his power actually to shape the events and map of the world was much less than that of any man who occupied the same place in the Second War, for the obvious reason that "the determination of what anybody could have" now extended to the revolutionary state *established as a great military power with obvious and vast territorial* aims. Even the War Production Board became of secondary importance when the "Lend-Lease Administration" was set up, and Mr. Harry Hopkins was appointed "Administrator" and also chairman of President Roosevelt's "Soviet Protocol Committee" with power "*to determine supply quotas to be dispatched to Russia*". From that moment the fate and future of the West were in the hands of a man known to a wide circle as "Harry the Hop".

Mr. Hopkins could only have occupied so elevated a place in the Twentieth Century; public opinion, if informed by a free and impartial press, would hardly have suffered him, for he had no qualification to handle great affairs, least of all foreign ones. Even his biographer, though well-disposed to a fellow-inmate of the White House (in which respectable precincts Mr. Hopkins, according to his own diary, once acted as pander to a visiting Communist notable, a Mr. Molotov), wonders how this man, "so obscure in origin and so untrained for great responsibility", could have become "Special Adviser to the President".

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As to that, today's student cannot discover who "chose" Mr. Hopkins for his role. However, he finds that Mr. Hopkins in his youth had absorbed the same kind of ideas (those of "Louis Blanc and the



revolutionaries of 1848") which Mr. House acquired in *his* Texan boyhood. Mr. Hopkins had studied at the feet of a Fabian Socialist from London (who held that nation-states should disappear in a "United States of the World") and from a Jewish teacher of Bohemian and Russian origins who had been a pupil of Tolstoy, the Bolsheviks' hero. The transmission of "ideas", again. Presumably these were the qualifications which cause Mr. Sherwood to call him "the *inevitable* Roosevelt favourite". Earlier he had been known as a "fixer" and fund-raiser and "little brother of the rich". The University of Oxford conferred on him one of the most ill-fitting doctorates in its history and Mr. Churchill's fulsome references to him, in the war memoirs, are strange to read.

When Mr. Hopkins took his place as chairman of President Roosevelt's Soviet Protocol Committee he found among its members some who greatly mistrusted the policy of unconditional supply to the revolutionary state. He issued to them the following imperial fiat:

"The United States is doing things *which it would not do for other United Nations* without full information from them. This decision to act without full information was made. . . after due deliberation . . . There was *no reservation* about the policy at the present time but the policy was constantly being brought up by various persons for rediscussion. He proposed that *no further consideration be given to these requests for rediscussion*" (1942).

Thus the revolutionary state, through Mr. Hopkins, was shown to be "the inevitable Roosevelt favourite". In this passage the mystery recurs to which I drew attention in the case of British Ministers and Zionism: the "policy" has been "settled" and *cannot* be altered. By whom this policy had been "deliberated", and who had decreed that it must not be re-examined in any circumstances whatever, were Mr. Hopkins's secrets, and all this was again "behind closed doors" as far as the embroiled masses were concerned. In vain the Republican leader, Senator Robert E. Taft, protested when he saw what was going on: "How can anyone swallow the idea that Russia is battling for democratic principles. . . To spread the four freedoms throughout the world we will ship aeroplanes and tanks to Communist Russia. But no country was more responsible for the present war and Germany's aggression". A violent campaign was immediately begun in the press which continued until Senator Taft's death. Today's map and state of affairs vindicate his warning, and those who today read Mr. Hopkins's fiat, quoted above, may see that the outcome of the war was determined by these secret actions of 1942 and earlier.

Of "aeroplanes and tanks" 15,000 and 7,000, respectively, were *donated*. A navy of 581 vessels was also given (over many years 127 of these were returned and in 1956 the Soviet offered to pay for 31; the remaining ships, over 300, were [362] declared to have been lost, sunk or declared unseaworthy). A merchant fleet was also presented.

This was only the smaller part of the total transfer of wealth in many forms. The American Government has never published the details of its deliveries. The fact that these are known, and that the greater part of them consisted of supplies obviously designed to strengthen the industrial and war-making capacity of the revolutionary state *after the war's end*, is due to one of the accidents which assist the historian, although, in the condition of the press today, they never reach the general public mind and therefore produce no remedial result.

In May 1942 a Captain George Racey Jordan reported for duty at the great Newark Airport in New Jersey. He was a First War soldier rejoined and had never forgotten the advice of a sergeant given to him in Texas in 1917: "Keep your eyes and ears open, keep your big mouth shut, and *keep a copy of everything*". To the last five words posterity owes the most astonishing book (in my opinion) of the Second World War.

Captain Jordan was instructed to report to "United Nations Depot No. 8", as he found Newark Airport to be described on his orders. The body known as the "United Nations" was set up three years later, and this was an anticipation, revealing the intention of the men around the president. Captain Jordan, when he reported for duty as Liaison Officer, had no suspicion of the power of the Soviet in America and was soon enlightened in three ways. In May 1942, after an American Airlines passenger aircraft on the apron brushed the engine housing of a Lend-Lease medium bomber waiting to be flown to the Soviet Government, a Soviet officer angrily demanded the banishment of American Airlines from this great American airport. When this was refused the Soviet officer said he would "call Mr. Hopkins", and in a few days an order from the United States Civil Aeronautic Board banished *all* American civil airlines from the field.

Captain Jordan then began to keep a very full diary, and by means of it was later able to show (when he and the rest of the world learned about "atomic bombs") that during 1942 about fifteen million dollars' worth of graphite, aluminium tubes, cadmium metal and thorium (all materials necessary for the creation of an atomic pile) were sent to the Soviet Government from Newark. At this time the "Manhattan Project" (the

production of the first atom bomb) was supposed to be of such intense secrecy that its chief, Major General Leslie R. Groves, later testified that his office would have refused, without his personal approval, to supply any document even to President Roosevelt. In 1942, when he made these entries in his diary, Captain Jordan had no idea of the use to which these materials might be put, for he had never heard of the "Manhattan Project" or of "the atom bomb".

His next experience of the authority wielded by the Soviet officers came when one of them took affront on seeing a red star on an aeroplane belonging to the Texaco Oil Company and threatened to "phone Washington" and have it

[363] removed. Captain Jordan had difficulty in explaining that the Texas Oil Company had been using the emblem of its home state (the "Lone Star State") for many years before the 1917 revolution!

At this time Captain Jordan began to realize that the mass of material that was going to the Communist state was not in the least covered by the terms of the master Lend-Lease agreement ("The Government of the United States will continue to supply the U.S.S.R. with such *defence* articles, *defence* services and *defence* information as the President . . . shall authorize to be transferred or provided") but included many things that had nothing to do with "defence" and everything to do with the post-war strengthening of the Soviet. He noted, for instance, the supply of "tractors and farm machinery, aluminium manufacturing plant, railway car shops, steel mill equipment" and the like more. These shipments (which, an enthusiastic interpreter told him, "will help to Fordize our country") are indicated in the round totals which are the only information on the subject provided by the American Government. President Truman's "Twenty First Report to Congress on Lend-Lease Operations" shows under the head of "Non-munitions" the enormous figures of \$1,674,586,000 for *agricultural products* and \$3,040,423,000 for *industrial materials and products*.

In 1943, when heavy losses to the ocean convoys caused a much greater proportion of Lend-Lease materials to be sent by air, an American air terminus for the movement of these supplies was set up at Great Falls, Montana, and Captain Jordan was transferred there as "Lend-Lease Expediter". Once more his orders from the United States Army Air Force designated him "United Nations Representative", though no such body existed, and he found awaiting him a *Presidential* directive, headed "Movement of Russian Airplanes", which said that " . . . the modification, equipment and movement of Russian planes have been given first priority, even over planes for U.S. Army Air Forces". He also had his third experience of Soviet power: the Soviet officer with whom he dealt held that his rank of captain was too low and asked for his promotion to major; when the gold oak leaves duly arrived they were pinned on Major Jordan's shoulders by Colonel Kotikov, an event probably unprecedented in American military history.

Major Jordan then noticed that an extravagant number of black suitcases, roped and sealed, was passing through his "pipeline to Moscow". His misgivings were by this time heavy and he used a favourable opportunity (and the sole power remaining to him, that of giving or withholding clearance for American-piloted Lend-Lease aircraft on the last stretch to Fairbanks in Alaska) to thrust past armed Soviet secret policemen into an aeroplane and open about eighteen suitcases out of fifty. He made a rough note of the contents of the opened ones.

Among the mass of papers, plans, correspondence and blueprints were two discoveries which, years later, proved to fit neatly into the picture of espionage and conspiracy which was revealed by the various exposures of 1948-1956. One

[364] was a bundle of State Department folders, each with a tab. One of these read, "From Hiss", and another, "From Sayre". Major Jordan had never heard either name, but they were the names of the chief State Department official later convicted (Alger Hiss) and of another State Department official involved in the same affair. These folders contained copies of secret despatches from American attaches in Moscow, forwarded by diplomatic pouch to Washington, and now returning in duplicate to those from whom they were to be held secret.

The more important discovery was one which affects all men living in the West as much today as if it were now detected. It was a letter addressed to the Soviet Commissar of Foreign Trade, Mikoyan. Major Jordan noted down an excerpt from it: " . . . had a hell of a time getting these away from Groves" (the chief of the atomic-bomb project). The letter was signed "H. H." Attached to it were a map of the Oak Ridge atomic plant in Tennessee and a carbon copy of a report, rubber-stamped "Harry Hopkins", containing a number of names so strange to Major Jordan that he also made a note of them, intending to look up their meaning. Among them were "cyclotron", "proton" and "deuteron", and phrases like "energy produced by fission" and "walls five feet thick, of lead and water, to control flying neutrons". Mr. Hopkins, as already shown, was "the inevitable Roosevelt favourite", "the Special Adviser to the President", "the second most important man in the United States".



(For some years after the Second War the public masses in America and England were told by their leaders that their best protection against a new war, and the most effective deterrent to "Soviet aggression", was Western possession of the atom bomb. On September 23, 1949 the Soviet Union exploded an atom bomb, to the surprise of none who carefully followed affairs. Major Jordan then could contain himself no longer and approached a Senator, who was stirred enough to induce a leading broadcaster, Mr. Fulton Lewis, to make the story known. In that form, and in his later book, it thus became public, and it was the subject of two Congressional hearings, in December 1949 and March 1950. The press unitedly misrepresented the gravamen of the matter and, as in all these cases, no true remedial effect was produced; nothing effective has been done to prevent the recurrence of a similar state of affairs in another war).

In 1944 Major Jordan, more worried than ever, attempted to see the Lend-Lease liaison officer at the State Department but was intercepted by a junior official who told him "Officers who are too officious are likely to find themselves on an island somewhere in the South Seas". Not long after he was removed from White Falls. His book contains the complete list of Lend-Lease shipments which, as liaison officer, he was able to see and copy. This shows all the chemicals, metals and minerals suitable for use in an atomic pile which were transferred, and some of them may also be suitable for use in the hydrogen bomb; they include beryllium, cadmium, cobalt ore and concentrate (33,600 lbs), cobalt metal and cobalt-bearing scrap (806,941 lbs), uranium metal (2.2 lbs), aluminium tubes [365] (12,766,472 lbs), graphite (7,384,482 lbs), thorium, uranium nitrate, oxide and urano-uranic oxide, aluminium and alloys (366,738,204 lbs), aluminium rods (13,744,709 lbs), aluminium plates (124,052,618 lbs), brass and bronze ingots and bars (76,545,000 lbs), brass or bronze wire (16,139,702 lbs), brass and bronze plates (536,632,390 lbs), insulated copper wire (399,556,720 lbs), and so on.

These lists also include the "purely postwar Russian supplies" (General Groves), such as an oil-refinery plant, forging machinery and parts (\$53,856,071), lathes, precision boring-machines, canning machinery, commercial dairy equipment, sawmill machinery, textile machinery, power machines (\$60,313,833), foundry equipment, electric station equipment, telephone instruments and equipment (\$32,000,000), generators (\$222,020,760), motion picture equipment, radio sets and equipment (\$52,072,805), 9,594 railway freight cars, 1,168 steam locomotives (\$101,075,116), merchant vessels (\$123,803,879), motor trucks (\$508,367,622), and endlessly on.

Among the major donations obviously intended to strengthen the Soviet Union industrially *after* the war, Major Jordan's records include one repair plant for precision instruments (\$550,000), two factories for food products (\$6,924,000), three gas generating units (\$21,390,000), one petroleum refinery with machinery and equipment (\$29,050,000), 17 stationary steam and three hydro-electric plants (\$273,289,000). The Soviet lists reproduced by Major Jordan suggest that a spirit approaching hysteria in giving moved Mr. Hopkins and his associates, for they include items for which no rational explanation can be found, for instance: eyeglasses (\$169,806), teeth (\$956), 9,126 watches with jewels (\$143,922), 6,222 lbs of toilet soap \$400 worth of lipsticks, 373 gallons of liquor, \$57,444 worth of fishing tackle, \$161,046 worth of magic lanterns, \$4,352 worth of "fun fair" devices, 13,256 lbs of carbon paper, two "new pianos", \$60,000 worth of musical instruments and (an item which conjures up visions of the "Beloved Leader", Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Churchill's "Uncle Joe"), "one pipe", valued at ten dollars!

Mr. Hopkins's past as a professional fund-raiser and welfare-worker seems to show in the donation of \$88,701,103, over four years, for "relief or charity"; those who have visited Soviet Russia may try to imagine this money being doled out by the Commissars to the poor! This was not the end of cash-giving under "Lend-Lease". In 1944 Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior, Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, and his Assistant Secretary, Mr. Harry Dexter White (later shown to have been a Soviet agent) ordered the shipment to the Soviet Government of duplicates of the United States Treasury plates to be used for printing money for the use of the forces occupying Germany *after* the war. This meant that the money printed by the Soviet Government for the use of its troops was redeemable by the American Government as there was no distinction whatever between the paper printed. By the end of 1946, when public protests caused the American Government to stop paying its own troops with these notes, [366] so that the Soviet Government could make no further use of them, the United States Military Government in Germany found that it had redeemed about \$250,000,000 *in excess of the total of notes issued by its own Finance Office*. (The Soviet Government ignored a request to pay the modest sum of some \$18,000 for the plates and materials delivered to it, which had enabled it to draw \$250,000,000 straight from the United States Treasury).

Thus for four or five years there was an unlimited transfer of the wherewithal of war, of supplies for post-war industrial use, and of wealth in manifold forms to the revolutionary state, and "re-discussion" of this

policy lay under ban at the highest level. Moreover, "preference" and "priority" for this policy, in relation to American needs or those of other allies, was explicitly ordered at that level.

There were two other ways in which the revolutionary state could be "supported" and helped to "extend": (1) the conduct of military operations; (2) the direction of State policy at high-level conferences issuing from these military operations. As the policy of delivering arms and wealth was so firmly, even fanatically pursued in favour of the revolutionary state, it was logical to expect that the *same* policy would be pursued through military operations and the conferences resulting from them. In fact, this happened, as good observers foresaw at the time and as the receding picture of the war now plainly shows. It also was the inevitable result of the capture of a great measure of power behind the scenes, in the American Republic, by means of the invasion described in the last chapter.

The effort to turn all military operations to the advantage of the revolutionary state, which in complicity with Hitler had started the war by the joint attack on Poland, began soon after Pearl Harbour. It failed then but was entirely successful in the last stages of the war, as the outcome showed. The leading part in this process was taken by the most enigmatic figure of the Second War, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army. To him Senator Joseph McCarthy, in his oration before the Senate on June 14, 1951 (a carefully-documented indictment which is a major reference-source in this matter) attributed "the *planned* steady retreat from victory which commenced long before World War II ended" and the fact that America, having power to tip the balance, operated between the policies advocated by Mr. Churchill and the Soviet dictator Stalin "almost invariably in support of the Russian line".

In view of the vast consequences which General Marshall's interventions produced the circumstances of his original elevation are of interest. President Roosevelt appointed him Chief of Staff in 1939 over the heads of twenty major generals and fourteen senior brigadiers (six years earlier his nomination to general, being adversely reported on by the Inspector General, had been barred by the then Chief of Staff, General Douglas MacArthur). One of General Marshall's earliest acts was, in 1940, to ask Senator James F. Byrnes (an intimate of Mr. Bernard Baruch) to propose an amendment to an army estimates bill [367] authorizing the Chief of Staff to override seniority rules in favour of younger officers held by him to be "of unusual ability". Senator Byrnes's amendment, then adopted, provided that "in time of war or national emergency . . . any officer of the Regular Army may be appointed to higher temporary grade. . .", and under this empowerment General Marshall during 1940 made 4,088 promotions, among them that of the fifty-year old Colonel Dwight Eisenhower, who then had no battle or command experience but within three years was to become Supreme Allied Commander. The combination of General Marshall and General Eisenhower was decisive in shaping the outcome of the war in 1945.

Immediately after Pearl Harbour and the American entry into the war in December 1941 the Soviet propagandists in Moscow and in the West began loud clamour for the Western allies to invade Europe forthwith. Mr. Churchill, when he saw President Roosevelt soon after Pearl Harbour, had obtained general agreement that an invasion before 1943, at the earliest, was a military impossibility. By April 1942 General Eisenhower, at General Marshall's instruction, had prepared a plan for an invasion *in 1942*, and Mr. Roosevelt had been persuaded to cable Mr. Churchill in this sense (*The Hinge of Fate*). General Marshall, with Mr. Hopkins, then went to London and was told by Mr. Churchill that disaster on the French coast due to a hasty and reckless invasion was probably "the only way in which we could possibly lose the war" (Mr. Sherwood).

General Marshall, in view of his appointment, was presumably entitled to be regarded as the best military brain in the United States. What he proposed was in fact that the only great fighting ally, at that time, should commit suicide and that the war should be lost, at all events for England. Mr. Churchill said that if such an attempt were made the Channel would be turned into "a river of Allied blood", but in truth it would have been three-fourths British blood; the American Commander in the British Isles, later asked what forces he could contribute, "pointed out that all we could count on using would be the 34th division then in Ireland". General Clark added that even this one division lacked anti-aircraft support, tanks and training (the first American troops to engage in combat, in North Africa late in 1942, proved to be quite unready for battle). The leading American military critic, Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, later wrote, "In retrospect it is now obvious that our concept of invading Western Europe in 1942 was fantastic".

In spite of all this General Marshall, on return to Washington, proposed to President Roosevelt that the United States *withdraw from the war in Europe unless the British acceded to his plan*, (Secretary Stimson). General Marshall was sent again to England to see Mr. Churchill (he brusquely refused to stay at Chequers). His plan then collapsed under the weight of General Mark Clark's report from Ireland, that he could put only one untrained and under-equipped division into the venture. But the proposal, and the threat, had been made, and

[368] all that followed later in the war must be considered in the light of this action of the highest military officer in the United States.

In the spring of 1942 the Germans still had 1,300,000 troops in France and the Low Countries, and the Western allies had no comparable force to throw against them, even if they had possessed air superiority, landing craft, amphibious vehicles, and invasion-training. Mr. Roosevelt had to withdraw from General Marshall's menacing plan, and England, for the third time in that war, survived a mortal danger. The war went on through 1942 and 1943, while British, and later American armies crushed the Germans in North Africa, and then the decisive turn in the war came. The Western Allies were ready to strike; how and where were they to strike? At that juncture General Marshall's second great intervention determined the outcome of the war.

Mr. Churchill's own account, and the narratives of all other authorities, agree that he was from first to last consistent, at all events in this major issue. He was the only man among the Western leaders with great military and political experience, and he clearly saw that the war would bring neither true victory nor peace if the revolutionary state, the aggressor at the war's start, were enabled to spread deep into Europe. He desired that military operations should be so conducted that it should not extend beyond, or far beyond its natural frontiers.

In this controversy his great antagonist proved to be General Marshall more than President Roosevelt, whose state of health in the last year of the war may have incapacitated him from clear thought, unless he was simply the helpless captive of the pressures around him. Mr. Churchill desired to strike from the south as well as from the north and to bring the Balkan and Central European countries under Allied occupation before they could pass merely from Hitlerist enslavement into that of the Red armies; this policy would have led to true victory, have given the world a prospect of peace for the rest of the 20th Century and have largely fulfilled the original "aims" of the war, among which "liberation" was the greatest. General Marshall was resolved to concentrate on the invasion of France and to leave the whole of Eastern, Central and Balkan Europe to the armies of the revolutionary state, and Mr. Roosevelt, whether clear-minded or confused, pursued this policy to the bitter end which the world saw at Yalta, where "defeat was snatched from the jaws of victory".

The struggle continued for eighteen months, but the die was cast, as events proved, at the first Quebec Conference of August 1943, when the Anglo-American armies, having completed the conquest of North Africa, had returned to Europe and were driving the German armies out of Italy. At Quebec, under General Marshall's insistence, the decision was taken to withdraw troops from Italy for a secondary invasion of France, auxiliary to the main invasion of Normandy. This meant the disruption of Field Marshal Alexander's Allied force in Italy (which after the capture of Rome had become "a tremendous fighting-machine. . . . with horizons unlimited"; General Clark), halting the advance [369] there, and, above all, abandoning all idea of a thrust from Italy across the Adriatic which would have carried the Allied armies to Vienna, Budapest and Prague. This would have altered the entire post-war picture to the advantage of the West and of peace; a glance at the map will make the matter plain to any reader. At that moment true "victory" was within reach, and it was thrown away in favour of the invasion of Southern France, a dispersion of military strength even graver in its consequences than that of British armies to Palestine in the First War.

The secondary, southern invasion offered no military advantage to justify this decision which was obviously political; the document on which General Marshall based his arguments in favour of it at the Quebec Conference reveals this. It was called "Russia's Position" and was ascribed to "a very high-level United States military estimate" (Mr. Sherwood), which indicates General Marshall himself. It said, "Russia's post-war position in Europe will be a dominant one . . . Since Russia is the decisive factor in the war, she must be given every assistance and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship. Likewise, since without question she will dominate Europe on the defeat of the Axis, it is even more essential to develop and maintain the most friendly relations with Russia".

Here the overriding "policy" laid down in respect of Lend-Lease deliveries reappears in respect of *military operations*; it is that of unconditional surrender to the paramountcy of Soviet aims and interests. Stalin had opposed the thrust through the Balkans and averred that "the only direct way of striking at the heart of Germany was through the heart of France"; the "high level military estimate" produced at Quebec in fact propounded Stalin's plan. The document, as the reader will see, twice states an *assumption* as a fact, namely, that after the war "Russia's position in Europe will be dominant. . . without question she will dominate Europe". That was precisely the question which, in 1943, had yet to be decided by nearly two more years of military operations, and Mr. Churchill's policy was designed to prevent the very thing that was stated as an

accomplished fact. He wished to see the Soviet victorious, but *not* "dominating" Europe. He was overborne, and at that moment in 1943 the Second World War, by means of political decisions taken in secrecy, was politically lost to the West.

This was General Marshall's most momentous intervention. Mr. Churchill, though he never criticized General Marshall, refers cryptically to him in his war memoirs, and in *Triumph and Tragedy* mourned the lost opportunity. General Mark Clark, in 1943 the American Commander in Italy, in 1950 wrote, "If we switched our strength from Italy to France, it was obvious to Stalin . . . that we would turn away from Central Europe. Anvil" (the invasion of Southern France) "led into a dead-end street. It was easy to see why Stalin favoured Anvil. . . After the fall of Rome, Kesselring's army could have been destroyed if we had been able to shoot the works in a final offensive. Across the Adriatic was Yugoslavia . . . and beyond Yugoslavia were Vienna, Budapest and Prague. . . After the fall [370] of Rome we 'ran for the wrong goal', both from a political and a strategical standpoint. . . Save for a high level blunder that turned us away from the Balkan States and permitted them to fall under Red Army control, the Mediterranean campaign might have been the most decisive of all in post-war history. . . A campaign that might have changed the whole history of the relationships between the Western World and Soviet Russia was permitted to fade away . . . The weakening of the campaign in Italy . . . was one of the outstanding political mistakes of the war".

General Mark Clark (a brilliant American soldier who was subsequently relegated to secondary commands and resigned from the Army) says "blunder" and "mistake", but the document above quoted and many other sources now available show that the decision was neither blunder nor mistake in the ordinary sense of those words: that is, an error made in miscalculation of the consequences. The consequences were foreseen and were intended; that is now beyond doubt. The decision was political, not military, and it was made by the men who formed the group around the president. It was, in the field of military operations, the exact parallel of the decision taken in respect of Lend-Lease operations: to subordinate all other considerations to the interest of the revolutionary state.

Thus the war, which could have been ended (probably in 1944) by the Allied liberation of the countries overrun by Hitler, leaving the Soviet state within the natural Russian boundaries or a little more, and Europe in balance, dragged on through 1944 into 1945; while the German armies in Italy were given respite and the wasteful invasion of Southern France lent no impetus to the main invasion of Normandy.

The shape which the war took in its last ten months then was that dictated by the Soviet Government and superimposed on Western military strategy through its agent in the American Government, the man known as Harry Dexter White. Being dead, he cannot testify, but he is commonly held by the best authorities known to me to have been the author of the plan, for the destruction of Germany and the abandonment of Europe to Soviet "domination", which is known to posterity as the "Morgenthau plan".

Under the shadow of this plan (as will be seen) the Western armies gradually broke their way through to the edge of Germany. To the last moment Mr. Churchill who had been defeated by General Marshall in his earlier plea to have the right arm of the Allied armies strike through the Balkans at "the soft underbelly" of the enemy) strove to make good something of what had been lost by a massive, last-minute thrust of the left arm to Berlin and beyond. The story is told both in his and in General Eisenhower's memoirs.

General Eisenhower describes his refusal of Field Marshal Montgomery's proposal, late in 1944, to strike hard with all available forces for Berlin. He considers that the idea was too risky, or reckless; earlier in his book he gently [371] criticizes Montgomery for being too cautious. He continued through the following months with a sprawling general advance which left the Red Armies time to press into Europe, and in March 1945 (when the Yalta Conference was over and the Soviet intention to annex, rather than liberate, Rumania and Poland had already been shown, and President Roosevelt was cabling formal protests to Stalin) General Eisenhower informed the Soviet dictator *by direct cable* of his plan, marking it "Personal to Marshal Stalin". Its communication to Stalin before it had even been endorsed by the Allied Chiefs of Staff brought angry protest from Mr. Churchill, who to the last strove to save what could yet be saved from the fiasco which was being prepared by urging that at least Vienna, Prague and Berlin be taken."

This was all in vain. General Marshall, in Washington, notified London that he fully approved both General Eisenhower's "strategic concept" and his "procedure in communicating with the Russians". Thereafter the Allied advance in the West was, in fact, arranged to receive Soviet approval, and British counsel was disregarded. General Eisenhower had informed Stalin *directly* on March 28 that he would stop *short of Vienna*. On April 14 he informed the Chiefs of Staff that he would stop seventy miles *short of Berlin*, on



the Elbe line, adding "If you agree, I propose to inform Marshal Stalin"; as British objections had already been overridden, the first three words were but a matter of form. There still remained Prague, capital of captive Czechoslovakia. General Eisenhower advised Stalin that he would advance to Prague "if the situation required"; he had substantial forces standing idle on the Czech border. Stalin replied (May 9, 1945) requesting General Eisenhower "to refrain from advancing the Allied forces in Czechoslovakia beyond the . . . Karlsbad, Pilsen and Budweis line". General Eisenhower at once ordered his General Patton to halt on that line.

Thus "the hideous bisection" of Europe was brought about; to this description of it Mr. Churchill added the platitudinous comment, "it cannot last". "General Eisenhower five years later claimed that he *alone* was responsible for these three fatal decisions: "I must make one thing clear. Your question seems to imply that the decision not to march into Berlin was *a political decision*. On the contrary, there is only one person in the world responsible for that decision. That was I. There was no one to interfere with it in the slightest way".

This statement was made in reply to a question at a dinner of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York on March 3, 1949; The questioner said "the general feeling is that if our Army had marched into Berlin and. . . Prague the picture in the post-war period might have been different . . . Had our political leaders . . . refrained from interfering with you in going through your regular military procedure of taking as much as our armies might take . . . don't you think the postwar picture might have been different?"

General Eisenhower's statement *cannot* have been true, even if he thought it was. The order to hold back the Allied advance until the Red armies had taken [372] possession of Germany and Central Europe, with its three chief capitals, obviously followed the "policy" which, demonstrably, governed Lend-Lease: that of giving preference to the demands of the Soviet state over all other allies, and even over the needs of America itself. For that matter, General Eisenhower's own naval aide and biographer, Captain Harry C. Butcher, specifically states that when General Eisenhower (against Mr. Churchill's protest) opened direct communication with Moscow about the halting-line for the Allied advance, the question of "boundaries and areas to be occupied *had gone beyond the sphere of military headquarters*". General Eisenhower's actions clearly followed a predetermined political plan agreed at the highest level; by the time he became president its consequences were plain to see and he might have felt "haunted" by President Roosevelt's example (as Mr. Roosevelt was always "haunted" by that of President Wilson).

Mr. Churchill supplied (on May 11, 1953) the conclusive comment on this military outcome of the Second War, which was the second great "disenchantment" for troops who thought themselves victorious: "If our advice had been taken by the United States after the armistice in Germany, the Western Allies would not have withdrawn from the front line which their armies had reached to the agreed occupation lines, *unless and until agreement had been reached with Soviet Russia* on the many points of difference about the occupation of enemy territories, of which the German zone is only, of course, a part. Our view was not accepted and a wide area of Germany was handed over to Soviet occupation *without any general agreement between the three victorious powers*".

Thus the policy followed in the transfer of arms, wealth and goods and in the conduct of military operations during the Second War served to "extend" the revolution. One other way remained in which this process of extension could be advanced through the war: by the capitulation of Western state policy, at the highest political level, in the pourparlers and conferences of leaders which were held as the military picture unfolded.

The feelings of readers might be needlessly harrowed if the story of all these meetings (Atlantic, Cairo, Casablanca, Teheran, Yalta) were told. The contrast, between the initial declaration of high purposes and the final surrender to all the abominations initially denounced, is shown bleakly enough if the first (the Atlantic meeting) and the last (the Yalta Conference) are briefly described.

The "Atlantic Charter" was preceded by President Roosevelt's third post-election oration, on January 6, 1941, when he told an America not yet at war that he "looked forward to a world founded upon four essential freedoms . . . freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear". Then the Atlantic Charter of August 14, 1941, the joint product of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, reproduced the phraseology with which students of the Protocols of 1905 had long been familiar (one wonders if the "premier-dictators" ever read them). It stated "certain basic principles", said to govern the [373] "respective policies" of America and Britain, on which the two signatories "base their hopes for a better future for the world"; the first of these was "no aggrandisement, territorial or otherwise", and the next, "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned". The third principle was "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and the

wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to all those who have been forcibly deprived of them".

The retreat from these lofty purposes followed in the Casablanca and Teheran Conferences of 1943 (at Teheran Stalin was present, and was included in the "Declaration" as being "dedicated. . . to the elimination of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance"), and culminated at Yalta in February 1945, just three and a half years after the "Atlantic Charter".

At the time of this conference the Anglo-American armies were being held back in Europe so that the Red armies might embed them selves deep in the heart of Europe. The far fall of Western diplomacy (if the word is not too genteel) from its earlier high estate was made brutally clear by the Yalta meeting, and perusal of the records might make today's Westerner long for old days when plenipotentiaries and ambassadors, in formal dress and conscious of their responsibilities, gathered in dignity to arrange the affairs of nations after a war: in comparison with the Congress of Vienna and Berlin, the Yalta conference looks somewhat like a smoking-concert in a pothouse.

The Western leaders, on the refusal of the Soviet dictator to leave his domains, foregathered with him in the Crimea; in dealings with Asiatics, this is from the start a surrender. The American president and his intimate, Mr. Hopkins, were dying men, and in Mr. Roosevelt's case this was apparent from the news-reel pictures which the masses saw; I recall the exclamation of shock that sprang from an audience among which I sat. Some of the leading dignitaries were accompanied by relatives, so that the affair took on the look of a family excursion, a rather pleasant escape from the burdensome trammels of war. But much the worst feature of all was that the visitors were subjected to (and many of them fell victim to) one of the oldest tricks in negotiation known to wily Asiatic mankind: plying with liquor. A high delegate, Major General Laurence S. Kuter, who represented the United States Army Air Force, says:

"The first course *at breakfast* was a medium-sized tumbler containing . . . Crimean brandy. Following the opening toasts and the brandy there were repeated servings of caviar and vodka. . . Then assorted cold cuts were served . . . and with them, a white wine. . . Finally, small hard Crimean apples and with them bountiful glasses of a quite sweet Crimean champagne. . . The final course of this breakfast consisted of tall thin tumblers of boiling hot tea with which brandy was served in snifters. That was just breakfast! How could any man with his stomach full of the above described stuffings make one rational or logical decision in relationship to the welfare of the United States of America. . . Elliott

[374] Roosevelt, who went with his father to the conference, said that practically everyone was drunk". As to dinner in the evening, Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, who was present as Assistant Secretary of State and interpreter to President Roosevelt, says of one such meal that "Marshal Stalin acted as host. The atmosphere of the dinner was *most cordial*, and forty-five toasts in all were drunk".

On top of all this, the dying President Roosevelt arrived at Yalta as the signatory of the "Morgenthau Plan", drafted by a Soviet agent in his own Treasury Department (Mr. Harry Dexter White); and was accompanied by another Soviet agent, later exposed and convicted, Mr. Alger Hiss of his State Department, who at this vital moment was the president's special adviser about "political affairs". In effect, therefore, the Soviet government was represented on two sides of the three-sided table, and the outcome of the conference was the logical result. Up to the very eve of the meeting Mr. Churchill continued his effort to save something of Central Europe and the Balkans from the fate to which they were abandoned at Yalta. When he met President Roosevelt at Malta, on the way to Yalta, he once more proposed some operation from the Mediterranean; General Marshall, in the tone of his threat of 1942, then "announced that if the British plan were approved . . . he would recommend to Eisenhower that he had no choice but to be relieved of his command" (Mr. Sherwood).

A month before the meeting at Yalta Mr. Churchill cabled to President Roosevelt, "At the present time I think the end of this war may well prove to be more disappointing than was the last". He had come a long way from the "finest hour" of 1940, during which year, on acceding to the prime ministership, he wrote, "Power in a national crisis, when a man believes he knows what orders should be given, is a blessing". He now knew how little true power the "premier-dictators" have and could only hope, at the utmost, to salvage a little from the ruins of victory, which at that moment was being thrown away just before it was won.

What he knew, and told President Roosevelt, was all unknown to the embroiled masses. That complete control of the press, of which the Protocols arrogantly boast, prevented the truth from reaching them, and they were being swept along from day to day on a high tide of inflamed enthusiasm for the great "victory" which they were about to gain. Mr. Churchill's "power" was quite impotent to alter that. A few months earlier (August 23, 1944) he had asked his Minister of Information, "Is there any *stop on the publicity for the facts about*



*the agony of Warsaw*, which seem, from the papers, to have been *practically suppressed?*" (*Triumph and Tragedy*). The enquiry sounds genuine, and in that case Mr. Churchill was ignorant of what any independent journalist could have told him, that such facts *were* "practically suppressed". He does not record what answer he received, if any.

The "agony" to which Mr. Churchill refers is the heroic rising of General [375] Bors's underground army of Poles against the Germans as the Red armies approached Warsaw. The Soviet advance was immediately halted by order from Moscow, and Stalin refused to allow British and American aircraft to use Soviet airfields for the purpose of succouring the Poles. Mr. Churchill says "I could hardly believe my eyes when I read his cruel reply" and records that he urged President Roosevelt to order American aircraft to use the fields, as "Stalin would never have dared fire on them". Mr. Roosevelt refused and the Poles were abandoned to Hitler's SS. troops, who razed Warsaw, killed 200,000 of its inhabitants, and deported the surviving 350,000. On October 1, after resisting for eight weeks, Radio Warsaw made this last broadcast, "This is the bitter truth; we have been worse treated than Hitler's satellites; worse than Italy, worse than Rumania, worse than Finland. . . God is righteous and in his omnipotence he will punish all those responsible for this terrible injury to the Polish nation" (words which recall the Czech broadcast "bequeathing our sorrows to the West" after the abandonment of Czechoslovakia to Hitler in 1939).

The power which the revolution had gained in the infested West was enough to prevent the publication of facts like these during the Second War, and Mr. Churchill's enquiry of his Minister of Information vanished into air. The "agony of Warsaw" came just three years after Mr. Roosevelt signed the "declaration of principles" stating that he wished "to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them".

Such was the background to the Yalta Conference where, at his first meeting with Stalin, President Roosevelt, a man on the grave's edge, told the Soviet dictator that he "was more bloodthirsty in regard to the Germans than he had been a year ago, and he hoped that Marshal Stalin *would again* propose a toast to the execution of 50,000 officers of the German Army". The word "again" alludes to the Teheran Conference of December 1943, where Stalin had proposed such a toast and Mr. Churchill had angrily protested and left the room. Thereon President Roosevelt had suggested that only 49,500 be shot, and his son, Elliott, in convivial mood, had expressed the hope that "hundreds of thousands" would be mown down in battle; "Uncle Joe", beaming with pleasure, then had risen from his seat to embrace Mr. Elliott Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt wished by this prompting of Stalin to annoy Mr. Churchill (whom by 1945 he apparently regarded as an adversary); he had told his son Elliott at Teheran, "Trouble is, the P.M. is thinking *too much of the postwar*, and where England will be; he's scared of *letting the Russians get too strong*", and made this plain to Stalin by saying he would "now tell him something indiscreet, since he would not wish to say it in front of Prime Minister Churchill". Among the things which were not told in front of Mr. Churchill was this: "The President said he felt that the armies were getting close enough to have contact between, *and he hoped General Eisenhower could communicate directly with the Soviet staff rather than through the Chiefs of Staff in London and Washington as in the past*" (February 4, 1945).

[376]

Here is the explanation for the fate of Vienna, Berlin and Prague; in *March, April and May* General Eisenhower, in the messages accordingly sent *direct* to Moscow of which Mr. Churchill complained, submitted his plan of advance and agreed to halt the Allied armies west of these capitals.

Stalin did not again propose the shooting of 50,000 Germans. The Yalta records suggest that he showed some reserve towards Mr. Roosevelt's private proposals to him (which included one that the British should give up Hongkong), and the picture of him which emerges from these papers is, that of a more dignified, and in spoken words at least more scrupulous man, than the president! The reasons may be, on the one hand, that Mr. Roosevelt's talk was so callous and cynical that it produces a feeling of repugnance in the reader; on the other, even Stalin may have hesitated to believe that the American president would go as far as he said in supporting Soviet aggrandizement and have suspected some trap, so that he showed more than his usual reserve. In any case, the murderer of millions appears, in these particular pages, rather less repellent than his visitor.

The supreme test of Western honour at Yalta lay in the treatment of Poland. The invasion of Poland by the Soviet and Nazi states in partnership had begun the Second War; it was clearly the country chiefly covered by Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Churchill's declaration of 1941 (the Atlantic Charter) that "sovereign rights and self-government" must be "restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them". At the time of the Yalta Conference, when the European war had only ten weeks to run, Poland had in fact been

abandoned to the revolution; that was implicit in the desertion of the Warsaw Poles and as explicit as it could be in Mr. Roosevelt's order to General Eisenhower to subordinate his plan of advance to Soviet wishes. This meant that Poland, and with it all the European countries east and south-east of Berlin, would in fact be annexed to the Soviet, or incorporated in the area of the revolution.

Though Mr. Churchill had not given up the last hope of averting it, the imminence of this annexation was apparent at Yalta, and the final degradation of the West lay in the acceptance of it, at the end even by Mr. Churchill. For *acceptance* it was: the pretence that merely half of Poland's territory would be abandoned to the Soviet, that Poland would be "compensated" by amputations from Germany, and that "free elections" would be held in the state thus produced, was abhorrent when everyone knew that *all* of Poland, and the half of Germany from which Poland was to be "compensated", were to pass alike from Nazi enslavement into Communist enslavement, and that the Allied armies were to be held back to ensure this.

Thus when Mr. Roosevelt asked leave to "bring up Poland" he had abandoned the high "principles" of the Atlantic Charter. He began by saying "there are six or seven million Poles in the United States", thus intimating that for him the only problem was that of votes in American elections, not of Poland, and then he [377] proposed the amputation of Poland along the Curzon line, adding the strange remark that "Most Poles, like the Chinese, want to save face" (many observers of this period noted that he was sometimes incoherent, and he did not explain how the loss of Polish territory would save the Polish face). Mr. Roosevelt had been well briefed for this proposal. Mr. Edward Stettinius, who was nominally his Secretary of State at that time but seems to have had no part in forming policy, records that "the President asked me to get a lawyer to consult with him over the wording of the Polish boundary statement; I called *Alger Hiss*".

Mr. Churchill was left alone to make the last protest on behalf of the original "principles" and objects of the Second World War: "This is what we went to war against Germany for: that Poland should be free and sovereign. Everyone here knows the result to us, unprepared as we were, and that it nearly cost us our life as a nation. Great Britain had no material interest in Poland. Her interest is only one of honour because we drew the sword for Poland against Hitler's brutal attack. Never could I be content with any solution that would not leave Poland as a free and independent state" . . . (later, when the pressure of Mr. Roosevelt and Stalin were proving too strong for him) "It would be said that the British Government had given way completely on the frontiers, had accepted the Soviet view and had championed it. . . Great Britain would be charged with forsaking the cause of Poland . . ."

But in the end he signed (and later Polish troops, the first to fight Hitler, remained mourning in their quarters while the great "Victory Parade" was held in London).

Thus the deed was done, and instead of freedom of speech and worship, freedom from want and fear, the peoples of Eastern Europe were abandoned to the secret police and concentration regime which Hitler had first introduced there on the night of the Reichstag fire. It would seem that nothing worse than this could be done, and yet one even worse thing *was* done. Under the "Protocol on German Reparations" the basic device of Soviet terrorism, *slave labour*, was approved and extended to the conquered peoples, for this document authorized "the three governments" to obtain reparation from Germany in the form of "the use of German labour".

Under some subsidiary agreement the Western Allies agreed to regard *all* Russian prisoners as "deserters", to be driven back to the Soviet state. All these matters read soberly on paper; the picture of their *results* for human beings appears in such words as those of the Rev. James B. Chuter, a British Army chaplain and one of 4,000 prisoners from a disintegrated German prisoner-of-war camp who made their way towards the advancing Allies in 1945: "Along the eastern bank of the river Mulde was encamped a great multitude. . . This was the end of the journey for the tens of thousands of refugees who had passed us. The Mulde was the agreed line at which the Americans halted and to which the Russians would advance. The Americans would let none save German military [378] personnel and Allied prisoners of war cross the river. From time to time some desperate soul would fling himself into the flood in a vain attempt to escape from the unknown fury of the Russian arrival. *It was to avoid such incidents and to discourage them that the occasional splutter of American machine guns on the Western banks was heard . . . sounding, in that most frightening manner, a plain warning to all who thought to cross the river line*".

Such was the outcome of the Second World War, and the agreement which sanctified it all, (in which Stalin's signature was added to those of the two signatories of the Atlantic Charter of 1941) said, "By this declaration *we reaffirm our faith in the principles of the Atlantic Charter*".

This was the end of the Yalta Conference, but for a significant footnote. At a last "man-to-man" meeting between President Roosevelt and Stalin, on the eve of the president's departure to visit King Ibn Saoud, Stalin said "the Jewish problem was a very difficult one, that they had tried to establish a national home for the Jews in Birobidzhan but that they had only stayed there two or three years and then scattered to the cities". Then President Roosevelt, in the manner of a man who is a member of an exclusive club and is sure his host must also belong, "said he was a Zionist and asked if Marshal Stalin was one".

This exchange produces on the reader the effect of two men getting down to the real business at last. Stalin replied that "he was one in principle *but he recognized the difficulty*". In this passage, again, the Georgian bank-robber sounds more like a statesman and speaks more prudently than any Western leader of the last forty years, none of whom have admitted any "difficulty" (Mr. Churchill was wont to denounce any talk of "difficulty" as anti-Jewish and anti-semitic). This was not the whole conversation on the subject, although it is all that the official record discloses. On the same, last day of the full conference Stalin asked Mr. Roosevelt if he meant to make any concessions to King Ibn Saoud, and the President replied "that there was only one concession he thought he might offer "and that was to give him" (Ibn Saoud) *"the six million Jews in the United States"*. (This last quotation is authentic but was *expunged* from the official record).

All the statements cited above, with the one exception, are taken from the official publication, "The Conferences at Malta and Yalta, 1945", issued by the American State Department on March 16, 1955. The newspapers next morning broke out in headlines, of which one in the *Montreal Star* is typical: "World Capitals Dismayed, Shocked over Disclosures of Yalta Secrets". This was nonsense; by 1955 the masses were apathetic about such things, having been brought by control of the press to the condition of impotent confusion foretold in the Protocols of 1905.

Historically regarded, the revelations of these Yalta documents are incriminating enough, *but they are not complete*. Much was expunged (I have given one example) and presumably it was the worst. In May 1953, under pressure from the United States Senate, the American State Department [379] undertook to publish in unexpurgated form, by June 1956, the documents of *all twelve* wartime conferences. Only the Yalta papers had been published by May 1956, and these in expurgated form. Two State Department officials charged with preparing the papers for publication, Dr. Donald M. Dozer and Mr. Bryton Barron, pressed for prompt and full publication and were dismissed and retired, respectively, early in 1956, in the face of President Eisenhower's statement in April 1955, "I think that to hold secret any document of the war, including my own mistakes. . . is foolish. Everything ought to be given out that helps the public of the United States to profit from past mistakes and make decisions of the moment".

Mr. Barron, before his retirement, was "subjected to gruelling brain-washing sessions to secure his consent to the deletion of important documents" and informed his superiors that the compilation they were preparing to issue would be "a distorted, incomplete, badly expurgated one that tends to shield the previous Administration and will mislead the American people".

This history of the Yalta papers shows that, ten years after the Second World War, power was still in the hands of the essentially "foreign group" which during the war had been able to divert supplies, military operations and State policy to the purpose of "extending" the revolution. They were still able to override the public undertakings of presidents and to frustrate the will of Congress; they still held the reins. This meant that the infestation of the American government and its departments by agents of the revolution, which began with Mr. Roosevelt's first presidency in 1933, had not been remedied in 1955, despite many exposures; and that, as this was the case, American energies in any third war could in the same way be diverted to promote the overriding plan for a communized world-society (Lenin's third stage in the process). Once more the embroiled masses would fight to bring about results, the direct opposites of the causes held out to them at any new "Pearl Harbour".

This undermining of the West was not confined to the United States; it was general throughout the Western world and this chapter dwells on the American case only because, in the conditions of today, the strength and wealth of America are so great that their use or misuse probably will decide the issue. A similar condition was shown to exist in the country, Britain, from which the great overseas nations originally sprang, and in the two greatest of these, Canada and Australia.

The first exposure came in Canada, immediately after the war's end, and this is the only one of the four Cases in which full governmental investigation and full public disclosure of the results followed; also, it lit the fuse which in time led to all the other exposures, in America, Australia and Britain. A *Russian*, at the risk of his life, disclosed to the Canadian Government the network of governmental infestation and espionage of

which the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa was the centre (despite the leading part taken by *Russians* in this process of warning Western

[380] politicians and the press continued to incite their peoples against "Russians", not against the revolutionary conspiracy of which Russia was the captive). The full public investigation, which would otherwise be surprising, seems to be accounted for by the fact that the Canadian Prime Minister of that day, Mr. Mackenzie King, although a wily politician, was in all else a simple man, more interested in communing with the spirit world than anything else. When he was convinced by documents of the truth of Igor Gouzenko's statements he saw that they revealed "*as serious a situation as ever existed in Canada at any time*" and flew at once to inform the American president (Mr. Roosevelt's successor) and the British Prime Minister (then Mr. Clement Attlee) that this situation was shown by them to be "*even more serious*" in the United States and England".

At that time Mr. Whittaker Chambers's documentary proof that Mr. Alger Hiss was the centre of a Soviet network in the American State Department had been available to, but ignored by, two American presidents for six years, and three years later Mr. Truman was publicly to deride all such stories as "a Red herring". The exposure of Mr. Hiss and his associates followed in a trial which was entirely the result of efforts by individual patriots (including Mr. Richard Nixon, a later Vice-President) to wring the truth from a reluctant government and to compel exposure. In the sequence to the Hiss affair a mass of disclosures followed, which showed American government departments to have been riddled with Soviet agents at all levels. The literature of this period and subject is now too great even to summarize here, but it is conclusive, and much of it is official, though reluctant.

In England, for six years after the Canadian Prime Minister's warning, nothing was done to remedy a condition revealed by the highest authority. Then in 1951 two Foreign Office officials, one of them a senior and rising young man, and both of them notorious characters who had evidently been protected and advanced in their official careers by some powerful hand, suddenly disappeared. It was known that they had fled to Moscow, fearing exposure on the Hiss model. For four more years British governments (Socialist and Conservative) refused all public investigation or any information beyond the bland statement that "all possible inquiries are being made". Then in 1955 the British Foreign Office suddenly announced that the two men had been under suspicion of conveying secret information to the Soviet Government *from 1949* (they disappeared in 1951). This belated announcement was not spontaneous; it was extorted from the British government only by the fact that one more *Russian*, Vladimir Petrov of the Soviet Embassy at Canberra, had fled his captivity and had revealed that these two men, Burgess and Maclean, had been recruited as spies for the Soviet during their student days at Cambridge University twenty years earlier (1930-1935; this is the method, of capturing men in their unwary youth, on which the Weishaupt documents and the Protocols alike lay emphasis; the career of Alger Hiss affords an exact parallel in America). Immediately after this tardy Foreign

[381] Office admission Burgess and Maclean were proudly paraded before international newspapermen in Moscow as officials of the Soviet Foreign Ministry (and immediately after that the Soviet leaders of the moment, Krushchev and Bulganin, were invited to pay a ceremonial visit to London).

The Petrov disclosures brought about an investigation in Australia, the fourth great country infested, by a Royal Commission of three judges. Of the entire series, only this investigation can be compared with the Canadian one of nine years earlier. It *was* fairly thorough and the "public report (September 14, 1955) stated that the Soviet Embassy in Canberra from 1943 on "controlled and operated an espionage organization in Australia" and gave warning that Soviet intelligence agents were still operating in Australia through undercover agents entering the country as immigrants. The Australian Foreign Minister, Mr. R. Casey, at that time stated that there was "a nest of traitors" among Australian civil servants. His words confirmed what Mr. Mackenzie King had said ten years before, and in that decade nothing truly effective had been done in any of the four great countries affected, or infected, to remedy the mortally dangerous condition exposed.

A chief reason for this was that all the governmental, parliamentary and judicial investigations of the decade (with one exception) misinformed public opinion more than they informed it, by concentrating on the issue of "espionage", which in fact is a *minor* one. The fact that great countries try to obtain knowledge, through spies and agents, of military and other matters which other great countries try to keep secret is generally known so that the masses probably were not much moved even by the extent of espionage which was revealed; this, they told each other, was something for counter-intelligence to handle.

Thus the investigations diverted public attention from the truly grave condition which was exposed. This was not the mere theft of documents, *but the control of state policy at the highest level* which was gained by the infestation of the Western countries. It was this that enabled arms, supplies, wealth, military operations and

the conduct of Western politicians at top-level conferences all to be guided into a channel where they would produce the maximum gain, in territory and armed strength, for the revolutionary state.

Exposure of this condition came only in the Hiss trial and its numerous attendant investigations and disclosures. These showed that the revolution had its agents at the top-levels of *political power*, where they could direct State policy and the entire energies of nations; the two men both purveyed secret papers, but this was a small function auxiliary to their major accomplishment, which was to produce the map of and the situation in Europe with which the world is confronted today.

The names of Mr. Alger Hiss and Mr. Harry Dexter White are inseparable from that denouement. Mr. Hiss, from his university days in the 1930's, rose as [382] rapidly in the public service, under some protection, as Mr. Donald Maclean in the British one. He was denounced as a Soviet agent in 1939 by a fellow-Communist who awoke to his duty when the Communist state joined with Hitler in the attack on Poland, and the proof then lay disregarded for many years while two American presidents continued to advance him. He was constantly at Mr. Roosevelt's side (sometimes in separate meetings with Stalin) at Yalta and the abandonment of Eastern Europe to the revolution cannot be dissociated from his name; the disclosures about his activity made at his trial make that conclusion inescapable. After Yalta, and evidently as a sign of the especial confidence placed in him by the international group which was in control of events during that confusion-period, he was made first Secretary General of the United Nations, which thus came in to being at San Francisco in April 1945 under the directorship of an agent of the revolution.

The decisive part played by Hiss at Yalta is indicated by a few significant quotations. The nominal Secretary of State, Mr. Edward Stettinius, on the eve of Yalta instructed his State Department staff that "all memoranda for the President on topics to be discussed at the meeting of the Big Three *should be in the hands of Mr. Hiss* not later than Monday, January 15". In this way Hiss was put in charge of the State Department's briefing papers for the President on all questions expected to arise at Yalta. Mr. James F. Byrnes, an earlier Secretary of State who was present at Yalta in a later capacity (director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion) says, "So far as I could see, the President had made little preparation for the Yalta Conference. . . Not until the day before we landed at Malta did I learn that we had on board a very complete file of studies and recommendations prepared by the State Department. . . Later, when I saw some of these splendid studies I greatly regretted that they had not been considered on board ship. I am sure the failure to study them while en route was *due to the President's illness*".

These papers prepared by the experts and professionals of the State Department expressed views about future relations with the Soviet which Mr. Roosevelt's utterances at Yalta did not reflect, and as he had not looked at them this was natural. Mr. Hiss in fact made American policy at Yalta. Mr. Stettinius records Hiss's presence "behind the President" at the formal conferences, and says that he himself always "conferred" with Hiss before and after these meetings. The official, but expurgated American report of the Yalta Conference apparently was edited with an eye to the concealment of Hiss's part; it contains only notes and jottings made by him which mean nothing when separated from their essential background: his membership of the conspiracy. Mr. Bryton Barron (one of the two State Department historians whose refusal to "distort history" and "suppress official data" led to their dismissal, as earlier mentioned) at Chicago in February 1956 publicly stated that, if he were allowed, he could "relate incidents to demonstrate the power Alger Hiss exercised . . . and how he [383] operated at high levels", adding that the official publication "failed to list many of his more significant activities at that fateful conference".

The name of Alger Hiss is the best known in this context, because of his public trial and conviction. The first authority in this question, Mr. Whittaker Chambers, thinks that the man known as "Harry Dexter White", whom he calls "one of the most influential men on earth", may have played an even greater part in shaping American State policy in the Soviet interest.

According to the American newspapers, no birth certificate of any man called "Harry Dexter White" exists and none knows who he was! Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior (the only Cabinet officer to continue in office through nearly the entire twelve years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency), very soon after his appointment introduced "Harry Dexter White" (1934) into the United States Treasury. His rise there (like Mr. Hiss's in the State Department) was of the rapid kind which indicates influential backing. Immediately after Pearl Harbour he was invested with "full responsibility for all matters with which the Treasury Department has to deal *having a bearing on foreign relations*", and later was appointed Assistant to the Secretary himself.



During all these years the man whose true identity apparently will never be known was a Soviet agent, and the proof was proffered to but refused by President Roosevelt. Mr. Whittaker Chambers states that he first received secret Treasury documents from Mr. White (for transmission to the Soviet Government) *in 1935*, and *in 1939* (after the Hitler-Stalin alliance) was ready to produce the papers proving Mr. White's (and Mr. Hiss's) activities; these papers then had to be left in safe hiding by him for another *nine years*, when he brought them out to demolish Mr. Hiss's libel action against himself. From first to last, no governmental body would look at them. In 1941 the F.B.I. interviewed Mr. Chambers and was given Mr. White's name by him, but no action followed; the F.B.I. was equally unable to move any governmental authority to action in this matter, and the eventual exposure, through *private* agency, came only *in 1948*.

Mr. White's first decisive intervention in American State policy came in 1941. According to two unimpeachable authorities (the Harvard Professors William Langer and S. Everett Gleason in *The Undeclared War*) he drafted the American ultimatum of November 26, by means of which Japan was "manoeuvred into firing the first shot" at Pearl Harbour (Secretary Stimson's phrase). Thus his hand may be plainly traced in the initial act of America's involvement in the Second War, as may Soviet prompting of it.

Having shaped the beginning, he also shaped the end of the Second War, in the interest of the same party, his masters. He is generally credited with the drafting of the "Morgenthau Plan". In both cases, therefore, American State policy was fashioned by the United States Treasury, not by the State Department or the War Department, which, under the President, are the departments constitutionally responsible for the conduct of foreign policy in time of war; and at the Treasury, [384] as has been shown, Mr. White was "fully responsible" for all matters bearing on foreign relations.

The general tendency in America since the Second War has been to point to Mr. White as the original author of these fateful actions. This may be token reluctance to point a finger at the responsible Cabinet officer himself, Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior. Mr. Morgenthau originally appointed Mr. White, signed both the draft ultimatum to Japan of November 1941 and the draft plan for dismembering Germany of September 1944, and in both cases President Roosevelt acted on the plan submitted. It is therefore difficult to see how Mr. Morgenthau's and Mr. White's responsibility can be separated, and the most that might be assumed is that the directing brain was the pseudonymous Mr. Harry Dexter White's.

The genesis of the "Morgenthau Plan" for the dismemberment of Germany into petty provinces, the destruction of its industry and flooding of its mines and its reduction to the status of "a goat pasture" was described by another Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Fred Smith, in 1947. He said it was first discussed at a meeting (at which he was present) between General Eisenhower, Mr. Morgenthau and Mr. White in the general's mess tent in the south of England on August 7, 1944. Mr. White (says Mr. Smith) raised the subject of Germany; General Eisenhower said he would like to "see things made good and hard for them for a while. . . the whole German population is a synthetic paranoid"; and Mr. White remarked, "We may want to quote you on the problem of handling the German people", whereon General Eisenhower said he could do this. Mr. Morgenthau, on this basis, devised the "plan" and went to London to canvass it with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, then returning by air to America to put it before President Roosevelt.

Up to that point, says Mr. Smith, the State Department had not been informed of Mr. Morgenthau's activities in the matter. Mr. Roosevelt apparently had misgivings and formed a committee to develop the plan, in which committee the Secretaries of State and War at last joined Mr. Morgenthau of the Treasury. The disclosure of the Morgenthau Plan before this committee "resulted in as violent an explosion as has ever occurred in the hallowed chambers of the White House"; Mr. Hull and Mr. Stimson both violently attacked it. Nevertheless, when President Roosevelt then went to Quebec to meet Mr. Churchill Mr. Morgenthau "happened" to be with him, and Mr. Hull and Mr. Stimson were left behind. Mr. Churchill records his surprise at that, but both he and Mr. Roosevelt then signed "the Morgenthau Plan", which possibly might more accurately be called the White-Morgenthau plan.

Thus President Roosevelt (against the strong protests of his responsible Cabinet officers, the Secretaries of State and of War) and Mr. Churchill (in contradiction of many declarations) approved a peace of vengeance. Both men later spoke as if they had not understood what they did. Mr. Churchill said he [385] "regretted" his signature, but never explained how he came to give it (Mr. James F. Byrnes mildly comments that this is "difficult to understand"). Mr. Roosevelt spoke as if he had inadvertently initialled an inter-office memorandum without looking at it. He said he had yielded to the importunities of "an old and valued friend" (Mr. Sherwood), and this indicates Mr. Morgenthau; he also said that he was "frankly staggered" and "had no idea how he could have initialled this; he had evidently done it without much thought" (Mr. Stimson).



The public masses were left to infer that error had been realized in time and that "the Morgenthau Plan" was abandoned; the factories were *not* blown up and the mines were *not* flooded. This was soothing-syrup, not truth. The *spirit* of the peace of vengeance, proposed in the White-Morgenthau plan, *did* prevail. Mr. Morgenthau did not succeed with his proposal (the one jocularly made by Mr. Roosevelt to Stalin at Yalta) that "archcriminals" should be put to death by the military without provision for any trial, but the trials which were held remain a blot on Western justice. The bisection of Germany (which in fact was the bisection of *Europe*, friend or foe) was more perilous to the future than any dismemberment of Germany into provinces. Above all, the West, by approving slave labour, put the civilizing process of nineteen centuries into reverse. (Significantly, eleven years after the war's end the United States Government withheld its adherence to an international convention, proposed by the International Labour Organization, *outlawing forced labour*; it was obviously debarred from adhering by its signature to the Yalta agreements).

Thus the ghost of "Harry Dexter White" still haunts the scene, for the shape which this Soviet agent and his associates gave to American government policy left the future of the West more troubled than it had ever been. When the war ended he was still rising in the esteem of American presidents, for he was appointed to preside over the second of the two great international planning conferences at which the future of the nation-states was to be submerged in that of an international directorate. The first was the organizing conference of the United Nations, where Mr. Alger Hiss occupied the directorial chair. The second was the monetary conference at Bretton Woods, which set up the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Mr. White was the organizer of that pilotconference and then was appointed American executive director of the International Monetary Fund. Thus the chief representative of the United States Government, at each of these preparatory meetings of the new international directorate, was a Soviet agent.

Before Mr. White received this last appointment (publicly announced by Mr. Roosevelt's successor, Mr. Harry Truman, on January 23, 1946), the F.B.I. had several times given warning at the White House about Mr. White's secret activities, the last time in a special message to the President's personal military aide on November 8, 1945, in which Mr. White was specifically named as a Soviet agent and spy. After the President's public announcement of Mr. White's new [386] appointment, the head of the F.B.I, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, sent a further strong warning (February 1, 1946), saying that White, if his appointment were confirmed, "would have the power to influence in a great degree deliberations on all international financial arrangements". Despite this, Mr. White's appointment was confirmed on May 1, 1946, (this history was made public by the Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Herbert Brownell junior, on November 17, 1953); Mr. Truman's reply made no reference to the warning of November 1945 and stated that he allowed White's appointment to stand *after* consideration of the warning of February 1946).

In April 1947 (by which time the exposure of Mr. Hiss was drawing near) Mr. White resigned "for reasons of health". In August of 1948, when the proof of his guilt was conclusive and was about to be made public, he was called before the Un-American Activities Committee of Congress and denied ever having been a member of the conspiracy. He was then privately confronted with some of the most damning evidence (now all on record) and three days later was found dead, receiving Jewish burial. No autopsy report is on record and the circumstances of his death remain as mysterious as his identity.

Nearly seven years later (January 3, 1955) the Internal Security Committee of the United States Congress reported:

"1. Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, and their confederates in the Communist underground in Government, had power to exercise *profound influence on American policy and the policies of international organizations during World War II and the years immediately thereafter*; (this is the vital, and supremely dangerous "confusion-period" to which I earlier alluded; the later years of a war and the early years of its aftermath);

"2. They had power to exercise profound influence on *the creation and operation of the United Nations and its specialized agencies*;

"3. This power was not limited to their officially designated authority. It was inherent in their *access to and influence over higher officials, and the opportunities they had to present or withhold information on which the policies of their superiors might be based*;

"4. Hiss, White and a considerable number of their colleagues who helped make American foreign policy and the policies of international organizations during crucial years, have been exposed as secret Communist agents".

This might appear to record the good ending to a bad story, for at earlier times the discovery and publication of such a state of affairs by a parliamentary authority would have meant, first, impeachment proceedings and the like, and second, remedial action. In fact, as I can testify (for I was in America during many of these years) the remedial effect was very small, if any. The chief reason for this was, that the entire process of investigation and disclosure was accompanied by a most violent press campaign against the investigators and disclosers, not against the culprits and the conspiracy.

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Here the history of the period after the French revolution. . . and of the ordeal-by-smearing suffered by Messrs. Morse, Barruel and Robison, repeated itself. If any future historian should examine the yellowing newspaper pages of these years he will find ten thousand abusive words directed against those who called for investigation and remedy for every one aimed at an exposed or convicted member of the conspiracy; he will find columns of praise for Mr. Hiss, for example, alongside columns of vituperation directed against the penitent agent, Mr. Whittaker Chambers, whose self-defence brought about Mr. Hiss's conviction. In time this storm centred around the head of one Senator Joseph McCarthy (as in the earlier decade it raged over that of Mr. Martin Dies, until he was driven out of political life), and a new epithet was coined for the delusion of the masses: "McCarthyism" (the demand for investigation and remedy) was by endless iteration made to sound to them more repugnant than "sedition".

Because of this the most significant moment in American history after the Second War was one in 1954, when the Senate censured Senator McCarthy. In 1952, for the first time in twenty years, the candidate nominated by the Republican party, was elected, General Eisenhower. The return to office, after two decades, elated the Republicans and General Eisenhower's victory was very largely due to his undertaking to stamp out the Communist infiltration of government, which had been revealed to have occurred during the long Roosevelt administration and had been inherited by his successor. In 1954 the new President allowed it to be known that he looked with disfavour on Senator McCarthy's "methods" and thus implicitly gave his nod to the censure motion (the American Jewish Committee also imperiously demanded that the Senate approve it), which then carried. Senator McCarthy, like many before him, then began to fade from the political scene and the principle that "investigation" was pernicious was re-established.

Thus the American voter found that the apparent choice between candidates, at a presidential election, gave him no true choice at all in the matter of combating sedition. With this censure motion, approved by the President of the day, all the investigations and exposures ended in sand. From that moment the agents of the conspiracy were implicitly left free to resume the burrowing process which resulted in the state of affairs represented, during the Second War, chiefly by Messrs. Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White. It is this which makes the policy of America an incalculable and dangerous explosive force in any future war.

In the matter of sedition the "premier-dictators" of our time perform a function allotted to them by the Protocols of 1905, that major document of a conspiracy of which such men as Harry Dexter White were demonstrably part. Protocol No. 19 says that when the super-government has been established sedition will be placed in the category of "thieving, murder and every kind of abominable and filthy crime" and adds that "we have done our best to obtain that *the nation-states should not arrive at this means of contending with sedition*. It [388] was for this reason that through the Press and in speeches and indirectly . . . *we have advertised the martyrdom alleged to have been accepted by sedition-mongers for the idea of the commonweal*".

Mr. Hiss was presented as a martyr, over a long period, in the press of the world, of no matter what party; Senator McCarthy, who "arrived at this means of contending with sedition", was presented as a brute. This control of the press, established in the last two decades, enables the conspiracy to stand between the nation-states and their wish to root out sedition. The Protocols of 1905 foretold: "We shall have a sure triumph over our opponent since they will not have at their disposition organs of the press in which they can give full and final expression to their views".

In America, which today is the key to the future of the West, the matter is further complicated by the existence of a body which is able to make drastic interventions in this field. The Supreme Court of the United States, by sitting in judgment on constitutional issues between the Federal Government and the forty-eight separate State Governments, frequently decides matters which in other parliamentary countries would be ones for the legislature, not the judiciary. Moreover, the members of this court are political (which is to say, party) appointees, not necessarily professional jurists or men of any judicial training. The danger of political control of such a body is obvious, and it was made plain by a majority judgment handed down on April 2, 1956, when the Supreme Court set aside the conviction of a Communist under the Pennsylvania State law against sedition. In this judgment the Supreme Court stated the "the field of sedition" was that of Congress

alone and that "no room has been left" for State legislation or action against sedition. Forty-two of the forty-eight States at that time had sedition laws and this judgment, if it is not overridden by special act of Congress, will at a blow reduce the obstacles to sedition in America by the separate powers of those forty-two States, leaving, as the sole defence, the national administration, which had been repeatedly shown by the events of the preceding ten years to have been infested with seditionists. This judgment, too, may be compared with the passage previously quoted from the Protocols.

Lastly, the Second War led to the revival of the League of Nations, which had sprung from the "League to Enforce Peace". This body was obviously never an alliance of nations, but an instrument for the control of nations, to be wielded by whomever gained command of it. The conclusions of the Senate Committee quoted above testify to the part which Messrs. Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White and their associates played in organizing and fashioning it. Clearly, in their minds it was intended to "extend the revolution" universally, following Lenin's dictum, and to become the "Super-Government" foreseen by the Protocols. The shadow of the universal concentration-camp regime looms already in its "Genocide Convention", where the causing of "mental harm" is defined as a crime against unspecified "groups".

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What it will become depends on the future success or failure of the nation-states in "contending with sedition". In the Second War, as in the first, all the "top-line leaders" and "premier-dictators" appear from the start to have been secretly agreed in the resolve to set up a "world-organization" and to subordinate their nation-states to it. This was their own project, not that of their peoples, who were never consulted. No nation has ever evinced a desire to sink its identity in some world-state, ruled by who knows whom. On the contrary, the continuing love of nationhood, despite all ordeals and defeats, is the clearest human feeling evinced by the 20th Century, and this clearly will increase until "the deception of nations" ends and the idea of obliterating nations collapses.

Nevertheless, the wartime leaders, free from all public supervision in their meetings, their cabled exchanges and their telephone talks, all through the war pressed on with the project for a new world order, which at the war's end was to be found in the secretarial hands of Messrs. Hiss and White. Mr. Baruch's biographer records that Mr. Roosevelt was busy with the idea long before he became president, and selected the name, "United Nations". Mr. Baruch, himself, the permanent adviser of presidents, was of cosmic ambition; the same biographer quotes him as saying on many occasions, "Of course we can fix the world".

The absence of humility is the most striking thing about all these mortals. Mr. Churchill is as disappointing to the student, in this matter, as he is reassuring in that of the sorry end of the war in Europe, which he unquestionably tried to avert. In the matter of re-moulding the world he was as incorrigible as all the others, and the brave phrases he sometimes used ("I have not become His Majesty's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire") are not easy to reconcile with his enthusiasm for a concept based on the eventual "liquidation" of all nation-states.

Thus, at a time when a disastrous end to the war then in progress was being prepared, these wartime leaders were busy with world-government notions. They could not or would not conduct the war to true victory, but they were ready to reorganize the world! "The questions of World Organization" (says Mr. Churchill in October 1944) "were now thrusting themselves upon all our minds". From faraway South Africa, once more, General Smuts raised his voice, saying that Soviet Russia must be included, and from Washington President Roosevelt agreed that the revolutionary state which had helped Hitler start the war must be "a fully accepted and equal member of any association of the Great Powers formed for the purpose of *preventing international war*". Mr. Roosevelt foresaw a period of "differences" and "compromises" during which "the child" would learn how to toddle. Mr. Churchill comments that the child was "the World Instrument" and thenceforth this term seems to have been the favourite one among the wartime leaders.

In this way, through one more world war, the "league to enforce peace" again [390] came into existence, and the agents of the conspiracy were numerously entrenched in the commanding posts of the central body and of its auxiliary agencies, as was to be expected in the circumstances now known; Messrs. Hiss and White were the chiefs of a great clan. The first major act of the new "World Instrument" was in effect to give sanction to the revolution's annexation of half Europe by electing the puppet-governments of the communized captive countries there to membership.

Thus in all fields Lenin's dictum about the "extension" of the revolution through a second world war was fulfilled. This was not the result of the persuasion of peoples (in the two cases so far, those of Hungary in 1919 and of Spain, where nation-states have been allowed to fight Communism it was thrown out). It was the result of the infestation of the West by members of the conspiracy, of the virtual suspension of sedition

laws which they were able to effect, and of the command of policy, supplies and military operations which they gained.

## Chapter 42

### THE TALMUDIC VENGEANCE

Despite the protests of the responsible American Cabinet officers, Messrs. Hull and Stimson, and the professionals in the British Foreign Office, the Second War ended in "a peace of vengeance"; or rather (as vengeance is the denial of, and can never beget peace) in a vengeance which planted the seeds of new war.

The two "premier-dictators" of the West, Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill, took responsibility for the vengeance, for, despite their later disavowals of it, they both signed the document which was its charter: the Protocol of the Yalta Conference. Under this the Christian West joined with the barbaric East to wreak a barbaric vengeance on Europe. The aim of this chapter is to discover where the original responsibility lay (for the avowal that they acted at the promptings or under the pressure of shadowy others, or in ignorance of what they signed, occurs in the statements of both men; here the ultimate powerlessness of these seemingly all-powerful wartime potentates is shown).

In January 1943 Mr. Roosevelt, at Casablanca, first struck the note of "blind vengeance", when he "suddenly stated the principle of unconditional surrender" (Mr. Hull). The words, with their Old Testamentary ring, meant that the enemy would not be granted peace at any price whatever, and this was the absolute reversal of all "principles" previously proclaimed by the Western leaders. The responsible American Cabinet member, Mr. Hull, states that he and his department had not been informed of this somersault in policy and that "Mr. Churchill was dumbfounded"; also that the British Foreign Office appealed for the term to be avoided. Mr. Churchill (as he stated after the war in the House of Commons) nevertheless supported the use of the term "but only after it was used by the President without consultation with me". Mr. Churchill added that "if the British Cabinet had considered these words they would have advised against it" (but for, many years he continued to urge the desirability of "summit" conferences between the Moscovite dictator and the two Western leaders, despite this experience).

Thus at Casablanca in 1943 the decision to wreak *vengeance* was first taken. This was the background to the "Morgenthau Plan" of September 1944 (obviously first devised in Moscow, then drafted by Mr. Harry Dexter White for his superior, then forwarded by Mr. Morgenthau to Mr. Roosevelt, who with Mr. Churchill initialled it), the spirit of which pervaded the Yalta Conference and its Protocol. Mr. Roosevelt's later expression of astonishment ("he had no idea how he could have initialled this") and Mr. Churchill's words of regret ("I had not time to examine the Morgenthau Plan in detail. . . I am sorry I put my initials to it") are both voided by the fact that both then signed the Yalta document, its child and the charter of vengeance.

By giving their names to it the two Western leaders did greater harm to the West than any it could have suffered by war; what is destroyed by explosive can [392] be rebuilt, but spiritual values achieved by the efforts of nations during nineteen centuries, once ruined are harder to restore. The East lost nothing because vengeance was its barbaric tradition, partly discarded during the last century of the Czars' rule but re-established in 1917. In the West, the area of Christendom, the case was different.

During the centuries the West had gradually improved the conduct of warfare from the savagery of primitive times to the civilized code which it reached by the end of the reign of Louis XIV. The nations came ever more to accept this overriding code, which outlawed the insensate killing or maltreatment of noncombatants and the plunder of their property, which provided for the immunity of a flag of mercy, and

laid down that enemy dead, wounded and prisoners must be cared for as the combatant's own. Out of all this, in time, came an international organization, under the sign of the cross, which took thought and care for every soldier alike, without regard to nationality or rank. Probably this code of civilizing warfare formed the best possible first step towards the abolition of war for which men ultimately hope. The records of war waged under this code are uplifting to study; those of wars which denied it repel.

The wars of the 19th Century in Europe were fought, in increasing measure, under this code, so that their stories show man's effort to dignify himself even in war. This holds good of the Crimean war, and of the three Prussian wars, against Denmark, Austria and Prussia. They were honourably waged and concluded. (The only great Western war of that century in which the picture darkened was the civil one in America, where vengeance *was* wreaked, after victory, on the defeated party. This would not have happened but for the assassination of President Lincoln, the pacifier and unifier, within a few days of the victory; in the unlit shadows of that crime the same revolutionary conspirators may lurk, who demonstrably have shaped the events of our country).

With that exception, war continued to be waged under this civilizing code throughout the West and wherever the West set its foot. At this century's beginning came the Anglo-Boer War in South Africa. A few extracts from the journal of the Boer Colonel Deneys Reitz, written immediately after the fighting, show how men at war behaved towards each other, under this code, only fifty years ago:

In a British prisoner-of-war camp: "One prisoner asked for an interview with my father. His name was Winston Churchill . . . he said he was not a combatant but a war-correspondent and asked to be released on that account. My father replied that he was carrying a Mauser pistol when taken and so must remain where he was. Winston Churchill said that all war-correspondents *in the Soudan* carried weapons for self-protection, and the comparison annoyed my father, who told him the Boers were not in the habit of killing non-combatants . . ."

After the Boer victory at Spion Kop: "We spent the next hour or two helping the English Red Cross doctors and bearer parties bury their dead and carry away [393] their wounded . . ."

After the Boer capture of Dundee: "I saw General Penn Symons, the Commander of the English troops. He was mortally wounded and the nurses told me he could not last out the night. Next morning . . . I met a bearer-party carrying his body, wrapped in a blanket, and I accompanied them to where they buried him behind the little English chapel . . .".

At the Boer siege of Ladysmith: "One of our men was shot through both legs and another pluckily carried him back to the spruit on his shoulders, the English firing all around him, until they realized that he was helping a wounded comrade, after which they let him go in peace and were even sporting enough to allow him to return to us without a shot fired"; ". . . A huge soldier loomed up in the dark . . . he lunged at me with his bayonet, but his insecure footing deflected the thrust and brought him stumbling against me. The man was at my mercy now, for I had my carbine against his side, but there came over me an aversion to shooting him down like a dog, so I ordered him to put up his hands instead . . ."

"I found the soldier whom I had killed and was horrified to see that my bullet had blown half his head away, the explanation being that during one of our patrols I had found a few explosive Mauser cartridges at a deserted trading station and had taken them for shooting game. I kept them in a separate pocket of my bandolier but in my excitement had rammed one of them into the magazine of my rifle without noticing it. I was distressed at my mistake . . . I would not knowingly have used this type of ammunition. I flung the remainder into the brook . . ."

After a battle: "The serious casualties were left for the British ambulances to pick up . . . the English soldiers, officers and men, were unfailingly humane. This was so well known that there was never any hesitation in abandoning a wounded man to the mercy of the troops, in the sure knowledge that he would be taken away and carefully nursed.

"We saw the lights of a train, but General Smuts would not allow us to pile boulders on the metals nor to fire as the engine thundered by, for fear of killing civilians, so we stood aside, catching a glimpse of officers and others seated in the dining-car. . . all unaware of the men looking at them from the darkness".

On the way to the Boer surrender: "On board the British battleship *Monarch* we spent a week in comfort, for officers and men vied with each other in their efforts to welcome us. The British, with all their



faults, are a generous nation. . . throughout the time that we were amongst them there was no word said that could hurt our feelings or offend our pride, although they knew that we were on an errand of defeat".

This is a picture of civilized men at war. Today's parrot-phrase about "the next war destroying civilization" is empty, because civilization is a state of mind and spirit and cannot be destroyed by explosives, though it *can* be destroyed by such deeds as the vengeance of 1945. The war depicted by Colonel Reitz was fought

[394] when I was a boy and the code observed by such men as he, on all sides and in war or peace, was the one which Englishmen of my generation were taught to honour.

It was honoured in the First World War. I remember the British treatment of prisoners-of-war and I remember the liberation of British prisoners from German ones in the final advance; the treatment was similar in both. A wounded man had no nationality; he received as good care, if he were a captive, as if he were hit on his own side of the line. Non-combatants and civilian populations were respected; plunder and rape were outlawed.

What, then, caused the sudden abandonment of this civilized code of warfare by the West after the Second World War? The peoples had not changed in the twenty-seven years that had passed, from the Armistice of 1918. They were not more cruel or less kindly than before. They were blinded by a propaganda which hid from them the real nature of their leaders' deeds; and these leaders, by their own words, were prompted by others or did not know what they signed. In that way the vengeance of 1945 was wreaked and civilized men were left to say, with Edmund Burke, "It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound".

The significant prelude came, even before the fighting ceased, with the indiscriminate bombing of civilian populations in a country already defeated but denied the refuge of surrender; The killing of non-combatants was the reproach most loudly raised against Germany, in both wars, by the British and American politicians. On February 10, 1944 the Yalta Conference ended, where Mr. Roosevelt, in private parley with Stalin, had said he was feeling "more bloodthirsty" than before about the Germans. On February 13 and 14 British and American bombers for hours on end rained explosive on Dresden, a city crowded with fugitives, mostly women and children, from the advancing Red armies. The number of people killed, burned and buried that day and night will never be known; estimates vary between 50,000 and 250,000.\* The war documents so far issued do not disclose who ordered this act, and strict measures were apparently taken to prevent the affair from ever being brought under public discussion.

After that came General Eisenhower's order to halt the Anglo-American advance on the Elbe line, and therewith to abandon Berlin, Vienna and Prague, and all East Europe to the Soviet armies. This was vengeance against friend and foe alike, for it meant the abandonment of half a continent to Asiatic enslavement. It was made more barbaric by the order (the effect of which was earlier shown in an eye-witness's words) to the Allied armies to prevent fugitives from the abandoned area, *by force*, from escaping to the West; at that point British and American gun-muzzles were turned against many of Hitler's victims,

\* The number therefore may have been greater than at Hiroshima or Nagasaki, where the new atom-bombs were used, for the first time, on an utterly defenceless civilian population; and this against the protests of both the American and the British military commanders, General MacArthur and Lord Louis Mountbatten, who advised that the defeat of Japan was already effectively imminent.

[395] as well as German women and children. The culminating deed came later when, from the camps where hundreds of thousands of these refugees were gathered, having reached the West earlier or despite the cordon, many were picked out to be *driven back* to their pursuers.

England had abolished slavery, in its overseas colonies, more than a century before this; in America, President Lincoln had abolished it during the Civil War of 1861-1865. By these acts the wartime leaders of England and America re-introduced slavery *in Europe* in 1945!

The trials of "war criminals" formed the peaks of the vengeance and the Everest of them all was reached in the Nuremberg trial of the chief Nazi leaders.

The "wicked man" whom the masses had for six years been incited to destroy was not named in the indictment at all, even *in absentia*, although his deputy Martin Bormann (whose death was no more or less proven than Hitler's) *was* included. This significant gap at the end of Hitler's career may be as significant as many earlier gaps in what is generally known about him. In these days, when the infiltration of all parties,

classes and governments by the agents of the revolution is a known and proven thing, it is of interest that the mass of literature about him ignores his early associations and the strong evidence of his Communist background. The Viennese police dossier of his early days has apparently disappeared. His later Brown Army commander, Captain Roehm, told a Storm Troop leader (who told me) that when the Bavarian troops drove the Bolshevik Government out of Munich in 1919 the unknown Adolf Hitler was taken prisoner with the bodyguard of the Moscow emissary Levine, and saved his skin by turning informer (this might explain why Roehm, the possessor of incriminating knowledge, was killed by Hitler after he came to power). Hitler's own original proposal for the name of the National Socialist party was "the Social Revolutionary Party"; he described himself as "the executor of Marxism" (not its executioner); and he told Hermann Rauschning that he had built his organization on the model of Communism. I met Hitler once or twice and studied him at close quarters for many years, before and after his rise to power; I believe that no genuinely informative work about him and the part he played has yet appeared.

This period was marked by a series of acts which evidently were deliberately devised to give it a nature of mockery especially humiliating to the Christian West; it was as if captives were made to perform clownish tricks for the amusement of their captors. This was shown at Nuremberg when *the Soviet judge was selected to read the part of the judgment which condemned the Germans for taking men and women away from their homes and sending them to distant camps where they worked as slave labour*. The British, American and French members of the court listened while Western justice, their inheritance and trust, was mocked. At that time, under the Yalta agreement, Germans, Poles and many more were being taken from their homes and sent to slave-camps; behind the Soviet judge

[396] loomed the shadow of the Moscow cellars where men were shot without trial and of the vast Siberian prisonland where, for thirty years then, millions of uncharged and untried human beings wasted in slavery.

So much for the peaks of the vengeance. In the foothills unnumbered smaller deeds were committed which make up the darkest pages in the recent story of the West. It was a reversal to barbarism; where lay the inspiration of it? What directing hand made the Western leaders abet the revolution from the East in a vengeance of the kind practised by savage, primitive tribes? This vengeance was not "the Lord's" in the Christian interpretation. Whose vengeance was it?

Certain symbolic deeds were evidently meant to establish the authorship, or nature, of the vengeance. These crowning acts of symbolism were the reproductions, after nearly thirty years, of the similar acts committed during the revolution in Russia: the Talmudic boast left on the wall of the Romanoffs' death chamber and the canonization of Judas Iscariot. After the Second World War the Nazi leaders were hanged on the Jewish Day of Judgment in 1946, so that their execution was presented to Jewry in the shape of Mordecai's vengeance on Haman and his sons. Then in the Bavarian village of Oberammergau, where the world-famous Passion Play had been performed for three centuries, the players of the chief parts were put on trial for "Nazi activities" before a Communist court. Those who appeared as Jesus and the apostles were all declared guilty; the one performer acquitted was he who took the part of Judas.

These things do not happen by accident, and the vengeance on Germany, like the earlier one on Russia, was in this way given the imprint of a Talmudic vengeance (that is, a vengeance on Christendom, the Talmud being the specifically anti-Christian continuation of the pre-Christian Torah). The vengeful writ ran on both sides of the line which by that time was supposed to be an "Iron Curtain" dividing "the free world" from the enslaved Asiatic one; in this matter of vengeance there was no iron curtain. Nuremberg was in the Western zone; Oberammergau in the Soviet one.

By the choice of the Jewish Day of Judgment for the hanging of the Nazi leaders and German commanders the Western leaders gave the conclusion of the Second War this aspect of a vengeance exacted specifically in the name of "the Jews". The shape which the trial took showed the purpose of the immense propaganda of falsification conducted during the war, which I have earlier described. "Crimes against Jews" were singled out as a separate count, as if Jews were different from other human beings (and when the judgment was delivered a hundred million human beings in Eastern Europe had been handed over to the general persecution of all men, from which Jews in their proportion suffered in Germany). This particular indictment was made "the crux of the case" against the defendants (Captain Liddell Hart's words) and was based on the assertion that "six million Jews" had been killed (as time went by the word "perished" was substituted for "killed"). An impartial court would at the outset have thrown out

[397] any suit based on this completely unverifiable assertion: At Nuremberg lawyers, who in a private case would have demanded acquittal on the strength of an unproven statement in respect of a decimal point or digit, used this fantastic figure as the basis of their demand for conviction.

I earlier described, with illustrations from Jewish sources, the process by means of which, over the years, the Jews were "singled out" from the mass of Hitler's victims and their number inflated at will from day to day (Hitler's book-bonfire became "the burning of *Jewish* books"; his concentration camps where ninety percent of the inmates were Germans became concentration camps for Jews; a wartime report about the killing of "150,000 White Russians, Ukrainians and Jews at Kieff" was changed to "150,000 *Jews*"; and so on interminably).

The statement about the "six million Jews", allowed to pass without question by the men on the bench, was the end-product of this process. In six years of war the Germans, Japanese and Italians, using every lethal means, killed 824,928 British, British Commonwealth and American fighting-men, merchant sailors and civilians. Assuming that the Germans killed, say, half of these in Europe, they killed (according to this assertion) *fifteen times as many Jews* there. To do that, they would have needed such quantities of men, weapons, transports, guards and materials as would have enabled them to win the war many times over.

The figure would not even deserve scrutiny if it had not been used to give the Second War the brand of "a Jewish war" and if that, again, did not foreshadow the shape of any third war. Because of that, it may be examined here.

At no time in history, from antiquity to this day, can the number of Judahites, Judeans or Jews, living at any given time, be determined; for that reason the number afflicted in any calamity also cannot be determined, and there are many more reasons why the number of Jewish victims in the Second World War cannot be fixed. The process of mystification begins in *Genesis* and continues through the Torah (the seventy people taken by Jacob to Egypt, for instance, apparently increased to two or three million within 150 years). At all periods large, and sometimes huge variations occur in the "estimates", and only estimates are possible, as the present term, "Jew", is legally indefinable and statistically elusive.

An eminent Jewish authority, Dr. Hans Kohn, in his article on "the distribution of Jews" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica Book of the Year for 1942*, writes:

"In view of the fact that in several of the countries where the largest number of Jews were living in 1941 *the census did not contain any questions regarding religion . . . the exact number of Jews in the world in 1941 could not be ascertained*. The definition of persons falling under the classification of 'Jewish race' *is in no way agreed upon . . . In countries where the census included questions of religious origins, even this religious criterion of Jewish faith is difficult to define exactly*.

[398] Thus the *assumption* which generally varied around the figure of 16 million" (for the entire world) "*cannot claim any foundation on exact figures*. To this uncertainty about the number of Jews in the world was added in recent years *a growing uncertainty about their numerical distribution in the different countries and continents*. Probably more than 6,000,000 Jews lived in Poland and the U.S.S.R."

A weaker basis than that even for "estimates" (not to speak of "statistics") can hardly be imagined, yet in the ensuing period, when all the additional confusions of war and occupation were piled on this infirm foundation, precise numbers of Jewish casualties were produced day by day, circulated by thousands of assiduous propagandists, and at the end declared to amount to six millions!

Dr. Kohn says that "probably" more than 6,000,000 Jews lived in Poland and U.S.S.R. *in 1941*. In respect of the U.S.S.R. this might corroborate another Jewish authority (Prof. H.M.T. Loewe), who said in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica of 1937* that 2,700,000 Jews then lived there. Similarly, four years earlier (1933) the Jewish journal *Opinion* had stated that the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. was under 3,000,000; and the Soviet official *Encyclopaedia* in 1953 stated that "the Jewish population of the Soviet Union *in 1939* was 3,020,000".

This near agreement among four authorities in respect of the period 1933-1941 might lead the reader to think that the number of *Jews* in one country at least (the U.S.S.R.) was established with reasonable accuracy at a given time. On the contrary, this is a statistical jungle where *nothing* is ever established. In 1943 the Jewish Commissar Mikhoels said in London (according to the Johannesburg *Jewish Times* of 1952), "Today we have in the Soviet Union 5,000,000 Jews". That is two million more than two years before, and if it was true presumably meant that most of the *Jews* in Poland, after Hitler and Stalin fell out, moved into Soviet territory. However, in the same issue of the *Jewish Times* a leading Jewish writer, Mr. Joseph Leftwich, stated that the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. in 1952 was 2,500,000, "a loss *since 1943* of 2,500,000". He asked, "where and how did they disappear?"; the answer, in my judgment, is that most of them disappeared into the statistics.

That is not the end of the confusion in this one section of the question. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of 1937 (in giving the above-cited figure of 2,700,000 Jews in Russia on Jewish authority) said they formed about six percent of the total population. The total population was elsewhere given in the same encyclopaedia as 145,000,000 and six percent of that would be 8,700,000!

The encyclopaedias, statistical yearbooks and almanacs are in this one question all at odds with each other and untrustworthy. I could multiply examples (for instance, the Jewish World Congress in 1953 announced that the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. was 1,500,000) but wandering in a maze without an outlet is profitless. All published figures are "estimates" made at the estimators' pleasure, and are without value. A professional accountant might write a book on the efforts of the encyclopaedists to make the post-war figure of

[399] Jewish population in the world conform with the pre-war "estimates", minus six million. Figures are tricky things: a few examples:

The leading American reference yearbook, the *World Almanac*, in 1947 gave the 1939 Jewish world-population as 15,688,259. In later editions up to 1952 it increased this prewar estimate (without explanation) by a million, to 16,643,120. It gave the 1950 population as 11,940,000, which, if subtracted from the first figure given for 1939, gives a reduction of nearly four millions (though not of six). However, it based even this "estimate" on another estimate, namely, that in 1950 the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. was 2,000,000. This still left unanswered Mr. Leftwich's question in respect of Commissar Mikhoels's statement, that in 1943 the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. was 5,000,000.

In England *Whitaker's Almanac*, of similar eminence, struggled with the same problem. In its 1949 and 1950 issues it gave the 1939 "estimated" Jewish world population as 16,838,000 and that of 1949 as 11,385,200, a reduction of nearly 5,500,000. However, the figures given for Jewish population in separate countries added up to 13,120,000 (not 11,385,200). Incidentally, *Whitaker's* in 1950 gave the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. as 5,300,000, against the *World Almanac's* figure for the same year, of 2,000,000.

Both these publications are of the highest repute for painstaking accuracy and the fault is not theirs; in this one matter alone *only* Jewish "estimates" are available, and for obvious reasons no dependence can be placed on these. I pointed out the discrepancies in a book of 1951 and observed that *Whitaker's* in 1952 no longer contained these "estimates of Jewish populations"; apparently it had abandoned the statistical quest as hopeless, and was right to do so. Another encyclopaedia in its 1950 edition also dropped the subject.

Finally, the *New York Times*, which may be described as the world's leading Jewish newspaper (it is Jewish-owned and New York is today primarily a Jewish city) in 1948 published what claimed to be an authoritative statistical article, computing the Jewish population of the world (three years after the war's end) between 15,700,000 and 18,600,000. If either figure was near truth this meant that the Jewish world-population had remained stationary or increased during the war years.

Newspaper articles are soon forgotten (unless some diligent student preserves them) but the great propagandist fabrications are handed on. Thus the historians, those men of precision in other questions, passed on the legend of "mass-extermiation" to posterity. At the war's end Professor Arnold J. Toynbee was producing his monumental *Study of History* and in its eighth volume (1954) said that "the Nazis . . . reduced the Jewish population of Continental Europe, west of the Soviet Union, from about 6,5 million to about 1,5 million by a process of mass-extermiation". He called this "a bare statistical statement" and then added a footnote showing that it was *not* a statistical statement: "it is *not possible to give exact figures based on accurate statistics* and it

[400] seemed improbable in 1952 that the necessary information *would ever be obtainable*". Professor Toynbee explains that his figure was based on Jewish "calculations, in which there were several possible sources of error". He concludes that "it might be estimated" that five million Continental Jews had been done to death by the Nazis.

The estimate is historically valueless. The starting-point for consideration of this question is the fact that six million Jews, or anything approaching that number, cannot possibly have been "done to death" or caused to "perish", for the reasons given at the start of this discussion; the very assertion, made before the Nuremberg court, was an affront to their 825,000 fighting-men, sailors and civilians, killed in *all* theatres of war, of which only the Western politicians of this century would have been capable.

The number of Jews who were killed or perished will never be known, for the reasons already stated and partly discovered by Professor Toynbee in his footnote to history. The very term "Jew" is indefinable;

Jews are often not isolated in statistics; and at no time can the number of *living* Jews in the world be ascertained with any approach to accuracy. Indeed, any attempt to reach statistical clarity through census or immigration data is attacked as "discrimination" and "anti-semitism". For instance:

"Immigrants seeking to settle in Australia will from now on not be asked on application forms if they are Jewish, it was made known in Sydney by the executive committee of Australian Jewry, which *protested against this practice* to the immigration authorities" (the *Jewish Times*, Johannesburg). In England, "it is impossible, *in the absence of official statistics*, to do more than make an intelligent guess . . . the exact number of Jews in Britain *remains a mystery*" (the *Zionist Record*, Johannesburg). In America, President Roosevelt was brought under unrelenting pressure to abolish the requirement to state "Jewish" on immigration forms, and in 1952 a major campaign was waged by the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Committee against the McCarran-Walter Act because it sought to restore this requirement. This act was in the event passed over President Truman's veto, but even a rigorous application of the reinstated requirement would not lead to clarification, as applicants, if they wish, may insert "British" or any similar description, instead of "Jewish".

This state of statistical affairs is now well-nigh universal, so that the whole question is a mystery and has deliberately been made one. None can even guess the number of Jews whose deaths, during the war, were not natural or the result of bombing and the like, but who were done to death by the Nazis. My opinion is that, whatever was the number of Jews in the countries overrun by Hitler, the number of their victims was in roughly that proportion to the total population stricken, Polish, Czech and other. I have found this to be the opinion of all persons known to me who survived the concentration camps and occupations. Having suffered themselves, their feeling for Jewish victims was as strong as for [401] all others, but they could not understand why the one case of the Jews was singled out and the number of Jewish victims monstrously exaggerated.

The reason, hidden from them, became clear with the hangings on the Jewish Day of Judgment, for this symbolic act set the pattern for the entire conduct of the occupation, on both sides of the line, in its early years, and even for the future conduct of Western foreign policy far outside the bounds of Europe. The Talmudic vengeance was the start of a new era in the history of the West, during which all national considerations were to be subordinated to the cause of Jewish nationhood, as represented by the Talmudists from Russia.

I have a description, from a person who was present, of the manner in which the Nuremberg judgment came to be delivered on September 30 and October 1, 1946 (between the Jewish New Year, September 26, and the Jewish Day of Atonement, October 5), and was *executed* immediately after midnight in the morning of October 16, Hoshana Rabba, the day when the Jewish god, after an interval during which he considers his verdict on every single human being, and may still pardon sinners, *delivers his final judgment*. This description says, ". . . all thought the judgment would be delivered sooner than it was, and *a number of trifling circumstances delayed it, till the date was fixed somewhere round September 15* . . . Then X, one of the member judges, objected to the literary form of part of the judgment. . . it was roughly calculated how long it would take to recast it and to recopy the recasting; and the date was fixed by this".

I have deleted the name of the member judge. As a result of this delay for literary improvement the judgment fell midway through the holiest ten days of the Jewish Year and was executed on the day of Jehovah's vengeance. I had foretold some such denouement, in a book published during the war, after Mr. Anthony Eden, on 17 December 1942 in the House of Commons, had made a "Declaration" about the Jews, in which he implicitly limited to the Jews the threat that "Those responsible for these crimes shall not escape retribution". Mr. Roosevelt, in America, had made a declaration of similar implication.

The Nuremberg trial formed the model for many lesser "war crimes" trials; these have been discussed, from the legal and moral point of view, in the books of Mr. Montgomery Belgion, Mr. F.J.P. Veale and the late Captain Russell Grenfell. A little of the truth about them filtered out in the course of years. In 1949 an American Administration of Justice Review Board, appointed after numerous protests, reported on some of the American military court trials at Dachau, where 297 death sentences had been approved. The report spoke of "mock trials" to which the defendants had been brought hooded, with ropes round their necks, and "tried" before mock-altars with crucifixes and candles; they were subjected to brutal treatment in the effort to extort confessions which then could be produced before the real trial (the prisoners were led to believe that the mock-trial was the genuine one).

The biggest of these trials was the "Malmedy trial" of 1945-1946, at which



[402] forty-three prisoners were sentenced to death. This trial related to the killing of American prisoners by SS. troops near Malmedy in 1944, and bitter feeling against any proved guilty was to be expected from American prosecutors. However, the tormentors of these prisoners were not Americans, as those who remember the admirable bearing of American troops in Germany after the First World War might expect. They were Jews from Austria who had entered the United States just before the Second War and, under Mr. Roosevelt's regime, had quickly been taken into the American army and American uniform. A genuine American who was present at these mock-trials (a veteran court reporter) stated that he left the service of the War Crimes Branch in disgust after witnessing the "brutal sadism" practised by one of the inquisitors. Then the chief American prosecutor in this trial, a colonel, admitted to a Senate subcommittee that he had known about the mock-trials; he thought they were proper if the trial court itself was informed of the method used to obtain the defendants' confessions, and said the prisoners should have known that the black-mass trial was a false one because they were not assigned defence counsel.

A Judicial Commission was sent to investigate and reported in 1949 that the confessions "admittedly" had been obtained by "the use of mock trials in which one or more persons *attired* as American officers pretended to preside as judges and others *attired* in American uniforms pretended to be the prosecutor and defender of the accused". In consequence some of the death sentences were commuted. The chairman of this commission, Justice Gordon Simpson of Texas, told the Senate Subcommittee that the trial procedures followed were "not American" (they certainly were not British) and had been agreed "at the London Four-Power Conference that fixed the terms of the war crimes trials", so that responsibility, once more, goes back to the politicians of London and Washington and the groups which exercised pressure on them. Justice Simpson also testified that the American Army "could not find enough qualified Americans" for these war crimes trials, in which the good name of the West was involved, "and therefore had to draw on some of the German refugees".

This aspect of the trials was further illuminated by an event of January 1953, when two men were arrested by the American military authorities in occupied Vienna on charges of conspiring with a secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington to transmit secret American military documents to the Soviet state. They were both Viennese-born Jews who had reached America in 1938 and 1940, at the ages of 16 and 26. In any previous war they would have been kept under observation as "enemy aliens"; under Mr. Roosevelt they had received American army commissions as "friendly aliens". In 1945 they were made "members of the American prosecution team at the war crimes trials". When they were arrested as Communist agents and spies a high official of the American Military Government in Vienna said, "This ties in with information showing that too many of *the Americans* employed at Nuremberg were either Communists or were [403] being used by Communists". He added that "the American prosecution staff at Nuremberg went off in hundreds of directions when the trials were over, many into the American State Department or the United Nations".

At this time the further disclosure was made that in 1949 Mr. John J. McCloy (an American High Commissioner particularly feared by the Germans during the war-crimes trials period) had been given legal briefs "showing that serious errors in translation from German and other languages into English were introduced *into evidence*; these errors, in some cases, were made by persons whose Communist ties have since been proved by loyalty checks". This material has never been made public, but if it should ever be used in an impartial investigation of the trials grave embarrassment for the Western leaders would be caused. At the war's end Communists were everywhere in control of the Nazi concentration camps (as will be shown later in this chapter); in the manner above described they became prosecutors and judges of the very crimes which they had committed!

On both sides of the line vengeance was wreaked in the same spirit. Mongolian soldiers from the East, as they entered Germany, were incited by the recorded voice of Ilya Ehrenburg, from Moscow, to fall in particular on *pregnant* women; what else could the rabid injunction mean, not to spare "even *unborn* Fascists". An American woman living in Berlin, Mrs. Frances Faviell, described her horror when she read the diary kept by her housekeeper, Lotte, and its description of "the raping of Lotte and thousands of women, even old women of 65, by the filthy Mongol troops, not once but time after time, women with their children clinging to their skirts. . ." The diary recorded "every date and detail, written by the light of Lotte's torch, the murders of those who had tried to protect the old women, the apology of the *Russian* officer who had found the bodies . . . his explanation to Lotte that the troops had been given forty-eight hours *Plunderfreiheit* . . . It was one of the most horrible documents I had ever read and I felt icy cold as I put it down". *Plunderfreiheit*; loot-liberty! This was the human result of the political arrangement made, to the drinking of forty-five toasts, at Yalta.



On the Western side of the line the same vengeance continued. In August 1947 a British M.P., Mr. Nigel Birch, found nearly four thousand Germans still in one concentration camp, held indefinitely without charge or trial. He reported that the first question put to them, if they ultimately came to trial, was always the same: "Did you know *the Jews* were being persecuted?" The story continued in that vein: no other persecution mattered (and at that time legions of human beings had been driven back to the Soviet terror which they tried to escape).

The British and American Governments left the Germans in no doubt as to the nature of the vengeance they were exacting. One of the first acts of the Allied High Commissioners was to enact a law "against anti-semitism". Thus they extended into the West the law which identified the nature of the first Bolshevik administration in Russia, the "law against anti-semitism" introduced on July 27, [404] 1918. Under this British-American edict Germans were being imprisoned and their property confiscated ten years later, in 1955; and in 1956 a Jew from Austria, by that time domiciled in England and a naturalized British subject, brought action against a German under a Western German law (inherited from the Allied High Commissioners) which made it an offence "to utter anti-semitic remarks or be unduly prejudiced against Jews".

These laws prevent public discussion, but cannot suppress thought. Their object, plainly, was to suppress all public enquiry about the nature of the regime, west of the "Iron Curtain" as east of it. The effect was to give *carte blanche* to *Plunderfreiheit* in the Anglo-American zone, too. For instance, the Anglo-American law against anti-semitism explicitly made a criminal offence of public discussion of the following affair, which I quote in the words of the *Jewish Herald* of Johannesburg:

"Philip Auerbach was a man of extraordinarily strong character, courageous in the extreme, burning with Jewish pride and lit up with a sense of *hate* of German Nazism . . . He was *ruthless and merciless in the days when the American forces were still haters of Germany and were still ready to do his bidding, to co-operate with him in relieving the Germans of their loot, giving him a virtual carte-blanche for signing documents, for searching, causing arrests and striking terror . . . In those days when Philip Auerbach appeared at the head of immense Jewish demonstrations in Germany after the war, the high-ranking American officers usually accompanied him, thereby indicating his authority. With the Jewish flag at the head of these demonstrations, Auerbach would take the salute, the band playing Hatikvah and the tens of thousands of D.P.'s joining in what was a constant political offensive for opening the gates of Palestine before the restoration of the state . . . No one will ever be able to estimate the value in money of assets of all kinds, equipment, clothing, furniture, motor-cars and every variety of commodity which Auerbach helped out of Germany. . . He wielded a power in Germany only second to that of the military authorities*".

The man described was a private person, and was able to use the armed forces of America for his looting. His crimes were so flagrant that in time Jewish organizations dissociated themselves from him (he robbed Jews and Gentiles impartially), though on grounds of expediency more than morals. Seven years later (1952), when West German political support for "the free world" was becoming important again, he was arrested on charges "embracing interminable lists of goods which had been carried out of Germany *by forged documents, possibly involving also Jewish officers in the American Army and Jewish welfare organizations*".

In 1952 the West German government was being forced to pay "reparations" to the new Zionist state and a full public disclosure of Auerbach's looting activities, conducted with American Army support, would have been embarrassing. Therefore the above-quoted charge was dropped, "no doubt [405] because of repercussions of a political character", as the *Jewish Herald* remarked. Had it been maintained even a bogus case for the payment of German tribute to Zionists from Russia in Palestine would have been hard to make plausible. Consequently Auerbach was tried (with a rabbi) merely on minor counts of embezzling some \$700,000 of funds, blackmail, accepting bribes and forging returns. He received thirty months imprisonment and later committed suicide.

The American and British press published brief, unintelligible reports of this affair, with the insinuation that it denoted the revival of "anti-semitism" in Germany. This was the echo of the tone taken in the Jewish press, which after Auerbach's suicide asked "On whose head this blood?", and the like; the suggestion that any conviction of any Jewish defendant on any charge, whether guilty or innocent, was a sign of "anti-semitism" was by then general. The *Jewish Herald*, for instance, considered the charges morally iniquitous because they related to a period when "normal regulations were disregarded by everyone, *above all by Jews, who justifiably ignored German considerations of right and wrong*". The principles ignored were not German but universal in Christian communities, or had been theretofore. The only protest against these falsifications, seen by me, came from a Jewish correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, who by chance had suffered from Auerbach's crimes; had it come from a German victim, or an American or British eyewitness, I believe no Western newspaper would have printed it.

The Western masses knew nothing of these happenings in British-American-occupied Germany at the time, and might not have objected violently if they had known, for at that period they were still under the influence of wartime propaganda, particularly in the matter of the Nazi concentration camps. They seemed to me completely to have forgotten that the concentration camp was originally a Communist idea, copied by Hitler, and that the further the Red armies were allowed into Europe the more certain its perpetuation became. Their feelings were inflamed by the horrifying news-reel pictures, shown to them on a million screens as the Allied armies entered Germany, of piles of emaciated corpses stacked like firewood in these camps.

I was a member of those audiences and heard the comments around me with misgiving. Wartime propaganda is the most insidious poison known to man, and I believe these picturegoers of 1945, deprived of truthful information for years, had lost all ability, perhaps all desire to judge what they saw. I think most of them thought the human remains they saw were those of Jews, for this was the suggestion hammered into their minds by the press day by day. They constantly read of "Nazi gas chambers for *Jews*. . . Nazi crematoria for *Jews*", and few of them in later years troubled to read the stories of inmates and find out who these victims truly were. One instance: a German woman who spent five years in Ravensbruck camp (Frau Margaret Bubers Newmann) says the first victims were the *sick or afflicted*, or those *incapable of work*, and the next ones were "*the* [406] *inferior races*", among whom *the Poles* were placed first, and the Czechs, Balts, Hungarians and others next.

Thus the piles of dead received as little true compassion as the living who were driven back by the Western Allies into the concentration-camp area, and today it may be only a matter of historical interest, pertaining to such a book as this, to show that the "Nazi" concentration camps, at the time when the Anglo-American armies entered Germany, were predominantly under *Communist* control, that Jews were among the tormentors, and that anti-Communism was a surer qualification for the death-chamber than anti-Hitlerism!

Ten years ago this statement (which I substantiate below) would have been sunk by mere weight of derision, if it could have been published at all. Today enough has been revealed about the Illuminist Communist method of infiltrating every class, party, church, organization and institution for some people at least to await the proof with open mind; or so I suppose. Lenin's dictum was that all wars must in their course be turned into revolutionary wars, which means that the members of the conspiracy must fight for the success of the revolution, not for their country's victory. The capture of the concentration camps was more helpful to this strategy than anything else could have been, because the camps were full of people who, if they survived, would have fought Communism, as they fought Hitlerism, to the death. The world has never understood this aspect of the resistance to Hitler, because it never understood Hitler himself. Those who have persisted with this book may see the deep significance of his words to Hermann Rauschnig: "I got *illumination and ideas from the Freemasons* that I could never have obtained from other sources" (almost exactly Adam Weishaupt's words) ". . . I have learnt a great deal from Marxism . . . The whole of National Socialism is based on it".

The Communists, in their capture of the concentration camps, were aided by the policy of unconditional support of the revolution which the Western leaders pursued; it gave them power and prestige among the captives which they used for their own ends. I was appalled when a young British officer, parachuted into Yugoslavia, described to me the drops of containers filled with golden sovereigns (which a British subject may not legally possess) to Tito.\* The same thing happened in Greece. Major W. Stanley Moss, dropped into Greek Macedonia as a British commando-leader and liaison officer, found the Communists usurping control of the guerillas by means of the golden rain that dropped on them and says, "When the Great Day came" (victory in Europe) "the world was amazed at the wealth of gold which the Communists found at their disposal. None of the money came from Russia; *it was presented to the Communists by the Allies*. For years money had been poured into the country for the maintenance of guerilla forces and the general pursuance of the war, *but the Communists had used only a small proportion of it in the fight against the Germans*. We knew long before the

\* Mr. Winston Churchill's efforts to reduce the area of Soviet incursion into Europe, after the fighting, by an invasion from the South which would have given the Western Allies command at least of Austria and Czechoslovakia and very probably of Hungary and the whole of Germany, were weakened by his insistence on setting up Communism in Yugoslavia. That action, for which his Memoirs give no sufficient explanation, also weakens his post-war argument, recalling his vain attempts to gain American support for the blow from the South and maintaining that the outcome of the war would have been different and better had he been heard. His emissary to the Communist leader, Tito, has recorded his own misgiving in this matter and Mr. Churchill's instruction to him: "The less you and I worry about the form of government they set up the better". The effect of Mr. Churchill's actions was to "set up" the Communist form of

government and to abandon the anti-Communist leader and British ally, General Mihailovitch, who was later executed by Tito.

[407] event of the turn the future would take. . . *and yet we were unable to do anything to prevent it*". (Major Moss makes one factual mis-statement; "the world" was never "amazed at the wealth of gold" which the Allies had dropped on the Communists, because the world was never informed of it).

The picture was the same in every occupied country. Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas, sent secretly into France to study the methods and organization of the French resistance movement, vainly warned London: "The avowed aim of the Communist Party was *the mass uprising of Frenchmen on D-Day. . . to dominate all others after liberation*. Meanwhile B.B.C. broadcasters *jeered* at Frenchmen who feared the 'Communist bogey'." The consequences of this were described by Mr. Sisley Huddleston in 1952; during the "liberation" of France the Communists killed in cold blood more than a hundred thousand anti-Communists.

In these circumstances it was inevitable that the Communists should come to power in the "Nazi" concentration camps too, so that the Western masses, when they saw the pictures of these camps being "liberated" in fact beheld something which their armies were to make permanent in Europe east of the Elbe line. The truth came out in 1948 but if one in a million of the people who saw those pictures knows of it I shall be surprised.

In that year the revolutionary chieftain in Yugoslavia, the pseudonymous "Marshal Tito", was at odds with the rulers in the Kremlin. This was dangerous for a Communist and he may have thought to protect himself, better than by armed bodyguards, by making public something of what he knew, calculating that Moscow might then leave him alone rather than provoke further revelations. The trial he staged was reported in Yugoslavia and ignored in the West. He had thirteen of his Communist intimates shot (senior governmental and party officials) *for taking part in the mass-murder of captives at the most infamous camp of all, Dachau*.

Truth outs in the strangest ways, though in our age of press-control it does not out very far. In this case the releasing instrument was an elderly Austrian general, Wilhelm Spielfried, who emerged alive from Dachau. He wanted the world to know what had transpired there, and in the confusion attending the breakup of the camp (on the arrival of Western troops) he extracted from the commandant's office a Gestapo card-index recording the people done to death, and the manner, signed by the Gestapo agent responsible in each case. Among these agents were

[408] several of "Marshal Tito's" leading collaborators. In time General Spielfried gained publication for this small section of his material; the remainder still awaits a publisher bold enough to print it.

"Tito" (one Joseph Brosz) had himself been a Kremlin agent from 1934 on. By putting his nearest collaborators on public trial (at Ljubljana on April 20, 1948) he poised the sword of further disclosures over the Kremlin domes. The accused men included Oskar Juranitsch (Secretary General in Tito's Foreign Ministry); Branko Dil (Inspector General of Yugoslav Economy); Stane Oswald (a senior official, with ministerial rank, in the Ministry of Industry); Janko Pufler (head of Tito's State Chemical Trust); Milan Stepischnik (head of Tito's State Metallurgical Institute); Karl Barle (an official with ministerial rank); Professors Boris Kreintz and Miro Koschir of the University of Ljubljana; and other Communist notables. All were former members of the International Brigade in Spain, and agents of the MVD (Soviet secret police).

All made the customary confessions; the defence they advanced is of prior interest. They justified themselves simply by claiming that they had *never killed or injured* a Communist: "I never endangered one of *ours*; I never did anything to a party-comrade". They said they invariably chose for death anyone who could be classified as a Conservative, Liberal, Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox, Jew or Gipsy, *provided* that the victim was not a Communist.

This collaboration in the concentration camps between Hitler's Gestapo and its prototype, Stalin's MVD,\* came about in the following way. "Anti-Fascist Committees" were formed in the camps. If Hitler and his Gestapo had been genuine in their professions, these committees would obviously have furnished the first victims of the gas-chambers. Instead, they were accepted as representing the camp inmates and were given privileged status, then agreeing to take part in the killings. This was the perfect way of ensuring that anti-Communists should be few in post-war Germany.

In this manner the piles of corpses grew, which the outer world later beheld on screens in darkened rooms. This pictorial journalism fulfilled to the letter Mr. G.K. Chesterton's dictum of many years earlier:

"Journalism is a false picture of the world, thrown upon a lighted screen in a darkened room so that the real world is not seen".

\* In this matter, too, the Western masses were hopelessly misled by years of propaganda, presenting "the Nazis" and "our Soviet allies" as opposites, whereas a close affinity always existed. Mr. Karl Stern, a Jew from Germany who migrated to North America and became a convert to Roman Catholicism, records his own misunderstanding of this, during German days when he was on the staff of a psychiatric institute: "A couple of Nazi doctors held forth on the so-called 'Theory of Permanent Revolution' of Trotsky. This theory was new to me. . . but that it should be propounded by these people was something entirely new and quite astonishing. . . I said, 'Gentlemen, I understand that you draw a good deal of your theory on political strategy from Trotsky. Does it not strike you as extraordinary that you, Nazis, quote Trotsky, a Bolshevik and a Jew, as if he were your evangelist?' They laughed and looked at me as one would look at a political yokel, which I was. . . They belonged to a then quite powerful wing in the Nazi party which was in favour of an alliance of Communist Russia and Nazi Germany against what they called Western Capitalism . . . When one was not listening very carefully, one was never quite sure whether they were talking Nazism or Bolshevism, and in the end it did not matter much."

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The Communist Juranitsch, the chief accused, said, "Yes, I killed hundreds and thousands of people, and took part in the 'scientific experiments'; that was my task in Dachau". Dil explained that his work had been to experiment with "blood-stilling preparations; he had shot the subjects pointblank in the chest for the purpose. Pufler described the injection of selected inmates with malaria bacilli for the purposes of observation, stating that "they died like flies, and we reported to the doctor or SS. officer the results". These confessions were *not* false. They were corroborated and could not be denied, for the reports made were the ones abstracted by General Spielfried from the commandant's office. Pufler explained how these Communist trustees of the Gestapo hid their collaboration from other inmates; when they themselves reappeared from the laboratories and crematoria they told some invented story of a trick or miracle to explain their escape; as none of the victims ever returned, they could not be challenged.

These men ended against a wall, but not for their crimes. They were discarded like pawns by their master in his game against the Kremlin. They had strictly obeyed the master-tenet of the revolution ("all wars are revolutionary wars") by using the opportunity given to them to destroy political opponents, and not "the enemy". They did, in another form, what the rulers in Moscow did when they massacred the 15,000 Polish officers in Katyn Forest; they attacked the nation-states and laid the foundations for the all-obliterating revolution.

The revelations of the Ljubljana trial have received corroboration, in various points, from many books of survivors from the concentration camps. Mr. Odo Nansen, son of the famous Norwegian explorer, wrote of his experience in the Sachsenhausen camp, eighteen months before the war ended:

It's extraordinary how the Communists have managed things here; they have all the power in camp next to the SS., and they attract all the other Communists, from other countries, and place them in key positions. . . . Many of the Norwegian prisoners here have turned Communist. Besides all the immediate *advantages* it offers, most likely they expect Russia to be the big noise after the war, and then I suppose they think it may be handy to have one's colour right. Last night I was talking to our *Blockaeltester*, a Communist. When he and his mates came into power, there would be not merely retaliation but even more brutality and greater cruelty than the SS. uses to us. I could make no headway with my humanism against that icy block of hate and vengefulness, that hardboiled, hidebound focussing on a new dictatorship"

Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas, who was parachuted into France to help the French resistance, was captured and taken to Buchenwald. He was told on arrival by a British officer already there: "Don't let on that you are officers, and if any of you held any executive position in peacetime keep it to yourselves; The internal administration of the camp is *in the hands of Communists* . . . Buchenwald is the worst camp in Germany; your chances of survival are practically nil". Wing Commander Yeo- Thomas says, "The three chief internal [410] administrators of the camp, called *Lageraeltester*, were Communists". Under the supervision of these men, "prisoners were inoculated with typhus and other germs and their reactions, almost always ending in death, under the various vaccines, studied". Only three of this officer's group of thirty-seven captives survived, the others being hanged on hooks in the crematorium wall and slowly strangled to death. The three survivors "had to fear their fellow-prisoners almost as much as they had *formerly* feared the Germans; for the *Communists*, if they learned that officers had managed to cheat the gallows, would certainly denounce them".

Communists ran these camps, tortured and murdered the victims. If there was any difference between them and the Gestapo jailers it was only that they were more villainous, because they denounced and killed men who were supposed to be their comrades in battle against a common foe. As the Eastern Jews, in particular, play so large a part in Communism, Jews logically appear among the persons implicated in these

deeds. That is not in itself surprising at all, for Jews, like all other men, are good and bad, cruel or humane; but it was kept hidden from the public masses, who received a picture of torture-camps inhabited almost entirely by Jews, tormented by depraved "Nazi" captors. In fact, the Jews formed a small proportion of the entire camp-population; the tormentors in the last three years of the war were largely Communists, whose motives have been shown; and among these tormentors were Jews.

My files include a number of reports from *Jewish* newspapers of "trials" of Jews denounced by former Jewish inmates of the Auschwitz, Vlanow, Muhldorf and other camps.

I have given the word "trials" in inverted commas in this case, for a good reason. These "trials", with one exception, were held before *rabbinical* courts, in Western countries and before magistrates' courts in Tel Aviv. They were treated as Jewish affairs, of no concern to other mankind, and if any sentences were passed they were not recorded in any journal seen by me, though the deeds charged resembled those of the Ljubljana trial. The implication was plainly that, if any such deeds were committed, they had to be judged under the Jewish law, if at all, and that Gentile law had no writ. (This indeed appears nowadays to be the governing assumption since Zionism recreated the "Jewish nation" and it is reflected in a report published in the *Zionist Record* during 1950, which stated that the function of the "chief Public Relations Office of the Executive Council of Australian Jewry" was to "screen from public view the misdemeanours of individual Jews who commit some minor *or major* indiscretion". The screening here mentioned goes on at all times and in all countries of the West).

At Tel Aviv a Jewish doctor and two Jewish women were accused by Jewish witnesses of administering lethal injections to prisoners at Auschwitz, mutilating sexual organs, carrying out "scientific experiments", sending victims to the death chambers. In another case at Tel Aviv in 1951 a Jewish doctor (then employed in [411] the Tel Aviv municipal hospital) was accused by several Jewish witnesses of brutal acts committed at Vlanow camp, where he had acted as "assistant to the German camp commandant". A Jewish woman witness said he had beaten her unconscious and when she recovered she found her three sons, aged 12, 15 and 18, shot dead; a fortnight earlier, she said, she had seen the accused give order to the Ukrainian camp police to take away thirty prisoners, including her husband, who were then shot. The bare heads of these two cases were reported but, as I say, if any result was published it escaped my research.

In New York a Jewish board of three members (the composition laid down by the Levitical Law) heard charges by a Jew against a synagogue official whom he accused of killing an inmate at Muhldorf, where he was a block warden. The report stated that the board would send its findings "to the Jewish community" in the accused's town "without recommendations or sanctions", which meant that, if he were a "war criminal", he would be left to his congregation to deal with. In all these cases it was implicit that only charges of maltreating *other Jews* came under consideration, and that if the persons accused had committed similar acts against non-Jewish captives these would not have formed part of the case.

Of a different kind but the same basic nature was a case heard before an Israeli district court in 1954-1955. A Jew from Hungary distributed a pamphlet alleging that one Dr. Israel Kastner, a high Israeli Government official and a leading candidate (at the 1955 election) of the government majority-party, in Hungary during the war had collaborated with the Nazis, prepared the ground for the murder of Jews, saved a Nazi war criminal from punishment, and so on. Dr. Kastner brought suit for criminal libel against his accuser, and the Israeli judge after nine months handed down a judgment stating that the charges had been substantiated. This judgment said that Dr. Kastner was a collaborator "in the fullest sense of the word" and had "sold his soul to the devil", and the Israeli Premier at that time, Mr. Moshe Sharett, commented, "A man is justified in taking any action, even in selling his soul to the devil, in order to save Jews" (the accusation was that he *betrayed* Jews to the Nazis). The *Government* then announced that it would appeal the judgment, through its Attorney General, and I could never learn what transpired, if anything.

Thus, while much was heard of "war criminals" and their trials, these Jewish "war criminals" appeared only before Jewish tribunals and if they were punished, the world was not told. I know of only one case (others may have escaped my notice) where such Jews were included in a "war criminals trial". The *Jewish Telegraph Agency* (May 8, 1946) reported, "The verdict in the trial of 23 guards at the Breendouck concentration camp at Antwerp, one of the lesser-known Nazi hells, was announced here yesterday. Among the guards are 3 Jews, Walter Obler, Leo Schmandt and Sally Lewin. Obler and Lewin have been sentenced to death and Schmandt to 15 years imprisonment".

Mr. Joseph Leftwich, in his discussion of "anti-Semitism" with Mr. A.K. [412] Chesterton, asked of this trial, "What does it prove? That the human beast is found everywhere, and that Jews are no more immune than any other human group". That is correct but beside the point of this



argument, which is that the mass-mind, during the Second War, was given the false picture of a solely Jewish persecution conducted by non-Jews and that events in the world in this century are consistently so misrepresented, to the general misfortune.

The chapter of Hitler's Jewish helpers was not a small one. Lord Templewood, British Ambassador to Spain during the war, says, "For month after month General Franco" (himself of Jewish origin) "allowed the Spanish press to act as the loudest possible speaker for German propaganda. None of the well established papers were permitted any liberty of action. Each alike had to re-echo his master's voice. In this case the master was a very sinister Eastern Jew, Lazare by name . . . In Vienna he faithfully served Hitler as a fanatical propagandist in support of the Anschluss. Since then he had become an important figure in the Nazi world . . . From the German Embassy, where he had more authority than the Ambassador himself, he daily directed not only the general course of the Spanish press, but even the actual words of the news and articles. His subordinates had their desks in the Spanish offices and not a word reached the Spanish public that had not been subject to his sinister approval. By a cunning mixture of brutal dictation and unabashed corruption, he succeeded in making the Spanish papers even more venomous than the papers actually published in Germany".

I knew this Lazare, a conspirator of the suave, smiling and debonair type, and through him first became aware of the Jewish element among Hitler's higher initiates. When I met Lazare, in 1937, he was "Press Secretary" of the Austrian Legation in the Rumanian capital, Bucharest. Austria, then my headquarters, was living in daily fear of the Nazi invasion which came in 1938, and its official representatives abroad were by all presumed to be staunch Austrians and stout anti-Nazis; in the case of Jews this appeared to be doubly sure. I was struck first by the fact that impoverished little Austria could even afford the luxury of a "Press Secretary" in a Balkan capital and next by Lazare's lavish style of life and entertainment. I assumed that, like many men on this fringe of diplomatic life ("press secretaryships" in the Balkans were somewhat dubious) he was "doing well on the side", which in Bucharest was not unusual.

He was; though not through the deals in furs or carpets which I vaguely suspected. His affluence, as events soon showed, came from a political source, the Nazi one. When Hitler marched into Austria the newspapermen of the world were summoned to a press conference at the historic Ballhausplatz to hear the Nazi version of this event. The door opened to admit the spokesman of the new regime, Hitler's "Press Chief" in captive Austria, the apologist (or propagandist) for the annexation. It was Herr Lazare, the "Austrian" (he was born a Turkish subject). He saw me at once and a quick smile flashed from the brazen face of

[413] guilt; waving his hand gaily to me, he said "Hullo, Mr. Reed, nice to meet you again". Then he explained the Fuehrer's benevolent motives for the invasion, and its beneficent effects for Germany, Austria and mankind",

The reader may see that "the real world" is very different from "the false picture" which the masses receive, especially in wartime, when such men as this control the flow of information into the mass-mind.

Against this background, the vengeance raged and reached its Talmudic climax in two symbolical movements of people, one eastward and one westward. From the "free world" escaped fugitives were driven back by the Allied armies into Communist slavery; from the Communist area (where a man may not even leave his town without police permission) a great mass of Eastern Jews freely emerged and was ushered, beneath an Allied umbrella, through Europe towards Palestine. This two-way process gave the vengeance its final stamp of identity and may be studied in the following quotations:

The *Saturday Evening Post* of April 11, 1953, said, "With this shameful agreement" (Yalta) "as their authority Soviet MVD agents strode through the displaced-persons camps after the war and put the finger on thousands who had managed to escape the Soviet tyranny. These miserable victims were herded into boxcars and driven back to death, torture or the slow murder of the Siberian mines and forests. Many killed themselves on the way. Also under a Yalta agreement, the Soviet was permitted to use German prisoners in forced labour in 'reparations account'. For such inhumanities there is no excuse".

Miss Kathryn Hulme, a Californian, was deputy director (1945-1951) of a refugee camp at Wildflecken in Bavaria, administered by the organization known as UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration). She writes in her book, "Londa" (a colleague) "had been assigned for a time to a southern camp when its Russian refugees, mainly prisoners of war, had been sent back to Russia under terms of the Yalta Agreement. She told us how the Russian prisoners of war had slashed their wrists, stripped naked and hanged themselves. Even after every destructive object was taken from them they still found ways to suicide.



She could never understand how Stalin had sold his idea to Roosevelt and Churchill that there had been no Russian prisoners of war taken by the Germans, only deserters".

Now the opposite side of the picture: the treatment given to *one* group of people "singled out" from the entire mass of Hitler's victims and Stalin's captives. Miss Hulme says, ". . . and then the Jews came. We had never had a Jewish camp in our northern area . . . The Jews numbered *less than one-fifth* of our Zone's total DP population but they were such an articulate minority that *if you only read the newspapers to learn about Occupation affairs, you gained the impression that they were the whole of the DP problem* . . . You had to handle them with kid gloves, it was said, especially when transferring them from one camp to another, and heaven help the IRO worker who left a loop of barbed wire

[414] visible in any camp to which they were to be transferred. They were classified 'persecutees', *the only DP's except medical cases who got a special food ration because of a non-worker status* . . . There was a small German community set down on the highway that divided the two halves of the camp. The Jewish delegates . . . said this was the most dangerous feature of all; the IRO must agree *to arm their Jewish police* to protect their people from these Germans living in their midst . . . That nearly every German in that village would be cheerfully in the employ of the Jews within a fortnight after their arrival never even entered my head as I soothingly promised to plead for authorization to arm a DP police. . . The Jewish DP police were in woolly green tunics, with the Star of David on their caps. . . Nothing had been left to chance or last-minute improvisation. . . Their welfare office was hung with martial posters *depicting young Jewish girls in trenches hurling grenades at Arabs*. The Jewish DP police practised marksmanship with the carbines we had secured for them as 'defence' against the Germans who were now gainfully employed in the heavy manual labour of the camp. The Jewish workshops swung into swift production of fine woollen greatcoats and stout leather shoes heavily hobnobbed for rough terrain. We could only guess that this too was all for Israel and, through some mysterious channels, was ultimately delivered there; we never saw any of our Jewish DP's wearing the useful clothing. . . Over all the ferment and frenzy flapped a flag we had never seen before, pale blue stripes on a white ground with the Star of David".

Miss Hulme describes the Jewish camp: "We showed off the big camp which we were making ready for them like rental agents proud of an accommodation that was without doubt the handsomest DP housing in all Bavaria. . . The rabbis shook their heads; it didn't seem to be good enough". She explains that the American DP Act, subsequently passed, was full of traps which debarred the ordinary DP; "only the Jews, who could claim and prove persecution in any Eastern European country in which they had set foot, could get out of that trap". She records that American semi-governmental or officially supported organizations supplied the machinery and other workshops, the materials, and the "special food reinforcements" which were given only to Jews.

The means by which this privileged class was established in the camps of misery were described by Lieut.-Col. Judah Nadich in the South African *Jewish Times* (February 4, 1949). Rabbi Nadich was "Jewish adviser to General Eisenhower with the U.S. forces in Europe, and worked closely with him in matters relating to DP and other Jewish problems". He says, "To Eisenhower's credit it should be said that when the appalling conditions in the DP camps were brought to his attention" (in 1945) "he moved quickly to improve conditions. Important directives were issued, increasing the food ration *for the persecuted, as distinct from other DP's*; special camps were set up for Jews; Jewish DP's living outside camps *were given preferential treatment*; an adviser on Jewish affairs was

[415] appointed and full co-operation was granted to the Joint Distribution Committee and later to the Jewish Agency. Few if any of these conditions were granted by Montgomery in the British zone, and a constant stream of Jewish DP's flowed into the American zone. Eisenhower made frequent visits to the camps for inspection purposes and his personal visits lifted the morale of the DP's *and served to remind officers on lower levels of the attitude of their Commander-in-Chief. Officers at fault were censured, including one of the highest ranking generals*".

General Eisenhower's "attitude", according to this authoritative account, was that the Jews were to be treated as a privileged class. If he accepted the advice of his Jewish adviser this was natural, for Rabbi Nadich, as will be seen, claimed that the few Jews among every hundred DP's were the only "persecuted" and in this were "distinct from other DP's". The statement reveals the function of that now established figure of our times, the Jewish adviser.

Thus by 1945 only "the persecution of Jews" remained of Hitler's all-embracing "persecution of political opponents" begun in 1933. Propaganda had eliminated all but this one small section; the last quotation shows, why Miss Hulme, from her DP camp, wrote that "if you only read the newspapers. . . you gained the impression that the Jews were the whole of the DP problem". While the huge mass of sufferers was forgotten or driven back to the persecution from which some had escaped, this one group, under the

protection and escort of the West, was clothed, supplied, equipped, armed and conducted towards its invasion of a small country in Arabia.

The Asiatic East supplied these invaders; the Christian West convoyed them. In this undertaking there was no difference at all between "the free world" and the enslaved world behind "the Iron Curtain"; on the contrary, there was identity of purpose and synchronization in its execution. A directing intelligence was obviously at work which cared nothing for nation-states and frontiers, for wartime friend or wartime foe, or for any of the "principles" so often proclaimed by the premier-dictators. The West shared the vengeance with the East, but the *pattern* was set by the East, and it was the same pattern that had showed in Russia in 1917, in the Protocols of 1905 and in the revolutions of 1848. Therefore the authors of the vengeance of 1945 must be sought in the revolutionary area, and for this reason the nature of the revolution in 1945 may be examined, to discover whether it, and its leadership, had changed from 1917 (when it was ninety percent Jewish) and 1848 (when Disraeli said it was led by Jews).

Research into the events of the three decades 1917 -1945 leads to the conclusion that by 1945 the revolution had for a hundred years been a Jewish-controlled revolution, for that space of time having passed since Disraeli first identified the nature of the leadership. I use the words "Jewish-controlled revolution" to denote a movement under the direction of the Talmudic rabbinate in the East, *not* a movement generally supported by Jews; as I have repeatedly

[416] shown, the staunchest opposition came from those Western Jews who were furthest from the reach of the Talmudic directorate. The distinction is that which the careful student must make between "National Socialism" and "Germans", between "Communism" and "Russians".

In the sense of that definition, the revolution, in my judgment, continued through the thirty years that followed 1917 to be Jewish. The Jewish nature of the first Bolshevist governments and of their deeds was earlier shown. The same characteristics appeared in the two short-lived offshoot governments which the Bolsheviks set up in 1919, in Bavaria and Hungary. In both cases the terrorists were, in the main, imported into these countries in the guise of returning "prisoners of war", and had been trained as Communist agitators in Russia. In Germany the Communist movement then was headed by the "Spartacus League" ("Spartacus" was Adam Weishaupt's code-name), the leaders of which were nearly all Jews: Rosa Luxembourg, Leo Jogiches (from Poland), Paul Lévi, Eugene Levine (from Russia), and Karl Liebknecht. Thus the Bolshevist Government of Bavaria (which counted one Adolf Hitler among its soldiers) logically proved to be headed by Jews: Kurt Eisner, Ernst Toller and Eugene Levine.

In Hungary the chief terrorist leaders were all Jews trained in Russia: Matyas Rakosi, Bela Kun, Erno Geroe and Tibor Szamuely. The ostentatiously anti-Christian acts of this regime again showed its underlying purpose. Of this government the historian of the Communist International, Herr F. Borkenau, says, "Most of the Bolshevik and left Socialist leaders and a considerable percentage of their executive staff had been Jews. . . anti-semitism was therefore the natural form of reaction against Bolshevism". In this typical passage the reader may see that "reaction against Bolshevism" is classified as "anti-semitism"; clearly the epithet could only be escaped by *not* "reacting against Bolshevism".

The following ten years were inactive ones and the matter can next be tested in Spain, where the revolution made its bid in 1931. It was directed by emissaries from Moscow, many of them Jews, and this accounted for the disillusionment of many ardent republicans, Spanish and foreign; for instance, many of the clergy and Catholic laity voted for the republic, then finding that the reforming impulse, once more, was perverted into an attack on the Christian *faith*, as such. Churches, monasteries and any building carrying the Cross were destroyed, priests and nuns murdered; the specific mark of identification again appeared, seen in similar acts in Bavaria, Hungary, Russia, France and England.

Fatherhood of the attack on Christianity in Spain was formally proclaimed by the official organ of the Komintern: "*the flames ascending from the burning churches and monasteries of Spain have shown the true character of the Spanish revolution*"; the pedigree was traced through one more generation. Ecclesiastical property was confiscated, but the Spanish masses were not enriched thereby; the [417] gold reserve of the Bank of Spain (about 700 million dollars) was transferred to Moscow by the last Republican premier, one Juan Negrin (as related by General Walter Krivitsky). The revulsion of those Spaniards who had hoped to set up a constitutional republic, and found themselves under an alien, anti-Christian tyranny, was inflamed by the murder of the monarchist leader, Calva Sotelo, in 1936, and in the sequence Spain "spewed out" the revolution (as every country has done where the Red Army, with its "political commissars", could not enter to establish it).

Leading Zionist and anti-Zionist Jews in America alike, implicitly or explicitly, attributed Jewish authorship to the revolution in Spain. Mr. Justice Brandeis, at the time when efforts were being made to reach an accommodation with Hitler in the question of the Jews, strongly opposed them and imperiously told Rabbi Stephen Wise: "Let Germany *share the fate of Spain*". Mr. Bernard J. Brown wrote, ". . . the Jews were as responsible for the establishment of a republic in Spain *and the overthrow of the authority of the church* in that country as in any other country where freedom reigns".

During these two decades (that is, the period between the First and Second Wars) Jewish heads became ever fewer among the row that dotted the Kremlin wall on great occasions (when, alone, the imprisoned Russian masses saw their rulers; even the tumultuous cheers came from disks played through loudspeakers). Jews appeared, too, in the dock at great show trials, or disappeared from the political scene without explanation. No substantial diminution in Jewish control or direction of the revolution seems to have occurred during that period, to judge by the following figures:

In 1920 official Bolshevik statements showed that 545 members of the chief ruling bodies included 447 Jews. In 1933 the American Jewish journal *Opinion* stated that Jews occupied almost all important ambassadorial posts and that in White Russia 61 percent of all officials were Jews; it also stated that the Jewish percentage of the population (then given as 158,400,000) was "less than 2 percent". If this was true it meant that Russia at that time contained less than 3,000,000 Jews. In 1933 the *Jewish Chronicle* stated that one-third of the Jews in Russia had become officials. If this was the case, they plainly formed the new governing class.

At that time the nature of the *teaching* had not been modified at all. The Commissar for Public Instruction, Lunatscharsky, was one of the few *Russians* in high office but he spoke like a Talmudist: "*We hate Christianity and Christians*; even the best of them must be looked upon as our worst neighbours. They preach the *love of our neighbours and mercy, which is contrary to our principles. Down with the love of our neighbour; what we want is hatred. We must learn how to hate and it is only then that we shall conquer the world*". This is but one specimen of an entire literature of that period, and the only original source for such ideas, known to me, is the Talmud, which itself is the continuation of an ancient, savage, pre-[418] Christian idea, and contains such precepts as "You are human beings but the nations of the earth are not human beings but beasts". Presumably Lunatscharsky qualified by such orations for his choice as Ambassador to Spain during the revolutionary attempt there.

In 1935 I went to Moscow for the *London Times*, accompanying Mr. Anthony Eden. He was the first British Minister to visit the revolutionary capital. *The Times* had previously refused to send a correspondent, so that I was its first representative to appear there after Mr. Robert Wilton, whose story I earlier told. The fifteen-year vacuum had been filled by a correspondent residing in Riga, Latvia, Mr. R.O.G. Urch, who was the object of constant defamation behind the scenes. I knew of this but, being callow in these affairs, did not then understand its significance.

I was at once struck by something I had never met in any other country. My first report said that Mr. Eden drove from the station through streets lined with "drab and silent crowds" and a Jewish censor demanded excision of these words. At first I thought this merely fatuous (I asked if he wished me to say that the throng was composed of top-hatted *bourgeois*) but in following days I saw more and in my book of 1938 wrote:

"The censorship department, and that means the whole machine for controlling the game and muzzling the foreign press, was entirely staffed by Jews, and this was a thing that puzzled me more than anything else in Moscow. There seemed not to be a single non-Jewish official in the whole outfit. . . I was told that the proportion of Jews in the government was small, but in this one department that I got to know intimately they seemed to have a monopoly, and I asked myself, where were the *Russians*? The answer seemed to be that they were in the drab, silent crowds which I had seen but which must not be heard of".

I soon learned from older hands that "the proportion of Jews in the government" was in effect not small but that they retained a large measure of control, if they were not predominantly in control. I was unable to meet any Russians in Moscow, this was the other side of the same unique experience. I had never before beheld a ruling caste so completely segregated from the slave-mass.

At the time of this visit to Moscow I had no cause to look for a predominance of Jews; the thing forced itself on my notice. I had hardly begun to think about "the Jewish question" in 1935. The impression I have recorded above was the first one of a trained observer who had never before seen Moscow or Russia. I find it confirmed by an equally experienced man who lived there for twelve years, from 1922 to 1934. Mr.

William Henry Chamberlain's book remains today authoritative about that period. He wrote, "Considerable number of Jews have made careers in the Soviet bureaucracy. Of perhaps a dozen officials whom I knew in the Press Department or the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs I recall only one who was not a Jew. Indeed, the predominance of Jews in this Commissariat at the time of my stay in Russia was almost ludicrous; the Russians

[419] were mainly represented by the grizzled doorkeeper and the unkempt old women who carried around tea. One also found many Jews in the Gay-Pay-Oo", (Secret Police) "in the Communist International and in departments connected with trade and finance".

Mr. Chamberlain reaches a different conclusion from mine about the original cause of this effect. He says, "After I left Russia I sometimes received letters inquiring as to 'what the Jews were doing under the Soviet regime', implying that the Jews were acting *as a solid compact* body and that the whole Revolution was a Jewish conspiracy. There is not the slightest historical warrant for such an assumption. . . No theory that the Jews as a racial bloc worked for the triumph of Bolshevism will stand serious historical analysis".

Two things are confused in this dictum: the directing force of Jewry and the entire body of people called "Jews". Neither the Germans nor the Russians, as "a racial bloc", worked for "the triumph" of National Socialism or Communism, but each got it. Masses and mobs never consciously "work for" the triumph of anything; they are pushed around by whatever highly-organized group obtains power over them. The "solid compact body" of workers never "works for" a general strike, but general strikes are proclaimed in their name. This book has shown throughout that the staunchest opposition to Zionism, for instance, came from Jews, but today the "racial bloc" has had Zionism thrust on it like a straitjacket. In my opinion the directing force of the revolution was from 1848 onward demonstrably that of the Talmudic rabbinate in the East, and in *that* sense "the revolution" was "a Jewish conspiracy".

In Moscow in 1935 I came to know some of the Jewish oligarchs. One was the portly Maxim Litvinoff, a most typical figure of the Romanisches Café or the Café Royal, become a grandee of the revolution. Another was Oumansky, a smooth, smiling and deadly young man who came (I think) from Rumania but could not have been more un-Russian if he had been born in Africa. I felt as if I travelled through Russia (like Lenin towards it) in a sealed train.

In 1937 the state of affairs, I believe, had not much changed. Mr. A. Stolypine (whose father, the last of the persevering emancipators, had been assassinated in 1911) wrote that the substitution of Russians or others for Jews "on the highest rungs of the Soviet official ladder" was patently a tactical move and that the Jews "still have in their hands the *principle levers of control; the day they are obliged to give them up the Marxist edifice will collapse like a house of cards*". He enumerated the high offices still occupied by Jews and in particular pointed out that the key-positions of real control, *through terror*, all remained in Jewish hands. These were the concentration and slave-labour camps (controlled by a Jewish triumvirate; they contained perhaps seven million Russians); the prisons (all Soviet prisoners were governed by a Jewish commissar); the entire news-publication-and-distribution machinery, including the censorship; and the essentially Talmudic system of "political commissars", through which the armed [420] forces were kept under terrorist discipline.

In 1938 a Mr. Butenko, who held a lower-rank post in the Soviet diplomatic service, fled to Italy rather than obey an order of recall from Bucharest to Moscow. He stated in the *Giornale d'Italia* that the new ruling class in his country was almost exclusively Jewish. Particularly in the Ukraine, the entire administration and all industry were in such hands, and this was a policy deliberately followed by Moscow.

Thus the identity of the managers of the revolution did not change substantially between 1917 and 1939; they withdrew from most of the frontal places but retained the true "levers of control". Then the fog of war came down and the next point in time at which the matter may be tested is the closing period and aftermath of the Second War, 1945 and the following years.

Before the Second War even began the "war aims" of the revolution were publicly stated by Stalin at the Third Komintern Congress in Moscow in May 1938:

"The *revival of revolutionary action* on any scale sufficiently vast will not be possible unless we succeed in utilizing the existing disagreements between the capitalistic countries, *so as to precipitate them against each other into armed conflict* . . . *All war* truly generalized should terminate automatically by revolution. The essential work of our party comrades in foreign countries consists, then, *in facilitating the provocation of such a conflict*".

The reader will observe that this is the sole statement of "war aims" which was undeviatingly pursued through the ensuing conflict, successfully "provoked" by the Hitler-Stalin pact. The Western leaders, by defaulting on their own earlier-declared "war aims" and abandoning half of Europe to the revolution, ensured the accomplishment of the "war aims" above stated in that area.

What "managers", then, did the revolution impose on the Eastern European countries thus left prey to it in 1945? Here once more the opportunity offers to test the identity of the directing force behind the revolution. The choice was free; the revolution had no *need* to impose Jewish governments on the dozen countries abandoned to it unless this was its deliberate policy.

In communized Poland the United States Ambassador, Mr. Arthur Bliss Lane, saw and recorded the prevalence of Jews, many of them alien, in the key-posts of terrorism. Major Tufton Beamish, a Member of the British Parliament, wrote, "Many of the most powerful Communists in Eastern Europe are Jews. . . I have been surprised and shocked to discover the large proportion of Jews to be found in the ranks of the Secret Police forces".

To communized Hungary the terrorist of 1919 Matyas Rakosi (born Roth, in Yugoslavia) returned as Premier in 1945, and on this occasion had the Red Army to keep him in that office. *Eight years later* (1953) the Associated Press reported that "90 percent of the high officials in the Hungarian Communist regime are Jews, including Premier Matyas Rakosi"; the London *Times* in that year said [421] Mr. Rakosi's cabinet was "predominantly Jewish"; *Time* magazine of New York spoke of "the strongly Jewish (90 percent in the top echelons) government of Communist Premier Matyas Rakosi, who is himself a Jew". In Hungary, as in the other communized countries, the specific attack on Christianity began at once with the imprisonment of high ecclesiastics. The case which attracted most attention in the outer world was that of the Hungarian Cardinal Mindszenty, imprisoned on charges of treason. The Source of this deed was indicated by a statement addressed to the Jews of the world in 1949 by "the Central Board of Jews in Hungary, the Hungarian Zionist Organization and the Hungarian Section of the World Jewish Congress" which said, "It is with great relief that the Hungarian Jews received the news of Cardinal Mindszenty's arrest. With this action the Hungarian Government has sent the head of a pogrom-clique . . . to his well deserved place".

Of communized Czechoslovakia the London *New Statesman* (a trustworthy authority in such questions) wrote *seven years after the war's end*, "In Czechoslovakia, as elsewhere in Central and South-Eastern Europe, both the party intellectuals and *the key men in the secret police* are largely Jewish in origin". Of Rumania the *New York Herald-Tribune* reported in 1953, eight years after the war's end, "Rumania, together with Hungary, has probably the greatest number of Jews in the administratin".

In Rumania the terror raged under Ana Pauker, a Jewess, whose father, a rabbi, and brother were in Israel. This is an interesting case of the dissension in a Jewish family described by Dr. Weizmann in his account of his boyhood in Russia, where Jewish households were split between "revolutionary" Communism" and "revolutionary-Zionism", and only in that question. Mrs. Pauker used her office to enable her father to leave Rumania for Israel, although (as her brother said) "it is party policy to keep the Jews in Rumania".

The part played by, and evidently given with considered intention to women in the revolution, since the days of the beldames who knitted around the guillotine, is of particular interest to the student who cares to trace comparisons between the methods of the revolution and the customs of savage African tribes. In communized East Germany the reign of terror was presided over by one Frau Hilde Benjamin, who was first made vice-president of the Supreme Court there and then Minister of Justice. "Red Hilde" is frequently described as a Jewess in the press and her atrocious regime is beyond dispute, even the London *Times* having gone so far as to call her "the dreaded Frau Benjamin". In two years nearly 200,000 East Germans were convicted under her direction for "political crimes" and she presided over several Soviet-model "show trials" of people charged with such offences as belonging to the sect of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Communized Eastern Germany contained 17,313,700 people according to the 1946 census, and among these are only between 2,000 and 4,000 Jews, if Jewish "estimates" are correct. Of this tiny minority the Johannesburg *Zionist Record* in

[422] 1950 reported that "life in the Eastern Zone has brought changes for the better. Not a few of them today occupy high positions in the Government and Administration, positions which no Jew had ever before held in Germany and which, despite all talk of democracy, they cannot even today hold in Western Germany. Several Jews hold important posts in the Ministries of Information, Industry and Justice. The Supreme Judge in the Eastern sector of Berlin is a Jew, and so are several senior judges in the provinces outside Berlin. In the



press, too, as well as in the theatre, quite a considerable number of Jews have been given responsible positions".

Even four thousand Jews presumably could not occupy all those high places and the same journal in another issue said, "When the Russian occupation authorities were established shortly after the end of the war, there were many Jews occupying *key* positions and holding high ranks in the Soviet administration. They included Jews *who had lived in Russia*. . . and who came to Germany and Austria in the ranks of the Red Army, and Jews from areas annexed by Russia in the last ten years, the Baltic states Latvia and Lithuania".

This brings the story nearly down to our present day and what remains will be discussed in a concluding chapter. When the revolution spread outward into the area abandoned to it by the West in 1945 the history of 1917-1918 in Russia was repeated. A Talmudic vengeance was wreaked and Jewish governments were with obvious intent set up everywhere. There was no great change in that state of affairs, either real or apparent, for another eight years. What was done reaffirmed once more the nature of the revolution and of its directing force and Talmudic purpose.



## Chapter 43

### THE ZIONIST STATE

The revolution, having spread into the half of Europe held clear for it by the Western Allies, did one more thing: in the manner of a serpent striking, it thrust out a tongue that reached to the southern shores of Europe, across the Mediterranean and into the tiny land called Palestine. The money, equipment, escort and convoy were provided by the West, but the revolution supplied the two indispensable constituents of the Zionist State: *the people* to invade it and *the arms* which made its conquest certain.

The West connived, but the Zionist state in the last analysis was the creation of the revolution, which in this manner fulfilled the Levitical doctrine of "the return". These incursions into Europe and into Arabia were the sole "territorial gains" reaped from the Second War, in the early stages of which the Western "premier-dictators" for a second time had publicly renounced all thought of territorial gain. The result of these two developments was to leave, in bisected Europe and bisected Palestine, two permanent detonation points of new war, which at any moment could be set off by any who might think to further their ambitions by a third war.

The reader will recall that in the years preceding the Second War Zionism was in collapse in Palestine; and that the British Parliament in 1939, having been forced by twenty years of experience to realize that the "Jewish National Home" was impossible to realize, had decided to abandon the unworkable "Mandate" and to withdraw after ensuring the parliamentary representation of *all* parties in the land, Arab, Jews and others. The reader then beheld the change which came about when Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister in 1940 and privately informed Dr. Weizmann (according to Dr. Weizmann's account, which has not been challenged) that he "quite agreed" with the Zionist ambition "after the war . . . to build up a state of three or four million Jews in Palestine".

Mr. Churchill always expressed great respect for parliamentary government but in this case, as a wartime potentate, he privily and arbitrarily overrode a policy approved, after full debate, by the House of Commons. After that, the reader followed Dr. Weizmann in his journeys to America and saw how Mr. Churchill's efforts "to arm the Jews" (in which he was opposed by the responsible administrators on the spot) received support from there under the "pressure" of Dr. Weizmann and his associates.

That was the point at which the reader last saw the Zionist state in gestation. Throughout 1944, as Mr. Churchill records in his war memoirs, he continued to press the Zionist ambition. "It is well known I am determined not to break the pledges of the British Government to the Zionists expressed in the Balfour Declaration, as modified by my subsequent statement at the Colonial Office in 1921. *No change can be made in policy* without full discussion in Cabinet" (June 29, 1944). The policy *had* been changed after full discussion in Cabinet and

[424] Parliament, in 1939. Here Mr. Churchill simply ignored that major decision on policy and reverted to the earlier one, echoing the strange words of another Colonial Secretary (Mr. Leopold Amery, earlier quoted) that this policy *could not change*.

Again, "There is no doubt that this" (the treatment of Jews in Hungary) "is probably the greatest and most horrible crime ever committed in the whole history of the world . . . all concerned in *this* crime who may fall into our hands, including the people who only obeyed orders by carrying out the butcheries, *should be put to death* after their association with the murders has been proved . . . Declarations should be made in public, so that everyone connected with it will be hunted down and put to death" (July 11, 1944). Here Mr. Churchill,

like President Roosevelt and Mr. Eden, implicitly links the execution of captives *solely* with their crimes against Jews, thus relegating all other sufferers to the oblivion in to which, in fact, they fell. Incidentally, the reader saw in the last chapter that Jews were among the tormentors, as well as among the victims.

To continue: "I am anxious to reply *promptly* to Dr. Weizmann's request for the formation of a Jewish fighting force put forward in his letter of July 4" (July 12, 1944). "I like the idea of the Jews trying to get at the murderers of their fellow-countrymen in Central Europe and I think it would give a great deal of satisfaction in the United States. I believe it is the wish of the Jews them selves to fight the Germans everywhere. It is with the Germans they have their quarrel" (July 26, 1944). If Mr. Churchill, as stated by Dr. Weizmann, had agreed to the building up "of a state of three or four million Jews in Palestine", he must have known that the Zionists had a much larger quarrel with the population of Arabia, and that any "Jewish fighting force" would be more likely to fall on these innocent third parties than on the Germans.

Mr. Churchill's last recorded allusion (as wartime prime minister) came after the fighting in Europe ended: "The whole question of Palestine *must be settled at the peace table*. . . I do not think we should take the responsibility upon ourselves of managing this very difficult place while the Americans sit back and criticise. Have you ever addressed yourselves to the idea that we should ask them to take it over? . . . I am not aware of the slightest advantage which has ever accrued to Great Britain from this painful and thankless task. Somebody else should have their turn now" (July 6, 1945).

This passage (considered together with President Roosevelt's jocular remark to Stalin, that the only concession he might offer King Ibn Saoud would be "to give him the six million Jews in the United States") reveal the private thoughts of these premier-dictators who so docilely did the bidding of Zion. Mr. Churchill wished he could shift the insoluble problem to the American back; Mr. Roosevelt would gladly have shifted it on to some other back. In this matter the great men, as an unwary remark in each case shows, behaved like the comedian who cannot by any exertion divest himself of the gluey flypaper. Mr. Churchill, in this inter-[425] office memorandum, was not aware "of the slightest advantage that has ever accrued to Great Britain from this painful and thankless task". But in public, when Zion was listening, he continued (and to the moment of writing this book continues) to applaud the Zionist adventure in a boundless manner which aroused the curiosity even of *Jewish* critics (as will be seen).

At the time when Mr. Churchill dictated this last memorandum his words about "settling the question of Palestine at the peace table" were so irrelevant that he might have had humorous intent in using them. The issue was closed, for the Zionists had arms, the men to use these arms were to be smuggled through Europe from the revolutionary area by the West (as shown in the last chapter), and both major political parties in England and America were ready to applaud any act of aggression, invasion or persecution the transmigrants committed with the arms they had obtained.

This was particularly evident in the case of the Socialist party in England, which at that time was still the country chiefly involved in the fate of Palestine. The Labour party (as it called itself) in England presented itself as the champion of the poor, defenceless and oppressed; it had been born and bred in the promise of old-age pensions, unemployment relief, free medicine and the care and relief of the destitute, poor or humble generally. As the war drew towards its end this party at long last saw before it the prospect of office with a substantial majority. Like the Conservative party (and both parties in America) it apparently calculated that victory was even at this stage not quite certain and that it could be ensured by placating Zion. Thus is placed at the head of its foreign policy the aim to drive from a little country far away some people who were poorer" more friendless and longer oppressed than even the British worker in the worst days of the Industrial Revolution. In 1944 its leader, Mr. Clement Attlee, proclaimed the new, crowning tenet of British Socialism: "Let the Arabs be encouraged to move out" (of Palestine) "as the Jews move in. Let them be handsomely compensated for their land, and their settlement elsewhere be carefully organized and generously financed" (twelve years later nearly a million of these people, encouraged to move out by bombs, still languished in the neighbour Arab countries of Palestine; and the British Socialist Party, at every new turn of events, was more clamant than ever for their further chastisement).

The British Socialists, when they made this statement, knew that the Zionists, under cover of the war against Germany, had amassed arms for the conquest of Palestine by force. General Wavell, the commander in the Middle East, had long before informed Mr. Churchill that "left to themselves, the Jews would beat the Arabs" who had no source of arms-supply). General Wavell's view about the Zionist scheme was that of all responsible administrators *on the spot*, and for that reason he was disliked by Dr. Weizmann. The reader has already seen, as far back as the First War, that Dr. Weizmann's displeasure was dangerous even to high personages and it may have played a part in General Wavell's removal from the

[426] Middle East command to India. The official British *History of the War in the Middle East* describes General Wavell as "one of the great commanders in military history" and says tiredness, caused by his great responsibilities, was aggravated by the feeling that he did not enjoy the full confidence of Mr. Churchill, who bombarded his Middle East commander with "irritating" and "needless" telegrams about "matters of detail". By his relegation General Wavell may have been another victim of Zionism, and British military prowess have suffered accordingly in the war; this cannot be established but it is a reasonable surmise.

In 1944 assassination again appeared in the story. Lord Moyne, as Colonial Secretary, was the Cabinet minister then responsible for Palestine, the post earlier held by Lord Lloyd (who had been rudely rebuked by Mr. Churchill for tardiness in "arming the Jews" and had died in 1941). Lord Moyne was the friend of all men, and sympathetic to Judaism, but he shared the view of all his responsible predecessors, that the Zionist enterprise in Palestine would end disastrously. For that reason, and having sympathy for suffering mankind in general, he was inclined to revive the idea of providing land in Uganda for any Jews who truly needed to find a new home somewhere.

This humane notion brought him the mortal hatred of the Zionists, who would not brook any diversion of thought from the target of their ambition, Palestine. In 1943 Lord Moyne modified his view, according to Mr. Churchill, who suggested that Dr. Weizmann should go to Cairo, meet Lord Moyne there and satisfy himself of the improvement. Before any meeting could come about Lord Moyne was assassinated in Cairo (November 1944) by two Zionists from Palestine, one more peacemaker thus being removed from a path strewn with the bones of earlier pacifiers. This event for a moment disturbed the flow of Mr. Churchill's memoranda to his colleagues about "arming the Jews", and the responsible men in Palestine once again urgently recommended that Zionist immigration thither be suspended. Mr. Churchill's reply (November 17, 1944) was that this would "simply play into the hands of the extremists", whereon the extremists were left unhindered in their further plans and their tribe increased.

As the Second War approached its end in Europe Mr. Churchill's hopes of some spectacular transaction which would happily integrate the Chazars in Arabia faded. If his suggestion (that Ibn Saoud be made "lord of the Middle East, provided he settles with you", i.e. Dr. Weizmann) was ever conveyed by Dr. Weizmann to President Roosevelt, an episode of 1944 may have been the result of it. An American, Colonel Hoskins, ("President Roosevelt's personal representative in the Middle East"; Dr. Weizmann) then visited the Arab leader. Colonel Hoskins, like all qualified men, had no faith in the plan to set up a Zionist state but was in favour of helping Jews to go to Palestine (if any so wished) *in agreement with the Arabs*. He found that King Ibn Saoud held himself to have been grossly insulted by Dr. Weizmann of whom he spoke "in the angriest and

[427] most contemptuous manner, asserting that I" (Dr. Weizmann), "had tried to bribe him with twenty million pounds to sell out Palestine to the Jews"; and he indignantly rejected any suggestion of a deal on such terms. Therewith all prospect of any "settlement" vanished and Colonel Hoskins also passed from the story, another good man defeated in his attempt to solve the insoluble problem posed by Mr. Balfour.

Thus, as the war entered its last months, only two alternatives remained. The British Government, abandoning the decision of 1939, could struggle on, trying to hold the scales impartially between the native inhabitants and their besiegers from Russia; or it could throw up "the Mandate" and withdraw, whereupon the Zionists would expel the native inhabitants with arms procured from the European and African theatres of war.

This second great moment in the Palestinian drama approached. Mr. Roosevelt had been told by Dr. Weizmann that the Zionists "could not rest the case on the consent of the Arabs" but had remained non-committal. Mr. Churchill, according to Dr. Weizmann, *had* committed himself, in private, and in 1944 Dr. Weizmann grew impatient to have from Mr. Churchill a *public* committal in the form of an amended Balfour Declaration which would award *territory* (in place of the meaningless phrase, "a national home") to Zion (in 1949 he was still very angry that Mr. Churchill, on the "pretext" that the war must first be finished, refrained from making this final public capitulation).

Like Macbeth, Dr. Weizmann's "top-line politicians" flinched and shrunk as the moment for the deed approached. Neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Roosevelt would openly command their soldiers to do it and the Zionists furiously cried "Infirm of purpose!" Then Mr. Roosevelt went to Yalta, wearing the visage of doomed despair which the news-reel pictures recorded, arranged for the bisection of Europe, and at the end briefly informed Mr. Churchill (who was "flabbergasted" and "greatly disturbed" by the news, according to Mr. Hopkins) that he was going to meet King Ibn Saoud on board the U.S. cruiser *Quincy*.

What followed remains deeply mysterious. Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill had any right to bestow Arab land on the lobbyists who beleaguered them in Washington and London; nevertheless, what was demanded of them was, in appearance, so small in comparison with what had just been done at Yalta, that Mr. Roosevelt's submission and same harsh ultimatum to King Ibn Saoud would have surprised none. Instead, he suddenly stepped out of the part he had played for many years and spoke as a statesman; after that he died.

He left Yalta on February 11, 1945, and spent February 12, 13 and 14 aboard the *Quincy*, receiving King Ibn Saoud during this time. He asked the king "to admit some more Jews into Palestine" and received the blunt answer, "No". Ibn Saoud said that "there was a Palestine army of Jews all armed to the teeth and . . . they did not seem to be fighting the Germans but were aiming at the Arabs". On February 28 Mr. Roosevelt returned to Washington. On March 28 Ibn Saoud [428] reiterated by letter his verbal warning (since confirmed by events) of the consequences which would follow from American support of the Zionists. On April 5 President Roosevelt replied reaffirming his own pledge verbally given to Ibn Saoud that:

*"I would take no action, in my capacity as Chief of the Executive Branch of this Government which might prove hostile to the Arab people".* On April 12 he died. This pledge would never have become known but for the action of an American statesman, Secretary of State James G. Byrnes, who published it six months later (October 18, 1945) in a vain attempt to deter Mr. Roosevelt's successor, President Truman, from taking the very "action hostile to the Arabs" which President Roosevelt swore he would never commit.

Mr. Roosevelt's pledge was virtually a deathbed one, and another of history's great unanswered questions is, did he mean it? If by any chance he *did*, then once more death intervened as the ally of Zionism. His intimate Mr. Harry Hopkins (who was present at the meeting and drafted a memorandum about it) sneered at the suggestion that it might have been sincerely intended, saying that President Roosevelt was *"wholly committed publicly and privately and by conviction"* to the Zionists (this memorandum records Mr. Roosevelt's statement that he had learned more from Ibn Saoud about Palestine in five minutes than he had previously learned in a lifetime; out of this, again, grew the famous anecdote that Ibn Saoud said, "We have known for two thousand years what you have fought two world wars to learn"). However, Mr. Hopkins may conceivably not be a trustworthy witness on this one occasion, for immediately after the meeting he, the president's shadow, mysteriously broke with Mr. Roosevelt, whom he never saw again! Mr. Hopkins shut himself in his cabin and three days later, at Algiers, went ashore, "sending word" through an intermediary that he would return to America by another route. The breach was as sudden as that between Mr. Wilson and Mr. House.

What is clear is that the last few weeks and days of Mr. Roosevelt's life were overshadowed by the controversy of Zion, not by American or European questions. Had he lived, and his pledge to Ibn Saoud become known, Zionism, which so powerfully helped to make and maintain him president for twelve years, would have become his bitter enemy. He died. (The pledge was *categorical*; it continued, "no decision will be taken with regard to the basic situation in Palestine *without full consultation with both Arabs and Jews*"; this was direct repudiation of Dr. Weizmann, who had told him, "we could not rest the case on Arab consent").

Thus, cloaked in a last-moment mystery, Mr. Roosevelt too passed from the story. A parting glimpse of the throng which had gathered round him during his twelve-year reign is given by the senior White House correspondent, Mr. Merriman Smith; this description of a wake shows that the carousing of Yalta accompanied the president even to his grave:

[429] "Most of the people on the train were members of the Roosevelt staff. Before the train was out of sight of the crepe-hung Hyde Park depot, they started what turned out to be a post-funeral wake. Liquor flowed in every compartment and drawing-room. The shades were drawn through out the train and from the outside it looked like any train bearing mourners home. But behind those curtains, the Roosevelt staff had what they thought was a good time. Their Boss would have approved. . . I saw one of the top New Dealers hurl a tray of empty glasses into a toilet and shout in mock bravado, 'Down the hatch, we won't need you any more'. Porters and club stewards bustled up and down the corridors with gurgling, sloshing trays. If you hadn't known the people in the drawing room, you would have thought they were on their way home from a football game. Some of the people were using whisky as an antidote for worry over their jobs. . . I could hear an alcoholic chorus of Auld Lang Syne. . ."

Such were the trappings of statesmanship, during those last days when "the boys" toiled towards another "victory", when the Communist armies seized half of Europe, and the Zionists from Russia were convoyed by the West towards the invasion of Palestine.

In this question of Palestine, Mr. Roosevelt was liberated from his dilemma by death. Mr. Churchill was left to face his. He had courted Zionist favour from the days of the 1906 election. He had been a member of the British Government in 1917, of which another member (Mr. Leopold Amery, quoted in a Zionist paper in 1952) said, "We thought when we issued the Balfour Declaration that *if the Jews could become a majority* in Palestine they would form *a Jewish state*. . . We envisaged *not a divided Palestine*, which exists only west of the Jordan".

Mr. Churchill never publicly stated any such intention (indeed, he denied it), but if it was his view this means that even the Zionist state set up after the Second World War by no means fulfils the intention of those who made the Balfour Declaration, and that further conquests of Arab lands have yet to be made by war.

The governing word in the passage quoted is "if"; "if the Jews could become a majority. . ." By 1945 three decades of Arab revolt had shown that the Zionists never would *become a majority* unless the Arabs were driven out of their native land by arms. The question that remained was, who was to drive them out? Mr. Roosevelt had sworn not to. Dr. Weizmann, ever quick to cry "I stay here on my bond", liked to claim that Mr. Churchill was committed as far as Dr. Weizmann wanted him to go.

Even Mr. Churchill could not do this deed. He, too, then was liberated from his dilemma; not by death, but by electoral defeat. His memoirs express wounded pride at this rebuff; "All our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs".

It was not as simple as that. The future historian has to work from such [430] material, but the living participant knows better, and I was in England and saw the election when Mr. Churchill was "dismissed". In truth the British electorate could hardly have been expected to see in the outcome of the war (of which Mr. Churchill is the bitterest critic) cause for a vote of thanksgiving to Mr. Churchill, but there were other reasons for his defeat than mere disillusionment.

As in American elections, so in this British one of 1945 the power to "deliver the vote" was shown. Mr. Churchill had gone far in "arming the Jews" and in privately committing himself to Zionism, but not far enough for Dr. Weizmann. In England at the mid-century control of the press was virtually complete, in this question; Zionist propaganda at the election turned solidly against Mr. Churchill and \Was waged in behalf of the Socialists, who had given the requisite promise of support for "hostile action" against the Arabs ("The Arabs should be encouraged to move out as the Jews move in . . ."). The block of Jewish Members of Parliament swung over in a body to the Socialist party (and was strongest in the left wing of it, where the Communists lurked). With high elation the Zionists saw the discomfiture of their "champion" of 1906, 1917 and 1939. Dr. Weizmann says that the Socialist victory (and Mr. Churchill's "dismissal") "delighted all liberal elements". This was the requital for Mr. Churchill's forty years of support for Zionism; he had not actually ordered British troops to clear Palestine of Arabs and, for a while, was an enemy.

Thus Mr. Churchill was at least reprieved from the task of deciding what to do about Palestine and should not have been so grieved as he depicts himself, when he was dismissed soon after "victory". The British Socialists, at last provided with a great majority in parliament, then found at once that they were expected by forcible measures to "encourage the Arabs to move out". When they too shrank from the assassin's deed the cries of "betrayal" fell about their ears like hailstones. Dr. Weizmann's narrative grows frantic with indignation at this point; the Socialist government, he says, "within three months of taking office repudiated *the pledge* so often and clearly, even vehemently, repeated to the Jewish people". During forty years Lord Curzon seems to have been the only leading politician caught up in this affair to realize that even the most casual word of sympathy, uttered to Dr. Weizmann, would later be held up as "a pledge", solemnly given and infamously broken.

Among the victorious Socialists a worthy party-man, one Mr. Hall, inherited the Colonial Office from Lord Lloyd, Lord Moyne and others dead or defamed, and was barely in it when a deputation from the World Zionist Congress arrived:

"I must say the attitude adopted by the members of the deputation *was different from anything which I have ever experienced*. It was not a request for the consideration by His Majesty's Government of the decisions of the Zionist conference, *but a demand that His Majesty's Government should do what the Zionist Organization desired them to do*". Ten years later an American ex-president, Mr. Truman, recalled similar visits during his presidency in similar



[431] terms of innocent surprise; in 1945 the thing had been going on since 1906 without disturbing Mr. Hall's political slumbers. Soon after this he was ousted from the Colonial Office, his suitability for a peerage suddenly being realized.

The Socialist government of 1945, which in domestic affairs must have been nearly the worst that a war-weary country, in need of reinvigoration, could have received, in foreign affairs did its country one service. It saved, of honour, what could be saved. Under pressure from the four corners of the world it refused to play the assassin's part in Palestine; if it did not protect the Arabs, and by that time it probably could not protect them, at least it did not destroy them for the Zionist taskmaster. .

This achievement was the sole work of a Mr. Ernest Bevin, in my estimation the greatest man produced in British political life during this century. According to report, King George VI, the most unobtrusive of monarchs, urged the incoming Socialist prime minister, Mr. Attlee, to make his best and strongest man Foreign Secretary, because the state of the world so clearly demanded this. Mr. Attlee thereon revised a list already drafted, expunging the name of some worthy "liberal" who might have involved his country in the coming pogrom of Arabs, and inserting that of Mr. Bevin.

By 1945 Palestine was clearly too big an issue for Colonial Secretaries to handle; it was, and will long remain, the major preoccupation of Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries, Presidents and Secretaries of State in England and America, because it is the most inflammable source of new wars. In 1945, as soon as "victory" was won, it was seen to dominate and pervert the politics of all nation-states. Without awe, Ernest Bevin, the farm lad from Somerset and the dockers' idol, took up the bomb and sought to remove the fuse. Had he received support from one leading man in any Western country he might have saved the day. They all fell on him like wolves; there was something of the camp-meeting and of revivalist hysteria in the abandon of their surrender to Zionism.

He was a robust man, with the beef and air of the West Country in his bones and muscle and its fearless tradition in his blood, but even he was physically broken within a few years by the fury of unremitting defamation. He was not spiritually daunted. He realized that he had to do with an enterprise essentially conspiratorial, a conspiracy of which the revolution and Zionism were linked parts, and he may be unique among politicians of this century in that he used a word ("conspiracy") which has a dictionary meaning plainly applicable to this case. He bluntly told Dr. Weizmann that he would not be coerced or coaxed into any action' contrary to Britain's undertakings. Dr. Weizmann had not experienced any such instruction, at that high level, since 1904, and his indignation, surging outward from him through the Zionist organizations of the world, produced the sustained abuse of Mr. Bevin which then followed.

Mr. Churchill, had he remained prime minister, would apparently have used *British* arms to enforce the partition of Palestine. That seems to be the [432] inescapable inference from his memorandum to the Chiefs of Staff Committee (January 25, 1944), in which he said "the Jews, left to themselves, would beat the Arabs; there cannot therefore be any great danger *in our joining hands with the Jews to enforce the kind of proposals about partition* which are set forth. ." The reader may see how greatly circumstances alter cases. The bisection of *Europe* was for Mr. Churchill "a hideous partition, which cannot last". Partition *in Palestine* was worthy to be enforced by "joining hands with the Jews".

Mr. Bevin would have no truck with such schemes. Under his guidance the Socialist government announced that it "would not accept the view that *the Jews should be driven out of Europe or that they should not be permitted to live again* in these" (European) "*countries without discrimination*, contributing their ability and talent towards rebuilding the prosperity of Europe". "

The words show that this man understood the nature of Zionist chauvinism, the problem posed by it and the only solution. They depict what will inevitably happen one day, but that day has been put back to some time after another ruinous era in Palestine, which will probably involve the world. He was either the first British politician fully to comprehend the matter, or the first to act with the courage of his knowledge.

The Socialist government of 1945 was driven, by responsible office, to do what all responsible governments before it had equally been forced to do: to send out one more commission of enquiry (which could but repeat the reports of all earlier commissions) and in the meantime to regulate Zionist immigration and to safeguard the interest of the native Arabs, in accordance with the pledges of the original Balfour Declaration.

Dr. Weizmann considered this "a reversion to the old, *shifty* double emphasis *on the obligation towards the Arabs of Palestine*" and the Zionist power went to work to destroy Mr. Bevin, on whose head, for the next two



years, a worldwide campaign was turned. It was concentric, synchronised and of tremendous force. First, the Conservative party was sent into action. The Socialists had defeated them by capitulations to Zionism, which brought them the help of the controlled press. The Conservatives, being out of office, played this trump card against the Socialists, and in turn made their capitulations to Zion. This was at once made clear: the party proclaimed that it would *combat* the *domestic* and *support* the *foreign* policy of the Socialists, but from the moment of the Socialist declaration about Palestine it made *one* exception to the second rule; it began a sustained attack on the Socialist government's policy *about Palestine*, which meant, on Mr. Bevin.

At that point Mr. Churchill, safe in opposition, demeaned himself by accusing Mr. Bevin of "anti-Jewish feelings", a shot taken from the locker of the Anti-Defamation League (which added a new epithet, "Bevinism", to its catalogue of smearwords). No such traducement of a political adversary ever came from Mr. Bevin, Mr. Churchill's outstanding colleague during the long war years.

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Thus Mr. Bevin, at the post of greatest danger, received the full support of the opposition party in all matters of foreign policy save one, Palestine. He might yet have saved the day but for the intervention of the new American president, Mr. Harry S. Truman, with whose automatic elevation (on the death of the incumbent) from the Vice-Presidency the story of the 20th Century resumed the aspect of Greek tragedy (or of a comedy of errors). Mr. Truman involved his country up to the neck in the Palestinian embroglio at the very moment when in England, at long last, a man had arisen who was able and staunch enough to liquidate the disastrous venture.

Unless a man has that genius which needs no basis in acquired knowledge, a small town in the Middle West and Kansas City are poor places for learning about world affairs. Mr. Truman, when the presidency was thrust upon him, had two major disqualifications for the office. One was native remoteness from world politics, and the other was too close acquaintance with ward politics, of which he had seen much. In Kansas City he had watched the machine at work; he knew about patronage, ward bosses and stuffed ballot-boxes. He had received the impression that politics were business, and essentially simple in the basic rules, which allowed no room for high-falutin' ideas.

A middle-sized, hale, broadly-smiling man who was to sign the order for an act of destruction unprecedented in the history of the West, he strode briskly on to the stage of great events. He decided at Potsdam that "Uncle Joe" was "a nice guy" and there completed Mr. Roosevelt's territorial rearrangements in Europe and Asia. He arranged for the atom-bombing of defenceless Hiroshima and Nagasaki. No comparable series of acts ever fell to the lot of a once-bankrupt haberdasher precipitated into the office of a "premier-dictator". Then he turned his gaze on domestic affairs and the next Congressional and presidential elections. In these, he knew (and said), the Zionist-controlled vote was decisive..

While Mr. Bevin strove to undo the tangle, Mr. Truman undid Mr. Bevin's efforts. He demanded that a hundred thousand Jews be admitted immediately to Palestine, and he arranged for the first *partisan* commission of enquiry to go to Palestine. This was the only means by which any commission could ever be expected to produce a report favourable to the Zionist scheme. Two of its four American members were avowed Zionists; the *one* British member was Zionist propagandist and a left-wing enemy of Mr. Bevin. This "Anglo-American Commission" went to Palestine, where Dr. Weizmann (for perhaps the tenth time in some thirty years) was the chief personage heard. It recommended (though "cautiously") the admission of one hundred thousand "*displaced persons*" (the term was presumably meant to mislead the public masses and was at the moment of some importance; no truly displaced persons wanted to go to Palestine).

Therewith the fat of the next war was in the fire, and an American president publicly supported "hostile action" against the Arabs, for it was that. The next [434] Zionist Congress (at Geneva in 1946) joyfully recorded this new "pledge" (Mr. Truman's "suggestion" and the partisan commission's "cautious recommendations"). This was a characteristic Zionist Congress, being composed chiefly of Jews from Palestine (who had already migrated there) and from America (who had no intention of going there); the herded-mass, to be transported thither, was not represented. Dr. Weizmann's description of the decisions taken are of great significance.

He says the congress "had a special character" and showed "a tendency to rely on methods. . . referred to by different names: '*resistance*', '*defence*', '*activism*'. " Despite these "shades of meaning" (he says) "one feature was common to all of them: the conviction of the need *for fighting against British authority in Palestine, or anywhere else, for that matter*".

Dr. Weizmann's guarded remarks must be considered in the context of his whole book and of the entire history of Zionism. What he means is that the Zionist World Congress at Geneva in 1946 decided to resume the method of terror and assassination which had proved effective in Russia in the germinating stage of the two-headed conspiracy. The congress knew this to be the method "referred to by different names" during its discussions, for it had *already* been resumed in the assassination of Lord Moyne and many terrorist exploits in Palestine. The prompting impulse for the Congress's decision (which in fact it was) came from the American president's recommendation that a hundred thousand people should be forcibly injected into Palestine. The Zionists took that to be another "pledge", committing America to approval of anything they might do, and they were right.

Dr. Weizmann knew exactly what was at stake and in his old age shrank from the prospect that reopened before him: reversion to the worship of Moloch, the god of blood. He had seen so much blood shed in the name of revolutionary-Communism and revolutionary-Zionism, the two causes which had dominated his parental home and home town in the Pale. In his youth he had exulted in the riots and revolutions and had found the assassinations a natural part of the process; in his maturity he had rejoiced in the ruin of Russia despite the decades of bloodshed which ensued. For fifty-five years he had cried havoc and unloosed dogs of war. Almost unknown to the masses embroiled in two wars, he had become one of the most powerful men in the world. Beginning in 1906, when he first wheedled Mr. Balfour, he had gradually risen until his word in the lobbies was law, when he could command audience of monarchs and obedience of presidents and prime ministers. Now, when the enterprise he had so long schemed for was on the brink of consummation, he recoiled from the bloodstained prospect that opened immeasurably before him; blood, and more blood, and at the end. . . what? Dr. Weizmann remembered Sabbatai Zevi.

He was against "truckling to the demoralizing forces in the movement", the cryptic phrase he uses to cover those referred to by Mr. Churchill as "the [435] extremists", and by the administrators on the spot as "the terrorists". This meant that he had changed as his end approached, for without terrorism Zionism would never have established itself at all and if, in 1946, his Zionist state *was* to be achieved, this could only be done by violence. Thus at the last Dr. Weizmann realized the futility of his half-century of "pressure behind the scenes" and no doubt saw the inevitable fiasco that lay ahead, after the Zionist state had been born in terror. Psychologically, this was a moment of great interest in the story. Perhaps men grow wise in their old age; they tire of the violent words and deeds which seemed to solve all problems in their conspiratorial youth, and this revulsion may have overtaken Chaim Weizmann. If it did, it was too late to alter anything. The machine he had built had to continue, of its own momentum, to its own destruction and that of any in its path. The remaining future of Zionism was in the hands of "the demoralizing forces in the movement", and he had put it there.

He was denied a vote of confidence and was not re-elected president of the World Zionist Organization. Forty years after Herzl, he was cast aside as he had cast Herzl aside, and for the same essential reason. He and his Chazars from Russia had overthrown Herzl because Herzl wanted to accept Uganda, which meant renouncing Palestine. He was overthrown because he feared to re-embark on the policy of terror and assassination, and that also meant renouncing Palestine.

The note of despair sounded even earlier, in his allusions to Lord Moyne's murder: "Palestine Jewry will . . . cut out, root and branch, *this evil* from its midst. . . this utterly un-Jewish phenomenon". These words were addressed to Western ears and were specious; political murder was *not* "an utterly un-Jewish phenomenon" in the Talmudic areas of Russia where Dr. Weizmann spent his revolutionary and conspiratorial youth, as he well knew, and a series of similar deeds stained the past. Indeed, when he spoke to a *Zionist* audience he candidly admitted that political murder was *not* an "utterly un-Jewish phenomenon" but the opposite: "What was the terror in Palestine but *the old evil* in a new and horrible guise".

This "old evil", rising from its Talmudic bottle to confront Dr. Weizmann at Geneva in 1946, apparently accounts for the note of premonition which runs through the last pages of his book of 1949 (when the Zionist state had been set up by terror). The Moyne murder, he then forebodingly said, "illumines the abyss into which terrorism leads". Thus in his last days Dr. Weizmann saw whither his indefatigable journey had led: to an abyss! He lived to see it receive a first batch of nearly a million victims. From the moment of his deposition effective control passed into the hands of "the terrorists", as he calls them, and his belated cry of "Back!" fell on empty air. The "activists" (as they prefer to call themselves) were left with power to ignite a third world conflict when they pleased. Dr. Weizmann survived to play a determining part in the next stage of the venture but never [436] again had true power in Zionism.

From 1946 the terrorists took command. They set to work to drive the British from Palestine first, and knew they could not fail in the state of affairs which had been brought about during the Second War. If the British defended either themselves or the semitic Arabs the cry of "anti-semitism" would rise until the politicians in Washington turned on the British; then, when the British left, the terrorists would drive out the Arabs.

The terror had been going on for many years, the Moyne murder being only one incident in it; indeed, one of the harassed Colonial Secretaries, Mr. Oliver Stanley, in 1944 told the House of Commons that it had sensibly impeded "the British war effort", or in other words, prolonged the war (he is a trustworthy witness, for he was hailed by the Zionists at his death as "a staunch friend"). In 1946 and 1947, after the Geneva Congress, it was intensified, hundreds of British soldiers being ambushed, shot while asleep, blown up and the like. The terror was deliberately given the visible appearance of "the old evil" when two British sergeants were slowly done to death in an orchard and left hanging there. The choice of this Levitical form of butchery ("hanging on a tree", the death "accursed of God") signified that these things were done under the Judaic Law.

The British government, daunted by the fury of the American and British press, under common constraint, feared to protect its officials and soldiers, and one British soldier wrote to *The Times*: "What use has the army for the government's sympathy? It does not avenge those who are murdered, nor does it prevent any further killings. Are we no longer a nation with sufficient courage to enforce law and order where it is our responsibility to do so?"

This was the case. The great Western governments had fallen, under "irresistible pressure", into a nerveless captivity, and Britain and America had ceased, anyway for the time, to be sovereign nations. At length the British government, in despair, referred the problem of Palestine to the new organization in New York called "the United Nations" (which had as little right to dispose of Palestine as the League of Nations before it).

Delegates from Haiti, Liberia, Honduras and other parts of "the free world" thronged to Lake Success, a forlorn, suburban pond outside New York. There was an hissing in the world at this time and from the parent UNO bodies called COBSRA, UNRRA, UNESCO uncoiled. On this particular day something called UNSCOP (United Nations Special Committee on Palestine) rendered to UNO its report recommending "the partition of Palestine".

Dr. Weizmann (though deposed by the Zionist Organization for his warnings against terrorism) was once more the chief authority heard by UNSCOP in Jerusalem, and then quickly returned to New York where, in October and November of 1947, he dominated the hidden scene as lobbyist supreme. "Irresistible pressure" operated with relentless force. The delegates whom the [437] public masses saw on the moving-picture screens were puppets; the great play was all behind the curtain and in that, Chesterton's "real world", of which the multitude saw nothing, two great operations were in progress, by means of which the fate of Palestine was settled far from the debating halls of the United Nations. First, hundreds of thousands of Jews from Russia and Eastern Europe were being smuggled across Western Europe to invade Palestine. Second, the approach of an American presidential election was being used by the Zionists as a means to set the rival parties there bidding against each other for Zionist support, and thus to ensure that the decisive American vote in the United Nations would be cast for the invasion.

In each case, and as in the preceding three decades, men arose who strove to disentangle their countries from its consequences. The secret conveying of the Eastern Jews across Western Europe was revealed by a British general, Sir Frederick Morgan (to whose work in planning the invasion of Normandy General Eisenhower's book pays tribute). When the fighting ended General Morgan was lent by the British War Office to "UNRRA", the offspring-body of the United Nations which was supposed to "relieve and rehabilitate" the sufferers from the war. General Morgan was put in charge of the most hapless of these (the "displaced persons") and found that "UNRRA", which cost the American and British taxpayer much money, was being used as an umbrella to cover the mass-movement of Jews from the eastern area to Palestine. These people were *not* "displaced persons". Their native countries had been "liberated" by the Red Armies and they were able to live in them, their welfare ensured by the special law against "anti-semitism" which all these communized countries received from their Communist overlord. They had not been "driven from Germany", where they had never lived. In fact, these were, once more, the *Ostjuden*, the Chazars, being driven by their Talmudic masters to a new land for a conspiratorial purpose.

In this way a new war was being cooked over the embers of the dying one and General Morgan twice (in January and August 1946) publicly stated that "a secret organization existed to further a mass movement

of Jews from Europe, a second Exodus". Senator Herbert Lehman, a prominent Zionist who was Director General of UNRRA, said this warning was b "anti-semitic" and demanded General Morgan's resignation. He relented when General Morgan disclaimed "anti-semitic" intent, but when the general repeated his warning eight months later he was *summarily dismissed* by the new Director General, a Zionist sympathizer and former Mayor of New York, Mr. Fiorello La Guardia, known to New Yorkers as The Little Flower. Mr. La Guardia then appointed a Mr. Myer Cohen in General Morgan's place. The British government hastened to punish General Morgan by retiring the celebrated invasion-planner, stating (falsely) that this was at his request.

Two independent bodies of high status confirmed General Morgan's [438] information; in the servient condition of the press their disclosures received little publicity. A Select Committee on Estimates of tile British Rouse of Commons reported (November 1946) that "very large numbers of Jews, *almost amounting to a second Exodus*, have been *migrating from Eastern Europe* to the American zones of Germany and Austria with the intention in the majority of cases of finally making their way to Palestine. It is clear that it is *a highly organized movement, with ample funds and great influence behind it*, but the Subcommittee were unable to obtain any real evidence who are the real instigators". A War Investigating Committee sent to Europe by the United States Senate said that "heavy migration of Jews *from Eastern Europe* into the American zone of Germany is part of *a carefully organized plan financed by special groups in the United States*".

The picture, once again, is of a conspiracy supported by the Western governments, in this case the American one in particular. The "organization" in America disposed of American and British public funds lavishly, and effected the mass-transfer of population under the cloak of war-relief. Its leaders were able summarily to dismiss high officials, publicly-paid, who exposed what went on, and the British government supported this action. Although by that time (1946-1947) the perfidy of the revolutionary state was supposed to have been realized by the Western politicians (so that "cold war" was waged with it), the three governments of Washington, London and Moscow acted in perfect accord in this one matter. The "exodus" came from Russia and from the part of Europe abandoned by the West to the revolution. No man may leave the Soviet state without permission, most rarely granted, but in this one case the Iron Curtain opened to release a mass of people, just large enough to ensure immediate war and permanent unrest in the Near East. Just as smoothly, thirty years before, the frontiers and ports of Germany (an enemy), England (an ally) and America (a neutral) had opened to allow the revolutionaries to go to Russia. On both occasions, at this supreme level of policy, the super-national one, there were no allies, enemies or neutrals; all governments did the bidding of the supreme power.

One of the British Colonial Secretaries earliest involved in Zionism and the Balfour Declaration of 1917, Mr. Leopold Amery, had said: "We thought when we issued the Balfour Declaration that *if the Jews could become a majority in Palestine they would form a Jewish state*". In 1946-1948, at last, this thought was being realized, in the only way possible: by the mass-transplantation of Eastern Jews to Palestine. Only one thing still was needed: to obtain from "the United Nations" some act of mock-legalization for the invasion about to occur. To ensure that, the capitulation of the American president was necessary; and the way to bring that about was to threaten his party-advisers with the loss of the approaching presidential election, which lay a year ahead.

A third war was in truth being hatched, in the thinning fog of the second war, by this clandestine movement of population, and in America (after the dismissal [439] of General Morgan in Europe) the two men whose offices made them directly responsible tried to nip the peril in the bud. One was General Marshall, whose interventions in the question of invading Europe and later in that of China have been shown by their consequences to have been most ill-omened. In the question of Palestine he showed prudence. In 1947 he was Secretary of State and was thus chiefly responsible, under the president, for foreign policy. He strove to ward off his country's involvement in the Palestinian fiasco and, as in all such cases, his relegation soon followed.

The other man was Mr. James Forrestal, Secretary for Defence. He was a successful banker, brought in to government in wartime for his executive ability; he was wealthy and only the impulse to serve his country can have moved him to take office. He foresaw disastrous consequences from involvement and died believing he had utterly failed in his effort to avert it. Of all the men concerned during two generations, he alone left a diary which fully exposes the methods by which Zion controls and manipulates governors and governments.

Mr. Truman went further than even President Roosevelt 'in taking foreign policy and national security out of the province of the responsible ministers, and in acting contrary to their counsel under the pressure applied through electoral advisers. The story is made complete by Mr. Forrestal's *Diary*, Mr. Truman's own memoirs, and Dr. Weizmann's book.

The struggle behind the scenes for control over the American president, and therewith of the Republic itself, lasted from the autumn of 1947 to the spring of 1948, that is, from the United Nations debate about the partition of Palestine to the proclamation of the Zionist state after its forcible seizure.

Dates are important. In November 1947 the Zionists wanted the "partition" vote and in May 1948 they wanted recognition of their invasion. The presidential election was due in November 1948, and the essential preliminary to it, the nomination contests, in *June and July* 1948. The party-manager s instructed Mr. Truman that re-election was in the Zionist gift; the opposition candidate received similar advice from his party-managers. Thus "the election campaign to ok on the nature of an auction, each candidate being constantly under pressure from his organizers to outbid the other in 'supporting the invasion of Palestine. In these circumstances the successful candidate could only feel that election was a reward for "supporting partition" in November 1947 and "granting recognition" in May 1948; nothing could more clearly illustrate the vast change which the mass-immigration of Eastern Jews, in the period following the Civil War, had brought about in the affairs of the American Republic. Mr. Forrestal left a full account of the chief moves in this fateful, hidden contest.

The time-bomb planted by Mr. Balfour thirty years earlier reached its explosion-moment when the British government in 1947 announced that it would withdraw from Palestine if other powers made impartial administration there impossible; this was the reply to President Truman's proposal that 100,000 [440] "displaced persons" be allowed to enter Palestine immediately. Mr. Truman's responsible adviser s at once informed the American government of the consequences which would flow from a British withdrawal. General Marshall told the American Cabinet that such a British withdrawal "would be. followed by a bloody struggle between the Arabs and Jews" (August 8, 1947), and his Under Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lovett, pointed to the danger of "solidifying sentiment among all the Arabian and Mohammedan peoples" against the United States {August 15, 1947}.

This warning was at once answered by the voice of party-politics. At a Cabinet lunch Mr. Robert Hannegan (Postmaster General, but previously national chairman of the President's party, the Democratic Party) urged the President to "make a statement of policy on Palestine" demanding "the admission of 150,000 Zionists". Thus the party-man's counsel was that President Truman should respond to the British warning by *increasing* his bid for Zionist electoral support, from 100,000 to 150,000 persons. Mr. Hannegan said this new demand "*would have a very great influence and great effect on the raising of funds for the Democratic National Committee*" and, as proof of what he promised, added that the earlier demand (related to 100,000 immigrants) had produced the result that "*very large sums were obtained from Jewish contributors and they would be influenced in either giving or withholding by what the President did on Palestine*".

Thus the issue from the outset was presented to the President in the plainest terms of national interest on the one hand and party-contributions, party-votes and party-success on the other. It was argued throughout the months that followed and finally determined on that basis, without any gloss.

Mr. Forrestal's alarm became acute. He held that if state policy and national security (his province) were to be subordinated to vote-buying the country would pass under Zionist control and earlier (in 1946) had asked the President if Palestine could not be "taken out of politics". Mr. Truman at that time had "agreed about the principle" but evinced the feeling "that not much will come of such an attempt, that political manoeuvring is inevitable, *politics and our government being what they are*".

In September 1947, Mr. Forrestal spurred by his misgivings, laboured tirelessly to have Palestine "taken out of politics". His idea was that both contending parties must contain a majority of people who could be brought to agree, in the paramount national interest, that major foreign issues be set above dispute, so that Palestine could not be used for huckstering at election-time. He found only disdain for this idea among the men of "practical politics".

Deeply disturbed by Mr. Hannegan's above-quoted remarks of September 4, Mr. Forrestal at a Cabinet lunch on September 29, 1947 openly asked President Truman "whether it would not be possible to lift the Jewish-Palestine question out of politics". Mr. Truman said "it was worth trying to do, although he was obviously sceptical". At the next Cabinet lunch (October 6) the party-boss [441] rebuked the responsible Cabinet officer:

"Mr. Hannegan brought up the question of Palestine. He said many people who had *contributed* to. the Democratic campaign *were pressing hard for assurances from the administration of definitive support for the Jewish position in Palestine*".



Mr. Forrestal foresaw Mr. Truman's capitulation and his alarm increased. He saw the Democratic party-manager, Mr. J. Howard McGrath (November 6, 1947) and again could make no headway. Mr. McGrath said, "There were two or three pivotal states *which could not be carried without the support of people who were deeply interested in the Palestine question*". Mr. Forrestal made no impression with his rejoinder, "I said I would rather lose those states in a national election than run the risks which I felt might develop in our handling of the Palestine question".

The next day he again received support from General Marshall, who told the Cabinet that the Middle East was "another tinder box", and Mr. Forrestal then "repeated my suggestion . . . that a serious attempt be made to lift the Palestine question *out of American partisan politics . . . Domestic politics ceased at the Atlantic Ocean and no question was more charged with danger to our security than this particular one*" (November 7, 1947).

The "partition" vote was by this time near and Mr. Forrestal made another appeal to Mr. McGrath, the Democratic party-manager, showing him a secret report on Palestine provided by the governmental intelligence agency. Mr. McGrath brushed this aside, saying Jewish sources were responsible for a substantial part of the contributions to the Democratic National Committee and many of these contributions were made *"with a distinct idea on the part of the givers that they will have an opportunity to express their views and have them seriously considered on such questions as the present Palestine question. There was a feeling among the Jews that the United States was not doing what it should to solicit votes in the United Nations General Assembly in favour of the Palestine partition, and beyond this the Jews would expect the United States to do its utmost to implement the partition decision if it is voted by the United Nations through force if necessary".*

This quotation reveals the process of progressively raising the bid for Zionist funds and the Zionist vote which went on behind the scenes. At the start only United States support for the partition proposal had been "expected". Within a few weeks this "expectation" had risen to the demand that the United States should "solicit" the votes of other countries in support of partition *and should use American troops to enforce partition*, and the party-manager was quite accustomed to such notions (if American troops in the 1950's or 1960's find them selves in the Near East, any of them who have read Mr. Forrestal's *Diaries* should know how they came to be there). Mr. Forrestal must have acted from a sense of duty, not of hope, when he implored Mr. McGrath "to give a lot of [442] thought to this matter because it involved not merely the Arabs of the Middle East, but also might involve the whole Moslem world with its four hundred millions of people: Egypt, North Africa, India and Afghanistan".

While Mr. Forrestal fought this losing battle behind the curtained windows of the White House and of party-headquarters, Dr. Weizmann, in Washington, New York and Lake Success was indefatigably organizing "the vote" on partition. He was having his difficulties, but was rescued from them at this culminant moment when he found "a welcome and striking change" among some of those "wealthy Jews" who formerly had opposed Zionism. At this belated stage in his narrative he first mentions Mr. Bernard Baruch, saying that Mr. Baruch had *formerly* been "an oppositionist Jew", one of the "rich and powerful Jews who were against the idea of the Jewish National Home, but they did not know very much about the subject".

One can only speculate about the exact composition and nature of the "Jewish International" which Dr. Kastein described as having come into existence around the start of this century. It is permissible, in the light of all that has happened in these fifty years, to envisage it as a permanent, high directorate, spread over all nation-state boundaries, the membership of which probably changes only when gaps are left by death. If that is its nature, a reasonable further inference would be that Dr. Weizmann was a very high functionary, perhaps the highest functionary, subordinate to it, but that undoubtedly there was a body superior to him. In that case, I would judge that its four most important members, in the United States at that period, would have been Mr. Bernard Baruch, first, and Senator Herbert Lehman, Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior and Justice Felix Frankfurter, next. If there were a doubt, it would previously have attached to Mr. Baruch, who had never publicly associated himself with "leftist" causes or with Zionism. His great crony, Mr. Winston Churchill, quoted Mr. Baruch's "negative view" about Zionism to Dr. Weizmann, who in consequence (as he says) "took great care not to touch on the Jewish problem" when he earlier met Mr. Baruch in America.

Nevertheless, at this decisive moment Mr. Baruch suddenly "changed a great deal" (Dr. Weizmann) and *his* support, added to the Zionist "pressure" that was being exerted on American politics, was determining. Dr. Weizmann, as he hurried round the lobbies at Lake Success, learned that the American delegation was *opposed to the partition of Palestine*. Thereon he enlisted the "particularly helpful" support of Mr. Baruch (until then, for forty years or more, regarded as an opponent of Zionism even by such intimates as Mr. Winston Churchill!), and also of the junior Mr. Henry Morgenthau (whose name attaches to the plan of "blind vengeance" adopted by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at Ottawa in 1944).



Mr. Baruch presumably did not hold Dr. Weizmann in the awe which seems to have seized the Western politicians at the Zionist leader's approach. Therefore [443] his sudden support of Zionism must denote either an abrupt conversion or the revelation of a feeling earlier concealed; in either case, his intervention was decisive as will be seen.

Dr. Weizmann was well supported by the other powerful Jews in the Democratic Party. Senator Lehman was head of UNRRA when it was used to smuggle the Eastern Jews across Europe to Palestine, and had demanded General Morgan's resignation for publicly calling attention to this mass-movement of people; his part in the drama was already plain. Mr. Justice Frankfurter was equally busy; Mr. Forrestal was told by Mr. Loy Henderson (in charge of Middle Eastern Affairs in the State Department) that "very great pressure had been put on him as well as Mr. Lovett to get active American *solicitation* for United Nations votes for the Palestine partition; he said Felix Frankfurter and Justice Murphy had both sent messages *to the Philippines delegate* strongly urging his vote" (this is the same Mr. Frankfurter who called on Mr. House at the 1919 Peace Conference in Paris "to talk about the Jews in Palestine"; he was also the devoted instructor of Mr. Alger Hiss at the Harvard Law School).

Having such support, Dr. Weizmann was a besieging general backed by superior armies when he called on the citadel's commander, President Truman, on November 19, 1947, to *demand that* the United States support the partition of Palestine, and furthermore, that the Negev district (to which Dr. Weizmann attached "great importance") be included in the Zionist territory.

Mr. Truman's discipline was exemplary: "*he promised me that he would communicate at once with the American delegation*" (Dr. Weizmann). Out at Lake Success the chief American delegate, Mr. Herschel Johnson, as he was about to inform the Zionist representative of the American decision to vote against the inclusion of the Negev, was called to the telephone and received, through President Truman, Dr. Weizmann's orders. With that the deed was done and on November 29, 1947 the General Assembly of the United Nations *recommended* (Zionist propaganda always says "decided") that "independent Arab and Jewish states, *and the specific international régime for the City of Jerusalem*" should come into existence after termination of the British "Mandate" on August 1, 1948.

The vote was 31 against 13 with 10 abstentions. The manner in which the American vote was procured has been shown. As to some of the other votes, Under Secretary Robert Lovett said at the next Cabinet lunch (December 1, 1947) that "he had never in his life been subject to so much pressure as he had been in the last three days". The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, which had a concession in Liberia, reported (he said) that it had been asked by telephone to instruct its representative in Liberia "*to bring pressure on the Liberian Government to vote in favour of partition*". (Mr. Loy Henderson's account of the "great pressure" used to get American "solicitation" of the votes of small countries has already been quoted). Thus was the "vote" of "the United [444] Nations" produced in the most explosive issue of this century's world affairs.

At the Cabinet lunch immediately after this "vote" Mr. Forrestal returned to the attack: "I remarked that many thoughtful people of the Jewish faith had deep misgivings about the wisdom of the Zionists' *pressures* for a Jewish state in Palestine. . . The decision was fraught with *great danger for the future security of this country*". He then discussed the question (December 3, 1947) with Mr. James F. Byrnes, who had ceased to be Secretary of State earlier in the year (his relegation was foreseeable; it was he who disclosed President Roosevelt's pledge to Ibn Saoud).

Mr. Byrnes said President Truman's actions had placed the British Government "in a most difficult position" and added that Mr. David K. Niles and Judge Samuel Rosenman "were chiefly responsible" for it. Both these men had been brought into the White House among the "Palace Guard" with which Mr. Roosevelt surrounded himself; Mr. Niles (of Russian-Jewish descent) was the "adviser on Jewish affairs" and Judge Rosenman had helped write presidential speeches. These men (said Mr. Byrnes) told Mr. Truman "that Dewey was about to come out with a statement favouring the Zionist position on Palestine, and had insisted that unless the President anticipated this moment *New York State would be lost to the Democrats*".

Here Mr. Byrnes gave another glimpse of the behind-the-scenes auction. The two candidates for the highest office in the United States (Mr. Thomas Dewey was the prospective nominee of the other party," the Republican) in these portrayals look like children, incited against each other by the offer of a dangling bag of sweets. Mr. Truman, by doing the Zionist bidding in the matter of partition, had by no means ensured the Democrats of the prize, for the election was still a year distant and during that time the Zionists were to demand more and more, and the Republican party to bid higher and higher for the dangling reward.

Mr. Forrestal, in desperation, now tried to convince the Republican Mr. Dewey: "I said the Palestine matter was a matter of the deepest concern to me *in terms of the security of the nation*, and asked, once more, if the parties could not agree to take this question out of their electoral campaigning". Governor (of New York State) Dewey's response was much the same as President Truman's: "It was a difficult matter to get results because of the intemperate attitude of the Jewish people who had taken Palestine as the emotional symbol, *because the Democratic party would not be willing to relinquish the advantages of the Jewish vote*". Thereon Mr. Dewey continued to try and outdo the Democratic politicians in his bid for "the Jewish vote" (and to his own surprise nevertheless lost the election).

Mr. Forrestal next tried to strengthen the hand of the State Department, in its resistance to the President, by a memorandum (January 21, 1948) in which he analyzed the dangers to American national security flowing from this [445] entanglement: "It is doubtful if there is any segment of our foreign relations of greater importance *or of greater danger*. . . *to the security of the United States* than our relations in the Middle East". He warned against doing "permanent injury to our relations with the Moslem world" and "a stumble in to war". He said he had found "some small encouragement" among individual Republicans for his proposal to take the question "out of party-politics", but among the Democrats had met a feeling "*that a substantial part of the Democratic funds come from Zionist sources inclined to ask in return for a lien upon this part of our national policy*".

The last nine words are explicit and are literally correct. The Zionists demanded the submission of American state policy and offered in return a four year tenure of the presidency to the highest bidder. Whether they were in truth able to deliver what they offered has never been tested; the party-managers took them at their word and the candidates of *both* parties put on the sackcloth of submission before they were nominated, knowing (or believing) that they would not even achieve nomination unless they wore it.

Mr. Forrestal urged the Secretary of State (General Marshall) to remonstrate with the President, pointing out that a large body of Jews "hold the view that the present zeal of the Zionists can have most dangerous consequences, not merely in *their divisive effects in American life*, but in the long run on the position of Jews throughout the world".

Under-Secretary Lovett, on reading Mr. Forrestal's memorandum, produced one already prepared by the Planning Staff of the State Department. This informed the President that the partition plan was "not workable" (exactly as British governments had been warned by their colonial administrators that "the Mandate" was "not workable"); that the United States was *not* committed to support it if it could not be effected without force; that it was against American interest to supply arms to the Zionists while refusing them to the Arabs; that the United States should not take on itself to enforce the "recommendation" of partition *and should try to secure withdrawal of the partition proposal*.

Mr. Lovett added, "the use of the United Nations by others as a propaganda platform is complicating our conduct of foreign relations" and said the State Department was "seriously embarrassed and handicapped by the activities of Niles at the White House in going directly to the President on matters involving Palestine". On that very day, the Under-Secretary complained, he had once more been under "pressure"; Mr. Niles had telephoned from the White House "expressing the hope that the embargo on the sales of arms to the Zionists would be lifted".

At that point Mr. Forrestal evidently became an acute annoyance to the powers behind the White House and his elimination was decided. First he received a visit from Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt junior. Whatever the father's deathbed pledge not to take "hostile action against the Arabs", the son (a New [446] York politician, with presidential hopes) was an extreme Zionist partisan. Mr. Forrestal pointedly said, "I thought the methods that had been used by people *outside* of the Executive branch of the government to bring *coercion and duress on other nations in the General Assembly bordered closely on scandal*". He records (as if with surprise) that his visitor "made no threats" in response to this, and he then explained his proposal to "lift the question out of politics" by agreement between the parties.

Mr. Roosevelt, his father's son, replied that "this was *impossible*, that the nation was *too far committed*, and that, furthermore, the Democratic Party would be bound to lose and the Republicans to gain by such an agreement". Mr. Forrestal answered that "failure to go along with the Zionists might lose the states of New York, Pennsylvania and California;" (the "pivotal states" earlier mentioned by party-manager McGrath) "I thought it was about time that somebody should pay some consideration to whether we might not lose the United States".

No comment by Mr. Roosevelt is recorded, but he was a harbinger of ill for Mr. Forrestal because on this same day (February 3, 1948) came the intervention of Mr. Bernard Baruch. Mr. Baruch, earlier an opponent of Zionism, was now so zealous in the cause that he advised Mr. Forrestal "*not to be active in this matter. . . I was already identified, to a degree that was not in my own interests*, with opposition to the United Nations policy on Palestine".

Ominous words for Mr. Forrestal! The annals here record for the first time a specific intervention by Mr. Baruch in high affairs, and its nature. His counsel was that Mr. Forrestal, a Cabinet officer, consider his *own* interest, which was endangered; until that time Mr. Forrestal as a responsible Cabinet officer had considered only the interest of his country. Mr. Forrestal does not say whether he saw in this advice anything threatening; his allusion to Mr. Roosevelt on the same day shows that the thought of "threats" was in his mind.

He then gave way to the fear which in the end cowed nearly all men who strove against the thrall of Zion. Four days later (February 7, 1948) he drew up a last paper on the subject which he never submitted to the President, but which contains something of historical importance. He said that on February 6 "Eisenhower told me that effective United States participation in a Palestine police force would involve about one division with appropriate supporting units". At that time, therefore, General Eisenhower (then Chief of Staff) was drafting plans for the potential engagement of American troops in Palestine. Mr. Forrestal put away this last memorandum. On February 12 and 18 he made two final appeals to General Marshall to contend with the President and the party-managers and at that point his efforts ceased.

His desisting availed him nothing for within a twelvemonth he was literally hounded to death. His end needs to be described here, before the armed seizure of Palestine is recorded; it is the classic case of persecution by defamation, leading [447] to death.

I first went to America early in 1949 and was perplexed by the venom of the attacks, in the press and radio, on one Mr. James Forrestal, Secretary for Defence. I knew nothing of him but his name, and the part he played in this affair (as above recorded) was then entirely unknown to the public. Nevertheless they read or heard daily that he was insane, a coward who had left his wife to be attacked by a burglar, a tax defaulter, and all manner of other things. By chance I met a friend of his who told me that he had been so reduced by this persecution that those near to him were gravely alarmed. A few weeks later he threw himself from a high window, leaving in his room some copied verses from Greek tragedy which ended with the refrain "Woe, woe! will be the cry . . ."

American libel laws are liberal and differ from state to state, and litigation is long. Even a successful action may not bring redress. Hardly any limit is in practice set to what may be said about a man singled out for defamation; the slanders are printed in the language that incites mob-passions and when broadcast are uttered in rabid accents that recalled to me the voices of primitive African tribespeople in moments of catalepsy. Among Mr. Forrestal's effects was found a scrapbook full of these attacks, and towards the end he could not listen to the radio. The refuse of calumny was emptied on his head and at the end two broadcasters joined for the kill. One of them announced (January 9, 1949) that President Truman would "accept Forrestal's resignation within a week" (and followed this with some slander about shares in the German Dye Trust). On January 11 the second broadcaster told the millions that President Truman would by that time have accepted Mr. Forrestal's resignation, had not the first broadcaster anticipated the event (the jewel-robbery story was added to this). A few weeks earlier President Truman had told the Press that he had asked Mr. Forrestal *not* to resign; on March 1 he sent for Mr. Forrestal and demanded his immediate resignation, without explanation, to be effective from May 1. Mr. Forrestal committed suicide on May 21. At the funeral ceremony Mr. Truman described him as "a victim of the war"!

(In parentheses, at that time another man was being hounded to the same death, which he escaped, later in the same year, only by the failure of his suicide attempt. His persecution came from the same defamationist source, though his offence was in the other field, Communism. Mr. Whittaker Chambers sinned by his efforts to expose Communist infiltration of the American Government. I was in America at the time of his ordeal, which is described in his book; this contains the striking example, to which I earlier alluded, of the Talmudic practice of "cursing by an angry, fixed look" (the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*). Literal Talmudists would presumably see in Mr. Chambers's suicide attempt, and in the ill-health which subsequently afflicted him, a token of the literal efficacy of "the Law" in this respect).

After Mr. Forrestal's retreat into silence, at the warning of Mr. Baruch, the

[448] responsible men at the State Department continued their struggle, headed by General Marshall. (All this while, in England, Mr. Bevin was carrying on his lonely fight against the Conservative opposition and against the mass of his own party alike). At one point, for the first time since 1917, the responsible Cabinet officers and officials in both countries seemed to have won the day.

This was in March 1948. Violence in Palestine had so greatly increased after the United Nations' "recommendation" for the country's bisection that the Security Council grew alarmed and beat a retreat. Even President Truman was shaken and his representative in the Security Council announced *the reversal of American policy*, proposing (March 19, 1948) that the partition proposal be *suspended*, that a truce be arranged, and that the end of the "Mandate" be followed by a "Trusteeship" (this was in effect the proposal of the State Department memorandum of January).

At the last moment the idea of "the Jewish state" thus seemed about to collapse. The post-war return to reason was beginning (that process which Mr. Lloyd George, thirty years before, had warningly called the "thaw") and if the coup now failed only a third world war could provide another opportunity. The "Trusteeship" would be the "Mandate" in a new form, but with the United States as the country chiefly involved, and in another ten or twenty years America, foreseeably, would find the "Trusteeship" as "unworkable", under Zionist pressure, as the British had found the "Mandate".

It was then or never, and the Zionists struck at once. They presented the "United Nations" with the accomplished fact by bisecting Palestine themselves. The terrorist deed by means of which this was accomplished was the result of the policy adopted at the World Zionist Congress of 1946, where "the demoralizing forces in the movement" (Dr. Weizmann's words) had recommended methods of "Resistance. . . defence. . . activism", and Dr. Weizmann, who knew what was meant, had been deposed for objecting to them.

Dr. Weizmann then had called "the terror in Palestine" the "old evil in a new and horrible guise". April 9, 1948 showed what he meant, and in particular why he called it the *old* evil. On that day the "activists", the terror-and-assassination group of Zionism, "utterly destroyed" an Arab village in exact and literal fulfilment of "the Law" laid down in *Deuteronomy* (which, the reader will recall, is the basic Judaic law but was itself an amendment of the original Mosaic law of the Israelites).

This was the most significant day in the entire story of Zionism. To the Arabs (who knew the Torah and "had known for two thousand years what you have fought two world wars to learn") it meant that the savage Law of Judah, devised by the Levites between 700 and 400 BC., was to be resurrected and imposed on them in full force and violence, with the support of the Christian West and of Communized Russia alike. The symbolic massacre, they knew, was intended to show what would happen to all of them if they stayed. Thereon almost the entire

[449] Arab population of Palestine fled into the neighbouring Arab states.

The massacre at Deir Yasin was briefly reported in the West, for instance *Time* magazine of New York said:

"Jewish terrorists of the Stern Gang and Irgun Zvai Leumi stormed the village of Deir Yasin and butchered everyone in sight. The corpses of 250 Arabs, mostly women and small children, were later found tossed into wells".

At the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 Dr. Weizmann had declared, "The Bible is our mandate", and the words sounded good to Western ears. This event showed what they meant, and the same words were repeated by the Zionist leaders in Palestine thirty years after Dr. Weizmann used them. The massacre at Deir Yasin was an act of "observance" of the ancient "statutes and commandments", including the relevant passage in *Deuteronomy*, "When the Lord thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and shall cast out. . . seven nations greater and mightier than thou . . . then thou shalt *utterly destroy them*; thou shalt make no covenant with them, *nor show mercy unto them*", and the related passage, "*thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth, but thou shalt utterly destroy them*". There are *seven* Arab states today, and each of them has its share of the fugitives of 1948, who for eight years now have been a living reminder to them of the common future fate with which Zionism threatens them under the ancient Law.

The passive condonation of this deed by Jewry as a whole showed more clearly than anything else the change which Zionism had wrought in the Jewish mind in a few years. Writing in 1933 (only fifteen years before Deir Yasin), Mr. Bernard J. Brown quoted the above passage from *Deuteronomy* as the reason for Arab fears, and added, "Of course, the uncultured Arabs do not understand that the modern Jew does not take his

bible literally, and that he is a kind and charitable person and would not be so cruel to his fellow-man, but he suspects that if the Jews bottom their claim to Palestine on the strength of the historic rights to that land, *they can only do so on the authority of the Bible, and the Arab refuses to reject any part of it*". The Arabs were right and Mr. Brown was wrong; this enlightened Western Jew could not conceive, in 1933, that Zionism meant a full return to the superstition of antiquity in its most barbaric form.

Probably Deir Yasin remained an isolated incident only because its meaning was so clear that the Arabs left the country. Mr. Arthur Koestler is definite about this cause-and-effect. He was in Palestine and says the Arab civilian population, after Deir Yasin, at once fled from Haifa, Tiberia, Jaffa and all other cities and then from the entire country, so that "by May 14 all had gone save for a few thousand". All impartial authorities agree about the intention and effect of Deir Yasin, and from April 9, 1948 no doubt remained about the governing force of the ancient Judaic Law on all future acts and ambitions of Zion. Deir Yasin explains the fear of the surviving Arab states today as fully as it explains the flight of the Palestinian Arabs.

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Deir Yasin, for a little while, solved the Zionists' problem. The partition of Palestine had been achieved, by force. At the same time the event revealed (to the Arabs, if not then to the West) the nature of Dr. Weizmann's "abyss into which terrorism leads". From April 9, 1948 the West itself stood on the brink of this abyss, dug by the acts of two generations of its politicians.

Thus the situation changed completely between March 19, 1948, when the American Government decided that partition was "unworkable" and reversed its policy, and April 9, 1948, when terrorism effected partition. Dr. Weizmann must still have been haunted by his fears, but now that the territory for the Jewish state had been cleared he would not or could not withdraw from "the abyss". The aim now was to achieve a second reversal of American policy, to gain an expression of approval for what had been done by terrorism, and to this end, once more, Dr. Weizmann bent all his efforts. At the first reversal of American policy he had been urgently summoned from London to Lake Success by letters, cables and telephone calls, and the day before it was announced he was again closeted with President Truman. As the days passed, and the news from Deir Yasin flickered briefly over the tapes, he laboured tirelessly at his supreme task: the winning of "recognition" for the Jewish State set up by the terrorists at Deir Yasin.

Dr. Weizmann's energy was extraordinary. He conducted a one-man siege of the entire "United Nations" (of course, he was everywhere received as the representative of a new kind of world-power). He was "in close contact", for instance, with the delegates of Uruguay and Guatemala, whom he calls "the ever gallant defenders" of Zionism, and with the Secretary General of the United Nations, at that time a Mr. Trygve Lie from Norway. In mid-April, with the tidings from Deir Yasin rising to its very nostrils, the General Assembly of the United Nations met. The American vote was clearly to be decisive, and Dr. Weizmann remarks that he "began to be preoccupied with the idea of American recognition of the Jewish state". In other words, American state policy, formed in the constitutional process of consultation between the Chief Executive and his responsible Cabinet officers, was once more to be reversed at the demand of Chaim Weizmann.

Dates are again significant. On *May 13*, 1948 Dr. Weizmann saw President Truman; the contest for the presidential nominations then lay immediately ahead and the presidential election a few months beyond, so that this was the ideal moment to apply "irresistible pressure". Dr. Weizmann informed President Truman that the British mandate would end on May 15 and a provisional government would then take over "the Jewish state". He urged that the United States "promptly" recognize it and the President acted with zealous alacrity.

On *May 14* (Palestine time) the Zionists in Tel Aviv proclaimed their new state. A few minutes later "unofficial news" reached Lake Success that President Truman had recognized it. The American delegates (who had not been informed)

[451] "were incredulous", but "after much confusion" they made contact with the White House and received from it Dr. Weizmann's instructions, transmitted through the President. Dr. Weizmann forthwith repaired to Washington as the President of the new state and President Truman received his guest, thereafter announcing that the moment of recognition was "the proudest of my life".

Eight years later President Truman in his memoirs depicted the circumstances in which his "proudest moment" came about, and his account may appropriately be cited here. Describing the six-month period (from the "partition-vote" in November 1947 to "recognition" in April 1948), he says:



"Dr. Chaim Weizmann. . . called on me on November 19 and a few days later I received a letter from him". Mr. Truman then quotes this letter, dated *November 27*; in it Dr. Weizmann refers to "rumours" that "our people have exerted undue and excessive pressure on certain" (United Nations) "delegations" and, speaking for himself, says "there is no substance in this charge". Mr. Truman comments, "The facts were that not only were there pressure movements around the United Nations *unlike anything that had been seen there before, but that the White House, too, was subjected to a constant barrage. I do not think I ever had as much pressure and propaganda aimed at the White House as I had in this instance. The persistence of a few of the extreme Zionist leaders - actuated by political motives and engaging in political threats - disturbed me and annoyed me. Some were even suggesting that we pressure sovereign nations into favorable votes in the General Assembly.*"

The "political threats" mentioned here obviously related to President Truman's approaching re-election campaign; this is the only reasonable interpretation of the words. Mr. Truman (according to Dr. Weizmann) promised, at the interview on November 19, "to communicate at once with the American delegation" and the United States vote was then given, on *November 29*, to the "recommendation" that Palestine be partitioned. Thus President Truman's anger (as recorded in his narrative of 1956) at the methods used in no wise delayed his capitulation to them in 1947 (if that were not made plain the reader of his *Memoirs* might gain a different impression).

Mr. Truman (in 1956) recorded the outcome of the "solution" (the partition recommendation) supported by him in November 1947: "every day now brought reports of *new violence* in the Holy Land". He also found that his capitulation of November and Dr. Weizmann's disclaimer of "undue pressure" had no effect at all in the months that followed: "*The Jewish pressure on the White House did not diminish in the days following the partition vote in the United Nations. Individuals and groups asked me, usually in rather quarrelsome and emotional ways, to stop the Arabs, to keep the British from supporting the Arabs, to furnish American soldiers, to do this, that and the other*" (Disraeli's picture of "the world being governed by very different persons from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes").

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The President sought refuge in retreat: "As the pressure *mounted*, I found it necessary to give instructions that I did not want to be approached by any more spokesmen for the extreme Zionist cause. *I was even so disturbed that I put off seeing Dr. Weizmann*, who had returned to the United States and had asked for an interview with me". Mr. Truman, in 1956, evidently still held the postponement of an interview with Dr. Weizmann to have been so drastic a measure as to deserve permanent record. He was then visited (March 13, 1948) by an old Jewish business associate "who was deeply moved by the sufferings of the Jewish people abroad" (this was less than a month before the massacre at Deir Yasin) and who implored him to receive Dr. Weizmann, which President Truman at once did (March 18).

This was the day before American support was withdrawn from the partition recommendation (March 19). Mr. Truman says that when Dr. Weizmann left him (on March 18) "I felt he had reached a full understanding of my policy and that I knew what it was he wanted". Mr. Truman then passes over the bloody weeks that followed without a word (he does not mention Deir Yasin), except for an incidental statement that "the Department of State's specialists on the Near East were, almost without exception, unfriendly to the idea of a Jewish state. . . I am sorry to say that there were some among them who were also inclined to be anti-Semitic". He resumes his narrative two months later (May 14, after Deir Yasin and the accompanying bloodshed) then saying, "Partition was not taking place in *exactly* the peaceful manner I had hoped, but the fact was that the Jews were controlling the area in which their people lived. . . Now that the Jews were ready to proclaim the State of Israel I decided to move at once and give American recognition to the new nation. About thirty minutes later, *exactly eleven minutes* after Israel had been proclaimed a state, Charlie Ross, my press secretary, handed the press the announcement of the *de facto* recognition by the United States of the provisional government of Israel. I was told that to some of the career men of the State Department this announcement came as a surprise".

Mr. Truman does not in his *Memoirs* recall his statement of 1948 that this was "the proudest moment of my life", or explain why he felt it to be so; after many months of such "pressure" and "political threats" at the beleaguered White House that at one moment he was led to deny himself, if only for a short time, even to Dr. Weizmann! For the purposes of this narrative he now virtually passes from the story, having served his turn. He was elected president six months after his proudest moment and at the date of this book looks fit to live another twenty years, a dapper, hearty man on whom the consequences of the acts with which his name is identified apparently had as little effect as the fury of the ocean cyclone has on the bobbing cork. (In 1956 he joined the company of those who have been awarded an honorary degree by the ancient University of Oxford, a woman don there raising a lonely and unheeded voice against its bestowal on the Chief Executive whose name is best known from its association with the order to atom-



[453] bomb Nagasaki and Hiroshima).

After President Truman's proud recognition of what had been done in Palestine between November 1947 and May 1948 the debate at the "United Nations" lost importance and Dr. Weizmann (who in his letter to President Truman of November 27, 1947 had warmly denied the use of "undue pressure") set to work to muster other recognitions, so that the issue should be put beyond doubt. He learned that Mr. Bevin, in London, "was bringing pressure to bear on the British Dominions. . . to withhold recognition", and he at once showed who was the greater expert in applying "pressure".

Historically regarded, this was a moment of the first importance, because it showed for the first time that Zionism, which had so deeply divided Jewry, had divided the nations of the British Empire, or Commonwealth; what no warlike menace or danger had ever achieved, "irresistible pressure on international politics" smoothly accomplished. Suddenly Zion was shown to be supreme in capitals as far from the central scene as Ottawa, Canberra, Cape Town and Wellington. .

This gave proof of superb staffwork and synchronization; miracles of secret organization must have been performed, in a few decades, to ensure the obedience, at the decisive moment, of the "top-line politicians" in Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. These countries were remote from Palestine; they had no interest in implanting the fuse of new world war in the Middle East; their Jewish populations were tiny. Yet submission was instantaneous. This was world power in operation.

The great significance of what transpired may need explaining to non-British readers. The bonds between the British island and the overseas nations sprung from it, though they were intangible and rested on no compulsion, had in emergency repeatedly shown a strength, mysterious to outsiders. An anecdote may illustrate:

The New Zealand Brigadier George Clifton relates that when he was captured in the Western Desert in 1941 he was brought before Field Marshal Rommel, who asked, "Why are you New Zealanders fighting? This is a European war, not yours! Are you here for the sport?"

Brigadier Clifton was perplexed to explain something which to him was as natural as life itself: "Realizing he was quite serious and really meant this, and never having previously tried to put into words the, to us, self-evident fact that if Britain fought then we fought too, I held up my hand with the fingers together and said, 'We stand together. If you attack England, you attack New Zealand and Australia and Canada too. The British Commonwealth fights together'."

That was true, in respect of *people*, but it was no longer true in respect of "topline politicians". Through them, the conspiracy from Russia had found the chink in the armour. The "pressure" in Wellington (and the other capitals) was as powerful and effective as it was around the White House. In this particular case [454] (New Zealand) a typical figure of that time and group of helots was a Mr. Peter Fraser, Prime Minister of New Zealand. None could have had less cause to hate, or even to know anything about Arabs, but he was their implacable enemy, because he had somehow become another captive of Zionism. This poor Scottish lad, who went to the other edge of the world and found fame and fortune there, apparently picked up the infection during impressionable youthful years in London (when it was spreading among ambitious young politicians there) and took it with him to the new country, so that decades later he applied all his energies and the power of his office to the destruction of harmless folk in Palestine! When he died in 1950 a Zionist newspaper wrote of him:

"He was a convinced Zionist. . . He was busy leading the United Nations delegation of his country at the Paris Assembly, but gave much time and attention to the Palestine issue. . . *sitting day after day at the Political Committee when Palestine was discussed. He never left the room for one moment*; no detail escaped his attention. . . *He was the only Premier on the committee and left it as soon as Palestine was dealt with . . . Time and again Peter Fraser found himself voting against the United Kingdom, but he did not care . . . He remained a friend until his last day*".

A man with this alien ambition in his heart certainly thought quite differently from Brigadier Clifton and his kind, and had he known how his Prime Minister felt Brigadier Clifton might have been much more puzzled to know how to reply to Field Marshal Rommel. Being so much preoccupied with Zionism Mr. Fraser could not be expected to be wholehearted in his country's interest and New Zealand went into the Second War all unready, so that when he met New Zealand survivors from Greece and Crete at Port Said in 1941 they were "haggard, unshaven, battle-stained, many of them wounded, all badly worn both physically and mentally, all worried by the loss of so many good 'Cobbers'; Mr. Fraser was responsible, in part, for this"

(Brigadier Clifton). With this man as prime minister, New Zealand's quick recognition of what had been done in Palestine was assured, little though the New Zealanders knew it.

In South Africa, Dr. Weizmann, in his moves to discomfort Mr. Bevin, turned at once to General Smuts, whom the reader met long ago. By chance I was in South Africa at that moment. A well-known Zionist emissary came speeding from New York by air and when I read of his arrival I foresaw what would follow. (This man appeared before a Zionist audience and told it that "the Jews need not feel themselves bound by any frontiers which the United Nations might lay down"; the only remonstrance against this, seen by me, came from a Jewish objector, who said such words boded ill for future peace).

General Smuts received this airborne visitor and then announced "recognition" at once, being beaten in promptness only by President Truman and the Soviet dictator Stalin, (who in this one question were perfectly agreed): This was, I believe, General Smuts's last political act, for he was defeated at an [455] election two days later. His son strongly warned him against recognition, holding that it would lose him votes. General Smuts brushed the advice aside (rightly, from the electioneering point of view, for his opponents no doubt were ready to bid for the Zionist vote and South Africa contained no Arab voters).

General Smuts's renown throughout the British Commonwealth (and his unpopularity with most of his fellow Boers) rested entirely on the popular belief that he was the architect of "Anglo-Boer reconciliation" and a champion of the great-family concept. In this one question he deserted the hard-pressed government in London with the unquestioning obedience of long-instilled discipline. I achieved an old ambition to meet him at that time. His days were ending and he too now disappears from this tale, but before he died he, like Dr. Weizmann, had seen "the abyss" which he had helped dig: "in the problem of Palestine" (he told his son later in the same year, 1948) "there is *tragedy at our doorstep* . . . No wonder Britain is getting sick and tired of it all. Failure in Palestine will not only be a British failure. Other nations have also taken a hand, including America, and they have also failed. Palestine . . . is one of the great problems of the world and can have a great effect on the future of the world . . . We have thought to let the Arabs and Jews fight it out, *but we cannot do that. Power is on the move, and Palestine lies on the road*".

So he spoke privately, but not publicly. Apparently politicians, like the clown in the opera, feel they must ever wear the mask in public: Like Mr. Truman, he did what Dr. Weizmann commanded without delay and even in 1949, for the benefit of a Zionist audience, said he was "happy to have been associated with at least *one thing in my life which has been successful*".

The retreat from London became a rout. Dr. Weizmann records that the New Zealand representative, Sir Carl Berendsen, then "won support from Australia", and soon the "top-line politicians" in Canada followed suit. When the British Dominions followed Mr. Truman and Generalissimo Stalin the smaller states thronged to give "recognition"; they could not refuse to tread where these great ones had rushed in, and thus "the Jewish state" took shape "de facto", the fact being the massacre at Deir Yasin.

Although he became its president, this is in truth the point at which Dr. Chaim Weizmann passes from the narrative, after fifty years of an activity, essentially conspiratorial, in which he encompassed the capitulation of all political leaders of the West and left "tragedy", like a foundling, on its common doorstep. I would not know where to look for a more fascinating life and another writer might be able to depict it in heroic tones. To me it seems to have been given to a destructive purpose and Dr. Weizmann, whose years were nearly done when he reached his triumph, found triumph a bitter, perhaps a lethal cup.

So I judge, at all events, from his book, the last part of which is of absorbing interest. It was published in 1949, so that he could have brought his account to the point now reached by this one, at least. He did not. He closed it in 1947. Now, [456] why did he do that?

I think the answer is obvious. In 1946 he had warned the World Zionist Organization against "terror" and depicted "the abyss" into which "the old evil" must lead, and had been deposed in consequence. Then he had become president of the new state set up by "terror". I think he wished to leave his warning to Jewry on record and could not bring himself to discuss the deeds of terror and assassination in which the new state was born, so that he pretended to have ended the manuscript *before* they occurred.

He put the date of completion as November 30, 1947, the day after his triumph at Lake Success (when President Truman, at his prompting, telephoned the American delegation to vote for partition). Evidently he wished the book to end on that note. The reversal of American policy, and the deeds against which he had uttered warning, soon followed, and as the book was not to appear until 1949 he had plenty of time to

express his opinion of them. All he did was to add an epilogue in which he did not even mention the determining deed at Deir Yasin, the contemptuous answer to his warnings. Moreover, he again went out of his way to say that this epilogue was finished in *August* 1948; this saved him the need to make any reference to the next determining deed of terrorism, the assassination of Count Bernadotte, which occurred in *September* 1948. Obviously Dr. Weizmann quailed. He had identified himself with both massacre and murder by accepting and retaining the presidency of the new state.

For that reason his earlier warnings are of the greatest significance; he *could* have deleted them before publication. For instance, he charged "the terrorists" (into whose hands he delivered the future of Palestine, and of much more than Palestine) with trying to "*force the hand of God*". This, obviously was the heresy of Zionism, and of all those who supported it, whether Jew or Gentile, from the very start, and of Dr. Weizmann more than most others. He added, "*the terrorist groups in Palestine represented a grave danger to the whole future of the Jewish state; actually their behaviour has been next door to anarchy*". It *was* anarchy, not neighbour to anarchy, and Dr. Weizmann's life's effort was anarchic. Even in this argument he was not moved by moral recoil; his complaint was not against the destructive nature of anarchy itself, but merely that it was inexpedient, "because the Jews have hostages all over the world".

On the very day after his triumph at Lake Success he returned to his new theme: "There must not be one law for the Jew and another for the Arabs. . . The Arabs must be given the feeling that the decision of the United Nations is final, and that the Jews will not trespass on any territory outside the boundaries assigned to them. There does exist such a fear in the hearts of many Arabs and this fear must be eliminated in every way . . . They must see from the outset that their brethren within the Jewish state are treated exactly like the Jewish citizens . . . We must not bend the knee to strange gods. The Prophets have always chastised the Jewish people with the utmost severity for this tendency, and [457] whenever it slipped back into paganism, whenever it reverted, it was punished by the stern god of Israel. . . I am certain that the world will judge the Jewish state by what it will do with the Arabs".

Thou sayest! Here Dr. Weizmann put on the robes of an Israelite prophet, or perhaps the crown of Canute bidding the tide retreat. When these words were published the Arabs had already been driven from their native lands, the Jews *had* "trespassed" on territory outside the boundaries earlier "recommended", the Arabs were not being treated "exactly like the Jewish citizens" but were homeless and destitute fugitives. Dr. Weizmann pretended not to know all that! He ignored all that had happened and said it must not happen. As an example of published hypocrisy this can hardly be excelled even in politics. The probable explanation is that he still could not bring himself to denounce what had been done but, as his death approached, felt he must point out its consequences; those consequences to which his life's work from the start was bound to lead, if it were successful. At the last he cried "Back!", and all in vain.

A greater man than he cried out in horror and linked the consequences to the *deeds*, which he did not fear to name. Dr. Judah Magnes was in the direct line of the Israelite remonstrants of old. Born in America in 1877, like Dr. Weizmann he had given his life to Zionism, but in a different spirit. He was a *religious* Zionist, not a political one, and did not presume "to force God's hand". From the start he had worked for the establishment of an Arab-Jewish binational state and had attacked Zionist chauvinism from its first appearance. He became Chancellor of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem in 1925 (having strongly objected to Dr. Weizmann's pompous foundation-stone ceremony in 1918), was its president from 1935, and in 1948 was in Jerusalem. He was appalled by the emergence of "the old evil in a new and horrible guise" and left a valedictory lament condemning the Zionists and the Western politicians alike:

"Refugees should never be made use of as a trump in the hands of politicians. It is deplorable, incredible even, after all that the Jews in Europe have gone through, that an Arab problem of displaced persons should be created in the Holy Land".

He died immediately after saying this and I have not been able to discover the circumstances of his death; references to it in Jewish literature are often cryptic and resemble those concerning the breakdown and sudden death of Dr. Herzl. For instance, one such allusion (in the foreword to Rabbi Elmer Berger's book of 1951) says he "died of a broken heart".

In Dr. Magnes another Jewish peacemaker joined the group of responsible men who for fifty years had vainly sought to keep the West (and the Jews) out of the grip of a Talmudic conspiracy from Russia. He founded and left an organization, the Ihud Association, which still speaks with his voice, and even from Jerusalem. Its organ there, NER, in December 1955 said, "Ultimately we shall have to come out with the truth openly: We have no right whatever, on

[458] principle, to prevent the return of the Arab refugees to their soil. . . What should Ihud strive for? To transform the perennial powder keg (which is the State of Israel, according to Minister Pinhas Lavon) into a place of peaceful habitation. And what weapons is the Ihud to use? The weapons of truth. . . We had no right to occupy an Arab house without first paying its price; and the same is true of the fields and groves, the stores and factories. We have had no right whatever to colonize and materialize Zionism at the expense of others. This is robbery; this is banditry. . . We are once more among the very rich nations, but we are not ashamed to rob the property of the fellaheen".

This is a still small voice in Jewry at the present moment (incidentally, Dr. Albert Einstein spoke with the same voice: "My awareness of the essential nature of Judaism resists the idea of a Jewish state with borders, an army and a measure of temporal power, no matter how modest; I am afraid of the inner damage Judaism will sustain", 1950), but it is the only one which gives Jewry the hope of ultimate salvation from the Zionism of the Chazars. Today the probability, if not the certainty, is that this salvation can only come after the final tribulation in which the wanton adventure in Palestine must involve the multitudes of the West, the Jews among them.

One final point remains to be established about the creation, "*de facto*", of the Zionist state; namely, that it was the child of the revolution. The revolution enabled the Jews "to become a majority in Palestine", as the British authors of the Balfour Declaration of 1917 had desired, and this transformation in Palestine could not have been effected in any other way, for no large body of Jews anywhere else in the world could have been brought to go there. The mass-movement was only possible in the case of these Eastern Jews who for centuries had lived in close Talmudic regimentation, and the manner of their transportation to Palestine has been shown. In 1951 Israeli Government statistics showed that of the "majority" which had been achieved (about 1,400,000 Jews), 1,061,000 were foreign-born, and 577,000 of these came from the communized countries behind the Iron curtain, where non-Jews were not allowed to move even from one town to another without police and other permits. (Most of the remaining 484,000 were North African or Asiatic Jews who arrived after the establishment of the state and took no part in its violent acquisition).

The invaders, therefore, were the Eastern Jews of Tartar-Mongol stock, but force of numbers alone would not have ensured their success. They needed arms for that. During the war General Wavell had informed Mr. Churchill that the Jews, if allowed to, could "beat the Arabs", and he evidently based this judgment on the arms which, as he knew, the Zionists had then amassed. At that time these could only have been British or American arms, clandestinely obtained from the depots of the Allied armies operating in North Africa and the Middle East (a process at least winked at, if not officially approved, by the political leaders in London and Washington, as has been shown). General Wavell, though his [459] opinion proved correct, may at the time have overestimated the Zionist strength or have underestimated Arab resistance, for the Zionists, after the event, did not attribute it to the Allied weapons obtained by them. On the contrary, they believed that they owed their victory in the six months of fighting (between the "partition" vote and Deir Yasin) to the arms they received from the revolution. The Iron Curtain, which had opened to let the invaders of Palestine leave, opened again to allow arms to reach them in decisive quantities.

This was the first major consequence of General Eisenhower's order, issued under President Roosevelt's direction, to halt the Allied armies west of the Berlin-Vienna line and allow Czechoslovakia to fall to the Soviet; the arms came from that captive country, where the great Skoda arsenal, as a result of his order, had merely passed from Nazi into Communist hands. A few weeks after President Truman's recognition of the Zionist state the *New York Herald-Tribune* published this report from Israel:

"Russian prestige has soared enormously among all political factions . . . Through its consistent espousal of Israel's cause in the United Nations, the Soviet Union has established a goodwill reservoir with leftists, moderates and right wing elements. Perhaps of more importance to a new nation fighting for its existence has been a fact less generally known: that Russia provided practical help when practical help was needed . . . Russia opened its military stores to Israel. From the Soviet satellite nation of Czechoslovakia, Jews made some of their most important and possibly their most sizable bulk purchases. Certain Czech arms shipments which reached Israel during critical junctures of the war played a vital role . . . When Jewish troops marched in review down Tel Aviv's Allenby Street last week, new Czechoslovak rifles appeared on the shoulders of infantry soldiers" (August 5, 1948).

At that time the Zionist and Zionist-controlled press throughout the West began explicitly to identify "anti-Semitism", with "anti-Communism" (the attribution of Jewish origins and leadership to Communism had long been denounced as the mark of the "anti-Semite"). The Jewish *Sentinel* of Chicago, for instance, in June 1946 had already declared, "We recognize anti-Sovietism for what it really is. . . Did you ever hear of any

anti-Semites anywhere in the world who were not also anti-Soviet? . . . We recognize our foes. Let us also recognize our friends, the Soviet people". In the schools of the new state itself the flag of the revolution was flown and its hymn sung on May Day, an ostentatious acknowledgement of affinity if not of parenthood. In January 1950 the Tel Aviv correspondent of the London *Times* reported that Czechoslovakia was still the source of arms supply for the Zionist' state.

So much for the birth of "Israel" and the pains it caused to others. No offspring of political illegitimacy was ever ushered into the world by so many sponsors; the "recognitions" poured in and the peacemakers were everywhere discomfited. Mr. Bevin continued in office for a few years and then resigned, soon

[460] to die; General Marshall and Mr. Forrestal were dropped at the first opportunity, obviously for the discouragement of others who might take their responsible duty seriously.

Within a few weeks the new state took another step towards "the abyss" of "the old evil". The "United Nations", having accepted the accomplished bisection of Europe and recommended the bisection of Palestine, showed a tardy concern for "peace" and appealed to Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden to go to Palestine and mediate between the parties. Count Bernadotte had always given himself to the mitigation of human suffering, particularly to the relief and rescue of Jewish victims during the Second War. He worked in the sign of the Cross (the red one) and was killed at the very place where the Cross first became a symbol of faith and hope. No deed can be more atrocious than the murder of an accepted peacemaker and mediator by one of the combatant parties, and within four months of its creation the Zionist state added this second symbolic act to its calendar.

Count Bernadotte (like Mr. Forrestal) kept a diary, published after his death. This records that, after accepting the mission of peace, he passed through London and was visited by Dr. Nahum Goldman, then vice-president of the Jewish Agency and the Zionist state's representative, who told him that: "the state of Israel *was now in a position to take full and complete responsibility for the acts committed by the Stern Gang and the members of Irgun*".

These were the killer-groups whose deed at Deir Yasin effected the clearance of territory for the Zionists and was implicitly "recognized" by the West. They were the "activists" against whom Dr. Weizmann had uttered warning at the Zionist Congress of 1946. Deir Yasin had shown that they had the power, by calculated acts of terrorism, to change the whole course of world affairs, irrespective of anything said by Zionist leaders, by politicians in the West, or by the "United Nations".

They have this power in 1956, and will continue to have it. They can at any time precipitate the world into new war, for they have been placed in the most inflammable spot in the world, rightly described as "the powder keg" by an American Secretary of State, a British Foreign Secretary and the Zionist Premier himself. Up to the time when Dr. Nahum Goldman made the above-quoted statement to Count Bernadotte a pretence had been kept up that they were beyond the control of the "responsible" Zionist leaders, who deplored their acts. Dr. Goldman's assurance was presumably meant to convince Count Bernadotte that his work of mediation would not be wantonly destroyed by any such act as that of Deir Yasin. The terrorists then murdered Count Bernadotte himself, and in the sequel (as will be shown) the Israeli government took responsibility for them and their deeds.

Count Bernadotte, after hearing these reassuring words, set out to pacify. In Egypt he saw the Prime Minister, Nokrashi Pasha, who said he "recognized the [461] extent of Jewish economic power, *since it controlled the economic system of many countries, including the United States, England, France, Egypt itself and perhaps even Sweden*" (Count Bernadotte did not demur to the last statement). Nokrashi Pasha said the Arabs *did not expect to escape that domination*. However, for the Jews to achieve *economic* domination of the whole of Palestine was one thing; what the Arabs would not accept, and would resist, was the attempt *by force and terrorism*, and with the assistance of international Zionism, to set up a Zionist state based on coercion. After this King Farouk told Count Bernadotte that if the war continued (it has not yet ended) it would develop into a third world war; Count Bernadotte agreed and said he had for that reason accepted the task of Mediator.

He also mentioned that in the war he had had "the privilege of rescuing about 20,000 persons, many of them Jews; I myself had been in charge of this work". He evidently thought this would qualify him for Zionist respect, and was wrong. Within a few days he had persuaded the Arabs (on June 9, 1948) to agree unconditionally to a cease-fire, but then read a fanatical Zionist attack on himself for "having forced the truce on the Jews". "I began to realize what an exposed position I was in . . . the friendliness towards me would



unquestionably turn to suspicion and illwill if, in my later activities as Mediator, *I failed to study primarily the interest of the Jewish party* but sought to find *an impartial and just solution* of the problem".

Irgun (for which the Zionist government through Dr. Goldman in London had claimed "full and complete responsibility") then broke the truce (June 18-30, 1948) by landing men and arms. Count Bernadotte and his observers "were unable to judge the number of Irgun men landed or the quantity of war material unloaded" because the Zionist government refused to allow them near the spot. In the first week of July "the Jewish press made very violent attacks on me". The defamationist method (used against Mr. Forrestal) was now employed and Count Bernadotte's efforts to rescue Jewish victims during the war were turned against him; the insinuation was made that his negotiations with the Nazi Gestapo chief, Heinrich Himmler, towards the war's end about the liberation of Jews had been of dubious character. "It was unjust to cast aspersions on me", (the innuendo was that Count Bernadotte was "a Nazi") "my work having been the means of saving the lives of about 10,000 Jews".

That meant as little to the Zionists as Alexander II's and Count Stolypin's efforts to "improve the lot of the Jews" forty years earlier; Count Bernadotte's mortal offence was impartiality. Between July 19 and August 12 he had to tell Dr. Joseph, Zionist military governor of Jerusalem, that according to his observers' reports "the Jews were the most aggressive party in Jerusalem". On September 16, on the historic peacemaker's path "to Jerusalem" (the title of his book) Count Bernadotte in effect wrote his own death warrant; on that day he sent his "Progress Report" as Mediator from Rhodes to the United Nations, and within

[462] twenty-four hours he was murdered.

The reason lay in his proposals. He accepted the "de facto" establishment of the Zionist state but, building on that basis, sought to reconcile and pacify by impartial proposals, as just to each party as the accomplished fact would allow. His chief concern was for the civilian Arab population, driven by the pogrom at Deir Yasin from its native villages and huddled beyond the frontiers. Nothing like this had ever been done under the wing of the West, and Count Bernadotte was fresh from efforts to rescue Jews from Hitler. Thus he proposed:

(1) that the boundaries of the Zionist state should be those envisaged in the "recommendation" of the United Nations on November 29, 1947, the Negev to remain Arab territory and the United Nations to ensure that these boundaries were "respected and maintained"; (2) that (as also "recommended") Jerusalem be internationalized under United Nations control; (3) that the United Nations should "*affirm and give effect to*" the right of the Arab fugitives to return to their homes.

Having despatched these proposals on September 16, 1948, Count Bernadotte, before they could reach New York, flew to Jerusalem (September 17). He and his party, unarmed and defenceless, drove towards Government House when their car was halted by a Zionist jeep pulled across the road. Their movements were clearly as well known as the contents of Count Bernadotte's report; three men jumped from the jeep, ran to his car, and with sten guns killed him and his Chief Observer in Jerusalem, the French Colonel Serot.

The survivors, in an appendix to his diary, describe the killing in detail. Their accounts show its efficient preparation and execution and plainly point to the identity of the chief organizer. The actual murderers escaped without hindrance, two in the jeep and one across country. None was arrested or charged (report, probably credible, says that a waiting aeroplane removed the murderers to communized Czechoslovakia). The subsequent Israeli enquiry stated that:

"The murder as it was actually carried out and all the preparations that went with it are predicated on the following points: (a) a clear decision to assassinate Count Bernadotte and the elaboration of a detailed plan for its carrying out; (b) a complex spy network capable of keeping track of the Count's movements during the time of his stay in Jerusalem so as to enable those responsible for the operation to fix its place and time; (c) men experienced in this kind of activities or who had received in good time training for it; (d) appropriate arms and methods of communication as well as safe refuge after the murder; (e) a commander well experienced and responsible for the actual perpetration".

For such men the new state had declared itself "fully responsible". Three days later a French news agency received a letter expressing regret that Colonel Serot, had been killed in mistake for the Mediator's Chief-of-Staff, the Swedish General Lundstrom, he being "an anti-Semite" (General Lundstrom was in another seat of the car). This letter was signed "Hazit Moledeth"; the Israeli [463] police report stated that this was the name of the secret terrorist group within the Stern Gang.

General Lundstrom announced (September 18) that "These deliberate murders of two high international officials constitute a breach of the truce of the utmost gravity and a black page in Palestine's history *for which the United Nations will demand a full accounting*". No such demand was to be expected from the United Nations which (as this account has shown) responds only to the strongest pressure exerted behind the scenes. It has (or then had; none can say what wondrous transformation the future might bring) no morality of its own; it was an oracle, worked by a hidden mechanism, and it did not trouble itself about the murder of its Mediator any more than the Washington and London governments had troubled about the persecution of Mr. Forrestal and the murder of Lord Moyne. It ignored the Mediator's proposals; the Zionists took and kept what territory they then wanted (*including* the Negev), refused to let the Arabs return, and proclaimed that they would not allow Jerusalem to be internationalized (they are implacable in these points today, eight years later). The world-newspapers brought out the editorial which they seemed to keep in standing-type for such occasions ("Incalculable harm has been done to the Zionist cause. . .") and then resumed their daily denunciations of any who pleaded the Arab case as "anti-Semites". The *Times* of London even blamed Count Bernadotte for his own murder; it said the proposal to internationalize Jerusalem "undoubtedly *incited* certain Jews to kill Count Bernadotte", and in the common understanding the word "incite" imputes *blame*.

In Israel four months later two Stern Group leaders named Yellin and Shmuelevitz were sentenced to eight and five years imprisonment in this connection by a special court, the president of which, in reading the judgment, said there was "no proof that the order to kill Count Bernadotte had been given by the leadership". The two men (according to the Jewish Telegraph Agency) "scarcely paid heed to the proceedings in view of the fact that the State Council was expected to approve a general amnesty", and within a few hours of their sentencing they were released, then being escorted in triumph to a popular reception. The "Commander-in-Chief" of Irgun, a Mr. Menachem Begin, some years later made "a triumphal tour" of Western cities, being received in Montreal, for instance, by "a guard of honour of the Montreal police headed by Rabbis bearing Scrolls of the Law" (the South African *Jewish Herald*). Speaking at Tel Aviv during an election campaign in 1950 Mr. Begin claimed credit for the foundation of the Zionist state, through the deed at Deir Yasin. He said the Irgun had "occupied Jaffa", which the government party "had been ready to hand over to the Arabs", and added:

"The other part of the Irgun's contribution was Deir Yasin, which has caused the Arabs to leave the country and make room for the newcomers. Without Deir Yasin and the subsequent Arab rout, the present government could not absorb [464] one-tenth of the immigrants".

Throughout the ensuing years, to this day, Mr. Begin continued to make sanguinary threats against the neighbouring Arab states\*, to whom the presence of the Palestinian Arabs within their borders was a constant reminder of Deir Yasin and of the dire meaning of his menaces. For five years the public pretence was maintained that "the terrorists" had acted without authority at Deir Yasin and then, in April 1953, four Irgun men wounded at Deir Yasin claimed compensation. The Israeli government, through its Ministry of Security, denied the claim on the ground that the attack was "unauthorized", whereon the Irgun commander produced a letter from the official Zionist military headquarters in Jerusalem authorizing the action. By that time the signatory was Israeli Minister in Brazil.

In the city where the "United Nations" had their headquarters, a strong reason offered why no "accounting" for Count Bernadotte's murder should be demanded. When it happened the American presidential election was close at hand. The campaign was at full heat and *both* candidates (Mr. Truman and Mr. Thomas Dewey) held the Zionist vote to be indispensable to success. They were vying for it and Palestine was a long way from New York. Mr. Truman was the better-qualified aspirant, for he had recognized the new state and proclaimed the act "the proudest" of his life. On another occasion he said it was one guided by "the highest *humanitarian* purpose". A few weeks after the murder on the road to Jerusalem he was elected president; at the year's end he gave White House employees a bookmark with the words, "I would rather have peace than be President" .

By 1948 Colonel House's electoral strategy of 1910 had been developed into a high-precision instrument controlled by the Zionist international; the masterswitch being in New York State. The machine and company-flotation era added a new verb to the English language: "to rig", meaning to arrange or manipulate. Experts are able to "rig" machines. An example is the gambling-or-slot-machine in America. John Doe inserts his coin in the vague belief that the machine is operated by the laws of chance, and that if he is chance's favourite its entire contents will pour into his hands; in fact the machine is expertly adjusted so that a precisely-calculated proportion of its receipts (probably between eighty and ninety percent) go to the gambling syndicate and the residue goes in small windfalls to John Doe.

The "rigging" of the American electoral system is the determining factor in the events of the 20th Century. A mechanism originally designed to enable John Doe

\* Begin Calls For War: Jerusalem. Attack the Arabs smash one weak spot after another, crush one front after another until victory is assured. . . this was the essence of the speech which Mr. Menahem Begin, leader of the Herut Party made last week in Jerusalem. He was speaking from the balcony of a hotel overlooking Zion Square filled with a few thousand persons. 'Our losses in such an action will not be negligible but at any rate they will be much less than when we face the combined Arab armies in the field', he said, ' . . . today the Defence Forces are stronger than all the Arab armies combined . . . Moses needed ten blows to take the Israelies out of Egypt; with one blow we can throw the Egyptians out of Israel', he said, referring to the Gaza Strip." (Johannesburg *Zionist Record*, August 20, 1954).

[465] to express his opinion about policies and parties has been adjusted to such a point of nicety, almost precluding error, that he is left without voice in his national affairs; no matter what coin he inserts in which slot, the governing syndicate wins.

The electoral system itself might at the start have been designed to make easy the task of "a foreign group" bent on dictating the course of American state policy. An election *always* impends: a Congressional one every second, a presidential one every fourth year. No sooner is a Congress or President elected than the "pressure-groups" begin to work on the aspirants for the next election; the party-managers begin to worry about the next contest; and the would be Senators, Congressmen and Presidents start to feel, and respond to, "the pressure". There is no breathing-space in which prudence might prevail and the stranglehold be broken (in 1953, as will be seen, even the struggle for the mayoralty of New York City produced an abrupt, major reversal of American state policy, the issue being "support for Israel". The intensification of "pressure" at these recurrent moments, and the consequent warnings from the party-managers to incumbents in Congress or the White House, bring about these back-somersaults, which upset the whole edifice of policy laboriously erected by responsible ministers and competent permanent officials).

In these circumstances the new "state" set up in Palestine in 1948 was never, and never can be, a "state" in any meaning of the word formerly used in recorded history. It was the outpost of a world organization with special access to every government, parliament and foreign office in the Western world (and most especially to the government, parliament and foreign office of the United States, which in the 1950's was the most powerful country in the world), and its chief function was to exercise control over the American Republic, not to afford "a home" for the Jews of the world. The prospect opened by this state of affairs was that of increasing American involvement in an explosive situation in the Levant, artificially created and pregnant with the danger of world war.

When 1948 ended, thirty-one years after the first triumph of the dual conspiracy (the Balfour Declaration and the Bolshevik revolution) the Zionist state had been set up. Mr. Truman, the pacemaker in "recognition", had been advised by his responsible officers that the partition forcibly effected at Deir Yasin would lead to a third world war; all leading Western politicians had received the same counsel from their responsible advisers. None of the "top-line politicians" concerned can have been in doubt about the shape which their support of Zionism would give to the future, and their public utterances about it cannot have expressed their private knowledge or belief. The American politicians of the 1940's and 1950's, like Mr. Leopold Amery and Mr. Winston Churchill during the earlier decades, evidently were captive to the belief that, for some reason never disclosed, "policy" in this one matter could never "change". The captivity of the London and Washington governments, and the identity of

[466] the captors, even today (1956) is not realized by the American and British masses (though the now apparent danger of a new world war beginning in and spreading outward from Zionised Palestine is for the first time disquietening them). In the rest of the world it has long been understood. As long ago as the 1920's for instance, the Maharajah of Kashmir asked Sir Arthur Lothian (as that British diplomat relates), "why the British government was establishing a 'Yehudi ka Raj' (Rule of the Jews) in India. I demurred to this description, but he insisted that it was true, saying the Viceroy, Lord Reading, was a Jew, the Secretary of State, Mr. Edwin Montague, was a Jew, the High Commissioner, Sir William Meyer, was a Jew, and what more evidence did I want?" Thus a remote Indian Maharajah, thirty years ago, clearly saw the true shape of coming events in the Western world.

I quoted earlier the statement of the Egyptian Prime Minister to Count Bernadotte, that "Jewish economic power controlled the economic system of. . . the United States, England, France, Egypt itself. . ." In the seven years that have passed the leaders of all the Arab states have openly and repeatedly charged that the American government has become merely the instrument of Zionist ambitions and have pointed to their own experience as the proof.

Far on the other side of the world the effect of the "rigged" electoral machine in New York was felt in its other manifestation: support of the revolution. Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese leader, was driven by similar shifts in American state policy from the Chinese mainland (where Communism with American support established itself) to the island of Formosa, where for the time being he again received some measure of American support. A well-known American broadcaster, Mr. Tex McCrary, visited him there and reported back to the listening millions of New York State: "I squirmed with embarrassment when I was told, 'We have learned never to trust America for more than eighteen months at a time, *between elections*'".

This control of American state policy, through control of the election machine, led in 1952 to a culminating act of the Talmudic vengeance, wreaked this time on the half of Germany which had been left "free" by the bisection. This half of Germany was forced to pay tribute to the Zionist state, set up three years after Germany's defeat in the Second War!

After the First War the Western victor powers tried to exact tribute ("reparations") but failed; what was received was merely by book-entry, for it was cancelled out by American and British loans. After the Second War the revolution exacted tribute from captive East Germany by simply helping itself. The Western victor powers made no demand for "reparations" on their *own* account, but extorted it for Zion.

As the years passed the alarm of responsible men in the Middle East again made itself felt in the State Department. It was constantly reminded by its advisers on the spot that the seven Arab States had never accepted the deed of

[467] 1948, that they held themselves still to be in a state of war with the interloping state, and held the United States to be paying for arms to be used against themselves.

Thus the idea was born, several years after the war's end, of making the "free" half of Germany pay "reparations" to a state which had not even existed during the Second War; the continued propping-up of the new state was to be ensured and the true source of its support obscured. The idea was long bruited behind the scenes and (like the judgment of Nuremberg) then was suddenly given symbolic realization on the eve of the Jewish High Holy days in 1952 (or, as *Time* magazine of New York put it, "In the last week of the Jewish year 5711"). It formed the dominant theme of the ensuing Judaic celebrations, one Jewish newspaper remarking that it was "The finest New Year present for Jewry we could think of".

The Chancellor of occupied West Germany, Dr. Adenauer ("waxy pale") informed the Bundestag at Bonn of "the obligation to make moral and material amends". His Minister for Justice, Dr. Dehler, spoke differently to an audience at Coburg: "The agreement with Israel was concluded *at the wish of the Americans, because the United States, in view of the feeling in the Arab countries, cannot continue to support the state of Israel in the same way as heretofore*".

The American presidential election of 1952 was then immediately at hand. The West German government was constrained to pay, over a period of twelve to fourteen years, 822 million dollars to Israel, mostly in goods. The picture resulting from this transaction somewhat strikingly recalls Stehelin's summary of passages from the Cabala depicting the Messianic consummation: "But let us see a little after what manner the Jews are to live in their ancient country under the Administration of the Messiah. In the first place, the strange nations, which they shall suffer to live, shall build them houses and cities, till them ground and plant them vineyards; and all this, without so much as looking for any reward of their labour". This picture is not far different from that offered by the British, American and German taxpayers under the different forms of constraint (hidden in the first two cases, open in the third case) to which they have been subjected in the matter of tribute for Zionism.

The Western masses were not informed about the manner in which this payment of tribute was extorted; it was presented to them as an independent act of the West German government, prompted by high moral feeling. Jewish readers, on the other hand, were as well informed as Dr. Dehler's audience at Coburg. To quote two examples: the Jewish Telegraph Agency "revealed that the United States Government has played a very important role in pushing Western Germany to make a decent reparations offer to the Jews; the British government has also done its share, although to a smaller extent"; and the Johannesburg *Zionist Herald* said, "The agreement with Germany could not have been possible without the active and very effective support of the United States government in

[468] Washington and of the United States High Commissioner's office in Germany". The entire Arab press reported similarly, and an American newspaperman who sought to make his way in to one of the Arab refugee camps was rebuffed with the words, "What is the use of talking with you? We Arabs know very well that in America no newspaper dares to tell the whole truth about the Palestine question".

In England the official version was given to parliament by Lord Reading, Foreign Under Secretary and son of the Viceroy mentioned in the Maharajah of Kashmir's question to Sir Arthur Lothian thirty years earlier. Lord Reading's statement was prompted by the usual expedient of a "question", on this occasion from a Socialist peer, Lord Henderson, who began by saying that "over six million Jews were done to death". Lord Reading's answer is of permanent interest; he said that the West German payments to the new state would be: "in the nature of *some measure of reparation of moral*, even more than material value", and that they would be "based upon the calculated cost of resettlement in Israel of *Jews driven out of Europe by the Nazis*".

This statement implicitly reasserts the principle that the *only* Nazi crime morally reparable was the treatment of Jews; none ever suggested that West Germany should pay the cost of resettling Poles, Czechs and all other victims. Its peculiar interest lies in the allusion to "reparation of *moral* value"; when it was made nearly a million Arabs had been "driven out" of Palestine by the Zionists and their claim to return to their homes had been repeatedly, even contemptuously rejected.

Probably the most characteristic passage in this typical statement is that which refers to "resettling Jews driven out of Europe by the Nazis". Israel is the one place in the world where the numbers of the Jewish population may with accuracy be learned. According to Israeli government statistics, it was about 1,400,000 in 1953, and among these were only 63,000 Jews (*less than five percent*) from *Germany and Austria*. These 63,000 were the *only* inhabitants of Israel who by any stretch of imagination might have been said to have been driven out of Europe and to resettle in Israel. The great mass came from Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria some time *after* the war's end (and certainly were not "driven out" as they were protected in those countries by special laws and preference in state employment) or from North Africa.

No moral basis existed for the extortion of tribute from the West Germans for the Zionist state, and if any had ever existed, in respect of the 63,000, it had long been cancelled by the Zionists' "driving out" of nearly a million Arabs. The affair is unique in Western history and proves only the extent of the American and British government's submission to Zionism.

West Germany was compelled to bear a large part of the cost of the new state's armaments and development; therewith the likelihood of another great war was brought nearer and the out look for the Arabs was made much worse. The Zionist [469] state was at length propped up and the consequences at once began to flow. The exertion of "pressure" on the West German government in this matter was about the last major act of American state policy under President Truman, whose term was about to expire. \*

\* As a footnote to the West German affair, the Western Powers in Vienna, (on this occasion acting in perfect accord with the Soviet state) at the same bidding humbled little Austria (Hitler's first victim) by vetoing a law of amnesty and restitution which might have benefited some non-Jews. The Austrian government (at that time supposed to be "sovereign" again) protested in writing to the American High Commissioner, specifically accusing him of submitting to the orders of "emigrants from Austria" who were on his staff as "Jewish advisers". No intelligible account of this episode reached the British or American newspaper reader.



## Chapter 44

### THE WORLD INSTRUMENT

The Second War produced a third result, additional to the advance of the revolution into Europe and the establishment by force of the Zionist state: namely, the second attempt to set up the structure of a "world government", on the altar of which *Western* nationhood was to be sacrificed. This is the final consummation to which the parallel processes of Communism and Zionism are evidently intended to lead; the idea first emerged in the Weishaupt papers, began to take vigorous shape in the 19th Century, and was expounded in full detail in the Protocols of 1905. In the First War it was the master-idea of all the ideas which Mr. House and his associates "oozed into the mind" of President Wilson, and sought to make the president think were "his own". It then took shape, first as "The League to Enforce Peace" and at the war's end as "The League of Nations".

Thus it was given first and partial realization, like all the ideas auxiliary to it, during the confusion period of a great war, that is, the later period of the fighting and the early aftermath of it. It was never submitted before that war to the peoples who became embroiled, nor was any reasoned explanation of its nature and purpose given to them; during the "emergency" the "premier-dictators" took their assent for granted; the only expression of popular opinion ever given was the immediate refusal of the United States Congress, as the fog of the First War cleared, to have anything to do with it.

The twenty years between the two wars showed that "the League of Nations" was unable to enforce or preserve peace and that nations would not of their own will surrender their sovereignty to it. Nevertheless, as the Second War approached the men who were to conduct it again were busy with this idea of setting up what they called a "world authority" of some kind and the one common thing in all their thought about it was that "nations" should give up "sovereignty". Mr. Roosevelt (according to Mr. Baruch's biographer, Mr. Morris V. Rosenbloom) as far back as 1923, after his paralysis, devoted his sickbed time to drafting "a plan to preserve peace" which, as president, he revised in the White House, then giving his blueprint the title, "The United Nations".

Similar in England, the champion of British nationhood, Mr. Winston Churchill, in 1936 became president of the British section of an international association called "The New Commonwealth Society" which advocated "a world police force to maintain peace" (the conjunction of the words "force" and "peace" occurs in all these programmes and pronouncements), and publicly declared (November 26, 1936) that it differed from "other peace societies" in the fact that it "advocated the use of *force* against an aggressor in support of *law*". Mr. Churchill did not say what law, or whose law, but he *did* offer "force" as the path to "peace".

Thus it was logical that at the meeting of President Roosevelt and Mr. [471] Churchill in August 1941, when the sterile "Atlantic Charter" was produced, Mr. Churchill (as he records) should tell the president that "opinion in England would be disappointed at the absence of any intention to establish an international organization for keeping peace after the war". I was in England at that time and, for one, was disappointed at the inclusion of the reference which Mr. Churchill desired; as for "opinion in England" in general, there was none, for no informative basis for any opinion had been offered to the people. Mr. Churchill was pursuing the idea on his own authority, as was Mr. Roosevelt: "Roosevelt spoke and acted with complete freedom and authority in every sphere . . . I represented Great Britain with almost equal latitude. Thus a very high degree of concert was obtained, and the saving in time *and the reduction in the number of people informed were* both invaluable" (Mr. Churchill, describing how "the chief business between

our two countries was virtually conducted by personal interchanges" between himself and Mr. Roosevelt in "perfect understanding").

Consequently, in the concluding stages of the war and without any reference to the battling multitudes, "the questions of World Organization" (Mr. Churchill) dominated the private debate between these two, General Smuts in South Africa, and the premiers of the other British oversea countries. By that time (1944) Mr. Churchill was using the term "World Instrument" and (as in the earlier case of his allusion to "law") the obvious question arose, *whose* instrument? "The prevention of future aggression" was stock language in all these interchanges. The difficulty of determining *who* is the aggressor has been shown in the cases of Havana harbour in 1898 and Pearl Harbour in 1941, and for that matter the coaggressor at the start of the Second War, the Soviet state, was to be the party most lavishly rewarded at its end, so that all this talk about stopping "aggression" cannot have been seriously intended. Clearly the idea was to set up a "world instrument" for the use of whoever might gain control of it. *Against* whom would it be used? The answer is given by all the propagandists for this idea; the one thing they *all* attack is "the sovereignty of nations". Ergo, it would be used to erase separate nationhood (in fact, only in the West). *By whom* would it be used? The results of the two great wars of this century supply the answer to that question.

Against that background the "United Nations Organization" was set up in 1945. Within two years (that is, while the confusion-period of the Second War still continued), the true nature of "world-government" and the "world instrument" was for an instant revealed. For the first time the peoples were shown what awaited them if this idea were ever fully realized. They did not understand what they were shown then and forgot it at once, but the disclosure is on record and is of permanent value to the student now and for as long as this idea of the super-national "authority", so clearly foretold in the Protocols of 1905, continues to be promoted by powerful men behind the scenes of [472] international politics. At this point in the narrative the figure of Mr. Bernard Baruch first emerges from advisory shadows into full light, so that reasonable inferences may be drawn about his long part in the events of our century.

As has been shown, he made a decisive intervention in favour of the Zionist state in 1947 by "changing a great deal" from his earlier hostility to Zionism (Dr. Weizmann) and by advising a responsible Cabinet officer, Mr. James Forrestal, to discontinue *his* opposition. That is the first point at which Mr. Baruch's influence on state policy may be clearly traced, and it is a significant one, discouraging to those who hope for Jewish "involvement in Mankind", for up to that time he seemed to be (and presumably wished to appear) a fully integrated American, a paragon of Jewish emancipation, tall, handsome, venerable and greatly successful in his affairs.

If Mr. Baruch's "change" was as sudden as Dr. Weizmann's narrative suggests, another incident of that period makes it appear also to have been radical, even violent. One of the most extreme Zionist chauvinists in America then was a Mr. Ben Hecht, who once published the following dictum:

"One of the finest things ever done by *the mob* was the crucifixion of Christ. Intellectually it was a splendid gesture. But trust *the mob* to bungle. If I'd had charge of executing Christ I'd have handled it differently. You see, what I'd have done was had him shipped to Rome and fed to the lions. They never could have made a saviour out of mincemeat".

During the period of violence in Palestine which culminated in the pogrom of Arabs at Deir Yasin, this Mr. Hecht inserted a full-page advertisement in many of the leading newspapers throughout America. It was addressed "To the Terrorists of Palestine" and included this message:

"The Jews of America are for you. You are their champions . . . Every time you blow up a British arsenal, or wreck a British railroad train sky high, or rob a British bank, or let go with your guns and bombs at the British betrayers and invaders of your homeland, the Jews of America make a little holiday in their hearts".

It was the author of this advertisement (according to his autobiography) whom Mr. Baruch chose to visit and inform of his affinity and support:

"One day the door of my room opened and a tall white-haired man entered. It was Bernard Baruch, my first Jewish social visitor. He sat down, observed me for a moment and then spoke. 'I am on your side', said Baruch, 'the only way the Jews will ever get anything is by fighting for it. I'd like you to think of me as one of your Jewish fighters in the tall grass with a long gun. I've always done my best work that way, out of sight'."

This revelatory passage (added to Mr. Baruch's intervention in the Forrestal affair) gives the student insight into the personality of Mr. Bernard Baruch. If *this* was the sense in which he had done his best work ("as a Jewish fighter in the tall grass with a long gun . . . out of sight") during his thirty-five years of [473] "advising six Presidents", the shape of American policy and of world events during the 20th Century is explained. The reader is entitled to take the quoted words at full value and to consider Mr. Baruch's influence on American and world affairs in the light they shed. They are equally relevant to Mr. Baruch's *one* great *public* intervention in world affairs, which came about the same time. This was the "Baruch Plan" for a despotic world authority backed by annihilating force, and the words cited above justify the strongest misgivings about the purposes to which such a "world instrument" would be used. The "Baruch Plan" is of such importance to this narrative that a glance at Mr. Baruch's entire background and life is appropriate.

He was always generally assumed to be of the aristocratic Jewish type, that is to say, of Sephardic descent leading back, by way of the experience in Spain and Portugal, to a remote possibility of Palestinian origin. In fact, as he himself stated (February 7, 1947) his father was "a Polish Jew who came to this country a hundred years ago". That places Mr. Baruch among the Slavic Ashkenazi, the non-semitic "Eastern Jews", who are now said (by the Judaist statisticians) to comprise almost the whole of Jewry.

He was born in 1870 at Camden in South Carolina. His family *seemed* to have identified itself with the weal or woe of the new country, for his father served as a Confederate surgeon and Mr. Baruch himself was born during the evil days of "Reconstruction"; as a child he saw the Negroes, inflamed by carpetbagger oratory and scallawag liquor, surge through the sleepy streets of this plantationcountry town, and his elder brothers stand with shotguns on the upstairs porch; his father wore the hood and robe of the Ku Klux Klan.

Thus in childhood he saw the destructive revolution at work (for it took charge during the final stages and aftermath of the Civil War and "Reconstruction" was recognizably its work) and later saw the enduring values of a free society. However, his family was not truly part of the South and soon the pull of New York drew it thither. There, before he was thirty, Bernard Baruch was a rich and rising man, and before he was forty he was already a power, though an unseen one, behind politics. He is probably the original of the master-financier, "Thor", in Mr. House's novel. Against much opposition Mr. House included him in the group around Mr. Wilson.

His life-story then was already full of great financial coups, "selling short", "cashing in on the crash", "driving the price down", and the like. Gold, rubber, copper, sulphur, everything turned into dollars at his touch. In 1917, during an investigation into stock-market movements prompted in 1916 by the dissemination of "peace reports", he informed the House Rules Committee of Congress that he had "made half a million dollars in one day by short selling". He stated that his support of President Wilson (to whose electoral campaigns he made lavish contributions) was first prompted by Professor Wilson's attack on exclusive "fraternities" at Princeton University (which in 1956 distinguished [474] itself by allowing Mr. Alger Hiss to address one of its student clubs). The implication here is that he is of those who detest all "discrimination of race, class or creed"; however few men can have suffered less than Mr. Baruch from "discrimination".

His first appearance in Wall Street was much disliked by the great men there on the ground that he was "a gambler" (a reproach apparently first made by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan). He survived all such criticisms and described himself as "a speculator". During the First World War President Wilson appointed Mr. Baruch head of the War Industries Board (Mr. Baruch having repeatedly urged President Wilson that the head of this dictatorial body should be "one man") and he later described himself as having been, in that capacity, the most powerful man in the world. When President Wilson returned, completely incapacitated, from the Versailles Peace Conference Mr. Baruch "became one of the group that made decisions during the President's illness. . . called 'the Regency Council' ", and President Wilson rallied from his sickbed long enough to dismiss his Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing, who had been calling Cabinet meetings in opposition to this "Regency Council".

Mr. Baruch's biographer states that he continued to be "adviser" to the three Republican Presidents of the 1920's, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt testifies to the fact that he was President Roosevelt's adviser both *before* and during the twelve-year Democratic regime that followed. By March 1939 Mr. Winston Churchill felt able to inform Mr. Baruch (then in residence at his Barony in South Carolina) that "War is coming very soon . . . You will be running the show over there".

By that time Mr. Baruch had been "advising" Presidents for nearly thirty years and in spite of that the zealous student can not definitely discover or state what Mr. Baruch's motives were, nature of "advice" he

gave, or what the effect of his counsel was on American policy and world events. This is natural, for he had worked always "in the long grass . . . out of sight". He was never an elected or responsible officer of state so that his work was beyond audit. He was the first of the "advisers", the new type of potentate foreseen, at the century's start, only in the much-abused "Protocols" of 1905.

Deductions and inferences alone were possible in his case; fragments here and there might be pieced together to make the parts of a picture. First, his publicly recorded recommendations were always for measures of "control". In the First and the Second War alike this was his panacea: "control", "discipline" and the like. It amounted always to the demand for power over people, and for the centralization of authority in one man's hands, and the demand was raised again long after the Second War, once more in the plea that it would prevent a third: "*before the bullets have begun to fly*. . . the country must accept *disciplines* such as rationing and price control" (May 28, 1952, before a Senate Committee).

Each time this recommendation was made it was presented as a means for defeating a dictator ("the Kaiser", "Hitler", "Stalin"). The controlled and [475] disciplined world which Mr. Baruch envisaged was depicted by him in testimony before a Congressional Committee in 1935: "had the 1914-1918 war gone on another year our whole population would have emerged in cheap but serviceable uniforms. . . types of shoes were to be reduced to two or three". This statement provoked strong protests at the time; Americans, having helped defeat the "regimented" Germans, did not like to think that they would have presented a spectacle of drab regimentation, had the war but lasted "another year". At the time Mr. Baruch denied that he had intended "to goose-step the nation", but his biographer records that he "revived his proposal for similar drab clothing in World War II". In contemplating the picture thus conjured up the student cannot put out of his mind the similar picture, of a drab, enslaved mass inhabiting the former nation-states, which is given in the Protocols.

Other fragments showed that Mr. Baruch's thought culminated in a picture of a controlled and disciplined world. The *folie de grandeur*, the megalomania with which the Wilsons and Lloyd Georges, the Roosevelts and Winston Churchills reproached the Kaiser and Hitler, was in him. His biographer quotes: "of course we can fix the world, Baruch has said on many occasions". And then, during the Second War, "Baruch had agreed with President Roosevelt and other leaders that a world organization should be established *at the height of allied unity in the war*".

The italicized words are the key ones: they relate to the confusion-period of a great war, when the "advisers" submit their plans, the "premier-dictators" initial them (and later cannot understand how they could have done so), and the great coups are brought off.

These are all fragments, significant but partial. Immediately after the Second War Mr. Baruch made his first great public appearance in world affairs as the author of a plan for world-dictatorship, and dictatorship (in my opinion) by terror. For the first time his mind and work lie open to audit, and it is in connection with this plan that (again in my opinion) his words to Mr. Ben Hecht are of such importance.

According to his biographer, Mr. Baruch was 74 "when he began to prepare himself for the undertaking he considered the most vital of his life. . . to shape a workable plan for international control of atomic energy and, as United States representatives to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, to promote adoption of that plan by the Commission". That would have been in 1944, a year before the first atom bomb was dropped and the United Nations was even established."

If this is correct, Mr. Baruch knew what was to happen in the world about two years in advance of events; "the assignment" for which he was preparing himself in 1944 was first proposed by Secretary of State Byrnes (after a discussion with Mr. Baruch) to President Truman in *March 1946* (seven months after the first atom bombs). President Truman duly made the appointment, whereon Mr. [476] Baruch at last appeared publicly in an official capacity. He set to work on the "Baruch Plan".

The law governing America's membership of the United Nations requires all American representatives in it to follow the policy determined by the President and transmitted through the Secretary of State. According to his biographer Mr. Baruch enquired what "the policy" was to be, possibly as a matter of form, because he was told to draft it himself. Therefore the "Baruch Plan" was literally Mr. Baruch's plan, if this account is correct (it was published with his approval). It was devised on a bench in Central Park in consultation with one Ferdinand Eberstadt, Mr. Baruch's assistant in 1919 at Versailles and "an active disciple" of Mr. Baruch's in the Second War. This might be described as the 20th Century method of formulating state policy, and apparently Mr. Baruch owes to it his popular title, "the park-bench statesman".

Mr. Baruch then presented his Plan to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission at its opening session on June 14, 1946. He spoke with the voice of the Levites' Jehovah offering "blessings or cursings", alluded to the atom bomb as "the absolute weapon" (within a few years an even more pulverizing explosive was in competitive production), and used the familiar argument of false prophets, namely, that if his advice were followed "peace" would ensue and if it were ignored all would be "destroyed". The proposal he made seems to me to amount to a universal dictatorship supported by a reign of terror on the worldwide scale: the reader may judge for himself.

"We must elect *world peace* or *world destruction*. . . We must provide the mechanism to assure that atomic energy is used for peaceful purposes and preclude its use in war. To that end, we must provide *immediate, swift and sure punishment* of those who violate the agreements that are reached by the nations. *Penalization is essential* if peace is to be more than a feverish interlude between wars. And, too, the United Nations can prescribe *individual responsibility and punishment on the principles applied at Nuremberg* by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the United Kingdom, France and the United States - *a formula certain to benefit the world's future*. In this crisis, we represent *not only our governments*, but, in a larger way, *we represent the peoples of the world*. . . The peoples of these democracies gathered here are not afraid of *an internationalism that protects*; they are unwilling to be fobbed off by *mouthings about narrow sovereignty*, which is today's phrase for yesterday's isolation".

Thus Mr. Baruch appeared, not as the representative of the United States, but as the spokesman of "the peoples of the world", and in that capacity recommended a permanent Nuremberg Tribunal as certain to benefit the world (presumably by judgments handed down on the Day of Atonement).

On the basis thus laid down, he proposed "managerial control or ownership" of all atomic-energy activities potentially dangerous to world security and power to control, inspect and license all other atomic activities. As to "violations of this [477] order", he proposed that "penalties as immediate and certain in their execution as possible should be fixed for (1) illegal possession or use of an atomic bomb or atomic material or for wilful interference with the activities of the Authority". He then reiterated his proposal for "punishment": ". . . the matter of punishment lies at the very heart of our present security system. . . The Charter permits penalization only by concurrence of each of the five great powers. . . There must be *no veto* to protect those who violate their solemn agreements. . . The bomb does not wait upon delay. To delay may be to die. The time between violation and preventive action or punishment would be all too short for extended discussion as to the course to be followed . . . The solution will require apparent sacrifice in pride and in position, but better pain as the price of peace than death as the price of war".

The reader will see that Mr. Baruch contended that the world could only escape "destruction" by "precluding the use of atomic energy in war" and proposed that "an Authority" with a *monopoly* of atomic energy be set up, *which should be free from all check in its punitive use of atomic energy against any party deemed by it to be deserving of punishment*.

This is the proposal of which I earlier said that the world for the first time received a glimpse of what "world government" meant. Mr. Baruch's biographer says that President Truman "endorsed the plan" and then records Mr. Baruch's efforts to "round up" votes for it on the Commission. After six months (December 5, 1946) he was impatient and begged the Commission to remember "that to delay may be to die". The confusion-period was coming to an end and even a United Nations Commission could not be brought to swallow this plan. On December 31, 1946 Mr. Baruch resigned and the plan was shelved by reference to the United Nations Disarmament Commission.

In January 1947 Mr. Baruch announced that he was "retiring from *public* life" (in which he was only conspicuous on this one occasion), "Interested onlookers were not overly alarmed" (his biographer adds); "the betting odds were that Baruch would be back at the White House and on Capitol Hill before the month was over, and so he was". Later in 1947 he intervened "decisively" (though not publicly) with Mr. Forrestal and had his significant meeting with Mr. Ben Hecht. Six years later his biographer (who was evidently aware that Mr. Eisenhower was then to be elected) summarized the recommendations which the new President would receive from the permanent "adviser". These related entirely to preparatory mobilization for war, "controls", "global strategy" and the like.

By that time Mr. Baruch had specified what particular new "aggression" these proposals were designed to meet, having told a Senate Committee in 1952 that to forestall "Soviet aggression" the President "should be given all the power he needed to carry through an armament and mobilization programme, including price and priority controls". This was the programme, under "one-man" direction, urged by him during two world wars. However, his private view about



[478] the aggressor named apparently was not that of alarm and repugnance, depicted to the Senate Committee, for in 1956 he told an interviewer, "A few years ago I met Vyshinsky at a party and said to him, 'You're a fool and I'm a fool: You have the bomb and we have the bomb. . . Let's control the thing while we can because while we are talking all nations will sooner or later get the bomb'" (*Daily Telegraph* January 9, 1956). Nor did the Soviet regard Mr. Baruch with hostility; in 1948 (as he confirmed in 1951) he was invited to Moscow to confer with the dictators there and actually left America on that journey; only "a sudden illness in Paris" (he explained) caused him to break it off.

The disclosure in 1946 of his plan "to fix the world" gave that world a glimpse of what it might expect to be attempted in the later stages and aftermath of any third war; the "global plan" was fully revealed. In 1947 Mr. Baruch stated that his father "came to this country a hundred years ago". The case offers the most significant example of the effect on America, and through America on world affairs, of the "new immigration" of the 19th Century. After just that hundred years the son had already for nearly forty years been one of the most powerful men in the world, though he worked "in the long grass. . . out of sight", and he was to continue this work for at least another ten years.

## Chapter 45

### THE JEWISH SOUL

The first fifty years of "the Jewish century" have had their natural effect on the Jewish soul, which once again is in violent unrest. They have made chauvinists of a mass of Jews who, a hundred and fifty years ago, seemed committed to involvement in mankind. They are once more in captivity (the recurrent "captivities" of the Jews were always captivity by the elders and their creed of exclusion, not by alien taskmasters). In the Zionist captivity, and under the pressure of the elders, they have been made into the most explosive force in recorded history. The story of this century, of its wars and revolutions and the denouement yet to come, is that of Talmudic chauvinism, which has its roots in *Deuteronomy*.

The very word, chauvinism, means an extravagant emotion; Nicolas Chauvin was the Napoleonic soldier whose bombastic and unbridled fervour for his Emperor brought patriotism into disrepute even at a period of patriotic ardour. Nevertheless, the word is inadequate to describe the effect of Talmudic Zionism on the Jewish soul; no word exists, other than "Talmudism", for this unique and boundless frenzy.

In 1933 Mr. Bernard J. Brown wrote, "Being consciously Jewish is the lowest kind of chauvinism, for it is the only chauvinism that is based on false premises". The premises are those of the Talmud-Torah; namely, that God promised a certain tribe supremacy over all enslaved others in this world, and exclusive inheritance of the next world in return for strict observance of a law based on blood sacrifice and the destruction or enslavement of the lesser breeds without this Law. Whether Talmudic chauvinism or Zionist chauvinism (I believe either term is more correct than Mr. Brown's "Jewish chauvinism") is or is not "the lowest kind" of chauvinism, these fifty years have shown that it is the most violent kind yet known to man.

Its effect on the Jewish soul is reflected in the changed tone of Jewish literature in our time. Before adducing examples of this, an illustration of its effect between one generation and the next may be given by briefly citing the cases of two Jews, father and son. Mr. Henry Morgenthau senior was a notable Jew of America who became an ambassador. He was the product of Jewish emancipation during the last century; he was what the Jews today might have been, but for Talmudic chauvinism. He said:

"Zionism is the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history. I assert that it is wrong in principle and sterile in its spiritual ideas. Zionism is a betrayal, an *Eastern European* proposal, fathered in this country by American Jews. . . which, if they were to succeed, would cost the Jews of America most of what they have gained of liberty, equality and fraternity, I refuse to allow myself to be called a Zionist. I am an American".

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In the next generation the name of the son, Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior, became inseparably associated with the founding of the Zionist state (his father's "stupendous fallacy") and with the Talmudic vengeance in Europe. In the sequel the son might prove to be one of the men most responsible for bringing about the consequences which the father feared.

Dr. Weizmann records the great part played by the junior Mr. Morgenthau in the backstage drama in New York which culminated in the violent establishment of the Zionist state and an American president's "recognition" of the deed. In Europe he fathered (through the "Morgenthau Plan") the bisection of the continent and the advance of therevolution to its middle. Some passages in that plan (initialled by Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill, who both repudiated it when the damage was done) are of especial significance, namely, those which propose that "all industrial plants and equipment *not destroyed* by military action" (in

Germany) "shall be . . . *completely destroyed. . . and the mines wrecked*". The original source of this idea of "utter destruction" apparently can only be the Talmud-Torah, where it is part of the "Law of God". The Zionist state itself, as I have shown, was founded on a deed of "utter destruction", and thus of literal "observance" of this Law, at Deir Yasin.

But for Zionist chauvinism and the Western politicians who served it in the office of "administrators", the son might have been another such man as the father, and this particular illustration is valid for a great mass of Jews and the change which has been produced in the Jewish soul: When Jews of great name lent themselves to such undertakings, and proved able to command the support of American presidents and British prime ministers, the Jewish masses were bound to follow. This general trend is reflected in the growing literature of Talmudic chauvinism.

Up to the middle of the last century distinctively "Jewish" literature was small and was in the main produced for and read in the closed communities. In the general bookshops Jewish writers held a place roughly proportionate to their numbers in the population, which was the natural thing, and in their works did not in the rule write as "Jews" or dwell on the exclusively Jewish theme. They addressed themselves to the general audience and avoided the chauvinist appeal to Jews, as well as anything that non-Jews might regard as blasphemy, sedition, obscenity or slander.

The transformation that has come about in the last fifty years reflects equally the spread of Talmudic chauvinism and the enforced subordination of the non-Jewish masses to it. Today books by Jews and non-Jews about Jewish things, if they were counted, might be found to form the largest single body of Western literature, outside fiction, and the change in tone and standard is very great.

As it has come about gradually, and critical comment today is in practice virtually forbidden as "anti-semitic", the change has not been consciously remarked by the mass of people. Its extent may be measured by this comparison;

[481] a good deal of what is contained in the literature of Talmudic chauvinism today (a few examples follow) would not have been published at all fifty years ago, as offensive to the standards then generally accepted. Fear of critical and public anathema would have kept publishers from issuing many of these works, or at all events from including in them the most flagrant passages.

The starting-point of this process, which might be called one of degeneration in Jewry, was possibly the appearance in 1895 of Max Nordau's *Degeneration*, which struck the keynote for the chorus to come. This book was in effect an epistle to the Gentiles, informing them that they were degenerate, and it enjoyed great vogue with *fin de siècle* "Liberals", as the accumulating mass of kindred literature has enjoyed among their kind ever since. Jewish degeneracy was no part of its theme, and the author would have seen Jewish degeneracy only in opposition to Zionism, for he was Herzl's lieutenant, and the man who at the Zionist Congress after Herzl's death foretold the first World War and the part played in it by England in setting up the Zionist "homeland". *Degeneration* was significant both in time and theme; it appeared in the same year as Herzl's *The Jewish State* and this was also the year of the first revolutionary outbreak in Russia. The revolution and Zionism are both essential to the Deuteronomic Talmudic concept, and both movements, in my estimate, were developed under Talmudic direction.

After *Degeneration* followed the full tide and spate of Talmudic-chauvinist literature. An example from our time is a book published in New York in the year, 1941, when Hitler and Stalin fell out and America entered the Second War.

*Germany Must Perish*, by a Mr. Theodore N. Kaufmann, proposed the extermination of the German people in the literal sense of the Law of the Talmud-Torah. Mr. Kaufmann proposed that "German extinction" be achieved by sterilizing all Germans of procreation age (males under 60, females under 45) within a period of three years after the war's end, Germany to be sealed off during the process and its territory then to be shared among other people, so that it should disappear from the map together with its people. Mr. Kaufmann calculated that, with births stopped through sterilization, the normal deathrate would extinguish the German race within fifty or sixty years.

I feel sure that public abhorrence would have deterred any publisher from issuing this work during the First War, and possibly at any previous time since printing was invented. In 1941 it appeared with the commendation of two leading American newspapers (both Jewish-owned or Jewish-controlled). The *New York Times* described the proposal as "a plan for permanent *peace* among *civilized* nations"; the *Washington Post* called it "a provocative theory, interestingly presented".

This proposal was more literally Talmudic than anything else I can find, but the spirit that prompted it breathed in many other books. The hatred evinced was not limited to Germans; it extended to Arabs and for a period to the British; as it

[482] had earlier been directed against Spaniards, Russians, Poles and others. It was not a personal thing; being the end-product of Talmudic teaching it ranged impartially over all things non-Judaist, taking first one symbolic enemy and then another from a world where, under the Levitical Law, all were enemies.

The growth and open expression of this violent feeling, no longer held in bounds by the earlier need to take account of generally-accepted standards in the West, explains the misgivings expressed by Mr. Brown in 1933, by the Rabbi Elmer Berger in the 1940's, and by Mr. Alfred Lilienthal in the present decade. Its reflection in the Jewish published word justified their anxiety. In one book after another Jewish writers with introspective writings examined "the Jewish soul" and at the end came up with expressions of contempt or hatred for some body or other of non-Jews, couched in chauvinist terms.

Mr. Arthur Koestler, describing his scrutiny of Judaism, wrote, "Most bewildering of all was the discovery that the saga of the 'Chosen Race' seemed to be taken quite literally by traditionalist Jews. They protested against racial discrimination, and affirmed in the same breath their racial superiority based on Jacob's covenant with God". The effect of this "bewildering discovery" on this particular Jewish soul was that "the more I found out about Judaism the more distressed I became, *and the more fervently Zionist*".

The presumable cause ("reason" cannot be used to describe so illogical a reaction) of this strange effect on Mr. Koestler is indicated by his two hundred pages of complaint about Jews being persecuted in and driven from Europe. He avoided this complaint of justice by his assumption that the Arabs, who were not to blame, should suffer, depicting an Arab family (persecuted in and driven from Palestine by the Zionists) in these words: "The old woman will walk ahead leading the donkey by the rein and the old man will ride on it . . . *sunk in solemn meditation about the lost opportunity of raping his youngest grandchild*". In this depiction the acts of persecution and driving-out are made to appear respectable, others than Jews being the sufferers, by the attribution of a revolting thought to the victim.

The change in the tone and standards of Jewish literature in our time is again shown by the writings of Mr. Ben Hecht, some of which were earlier quoted, including his complaint that if Jesus had only been made into mincemeat, instead of being dignified by crucifixion, Christianity would never have taken shape. I doubt whether newspapers or publishers at any previous period would have given currency to words which patently had only the purpose of offending others.

Mr. Hecht once wrote, "I lived forty years in my country" (America) "without encountering anti-semitism or concerning myself even remotely with its existence". Therefore Mr. Hecht logically intended to live nowhere else. Nevertheless, when the Zionist state was being set up, he wrote that every time a British soldier was killed in Palestine "the Jews of America make a little holiday in their hearts".

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Deep, if not enlightening insight into the development of the Jewish soul during this century is given by the books of a Mr. Meyer Levine; these also contain things which, in my estimation, would not have found print in earlier times. Mr. Levine's *In Search* shows what Mr. Sylvain Lévi meant when, at the 1919 Peace Conference, he gave warning against the "explosive tendencies" of the Eastern Jews.

Mr. Levine, born in America of immigrant parents from Eastern Europe was reared to hatred of Russians and Poles. He seems to have found little to please him in "the new country" where he was born and when he grew to young manhood busied himself in agitation among the Chicago workers.

He tells of half a lifetime of tortured efforts to escape from Jewishness and to immerse himself in Jewishness, alternately. If some Jews believe themselves unchangeably distinct from all other mankind, Mr. Levine gives two glimpses which make the reader feel that this belief is the product of a strained, almost mystic perversity. He says he finds himself constantly asking himself "What am I?" and "What am I doing here?", and asserts that "Jews everywhere are asking the same questions". Subsequently he related some of the discoveries to which this self-scrutiny led him.

Describing the Leopold-Loeb murder in Chicago (when two young Jews, of wealthy parents, killed and mutilated a small boy, also a Jew, from motives of extreme morbidity) he says, "I believe that beneath the very real horror that the case inspired, the horror in realizing that human beings carried in them murderous motives beyond the simple motives of lust and greed and hatred, beneath all this was a suppressed sense of pride in the brilliance of these boys, a sympathy for them in being slaves of their intellectual curiosities; a

pride that this particular new level of crime, even this should have been reached by Jews. In a confused and awed way, and in the momentary fashionableness of 'lust for experience', I felt that I understood them, that I, particularly, being a young intellectual Jew, had a kinship with them".

On another occasion he describes his part (he calls it that of "a volunteer aid", but the-term "agitator" might be fairly applicable) in the Chicago steelworkers strike of 1937, when strikers and police came into conflict and shots were fired, several persons being killed. Mr. Levine, as "a volunteer aid", had "fallen in alongside" the strikers' procession and he "ran with the others" when the firing began. He was not a steelworker or striker. Subsequently he and others, apparently also volunteer aids, organized a mass meeting. At this he showed slides made from newspaper-pictures from which he had removed the descriptions. He accompanied these pictures with a recital of his own, in words chosen to give the pictures an inflammatory interpretation, different from that of the original captions. He says:

"So strange a roar arose that it seemed to me as though the vast auditorium was a cauldron of rage, overturning upon me. . . I felt I could never control the [484] crowd, that they would burst through the doors, rush out and burn the city hall - the impact of the pictures was so enraging. . . In that instant I experienced the full sense of the danger of power, for I felt that a few words would have unleashed violence beyond what we had seen on Memorial Day . . . If I had sometimes felt *unincluded* as a stranger, artist and Jew, I knew that *universal action exists* . . . I felt that perhaps one of the reasons for the social reformism of the Jew is the need to melt himself into these movements that engulf his own problem".

Once again, the words recall Mr. Maurice Samuel's lament or menace, (whichever was intended) of 1924, "We Jews, the destroyers, will remain the destroyers forever". Only in the incitement of others, Mr. Levine appears to say, could he, the "stranger", feel himself "included", or "his problem" engulfed. The incitement of the unreasoning, stupid "mob" is the theme that runs through the "Protocols" of 1905. In the passage quoted Mr. Levine seemed to imply that he could only feel involvement in general mankind when so inciting a mob.

His later travels were made in the same spirit. In his youth Zionism was almost unknown and in 1925, when he was twenty, it was still "a question that had scarcely penetrated to Jews born in America . . . It was something that occupied the bearded ones *from the old country* and if an American Jew happened to be dragged to a Zionist meeting he found that the speakers talked *with Russian accents*, or simply reverted to Yiddish. My own family, indeed, had no interest in the movement".

As in the case of the Morgenthau's, father and son, one generation saw the change. Mr. Levine's parents, migrants from a country of alleged "persecution", were content to have found another where they prospered. The son was not content. Soon he was in Palestine, and developed vengeful feelings towards the Arabs of whom he had never heard in his youth. He tells, as a good jest, of an incident in a Zionist settlement when an Arab, coming across the fields, humbly asked for a drink of water. Mr. Levine and his friends pointed to a barrel, at which the Arab thankfully drank while they laughed; it was the horse-water.

Ten years after that he was in Germany and played his part in the Talmudic vengeance there. He was an American newspaper correspondent and describes how he and another Jewish correspondent roamed about Germany as "*conquerors*", armed (illicitly), in a jeep, looting and wrecking as they pleased. He then says that the passive submission of German women to the "conquerors" thwarted the furious desire to rape them and "sometimes *the hatred* in a man rose so high that he felt the absolute need of violence". In this mood, his companion and he swore that "the only thing to do was to throw them down, tear them apart", and they discussed "the ideal conditions for such a scene of violence; there would have to be a wooded stretch of road, little traffic, and a lone girl on foot or a bicycle". The pair then made "a tentative sally" in search of these "ideal conditions" and at length found a lonely girl and "the conditions, all fulfilled". (He says the terrified girl was spared at the last and wonders if the reason, in each [485] man, was that the presence of the other embarrassed him).

Mr. Levine began his book of 1950, "This is a book about being a Jew". It and the many like it account for the anxiety expressed by the rare Jewish remonstrants about the development of the last fifty years, for they testify to the degeneration of the Jewish soul under the stress of Talmudic chauvinism. The only thing proved by the book is that at its end Mr. Levine knew as little as at the start of his quest about what "being a Jew" meant (presumably he would not wish the above-quoted passages to be taken as supplying the answer). Hundreds of others on this same elusive and unproductive theme have appeared; so might an electric eel devour its own tail in search of the source of its peculiar sensation, and come to no enlightening conclusion. A book by a Jew on being a human being among other human beings was by the mid-century rare.



The accumulating literature of incitement and hatred, of which a few examples have been given, and the virtual suppression of objection to it as "anti-semitism", give the 20th century its distinctive character; it is the age of Talmudic chauvinism and Talmudic imperialism. Our present situation was foretold nearly a hundred years ago by a German, Wilhelm Marr.

Marr was a revolutionary and conspirator who helped the Jewish-led "secret societies" (Disraeli) prepare the abortive outbreaks of 1848. His writings of that period are recognizably Talmudic (he was not a Jew); they are violently anti-Christian, atheist and anarchist. Later, like Bakunin (Marr was a similar man) he became aware of the true nature of the revolutionary hierarchy, and in 1879 he wrote:

"The advent of Jewish imperialism, I am firmly convinced, is only a question of time. . . The empire of the world belongs to the Jews. . . Woe to the conquered! . . . I am quite certain that before four generations have passed there will not be a single function in the State, the highest included, which will not be in the hands of the Jews . . . At the present moment, alone among European states, Russia still holds out against the official recognition of the invading foreigners. Russia is the last rampart and against her the Jews have constructed their final trench. To judge by the course of events, the capitulation of Russia is only a question of time . . . In that vast empire. . . Judaism will find the fulcrum of Archimedes which will enable it to drag the whole of Western Europe off its hinges once for all. The Jewish spirit of intrigue will bring about a revolution in Russia such as the world has never yet seen . . . The present situation of Judaism in Russia is such that it has still to fear expulsion. But when it has laid Russia prostrate it will no longer have any attacks to fear. When the Jews have got control of the Russian state. . . they will set about the destruction of the social organization of Western Europe. This last hour of Europe will arrive at latest in a hundred or a hundred and fifty years".

The present state of Europe, as it has been left by the Second War, shows this forecast to have been largely fulfilled. Indeed, only the full denouement remains, [486] for its complete fulfilment. As to that, Marr may have seen too darkly. The history of the world thus far knows no irrevocable decisions, decisive victories, permanent conquests or absolute weapons. The last word, so far, has always proved to lie with the New Testamentary dictum: "The end is not yet".

However, the last stage in Marr's forecast, the third act in the 20th Century drama, is evidently at hand, whatever its outcome and whatever its subsequent aftermath, and in preparation for it the Jewish soul has been made captive by Talmudic chauvinism once again. Mr. George Sokolsky, the notable Jewish diarist of New York, observed in January 1956 that, "There was considerable opposition" (to Zionism) "inside world Jewry, but over the years the opposition died down and where it still exists it is so unpopular as generally to be hidden away; in the United States opposition to Israel among Jews is negligible".

The few warning voices which are still being raised, like Jeremiah's of old, are nearly all those of Jews. The reason is not that non-Jewish writers are worse informed, shorter sighted or less courageous; it has long been the unwritten rule that Jewish objectors may within limits be heard, as they are of "ourselves", but that objection from non-Jews must not be tolerated.\* In the condition of the Western press today, in the third quarter of the 20th century, this rule is enforced almost without exception.

On this account the few warnings here quoted are Jewish ones. Mr. Frank Chodorov told the American Government (*Human Events*, March 10, 1956) that in the Middle East "in reality it is not dealing with the government of Israel but with American Jews. . . It is a certainty that many good, loyal Americans of the Jewish faith would welcome a showdown, not only to register their loyalty to this country and against world Zionism, but also to loosen the grip the Zionists have on them".

Similarly, Mr. Alfred Lilienthal (*Human Events*, September 10, 1955) echoed the despairing plea of the late Mr. James Forrestal eight years before; as the shadow of the 1956 presidential election fell across America he, too, begged the

\* A good example: during 1956, a presidential election year, criticism of Zionism or of "Israel" was an almost inconceivable thing in the United States, especially in the later months, as the actual vote approached. Israeli attacks on the neighbouring Arab countries were invariably reported in all leading newspapers as "reprisal" or "retaliation". The President, his Cabinet members and State Department officials remained silent as one attack followed another, each of them resulting in an act of merciless destruction on the pattern of Deir Yasin in 1948. Indeed, leading candidates of the opposing parties, as in 1952 and 1948, vied with each other in demanding arms for Israel and in competing by this means for the Zionist-controlled vote which was supposed to be decisive. At the same time (11 September 1956) over two thousand Orthodox Jews met in Union Square, New York, to protest against "the persecution of religion in the state of Israel". The name of the Israel Premier, Ben-Gurion, was jeered and several rabbis made violent attacks on him and his government. These in no way related to the case of the Arabs, who were not mentioned; the attack was solely on ground of religious orthodoxy, the

Ben-Gurion government being assailed for its disregard of orthodox ritual in Sabbatarian and other questions. Nevertheless, the attack was public, whereas criticism on any ground whatever from non-Jewish quarters was in fact virtually forbidden at this time. At the same period (1 September 1956) recurrent Jewish riots in Israel itself culminated in an outbreak which was suppressed by police, one man being killed. The dead man belonged to a group which refused to recognize the Israel government, maintaining that "re-establishment of a Jewish state must await the divine will" (incidentally, this is one of the main theses of the present, non-Jewish writer's book). The victim, on account of his belief, was described by New York newspapers as "a religious extremist".

[487] two great political parties, when they joined conflict, "to take the Arab-Israeli issue out of domestic politics". Both these Jewish warnings appeared in a Washington newsletter of repute but small circulation; the mass-circulation newspapers were closed to them.

Other latterday Jewish remonstrants raised the ancient cry of a coming "catastrophe". In 1933 Mr. Bernard J. Brown had seen disaster coming: "Never in the history of the human race has there ever been a group of people who have enmeshed themselves into so many errors and persisted in refusing to see the truth, as our people have done during the last three hundred years" (the period which saw the emergence of the Talmudic "Eastern Jews" and the victorious Talmudist war against Jewish assimilation).

Fifteen years after that warning Jewish remonstrants were pronouncing the word which it only implied: "catastrophe". Rabbi Elmer Berger wrote in 1951, "Unless Americans of Jewish faith and a great many Americans of other faiths who have been misguided into supporting Zionism return to the fundamentals both of American life and of Judaism we are headed for *something of a catastrophe*".

The foreword to Rabbi Berger's book was written by a non-Jewish authority, Dr. Paul Hutchinson, editor of *The Christian Century*. He was more explicit: "This claim of the right of American Jews to refuse amalgamation is building towards a crisis which may have lamentable consequences. Already it is becoming clear that every time Israel gets in a jam (and many of its policies, especially with regard to economics and immigration, seem almost designed to produce jams) American Jews will be expected to high-pressure the United States government to step in and straighten matters out. Zionist leaders have not hesitated to carry this sort of thing to the extremes of political blackmail" (this was written many years before ex-President Truman in his memoirs confirmed the fact). "This can continue for a little while because of our peculiar electoral system. . . but New York is not the United States, and if this sort of strong-arm intervention in behalf of a foreign state keeps up, *look out for an explosion*".

These warnings, though clear to Jews, might produce in non-Jewish minds the false impression that "the Jews" are headed towards "a catastrophe" of their own making; that in that event Talmudic chauvinism will recoil on their own heads; and, *schliesslich*, that they will then only have themselves to thank. The smug and the rancorous, especially, might fall into this delusion.

Delusion it would be. That recurrent phenomenon of history-as-it-is-written, "the Jewish catastrophe", is invariably the small Jewish share in a general catastrophe, the proportion being, say, around one percent of the total woe. The monstrous prevarication of the Second War about the "six million Jews who perished" does not change that enduring truth. The catastrophe which has been brewed in these fifty years will be a general one, and the Jewish share of it will be fractional. It will be *depicted* as "a Jewish catastrophe", as the Second War was

[488] so depicted, but that is the false picture shown on the lighted screen to "the mob" in its dark room.

Jews often, and quite genuinely, cannot envisage a calamity involving Jews, and no matter how many more non-Jews, as anything but "a Jewish catastrophe". This is a mental attitude deriving from the original teaching of the Talmud-Torah, wherein the chosen people alone have true existence and the others are shadows or cattle. Mr. Karl Stern's book, *Pillar of Fire*, provides an illustration.

Mr. Stern (a Jew who grew up in Germany between the wars, went to Canada and there was converted to the Catholic faith) says that there was in the Jewish youth Movement in Germany in the 1920's "a general mood which seemed to point at events which later came to pass. Latent in the situation were sorrows, questions and doubts pointing towards *the great Jewish catastrophe* - or rather the great European catastrophe with which the fate of the Jews was interwoven in so mysterious a fashion".

In this passage the truth appears in an obvious, corrective afterthought, which would not occur to or be expressed by the run of Jewish writers. Mr. Stern's is an exceptional case, and when he had written the words "the great Jewish catastrophe" he saw their untruth and qualified them; nevertheless, even he left the original statement to stand. The influence of his heredity and upbringing were still strong enough in him, a

Catholic in North America, to form his first thought in those terms: the ordeal of 350,000,000 souls in Europe, which has left nearly half of them enslaved, was "the great Jewish catastrophe".

In a different case Mr. Stern would be the first to object to such a presentation. Indeed, he relates that he was offended by reading in a Catholic paper the statement that so-many members of the crew of a sunken British submarine were "Catholics". He was affronted because one group of the victims was singled out in this way; "I do not understand why anyone would care for such statistics". And yet: "the great Jewish catastrophe . . ."

The "catastrophe", involving all, which has been prepared in these fifty years, will not be distinctively Jewish in the predominance of Jewish suffering, but in its domination, once again, by "the Jewish question", by the effort to subordinate all the energy generated to aims represented to be Jewish, and in the use of the Jewish masses to help detonate it. The Jewish mass, or mob, is in one respect different from any other mob, or mass: it is more prone to surrender itself to chauvinist incitement, and more frenzied in this surrender. The *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, in a small section devoted to the subject of hysteria among Jews, affirms that their tendency towards it is higher than average. As a layman, I would hazard the guess that this is the result of the centuries of close confinement in the ghettos and of Talmudic absolutism in them (for today we have to do almost exclusively with the "Eastern Jews" who but yesterday lived in those confines).

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I have given some examples of this rising wave of chauvinist hysteria from literature accessible to the general reader. This shows the results, but not the root cause. To locate that the reader needs to do something more difficult; namely, attentively to follow the Yiddish and Hebrew press, in the original or in translation. Then he will receive the picture of an almost demoniac scourging of the Jewish soul so that it shall never find rest and he might conclude that nowhere outside Jewry is anything so anti-Jewish to be found as in some of these utterances, which show a scientific mastery of methods of implanting and fostering fear.

Before studying the examples which follow the reader might consider that the great mass of "explosive Eastern Jews" is now in America. This fact, more pregnant with possible consequences than any other of our day, seems scarcely to have entered the consciousness of the Western world, or even of America. The extracts which now follow show what is said in Hebrew and Yiddish (that is, outside the aural range of the non-Jew) among the Jewish masses, and the effect produced on them within the short space of five years.

Mr. William Zukerman, one of the most notable Jewish diarists of America and of our time, in May 1950 published an article called "Raising the Hair of the Jewish People" (*South African Jewish Times* of May 19, 1950; I imagine it also appeared in Jewish publications in many countries). He began by saying, "A great debate is on in the Zionist world. As yet it has not reached the non-Jewish, or even English-Jewish press; but it is raging in the Hebrew newspapers in Israel and in the Yiddish press in America and in Europe . . . it reveals, as nothing else has done in recent years, a cross-section of Jewish thought and emotions in the period following the emergence of Israel". The debate, he explained, was "on the question of *Chalutziot*; organized and prepared emigration of Jews to Israel from all over the world - *but particularly from the United States*".

At that time (1950) Mr. Zukerman wrote with only an undertone of foreboding. He quoted Mr. Sholem Niger, "dean of Yiddish literary critics and essayists", as attacking, not "the campaign for emigration of American Jews to Israel", but "the *manner* in which it is being presented to American Jews . . .". This, said Mr. Niger, was entirely negative, being anti-all others rather than pro-Israel: "the nationalists conduct a campaign of negation, vilification and destruction of everything Jewish outside Israel. *Jewish life in the United States and everywhere else in the world is depicted as contemptible and hateful. . . Everything Jewish outside Israel is declared to be slavish, undignified, suppressed and dishonourable. No Jew with any self-respect can live fully as a Jew in the United States or anywhere else except in Israel is the major contention of the nationalists in this debate*".

Another favourite technique in selling *Chalutziot* to American Jews (the article continued) "is to undermine Jewish morale, faith and hope in their American home; *to keep Jews constantly on edge with the scare of anti-semitism*: not to let

[490] them forget the Hitler horrors *and to spread doubts, fear and despair about the future of Jews in America*. Every manifestation of anti-semitism is being seized upon and exaggerated to create an impression that *American Jews, like the Germans under Hitler, stand on the brink of a catastrophe*, and that sooner or later they, too, will have to run for safety".

Mr. Niger quoted as example from an article by "a leading Israeli Zionist, Jonah Kossoi, in a highly literary Jerusalem Hebrew journal, *Israel*":

"Upon us, Zionists, now lies *the old responsibility of constantly raising the hair of the Jewish people; not to let them rest; to keep them forever on the edge of a precipice and make them aware of the dangers facing them.* We must not wait until after the 'catastrophe' because if we do, where will we take the hundreds of thousands of Jews needed to build up our State? . . . Not in the future, but right now is the time for Jews to save themselves. . ."

The reader will see: the "catastrophe" is a political necessity, or an inevitability; and from these extracts he may begin to understand why the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* records a tendency towards hysteria among Jews. Mr. Zukerman said that this "extreme form of *Chalutzijot* propaganda is the most prevalent one in Israel now". He quoted a "more moderate form of the theory" expounded by Mr. L. Jefroikin, editor of the Zionist *Kiyum* in Paris. Mr. Jefroikin, said Mr. Zukerman, "while he subscribes to the truth of every word of the nationalistic theory that no Jew can live a full and dignified life anywhere else but in Israel, and while he too says that 'American Jews live in a fool's paradise', nevertheless admits that in their present state of mind American Jews will never agree that the U.S.A. is to be placed in the same category as Germany and Poland and that they would not consent to regard their home as a place of transit for Israel. He concludes, therefore, that American Jews should be *propagandized* to become only 'Lovers of Israel', not actual Israelis in body and soul".

The effect of this "propaganda" carried by Zionist emissaries from Israel into the United States, may next be studied in some remarks printed eighteen months later (December 1951) in the *Intermountain Jewish News* of Denver, Colorado. Its editor, Mr. Robert Gamzey, was critical of the action of the Jewish Agency and the World Zionist Congress for allocating \$2,800,000 to promote *Chalutzijot* in the United States. He said he knew "from personal experience in Israel of the widespread erroneous attitude there that America has no future for the Jews and that anti-semitism dooms U.S. Jewry to the fate of German Jews". He added, "It is inconceivable therefore that the sending of Israel emissaries here to encourage American youth to settle in Israel would be conducted in any other way but to *deride and deprecate the future of American Judaism*".

These forebodings of 1950 and 1951 were justified in the next five years, when "the campaign" and "the emissaries" from Israel succeeded in injecting "the nationalistic theory", as above expounded, into the minds of the Jewish masses in America. Thus in 1955 Mr. William Zukerman, who in 1950 had been but faintly [491] alarmed, was greatly so. He wrote (*Jewish Newsletter*, November 1955, reprinted in *Time Magazine* of New York, November 28):

"There cannot be the slightest doubt that a state of mind *very much like that of Israel now prevails among American Jews.* There is a fanatical certainty abroad, that there is only one truth and that Israel is the sole custodian of it. No distinction is made between the Jews of the world and Israel, and not even between the Israeli government and Israel. Israeli statesmen and their policies are assumed to be inviolate and above criticism. There is a frightening intolerance of opinions differing from those of the majority, a complete disregard of reason, and a yielding to the *emotions of a stampeding herd.*

"There is only one important difference between the Israeli and the American Jews. In Israel, the outburst of emotionalism, as far as one can judge from outside, has a basis in reality. It wells from the hidden springs of a disillusioned people who were promised security and peace and find themselves in a war trap. *The American-Jewish brand of hysteria is entirely without roots in the realities of American-Jewish life. It is completely artificial, manufactured by the Zionist leaders, and foisted on a people who have no cause for hysteria by an army of paid propagandists as a means of advancing a policy of avowed political pressure and of stimulating fund raising. Never before has a propaganda campaign in behalf of a foreign government been planned and carried out more blatantly and cynically, in the blaze of limelight and to the fanfare of publicity, than the present wave of hysteria now being worked up among American Jews.*

These two quotations, separated by five years, again portray the degeneration of the Jewish soul under the tutelage of Talmudic Zionism. They also bring this tale of three wars to the eve of the third one, if "eve" is the apt word. In fact the third war began when the fighting in the Second War ended and has been in unbroken progress, somewhere or other in the world, ever since. It needs only a puff from any bellows to ignite it into another general war.

The process could have been, and possibly still could be halted by two responsible statesmen, one on either side of the Atlantic, speaking in unison, for it is in essence the biggest bluff in history. Today such mortal salvation seems too much to hope for and the writer probably does not exaggerate in opining that only God, who has done much bigger things, could avert the third general war. Unless that happens the concluding decades of this century foreseeably will see either the fiasco or the transient triumph of Talmudic chauvinism. Either way, in failure or success, the accompanying "catastrophe" would be that of the non-Jewish masses and Jewish suffering would be a minute fraction of it.

Afterwards, as the world obviously will not accept the Talmud, the Jews would at last have to accept the world as it is.



## Chapter 46

### THE CLIMACTERIC

This book, first written between 1949 and 1952, was rewritten in the years 1953-1956, and its concluding chapter in October and November of 1956. This was a timely moment to sum up the impact of Talmudic Zionism on human affairs, for just fifty years, or one-half of "the Jewish century", then had passed from the day when it first broke the political surface, after submergence for some 1800 years.\* (The British Uganda offer, in 1903, was the first public revelation that Western politicians were privily negotiating with "the Jewish power" as an *entity*. Mr. Balfour's hotel-room reception of Dr. Weizmann in 1906, after the Zionist rejection of Uganda, now may be seen as the second step, and the first step on the fateful road of *full* involvement in Palestinian Zionism.)

In 1956, too, the revolution (which I hold to have been demonstrably Talmudic in our time) was also about fifty years old (from the revolutionary outbreaks following Japan's defeat of Russia in 1905) as a permanent factor in our daily lives (its roots, of course, go back through 1848 to the revolution in France and to Weishaupt, and to the one in England and Cromwell).

Finally, 1956 was the year of one more presidential election in America, and this, more openly than any previous one, was held under the paralyzing pressure of Zionism.

Therefore if I could so have planned when I began the book in 1949 (I was in no position to make any such timetable) I could not have chosen a better moment than the autumn of 1956 to review the process depicted, its consequences up to this date, and the apparent denouement now near at hand: the climax to which it was all bound to lead.

During the writing of the book I have had small expectation, for the reasons I have given, that it would be published when it was ready; at this stage of "the Jewish century" that seems unlikely. If it does not appear now, I believe it will still be valid in five, ten or more years, and I expect it to be published one day or another because I anticipate the collapse, sooner or later, of the virtual law of heresy which has prevented open discussion of "the Jewish question" during the past three decades. Some day the subject will be freely debated again and something of what this book records will then be relevant.

Whatever the sequel in that respect, I end the book in October and November of 1956 and when I look around see that all is turning out just as was to be foreseen from the sequence of events related in it. The year has been full of rumours of war, louder and more insistent than any since the end of the Second War in 1945, and they come from the two places whence they were bound to come, given the arrangements made in 1945 by the "top-line politicians" of the

\* About 1952 a coelenterate fish, of a kind until then believed to have been extinct for millions of years, was brought to the surface of the Indian Ocean (seriously damaging the chain of the Darwinian theory by its appearance, as did the discovery, a little later, that the Piltdown skull was a fake). The emergence of Levitical Zionism, when it broke the political surface of the 20th Century, was a somewhat similar surprise from the deep.

[493] West. They come from Palestine, where the Zionists from Russia were installed by the West, and from Eastern Europe, where the Talmudic revolution was installed by the West. These two movements (I recall again) are the ones which Dr. Weizmann showed taking shape, within the *same* Jewish households of Russia in the late 19th Century: revolutionary-Communism and revolutionary-Zionism.

At two moments during recent years the war-noises made by the politicians of the West were louder than at any others. On each occasion the immediate cause of the outburst was soon lost to sight in the outcry about the *particular* case of "the Jews", so that, even before general war began (in both instances it receded) it was presented to the public masses as war which, if it came, would be fought primarily for, on behalf of or in defence of "the Jews" (or "Israel").

I earlier opined that any third general war would be of that nature, because the events of 1917-1945 led inevitably to that conclusion, which has been greatly strengthened by the events of 1953 and 1956. The wars which in 1953 and 1956 seemed to threaten would evidently have been waged by the West in that understanding, this time much more explicitly avowed in advance than on the two previous occasions. By any time when this book may appear the short-memory "public", if it has not again been afflicted by general war, may have forgotten the war-crises, or near-war-crises, of 1953 and 1956, so that I will briefly put them on record.

In 1953 some Jews appeared among the prisoners in one of the innumerable mock-trials announced (this one was never held) in Moscow. This caused violent uproar among the Western politicians, who again and with one voice cried that "the Jews" were being "exterminated" and "singled out" for "persecution". The outcry had reached the pitch of warlike menace when Stalin died, the trial was cancelled and the clamour abruptly ceased. To my mind the episode plainly indicated that if the war "against Communism" came about (which Western politicians and newspapers in these years spoke of as an accepted probability) it would be fought, and this time even avowedly, for "the Jews". The general multitude of enslaved humanity would be left unsuccoured, as in 1945.

In July 1956 threats of war again were uttered when Egypt nationalized the Suez Canal. For the first few days of this war-crisis the British Prime Minister justified the menaces to the British people, by the argument that Egypt's action imperilled "the vital British lifeline". Very soon he switched to the argument (presumably held to be more effective) that "Egypt's *next* act, if this is allowed to succeed, *will be to attack Israel*", The Zionist state then began to figure in the news as the worst sufferer from Egyptian control of the Suez Canal. Ergo, war in the Middle East too, if it came, was to be a war "for the Jews".

Thirdly, 1956 saw a presidential election held, for the seventh time under the direct, and for the third time under the *open* pressure of the Zionists in New York. The election campaign became a public contest for "the Jewish vote", with the [494] rival parties outbidding each other in the promise of arms, money and guarantees to the Zionist state. Both parties, on the brink of war in that part of the world, publicly pledged themselves to the support of "Israel" in any circumstances whatever.

These results of the process which I have described from its start were to be expected. The conclusion to be drawn for the future seems inescapable: the millions of the West, through their politicians and their own indifference, are chained to a powder-keg with a sputtering, shortening fuse. The West approaches the climax of its relationship with Zion, publicly begun fifty years ago, and the climax is precisely what was to be foreseen when that servience started.

In our century each of the two great wars was followed by numerous books of revelation, in which the origins of the war were scrutinized and found to be different from what the mass, or mob, had been told, and the responsibility elsewhere located. These books have found general acceptance among those who read them, for a mood of enquiry always follows the credulity of wartime. However, they produce no lasting effect and the general mass may be expected to prove no less responsive to high-pressure incitement at the start of another war, for mass-resistance to mass-propaganda is negligible, and the power of propaganda is intoxicating as well as toxic.

Whether full public information about the causes of wars would avail against this continuing human instinct ("By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust ensuing danger") if it were given *before* war's outbreak, I cannot surmise; I believe this has never been tried. One modest ambition of this book is to establish that the origins and nature of and responsibility for a war *can* be shown before it begins, not merely when it has run its course. I believe the body of the book has demonstrated this and that its argument has already been borne out by events.

I believe also that the particular events of the years 1953-1956 in the West greatly strengthen its argument and the conclusion drawn, and for that reason devote the remainder of its concluding chapter to a resume of the relevant events of those years; (1) in the area enslaved by the revolution; (2) in and around the

Zionist state; and (3) in "the free world" of the West, respectively. They appear to me to add the last word to the tale thus told: Climax, near or at hand.

Author's interpolation: *The preceding part of this concluding chapter, up to the words, "Climax, near or at hand", was written on Friday, October 26, 1956. I then went away for the weekend, intending to resume and complete the chapter on Tuesday, October 30, 1956; it was already in rough draft. When I resumed it on that day Israel had invaded Egypt, on Monday, October 29, 1956. Therefore the rest of the chapter is written in the light of the events which followed; these made it much longer than I expected.*

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## 1. The Revolution

In the area of the revolution, swollen to enslave half of Europe, the death of Stalin in 1953 was followed by a series of popular uprisings in 1953 and 1956.

Both events rejoiced the watching world, for they revived the almost forgotten hope that one day the destructive revolution would destroy itself and that men and nations would again be free. This clear meaning was then confused by the forced intrusion into each of "the Jewish question". In "the Jewish century" the public masses were prevented from receiving or considering tidings of any great event save in terms of what its effect would be "for the Jews".

Stalin's death (March 6, 1953) startled the world because the life of this man, who probably caused the death and enslavement of more human beings than any other in history, had come to seem endless, like the uncoiling of the serpent.\* The circumstances of his death remain unclear, but the timetable of the events attending it may be significant.

On *January 15, 1953* the Moscow newspapers announced that nine men were to be tried on charges of conspiring to assassinate seven high Communist notables. Either six or seven of these nine men were Jews (the accounts disagree). The other two or three might never have been born for all the world heard of them, for in the uproar which immediately arose in the West the affair was dubbed that of "the Jewish doctors".\*\*

In *February*, while the clamour in the West continued, diplomats who saw Stalin remarked on his healthy look and good spirits.

On March 6 Stalin died. A month later the "Jewish doctors" were released, Six months later Stalin's terrorist chief, Lavrenti Beria, was shot for having arrested them and the charges were denounced as false. Of Stalin's death, a notable American correspondent in Moscow, Mr. Harrison Salisbury, wrote that after it Russia was ruled by a group or junta "more dangerous than Stalin", consisting of Messrs. Malenkov, Molotov, Bulganin and Kaganovich. To acquire power, he said, the junta might have murdered Stalin, everything pointed to it; "if Stalin just happened to be struck down by a ruptured artery in his brain on March 2, *it must be recorded as one of the most fortuitous occurrences in history*".

For the West these attendant circumstances and possibilities of Stalin's end

\* His leading place was briefly taken by one Grigori Malenkov, who yielded it to duumvirs, Nikita Khrushchev (party leader) and Nikolai Bulganin (Premier). The world could not tell to what extent they inherited Stalin's personal power or were dominated by others. A survivor of all changes and purges, Mr. Lazar Kaganovich, a Jew, remained a First Deputy Premier throughout and on the Bolshevik anniversary in November 1955 was chosen to tell the world, "Revolutionary ideas know no frontiers". When the duumvirs visited India in that month the *New York Times*, asking who ruled the Soviet Union in their absence, answered "Lazar M. Kaganovich, veteran Communist leader". Mr. Kaganovich was among Stalin's oldest and closest intimates, but neither this nor any other relevant fact deterred the Western press from attacking Stalin, in his last months, as the new, anti-semitic "Hitler".

\*\* This outcry in the West had begun ten weeks earlier, on the eve of the Presidential election in America, on the strength of a trial in Prague, when eleven of fourteen defendants were hanged, after the usual "confessions", on charges of *Zionist* conspiracy. Three of the victims were not Jews, but they too might not have been born or hanged for all the notice they received in the press of the West.

[496] had no interest. The entire period of some nine months, between the Prague trial (and presidential election) and the liquidation of Beria was filled with the uproar in the West about "anti-semitism in Russia". While the clamour continued (it ceased after "the Jewish doctors" were released and vindicated) things were said which seemed plainly to signify that any Western war against the Communist union would be waged, like the one against Germany, solely on behalf of "the Jews", or of those who claimed to represent the Jews. In

1953 Sovietized Russia was held up as the new anti-semitic monster, as Germany was held up in 1939 and Czarist Russia in 1914. This all-obscuring issue, to judge by the propagandist hubbub of that period, would again have befogged the battle and deceived the nations.

The timing of this campaign is significant and can no longer be explained by the theory of coincidence. In order to give maximum effect to the "pressure-machine" in America, the "Jewish question" has to become acute at the period of any presidential election there. Nowadays it always becomes acute at that precise period in one of its two forms: "anti-semitism" somewhere (this happened in 1912, 1932, 1936, 1940 and 1952) or a peril to "Israel" (this happened in 1948 and 1956). The prediction that, in one of the two forms, it will dominate the Presidential election of 1960 may be made without much risk.

Nothing changed in the situation of the Jews in Russia at that time.\* Some Jews had been included among the defendants in a show-trial at Prague and in one announced, but never held, in Moscow. The thirty-five Communist years had seen innumerable show-trials; the world had become indifferent through familiarity with them. As the terrorist state was based on imprisonment without *any* trial, the show-trials obviously were only held in order to produce some effect, either on the Sovietized masses or on the outer world. Even the charge of "Zionist conspiracy" was not new; it had been made in some trials of the 1920's, and Communism from the start (as Lenin and Stalin testify) *formally* outlawed Zionism, just as it provided the Zionists from Russia with the arms to establish "Israel" in 1948.

If Stalin went further than was allowed in attacking "Zionism" on this occasion, his death quickly followed. To the end he was obviously not anti-*Jewish*. Mr. Kaganovich remained at his right hand. A few days before he died Stalin ordered one of the most pompous funerals ever seen in Soviet Moscow to be given to Lev Mechlis, one of the most feared and hated Jewish Commissars of the thirty-five years. Mechlis's coffin was carried by all the surviving grandees of the Bolshevik revolution, who also shared the watch at his lying in state, so that this was plainly a warning to the captive Russian masses, if any still were needed, that "the law against anti-semitism" was still in full force. Immediately after

\* Of whom, according to the current Jewish "estimates" there were some two millions, or about one percent of the total Soviet population, (stated by the Soviet Government's Statistical Manual of the Soviet Economy in June 1956 to be 200,000,000).

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Mechlis's funeral (Jan. 27, 1953) the "Stalin Peace Prize" was with great public ostentation presented to the apostle of Talmudic vengeance, Mr. Ilya Ehrenburg, whose broadcasts to the Red Armies as they advanced into Europe incited them not to spare "even *unborn* Fascists". A few days before he died Stalin prompted the *Red Star* to state that the struggle against Zionism "had nothing to do with anti-semitism; Zionism is the enemy of the working people all over the world, of Jews no less than Gentiles".

The plight of the Jews, in their fractional minority in Russia, thus had not changed for the better or for worse. They still had "a higher degree of equality in the Soviet Union than any other part of the world" (to quote the derisive answer given, at this period, by a Jewish witness to a Republican Congressman, Mr. Kit Clardy, before a Congressional Committee, Mr. Clardy having asked "Do you not shrink in horror from what Soviet Russia is doing to the Jews?"). They remained a privileged class.

The uproar in the West therefore was artificial and had no factual basis, yet it reached a pitch just short of actual warlike threat and might have risen to that note had not Stalin died and "the Jewish doctors" been released (I was never able to discover whether the non-Jewish ones also were liberated). There could only be one reason for it: that *Zionism* had been attacked, and by 1952-3 opposition to Zionism was deemed by the frontal politicians of the West to be "Hitlerism" and provocation of war. The episode showed that this propaganda of incitement can be unleashed at the touch of a button and be "beamed" in any direction at changing need (not excluding America, in the long run). When this propaganda has been brought to white heat, it is used to extort the "commitments" which are later invoked.

The six month period, between nomination-and-election, election-and-inauguration is that in which American presidents now come under this pressure. President Eisenhower in 1952-3 was under the same pressure as President Woodrow Wilson in 1912-3, Mr. Roosevelt in 1938-9, and President Truman in 1947-8. The whole period of his canvass, nomination, election and inauguration was dominated by "the Jewish question" in its two forms, "anti-semitism" here, there or everywhere, and the adventure in Palestine. Immediately after nomination he told a Mr. Maxwell Abbell, President of the United Synagogue of America, "The Jewish people could not have a better friend than me . . . I grew up believing that Jews was the chosen

people and that they gave us the high ethical and moral principles of our civilization" (all Jewish newspapers, September 1952).\*

This was the basic commitment, familiar in our century and always taken to mean much more than the givers comprehend. Immediately after it came the

\* Mr. Eisenhower "added that his mother had reared him and his brother, in teachings of the Old Testament". This somewhat cryptic allusion is to the Christian sect of Jehovah's Witnesses, in which Mr. Eisenhower and his brothers were brought up in their parental home.

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Prague trial and President Eisenhower, just elected, was evidently pressed for something more specific. In a message to a Jewish Labour Committee in Manhattan (Dec. 21, 1952) he said the Prague trial "was designed to unloose a campaign of rabid anti-semitism throughout Soviet Europe and the satellite nations of Eastern Europe. *I am honoured to take my stand with American Jewry . . . to show the world the indignation all America feels at the outrages perpetrated by the Soviets against the sacred principles of our civilization*".

The "outrages" at that moment consisted in the hanging of eleven men, three of them Gentiles, among the millions done to death in the thirty-five Bolshevik years; their fate was not included in these "outrages". The new president could not have known what "campaign" the trial was "designed to unloose", and innumerable other trials had received no presidential denunciation. The words implicitly tarred the captives of Communism, too, with the "anti-semitic" brush, for they were termed "satellite nations" and the primary meaning of "satellite" is "An attendant attached to a prince or other powerful person; hence, an obsequious dependent or follower" (Webster's Dictionary). As the commander whose military order, issued in agreement with the Soviet dictator, had ensured their captivity, President Eisenhower's choice of word was strange. It reflected the attitude of those who were able to put "pressure" on all American presidents and governments. To them the enslavement of millions meant nothing; indeed, their power was used to perpetuate it.

This state of affairs was reflected, again, in two of the new President's first acts. In seeking election, he had appealed to the strong American aversion to the deed of 1945 by pledging to repudiate the Yalta agreements (the political charter of his own military order halting the Allied advance west of Berlin and thus abandoning Eastern Europe to Communism) in these explicit words:

"The Government of the United States, under Republican leadership, *will repudiate all commitments contained in secret understandings such as those of Yalta which aid Communist enslavement*". Elected, the new president sent to Congress (20 February 1953) a resolution merely proposing that Congress join him "in rejecting any interpretations or applications . . . of secret agreements which have been perverted to bring about the subjugation of free people". By that time he had publicly referred to the enslaved peoples as "satellites". As the resolution neither "repudiated" nor even referred to "Yalta", it was disappointing to the party led by President Eisenhower and in the end it was dropped altogether.

In its place, the new President transmitted to Congress a resolution condemning "the vicious and inhuman campaigns against *the Jews*" in the Soviet area. Thus "the enslaved" were deleted altogether and "the Jews" put in their place, an amendment typical of our time. The perspiring State Department succeeded in having this resolution amended to include "other minorities". The present Jewish "estimates" are that there are in all "about 2,500,000 Jews behind

[499] the Iron Curtain", where the non-Jewish captives amount to between 300 and 350 millions; these masses, which included whole nations like the Poles, Hungarians, Bulgars and Ukrainians, to say nothing of the smaller ones or even of the Russians themselves, were lumped together in two words "other minorities". The Senate adopted *this* resolution (Feb. 27, 1953) by unanimous consent, but this was not deemed enough for proper discipline, so that every American Senator (like the Members of the British House of Commons, at Mr. Eden's behest, during the war) stood up to be counted. A few who were absent hurriedly asked in writing to have their names added to the roll-call.

Had the peoples behind "the Iron Curtain" understood the story of these two resolutions, or been allowed to learn of it, they would not have hoped (as they *did* hope) for any American succour in their national uprisings against the terror in 1956.

The President having spoken and acted thus, the uproar waxed. One of the most powerful Zionist leaders of that period (in the line of Justice Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen Wise) was Rabbi Hillel Silver, who during the election had defended Mr. Eisenhower against ex-President Truman's charge of "antisemitism" (now invariably used in presidential elections), and later was invited by the new president to pronounce the



"prayer for grace and guidance" at his inauguration. Thus Rabbi Silver may be seen as a man speaking with authority when he announced that *if* Russia were *destroyed*, it would be on behalf of the Jews: he "warned Russia *that it will be destroyed if it makes a spiritual pact with Hitlerism*". This method of giving the "Hitler" label to any individual threatened with "destruction" later was generally adopted (President Nasser of Egypt being a case in point).

The menace was always implicitly the same: "Persecute men if you will, but you will be destroyed if you oppose the Jews". Mr. Thomas E. Dewey (twice a presidential aspirant and the architect of Mr. Eisenhower's nomination in 1952) outdid Rabbi Silver at the same meeting (Jan. 15, 1953): "Now all are beginning to see it" ("anti-semitism" in Russia) "as the newest and most terrible programme of genocide yet launched . . . Zionism, as such, has now become a crime and merely being born a Jew is now cause for hanging. Stalin has swallowed the last drop of Hitler's poison, becoming the newest and most vituperative persecutor of Jewry . . . It seems that Stalin is willing to admit to the whole world that he would like to accomplish for Hitler what Hitler could not do in life".

The extravagance of this campaign astonishes even the experienced observer, in retrospect. For instance, the *Montreal Gazette*, which by chance I saw in the summer of 1953, editorially stated that "thousands of Jews are being murdered in East Germany"; the Johannesburg *Zionist Record* three years earlier (July 7, 1950) had stated that the entire Jewish population of Eastern Germany was 4,200 souls, most of whom enjoyed preference for government employ.

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The new president's "commitments" became ever firmer, at all events in the minds of those to whom they were addressed. In March 1953, either just before or after Stalin's death, he sent a letter to the Jewish Labour Committee above-cited *pledging* (the word used in the *New York Times*; I have not the full text of his message) that America would be "*forever vigilant* against any resurgence of anti-semitism". When the recipient committee held its congress at Atlantic City the "Jewish doctors" had been released and the whole rumpus was dying down, so that it was no longer eager to make the letter public and returned it to the sender. The president was insistent on publication and sent it back "with a very tough note bitterly condemning Soviet anti-semitism".

In this world of propagandist fictions the masses of the West were led by their governors from disappointment to disappointment. Who knows whither they would have been led on this occasion, had Stalin not died, the "Jewish doctors" not been released, the finger not been removed from the button of mass-incitement?

Stalin died and the machine-made outcry (on both sides of the Atlantic) died with him. What if he had lived and "the Jewish doctors" been tried? When he died the propaganda had already reached eve-of-war pitch; the "new Hitler" had begun "the newest and most terrible programme of genocide yet launched"; "thousands of Jews" were being "murdered" in a place where only hundreds lived: soon these thousands would have become millions, one . . . two . . . six millions. The entire holocaust of Lenin's and Stalin's thirty-five years, with its myriads of unknown victims and graves, would have been transformed, by the witchcraft of this propaganda, into one more "anti-Jewish persecution"; indeed, this was done by the shelving of President Eisenhower's "repudiation of Yalta and Communist enslavement" pledge and the substitution for it of a resolution which singled out for "condemnation" the "vicious and inhuman treatment of the Jews" (who continued, behind the Iron Curtain, to wield the terror over those enslaved by Communism). In that cause alone, had war come, another generation of Western youth would have gone to war, thinking their mission was to "destroy Communism".

Stalin died. The West was spared war at that time and stumbled on, behind its Zionised leaders, towards the next disappointment, which was of a different kind. During the ten years that had passed since the ending of the Second War their leaders had made them accustomed to the thought that one day they would have to crush Communism and thus amend the deed of 1945. The sincerity of the Western leaders in this matter was again to be tested in the years 1953 and 1956.

In those years the enslaved people *themselves* began to destroy Communism and to strike, for that liberation which the American president, the military architect of their enslavement, promised them but counselled them not militantly to effect.\* Stalin's death seemed to have the effect of a thaw on the rigid fear

\* "While once again proclaiming the policy of liberation, Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, disclaimed any United States responsibility for the ill-fated uprising in Hungary. He said that beginning in 1952 he and the President consistently had declared that liberation must be achieved by peaceful, evolutionary means". Statement at Augusta, Georgia, Dec. 2, 1956.

[501] which gripped these peoples and it set this process of self-liberation in motion. The writer of this book was confounded, in this case, in his expectations. I believed, from observation and experience, that any national uprising was impossible against tanks and automatic weapons, and against the day-to-day methods of the terror (arrest, imprisonment, deportation or death without charge or trial), which seemed to have been perfected during three centuries (that is, through the revolutions in England, France and Russia) to a point where, I thought, only outside succour could make any uprising possible. I had forgotten the infinite resources of the human spirit.

The first of these revolts occurred in Sovietized East Berlin on June 17, 1953, when unarmed men and youths attacked Soviet tanks with bands and stones.\* This example produced an unprecedented result deep inside the Soviet Union itself: a rising at the Vorkuta slave camp in the Arctic Circle, where the prisoners chased the terrorist guards from the camp and held it for a week until secret police troops from Moscow arrived and broke them with machine-gun fire.

These two uprisings occurred while the clamour in the West about "anti-semitism behind the Iron Curtain" was still loud. No similar outcry was raised on behalf of the legion of human beings, a hundred times as numerous, whose plight was once more revealed. No threats of war or "destruction" were uttered against the Soviet Union on their account. On the contrary, the politicians and the press of the West urged them to remain quiet and simply to hope for "the liberation" which, by some untold means, one day would come to them from America, which had abandoned them in 1945.

Nevertheless, the anguished longing for liberation continued to work in the souls of the peoples and in the sequence to the East Berlin and Vorkuta outbursts came the risings in Poland and Hungary in October, 1956, after I began this concluding chapter. The first was a spontaneous national uprising. The second, ignited by the first, became something which history can scarcely match: a national *war* of a whole, captive people against the captor's overwhelming might. I believe the passage of time will show this event either to have marked the rebirth of "the West" and the revival of Europe, or the end of Europe as it has been known to mankind for the past thousand years and therewith the end of anything the words, "the West", have stood for.

Whatever the future, one thing was achieved by the October uprisings, and

\* This was crushed and ruthless vengeance taken by "the dreaded Frau Hilde Benjamin" (The Times, July 17, 1953) who was promoted Minister of Justice for the purpose and became notorious for her death sentences (one on a boy in his teens who distributed anti-Communist leaflets) and for her especial persecution of the sect of Jehovah's Witnesses, in which President Eisenhower was brought up. In the popular thought and in New York newspaper descriptions she was described as "a Jewess". As far as my research can discover, though married to a Jew, she was not by birth Jewish.

[502] more especially by the Hungarian uprisings. Never again could the revolution pretend to have even the passive acceptance of its captives. These showed that, under Karl Marx's Communism, they found they had nothing to lose but their chains and would face death rather than endure them.

The causes for which both nations rose were the same and were made completely clear. They wanted, in each case, the liberation of the nation through the withdrawal of the Red Army; the liberation of individual men from the terror through the abolition of the secret police and the punishment of the chief terrorists; the restoration of their faith through the release of the head of their church (who in both cases was imprisoned); the release of their political system from the one-party thrall through the return of contending parties and elections.

Thus the issue at stake was completely plain: through a little nation on its eastern borders "the West" rose against Asiatic despotism; here was God against godlessness, liberty against slavery, human dignity against human degradation. The issue at the moment turned, and the final decision will turn, on the measure of support which these outpost-nations of the West found in the remainder of the West, which professed kinship and fellowship with them but in the hour of need had abandoned them before.

In that quarter, vision of the clear issue at stake was obscured by the intrusion of the all-obscuring side-issue of our century: "the Jewish question". The tale of the October events in Poland and Hungary is as clear, in itself, as crystal, but was not allowed to become clear to the masses of America and England because of this one aspect, concerning which information has consistently been denied to them since the Bolshevik overthrow of the legitimate regime in Russia in 1917.

Three months before the Polish and Hungarian uprisings an article by Mr. C.L. Sulzberger published in the *New York Times* revived the cry of "Anti-semitism behind the Iron Curtain" which had been raised in 1953. As an instance of this "anti-semitism" the article cited the dismissal of Jakub Berman, "detested party theorist and a Jew", who was the chief Moscovite terrorist in Poland.

In this article lurked the secret of which the Western masses have never been allowed to become aware; Mr. Robert Wilton, who "lost the confidence" of *The Times* for trying to impart it to that newspaper's readers in 1917-1918, was the first of a long line of correspondents who tried, and failed, during the next thirty-nine years. The masses in Russia, and later in the other countries which were abandoned to Communism, could not rise against the terror without being accused of "anti-semitism", because the terror was always a *Jewish* and Talmudic terror, thus identifiable by its acts, and not a Russian, Communist or Soviet terror.

In this one thing the ruling power in Moscow, whatever it truly was and is, never departed from the original pattern, and that is the basic fact from which all research into the events of our century must start. The theory of coincidence might conceivably be applied to the 90 percent-Jewish governments which [503] appeared in Russia, Hungary and Bavaria in 1917-1919; (Even at that time, as I have shown earlier, a Jewish writer described the national abhorrence of the Jewish Bolshevik government in Hungary as "anti-semitism", an epithet which could only have been escaped by submission to it). But when the Moscow Government installed Jewish governments in the countries abandoned to it in 1945 no doubt remained that this was set and calculated policy, with a considered purpose.

I repeat here information, from unchallengeable sources, about the composition of these governments at the very moment in 1952-1953 when Stalin was being called "the new Hitler" and "Russia" was being threatened with "destruction" from New York and Washington if it permitted "any resurgence of anti-semitism": "In Czechoslovakia, as elsewhere in Central and South-Eastern Europe, both the party intellectuals and the key men in the secret police are largely Jewish in origin; the man in the street, therefore, has been inclined to equate the party cares with the Jews and to blame the 'Jewish Communists' for all his troubles" (*New Statesman*, 1952); ". . . The strongly Jewish (90 percent in the top echelons) Government of Communist Hungary under Communist Premier Matyas Rakosi, who is himself a Jew" (*Time*, New York, 1953). "Rumania, together with Hungary, probably has the greatest number of Jews in the administration" (*New York Herald-Tribune*, 1953). All these, and many similar reports in my files, come from articles reproaching "anti-semitism" in "the satellite countries", and at this period, when these countries were known to be Jewish-ruled, President Eisenhower made his statement about "a wave of rabid anti-semitism in . . . the satellite countries of Eastern Europe".

What could these menaces from Washington mean to the captive peoples, other than a warning not to murmur against the wielders of the knout; yet at the same time they were promised "liberation", and "The Voice of America" and "Radio Free Europe" daily and nightly tormented them with descriptions of their own plight.

This was the confusing background to the Polish and Hungarian national uprisings of October 1956, the first sign of which, again, was given by the riots at Poznan, in Poland, in June 1956. Immediately after that Mr. Sulzberger's article about "Anti-semitism behind the Iron Curtain" appeared, complaining that Mr. Jakub Berman had been dismissed and that Marshal Rokossovsky, commander of the Polish army, had dismissed "several hundred Jewish officers", In August one of the two Deputy Premiers, Mr. Zenon Nowak (the other was a Jew, Mr. Hilary Mine) said the campaign for "democratization" or "liberalization" which was being conducted in the Polish press was being distorted by the introduction of, and the especial prominence given to the case of "the Jews", He said the nation believed there was "a disproportionate number of Jews in leading party and government positions" and in evidence read a list of their representation in the various ministries, A Professor Kotabinski, replying to and attacking [504] Mr. Nowak, said the Jews "had become almost a majority in key positions, and preference for their own people in giving out jobs has not been avoided" (*New York Times*, Oct. 11, 1956).

By that time Poland had been for eleven years under *Soviet* rule and *Jewish* terror. Little had changed in the picture given by the American Ambassador, Mr. Arthur Bliss Lane, of the years 1945-1947: "Many an arrest by the Security Police was witnessed by members of the American Embassy . . . terrifying methods, such as arrests in the middle of the night, and the person arrested generally was not permitted to communicate with the outside world, perhaps for months, perhaps for all time . . . Even our Jewish sources admitted. . . the great unpopularity of the Jews in key government positions. These men included Minc, Berman, Olczewski, Radkiewicz and Spsychalski. . . there was bitter feeling within the militia against the Jews

because the Security police, controlled by Radkiewicz, dominated the militia and the army . . . Furthermore, both the Security Police and Internal Security Police had among their members many Jews of Russian origin".

Only after eleven years did this Jewish control of the terror begin to weaken. In May 1956 Mr. Jakub Berman ("thought to be Moscow's No. 1 man in the Polish Party", *New York Times*, Oct. 21, 1956) resigned as one deputy Premier and early in October 1956 Mr. Hilary Minc ("thought to be Moscow's No. 2 man") also resigned. (Mr. Nowak, one of the new Deputy Premiers, from the start was assailed as "anti-semitic").

This was the significant background to the national uprising of October 20. Poland, at its first experience of Communist rule, like Russia, Hungary and Bavaria in 1917-1919, had found the terror, on which that rule rested, to be *Jewish* and was already being attacked for "anti-semitism" in America and England because it tried to throw off the terror. Like all other countries, it was caught in the dilemma caused by "the Jewish question". The actual situation of such Jews as were not in high position in Poland appears to have been better than that of other sections of the population, to judge from various reports made at this period by visiting rabbis and journalists from America. Incidentally, the total number of Jews in Poland at that time ranges, in published Jewish "estimates", from "thirty thousand" (*New York Times*, July 13, 1956) to "about fifty thousand" (*New York Times*, Aug. 31, 1956), the total population of Poland being given, in current reference works as approximately 25,000,000. Their proportion, therefore, is a small fraction of one percent, and never before this century has a minority of this minuteness, anywhere, claimed to become "almost a majority in key positions" and in showing "preference for their own people in giving out jobs".

The case of Hungary was more significant, for this country after 1945 endured its *second* experience of Communist rule. It not only found the terror to be Jewish again, but it was wielded *by the same men*. This deliberate reinstatement of Jewish [505] terrorists detested by a nation for their deeds of twenty-six years before (the details are given later in this chapter) is the strongest evidence yet provided of the existence in Moscow of a power, controlling the revolution, which deliberately gives its savageries the *Talmudic* signature, not the Soviet, Communist or Russian one.

Against this background, which was not comprehended in "the free world", the forces of national regeneration gradually worked to throw off the terror. In April 1956 Mr. Vladislav Gomulka (imprisoned from 1951 to 1956 under the Berman- Minc regime as a "deviationist") was released and became the symbol of the national hope at this instant, for although he was a Communist he was a Pole. He was restored to the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party on October 19, 1956 and on October 20 did something which might have changed the whole shape of our century, but for the shadow which soon fell across the ensuing events (this time from the other centre of "the Jewish question", Palestine). He presented the Polish nation with a virtual declaration of independence, attacked "the misrule of the last twelve years", promised elections and declared that "the Polish people will defend themselves with all means so that we may not be pushed off the road to democratization".

He did this in face of a flying visit from the Moscovite chiefs themselves. Mr. Krushev was accompanied by generals and threatened the use of the Red Army. He seems to have been utterly discomfited by the bold front offered to him by Mr. Gomulka and, in particular by Mr. Edward Ochab (also an "anti-semitic" in Mr. Sulzberger's article) who said, according to report, "If you do not halt your troops immediately, we will walk out of here and break off all contact". The Polish army was evidently ready to defend the national cause and Mr. Krushev capitulated. Marshal Rokossovsky disappeared to Moscow\* and, as the symbol of the nation's rebirth, Cardinal Wyszynski (deprived of his office under the Berman-Minc regime in 1953) was released.

Jubilant spread over Poland. The revolution had suffered its first major defeat; the faith had been restored (this was the meaning of the Cardinal's liberation); the nation, abandoned by the outer world, had taken a great first step towards its self-liberation.

At once the bush-fire spread to Hungary. The great event in Poland was forgotten in the excitement caused by a greater one. All the processes of human nature, time and providence seemed at last to be converging to a good end.

In Hungary on October 22, 1956, two days after the Polish declaration of independence, the people gathered in the streets to demand that Mr. Imre Nagy return to the premiership and the Soviet occupation troops be withdrawn. None

\* A good instance of the confusion introduced into this event by the "Jewish question". Rokossovsky, Polish-born and a Soviet marshal, halted the advancing troops at the gates of Warsaw in 1944 to give the SS. and Gestapo troops time and freedom to massacre the Polish resistance army. He was thus the most hated man in Poland. At the same time he was held to be "anti-semitic" by the New York newspapers. Which current of feeling counted most heavily against him, one cannot at this stage determine.

[506] of them realized at that moment that they were beginning a national uprising which was to turn into a national war of liberation.

The spark came from Poland and the background was the same, with the difference that Hungary was undergoing its *second* ordeal at the hands of Jewish commissars. The chief object of its fear and detestation at that instant was one Erno Geroe, head of the Hungarian Communist Party and the *third* of the Jewish terrorists of 1919 sent to Hungary by Moscow to wield the terror there. Thus in this event, not only the accumulated bitterness of the years 1945-1956 exploded, but also the memories of the terror in 1918-1919.

Mr. Imre Nagy, like Mr. Gomulka in Poland, became the symbol of the nation's hopes at that moment because he was a "national" Communist. That is to say, he was a Magyar, as Gomulka was a Pole, and not an alien. His part in the historical process, had he been allowed to fulfil it, would probably have been to take the first steps towards the restoration of Hungarian national sovereignty and individual liberty, after which he would have given way to an elected successor. His symbolic popularity at the moment of the national uprising was chiefly due to the fact that he had been forced out of the premiership in 1953, and expelled from the Communist party in 1955, by the hated Matyas Rakosi and Erno Geroe.

In Hungary, as in Poland, the nation wanted distinct things, all made clear by the words and deeds of the ensuing days: the restoration of the national faith (symbolized by the release of the Cardinal, imprisoned by the Jewish terrorists), the liberation of the nation (through the withdrawal of the Soviet troops), the abolition of the terrorist secret police and the punishment of the terrorist chiefs. The initial demand for these things, however, was expressed by peaceful demonstration, not by riot or uprising.\* They became noisy after a violently abusive speech by Geroe, the party leader, who retained that post when the party's central committee installed Mr. Nagy as premier. Geroe then instructed the Soviet troops to enter Budapest and restore order. Encountering demonstrators in Parliament Square, who were gathered to demand Geroe's dismissal, the Soviet tanks and Geroe's terrorist police opened fire, leaving the streets littered with dead and dying men and women (Oct. 24, 1956). This was the

\* The best authentic account of the original event was given, for reasons of his own, by the Communist dictator of Yugoslavia, Tito, in a national broadcast on Nov. 15, 1956. He said, among much else, "When we were in Moscow we declared that Rakosi's regime and Rakosi himself did not have the necessary qualifications to lead the Hungarian state or to lead it to internal unity. . . Unfortunately, the Soviet comrades did not believe us. . . When Hungarian Communists themselves demanded that Rakosi should go, the Soviet leaders realized that it was impossible to continue in this way and agreed that he should be removed. But they committed a mistake by not also allowing the removal of Geroe and other Rakosi followers . . . They agreed to the removal of Rakosi on the condition that Geroe would obligatorily remain. . . He followed the same policy and was as guilty as Rakosi . . . He called those hundreds of thousands of demonstrators, who were still demonstrators at the time, a mob" (a participant stated that Geroe's words were "filthy Fascist bandits and other words too dirty to repeat") ". . . This was enough to ignite the barrel of gunpowder and cause it to explode . . . Geroe called in the army. It was a fatal mistake to call in the Soviet Army at a time when the demonstrations were still going on . . . This angered these people even more and thus a spontaneous revolt ensued. . . Nagy called the people to arms against the Soviet Army and appealed to the Western countries to intervene . . ."

[507] start of the true uprising; the nation unitedly rose against the Soviet troops and the hated terrorist police and within a few days the Communist revolution suffered a defeat which made the one in Poland look like a mere rebuff.

The Cardinal was released, Mr. Nagy established himself as premier, the hated Geroe disappeared (to the Crimean Riviera, in company with Rakosi, said one report), the terrorist police were hunted down and their barracks wrecked. The statue of Stalin was thrown down and smashed to pieces; the Hungarian troops everywhere helped the uprising or remained passive; the Soviet troops (who at that moment were mainly *Russian*) often showed sympathy with the Hungarians and many of their tanks were destroyed. This was the most hopeful moment in Europe's story since 1917, but far away Zionism was moving to rescue the revolution from its discomfiture and in a few days, even hours, all that was gained was to be undone.

The background should be briefly sketched here, before the second stage of the Hungarian people's war is described, because the case of Hungary is probably the most significant of all. For some reason the Moscovite power was more determined in this case than any other to identify Jews with the terror, so that the Hungarian experience, more strongly than any, points to *continuing* Jewish, or Talmudic, control of the revolution itself at its seat of power in Moscow.



The 1919 regime in Hungary, which the Magyars themselves threw out after a brief but merciless terror, was Jewish. The presence of one or two non-Jews in the regime did not qualify this, its essential nature. It was the terror of four chief Jewish leaders, supported by a mass of subordinate Jews, namely Bela Kun, Matyas Rakosi, Tibor Szamuely and Erno Geroe, none of whom could be called Hungarians and all of whom were trained for their task in Moscow.

After the Second War free elections, for some reason of political expediency, were permitted in Hungary (Nov. 1945). These produced the natural result: a huge majority for the Smallholders Party; the Communists, despite the presence of the Red Army, made a poor showing. Then Matyas Rakosi was sent again to Hungary (Szamuely had committed suicide in 1919; Bela Kun disappeared in some nameless Soviet purge of the 1930's, but in February 1956 his memory was pompously "rehabilitated" at the Twentieth Soviet Congress in Moscow, and this may now be seen as an intimation to the Hungarians of what they had to expect in October 1956).

With the help of the terrorist police and the Red Army Rakosi began to destroy other parties and opponents, five of whom (including the renowned Mr. Laszlo Rajk) he and Geroe had hanged in 1949 after the familiar "confessions" of conspiracy with "the imperialist powers" (an allegation which left the imperialist powers as unmoved as they were infuriated by the allegation of "Zionist conspiracy" in 1952). By 1948 Hungary, under Rakosi, was completely Sovietized and terrorized. The chief terrorist this time, under Rakosi himself, was Erno Geroe, also returned to Hungary from Moscow after twenty years; he [508] staged the trial and ordered the incarceration of Hungary's religious leader, Cardinal Mindszenty\* (who before he disappeared into durance instructed the nation not to believe any confession imputed to him by his jailers). After that Hungary for several years lay under the terror of two of the men who had crucified it in 1919, and the entire government became "90 percent Jewish in the top echelons". To Hungarians also, then, the terror was Jewish and Talmudic, not Communist, Soviet or Russian, and it was most deliberately given that nature; the intent of the return of Rakosi and Geroe after the Second War is unmistakable, and their acts were equally unmistakable.

In July 1953 Rakosi resigned the premiership and *The Times* announced that "Mr. Geroe is the only Jew left in the Cabinet, which under Mr. Rakosi was predominantly Jewish". As Rakosi remained party leader and Geroe was Deputy-Premier, nothing very much changed, and in July 1956, when Rakosi also resigned his party-leadership, he was succeeded in that post by Geroe, with the consequences which were seen in October.

Even Geroe seemed to have done his worst at that moment, for after the Hungarian people's victory the Red Army troops were withdrawn (Oct. 28) and two days later (Oct. 30) the Soviet Government broadcast to the world a statement admitting "violations and mistakes which infringed the principles of equality in relations between Socialist states", offering to discuss "measures. . . to remove any possibilities of violating the principle of national sovereignty", and undertaking "to examine the question of the Soviet troops stationed on the territory of Hungary, Rumania and Poland".

Was it a ruse, intended only to lull the peoples while the assassin took respite, or was it a true retreat and enforced admission of error, opening great vistas of conciliation and hope to the peoples?

*If* Israel had not attacked Egypt . . . *if* Britain and France had not joined in that attack . . . if these things had not happened the world would now know the answer to that question. Now it will never know, for the Zionist attack on Egypt, and the British and French participation in it, released the revolution from its dilemma; as if by magic, the eyes of the watching world turned from Hungary to the Middle East and Hungary was forgotten. Vainly did Mr. Nagy broadcast his appeal to the world the very next day, saying that 200,000 men with five thousand tanks were moving into Hungary.

Budapest was pulverized. On November 7 the voice of the last free Hungarian radio faded from the air (Radio Rakoczy at Dunapentele), as the voices of the Poles had faded in 1944 and of the Czechs in 1939, bequeathing their sorrows to

\* The invariable and deliberate *anti-Christian* trait appeared again in the treatment given to Cardinal Mindszenty, the details of which were published by him after his liberation. In summary, he said he was tortured by his captors for twenty-nine days and nights between his arrest and trial, being stripped nude, beaten for days on end with a rubber hose, kept in a cold, damp cell to irritate his weak lung, forced to watch obscene performances and questioned without sleep throughout the period (interview published in many newspapers and periodicals, December 1956).

[509] "the West".

"This is our last broadcast. We are being inundated with Soviet tanks and planes". These words, the Vienna correspondent of the *New York Times* recorded, "were followed by a loud crashing sound. Then there was silence".

Mr. Nagy took refuge in the Yugoslav Legation, and on leaving it under Soviet safe-conduct was deported some-whither, none knows where. The Cardinal took refuge in the American Embassy. At the end of November the Cuban delegate to the United Nations, a well-informed authority, stated that 65,000 people had been killed in Hungary. More than 100,000 by that time had fled across the frontier into Austria, a small country which upheld the tattered standard of "the West" by taking in all who came, without question. A few thousand of these reached America, where they were received by the U.S. Secretary of the Army, a Mr. Wilbur M. Brucker, who ordered them "to applaud the American flag" and then "to applaud President Eisenhower".

These truly were ten days that shocked the world, and will shock it ever more if the true tale is ever told. They showed that the values which once were symbolized by the two words, "The West", now were embodied in the captive peoples of Eastern Europe, not in America or England or France.

Those countries had their backs turned to the scene in Hungary. They were intent on events in the Middle East. "The Jewish question" in the Middle East intervened to blot out the dawn of hope in Europe again. Once more revolutionary-Communism and revolutionary-Zionism worked as in perfect synchronization, as in October 1917; the acts of each directly benefited the other. The United Nations could not find time to discuss the Hungarian appeal for help before the new terror crushed the appellants and restored approved agents of the revolution to the delegates' places.

In Hungary itself the place of the vanished Geroe was taken by yet another commissar of 1919. Mr. Ference Munnich, who had taken prominent part in the Bela Kun regime then, also had returned to Hungary after the Second War with the Red Army. From 1946 to 1949, when Rakosi was clamping down the second terror, Mr. Munnich was Budapest chief of police. Now he became "Deputy Premier, Minister of National Defence and of Public Security" in the government of one Janos Kadar, set up by Moscow. Mr. Kadar also had a record of some independence, and therefore was not likely to be allowed to wield any power. Mr. Munnich, (said the *New York Times*) was "Moscow's ace in the hole, controlling Mr. Kadar".

In this way the night came down again on Hungary and it had to find what consolation it might in the President's words that his heart went out to it. The time bomb in the Middle East, originally planted there in the very week of the Bolshevik revolution's triumph in Moscow, blew up at the moment of the revolution's fiasco and defeat. This diversion changed the brightest situation for many years into the darkest one. The Soviet Union was left undisturbed in its

[510] work of massacre in Hungary while the great powers of the West began to dispute among themselves about Israel, Egypt and the Suez Canal; all the world turned to watch them, and the Soviet state, with the blood of a European nation on its hands, was able to join in the general anathema of Britain and France when they joined in the Israeli attack.

The creation of the Zionist state proved to be even more ill-omened than the other creation of the Talmudic Jews in Russia, the Communist revolution. The second section of this record of the years of climax therefore has to do with events in the Zionist state in the eight years between its creation by terror in 1948 and its attack on Egypt in October 1956.

## 2. The Zionist State

In those years the little state misnamed "Israel" proved to be something unique in history. It was governed, as it was devised, set up and largely peopled, by non-semitic Jews from Russia, of the Chazar breed. Founded on a tribal tradition of antiquity, with which these folk could have no conceivable tie of blood, it developed a savage chauvinism based on the literal application of the Law of the Levites in ancient Judah. Tiny, it had no true life of its own and from the start lived only by the wealth and weapons its powerful supporters in the great Western countries could extort from these. During these years it outdid the most bellicose warlords of history in warlike words and deeds. Ruled by men of the same stock as those who wielded the terror in Poland and Hungary, it daily threatened the seven neighbouring Semitic peoples with the destruction and enslavement prescribed for them in *Deuteronomy* of the Levites.

It did this in the open belief that its power in the Western capitals was sufficient to deter the governments there from ever gainsaying its will, and to command their support in any circumstances. It

behaved as if America, in particular, was its colony, and that country's deeds conformed with that idea. Within its borders its laws against conversion and intermarriage were those of the much-cited Hitler; beyond its borders lay a destitute horde of Arabs, driven into the wilderness by it, whose numbers rose through childbirth to nearly a million as the eight years went by. These, and their involuntary hosts, were by repeated raid and massacre reminded that the fate of Deir Yasin yet hung over them too: "utterly destroy, man, woman and child, . . . leave nothing alive that breatheth". The Western countries, its creators, murmured reproof while they sent it money and the wherewithal of the war which they claimed to fear; thus, like Frankenstein, they created the destructive agency which they could not control.

Based on fantasy, the little state had no real existence, only the power to spread unease throughout the world, which from the moment of its creation had no moment's true respite from fear. It began to fulfil the words of the ancient

[511] Promise: "This day will I begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee upon the nations that are under the whole heaven. . . who shall be in anguish because of thee".

Left to its own resources, it would have collapsed, as the "Jewish Homeland" of the inter-war years would have collapsed. The urge to leave it once more began to master the urge to enter it, and this despite the power of chauvinism, which for a time will overcome almost any other impulse in those who yield to it. In 1951, already, departures would have out-numbered arrivals save that the "amazing crack" earlier mentioned (*New York Herald-Tribune*, April 1953) then opened "in the Iron Curtain" (where cracks do not occur unless they are intended; the Communist-revolutionary state evidently had a calculated purpose in replenishing the Zionist-revolutionary state with inhabitants at that time). Nevertheless, in 1952, 13,000 emigrants left and only 24,470 entered, and in 1953 (the last year for which I have figures) emigration exceeded immigration, according to the Jewish Agency. A Dr. Benjamin Avniel, speaking in Jerusalem, said in June that in the first five months 8,500 immigrants had arrived and 25,000 persons had departed.

This was the natural development, if "Israel" were left alone, for it had nothing to offer but chauvinism. The picture of conditions in the land is given by Jewish authorities. Mr. Moshe Smilanski (of sixty years experience in Palestine) wrote in the *Jewish Review* of February, 1952:

"When the British mandate came to an end the country was well off. Food warehouses, private and governmental, were full and there were good stacks of raw materials. The country had thirty million pounds in the Bank of England, besides British and American securities to a large amount. The currency in circulation was about thirty million pounds, which had the same value as sterling . . . The Mandatory Government left us a valuable legacy, the deep harbour in Haifa, two moles in Jaffa and Tel Aviv, railways, many good roads and government buildings, large equipped military and civil airfields, good army barracks and the Haifa refineries. The Arabs who fled left behind about five million dunams of cultivable land, containing orchards, orange groves, olives, grape vines and fruit trees, about 75,000 dwelling houses in the towns, some of them very elegant, about 75,000 shops and factories and much movable property, furniture, carpets, jewellery, etc. All this is wealth, and if we in Israel are sunk in poverty we blame the excessive bureaucratic centralization, the restriction of private enterprise and the promise of a Socialistic regime in our day".

In April 1953 Mr. Hurwitz of the Revisionist Party in Israel told a Jewish audience in Johannesburg of the "degeneration" of the Zionist state. He said he could not blind himself to the alarming position: "Economically the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. Immigration has diminished and in the past few months more people have left the country than have come in. In addition, there are [512] 50,000 unemployed and thousands more working on short time".

These two quotations (I have many others of similar tenor) by Jewish residents may be compared with the picture of life in Israel which the Western masses received from their politicians. A Mr. Clement Davies (leader of that British Liberal Party which had 401 seats in the 1906 House of Commons and six, under his leadership, in that of 1956) before a Jewish audience in Tel Aviv "hailed the progress being made in the Jewish state, which to him seemed to be a miracle of progress along the road to restoring the country to a land flowing with milk and honey" (printed in the same Jewish newspaper as Mr. Hurwitz's remarks). At the same period, the younger Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, electioneering in New York (where "the Jewish vote" is held to be decisive) said, "Israel is a pocket of life and hope in the sea of seething Arab peoples. It 'sells freedom' for the free world more successfully than all the propaganda we could send out from the U.S.A."

Mr. Adlai Stevenson, campaigning for the presidency in 1952, told the Zionist audience that "Israel has welcomed into her midst with open arms and a warm heart all her people seeking refuge from tribulation. . . America would do well to model her own immigration policies after the generosity of the nation of Israel and

we must work to that end" (the only conceivable meaning of this is that the American people should be driven from the United States and the North American Indians be restored to their lands). Another presidential aspirant, a Mr. Stuart Symington, said "Israel is an example of how firmness, courage and constructive action can win through for democratic ideals, instead of abandoning the field to Soviet imperialism" (about that time Israeli state scholars were by governmental decree singing the Red Flag on May Day, while the politicians of Washington and London inveighed against "anti-semitism behind the Iron Curtain").

Against this sustained inversion of truth by the frontal politicians of all parties in America and England, only Jewish protests, as in the preceding decades, were heard (for the reason I previously gave, that non-Jewish writers were effectively prevented from publishing any). Mr. William Zukerman wrote:

"The generally accepted theory that the emergence of the state of Israel would serve to unify and cement the Jewish people has turned out to be wrong. On the contrary, the Congress" (the Zionist Congress in Jerusalem, 1951) "has dramatically demonstrated that the creation of a Jewish political state after two thousand years has introduced a new and potent distinction which Jews as a group have not known in centuries and that Israel is likely to separate rather than unite Jews in the future. . . . In some mystical manner Israel is supposed to have a unique jurisdiction over the ten to twelve million Jews who live in every country of the world outside it. . . . It must continue to grow by bringing in Jews from all over the world, no matter how happily they live in their present homes. . . . Jews who have lived there for generations and centuries, must according to this theory

[513] be 'redeemed' from 'exile' and brought to Israel through a process of mass immigration. . . . Israeli leaders of all parties, from the extreme Right to the extreme Left, including Premier Ben-Gurion, have begun to demand that American Jews, and particularly Zionists, redeem their pledges to the ancient homeland, leave their American 'exile', and settle in Israel, or at least send their children there. . . . The Jerusalem Congress marked officially the end of the glory of American Zionism and the ushering in of a period of intense Middle Eastern nationalism. . . . fashioned after the pattern of the late Vladimir Jabotinsky, who dreamed of a big Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan to take in all the Jews and to become the largest military power in the Near East."

Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald similarly protested:

"We declare our unalterable opposition to all programmes designed to transform Jews into a nationalist bloc with special interests in the foreign state of Israel. The policy laid down by Mr. Ben-Gurion for American Zionism encourages Zionists to intensify their efforts to organize American Jews as a separate political pressure-block in the United States. This programme is designed to transform American Jews into a spiritual and cultural dependency of a foreign state . . . . We believe that 'Jewish' nationalism is a distortion of our faith, reducing it from universal proportions to the dimensions of a nationalistic cult. "

These Jewish protests, as was natural, were prompted by fear of the divisive effect of Zionism on *Jews*. That was but a fractional aspect of the matter: The real danger of Zionism lay in its power to divide the nations of the world against each other and to bring them into collision, in which catastrophe the great masses of mankind would be involved in the proportion of a hundred or a thousand to every Jew.

To depict this obvious possibility was heresy in the 1950's, and the non-Jewish protests remained unpublished while the Jewish ones were ineffective. In 1953 the New York Jewish journal, *Commentary*, thus was able to announce that the foreseeable catastrophe had been brought another step nearer in the following terms: "Israel's survival and strengthening have become a firm element of United States foreign policy and *no electoral result or change will affect this*".

Here, once more, is the cryptic reference to a power superior to all presidents, prime ministers and parties to which I earlier drew attention. It is what Mr. Leopold Amery, one of the British Ministers responsible for Palestine in the inter-war period, once said: The policy is *set* and *cannot change*. The inner secret of the whole affair is contained in these menacing statements, in which the note of authority and superior knowledge is clear. They are cryptic, but specific and categorical, and express *certainty* that the West cannot and will not withdraw its hand from the Zionist ambition in any circumstances. *Certainty* must rest on something firmer than threats, or even the ability, to sway "the Jewish vote" and the public press this way or that. The tone is that of taskmasters who *know* the

[514] galley-slaves must do their bidding because they are chained and cannot escape. The *New York Times*, which I judge to speak with authority for "the Jewish power" in the world, has often alluded to this secret compact, or capitulation, or whatever its nature is: for instance, "In essence, the political support the state of Israel has in the United States makes any settlement antagonistic to Israeli interests *impossible* for a United

States administration to contemplate" (1956). If this merely alludes to control of the election-machine, it means that the process of parliamentary government through "free elections" has been completely falsified. In my opinion, that is the case in the West in this century.

This state of affairs in the West alone enabled the new state to survive. It was kept alive by infusions of money from America. *Commentary* (above quoted) stated that by June 1953 total United States Government assistance to Israel amounted to \$293,000,000, with a further \$200,000,000 in such forms as Export-Import bank loans. The Jerusalem representative of President Truman's "technical aid" programme stated (October, 1952) that Israel received the largest share of any country in the world, in proportion to its population, and more than all the other Middle East states together. The *New York Herald-Tribune* (March 12, 1953) said the total amount of United States money, including private gifts and loans, amounted to "more than \$1,000,000,000 during the first five years of Israel's existence", which, it added, had thus been "ensured". On top of all this came the German tribute, extorted by the American Government, of 520,000,000 Israeli pounds annually. I have not been able to find official figures for the cumulative total up to 1956; the Syrian delegate to the United Nations, after one of the Zionist attacks during the year, said that "since 1948 a stream of \$1,500,000,000 has been flowing from the United States to Israel in the form of contributions, grants in aid, bonds and loans" (even this figure excluded the German payments and other forms of Western tribute).

Nothing like this was ever seen in the world before. A state so financed from abroad can well afford (in the monetary sense) to be belligerent, and the menacing behaviour of the new state was only made possible by this huge inflow of Western, chiefly American money. Assured of this unstinting monetary backing, and of a political support in Washington which *could not change*, the new state set out on its grandiose ambition: to restore to full force, in the 20th Century of our era, the "New Law" promulgated by the Levites in *Deuteronomy* in 621 B.C. All that was to come was to be "fulfilment" of it; the Mongolian Chazars were to see that Jehovah kept his compact, as the Levites had published it. And what ensued was in fact an instalment on account of this "fulfilment"; the vision of "the heathen" bringing the treasures of the earth to Jerusalem began to become reality in the form of American money, German tribute and the like.

With a purse thus filled, the little state began to pursue the fantasy of entire and literal "fulfilment", which in the miraculous end is to see all the great ones of the [515] earth humbled, Zion all-powerful and all the Jews "gathered". It drew up the charter of this "gathering": the "nationality law", which made all Jewish residents in the Zionist state Israelis, and the "law of the return", which claimed all Jews anywhere in the world for Israel, in both cases whether they wished or not.\*

These were the laws which, like ghosts from vanished ghettos, alarmed Mr. Zukerman and Mr. Rosenwald. They express the greatest ambition ever proclaimed by any state in history, and the Premier, a Mr. Ben-Gurion from Russia, was explicit about it on many occasions, for instance in his message of June 16, 1951 to the Zionists of America: "A rare opportunity has been given to your organization to pave a way for a unifying and united Zionist movement which will stand at the head of American Jewry in the great era opened to the Jewish people with the establishment of the state and *beginning of ingathering of exiles*". Rabbi Hillel Silver, President Eisenhower's close associate, expressed particular gratification that "Mr. Ben-Gurion now accepts the view that main tasks of the Zionist movement, as heretofore, include the *full and undiminished programme of Zionism*", In New York in June, 1952 Mr. Ben-Gurion was more explicit: "The Jewish state is *not* the fulfilment of Zionism. . . ,Zionism *embraces all Jews everywhere*". Israel's second president, Mr. Ben Zvi, at his inauguration in December 1952, said, "The ingathering of the exiles still remains our central task and we will not retreat . . . Our historic task will not be accomplished without the assistance of *the entire nation* in the West and East".

The world would have raised a pandemonium of protest if a Kaiser or a Hitler had said such things. The ambition expressed by such words as "the full and undiminished programme of Zionism" is in fact boundless, for it is the political programme contained, in the guise of a compact with Jehovah, in the Torah; world dominion over "the heathen", wielded from an empire stretching from the Nile to the Euphrates. The support of Western governments gave reality to what otherwise would be the most absurd pretension in all history.

That the politicians of the West comprehended this full meaning of what they did seemed impossible until 1953, when a statement was made that implied full understanding. In May, 1953, Mr. Winston Churchill, then British Prime Minister, was in dispute with the Egyptian premier about the Suez Canal and threatened him, not with British but with *Jewish* retribution. He spoke, in Parliament, of the Israeli army as "the best in the Levant" and said that "nothing we shall do in the supply of aircraft to this part of the world will be allowed to place Israel at a disadvantage". Then he added, in words closely akin to those of



\* The Law of the Return, 1953, says among other things, "The ingathering of the *exiles* requires constant efforts from the Jewish *nation in dispersion* and the state of Israel therefore *expects the participation of all Jews*, either privately or in organizations, in the upbuilding of the state and in assisting mass immigration and sees the necessity of all Jewish communities uniting for this purpose". A permanent state of "anti-semitism" in the world is obviously the pre-requisite for the realization of this law, and as the largest single body of Jews in the world is now in America, an "anti-semitic" situation there would evidently have to be declared at some stage in the process.

[516] Mr. Ben-Gurion and Rabbi Hillel Silver, that he "looked forward to *the fulfilment of Zionist aspirations*".

Here, in an aside, is probably the largest commitment ever undertaken by a head of government on behalf of an unsuspecting nation. The Israeli parliament at once recorded its gratification at "Mr. Churchill's friendly attitude towards the Israeli government now and towards the Zionist movement throughout its existence". The public masses in England read the loaded words uncomprehendingly, if at all. They startled many Jews, among them even Mr. A. Abrahams, who as a veteran Revisionist might logically have been pleased (the Revisionists openly pursue the late Mr. Jabotinsky's ambition for "a big Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan to take in all the Jews and to become the largest military power in the Near East"; Mr. William Zukerman).

Mr. Abrahams asked wonderingly, with an undernote even of alarm, if Mr. Churchill's words could be genuinely intended, saying, "The Prime Minister is an old student of the Bible; he knows very well that the Zionist aspirations remain unfulfilled until Israel is fully restored within the historic boundaries, the land of the Ten Tribes".

This "aspiration", of course, cannot be "fulfilled" without universal war, and that is evidently why Mr. Abrahams was taken aback, and made almost aghast. Mr. Churchill's words, if they were considered and deliberately intended, signified support for the grandiose ambition in all its literalness, and the final price of that could only be the extinction of "the West" as it has always been known.\*

The event of October 30, 1956 (though it was ordered by Sir Winston's political heir-designate) seems to show that Mr. Churchill's words of May, 1953, with all they boded for his country, *were* seriously meant. If the West, as these words implied, was secretly harnessed to the unqualified "fulfilment of Zionist aspirations", that could only mean a greater war than the West had yet endured, in which its armies would play the parts of pawns in a ruinous game, for the purpose of dividing the Christian peoples, crushing the Muslim ones, setting up the Zionist empire, and thereafter acting as its janissaries. In this great gamble, Jews everywhere in the world, on whatever side of the apparent fighting line, would be expected under the "law of the return" to act in the overriding interest of Zion. What that might mean may be seen from an article published in the Johannesburg *Jewish Herald* of Nov. 10, 1950, about a secret episode of the Second War. It stated that when the production of atomic weapons began "a proposal was put forward to Dr. Weizmann to bring together some of the most noted Jewish scientists in order to establish a team which would bargain with the allies in the interest of Jewry . . . I saw the project as originally outlined and submitted to Dr. Weizmann by a scientist who had himself achieved some renown in the sphere of military invention".

\* An event of a month earlier, April 1953, had already shown that Mr. Churchill was prepared to go further, in his tributes to Zionism, than any would have thought possible who judged him by his public record and legend. In that month he ostentatiously associated himself with the Zionist canonization of an English officer called Orde Wingate, and in so doing humiliated the English people in general and in particular all those British officials, officers and soldiers who for thirty years loyally did their duty in Palestine. Wingate, an officer of the British intelligence in Palestine during the inter-war years, so far deviated from the honourable impartiality, between Arabs and Jews, which was the pride and duty of his comrades as to become, not simply an enemy of the Arabs but a renegade to his country and calling. His perfidy first became public knowledge on this occasion when Mr. Ben-Gurion, dedicating a children's village on Mount Carmel to Wingate's memory (he was killed during the Second War) said "He was ready to fight with the Jews against his own government" and at the time of the British White Paper in 1939 "he came to me with plans to combat the British policy". One proposal of Wingate's was to blow up a British oil pipeline. Mr. Churchill in his message read at the dedication ceremony described the village named after Wingate as "a monument to the friendship which should always unite Great Britain and Israel", and the British Minister was required to attend in official token of the British Government's approval. Thus the one Britisher so honoured in the Zionist state was a traitor to his duty and the British Prime Minister of the day joined in honouring him. The significant history of Wingate's army service is given in Dr. Chaim Weizmann's book. Dr. Weizmann, who speaks indulgently of Wingate's efforts to ingratiate himself with Zionist settlers by trying to speak Hebrew, says he was "a fanatical Zionist". In fact Wingate was a very similar man to the Prophet Monk in the preceding century, but in the circumstances of this one was able to do much more harm. He copied Monk in trying to look like a Judahite prophet by letting his beard grow, and significantly found his true calling in the land of Judas. He was either demented or hopelessly unstable and was adjudged by the British Army "too unbalanced to command men in a responsible capacity". He then turned to Dr. Weizmann, who asked a leading London physician (Lord Horder, an ardent Zionist sympathizer) to testify to the Army Medical Council "as to Wingate's reliability and sense of responsibility". As a result of this sponsorship Wingate "received an appointment as captain in the Palestine intelligence service", with the foreseeable result above recorded. During the Second War this man, of all men, was singled out for especial honour by Mr. Churchill, being recalled to London at the time of the Quebec Conference to receive promotion to Major General. Dr. Weizmann says his "consuming desire" was to lead a British army into Berlin. The context of Dr. Weizmann's account suggests that

this would have been headed by a Jewish brigade, led by Wingate, so that the event would have been given the visible nature of a Talmudic triumph, shorn of pretence of a "British victory". "The generals", Dr. Weizmann concludes, averted this humiliation; their refusal "was final and complete". The episode again throws into relief the uneven and enigmatic nature of Mr. Churchill, who preached honour, duty and loyalty more eloquently than any before him and bluntly asked a nation at bay to give its "blood and sweat, toil and tears" for those eternal principles. He had seen one of his own Ministers murdered and British sergeants symbolically hanged "on a tree" and yet gave especial patronage to this man, alive, and singled him out for honour when he was dead. Mr. Churchill, at an earlier period, once abandoned the task of writing the life of his great ancestor because of a letter which appeared to prove that John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, betrayed an impending attack by the British fleet to its enemy of that day, the French. "The betrayal of the expedition against Brest", he then wrote, "was an obstacle I could not face"; and he refused from shame to write the biography, only reconsidering when he convinced himself that the letter was a forgery. Yet even in that book his conception of loyalty is not clear to follow, for in his preface he accepts as natural and even right Marlborough's first and proved act of treachery, when he rode out from London as King James's commander to meet the invading German and Dutch armies of William of Orange and went over to the enemy, so that the invasion of England succeeded without an English shot fired.

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The threat is plain, in such words. As to "the fulfilment of Zionist aspirations", by these or other means, Dr. Nahum Goldman, leader of the World Zionist Organization, made a significant statement to a Jewish audience at Johannesburg in August, 1950. Describing an interview with Mr. Ernest Bevin, then British Foreign Minister, Dr Goldman said, "This tiny country (Israel) is a very unique country, it is in a unique geographical position. In the days when trying to get the Jewish state with the consent of the British Government, and at one of the private talks I had with Mr. Bevin, he said, 'Do you know what you are asking me to do? You are asking me to deliver the key to one of the most vital and strategic areas in the world.' And I said, 'It is not written in either the New or Old Testament that Great Britain must have this key'."

Mr. Churchill, if his words were fully intended, apparently was ready to hand [518] over the key, and after Mr. Bevin died all others in Washington and London seemed equally ready. The effects are already plain to see and foresee, and these effects can no longer be dismissed as chance. Here a great plan is plainly moving to its fulfilment or fiasco, with the great nations of the West acting as its armed escort and themselves assured of humiliation if it succeeds; they are like a man who takes employment under the condition that his wage shall fall as the firm prospers.

At all its ill-omened stages this adventure has been discussed among the initiates as a *plan*. I earlier quoted the words of Max Nordau at the sixth Zionist Congress in 1903: "Let me show you the rungs of a ladder leading upward and upward . . . the future world war, the peace conference where, with the help of England, a free and Jewish Palestine will be erected."

Twenty-five years later a leading Zionist in England, Lord Melchett, spoke in the same tone of secret knowledge to Zionists in New York: "If I had stood here in 1913 and said to you 'Come to a conference to discuss the reconstruction of a national home in Palestine', you would have looked upon me as an idle dreamer, even if I had told you in 1913 that the Austrian archduke would be killed and that out of all that followed would come the chance, the opportunity, the occasion for establishing a national home for the Jews in Palestine. Has it ever occurred to you how remarkable it is that out of the welter of world blood there has arisen this opportunity? Do you really believe that we have been led back to Israel by nothing but a fluke?" (*Jewish Chronicle*, Nov. 9, 1928).

Today the third world war, if it comes, will obviously not be a "fluke"; the sequence of cause leading to consequence, and the identity of the controlling power, has been made visible by the developing fluid of time. Thirty-one years after Lord Melchett's imperial pronouncement I was by chance (February, 1956) in South Carolina, and only by that chance, and the local newspaper, learned of a comment in similar vein, apparently inspired from a similar, Olympian source, about the *third* war. Mr. Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's son, was at that time visiting his family's friend Mr. Bernard Baruch, whose residence is the Barony of Little Hobcaw in South Carolina. On emerging from his interview with this authority Mr. Randolph Churchill stated (Associated Press, Feb. 8, 1956) that "the tense Middle East situation could explode into armed conflict at any moment. But I don't think civilization is going to *stumble* into the next war . . . World War III, if it comes, will be *coldly calculated and planned* rather than accidental".

Against the background of "fulfilment" (the payment of tribute by the great nations of the world and the declaration that all Jews of the world were its subjects) the new state gave earnest of its intention to restore the "historic frontiers" by word and deed. No Western "warmonger" ever used such words. Mr. Ben-Gurion proclaimed (Johannesburg *Jewish Herald*, Dec. 24, 1952) that Israel "would not under any conditions permit the return of the Arab emigrants"

[519] (the native inhabitants). As to Jerusalem (partitioned between Zionists and Jordanians pending "internationalization" under United Nations administration), "for us that city's future is as settled as that of London, despite its ridiculous boundaries; this cannot be an issue for negotiations". The "exiles" abroad were

to be "ingathered" at the rate of "four million immigrants in the next ten years" (the Foreign Minister, Mr. Moshe Sharett, June 1952) or "the next ten to fifteen years" (on another occasion).

Two world wars had been needed to set up the "homeland" and "state", successively, and to get some 1,500,000 Jews into it. These intimations meant another world war within fifteen years at the latest, for by no other means could so many Jews be extracted from the countries where they were. As to the cost of their transportation, Mr. Ben-Gurion said this would be between 7,000 and 8,000 million dollars (at present rates, equal to the entire national debt of Italy, and about five times the British national debt in 1914) and he "looked to American Jewry to provide this money". Obviously, even American Jewry could not find such sums; they could only be obtained from the taxpayers of the West.

Everything that was said was thus a plain threat of war to the neighbouring Arabs, and it had an especial meaning when it was said (which was often) by Mr. Menachem Beigin, chief of the "activist", or killer, group which had carried out the massacre at Deir Yasin. Formally disowned at that time, they had been honoured in the new state and formed a major political party, Herut, in its parliament. Therefore the Arabs knew exactly with what they were menaced when Mr. Beigin spoke to them.

I give a typical instance. In May 1953 he threatened the 18-year old King of Jordan, at the moment of his coronation, with death under the Law of *Deuteronomy* (which governed the deed of Deir Yasin). Speaking to a mass meeting in the Zionist part of Jerusalem, a stone's throw from the Jordan lines, Mr. Beigin said, "At this hour a coronation is taking place of a young Arab as King of Gilead, Bashan, Nablus, Jericho and Jerusalem. This is the proper time to declare in his and his masters' ears: 'We shall be back, and David's city shall be free'."

The allusion, obscure to Western readers and explicit to any Arab or Jew, is to a verse in the third chapter of *Deuteronomy*: "The King of Bashan came out against us . . . And the Lord said unto me, Fear him not: for I will deliver him, and all his people, and his land in to thy hand. . . So the Lord our God delivered into our hands Og also, the king of Bashan, and all his people and we smote him, until none was left to him remaining . . . And we *utterly destroyed them*. . . *utterly destroying the men, women and children*".

These threats had a lethal meaning for the hordes of Arab fugitives huddled beyond the frontiers. According to the report of Mr. Henry R. Labouisse, Director of the UN Relief and Works Agency for Palestine, made in April 1956 there were of these more than 900,000: 499,000 in Jordan, 88,000 in Syria, [520] 103,000 in Lebanon and 21,000 in Egypt (the Gaza area). Mr. Beigin's threats kept them in constant prospect of new flight, or attempted flight, into some deeper, even more inhospitable desert. Then the words were made real by deeds; a long series of symbolic local raids and massacres was perpetrated, to show them that the fate of Deir Yasin hung actually over them.

These began on October 14, 1953 when a strong force suddenly crossed the Jordan frontier, murdered every living soul found in Qibya and destroyed that village, sixty-six victims, most of them women and children, being found slaughtered. The 499,000 Arab refugees in Jordan drew the natural conclusion. The Archbishop of York said the civilized world was "horrified", that "the Jewish vote in New York had a paralyzing effect on the United Nations in dealing with Palestine", and that unless strong action were taken "the Middle East will be ablaze". The Board of Deputies of British Jews called this statement "provocative and one-sided"; the Mayor of New York (a Mr. Robert Wagner) said it "shocked" him, and "the good Archbishop is evidently unfamiliar with the American scene". The United Nations mildly censured Israel.

On February 28, 1955 a strong Israeli force drove into the Gaza area ("awarded" to the Arabs by the United Nations in 1949, and under Egyptian military occupation) where the 215,000 Arab refugees repined "in abject poverty along a narrow strip of barren coastline, two-thirds of it sand-dunes" (Sir Thomas Rapp, *The Listener*, March 6, 1955). 39 Egyptians were killed and an unspecified number of the Arab refugees, who then in hopeless protest against their lot burned five United Nations relief centres, and therewith their own meagre rations. The Mixed Armistice Commission condemned Israel for "brutal aggression" in "a prearranged and planned attack".\*

The case then went to the United Nations Security Council itself, which by unanimous vote of eleven countries censured Israel. The United States delegate said this was the fourth similar case and "the most serious because of its obvious premeditation"; the French delegate said the resolution should serve as "a last warning" to Israel, (an admonition which received a footnote in the shape of French collusion in the Israeli attack on Egypt twenty months later).

On June 8, 1955 the U.N.M.A.C. censured Israel for another "flagrant armistice violation" when Israeli troops crossed into Gaza and killed some Egyptians. The only apparent effect of this censure was that the Israelis promptly arrested six United Nations military observers and three other members of the

\* These United Nations Mixed Armistice Commissions, which will henceforth be denoted by U.N.M.A.C. comprised in each case a representative of Israel and of the neighbour Arab state, and a United Nations representative whose finding and vote thus decided the Source of blame. The findings were invariably against Israel until, as in the case of the British administrators between 1917 and 1948, "pressure" began to be put on the home governments of the officials concerned to withdraw any who impartially upheld the Arab case. At least two American officials who found against Israel in such incidents were withdrawn. All these officials, of whatever nationality, of course worked with the memory of Count Bernadotte's fate, and that of many others, ever in their minds. In the general rule they, like the British administrators earlier, proved impossible to intimidate or suborn, and thus the striking contrast between the conduct of the men on the spot and the governments in the distant Western capitals was continued.

[521] staff of the United Nations Truce Supervisor (Major General E.L.M. Burns, of Canada) before they again attacked into Gaza, killing 35 Egyptians (*Time*, September 1955). In this same month of September 1955 Mr. Ben-Gurion in an interview said that he would attack Egypt "within a year" (the attack came in October, 1956) if the blockade of the Israeli port of Elath on the Gulf of Aqaba were not lifted.

The United Nations Security Council seemed nervous about "censuring" this new attack (the American presidential election campaign was beginning) and merely proposed that the Israelis and Egyptians withdraw 500 metres from each other, leaving a demilitarized zone, a proposal which the Egyptians had already vainly made. Then on October 23, 1955 General Burns "condemned Israel" for a "well planned attack" into Syria, when several Syrians were kidnapped and General Burns's observers were again prevented by detention from observing what happened. On October 27, 1955 Mr. Moshe Sharett, the Israeli Foreign Minister, told newspaper correspondents at Geneva that Israel would wage a "preventive war" against the Arabs if necessary. On November 28, 1955 the Zionist Organization of America announced in leading newspapers (by paid advertisement) that "Britain, too, has joined the camp of Israel's enemies"; Sir Anthony Eden, who within the year was to join in the Israeli attack, at that moment had some idea about minor frontier rectifications.

On December 11, 1955 the Israelis attacked into Syria in strength and killed 56 persons. This produced the strongest United Nations "censure", which is of some historic interest because the presidential-election year had opened and "censure" on any account at all soon became unfashionable. The Syrian delegate pointed out that repeated condemnations "have not deterred Israel from committing the criminal attack we are now considering". The Security Council (Jan. 12, 1956) recalled four earlier resolutions of censure and condemned the attack as "a flagrant violation of . . . the terms of the general armistice agreement between Israel and Syria and of Israel's obligations under the Charter" and undertook "to consider what further measures" it should take if Israel continued so to behave.

The response to this was imperious Israeli demands for more arms. Mr. Ben-Gurion (at Tel Aviv, Mar. 18, 1956) said that only early delivery of arms could prevent "an Arab attack" and added that "the aggressors would be the Egyptian dictator, Nasser" (seven months earlier Mr. Ben-Gurion had undertaken to attack Egypt "within a year") "together with his allies, Syria and Saudi Arabia". On April 5, 1956, as the UN Security Council was about to send its Secretary General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, on a "peace mission" to the Middle East, Israeli artillery bombarded the Gaza area, killing 42 and wounding 103 Arab civilians, nearly half of them women and children.

On June 19 Mr. Ben-Gurion dismissed Mr. Sharett from the Foreign Ministry in favour of Mrs. Golda Myerson (now Meier, and also from Russia) and the [522] *New York Times* significantly reported that this might denote a change from "moderation" to "activism" (Mr. Sharett, like Dr. Weizmann and Dr. Herzl earlier, having incurred the reproach of moderation). The issue was that which led to Dr. Weizmann's discomfiture at the Zionist Congress of 1946, when "activism" won and Dr. Weizmann saw the resurgence of "the old evil, in a new and even more horrible guise". "Activism" was always, from the old days in Russia, an euphemism for violence in the forms of terror and assassination. From the moment when this word reappeared in the news the student of Zionism knew what to expect before the year's end.

On June 24, 1956 the Israelis opened fire across the Jordan border and the U.N.M.A.C. censured Israel. Thereon Israel pressed for the removal of the UN Member of the Commission, whose casting vote had decided the issue, and General Burns yielded, supplanting him (an American naval officer, Commander Terrill) by a Canadian officer. The UN observers were being put in the same position as the British administrators in the inter-war years; they could not count on support by their home governments. They had



a constant reminder before their eyes (the Wingate Village in Israel) that preferment and promotion, in Palestine, were the rewards of treachery, not of duty. Two years earlier another American observer, Commander E.H. Hutchison, had voted against censure of Jordan and been removed when the Israelis then boycotted the Commission. Returned to America, he wrote a book about this period in the Middle East which is of permanent historical value. Like all good men before him, he reported that the only way out of the tangle was to establish the right of the expelled Arabs to return to their homes, to admit that the armistice lines of 1949 were only temporary (and not "frontiers"), and to internationalize the city of Jerusalem so that it might not become the scene of world battle.

On July 24, 1956 two U.N. military observers and a Jordanian officer of the M.A.C. were blown up by mines on Mount Scopus which, the Zionists blandly explained, were part of "an old Israeli minefield". Two Egyptian colonels, said by the Zionists to belong to the Egyptian intelligence service, were killed by "letter bombs" delivered to them through the post (this method was used a decade earlier against a British officer in England, Captain Roy Farran, who had served in intelligence in Palestine and incurred Zionist enmity; his brother, whose initial was also R., opened the package and was killed). On July 29, 1956 a U.N. truce observer, a Dane, was killed by a mine or bomb near the Gaza strip and two others were wounded by rifle fire. "Activism" was taking its toll by the method of assassination, as in earlier times.

On August 28, 1956 Israel was again censured by the M.A.C. for "a serious breach of the armistice". The censure was followed by another Israeli attack (Sept. 12) when a strong military force drove into Jordan, killed some twenty Jordanians and blew up a police post at Rahaw. General Burns protested that such deeds "have been repeatedly condemned by the U.N. Security Council", [523] whereon another strong force at once (Sept. 14) attacked Jordan, killing between twenty and thirty Jordanians at Gharandai. The British Foreign Office (Britain had an alliance with Jordan) expressed "strong disapproval", whereon the Board of Deputies of British Jews attacked it for this "biased statement". On September 19 the M.A.C. again "condemned" Israel for "hostile and warlike acts" (these two attacks apparently were made with symbolic intent, the moment chosen for them being during the Jewish New Year period), and on September 26 the Commission "censured" Israel specifically for the September 12 attack.

The immediate answer to this particular censure was *an official announcement in Jerusalem on the same day* (Sept. 26) that the biggest attack up to that time had been made by the Israeli regular army, in strength, on a Jordanian post at Husan, when some 25 Jordanians were killed, among them a child of twelve. The M.A.C. responded (Oct. 4) with its severest "censure", for "planned and unprovoked aggression". The retort was another, larger attack (Oct. 10) with artillery, mortars, bazookas, Bangalore torpedoes and grenades. The U.N. observers afterwards found the bodies of 48 Arabs, including a woman and a child. An armoured battalion and ten jet aeroplanes appear to have taken part in this massacre, which produced a British statement that if Jordan, its ally, were attacked, Britain would fulfil its undertakings. The Israeli Government said it received this warning "with alarm and amazement".\*

\* From the start of the presidential-election year all leading American newspapers, and many British ones, reported these Israeli attacks as "reprisals" or "retaliations", so that the victims were by the propaganda-machine converted into the aggressors in each case. General Burns, in his report on the last attack, told the U.N. that Israel "paralyzed the investigating machinery" by boycotting the Mixed Armistice Commissions whenever these voted against it, and added: "At present the situation is that one of the parties to the general armistice agreement makes its own investigations, which are not subject to check or confirmation by any disinterested observers, publishes the results of such investigations, draws its own conclusions from them and undertakes actions by its military forces on that basis". The British and American press, by adopting the Israeli word "reprisal" in its reports, throughout this period gave the public masses in the two countries the false picture of what went on which was desired by the Zionists.

The September 26 attack was the last of the series which filled the years 1953-1956; the next one was to be full-scale *war*. I have summarized the list of raids and massacres to give the later reader the true picture of the Middle East in the autumn of 1956, when Mr. Ben-Gurion declared that Israel was "defenceless" and the politicians of Washington and London were competing with each other in the demand that Israel receive arms to ward off "Arab aggression". If the accumulated pile of resolutions which at that time lay on the United Nations table, "condemning" Israel's "unprovoked aggression", "flagrant violation" and the like, had meant anything at all, this last attack, openly announced while it occurred and flung contemptuously in the teeth of the latest "censure", must have produced some *action* against Israel by the United Nations, or the implicit admission that Israel was its master.

The matter was never tested because, before Jordan's appeal \* to the United Nations Security Council had even been considered the attack on Egypt came. It [524] had been announced, to any who cared to heed, at the very moment of the attack on Jordan, for Mr. Menachem Beigin at Tel Aviv "urged an immediate Israeli attack on Egypt" (*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 26, 1956).



Mr. Beigin was the voice of "activism" and from the moment he said that all who had watched the developing situation knew what would come next: a full-scale Zionist invasion of Egypt.

\* Even my research has failed to discover, at the time of concluding this book, what happened to the Jordanian appeal. It was lost to sight in the events which immediately followed, for all I know, the United Nations *may* have "condemned" the attack on Jordan while the invasion of Egypt was in progress.

The story I have related shows that, at the moment of the Israeli invasion, no attentive observer could hope that the United Nations would do much more than reprobate it. The Zionists obviously had chosen a moment when, they calculated, the imminence of the vote in the American presidential election would paralyze all means of effective action against them. I believed I was prepared for Western submission to Zionism once again, in some form or other. What even I would not have believed, until it happened, was that my own country, Britain, would join in the attack. This, the latest and greatest of the series of errors into which the people of England were led by their rulers in the sequence to the original involvement in Zionism, in 1903, darkened the prospect for England and the West during the remainder of this century, just when it was brightening; it was like a sudden eclipse of the sun, confounding all the calculations of astronomers.

In this event, "irresistible pressure" of "international politics" in the capitals of the West produced a result, the full consequences of which will be calculable only when many years have passed. Therefore the last section of this chapter and book must survey again the workings of "irresistible pressure" behind the Western scene, this time in the phase of the approaching climacteric, the years 1952-1956. At the end of this phase revolutionary-Communism and revolutionary-Zionism, the twin destructive forces released from the Talmudic areas of Russia in the last century, were in extremis. By the act of the West, in the autumn of 1956, both were relieved for further destruction.

### 3. The Years of Climax

The years 1952-1956 brought the peoples of the West ever nearer to the reckoning for the support which their leaders, through two generations and two world wars, had given to the revolution and to Zionism. They were being drawn towards two wars which foreseeably would merge into one war serving one dominant purpose. On the one hand, they were committed by their politicians and parties to the preservation of the Zionist state, the declared policy of which was to enlarge its population by "three or four million people" in "ten to fifteen years"; that meant war. On the other hand, they were daily made accustomed to [525] the idea that it was their destiny and duty to destroy Communism, which had overflowed into half of Europe when the West opened the sluice-gates; that meant war.

These two wars inevitably would become one war. The calculation is simple. The *territory* for the expansion of the Zionist state could only be taken from the neighbouring Arab peoples; the *people* for the expansion of the Zionist state could only be taken from the area occupied by the revolution, because "three or four million" Jews could not be found anywhere else save in the United States.\*

For this purpose the West, in the phase that began in 1952, will have to be persuaded that "anti-semitism" is rife in the Soviet area, just as it was persuaded in the four following years that Zionist attacks on Arab countries were Arab attacks on Israel. Mr. Ben-Gurion (Dec. 8, 1951) officially informed the Soviet Government that "the return of the Jews to their historic homeland is *the pivotal mission* of the state of Israel. . . the Government of Israel appeals to the Soviet Union to enable those Jews in the Soviet Union who wish to emigrate to do so". The *New York Times* two years later, reporting declining immigration to Israel, said Mr. Ben-Gurion's aim "seems very remote" and added that "the present pattern of immigration" would only change radically if there were "an upsurge of anti-semitism" somewhere (at that period, June 26, 1953, the denunciation of "anti-semitism behind the Iron Curtain" had begun). The *New York Herald-Tribune* at the same period (Apr. 12, 1953) said "anti-semitism" had become virulent in the Soviet Union and "the most crucial rescue job" facing Israel in its sixth year was that of the "2,500,000 Jews sealed in Russia and the satellite countries".

Therefore it was clear, in the light of the two world wars and their outcome in each case, that any war undertaken by "the West" against "Communism" would in fact be fought for the primary purpose of supplying the Zionist state with new inhabitants from Russia; that any Middle East war in which the West engaged would be waged for the primary purpose of enlarging the territory of the Zionist state, to accommodate this larger population; and that the two wars would effectively merge into one, in the course of which this dominant purpose would remain hidden from the embroiled masses until it was achieved, and confirmed by some new "world instrument", at the fighting's end.

\* The extraction of the Jews from the United States, although essential to the "ingathering of the exiles", obviously belongs to a later stage of the process and would depend on the success of the next phase, the "ingathering" of the Jews from the Soviet area and from the African Arab countries. After that, strange though the idea will seem to Americans and Britishers today, there would have to be a "Jewish persecution" in America and this would be produced by the propagandist method used in the past and applied impartially to one country after another, including Russia, Poland, Germany, France, Spain and Britain. Dr. Nahum Goldman, leader of the World Zionist Organization, in October 1952 told an Israeli audience that there was one problem Zionism must solve if it was to succeed: "How to get the Jews of the countries *where they are not persecuted to emigrate to Israel*". He said this problem was "especially difficult in the United States because the United States is *less* a country of Jewish persecution or any prospect of Jewish persecution than any other" (Johannesburg *Zionist Record*, Oct. 24, 1952). The reader will note that there are *no* countries without "Jewish persecution"; there are only degrees of "Jewish persecution" in various countries.

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Such was the position of "the West, fifty years after Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Woodrow Wilson's first enslavement by Zionism. I have a reason for enclosing the words, "The West", in quotation marks, namely, that they no longer mean what The West meant. Earlier the term signified the Christian area, from the eastern borders of Europe across the Atlantic to the western seaboard of America and including the outlying English-speaking countries in North America, Africa and the Antipodes. After the Second War, when half of Europe was abandoned to the Talmudic revolution, the two words received a more limited application. In the popular mind "the West" meant England and America, ranked against the new barbarism which one day it would extirpate in Europe and thrust back into its barbaric, Asiatic homeland. America and England, first and foremost, still represented "the free world" which one day would be restored throughout its former area and with it, as in earlier times, the hopes of men outside it who wanted to be free; so the mass mind understood.

Militarily, this was a proper assumption; the physical strength of "the West", supported by the longing of the captive peoples, was more than equal to the task. Actually the great countries to which the enslaved peoples looked were themselves captive of the power which had brought about this enslavement; and twice had shown that their arms, if used, would not be employed to liberate and redress, but to prolong the 20th Century's ordeal.

What moral and spiritual values were earlier contained in those two words, The West, were strongest in the countries abandoned to Communism, and those menaced by Zionism, where suffering and peril were rekindling them in the souls of men. In the once great citadels of the West, London and Washington, they were repressed and dormant.

For this reason America was not truly qualified to takeover from England the leading part in the world in the second half of the 20th Century and to perform the task of liberation which the public masses were led to expect from it. Materially, the Republic founded nearly two hundred years before was prodigious. The riches of the world had poured into it during two world wars; its population rapidly increased two hundred millions; its navy and air force were the greatest in the world and, like its army, were built on that order of compulsion which its people long had held to be the curse of Europe. In industry and technical skill it was so formidable as to be a nightmare to itself. Its production was so vast that it could not be absorbed and the dread memory of the 1929 slump caused its leaders to devise many ways of distributing goods about the world in the form of gifts and paying the producer for them out of revenues, so that, for a while, manufacturer and workmen should be paid for an output for which, in peace, no natural market offered. Its military bases, on the territory of once sovereign peoples, were strewn over the globe, so that at any instant it could strike in overwhelming force. . . at what, and for what?

At "Communism", its people were told, and for the liberation of the enslaved, [527] the relief of the world in thrall, the rectification of the deed of 1945. If that was true, the end of the century's ordeal was at least in prospect, some day, for the hearts of men everywhere were in *that* cause. But every major act of the government in Washington in the years 1952-1956 belied these professions. It seemed more in thrall to "the Jewish power" than even the British governments of the preceding fifty years. It appeared to be unable to handle any leading question of American foreign or domestic affairs save in terms of its bearing on the lot of "the Jews", as the case of the Jews was presented to it by the imperious Zionists. No small, puppet government looked much more vassal in its acts than this, which the general masses held to be the most powerful government in the world: that of the United States under its chief executive, President Eisenhower, in the years 1953 to 1956.

Like that of a chancellor at a royal birth, the shadow of Zionism fell over the selection, nomination and election of General Eisenhower. His meteoric promotion during the 1939-1945 war, from the rank of a colonel, unversed in combat, to that of Supreme Commander of all the Allied armies invading Europe, seems to indicate that he was marked down for advancement long before, and research supports that inference. In the 1920's young Lieutenant Eisenhower attended the National War College in Washington, where a Mr.

Bernard Baruch (who had played so important a part in the selection, nomination and election of President Woodrow Wilson in 1911-1912) gave instruction. Mr. Baruch at that early period decided that Lieutenant Eisenhower was a star pupil, and when General Eisenhower was elected president thirty years later he told American veterans that he had for a quarter-century "had the privilege of sitting at Bernard's feet and listening to his words". Early in his presidency Mr. Eisenhower intervened to resolve, in Mr. Baruch's favour, a small dispute at the National War College, where some opposed acceptance of a bust of Mr. Baruch, presented by admirers (no living civilian's bust was ever displayed there before).

The support of "the adviser to six Presidents" obviously may have helped bring about Lieutenant Eisenhower's rapid rise to the command of the greatest army in history. On public record is the support which Mr. Baruch gave when General Eisenhower (who had no party affiliations or history) in 1952 offered himself as *Republican* Party candidate for the presidency. Up to that time Mr. Baruch had been a staunch member of the Democratic Party, not just a regular Democrat, but a *passionate* approver of the party label and *an almost fanatical hater of the Republican label*" (his approved biography). In 1952 Mr. Baruch suddenly became a passionate approver of the Republican label, provided that Mr. Eisenhower wore it. Evidently strong reasons must have caused this sudden change in a lifetime's allegiance, and they are worth seeking.

In 1952 the Republican Party had been out of office for twenty years. Under the pendulum theory alone, therefore, it was due to return and thus to oust the [528] Democratic Party, of which Mr. Baruch for fifty years had been "a passionate approver". Apart from the normal turn of the tide against a party overlong in office, which was to be anticipated, the American elector in 1952 had especial reasons to vote against the Democrats; the chief of these was the exposure of Communist infestation of government under the Roosevelt and Truman regimes and the public desire for a drastic cleansing of the stables.

In these circumstances it was reasonably clear, in 1952, that the Republican Party and its candidate would win the election and the presidency. The natural candidate was the party's leader, Senator Robert E. Taft, whose lifetime had been given to it. At that very moment, and after his own lifetime of "passionate" support of the Democratic Party (his cash contributions were very large, and Mr. Forrestal's diary records the part played by such contributions, in general, in determining the course of American elections and state policy) Mr. Baruch, the "fanatical hater" of the Republican label, produced an alternative candidate for the Republican nomination. That is to say, the officer so long admired by him suddenly appeared in the ring, and Mr. Baruch's warm commendation of him indicated the source of his strongest support.

The prospect which then opened was that if Mr. Eisenhower, instead of Senator Taft, could obtain the party's nomination, the Republican Party would through him be committed to pursue the Democratic policy of "internationalism" begun by Presidents Woodrow Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman. That, in turn, meant that if the party-leader could be ousted the American elector would be deprived of any genuine choice, for the only man who offered him an alternative, different policy was Senator Taft.

This had been made plain, to the initiated, more than a year before the election by the Republican leader next in importance to Senator Taft, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York State. Mr. Dewey (who had astonished himself and the country by losing the 1948 presidential election to Mr. Truman, a classic example of the foredoomed failure of the "me too" method) stated, "I am an internationalist. That's why I am for Eisenhower. Eisenhower is a Republican at heart, but more important than that, he is an internationalist" (*Look*, Sept. 11, 1951). Among initiates "internationalist" (like "activist" in Zionism) is a keyword, signifying many unavowed things; thus far in our century no avowed "internationalist" in a frontal post has genuinely opposed the advance of Communism, the advance of Zionism, and the world-government project towards which these two forces convergingly lead. Senator Taft, on the other hand, was violently attacked at this time as an "isolationist" (another key-word; it means only that the person attacked believes in national sovereignty and national interest, but it is made to sound bad in the ear of the masses).

Thus Mr. Eisenhower offered himself at the Republican Party convention at Chicago in 1952 in opposition to Senator Taft. I was an eye-witness, through television, and, although no novice, was astonished by the smoothness with

[529] which Senator Taft's defeat was achieved. This event showed, long before the actual election, that the nomination-mechanism had been so mastered that neither party could even *nominate* any but a candidate approved by powerful selectors behind the scene. The outcome of the presidential election itself is in these circumstances of relatively little account in America today, nor can the observer picture how the Republic might escape from this occult control. It is *not* possible for either party to nominate its party-leader, or any other man, unless he has been passed as acceptable to "the internationalists" beforehand.

The supplanting of the veteran party-leader, on the eve of his party's return to office, was achieved through control of the block votes of the "key states". Population-strength governs the number of votes cast by the state-delegations, and at least two of these preponderant states (New York and California) are those to which the Jewish immigration of the last seventy years had evidently been directed for this purpose.\* In 1952, when I watched, the voting for the two men was running fairly even when Mr. Dewey smilingly delivered the large package-vote of New York State against his party's leader and for Mr. Eisenhower. Other "key states" followed suit and he received the nomination, which in the circumstances of that moment also meant the presidency.

It also meant, in effect, the end of any genuine two-party system in America for the present; the system of elected representatives which is known as "democracy" sinks to the level of the one-party system in non-democracies if the two parties do not offer a true choice of policy. The situation was so depicted to Jewish readers by the *Jerusalem Post* on the eve of the election (Nov. 5, 1952), which instructed them that there was "not much to choose between the two". (Mr. Eisenhower, Republican; Mr. Stevenson, Democrat) "from the point of view of the Jewish elector" and that Jewish interest should be concentrated on "the fate" of those Congressmen and Senators held to be "hostile to the Jewish cause".

Immediately after the new President's inauguration (January, 1953) the British Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill hastened to America to confer with him, though not to Washington, where Presidents reside; Mr. Eisenhower suggested that they meet "at Bernie's place", Mr. Baruch's Fifth Avenue mansion (Associated Press, Feb. 7, 1953). Mr. Baruch at that time had been urgently recommending the adoption of his "atom bomb plan" as the only effective deterrent to "Soviet aggression" (his remarks to the Senate Committee were quoted in an earlier chapter). Apparently he was not so suspicious of or hostile to the Soviet as he then seemed, for some years later he disclosed that the notion of a

\* This is essential to the electoral strategy laid down, though presumably not originally devised by Colonel House. The spanner-in-the-works problem posed by it is the subject of many allusions earlier quoted, i.e.: ". . . Our failure to go along with the Zionists might lose the states of New York, Pennsylvania and California; I thought it was about time that somebody should pay some consideration to whether we might not lose the United States" (Mr. James J. Forrestal); "Niles had told the President that Dewey was about to come out with a statement favouring the Zionist position and unless the President anticipated this New York State would be lost to the Democrats" (Secretary of State James J. Byrnes); "The Democratic Party would not be willing to relinquish the advantages of the Jewish Vote" (Governor Thomas E. Dewey).

[530] joint American-Soviet atomic dictatorship of the world had also appealed to him: "A few years ago I met Vyshinsky at a party and said to him. . . 'You have the bomb and we have the bomb. . . Let's control the thing while we can because while we are talking all the nations will sooner or later get the bomb' " (*Daily Telegraph*, June 9, 1956).

General Eisenhower's election as the Republican candidate deprived America of its last means of dissociating itself, through electoral repudiation, from the Wilson-Roosevelt-Truman policy of "internationalism". Senator Taft was the only leading politician who, in the public mind, clearly stood for the clean break with that policy, and evidently for this reason the powers which have effectively governed America in the last forty years attached major importance to preventing his nomination. Some extracts from his book of 1952 have enduring historic value, if only as a picture of what might have been if the Republican voter had been allowed to vote for the Republican party leader:

"The result of the" (Roosevelt-Truman) "Administration policy has been to build up the strength of Soviet Russia so that it is, in fact, a threat to the security of the United States. . . Russia is far more a threat to the security of the United States than Hitler in Germany ever was. . . There is no question that we have the largest navy in the world, and certainly, while the British are our allies, complete control of the sea throughout the world . . . We should be willing to assist with our own sea and air forces any island nations which desire our help. Among them are Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand; on the Atlantic side, Great Britain of course . . . I believe that an alliance with England and a defence of the British Isles are far more important than an alliance with any continental nation. . . With the British there can be little doubt of our complete control of sea and air throughout the world . . . *If we really mean our anti-Communist policy* . . . we should definitely eliminate from the government all those who are directly or indirectly connected with the Communist organization . . . Fundamentally I believe the ultimate purpose of our foreign policy must be to protect the liberty of the people of America . . . I feel that the last two presidents have put all kinds of political and policy considerations ahead of their interest in liberty and peace. . . It seems to me that the sending of troops without authorization of Congress to a country under attack, as was done in Korea, is clearly prohibited" (by the American Constitution). . . "The European Army project, however, goes further . . . It involves the sending of troops to an international army similar to that which was

contemplated under the United Nations Charter. . . I was never satisfied with the United Nations Charter. . . it is not based on an underlying law and an administration of justice under that law . . . I see no choice except to develop our own military policy and our own policy of alliances, without substantial regard to the non-existent power of the United Nations to prevent aggression . . . The other form of international organization which is being urged strenuously upon the people of the United States, namely, a [531] world state with an international legislature to make the laws and an international executive to direct the army of the organization . . . appears to me, at least in this century, to be fantastic, dangerous and impractical. Such a state, in my opinion, would fall to pieces in ten years . . . The difficulties of holding together such a Tower of Babel under one direct government would be insuperable . . . But above all, anyone who suggests such a plan is proposing an end to that liberty which has produced in this country the greatest happiness. . . the world has ever seen. It would subject the American people to the government of a majority who do not understand what American principles are, and have little sympathy with them. Any international organization which is worth the paper it is written on must be based on retaining the sovereignty of all states. Peace must be sought, not by destroying and consolidating nations, but by developing a rule of law in the relations between nations. . ."

These extracts show that Senator Taft saw through today's "deception of nations"; they explain also why his name was anathema to the powers which control "the vote of the key states" and why he was not allowed even to run for president.\* The entire period of Mr. Eisenhower's canvass, nomination, election and early presidency was dominated by "the Jewish question"; he might have been elected president only of the Zionists, so constantly were his words and deeds directed towards the furtherance of their ambition.

Immediately after the nomination he told a Mr. Maxwell Abbell, president of the United Synagogue of America, "The Jewish people could not have a better friend than me" and added that he and his brothers had been reared by their mother in "the teachings of the Old Testament" (Mrs. Eisenhower was a fervent adherent of the sect of Jehovah's Witnesses), and "I grew up believing that *Jews* were the chosen people and that they gave us the high ethical and moral principles of our civilization" (many Jewish newspapers, September 1952).

This was followed by ardent professions of sympathy for "the Jews" and for "Israel" from both candidates on the occasion of the Jewish New Year (Sept., 1952); during this festival, also, American pressure on the "free" Germans in West Germany succeeded in extorting their signature to the agreement to pay "reparations" to Israel. In October came the Prague trial, with the charge of "Zionist conspiracy", and Mr. Eisenhower began to make his menacing

\* Whether Senator Taft, had he become president would have found himself able to carry out the clear, alternative policy here outlined is a question now never to be answered. In the particular case of Zionism, which is an essential part of the entire proposition here denounced by him, he was as submissive as all other leading politicians and presumably did not discern the inseparable relationship between it and the "world state" ambition which he sacrificed. A leading Zionist of Philadelphia, a Mr. Jack Martin, was asked to become Senator Taft's "executive secretary" in 1945 and records that his first question to Mr. Taft was, "Senator, what can I tell you about the aspirations of Zionism?" Taft is quoted as answering, in Balfourian or Wilsonian vein, "What is there to explain? The Jews are being persecuted. They need a land, a government of their own. We have to help them to get Palestine. This will also contribute incidentally to world peace . . ." The contrast between this, the typical talk of a vote-seeking ward politician, and the enlightened exposition given above is obvious. Mr. Martin, who is described in the article now quoted (*Jewish Sentinel*, June 10, 1954) as Senator Taft's "alter ego" and "heir", after Taft's death was invited by President Eisenhower to become *his* "assistant, advisor and liaison with Congress". Mr. Martin's comment: "President Eisenhower is ready to listen freely to your opinion and it is easy to advise him".

[532] statements about "anti-semitism in the Soviet Union and the satellite countries".

The charge of "anti-semitism" was deemed to be a vote-getter in the election itself and was brought by the outgoing president, Mr. Truman, against Mr. Eisenhower, who told an audience that he was overcome by the insinuation: "I just choke up and leave it to you". Rabbi Hillel Silver of Cleveland (who threatened the Soviet Union with war on the count of "anti-semitism") was called into conclave with Mr. Eisenhower and on emerging from it exonerated the aspirant from all anti-semitic taint (Rabbi Silver had offered a prayer at the Republican Convention which nominated Mr. Eisenhower; at the new President's inauguration, and at Mr. Eisenhower's request, he offered the prayer "for grace and guidance".) Among the rival campaigners the outgoing Vice-President, a Mr. Alben Barkley, excelled all others. Of a typical statement by Mr. Barkley ("I predict a glorious future for Israel as a model on which most of the Middle East might pattern itself") *Time* magazine said; "The star of the speech circuit is Vice President Alben Barkley, who for years has drawn up to \$1 000 for each appearance. Barkley is a paid platform favourite for Israel bond-selling drives. Many Arabs think. . . that this fact has had an influence on United States policy in the Middle East; but not many Arabs vote in U.S. elections".



A few weeks after the inauguration the West German tribute agreement was ratified, a German Minister then announcing that the Bonn Government had yielded to pressure from America, which did not wish to appear openly as the financier of the Zionist state. In the same month (April 1953) Jewish newspapers, under the heading "Israel Shows Its Might", reported that "The whole diplomatic corps and the foreign military attaches who watched the Israel Army's biggest parade in Haifa, with the Navy drawn up offshore and units of the Air Force flying overhead, were duly impressed and the parade's aim, to demonstrate that Israel was ready to meet a decision in the field, was achieved".

In these circumstances, with various new "pledges" and undertakings given and noted for the future, with Stalin dead, Israel ready for "a decision in the field" and the "free" half of Germany toiling to pay tribute, one more presidential term began in 1953. A curious incident marked the great Inauguration Day parade in Washington. At the tail of the procession rode a mounted man in cowboy dress who reined in as he reached the presidential stand and asked if he might try his lariat. Obediently Mr. Eisenhower stood up and bowed his head; the noose fell around him and was pulled taut; the moving pictures showed a man, with bared head, at the end of a rope.

The new president many have thought to utter simple platitudes when he said, "The state of Israel is *democracy's outpost* in the Middle East and *every American who loves liberty must join* in an effort to make secure forever the future of this newest member of the family of nations". In fact, this was a commitment, or so held by those to whom it was addressed, like similar words of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Eight years after Hitler's death the new state, where [533] Hitler's very laws held and whence the native people had been driven by massacre and terror, was "democracy's outpost" and all who "loved liberty" *must* (the imperative) join to preserve it.

If the new president thought he was free to form state policy, after he uttered such words, he was taught better within nine months of his inauguration. In October, 1953 the commitment was called, and imperiously. An effort to act independently, and in the American national interest, in an issue affecting "the newest member of the family of nations" was crushed, and the American President made to perform public penance, in much the same way that "Rockland" (Woodrow Wilson) was brought to heel in Mr. House's novel in 1912.

This humiliation of the head of what mankind saw as the most powerful government in the world is the most significant incident in the present story, which has recounted many episodes, similar in nature but less open to public audit. The series of Zionist attacks on the Arab neighbour-states (listed in the preceding section) began on Oct. 14, 1953, when every living soul in the Arab village of Qibya, in Jordan was massacred. This was a repetition of the Deir Yasin massacre of 1948, with the difference that it was done outside Palestine, and thus deliberately intimated to the entire body of Arab peoples that they all in time would suffer "utter destruction", again with the connivance of "the West".

The facts were reported to the United Nations by the Danish General Vagn Bennike, chief of the U.N. Truce Observation Organization (who received threats against his life) and his immediately responsible subordinate, Commander E.D. Hutchison of the U.S. Navy, who described the attack as "cold blooded murder" (and was later removed). At the subsequent discussion before the U.N. Security Council, the French delegate said "the massacre" had aroused "horror and reprobation" in France and reproached Israel, the state founded on the claim of "persecution", with "wreaking vengeance on the innocent". The Greek delegate spoke of "the horrible massacre" and the British and American delegates joined in the chorus of "condemnation" (Nov. 9, 1953). In England the Archbishop of York denounced this "horrible act of terrorism" and a Conservative M.P., Major H. Legge-Bourke, called it "the culminating atrocity in a long chain of incursions into non-Israeli territory, made as part of a concerted plan of vengeance".

When these expressions of horror were uttered Israel had, in effect, been awarded an American bonus of \$60,000,000 for the deed and the American President had publicly submitted to the Zionist "pressure" in New York. This is the chronology of events:

Four days after the massacre (Oct. 18, 1953) the American Government "decided to administer a stern rebuke to its protégé" (*The Times*, Oct. 19). It announced that "the shocking reports which have reached the Department of State of the loss of lives and property involved in this incident convince us that [534] those who are responsible should be *brought to account and effective measures be taken to prevent such incidents in the future*" (these words are worth comparing with what happened within a few days). *The Times* added that "behind this statement is a growing resentment at the high-handed way in which the Israel Government is inclined to treat the United States - presumably because it believes that it can always count on *domestic political pressure* in this country". It was even reported (added *The Times*, as if with bated breath) "that a grant of several

million dollars to the Israel Government may be held up until some guarantee is given that there will be no more border incidents".

Two days later (Oct. 20) the State Department announced that the grant to Israel would be halted. If President Eisenhower calculated that, with the election a year behind and the next three years ahead, his administration was free to formulate American state policy, he was wrong. The weakness of America, and the strength of the master-key method, is that an election *always* impends, if not a presidential election, then a Congressional, mayoral, municipal or other one. At that instant three candidates (two Jews and a non-Jew) were contending for the mayoralty of New York, and the campaign was beginning for the 1954 Congressional elections, when all 435 members of the House of Representatives and one third of the Senators were to seek election. Against this background, the screw was applied to the White House.

The three rivals in New York began to outbid each other for the "Jewish vote". Five hundred Zionists gathered in New York (Oct. 25), announced that they were "shocked" by the cancellation of "aid to Israel", and demanded that the Government "reconsider and reverse its hasty and unfair action". The Republican candidate wired to Washington for an immediate interview with the Secretary of State; returning from it he assured the anxious electors that "full U.S. economic aid *will* be given to Israel" (*New York Times*, Oct. 26) and said this would amount in all to \$63,000,000 (nevertheless, he was not elected).

Meanwhile the Republican party-managers clamoured at the President's door with warnings of what would happen in the 1954 election if he did not recant. On October 28 he capitulated, an official statement announcing that Israel would receive the amount previously earmarked, and \$26,000,000 of it in the first six months of the fiscal year, (out of a total of about \$60,000,000).

The Republican candidate for the New York mayoralty welcomed this as "recognition of the fact that Israel is a staunch bastion of free world security in the Near East", and an act of "world statesmanship" typical of President Eisenhower. The true picture of what had produced the act was given by Mr. John O' Donnell in the *New York Daily News*, Oct. 28: "The professional politicians moved in on him with a vengeance. Ike didn't like it at all. . . but the pressure was so violent that to keep peace in the family he had to reverse himself. And the aboutface, politically and personally, was about the smartest and swiftest seen in this political capital of the world in many a month. . . For a week [535] the pressure of candidates, seeking the huge Jewish vote in New York City, has been terrific. . . The political education of President Eisenhower has moved with dizzy speed in the last ten days". (Nevertheless, the Republican Party *did* lose control of Congress in the 1954 election, this being the familiar and invariable result of these capitulations; and after even greater capitulations it suffered a still greater setback in 1956, when its nominee, again Mr. Eisenhower, was re-elected president).

After this the American Government never again ventured to "rebuke its protégé" during the long series of equally "horrible acts" committed by it, and on the anniversary of Israel's creation (May 7, 1954) the Israeli Army proudly displayed the arms received by it from the United States and Great Britain; a massive display of American and British tanks, jet aircraft, bombers and fighters was then offered to the view. (The United States had reported Israel "eligible for arms aid" on August 12, 1952, and Great Britain authorized arms exports to Israel by private dealers on January 17, 1952).

Two years of relative quiet followed, but it was merely the hush of preparation; the next series of events was obviously being staged for the next presidential election year, 1956. In May 1955 (the month when Sir Anthony Eden succeeded Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister in England), the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, like Mr. Balfour thirty years before, at last visited the country which was wrecking American foreign policy, as it had wrecked that of England. After his experience with the "rebuke", so swiftly swallowed, he must have realized that he was dealing with the most powerful force in the world, supreme in his country, of which "Israel" was but the instrument used to divide and rule others.

Like Mr. Balfour, he was received with Arab riots when he went outside Palestine. In Israel he was seen by few Israelis, being hurried in a closed car, between hedges of police, from the airport into Tel Aviv. The police operation for his escort and guard was called "Operation Kitavo", *Kitavo* being Hebrew for "Whence thou art come". The allusion is to Deuteronomy 26: "And it shall be, when thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance . . . and the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be his peculiar people, as he hath promised thee, and that thou shouldest keep all his commandments, and to make thee high above all nations which he hath made . . . that thou mayest be an holy people unto the Lord thy God". Thus an American Secretary of State was seen in Zionist Israel merely as a minor character in the great drama of "fulfilling" the Levitical Law.

Mr. Dulles on his return said he had found that the Arabs feared Zionism more than Communism, a discovery of the obvious: the Arabs had read the Torah and seen its literal application to themselves at Deir Yasin and Qibya. He said in a television broadcast (according to the Associated Press, June 1, 1953), "the United States stands firmly behind the 1950 declaration made jointly with Britain [536] and France; it pledges the three nations to action in the event *the present Israeli borders* are violated by any military action" (the famous "Tripartite Declaration"). I have not been able to discover if Mr. Dulles said this or was misquoted (the Declaration was supposedly impartial and guaranteed "Middle East frontiers and armistice lines *not* 'Israeli borders'" but this was the kind of news which always reached the Arabs and in fact the verbal lapse, or misquotation, came much nearer to the obvious truth of affairs.

Once more the generations were passing, but the lengthening shadow of Zionism fell more heavily on each new one. Sir Winston Churchill, his powers at last failing, relinquished his post to the man on whom he had already bestowed it in the manner of a potentate determining the succession: "I take no step in public life without consulting Mr. Eden; he will carry on the torch of Conservatism when other and older hands have let it fall". That being the case, Sir Anthony presumably inherited Sir Winston's unqualified support for "the fulfilment of the aspirations of Zionism" and might well have wished the torch in other hands, for it could only ruin, not illumine "Conservatism", and England. From the moment when he reached the office for which all his life had prepared him his administration of it was bedevilled by "the problem of the Middle East", so that his political end seemed likely to be as unhappy as that of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

And, the scribe might add, that of President Eisenhower. In September 1955 he was stricken down, and although he recovered the pictures of him began to show the traits which appeared in those of Messrs. Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson towards the end of their terms. The "pressure" which these apparently powerful men have to endure in this, "the Jewish century", seems to have some effect which shows in a careworn physiognomy. They are surrounded by the praisemakers, but if they try to follow conscience and duty they are relentlessly brought to book. After his first experience the general expectation was that he would not run a second time.

He was not a Republican and during his first term felt uncomfortable as a "Republican" president. Indeed, soon after his inauguration his "vexation with the powerful right wing of the party" (in other words, with the traditional Republicans, who had wanted Senator Taft) "reached such extremes that for a time he gave prolonged thought to the idea of a new political party in America, a party to which persons of his own philosophy, regardless of their previous affiliations, might rally. . . He began asking his most intimate associates whether he did not have to start thinking about a new party. As he conceived it, such a party would have been essentially *his* party. It would have represented those doctrines, international and domestic, which *he believed* were best for the United States *and indeed for the world.*"\* He only gave up this idea when Senator Taft's death left the Republican Party without a natural leader and when the Senate, at

\* This significant disclosure comes from a book, *Eisenhower. The Inside Story*, published in 1956 by a White House correspondent, Mr. Robert J. Donovan, evidently at Mr. Eisenhower's wish, for it is based on the minutes of Cabinet meetings and other documents which relate to highly confidential proceedings at the highest level. Nothing of the kind was ever published in America before and the author does not explain the reasons for the innovation. Things are recorded which the President's Cabinet officers probably would not have said, had they known that they would be published; for instance, a jocular suggestion that a Senator Bricker and his supporters (who were pressing a Constitutional amendment to limit the President's power to make treaties, and thus to subject him to great Congressional control) ought to be atom-bombed.

[537] the President's personal encouragement, censured Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin for the ardour of his attack on Communism-in-government. The public anger aroused by the exposure of Communist infestation of the administration under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman was one of the main causes for the swing of votes to the Republican Party (and its nominee, Mr. Eisenhower) in 1952.

Thus at the end of 1955 a presidential-election year again impended, in circumstances which the dominant power in America had always found ideal: an ailing president, party-politicians avid for "the Jewish vote", a war situation in the Middle East and another in Europe. In such a state of affairs "domestic political pressure" in the capital of the world's wealthiest and best-armed country might produce almost any result. The Republican party-managers, desperate to retain at least a nominal Republican in the White House if they could not gain a majority in Congress, gathered round a sick man and urged him to run. \*

The real campaign began, as always, a full year before the election itself. In September 1955 the Egyptian Government of President Gamel Abdel Nasser contracted with the Soviet Union for the purchase of some arms. The American, British and French "Tripartite Declaration" of 1950 provided that Israel and

the Arab states might buy arms from the West. President Nasser, in justification of his act, stated (Nov. 16, 1955) that he had been unable to obtain "one single piece of armament from the United States in three years of trying" and accused the American government of "a deliberate attempt to keep the Arabs perpetually at the mercy of Israel and her threats".

\* The most significant domestic events of President Eisenhower's first term (in view of the fact that his election chiefly expressed the desire of American voters, in 1952, to redress the proved Communist infestation of government and combat the menace of Communist aggression) were the censure of the most persistent investigator, Senator McCarthy, which received the President's personal encouragement and approval; and the ruling of the United States Supreme Court in 1955, which denied the right of the forty-eight individual States to take measures against sedition and reserved this to the Federal Government. This ruling, if given effect, will greatly reduce the power of the Republic to "contend with sedition" (the "Protocols"). The third major domestic event was the Supreme Court ruling against segregation of White and Negro pupils in the public schools, which in effect was directed against the South and, if pressed, might produce violently explosive results. These events draw attention to the peculiar position held in the United States by the Supreme Court, in view of the fact that appointments to it are political, not the reward of a lifetime's service in an independent judiciary. In these circumstances the Supreme Court, under President Eisenhower, showed signs of developing into a supreme political body (Supreme Politburo might not be too inapt a word), able to overrule Congress. The United States Solicitor General in 1956, Mr. Simon E. Sobeloff, stated, "In our system the Supreme Court is not merely the adjudicator of controversies, but in the process of adjudication it is in many ways *the final formulator of national policy*" (quoted in the *New York Times*, July 19, 1956).

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This Egyptian arms purchase from the Soviet produced an immediate uproar in Washington and London similar to that which was raised in 1952-3 about "the trial of the Jewish doctors". President Eisenhower appealed to the Soviet Union to withhold arms shipments to Egypt (the bulk of these came from the Skoda arms factory in Czechoslovakia, which fell into Soviet possession in consequence of the Yalta agreement of 1945 and which had supplied the arms enabling "Israel" to set up house in 1947-8 and to "hail the Soviets as deliverers"). In London on the same day (Nov. 9, 1955) Sir Anthony Eden accused the Soviet Union of creating war tensions in the Middle East; the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, complained of the introduction of a "new and disturbing factor into this delicate situation". To the Arabs all these words from the West meant what they had always meant: that Israel would be given, and the Arabs would be denied, arms.

After this the propaganda campaign swelled day by day, in the same way as that of 1952-3, until, within a few weeks, the memory of the three years of Israeli attacks on the Arab countries and the United Nations' condemnations of these had been blotted out of the public mind. In its place, the general reader received the daily impression that unarmed Israel, through the fault of the West, was being left to the mercy of Egypt, armed to the teeth with "Red" weapons. At that early stage the truth of the matter was once published: the leading American military authority, Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, speaking of the supply of American arms to Israel, said, "We are trying to maintain a very uneasy 'balance' between the Israelis and the Arabs. This is not now, nor is it likely to be soon, a true balance in the sense that the two sides possess equal military strength. Today, Israel is clearly superior to Egypt, in fact to the combined strength of Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, Syria and Iraq" (*New York Times*, Nov. 11, 1955).

This truth was not again allowed to reach the newspaper-reading masses in the eleven months that followed, at any rate in my observation.\* They were kept bemused by the growing clamour about "Red Arms for the Arabs", which set the note for both election campaigns (for Congress and for the presidency) then beginning.\*\* All the presidential aspirants on the Democratic side (Messrs. Estes Kefauver, Governor Harriman of New York State, Stuart Symington and Adlai Stevenson) made inflammatory statements in this sense.\*\*\* At one point an American Zionist committee considered a "march on Denver" but refrained (the President was in hospital there after his stroke), and instead approached all candidates, of either party, with a demand that they sign a "policy declaration" against the grant of arms to any Arab state. 120 Congressional aspirants signed forthwith, and the number later increased to 102 Democrats and 51 Republicans (*New York Times*, Apr. 5, 1956). This excess of Democratic signatories accounts for the statement made at the World Zionist Congress in Jerusalem on April 26 by Mr. Yishak Gruenbaum, a leading Israeli politician and former Minister:

\* However, *fourteen* months later (Jan 4, 1957), after the attack on Egypt, Mr. Hanson Baldwin, writing from the Middle East, confirmed the continuance of "defenceless" Israel's military predominance: "Israel has been, since 1949, the strongest indigenous military force in the area. She is stronger today, as compared with the Arab states, than ever before."

\*\* "The supply of arms by Soviet Czechoslovakia made Jews in Israel and elsewhere look to the Soviets as deliverers", Johannesburg *Jewish Times*, Dec. 24, 1952.

\*\*\* "The state of Israel will be defended if necessary with overwhelming outside help", Governor Harriman, *New York Times*, March 23, 1955.

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"Israel will get no support from the United States so long as the Republican leadership is in control". This was a public demand, from Israel, that American Jews should vote Democratic, and the belief of the American party-managers in the power of "the Jewish vote" there was strengthened, on this occasion, by the Democratic success in the Congressional election, desired by Mr. Gruenbaum in Jerusalem.

Against this background of "pressure" on an ailing President through the party-managers and of one more campaign about "the persecution of the Jews" (symbolized, this time, by Israel) the year of the presidential election began. From the start experienced observers saw that it had been chosen (like preceding presidential-election years) as a year of staged and rising crisis which might erupt in general war. The basis of all calculations was the "domestic political pressure" which could be exercised on the American government and its acts.

In the real world the year opened, typically, with one more unanimous "condemnation" (Jan. 19, 1956) of Israel for a "deliberate" and "flagrant" attack (the one on Syria on Dec. 11, 1955). This was the fourth major condemnation in two years and it came at a moment when the propaganda campaign about Israel's "defencelessness" and Arab "aggression" was already in full swing in the West. At the same period a "state of national emergency" was declared in Israel.

The Zionist attack then turned on the core of responsible officials in the American State Department who (like those in the British Colonial Office and Foreign Office in the earlier generation) tried to ward off the perilous "commitments" to Israel. In November 1955 the world's largest religious Zionist organization, the Mizrahi Organization of America, had declared at Atlantic City that "a clique" of "anti-Israel elements in the United States State Department" was "blocking effective United States aid to Israel" (this, word for word, is the complaint made by Dr. Chaim Weizmann against the British responsible officials over a period of three decades, 1914-1947).

In the presidential-election year 1956 the man who had succeeded to the burden in America, was Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State. Immediately after the U.N. Security Council's "condemnation" of Israel in January Mr. Dulles announced that he was trying to gain the agreement of leading Democratic politicians to keep the Israeli-Arab question "out of debate in the Presidential election campaign" (Jan. 24, 1956). The *New York Times* commented, "it is known that Mr. Dulles has complained that Israeli Embassy [540] officials here have sought to persuade candidates for congress to take positions favourable to the Israeli cause . . . The Secretary is eager that neither party should complicate the delicate negotiations for a Mid East settlement by discussing the Israeli question for personal or party advantage in the election campaign . . . Specifically, he is apprehensive lest anything be said in the Presidential campaign that would encourage Israelis to think that the United States could condone or co-operate with an Israeli invasion of Arab territory".

Thus Mr. Dulles was complaining of the "political pressure" recorded by President Truman in his memoirs,\* and was attempting in 1956 what Mr. Forrestal in 1947 had attempted, at the price of dismissal, breakdown and suicide. He at once came under attack from the press (equally in America and England) in the same way as Mr. Ernest Bevin and Mr. Forrestal in the years 1947-8. He received a reproachful letter from "a group of Republican members of Congress", to whom he placatingly replied (Feb. 7, 1955) that "The foreign policy of the United States embraces the preservation of the state of Israel. . . We do not exclude the possibility of arms sales to Israel". By this time he had further sinned, for the *Jerusalem Post*, which in 1956 was a sort of *Court Gazette* for the Western capitals, announced that he had committed "a minor but unfriendly act . . . he received for 45 minutes a delegation of the American Council for Judaism". \*\*

The American Zionist Council immediately "protested" against Mr. Dulles's proposal that the Palestine issue "be kept out of debate during the presidential election; its chairman, a Rabbi Irving Miller, called this "the misguided view that any particular segment of foreign policy should be withdrawn from the arena of *free and untrammelled* public discussion". As to this freedom from trammel, the following rare allusions to the state of affairs prevailing appeared at that time in the American press: "Israel's quarrels with her neighbours have been transferred to every American platform, where merely to explain why the Arabs feel the way they do is to become a candidate for professional extinction" (Miss Dorothy Thompson); "A pro-Egypt policy will make no votes for Republicans in New Jersey, Connecticut or Massachusetts and when one talks to professional

\* In the intervening years another book had appeared. Mr. Chesly Manly's *The U.N. Record*, which said that four senior officials of the American Foreign Service, called from the Middle East to Washington during the congressional



elections of 1946 for consultation on the Palestine question, had presented the Arab case and received from President Truman the answer, "Sorry, gentlemen, I have to answer hundreds of thousands who are anxious for the success of Zionism; I do not have hundreds of thousands of Arabs among my constituents". Mr. Truman's submissiveness to Zionist pressure, when in office, and his complaint about it, when in retirement, thus are both on record.

\* \* This is an example, in the new generation, of the "outside interference, entirely from Jews" of which Dr. Weizmann bitterly complained in the earlier one. The Council feared and fought the involvement of the West in Zionist chauvinism. It was headed by Mr. Lessing Rosenwald, formerly head of the great mercantile house of Sears, Roebuck, and Rabbi Elmer Berger. Meeting in Chicago at this period, it resolved that President Truman's memoirs "confirm that Zionist pressures - labelled as those of American Jews - were excessive beyond all bounds of propriety" and "offered a spectacle of American citizens advancing the causes of a foreign nationalism". The reader, if he refers to earlier chapters, will see how precisely the situation in England in 1914-1917 had been reproduced in America in 1947-8 and 1955-6.

[541] politicians he hears much on the subject" (Mr. George Sokolsky); "The political masterminds argue that to get the Jewish vote in such critical states as New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, New Jersey and Pennsylvania the United States should go down the line against the Arabs" (Mr. John O'Donnell).

The next development was an announcement in the *New York Times* (Feb. 21, 1956) that Mr. Dulles would have "to face an investigation on foreign policy" called by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee "to enquire into the twistings and turnings of the Administration's arms policy in the Mid East". Mr. Dulles duly appeared before the Committee (Feb. 24, 1956) and this led to a significant incident. In the ordinary way the public masses, in America as in England, are debarred from expressing any adverse opinion about the adventure in Palestine, so costly to them; candidates for election cannot expect party-nomination unless they subscribe to the Zionist view, and the press in general will not print any other. On this occasion the responsible Cabinet officer had an audience comprizing as many Americans as could crowd into the space reserved for spectators and they gave him ovations when he entered, while he spoke, and when he left.

The reason for these ovations was plain, and the incident showed how the general masses of the West would all react if their political leaders ever appealed to them candidly in this question. Mr. Dulles said among other things, "one of the greatest difficulties facing the United States in its role of attempted mediation between Arabs and Israelis is the belief of the Arab world that Washington's approach would be guided by *domestic political pressures*". There was danger that the Israelis might "precipitate what is called a preventive war". If that occurred the United States "will not be involved on the side of Israel" because it had commitments with its allies to oppose any nation that started "aggression" in the Middle East. He "suggested several times that *domestic political pressures* were being applied to attempt to force the Administration to take an unduly and unwisely pro-Israel course in the Middle East".

What was applauded, then, is clear, and this was the first official and public allusion, within hearing of a general audience, to the clutch that holds the West in thrall. The demonstration of public approval did not diminish the "pressures" of which Mr. Dulles complained. A few weeks later (Apr. 12, 1956) he was hailed before Congressional leaders to report on the Middle East and told them "I fear the time may have passed for a peaceful solution". He pointed out that the two "key factors" in United States policy there were "in conflict", namely, "Retention of the immense oil resources of the region for the military and economic use of Western Europe," (these resources are at present in the Arab countries) and "preservation of Israel as a nation". The Democratic House leader, Mr. John McCormack then asked peremptorily, "Which policy comes first, saving Israel, or keeping hold of the oil?" By his answer, "We are trying to do both", Mr. Dulles showed that the entire West was more deeply than ever [542] imprisoned in the insoluble dilemma created by Britain's original involvement in Zionism.

In the vain effort to "do both" Mr. Dulles soon made the matter worse. Apparently he never had any hope that his original proposal would succeed; he "gave a bellow of sardonic laughter" when asked, at a press conference at this time, if he truly believed that he could get the Arab-Israeli issue taken out of election politics. Even as he spoke to the Senate Committee (would those spectators have applauded, had they known?) the method was being devised whereby America could officially announce that it would *not* supply "arms to the Middle East" at all, and at the same time *would* ensure that *Israel* receive such arms, enabling it to launch the "preventive war" which the Secretary of State "feared". The device was similar to that used in the case of West German "reparations", which were exacted under American pressure and ensured the flow of money or goods to Israel without this appearing in any American budget.

Immediately after Mr. Dulles's report to the Senate Committee, and apparently in reply to it, Israeli troops made "a pre-arranged and planned" attack on the Egyptians in the Gaza area, killing thirty-eight persons (Feb. 27, 1956), and was condemned for "brutal aggression" by the U.N.M.A.C. Within a few weeks the columnists then began to hint at the new method of supplying arms to Israel: "If the United States sold arms to Israel, it would reopen the Communist pipeline of arms to the Arab States. . . apparently it is felt that

the same would not be true if Britain, France and Canada met Israeli requests for weapons. . . It is assumed here that if the Allies sell Israel arms, the United States can maintain its own position of impartiality".

This was "doing both" in practice. Rabbi Hillel Silver (the Zionist leader who had uttered the prayer for "grace and guidance" at the President's inauguration) then stated in Israel that "the Eisenhower Administration has not yet said the last word on arms for Israel" (*New York Times*, Apr. 4, 1956). Returned to Washington, he had "a very frank and friendly discussion" with the President. Then it was revealed that the United States was "discreetly encouraging the French and Canadian governments to sell arms to Israel" (*New York Times*, April 1956). Next, these proved in truth to be American-supplied arms, for the French Government officially announced (May 12, 1956) that the American Government "had agreed to a delay in deliveries to allow France to make speedily a last delivery of twelve Mystere IV planes to Israel". These were some of the French aircraft used in the attack on Egypt five months later; that the French Air Force itself would take part was not in May disclosed.\*

\* Six months later, on the eve of the presidential election and immediately before the Israeli attack on Egypt, the *New York Daily News* appealed to "the Jewish voter" by recounting the following Republican services: "The Eisenhower Administration has not seen its way clear to supplying Israel with heavy hardware, because of various touchy international situations. However, the Administration, last April and May, did help Israel get 24 Mystere jet planes from France, and last month Canada announced sale of 24 Sabre jets to Israel. Mr. Dulles was declared by Israeli officials to have actively used United States Government influence in promoting both the French and Canadian plane sales".

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In explanation: the American Government was financing the purchase of arms for its allies in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization at that time, by placing orders with the foreign manufacturers. These American-financed deliveries were diverted to Israel at American "encouragement". Thus the North Atlantic Treaty, supposed at the start to be an alliance of the West against "Soviet aggression" and "Communism", also was turned to the purpose of Zionism. Signed in 1949, the ostensible, original purpose was that the members (America and Canada, England, France and ten other European countries, and Turkey) would regard any attack on one as an attack on all and aid the one attacked.

Therefore the American Government, while attacking the Soviet Union for supplying Egypt with arms and declaring that it would not itself promote "the arms race" in the Middle East by supplying them to Israel, was in fact procuring arms for Israel to maintain its superiority over all seven Arab countries. Here Mr. Dulles operated with a Machiavellian touch which had the effect of oil on fire. The act of procurement was not even kept secret; as the above quotations show, it was given publicity and used as a vote-getting vault in that election campaign, from which Mr. Dulles had appealed for the Israeli-Arab issue to be kept aloof.

A strange side effect on these machinations in the West was that statements made, on this particular question, by the utterly unscrupulous rulers in Moscow gained a look of honest respectability. For instance, the Soviet Government, when the Western uproar about "arms for Egypt" began, sent a note to the American, British, Egyptian and Czechoslovak Governments stating, "The Soviet Government hold that each state has the legitimate right to look after its defence and to buy weapons for its defence requirements from other states on usual commercial terms, and that no foreign state has the right to intervene". That was an irreproachable statement of the legal, and even moral position, and it was echoed by Israel, for while the Western rumpus welled the Israeli Foreign Minister, then Mr. Moshe Sharett, stated in New York (Nov. 10, 1955) "If driven to a tight corner and our existence is at stake we will seek and accept arms from any source in the world" (in answer to a question whether the Soviet had *offered* Israel arms). Thus the whole burden of the outcry in the West was in fact that Soviet arms ought not to go to the *Arab* states, and for this no moral or legal argument whatever can be found.

Against this background "defenceless Israel" (Mr. Ben-Gurion) on April 16, 1956 held its anniversary parade with great display of United States, British and French aircraft and tanks (*New York Times*, Apr. 17); the Soviet weapons were presumably withheld from the parade on that occasion in harmony with the propaganda of that moment in the West. On April 24, in Jerusalem, Mr. Ben-Gurion once more proclaimed the nationalist and expansionist aim: "The continued ingathering of exiles is the supreme goal of Israel and an essential precondition for realization of the messianic mission which has made us an eternal people."

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The subterfuge by means of which the United States procured arms for Israel while officially refusing to supply them ("Nobody particularly welcomes our decision not to sell weapons to Israel but to encourage other allies to do so, and to relinquish earmarked equipment for this purpose", *New York Times*, May 19, 1956) brought no respite to the American President. *Open* submission is the invariable requirement, and the Zionist wrath began to turn against him. On the eve of his second breakdown in health (in the early summer

he had to undergo an operation for hepatitis) the jeer began to be thrown at him that he was but "a part-time president". A leading woman Zionist, Mrs. Agnes Meyer, launched it by telling a Jewish audience in New York that while "the bastion of democracy" (Israel) was in peril "the President is not at his post in Washington; he is playing golf in Augusta", and urging him to ask himself "whether this nation can afford a part-time president". His second illness, which followed almost at once, stopped this particular attack for the time, but President Eisenhower, like others before him, was not allowed to forget that the full resources of Zionist propaganda might at any moment be turned against him if he stepped out of his predecessors' line.

While he struggled in these toils, across the Atlantic another Prime Minister seemed likely to be broken on the Zionist wheel. Sir Anthony Eden, in any other century, would have become a major statesman; in this one, the "commitment" he inherited was from the start of his premiership a millstone round his neck.

No politician in the world was equal to him, when he took the chief office in 1955, in qualification and experience. He was of the First War generation, so that the memory of Flanders fields formed the background of all his adult life, which thereafter was spent entirely in politics. He came of old family with an inherited tradition of service, and was gifted and personable. He rose to ministerial rank at an early age and with brief intervals held one high post after another for over twenty years, during which he came to know personally every dictator and parliamentary politician in Europe and North America. He thus gained a unique experience for the testing years ahead; only Sir Winston Churchill, in the entire world, had a comparable range of acquaintanceship, negotiation and in general of training in what was once held to be the art of statesmanship.

He was still young, for the chief office, when Sir Winston yielded to the law of age and handed on "the torch" to the man he had described as embodying "the life hope of the British nation" (1938), Mr. Eden (as he was in 1938) gained the hope of men of his generation through his resignation from the British Government in protest against the placation of Hitler, which (he rightly judged) was the one sure road to war. The event of October, 1956 was made harder for his contemporaries to endure by the fact that his name was given to it.

I knew Mr. Eden, as a foreign correspondent may know a politician, in the years that led to the Second War, and on the strength of our similar feelings at that darkling time was later able to write to him at moments when he seemed to

[545] be losing touch with the mind of his generation; and to receive pleasant reply, acknowledging earlier acquaintanceship and perusal of my books. I saw him, in 1935 emerge, with troubled mien, from a first encounter with Hitler, who in menacing tones had told him that the German air force (then officially non-existent) was greater than the English one. I accompanied him to Moscow and was able to confirm with him something I had heard of his first encounter with Stalin: that the Georgian bandit had pointed to the little point on the world's map that represented England and said how strange it was that so small a country should hold the key to the world's peace (a true statement at that time). Having these personal memories, I was probably more aghast than most men when I learned of the deed to which he was misled in October, 1956.

From the start in May 1955 the professional observer saw that he was in truth, not so much Prime Minister, as Minister for the Jewish Question, in his generation represented by the Zionist state and its ambition. This meant that his whole term of office would fall under that shadow and that his political fate would be determined by his actions in regard to Zionism, not by his success or failure in matters of native interest. That was shown on the eve of his premiership, when he was still Foreign Secretary for a few weeks more. The British Government had concluded an arrangement with Iran and Turkey to ensure the defence of British interests in the Middle East, the oil resources of which were vital to England and the Antipodean Dominions. The debate in the House of Commons ignored this aspect and raged around the effect of the agreement "on Israel", so that two lonely members (among 625) protested: "This debate is not about Palestine and the Foreign Secretary must look after world interests and the interests of Britain, even though they cause annoyance and embarrassment to other states" (Mr Thomas Reid); "Judging by nearly every speech from hon. Members on both sides of the House, one might be forgiven for imagining that the debate was primarily concerned with the effect of a pact on Israel instead of the improvement of our worldwide defensive system against the threat of Russian imperialism" (Mr. F. W. Bennett).

To this a Jewish Socialist member replied, "Why not?" In effect, it was by that time almost impossible to debate any major issue save in terms of its effect for Israel, and this plainly prefigured the course of Sir Anthony's premiership.

During the remaining months of 1955, as Prime Minister, he continued to struggle with "the Middle East question", at one time suggesting that an international force be placed between Israel and the Arab states

(the United States demurred) and at another, that Israel might agree to minor frontier rectifications, having seized in 1948 more territory than that "awarded" to it by the United Nations (this brought angry Zionist charges in the New York newspapers that "Britain has now joined the ranks of Israel's enemies"). Then the presidential-election year, and Sir Anthony's crisis, began. The Zionist machine went into top gear, playing Washington against London and

[546] London against Washington with the skill of forty years' experience. In March a significant thing occurred; unknown to the world, it made an early attack on Egypt seem a certainty to the diligent watcher of events.

On the eve of the Jewish Passover the mysterious "Voice of America" broadcast a commemoration, laden with explosive topical allusions, of "the escape of the Jews from *the Egyptian captivity*". Considered in its obvious relationship to the propaganda bombardment of Egypt which was then in progress in Washington and London, this plainly portended violent events before the next Passover. The American people in general know nothing of what "The Voice of America" says, or to whom it speaks. Even my research has not discovered what official department is supposed to supervise this "voice", which to listening peoples far away is taken to express the intentions of the American Government. I was able to learn that its funds, budgetary and other, are immense and that it is largely staffed by Eastern Jews. It appears to work in irresponsibility and secrecy.\*

From this moment the whole weight of Western propaganda was turned against Egypt. The events which followed might be considered in the light of Secretary of War, Henry Stimson's diarial note in the period preceding Pearl Harbour, to the effect that the aim of President Roosevelt's administration was

\* During the Hungarian uprising against the Soviet in October-November 1956, several American correspondents, returning from the shambles, and Hungarian fugitives attributed a large measure of responsibility for the tragedy to this "Voice". The Americans had found the Hungarian people confident of American intervention; the Hungarians complained that, although the word "revolt" was not used, the "Voice" in effect incited and instigated revolt and held out the prospect of American succour. At the same time President Eisenhower told the American people, "We have never counselled the captive peoples to rise against armed force". Similar criticisms were made against "Radio Free Europe", a private American organization which operated from Germany under West German Government license.

One of the first Hungarian refugees to reach America complained that the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe for years "picked at us" to revolt, but when the national uprising came no American help was given (*New York Times*, Nov. 23, 1956).

The West German Government ordered an investigation into Radio Free Europe's broadcasts during the Hungarian uprising (it operated from Munich) after widespread charges appeared in the West German press that it had, in effect, played a provocative part; as example, a script prepared on Nov. 5, 1956, while the uprising was in progress, told the Hungarian people that "Western military aid could not be expected before 2am tomorrow", an obvious intimation that it would come at some moment (*N.Y.T.*, Dec. 8, 1956) The gravest implication of a provocative purpose was contained in statements made by Mrs Anna Kethly, head of the Hungarian Social Democratic party, who escaped during the brief liberation of the country. She said that while she was in jail in 1952 Radio Free Europe in a broadcast to the captive countries said "that I was leading the underground liberation movement from my jail and quoted the names of several leaders of the alleged movement. I was taken out of the jail where I had been in complete seclusion since 1950 and confronted with hundreds of former militants of the Social Democratic party and the trade unions. All of them were tortured by the political police to confess their participation in the non-existent anti-Communist plot. There was absolutely no truth in the Radio Free Europe report; I had lived in complete seclusion since my arrest and had met nobody. Radio Free Europe has gravely sinned by making the Hungarian people believe that Western military aid was coming, when no such aid was planned" (*N.Y.T.*, Nov. 30, 1956).

Thus America spoke with two voices, those of the President addressing himself officially to the world, and of the "Voice" speaking in more dangerous terms over the head of the American people to the peoples of the world. At this period the *New York Times* described the *official* line: "High officials have made clear privately that the Administration wants to avoid being identified solely with Israel and thus surrendering the Arab countries to the influence of the Soviet Union". The Arab peoples, if they ever heard of these "private" intimations, could not be expected to believe them, in view of what they heard from "The Voice of America" about the liberation of the Jews from "the Egyptian captivity".

[547] to manoeuvre Japan into "firing the first shot". Subsequent events had all the appearance of being designed to manoeuvre Egypt into firing the first shot. Egypt did not do this. Then the world found that the firing of a first shot was no longer necessary to qualify as an aggressor; the country in question could be dubbed the aggressor while it was being invaded, and even before that; so far had the resources of mass-propaganda developed in the 20th century. All the "condemnations" of Israel on the score of aggression had meant nothing.

This crisis-period began on March 7, 1956 (just before the "Voice of America's" Egyptian-captivity broadcast) when Sir Anthony Eden again faced the House of Commons on the eternal question. By that time his Socialist adversaries (despite the many "condemnations" of Israel) were furious in their demand for arms for Israel and "a new treaty of guarantees for Israel"; like the New York politicians, they saw the hope of office in new submissions to Zion. The Prime Minister "was subjected to a storm of vituperation and abuse beyond anything heard in the House of Commons since the last days of Neville Chamberlain's prime ministership" (the *New York Times*); "It was a scene which, for a time, seemed to shock even those who had



caused it; the Speaker himself had to intervene to plead that the House should give the Prime Minister a hearing" (the *Daily Telegraph*). Sir Anthony vainly protested that he had thereto been heard with courtesy "for over thirty years" by the House. At that moment he might have hoped for American support, for on the same day President Eisenhower said it was "useless to try to maintain peace in the Middle East by arming Israel, with its 1,700,000 people, against 40,000,000 Arabs" (the American procurement of arms for Israel was then under way).

In England Sir Anthony found all hands against him. The *Daily Telegraph* (ostensibly of his own party) might in its news reports appear shocked by his treatment in the House, but editorially it said the case for giving Israel arms was "incontrovertible", a word which always spares the need for supporting argument. His opponents, the Socialists, cast off all restraint in their eagerness to overthrow him by way of Israel. The leading leftist journal, the *New Statesman*, in two successive issues said that England had no right or means to wage war in any circumstances whatever and should lay down all arms ("Effective defence is now beyond our means and disarmament is the only alternative to annihilation", March 10) and that England should arm Israel and pledge itself to go to war for Israel ("War is less likely if Israel is supplied with up to date arms and the Labour Party is correct in urging that Israel must now have them . . . The problem is not so much the undesirability of guaranteeing a frontier which has not yet been formally established . . . but the military problem of *assembling and delivering the necessary force* . . . Is sufficient naval strength available in the Eastern Mediterranean? Does Mr Gaitskell (the Socialist leader) "even feel sure that the British public would back him in going to war, probably without the endorsement of the United Nations, in defence of Israel?" (March 17).

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The endless effects of the original, apparently small commitment to Zion may be studied in such quotations. Sir Anthony Eden on this occasion appeared to be trying, in unison with the United States Government, to stem a lunatic tide, but he gave a "warning to Egypt" which was not then justified and was ominous, as events proved. At that moment both the British and American Governments were (officially) courting Egyptian friendship in the hope of helping to pacify the Middle East. To that joint end England, "under American pressure" was preparing to withdraw its troops from the Suez Canal.\*

Why Sir Anthony Eden yielded without security to "the pressure" to let go of what, immediately after, was proclaimed to be "the vital lifeline" of the British Commonwealth is of those questions which politicians never answer. "Pressure" from Washington in matters related to the Middle East has in the last four decades always been Zionist pressure, ultimately; and about this time an Egyptian journalist, Mr. Ibrahim Izzat, was cordially received by the Premier, Foreign Minister and Labour Minister of Israel who told him "Israel and Egypt had the identical aim of opposing British influence in the Middle East" (*Ros el Youssef*, May, 1956; *New York Times*, May 20, 1956).

The effect of this submission to pressure very soon became clear: it was to be war, involving England in a great humiliation and fiasco. The British withdrawal was supposed to be one-half of a larger, Anglo-American arrangement for "winning the friendship of the Arabs", and the American half had yet to be performed. This was to join with the British Government and the World Bank in providing \$900,000,000 for the construction of a dam on the Nile at Aswan (the offer had been made to Egypt in December 1955).

The chronology of events again becomes important. The British troops withdrew from the Suez Canal in June 1956, as undertaken. On July 6, 1956 the State Department spokesman told the press that the Aswan Dam offer "still stood". A few days later the Egyptian Ambassador in Washington announced that Egypt had "definitely decided that she wanted Western help for the dam". On July 19 the Egyptian Ambassador called on Mr. Dulles to accept the offer. He was told that the United States government had changed its mind. In London the day before the Foreign Office spokesman had announced that the British share of the offer "still stood". On July 19 the spokesman informed *the press* (not the Egyptian Ambassador) that the British offer, too, was withdrawn. The spokesman declined to give reasons but admitted to "continuous consultation between Whitehall and Washington".

Therefore the "pressure" to infuriate the Egyptians by this contemptuous affront came from the same quarter as the "pressure" to mollify them by withdrawing from the Suez Canal. The British Government was left far out on a

\* The fact that this "pressure" was used is authentic. It was everywhere recorded in terms of an American success by the American press, for instance, "Secretary of State Dulles was confident that he could win the friendship of the Arabs, as when he brought pressure on the British to get out of Egypt, while retaining that of the Israelis, (*New York Times*, Oct. 21, 1956).

[549] limb, in the American phrase; if the first submission was made in reliance on President Eisenhower's announcement of February (that he wanted "to stem the deterioration in relations between the Arab nations



and the United States" and "restore the Arabs' confidence and trust" in America), the aboutface in the Aswan Dam offer should have warned it, and it would then have saved much if it had resisted the "pressure" in the second case.

I cannot remember any more calculated or offensive provocation to a government with which "the West" was ostensibly seeking friendship. Such behaviour by the Washington and London governments has only become imaginable since they fell under the thrall of Zionism. American withdrawal of the offer, and the manner of withdrawal (its imitation by London is beyond comment) were clearly the true start of the war crisis of 1956, but the original source, the "pressure", was not "American". "Some Congressmen feared Zionist disapproval", discreetly remarked the *New York Times* of the withdrawn offer to Egypt; and this was election year.

Within the week President Nasser of Egypt nationalized the Suez Canal and at once the air was filled with war-talk, as in 1952-3 during the episode of "the Jewish doctors". From that moment President Nasser received the "wicked man" treatment; this is the sure sign of the imminence of war. I have seen many "wicked men" built up in my life, and have observed that this propaganda can be turned on and off as by a tap, and infused with toxic effect into the public mind:

*Cursed juice of hebenon in a vial;  
And into mine ear did pour  
The leprous distilment . . .*

My early childhood was clouded by the wickedness of The Mad Mullah (a Muslim leader now universally forgotten) and of a respectable old Boer called Paul Kruger. Of all the figures in this Chamber of Horrors, built around me as I went along, I now see that nearly all were no better or worse than those who called them wicked.

Even before the war-talk reached the "wicked man" stage, and long before the unprecedented provocation of July 19, (which still provoked no warlike act from Egypt), President Nasser had been declared the aggressor in a war yet to begin. In March Mr. Ben-Gurion stated at Tel Aviv that early delivery of arms to Israel alone could prevent "an *attack* by the Arab states within the next few months" and added that the aggressor "*would be* the Egyptian dictator Nasser". On April 13 Sir Winston Churchill emerged from a year's retirement to tell a Primrose League audience that "prudence and honour" demanded British aid for Israel *if it were attacked by Egypt*. Sir Winston expressed implicit, but clear approval of the Israeli attack *on* Egypt which the "activists" in Israel were then demanding: "If Israel is dissuaded from using the life force of their race to *ward off* the Egyptians until the Egyptians have learned to use the Russian weapons with which they have been supplied and the Egyptians then attack, it will become not [550] only a matter of prudence but a measure of honour to make sure that they are not the losers by waiting". This was followed in May by an Israeli attack *on* Egyptian troops in the Gaza area in which about 150 men, women and children were killed or wounded. Nevertheless, the outcry about the "wicked man" and "Egyptian aggression" grew ever louder in the West.

The state of servitude into which England had fallen at this period was shown by two symbolic events. In June 1956 the "Anglo-Jewish Community" held a banquet at the Guildhall to commemorate "the three hundredth anniversary of the resettlement of the Jews in the British Isles"; the young Queen's consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, was required to appear in a Jewish skullcap. In September the "Cromwell Association" held a service at the statue of the regicide and butcher of Drogheda to celebrate this same fiction (that he "restored" the Jews to England three hundred years before). In his speech the president of this body, a Mr. Isaac Foot, recommended that the young Prince Charles, when he reached the throne, take the name of "Oliver II", because "We don't want Charles III". \*

After President Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal the war cries from the West rose to a high note. "Nationalization" in itself was not startling or shocking enough, in 1956, to account for it. America had accepted the seizure of foreign-owned oilfields, Mexico agreeing (as President Nasser agreed) to pay the going price for the property; domestically, America, through the Tennessee Valley Authority, was already treading this wellworn path to impoverishment; in England the Socialist Government had nationalized railways and coalmines. A valid legal or moral ground for violent denunciation was not easy to find, although shades of difference, admittedly existed between President Nasser's act and the many precedents and his action was obviously one of protest against provocation, not of rational policy.

In any case, the only effective answer, if his act was intolerable, was to reoccupy the Canal forthwith, and that was not done. Instead, all the oracles, as if reading from a long-prepared script, began to dub him

"Hitler". Premier Ben-Gurion began with "dictator", which soon became "Fascist dictator", and the French Prime Minister (a M. Guy Mollet at that instant) changed this to "Hitler". Thereafter the campaign followed the lines of the one against Stalin in 1952-3. Dictator-Fascist Dictator-Hitler: the inference was plain; President Nasser was to be depicted, and punished if he were punished, as an enemy of *the Jews*.

When Sir Anthony Eden again rose in the House of Commons (Aug. 9, 1956) to grapple with that monster of his dreams, "the Middle East question", the

\* The same shadow was with deliberate intent cast across the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in 1953. As part of the festival the newly-crowned queen reviewed at Spithead a great assembly of war vessels from every country that could send a ship. Among the many craft, between the lines of which the Queen's ship passed, was one alone, the crew of which did not cheer (a mistake, the later explanation asserted). This Soviet ship was the *Sverdlov*, named for Yankel Sverdlov, the assassin of the Romanoff family, in whose honour the town where they were butchered, Ekaterinburg, was renamed Sverdlovsk.

[551] Socialist leader, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, said, "It is all terribly familiar. . . It is exactly the same as we encountered with Mussolini and *Hitler* before the war". Another Socialist speaker, Mr. Paget Q.C., (events having altered K.C's) baited him thus: "This weekend technique is just what we got from *Hitler*. Are you aware of the consequences of not answering force with force until it is too late?"

The Socialists were deliberately prodding Sir Anthony to use force (they shouted "Murderer" at him when he used it) by these taunting allusions to his political past. He was the man who resigned in 1938 in protest against the placation of Hitler, and his resignation was immediately vindicated by Hitler's invasion of Austria. That *was* "force", long foreseen, and Mr. Eden of 1938 was right. In 1956 the case was different, and no comparison was possible. Egypt was not a great military power but a very weak one. Egypt had not been "appeased" after the British withdrawal, but subjected to provocation by public humiliation. Egypt was not a proven aggressor; it had been the victim of attack and Israel had declared that it would make war on Egypt.

Therefore the comparison with "Hitler" was absurd, unless it was intended solely to denote that the Zionists held Egypt for their enemy. Nevertheless Sir Anthony Eden yielded to this fiction (perhaps the memory of 1938 had too strong a hold on him) for he alluded to President Nasser as "a Fascist plunderer whose appetite grows with feeding", which was just the language he and Mr. Churchill had rightly used about Hitler eighteen years before. I must add that I do not find these exact words in the text of his speech but this is the form in which they reached "the mob" through the *New York Times* and that is what counts, as Prime Ministers should know. For the rest, Sir Anthony based his attack on President Nasser on the argument that the Suez Canal "is vital to other countries in all parts of the world. . . a matter of life and death to us all. . . the canal must be run efficiently and kept open, as it always has been in the past, as a free and secure international waterway for the ships of all nations . . ."

But President Nasser had not *closed* the canal, only nationalized it. It *was* "open" to the ships of all nations, with one exception. In those five words lay the secret. The *only* country which was denied full freedom of passage was *Israel*, with which Egypt was still technically at war; Egypt had been stopping ships bound for Israel and examining them for arms. This was the *only* case of interference; ergo, Sir Anthony represented *only that case*; not any British one. However, he concluded: "My friends, we do not intend to seek a solution by force",

In the following weeks, while "a solution" was sought at various conferences in London and Washington, the press informed the masses that "the Egyptians" would not be able to run the canal, where traffic would soon break down. In fact, they proved able to operate it and shipping continued to pass without hindrance, with the one exception. By clear implication, therefore, the case of Israel was the sole one on which Sir Anthony's Government could rest its increasingly angry

[552] protest. This was soon made clear. On August 22, 1956 Mrs. Rose Halprin, ailing chairman of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, stated in the *New York Times* that "the *only* legal case which the Western powers have against Egypt in terms of the contravention of the 1888 convention is *Egypt's denial of the canal to Israel ships and the strictures on ships bound for Israel*".

Mrs. Halprin's statement of the legal position is correct. If the whole dispute rested on a point of *law*, then the *only* case which could be invoked was that of Israel; and that would open the whole question of the *legality* of the creation of Israel itself and of the uninterminated state of war between Israel and Egypt. Therefore any government which joined in the uproar against President Nasser was in fact acting on behalf of Israel and Israel alone, and was prejudging all *legal* questions in favour of Israel.

By October Sir Anthony Eden had gone further in presuming Egyptian aggression. I have not the text of this speech but the version distributed by the Associated Press, and therefore reproduced in thousands of newspapers all over the world, says, "Prime Minister Eden predicted tonight that President Nasser *would* attack Israel next *if* he got away with seizure of the Suez Canal. Sir Anthony hinted that Britain *would go to Israel's rescue with arms* if necessary" (Sept. 13, 1956).

Thus the British Prime Minister was sliding on a slippery path. Within the space of six weeks the "vital lifeline" and "matter of life and death" theme had become subordinate and the world faced the menace of war based on something that the Egyptian president *would* do *if* something else happened. From this point on "the mob" was fed with news of an impending Egyptian attack on Israel (the "interference with international navigation" theme was dropped, as it could not be maintained) and in time this took on so definite a note that many casual readers, I fancy, must have thought that Egypt *had* already attacked Israel. I give one of many examples (from the London *Weekly Review*, September 1956, a few weeks before the Israeli attack on Egypt): "We can be *absolutely certain* that the Arabs, encouraged by Russia, *will attack Israel. This is now beyond all doubt and should form the basis of our calculations*".

In writing this book I have been chiefly impelled by the hope of giving the later reader, in what I hope will be a more rational time, some idea of the astonishing condition of the public prints during the 1950's. He will certainly be unable to comprehend the things that happened unless he is aware of this regime of sustained mis-information and of the boundless lengths to which it was carried. The last statement quoted came after years of repeated Israeli attacks on the various Arab neighbours and of repeated United Nations condemnations of these acts.

In the way I have summarized above the ground was prepared, during the first nine months of the presidential-election year, for the climactic events of October. Arms continued to move into Israel from the West. After the seizure of the Suez

[553] Canal Sir Anthony Eden announced that "all arms shipments to Egypt had been stopped"; in the same month (July) two British destroyers were delivered to Israel. Throughout the spring and summer months France, under American "pressure", supplied jet fighters and other weapons to Israel. In September Canada, at the same prompting, agreed to send jet aircraft to Israel, the Ottawa Government announcing that it had "consulted with the United States before the decision was made" (*New York Times*, Sept. 22, 1956).

All this time the presidential-election campaign continued. The Democrats, eager to regain the White House, exceeded all past performances in their bids for "the Jewish vote" (the Mayor of New York demanded that Israel should receive arms "as a gift"); the Republican incumbents were slightly more reserved. However, when the rival nomination conventions were held (the Republican at San Francisco, the Democratic at Chicago, both in August) there was little to choose between the submissions which each party made (so that the *Jerusalem Post* might have repeated, and perhaps did repeat its dictum of 1952, that for the Jewish voter there was "little to choose" between the presidential aspirants).

The only passage of any vital meaning in the "foreign policy programmes" adopted by the two parties related, in each case, to Israel; the other foreign policy statements were platitudinous. The commitments to Israel were in both cases specific.

The Republican Party programme, on which President Eisenhower was unanimously elected candidate, said: "We regard the preservation of Israel as an important tenet of American foreign policy. We are determined that the integrity of an independent Jewish state shall be maintained. We shall support the independence of Israel against armed aggression".

The Democratic Party programme said: "The Democratic Party will act to redress the dangerous imbalance of arms in the area created by the shipment of Communist arms to Egypt, by selling or supplying defensive weapons to Israel, and will take such steps, including security guarantees, as may be required to deter aggression and war in the area". (The phrase, "dangerous imbalance of arms", reflected the propagandist fiction that Israel was "defenceless" and the Arab countries strong; the truth, a little earlier established by Mr Hanson Baldwin was that Israel was stronger in arms than all seven Arab countries together).

These two policy statements gave the picture of a world in the Zionist thrall, and complemented the statements then being made by the British Government. They had no relation to any native American interest but reflected simply Zionist control of the election-machine, or the unshakeable belief of the party-managers in that control. (On this occasion events appeared to justify that belief; the Democratic Party, the higher bidder, captured Congress, although the nominal "Republican" was re-elected President).

The only other event of importance in the two conventions was one which may [554] appear to have little bearing on the theme of this book, but in the later sequel might prove to be of direct significance; the re-nomination of Mr. Richard Nixon as President Eisenhower's running-mate (and in effect as Vice-President). Mr Eisenhower's state of health made the Vice-Presidency more important than usual, and the possibility that Mr. Nixon might succeed to the Presidency between 1956 and 1960 was evidently regarded as a major danger by the powers that govern America today, so that a supreme effort was made to prevent his nomination. That was not remarkable, in this century; what was remarkable is that the attempt *failed*. At some time men will obviously emerge who will break the thrall that lies on American and British political life, and this failure was a portent of that coming liberation, so that the person of Mr. Richard Nixon gains a symbolic importance in our day, even though he, if he became President, might find himself unable to break the bonds.

The reason for this powerful enmity to Mr. Nixon is that he is not an "internationalist". Far from it, he played the decisive part in the unmasking and conviction of Mr. Alger Hiss, the Soviet agent in Mr. Roosevelt's administration. This is the true reason why he has ever since had a uniformly bad "press", not only in America but elsewhere in the Western world. Having that black mark against him, he is held to be a man who, in the chief office, might conceivably rebel against the constraints to which American Presidents and British Prime Ministers, almost without exception, have submitted in the last fifty years and which Vice-President's automatically incur. \*

Hence a campaign of great force and ingenuity was begun to prevent his nomination. A member of the President's own political household (and nominal party) was released from duty for some weeks to conduct a nationwide "Stop Nixon" offensive, with committee-rooms, placards and meetings. This had no effect on the general public, with whom Mr. Nixon appears to be popular. Then, for his particular discomfiture, new tactics were introduced at the convention of the rival, Democratic party. Instead of the elected nominee (Mr Adlai Stevenson) choosing his own vice-presidential "running mate" as on former occasions, the selection of a "running mate" was thrown open to vote and of various competitors Senator Estes Kefauver (an exceptionally zealous Zionist) received the nomination as vice-presidential candidate.

The aim of the manoeuvre was to force the Republican Party's convention to follow this "democratic procedure" and also to submit the choice of the vice-presidential candidate to vote. It did so and Mr. Nixon, like Mr. Eisenhower, received a unanimous vote. This event, and his deportment during President Eisenhower's illnesses, made Mr Nixon's prospects of becoming President in his own right one day much better than they had ever been deemed before. His story up to now makes him a hopeful figure (as Mr. Eden appeared to be in 1938), and

\* The inevitable twin-reproach, of "anti-semitism", was also raised against him during the election campaign. A rabbi who knew him well came forward to defend him against it.

[555] in the chief office he might conceivably produce a sanative effect on American policy and foreign relations.

After the nominations America sat back with relief, for Mr. Eisenhower's re-election was held sure and he had been given a rousing build-up in the press as "the man who kept us out of war". The phrase was reminiscent of similar phrases used about Mr. Woodrow Wilson in 1916 and Mr. Roosevelt in 1940, but by 1956 a respite of three years was held to be a boon and he was given credit for this period of "peace", such as it was.

I was a witness of this election, as of the one in 1952, and realized that in fact war, localized or general, was near. I felt that a respite, at least, would be gained if election day (Nov. 6) passed without the eruption in the Middle East which for months obviously had been preparing (once the election is over the Zionist power to exert pressure diminishes, for a little while). I remember saying to an American friend on October 20 that if the next seventeen days could be got over without war the world might be spared it for another three or four years.\*

\* I had in mind what is known to American politicians as "the Farley law". Named after an exceptionally astute party-manager, Mr James A. Farley, who was held to have contrived the early electoral triumphs of Mr. Roosevelt, the essence of this "law" is that American voters have decided by mid-October for whom they will vote and only their candidate's death, war or some great scandal between then and November 6 can change their minds. The morning after the Israeli attack on Egypt Mr. John O'Donnell wrote, "Spokesmen in the worried State Department, Pentagon" (War Office) "and headquarters of both parties agree that the Israelis launched their attack on Egypt because they were convinced that the United States would take no action in an Israeli war so close to the Presidential elections. . . Word came through to political headquarters that American Zionists had informed Tel Aviv that Israel would probably fare better under a

Democratic administration of Stevenson and Kefauver than under a Republican regime of Eisenhower and Nixon" (*New York Daily News*).

On October 29, eight days before the election, war came, by obvious predetermination of the moment held most suitable to cause consternation in Washington and London. From that moment events swept along on a tide of elemental forces let loose and only much later will mankind be able to see what was destroyed and what survived. For Britain and the family of oversea nations offsprung from it, this was nearly ruin, the foreseeable end of the involvement in Zionism.

On October 29, 1956 the Israeli Government announced that it had begun a full-scale invasion of Egypt and that its troops had "advanced 75 miles into Egypt's Sinai Peninsula". \*

The news, coming after the long series of earlier attacks on the Arabs and their repeated "condemnation" by the United Nations, sent a shock of repugnance round the world. At that very moment the Hungarians were fighting and winning their people's war against the Communist revolution. The two destructive forces released from Russia in October 1917 stood self-condemned by acts equally brutal. They were destroying themselves; there was no need to destroy them. At this instant great counter-forces of universal reprobation were released which would have been too strong for them. Not even the "Zionist pressure" in New York could make this deed appear to be "Egyptian aggression" or induce the

\* At the very moment of the invasion of Egypt another massacre of Arabs was carried out *inside* Israel and at a point far removed from the Egyptian frontier, namely, the frontier with Jordan, on the other side of Israel. 48 Arabs, men, women and children, of the village of Kafr Kassem, were killed in cold blood. This new Deir Yasin could only be taken by the Arabs, inside or outside Israel, as a symbolic warning that the fate of "utter destruction. . . man, woman and child . . . save nothing that breatheth" hung over *all* of them, for these people were of the small Arab population that stayed in Israel after Deir Yasin and the creation of the new state. The deed was officially admitted, after it had become widely known and was the subject of an Arab protest en route to the United Nations (where it seems to have been ignored up to the date of adding this footnote), by the Israeli premier, Mr. Ben-Gurion six weeks later (Dec. 12). He then told the Israeli Parliament that the murderers "faced trial", but as the Arabs remembered that the murderers of Deir Yasin, after "facing trial" and being convicted, had been released at once and publicly feted, this was of small reassurance to them. Up to the time this footnote (Dec 20) I have not seen any allusion, among the millions of words that have been printed, to the fate of the 215,000 fugitive Arabs (U.N. Report, April 1956) who were huddled in the Gaza Strip when the Israelis attacked it and Egypt. The Israeli Government has announced that it will *not* give up this territory: earlier, it had announced that it would under no conditions permit the return of the Arab refugees to Israel. Therefore the lot of this quarter-million people, which at any earlier time would have received the indignant compassion of the world, has been entirely ignored. Presumably they are referred to in the only statement I have seen on the subject, the letter of eleven Arab states to the United Nations of Dec 14, stating that "Hundreds of men, women and children have been ruthlessly murdered in cold blood", but there seems small prospect of impartial investigation or corroboration, and the Arab letter. itself says, "The whole story will never be told and the extent of the tragedy will never be known". However, in the particular case of Kafr Kassem the facts are on authentic record.

[556] public multitudes to accept it. This was a gift from heaven, releasing "The West" from both its dilemmas. It only needed to stand aside and, for once, let "world opinion" do the work; for on *this* occasion there *was* world opinion, produced by deeds that could not be hidden, disguised or misrepresented by "the press".

Within twenty-four hours the golden opportunity was cast away, The British and French Governments announced that they would invade the Suez Canal zone "unless Israeli and Egyptian troops agree to stop fighting and withdraw ten miles from the canal within twelve hours", As this would have left the Israeli troops nearly a hundred miles inside Egyptian territory, the demand obviously was not meant to be accepted by Egypt. Thereon the British and French air forces began intensive bombing of Egyptian airfields and other targets and by destroying Egypt's air weapon gave unchallenged victory to the invader.

The future reader will hardly be able to imagine the feelings of an Englishman of my kind, who heard the news in America. Shame is too small a word, but as it is the only word I use it to express something I felt more deeply than even at the time of Munich, when I resigned from *The Times* as the only protest (a stupid one, I now estimate) I could make. I shall always remember the fairmindedness of Americans at this moment. Incredulous, shocked and bewildered, none that I met gave way to the glee over a British discomfiture which is instinctive, though irrational, in many Americans. Some of them realized that American policy, twisting and turning under "the pressure", had mainly caused this calamitous denouement and shared my sense of shame. These were the ones who understood that the shame was that of all "the West", in its servience, not particularly of England or America.



However, the blame, as distinct from the shame, at that moment was Britain's. The consequences of this act reach so far into the future that they cannot be estimated now, but one thing will always be clear: that the glorious opportunity [557] offered by the simultaneous events in Sinai and Hungary was thrown away, apparently through a series of miscalculations unprecedented, I should think, in history.

I aim to show here that merely as a political gamble (surely it cannot be considered as an act of statesmanship) this was like the act of a man who might wager his entire fortune on a horse already withdrawn from a race. By no imaginable turn of events could it have benefited England or France).

Of the three parties concerned, Israel had nothing to lose and much to gain: the world's instant reprobation glanced off Israel when England and France dashed in to snatch the aggressor's cloak and win its war; it was left deep in Egyptian territory, cheering its "conquest". France had no more to lose, unhappily, than the lady in the soldiers' song who "lost her name again": France was left by its revolution the land of the recurrent fiasco, ever unable to rise out of the spiritual despondency where it lay. During 160 years it tried every form of government conceivable by man and found reinvigoration and new confidence in none. Its prime ministers changed so often that the public masses seldom knew their names; shadowy figures, they seemed indistinguishable even in appearance, and the French politician acquired a tradition of venality; the American comedian said he went to London to see the changing of the Guard and to Paris to see the changing of the Cabinet. A country rendered incapable, by a series of corrupted governments, of resistance to the German invader of its own soil in 1940, in 1956 invaded Egyptian soil in the service of Israel. But this was only an episode in the sad story of France since 1789 and could not much affect its future.

England was a different case, an example, a great name and a tradition of honourable dealing not less in hard times than in good ones. England had a soul to lose, in such company, and no world to gain. England had shown wisdom in applying the lessons of history. It had not tried to petrify an empire and to ward off the tides of change with bayonets. It had accepted the inevitability of change and successfully ridden those tides, successively transforming its Empire of colonies, first into a Commonwealth of independent oversea nations and colonies, and next, as more and more colonies attained to self-government, into a great family of peoples, held together by no compulsion at all, but by intangible bonds which, as the Coronation of the young Queen Elizabeth showed in 1953, were, if anything stronger than ever before, not weaker. The avoidance of any rigid organization based on force, and the ever-open door to new forms of relationship between these associated peoples, made the family of nations sprung from "England" and "the British Empire" a unique experiment in human history, in 1956, and one of boundless promise, if the same course were continued.\* The outstanding result of the apparent *weakness* of this elastic process was the *strength* it produced under strain; it yielded, without collapsing, to stresses which would have snapped a rigid organization based on dogmatic

\* This method is the exact opposite of that by which the world would be ruled under the "world-government" schemes propounded from New York by Mr. Bernard Baruch and his school of "internationalists". Their concept may in fact be called that of "super-Colonialism" and rests entirely on rigid organization, force and penalty. Speaking at the dedication of a memorial to President Woodrow Wilson in Washington Cathedral in December 1956, Mr. Baruch again raised his demand, in the following, startlingly contradictory terms: "After two world wars . . . we still seek what Wilson sought. 'a reign of law based *on the consent of the governed*. . . that reign of law can exist only when there is *the force* to maintain it . . . which is why we must continue to insist that any agreement on the control of atomic energy and disarmament be accompanied by ironclad provisions for inspection, control *and punishment of transgressors*'".

[558] rules, and became taut again when the strain was past.

Thus England had the whole achievement of British history to imperil, or lose, in 1956 by any act which, in fact or even in appearance, reversed the policy, or method, which had gained it so great a reputation and produced, on balance, good material results. In that light the British Government's action of October 30, 1956 has to be considered.

If the Suez Canal was "vital" to it, why had it ever withdrawn? If a friendly Egypt was vital after the withdrawal, why the calculated affront in July? If British ships were freely using the Canal, why the pretence that it was not "open" and that "the freedom and security of international shipping" were endangered? If any vital *British* interest was at stake, why did it wait until *Israel* attacked Egypt and only *then* attack Egypt?

The question may be turned and scrutinized from every angle, and always the same answer emerges. This cannot have been done for the sake of Britain or France; the moment chosen is incriminating. It would not have been done at all, had Israel not existed; ergo, the humiliation which England (and France, if the

reader will) suffered was in that cause. The involvement begun by Mr. Balfour fifty years before produced its logical consequence, and by this act its continuance was ensured when release from it was at last at hand.

If any rational calculations of national interest prompted this foolhardiest of Jameson Raids, they will one day appear in the memoirs of men concerned; personally, I doubt if it can ever be justified. At this moment it can only be examined in the light of four weeks' developments, which have already seen the great fiasco.

The enterprise was evidently long prepared between two of the parties at least, Israel and France, evidence of that soon appeared. \*

\* Correspondents of *The Times*, *Reuters* and other newspapers and agencies subsequently reported that they had seen *French* aircraft and *French* air officers in uniform on Israeli fields during the invasion, and at the "victory party" given in Tel Aviv by the Israeli air force, when the Israeli commander, General Moshe Dayan, was present. These reports agreed in an important point: that the French Air Force was present to "cover" or provide "an air umbrella" for Tel Aviv if it were attacked by Egyptian aircraft. *Reuters* reported that same French air officers admitted attacking Egyptian tanks during the Sinai fighting. As far as the French were concerned, therefore, the pretence of a descent on the Suez Canal to "separate" the belligerents was shown to be false. French officers and aircraft having been seen *behind* the Israeli lines in Israel and Sinai during the fighting. *The Times* correspondent reported "an undertaking on the part of France to do her best, if war broke out between Israel and Egypt, to prevent any action against Israel under the terms of the tripartite declaration of 1950 and to see that Israel had appropriate arms with which to fight". The 1950 declaration pledged France *impartially* "to oppose the use of force or threat of force in that area. The three governments, should they find any of these states were preparing to violate frontiers or armistice lines, would . . . immediately take action . . . to prevent such violations".

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In England the Government (up to the time of concluding this book) has refused the demand for enquiry into the charge of collusion, which cannot be established in the British (as distinct from the French) case. There does seem a possibility that the British action was a sudden one, taken on the spur of a moment deemed to be favourable. In that case, it was a titanic miscalculation, for when the British and French "ultimatum" was launched the United States had already called an emergency meeting of the U.N. Security Council and presented a resolution censuring the Israeli attack and demanding that the Israelis withdraw from Egyptian territory (Oct. 29).

Thus the only effect of the British and French attack was to divert the reprobation of the world from Israel to themselves and by November 7 (after a second resolution calling on Israel to withdraw) an overwhelming majority of the General Assembly had duly transferred the weight of its censure to "Britain and France", Israel then appearing in the third place among the parties told to withdraw.\*

By that time the military fiasco was as clear as the political one; English ears had had to listen for nearly five days to the reports of British bombing of Egyptians, the Suez Canal was blocked by sunken ships, President Nasser was more popular in the Arab world than he had ever been, and the British Government was gradually retreating from "no withdrawal" through "conditional withdrawal" to "unconditional withdrawal".

President Eisenhower and his administration, made the most of these events. What was coming was evidently known in Washington, (as the attack on Pearl Harbour had been foreknown). American residents had been told to leave the danger zone some days before the attack, and in the two days preceding it President Eisenhower twice admonished Mr Ben-Gurion, once in "urgent" and then in "grave" terms; the only answer he received was a radio message, delivered to him during an aeroplane trip from Florida to Virginia, telling him that Mr. Ben-Gurion had launched the attack.

However, the British government did not *officially* inform the President (or even the Dominion Governments) of its intention, and Mr. Eisenhower was able to present a face of patient suffering to his people when he appeared on the television screen with the words, "We believe it" (the attack) "to have been taken in error for we do not accept the use of force as a wise or proper instrument for the settlement of international disputes". This was an irreproachable statement,

\* From that moment, following the example set by the American President, the weight of censure was by stages shifted from "Israel" to "Israel, Britain and France", then to "Britain and France", and in the last stage to "Britain" (thus recalling the transformation earlier effected in the case of Hitler's persecution of men, which began as "the persecution of political opponents", then became "the persecution of political opponents and Jews", then "Jews and political opponents" and, at the end, "of Jews").

A characteristic public comment of this period was made by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who was generally accepted in America as the voice of her husband, the late President. She said at a news conference three days before the presidential election (she was campaigning for the Democratic nominee), "I do not consider that Israel is an aggressor; she acted in self-defence . . . I believe Britain and France were technically guilty of aggression", (*New York Times*, Nov, 4, 1956).

[560] against a background of culpability (the American-prompted supply of French, British and Canadian arms to Israel all through the summer). If the British Government counted on "Zionist pressure" in Washington, it was deceived at that moment. There is always a margin of error in these things and Mr. Eisenhower was ensured of election; in any case, the opportunity to divert his wrath to Britain spared him the need to spend any more of it on Israel (which, for that matter, had got what it wanted). A harsh word to England, moreover, has been a popular thing in America since the Boston Tea Party; is it conceivable that a British government did not realize that?

The British action seems to be accountable only in the context of the entire Zionist delusion. If the thing was to be done at all, the only hope lay in a swift and massively efficient operation which would have gained possession of an intact canal and have confronted the world with something accomplished. The British undertaking was slow from the start and very soon showed all the signs of second thoughts. After the fiasco *The Times* (Nov. 16) reported from the British base at Cyprus, "The British Government's decision to intervene in Egypt was taken without the advice of nearly all its senior diplomatic representatives in the area. It was continued against the warnings of most of them about its probable effects on the future of British relations with the Arab nations. . . . When details of the British ultimatum to Cairo and the decision to intervene militarily against Egypt were first learned in British Embassies and Legations in the Arab countries the reactions in nearly all of them appeal' to have ranged from frank disbelief to talk of its being potentially a disaster. . . . Many were incredulous or aghast when the form of this direct action appeared to associate British policy with that of Israel and France" (this passage vividly recalled to me the feeling I found in "British Embassies and Legations" throughout Europe at the time of Munich).

So much for the political decision; next, the military execution of it. *The Times* (Nov. 17) reported that among the military commanders in Cyprus "There was a nearly unanimous feeling that if it were done it had best be done quickly. The failure to allow them to complete the job has produced a sense of frustration and confusion among many senior officers here, as well as among many of their subordinates". The eminent American military writer, Mr. Hanson Baldwin, later discussing "A Confused Invasion" which was "likely to become a famous case study in the world's military staff colleges", said that under the confused direction from London "the multiple political, psychological and military objectives became inextricably confused; the result was no clearcut purpose, or at least no objective that military force could achieve, given the limitations imposed on it".

It soon became apparent that something was indeed delaying and deterring the British and French governments in carrying out the enterprise. To the French this mattered little, for the reasons previously given; for the British, reputation, honour, the hope of prosperity, the cohesion of the great British family were all at

[561] stake. Already, in the stress of those days, the Canadian Prime Minister had given warning that such actions might lead to the dissolution of the Commonwealth. In the United Nations Britain stood in the pillory with Israel and France, a sorry sight indeed. Against huge adverse votes, only Australia and New Zealand remained at its side, and that possibly from dogged fidelity more than conviction.

What caused the hazardous undertaking, so vaingloriously announced, to be delayed until it fizzled out? The "vigorous and emphatic protest" from President Eisenhower and the United Nations resolution presumably caused the first reconsideration in London. Then there was the agonizing coincidence of events. As soon as the British and French began to bomb Egyptians the Moscovites turned back into Hungary and began to massacre Hungarians. Then at the United Nations the spokesmen of East and West began to shout "You're another" at each other; while British and French aeroplanes bombed Port Said the British and French delegates accused the Soviet of inhuman savagery; while Soviet tanks murdered the Magyars the Soviet delegates accused the British and French of naked aggression. These exchanges began to show something of the professional mendacity of peddlers in a Levantine bazaar.

The picture then took on nightmare shapes. Sir Anthony Eden, the rising young man when he resigned in 1938, received the resignation of Mr. Anthony Nutting, the rising young man of 1956, who as Minister of State for Foreign Affairs "had most strongly advised against British intervention in Egypt", and of other colleagues. To restore his position he had recourse to Sir Winston Churchill, who proclaimed, "Israel, under the gravest provocation, erupted against Egypt. . . . I do not doubt that we can shortly lead our course to a just and victorious conclusion. We intend to restore peace and order in the Middle East and I am convinced that we shall achieve our aim. World peace, the Middle East and our national interest will surely benefit in the long run from the Government's resolute action".

This, possibly one of the last of Sir Winston's pronouncements, remains for the future to audit. The British action has strongly Churchillian traits, and his successor was so closely associated with him that, at all

events, it is unlikely to have been done without Sir Winston's approval. At that same moment the veteran published the second volume of his *History of the English-speaking Peoples*, and the *New York Times* said of it, "The author is proud of the fact that his small island, 'the little kingdom in the northern sea', although possessing when this volume begins but three million inhabitants, should have civilized three continents and educated half the world". Only time can show whether the British attack on Egypt was in that civilizing and educating tradition, or will remain to the discredit of England.

Then came the biggest of the shocks resulting from the British Government's action. The Soviet Premier Bulganin, in notes to Sir Anthony Eden and the [562] French Prime Minister, plainly threatened them with rocket and atomic attack if they did not "stop the aggression, stop the bloodshed" (the bloodshed, in Budapest continued and the stream of Hungarian fugitives across the hospitable Austrian frontier swelled towards a hundred thousand souls; in Budapest another Bela Kun man of 1919, Mr. Ferenc Munnich, became Moscow's "key man" in succession to Rakosi and Geroe, and began the new terror). More than that, Mr. Bulganin in a letter to President Eisenhower proposed a joint American-Soviet attack "within the next few hours" on Britain and France, a proposal which the White House in a press statement, merely termed "unthinkable".

Is anything "unthinkable" in our time? The Hitler-Stalin alliance of 1939 (an obvious development, which the present writer and others foretold) was portrayed to the masses as something "unthinkable" until it was made and the Second War begun. The *New York Times* at this period quoted "a senior United States diplomat with long experience in the Arab world" as implicitly approving the suggestion: "Our rejection of the Russian offer as 'unthinkable', without offering to consider it within the framework of the United Nations, is interpreted here" (he was in Jordan) "as meaning that despite whatever we may say we will always side with the West and Israel when the chips are down".

No doubt the proposed joint American-Soviet atomic attack on England was unthinkable at that time, but in fact the two countries were acting together against England in different ways, which combined to produce a massive pressure from two sides. Sir Anthony Eden had embarked on torrential rapids in a frail canoe. There is in America a constant, latent matricidal instinct towards Europe in general and England in particular (it can not be explained but must always be taken into account) which is most easily made active by the charge of "colonialism". The fact that America is the greatest *colonial* power in the world (for I see no valid difference between *oversea* and *overland* expansion)\* does not alter this; it is an irrational impulse which has always to be taken into account in calculating the results of any contemplated action involving "American opinion".

However, "opinion" today is a manufactured product and can be produced in any form desired. What was much more important and should not have been overlooked, was that President Eisenhower, quite evidently, was selected, nominated and in effect elected by the "internationalist" group which dominated Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman, and that American state policy, under this direction, has always supported the revolution and taken on an anti-British nature at moments of peak-crisis. The ultimate "internationalist"

\* The United States, of course, is the occupant, by conquest or by purchase, of British, Dutch, French and Spanish *colonies*, and of vast Mexican and Russian *territories*; Only the virtual extirpation, during the life of the American Republic, of the original inhabitants of this great area produces a present picture differing from that of today's British, Dutch, French and Spanish colonies, with their millions of "colonial peoples". American's *oversea* possessions, by conquest or purchase, are few. The Panama Canal Zone, which is under permanent United States sovereignty, is a separate case; if it proves anything, in relation to the Suez Canal and Britain, it proves only the advantages of good "title" and of military adjacency.

[563] ambition is the world-government project, to be achieved through the convergent, destructive forces of revolutionary-Communism and revolutionary-Zionism, and it is the essence of this ambition that the two great English-speaking countries on either side of the Atlantic be kept divided, for only through their division can empire be achieved. This ambition dominated the Second War.

President Eisenhower first emerged as the third figure in the Roosevelt-Marshall-Eisenhower group. The anti-British nature of General Marshall's proposals in the war years has been earlier shown; he was, in fact, Mr Churchill's great adversary and the man responsible for the fact that (as the official British history of the war recorded in 1956) despite Mr Churchill's worldwide renown and apparently formidable authority, he proved, in fact, unable to shape a single major strategic decision during that war; by the outcome of which the Roosevelt-Marshall-Eisenhower policy must be judged. In the final palaver, at Yalta, Mr Roosevelt's dominant wish was to effect injury on Britain, as the Yalta papers show.\*

General Eisenhower, as the commander in Europe, gave the military order resulting, in effect, in the cession of half Europe to the revolution.

Against this background, the support of President Eisenhower could not have been counted on by the British Government; the prehistory is too weighty. He was the executor of the Roosevelt-Marshall policy in the war, and seven years after its end was patently selected by powerful backers, in opposition to Senator Taft, as a man who would further pursue the "internationalist" policy. What was unexpected, and cannot be justified, is the length to which he went in publicly humiliating Britain at this time, by enforcing the "unconditional" withdrawal in the most abject circumstances, by virtually ostracizing the British Ambassador in Washington, and generally by displaying a rancour reminiscent of President Roosevelt at Yalta.

This display of repugnance (the reproachful mien was seen by the entire country on the television screen) was without moral basis. The "pressure" on Britain to withdraw from the Canal, and the ensuing "pressure" on Britain to join with America in the provocative insult to Egypt, which was the true start of the war-crisis of 1956, originated in the White House.

Moreover, this was done while the massacre in Hungary went on and apart from saying that his heart went out to the victims the American President and his administration remained passive in face of that, much graver affair. In this, again, he was consistent with his earlier acts: the dropping of the "repudiation of Yalta" pledge, after his election in 1952, and the order to halt the Allied armies

\* "The President said he would tell the marshall" (Stalin) "something indiscreet, since he would not wish to say it in front of Prime Minister Churchill. . . The British were a peculiar people and wished to have their cake and eat it too . . . He suggested the 'internationalizing' of the British colony of Hong Kong and that Korea be placed under a trusteeship with the British excluded. Stalin indicated that he did not think this was a good idea and added that 'Churchill would kill us'. When post-war political questions came up, he often took positions that were anti-British", (*New York Times*, March 17, 1955).

[564] east of Berlin in 1945. The effect of all these was to continue that "support of the revolution" which was the dominant tenet of American state policy during two wars.

One great lesson was learned through the events of October and November, 1956. They showed that, if sufficiently shocked, something like "world opinion" *can* express itself through the debating society known as the United Nations in New York. The demonstration of repugnance was overwhelming in *both* cases, those of the attack on Egypt and of the Soviet massacre in Hungary. They showed, further, that as an instrument for giving *effect* to any such moral censure the United Nations is utterly impotent. In the graver case, that of Hungary, it could do nothing whatever, because the Soviet was in possession and the United States was passive. In the other case, that of Egypt, an immediate result was produced *only* because both these countries joined against Britain; the one with "measures short of war" (the refusal of oil supplies) and the other with the direct threat of war.

In fact, the British withdrawal from Suez was effected by American-Soviet collaboration, and while "the internationalists" are able to control the American selection-and election-machine that will remain a great danger to the world. An Eisenhower-Bulganev pact is not inherently more "unthinkable", in the circumstances of this century, than was the Hitler-Stalin pact in 1939; at all events, the professed intention (to crush "Communism") is the same in both cases.

If the British Government put reliance on "Zionist pressure" in Washington (and this *had* effected the British withdrawal from Palestine and the establishment of Israel in 1947-8), this was another miscalculation at that particular moment. It left out of account the shock-effect of the Israeli attack and the greater shock-effect of the British and French one, which turned the eyes of the world chiefly on Britain and much strengthened President Eisenhower in adopting the moral attitude.

Thus the British Government found itself between threats of Soviet attack, on the one hand, and a hostility, apparently surprising to it, from the White House, on the other. The "vital lifeline" was blocked, and Britain's oil supplies were blocked with it. Apparently it looked confidently to the American Government to make these good and then learned that it could expect no American oil until it "got out"; by this time the entire brunt of the affair fell on Britain. British representatives in Washington were coldly received and found that no matter of substance would be discussed with them; they were left to understand that they might call again if they wished, in their quest for oil, when Britain had "got out". The American President in those days went much further in the public humiliation of the British Government than he needed to go, and the reason for this must be sought in the anti-British feeling which was shown in the recorded deeds and words of his patron, President Roosevelt. The whole history of



[565] American governmental machinations in the matter, during his presidency, deprived him of ground for the posture of honest indignation.

Unhappily, the British humiliations were earned. The attack on Egypt was disastrous in every major point: in its plain appearance of complicity with Israel, in its delivery at the very moment of Soviet defeat in Hungary, and in its indecision and ineffectiveness, once begun. Sir Anthony Eden, worn down by the strain and politically ruined, retired to Jamaica to recuperate. "Unconditional withdrawal" (of the British and French, not of the original aggressor, Israel) began. An "international force", hurriedly assembled by the United Nations, appeared on the Suez Canal and hung around, wondering what it was supposed to do. President Nasser's renown soared in the Arab world; the Canal remained blocked; Egypt declared that it would not give up an inch of Egyptian territory; Israel began to complain about "anti-semitism" in Egypt.

Three weeks after the attack the drunken Krushchev, the Soviet Communist leader, jeered at the British and French Ambassadors at a Polish Embassy reception in Moscow: "You say we want war, but you now have got yourselves in a position I would call idiotic. . . You have given us a lesson in Egypt". Who could gainsay him?

A week later the *New York Times* summed up the balance: "Britain and France have gambled and appear to be losing disastrously . . . Israel has so far emerged from the crisis in a somewhat better position" (Nov. 25).\*

The same issue prominently reported the remarks of a member of the Israeli Parliament, a Mr. Michael Hazani: "Mr. Hazani expounded his theory that the failure of Britain and France to clinch their Suez Canal objective was a lucky thing for Israel. . . The Israelis feel less isolated today than before their October 29 thrust into Sinai which alienated friends and raised the hackles of enemies around the world . . . Israelis revelled in their newly developed friendship with France which supplied the tools which enabled their forces to whip the Egyptians . . . A few weeks ago Israelis had a fright *when they feared they might have brought the world to the brink of a thermonuclear war*. The initial scare has worn off, the threats are regarded as tactics in a war of nerves. . . Some Knesset members said that Israel too could play that game. . . so they ask why Israel should not exploit her current nuisance value to induce the great powers to press Egypt and the other Arab states to negotiate peace".

These sentences may show the reader how little hope of respite the world has until the Zionist adventure is liquidated. Fiasco is the inevitable fate of all who associate themselves with it because its own inevitable end is fiasco, but the brunt of each disaster must and always will fall on these associates, not on the original authors of the mad ambition. Today it cuts across all rational relationships between nations, antagonizing those which have no reason for discord,

\*Two weeks later, after this chapter was finished, the same newspaper dismissed Britain as henceforth "a second class power".

[566] misleading some to undertakings which cannot possibly bring them good, and prompting others to threats of world war.

In the case of England, which by this act was reinvolved in the morass from which Mr. Ernest Bevin had extricated it in 1947-8, the penalties on this occasion were so heavy that, if the entire process of involvement in Zionism be likened to thirteen steps to the gallows, this may be said to have been the twelfth step; the only worse thing that could befall England through it would be final calamity. Already, on this occasion, the warning about the disintegration of the Commonwealth was heard from the highest place outside the British island itself, and on no earlier occasion had that been even a remote peril. It was put in the dock, beside Israel (and France) before the world and rebuked like a miscreant. It suddenly found alarming menaces arising on all sides. None of the aims announced were achieved, its fighting forces were not allowed to complete even a repugnant task, nothing but discredit remained. At the end higher taxation, deprivation and hardship fell on the land, as the price, and this was in truth further tribute to Zion.

In all this, one thing is clear: none of it could have happened but for the state set up in 1948. If general war had come, it would have been begun by Israel; if it should yet come out of this affair (and that is still an open possibility as this book is ended) it would have been begun by Israel.

Speaking for myself, if I could have persuaded myself that the British attack on Egypt was truly prompted by concern for any British interest, I would have accepted it in the belief that the British Government knew things, unknown to me, which somehow justified what seemed by all outer appearance

indefensible and foredoomed. I cannot persuade myself of that. This was but the latest misstep in the tragedy of errors which began with the original British commitment to Zionism in 1903; I have traced them all in this book.

I think this is clearly implicit in what was said from the Government benches in the House of Commons at the fiasco's end. Sir Anthony Eden being in Jamaica, the task of the apologia fell to his colleagues and one of these, Mr Anthony Head, the Minister of Defence, rested the apologia, not on any British interest at all, but on the claim to have averted "a crippled Israel, a bombed Tel Aviv and a united Arab world" (again, I have not the text and quote from the *New York Times*; I hold that politicians must stand to what the world understands them to say).

Now, the corollary of the achievement claimed is a disunited Arab world, a bombed Port Said and a crippled Egypt (of these three things one was done, the bombing, and the others were not achieved). What British interest is served by disuniting the Arab world and crippling Egypt? What Englishman would have supported the act if it had been put to him in those terms before it was done? When was the case, for supporting "the fulfilment of Zionist aspirations", ever put to the British elector in those terms?

In some diseases modern medicine is able to identify the original source of [567] infection, the primary sore. The primary source of all these troubles, as they culminated in the deeds of October 29 and 30, 1956 is demonstrably Zionism; they could not have happened in that way without it. In the logical sequence to its every act since it took shape as a political force in the ghettos of Russia some eighty years ago, it led the world to the edge of universal war, and on that, brink none knew which of their friends of yesterday would be the foe of the morrow. Here was "the deception of nations" at the full, indeed.

Can time distil good of all this? Clearly it can and will; only for contemporaries is the needless turmoil in which we live infuriating. The first signs of the long-delayed turn for the better begin to show. The nations which lie in the chains of revolutionary-Communism are beginning to throw them off; the Eastern European peoples yet may save themselves by their exertions and the rest of the captive West by their example. I believe the Jews of the world are equally beginning to see the error of revolutionary-Zionism, the twin of the other destructive movement, and as this century ends will at last decide to seek involvement in common mankind.\*

The events of October and November 1956 themselves supplied the apt concluding chapter for this book.\*\* I believe they also added the conclusive evidence to its argument.

\* A development which may have been foreshadowed by a report (if it was accurate) published in the *New York Times* on December 30, 1956, that "fewer than 900 of the 14,000 Jews who have fled from Hungary. . . have decided to resettle in Israel", the "vast majority" preferring to go to America or Canada. On the other hand, if they follow the example of their predecessors they will swell the mass of "explosive" Eastern Jews there whose transplantation, during the last seventy years, has produced the present situation; the incitement of these against America was shown by quotation from Jewish authorities in the preceding chapter.

\*\* As to the Suez affair, the apt footnote was supplied by President Eisenhower on January 5, 1957 when he asked Congress for standing authority to use the armed forces of the United States against "overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism" in the Middle East. He thus envisaged doing very much what he had censured the Eden Government for doing. An example of "overt" aggression is presumably the sinking of the *Maine* in Havana Harbour; the explosion was "overt" and it was attributed to Spain. Before and after the attack on Egypt the international press began to accuse one Arab nation after another of being "controlled" by international Communism, and President Eisenhower's request to Congress again opens the prospect that the much-heralded extirpation of Communism might prove, in the event, to be an attack on the Arabs, not on Communism. The description, "controlled by Communism", is incapable of definition or proof, and simple to falsify through propaganda. For instance, the *New York Times* on Dec 2, 1956 published pictures of "Russian tanks captured by the Israelis" during the attack on Egypt. Readers' objections led it to admit that the tanks were in fact American. Whether they were captured from the Egyptians remains open to question; anyone can photograph a tank and write a caption. Israel was originally set up with Soviet arms, but is not on that account said to be "controlled by international Communism".

The news of President Eisenhower's act was followed by a sharp rise in various Israel shares on the American Stock Exchange and by sermons of praise in several New York synagogues. A possible reason for this was the fact that the President undertook to act militarily in the Middle East only in response to request from "any nation or group of nations" attacked. As Egypt was widely declared to be "the aggressor" in the attack on itself in October 1956, this proviso again lies open to many interpretations, at need. If the words were earnestly meant, they imply that American forces would have been used, on Egyptian request, to repel the Israeli attack of October, 1956. That is difficult to imagine; to put it mildly, American military intervention in response to a request from any other Middle Eastern state than Israel is hard to picture; however, times change and all things are possible.

## EPILOGUE

If this book has any sombre look, that is the native hue of the story it tells, not the reflection of my own cast of mind. I have written with feeling: the feeling of a contemporary, participant, eye-witness and of a journalist thwarted in his calling, which in my belief should serve truth without fear or favour, not special interests. I have seen more of the events of our century and of the secret perversions of national purposes than most, and have discovered through this experience that it was not all chance, but design. Therefore I have written a protest, but it is a protest against the suppression of truth, not against life.

It is a contemporary's tale of history in the making. After my time will come the historians, who from the fragments they disinter will assemble the story in all its elements. As well might one judge the impulses of a man from his skeleton. However, they may perceive things now hidden from me, and, above all, they will find that it was all necessary to the state of affairs in which they find themselves (and that, in the case of historians, is usually a comfortable one). Between the two depicments, somewhere, lies the whole truth; my part of it is the living protest of the living participant.

No doubt all these things are essential to the ultimate purpose, and I have no doubt about the nature of that, but they were unnecessary when they happened, and that is the theme of my remonstrance. The ultimate good end could have been reached more quickly without them, I believe; however, I know that all these things are not for mortal man to comprehend and can imagine that in God's dispensation these recurrent ordeals are necessary to the ultimate self-liberation of the human soul. Under that same dispensation, the believer must protest against them as they occur.

Anyway, I leave the dispassionate analysis to the future scribe, whose flesh and heartbeat will not be involved; to him the microscope, to me the living spectacle. I *am* involved. "In history" (said Lord Macaulay) "only the interpretation according to doctrinal necessity ever seems to survive, as the inconvenient and contradictory facts are forgotten or ignored." On that count, this living scribe may be acquitted. I have not ignored anything known to me and I have presented what I know as truly as I am able. I have given the picture of our century as it appeared to a man involved, and as it was withheld from the public masses, who as they went along received only "the interpretation" according to what politicians held to be necessity.

In our time, I judge, a barbaric superstition born in antiquity and nurtured through the ages by a semi-secret priesthood, has returned to plague us in the form of a political movement supported by great wealth and power in all great capitals of the world. Through the two methods used, revolution from below and the corruption of governments from above, it has come far towards success in a fantastic ambition of achieving world dominion, using these two instruments to [569] incite nations against each other.

I cannot presume to judge what is evil; thinking makes it so. I only know what I feel to be evil; perhaps I am wrong. Anyway, by my own sensations and standards I have felt, during the labour of preparing this book, that I lived with evil. The forces which have been projected into the 20th Century, as from some dinosauric cavern, are superstitious ones. I have had a constant sense of contact with the minds of men like Ezekiel, who in barbarous times had barbarous thoughts. I had a distinct feeling of re-encounter with such minds in our present time, though in a place recently redeemed from barbarism, when I read a book, *A Pattern of Islands*, by Sir Arthur Grimble.

This recounts the author's experiences, early in the 20th Century, as a British colonial administrator in a remote group of Pacific islands, the Gilberts, where the people lived in a state of primeval superstition until 1892, when a British protectorate was proclaimed. I find an uncanny resemblance between the curses enumerated in *Deuteronomy*, which forms The Law of Zionist nationalism today, and the words of a curse an a

cooking oven, used by these islands before the British came. The sorcerer, squatting naked in the dark before dawn over his enemy's fireplace and stabbing it with a stick, mutters:

"Spirit of madness, spirit of excrement, spirit of eating alive; spirit of rottenness! I stab the fire of his food, the fire of that man Naewa. Strike west of him, you! Strike east of him, you! Strike as I stab, strike death! Strangle him, madden him, shame him with rottenness! His liver heaves, it heaves, it is overturned and torn apart. His bowels heave, they heave, they are torn apart and gnawed. He is black mad, he is dead. It is finished: he is dead, dead, dead. He rots" .

The comparison between this and many passages in *Deuteronomy* and *Ezekiel* is instructive in this time when the Talmud-Torah is literally invoked as The Law ordaining such deeds as that committed at Deir Yasin; the statement of the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, that the Talmud teaches belief in the literal efficacy of cursing, is also relevant. Such passages always occur to me when politicians invoke "the Old Testament"; each time I wonder if they have read it, and if they comprehend the relationship between these superstitions of antiquity and current events, brought about with their help.

In my judgment we have to deal with a force, released on the world in the 20th Century, the leaders of which think in terms of such superstitions; to what else can Dr. Chaim Weizmann's belated, tormented words have alluded, " . . . the resurgence of the old evil in a new and more horrible guise".

Only this element of dark superstition, in my estimate, can account for the fear to which the Jewish masses yield, when they surrender to Zionist nationalism. They were almost liberated from it by the century of emancipation and in another fifty years would have been involved in mankind, but now have been drawn back into its clutch. Again, I felt as if I were reading a description of the ghettoized [570] masses in the Talmudic areas when I came across this description of pre-protectorate days in the Gilbert Islands:

"A man with sixty generations of terror-struck belief whispering in his blood . . . was easy meat for the death magic. . . Generation on generation of sorcerers who willed evil, and of people who dreaded their power, had lived out their lives in these islands. The piled-up horror of their convictions had achieved, dawn the ages, a weight and shadow of its own, an immanence that brooded over everything. It was man's thoughts, more potent than ghosts, that haunted the habitation of men. One felt that practically anything could happen in that atmosphere". .

"Men's thoughts, more potent than ghosts, haunted the habitations of men". The words seemed to me to apply to the condition of these masses, with more than sixty generations of such beliefs whispering to them, who towards the end of last century began to be wrested back from the daylight towards the tribal gloom. Again, the liberation so barely missed seemed to me to be described in these words of an old woman of the Gilbert Islands who remembered the earlier time:

"Listen to the voices of the people in their lodges. We work in peace, we talk in peace, for the days of anger are gone. . . How beautiful is life in our villages, now that there is no killing and war is no more"; and these words, again, most strongly recall Jeremiah's lament for the former happiness of Israel ("the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals") in his rebuke to the heresy of "treacherous Judah".

The feeling I had, in tracing the story of this ancient superstition and its re-emergence as a political force in our century, was that of contact with a living, evil thing. The destructive revolution, in my view, is part of it and I could have written exactly what an American diplomat, Mr. Frank Rounds, junior, wrote in his diary on Christmas Day of 1951: "In Moscow, you feel that evil exists as a thing, as a presence; that is my thought this Christmas Day".

In this 20th Century process, which I feel as an accompanying, evil presence, all of us now alive, Jew and Gentile, are involved, and most of us will see the denouement. As to that, Mr. Bernard J. Brown in 1933 misgivingly wrote, "Of course we must be feared *and eventually hated* if we persist in absorbing everything America offers us and yet refuse to become Americans just as we have allways refused to become Russians or Pales."

This statement applies to all countries of the West, not only to America, but Mr Brown was wrong. What he foresaw is one thing the Talmudists can not achieve; hatred is their monopoly, and creed, and they cannot make Christians, oar Gentiles, hate Jews. The hateful things done by the West in this century were done under Talmudic prompting; hatred and vengeance are not innate in Westerners, and their faith forbids

these. The teaching of hatred, as part of a religion, still comes only from the literal Torah-Talmudists in the revolutionary area, in Palestine, and where they have nested in the Western capitals. No [571] Westerner would speak as a Zionist leader spoke to a Jewish meeting at Johannesburg in May, 1953: "The beast that is called Germany must not be trusted. The Germans must never be forgiven and the Jews must never have any contact or dealings with the Germans".

The world cannot live like that, and for this reason the insensate plan must ultimately fail. This is the heresy which the teaching of Christ above all else repudiated; it is the one to which the political leaders of the West have lent themselves since Mr. Balfour, just fifty years ago, began to subordinate national policy to it. When the approaching climax has been overcome this heretic teaching, injected into the West from the Talmudic centre in Russia, will pass.

As a writer, I believe it will pass sooner and with less trouble for all involved, the more the general masses know about what has gone on in these fifty years.

*For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest; Neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad - Luke 8: 17.*



## APPENDIX

"After the lifetime of Jesus the Old Testament, with the New Testament, was translated into Latin by Saint Jerome, when both came to be regarded by the Church as of equal divine authority and as sections of one Book."

*A modern encyclopaedia.*

### THE TORAH

"And the Lord spake unto me, saying. . . This day will I begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee upon the nations that are under the whole heaven, who shall hear report of thee, and shall tremble, and be in anguish because of thee . . . And the Lord commanded me at that time to teach you statutes and judgments, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go over to possess it . . . And because he loved thy fathers, therefore he chose their seed after them. . . to drive out nations from before thee greater and mightier than thou art, to bring thee in, to give thee their land for an inheritance . . . And when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee, thou shalt smite them, and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them; neither shalt thou make marriages with them. . . ye shall destroy their altars and break down their images. . . For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth . . . And thou shalt consume all the people which the Lord thy God shall deliver thee; thine eye shall have no pity upon them. . . But the Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction until they be destroyed . . . He shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven, there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them . . . Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours. . . even unto the uttermost sea shall your coast be . . . Of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save nothing alive that breatheth . . . thou shalt lend unto many nations and thou shalt not borrow . . . Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods. . ."

*Deuteronomy.*

### THE NEW TESTAMENT

"Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. . . I am not come to destroy" (the law or the prophets) "but to fulfil . . . Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies. . . He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes . . . Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth . . . what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . this is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. . . One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. . . Let brotherly love continue . . . Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees . . . ye are the children of them which killed the prophets . . . This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations . . . Forgive them, for they know not what they do .

. . God that made the world and all things herein . . . and hath made of one blood all nations of men . . . be it known therefore unto you that the

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salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it . . . What then? Is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also . . . for the promise, that he should be of the world, was not to Abraham, and to his seed, through the law, but through the righteousness of faith . . . One God and father of all who is above, all . . . let brotherly love continue . . . For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction . . ."

*The Gospels, Acts and Epistles.*

*No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of a continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.*

*John Donne.*

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- JOHN BAKER, *Race* (Oxford University Press).  
 P.T. BAUER, *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson).  
 IVOR BENSON, *The Battle for South Africa* (Dolphin Press), *Truth Out of Africa* (Veritas), *The Zionist Factor* (Veritas).  
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 THOMAS PAKENHAM, *The Boer War* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Jonathan Ball).  
 C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON, *East and West* (Houghton Mifflin Company).  
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 JAMES POOL & SUZANNE POOL, *Who Financed Hitler* (Dial Press).  
 EZRA POUND, *Essays on Ignorance and the Decline of American Civilization* (Henry Regnery).  
 CARROLL QUIGLEY, *Tragedy and Hope* (Macmillan Company).  
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 NATHANIEL WEYL, *Traitors' End* (Tafelberg).  
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"Know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free" - John 8:2.

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**Abstract**

It is one of the responsibilities of history that allows observations of the past through historical perspectives, events and ideas. Thomas Mann, who described history as "eternity suspended", stated not to live in an other time or through it, but that was a basic idea of his being conscious of the nature of "history". A corresponding perspective that is not shared by the rest of the third century political analysis and development of the society could hardly be applied. He was already aware of what he needed the history. From the rest of a historical perspective, and he was in a state to finally needed something in addition. Although there were already this and more, there were not to become enough. From perspective in the history, looking on the future in that future, history perspective, historical in future, Mann looks into the future in Chapter VIII about development with the perspective of a future which was to be the future, not the future. Mann, in showing, construction, of methodology and perspective history. This was followed by the fact he could never have said, "History" following, after the future, history and a comment on it. Chapter VIII, after the history, was the future. Perspective, history of the past, the past, history, and the past was already found in the perspective, history, and history, but he wanted more history, and history. It is only in the past, the future, the future, history in the past of history, after a year, past.

# A PROPHET AT HOME

by

Douglas Reed

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## POSTSCRIPT

AFTER US?

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

When I had written two-thirds of this book I decided to call it 'The Decline *To* Fall of the British Empire', as I felt by that time able, with grateful glee, to bury the foreboding which led me to say, in its predecessor, *Disgrace Abounding*, that, by all the portents of that disastrous time, the title of the third book would have to be 'The Decline And Fall Of the British Empire'.

My publisher, however, tells me that the title, 'Decline *To* Fall', would certainly be misunderstood and would lead to confusion, and as I always bow to his excellent judgment in such things the cover and the title-page of the book bear the title, *A Prophet At Home*. For me, nevertheless, the book remains 'The Decline *To* Fall', as I feel that this best expresses my mind, and the reader will find several passages which allude to this title. I owe him this explanation.

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# CURTAIN RAISER

October 1939

This book is the third - and the last, as I vow with as much sincerity as any man making his good resolutions on New Year's Eve - to grow out of an idea which was to have been contained in one, *Insanity Fair*.

The trilogy, the triptych, the three-master and the three-decker have all passed out of fashion; here, belatedly, is a three-volume-book sprung from a single seed, a fleur-de-lis that grew its second and third petals as an afterthought. When the first and second books were published, events promptly supplied enthralling sequels to them, so that the perspiring writer was left muttering, like Oscar Wilde, 'I wish I had said that', while his second self, who knows him very well, answered, like Whistler, 'You will, Reed, you will'. The saddest of all things of tongue or pen are those you might have said, the retort you might have made if the waiter had not spilt the soup down your neck just as it sprang to your lips, and these last words of mine, famous or infamous, always seethe in me and make me feel like a champagne bottle bursting to expel its cork, or a retired actress pining for her last farewell appearance, which, like to-morrow, never comes.

The story of these three books is, to me, very interesting, like many other things about me. They belong to the more notable of the minor literary failures of our time. The first, *Insanity Fair*, was conceived in 1935, written in 1936 and 1937 and published in 1938. It was the product of an irresistible impulse to warn the British public that it was about to be struck down by the thing which somebody at some time has probably called the juggernaut of war.

About 5000 other writers and politicians at that time were writing and saying the same thing; 5000 more were writing and saying precisely the opposite. I felt that, amid this tumult of voices crying their wares, I would need to wrap mine in some new kind of tinfoil if I were to catch the British eye; indeed, at that time literary critics, in some exasperation, were tending to begin their reviews of any book on this boring subject with the words 'Yet another of these books about Europe', as who should say, 'Tragic is the state of literature when men write only of such things as life and death, of liberty and hope, of freemen and bondmen, of war and peace, of poverty and moneybags, when they could write about sweeties and cuties and debutantes and debentures and cricket and croquet and cocktails and cockshies and the clubs and the pubs and who-did-the-murder and all the other fascinating things that make life worth writing about'.

So I had to strike a note that might catch the British ear amid the din, and sought to do this by setting my warning against a background of personal adventure, by weaving into the story a great deal about that absorbing subject, the study of myself.

The method succeeded, in one way. The book *did* attract the attention I wanted. But the effect was different from that which I meant to achieve. The British public, in large numbers, read the book, decided that it was 'readable', cast a sidelong and suspicious but curious glance at its author, and imperturbably, continued on its way, caring no more then than before for the juggernaut bearing down on it from behind. The book, as something to read, had succeeded; the warning it contained might as well not have been uttered, and was by many thought to be the expression of an exaggerated pessimism that spoiled an otherwise 'readable' piece of writing, a bad patch in a good story.

The juggernaut was by now very near and I decided to yell 'Look out!' even louder than before. Or rather, I did not decide this, but just followed my inner instinct, and yelled. Time still remained, I felt, for that incorrigible jay-walker to jump out of the way, if only he would. I was no selfless

altruist; he had in his pocket my own life, my career, my earnings, my hopes, my future, my children's future, and my ideals. So I wrote another book, *Disgrace Abounding*, and the jay-walker had hardly had time to turn the last page and declare that it, too, was 'readable', but its author an intolerably gloomy fellow, when the juggernaut hit him in the back.

So these two books failed. But then the strange thing happened. The jay-walker, mangled but still breathing, looked up with reluctant respect and said, 'Sir, you are a successful man. You said this thing would run me down and by Buddha it has. Your books are most readable'. To which I answered, 'Sir, the thing I regret is that all this has hurt me more than it has hurt you'.

But as I contemplated them, the jay-walker and the juggernaut, a project was born in me - to write another book. My typewriter looked at me reproachfully, but I ignored its glance and forced a sheet of paper into its reluctant maw. I had written two books about the juggernaut; now I would write one about the jay-walker, another cautionary tale about his horrid lot, his hopes of recovery, and his chances, if ever he stood on his feet again, of heading straight for the next precipice and casting himself over it, as by all past experience he was bound to do.

I did not want him to do that, but if he did, and if by any chance a spark of life remained in him after that, I wanted him feebly to call to me, as he lay groaning 'twixt life and death, 'Sir, you continue to be successful. You told me I should hurt myself if I threw myself over this precipice and by Mahomet I have hurt myself. I regret that I had with me your last remaining cash, and that this has been lost in the fall, but your books, if I never breathe another word, are beyond dispute readable. You are indeed the model of a successful man'.

Thus, out of a single book came forth twins, and out of those twins, triplets. 'Decline to Fall' is the brother of those others. It is still the product of that flaming, overpowering feeling, born in Berlin and Vienna about the time of Hitler's coming, that there is something rotten in the state of England, which had the strength and power to prevent this, if such plagues of war and death, famine and destruction, can be twice let loose on Europe during the first half of the twentieth century. Other motives have since then come to join that one. For one thing, people in many countries like to read these books, and write to ask me to continue writing them. For another thing, I like to write them.

Before I begin to tell the tale of a homeless patriot, I owe a bow and a special word, first, to Scottish, and second to English readers.

Being of a mild and placatory disposition I never, well hardly ever, offer affront without cause, and I do not like to think that Scottish readers may, in this book as in the others, be pained by finding references to 'the English Channel' or suchlike. To some extent I share their feeling, that this is an archaic form, like Ye Olde this-and-that, which has no claim to survival, and when I hear politicians to-day foretelling that our salvation after this war can only come through the union of 'English-speaking peoples', I wonder where they, who like myself are probably students of our stage, press, radio and literature, propose to find these English-speaking peoples.

Nevertheless, I fear I may offend Scottish readers in this book again. The trouble began with *Insanity Fair*, in which I severely criticized 'England' and 'English policy' because I thought these were leading straight to a war that could be prevented. The book brought me plaintive plaudits from Scotland, letters in which I was praised with faint damns for always criticizing 'England' and 'English policy'. Be British, urged the writers, and include us in this.

In the next book, *Disgrace Abounding*, I became violently critical of 'England' and 'English policy' because time to avert the war was shortening. This time Mrs. MacGalashiels, of Cromarty Terrace, Inverlochness, and many others, were really cross. They sharply reminded me that Scotland was

just as much responsible as, if not more responsible than England for everything that was going wrong, and said plainly that I laboured under an age-old Sassenach delusion if I thought England could make mistakes in a big way without Scottish help. Had I no notion of the part great Scotsmen had played in helping England to bring about all these disasters, they implicitly asked? 'Britain' and 'British' were the words I should use. (I sometimes tried to placate these good Scots friends by addressing my replies to their letters, 'Mrs. MacGalashiels, Cromarty Terrace, Inverlochness, Britain'; but strangely, this seemed to soothe them not at all.)

Of course I know of those Scotsmen, and could name many names, if I would, and these letters almost made me resolve to include the Scots next time I had anything really nasty to say, so that they should not again feel slighted. But I feel limits should be set. Would the Scots wish the Germans to re-name rickets, which, as I believe, they call *die englische Krankheit* (the English ailment), or the French to broaden into *britannique* their description of an article said to be in daily use to which we, for some reason, ascribe French origin?

Apart from that, 'English' was what I meant and mean. First, I am English and feel justified, first, in criticizing my own people. And last, the faults and mistakes I scarified seemed to me specifically 'English', and the product of a system specifically 'English'. London, the English capital, is the centre of Britain and the Empire, the seat of the Government which in the end has the decisive word to say in British affairs, and of its parliament. The rulers of Britain, in the Government and in the equally important civil services, are in the vast majority men bred and trained at a few 'public' schools, reserved to a small moneyed coterie, most of which are situated within a long stonethrow of London. 'Foreign policy' is made in London and England. In England, more than in any other part of the Empire, dislike of exertion, fear of change, and rigid class distinctions reach their greatest ponderousness and this dead weight of a system now as far behind the times as Puffing Billy acts as a drag and brake on the younger, healthier and more vigorous forces which would have reinvigorated England, strengthened Britain, and prevented this war.

So 'England' and 'English policy' it will have to be, though I do confess to one inexcusably insular slip in a former book - when I said that 'G.B.' on the number-plate of a motor car stood for 'England'.

And now for the special word to English readers, to the compatriots of the homeless patriot. In one of those books of mine - I often wish that people would not buy my books, but just send me the money for them, this would do quite as well - I spoke casually with some regret of one of those English faults, the lack of a sense of humour.

Little did I anticipate how many dovescots I should flutter by this simple statement of what seemed to me the most self-evident truth. For the first time I succeeded, beyond all belief, in rousing people. Warnings of war - no, these had not moved the jay-walker, with the juggernaut behind him; who had gone calmly on his way, with the same half-curious, half-pitying, I-know-better-than-you-me-lad look on his face. Not even war itself went deeper than skin-deep.

But with these few words I seem to have set idols atotter all over England. Letters implored me to retract. Acquaintances took me into corners and, after a propitiatory glass of sherry, said, as if by chance but with a deep underlying fear that could not be hidden, 'Of course, you were only joking when you said that we haven't a sense of humour?' Luncheon-table ladies, looking nervously round the table in a perceptible appeal for the support and succour of the assembled company, tittered, with a ghastly attempt to invest the terror they obviously felt in the clothes of a dazzling witticism, 'Mr. Reed is the man who thinks we have no sense of humour, tee-hee!'



I am not easily surprised, but I was startled by the effect these few words had had. To many countrymen and countrywomen of the homeless patriot they seemed to have given a glimpse into some unknown and terrifying world; it was as if, sleep-walking, they had wakened to find themselves on the brink of an abyss, or as if they had found themselves suddenly stripped naked. Take from us what you will, they seemed to say, with pleading eyes, take fortune, hope, even life itself; but do not deprive us of our belief that we have A Sense Of Humour.

Yet these words were seriously written and seriously meant. I believed that, by and large, England and the English lack a sense of humour. Otherwise, how could they live without a single humorous journal, or suffer the heavy bludgeonings of facetiousness they receive from 'light leaders'? How could they continue to laugh, for decades and centuries, at the lampooning of charladies and plumbers' mates, of people who drop their aitches or keep aspidistras?

Does a sense of humour mean that the blue-behind baboon should only be moved to mirth by contemplation of its own nether end, reflected in a pool? How, I thought, could a people have a sense of humour that had allowed its highest Public Attorney to pillory Whistler in the witness-box because he had 'only taken two days' to paint a picture. and for this 'labour of two days, asked a fee of two hundred guineas'? And again, what people with a sense of humour could cling to the depressing rite of the white-shirt-and-white-tie so that sometimes in the Bay of Biscay, as somebody once remarked, 'Every first class passenger put on evening clothes to be sick in'?

But the English Sense Of Humour, as I had noticed, only found class distinctions funny when contemplated, in those below, by those on top; when considered, in those on top by those below, they were sacrosanct. No plumber's mate, charlady, aitch-dropper or aspidistra-keeper was expected to find anything funny in the white-tie gag, which I find excruciating; this would have been class-hatred.

That form of minor mental derangement which is known as dressing-for-dinner took one of its funnier turns, as I think, with the coming of radio, when the joint owner of the voice that reads the news, the cough, and the phrase 'Excuse me, I'll read that again', was required to appear in evening clothes before the tiny mechanical box through which his words, cough and apology travelled to the public, and was authorized to claim a small sum each week for the laundering of the starched shirts he thus needed.

Invisible to all but himself, he stood there, clothed in the same uniform as every waiter in the land and as every bandsman, crooner, and fashionable comedian, for, as one of these, himself most immaculately attired, once most truly sang, the world that tries so hard to amuse itself demands that even its bawdy ballads should be sung to it by a man wearing such clothes:

Give them smut, and give them dirt  
In a clean white tie and a clean white shirt!

That invisible man at the microphone, in his dinner-jacket, seems to me symbolic of many things in England, but among these things is not a sense of humour.

Every rule has its exceptions, and England has, of course, here and there, men and women with a sense of humour. One of these got loose during the present war and was promptly suppressed; he escaped with a fine, and was lucky not to have gone to prison. This was the man, and in my opinion he deserves to count among the gayest jesters in history, who was bombed in his house in Jermyn Street and, on climbing into the next door house to see the damage, found, in his own words, 'an unexploded bomb standing up on the floor like a beer bottle'.

His subsequent actions, in my view, are those of a man with A Sense Of Humour, but then, as I say, he was fined. The bomb had not exploded, but might explode at any time. In the general interest, therefore, its removal to a place where it could explode harmlessly was advisable, and this man picked it up and started downstairs with it. It weighed 100 lb., and on the way he dropped it on his foot. At the foot of the stairs he met a friend and said, 'Look, I've got a bomb. How can we get it to the Green Park?' The friend said, 'Wait here and I'll fetch a taxi, and we'll take it and give it breakfast at the Corner House'.

This seems to me a very humorous proceeding, and I only regret that before the friend came back the man with the bomb had been arrested, because I should love to know if London contains a taxi-driver with that particular sense of humour. Unfortunately the official sense of humour dictated that, in the circumstances of this incident, the bomb should have been left where it was until it could be officially removed, and if during the wait it exploded and wrecked a house or two, well, that would just be part of the price that has to be paid for a sense of humour.

The man with the hundred-pound bomb was fined a hundred pounds and granted bail in a hundred pounds; his final remark, when the fine was reduced to one of only five pounds, was that he was 'glad to be out of the hundred pound class'.

This, as I say, was an exceptional man, and he learned that a sense of humour is an expensive thing to have in England.

But England at large - and how often have I wondered whether England deserves to be at large - most certainly lacks a sense of humour. The proof of this, to my satisfaction at all events, is first that a nation with a sense of humour would not talk so incessantly about its sense of humour; second, that it would not object so vehemently when it is told that it has no sense of humour; and third, and most important, and above all, that no nation with a sense of humour could on three successive days vociferously applaud the same statesman in such contradictory declarations as these:

On Monday:

Freaks, rum'uns, fellow-curiosities, lend me your ears. The great power Athens has treacherously and without warning attacked the weak state of Corinth, which we are pledged to succour. We are resolved to prevent a new era of militarist aggression on this planet and shall aid noble Corinth with all our might, until the barbarous aggressor is defeated.

On Tuesday:

Athens has almost completed the subjugation of Corinth: we feel there is after all much to be said for Athens and it would be midsummer madness to try and preserve so ramshackle a state as Corinth, which is a long way away anyway, and which we know nothing about. We should not hastily forget the long traditional friendship and the close bonds of sympathy which unite us with noble Athens.

On Wednesday:

Barbarous Athens has attacked us. In taking up the sword, which we shall not sheathe until we sheathe it, we are defending the cause of weak states and freemen throughout the world against the forces of evil. History will show etcetera etcetera

etcetera. We are fighting for Christianity civilization democracy etcetera etcetera etcetera....

One aspect of a sense of humour is that a man should be able to laugh at a joke against himself. A Jew, for instance, always enjoys a joke at his own expense, because it costs him nothing.

But the homeless patriot is still looking for the English sense of humour. It was there once. Perhaps we have put it down somewhere and cannot remember where, somewhere in the middle of the nineteenth century. We certainly know we had it, once. Perhaps Sheridan and Hook and Lamb gave it to Wilde and Whistler, and these two, deciding that it belonged to Ireland and America anyway, took it with them. If it is to be found anywhere in England now, then it is in the keeping of the Cockneys, or perhaps of the great working class as a whole; they, it is true, still have a very keen sense of fun.

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## WINDOW OVER LONDON

Here I am, after forty-five years, perched in a crow's nest, on look-out over London. Everywhere I have been I always tried to sit up aloft, like the sweet little cherub. In the town I always sought the highest room I could find, in the country a house on a hill.

My drabbest memories are of basements and ground floors, but the coldest attic, like one I once had in Paris, glows pleasantly in my thoughts, because the sun and the moon and the stars were its neighbours. If I had been a dale-dweller, in some primitive time, I should never have rested until I had come to live on a hill, and those medicine-men of our contemporary times, the surgeons of the mind, who think to discern the instincts and impulses that were being given a man when he lay in his mother's womb, would produce some strangely-named explanation for this, something about fear and phobia; but I think a healthy man, like a plant turning towards the light, is naturally moved to get his head into the clean air and look about him and make for a higher hill, if he sees one.

Here, in this room, I feel that I am on the roof of London. Nothing that I can see is higher than I am, save the barrage balloons, that on a fine day browse above me like silver cows in an azure meadow, and on a dull one loom intermittently through the lower fringe of trailing grey clouds, staring stupidly down at me from between their horns. In this long and lofty room, with its tall windows all around, I feel that I am in a ship, sometimes sailing towards a cloudless blue horizon, sometimes ploughing across the ragged and broken grey sea of London's roof-tops.

Outside, as far as I can see, and that is a long way, is London. Ten or twenty spires, according to the weather. Leagues of roofs and chimneypots.

Outside are shrieking sirens, the fierce bark of anti-aircraft guns, like tethered bloodhounds savagely but vainly straining at something just beyond their reach, the drone of engines from unseen aeroplanes, the leaden, quivering crash of bombs.

Two of them fell a little way off last night, as I sat at my window over London, watching spellbound. They fell near the Edgware Road; one, exploding in a great flower of flame and sparks, blossomed into the night like a gold and scarlet chrysanthemum, and the other grew into a tall black tulip of dark and menacing smoke.

To-day I shall see two more heaps of squalid ruins in those mean streets; strange how houses that die a violent death, like human beings, look ridiculous and repugnant, an obscene caricature of their well-tended, best-face-foremost living selves, so that you long to take a cloth and cover them. This, you think, half-pitying and half-contemptuous, was a man, who lived and laughed and loved; is it possible? (How often have I thought that and wished that we could evaporate in the moment of death.) And this, you think, was a house, where men and women mated and children played, this heap of muck with the inexplicably intact bathtub lying askew on top of it; is it possible?

And why is the bathtub seemingly always spared? Would it then be good to undress and take a bath when the bombs begin to fall? Strangely, I always do just the opposite. If I am in my bath, singing, as is the Englishman's bathright, when they come I get out of it and dress; although I have, or think I have, less superstitions, prejudices and inhibitions than most, I share with others this unreasonable resolve to be clothed and in my right mind for any rendezvous with a bomb, although I know better than they that, clothed or unclothed, I should look just as ridiculous afterwards.

London. London, for the first time for centuries, visited by flame and destruction. How those barrage balloons remind me, sometimes, of the Gadarene swine, the heraldic beasts of our time! London in the throes of her greatest ordeal since the Great Fire and the Plague. Courage standing

guard in the streets; fear huddling in the basements. My own, my native city; for the first time for many years I feel like that about London, for pity is at any rate akin to love. The silhouette I see from my window is still almost unimpaired. The gaps, relative to the gigantic mass of the city, are few and far between; London has only had a few teeth knocked out. But the cup of human misery fills and fills; it must have a hole in the bottom, or it would have overflowed long since.

I cannot myself understand the insuppressible second side of my nature which makes me exult to sit at my window over London and watch and experience the very thing I foresaw and dreaded for so long. For I sat at another high window in Berlin for many years and watched the four horsemen - war, famine, pestilence and death - grooming their steeds for a new adventure; and afterwards I sat at other windows in Vienna and Prague and saw them gallop through the streets; and in Bucharest and Warsaw and Brussels and Paris I heard the drumming of their approaching hooves; and during all those nightmare years I thought and knew and said and wrote, 'The end of all this will be London and England and Britain and the British Empire, and why the heck doesn't my own, my native land throw off its lunatic obsession with golf and the pictures and chocolate creams and cocktail parties and ranting, sanctimonious politicians and stop this while there is time, for peace is more desirable than another war?'

To be run over by a train you never see is not so bad; but I was like a man tied to the track who had to watch the train bearing down on him for miles. I was like a man who called to another, about to be knocked down, 'Look out', only to be rebuked by the cold stare of one who has not been introduced. I was like a man who knew for years the nightmare he would have on a certain night. Yet now when the nightmare is here, I am glad to be in it.

I suppose there are several reasons. The schoolboy longing for adventure still stirs in me, and the journalist's itch to write about great events, however revolting, too; if I were sent to Hades I should take an asbestos typewriter with me. Then, I have forgotten fear, and this helps; the summer of 1940 suddenly made me realize, for some queer reason, that nothing is wasted in such prodigious quantities as fear, and that to fear for others is as wasteful as to fear for oneself. Then again, the smug years from 1918 to 1939, when God's name was tagged on by smug old men to every crime against reason and humanity and the cause of mankind, were so bad that the present is not worse; on the contrary, it is better, for now we no longer pretend that we are at peace when we are at war. And lastly, the nightmare has not reached the one final and fatal and irretrievable end - the invasion of England and England's subjugation to a foreign conqueror, which would mean to a man of my mind a death worse than the other death, because it would mean for centuries the end of hope.

England, has lain in immunity from this thing for too long; her people have almost forgotten what it means. But I know, for I have lived among peoples who for centuries lay under alien rule, and I have seen other peoples, who had known a brief liberation from that worst of all fates, again surrendered pitilessly to it - in one appalling case at the command of England herself. As long as this irrevocable disaster does not happen, hope remains; and while there's hope, there's life.

But back to London and St. John's Wood, and my window over London. The Gadarene swine are just being hauled down; one gigantic beast sinks slowly past my window, goggling in at me in porcine incomprehension of my contemptuous look, and disappears behind an apartment house to his lair. Now nothing is higher than I, in my crow's nest over London town. Low cloud and mist and driving rain have hidden the spires and all else but the nearer roof-tops, and an unexpected sea-gull, swinging round and round outside, makes me feel more than ever that I am in a ship on a wintry sea. Somewhere above, even in this weather, flies a bomber, for the sirens are shrieking again. Where London was, half an hour before, is only a grey curtain, a backcloth the thoughts that chase each other through my mind. That sea-gull is back again, majestically steadying himself on some air current known only to the chart of his instinct. I *must* be in a ship. The bomber sounds to

be overhead; what weather to fly in! In the last war, when I was in the air force, we would never have thought of leaving the ground on such a day as this, but now, with all these new instruments, they fly in anything.

The last war! Against that grey backcloth, from my window over London, I see the figures of my youth's friends, of the men who were young when I was young. Rain, and mist, and driving wind, and mud, and the little khaki figures rising from some unsuspected trough in the mire and going forward, at Ypres, on the Somme, at Passchendaele. There they go, like the ten little nigger boys, and rat-a-tat-tat, and down they go, and soon there are none.

A million of them. I might have been dining with one of them to-night. There they go, against the grey curtain, with little blobs on their heads that are tin hats, and little sticks in their hands that are rifles, one after another they go, and fall, and disappear into the grey mist. They were heroes; they made the world safe for democracy; where are they now? All sorts of phrases we made up about them:

They died that we might live  
Their name liveth for evermore

They shall grow not old as we that  
are left grow old

At the going down of the sun, and in the  
morning, we will remember them

If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow....

and we stood round the Cenotaph and round the village war memorial, for a time, but now we don't do that any more, because more candidates are in the making to be remembered at the going down and at the rising of the sun, and the earlier candidates have gone to join Napoleon's ten million forgotten dead and the Boer War dead and all the other dead.

But I remember them, as they pass before me against that grey background, and am sorry for them. I never said, as many people said, that their lives had been ruined by the last war. Mine was not - but then, I survived, and had a good time, and having had it I should not mind sharing their lot to-day, as long as nobody irritated me by telling me I was making the world safe for something, but their lives were quite ruined, because they died, and if they could, if they can, look back now they must wonder why.

I wish they could all have survived, as I did, and have known good times before they went to make the world safe for something - have known the sunshine on Swiss lakes, snow on Austrian mountains, wine-gardens on the Vienna hills, Prague at Christmas time, Budapest in the spring, poverty, fatherhood, success, despair, love, especially love amid the bombs. But they were so young, and what has it all availed? Will this avail anything? Why must the young men, the best, go first, this time again? The military age should begin at fifty and work downwards. Why take the cream of another generation before it has had time to form? Why deliver England to another generation of old men?

The grey curtain that envelops my window over London offers no answers to these questions; only the echo comes back - Why? But looking out from it I am surprised to discern that my life, which like the lives of millions of others in these times seemed continually to be taken up and thrown



senselessly here and there by the unmeaning storm of events, has after all a certain rhythm. For I notice, suddenly, that I am still in the middle of the events I have watched for so long. They have swept me back to my home town, even to my birthplace.

On *revient toujours* ... I have not loved London for long enough, but I have come back to London. Just round the corner, only just out of sight, is the house where I was born; it was nearly bombed the other night. Just round another corner are the barracks from which, when I was a baby in arms, I saw British soldiers march off to make South Africa safe for something or other. Just round a third corner is a place I was married - not the marriage that is in the records, but a romantic affair that was solemnized between the lamp post and the letter-box in Avenue Road, and how well I remember that day. Nearby, too, is Lord's Cricket Ground, Mecca of all my youthful pilgrimages, place where I lay as a British soldier waiting to go to the last Great War.

The grey curtain, and the superior sea-gull, and the thing that just exploded somewhere, suddenly combine to tell me that I am just where I ought to be. They can answer no other questions, but they can at least tell me that. Here I was born; here I am; and here I might die if one of those bombers pulls his lever just at the right moment. But by some manner of means I know that this will not happen. If it should, the most precious part of my English birthright - need I say, my sense of humour - will enable me, looking back from any future existence there may be, to have a good laugh at my own expense; the joke will be on me. But it will not.

And meanwhile, this window over London is the best possible place for me. I am most lucky to have it, and I owe my possession of it to a man called Hitler. For before he began bombing London a dwelling on the roof of London was the most desirable of things, hardly to be had for love or money by any Englishman in London, now the most un-English of towns, and quite unobtainable in those parts which the few remaining natives have come to call St. Johann's Wood, Finchley Strasse and Britisch West Hampstead.

But with the coming of the bombs many of the new British - after the last war we had the miscalled new poor, and after this one we shall have the similarly miscalled new British - have departed, to Cheltenham, Bedford and Harrogate, to basement dwellings and cellars cool. The native Londoner may find air to breathe.

He may even find, as I have, a window over London.

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# PART ONE

## THE PIPING TIMES

## Chapter One

### HOME COMING

In the spring of 1939 the arms of Tower Bridge opened and folded me, the homing wanderer, to the damp bosom of my mother London. I had been twelve years away, and but for the war that was brewing, I never should have returned, for in those years I had come to think that life was pleasanter in some other countries I had seen, where there was more light, more sun, more music, more wine, even more freedom in the expenditure of a leisure hour, and moreover, these travels had widened my outlook so that the habit of thinking in blinkers, which prevails in this island, put a sore burden on my patience, of which I never had very much.

It was a strange experience for me to compare the man who came down the gangplank from the little Polish steamer, that day in the spring of 1939, and looked about him at his native London, with the man who had gone up the gangplank of another steamer twelve years before and turned his face towards Europe. I remembered the regret, that lingered on for years, like a chronic toothache, with which that other man turned his back on his native land, where he had known nothing but hard times and struggle, and the wary distrust with which he journeyed towards countries he did not know, for, strange to say, this London-bred young man had until that time scarcely ventured outside his London, save for four years spent in Flanders fields, where poppies are said profusely and significantly to grow, and a few months in Paris.

I remembered particularly the clean white faith of that young man, who went up the gangway, in his country, in its leaders, and in the pledges they had made over the graves of a million other young men cradled, like himself, about the turn of the century.

He, and they, were all the children of a dead century in which tyrants, great and small, had progressively had their claws clipped, in which the oppressed, whether communities or individuals, had come nearer and nearer to liberty; the Turk had at last been driven from Europe, his subject peoples had begun to free themselves from the yoke of the Germanic Kaiser in Vienna, the last serfs had been freed, the new slaves, those of the machine, were gradually achieving recognition of the dignity of their labour. Then a new tyrant, a new black Teutonic knight, a new despoiler of small and defenceless peoples, had appeared in freedom's ring, been promptly met and challenged and overthrown.

The young man going up the gangplank in 1927, and his millions of comrades in arms, dead and still alive, had had a hand in that. Now the ring was free again. His country, and France, would see that no new tyrants arose in Europe, that the continent should steadily resume and continue its slow but perceptibly upward progress towards a better and juster and more equal order. The price that had been paid was appalling, but every penny piece and every drop of blood that had been paid were worth it. For a man could still believe that his world was slowly improving through the unnumbered centuries, and as long as he could believe that life had joy and meaning; without that, it was a senseless thing that could not be invested with meaning by all the chanting and dirging about some shining paradise to come. Peace on earth and goodwill towards men were the things to labour for, and not all the ranting about some Omar-Khayyam-like hereafter could compensate for war on earth and inhumanity towards men.

But the young man climbing up the gangplank, in 1927, had no doubts on this score. All was moving, slowly but still surely, for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and, as long as he could believe this he was quite prepared to believe that God was in His heaven - for the only God he could believe in was that higher purpose and meaning in life on this planet. But in 1927 life on

this planet still seemed to show a pattern and a meaning; suffering and inhumanity were understandable because they had patently begotten good. There was undoubtedly gold in them thar hills. The young man going up the gangplank was quite sure of that.

How different he was, and what different luggage he brought with him, when he passed through those open arms in March of 1939! How much he had discarded, how much he had acquired! With what different eyes he looked at his native city and native land! Even his outer man had changed beyond recognition. When he went up the gangplank, as he now recollected with astonishment and dismay, he wore a black soft hat and even carried an umbrella - because other men had worn black soft hats and carried umbrellas. At that time he had not begun to think, to see himself as others saw him; he had been a sheep among other sheep, and a sheep moving north sees nothing but the southern aspect of the sheep, before it.

Now he came down the gangplank with a battered, sand-coloured hat on his head, a trophy dear to him, because it had been bought in Prague the day before the petrol-driven hosts of the new tyrant had crashed and rumbled into the city. On his back, weirdest of garments, was an almost azure-blue greatcoat with an enormous fur collar; the fur had been necessary in a bitter Rumanian winter and the azure-blue colour, which ought to have been a discreet greenish grey, was the result of a trick of light in a murky Bucharest furrier's.

I stood on the wet planks of Somebody-or-other's Wharf, that rainy day, and looked back at Tower Bridge, and compared those two men, the man with the black hat and firm faith who had passed under it outward bound so many years before, and the disillusioned man in the astonishing fur coat who had just come home and been folded in those embracing arms. The outer change was great; but the change in his inner man was far greater.

When I came down the gangplank I came home, not for good, but at any rate until after the war. The war had not yet come, but I knew it must come, and soon; and England, the homeless patriot's home, was the only place to be. What else was there to do? My beloved Europe hardly held a corner where a journalist still might write, and, what was worse, I had found that the things he knew would not be published or would not be heeded.

For I had been present at the preparation of a war. In my youth, when the first was being prepared, I had been a London clerk, living in a London suburb, Brondesbury, and had neither known nor understood anything of these things. I had simply known, with an instinct born of things I read in the newspapers, that a war with Germany loomed ahead, and the German commercial travellers in the lodging-house next door, with whom I chatted on summer evenings, were as sure of that as was my instinct. It worried me not at all; indeed, I looked forward to it. I did not know why or how that war was being prepared. All the fault, I was sure, lay on the other side. I did not wonder whether it might be prevented - I was too young.

But this time I had seen the inner mechanism of a war under construction, the intrigues of the rich and palsied old men in this country and that which had brought it about, the tricks that had been used to thwart all efforts to prevent it. I had been in all the countries where the separate parts of the machine were made, and watched the men who controlled it. I knew this time, as I had not known before 1914, that the war could have been prevented; I knew, indeed, that more skill and effort had been needed to allow it to happen, through the delusion of the peoples, than would have been needed to hinder it.

I knew, now, that seven years before the 1914 war the permanent head of the British Foreign Office, Sir Eyre Crowe, whose voice should have been heeded, had in black and white precisely foretold the coming of that war - unless the things were done that would avert it. I knew that the

British Ambassador in Berlin of that time and the correspondents of *The Times* in Berlin of that time had uttered precisely the same warning and had always given chapter and verse to support it. Nothing had availed and that war had come. That did not worry me: I had rather enjoyed it - but then, I had survived.

But now, coming down the gangplank in 1939, I knew that all this history had exactly repeated itself, just as vainly, and I found this sinister indeed.

I knew that the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Horace Rumbold, seven years before, just after the coming of Hitler in 1933, had in well-measured words given precise warning of the character of that new regime in Germany and of the dangers it must lead to. He knew Germany.

I knew that the permanent head of the British Foreign Office of that time, Sir Robert Vansittart, was of exactly the same mind and that his opinions, who also knew Germany, had been set aside in favour of those of men who did not; I knew that he had been promoted downstairs by his appointment as 'Chief Diplomatic Adviser', and that in major crises in our affairs with Germany the counsel of men who did not know Germany had prevailed, for instance, the 'Chief Economic Adviser', Sir Horace Wilson.

I knew that the correspondents of *The Times* in Berlin, of whom I had been one, had given precisely the same warning, also with chapter and verse, for seven years before the coming of this war, with as little avail. I knew that Norman Ebbutt, the Chief correspondent of *The Times* in Berlin when Hitler came to power, wrote in April of that year (1933):

Herr Hitler, in his speeches as Chancellor, has professed a peaceful foreign policy. But this does not prove that the underlying spirit of the new Germany is a peaceful one. Germany is inspired by the determination to recover all it has lost and has little hope of doing so by peaceful means. Influential Germans do not see ten years elapsing before the war they regard as natural or inevitable breaks out in Europe. One may hear five or six years mentioned.

'Five or six years.' That was written in April 1933. The new war came in September 1939. This warning was a masterpiece of careful political forecasting, based on expert knowledge. It was written three months after Hitler came to power; three years before he took the first step which *should* have been answered by war or the threat of it; five years before his first annexation (Austria); from five to six years before his three later adventures, the first two of which (the annexation of the Sudetenland and the invasion of Prague) *should* have led to war, and the third of which (the attack on Poland) *did* lead to open, as distinct from covert, war.

The forecast I have quoted is especially remarkable for the careful weighing of words - not one too many nor one too few, although this was high-speed daily journalism, not leisurely conjecture written at a spa. It is not even difficult for skilled men, thoroughly steeped in their subject, to achieve such close political forecasts (which are not *prophecies*; there is nothing prophetic about them).

My own view, written and spoken, was exactly the same, and I said the same things at the same time to Members of Parliament and others who came to Berlin. Other British newspapermen in that city foretold the course of events with equal exactitude. Indeed, almost unanimity prevailed. Seldom has the course of events been so simple to foretell and so difficult to misjudge, save by men either deluded or dishonourable. I myself was reminded, after the war began, by a Government official whom I met in a London hotel that at a meeting in Geneva in the spring of 1935, he had

asked me whether I thought war was approaching, and that I answered: 'There will certainly be a European war in 1939 or 1940 - if we do not do this-and-that.'

We did not do this-and-that, and why not?

The question rankled sorely in my mind as I came down the gangplank. I knew that, in such a case, the joint opinion of three authorities - the permanent Head of the Foreign Office, the Ambassador in Berlin, and *The Times* correspondent in Berlin - could be counted on, especially if they coincided so closely. In small things they certainly would be followed. Why were they discounted, or even suppressed, in so great a matter as a new European war? Why was the public, which received a true report of every stroke in a game of tennis at Wimbledon or of every kick in a cup final at Wembley, why was the public misled and misinformed about such things as the making of a war, so that it doddered uncomplainingly and unsuspectingly along, confident in the assurances of its leaders that peace would prevail in our time, until, suddenly, war came upon it?

For, in those twelve years between going up and coming down the gangway, although I had never found an answer that fully satisfied me to the question I have just asked, I had discovered one thing for certain: that it is not true that wars must be and will always be. This one need not have been. It would have been far easier and far cheaper to prevent it than to allow it to come about.

Then, why? Can stupidity, ignorance, age, fear of exertion, the dithering of old men, can these things alone explain it? I hardly think so. There must be some deeper motive, for which I am still seeking, though I often think that I have touched its skirt. One thing is certain. If the war of 1939 was possible, after the experiences of 1914, another war after this one is not possible but probable.

Hatred of the war-makers - in all countries, not in any particular country - seethed in my mind as I came down the gangplank that day and turned to contemplate my blissfully ignorant self of twelve years before.

The war was at hand, I knew that. I had just come from Poland, where its shadow was already touching the frontier, and before that I had seen the machine at work in Czechoslovakia and Austria. War lay close ahead, black, pestilent, dreary, foul, and inevitable because no man in England had had the courage or energy or inner truthfulness to avert it.

Should I escape to some balmy beach, lie basking at Tahiti or in the Bermudas? I felt half-inclined to fly while there was still time - not from the war, but from this awful apathy and dilatoriness and do-nothingness and we'll-muddle-throughness in my own country to which I had in my own mind given the name of Chamberlainism and the heraldic symbol of an umbrella rampant.

This was the thing which I could not stand, the thing which to me was more horrible than all the horrors of war, and yet was always dressed up in godly words and smug phrases. It was the spirit which led people through the length and breadth of the land, later, when the war came, to placard on their walls a lunatic saying, probably uttered by Queen Victoria at the time of the Crimean War, or some such distant affray: 'There is no depression in this house, and the possibilities of defeat do not interest us. They do not exist.'

This was the spirit which appalled me, and I would almost sooner have slept with a corpse than have lived with it, the spirit that sees something good and brave and clever in ignoring unpleasant things and pretending that dangers do not exist, as long as one is not personally in peril.

To be bombed or shot was a small thing, but to live in an atmosphere of blundering rich men entirely surrounded by sycophantic applauders was a fate far worse than death, I thought. Yet there



was nothing for it. The war was coming to England, soon, and I had to be there, to see what happened. Not the war, but the feeling of hopelessness, born of those seven years of vain and thwarted effort, was the awful thing.

This was the feeling which made me say, when one Noel Coward, whom I had never met, called to see me soon after my homecoming and asked me what I thought of our old friend The Situation, that I thought it a loathsome Situation and would like to go the the South Seas, so that I could be as far as possible from it.

'Oh,' said Noel Coward, a thought shocked, 'but that would be running away!'

I knew, with some regret, on the day I came down the gangplank, that I should not be able to bring myself to run away, even from that infuriating, self-satisfied apathy which had come to inspire me with horror. My journalist's curiosity and my English birth would force me to stay.

Resplendent in my sky-blue coat with the terrific collar, I passed down the gangplank, with some hundreds of Polish Jews who had come to England in the same ship. I looked around me curiously at the land of the jay-walker to whom I had been shouting for so long. Grey skies, grey water, grey roofs, grey streets.

I was home! 'So this is England!' I thought, and I turned to begin my voyage of exploration and discovery.

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## Chapter Two

### OU L'ON S'ENNUIE

A strange England that I discovered in the spring and summer of 1939, in those few months before the war openly began. An exasperating and incomprehensible land. Even now, when the war had in effect begun, but for the fighting, and that only lacked because none had as yet bestirred themselves to resist the blows that were being given, even now no signs of real awakening offered.

Half the newspapers were still scoffing at the very suggestion that war was possible. Conscription had been jubilantly introduced, true, a few days after the Tory majority, thinking to anticipate the wishes of Mr. Chamberlain, had drafted its solemn vow to die in the last ditch rather than vote for conscription, but the actual preparations for universal military service were proceeding with the speed and in the manner of a county cricket match, with intervals for lunch, tea, and all the rest. (I am not of those who profess to know what history will say about everything, not because I do not know but because I am not interested, history being seemingly an imbecile who never learns anything from past follies, but I should imagine that history will have a good laugh about the antics of the British Parliament just before the war of 1939 began.)

England in the spring and summer of 1939, in fact, looked more like a mangy mongrel bestirring itself sleepily to go and die by the roadside than a British lion preparing to turn at bay and rend its tormentors.

Columbus never looked at his new continent with more curiosity than I at my native land when I re-discovered it. It was strange, and a thing I regretted, to feel myself so alien in my own country, and to find that this feeling did not pass with time. But I had brought back with me from those years abroad something which put everything I saw in a new light. This was a standard of comparison, which I had lacked in the unquestioning days of my English youth; now I set all that I saw, men, manners and modes, against the things I had seen elsewhere, in other countries.

In this frame of mind I started out on my journey of discovery. I began with London, my hometown, and because night begins the day, I began at night. I sought the amusements of the town and, trying gamely to *bummeln* in London, I explored the theatres and music-halls, the cinemas and all the other places where Londoners go to laugh and refresh their minds.

The thing that struck deepest into my mind was the enormous difference, so little realized, that the coming of the film has made in the industry of entertainment, and even in the outlook of the nation. The picture-theatre and the things it offered, I discovered, affected the speech, the looks, the habits and the very minds of the people. The women, in increasing numbers, made-up, dressed, behaved and talked like the marionettes that were manipulated in some distant Californian studio, puppets whose every expression and word were formed, not by the impulse of their own feeling, but by the command of some off-screen producer with uplifted finger and instructions chalked on a slate. The majority of the young men and women of the country, I found, spent several hours each week in the picture-theatres, and their minds, unquestioning and plastic as mine had been, were moulded by anonymous men far away who were of alien blood and alien thought.

For the first time in history, as far as I know, one of the main methods of influencing the minds of people in one country was controlled by people thousands of miles distant who could neither feel for nor understand England, English history and English tradition. The richest and greatest country in the world, which had produced such poets as Shakespeare and such players as Garrick, for some reason produced no films and hardly any film-players of its own.

For some reason? I knew what the reason was. This was one of the things I had discovered in those years spent behind-the-scenes. It was the old reason of the exclusive monopoly, the racket, the squeeze-out. The film-magnates far away meant to keep both the profit and the power of this mighty industry in their hands. There were a few 'British' films, yes. They were mostly produced by daughter-companies of those great concerns in California, and if I am any judge their business was to produce films which would never challenge the supremacy of those issued by one of the great Dictatorships of the world - the film dictatorship of Hollywood. Enormous picture 'palaces', bearing ridiculous names, such as Plaza and Regal and Pantechnicon and Pandemonium and Odious and the like, were springing up everywhere, but these too were controlled, in one way or another, by that fantastically powerful, cosmopolitan, not American, settlement which, from California, moulds the minds of immature and ignorant men and maids in countries far away.

This new form of entertainment was far more powerful than the theatre ever was or could have been. But it was not necessarily only a form of entertainment; it could also be a most subtle means of influencing the minds of the masses, if it were used to that end by the few men who controlled it.

And England, the sceptre'd isle, the land of the great poets and players, had no film-theatre of her own! It was fantastic, and this was, as I knew, an instance of the way in which the system of 'democracy' can be turned against itself, to defeat its own ends. For a free England, left to herself, would most certainly have produced great films and great picture players. But here, in naked audacity, was the system of the squeeze-out, of the alien financial dictatorship at work.

In music, of a sort, the same hidden tyranny was called 'song-plugging'; band-leaders played tunes, good or bad, that had been written in Broadway penthouses because they were secretly paid to do so, and by this means any song, of no matter what quality, could be made to be 'one of the song-hits of the season', and ballads that might have told of England were either never heard or never came to be written, while mill-girls and miners baa'd sheep-like about Mexico and Cuba and Idaho and eternally regurgitated all the other snivel-drivel, weep-wail-and-whine mixture-as-before:

The skies are blue  
And I am too  
All 'cos of you  
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo

This music-for-morons, on which the youth of Britain is bred, seems to be written to a simple formula by the song-plugging kings of New York. You choose some phrase, itself half gibberish and half pidgin English, from the current vocabulary of the English speaking peoples, say for instance, 'I'm telling you', and with the assistance of a dozen stock rhymes you then build around it a thing called a lyric.

With the moon above -  
                                  I'm telling you  
That I'm in love -  
                                  I'm telling you  
When all our dreams come true  
                                  In paradise we'll be  
And we'll no more be blue -  
                                  You're telling me -  
I'm telling you -  
                                  Boo-hoo, boo-hoo

By slightly varying the tune and the sequence of the rhymes you may repeat the process indefinitely. And when you are ready, you plug your song. If you tire, you may disinter a ten-year-old or twenty-year-old variant on the same theme, and re-plug that. The great musical minds of Broadway seemingly were suffering from some fatigue about the time I returned to England, because several of the old 'song-hits' had in fact been resuscitated and were being plugged to the profit of their composers.

The moment when the song, old or new, comes to be plugged into the minds of that vast audience of English people, gathered respectfully about a million wooden boxes throughout the length and breadth of the land, is a dramatic one. The song-pluggers, kindly men who love all dumb creatures, dress the moment with the utmost ceremony. It is as if a princess were born or a new planet launched. First, the refaned voice, which so subtly conveys the suggestion that it comes from above the obligatory white shirt:

'And now, we present to you that great British star of the stage, screen and air, Judy Platinum, who is going to sing for you to-naight a song that all England will be singing to-morrow. Here (clash) she (bang) comes (crash). Good evening, Judy!' (cymbals, roll of drums, and sustained blare from the band). And then: 'Thanks a lot, Cyril. Hello, boys. G'd evening, everybuddy. I wanna sing, for the foist time in England, Loco Mose's new song, the sensashunal Broadway success, "I'll be blue again to-morrow". Thank you, Heinie.' And so on, until the inevitable, 'Thanks, Judy, that was grehnd.'

This England. If and when the next war comes, I used to muse at about that time, the song-pluggers will certainly want us to fight for democracy and freedom to song-plug.

True, a voice was raised here and there against this practice. The *Evening News* proclaimed that 'The song-plugging racket must be stopped' and said: 'High officials of the B.B.C. are planning a fresh inquiry into the activities of song-pluggers ... Music publishers and artists will be asked to co-operate with the B.B.C. in stopping this form of radio-racketeering.... Many artists have complained that in the past few weeks almost every one known to have a singing or playing booking on the air has been tempted by song-pluggers. Representatives of many music publishers have been busy. It is an open secret that large sums of money, from £10 to £100, are being offered for the broadcasting of two or three choruses that the publishers wish to "get over". Certain artists who have refused the offers of music publishers have complained that they are broadcasting at a financial disadvantage.'

But that was about the last that was ever heard of the matter. Yet it is a matter serious enough to deserve serious attention. The increasing subordination of the British mind to alien influences through practices of this sort, is a grave thing. The British people have been through enough stirring experiences of all kinds in the last twenty years, to say nothing of the last ten centuries, for them to be able, given fair play and a free market, to produce their own music, literature, films and drama. They did in the past. Now their minds are atrophying from suppression, disuse and misuse.

Some of the songs that come to us across the Atlantic nowadays, from the other great land of the 'English-speaking peoples', seem to me almost unintelligible. Indeed, I see the day coming when really enterprising shopkeepers and others in this country may need to put up a sign, 'English spoken here', alongside 'Ici on parle français'. I have long and vainly tried to distil the English-speaking essence from some of the strange chants I have recently heard:

Fred Chopin  
Had his Georges San'  
And Alexander  
Had his ragtime ban'

Metro-Goldwyn  
Had his Mayer  
But I've got nobody  
And nobody's got me

and

Although I'm rich or poor  
I still will love you more

Vomiting volcanoes!

The intellectual and spiritual diet of English people is by such means being progressively divested of the calories and vitamins and what-you-wills that it needs. As I wandered about London, those summer evenings of 1939, I observed that the Philharmonic Orchestra still survived; the second World War for Civilization was yet, needed to bring it to the verge of death.

The Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, however, save for that brief period of the year when opera is 'in season' in England, those few weeks when the Mutual Admiration Society foregathers there mutually to admire its tiaras rather than to hear music, was given over to the half-crown-hop.

Ballet, surprisingly, was experiencing a revival, probably to be short-lived, somewhere in the remote fastnesses south of the Thames, and its devotees were widely held in kindly derision; people of balanced mind were only uncertain whether to think of them as cranks or maniacs.

The theatre! Now that was a very different matter. In the theatre, as I saw it in London in those days, a sharp distinction had to be made between the plays and the players. The stage was being swamped by meretricious imported products similar, in their nature, to the films and songs that were being plugged elsewhere, and some of them reached a low level appalling in such a city as London. But many native players still remained, and in them the highest traditions of the English stage lived on. I never saw a good play better acted than *Ladies in Retirement*, with Mary Clare in the chief part; every character in it was played to perfection. A memorable evening, before the black-out fell on London. And Emlyn Williams, in one of his own plays, and Godfrey Tearle, in another, provided the other oases where I found refreshment in the desert of the London stage.

Some months later, after the Great War had been resumed, the plight of the London stage was accurately described, as I think, by a junior Minister, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, in a speech to the Three Arts Club. When he spoke between thirty or forty theatres were playing in London's West End, many of the them to crowded houses every night, and he remarked that there was scarcely a play in London worth seeing, save the classics. (The *Anspruchslosigkeit*, the lack of a discriminating standard, which English audiences show is to me one of the most astonishing signs of the state of mental atrophy into which the mind of the country has fallen: they applaud everything.)

Mr. Lindsay said, and I think truly, that 'the trouble is that new drama can only be born out of live people and we have been moderately dead for the last twenty years. Since the last war we have been living on our past and I hope that out of the present war there will be born some fresh artist. Great art is often born out of great wars'.

It is true. England in the interval between the two halves of the Great War was like a train halted in open country because of some red signal that the passengers cannot see; a great puffing of steam can be heard but the train does not budge, and the people inside contemplate the same piece of country until their eyes grow tired of it, they fume and fret with impatience, but they have to stay

put. They are the prisoners of the machine; not all their impatience nor all their ardour can avail them. Never was a time in our history so killing to the energy and vigour of youth. It was the heyday of old men, the golden age of the fearful and fretful, of the tired and anxious, of the lean and slippered pantaloons who always were in front and cried 'Back' while the young and eager behind vainly cried 'Forward!' And everything that period produced, on the stage and screen and paper, is typical of it. Now, at last, at long last, perhaps, perchance, the submerged and repressed vigour of the nation may break through that crust.

But the London theatre, as I saw it in 1939, and as it still is while I write, though it may have put forth new leaf by the time this book appears, was the child of that age. It could not deny its parent; the resemblance was too great. The people whom the players portrayed were people of no importance, not worth portraying; having no feelings, they could not make an audience feel anything; the things they said and the things they sang were alike trivial. Those times must have been as bad for an actor who loved his profession as for a journalist who loved his.

However, all these things look different from different points of view, and my point of view is but one. Those who were closer to the theatre did not all take so dark a view. For instance, the *Daily Sketch* reported that:

'Joe ("Never Give Up") Sacks, Russian-born producer of West End musical plays, gave final details of his affairs yesterday in his fourth public examination, and left the Bankruptcy Court, Carey Street, to plan his next production. "A little trouble like this can't put me down," Joe told a *Daily Sketch* reporter, his quaint foreign accent as attractive as ever. "I have the play all ready. All I want now is the stars." Although he can sign his name, Joe still admits that even at 59 he cannot read or write. Probably that is why he said: "No straight plays for me. I can't understand them. I want music, girls, glamour, spectacular shows."

Points of view! Sometimes in those London nights of 1939, when I was rediscovering my native town and was tired of contemplating the Café Royalists, when I was surfeited with plays and films, I stayed at home and read. I found, and I know that in this at least many other people shared my experience, that I could not read novels, or at any rate only the novels of an older time, those of Thackeray or Borrow or Dickens, which seemed to give a picture of something, but not the novels of my own time, which seemed like mirrors held over the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens; they reflected nothing but themselves, no life, no animation, no meaning.

They, too, were the true images of an empty and shallow age. They showed nothing of the great storm that was approaching the Round Pond, of the great human tragedies that were being enacted on its brink; at the utmost they caught a minnow passing. Like the politicians and the press, they pretended that there was no life beyond the Round Pond; or, as the Hungarians say, 'There is no life outside Hungary, and if there is life, it is not the same life'. Their common motto, 'We are not interested in the possibilities of war; they do not exist' was the forerunner of that lunatic phrase about the possibilities of defeat that was placarded all over England when the war came. They were about petty people who lived petty lives, who seemed incapable of a generous impulse or a great emotion.

But the times we were living in were great and stirring times, revolting but absorbing times, the best and the worst of times, and if I was to read anything I wanted to read something that mirrored these exciting times. I could not understand the mania of my fellow-countrypeople for those stupendously dull books which they miscall 'thrillers', which tell of a murder on the first page and of monstrously boring dialogues between the astute amateur detective and the stupid professional detective on the remaining 299.



So I turned to books about our times, which were really thrilling, and about the world outside the Round Pond, to such absorbing stories as those of Alain Gerbault and Cecil Lewis, who went to the South Sea Islands to see what civilization had done there, and found that civilization in Tahiti meant syphilization, the destruction of civilization, so that I wish people would be careful when they say we are fighting to-day for civilization; I turned to the writings of contemporary politicians and historians, and to those of the high-speed journalists abroad, a remarkably fine body of men. With such tempests brewing in the world as were then brewing, I found that only such works as these could hold my attention.

Here you have the different points of view again, for about this time medals of the Royal Society of Literature were presented to two young poets, Mr. John Gawsworth and Mr. Christopher Hassall, in recognition of their work, and at the presentation the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey, who I believe is a graduate of Oxford University and brother of a leading actor said:

The professor of the future will point out to his students that it was significant of this period that the young writer, instead of expressing himself like his predecessors in a first novel, probably produced a work on European politics. He will probably observe that imaginative literature of all kinds seemed unduly preoccupied with political themes. Poets, dramatists, and novelists indeed appear to-day to be increasingly anxious to play the role of tractarians and pamphleteers. The student of the future may be told that one literary medium which remained true to its job was the humble detective story, of which I am a happy addict. No ideologies here, nothing tendentious, no preoccupation with politics or diplomacy -just a happy release for people who saw too much of either or both.

I pondered this opinion long and carefully. 'A happy release' - to read eternally about people who were released, suddenly if not happily, from this world? No ideas, no ideals, no ideologies, nothing tendentious - just a happy release!

'Release'. 'Escape'. 'Dope'. 'Opium'. These, to me, were idols, and I preferred ideals. Such words best described the mentality of England between the first and second half of the World War; they were responsible for the second half. I detested them. They were the doctrine of a degenerate stage and degenerate press, of the Pashas in Hollywood: 'Don't worry, get yourself a girl friend, go to the pictures, take home a box of chocolates, settle down cosily with a thriller and turn on "Doomsday Night at Eight" on the radio, and all your dreams will come true you'll no longer be blue boo-hoo boo-hoo.'

I prefer other words: Effort, exertion, enthusiasm, and above all, no escape, but to look at unpleasant things, not pretend that they aren't there as a genteel Victorian dame who would rather go to the stake than show that she noticed a nasty smell, but to look at them and think how to change them and then get rid of them.

So there you have two points of view, set against each other with much distinctness.

Having pondered this forecast of 'Posterity's view of literature', delivered before the Royal Society of Literature, I came to the conclusion that, on balance, I for one did not regret that I had not written 'Murder by the Round Pond' or 'The Corpse in the Serpentine' as my first essay, and was glad I had written about things I had seen and felt and feared and hoped and experienced, for they were real, and the times were stirring, and I knew that if ever I tried to write novels or plays I would cut them too from life, like a slice of cake, and not try to produce lullabies and 'whodunits' for those who sought a happy release. I knew that, if ever I should try to create people out of my imagination, the first one would be a living man or woman, and not a corpse.

It is a very strange thing, this habit or practice of trying to escape from everyday realities and problems, because they are unpleasant or difficult to solve, that has grown up in England of late years. It is not only strange, but an almost impossible thing to achieve in England, because the normal and healthy ways of escape are closed in this land. Escape to nature, for instance, is practically impossible, because the unplanned growth of the cities and the ribbon-building on their outskirts makes the way out too long and tedious, and even when you get out the land is in such an overwhelming proportion in private ownership and behind barricades that you cannot penetrate to it. Escape to congenial company, for instance, a pleasant hour at an inn, is almost impossible, too, because the inns are seldom pleasant and are usually shut at the hour when you need them. Of one long-dead Duke of Buckingham it was said, I believe, that he found his best companions in an inn, a thing more natural than reprehensible in a civilized society, but he would be a clever man who found good companions in an inn in England to-day, where laws beyond the understanding of mortal man have reduced drinking to a process similar to that of pigs swilling at a trough. They have not, to my knowledge reduced the amount of drunkenness or of liquor consumed; if those have diminished, the taxes on alcohol have caused it.

So the chief means of 'escape' in England is, or was in the summer of 1939, the alien-controlled 'film palace', and in my wanderings about London I studied these places a great deal, and the shadow-plays they showed and the people who watched them.

As songs were 'plugged', so were films 'plugged' into the mind of the masses, who lined up in their legions before the weirdly-named 'palaces' for their daily trip to dreamland. If ever they lived at all, these nameless millions, they lived in that make-believe world that flickered before them on the screen. Later, in the war, on a day when Hitler stood at the gates of Paris and the real world seemed about to collapse about our ears, when mortal calamity seemed to loom imminently over England, I came through Leicester Square and saw such a queue, of thousands of people, waiting patiently for hours on end to see 'Gone with the Wind'. With baffled incomprehension I contemplated the faces of the people who formed it, faces that told of lives of bleak drabness. Why, I thought, did they not seek to live themselves, instead of plunging into these darkened caverns in search of adventure and emotion at second-hand? Opium-smokers.

Once, on the radio, I heard a Londoner tell the moving story of his encounter, at a distance but still in the flesh, with his heroine from that shadow world. She was Grace Moore, whom he had long admired, and on a day she came to London, to sing at the Albert Hall, and he booked his seat to see her for weeks in advance, and at last the great night came and he saw her, whom he had so long revered, and heard her sing!

That was four years before the night when he spoke in the radio, and yet the feeling in his voice moved even me as he told of looking down and seeing, on the distant platform, a tiny figure in a white dress and with golden hair - HER! Beauty! Romance! Music! Still distant, but a little nearer than on the screen! A thing to dream about for years and years! The white lady with the golden tresses, singing, and the workaday Londoner, absorbed, in the darkness of the upper balcony!

What a glimpse of a Londoner's life. What a proof of the power of the films.

Even the speech of the people has been affected by this mighty and anonymously-wielded power. As I write, my reluctant ear has been listening to a competition, before the microphone, of young aspirants to parts in a radio play. Three young British girls, Britishwomen, oh, hang it, three young English girls with pleasant, well-modulated English voices, were required to deliver a test-piece, of which this is the last lunatic fragment: 'C'mon, big boy, giv'm the woiks; I c'n takeut.'

Shades of Shakespeare!

I was not surprised, when the war came, and a London picture newspaper held a referendum among its women readers to choose 'Britain's Perfect Soldier' (who at that time was saving Hollywood from Hitler in the air over the English coasts), that this ideal composite warrior, voted for by the womanhood of England and duly put together by the paper's picture-mounting experts, had the hair, eyes, nose, moustache and mouth of five Hollywood film-stars of mixed cosmopolitan origins. 'True, his physique was allowed to be that of 'a typical British Soldier', grave injury thus being done to Johnny Weissmuller. The result really meant, I suppose, that the ideal British fighting-man may look British from the ankles down.

Inevitably, when the war came, 'the things we are fighting for' were 'plugged' into the mind of the British masses by Charlie Chaplin, on behalf of Hollywood, that paradise of equal-opportunity-for-all and home of tolerance and democracy. And just as inevitably, when the war is over, will the story of Britain's ordeal and triumph be made into pictures there by men neither British nor American in their origins and feelings, and from Wigan to Walthamstow the lads and lasses will go, open-mouthed and starry eyed, to see themselves as others wish them to see themselves. A genuine emotion, a real feeling, a lifelike but unhappy ending? Fie, pfui, and fi donc!

The real reason that I felt myself so alien in England, I thought, was that England had become so alien, so little English or British. The alienization of English life reached its highest point in the picture-theatre, the theatre and the radio. A Member of Parliament, Mr. MacLaren, in an excellent speech which hardly anybody outside Parliament ever heard of, once spoke with a deep loathing, shared by myself, of the cosmopolitan 'Whitechapel Yankees' whose voices reach us through the radio, singing such popular dirges (well and truly 'plugged') as 'If the earth should swallow me, I know that you would follow me, boo-hoo, boo-hoo'.

However, I feel that in this, as in many things, my view is a rare one. I like other people to enjoy themselves, and from the applause that is heard, from the sound of 'the boys' telling each other in quaint English that they are 'grand' and 'marvellous', I gather that a good time is had by all at the transmitting end. I even have some affection myself for those filleted voices, as of castrated curates, which announce the tidings of the day, good or bad, disastrous or cheering, in the level tone of a mildly facetious recording angel.

But there are other entertainments in London, my native town, and I sampled them all. The alien influence in the music halls was particularly strong, and though I should understand and welcome the appearance there of good singers, dancers, jugglers or acrobats from abroad (I saw few of these) I could not think why the friendship of the English-speaking peoples, which is to play so great a part in international affairs after the present war, as we are told, should lead to the importation from America of comedians who had not been there long enough to learn English and whose salacious humour and accent alike had been acquired somewhere between Cracow and New York's East Side.

Sometimes I saw turns which, as I should have expected, would have been hissed or bad-egged off the stage by any audience not composed of half-wits, or in any country where a sense of humour is indigenous. Once, several men of no identifiable nationality or mother-tongue exchanged gags, prompted to them by another. I believe 'stooge' is the current professional name for this calling. They had no talent save this, yet topped the bill and brought down the house.

For instance, one of them, a corpulent fellow, laughed on a high-pitched scale and his colleague, the prompter, said to him 'If you wanna lay an egg, go over there!' whereon the fat one, pulling up his coat-tails and drawing shapeless pants tight round his formidable posterior, waddled off to the corner, saying 'All right, and you like a teeny-weeny piece of bacon too, hein?' and then had to be hauled back with an appearance of outraged propriety. Another time, all the men gathered round

the microphone, announcing that they were about to sing a song, and in the preparatory expectant hush one of them belched loudly. These jests raised hurricanes of laughter. In front of me, a pretty girl in her early teens bounced on her seat, clapped her hands delightedly and laughed herself nearly into a fit. I felt that if only one of these talented artists could have vomited or performed a natural function on the stage the entire audience might have had to be removed helpless with laughter.

The next turn was one demanding talent, strength and endurance. It was a roller-skating dance performed by two handsome and athletic men and two good-looking girls dressed in white tights and singlets. Languid interest accompanied it and an apathetic house sent perfunctory applause after it when it was finished.

And those Glamour Girls! Why Glamour? Clamour Girls, perhaps; the noise of their choruses ('Here we are so bright and gay and you can't hear what we say') might awaken the reluctant dead. Or Amour Girls, possibly: *die Mädels vom Chantant, die nehmen es mit der Liebe nicht so tragisch*, and why should they?

But glamour? It is not glamorous to stand about undressed in a draught, no pay for rehearsals or extra performances, for a pound or two a week and for the profit of some alien producer. The name, Glamour Girl, is a snare and a delusion - for the girl and for the public. The chance of promotion, of a real stage career, of making good, of bringing into play talent which is actually existent, is insignificant, in the condition of the English stage to-day. And yet at the back of those English stages, while the star mouths his pidgin English in front, you may see girls lovely in face and figure, afidget with youth and life and energy. They are the people who deserve to be helped. But not one of them in a hundred ever gets a chance. It is, behind the footlights, the story of England in the last twenty years all over again: youth held back, held down.

Another of London's entertainments that I learned to know, during those 1939 nights, was all-in wrestling. That all-in wrestling! I grieve to say that, to my belief, it would be disallowed - by the public, not by the authorities - in many of the foreign cities I know. I watched it in the company of a man who knew this sport thoroughly, because he was in it, and I came away dumbfounded by the exhibition - not by the exhibition in the ring, because for a little money you could apparently find a human being willing to have himself publicly inoculated with lepra germs, but by the exhibition which the public gave.

These wrestlers, as I came to know them, were in their private lives and among each other more or less harmless, average people, who wished none ill. A few were smart tricksters, but most were exploitees, whose misfortunes or deformities were capitalized by the promoters. They were chosen, mostly, for great strength and ugliness. The more brutal and animal-like they looked, the better.

There was one they called Methusalah. He had an enormous head about twice the normal size, and I supposed him to suffer from the disease from which, as I seem to remember, the painter Gauguin died - lion-head. This doubled his already remarkable ugliness. He was a gentle creature. Another, not much less hideous, they called the Liberrian Champion; he was a mechanic from Blackpool. The Champion of the Crimea was a thug from the slums of Port Said. And so on.

Mixed with them, so that the public should get value for money, were some good-looking ones, whose victory, after seemingly imminent defeat, was always prearranged. Every possible device was used to make the ugly men uglier - cropped heads, long beards, and the like. They were taught to roar like stricken bulls and squeal like stuck elephants, to shimmy-shake their skin, to grimace as if in mortal agony, to bare their teeth, bite, butt, and generally to behave as much like rabid gorillas as they could - but not to hurt each other.

I watched one of these prearranged contests between one of the best-looking young wrestlers, who was due to win, and one of the most villainous, the loser-elect, and asked myself, by what means had public taste and credulity been brought to this low level in England, the country of Bob Fitzsimmons and John Jeffries.

The match went according to plan. It was a hard struggle, but gradually the good-looking man, as the spectators wished, proved himself to be the better. The brute-man roared, snorted, bellowed, bit, grimaced, kicked, bear-hugged, gouged, but all to no avail - each time Adonis just outwitted him. The spectators purred; this was the stuff to give them.

But the organizers, being of the same fry which had brought this public up on amazing, sensational, mystery disclosure-revelations, heart-throbs and thrills, knew that it ought to see something more than a straight victory; it must have its awful moment just before the happy end, before the fade-out, before the kiss-and-be-happy-ever-after.

Suddenly, the gorilla butted Adonis in the stomach. Adonis, his face writhing horribly with simulated pain, fell on his back, gasped, contorted himself, groaned in anguish. Around the ring, pretty girls, their lips parted in suspense, clutched their bosoms in the neighbourhood of their hearts, assuming their anatomy is still what it was, I don't guarantee anything to-day. Beside them, young Englishmen blanched, and waited, hoping against hope, for evil to triumph over good.

They need not have worried; the organizers had thought of everything. Gorilla, supposedly intent on finishing his man, launched himself in a flying leap that was to land him with both feet on Adonis's stomach. But just before he got there Adonis, the white hope, rallied his last ounce of strength, shot up his legs like pistons, took gorilla in the stomach with his two feet, and sent him flying over the ropes into the second row of seats.

A pandemonium of cheering broke out around me. The white man had won, all was well. St. George had vanquished the dragon, democracy had conquered dictatorship, the gospel according to Hollywood had been vindicated. Adonis was carried shoulder high from the ring. Gorilla was carried away by attendants. Adonis, in the midst of his triumphs, looked anxious and drait. He needed to, because he had mistimed and overloaded his kick, which by the prearrangement was only to have thrown gorilla across the ring. Gorilla now had concussion, and recriminations were brewing behind-the-scenes.

I was carried out into the dark street amid a throng of happy, laughing, chattering girls, clinging to the arms of contented, smiling men. 'Wozzid id awfud? I thoughd he woz dud for, didldew?' My Buddha, thought I, these people certainly do all they can to justify the racketeers, political and private, in treating them as morons.

Scourging my soul further, I went to see roller-speedway-racing, which was just the same sport on roller-skates. The public went to see it on the understanding - the same understanding that prevailed on the appropriately-named dirt-track - that they would see somebody hurt. Its interest was titillated by tales of the injuries the girls had received during their careers - how they had been bruised all over, had their muscles torn, their skin gashed and burned, and so on. These good-looking young girls and men also had brought to a high pitch of efficiency the pantomime of pretending-to-be-angry-with-each-other, of tripping each other up, of falling over each other, of lashing out furiously at each other, of gasping and kicking and writhing. Did the spectators really believe it? Is such credulity really possible? Or did they not care about that, as long as somebody seemed to get hurt, seemed to behave like a cornered hyena. I give it up.

In the England where I grew up this kicking and fighting and swearing and face-making - which was only pantomime, but which the spectators seemed to accept as genuine - would have been thought worse than bad sportsmanship. I believe it might have been hissed off. Not that that England was a particularly good place, but in some things it was seemingly a better one than now.

Most of the things I had seen and did not like, in these London nights of 1939, were alien and imported, they were not native. I had seen in other cities, Berlin and Vienna, Budapest and Prague, how native things, good things - good music, good songs, good talent, good entertainment - were smothered and elbowed aside in the same way.

Unrestricted free trade in goods is a doctrine long discredited, because it leads, for the natives of a country, to the very opposite of freedom - to dependence, to a form of enslavement, to alien control, to the lowering of home standards. The same thing is true of the goods and products of the mind, and particularly of entertainment, which nowadays is a form of education, or at any rate of influencing the mind of the people, more powerful even than the schooling received in youth.

I have shown how, by such methods as song-plugging and film-plugging and other kindred arts, free-trade-in-entertainment can be turned to the disadvantage of the native talent of a country, of its standards and traditions. A large measure of protection for indigenous talent and particularly for native standards is even more essential in the things of the mind than in things material, in the country that bred Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton, Dickens and Thackeray, Garrick, Kean and Mrs. Siddons.

One other thing I saw in London at night, in 1939 - the dance. Dancing seemed to me, in those bad twenty years between the first and second bouts of the World War, to have reached as low a level of taste and skill as most other things. The waltz and the polka seemed gay and graceful compared with the dances of that era, when a roomful of couples pushing each other here and there resembled a plateful of pea-soup being slowly stirred with a spoon. The Lambeth Walk brought a faint hope of better times, but that period in the history of the dance closed with the Boomp-a-Daisy, in which the bow-and-curtsey of less enlightened times was reproduced in a form better suited to 1939: the partners imparted a chaste salute upon each other by banging their behinds together, an innovation which seemed to me to verge on the inelegant without being funny.

So, after a study of the illustrated press printed in America (I abstain from saying the American illustrated press) I was prepared to be depressed again when I went to see the Jitterbug Marathon in Tottenham Court Road. We only lacked this, I thought. A first sight of the company assembled fortified my misgivings: negroes and negresses, Jews and Jewesses, quadroons, octoroons and picaroons at first prevailed. The men were in trousers, shirts and braces (pardon me, suspenders), or in short-sleeved open-necked shirts and pullovers. The girls wore simple frocks or knickers and bare legs, which didn't matter much, because they were often inverted anyway. Antics. Grimaces. Yells.

But later I saw the Jitterbug danced in different company and liked it. Danced by good-looking and healthy young people, with some sense of human dignity, it was lively and gay and amusing, infinitely preferable to the dreary shuffle-along dances of the between-war era. It was a dance into which young people might put youth and laughter and enthusiasm. They looked, dancing it, as if they might have a better time than the generation before them, and I wished them luck.

These were the things I saw in London, at night time, in the summer of 1939. The shadows were gathering over this city, or, as I had written at the opening of the year, the twilight was thickening above it. Death and destruction and defeat were at its door, and I had watched them approach for



seven years. I had seen them arrive in two other cities, and had passed through a third just ahead of them.

But in those places I had always thought of London, which was my own home town, the capital of my own country. Now as I walked about its streets I felt just as I had felt in Vienna and Prague and Warsaw, the only man who knew, quite certainly, what was coming, and coming soon. Nobody else knew or even thought much about it or even cared, that I could see. I asked myself often enough, why worry? and told myself irritably that I ought to get this itch out of my blood, the itch that came of belonging to a generation that had really believed, once, that it had fought a war to end war, that war could be prevented. But it was all of no avail, because I knew, now, quite certainly, that war *could* be prevented.

The knowledge of that prevented me, and always will prevent me, from acquiescing, from accepting the 'happy release' of the detective novel, the box of chocolates; the film palace, the radio and the girl friend.

Determined to distil the last drop of honey from London's night life in 1939 I went to London's nude theatre. Though none surpasses me in my admiration for the female form unclothed in the right place, by which I mean of course the Louvre or the National Art Gallery, I have in the process of much bummelling in many parts of Europe come keenly to dislike these dreary exhibitions of shivering and underpaid girls standing about in laboured attitudes to be looked at by hordes of males. When I lived in Paris my obstinate sales-resistance nearly broke the heart of the persevering, hard-working and frugal-living little man who lived in the next attic and tried every time he met me to sell me some of his [ed:??] feelthy postcards, and my feeling about these shows was the same; I find the private contemplation of one beautiful woman, on canvas or in marble, as I said before, an absorbing occupation, but to pay money in order to see complete strangers with less clothes on than they wear in other theatres is a thing outside my understanding.

So I went ready to be bored, but actually I was much amused. For the audience was composed entirely, without a single exception, if I remember rightly, of men, young and old, who had seemingly come to see life in the raw, as Port Said and Marseilles know it, and who waited hungrily, with riveted gaze, for the nude, the rude, and the lewd.

It came after an hour or more of quite normal, and if anything overclad turns. The curtains parted to show a darkened stage, the band played appropriately soft music, a man in full evening dress and a woman in an evening frock appeared from opposite sides and began to dance a waltz, and then the spotlight lifted from them and began to travel slowly up a flight of stairs at the back of the stage, finally revealing to the breathlessly expectant male audience IT - the thing all had been waiting for.

And it was a girl in classical draperies, showing a good deal of one leg and the left half of a pair of breasts! I was moved by this supreme anti-climax to let out a hoot of laughter which startled three rows of people in front of me and came away in high good humour.

But I felt, wandering about London those summer nights before the black-out fell upon the city, that I was alone enough in these feelings to count as a stranger within my own gates, as a homeless patriot, as no land's man. It was a funny feeling.

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## Chapter Three

### LONGITUDE AND PLATITUDE

At a point in Westminster where the Nth degrees of longitude and latitude meet stand the Houses of Parliament, and towards them I bent my way on a day in that brief summer of 1939 between my return to England and the resumption of the war called Great.

I was anxious to see Parliament at work again, for in my opinion of that institution, too, a change had occurred similar to that I told of in the man who went up the gangway in 1927 in a black hat and the man who came down it in 1939. A similar change, and part of the greater change, an essential part of it indeed, because the bearing of the British Parliament had done more than any other thing to make me lose hope that the new war would be prevented.

But this change had occurred in a shorter time, because I had last visited Parliament only four years before, in 1935, and looked down from its gallery upon Mr. Baldwin, who in the meantime had had opportunity, as Lord Baldwin, to gratify his oft-expressed wish for the company of his pipe, his pigs and his constituents. In 1935, when I had surveyed the House of Commons from above, all good men within it were supposed to have been agreed that Germany's incorrigibly aggressive ambitions had been demonstrated beyond doubt and that high time was come to thwart her in her new warlike designs by making a pact with France and Russia to oppose her with force immediately she tried any new act of aggression. To that very end Anthony Eden was then, in 1935, about to go to Moscow, as the first British Minister to venture near that Chamber of Horrors, and I was going, too, as one of the journalists sent to report his mission.

That was why I was at the House that day, when I watched the Commons approve his undertaking. That day, in 1935, I took it all seriously. I really believed that the British Government and Parliament meant to do the one and only and obvious thing which could preserve the peace in Europe and prevent the further spread of Communism in Europe - make that watertight pact with France and Russia which Germany would never dare to attack.

But now, four years later, in 1939, when I looked down again on the House, many strange things had happened. First, Italy, not Germany, had committed the next act of aggression, in Abyssinia, and the very Parliament on which I looked down had been elected in the autumn of 1935 to lead the world in punishing and crushing that aggression, the Tory Party having been returned with an enormous majority to that very end.

Next, the leader of the Tory Party, the new Prime Minister upon whom I now looked down, had not long after declared that it would be 'midsummer madness' to attempt any such thing, a view which the enormous majority, and seemingly the voters in the country, as stoutly endorsed as they had acclaimed the opposite view a few months before.

Then both Germany and Italy had committed the next attack, in Spain, in support of a Generalissimo who had risen against a Government elected by popular vote, as had been the Chamberlain Government in Britain. Yet *The Times*, which when the next Great War came was loudly to proclaim that Britain was fighting the cause of democracy, attacked the Government of Spain, beleaguered by its own rebels and two Great Powers, as 'an offspring of the Soviet Government'. The Tory Government, which was with equal fervour later to proclaim that same thing, implicitly took the same line about the Spanish Government and, by denying supplies to both sides impartially in the name of 'non-intervention', effectively caused its defeat. So by that time, say

1937-38, the Russian Government, which was to have been enlisted to combat aggression, was being treated in a hostile manner, and the aggressors were being helped to their successes.

All this made the resumption of the Great War inevitable, since it strengthened the aggressor powers and weakened those which were ready to resist them. The Parliament of March 1935 had indeed clearly seen that this would be the effect if aggression were tolerated or encouraged; that was why it sent Anthony Eden to Moscow; that was why it had had itself re-elected, with a much larger Tory majority, to put a stop to aggression. And after the Abyssinian and Spanish affairs Germany, in her turn, had annexed Austria and Czechoslovakia, and Italy, again in hers, Albania, so that the war, foreseen in 1935 to be inevitable if such things were allowed, was now clearly on the doorstep.

And yet - all this time, with the war coming nearer, and even being beckoned nearer, and helped nearer we were not even rearming! True, years before this, the Government had admitted the necessity for rearmament - long before Munich, long before 1938. True, the money had been voted, and spent! Two thousand million pounds in eight years!

Yet now, in 1939, when I looked down on Parliament, we had no arms! We were not ready! Sir Neville Henderson, one of Mr. Chamberlain's chief apologists, was later to say that at the time of Munich - in September 1938! - we had hardly a single aeroplane or anti-aircraft gun! This, indeed, was to be put forward as Mr. Chamberlain's chief claim to the gratitude of the country - that he had saved us from war when we were not ready! At that time he had been Prime Minister for nearly two years, and before that for seven years second Minister in the Cabinet! He had long been Chancellor of the Exchequer! The money, millions and millions of it, had been spent! Why had we no arms, why were we not ready, when all the dangers had long been foreseen and admitted, the money voted and spent!

Looking down on the House of Commons from the Gallery I asked, 'Why?' It is the one major question in all this story to which I have never found the answer. The facts are staggering, the motives hidden, only the result is plain - war. War - and why?

Almost everybody professes to know quite certainly what history will say about this or that. I do not, and in any case I am indifferent, because history is a proved mental deficient. But the historian will be a lucky or a clever man who probes to the real motives that governed British policy in those years. For my part I can say, as one of many British newspaper correspondents abroad, that when we saw the British Government and Parliament marching downhill to the cry 'We are marching uphill', we, in our innocence, loudly cried 'Hey, you're wrong, you are marching downhill'. But men who uttered that warning cry found, to their initial surprise, that they were very coldly treated, that they were rebuffed and sidetracked and called 'Reds!' and 'extreme anti-Nazis' and the like more, and were even prejudiced in their employment!

The facts are very grave. Only the decay of the British Parliament and the seeming apathy or feeling of impotence of the British people can explain that there has been no reckoning, no calling-to-account.

On this day in the summer of 1939 I looked down with feelings of angry bewilderment on the House. Mr. Chamberlain sat in the place where, four years before, I had seen Mr. Baldwin, already then avowedly and admittedly aware to the full of the dangers that threatened. Sir Samuel Hoare, the Abyssinian episode long since forgotten, was back there, and so was Sir John Simon, and all the others. Behind them the enormous majority, impregably entrenched in power by the three-card-trick played on the electorate, which thought it had in 1935 picked the card 'Resistance to

aggression and peace', only to find, in turning it over, that it had chosen the card 'Condonation of aggression and war'.

It was a cabinet of elderly men, the average somewhere around 60 years, backed by a great majority whose leading members were not much younger. Youth sat on the back benches under the watchful eye of the Chief Whip, a disciplinarian whom Hitler might have envied, and with stern means of enforcing his will and obedience to The Party, right or wrong.

On the other side of the House, the Opposition side, on the Labour benches, the picture was no better. The Labour Party on which I looked down, still suffering from the desertion of its foremost leaders in 1931, had degenerated from the vigorous and idealistic and upward-striving group that took form at the beginning of the century into a throng of elderly trades union officials, professors and time-servers (the average age of 80 trades union members of parliament was about 61) whose ideas and ideals no man could understand. On that side of the House, too, age immovably packed the front ranks and youth sat impatient at the back. Just as junior Tory members went in fear of the Tory Chief Whip, so were younger Labour members sternly repressed by the elderly gentlemen in front, especially after Labour leaders entered the Government during the war, so that one such young Labour member who ventured to criticize some action of the Government was vilified as being 'lukewarm about the prosecution of the war' from the Labour Front Bench, a charge which he acquitted by calling his mentor 'a pimp of the Government'.

A few months after the day I went to the House, the good Lord Halifax in a speech at Oxford University told its members that 'the real conflict to-day is not between youth and age but between youth and youth'.

Even I, hardened to almost anything by the events of the last ten years, start at the audacity of such a claim. The men who had charge of Britain's policy between the two instalments of the present World War were always old, and clung to offices to which they were not equal with all the savagery of limpets defending their young. Many of them do so still. They had a faith in their pristine vigour, never vindicated by events, that is usually seen only in elderly gentlemen who fall in love. If the conflict is between youth and youth, they might at least allow youth to take charge of it. But do they? No.

If youth, the generation of 1914, had ever had its chance in England this war would not have happened.

'A conflict between youth and youth'? The war that was resumed a few months after I went to look at the Parliament which I had watched in helpless bewilderment from abroad for so many years is a conflict between youth and youth only in the sense that young men are fighting it, as they fought the last.

Old men made it, by allowing it to happen. They stand ten times convicted out of their own mouths, by their own actions, by the ludicrous way that events always gave them the lie before the words had quite left their lips.

But even when all that is said, a question still unanswered remains - where were the arms, for which so much money was asked, voted and spent? Is it not fantastic that even this gigantically culpable piece of remissness should be twisted into an argument in defence of the men who were guilty of it - that Mr. Chamberlain, who had for so many years been second minister in the Government, should have been acclaimed, and still to-day be acclaimed by so many of his contemporaries, for saving us from war 'when we were not ready'?

If the principle of the non-accountability of Tory Ministers, whatever they do, has become an established one in Britain, even worse things may happen after victory in the war which was the inevitable result of these omissions. It makes Parliament meaningless:

'Mr. Chamberlain's policy is leading this country straight to war' - 'Sir, you are a Red, Communist, Bolshevik, irresponsible alarmist, and warmonger; you are trying to wreck this noble man's policy of appeasement, which is leading us straight to peace.'

'Mr. Chamberlain's policy has now led us straight to war; because he is of proved incapability, he should immediately give way, preferably to a much younger man.' 'Sir, you are a Nazi, Fascist, defeatist, and pacifist; you are trying to wreck this noble man's conduct of the war, which is leading us straight to victory.'

'Mr. Chamberlain has now resigned, as is fit and proper, but I see that he and many who were co-responsible with him still remain in the Government; because their incapability has now been demonstrated beyond doubt I think without rancour that they should make way, preferably for younger men; they should go their way, and go in peace.' 'Sir, you are trying to wreck the unity of the nation at this fateful moment in its affairs by recriminations about the past; you are hindering our war effort.'

'Mr. Chamberlain is now dead, and this event confirms me in the belief I long held, that he was past his full physical and mental vigour when he held, and stubbornly retained, an office that carried with it the destiny of this country; the fruits of this are plain to see in the wreckage all around us, and they fortify me in my view that there is something very wrong in a system which, from the interests of one party, make impossible a change in the occupancy of a high office and in the pursuit of a false policy when the interests of the entire country so clearly demand this.' 'Sir, you are decrying the noble dead; you are a traitor and a cad.'

A conflict between youth and youth!

When I watched the Commons at work, that day in 1939, I had been long enough in my own country to study its people a little and to remark the apathy about Parliament which had spread. It was understandable, because it was the result of many disillusionments and of a lack of choice.

The electorate had seen that the Parliaments it returned always, invariably, did exactly the opposite of that which had been promised and that which it had returned them to do, and felt, furthermore, that there was no means of remedying this, because no clearcut difference was apparent between the two parties which faced each other in the House; appalling though the Tory Party's record was, the Labour Party offered no clear alternative.

Those people who saw what was wrong, to what disasters all this would lead, still could not see how they could help to better things. To vote, at the next election, for Professor Theory (Lab.) instead of Colonel Pondicherry (Con.) would not make much difference; they knew that from past experience. And in any case there would not be a next election, in time to prevent the next war; the Tory Party, by getting itself elected in 1935 to nip aggression in the bud, had made sure that it would remain in office for five years and thus be still in office when aggression, un-nipped, blossomed into the full red flower of a new world war in 1939.

Nevertheless, a country gets the Parliament and Government it deserves, and the England of 1939 deserved the House of Commons I saw in that summer. I never saw, anywhere, so general a preoccupation with trivial things, so little interest in great national ones. I never found anywhere so much apathy, and ignorance.

The ruling class, the plus-four and petit-four coterie, thought a great deal about politics, without perceiving anything; for it the fate of the world hung upon Mr. Chamberlain, and the general idea seemed to be that if he were removed from office a Bolshevik would forthwith appear beneath every bed.

The middle class was the prey of the 'escape' mentality; it seemed to think that if it only went to the pictures often enough, listened to the radio often enough, read enough thrillers, all would in the end be well.

The most enlightened people I met were among the working-class masses, but their enlightenment came, not from instruction, but from instinct. Most of them saw clearly enough that a war was coming to them, and soon, and they were the most critical people I met - and the most sensitive for Britain's honour! But they felt themselves disfranchised and impotent and, though they muttered occasional imprecations about the age of senility in which they lived, they quickly dismissed such thoughts, as being vain, and got on with their jobs.

Such an electorate, lacking all coordinated energy, is an easy prey for political organizers, and, since it imparts no impulse to Parliament from beneath, Parliament was bound to descend to its level.

Sitting in the gallery of the House that day I thought of the way the electorate had been duped and misused for party purposes since the war to end war was interrupted in 1918. At the first election after that war the enthusiasm of the electorate, mourning its million dead, lying in graves that 'girdled the world', had been kindled for a proposal to 'Hang the Kaiser' and an adequate majority had been returned to Parliament for that purpose. Once safely ensconced in office, the rulers of that day had shelved the proposal to hang the Kaiser, who spent twenty years in a villa in Holland, soon to be overrun by German soldiers, and its people massacred in scores of thousands, and in course of time received birthday congratulations from the British King; he will probably end his days in Potsdam.

The proposal to 'Hang the Kaiser', incidentally, was buried by the executioners-elect under the holy-sounding argument that 'it would be most imprudent to make a martyr of the former Kaiser', and as I see that this lunatic phrase has been resurrected quite recently I should like to ask in what way we should be worse off to-day if we had made a martyr of the former Kaiser, and if Hitler is likely to receive birthday wishes in twenty years' time. The main reason for the recurrence of these world wars, if they are not actually desired and brought about by the anti-martyr school, is that warlords and dictators are never martyred, but, after shouting for years about the glory of death on a battlefield, retire in the moment of defeat to inglorious but peaceful villadom in some neighbouring neutral land.

The only time, for centuries, that this country enjoyed a long period of rest from the necessity to intervene on the Continent of Europe was after Napoleon had been relatively martyred by exile on a bleak and distant island, and I can-say with the utmost certainty now that the length of peace we shall enjoy after this war will be measured by the degree of harshness with which we treat Hitler and his prompters after the present war, if we can get them into our hands. If we begin again to show our Christian spirit of forgiveness by giving them slices of other people's territory we might as well not bother about peace, but make this war permanent.

The next time that an enormous Tory majority in Parliament, for a space of years, was secured by tricking the electorate was in 1924, when, on the eve of the voting, a letter from a high Bolshevik politician, Zinovieff, was suddenly thrown into the ring to suggest to the electors that unless they voted Tory they would immediately be murdered in their beds. Many students of political tactics



have since declared their opinion that the Zinovieff letter was a forgery; but whether it was authentic or false, the danger of Bolshevism in England at that time was rather less than the danger of an attack by Martians.

This trick, indeed, was exactly the same, though in another form, as that used by Hitler and his men in Germany in 1933, when they fired the Reichstag. 'This,' they said, pointing to the flames, 'is what will happen to your hearths and homes if you do not vote National Socialist. Behold, we have saved you from Bolshevism!' 'This,' said the Tory press lord, Rothermere, as he flung the Red Letter at the electorate through the columns of the *Daily Mail*, 'is what will happen to you if you do not vote Tory! Vote Tory, if you would be saved from Bolshevism!'

The credulity of the masses is so great that such devices can seemingly be used over and over again. You can fool the great majority of the people all the time. Masses of human beings whose lives, between the cradle and the grave, will inevitably remain on the most placid plane of humdrum uneventfulness, love to think that they actually walk amid great dangers and that they are saved from these by their chosen delegates, sitting watchful and wary at Westminster. Men whose greatest adventure is the daily train journey to town, women whose highest excitement is to 'go shopping' seemingly love to feel that, but for these wise guardians, they would be sprung upon and bludgeoned by bewiskered anarchists at the next station, the next turning.

Nothing, if I may repeat, is wasted in this life in such prodigious quantities as fear. Yet, in all these between-war years, one great danger threatened and came always nearer, something really worth fearing - the danger of a new war. It was clear and gigantic. No need to trick the electorate on that issue: an enormous majority could have been had at any time by an honest man who said: 'A new war threatens and we are in imminent danger of losing the fruits of our victory in the last war, as well as much more life and treasure; give me arms and men now, and I can hinder it.' But no. Here, where there was really something to fear, the electorate was humbugged again - by being told that there was nothing to fear.

'If I had told the country, Germany is re-arming and we must re-arm, that would have made the loss of the election certain from my point of view.' (This is what Baldwin said in 1935.)

It is not even true. On that issue, plainly stated, the Tory Party could have had, and for once deserved, its enormous majority.

The next election came in 1931. By that time fear of the Bolsheviks had subsided and the electorate had to be saved from something else. A major trade crisis racked Britain and the world, millions of unemployed stood idly about the country, and South Wales, Durham and Jarrow, gaunt, cadaverous, bitter and forgotten, mocked the noble phrases of the statesmen who had conducted the World War and the inscriptions on the memorials to the dead alike.

At such a crisis all good men clearly needed to come to the aid of the Tory Party and the foremost Labour Leaders stepped out of their own ranks and joined it, so that Britain might be saved 'from going off the gold standard'. The electorate knew not in the least what the gold standard was, but the prospect of being saved from something was again an irresistible lure, and this time the Tory Party gained so enormous a majority that the House of Commons, being almost bereft of an Opposition, came to look like the legislature of a Dictatorship State.

As soon as the new members were comfortably settled in their seats Britain went off the gold standard.

In 1935 another election came. By this time the first moves towards the resumption of the World War - the reintroduction of conscription in Germany and the Italian invasion of Abyssinia - had already been made, and the time was ripe for Britain to be saved from aggression. On that issue the Tory Party made its appeal to the country, which immediately and ardently responded. The enormous Tory majority returned to the House.

Immediately afterwards the process of propitiating Italy began and before a few months had passed the idea of opposing her annexation of Abyssinia was being openly derided as 'midsummer madness'. The process led, inevitably, foreseeably and within four years, by way of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Albania to the open resumption of the World War. As I write this second half of the World War is seemingly being won, for us, on the playing fields of Athens. Strange to think, in the light of the Italian performance against the Greeks, one of the weakest and most poorly equipped military nations in Europe, how easily the whole drift towards war could have been prevented by stamping out that first essay in aggression.

This Parliament of 1935 was the one upon which I looked down, with such feelings of anger and incomprehension in the summer of 1939. As I write it still sits, having prolonged its life for another year, and who knows if it may not still be in existence, still dominated by men of the same type, when this war ends?

I have devoted my main criticism to the Tory Party, because this was the party which, by the devices I have described, recurrently secured for itself an overwhelming majority in the House and then pursued policies which made the prevention of war impossible.

But just as much criticism falls upon the Labour Party, which in those years failed to offer the electorate any clear alternative. The British Labour Party as it was in those years, and as it still is to-day, reminds me most strongly of that degenerate German Socialist Party, the sickly offspring of the great striving movements of the nineteenth century, which at the first outbreak of the World War was only divided upon the question, whether to rise in Parliament and cry 'Hoch' for the Kaiser or only to rise; which after that war called in the generals and the free corps to suppress its own people; and which at the coming of Hitler failed to strike a single blow in defence of itself, parliamentary government, or Germany.

The British Labour Party to-day in spite of all past lessons, seems to me to have no plan for the future, no ideal, no vision of an England made better, not by taking away from those who have much, but by raising the level and improving the lot of those who have little. This party shows no sign of having realized, for instance, the enormous opportunity of raising the mental and physical standards of the coming generation which lie in the dispatch of hundreds of thousands of children from the city slums to the countryside. They are there, in groups of two and three and four, at the mercy, for better or worse, of the private householders with whom they have been quartered. There is no general supervision of their welfare, no exploitation of this unique opportunity to train their minds and bodies in a greater patriotism. Are they, when the war is over, simply to return to the slums, there to resume life as they lived it before, after this glimpse of a better and healthier and freer life? Would a real working-class party fail to seize such a chance of eradicating from their minds the feeling that they are just individual, lower-class children hiding from bombs, and training them to feel that they are members of a community?

I cannot see that the British Labour Party of to-day is a 'working-class party'. Too many of its representatives are trades union officials, as were the German Socialist leaders and deputies, and when a man has been a trades union official for many years he ceases to be a working man and becomes a bureaucrat, just like the civil servant. Too many others are professors and members of that class which is called intellectual, a word not to be confused with intelligent. Anybody who

cares to study the debates in Parliament day by day and word by word, as I did after I returned to my native land, may be astonished to find how little some of these representatives of 'Labour' seemingly think about unemployment, the slums, under-nourishment, mis-education and the derelict areas, and how preoccupied, or even obsessed, they seem to be with the task of finding jobs for 'friendly aliens' or of furthering the cause of discrimination against the Arabs in Palestine.

But the thing that stupefied me, as I looked down on Parliament that day, was the thought of the long acquiescence of that vast phalanx of back-bench Tory members in the front-bench Tory policy which had made the avoidance of war impossible. This was a thing I then found inexplicable. I knew that there must be among them many who were not merely self-seekers and Yes-men, yet in all those years a protesting voice had been a rare thing.

I knew there must be many men of high ideals and high patriotism there. Why, then, had they not made their voices heard regardless of cost and consequence, and forced the old men in front to listen? Even such men as Anthony Eden and Duff Cooper, who had made their protest and gone, and been proved ten times right, seemed, as I judged from the subsequent silence of the one and the writings of the other, to labour under a feeling of the enormity of their offence in challenging the dictates of The Party, and none had followed them.

I did not know then, having been too long abroad to study the inner mechanism of Parliament, what later became widely known: that the Tory Party had perfected not only an electoral routine by which it could, for many years, be sure of repeatedly retaining its great majority, but that it had also perfected a system for ensuring the obedience of its members, once returned. The Whip's Hand ensured that these members should vote for The Party, Right or Wrong.

The devices which were used are now known to anybody who has studied the decay of Parliament in those between-war years. They were so effective that Britain had to be brought to the verge of catastrophic defeat before enough members rebelled for the changes in leadership and policy that alone could (and did) save the country to be made, and when that ultimately happened several members openly referred with much bitterness to this regime of the Whip's Hand which had so greatly contributed to bring the country to its mortal plight.

Not enough that young and ardent and patriotic members knew that, if they rebelled against a policy which they feared and distrusted, they would court ostracism in the Party, that they might be attacked and denounced and disowned by the elderly gentlemen who controlled the Tory Associations in their constituencies, that they would not again be nominated for Parliament by these Associations, that in Parliament they might experience a strange difficulty in 'catching the Speaker's eye' and thus be condemned to an embittered and impotent silence, that they would become ineligible for the titles and other glittering prizes which were often the rewards of trooping unquestioningly into the Party lobby every time a vote was taken and remaining quiet during debates.

All these things they might have risked. But worst of all was the knowledge that they would disqualify themselves for promotion in The Party, that they would never be able to rise in politics and have a hand in shaping policy. This, however, was the thing they had gone into Parliament to achieve. What were they to do? Cross the House to the Labour back benches, where the Socialist bosses were equally hostile to independent thought and action?

It was a cruel dilemma. From the moment Hitler came to power in Germany, on January 30th, 1933, war in Europe became inevitable - unless it were prevented by Britain. This regime in Parliament, which in its way so much resembled Hitlerism, which was the negation of 'democracy' and 'freedom' and 'Parliamentary government', made its prevention impossible.

Here and there was a man whom nothing could silence, but his voice was but one in a wilderness. Such a man was the young Tory member, Ronald Cartland. He was wealthy; not that this means anything, because wealth is more often a breeder of fear than of courage, and men of great possessions, panic-stricken lest they should lose them where no reason for panic existed, played a great part in shaping the muddled policies which made the prevention of war impossible. But of Cartland it may truly and proudly be said 'That was an Englishman'. Because he was rich he did not think that all was and would be well with England as long as he could have his huntin', and shootin' and fishin'. He knew of and detested the derelict areas and called them by this name, and refused to call them by the name, Special Areas, which his fellow Tories had given them in the English fashion of playing shut-eye to all unpleasant things, of sidetracking the necessity to cure them by pretending that they do not exist. He wanted them to be abandoned and completely rebuilt. He hated the commercial ruination of England's countryside, and everything else that an Englishman should hate who feels himself an Englishman, and not just a member of this party or that class. For years he fought against the Whip's Hand and on the eve of the present war, when it came, he made a bitter attack on Mr. Chamberlain which was angrily reproved by the elderly Tory members who formed that Tory leader's especial bodyguard.

'We are in the situation', he told the House, 'that within a month we may be going to fight and we may be going to die.' He went, he fought, and he died; at all events, he was posted as missing and has never been heard of since. The last that was heard of him was just before the retreat to Dunkirk, when a brother member, Captain Basil Bartlett, met him in France and reported 'He's rabidly anti-Chamberlain. He's waiting for another secret session, when he'll go and attack the old gentleman once again for apathy and ignorance'.

And so it has been in England, since 1914. The best go, and as they go old men yap at them. Some do not return. Those who come back find old men blocking every path that promises to lead to a better England.

I thought, as I studied the House of Commons that summer's day in 1939, with the war now close at hand but still just preventible, and saw that there was no hope from either of the parties in this House, what a pity it was that this emergency had not thrown up in England a new party, a patriotic party of men free from the shackles of rigid class distinctions and resolved to hinder war, if it still could be hindered, and to better domestic conditions in England - a British League, or British Legion, or League of British Yeomen, or something of the kind, a party in which youth and energy and honesty from both sides of the House could find a home.

Tragic it was that the only new party which had emerged was an imitation of the Nazi and Fascist parties in Germany and Italy. I could understand that there were some things about National Socialism and Fascism which might, at a distance, look attractive to younger men in England who saw the things that were bad to rottenness in their own system, though I knew that such illusion was impossible to anybody who had seen either them, or their Red cousin, Communism, at close quarters. If such illusions were possible in England, incidentally, they were largely due to the rich Tory milors who, thinking in their dunderheadedness that National Socialism or Fascism would save them from that imaginary Bolshevik-beneath-the-bed, persisted in spreading the ludicrous and lying legend that these regimes were 'social experiments' whereas they were both that age-old bully, militarism and war, in shirts of a new colour.

In an age of such misinformation it was comprehensible that disappointed and frustrated people in England should really have believed that National Socialism and Fascism had merits lacked by their own system of government, which paid lipservice to 'democracy' but in practice was just as anti-democratic as they.

But Sir Oswald Mosley and his Fascists or Blackshirts or whatever-they-call-themselves showed that they were even more muddle-headed than the Tories and Socialists in wishing to imitate the Nazis and Fascists to the point of subordination, of making themselves auxiliaries of an alien regime. For the basis of both National Socialism and Fascism, the one thing that enabled either to gain a hold over the German and Italian masses, was the patriotic appeal - my country right or wrong, first and foremost and all the time, and the devil take the others.

If Sir Oswald Mosley or any other wished to emulate either of these regimes, therefore, he could only have hoped to succeed by putting the patriotic appeal in the first place on his programme, and that would immediately, automatically and inevitably have meant opposition to Hitlerism and Fascism, for both these regimes were patently bent on territorial expansion and could only expand at the cost of Great Britain.

For though you may possibly create a patriotic mass movement, by promising territorial aggrandizement, by setting about to make your country 'mightier yet', you cannot possibly achieve this end by promising territorial diminution, by advocating non-resistance to those who wish to humiliate you and dethrone you from your pride of place in the world. This is what the rich milors at one time seemed to wish, until events and the feeling of the country became too strong for them, and they fled to distant island paradises to await there the end of the war they had done so much to make inevitable. What Mosley tried to do was to create in England under the name of 'Fascism', which means 'militarism, territorial expansion, conquest, glory and aggrandizement', something which meant 'submission, surrender, humiliation and the loss of territory', and this is lunacy. If he had put 'Resistance to German and Italian aggression' in the forefront of his programme, if he had taken up the torch where the Tory Government dropped it in 1935, he might have built a party! But how on the moon can you create a patriotic party on an anti-patriotic basis?

So, things being as they were, it was a sham Parliament on which I looked down, that day in 1939. Sad that it should have been so, for, if you could have penetrated to these quiet halls, you would have discovered that excellent things were said there, nearly always from the back benches, that there were men in it who can clothe noble thoughts in noble words, who, if they could but break through, would begin to change the things in England that need changing, to restore the things that need restoring.

But, in the lifeless interlude which Parliament had reached - may it be but an interlude - they were wasting their time there, beating the air. The introduction of parliamentary salaries and the creature comforts of that House may have helped to cause this. Too many of these men seemed to think that Parliament was the best club in the world, and that all was for the best in the best of all possible clubs. They were all Little Sir Echoes; their voice came back to themselves. The Press, almost without exception, had ceased to report speeches which deserved to be known to every man and woman in the country. The public, which once took an intelligent interest in the to-and-fro of debate, now hardly knew the names of any of them, apart from those few, like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, which had meant something to it in its youth.

The trouble was that the Tory Party machine had become too clever, too efficient. It had destroyed the possibility of an alternative Government. Once in Budapest, but a brief year before the World War was resumed, I dined with one of these Tory M.P.s and, burning as I was with the desire to inform such a man of the urgent dangers that threatened England, I was dismayed beyond measure at his frame of mind. With glee he told of old battles of wits in which 'the Socialists' had been discomfited; he would bet, he said with even greater glee, that they would not be returned at the next election or even at the next after that.

War? Peace? The malnutrition of children? The slums? Jerrybuilding? Outworn and detestable class barriers? All these were but meaningless and uninteresting words to this rich, comfortable and quite agreeable man. In 1938, in Budapest, he saw all England in terms of a contest of wits between the Tories and the Socialists; he could not, as I judged, expect to live much more than another ten years, but he was prepared to descend happy into the grave if, when that occurred, the Socialists had still been outwitted.

The Tory Party machine, I saw that day in 1939 from the gallery of the House, had become too perfect. As an instrument of party politics it was a superlative piece of mechanism. From the point of view of a greater patriotism it was a petard which might hoist England (and this remains true as I write in 1941). The Labour Party, still demoralized from the ingenious transaction of 1931 and out of touch with all that part of the younger generation which was not, willy-nilly, organized in the trades unions, did not offer an alternative choice to an electorate, however disillusioned. The Tory Party knew this and, with the disdainful and contemptuous cast of long practice, was content to sit back and pretend to be repelling, in dignified parliamentary form, an Opposition onslaught which was not there.

Only some major social convulsion in this country and Europe, I thought that day, could cleave this stalemate, which was the worst possible thing that could have happened for England, because it destroyed all energy, all will for reform, all enthusiasm, and all hope.

Worse still - and here I must move forward from that day in 1939 to the present, for a moment - the Tory Party, discredited by the appalling failure of its policy but still in possession of all the keys to power, has in its pocket the three-card-trick which might be used if such convulsions come. You think you know exactly what the card is that you choose - 'Temporary Emergency Regulations' - but when you turn it over you are apt to find that you have picked the wrong one - 'Tory Class Dictatorship'. Strange, you may think, if after 'defending freedom with all your might' and 'fighting for democracy' that should be the end of it all! But no, I have shown that, ever since 1914, the result has always been the exact opposite of the promise that was made.

So, before I return to that day in Parliament in 1939, I propose to examine what has happened, since the present war began, to those liberties for which Britons are fighting, and the reasons which were given for the inroads that have been made. These changes, I should add, were made by two Tory Home Secretaries and as I write the amended laws are being most cheerfully administered by a Labour Home Secretary.

First, with few words said in Parliament and seemingly with complete apathy in the country outside it, that right which, I was always taught, was regarded as their most precious birthright by Englishmen for centuries before I was born, has been destroyed: Clause 30 of the Statute to which King John, at Runnymede, put his seal 725 years ago, and which says 'No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned or outlawed or exiled except by the legal judgment of his peers'.

This freeman's right was removed by Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary, in the summer of 1939, on the plea that he needed powers of arrest, imprisonment and deportation, at his own discretion, not to further the prosecution of a war against any foreign foe of England, but in order successfully to combat 'the Irish Republican terrorists', then busy with bombs in England. In vindication of his plea, Sir Samuel Hoare told Parliament of a mysterious document called 'Plan S' - he did not describe it more plainly - in which the terrorists most obligingly expounded their plans. By some means, this had fallen into his hands. He quoted from it this sentence: 'It must be shown that this is the time to strike, that England has never been in so critical a condition, *barred as she is by political tradition from adopting the only measures that would ensure her strength, namely, totalitarian methods.*'



Sir Samuel Hoare's Prevention of Violence (Temporary Provisions) Bill quickly showed the Irish terrorists that he was not barred by anything at all from adopting the measures they so kindly recommended to him. I hope people who take an intelligent interest in these things, if such exist, will give particular attention to the passage I have italicized.

I have seen such Emergency (Temporary) Measures permanently introduced in many countries, and know the methods used in those cases. In this case the kindest explanation seems to be that Sir Samuel Hoare was hoaxed, that somebody foisted on him a document which should only deceive elderly ladies of both sexes, but not grown men. This much, I think, is certain: if the Irish terrorists were in the habit of communicating with each other by means of mysterious documents, they are most unlikely to have specified, in them, the only means by which the British Government could defeat their aims. If indeed they were so stupid, then the British Government quickly showed them how little they knew it. But this unfortunate 'Plan S' is strongly reminiscent of some of the documents which were produced to convince Germans that they had been Saved From Bolshevism by the measures taken after the Reichstag Fire.

The mysterious document idea is infectious; one Home Secretary is liable to catch it from another. Thus, at the outbreak of war, an Order in Council introduced new 'Regulations' going much further than Sir Samuel Hoare's Bill. Under these new Regulations the new Home Secretary, Sir John Anderson, could do almost anything he liked with His Majesty's subjects.

In the debate about them a new mysterious document turned up. As in the case of the first, no details of its identity, origins or authors were given. Sir John Anderson simply said that 'A certain body which is well known to be Anti-Semitic has given orders to its members that each is to turn himself into a rumour-monger. Regulations made for the public protection are to be made fun of and people who have sent their children to the country are to be encouraged to bring them back. Once this happens, say the instructions, a surprise attack on London may bring the Jews to their knees'. (Members: 'Who said that?' Sir John Anderson: 'I do not intend to give the name of the organization.')

Such was the justification given in Parliament for the deepest possible incisions in that freedom which is said to be among 'the things' for which we are fighting. I fear it is very typical of the state to which Parliament had come that no serious debate arose from this statement of Sir John Anderson. Of Mysterious Document Number One I said the kindest explanation was that Sir Samuel Hoare had been hoaxed. I can see no explanation for Mysterious Document Number Two. It seems unintelligible and no Parliament justifies its name which lets such a matter pass unchallenged - quite apart from the question whether Regulation 18B, 'whereby a man may be detained and held without trial if he is suspected of actions or intentions hostile to the security of the State', was necessary, as it probably was in wartime.

No amount of perusal can find meaning in Mysterious Document Number Two. How are 'the Jews to be brought to their knees' because 'regulations have been made fun of' and 'children have been brought back from the country' and 'a surprise attack on London has been made'? London is still inhabited by a decreasing, but nevertheless substantial number of native-born non-Jews, and unless the present period of Gentile-baiting takes even fiercer form this is likely to be so for some time to come.

Let me make myself clear. Powers for the authorities quickly to act against people committing, or even 'suspected of' actions hostile to the State are necessary in wartime. They were taken in the last war, and not used in immoderation; they have seemingly not been immoderately used in this. As far as I know, as far as is publicly known, the people to suffer under them to date are Sir Oswald

Mosley and several hundred of his followers, and there may well be adequate reason to 'suspect' these of 'actions hostile to the State'.

But, in this statement, which earlier Parliaments would either have thrashed out or died in the attempt, appears the confusion, for the first time, by a Minister of His Majesty's Government, of anti-Semitism with 'actions hostile to the State'.

That is a misleading and dangerous thing. First, the very word 'anti-Semitism' is meaningless and absurd, as I shall presently show, and must at some time have been thrown into the debate, as I imagine, by an interested party to it who wished to obscure the issue. It should never be used by educated or intelligent people.

There is anti-Gentilism, as expressed in the Hebrew religion, which holds as 'accursed' Jews who marry Gentiles and which leads Jewish parents, as the 'Wills' columns of the British press often enough show, to disinherit their children if they marry Gentiles; and there is the reaction to this enmity, which is anti-Judaism. I, who detest Hitlerism more than any other one thing I know and risked my livelihood to warn my country of its bestial cruelty and implacable designs, am most strongly opposed to anti-Gentilism. Might I, perchance, count among those 'suspected of actions hostile to the State' on this account? This is an important matter, for many reasons, among them the fact that a Jewish multi-millionaire, described as 'the richest man in England', was reported by the Press to have paid £100,000 to the Tory Party's funds, and that he was presumably not unique. An early arrest made under Regulation 18B was that of Captain Ramsay, who as I write lies in Brixton Prison, presumably suspect 'of actions or intentions hostile to the security of the State'.

I never heard of this Tory Member of Parliament until he was arrested, when I inquired about him and gathered that he had been among the most ardent supporters of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, a thing which would have caused me to dislike him extremely if I had known of him or it.

What he has done, of what he is suspected, whether he was a follower of Sir Oswald Mosley, are things I do not know; nobody knows, save, as I assume, the authorities who had him arrested. Whatever it is they know, they have never made it public.

The thing that attracted my attention to the case of Captain Ramsay is that, while members in all parts of the House in the many months that have elapsed since his arrest have repeatedly raised the most vehement protests against the internment of aliens, no member, save the representative of the constituency in which Captain Ramsay apparently lives, seems to have bothered about him or to have urged that the reasons for his arrest if they are so grave, should be made known.

This led me to look up his activities in Parliament prior to his arrest. Like so many other Tory members, like many volcanoes, he seems to have been so seldom active that one might have thought him to be extinct. He may have been seen in the House, but he was very seldom heard.

Indeed, the only recent sign of his activity that I could trace was a question put by him to Sir John Anderson on May 9th, 1940, requesting an assurance that, in the administration of the emergency regulations and in the framing of new ones, 'a distinction should be made between anti-Semitism and pro-Nazism'.

To this Sir John Anderson replied, 'I cannot recognize as relevant the distinction which my honourable and gallant friend seeks to draw'.

Here again is the strange confusion of ideas to which I have drawn attention in the Mysterious Document of which the same Sir John Anderson told the House in presenting his Emergency Regulations. Yet the distinction which Captain Ramsay 'sought to draw' seems to me, whether 'relevant' or 'irrelevant, a very clear one, and if one intention of these Emergency Regulations was that they might be used against native-born British subjects who, while opposed to Hitlerism, were also opposed to anti-Gentilism, this should have been made clear and should now be made clear. It is most important.

Let us follow the history of this affair further. A fortnight later, on May 23rd, 1940 (Mr. Chamberlain had in the meantime resigned) Sir John Anderson informed the House that, in the exercise of his powers under Regulation 18B, he had that day arrested Captain Ramsay, and lodged him in Brixton Prison. Mr. Thorne rose to ask, 'whether the Home Secretary is prepared to give information as to the reason why the honourable and gallant member has been arrested'. The Speaker answered 'Not at this stage'.

In the months that followed the House, as I say, showed the most lively and creditable interest in the internment of aliens, and the discussion of the hundreds of questions put about them occupied days of parliamentary time. The imprisonment of British subjects, without trial, was seldom mentioned, and seemingly aroused no interest.

For all I know Members may have had knowledge of Captain Ramsay's activities which satisfied them that his arrest was just; for all I know they may not have had such knowledge; for I do not know. Nothing was ever made public about his offence, if he had committed one. Many months afterwards he appeared, without counsel, before the Committee of Privileges of the House, but this Committee was not invited to investigate the *charges* against him; but only to decide whether his *arrest* was a breach of privilege, in the case of a Member, and it found this was not the case.

The next that was heard of the case - heard, that is, by anybody who subscribes to and reads the parliamentary reports, for the general public heard next to nothing about it - was when the Committee of Privileges met to 'consider its report'.

The account of this debate fills many pages, but I may save any potential reader the trouble of going through them by saying now that he will find in them nothing to indicate what Captain Ramsay did or whether he did anything. True, Mr. Lees-Smith, of Keighley, said:

'We are faced with the fact now that in every democratic country there are sections of persons whose allegiance to a foreign Government is in fact stronger than their allegiance to their own, and in both extremes of politics. That is a problem which we have never had to face before.'

Now, this was getting warm. This touched the crux of the matter. If that was Captain Ramsay's position, he deserved to be put away, and the use of Regulation 18B was well merited in this case. But was it? The same thought occurred to Mr. Maxton of Glasgow, who immediately interjected:

'Is that allegation made against the honourable and gallant gentleman?'

To which Mr. Lees-Smith, however, disappointingly replied: 'I cannot deal with an individual', which leaves one still in ignorance of Captain Ramsay's offence, though Mr. Maxton pointed out that: 'It is the only case that we are discussing here to-day.'

The chief word put in for Captain Ramsay in this debate was uttered by Captain Shaw of Forfar, in whose constituency Captain Ramsay lives, and he began with the statement. 'I wish to preface my remarks by pointing out that I am not a member of the Right Club and that I have no sympathy at

all with the anti-Jewish doctrines with which the name of Captain Ramsay is associated. I am simply taking an interest in this case because he and his wife happen to be constituents of mine and I therefore think it my duty to do so.'

I have told this brief story of the case of Captain Ramsay, as far as it has developed up to the time that I write, to show that the British Parliament of 1940, though it was jealous for the welfare of interned aliens, never succeeded in elucidating the reason for the imprisonment of one of its Members; that the question whether Captain Ramsay did or was suspected of intending to do anything 'hostile to the State' was only once publicly put, by Mr. Maxton after many months, and then not answered; that this explanation for his arrest, which is the obvious one and surely might be given if it is the fact, has never been given, unless it was given in the private proceedings of the Committee of Privileges; and that through the whole affair runs the unfortunate suggestion, not that he was pro-German, which would mean that he was a traitor, but that he was 'anti-Jewish'.

If Captain Ramsay, in fact, was not only opposed to anti-Gentilism, but was actually sympathetic to anti-British Hitlerism, the fact should be stated.

A truly conscientious British Parliament might have insisted at least on knowing this much. The matter is important because of the unfortunate confusion of ideas which arose from the answer to his question and from references to him. The Jews in many countries, while holding steadfastly to anti-Gentile tenets, have often sought to use power, when they have had it, to introduce legislation against 'anti-Semitism', and that reduces such words as 'democracy', 'equality' and 'freedom' to absurdity. In Soviet Russia, under predominantly Jewish administrations, 'anti-Semitism' was classed as 'counter-revolutionary' and was made punishable by death!

During the present war Mr. Vladimir Jabotinsky, President of the New Zionist Organization, addressing a mass meeting in New York, demanded the inclusion 'among Allied war aims' of 'an international covenant outlawing anti-Semitism'!

We need to know whither Emergency (Temporary) Regulations lead. I have given a brief outline of the case of Captain Ramsay and put a question, arising from it. The fact that the reason for his arrest was never announced, but that certain insinuations were made, has left room for a confusion which ought to be cleared up.

As I looked at the House, that day in 1939, I saw many faces I knew. There (and in the House of Lords, too) I saw a few men whom I had seen in Berlin, where, to the angry disgust of myself and my colleagues, they had hobnobbed with the Nazi leaders, and gone about saying that the British newspaper correspondents, who sought to inform opinion at home, were 'Reds' and 'extreme anti-Nazis'. Soon these same men, who were so indifferent to the things we told them about concentration camps, were to orate about 'our fight for civilization'.

In one corner I saw a Tory member who had asked me, in Berlin in the autumn of 1933, 'What do you think Hitler means, in a few words?' and I said, 'War within five years'. And in another seat I saw Sir Arnold Wilson, who had been a particular thorn in our sides in those days, because of his incorrigible faith in Hitler's well-meaningness. I remembered how he had come into my office in Berlin one day and shown me a box of a hundred English cigarettes, which he had been allowed to bring through the customs without demur. 'If that's typical of the new regime,' he had said, jovially, 'I'm all for it', and I, stung to disgust by this remark, because of the things I knew to be happening all round us at that time, made the bitterest retort I could think of, to affront him, so that, red with anger, he wheeled round and walked out.

Yet this same Sir Arnold Wilson, though he was over fifty when the present war began, said, 'Once I am convinced that the issue between Germany and England must be fought to a finish, as I am now convinced, I have no desire whatever to shelter myself and live in safety behind the ramparts of the bodies of millions of our young men', and he managed to get into the Royal Air Force as a gunner (he must have had enormous influence) and flew away and was killed.

That was a man, and an Englishman. He was honestly and honourably mistaken and the manner of his death is a solace and an inspiration. He had probably long since forgotten what I said to him in Berlin, but I wish I could have seen him before he went to take it back. Tragic that the British Parliament, at such a low ebb in its fortunes, should lose such men as he and Cartland. I only hope that when this war is over it may be reinvigorated by the entry of large numbers of the men now serving in the Navy, Army and Air Force.

From my perch in the gallery I saw Winston Churchill, still champing in opposition, and shook my head in despair, for I knew this was the man we should have to have. As I looked at the shadowy figures on the Government bench I thought of the real leaders of the past, men who seemed, at least, to have real roots in England, and not only in dividends - Wellington, Palmerston, Gladstone.

My eyes wandered to the women members. There was Lady Astor, the American-born lady whom so many believe to be the first woman member of the British Parliament, wrongly, I fancy, because that pride of place belongs to an Irish lady who married a Polish count. Lady Astor was discoursing about unmarried mothers. Ah me, I thought dreamily, now I know why they say the female of the speeches is more deadly than the male.

I wondered, looking down, what was this sinister influence that the House seemed to exert upon all who entered it. Once in the arms of the Mother of Parliaments, and they seemed to go into a kind of trance. There was Vernon Bartlett, swept into Parliament on a wave of indignant protest against the dishonourable surrender of Munich. The voice of England, we had thought, was making itself heard, belatedly but clearly. But one of Mr. Chamberlain's Ministers had blandly remarked that a few months in Parliament had a very sobering effect on ardent spirits, and indeed Vernon Bartlett's proved to be but a very still small voice. Perhaps the hope of 'catching the Speaker's eye', from long deferment, maketh the heart sick.

There's Kirkwood, the Socialist, I thought. That fiery man, surely I remember him, years ago, proclaiming that he and his friends would 'smash the atmosphere' when they got into this House. Well, they've been here long enough now, and have only beaten the air. They have neither made England better (sorry, Scotland) nor have they prevented this war that is coming. Plague take them, I thought, can't they see any further than their noses, all of them?

I looked at A. P. Herbert, once a great reformer, who had seen that the divorce laws were obscene and the licensing laws absurd. But now, I thought, the only thing that seems really to sting him is the suggestion that anything is wrong with Parliament - this Parliament! Indeed, I think I was not unjust in this case, for later, when the war had begun again, A.P.H. wrote fierce odes in defence of Mr. Chamberlain ('Hell hath no fury like a Neville scorned') and Sir John Anderson in a Sunday paper.

But he was and is, none the less, one of our greatest humorists as he proved when he invited Mr. J. B. Priestley, who thought to see that certain things were wrong in England and needing putting right, to go into Parliament and put them right from there! This reminded me very strongly of another famous Punch figure who, looking out from the institution in which he was confined and seeing an angler fishing from a river bank, asked how long he had been there and what he had caught, and on receiving the answer 'Five hours' and 'Nothing', said 'Come inside'.

But on that day in 1939 I thought that possibly the most typical of all the men I saw below, in this Parliament, was Mr. R. A. Butler, at whose parliamentary performance I had long marvelled. He, as I had observed at the time of the Abyssinian, Spanish, Austrian, Czechoslovak and other episodes, was the greatest of the pastmasters in the use of the affirmative, the negative and the evasive. A fair, and even beautiful example of his art is the answer he once gave to a question about the bombardment of Gibraltar by French forces: 'There was a certain incident and we have given a certain answer.'

Not one Englishman in a hundred streets or a thousand air-raid-shelters, I suppose, knows anything of this great family of Butlers, the members of which, for some reason, are born with a silver spoon marked 'office' in their mouths. 'No House is complete without its Butler.'

The main function of this one, as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was to give no information in reply to the most probing question, and he fulfilled this with amazing skill. His talent may rank among the lesser arts, but he was a master of it, and the anonymous author of a book called *Right Honourable Gentlemen* described him in such phrases as these: 'Mr. R. A. Butler is not handicapped by genius, originality or emotion ... He is an ideally efficient Minister, industrious, full of accurate information which he is too cautious to divulge, and immune from warmth. He has drifted steadily forward with uninterrupted success ... Eden in the same office presumed by his depth of feeling and clearness of vision substantially to affect policy; Butler is incapable of such presumption. He possesses the great advantage of a clear voice; when he is once again allowed to say something of importance everybody will be able to hear.'

I remember once, in the German Reichstag, a Chancellor whose Cabinet was composed of the homeliest-featured group of men I have ever seen. It was Dr. Brüning. He defended them against criticisms of their efficiency by stretching an all-embracing arm in the direction of his unglamorous colleagues, who sat in a solemn, owl-like row alongside him, and exclaiming, 'Of course, I admit that my Government has *Schönheitsfehler*'. The word, I think, is as accurately translated by 'shortcomings of beauty' as by 'blemishes'.

That day in 1939 in the gallery of the House of Commons, I was able to satisfy myself of the flawless physical beauty of the ornaments of our Front Bench. But as I contemplated Mr. Butler and listened to his replies I felt that he was ideally representative of the frame-of-mind, of the inner-man, that have developed in England since the deplorable discovery of coal and the regrettable blooming of the public schools, where humbugging-with-words seems to be taught as a virtue in itself, only second to proficiency in golf.

I exercised my unruly fancy with a mental picture of Mr. Butler, in his place at Question Time, on the occasion of a famous historical event 1939 years before:

Mr. Workshop:

Can the Prime Minister say if the Government has received from its representative at Jerusalem a report on the execution there by crucifixion of a highly-respected Nazarene leader of democratic and liberal views?

Mr. Butler:

The answer is in the affirmative.



Mr. Anvil:

Can the Prime Minister tell us the contents of this report?

Mr. Butler:

The answer is in the negative.

Mr. Foundry:

Must this answer be taken to mean that the report confirms the accounts of the execution which have appeared in the press?

Mr. Butler:

I cannot add anything to my answer to the previous question.

Prof. Theory:

Does the report of H.M. representative confirm the account given by the Jerusalem Correspondent of *The Times*?

Mr. Butler:

I have not closely studied the account published in *The Times* but my impression is that substantial differences exist.

Mr. Workshop:

Can we be told what these differences are?

Mr. Butler:

This question was answered by my answer to the second question.

Mr. Anvil:

Is it not a fact that this execution was carried out in the most barbarous manner, that the property of this unfortunate democratic leader was divided between the soldiers of a foreign power after the execution, and will the Prime Minister cause representations to be made to the Fascist Roman Government in this matter?

Mr. Butler:

The answer to the first and second parts of the question is covered by my answer to the last question but four; as to the last part of the question, it is common knowledge that there has been intervention in Palestine from several quarters, and it would be most improper for H.M. Government to usurp the functions of the Non-Intervention Committee, which is now sitting.

Mr. Solomon:

Is it not apparent that honourable members are trying to introduce an anti-Semitic element into this matter by the form of their questions?

Mr. Butler:

It is not my place to impute motives to honourable members, but any such tendency, if it were present, would be most deeply deprecated, indeed deplored, by H.M. Government.

Col. Diehard:

Is it not a fact that this man was a notorious agitator and Red, and will the Prime Minister note that the feeling of the House is against anything that would embarrass the Roman Government in its selfless effort to save Palestine for the Palestinians?

Mr. Butler:

I cannot express an opinion in regard to the first part of the question, but H.M. Government of course attach the greatest importance to the maintenance of friendly relations with all powers with which H.M. Government enjoys friendly relations.

And so on.

Yet later, when the present war had begun, this same Mr. Butler made a most excellent broadcast speech about foreign policy, after the war, and the domestic state of England, after the war, which showed that his ideals, of a well-informed foreign policy resolutely pursued and an England where greater opportunity and social equality should prevail, are those which the most fervent patriot could only share. May he be of like mind when the war is over and contribute to the achievement of that better state of affairs.

I came away from Parliament, that day in 1939, abysmally depressed in spirit. Now, in 1941, when the thing I then feared and had so long seen coming has long been upon us and we have begun to fight it off and know that we are going to overcome it, now it is difficult to recapture that mood of black despair induced by contemplation of the House of Commons. But on that day it was very real.

What hope is there for us, for England, I asked myself, as I came away, when our fate is in the hands of this somnolent, ignorant, aged and irresolute assembly?

I walked despondently up Whitehall. It was June of 1939. People whom I had held to be my friends had been asking me, about this time, 'Why don't you go into Parliament?' Now, as I came away, I thought they must be, not my friends, but my enemies, wolves in sheep's clothing. For who but an ill-wisher, I thought, would wish a man the fate worse than death - to go to Westminster and never be heard of again?

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## Chapter Four

### FREE PRESS

When I returned to England, after so many years abroad, one of my first tasks was to make a study of the British Press, of which, in these years, I had been a foreign correspondent, for the most part in Germany.

When I began my association with it, those many years before, I had unquestioningly accepted the dogma that it was a 'free press', and had taken a personal pride in that status, for I could not then conceive, and cannot to-day conceive, of any more useful service that a man could perform for his countrymen than truthfully and accurately to inform them about other countries.

When I came home a change had occurred in my opinion, in this as in so many other matters, for I saw that, with war but a few weeks or months distant, most of the newspapers were derisively scouting the idea that war might come, and I knew that this optimism was in flagrant contradiction of the information which any experienced newspaper correspondent in Berlin would have given his editor; I knew, indeed, that with hardly an exception every experienced newspaper correspondent in Berlin, from the moment that Hitler came to power, had sent home warning after warning, month by month and year by year, that war would be inevitable unless Britain prevented it, and had repeatedly given chapter and verse for his warnings.

The picture of the British Press, as I saw it when I came home, was thus quite different from the truth as I knew it, and thus the phrase about 'a free press' seemed to me to have lost meaning, for it can only have meaning and value if the press is free to tell the truth. Freedom to publish irresponsible chatter is not freedom at all, but the negation of freedom.

To-day, when the tap of war has been turned on full again, you hear a deal about 'the things we are fighting for'. It is a convenient phrase, useful for gulling the kind of people who were gulled by a Zinovieff Letter or a Reichstag Fire. I can tell you what we are fighting for - our lives, for life under German rule would be death.

But if any man of inquiring mind should ever ask, 'What, then, are these "things" that we are fighting for?' he would probably find that the answer, returned after a baffled pause for reflection, included 'the freedom of the press'. Yet I can say that, in the momentous years which led to the resumption of this war, there was much more freedom for irresponsible or suborned men to misinform the public than there was for conscientious writers to inform that public.

The power of the press, indeed, was more a power to bamboozle than to instruct, and, added to the inborn love of many people for a bogey-man, it was largely responsible for the mental twilight in which the burghers lived.

In former times, newspapers were conducted by independent editors, excellently-informed men of proven judgment, whose authority in their offices was as unchallenged as that of a captain on the bridge of his ship. If the owner tried to interfere with navigation, he might be put in irons.

To-day nearly all newspapers are the mouthpieces of very rich men, who may override their editors and specialists whenever they get a bee in their bonnets. They may suddenly decide, for instance, that Hitler is good for dividends, that Hitler will save them from Bolshevism, that anything said against Hitler is 'bad for business'. Their profits derive to-day, no longer from the public, since the cost of printing modern newspapers is greater than the price charged, because so many extra pages

are needed for advertisements, but from the advertisers. The advertisers, too, may be wont to hint that 'business will suffer' if any paper should hint, for instance, that Hitler is preparing for war. Or the owner may get some other, quite incalculable fad - Standard Bread, The Daily Mail Hat, Justice for Hungary, or what you will - and the highly specialized staff of the newspaper is sent tearing round in circles after this ridiculous stuffed rabbit.

Such a case was that of Lord Rothermere, who stated, in the lawsuit in which he was defendant after the present war had begun, that for several years after Hitler came to power he was convinced that this man wanted peace and that he made the *Daily Mail*, against the judgment of that newspaper's professional staff, present this view and adjust its German news and views to it. (This was the lawsuit in which counsel for the plaintiff, the 'Non-Aryan' lady originating in Vienna who maintained that her services as an intermediary had not been sufficiently requited, quoted from a letter written by Hitler's aide-de-camp and confidant, Captain Wiedemann, the following passage, suppressed by nearly all British newspapers: 'You know, my Lord, that the Führer greatly appreciates the work that the Princess did to straighten relations between our countries. The work was done, and this the Princess never ceased to repeat, on your behalf and on your instructions. That it was done by her with great ability, astuteness and tact, you surely know. You surely know, too, that the Princess last May, with your assistance, started negotiations with Lord Halifax and it was her groundwork that made the Munich agreement possible.'))

Lord Rothermere was entitled to his own opinion; but it was the opinion of an amateur, moved by irrelevant considerations, and his experienced editors and foreign correspondents, who knew the subject, could have told him that he was wrong. But as he himself stated in the witness-box, they were overridden by the owner, who was not a skilled navigator in foreign political waters. The information given to the public accordingly suffered. If this is 'the freedom of the press' it is no freedom.

Lord Rothermere's case is a sad and a strange one, for he is typical of the very rich man who greatly feared the coming of a new war and, from obsession with the Red Bogy, used the power he had to promote that very policy - the propitiation of Hitler - which was bound to make it inevitable.

In a very acrid and acerbious dispute which he once had with Mr. Baldwin, that politician spoke contemptuously of people whom he would not have 'on his doorstep' and said that in the event of war Lord Rothermere would be among those who would quickly withdraw to the Riviera. Lord Rothermere had indeed great possessions in that part of France, which he moved to another part when the unfortunate development of the war made the Riviera less secluded than it had always been in such emergencies, but even in their new home they were not spared by the tide of war. Lord Rothermere himself, when the war came, was sent to the United States, on a special mission, by his colleague Lord Beaverbrook, who had become Minister of Aircraft Production, and this special mission had taken him to the pleasant island of Bermuda, where he had acquired 52 acres of land, when he was overtaken by an enemy from whom there is no escape.

It is a sad story, and goes to prove my contention, already mentioned in this book, that nothing is wasted in such prodigious quantities as fear, in this world, for the things we fear are seldom those which ultimately befall us, but the consequences of our fear, for others, may be very grave.

In any case, 'the freedom of the press', in the conditions that prevailed about the time I returned to England, was a phrase that was used thousands of times daily but had little relation to the facts. If the skilled men were gagged or made to write things they did not believe, what freedom was that? The freedom of rich men to pursue their fads and fancies, to grind their axes?

Let me quote the following succession of utterances from a single newspaper:

It is useless to say that war will not come. Nothing can save us from the new conflict in Europe. September 1932.

What is all this talk about war? There is not going to be any war, so far as Britain is concerned. There is no chance of it at all. What is going to make us fight? Not the Polish Corridor. October 1933.

We are marching in the direction of war. September 1935.

We make bold to predict that there will be no European war involving this country for years to come. March 1938.

The Germans will not seize Czechoslovakia. May 1938.

There will be no European war. September 1938.

The Dominions will not participate in territorial disputes and boundary demarcations in Central Europe. October 1938.

There will be no war; that is, no European war involving first-class powers ... Europe will have peace for years to come. December 1938.

There is no reason for war in Europe. And there is every prospect of peace in days to come. January 1939.

I do not believe that there will be war in Europe. August 1939.

Under this system, in England on the eve of the World War resumed, the British Press, with a few exceptions, played Pied Piper to the British masses; led them, infantile and trusting, up everything-is-lovely alley; pushed them over the precipice of war. The few journals that consistently and step-by-step traced the development leading to war and consistently warned the public of what must come were in the main those of smaller circulation and blunted their warning by over-stressing the Jewish theme; they made their readers feel that not the fate of England, Britain and the British Empire was at stake, as was the case, but that they should spring to arms to reinstate Jewish film-stars and doctors in their places in Berlin. Thus they, too, exposed themselves to the suspicion that, in a different sense, they were grinding some particular axe or pursuing some private fad.

The most fantastic feats of exaggeration were performed in this field; to them belong the titles 'The annihilation of German Jewry' (printed above an article in the *Spectator*) and 'The Extermination of the Jews in Germany' (given to a book which carried an introduction by the Bishop of Durham). I should like anybody with a memory to bear these titles in mind and recall them when this war is over; he will find that the Jews in Germany have neither been annihilated nor exterminated, but that the great majority of them are still there, trading and practising, and I shall be glad in about five years from now, if anybody is still interested, to substantiate this statement with chapter and verse. That which is exaggerated is not true, and the constant exaggeration of the actual situation of the Jews in Germany, over a period of years, did much to cloud the minds of the readers of this section of the British Press to the real and the greater danger - which was to Britain and the British Empire.

I suppose no man ever loved the profession of news-gathering and news-reporting more than I did, and the hardest decision of my life was to relinquish a post I had worked hard to obtain and fill because I felt that I could not get my knowledge through to the reader. Knowing what I did, my daily perusal of the press in England on the eve of war, when I had returned to this country, was a

dire penance, a scourging of my soul. One newspaper, right up to the actual outbreak of war, kept up a daily parrot-cry of 'No war!' always pausing one day to remark how right it had been the day before.

Another, in the days immediately leading to war, gradually modulated the peace-in-our-time crescendo of its flaring front-page headlines in this way: 'Peace is to-day's big news'; 'No war is *again* the big news to-day'; 'That confident smile!' (this an interpretatory allusion to a picture of Mr. Chamberlain, beaming); 'War scare subsiding'; 'Tension no worse to-day' (a masterpiece, this); 'War'.

Another wrote, on the eve of hostilities: 'There is no need to be alarmist about the future, no need to anticipate circumstances in which we might be involved in a quarrel with Germany. It is a possibility which in itself we need hardly consider at all. If we did consider it, we might conceivably come to the conclusion that such circumstances were unlikely ever to arise.'

The men who operated these newspapers have at least the excuse that the Government was saying the same things. As to that, I can say of my own knowledge and experience that if the Government really believed what it said, that Hitler could be appeased and peace saved by the course it took, it was the only Government in all Europe that believed this.

'Freedom of the press' could and can mean a great deal, if the phrase be honoured in the observance and not in the breach. It could have meant the avoidance of this war. As proof I have quoted, earlier in this book, the exact forecast of Hitler's intentions, and of the date of the war, written by Norman Ebbutt, Berlin Correspondent of *The Times*; in April 1933, ten weeks after Hitler's advent to power. And he was but one of many.

The profession of journalism abroad is, or could be, a most honourable craft and one of the most useful callings, in the service of the nation, that can be imagined. But in the years following 1933 it became more and more difficult for British reporters abroad to say such things as this which I have quoted from Ebbutt.

Some were actually forbidden to say them. Others received broad hints, explicit or implicit, not to 'labour' the shadow-side of National Socialism - though, of course, they must tell the truth, that was what they were employed and paid for! Others were vilified and victimized. Others again were treated with bored disdain. In time their voices were stilled altogether in the clamour of Ministers, peers, millionaires, lady explorers, ambassadors, romantic novelists, and others who saw so clearly that they were biased against Hitler, that the man only needed to be treated nicely for all to be well. If these men kept on writing things that were not published, suffering expulsion, jeopardizing hard-won livelihoods, it was because they saw at the end of it all the flames of London burning, the destruction of British homes, even a world reverting to jungle-rule.

It was all vain, at that time, England could not be roused, because England feared nothing save one thing - the necessity for exertion. In the pavilion at Lord's an influential voice was heard murmuring that there would have been none of this trouble if only Hitler had played cricket.

In darkest Leicestershire a master of hounds lamented that the dictators never came out with the Pytchley, where they would have got 'a better idea of the meaning of real friendship' - an inspiring thought, as all will agree who have heard the hunting-men, as they take their fences, soberly discussing the injustice done to the Czechs at Munich, the urgent need for the cleansing of the British slums, the regrettable lack of real friendship for the people who decay in the derelict areas, and the hard lot of the friendless fox. The only difference of opinion, indeed, was whether Hitler, to have been a kinder and a Godlier man, should have killed fish, flesh or fowl, or about the kind of



ball he should have played with to have been less implacable in his cruelties. For later, when the war had begun the President of the Barnstaple Bowling Club opined that Hitler might have been a different sort of man if he had been a bowler - he might have been less biased.

The Press could be great and useful if it were the product of trained and independent editors, foreign editors, correspondents abroad and home reporters, but when these specialized craftsmen become the captives of rich-men-in-a-panic, rich-men-with-a-fad, rich-men-with-a-blonde, party-made-peers and 'the advertisers', the result is an odious brew.

I know of one journalist who, having to write something about a peer-in-the-news, mentioned quite soberly that his grandfather had been a Rumanian pedlar. The brother-peer who was this reporter's lord and master gave instructions that he was never to write another word in the newspaper and he received notice.

The picture of some London newspapers, as I saw them when I came back to England, was depressing to a man who thought that journalism ought to be one of the highest callings in the land. They imitated each other's tricks, and none of these tricks was worth imitating.

Each had to have its sob-sister, a lady who produced to order articles ('If Only Hitler Had Had A Little Daughter') which were supposed to wring the withers of the woman reader; a snob-sister, Lady Hysteria Pinmondeley, perhaps, who gave them peeps of high life, and whose uncle, by strange chance, might have had something to do with the peerage achieved by the newspaper's proprietor; a soft-boiled uplifter, a young man who saw The Good In Everything and made his readers feel as if they were being dandled on his knee in a Sunday School; a hard-boiled debunker who wrote in a fierce, they-can't-muzzle-me vein about political and other rackets which thrive and prospered in seeming ignorance of his intrepid, truth-at-any-price attacks on them; a tame peer; a tame member of parliament; a tame clergyman; a music hall comedian; and so on.

All these queer people worked within a circle circumscribed by The Things That Must Not Be Said; they had to divine the favourite inhibitions of The Lord, their proprietor, and succeeded in this unerringly. In a corner, neglected, downtrodden, unimportant, harassed, and busy, you might see a few careworn-looking men who seemed sensible of their presumption in being there at all; these were the journalists, men who could only write simply and well and had specialized knowledge of various subjects.

This plight of the British Press is a dangerous thing at a time when the Hitler-Is-Misunderstood racket, true, has been exploded, but the real issues behind the war to which it led are still not clear and powerful interests may at any time desire that the British public should be bamboozled again.

I have shown some of the more important aspects of English life as they looked to a man who had watched war brewing abroad and then returned, on the eve of that war, to study them close up. The cry to-day is 'No recriminations' and 'The past must wait'. These are the voices of anti-patriots, because these things will be important after the World War (Second Instalment) as they were before it came about, and because they could quite well lead to a third instalment, which would be more than too much.

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## Chapter Five

### AND THERE THE JEWS!

A provoking thought: if Rupert Brooke, whose poetry, as Lord Halifax said in his 'This is a conflict of youth against youth' speech, so inspired the generation of 1914, if this Rupert Brooke had not died, with about a million other Britishers, in the 1914-18 section of the war which has now been resumed, he would have needed to revise the poem he wrote at the Café des Westens, in the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin, in 1912. He wrote that poem sitting at the same table with a friend of mine, Rothay Reynolds, who in the years between the two sections of the World War struggled hard to fulfil the difficult task of being Berlin Correspondent of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, and when Rupert Brooke had finished he turned to Rothay Reynolds and said, 'I have made this café famous', which was true.

I well remember how that song of England wrung an Englishman's heart, that is, the heart of a very young and fervent Englishman, who took on trust nearly everything he was told about his native country, of which he had seen but little, in the 1914-18 war. But if Rupert Brooke had lived in 1939, or thereabouts, he would have found himself out of touch with the taste of the times. For his poem, 'Grantchester,' begins:

*Du lieber Gott!*  
Here am I, sweating, sick and hot,  
And there the shadowed waters fresh  
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.  
*Temperamentvoll* German Jews  
Drink beer around - and there the dewes ...

Well, well, well. How times have changed. Rupert Brooke is dead; the war-to-end-war has gone and the war-to-continue-war is simmering nicely; but the relative position of Jews and dewes seems to have been reversed, or have we now both? Rupert Brooke, the singer of the generation of 1914, seemed to find the Jews of Berlin a thought unsympathetic and none took it amiss of him that he said so; indeed, the thought of those temperamental beer-drinking Jews in Berlin helped to fortify the faith of the young Englishman of 1914 in 'the things he was fighting for'. Now we, he thought, have dewes, and we are going to keep them.

But if Rupert Brooke had written twenty-five years later he would have known that those two lines must come out, or else he would have had to find a fresh rhyme for dewes, for by the time the World War in which he died was resumed no Englishman of his class and kind would have thought of writing anything which would set the critics yelping the dread name 'anti-Semite'.

By the time the World War was resumed, indeed, the general understanding had come to be that the Jews of Berlin were the most valuable citizens of that town and that we were very lucky indeed to have them, because they were so much cleverer than ourselves. By some further process of reasoning which was a little outside my comprehension, the general understanding seemed also to be that we should fight Germany to enable these people, whom we had been fortunate enough to obtain, to return there as soon as possible; this, as far as I could gather, was among 'the things' we were about to fight for.

When I returned to England, on the eve of the new war which had become almost inevitable, I brought back with me a particular interest in this question, because for many years, since 1933, I had noticed, with growing misgiving, that, chiefly through the very great influence which the Jews

in all countries exercised in the interest of their co-religionists, this relatively small aspect of an enormous problem was being set out of all proportion to the whole, that the entire wood was disappearing behind one tree.

It was patent that the number of Jews who would suffer from Hitlerism would never be more than a very small fraction of the entire number of sufferers; Czechs, Poles, Danes, Norwegians, Hollanders, Belgians, Frenchmen and Britishers, I knew, would suffer and die in thousands, if not millions, because of Hitler, and yet the sufferings of the Jews, through the power wielded by other Jews over the press, the films and the stage, were presented as the greatest and most terrible thing in all this stupendous tragedy.

The film, 'The Great Dictator', produced by Charles Chaplin in peaceful Hollywood is a case in point. The ignorant and credulous seeing this astute production, which is half first-class humour and half very subtle propaganda, would gain the impression, similarly conveyed by many other films sent out from the same source, that the only people who suffered ill-treatment in Germany were the Jews, and that the Nazi Storm Troopers spent their entire time beating them up. Yet the number of Jews who suffered ill-treatment in Germany, save for the one violent outbreak in November 1938 when a Nazi diplomat was murdered in Paris by a young Jew, was never more than a small fraction of the whole; the great bulk of victims and martyrs was composed of German non-Jews and of non-Jews in the countries overrun by Hitler.

Further, I seemed to see, as I watched the great movement of Jews from Germany to Britain and the British Dominions (many of them Jews who had come from Eastern Europe to Germany during the last war), that the mass of compassion mobilized by the great publicity machine at their disposal was being exploited to gain them employment, in large numbers, in countries whose men would soon be going off to war, and, with the picture of Berlin after the war of 1914-18 in my mind, I greatly feared this development.

For the Jews as I had seen them in many European countries in those between-war years of full Jewish emancipation and freedom in no way resembled the Ghetto-community of benevolent, mankind-loving people who only wished to be left in peace and poverty that was shown in the Chaplin film (incidentally, there were no ghettos in Germany). Rather had I found them, when all the gates of opportunity were opened wide to them, to practise that very doctrine which they so reviled and detested when it was turned against them by Hitler - discrimination. Discrimination against Gentiles.

In the trades and industries and professions to which they penetrated, and ultimately controlled through the power of finance, they were most resolute in the progressive exclusion of Gentiles by methods of extremely ruthless inter-collaboration. The figures are available and are irrefutable; such a state of affairs could not have come about by accident.

Moreover, this seemed to me quite natural, for it accorded with the teaching of the Jewish faith. And this seemed to me to be at once the weakest and the crucial point in the Jewish case, and one which all their champions and apologists implacably ignored, merely yelping in answer to it, 'Anti-Semite'; that their religion was one of discrimination. The anti-Jewish teaching of National Socialism was but the direct inversion of the anti-Gentile teaching of the Hebrew religion, and this statement of the case cannot be refuted; it never is refuted, but is always ignored.

The Jews did not put their doctrines into practice through the medium of the concentration camp - they could not, because they were always numerically too weak in any particular country physically to subdue the majority. They used another medium - money and the power it gives, which can be

enormously powerful in the hands even of a small minority if that minority is compact enough and if all its members understand the great idea.

So much for the brief background to the Jewish question which an Englishman brought with him to England after many years in Germany and in other parts of Europe. Before I tell of what I saw in this country I want to kill some of the more meaningless phrases which are in current use, even by persons reputed to be of the highest education and intellect, in this controversy.

The first is 'anti-Semitism'. The word is used every day by millions of people who have read or heard it somewhere and have no notion what it means. On such a basis of ignorance do great debates proceed. The power, so strangely wielded, of the Press and film to-day is so great that you need only to shout this word long and loud enough at the credulous masses for them to think that it is something akin to rabies or leprosy; that is probably why it was coined and thrown into the discussion.

As far as I know 'Semite' is a word describing a member of any one of a number of Mediterranean or Near Eastern races, for instance, the Turks, Moors, Arabs and Abyssinians, among others. I have nothing whatever against Abyssinians, Arabs, Moors and Turks, because they are never likely to harm me, though I should have been strongly opposed to the Turks at the time when they sought to impose their religion of discrimination against the Gentile peoples they had conquered in Europe. I should probably have joined a Crusade against them, which means, as I believe, a campaign, waged under the sign of the cross, against a religion of discrimination. For the same reason I am ready to join a crusade of words against any other religion of discrimination which, as I think, pursues ends of discrimination while seeking always to conceal this fact. I see no difference in this respect between National Socialism and Judaism save that National Socialism has eighty million bayonets and Judaism has a lot of money.

So that of 'anti-Semitism', a word uttered so many millions of times in recent years, you may say that there ain't no such a thing, and you have been fooled, for want of examining the words you use. There is anti-Gentilism; and there is its reaction, anti-Judaism. I have several interesting letters from Jews who endorse this statement of the position.

The other lunatic phrase which patties to this discussion, and allegedly learned parties at that, are wont to throw into it is 'racial discrimination'. In a debate in Parliament about new regulations issued by the British Government to restrict sales of land by Arabs to Jews in Palestine (an extremely important debate this, of which I shall speak again) one of the stoutest parliamentary champions of the Jewish cause, a Mr. Noel-Baker, fiercely attacked this 'discrimination on racial grounds'.

The Jews and the Arabs are of the same race; both are Semitic. If debates in Parliament about the Jewish question are carried on at this level, they are of little value, and the representatives of English constituencies where a deal needs putting right would do better to begin at home.

When I returned to England my eyes told me, as I wandered about London, that the number of Jews who had come to this country was very great. I knew that before, because I had seen many of them depart, from various countries, but how many were there?

This is a question to which not even the most diligent research gives more than an approximate answer. As the untutored African negro said, there are one, two, three, a great many. The number of aliens 'registered with the police' in October 1939, according to Sir John Anderson, was 238,074, and of these some 150,000 were nominally of German, Austrian, Hungarian, Czechoslovak, Polish

and Russian nationality, which means that the great majority of them were Jews. The bulk of these, again, were newcomers.

But the number of these people 'registered with the police' gives little clue to the number who are actually here, for, from the very meagre records of recent proceedings in our police courts, I have kept notes of:

An Austrian Jew who, when he was detected by the police, was 'making a profit of £16 a week from a greengrocery business at Leeds and had been in England since 1937, when he landed from a Belgian fishing-boat';

A Russian Jew who was charged at Old Street with failing 'in or about 1916' to report a change of address to the police. From 1916 to 1940 he had been in England unknown to the authorities! Asked where he had been since 1916 he said, 'I have been out of work and could not come to report as I had no money'!

A German Jew, who was supposed to have come to England in 1933 and left again in 1934, but in 1940 was discovered to be living here under the name of a British soldier killed in 1917 whose name appeared on a war memorial in a Sussex village; counsel for this man said he had obtained a copy of the dead soldier's birth certificate 'thinking it was probably himself'!

A Polish Jew who came to England in 1931 and was warned to leave in 1932; discovered in 1939, he had been living in this country for seven years unknown to the authorities!

Two Polish Jewish rabbis who were convicted of harbouring ten German Jews, nine Austrian Jews and nine stateless Jews without registering them with the police!

And so on.

The number of these newcomers to England, therefore, is a thing to guess about. What happens to them? The poorer ones, as I have shown, 'open a greengrocery business at Leeds', or go to staff those secret workshops of lowly-paid garment workers, in Bethnal Green, Hendon, Golders Green and Willesden which have sometimes received casual mention in the London Press, which defy discovery by the inspectors sent out under the Factory Acts (designed to protect workers), and supply cheap refugee labour to the price-cutting tailors.

This group of hidden refugees represents a threat to native labour.

But what happens to the thousands 'registered with the police'? In respect of these the promise was 'repeatedly given' before the present war (to quote a reminder to Sir John Anderson from Mr. Raikes) 'that they would be admitted for temporary refuge pending re-emigration'. After the outbreak of the war, which was not difficult to foresee, Sir John Anderson stated that in fact they would not, save possibly in 'individual cases', re-emigrate, but would stay in this country, where their services would be 'utilized in ways which will be advantageous to the national effort and will not conflict with the interests of British subjects'.

Thus was the principle established that these thousands of newcomers, who had come to England as transmigrants, should remain here and be allowed to take employment, always under the provision that this should not 'conflict with the interests of British subjects' - a provision I shall subsequently discuss. But what of their maintenance in England?

No charge under this head was to have fallen on the British taxpayer. This was another of the oft-proclaimed safeguards, like those about re-emigration and non-employment, under which their original admission to this country had been allowed. In each case some 'individual' had guaranteed to be responsible for their maintenance, but by October 1939 Sir John Anderson announced that these guarantees had been given, not to the Government, but to 'certain voluntary organizations' (in practice, this meant almost entirely Jewish organizations). Only these voluntary organizations, said Sir John Anderson, could enforce the guarantees, and these organizations were satisfied that 'in some cases the guarantor ought to be released of his obligation'. In those cases the voluntary organizations would undertake the whole responsibility for the care of the refugee from their own funds.

By February of 1940, however, the Government had decided that the 'voluntary organizations' could not bear the burden which private guarantors had originally pledged themselves to bear and asked the approval of Parliament for a grant of £100,000 to these organizations, to cover the period from September to December 1939, and of £1 for every £1 spent by these organizations thereafter, up to a total of £27,000 a month.

Time then marched on, and by November of 1940 the Government announced that the 'voluntary organizations' had actually received £430,000 up to the end of September 1940, that a further £375,000 was required to carry them over until April 1940, and that the Government would in future pay '100 per cent' (which means all) of the amounts expended on the maintenance of refugees, as well as 75 per cent of the administration expenses.

Thus, by this time both the original 'private guarantors' and the 'voluntary organizations' had been relieved of financial responsibility for the refugees, which devolved upon the British taxpayer; the number of the refugees, as is shown by the cases I have quoted, was problematical; and they were entitled, with the permission of the Ministry of Labour, to take employment at a time when the entire young manhood of the country had been called up for military service.

I have given this brief sketch so that a few people, at least, may gain some idea of the position of the Jewish immigrants to this country. There are a very large number of them. Very few of them, now, will ever leave again. The British taxpayer pays for them. In practice they seem to enjoy greater privileges than the native inhabitant, since they are ineligible for military service and will therefore presumably survive the war, while they are eligible for employment, which is easy to obtain when all the young men of this country have been called away, and when they take this it is called 'helping the national war effort', whereas if John Smith gets a job that is just called getting a job.

To have achieved so fair a deal as this, they must quite clearly have had the support of very powerful forces indeed.

I have shown that the several safeguards attached to their entry to the country have all proved illusory, and the solid-sounding promise that they would only be allowed to take employment if this 'does not conflict with the interests of British citizens' subsequently proved just as illusory. For one thing, the British citizens, in large numbers, are away at the war and cannot look after their interests. To take the job of a Britisher who is called up may, debatably, count as 'helping the national war effort', but what of the Britisher when he returns, and his peace effort?

The position may be alleviated a little, if they do not return, by the fact that some of the more influential of these people, after staying just long enough in England to proclaim that they were a hundred per cent British, found means when war broke out to transmigrate further, and become for the nonce a hundred per cent American. Such was the case of a much-publicized writer who saw



the light of day in Rumania, then spent some years in Germany as a hundred per cent German, came to England after the advent of Hitler and announced simultaneously that he still loved Germany but was a hundred per cent British, and then moved on to confer the boon of his citizenship upon the United States.

Such cases as are known do not suggest that the provision about 'the interests of British citizens' actually operates, in the granting of employment to these newcomers.

For instance, in the early days of the resumed war (I am forestalling my narrative a little, for the sake of coherency) the Ministry of Information decided to make a film called '49th Parallel'. The 49th parallel is the boundary separating Canada from the United States, an attractive location for film-making when war is being waged all over Europe.

This film was to have been the most stupendous contribution to our war effort, and Miss Elisabeth Bergner, who was born, I believe, within the limits of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, who saw the heyday of her fame in pre-Hitler Germany, who then came to England and who at some function for Austrian patriots paid the last Austrian Minister, Sir George Franckenstein, the eloquent tribute, in her delightful English, that he was 'a passionate Austrian', Miss Bergner was chosen to play the lead - and crossed the Atlantic.

The Ministry of Information advanced the sum of £22,086 13s. 7d., towards this film, which has not yet been completed; whether it will be completed in time to give that enormous impetus to our war effort which was confidently expected from it seems doubtful. A large number of other people, including Miss Bergner's husband, were given for the purpose of going to Canada to make this film those coveted exit permits which a British subject, having no particular contribution to offer to the country's war effort, might vainly seek to obtain for his children. I believe one or two of them have returned.

Why the film was so long delayed is a thing not yet explained. Miss Bergner, in a radio-telephonic interview from pleasant Hollywood (she seemingly did not penetrate farther towards the frozen north than Winnipeg), intimated to a London newspaper that she felt she had a grievance about the whole business. I do not know what part she was intended to play, but having the most pleasant memories of her personality, and of her charmingly squirming manner of expressing herself, I wonder whether she was better suited than any British actress of the day for the part of some hardy Anglo-Saxon woman pioneer.

However, in this case the Ministry of Labour was apparently satisfied that there was no conflict with the interests of any British player; the Ministry of Information thought that the good which would accrue to the country's cause was worth £22,000; and the Passport and Permit Department of the Foreign Office considered the undertaking of sufficient 'national importance' for the hardy and one hundred per cent British pioneers, to be allowed to cross the Atlantic.

I have quoted only this one case. There are many others, great and small, which might make a sane patriot wonder sadly if all was well.

Not one member of Parliament has ever risen to protest against this kind of thing, which in its patent unfairness is in such shrieking contrast to the clean white faith and spirit of the millions of Britishers, and of their allies, who are fighting all over the world, on land, at sea and in the air, to retrieve the world.

But the attitude of the British Parliament in the question of the Jews is curious. When great problems of the British Empire, are under discussion the House is sometimes almost empty;

speakers address twenty, forty, sixty of their fellow-members, in a House containing 615. The Colonial Empire, with its 50,000,000 inhabitants, is discussed but once a year in this House, and at the last such debate there were never more than a hundred members present. On one famous occasion Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, as Dominions Minister, tried hard to awaken interest in important colonial problems. 'We are combating sleeping sickness,' he said - and the few members present roared with laughter, for one of the Government whips was sleeping quietly beside Mr. MacDonald on the Front Bench. The noise of their mirth even awoke him.

A marvellous picture of England in wartime, of front-line life - for are we not 'all in the front line' this time, even those on the Front Bench?

Yet this House, with its 600 odd (and I mean, odd) members earning a minimum of £600 a year, with its indifference to the domestic scandals of England - for if you explore the wastes of Hansard you will find that the party elected to represent the working-class seemingly has as little interest as the Tory Party in the derelict areas and the slums - this House can at any moment be stung to impassioned activity by the mere mention of the word 'Jews'!

This was the most curious and most perturbing result of my study of the Parliamentary debates between the resumption of the World War, in 1939, and the end of 1940. As I have said, such great Imperial problems as that of the colonies received only the briefest and most transient attention and aroused but the most languid interest in a sparsely attended House.

The matter of the 'friendly aliens' was given four full debates; the Palestine debate, in which it cropped up in another form, was in reality a fifth; and at Question Time hundreds upon hundreds of questions were put on behalf of this group of people. I think, if a close analysis of the debates were made, it might be found that this subject occupied more parliamentary time, in the British House of Commons, than any other single question, during the period I have mentioned!

A perusal of the Parliamentary Reports for this period will show anyone who may be interested that there is a number of Members in the House who seemingly devote their entire attention to this matter. Elected by British voters and paid by the British taxpayer, their constituents seem in effect to be practically without representation in the British Parliament; while the group of immigrants in whose interest they expend so much energy is represented out of all proportion to its size and value to this country.

This state of affairs led to the most absurd extravagances, especially during the summer months of 1940, when Britain passed through her greatest ordeal for many centuries. A patriotic Englishman, reading the Parliamentary Reports of that period, might clutch his head to find that the sufferings of his fellow-countrypeople were of small account compared with those of a group of alien immigrants.

Scores of thousands of British soldiers, cast into the enemy's hands by the collapse of the French and Belgians on their flanks, were prisoners in Germany. Thousands of Britishers from the Channel Islands lost everything they had and found themselves, overnight, homeless and destitute refugees in England. Thousands more who had been earning their livelihoods in Germany, in France, in Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium, were in like plight.

In Nice, reported *The Times*, 'several hundred British subjects, mostly elderly retired people, have been sleeping on borrowed mattresses in the streets and are for the most part penniless and starving'. The lot of 'the British refugees' [subsequently alleviated] was even mentioned, once, in *The Times*, which said that letters reaching it referred 'with some bitterness, to the lack of assistance; according to one correspondent British subjects who followed the British Ambassador's

advice and left Germany when war appeared inevitable regret bitterly their action, and say that, at least, the Nazis would have fed them'.

Not only that, but this country awaited, day and night, an invasion which, if it had succeeded, would have meant the submergence of the British nation for centuries, and Britons of all classes, armed with shotguns or unarmed, lay on the coasts and in the hedgerows after their working hours to defend their native land, if they could. Not only that, but the moment was approaching for London and the other great cities to be mercilessly bombed, and as this was plain to foresee the urgent need of the hour was to prepare deep shelters, health services and food distribution, and the removal of women and children to safe places.

Yet, if you wade through the columns of Hansard for those days, you will find but meagre reference to these things, but you will find pages of protest and expostulation on behalf of 'the friendly aliens'. In terms of despairing incomprehension ('How can anybody be so stupid?') speaker after speaker asked why the services of these 'friendly aliens' were not immediately used to promote our 'war effort'.

Yet at this time more than a million friendly Britons languished in unemployment; hardly a Member thought of them, or troubled to ask why their services were not used to promote this same 'war effort'. That 'friendly aliens' were denied employment was proclaimed to be disgusting and even anti-patriotic; the denial of employment to native citizens of the country was seemingly thought to be natural. The internment of 'friendly aliens' was declared to be inhumane, intolerable, incompatible with all British tradition, and 'incalculably harmful to us in American eyes'. The internment, without charges or trial, of British subjects was generally accepted to be a necessary measure in wartime and, during all this windy, ignorant and prejudiced debate, hardly a voice challenged it.

The discussion reached its peak of insincerity in the debate of July 10th, 1940. At that time the plight of Britain was desperate. France had collapsed, Britain stood alone, and Britain was unready. The months, July, August and September of 1940, were the most dreadful in British history since 1066, and hardly anybody in this country knows, as I know, because I know what the Germans had in mind, what Britain was spared through the fact, or miracle, that the remnant of the Royal Air Force was still strong enough to inflict such damage on Göring's fighters and bombers that the invasion had repeatedly to be postponed and now cannot succeed if it is attempted.

On that day in July the issue was not yet decided, and the threat of an indescribable fate hung heavy in the sultry sky. In such a crisis the debate about the 'friendly aliens' was resumed, with all the extravagant arguments and statements which I have already summarized. The voice of England was hardly heard in this debate, which might have been held upon another planet for all the relation it had with the dire realities of life in this country at that time.

Only Mrs. Tate, of Frome, came forward to say:

While we sympathize with some of these people, our first consideration should be for our own people and the cause for which they are fighting. You have no right to risk, by one hour, the fight against the awful power which is enveloping the world ... In the case of certain Members in this House, one has only to say the word 'Jew' and they lose all sense of reason....

and Mr. Logan, of the Scotland Division of Liverpool, to say:

I have heard to-night much commiseration with alien refugees, but I have heard very little about the danger to our own country and the protection that is necessary for our own people ... In my home to-day we are suffering from the fact that two members of the family have had to go away again. In the last war three sons and three brothers went away ... I am beginning to think that the strong arm of Britain and the loyalty of our sons here and abroad are the only things we can count as solid. Moral values are of little account. Why should we trouble if one or two, or a thousand, suspects are interned if this land of ours is safe? We have had no knowledge of an invasion in our day. Only the history books record a conqueror coming here. But we know our men who returned from Dunkirk, and we know of the wonderful work of our airmen. That ought to teach the House the value of courage and teach it to be self-confident and to look after Number One first, giving protection to those who come to our shores only when we know they deserve it ... We have in this country sentimentalists concerned about every country except their own, and always pleading for some poor creature in one part of the world or another; but I reckon that I, too, have something to complain of. I represent a particular section who, according to some people, are disloyal; but they are not. There are people in my streets who were in the Dunkirk business. The streets in which I live are the poorest in Liverpool, but some of those streets were decorated with flags and festoons and 'God Save The King' - a thing unheard of in the Irish parts of Liverpool. Do not let us have so much sentimentality. I have heard of women without children talking about how to keep families together. [This seems to have been a thrust at certain other speakers in the debate.] We are having too much of that kind of sentimentality in this House. Let those who know something of the subject speak on it. When your sons are going out and your neighbours are going out, it is time to look into what the Government are doing ... I hope the Government will be loyal to the country first and generous to their friends afterwards.

This was the reply to the debate of Sir Edward Grigg, Joint Under-Secretary of State for war:

I have listened to the greater part of this debate and am bound to say that I have never been more greatly struck by one of the great qualities of the House of Commons, and that is its power of detachment. There has been goings, on this afternoon, I suppose, one of the greatest air battles of the war. At this moment - I do not know whether it is so - bombers may be over many of our towns. To-night thousands of our forces will be on the alert waiting for an attack which may come in several places at dawn. That army, after all, with the Navy and the Air Force, stands between this country and destruction and between all that this House of Commons represents and destruction, and yet we have been discussing this afternoon as though, when this Army is asked to help in providing security for this country, and when we are being asked to have this or that possible handicap removed, we are pursuing a ridiculous form of militarism which this House ought to condemn. That is the point of many of the speeches to which I have listened this afternoon, and I am bound to say that when the honourable Member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool [Mr Logan] got up, I felt that a breath of fresh air had been blown into this House, and I was deeply grateful. In the approach of many Members of this House to this problem there was an atmosphere of unreality which to me was positively terrifying ... I was also grateful to my honourable Friend the Member for Frome [Mrs. Tate] when she intervened, because she stated, with great courage, and I thought force, the view which the soldiers have. They are a very considerable part of this country at the present time, and they are carrying a greater responsibility than any Member of this House, except those who wear uniform. That is the

situation at the present time. This country has always been a great asylum for the distressed refugees from other countries, but it would be foolish not to recognize that, in the opinion of its own people, it is beginning to be a great asylum in another sense ... After all, we have destroyed the French Navy, against the heart of every sailor in this country, and it is not very much to ask friends of this country among these aliens to meet hardship and inconvenience if in the end the victory on which they depend as much as we do may be made in any way more certain. Honourable Members say that the reputation of this country is at stake. It is. There is only one thing that will save the reputation of this country and all that it stands for, and that is victory in the war.

These voices which spoke for England, however, did not avail, as I shall show. The view that the feeling of the men who were fighting, of the young manhood of Britain, should count, was a rare one in the strange assembly which was the British House of Commons in 1939 and 1940.

There was another debate in which those Members who, as Mrs. Tate put it, 'lose all reason when the word "Jew" is mentioned' had much to say, and I must mention it here, because it was more illuminating than any other of the way in which they present the case of the Jews as an unanswerable one, which no humane or reasonable man would challenge, and dispose of all reasoned arguments raised against it by yapping, 'Anti-Semite'!

In this debate they were bitter about the anti-Semitism of the Arabs, who, as I have explained, are also Semites, and this was fairly typical of its level. But the most instructive thing was the manner in which they all completely ignored, when it was raised and proved against the Jews, the charge of 'discrimination' which they repeatedly brought against those who criticized the Jewish method. And this is the very root and core of the problem.

This debate turned on new regulations which the British Government had introduced in Palestine to check the sales of Arab land to Jews. The spokesmen for the Jews came mainly from those who are supposed to represent the British working class, and they accused the Government, among other things, of imitating Dr. Goebbels in trying 'to keep Palestine clean of Jews', of repudiating moral contracts and promises made to the Jews, even of 'striking a grievous blow at our national unity and our national cause', of 'throwing Palestine into turmoil again', of 'practising racial discrimination against the Jews', of 'introducing restrictions on racial grounds', of 'betraying the cause of freedom', of 'inflicting fresh wrong on the tortured, humiliated, suffering Jewish people', and much more.

(Almost the only intelligent and intelligible speech by a private member in this debate, I must interpolate, came from a British Jew, Mr. Lipson, who described himself as 'one to whom his religion has always meant a great deal and who as a member of this House has tried to do his own thinking'. The second part of this remark may not have been meant as a rebuke to those who had in such meaningless and ill-informed phrases championed the cause of his co-religionists, but it fits. Mr. Lipson, almost the only speaker to understand what he was talking about, and, seemingly apprehensive lest the Jewish case should be damaged by so much extravagant exaggeration, said that Great Britain was fighting for the freedom of the human spirit, and that included freedom of speech, freedom of thought, the right of free people to their own existence, and the right of minorities to be different. If these things were lost, all would be lost. The survival of the Jews depended on the continuance of these things. Great Britain in this war had been said to be fighting for her existence. That was true, but if - which God forbid - Great Britain were to lose the war, she would live to fight again. If the Allies were to lose, however, the Jews might very well be finished for ever ... Therefore to the Jew the war must be the overriding issue whenever any question arose during those anxious and difficult days. What would happen to the Jews if the Nazis were to prevail?)

Now let me point to the real crux of this debate, which all speakers ignored. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, defending the Government's action as Secretary of State for the Colonies, said that the protest against it of the Jewish Agency had spoken about the rights of weak peoples, and the Government fully recognized the rights of the Jews in Palestine, but there was another small people in Palestine - the Arabs, who had rights equal to the rights of the Jews. He then revealed that land bought from the Arabs in Palestine for Jewish settlement, by the Jewish National Fund, was, under the conditions of that Fund:

*not allowed at any time in the future, under any conditions whatsoever, to be alienated to anyone who is not a Jew. If the Jewish authorities consider that condition necessary in order to protect the interests of their own people, I do not know why they quarrel with us when we say that a similar condition, and, perhaps, a far less permanent condition, is required to protect the interests of the Arab population....*

This passage, as I say, was the crux of the debate. In it the Jewish doctrine of discrimination against non-Jews is clearly revealed. I can see no difference between this anti-Semitism (for the Arabs, if I may repeat myself, are also Semites) and the anti-Semitism of National Socialism. It is discrimination in exactly the same form which the Jews are wont to practise, in European and other countries, in those trades and professions in which they become predominant.

Yet, after this disclosure of Mr. MacDonald, a Member was found (Colonel Wedgwood) to say, of the regulations issued by the British Government to counteract this anti-Arab discrimination:

American publicists and columnists have now seen that we here, fighting Hitler with our mouths, are copying his practice. This is precisely Hitler's policy of soil and blood, a policy of ultra-nationalism, preserving Palestine for one definite race. When shall we get away from the idea that this world is composed of a lot of different incompatible races? ... We are importing that spirit into British legislation, importing it in the worst place, setting up in Palestine exactly the same anti-Jewish legislation that Hitler has forced upon Germany. Discrimination between two sorts of citizens on account of their ancestry is new to this country and has been imported by the right honourable Gentleman in imitation of the doctrines preached in Germany to-day. If there could be a worse blow at our prosecution of the war than this I should like to know what it is. All over the world this will be held up against us....

I think the passages I have quoted show where discrimination begins, and I hope their perusal may lead some people to study statements made in Parliament with a critical eye. But in the name of unreason, why cannot the gentle Gentile champions of the Jews, for once, give an answer to this plain question: Why do they find discrimination natural, liberal, democratic and proper, when practised by Jews, but detestable, foul, illiberal and undemocratic when practised in retaliation by non-Jews?

I must quote one other statement in this debate, in which the anti-Semitism of the Jews in Palestine was so conspicuously ignored, a statement made by Mr. Noel-Baker: 'There is one indispensable solution - the Jewish National Home in Palestine - and whatever else there may be, there must be that as well.'

Mr. Noel-Baker was among the foremost advocates in Parliament of the opening of employment in this country to the 'friendly aliens'. Does he believe that the Jews should be helped to a Jewish ruled, exclusive, discriminatory Jewish State in Palestine, and simultaneously hold the full rights of



citizenship in this and other countries? That is something no non-Jew ever presumed to demand for himself. One thing or the other.

For what, then, are the Jews and what do they want? The subtle argument of the propagandist films sent out from Hollywood and of their wordier champions in this country is that they are persecuted people who wish nothing more than to be left in peace, and who desire, all of them, above all things, to fight for us.

It is much more difficult to define them. Dispersed throughout the world, they may themselves best be compared to a sphere of which the steel core is the body of fiercely intolerant, anti-Gentile Jews, while these qualities diminish as you work outward towards the softer peel. J. B. Priestley, in an article vigorously attacking 'the dirty old game of Jew-baiting' - would those Jewish regulations in Palestine be called Arab-baiting, or the disinheritance clause of a Jewish will Gentile-baiting? - undercut his own argument by saying: 'Nobody can deny that there is ... a real Jewish problem in the modern world. Their present position is unsatisfactory to everybody. They are neither definitely separating themselves from other races, nor merging themselves with them. They are uneasily hanging in mid-air ... When we Gentiles dislike a Jew it is because we feel that he wants to be one of us and at the same time not to be one of us, to enjoy all our holidays and then quietly take a Jewish one of his own. The problem will never be settled until the Jew decides either to move farther away or to come nearer. That is all that really needs to be said.'

That comes near to the truth, with a few exceptions. First, the problem is not one 'of the modern world', but goes back to the beginning of recorded time, for the reasons Mr. Priestley stated. Secondly, it will never be settled, because by all that long experience the Jew never will decide 'to move farther away or come nearer'; he wants to have his Jewish cake and eat Gentile cake. And thirdly, that is not 'all that needs to be said'; a great deal more needs to be said, in the interest of the non-Jews.

For what are the Jews? They are the most complex people in the world and to claim to know their inmost souls and their uttermost motives, as do some of those Westminster-bound Members, is fatuous. Trebitsch Lincoln was a Jew, who was born in Hungary and became an Anglican clergyman in Canada and a Member of Parliament (yes, that same Parliament whose members now, twenty-five years later, are so sure about their Jew) in England, and turned out to be a German agent in the last war and after it was press-chief to the first anti-Semitic Putschists in Germany, the friends of Hitler (yes, Hitler too has availed himself of the services of Jews, among them the lady who, in collaboration with an 'English peer, did that spadework 'which made the Munich Agreement possible') and is now a Buddhist monk in far Thibet. Napoleon's press chief, for that matter, was a Portuguese Jew, Lewis Goldschmidt, who, with all the fire of a Goebbels or a Gayda, in his *Argus* described the British Navy, three months before Trafalgar, as dilapidated, dispersed, incompetent and on the verge of mutiny, and England as decadent, degenerate and defeated. And did not the good Lewis Goldschmidt, after Waterloo, enter into the employ of the British Embassy in Paris, and even marry his daughter to an English peer?

Loyalties are not so easy to discover. In Prague, just before Hitler marched into that city, was a rabbi, of whom a Jew told me, who instructed his people that Hitler was the Jewish Messiah, because the result of his work would be to open to the jaws all those countries, throughout the world, which were still closed to them. In Swansea, when the present war had been resumed, was a 67-year-old Russian Jew who had been in this country since he was a boy; he was sent to prison for saying. 'Hitler is a friend of mine - he is a good man. The English took Palestine from the Jews and Hitler is going to take England. Hitler is doing right.'

In West Hampstead was an 18-year-old German Jew who, like so many others, landed in this country surreptitiously and therefore did not appear in the official figures of 'aliens registered with the police'; he told the Thames magistrate that he wished to return to fight for Germany. In Stepney was a 25-year old Austrian Jew who, when he appeared before an 'enemy alien' tribunal to prove that he was a 'friendly alien', picked up an inkwell and threw it at the judge; what may his loyalty have been?

Yet the spokesmen in our Parliament of these people will admit of no arguments against them; they are all 'friendly', all highly talented, and all desperately anxious to fight for England.

What is the sense of ignoring things which everybody knows? There was, for instance, the case of the ten East End Jews, most of them of Polish origin, who conspired to evade military service by sending up an unfit man, in their respective names, for medical examination; he received from £20 to £200 for his services. These men were detected and convicted. One of them, who was quick enough to escape the police by decamping to the Channel Islands, was there when the Germans arrived, when he decided to return to England and was arrested and sentenced.

The loyalties of the Jews are far more difficult to determine than their advocates in this country would admit. When Poland was fighting Germany, for instance, and Russia jumped on Poland's back, taking half Poland for herself, the Jews in that part of Poland 'hailed the Russian troops as deliverers'. The scene was described by the Correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, William Forrest. What Englishman would not understand that this left a feeling of bitterness in the minds of the Poles, who subsequently organized a magnificent army in this country? Yet as soon as the existence of this feeling became known those newspapers which make the cause of the Jews their own, before all others, began violently to attack the Poles, to cry that they were not worthy to fight in the ranks of 'democracy', that they were as bad as the Nazis, and the like.

I remember Jews in the trenches, in the air force, and in hospital in the last war, and know how well they fought. They were neither braver nor less brave than the rest; they just fitted in. But these were British Jews, who had been long in this country. They were not 'Englishmen'; it is almost impossible for a Jew to be that, because he will not, save in rare cases, allow himself to be assimilated, he is too much aware of the differences in his blood, his religion, his upbringing, his fellow-Jews. These British Jews of long domicile will understand, probably better than most Gentile readers, many of the things I have written in this book; they know that where the Jew from Eastern Europe suddenly appears in large numbers, the old trouble starts all over again, and they fear it. They are said, and I believe this, from their very understanding of the problem to have formed private 'tribunals of self-discipline' to check those who may bring them into discredit.

But they have an extremely difficult task before them. The campaign to squeeze the newcomers into English life has as yet been carried on with a ruthless and relentless disregard for any point of view but theirs which bodes ill for the future.

I assume that many Jews are, must be, serving in the British armed forces during the war which has now been resumed, though no man could go about London at this time without remarking how seldom a typically Jewish face is seen beneath a uniform cap, how often such faces are seen above white collars in the hotels and restaurants.

When the air raids on London began, and Londoners were having a very bad time indeed, the *New Statesman* published a letter urging that refugees interned in the Isle of Man should be released 'before the rains come', lest their health suffer from confinement 'in the dining-rooms of their 34 houses'. This was at a time when hundreds of thousands of Londoners were sleeping on the

platforms of tube stations, in unheated cellars, beneath railway arches, and the like, and it drew the following comment from one of the native citizens, a London 'Shelter Marshal'.

May I inquire (1) how the health of these internees will stand up to numerous daylight raids and to nightly dusk-to-dawn confinement in packed shelters under heavy bombardment? (2) how the health of the other crowded users of these shelters will stand up to a yet bigger incursion of panic-stricken aliens into their midst?

Apart from the space problem (and I must reluctantly admit that the average 'friendly' alien seems to need a lot more shelter 'Lebensraum' than the average Londoner), one of the major difficulties of some London public shelters is the throng of neurotic foreign refugees who spend their lives, apparently, in an hysterical quest for 100 per cent safety at night.

Another thing that troubled me when I returned to England and began to study at close quarters a problem of which I had seen the other end, was the suspicion that the foreign Jews were tending to receive preferential treatment even from British justice! Now this is a very serious thing, if it is true, for in no other country that I know is justice so implacably rigorous as in this. True, it seemed to me, like everything else in England, to have its first, second and third-class compartments, and I once raised a violently protesting eyebrow at my loudspeaker when I heard Sir William Jowitt, K.C., say, 'The law is the same for rich and poor alike'.

Some newspapers grant the most unrestricted freedom for the publication of views with which they are in agreement; and in the sense that the millionaire and the pauper who stole a loaf of bread would probably be treated alike I was prepared to believe him. But further than that I did not feel that I could go with this great King's Counsel.

I had an uneasy feeling, for instance, that murder was not murder if committed at Oxford University, but was apt to be attributed invariably to a foreign crook called Schizophrenia. I had also remarked that members of ducal families found the most benevolent understanding of their quite honourable motives for committing what looked like criminal offences when they appeared before a local bench manned, or womanned, by members of local county families. I further remarked that a financier who died owing £80,000 to the Income Tax authorities, which he had been owing for several years, was generally held to have been a most estimable and successful man, but that people who owed a few pounds received summonses to appear at the Guildhall and were sometimes promptly committed to the cells.

But the severity of the British law in punishing small offences of theft by poor people far surpassed anything I had ever encountered on the Continent, in any country. I mentioned in a previous book the cases of a van boy and a shopboy who, for stealing 1s. and 10s. respectively, were sent to prison for one and six months. I have records of many other such cases. For instance, the 66-year-old unemployed labourer of Bolton who received a month for stealing sixpennyworth of coal; the 18-year-old girl who, having been bound over on a charge of theft in the first place on condition that she ceased to take slimming tablets, later appeared on a charge of breaking this promise and was sent to gaol for six months! This last case seems to me to deserve inclusion in any calendar of judicial curiosities. The 18-year-old girl in question, incidentally, was not without wits or wit; she asked, before she went to the cells, 'if it was against the law to take these tablets, why were they manufactured and sold?'

These very rigours of our judicial system, in its dealings with the lower orders, seemed to me in strange contrast with the exceptionally easygoing treatment which was often given to 'friendly aliens'. Nearly all the Metropolitan magistrates have, at one time or another, expressed grave

misgivings about the size of the trade in smuggling aliens into this country: the late Mr. Herbert Metcalfe's 'These people are simply pouring into the country wholesale' was typical. But on that occasion the aliens officer in court explained that it was 'known in Antwerp that people could come to the United Kingdom irregularly and be dealt with lightly'.

No amount of research can discover what happens to the innumerable persons whose deportation these magistrates daily recommend, but all the signs suggest that when they have served their sentence, if any - and some of them are very bad characters, as my notes show - they either resume life in England somehow or contrive to return.

But what particularly attracted my notice - and I invite the attention of others to it - is that at one time the plea, 'I am a refugee from Hitlerist persecution' seemed to be regarded as an extenuating circumstance, almost to the point of annulling the offence, even in cases completely removed from the necessity to escape from Hitler.

I have a collection of quite extraordinary examples. For instance, a lady who was summoned for dangerously driving a borrowed motor-car pleaded that she was 'a refugee from Hitlerist persecution' and practically penniless, whereon she was fined sixpence, 'in view of your sad circumstances'. Any who have experienced, as I have experienced, the normally rigorous treatment of offending drivers by British benches will appreciate this case. A young lady who stole twelve pairs of stockings was fined 5s.; she was a refugee. A Polish rabbi who was convicted of harbouring a large number of foreign Jews without informing the police was fined £50 - but the fine was later reduced to £5. Two men who were convicted of assisting a 'friendly alien' to evade registration were fined £5 each - but the fine was later reduced to a farthing.

The state of affairs which I found in England, when I returned to it, was being reproduced in the Dominions. None knew South Africa better than the late Sir Abe Bailey, and none was less likely than he to be accused of unfriendliness towards the Jews. I wish therefore to invite particular consideration to this letter which he wrote to *The Times* a few days before the World War broke out again in September 1939. I have italicized the passages which are of especial importance:

The proceedings at the international conference of Jews in Geneva and letters and articles appearing in the Press are unfortunately creating an impression that many Jews are committing the mistake of their Nazi persecutors (exterminators and destroyers of religion) and looking at their present and future problems entirely as if nobody else in the world mattered but themselves.

At a time when Great Britain, the best friend of the Jews, is harassed and embarrassed and ringed round with envious and desperate enemies and when the Middle East is only one of many arenas where our whole Imperial position is at stake, far too many Jews, in voicing their grievances, make no allowance for the appalling difficulties and dangers which confront the British Government all over the world. To listen to the recital of these grievances one would think the only problem which Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has to face in Palestine (as a result of the British Government making it their national home) was the distribution of land among Jews and Arabs, with an open door to Jewish immigrants, whereas the Jews ought to know that the Government of which he is a member has to deal with strategic considerations which affect the whole of the Middle East, and at a time when the clouds of war are threatening British dominion in all the seven seas. The British Government's positive policy is fair play to Jew and Arab alike, realizing the fact that economically they are interlocked.

The almost contemptuous disregard for other interests except those of their own is illustrated by a letter which appeared in your own columns recently from Professor Namier and in a remarkable article in a recent issue of the *Economist*, Which, dealing with the problem of refugees in Britain, says:

*Obviously not all refugees are capable of making an equal contribution to British prosperity. There may be some who are undesirable on other than economic grounds. But on the average they are more helpful to the community than the average Englishman, whether the standard is monetary, capital, industrial skill or intellectual attainments.*

It is true that the *Economist* in a subsequent issue expressed its regret that this passage should have lent itself to misunderstanding, but the whole tenor of the article unfortunately illustrated only too clearly the arrogance with which the claims of Jewish extremists are being advocated.

The supreme aim of Jewish statesmanship to-day is to see to it that the persecution of Jewry in Central Europe does not lead to world persecution and that the policy of fear and oppression which began in Germany does not spread to other countries. I speak with some experience in these matters, for I have seen the rise in South Africa of a wave of anti-Semitism which the Nazis confidently hope will one day redound to their benefit.

*When I was trading as a youth and used to cross South Africa from one end to the other, I found nearly all the stores, inns, and hotels on the roadside, in villages and towns, run by Britishers, mainly Scotsmen, but now they are mostly in the hands of Jews and Indians. Jews are steadily working their way into many of the professions, particularly the law and medicine, and are locking up these professions for themselves. Recently they have made attempts to secure a strong foothold in the Press of South Africa and in various cultural organizations.*

It is almost a truism that a community can absorb only a certain proportion of Jews. When that proportion is exceeded, as it is in South Africa, anti-Semitism follows and is further fanned by too exclusive an expression of Jewish aspirations and ambitions.

All decent-minded people deplore the cruel persecutions practised on Jews in Nazi Germany. Jews must play their part in doing all they can to put bounds to an infection which may one day poison the whole world.

The passages I have italicized are of especial value, coming from such an authority with so wide a circle of Jewish friends. In particular the quotation from the *Economist* is of the greatest interest.

Audacity is notoriously a very powerful weapon, and one the Jews particularly love, because it has served them well. Their argument, that they should oust the native-born Gentiles because they are in all respects better than these was never more openly and audaciously expressed. That it could be printed in the British press, at a time when sober arguments against the Jewish case, however well founded, could nowhere find a place in it, unless they carried such a signature as that of Sir Abe Bailey, when they might appear in an obscure correspondence column, is the best possible illustration of the measure of 'freedom' which has prevailed in the press of this country in this particular respect.

This argument, that the foreign Jews, the 'friendly aliens', are much cleverer and in every way more suitable than ourselves and should therefore be given preference in employment is that implicitly taken over by the innumerable spokesmen of these people in the British press and parliament.

It is the argument I have repeatedly heard myself from the lips of Jews, who did not realize that I was well versed in their methods in many foreign countries. This was the reason, they would have had me believe, that their newspapers in Berlin and Vienna, Prague and Budapest, were entirely staffed by Jews: that the local non-Jews were simply not equal to the work. They were of course not up to the standard of British journalists, these would-be wily ones would add, with a quick sideways glance at myself.

It is the method of discrimination, impure but simple. In this country it has already, in some cases, reached absurd lengths. I have before me a long press 'puff' about a young Jew from Hungary who was chosen to play the part of a British schoolboy in a British film 'because he looked so English'. That is to say, no English schoolboys were available who looked so English as he! The public of a country must have reached a sad state of stupidity when such tricks can be played on it.

The second passage which I have italicized in Sir Abe Bailey's letter shows the consequences to which these methods lead - as they led in the European countries I knew, as they will lead in this country unless they are checked.

In the other British Dominions the same thing is happening, while the men are away at the war.

'Assisted passages' to Australia, which might have replenished that continent with British blood, were suspended by the British Government from 1930 to 1938, when they were resumed until August 1939. Who was 'assisted' to go to Australia during this year when the assistance was resumed? - 10,992 persons, of whom 881 were British! The bulk of the others were foreign Jews; indeed of the 10,111 non-Britons no less than 5,321 were of German nationality, which means that they were nearly all Jews from Germany.

'The Government's policy in this very important matter has produced disastrous results where Australia is concerned,' wrote Sir Henry Galway, a former Governor of South Australia, to *The Times* on March 10th, 1940. 'If this policy is persisted in, it will not take more than a couple of generations before Australia's proud boast of a population with 95 per cent British stock is silenced. One of the many evils resulting from the substitution of alien for British stock is that the industries are by degrees falling under foreign control. For instance, the sugar and pea-nut industries are already fairly well in the hands of the alien, while the fruit industry is going that way. In spite of there being a war on, unemployment in Britain is still at an abnormally high figure. Crowds of boys are unable to get employment even under the Derby and other schemes. Why should they not be permitted to go to Australia, where they are wanted, if they wish to? ... The average Member of Parliament is woefully ignorant on the subject of migration, though I willingly allow that there are many bright exceptions ... I humbly contend that it is up to the Government to do all in their power to save Australia from being swamped by people of alien race.'

To conclude the picture I have given I have to add that by January 1941 the last safeguards in this problem had been abandoned in Britain.

It was officially announced that the Ministry of Labour felt that it should pursue 'a more positive policy of welcoming the 250,000 long-term foreign residents and refugees alongside our own workers'. Both employers and trades unions were in agreement with this policy. (The only opposition to it, as *The Times* alone remarked, came from the workshops, that is to say, from the native workers, who had so little to say in these matters.)



These aliens were to have 'the same wages and conditions of work as British subjects', and they were also to have 'the benefits of the health and unemployment insurance schemes', into which the British workers had for many years been paying weekly contributions.

With this announcement the last barriers fell, and the British public, if any member of it happened to be watching, which I doubt, would have seen that it had once again picked quite a different card from that which it thought to have chosen. That which it had obtained was quite different from that which had been promised.

These people had come, not to stay, oh no, only as transmigrants; they would be no charge on the British taxpayer, oh no, 'private individuals' and 'voluntary organizations' had guaranteed their maintenance; they would not swamp the home labour market, oh no, they would not be allowed to take employment.

But now they were come to stay! The cost of their maintenance fell on the British taxpayer, and when they were out of work, they would draw the dole from the British Unemployment Insurance Fund built up by the contributions of British workers! They would be eligible for all employment!

And I foresee, if I am not mistaken, that when this war is over British citizenship may be granted to them because they came to us and 'helped our war effort'. John Hammer, who worked in a foundry during the war, Jack Pickaxe, who worked down a mine, and Tommy Rifle, who served in the infantry will not find that they are entitled to any especial consideration after the war because they 'helped the national war effort'.

May they be spared the cold and bitter struggle to find any kind of work which their forerunners had when they came back from the first World War, in 1918.

I think it a regrettable thing that the last barriers were levelled by a Socialist Minister of Labour, a man of working-class origins himself.

It is a grave state of affairs that I have described. I saw it coming, from the Continent, and said so in the second book I wrote of this series of three. The greatest single factor in Hitler's rise to power was the embitterment and desperation of the German war generation - I mean, the 1914-18 war. Those men, when they came back, found every road to advancement and useful employment closed to them, and they found many trades and professions locked-up by foreign Jews who had come to their country from Poland and elsewhere while they were away.

Before very long the Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen of this generation will be coming home from the war they are fighting to retrieve that civilization of which we last saw some trace in the Dark Ages. The Australians, with fresh laurels, will be returning to Australia, the South Africans to South Africa, the Canadians to Canada and the New Zealanders to New Zealand.

In Britain and in the Dominions a great mass of alien immigrants has been allowed to settle and take employment. Will they yield this employment when the soldiers, the sailors, and the airmen come home, or are these latter to traipse and trail idly about the streets, as they did after the last war; or in the better event, are they to find the higher posts occupied by people, many of them of alien blood, who have barnacled-in while they were away under the motto of 'helping the national war effort'?

These aliens number, as far as one can judge, some hundreds of thousands. That is a very large mass to throw upon the labour market, to inject into the trades and professions, and it has been repeatedly proved that, once in, they exert their influence to help others in and to exclude non-Jews.

Since the 1914-18 war there have seldom been less than a million friendly Britons unemployed in this country, and in some years their number has risen to several millions. The derelict areas and the slums still offer grim and spectral proof of the misrule of England in those between-war years. The new burden that has been put upon the British back is a very heavy one.

A bad day's work has been done in this last year or so. I came back from abroad in 1939, after many years, fearing this only less than the war I knew was coming. I saw the things the same influx led to in other countries. If I am not a Boetian, they will come in England: the lowering of the levels of taste and talent, the swamping of the last native standards and customs and traditions, the introduction of a meretricious and alien way of life, the squeezing-out of youth and enthusiasm. Experience - and this is the tragic thing - teaches no lessons.

But the arguments I have raised are sober ones, that cannot be shouted down by cries of 'anti-Semite' or any other meaningless word. The policy that has been pursued is just as false in its field as was the policy of Munich - and the result of that policy was not peace, but war.

And Rupert Brooke, if he lived to-day, would need to write:

'And there the Jews!'

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## Chapter Six

### AND HAVING WRIT

When I came back to England in the spring of 1939 I brought with me, in my mind's eye, the picture of the Germans marching into Czechoslovakia and of the Poles awaiting the next onslaught, which by that time was certain to be directed against them. I wrote this in the book, *Disgrace Abounding*, which I managed to get out six months before the war began.

I returned knowing that a short time, and one last chance, remained to avert war and save the peace. While I wandered about London and England, in the summer of 1939, the European line-up moved to its long foreseeable climax, drearily, implacably, hopelessly, as if that climax were a tornado or some other natural catastrophe which the wit of man could not hope to prevent, rather than a man-made disaster which resolute and vigorous men could have forethwarted.

The last chance was never taken, never seemed likely to be taken. The approaching war was a runaway train which could have been switched on to an up-gradient so that it should come to a standstill; but it was watched as if it were lava from Vesuvius. A man was sometimes driven to ask himself if the armaments-makers were after all in full control and were resolved not to let this war slip through their fingers.

After Hitler's annexation of Czechoslovakia, so often proclaimed by Britain's rulers of that day to have been 'saved from annihilation' at Munich, it was clear that Germany's new projects of territorial expansion were limitless, that she would very soon come into direct and open conflict with the one power that stood between her and their realization, Britain, and that, far from satisfying just grievances, she merely meant, before that great contest began, to subjugate the smaller potential allies of Britain on the other side of Europe - to avoid, at all costs, the thing she dreaded most, the 'war on two fronts'.

True, many people still remained in England who did not wish to see this. But it was patent to anybody with any schooling in the politics of Europe and it meant that, from the moment she had swallowed Czechoslovakia, Germany would abandon the policy of 'Saving Europe from Bolshevism', which had served her so well for the duping of the credulous and the panic-stricken in England, and would seek reconciliation with Soviet Russia, so that her entire strength would be free to use in the West when the moment came.

All Germans were convinced that the threat from Russia alone had deprived them of victory in 1914, when they came so near to Paris and the Channel Ports, and that even after that time they would easily have overcome France and Britain if they had not needed to keep millions of men on the Russian front; and by the time they had actually crushed Russia, in that war, the Americans were beginning to throw their weight into the struggle in the West.

The statesmen of Britain must have known this. From the moment of the annexation of Czechoslovakia the only chance of preserving *peace* in Europe was an agreement between Britain, France and Russia jointly to oppose the next German aggression.

But the preservation of *peace* - and this is the seeming paradox which nobody in Britain could understand - was the only way to prevent that further spread of Communism in Europe which so many people in this country so greatly feared.

If *war* came, it was bound to spread (and has now spread, to that part of Poland which Russia seized and to the Baltic States which Russia annexed; and the future contains the danger that it may spread to a defeated Germany).

In *peace*, it could not spread; twenty years of Communist decline, in all countries outside Russia, had proved that.

But the only chance of preserving *peace* was to confront Hitler with the certainty of that war-on-two-fronts which he feared above all things.

That was the one move which might have brought him to that ready-to-negotiate frame of mind which the British statesmen, as they said, so yearned to inspire in him, the one move which might have induced him to seat himself at that fair and square deal table where they so longed to meet him in conference, for the composition without the use of arms of 'Germany's just grievances'.

The British statesmen must also have known that from the period of the Spanish civil war, when Britain in effect furthered the success of the intervening dictators by the policy of 'non-intervention', the rulers of Russia had come to disbelieve that Britain meant ever to oppose Hitler; that their representative in Spain had openly declared that, in view of this, Soviet Russia would abandon her hopes of the all-in, collective-security-against-aggression policy, and would seek to strike a bargain with Hitlerist Germany rather than run the risk of being left alone, at the last, to face that mighty martial nation. They must have known, too, that from that time onward the dismissal of Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Minister identified with the 'collective security' policy, had been freely foretold by Soviet representatives, and when this actually happened, not long after the German seizure of Czechoslovakia, any doubts they may still have had must have disappeared.

In the spring of 1939, therefore, the only hope of preserving *peace* in Europe and preventing the further spread of Communism, strange though this may still seem to untutored minds, was to make an alliance with the plaguey Reds whom we had at great cost sought, and failed, to destroy after the 1914-18 war. The prospect was seemingly too horrible, to those minds in England which had so long browsed blissfully upon Hitler's promises to save them from Bolshevism, for it ever to have had any chance of realization. Not even they can have imagined that Russia had any warlike intentions against Britain; but the thought of that Bolshevik-beneath-the-bed was still more terrifying to them than the armed might of a much nearer country which desired the destruction of the British Empire, first, and after that world domination.

True, the instinct of the people in this country was surer. They did feel and see that we 'needed the Russians'; I satisfied myself of that in my journeyings about England. And true, also, that the rulers of Britain equally admitted this necessity. The British Government, to begin with, gave guarantees, against new aggression to Poland and Rumania which had no meaning or value without the collaboration of Russia, the neighbour of these countries, and then, as was logical, began 'conversations' with Russia herself.

Mistrust and suspicion of Britain in Moscow were of much older date than the British attempts to propitiate Hitler, the potential slayer of the Red dragon, and even than the British attempt of 1919 to slay that dragon. They reached far back into Russian Imperial times. They had been lavishly fertilized, as I say, by the British policy in Spain. The allaying of these suspicions, the courting and winning of the detested Reds, was therefore not likely to be an easy task.

The 'conversations' were begun within five days of the German annexation of Czechoslovakia. They proceeded, but did not progress, for many weeks and months. Eventually the British Government, whose Prime Minister and Foreign Minister had been at such pains to seek Hitler out

in his Berlin palace and Berchtesgaden fastness, sent to Moscow Mr. William Strang, an able but rather junior Foreign Office official.

That was in June, after the conversations had lasted more than two months. By the end of June a Soviet spokesman, one Zhdanoff, pointed out in *Pravda* that the conversations had been going on for seventy-five days, without result, and roundly accused the British, and French, conversationalists of a lack of sincerity. However, by August, with the British public still anxiously waiting, progress seemed to have been made, for the British Government sent a Military Mission to Moscow. This seemed to offer a faint hope that *peace* might yet be saved - by the threat of joint Anglo-French-Russian resistance to any new German venture.

A seemingly irrelevant detail convinced me at the time that these negotiations, too, would not succeed - the name of the leader of the British Mission. This was:

Admiral  
the Honourable  
Sir  
Reginald  
Aylmer  
Ranfurly  
Plunkett-  
Ernle-  
Erle-  
Drax

and there were also some subsequent initials. I mean no disrespect to the bearer of this name, whom I never met and of whom I had not until that time heard: he is a brother of Lord Dunsany, and this indicates high intellectual attainments. But the name alone - if you picture it in Moscow - suggested the impossibility of making these two worlds meet, if they ever were meant to meet, even in an alliance to save the peace and avert war.

Imagine Soviet Under-Commissar Isador Aaronsky struggling with it! It is the very father and mother of a name - three titles, three forenames, four surnames, and three hyphens! I should think there was never another name in the world like it (though the queerest fates befall names in England, and the press about this same time told of a baby who had been born Ogilvie-Grant-Studley-Herbert, but who, when he was old enough, was to be renamed Studley-Herbert-Ogilvie-Grant). It just shows you what can happen to a name if you don't take care of it. A Frenchman might have proved equal to an encounter with this name; the French are dauntless people and in Paris its owner would have become plain Sir Drax. But the Bolsheviks have an especial inferiority complex (a term I use because everybody but myself seems to understand it) about this sort of thing; I could picture the Comrades in conclave, discussing how to address Admiral the Hon. Sir - well, you know whom I mean.

Anyway, plumb in the middle of these negotiations, which had now lasted over three months, a fleet of German aeroplanes landed in Moscow, bringing the good von Ribbentrop, the erst-while darling of Mayfair, with a suite of over thirty senior officials, and he signed Stalin on the dotted line, leaving the British Military Mission to retire unhonoured and unsung and by devious routes to England.

Within 48 hours of this, Hitler invaded Poland; within three weeks of that Poland was defeated and partitioned between Germany and Bolshevvy; and we were at war.

When I read the news of that German-Bolshevist agreement, in the stop-press column of a London newspaper one morning (I am again forestalling my narrative a little for the sake of lucidity, I hope) I knew the last hope was gone. I had written in *Insanity Fair* that this would happen, if it were not prevented, and said: 'If Germany and Russia come together, peace in Europe is finished.'

Within a few hours of their coming together, peace *was* finished.

The move was clear to foresee, years ahead, to any moderate chess-player, but the British Government played chess as if it were dominoes. In spite of all warnings, this Nazi-Bolshevist agreement struck everybody in England, from the Prime Minister to the last Tory peer and member, all of a heap. Every child in Europe across the Channel had known that it would come unless it were checkmated. The Prime Minister of a remote Balkan country, for instance, M. Kiosseivanoff of Bulgaria, was able to foretell it exactly to the French Minister in Sofia on December 16th, 1938, according to the French Yellow Book:

M. Kiosseivanoff thought it unlikely that Germany would take advantage of her domination over Czechoslovakia to drive towards the south-east. He believed that Poland was in far greater danger. The rapprochement, then outlined, between Poland and Russia might serve to ward off the blow, but he did not think it would succeed, whereas a rapprochement between Germany and Russia seemed to him far more likely. Such, he recalled, had always been the dream of a section of the German General Staff. Should it come off, a fourth partition of Poland would be the result.

But Mr. Chamberlain, his Government, the British Press and the British public were thunderstruck. I cannot conceive, when I think of those days and re-read the speeches that were made and the articles that were written, how the British public is ever to be informed and educated about foreign affairs. That means that I do not see how wars are ever to be prevented.

When I look back, I cannot think that the pact with Russia, which might have averted *war*, preserved *peace*, and prevented the further spread of Bolshevism in Europe, was ever seriously intended. The embattled property-owners of England, as I think, allowed their strategic vision to be clouded by an obsession with 'the Red menace', and took the one course which might conceivably place them, one day, in real danger from that source. In *peace*, which might have been saved by an alliance with those distant Reds, it could never have approached them; but in *war*, who knows?

Apart from all that, peace was better worth having than war. I hold the imported, non-Russian, Bolshevist regime in Russia to be the one political racket in Europe more evil than National Socialism. But Russia, the State, the country, the nation, was a king-piece in the game of war or peace and, in our hands, adroitly played, would have won the match for peace.

The Bolsheviks (as distinct from the Russians) were on the down grade before the world war was resumed. Through our policy they have become, for the nonce at all events, 'mightier yet'.

Having watched, from various parts of Europe, the cruel and absurd things which were done from fear of 'the Reds' by men whose fear did not see far enough, I thought, when I came back to England in the Spring of 1939, that the last chance of saving peace would be lost. As the summer drew on I became sure of it. The moving finger continued to write its stupid tale of inertia, senile misleadership, and peace betrayed.

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## Chapter Seven

### MRS. SUNSHINE

In my native London, between the invasion of Prague and the resumption of the unpleasantness interrupted in 1918, I found not much that was reassuring, as the astute reader may have surmised. My chief source of consolation was my bed-and- breakfast landlady, in whose soul, despite stairs, stomach trouble, sore feet and a new class of lodger ('Them refugees!'), the most unbounded faith in England and everything English reigned. She was a stout woman of strong mind, which she freely spoke, and determined appearance, and yielded no inch of ground to my opinions about the slums, the derelict areas, the ignorance of the people or the cowardly propitiation of Hitler. She found everything in her world either right or unalterable; she held the upper classes in high esteem and the lower ones, her own, in some contempt. The idea that anything might be changed or bettered made her suspicious; she would not have needed much prompting to call this 'Bolshevism'. She liked to talk, when her inside or her feet were not paining her; when they were, she liked to talk too, but then she was most acid in her criticisms of my views.

I loved to draw her out. Over the breakfast tray we had many a give-and-take encounter, of a kind which I vainly sought in more moneyed society.

'Now, don't you go provoking me to-day,' she was wont to say, as she struggled pantingly in with my breakfast, 'or I'm liable to let my tongue run away with me again. My inside's fair turning over again.'

'That's all right, Mrs. Sunshine,' I would answer, 'there's many a true word spoken in indigestion.'

'Now don't you start that, Mr. de Bunker,' she would say (I had given her this foreign-sounding name in the vain hope that she would take me for a stranger to these shores and unburden herself in new vein), 'and don't get me arguing about the unemployed and the slums and suchlike, because I've enough bluddy trouble as it is,' (Mrs. Sunshine loved this adjective) 'what with all these stairs and my feet.'

'I know, Mrs. Sunshine, I know,' I said. 'Hell bath no fury like a woman's corns.'

'The trouble with you, Mr. de Bunker,' Mrs. Sunshine replied, standing back with her hands folded where her waistline had once been and looking aggressively down at my dishevelled hair and sleepy morning face, 'is that you've bin too long abroad.'

'How right you are, Mrs. Sunshine,' I said, 'the trouble with England is that I've been too long abroad.'

'I didn't say that, and my name isn't Sunshine,' she remarked sharply, 'but I think, if you don't mind my saying so, that you're too critical about us. There'll always be rich and poor, and ...'

'And if you give them a bath they put coals in it,' said I.

'Pardon,' said she.

'Oh, nothing,' I said. 'I was just thinking that time flies and the world's a small place and its milder to-day, isn't it?'

'No,' said Mrs. Sunshine, contemplating me with disapproval but without surprise, 'it was milder yesterday.'

'Thank the Dalai Lama for that,' said I.

'Who's he?' said she.

'A brother of the Aga Khan,' said I.

'Oh, him,' said Mrs. Sunshine. 'Well, what's he got to do with it?'

'Well, who should have to do with it if not he?' I asked. 'He comes from a warm climate, doesn't he?'

Mrs. Sunshine looked me in the eye with the invulnerable composure which I admired, straightened the toast-rack, and said, 'Well, Mr. de Bunker, I think you're partly wrong in your ideas. I won't say you're not right in some of them, and when I see the way them refugees light their oil-stoves for cooking on my carpets, without even bothering to put a piece of cardboard under them, so that they burn holes everywhere, not to mention the lavatories, I think Hitler wasn't so far wrong in some things, but still, we've a lot to be thankful for, here in England, it don't do to pamper the poor. Look at our Royal Family.'

'How?' I asked.

'How what?' said she.

'How shall I look at them!' said I.

'Well, I mean to say, *look* at them,' she said. 'Look at the Queen, more like a friend to us all than a queen, she is, and the two little Princesses.'

'But how do you *look* at them?' said I.

'Well,' said Mrs. Sunshine, sharply, 'if you don't know what I mean, or don't want to know what I mean, go to the news-reel cinema, and look at them, there,' and she departed, banging the door.

'So you think I ought to take a look at England,' I said to Mrs. Sunshine one day.

'You certainly should, Mr. de Bunker,' she answered, removing the breakfast tray with emphasis. 'Right, I will,' I said, and I packed my bags.

I wonder what happened to Mrs. Sunshine. The next time I chanced to pass that way I saw only a gap where her house had been; it had been bombed. She was a good soul, and, being perfectly happy in her station and feeling that everybody else ought to be content with their lot, she certainly belonged to those whom the high-up ones delight to call 'the sturdy British working-classes'.

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## Chapter Eight

### NIGHT ERRANT

Before I set out on my English journeys I had one last night to spend in London, my birthplace, and, hoping against hope, I went in search of some good investment which would return me a quick dividend in mirth, good company and good cheer.

It was an almost hopeless quest, because in London a man may spend anything save a night. The industries of entertainment and refreshment, as I found by comparing them with the things I had seen in other countries, had reached a low level of quality and taste which was inexplicable in the biggest and richest single settlement of human beings on this planet. To what end did so many human beings come together, I thought, if this was the result?

The nightscape of London, for instance, was hideous. I thought of the dark romantic beauty of the Place de la Concorde in Paris, of the gleaming, pin-pointed sweep of the Danube at Budapest, of the spacious and fragrant-smelling Vienna Ringstrasse in springtime, of the broad Wenceslas Place in Prague outlimned in light. Trafalgar Square or the Thames Embankment could have looked like these, yet the best offering to beauty that London-at-night would devise was the crazy medley of shrieking, bursting, hop-skip-and-jumping electric signs at Piccadilly Circus, which yelled to the gaping crowd, come to see 'the sights of London', that this, that and the other gin, whisky or port were nectar and that somebody's purgative would cleanse them of the after-effects of these health-and-strength-giving liquids.

It is a lugubrious comment on our times and the civilization for which we later began once more to fight that beauty only re-entered the night scene of London when the black-out fell upon the city; how many of its citizens, having their eyes freed from the blinding glare of the street-level, then discovered, as I did, that there are great and starry skies above, that the upper silhouette of some buildings is pleasant and inspiring?

I wonder that the people who plan our streets do not realize that light is like money. Squandered it is meaningless and yields nothing, neither delight nor satisfaction. But well used it can produce beauty and the solace of the mind.

As a conscientious friend of alcohol and anti-abstainer, I tried long, hard and often to accustom myself to the national beverages which were advertised in so many colours in Piccadilly Circus and which, if I may tell another inside story, have the reputation in other countries that they are above all the implacable enemies of male potency, but I never could enjoy them or forget my first love, wine. They always induced a slight retching in me. And I never could understand the laws which produced the sub-human conditions in which they had to be drunk. A man, said these laws, might only drink these liquids at certain hours - two or three hours in the middle of the day and two or three hours at night. I assumed, for the lack of any other explanation I could think of, that these laws, which were more typical than anything else I knew of the muddled thinking that prevailed in England, had been devised to prevent men from drinking too much of these things that were so loudly proclaimed to be good for them.

But in the fact a man, in the West End and the East End of London alike, could drink all through the twenty-four hours, if he wished. If he were rich, he simply ordered what he liked, when he liked, in the clubs or hotels to which his money gave him entry.

But even if he were not rich he could do the same, for these laws, as far as I understood them, allowed that the eight hours during which alcohol might be drunk could, in certain conditions and for certain 'clubs', be spread over other periods of the day than those at which the public houses and restaurants sold alcohol. Thus there were hundreds of little 'clubs', usually housed in two tiny rooms on an upper floor, where you might drink during the otherwise prohibited hours of the morning, afternoon or night. All you needed was to become 'a member', at a subscription of five shillings or so; and in the event you did not pay the five shillings. I knew a man who was 'a member' of so many of these that he could drink what he liked whenever he wanted it.

Good food, good wine, and good entertainment in cheerful surroundings, to be taken whenever you wished to take it, were things you could not obtain in that London of 1939. I never knew a city in which money seemed so autocratically to rule and yet bought so little; it would not purchase the things I have described.

I remembered, as I wandered about London, a time in Vienna when I had very few of these metal discs, when I had to count every penny, or rather every Schilling, 26 of these Schillings being the equivalent of each 20 of my English shillings. I remembered a gay evening spent in the company of a very good friend who knew my plight and set herself, in the Rathauskeller there, to choose a good meal for the two of us at the lowest possible price. Good food and plenty of it; half-a-litre of good wine; music; and we did it for five Schillings and seventy Groschen, including the tip. O memorable meal, unforgettable evening, and unforgotten good friend!

On this night errant, when I set out to explore the town for the last time, as I rightly thought, before the war began again, I was in that strange mood of a man who, expecting neither hilarity nor comfort from this, was determined to get drunk - for of all the fallacies I know the greatest is that a man may drown his cares; if I have any, they grow and grow, like a balloon that is being blown out, when I drink.

Nevertheless, I knew that I should do this. My mood, at all events, belonged to me alone; nobody else could have had one quite like it. First, I felt like a stranger in this home-town of mine, where pleasant and agreeable conversation seemed to be unknown, because everybody looked at his neighbour as if he suspected that man of carrying a bomb in his pocket. And then, I was a man who had come out of a war more than twenty years before much reduced in health and penniless, and for many years had worked hard to achieve a simple ambition - to be able to work and play hard in free and open-air surroundings of the kind I liked, beneath a trustworthy sun, among mountains and rivers, to get really fit in body and mind and so to produce something really good. Now, when I was at long last in a position to be able to do this, I was back again in my native land, with a new war looming immediately ahead, and all the doors to intellectual and physical freedom closing again, and heaven knew if or when I should be able to return to those icy mountain streams, those alpine meadows, that way of life which I loved. And worst of all, I had seen this coming for so long, and had spent so much strength in trying to avert it.

When the curse eventually came upon us it was much less awful than I feared; it was even exhilarating, after the first period of dire suspense, and, strangest of all, I even found in London, pitch dark and stricken and lifeless, delights which I never discovered in peacetime London of the drink-and-be-purged advertisements. But that, was something that I could not have foreseen. The waiting-for-the-blow-to-fall was much worse than the blow, when it fell, and on this night errant in the summer of 1939 my mood of angry and impotent despair reached its blackest depth.

At random I wandered into a music-hall, and paled memories of 1914 awoke in me when I found myself listening to a troubadour who sang to me that there would always be an England and England would be free as long as England meant to me what England meant to him, and for all I know he was

right, though I feared from his face that England did not mean to him just what England meant to me. Behind him, in a dapper semicircle, sat silver-clad saxophonists, swarthy in feature but radiant with patriotism; and behind them, again, the backcloth darkened and darkened, while a transparent oval in it, above their heads, grew progressively lighter and revealed, behind the gauze, a girl in a long white garment with large and visibly moth-eaten property wings fixed to her shoulders and a Union Jack in her hands. All blood, save mine, tingled in response to this symbolism, and the storm of cheering raged around my head. From my seat I could see, in the wings, the stage-manager, a man of foreign aspect, yawning.

The brave music of a *distant* drum. I listened awhile to songs about ododeodo and Ohio and Idaho and Mexico and came away from this theatre, musing about the British music-hall. Once, later, in a dressing-room of another theatre, I saw a notice put up by the management urging the players to refrain from making 'blue jokes' on the stage; I do not know when the word blue obtained this meaning, but the notice went on to say 'Remember that anybody can get a laugh with a dirty gag but it takes an artiste to get a laugh with a clean one'.

This, I thought, was a fairly acute comment on the general condition of the British music-hall stage, and as I came away that night I thought of an evening not long after the 1914-18 war when I saw Harry Lauder carry an entire performance - a whole evening! - with his songs about hills and heather, about roaming in the gloaming, about the wee house in the glen, and the like. That achievement certainly needed an artist, and I well recalled the unflagging applause which greeted him at the beginning, all through, and at the end.

Then I went to dine. There was, somewhere in London, at that time, an Austrian restaurant. The waiters were mostly Italian and the band predominantly Jewish, but there were pictures on the walls of the vineyards at Grinzing - and they had a little Austrian wine, which connoisseurs, I believe, might spurn, but which I like. The band played Viennese tunes. I rested my eyes dreamily on those wall-paintings, drank my wine, and thought and thought of perfumed evenings in those wine-gardens, beneath the lilac, of the songs and the good company, of the homeward stroll, or roll, laughing and talking, with my good friend.

I was, I began to perceive as the level of the wine in my bottle sank, a badly-used man. 'Here am I, sweating, sick and hot...' - good heavens, I thought, I must be getting drunk, that song has quite another application.

I ordered my second bottle, and considered, within its glassy walls, the sparkle of sunshine on the Danube. Suddenly I noticed that I was quietly, I still hope quietly, singing *Wien, Wien, nur du allein*, to the music of the band. 'Ah, then you are drunk,' I told myself, for I knew that this was a sure sign.

But things moved quickly - they do, when I am at that stage - and while I was still reproving myself I found that the band was putting away its instruments, that I was the last guest, and that the waiter was asking if he could remove my bottle, which was still half-full, as it was 'after hours'. 'Oh no,' said I, firmly, and drank that half-bottle at a swallow, which is imprudent.

Then, floating on some magic carpet, but navigating with the sure instinct of a drunken man, I found myself on the other side of Piccadilly, with no recollection of the voyage, in one of those places which, for some reason, are allowed to sell alcohol, with a sandwich, for an hour after hours.

And here, for the first and last time in London, I found good company. I bemusedly observed a man, who seemed to know everybody in the place, looking fixedly at me, and at length he came up to me and asked if he could draw my portrait, at the cost of half-a-crown. He was an extremely

good-looking fellow, with a head that seemed to have been cut out of a Rembrandt canvas, and I liked him immediately. His manners were good, his speech that of a cultured man, and he looked very poor: I had in my pocket enough left of that large sum, in pieces of paper, which was necessary, in London, to purchase a little food and drink. Here was my good companion!

I would have done anything for him, save let him draw my portrait. But with the gravity of a well-wined man I studied the sheaf of other portraits he carried in his hand and was enormously impressed, as men in that condition are wont to be, with a half-finished sketch of a woman's head, a woman ageing, tired, all illusions gone, with closed eyes. I asked him who and what she was. Oh, he said indifferently, she was a lady of pleasure whose face had struck his eye as she sat back in her chair, weary, in some pub just before that hour of the clock which is known, in England, as chucking-out time. 'But this man is a genius', I thought portentously to my befuddled self as I looked at the sketch. I bought it, feeling secure in my connoisseurship. I wonder where it is now? I remember that the one constant thought that remained in my mind for the rest of that night was that I must on no account lose it. But I never found it again.

'And now, sir,' I said, as the relentless hands of the clock strangled the last minute of that extra hour, 'let us continue on our way together. Let us go and drink.'

'Willingly,' he said, 'but where?'

'Let us go to one of those places where the platinated youth of this town foregathers when it has been chucked out of all other places,' I said, 'to a night club, bottle party or whatsit.'

'Are you a member of any such?' he asked. 'No,' I said.

'Then how will you get in?' said he.

'To-night nothing shall keep me out,' I said, 'for I am a free man, as I am told, and this is my last night in my native city. Come with me and I will show you how to become a lawbreaker.'

So, using the magic carpet again, we went, and presently found ourselves confronting a gigantic doorkeeper and a woman in a little office at the head of the steps leading down to that cellar where the night club known as the Elysian Fields has its home.

'I was here once before and was thrown out,' murmured my Rembrandt cavalier in my car. 'I doubt whether this is wise.'

'Fear not,' said I. 'Leave this to me.'

'Are you a member?' inquired the woman in the office.

'I believe I was once made one,' I said, 'but I have been long abroad and have lost my membership card. I assure you that I am clean and sweet, and a British subject, if that is no disqualification, and most eligible for admittance to this decorous resort.'

'What is your name?' she said.

'Levy,' said I.

She ran her finger along her card index; quite a number of the cards were inscribed with this name.



'And what is your address?' she asked.

'I forget at which hotel I was staying when I qualified,' I said. 'It might have been the Blitz or the Saveloy or even the Gorgester.'

She looked again. 'Would it be Mr. A. Levy of the Palestine Strand Hotel?'

'It probably would be,' I said. 'I can think of nothing more likely, and this is my friend.'

'Seven shillings and sixpence each, please,' she said; and we passed down.

'Now, brother in crime,' I said when we were seated, 'what will you drink? Don't bother to tell me, because here you may drink only whisky, and we are both men of taste, or a liquid which is served in champagne bottles and costs twice as much as the best champagne, but never saw that district in France where the champagne grape grows, and of these two evils I prefer the lesser and more expensive, so I shall order a bottle of Mummery.'

It came, and the four of us began to drink it. The four of us? Yes, undoubtedly the four of us, for by this time, I know not where or how, we had made fresh friends.

Somehow, they had swum into our ken, had joined us on the magic carpet. I can still see them through the haze that surrounds that night, a very queer pair. The man wore the uniform of some merchant navy and was, he told me, a Finnish sea captain; I thus assumed that he knew all the Seven Seas, yet he seemed a very city-wise man, much at home in that place and well versed in its ways. But for the uniform I would have put him down as a typical denizen of the half-world, a man knowing more of Mayfairing than seafaring, a hanger-on of trollops and bottle-parties. His wife, too, who spoke with the kind of accent that made you ask yourself, 'What is this woman, is she American or Canadian or Cockney or what?', knew many countries and seemed to have experienced many things in them. You felt that, however much you told her, you could tell her nothing.

A strange couple and I still wonder, what was their racket?

By this time I had reached the stage, which is known, I suppose, to many, where I congratulated myself on my consummate resistance to the assaults of alcohol. My wit and my perception, I remarked with gratification, had never been clearer.

I was only sorry to see that the Finnish captain and my artist were drunk. The artist persisted in dancing with the dancing-girls, and I saw that he did not dance well. The Finnish captain was inclined to be pugnacious and jealous and to reproach me for the attentions his wife was paying to me. As I was the only sober man there, it was natural that she should turn to me, I thought, and I congratulated myself again on being so sober that I still retained a wary feeling about her and could not understand why she kept showing me photographs of an unclothed lady whom she claimed to be her daughter.

I suddenly realized that I had been wrong about London. It was the gayest place, filled with charming people, whose only fault was that they *would* drink rather too much. Other ladies appeared about me, and I was amazed to see how beautiful they were, how witty, though all unfortunately just a little tipsy, how exquisitely gowned they were and what perfect figures those dresses covered. I was enchanted by each of them and felt more than once that, after a lifetime of blindness, I had suddenly opened my eyes and found my soul-mate standing before me, but then, all at once, they were gone, and the Finnish captain, disgustingly inarticulate in his speech, was

there again, grumbling about something or other, and his wife, on my other hand, was squeezing my hand to some end that I could not understand but still suspected.

And then, quite suddenly again, my mind cleared and I saw that I, who had thought myself so sober, had in reality been drunk, but now I *was* sober and perceived quite clearly that life was real and life was earnest and all this was an alcoholic frivol without wit, unworthy of grown men and, finding that the artist had somehow reappeared, we plunged, with furrowed brows and portentous mien and wagging forefingers, into a most serious discussion about art. We agreed that art in England was in the doldrums, that the Royal Academy was a joke, that the only artist of outstanding merit in the country was Sickert, whose name was hardly known to one Englishman in a thousand, and then, somehow, the magic carpet took possession of us and, arm in arm, together, the handsome pauper and I, with the dawn breaking, we were standing and swaying, like daffodils in the breeze, at the top of Regent Street, united in rapt contemplation of a pillar box which I had discovered.

The uppermost thought in my mind was astonishment that I had never noticed that pillar box before, and the artist fully understood, as an artist should, this feeling of mine and pointed out beauties that I had overlooked.

'Here is our soulmate.' I cried. 'Look at this stately and full-bellied guardian of the street corners! Look at that colour, the hue of warm passion and the Coldstream Guards! Here is a twin soul, a Red! Look at that wide and generous mouth, the loveliest I have seen to-night, which I long to kiss,' and, taking the pillar box in my two arms, I did salute it, while the artist gravely watched. Then, raising our hats and bowing, we left it, and, summoning the magic carpet again, presently arrived at my room, for during the course of this evening I had learned that the artist had nowhere to sleep and had put my sofa at his disposal.

In the corner of my room, hidden by a screen, was a washbasin, and the artist went towards it, to wash his hands, as I said, 'Now I will go and tell Mrs. Sunshine to bring breakfast for two and coffee for one, or whatever the saying is', and the artist, steadying himself with one hand on the screen, turned and said, 'But you cannot wake that good lady at this hour' and as he said this he fell, pulling the screen with him so that it fell atop of him, and he lay, dignified but unable to rise, with only his head, hands and feet showing.

'Friend,' I said, cautiously trying to help him, for I was anxious not to fall myself, feeling that if we both were down we should neither be able to get up again, 'you look exactly like a tortoise.'

'I wish I were, and could carry my house with me,' he said, composing himself to remain upon the floor, 'and by the way, I have wanted to ask you all the evening what you do?'

'I write,' said I.

'Oh, then you too are an artist,' he said.

This remark, from the beak of the tortoise, really did sober me. 'You have had too much to drink, Rembrandt,' I said. 'If I were an artist I should be as poor as you are. I just write. Come on, get up,' and I removed his shell and helped him up and he washed his hands.

'And now to bed,' I said, 'for we have only an hour or two to sleep and to-morrow, I mean to-day, I must be on my way again, and there is a war coming which has been on my mind all this night, blast it, so good-night.'

'Good morning,' he said, and we went to sleep.

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## Chapter Nine

### OPEN ROAD

I have a passion for knowledge and am happy to be able to corroborate, after my far English journeys, all that has been said or implied about the Open Road. I travelled great distances, and found it entirely open; not once, in peacetime, did I encounter a bar, barrier or barricade across it.

The country on either side of it was hedged, fenced, railed, palinged, palisaded, walled and wired; but the Road itself was indisputably open, and I am ready to call out any Red, Pole, or Bolsh, or other ignorant foreigner, who in my hearing should revive those ancient calumnies about our English Road and deny that it is open. It is as open as justice is impartial, and if any man doubt this let him induce a Duke to steal a loaf of bread; he will be punished with exactly the same rigour as a pauper who commits the same offence.

The countryside through which the Open Road ran *did* seem to me to be excessively guarded. The manufacture of railings must be one of the major industries of England and I wonder that no book has ever been written about this gigantic undertaking. In London, for instance, half a dozen flagstones in front of a town house are customarily enclosed by an array of pikes and halberds well able to disembowel a herd of elephants, if any should try to browse on the flagstones.

In the countryside these fortifications take various forms, but the common wish of all country-dwellers is seemingly to safeguard themselves by every conceivable means against the attacks of some mysterious foe. The houses of rich men are enclosed within veritable Siegfried Lines of brick, timber, wire, glass splinters and vegetation, and the desire seems to be completely to shut out the world, and even Death himself, if that were but possible, but this Red will unfortunately seek you out and destroy you even in the Fortunate Isles.

This hedged-aboutness of England is the thing that distinguishes it most from all the other countries I know, where, as soon as you leave a town behind you, you may always strike out left or right from the road (which is usually, by a strange coincidence, also open). In many parts of England that I came to know you are for long distances as much the prisoner of the road as you are in the city. I found country towns where the inhabitants, as far as I could tell, might pass their lives and hardly ever tread on grass.

It is, indeed, most difficult for an Englishman to tread his native heath, and the feel of asphalt underfoot does not move me to cry, 'This is my own, my native land ...' People write to me to say 'But you forget the Lake District, the New Forest, Dartmoor...' I don't; but they are far distant and far apart. This is a very queer thing about England, and neither the need to safeguard crops or prevent cattle straying fully account for it, for there are more crops and more cattle in some of the other countries I have in mind.

I travelled England far and wide, eventually, from the villa-country of the South to the atrocious slums of Liverpool and Sheffield. I was astonished to find how urban the countryside had become, how fast the last traces of 'English country life', as the engravings and novels of former times show it to us, were disappearing in 'This England' of to-day. The small craftsman and tradesman, the smith, the glovier, the haberdasher, the grocer, were dying out.

Everywhere the great chain-store, where nothing cost more than so-many-pence, and woolworth it, was spreading its tentacles into provincial city, town and township. The ownership and control of these great concerns was anonymous. Were they British, were they alien, no man knew.

The main instruments of reaching to the minds of the people, the film and the radio, reached into the remotest hamlet and cot; the one was predominantly alien-controlled, and no clear British thread ran through the emissions of the other.

The farmer's boy no longer answered 'Ay' or even 'Yes', but only 'Okey-doke' - and he was only a farmer's boy because he was not clever enough to be an errand-boy, cinema doorkeeper or whatnot. A farmer, bitterly complaining of the state of the countryside, once said to me: 'Only the fools become farm labourers to-day', and it was true. The work was the hardest and worst paid in the country.

Even the bread, the cakes and the pies that country people ate, nowadays, had often come roaring down from London a few hours before in the delivery-vans of the chain-teashop concerns.

True, the English countryside that I explored was thriving. The main industry of that countryside seemed to be the sale of refreshments: you could hardly see the woods for the teas. Never had the farmers sold so many beds-and-breakfasts, so many cups of tea, so many camping-places for trailer-caravans; and they also did a little farming.

Country pursuits flourished: everybody pursued something, either foxes, pheasants and fish, in their season, or balls of various shapes and sizes.

One perfect early summer's day, cold, windy and wet, I saw the Ascoteers; and had been long enough away from England to marvel as, on the eve of a new war, those long lines of limousines, with their top-hatted and expensively-gowned passengers, flashed past me in remote country lanes and sleepy villages, coming from all parts of the realm.

The most depressing thing was the amount of land which had been relinquished to the tussock and thistle. I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, yet even these waste acres were barricaded as if gold grew on the surface there. The sight of hundreds of acres of the best farm land in the world, lying derelict and fallow, was one I encountered often enough, and it was a bitter one.

This, the appalling slums in the cities, and the derelict areas, were the result of victory in one World War. If we fail to learn that lesson of the between-war years, and fall back after the present war into the lassitude and senile apathy about such things that marked those years, we are worse than mad.

It is amazing that so great a country and so great a nation, which is so sound at core, should be lulled and doped by golf and the pictures and radio and three-card-tricks in Parliament and all the other narcotics into deliberate oblivion of such things.

It is appalling to think that the state of Germany, as I saw that country after a world war lost, acre for acre and street for street and house for house, was far better than the condition of England. Is *that* to happen again? Where is the rhyme or reason in it?

Though the farmers knew of these things, though even I, a journalist abroad, knew of them, the authorities seemingly did not, for not long after I returned to England the then Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, told a newspaper, after 'a 200-mile tour of derelict farms,' that 'I am amazed. It is astonishing that such a thing could happen in England to-day'. He had been shown, said the newspaper, '280 acres of one-time fat meadows and well-filled barley fields choked with nettles and thorn bushes', and the site of 'a pleasant seven-bedroom mansion where the owner once lived, but which has now disappeared, nobody quite knows how or where. People have taken it away piecemeal in motor-cars, hand carts and perambulators'. And he was told, according to the

same newspaper, that in Suffolk alone there were '15,853 derelict acres and 1,232 sets of farm-buildings in need of repair'.

The result of this, quite apart from the desolation and degeneration of the countryside, was that by 1941 the Minister of Food, declared that the danger to our food supplies was far worse than it was in the crisis year of 1917 (when leading statesmen thought we should have to sue for peace with Germany). We knew, he said, what a struggle we had had with the submarine in that year of the last war, but we had steadily gone on importing more than half of what we had eaten. We had not taken seriously enough the most urgent and wise requests of the Ministry of Agriculture that we should make every bit of our land produce food for us.

'Urgent and wise requests' are not enough. A policy is needed. The farmers and the farm labourers alike need to be helped to restore the English countryside and English agriculture to its former state.

When the new war began we had five million more mouths to feed and two-and-a-half million acres less under cultivation than in 1914, and most of these acres had gone into derelict acres and rough grazings.

The population engaged in agriculture had dwindled until it represented only about five per cent of the total occupied population. The farmers, urged on to a great effort in the last war, had been left in the lurch after that war.

The result was that the English countryside in 1939, when I looked at it, presented a drearily disconsolate picture, that made humbug of the selected snapshots ('This England') with which the newspapers decorated their columns and the railway companies their stations. On the one hand farming in decline. On the other the great walled-in expanses of rich men's parkland, with the stately home just visible in the far distance.

The thing I particularly noticed, as I say, was the dearth of common land, of free native heath for freemen to tread. Where is, in this matter, that freedom for which we later came again to fight? The 'rights of property' is a well-worn phrase. But how many of those great estates were once common land, taken and enclosed without a by-your-leave to make deer parks and the like.

The 'right of property' can only be invoked, in many of these cases, in the sense that possession is nine points of the law. Consider, for instance, one of the biggest such estates in the vicinity of London - Trent Park - one thousand acres of good rolling farmland, near Barnet. It was once public land, taken in this way, and later given by George III to his favourite physician, Sir Richard Jebb, who immediately sold it, and by the time I returned to England it had passed, by sale and resale, sale and resale, into the possession of the late Sir Philip Sassoon.

'Freedom!' A thing easier to fight for than to define.

I saw a deal of farmers and farming, when I came back to England. A healthy countryside and a thriving agricultural population are the essential conditions of a country that means to remain healthy. In England the small farmer - the peasant, as he would be called abroad - is almost extinct, and this is a tragedy, for he, the man who owns a few acres and a small house, is the strongest foundation a country can have. Most of the English farmers are tenant-farmers, and I found, to my initial surprise, that they did not wish to own land; they preferred to rent it, because the landlord would then be responsible for taxes and upkeep.



This, I suppose, is why so many farmhouses and farm-buildings in England are in such wretched repair. The whole system of taxation in England needs revising, to encourage the farmer to own his farm and land.

My English journeyings began, at that time, with the Aldershot Tattoo and ended, because of a road accident, at Plymouth. I went full of eagerness to the Aldershot Tattoo because, having the ever-present thought of Hitler and his legions and his impending onslaught on England in my mind, I wanted to see what sort of impression our own soldiers made.

The Tattoo, as a show, was excellent. Here was a magnificent arena from which, by some chance, you could not see a house, only green vistas reaching Londonwards and overhung by an evening sky. I watched it with a German acquaintance, an exile, and as the Guards, in their white drill-jackets, came marching down the searchlit path into the arena, he drew a deep breath and said: 'Hitler would bust if he could see that.' Yes, I thought, the Guards are superlative - but how few we have of them!

After them came the horse-gunners, musically-riding, and, directly beneath my nose, I saw a nightmare picture, still clearly silhouetted in my mind's eye, of one team riding full-tilt into another, of galloping horses climbing over each other, of soldiers flying like dummy figures through the air, of gun-carriages rocketing, bouncing and overturning in clouds of dust. The lights went; silence fell; and I pictured to myself broken men and horses writhing in the darkness, for it was a mighty crash. There was an expectant and anxious pause. Then the lights went on again. All had been cleared away. A detached voice in the loudspeaker said 'The musical ride will continue.'

I thought to myself. 'Isn't that inhuman, isn't that carrying the *sangfroid* tradition too far?' But afterwards the voice announced that no horses had been hurt, miraculously, and only one gunner, slightly, and on second thoughts I was impressed. This was, perhaps, the strongest and best of the British character, the spirit that later enabled the country to survive where no other, I think, would have survived.

So I came to Plymouth, which I had never seen but always aimed to visit, because it embodied for me the things in British history that I most cherished, because, as I thought, the time was coming when we would need Drake again - not only Drake, the Armada-destroyer, but the spirit of Drake, of a sturdy and simple and fearless Britain.

Drake! That was a man, and that was a name, is a name. With all the meretricious shadow-shows that flicker across our screen, I do not remember that a film has ever been made of Drake. Perhaps it is as well; they would probably have him doing the booms-a-daisy with a gang of Glamour Girls on Plymouth Hoe.

The Hoe, with that magnificent bay before it, with the ghostly sails of the Armada still catching the sun in the distance, is one of the few really inspiring places I found in England. Incidentally the man with a taste for meditation may let his fancy play about the remarkable inscriptions on the Armada memorial and the monument to the Plymouth men who died in the last war. The one says: 'He blew with his winds and they were scattered.' The other says: 'The trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

The Hoe is firm and reassuring and uplifting, as long as you turn your face seaward. But turn your back on it and come down into Plymouth, and all the dubious thoughts return. Not even the ghost of Elizabethan England, of stout British oak and wrought iron and clean victuals and good liquor, remains in this shoddy and shabby town of chrome and nickel-plate and mass-produced-gents-natty-suitings and stand-up-pubs and six-penny-bazaars and ashtrays-made-out-of-H.M.S.-Victory

and poached-egg-on-chips. The contrast hit me in the eye everywhere I went in England. It was sad.

Here and there, in my English journeys, I spoke to audiences who had invited me to speak to them, still cherishing the hope that I might convince people that war was coming fast upon them, and that I might thus still help to avert it. How vain, and even ridiculous that hope looks in retrospect!

I came, for instance, into East Grinstead, on a lovely summer's evening, and talked to such an audience, only to find that it was divided, as if by a knife, into two groups - those who thought that Mr. Chamberlain had secured Peace In Our Time, and those who thought the opposite. Nothing, I felt, would have brought a single convert from the one group to the other, and at the end an elderly gentleman arose and said in his opinion Mr. Reed had come there to put the wind up old people and he didn't think this was right.

And I spent a most agreeable evening, once, at the Staff College, talking to the future commanders of Britain's army. They were either too polite to show that they were bored or they were more receptive, I am still not sure which. I only know that the taxi back to town, the last train having gone, made the evening an expensive one for me.

But about this time I had to interrupt my journeys, through an untoward adventure, on the road.

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## Chapter Ten

### AND BETTY MARTIN

I turned a corner in the Open Road, saw a lorry a foot distant from my headlights, woke up, and found a universe filled with turnips. Turnip-time, I thought bemusedly. I never saw so many turnips. I would not have believed there were so many turnips in the world. That lorry carried a load of turnips.

Then I saw, through the mist, a face I knew, with the eyes closed and a trickle of blood running from the nose and mouth. Her head lay in another woman's lap, who had come running to the spot. My heart sank deeper than it had ever sunk. Is she dead, I thought. I staggered over and spoke her name. She did not answer. I spoke it again. She whispered something. 'What?' I said. 'My handbag,' she whispered. Thank God, I thought, and I found it among the wreckage of the car.

Some moron, I fancy, once opined that experience is beyond price, and if that be true, the experience I gained, at that turning in the open road, of English hospitals, medicine, police methods and court procedure may have been worth a great deal. My overcoat disappeared from the wreck, and was never seen again, and no representative of the law ever had a theory about that. But the law had a theory about the crash, which was that my car, which lay piled on my side of the road with a lorry four times as heavy as itself on top of it, also turnips, had been on the wrong side of the road and caused the accident; somehow, after causing it and wrecking the much heavier lorry, on the other side of the road, my wrecked car had pulled the wrecked lorry, including the turnips, back to the hedge on my side of the road and piled the whole lot up there.

I once had a very minor crash - the only one in many years of driving - in Austria, inefficient Austria. I had to appear with the other driver, an Austrian, before a judge who was not only a professional jurist, but a trained expert in traffic accidents, with which alone he dealt. He studied the diagram of the brake-tracks at the scene of the collision, which at my request the police had made (I was not unconscious, that time), put four questions, knew the facts forthwith, and fined the other man. I am of the opinion that the system in this country, by which drivers appear before civilian justices who may be good soldiers or foxhunters or tradesmen, but who have no specialized knowledge and are entirely dependent on the local police, is in my experience a bad one. In my particular case, the mouse was convicted of attacking the cat with a solemnity which rather reminded me of the Reichstag Fire Trial.

But anyway, there I was, and when I really woke up I was in the ward of an Infirmary, which as I understand my mother tongue means a hospital for paupers or near-paupers. The regimen was strict, and the elderly men who lay in many of the beds around me were assisted to perform their natural functions, behind screens, at given times. I would rather rot under a hedge than lie in such a place. But I was not there long before a voice told me that I was not 'eligible' to stay there, which meant, I suppose, that I had been discovered to be not a pauper. As I had no intention to stay, if I could but stand, and had said so, this was agreeable to me, and at a bound I ascended, in the English manner, from third-class to first-class - a private ward.

There, in the open window, I saw the reflection of a cathedral tower, with pigeons circling round it. Years before, just after the War called Great, I had lain on the grass near that Cathedral, watched the pigeons circling round the tower. Seldom in my life had I been more miserable than in that unfriendly town - and now, after twenty years, I was back in it. After twenty years, I knew again things I had forgotten, since the last war: the pain that will not allow you either to move or lie still, the sleepless nights.

And, in the looking-glass, that cathedral-tower, which had always remained in my memory as a symbol of Christian uncharity and unfriendliness. I don't know what it is about cathedral towns, but they always seem to me to exude an especial chill. When you arrive in Exeter, by train, a notice painted in letters yards high on the wall of a red-brick house warns you to prepare to meet your God, as if the traveller should expect to hear the Last Trump sound the moment he sets foot on the platform. But my experience is not that you are likelier to meet God in cathedral towns.

This picture-in-the-looking-glass I saw only with one eye. My other eye was closed up. In the hand-mirror I saw the finest black eye of all time. A surrealist master seemed to have cut a square three inches from the hide of an elephant, painted it as only a surrealist master can, and glued it on to my face. With admiration and astonishment I contemplated, in the hand-mirror, the thing of many colours that had alighted on my face, which I had had a long time and come to love. Whence had it come? Whither would it go?

There is something about a black eye, though acquired in the most innocent manner and worn, as in my case, by the most righteous of men, that gives its wearer a sinister and villainous look, startling to young children and animals. It was my lot to acquire, temporarily, the very father and mother of all black eyes. Not for me the scar honourable or romantic. In the war, the Germans had got me in a spot which ought to be placed out of bounds by the Queensbury rules of international warfare; it was in the back, it was below the belt, and what could be fouler than that? And now - this black eye, at the sight of which all the international heavyweights of our time would have stood aside in respectful and reverent awe, at which surgeons shied and hardened hospital orderlies started.

I could hardly believe, when I contemplated it in the mirror, that an eye, a window of the soul, existed behind that mound of multi-coloured flesh - for this eye was only by courtesy black; actually, black was the least of its hues, it was a symphony in blue, green, yellow and purple.

Doctors came, saw - and ordered me an enema, which made me thankful that my injury was not in the place chosen by the Germans, or they might have removed an eye. When I protested, they said, 'It will clear your head'. 'I'd rather have a bad head,' said I. They smiled their best bedside smiles and I thought I was safe, but no. And by these presents I hereby bequeath and vow, or do whatever is necessary in the requisite legal jargon, that if any pert, white-aproned, half-fledged nursling ever comes near me with one of those things again I will not be responsible for anything I say or do.

But that eye! O beate Martine! Oh Betty Martin, patron saint of all sceptics! Oh, my eye!

When it eventually opened, I could not see with it, and I was out of that hospital, and in London, by ambulance, quicker than you could say aye-aye.

But nowt could be done. I was sorry for my eye. We had been to many places and done many things together. It had been a good eye to me, more like a friend than an eye. It had seen Queen Victoria, I believe, though it was not sure about that: King Edward; King George; Dan Leno; the Kaiser; the War Called Great; Hindenburg; Edward-Wales-Windsor; the next King George and his Queen (before they were King and Queen); it had looked down upon the Germans from the air, looked out upon them from the trenches; it had feasted itself on the sights of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade, Moscow, and many other places; it had glared malevolently at Hitler; it had registered severe scepticism about Mr. Chamberlain; it had beamed upon Kitchener, French and Foch; it had bleared in smokebound bars in many a foreign city, and glistened when it beheld the snowbound mountains of Austria and Switzerland.

A good eye, and now its day was done, for it would never see more than a blur again. I felt sorry for my eye, and took it here and there, to show it things, but it could not see them properly, and though it wagged its tail and was grateful, it could not really savour these delights.

The episode of my eye was irritating to me. I had never intended to let the Pursuer of all men catch me at his pleasure, and this time he had tapped me on the shoulder. I had no objection to settling his account in due course, but strongly objected to being dunned by him for something on account. Nor was I attracted by the idea of paying him in instalments, as I seemed in danger of doing. Not even the thought of the thrill of paying the last instalment could reconcile me to this system, which I had always detested in other-transactions.

However, this feeling passed. Model of constancy though I am, I quickly forgot my eye and got on so well with the other that soon I hardly remembered that long friendship, so abruptly interrupted at a turning in the open road.

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## Chapter Eleven

### WHITE HOUSE

Just before I received the dot on my eye I had found that tiny cottage, very old, very dilapidated, very dark, in its overgrown garden. It had no light, and no other water than that from a well. Just enough time remained, before the war came, to have it altered into the English home I wanted to have when the war came. From its windows I could see the Channel, the stretch of water from which Drake had sailed forth to smash the Armada, to which the captive Napoleon had been brought - the stretch of water that had so often been our salvation in ages past. Would it avail us now?

No need of an architect. I knew what I wanted and there were still good master builders in England. Gradually the interior was transformed, the windows widened and deepened, the yard-thick old walls given an outer covering of white, a green roof put on top. When it was finished, tiny though it was, it was perfect. Inside, at all events, was England. The rooms and the garden were one day to ring with the laughter of English children - not my own, *leider Gottes*, but still English children, from the slums, who were to find safety and health and loving care here.

A strange little house. Everything in it had grown, directly, out of my years in Europe; they were either things I had collected and succeeded in salvaging, or things I had bought with the money my books about the coming war had earned me.

It was finished just before the war came. I knew just what I intended to do with it if the Germans came, as they seemed likely to come, the devil take them and their incorrigible love of making war. From the garden and the house I often gazed at the sea and wondered in what form they would come. They had changed my whole life and career, kept me chasing about hither and thither. Would they even take this, which was all I had, take England?

I knew that the last chapter in the drama I had been watching was at hand. If they took England all was over. Meanwhile, my eye constantly on that stretch of water, I settled down to wait.

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# PART TWO

## NEW WARS FOR OLD

## Chapter One

### DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE!

On the 3rd of September, 1939, we flung Ourselves, Once More, into the breach. For years it had been called a golden gateway leading to appeasement, friendship with Germany, and peace; now, suddenly, it was a gap in the ramparts of honour, freedom, democracy, civilization and whatnot which had to be manned and held at all costs. New Wars for Old!

I felt as if I were in a room filled with old men and with mirrors on all sides, so that their faces were repeated in endless facsimile - Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Chamberlain, Simon, Hoare, Lord Broadacres and Lord Coalmine and Lord Dailypo, Sir Puffin Tory, Colonel Dividend, and all the rest of that cackling coterie.

A chamber of horrors and mirrors! Loudspeakers blared into it the phrases with which they had filled the years between the old war and the new: 'Germany is *not* rapidly approaching air equality with us; her real strength is not fifty per cent of our strength in Europe to-day'; 'The Government will see to it that in air strength and air power this country shall no longer be in a position inferior to any country within striking distance of our shores'; 'I give my word that there will be no great armaments'; 'If I had told the country "Germany is arming and we must re-arm" ... the loss of the election, from my point of view, would have been certain'; 'Don't listen to the jitterbugs; these timid panic-mongers are doing the greatest harm'; 'I cannot find that, among Mr. Churchill's very great qualities, judgment is pre-eminent'; 'Those who doubt Herr Hitler's assurances are living in an unreal world'; 'The almost terrifying power that Britain is building up has a sobering effect on the opinion of the world'; 'I bring you peace in our time'; 'The Golden Age is coming'; 'Czechoslovakia, a country far away which we know nothing about'; 'I believe Herr Hitler when he says he has no further territorial ambitions in Europe'.

On that 3rd September, 1939, when the war which had long been in progress was at length admitted by our declaration of war, though the real fighting was not yet to begin for several months, I walked in imagination through that nightmare chamber of old men's heads, reproducing themselves to infinity, and shrieking imbecile phrases. The seventh age! The pageant of the years between 1918 and 1939!

Where was here truth, honour, faith or loyalty; was it conceivable that the phrases these same mouths now began to speak would have any more meaning, any more sincerity?

Shuddering, I put that nightmare from me and saw in imagination its sequel: Young men, coming from all parts of Britain, from all parts of the Empire, coming across the sea in ships, defiling down the gangways, forming up on the wharves and quays, forming up, marching away, going up to the line, going over the top, failing, falling....

True, there would be no 'first fine careless rapture' this time; that trick, at least, could not be played twice, and these men would come, and go, in a spirit of grim and illusionless resolve, to do a job they should never have had to do. Many would never return. What of the others, who survived? They would come back to a world which they had saved, yes, but which would still be ruled by those same aged men, who had never known struggle or war or poverty or patriotism, or such of them as still lived, and their fellows. 'No recriminations!' 'Let the dead past bury its dead!' And the dead of the present, and those who would survive?

Of all those putrid phrases, which I have resurrected once more from a putrid past, none was more insolent or more untrue, indeed all history contains few phrases so absurd, as that once spoken by Mr. Baldwin:

When the next war comes and European civilization is wiped out, as it will be and by no force more than that force, then do not let them [the young men] lay the blame upon the old men. Let them remember that they principally and they alone are responsible for the terrors that have fallen on the earth.

Shades of Mephistopheles and Machiavelli! The terrors had not then fallen and the war had not come. Ample time, many years, remained to prevent them. But - 'If I had told this country, Germany is re-arming and we must re-arm ...'

What had young men to do with this war? They were the men who saw it coming and would have prevented it, and who were howled down as 'Reds' and 'extreme anti-Nazis' by the elderly ganders, who with senile cunning were gagged and bound in their places on the back benches of Parliament, who were victimized in their employment, who were silenced in the press.

Consider this remark of an exceptionally courageous and outspoken writer upon the third appointment, to be Air Minister, of that Sir Samuel Hoare who was Mr. Baldwin's chief lieutenant on the day in 1934 when Mr. Baldwin declared, 'His Majesty's Government are determined in no conditions to accept any position of inferiority with regard to what air force may be raised in Germany in the future':

What shall I say of the new appointment of Sir Samuel Hoare? I have two censors, the official censor, who can put me in gaol, and my private censor, who can deprive me of my livelihood.

Free Press!

These men climbed the ladder of success and fame and baronetcies and peerages from the rung of one disaster to another. They are still at the top, nearly all. One or two have withdrawn, for the nonce, to distant embassies, to await a glorious political resurrection when the war has been won and a new world is to be made fit for heroes to live in. They have vacated, for the present, one or two important ministries.

But the machine, which they made and which they manipulate, is still in full control. Are such men to resume their antics when another world war has been finished, are they to let the derelict areas rot and the slums putrefy and unemployment stalk the streets while they idly babble and a new world war brews?

Youth against youth! For anybody's sake! This was also the theme of the speech by one of Mr. Baldwin's foremost colleagues, Lord Halifax, of which I have already spoken, a speech so gratifying to the body of moribund people in England which supported all these men during all these years that it was 'reprinted in pamphlet form' and distributed in vast numbers.

How sweet and toothsome a, titbit, at the end of it all - it wasn't our fault, the young men were to blame! Ah me, what are young men coming to nowadays, the world isn't what it was when I was what I was! Let's sit back now and see what sort of a mess they make of it. Life is still pleasant at Malvern and Leamington.

The things we are enduring and shall yet endure were brewed by old men of rare selfishness and blindness, men without either civic or national patriotism, for they neither cured the pestilent domestic scandals of England nor prevented the new war. The result of their work is plain to see - chaos in Europe and vast destruction in Britain.

When war was eventually declared, on September 3rd, 1939, I breathed again, having held my breath for some six months, for I knew that this was our last chance of survival, and if we missed it, we were finished.

We should enter the war on the most unfavourable conditions possible, all the favourable opportunities to avert it or finish it quickly having been missed, but if we did not fight this time our capitulation without a fight, or defeat in a quick encounter with Germany alone, would be inevitable.

The German-Russian Pact, signed a few hours before, had extinguished the last hope of saving peace. If we now let Poland fall, every other country in Europe, including France (this is proved by the subsequent capitulation, almost without a fight, of that country) would abandon hope of offering resistance to Germany and would rush to make terms with her; we should be left alone.

But should we fulfil our promise to the Poles, so rashly given in the absence of the alliance with Russia, but still a promise or should we let her fall?

This was the point at which I left the second book of these three, *Disgrace Abounding*, finished in March, 1939, just after the invasion of Prague. Having passed through Poland on my way home, I wrote that that country was obviously next-on-the-list, and that by all the signs we should let her down - *unless the Poles fought*, which would make all the difference, because in that case, I thought, the feeling of Britain would probably force the Government to act.

Exactly this happened. All through the summer, and up to the very last moment, the doubt remained whether we should fulfil our promise to the Poles. *The Times*, which had foretold what would happen to Czechoslovakia at our behest when that still seemed an unthinkable thing to most English people, immediately after the giving of the promise to Poland began to write, in similar vein, that 'The new obligation ... does not bind Great Britain to defend every inch of the present frontiers of Poland', that Polish 'independence' was a different thing from Polish 'integrity', and so on.

Here was the doctrine which led to Munich and the present war, the doctrine which led that noble and sleigh-born Russian family to try and appease the pursuing wolves by successively throwing each of its children to them, until there were no children left and the wolves caught and ate the parents. Here was the humbugging-with-words, the insincerity in thought, which was the bitter despair of such men as myself at that time - of young men. As long as such things continued to be said, nothing was certain.

And, indeed, when Mr. Chamberlain rose in the House of Commons on September 2nd, 1939, with the Germans already in Poland, the mortal danger of another essay in appeasement, in self-destruction, remained. For by this time the dry-rot had eaten deep into the soul of France, too, which was wobbling, and he made yet another of those appallingly cold speeches, as of the man in the moon discussing events on our planet, which so chilled the blood and undermined faith and bred cynicism and weakened hope. He spoke, not of war, but of 'a conference', in which, however, 'His Majesty's Government would find it impossible to take part while Poland was being subjected to invasion.' But if only Herr Hitler would withdraw....

Ah yes, if only!

But at that moment the feeling of Britain *did*, at long last, break through - for the Poles were fighting! Human emotions began to simmer beneath that lifeless crust, the emotions of a bewildered and uncomprehending and anxious people. Members who, for their part, might once again have trooped silently out of the House, murmured deferentially about 'incessant strain' and 'grave concern' and 'honour' and 'no more devices for dragging out what has been dragged out too long'.

And when the Labour spokesman, Mr. Greenwood, rose, a Tory voice, Mr. Amery's, called 'Speak for England!'

God, if only a few more men would have spoken for England during those weary and dreary years!

So, when he rose next day, Mr. Chamberlain had at length perceived that 'there were in some parts of the House doubts and some bewilderment as to whether there had been any weakening, hesitation or vacillation on the part of His Majesty's Government'.

We had long been at war with Germany - since 1933, at the latest. Now we *declared* war. The feeling of England, of Britain, prevailed. Standing on the scaffold with the noose round our necks, we freed ourselves from it and came down the steps again - to fight.

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## Chapter Two

### SYMPATHY FOR THE NOBLE VISCOUNT

All wars begin with phrases. Elderly gentlemen proclaim that they will not sheathe the sword until ... Monarchs, soon ignominiously to abdicate and fly their countries, monarchs who have even advised brother-monarchs to put themselves at the head of their armies and die fighting, cry, like Kaiser Wilhelm in 1914, 'We shall resist to the last breath of man and horse, and shall fight out the struggle even against a world of enemies. Woe and death to all those who resist my will! Woe and death to all those who do not believe in my mission! Woe and death to the cowards! Let the enemies of the German people perish. God demands their destruction - God, Who by my mouth commands you to execute His will!'

God, as you may discover if you examine the speeches which are made at the outbreak of wars, is indeed everywhere.

The phrase I have quoted above, Sympathy For The Noble Viscount, was the one which ushered in our share of the present unpleasantness. It deserves immortality.

It was used by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who by common consent is better qualified than any other to express the view of the Highest Quarters about Britain's foreign undertakings. Archbishops in other countries, claiming to speak for the same celestial authority, uttered contrary views, but then, these foreigners ... The Noble Viscount to whom the sympathy was offered was Lord Halifax, the Foreign Minister, and the reason was that the policy of appeasement had ended in war.

Whether 'appeasement' was a correct description for the policy, or the opposite, is still a matter of violent controversy in this country, and my views were registered before it ended in war. The point is that, by this method, you never can go wrong. If you take a stance which obviously will land your ball in the bunker, while your aim is the green, you are assured of sympathy. 'Well played, sir. Oh, hard luck, sir.'

Much sympathy was exchanged about the time the war broke out by the members of the little Olympian coterie who were painting the good ship Appeasement battleship-grey and altering its name to H.M.S. Resolute. To inaugurate the conflict for which Mr. Baldwin had long since blamed the young men, and which Lord Halifax was presently to call the conflict of youth-against-youth, a lawyer-peer, Lord Macmillan, was made Minister of Information at the age of 66, and when a public outcry arose against the enlistment, overnight, of 999 most queerly assorted people to this Ministry, at fabulous cost to a sorely-tried country embarking on war, a letter-writer-to-*The Times* expressed his 'sympathy for Lord Macmillan'.

When, as a further concession to the blameworthy young men of the country, Sir John Gilmour, at the age of 63 and in failing health, was made Minister of Shipping in virtue of 'character and experience' (to quote, inevitably, Mr. Chamberlain) consternation everywhere prevailed, even in the House of Commons, because Sir John, though much loved in the House, had no experience of shipping, and *The Times* remarked that the appointment of a man who knew shipping had been expected, which, in *The Times*, is the equivalent of most violent attack.

But the wounds of criticism were soothed by the sympathy of another Olympian letter-writer. And when, a little later in the war, a most offensive odour of bribery and corruption, involving a convicted swindler of alien origin and one or two other like individuals, arose around the Ministry of Supply a daily Tory newspaper referred to the afflicted Minister, who at the time of Munich had



proclaimed Mr. Chamberlain to be the greatest character of all time, in these terms: 'Let us say plainly, that he deserves sympathy as well as criticism.' Thus this organ of the British Press proved that nothing could prevent it from saying what it thought.

As always in times of crisis and suffering, tender sympathy flowed profusely to-and-from the members of the Mutual Admiration Society which governs us. The staff of the Ministry of Information suffered no mortal incision; indeed, six months later the 999 officials had increased to nearly 1,400, still including the original museum-custodians, professors, musicians, parsons, artists, and the like, and even these were not enough, for in addition to this Ministry, which was guessed to cost some £2,000,000 a year, there was a 'Royal Institute of International Affairs' which cost the taxpayer £55,000 in 1940, £25,000 of this going to a group of University professors and dons housed in Balliol College, Oxford, whose task was to prepare 'a weekly review of the foreign press', to what end none knew, and there was also a 'British Council for Cultural Relations' costing £386,000. Sir John Gilmour, by the same token, remained Minister of Shipping, until a few weeks before his death.

The ship's company of H.M.S. Resolute, the British people, seemed not even to wonder about these things; it was too busy filling in its football coupons.

The British Government with which Britain entered the war was one of the strongest imaginable in point of experience, though, as in the case of Sir John Gilmour, the experience of its members was seldom relative to the affairs of which they had charge; they had just lived a long time.

Beside Mr. Neville Chamberlain stood two Ministers whose claims to experience were undeniable, for between them they had been in politics for about sixty years and between them they had held innumerable Cabinet posts - Air, India, Home Office, Justice, Exchequer, Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, no subject was ever too technical for them to master.

One was Sir John Simon, whom I remembered in 1917. Withdrawing at that time from the Councils of State for a brief while rather than countenance conscription, he had become a Major in the Royal Flying Corps and visited one day in France the flying-officers' mess of which I was then a member; with truly Arctic geniality he then conversed with us.

Now, I saw his picture again, after twenty-two years, as he chatted, in his most intimidatingly jovial mood, with young flying officers in a Royal Air Force mess in England. How time and the R.A.F. fly!

Sir John (now Lord Simon) had a spell as British Foreign Minister at the time of one of the first aggression-wars, the condonation of which led to the present war (the Japanese attack on China), and deprecated League action against Japan, so that the then Japanese spokesman, M. Matsuoka, stated that Sir John 'has said in half an hour, in a few well-chosen phrases, what I have been trying to say in my bad English for the last ten days'. (Strangely, long after the present war had begun, when the mists were supposed really to have cleared, the blinkers really to have fallen from our eyes, when we really did know what-we-were-fighting-for and what aggression-looked-like-when-we-saw-it, *The Times* published a reference to 'Japan's great experiment in China' in its columns.)

The other Minister of great experience was Sir Samuel Hoare who, when his turn came to be Foreign Minister, advocated League action against Italy in another aggression-war, but simultaneously concerted with M. Laval of France a plan for the partitioning of the victim of aggression, Abyssinia. His are those notable phrases 'The golden age is coming' (March 1939) and 'Don't listen to the Litterbugs' (March 1939). He is now Ambassador in Spain, where Nazi and Fascist aggression triumphed, and is receiving a sound build-up, from the Press in England well-

disposed towards him, as the astute diplomat who-kept-Spain-out-of-the-war, so that a triumphal return to the scenes of his former triumphs seems not unlikely.

Contemplating that British Government under which the overt war began, I wondered why the generation that fought the war of 1914-18 never could break its way through that doughy crust and come to the control of affairs in Britain. Among the rulers of 1939 were few men who had known the front line in that war, whose lives had taken them outside the Whitehall rut.

There *were* among them men who had already held office in the war-that-was-won, and many more who for years had held office during the peace-that-was-lost. But nothing disturbed their serene self-confidence and there they were, at the helm of H.M.S. Resolute in the new war. Among them were National Liberals and Liberal Nationals and Irrational Liberals and National Labourists and National Illiberals and whatnot, but the most powerful microscope could not detect any shade of difference between them. Office was their profession; they were aloof from the people; and when they committed their innumerable errors of judgment - well, time heals all wounds, and give me your sympathy.

As far as I could discover, then, I was about the only man in the country who held these views. Yielding to the reproaches of my friends, who held me to be out of touch with British thought, I made those English journeys, and found they were right; there was no British thought.

The people had learned nothing; but, also, they had forgotten nothing, because they never remembered anything. They did not feel that anything was amiss with England. If a newspaper told them, one day, with complete certainty that no war was coming, and, the next, that war had been declared, it meant nothing to them. If a politician told them, one day, that he had guaranteed a country against aggression, and, next day, they learned that this country had been annexed by a predatory neighbour power, they simply said 'Oh well, the other man broke his word', and that was all.

Yet I thought these things important because, after the new war, there was still The Peace To Come, and that, too, could be lost by the same methods. But that would be intolerable. We cannot eternally go on from victory in war to defeat in peace; death would not be worth dying at that rate.

When the war emerged into the open, on September 3rd, 1939, 'certain adjustments', to borrow from the exquisite language of Eton, Balliol, and Whitehall, were necessary in the views of many people about Hitler.

In *The Times*, for instance, Herr Adolf Hitler, the Führer, became Hitler-the-house-painter, and an eminent mental specialist who, in the justly famous Letters Column, had described this menial being in 1937 as 'the greatest psychotherapist of a nation', whatever that may mean, but it sounds good, announced that he was 'hysterical, paranoiac and megalomaniac'.

His mania, it was indicated, became clear when he made his pact with Bolshevky, and after that maniacal act 'all sane men' desired his disappearance from the scene. (A similar view prevailed, and was even indicated in a booklet, by Lord Lloyd expounding 'The British Case', about Mussolini, whose Fascism, it was explained, was a far, far better thing than Hitler's National Socialism, but when Mussolini, too, went mad, and made *his* pact with the man who had made a pact with Bolshevky, he was demoted from Signor Mussolini the Duce to Mussolini the Top-Wop).

Simultaneously, it was discovered that the chief maniac, even long back in the days of his psychotherapeutic greatness, had habitually broken his promises, and a long list of these shattered undertakings was prepared and published, by *The Times*, as the First Book of Revelations. The

Second Book of Revelations (at any rate they were called 'revelations' by *The Times* and 'disclosures' by Mr. Chamberlain, though the material in them had been unremittingly reported by British newspapermen in Berlin for seven years) came when the British Government issued a White Paper about the German concentration camps and the things that happened in them - had, indeed, been happening in them since 1933.

But not all the great men were taken aback or dismayed by events. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, also speaking in the Letters Column, said that Hitler had put himself 'under the powerful thumb of Stalin, whose interest in peace is overwhelming. And everyone except myself is frightened out of his or her wits. Why.? Am I mad? If not, why? Why? Why?'

A few hours later Stalin's overwhelming interest in peace was manifested by Hitler's attack on Poland, and Mr. Shaw, braced by this success, continued in other journals to make pungent deadsure comments on the march of events.

The familiar chorus culminated, inevitably, when the war came, in the announcements of leading politicians that they would face the verdict of history without fear.

A politician may have been wrong a hundred times, but when the cumulative sum of those errors adds up to the monosyllable, WAR, he always advances fearlessly to The Bar Of History. Such intrepidity may seem superhuman. Yet he never quails before that posthumous judgment. He never knew before what the future held, but this time he does. It will be after his time, anyway, and he will not furl the sword or sheathe the umbrella until ... (Even London's nude theatre caught this disease, and deciding to 'keep the Union Jack flying above it' after all other theatres closed, when the air raids began, proudly announced that 'there cannot be much doubt what history will say of the courage of all those engaged here'.)

I think the worst thing about war is this cackling chorus of aged voices, this venerable Greek choir in the background, while in the foreground young men tramp, tramp, tramp across the stage and disappear in the shadows.

Inevitably, when the war broke out, a letter-writer-to-*The Times* announced the discovery that the German language contained 'no word for "gentleman"', and this discovery has presumably now gone to join in immortality its aged friend - that the French language has no word for 'home'.

What *does* gentleman mean in English, anyway? A German writer once pointed out that, in England, 'gentleman' and 'of independent means' are interchangeable terms. A Tory Chief Whip once rebuked some non-Etonian new Members with the words 'It is as well that candidates who represent our Party should be gentlemen'; is then a gentleman a man who went to that school on the playing fields of which the Peace of 1918-39 was lost?

I suppose a gentleman, in the average British understanding, is a man with whom any lady could trust herself on a desert island in the certain knowledge that nothing worse than death would befall her. That is why blondes do not prefer gentlemen.

One or two other striking phrases fell about the time the war began. For instance, a phrase was current about 'War Babies'. These were not the same war babies as those we knew in the last war, nor were they those strange freaks of procreation by means of which nature, at the outbreak of this one, seemed to be exerting herself to make good its depredations in advance. In Chile, for instance, a five-year-old girl had a baby. In England a healthy baby girl was born with another baby inside her. And in Manchester, where fiction habitually hides its head, feeling unequal to the struggle with

truth, a man who 'had no more idea than had his wife that she was about to have a baby', awoke one night to find it, to his and her astonishment, between them in the bed.

But these were other 'War Babies', and their progress was, at the *beginning* of the war, followed with loving attention in the Wall Street reports published in the financial columns of a London newspaper:

"'War Babies' rise. Wall Street dealers heard Hitler's speech, decided that it did not foreshadow any peace offer at the moment - and up shot prices. The general list closed 1 to 4 dollars higher but the 'War Babies' spurted anything to 8 dollars ... Heavy bouts of profit-taking failed to stem the gaining prices and the market closed at the day's highest level. Only dull period was when dealers were too busy listening to Hitler to care about the market.'

Then, the next day:

'Wall Street is Strong. A rush of buying orders for "war" stocks from all parts of the country was the chief feature of another very active session on Wall Street, in the course of which fairly considerable profit-taking was readily absorbed ... Much of to-day's buying was stimulated by the growing belief that there will be a long-drawn-out conflict in Europe, from which virtually all groups of American industry will benefit.'

But profit-taking, especially in bouts, is hard and exhausting work, and profit-takers, like all other men, must rest from their labours: so, a few days later:

'Wall Street Quieter. Wall Street to-day was quieter, due partly to the Jewish holiday. The undertone was indecisive throughout.'

To make a Roman holiday!

These quotations show that the body, or thing, or community known as 'Wall Street' follows the misfortunes of Europe with a close interest that rarely permits even a holiday. However, the early course of the war disappointed Wall Street. It lacked what a generation intellectually reared in Hollywood calls 'action'. The 'War Babies' were a thought wan and frail. They bounced insufficiently. In short, 'Wall Street felt it was being let down, and so, in December 1939, a persistently optimistic but slightly aggrieved Wall Streeter wrote:

'Given some token of good faith - such as a major offensive on the Western Front - I am confident that both the stock market and the grain markets would look for the nearest ceiling and go through it right away.'

If any Britisher who was in the last war or is in this one should lack a definition of 'a major offensive' here it is - a token of good faith.

In this country, too, 'War Babies' seemed to exist. The Government, in taking control of the four main-line railways, guaranteed them a minimum income of £40,000,000 yearly, and, this good news having spread even faster than bad news is said to spread, there was much speculation and 'profit-taking' in rail stocks on the Stock Exchange, so that a Socialist spokesman, Mr. Morrison, who later entered the Government, stated that a gift of some £100,000,000 (representing the sudden rise in the value of railway stocks) had been made to these fortunate people, who, he alleged, had been forewarned, and thereby forearmed. Rubber, being of bounceable nature, also was among the 'War Babies'; 'Rubber Profits £1,352,133 up' announced the newspapers of one company's trading results for 1939.

Other phrases, some of them familiar from the last war, became current as the war later wore on. Mr. Winston Churchill, when he had become Prime Minister, told the boys of his old school, Harrow, that when the war was won 'it must be one of our aims to work to establish a state of society where the advantages and privileges which hitherto have been enjoyed only by the few shall be far more widely shared by the men and youth of the nation as a whole'.

Now, the whole purpose and effect of the 'public' school system, in the state to which it has come in England, has been to restrict these advantages and privileges to a small class, inter-related by blood or marriage or common interest, and with a very small proportion of new entry purchasable only by money. It is the greatest single evil in our system, and bears more responsibility for the domestic scandals of England and for failure to prevent the present war than any other one thing.

Mr. Churchill, by all portents, will have more power and opportunity to mend this, when the war is over, than any other man ever had. May he remember those words and complete his task - which will not be completed by victory. The rank growth of privilege, nepotism, influence, protection, corruption, and money-snobbery strangle the life of England as surely as the weeds strangle those derelict farms. Every Government we have had within human memory - and the picture of England after their rule - offers the proof of this rottenness, the most insidious part of which is that the members of the coterie, never having been outside it, often enough do not realize its rottenness themselves, but think of their claim to rule, acquired not by merit but by money or prenatal election, as a God-ordained thing synonymous with patriotism and the good of England, for which it is very bad.

'Sympathy for the Noble Viscount!' That is their creed, their bible, their war-cry, their get-out and their epitaph.

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## Chapter Three

### GREAT BORE WAR

In the little white house I watched the first nine months of the war, the nine months which England, from her stolid respect for making-haste-slowly, still needed to give birth to a new government.

An appalling nine months, worse than all the years that went before. For now the war *was* come, and after a brief, shuddering awakening, as of a sleeping man stung on the nose by a bee, England went to sleep again.

The call-up of men to the forces seemed to progress with the speed of an elephant trying to compete in the Derby. Mr. Chamberlain went to the Guildhall and there unburdened the heart of the Tory Party by saying, in this war, wages must not start chasing after prices, for that would be vicious; he saw the war, seemingly, not only as a conflict between youth-and-youth, but also as one between prices-and-wages, and how much warm sympathy must have flown from those Tory bosoms towards him when he expounded this warm and reassuring Brummagem philosophy.

Here, they thought tenderly, is indeed the 'man who will go down to history as the greatest European statesman of this or any other time' (Mr. Victor Raikes, Con., S.E. Essex).

Everywhere I went people were crowding into the picture palaces, thronging to the greyhound races, circumwaddling round golf courses, or standing about cricket fields in the stricken postures of figures in a Grecian frieze.

Cricket! What depths of depression I plumbed, in those days, when I halted alongside some verdant field and looked across at the scoreboard, 'Score: 21, wickets 6, last man 3', and contemplated the incoming batsman slowly covering the quarter-mile to the wicket, the bowler signalling his fieldsman an inch more to the left or an inch more to the right, the field languidly changing over every sixth ball, the little group of batsmen, bowled out or still to bat, sitting round the green shed and applauding their slowly-returning colleague who had just been given out l.b.w., after making 7 runs. Ye Gods, I thought, a pallid spectre of a sport, a grim and ghastly ghost of a game.

With the picture of those German legions crouching behind the West Wall, of their legions of tanks and aeroplanes, in my mind, I found such scenes horribly incongruous. Yet a colonel sitting beside me in a railway train once, seeing such a picture through the window, remarked 'That's what we're fighting for.' Was it, I wondered.

This, by the way, was one of the few words ever spoken to me in an English railway train. But everybody seemed to interpret 'the things we were fighting for' according to his lights. The *Sketch*, for instance, in reproducing a picture which it called 'Conversation Piece', said 'It breathes the spirit of all that we are fighting to preserve. It was taken in the drawing-room of Weston Hall, Towcester, Northants, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, who are seated on the right. Lady Bridget Parsons is just visible on the sofa, and the Duchess of Westminster is busy, with her petit-point in a chair by the fire. A fine Lely portrait of a Sitwell ancestor hangs above the mantelpiece'.

As no bombs immediately fell, next-to-nothing was done about air-raid shelters; that was left until the bombs began to arrive. After a few weeks of exultant reports in the Press about the dearth of food supplies in Germany, food rationing was introduced, but was in practice a joke, and everywhere I went the shop windows were filled to bursting with hundreds of different kinds of biscuits, sweet cakes, lollipops, chocolates, cream buns, fudge, stickjaw, and toffee.



England, in fact, settled down to boredom. Nothing of the spirit of 1914 was apparent, when nearly every young man rushed into uniform as fast as he could, when no girl was happy unless she could hang upon a khaki-covered arm. Men who now tried voluntarily to join up were rejected as fast as the official machine could reject them; in military quarters a strong feeling patently prevailed that a lot of outsiders were trying to muscle-in on their private war. I saw far fewer uniforms in the streets than in 1914. We made no move to succour the Poles, and when the Germans had overrun them and divided their country with the Reds, they too, settled down behind their West Wall, while behind the Maginot Line, and further north, millions of French and thousands of British soldiers languished in inaction. Neither side bombed the other and when (after the invasion of Denmark) the German Propaganda Ministry accused British airmen of dropping an odd bomb on a German town the British authorities virtuously scouted this as another German lie.

I travelled long distances and saw hardly any sign of military preparations or preparedness. I heard many people expressing puzzlement or scepticism about the war. I leaned against a sunlit farmhouse wall and talked to the farmer, who said 'The Guvvermen doan *want* to fight the Germans, sir.' I had a road breakdown, and the mechanic who mended my car said, of the troops quartered thereabouts, that only the outer men in each three had rifles; there were not enough for the centre file. I talked to a country policeman, a fine upstanding fellow with the three ribbons of 1914-18 on his chest, who spoke disgustedly of some soldiers billeted upon him; he doubted, he said, whether they would ever learn to know one end of a rifle from another, but he, who could show them and show them quickly, had been rejected for service.

Presently people who talked like this were sent to prison for causing 'alarm and despondency', but, by Jupiter, there was never in our history more cause for alarm and despondency than in those days, when Mr. Chamberlain was saying that 'Hitler has blundered' and 'Hitler has missed the bus', indeed, Hitler seemed to be an inveterate catcher of blunderbuses, but actually he was preparing swift and successful attacks, while in England two million unemployed still mocked all the talk about our gigantic preparations and the increasing speed of our war production.

England, as I say, settled down to boredom, and seemingly thought that 'not to be interested in the possibilities of defeat' would in due course bring victory. The last war but one was the Boer War, the last war was the Great War, and this one is the Great Bore War, said one writer.

Only in two departments of 'preparedness' were we ready, most efficiently and completely ready, ready for all that might come. These two were ineffective and, as I think, unnecessary. I mean, the black-out and the anti-gas measures.

As both these offer good examples of the muddled thinking which is the scourge of this country I mean to discuss them at some length. Actually, these following notes were written, partly before the war and partly in the early weeks of it, but as events have vindicated them I incorporate them here. I still cherish the hope that people in this country will begin to think one day.

The black-out is the most satanic of inventions. Neither Mafeking nor Armistice Night will be able to compare with that night when the lights go on again in England! It is a soul-killing thing. It is also ineffective. What is really needed, effectively to combat the night-raider, is a white-out. The fact that the black-out is still with us shows how monstrously difficult it is to get a thing undone once it has been done by officialdom.

Everybody who may read this book will know that the blackout offers no hindrance to night-raiders in finding a city they wish to bomb. People who live in cities which have been bombed will also know that it does not prevent them from finding and bombing definite areas in those towns, even individual buildings. Was not London City bombed on a night when the fire-spotters on the roof

were absent, because it was the 'English week-end'? (This was one of the barnacles still remaining on our war-mindedness after sixteen months of war.) Was not Buckingham Palace bombed several times?

The black-out, thus, is the friend of the night-raider. It does not prevent him from finding his way. It gives him the best cover he could wish. But it *does* prevent our night-fighters from finding him and shooting him down. They could only do that if he were visible, and to make him visible you must either light up the sky, or light up the ground so that a British fighter, flying high, can see beneath him the night-raider against that background of light.

The policy of the black-out is, once again, that policy which we followed so long in foreign affairs - the policy of the ostrich, which is to put your head in the sand and imagine that you cannot be seen.

Enough people in this country are by now familiar with the results of bombing for this to be clear to them. I believe it is clear to all people who have made a specialized study of the problem of defeating the night-raider. Why was the day-raider defeated? Because he could be seen and shot down. Yet I dare swear we shall finish the war, as we began it, with the black-out.

More vain by far were the measures taken against gas, which to me seemed to approach dementia. At the outbreak of the war the save-us-from-gas mania was truly fantastic.

People were told to 'gasproof' their rooms and all over the country they did this; I heard an expert in the radio imploring good gas-proofers not to forget the little grating under their front doorsteps, through which some of this dread vapour might penetrate to their otherwise well-fortified parlours, and in a lonely little country house, ten miles from the nearest town, tucked away in the folds of two hills, I sat and talked to a man while a carpenter boarded up his fireplace, while through the window I could see the legs of another, who was filling up all cracks and crevices.

In a remote Somersetshire lane, one morning, I saw two tiny tots going to school, one leading the other by the hand; in their free hands they desperately clutched their gas-masks. At a tiny fishing village I saw a man put out to sea in a row-boat; an old lady sitting on the sea-wall gasped incredulously and said to her husband, 'Ooh look, he hasn't got his gas-mask!'

At the Old Bailey a man was sentenced to death for murder; he started to leave the dock, then turned back and picked up his gas-mask; probably later, just before the trap dropped, a warder took it from him and said: 'You won't want that.' Gas-masks for bow-wows were advertised. Somewhere, probably, gas-proof boudoirs for pekinese, gas-proof aspidistra chambers, gas-proof cages for canaries were being sold and bought.

I think this gas-mask craze is the most stupendous of all the crazes Insanity Fair has ever seen. Who said you cannot fool all the people all the time? Clearly you can. They *want* to be fooled. If you deprive them of their Red bogymen, they must have a Gas bogymen.

The only time I was ever in a gas attack I had forgotten my mask, but fortunately it proved to be smoke. But may I say that gas is not a lethal weapon, for the purposes of war? If you use it on the ground, you are dependent upon the wind and its effect then is very small, too undependable, in comparison with high explosives, to be worth using. And from the air you can hardly use it at all, for, even if your object were the senseless one of killing as many civilians as possible, and not of doing as much destruction as possible, you could not kill with gas bombs a fraction of the people you can kill with high explosives.

It is fantastic. In this country there must be hundreds of thousands of men who fought in the last war and know something about gas. And anyway, after peace broke out in 1918 we had an unbroken succession of wars all over the world. (Did not the little boy, asked if he knew what the 11th of November was, answer, oh yes, a long time ago there was a great war and since then we had had two minutes' peace every year?) There had been, before 1939, wars in South America, in China, in Abyssinia, in Spain, and after it began there was war in Poland. So even the most obdurately ignorant should know something about gas by now.

In the Great War, gas was relatively little used on the ground, and from the air, not at all. In all the other wars after it gas was hardly ever used, and from the air not at all, unless Mussolini's airmen in Abyssinia wasted an odd gas bomb or two just for the fun of the thing (bombing the tribesmen was great fun, said Vittorio Mussolini).

I should hazard the estimate that, if the average citizen's chances of being injured by a high-explosive bomb are, say, 100 to 1 against, the odds against his being damaged by a gas bomb are about 10,000,000,000 to 1 against. But if he were, by some incalculable chance, injured by a gas bomb, assuming that one should ever be dropped, the gas contained in it would probably be one against which masks would be useless. This goes for London or any city; the chances against any inhabitant of the country outside the cities being gassed would need even more noughts.

Perhaps I can make this thing clear to the one man somewhere in England who is able to understand anything that is told him by saying this: each and every citizen of this country might with as much reason build himself an ark against the danger of a new flood as gas-proof his rooms and the like. He may be killed in an air-raid - but not by gas.

These are wasted words, for long after I am gone dear old ladies of both sexes - they are born every minute - will continue in far flung country hamlets to shiver in their beds at the very mention of the words 'Red', 'Poison Gas', 'Dum-Dum Bullet' or 'Plague Germ', though such words as 'Shells', 'High Explosive', 'Bomb', and 'Machine-Gun Fire' seemingly leave them undaunted. But this is probably just, for the world owes us all a living, and without these gentle people the men who live by selling gold-bricks would starve, and the peerage might decline for want of new blood.

However, when I saw those gas-masks being distributed and those boudoirs being gas-proofed, about the time this war began, I felt sad at heart, because I felt that this was wasted energy, and that the things which urgently needed to be done, and were not being done, were to provide shelters against high-explosive bombs and to arm men of goodwill against an invasion.

Indeed, I had seen that long before the war began, and in the second book of these three, *Disgrace Abounding* urgently appealed for the underground stations of London, ideal natural bomb-proof shelters, to be prepared for the reception of large numbers of people. That eventually happened - after the bombs began to fall and homeless or fearful people practically stormed those subterranean refuges. Their plight at first was terrible; in the course of months it was improved and they came to be well looked after. But how much time and energy and money were wasted, how much unnecessary suffering was caused. I saw a deal of those caverns in the town, later, when the bombs were falling.

But in the first months of the Great Bore War, when nothing was being done, I watched despondently a country sunken in apathy, misinformed about the war by newspapers which told them that the Germans were starving and on the verge of defeat - without a blow having been struck against them! I could not see myself how the war was going to develop, now. I thought that Hitler, by failing to make his Pact with Russia a full military alliance for a joint blow at England, or enlisting Italy to that same end, and striking at us forthwith with all his strength, had lost his chance

of successfully invading and subjugating us. But I could not see how we, in our turn, with the dilatory and dawdling and half-asleep methods we were then using, could ever achieve victory.

The same men who had cast away the peace were still in charge. The country, which nothing seemingly could move, was quite happy to have them there. What sort of an England was this? I asked myself. It was worse even than I had feared, when I was abroad, when I returned home. At that time I had at least believed that actual *war* would wake it up, when war came. But this country seemed to think that it only needed to carry a gas-mask, be 'not interested in the possibilities of defeat', leave everything to Mr. Chamberlain, and go to the pictures, and all would be well.

'The Great Bore War' they called it. Well, well, I thought, how little they know what they have coming to them. I, at any rate, was not bored; I was simply eaten up with desperate anxiety for the country. Those were the worst nine months I ever knew, and the years before were bad enough. But the four months which followed were worse still.

'Bore War!' *Donnerwetter!*

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## Chapter Four

### DULLMOUTH

If you step into a certain train at Paddington it will bear you, resolutely, and at a fair speed and as if it knew where it wanted to go, to Exeter. At Exeter it halts for a long time, like a traveller wondering which fork to take at a crossroads.

When it ultimately starts again it behaves in a curious manner. It no longer knows where it wants to go, it casts about, here and there, like a dog seeking a trail, makes little expeditions here and little expeditions there, with frequent pauses at likely spots, and then fresh scamperings in new directions. The train, in fact, runs down from Exeter to the sea, quickly retreats from it again, like a coy and gasping maiden who has tested the water with one toe and found it too cold, and rushes, shuddering, inland to Newton Abbot.

There comes an even longer pause, while it pants for breath and gathers fresh courage, and then, gingerly, step by step, with many halts, it approaches the sea again, ultimately reaching it at Torquay. Then, tired by all this exertion and excitement, it limps painfully along the coast, with many more halts, until it comes to a river, the Dart.

It cannot go any farther, because there is no more a bridge over this river than there was over the Exe, so that if it wanted to go on it would have to run inland again, as it did to Newton Abbot, and go round, and by now the shades of night have long since fallen, and the train is dead tired, so that at Kingswear, which is the station on the Dart, it just lies down and goes to sleep.

It has had enough. It is a quite exhausted dog, now, but before it settles down it gives a final little shake, thus ridding itself of one or two fleas, namely, the few passengers who have still survived the journey that began, *ehu fugaces*, so long ago at Paddington.

They, poor souls, are much to be pitied. They have endured much, and still have not reached the haven where they fain would be - Dullmouth, which lies across the Dart. They cannot even see it, for this is wartime, and Dullmouth, which not even in peacetime is dazzling in its illuminations, is blacked-out. They grope their way down to the landing-stage and wait, these Rip Van Winkles who felt themselves so young and strong and full of hope at Paddington, but whose hearts, from the long deferment of that hope of reaching Dullmouth, have been made sick, whose years now sit heavy upon their shoulders.

Across the lazily lapping water they can see a very faint flicker of light and presently they hear throbbing sounds in the darkness and out of it a monstrous shape looms up and the *Seagull*, the old ferryboat, bangs her sides against the timbers of the landing stage. Like shipwrecked mariners, saved at the uttermost moment, they stagger aboard. A minute later, men prematurely aged, they are put ashore in Dullmouth.

Men brag and boast of journeys to Thibet, of pilgrimages to Mecca, of voyages round the Cape, of perilous quests through deadly tropical jungle. Let them make this journey, if they wish to prove their spirit, their stamina and their mettle. And until they have made it, let them hold their peace.

I have made it many times. I have made it in compartments completely blacked out for an hour at a time, in the company of other passengers who spoke no word even when it was light. A strange sensation, to be borne along in a black dungeon on wheels, in the company of other human beings who never opened their lips. O purgatory of the soul, O prison of the spirit! Men talk of the Black

Hole of Calcutta, of the self-imposed silence of the Trappist Monks, as if these were rare things, curiosities of history. Let them make this journey, in wartime, or for that matter even in peace.

Because the little white house, which shone for me like a light in all the darkness of that time, lay upon a hill-top a mile or more beyond Dullmouth, and because I still needed frequently to visit London, I made that exhausting expedition very often, and at the beginning hoped through it to learn afresh my native country.

I was a man who had travelled great distances in Europe and knew that these journeys were the best means of learning to know peoples and countries. Because I had a modest gift for feeling myself quickly into the minds of men in other countries, I especially disliked to feel myself so alien and unanchored in my own country, yet I could see no resemblance in it to the England that I loved, of Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare, of Drake, Nelson and Frobisher.

I had remained English; England had become alien. And the thing that grieved me most about England, for it seemed to be all part and parcel of the same development, was the decay of manners, and especially the fantastic silences of the English - not the British, because people from other parts of the British Isles and from the Empire are not like this, but I was in England.

Travelling between Paddington and Dullmouth, and for that matter travelling all over England, I never awakened from my amazement at these silences. They are grotesque and sub-human. What state has human society reached when men and women look shiftily at each other from the corners of their eyes and wince almost from physical pain if they are required to answer any question, make any remark? This English characteristic passes my comprehension; I never saw anything like it anywhere else I went, I do not believe it existed in England before the calamitous discovery of coal, prosperity and the public schools, and I cannot account for it.

To me it was repugnant to sit with three strangers at a table in a dining-car and to miss the bow and 'Good morning' at the beginning of the meal and the bow and 'Good day' at the end of it which are customary in the barbaric lands abroad. To me, manners, which seem daily more important than men, reach their lowest point when four human beings share a table, never exchange a word, and desperately avoid each other's eyes.

Once I shared a carriage with a man travelling to Liverpool, a man in the uniform of a naval officer, who, halfway, suddenly said to me: 'Gosh, I could do with a glass of beer.' This seemed a good opening, and a new one - otherwise the invariable remark, if one was ever made, was 'Not so warm to-day, is it?' - but my attempt to breed from it a little intelligent conversation was sternly repressed, and silence fell.

Another time I travelled with a man and his wife from London to Exeter. He was an army officer. They exchanged two sentences. Once she said to him: 'I expect we shall be wanting sweet peas in the garden this year, shan't we?' to which he answered, 'I expect *you* will'; and when they approached Exeter, and she had a book to pack, she said to him, 'Will you be opening the suitcase?', and his reply was 'That was not my intention; what do you want to put in it?'

Another time, I shared a compartment with a man and his wife going to Manchester. It was a dreary winter's day, grey and raining, and neither of them spoke a word between London and the outskirts of Manchester. That city, as we drew into it, offered a truly appalling picture of man's efforts to deface this planet; it was about half-past two in the afternoon, and night was falling fast; the aspect of the slimy and glistening streets was a study in degrees of drabness; the air-bombardment of England, about this time, had reached its greatest intensity; and as our train pulled in, the woman opened her mouth.



'We only want sirens now,' she said, hopelessly, listlessly, to her husband. 'That would joost about put lid on't.'

'Ay,' said he.

And silence fell again, as relentlessly as the dusk and the rain and the mist outside.

My Trappist uncle!

The one thing needed to make these scenes more absurd was supplied by the authorities, or the railway companies, when they affixed over the heads of these dumbstricken and suspicion-laden travellers a notice: 'Warning: in the last war thousands of lives were lost because valuable information reached the enemy through careless talk.'

Well, well. England must have changed a lot since the last war. I was baffled by these incomprehensible silences. They could not happen in any other country I know and seem to spring from some strange form of repression. The extraordinary thing was that later, when I went to France, an Englishman in the dining-car talked so loudly and incessantly that all the French people in the car looked curiously round at him!

I had ample opportunity to study and reflect about these things, on my journeys from and to the little white house. It was that rare thing in the England of this time, a corner of an English field that was for ever English. It was filled with English flowers and English books and English prints, or with the things that an Englishman had collected in foreign countries and brought back with him. It was indeed the epitome of an Englishman's life and struggle, within four walls.

It was very remote and lonely, on its hill-top, with the Channel and the Atlantic in the distance, and sometimes the wind that crashed in from the sea nearly tore its roof off. For company there was but the farmer next door, in whose sturdy neighbourliness and tales of the decline of the countryside I found at once solace and confirmation of my fears, and old Sam, who had left an arm in Flanders but still, with an iron hook strapped on to the stump, could do as good a day's work as the next man and better than most, and shared his time between the farmer and me.

These were Englishmen and I thought continually, as I was later to think in London and the other bombarded cities, 'What could England be, if the country were differently governed, if class were not eternally set against class, if the merit, and not the money, of men decided the place they should have in the affairs of the country and the contribution they should make towards its progress.'

I had deliberately chosen this part of England for my abode during the ordeal which I foresaw because I wanted to feel, when it came, that my roots were in England, and this, the West Country, the land of Drake and Hawkins, the land from which my own people had originally come, seemed to me likely to be the most English part of England.

I thought, when I came back from abroad to seek myself, for the first time, a home in England that I should be most likely to find England there, if England were to be found anywhere. The West Country had supplied 'hearts of oak' that were English ships and Englishmen in bygone days. From it Drake had gone out to smash the last-invasion-but-one. To it Napoleon had been brought after the last invasion had dissolved in smoke. Now we awaited another invasion. The West Country, I thought, was the place for me.

So I came to Dullmouth and, a mile beyond Dullmouth, to the little white house on the hill, and from there I explored all the West Country. It was no reassuring journey. There, as in other parts of

the country, I found, on the one hand, a lovely but declining countryside and agriculture, and on the other, the unplanned, uncontrolled and untended growth of towns, townships and colonies. Derelict farms; villadom, bungalowdom; and the stately home.

I went to Brixham, where once was a thriving fishing industry. The picturesque harbour was still picturesque, but the lovely Brixham trawlers, for some reason no man could ever quite explain to me, had nearly died out. The town still tried hard to cling to its tradition and character, but this was disappearing in the atmosphere that tea-seeking trippers bring wherever they go. From curiosity I tried to buy some fish at a fish-shop; the shopkeeper had but a few pairs of kippers which had come to him from Aberdeen, or somewhere in Scotland! Somebody had put a shopping basket on the head of the statue of William of Orange on the quayside, and nobody bothered, while I was there, to take it off. A few artists had come to seek solace and subjects in the picturesqueness of Brixham - but life was fast vanishing from it.

Wherever I went, in the West Country and in England farther afield, to Exeter and Chester, to Shrewsbury and Shaftesbury, to Plymouth and Portsmouth, to Dover and Coventry, to Canterbury and Leicester, I had this feeling that everything was past participle.

The old buildings that still survived were good, in design and material; the new ones were meretricious and ugly. The old crafts and industries were dying out. The countryside was becoming appallingly urban.

Where, I asked myself in baffled perplexity as I contemplated the old houses at Exeter and Chester and Shaftesbury and compared them with the gilt-and-nickel fronts of the cheap-and-nasty stores which had sprung up alongside them, where was progress? Were we moving forward or going back?

The same question repeatedly sprang into my mind - when I compared Brixham harbour with the bungalow-towns that were springing up along the lovely red Devon coast nearby, when I compared Plymouth Hoe with Plymouth Town, when I looked down from Shakespeare Cliff to Dover Town.

The architecture of the between-war period, from 1918 to 1939, was as representative of that senile age as everything else it had produced, in drama, literature, films, radio, everything. The opportunity had offered to make England beautiful again, to make it fit, indeed, for the men coming back from the war, to plan and direct the growth of the cities. What happened? A joiner and a bricklayer got together, raised enough money to build a pair of semi-detached houses, sold those at sufficient profit to build four more - and in a trice they were splashing 'estates' at random over the land, slums-of-the-future which we shall never be rid of again. 'Freedom!'

It is, I think, the strangest of all comments on that age of miscalled 'freedom', that while there was this unrestricted licence to deface and vulgarize England, there was no freedom to improve it, that any individual who set himself to do this, in his own small sphere, was indeed penalized.

The greatest contrast I noticed between the state of things in England and that, for instance, in Germany or Switzerland or Holland or Czechoslovakia, was the degree of dilapidation and disrepair into which much property had fallen. I never could understand this, because it seemed to me natural that a man should wish always to improve and adorn the house he lived in. This tumbledownness of many English towns, hidden in normal times by lath and plaster, immediately became apparent when bombardment began, for houses which were not struck began to crumble to pieces.

I noticed this particularly once in Dover, which had suffered a certain amount of shellfire. Walking along one street from which the harbour-harpies had gone, because it was in those days visited more by shells than by shellbacks, I said to a friend, 'What a picture of ...' and then paused to find the phrase I wanted. 'Of English dilapidation,' he said, and I needed to say no more.

I afterwards found an explanation, as I thought, or at any rate one explanation, for this state of affairs. I believe it is customary, in England, for a man who improves his house to be inflicted with higher 'rates' - that is, to have to pay a higher annual sum for the public services, such as light and water and the removal of refuse, of which he has the benefit (incidentally, I had the benefit of none of these, in the little white house, save the weekly removal of rubbish, yet had to pay a large sum).

But surely this is stupid to the verge of lunacy? A house is not only a place to live in; it has an exterior, and an ugly or ill-kept or unkempt or semi-uninhabitable house is a blot on the landscape, which is the property of all. A clean and beautiful house, or a street of such, is a contribution to the common enjoyment. But if you encourage property-owners to let their property dilapidate and deteriorate, so that the 'rating-value' should be kept down, you are deliberately promoting ugliness and selfishness.

Another thing I noticed in England is that, although the remotest farm and cottage could count on receiving its mass produced cakes and sweets from London, conditions of sanitation and lighting often remained what they were centuries ago. I believe I also discovered one of the reasons for this appalling state of affairs - which could not be found in the other countries I have mentioned.

For instance, electric light might have been installed in the little white house, which was some miles from the nearest house that had it. I inquired about the possibility, and found that the local electricity company was ready to do it for a large sum, something like £150.

That is, the house was a remote one, and the idea of supplying it with electric light was considered solely, exclusively and entirely from the profit angle; if I would pay enough, I could have it. But in the other countries I have mentioned, where the electricity companies are state-controlled or municipal-controlled, or where at all events the public interest has the last word to say, the first aim is invariably to get current to the remotest and loneliest places. The cost of installation falls on the community, on all alike, not on the individual user more and more heavily in proportion to the distance he lives from the power station! Where is progress or civic feeling in such a system? Where 'freedom'?

These are some of the reasons I detected for the living conditions of England.

The penalization of small property-owners who may make improvements in their property was, as I thought, the most vicious of all the causes which contribute to a bad state of affairs.

I remembered a time in Berlin, just before the coming of Hitler, when there was an acute dearth of small dwellings. Much of Berlin had been built in the Wilhelmine days of easily-acquired prosperity and consisted of very large flats with very large rooms. By 1932 few people could afford to rent or maintain such dwellings; everybody wanted the 'one-and-a-half' or 'two-room' flat. The detestably reactionary Government of von Papen, who was to bring Hitler to power and plunge all Europe in misery and bloodshed, did one excellent thing. It relieved all owners of such apartment houses of rates, up to a fixed amount, who divided their big dwellings into two or more small ones. The result was that small, well-equipped dwellings immediately became available for the people who wanted them at rents they could afford to pay.

My English journeyings always brought me back, at last, to the little white house and to Dullmouth.

Dullmouth was, to me, England in miniature - England with all its beauty overlain by ugliness, with all its energy overlain by apathy, with all its throbbing history and tradition overlain by the film-radio-and-thriller mentality of the villa-and-bungalow age, of the escape-from-unpleasant-reality generation.

Neither Switzerland nor Italy could have supplied a lovelier site, a lovelier natural background. Both Switzerland and Italy would have built a lovely town on this site and against this background. Here a little river, curving between wooded hills, came with suddenly widening mouth, like a cornucopia, to the sea. The town, but a long stonethrow from that sea, was none the less almost hidden from it, where it nestled behind the last of the wooded hills, on the right bank. Only from the little harbour could you get a narrow glimpse of the open water through the gateway that the hills made.

Here white houses should have clustered against the green hills. But here red brick and grey and yellow stucco did their best to make the prospect vile. From here Drake had fared forth to seek the enemy; here Drake's seamen had caroused in celebration of their victory over the Armada. But here came no ships other than those that carried the tea-and-cake-trippers to see the beauties of the Dart, and the descendants of those Elizabethan seamen, from want of another occupation, were become longshoremen, busy with lobster pots and petrol-driven trip-round-the-bay launches. Here King Charles had once held his court, and the lovely oaken room where that had happened was still intact, with the Stuart arms carved upon its walls; you might take 'tea' in that room.

There was no *life* in this. The little square by the harbour was nearly always deserted. In the streets you seldom saw other figures than those of the lady-going-to-get-a-book-from-Boots or the retired-gentleman-taking-the-dog-for-a-walk. It was like a frame without a picture, like a stuffed bulldog.

There was no feeling of community in the town; the people lived in little, segregated, palisaded groups - the big-wigs, the middle-wigs, the lesser or ear-wigs. A stale odour of dead-and-gone 'regattas' hung over this once animate and vigorous little settlement, where real ships had once lain at anchor and real seamen once rolled the streets. A faint aroma of late Victorian royalties still clung to the tumbledown Royal This-or-that Hotels; you imagined long-forgotten Prince Berties and Prince Alfreds, of Teutonic mien, smoking cigars on those deserted verandas.

The charming and decorous and efficient maid in the Royal Regatta Hotel, in whose tidy hair a tiny piece of lace seemed to have alighted permanently, like a butterfly loth to journey farther, remembered them all. She had come there just about the time I was born, and had been there ever since.

One world war had left Dullmouth sleepier than ever. What would another do? Hundreds of years before it had been a gateway to the world, that magnificent, hill-framed portal to the seas and oceans that you saw, a few hundred yards away, from the little harbour, had really been a call and an opening. What was it now?

In Elizabeth's days Dullmouth had been the threshold of great adventure. What was it now? So much of England looked like that to me.

When the war, later, brought foreign seamen to Dullmouth, the girls seemed very ready to bear them company. They seemed quite happy as they strolled the deep lanes at the side of these men from overseas.

I thought that significant. Dullmouth was very much tucked away, in fact and spiritually. There was no hope of a career or advancement here, no way of broadening the mind, no intellectual life, no

theatre and no music, only the alien-inspired radio and films, no community life, no gateway to adventure - save that of emigration, and the British Government, in agreement with the British Dominions, had made that as difficult as possible. Here, in the deepest heart of seafaring and rural England, was neither a thriving countryside nor a thriving seafront, only villadom in excelsis. True, there was a certain prosperity derived from 'visitors' and 'teas'.

I was to find later, as the war advanced, that the heart of England beat as sturdily as ever there. I was to find it, chiefly, in the breasts of tradespeople, workpeople and farmers. Neighbourliness and kindness, the greatest civic virtues, I found, were still here. Here, at long last, I found the Englishmen. But that was later.

One day, about the time the war began, the *Victoria and Albert*, that blue-and-golden relic of the 'nineties, came to Dullmouth, and anchored in the lovely river. I did not see it; I was hard at work trying to make things grow where weeds had reigned. I had burned masses of weeds and thus, by proxy, destroyed the things I detested in this slumbrous and class-ridden England and now, again by proxy, I was planting new ideas and better things. I wore very old trousers, a shirt, and sweat poured from me. An elderly lady with an umbrella came toiling up the lane, looked over the hedge at me, and called imperiously: 'Which is the way to the Castle?'

'The Castle?' I said bemusedly, for the remote white house was too far from any such building for me to guess what she meant. 'What castle?'

'Dullmouth Castle, of course,' she answered, sharply, 'where the *Victoria and Albert* is lying.'

'Dullmouth Castle,' I said. 'Why, you have come far away from it. You must turn about and go back the way you came, about two miles.'

'My good man,' she said, with much irritation, 'are you trying to tell me that I must go all the way back? It is absurd. I should have seen the *Victoria and Albert* as I came if it had been down there.'

'My good woman,' I said, 'if you hope to find the sea upon a hill-top you may remain here or go farther, for all I care, but the water is at the bottom of this hill, and the ship you seek lies in it.'

For two pins, or even for one, I think, she would have transfixed me with her umbrella, she was so angry, and she seemed quite sure that I was to blame. But then she turned about, puffing and panting, and, clinging resolutely to her umbrella - it was a cloudless and unusually hot day - she began to toil down the hill again.

I looked after her as she went, genteel, brainless, ill-mannered, self-important, arrogant, useless, and ugly, with her ridiculous hat perched atop of her wispy hair, such a woman as you could find in unnumbered thousands in that England. The war? That meant nothing to her. But the *Victoria and Albert* - ah!

Ah me, the *Victoria and Albert*! Tea and toast. Books from Boots. The dear vicar says ... Did you see Lady Loathsome's picture in the *Queen*, my dear? The new manager served me at the Home and Bolonial, dear, such a *nice* man! The waitresses at Teacake's are *so* inattentive! Mrs. Nextdoor's new maid has given notice! Trips to town and tea at Harrod's. Dear Mr. Chamberlain. The Coronation.

Keep your brave old world, I thought, looking after her. It fits you. And I turned to burn some more weeds.

## Chapter Five

### IMAGINARY LINE

As the first nine months of the war dragged on the country seemed to sink deeper and deeper in apathy. I went to London, once, and saw a musical performance, of the kind they call 'revue', Satan knows why, and the main theme of this was 'Let's forget about the war'.

Somebody had thought, with this innovation, to hit on a good money-making idea, to read the public mind, to give the public what it wanted. The player who, with brave gesture and patriotic mien, stepped forward to sing the then inevitable 'There'll always be an England', was hauled back, with a loud 'NO', by the other players, who then began to boo-hoo and goo-goo about being blue and me and you and remember September and always together in all kinds of weather and being in love with the moon up above and so on and so on.

The general feeling, indeed, seemed then to be that the Bore War, like the Boer War, was a long way off, and if only you forgot about it enough it would win itself.

I was exasperated almost to the point of apoplexy by this, for I felt that by this incredible slothfulness we were casting away the trick that Hitler had put into our hands when he began the war without a great ally and without an immediate assault on England. By starting the war in that way he had, as I thought and wrote at its beginning, forfeited his only chance of victory; I still could not see how we should completely win, but I saw that we could not *lose* outright.

Now, to my creeping horror, I saw that we were giving him back the ace of trumps he had surrendered to us. We were *not* doing all we could to make it impossible for him yet to find the powerful ally, Russia or Italy, and to wean both those States from him, even if we could not win them for ourselves. Our call-up of men and our war-production were meandering along, rather than marching or galloping.

Yet even I, who counted as a man who saw things in a glass darkly, did not know the worst. I was well-informed about the European line-up, as my books have shown, yet by some strange chance I did not know that the Maginot Line, behind which the French army and our own was now massing in France, was a stupendous swindle, that this professedly invulnerable fortification was no fortification at all - since it did not stretch right along the French frontier, from the Alps to the sea, but broke off at the Franco-Belgian frontier, thus leaving a large gap or gateway for the Germans to march through when they again had overrun Belgium.

The Maginot Line, about which millions of words, hundreds of newspaper articles, and several books had been written, was an imaginary line. Where is the answer, what *can* the answer be, to the question, 'Why were the peoples so hoodwinked in the between-war years of 1918-39?'

For the plight of the British people was bad enough, who were for years misled about the aims of Hitlerism (which was re-arming Germany with British-lent money!) but who were nevertheless told that we were making ourselves strong enough to face any danger that might come from it, and who then, after £2,000,000,000 had been voted to that end in eight years, found themselves still hopelessly unready to meet that danger!

But consider the even more fantastic plight of the French people, from whom so many millions had been extorted in those years to build 'a wall' behind which they believed themselves secure - when it was no wall at all!



The principle of the non-accountability of Ministers seemingly prevails in France, even in the defeated France of Marshal Pétain, as in England, and the trials of the men responsible for that state of affairs have not yet been held, so that the explanation of Leon Blum and the others, like that of certain English Ministers to not dissimilar questions, seems likely to be among those things which the historian of the future will never know.

Anyway, for my part I only learned, to my amazement, of this gap in the Maginot Line after the present war had been in progress for some months. I learned at the same time that it was not being filled and if anything lacked to increase my irritation at the apathy of England, this was it.<sup>[1]</sup>

In that state of mind I went to France and to Paris a few months before the French capitulation, to see Otto Strasser, whom I thought likely to play a part in German politics if and when Hitler had been eliminated.

From the moment I landed in France to the moment I left I felt something in the air which I did not understand and did not like. I could not then know that the gap which made the Maginot Line an imaginary line would not be filled. I had heard that it was not being adequately filled, but thought this to be the result of some oversight or misunderstanding or dilatoriness of the kind which would be inconceivable in a sane world but which was so normal in everything that Britain and France did in the between-war years that one came to expect it.

Thus, though I wondered uneasily about the indefinable something that I felt in the French air, I could not imagine the extent of the disaster which followed a few weeks later, that France would put up a less stout resistance than Poland. I don't know, now, why I should have expected the French to be more staunch and more alert and more prepared than we were. If I had known the full extent of the hoax which was played upon the French people in this matter of the imaginary line I should have known what was coming.

One thing gave me great qualms about it. I met an acquaintance, a British staff officer, who had been over the Maginot Line. (In those days conducted parties of all sorts of people were taken over it, and even far into no-man's-land.) He had noticed that the men's quarters contained no radio, and asked the French officer who showed him round why this was. The Frenchman at first evaded the question, but then explained that the French authorities did not want the soldiers 'to listen to Stuttgart. Stuttgart was the station from which the French colleague of Lord Haw-Haw broadcast each night to Frenchmen.

What a picture! An impregnable fortification, built at a cost of who knows how many millions or milliards, with every defensive device that the wit of man could invent - concrete, artillery, machine-guns, tank-traps, and barbed wire. Inside it, deep in the earth, lay millions of French soldiers; behind it, taught to believe that they were secure, lay the French nation.

But the commanders of those soldiers and the rulers of that nation feared that little whispering voice, that penetrated all the fortifications! And the line was not a line at all, it suddenly stopped, leaving one end in the air, so that the enemy might walk round it. Has history a greater hoax to show than this?

Over a million Frenchmen, now prisoners in German camps are paying the price of the joke.

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## Chapter Six

### RESIGNATION AT MARBLE ARCH

Stepping on the accelerator so that I might reach town before dark and the black-out, I came swiftly down the Great West Road, through Hammersmith and Bayswater, to Marble Arch, where the traffic lights were just beginning to show vividly against the twilight sky. It was May 10th, 1940, and as the red light halted me for a moment I switched on the radio in my car. I heard Mr. Chamberlain's voice. For once there was feeling and emotion in it. I listened, as I released the brake and moved on along Oxford Street....

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The months that lay behind were appalling. Listlessness lay over the country like a fog. I had wondered, as I planted seeds, what the world would be like when they came up, whether it was worth while to plant them. How many people must have thought the same, in that spring of 1940.

In the winter had come the Russian attack on Finland. For months we had exulted as the waspish Finnish soldiers, few but valiant, made ski-rings round the invaders, as a brutal invasion received well-merited punishment. But the Finns were very few, and the Russians very many. There could be no doubt about the end of it all - unless the French and British could send them help in time.

Here was a chance for us unofficially to intervene - Hitler and Mussolini had shown us, in Spain, how to do that. We needed only to give the Finns enough help to enable them to ward the Russians off, and by all the signs they would not need much help to do that. True, it would have been madness openly to intervene there in force, to expose large British forces, with frail lines of supply from the homeland, to a German attack from the south. The first aim of our diplomacy still should have been to thwart Hitler from gaining either Italy or Russia as full allies, and I shuddered when a War Minister but recently retired, Mr. Hore-Belisha, urged in a newspaper that we should fall upon Russia, so far away and wellnigh impossible to get at. Had we not enough on our hands already? Germany was no mean foe.

But, inevitably, our help, when it *was* ready, was too late. The Finns made their peace with Russia, at the cost of a large slice of their country - and Communism, from which our leaders had so devoutly hoped to be saved by Hitler when it did not menace them, now spread into a further area of Europe.

That was bad, but worse was to come. On April 9th the Germans pocketed Denmark - they had always boasted that they would annex this tiny country 'by telephone' when the moment came and they made good this picturesque promise. On the same day they also attacked Norway.

The German conquest of Norway was one of the most astonishing exploits in the history of war. Never was such excellent use made of fear, bluff, bribery, intimidation, and the complicity of a very few people within the victim's gates. And this is the vital importance of the Norwegian episode to us to-day, when many people tend to wring their hands and ask plaintively, 'How on earth are we ever to *win* this war, how can we ever get back into Europe and drive the Germans out?'

Hitler's friends in Norway amounted to five per cent of the population at the most. The other ninety-five per cent are our friends. If that does not convey a lesson, what can? The same holds good for all the countries under German occupation.

The capital of Norway was captured by 1500 men, so efficiently had the exploit been prepared. Not a bomb was dropped on the capital, not a shot fired at or in it. The Germans' bought-man in Norway, Major Quisling (he gave many people in England a welcome opportunity to find a Norwegian name for treachery, though enough English ones might have suggested themselves) had once been War Minister, seven years before, and at that time had appointed his friends to certain important posts. German merchant ships, their holds full of German soldiers, were enabled, with the assistance of Major Quisling, to anchor unexamined in at least one Norwegian port until the moment came for these men to disembark, at dead of night, and seize the port. (Major Quisling, incidentally, had never succeeded in getting a single representative of his party returned to Parliament and his newspaper had a circulation of less than 3000 in all Norway. But he had a few friends among army and navy officers and Hitler kept him supplied with unlimited funds.)

An artillery officer at Oscarsborg, however, ordered his guns to fire when the German flagship, the cruiser *Blücher*, was 800 yards from the shore: it was sunk with a German admiral, a German general, their staffs and 1500 men. The little Norwegian minelayer *Olav Tygvason* sank the German cruiser *Emden* and a German submarine. These two incidents show what damage Norway could have done the Germans, if Norway and Britain had been more watchful. Incidentally, the current belief that the German success in Norway was primarily due to treachery *in* Norway, is wrong. The traitors were very few and the Norwegians fought brilliantly. The German triumph was primarily due to Norwegian trustfulness and British unwariness.

A German colonel told Mr. Edmund Stevens, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, 'What we feared most of all was a lightning reciprocal blow by the British. If they had struck on Tuesday or even Wednesday, our whole expedition would have been a disaster. Fortunately, one can always depend on the British to arrive too late'.

So much for the brilliantly organized and executed German attack on Norway, which I have briefly summarized here because of its great importance to us in the present and later stages of the war.

There is one thing to be said about it. So vast an undertaking, so well organized, and so superlatively well carried out, must have been known for weeks and months in advance, to a number of people in Norway.

From my experience as a newspaperman abroad I can say with the utmost certainty that it is incredible that no British correspondent of long-standing should have gained no inkling of it - but seemingly there were no such resident British newspapermen, exclusively devoted to their calling, in that country; if any were there, there were only 'special correspondents' who had had no time to get below the surface.

If the British Legation in Oslo and the representatives of the British Secret Service in Norway obtained no hint of what was afoot - that is a thing only explicable to me in the light of the general condition of incompetency, listlessness and apathy which prevailed, at that time, in England itself.

Nevertheless, that which happened in Norway may, in the end, have been the salvation of Britain and the Empire, because it *did* administer, at long, long last, a shock to the complacency of the country, and this shock worked upward until it finally reached even those at the top who had so long proved their capacity to be shock-proof.

In England Mr. Chamberlain still ruled. The controversy, for or against him, still might have seemed, to a despairing stranger, to be the thing that preoccupied most people's minds, more than the war itself. He had but few months still to live. Of him, the Minister of Health, Mr. Walter Eliot, had said a little while before, that he was 'the inspiration of the Government'; that he was 'a

remarkably healthy figure' who seemed to gather strength as the days went on and afforded an example of the sort of human beings constructed long ago, before many of our health services had come into being, that 'if we produce a generation which, at the age of seventy, is proportionately more powerful than Mr. Chamberlain, as the health services of to-day are proportionately more powerful than the health services of seventy years ago, we shall have created a race of supermen of which the rest of the world may well beware'.

Mr. Chamberlain was taken by surprise by the events in Norway. The Germans, springing from their hiding-places in the merchant ships, were already in Narvik, in the far north of Norway, on the day of the attack, April 9th, 1940. Mr. Chamberlain was very doubtful whether this could be correct, and thought they were probably in another place, Larvik, in the south of Norway. He was, however, convinced that Hitler had blundered, that he had done the very thing we might have hoped for and yet not have dared to hope for - he had put out his head to be hit.

The history of the way the put-out-head was hit is one of the most calamitous in the history of British arms. A few days before the head-was-put-out-to-be-hit, the British force raised to help-the-Finns, and trained, equipped and clothed for the purpose of campaigning in such a country and such a climate, was disbanded, to the bitter disappointment and dejection of its members, of whom I knew one. It was thus not available for immediate dispatch to Norway to hit the head-that-had-been-put-out, the armies of the man-who-had-blundered.

Of the force that *was* ultimately dispatched, another of Mr. Chamberlain's men, Mr. Burgin, the Minister of Supply, who had at the time of Munich declared Mr. Chamberlain to be the greatest character of all time, was reported to say that no British expeditionary force had ever left our shores so well equipped; he was photographed holding a white snow suit in his hand as an earnest of this.

The Germans quickly overran Norway, and the unfortunate British force which was sent to hit-the-head-that-had-been-put-out was re-embarked and withdrawn two months later. Of it, the War Office, in September 1940, said: 'They could not win because they had almost no air support and scarcely any artillery and were untrained and unprepared and ill supplied and equipped for the conditions in which they had to fight.'

It is a fitting epitaph for a period in Britain's history, in British politics, which is terrible to think about and to look back on. The withdrawal from Norway, and later from Dunkirk, were the far-reaching consequences of the things that old men did in the years between 1933 and 1939. I say far-reaching consequences and I mean far-reaching consequences. Far-reaching fits to a 't'. They make you sick.

And the Norwegian fiasco made Britain sick. True, at the beginning of May, with the disaster in France almost upon us, another of Mr. Chamberlain's lieutenants, Sir Samuel Hoare, now our Ambassador in Spain, Sir Samuel Hoare of 'don't listen to the jitterbugs' and 'the golden age is coming' said: 'To-day our wings are spread over the Arctic. They are sheathed in ice. To-morrow the sun of victory will touch them with its golden light, and the wings that flashed over the great waters of the North will bear us homewards once more to the "peace with honour" of a free people and the victory of a noble race.'

But England, Britain, knew and felt differently from these incorrigible babblers, whose words were always gainsaid by events as soon as they had uttered them.

I am fairly adroit in the use of words but I cannot describe the feelings of despair which filled the minds of such men as myself at that time. Would nothing move the country, we bitterly and hopelessly asked? Would nothing rid us of the pestilent incompetents who so obstinately clung to

office? Would nothing ever make them see a yard in front of their noses, would they never foresee and thwart a move of Hitler's? Would nothing ever shake their smug self-satisfaction, break them of the habit of ridiculous complacency? Would nothing stir them or induce them to accelerate our preparations?

The avalanche was almost upon us and still they dozed in their clubs, went off for their week-ends, still more than a million unemployed walked the streets, still there was hardly any visible sign of preparedness in England, still war-production lagged and dallied. Were we going to lie down and die in a ditch?

Whitsun approached, and the House of Commons calmly proposed, at the behest of the Tory Party, to adjourn for its fortnight. Woolwich Arsenal was to close down for three or four days, the factories at Sheffield for four or five days, some of the coal mines for three or four days; the workers had no enthusiasm for Mr. Chamberlain, who seemingly thought of the war first and foremost as a price-and-wage-struggle, why should they?

It was a terrible time, a nightmare of the most hideous kind. I walked in a black abyss from which there seemed no exit.

At last the eruption came. The House of Commons deserved little credit for it; it was driven to act, at the last instant, by that feeling of oppressive fear, that longing for a change, in the mind of the country. There was a retching and a heaving in the belly of England, and it spewed the Chamberlain Government out.

The scene in the House, when it was at last stirred into activity by that feeling of mortal fear and discouragement and bewilderment in the country outside - a feeling that had to be experienced to be understood - was, it is true, in the grand tradition. Sad, that since then the House seems to have sunk back into its old lifelessness and listlessness, which promise no reinvigoration when this war is over.

But in those days of early May it offered, at least and at last, a picture worthy to rank with any in its history, and one that scarcely any other Parliament in the world could achieve.

May it not have been the old dog's last kick. Many who then 'spoke for England', who clearly saw the danger and most forcibly and eloquently told of it, who fearlessly called on the Government to go, have since, in office, become silent and seemingly complacent, like their forerunners. May they look back and remember to what disasters complacency led.

It began, that debate on 'the conduct of the war' which, by way of Norway, may have saved England, with a speech by Mr. Chamberlain, who a few days before had said he was 'satisfied that the balance of advantage in Norway lay up to the present with the Allied Forces', and who now feared 'that the people of this country do not yet realize the extent or the imminence of the threat which is impending against us'.

This was the kind of remark, from such a quarter, which brought people like myself in imminent danger of an apoplexy.

Mr. Chamberlain was supported by several of the older Tory champions, from the villa-and-tea-party constituencies, who suggested that in that great emergency 'party politics' should be forgotten, which is the familiar Tory cry when the Tory Party seems to be getting into a mess.

Then the first 'voice for England' came from Sir Roger Keyes, who had led the Nelsonian venture against Zeebrugge in the last year of the 1914-18 war. Sir Roger Keyes was no orator, and did not like orating. Now he had to speak, whether he liked it or not; his prescience of mortal danger was too great for him to be silent. Lady Keyes, that morning, had made the brilliant suggestion that he put on his admiral's uniform and so he appeared, with the medal ribbons illuminating his blue coat and the golden rings climbing up his sleeve. Through his speech ran a note of dignified resentment at the scant notice that had been taken of his suggestions during the Norwegian campaign - but then, that was the lot of all suggestions made by men of real knowledge and practical experience in the years before this war and the first nine months of it.

He had come in uniform, said Sir Roger, to speak for 'some officers and men of the seagoing, fighting Navy, who are very unhappy'. It was not their fault that the German warships and transports which had forced their way into Norwegian ports by treachery had not been followed in and destroyed, that the enemy had been left in undisputed possession of vulnerable ports and aerodromes for nearly a month, and allowed to pour in reinforcements, tanks, guns and transport. If the Navy had been more courageously employed it could have done much to prevent these unhappy happenings. The capture of Trondjem Fjord, with its vital aerodromes and quays, could have been speedily effected. But the naval authorities responsible 'seem to have concentrated on the naval hazards and to have been blind to the dangers which the army would encounter if effective naval action in their support was not immediate and resolute'. When 'at length' he had had an opportunity of giving his views he was told there was no difficulty in going into Trondjem Fjord, but it was not necessary 'as the army was making good progress and the situation in the Mediterranean made it undesirable to risk ships'. When he had seen 'another Gallipoli looming ahead' he had importuned the Admiralty and War Cabinet to let him take all responsibility and organize and lead the attack. The British general advancing along the only road from Steinkjer to Trondjem, in the hope of finding British ships to assist him there, had found instead two German destroyers which opened fire on his flank, transported troops and landed them behind his advanced guard, which they captured or destroyed, thus defeating the whole expedition. It was 'a shocking story of ineptitude, which I assure the House ought never to have been allowed to happen'. He seemed, said Sir Roger, to have been unfortunate in the period of his birth. At Gallipoli he was considered too junior, as a captain and acting commodore, for his advice to be listened to, but the forcing of the Dardanelles, which he repeatedly urged, was now recognized as an operation which could not have failed and would have shortened the war. It was a brilliant conception of the First Lord (then Mr. Winston Churchill), but was defeated by his Principal Naval Adviser of those days. If only, said Sir Roger, he could at that time have placed on the table 'the credentials of Zeebrugge' the forcing of the Dardanelles would have been accomplished. In the present war, thanks to his early promotion, he was supposed to be too senior and out of date for his opinions to be worth consideration.

The speech of Sir Roger Keyes, who did not like speaking, was one of the best the House of Commons had heard for many a day. At last, the voice of England was heard again.

It was supported by the diminutive and fiery Mr. Amery, who was inspired, first, to withering irony ('Surely, for the Government of the last ten years to have bred a band of warrior statesmen would have been little short of a miracle. We have waited for eight months and the miracle has not come to pass. Can we afford to wait any longer?'), and, last, to a flash of oratorical genius, when he quoted Cromwell's words to the Long Parliament: 'You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!'

Seldom was so apt a quotation. How little could Cromwell have guessed, hundreds of years before, when he said that, what use would be made of his words centuries later, in mortal crisis for the country. These few words, handed down the centuries, might have been especially composed by a jury of present day Britons for utterance to Mr. Chamberlain and his Government.



When they had been spoken, more members of Mr. Chamberlain's personal bodyguard in the Tory Party rose and reminded Mr. Amery that Cromwell, after that encounter with the Long Parliament, ultimately went, and Parliament ultimately survived. That is unfortunately true to-day. That same Parliament which between 1935 and 1939 let England drift into this war still sits, God help us.

But on that day in May 1939 the urgent thing, in England's dire emergency, was to get rid of the Chamberlain Government, not Parliament, and Sir Roger Keyes and Mr. Amery struck the first two blows.

Another voice spoke for England - that of Major Milner, who represented South East Leeds. Yorkshiremen recruited from his constituency were serving in Norway and he feared that 'many of them - I sincerely hope the number is not large, but we do not know the facts - will have been sacrificed for what I can only say is the incompetence, lack of foresight and lack of preparation on the part of the Government during the last month or two ... What I complain of - and I understand this is the feeling of the majority of honourable Members who have spoken - is the obvious lack of foresight, inadequate preparation, misleading expectations and statements, and the deadly complacency of some Members of the Government which has even been in evidence in the debate to-day'.

Another speaker, Earl Winterton, made the fantastic suggestion - in that Parliament! - that there should be 'some form of inquiry' into the circumstances of the fiasco in Norway, 'possibly a committee or commission of inquiry presided over by a Law Lord with two High Court judges, who would have power to examine both military and civil officials concerned, the lowest and the highest, from the Prime Minister to the Chief of Staff'.

Now this extraordinary proposal, if it had been adopted, would have demolished at a single blow the principle of the non-accountability of British Ministers on which the whole system of government was based and from which the whole decay of England sprang. If this proposal had been adopted, and conscientiously carried out, it might never again have been possible for one man to climb the ladder of office, to its very top, by the rungs of one disaster and failure after another; to come into the inner clique without any merit but simply because he was somebody's cousin or somebody's friend or had been to somebody's school or had contributed so-much to the Party Funds; and once inside that coterie, without regard for his capacity or record, to pass from one high office to another; for instance, even at the present time, as I write, there are in our Government outstanding failures who have successively held such offices as those of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister for Air, Minister for Health, Postmaster General, Home Secretary, etcetera etcetera.

If the 'Committee-of-Inquiry-into-past-mistakes' idea were ever adopted this system of the little inter-related group would break down. That is why, when the chickens of the Chamberlain regime came home to roost on the coasts of Norway and the beaches of Dunkirk, the clamant cry, 'No recriminations!' was raised in the journals of the newspaper-lords and on the Tory benches. That is why nothing more was ever heard of Earl Winterton's suggestion. That was why, when the far greater disaster of Dunkirk occurred, when England was full of embittered and humiliated and angry officers and men back from those beaches, no such proposal was ever renewed.

This memorable debate in the House of Commons was as different from the normally dreary discussions of that assembly as a battle-scene painted in oils is different from a photogravure reproduction of 'Dignity and Impudence' by Landseer. This debate had colour. The people who spoke in it were alive. Some of them had not long to live - some of the loudest protesters against the clamour for a change were soon to sink into the grave, some of those who sought to placate, strangely, were soon to fall in action.

Of these was that enigmatic, contrary, inexplicable man, of whom I have already spoken, Sir Arnold Wilson, who by his obstinate wrong-headedness in the matter of Hitler and National Socialism had greatly helped to lull and delude the country and who then, when war came, though well into his fifties, sprang into the uniform of an airgunner. He was therefore a fighting-man, when he spoke, and yet, with England on the uttermost brink of disaster, he was 'conscious of no clash of loyalties' in his breast, he gently reproached Sir Roger Keyes, he suggested that the Government ought to be freed from the one remaining means of supervising and checking and controlling it - from the necessity of appearing to answer debates in the House of Commons!

Yet this Sir Arnold Wilson, who was seemingly so utterly without political vision, who loved his country and could see nothing wrong in it as long as it was ruled by the Tory Party, this Sir Arnold Wilson had to count himself 'fortunate in having an opportunity to speak, for within an hour I must rejoin my unit'. The men with whom he worked, he said, 'have flown up and down the Valley of the Shadow of Death again and again and will go on doing so until victory crowns their efforts'. He himself was very soon not to return from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He was a good Englishman, of the best. But, for life's sake, could he see nothing in England that needed curing. How could such a man, at such a crisis, have soothingly and reassuringly defended the Tory Party, have gently rebuked those, who saw the mortal danger?

Even at this moment, when the great judge, History, was looking at England and hesitating whether or not to put on the black cap, courage of an almost superhuman kind was seemingly needed, in England, to criticize a man who, physically and spiritually, was so completely the sum of everything the Tory Party idolized as Mr. Chamberlain.

True, in the world outside he had few admirers, save in an obscure newspaper speaking for that General Franco whom Hitler and Mussolini, with the tacit connivance of the Tory Government, had saved in Spain: this rare tribute was gratefully salvaged by *The Times* from a mass of caustic comments.

But the *Sydney Sun*, a leading Australian newspaper, spoke the mind of Britain outside Britain when it said: 'What has been revealed is so shocking in its implications of deficient preparations for an emergency that Mr. Chamberlain's complacent outlook evokes the gravest doubts throughout the Empire of the Government's capacity to put the necessary drive into the war effort.'

Nevertheless, a word spoken against Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, as perusal of its debates at that time suggests, still demanded courage of the sort usually found only in martyrs. Literary explorers of the future may be surprised by the trepidation they will discover in the words of some who did eventually steel themselves to express the opinion that Mr. Chamberlain should go.

When the debate was resumed on May 8th - Sir Arnold Wilson, due to return to his flying duty, had not had time to speak all his thoughts on the preceding evening, and a very few days later he had fallen among the victims of the system of incompetency and sloth which he defended - Mr. Chamberlain had with resentment noticed the tendency to criticize himself that had become apparent and he rose to say:

I do not seek to evade criticism, but I say this to my friends in the House - and I have friends in the House. No Government can prosecute a war efficiently unless it has public and parliamentary support. I accept the challenge. I welcome it indeed. At least we shall see who is with us and who is against us, and I call on my friends to support us in the Lobby to-night.

And there you have it - the crack of the Whip! The admonition, the threat, the warning! All Tory Members knew what penalties lay behind these words - relegation, political outlawry, ostracism in the party. 'My friends in the House.' 'I *have* friends in the House.' 'I call on my friends.' Where, in such phrases as these, was England, and her dire plight? This was Party. With mortal calamity knocking at the door, the old Party game was still being played.

Mr. Lloyd George, hale and vigorous at 77, his white locks fluttering, burst into the debate. 'This half-prepared, half-baked expeditionary force, without any combination at all between the Army and the Navy ... We are all equally proud of our soldiers. All the more shame that we should have made fools of them.'

Mr. Chamberlain's particular bodyguard, his 'friends', the Tory Old Guard, the big business baronets, the shut-eye generals and admirals, the Hitler-is-a-nice-man-really colonels, began to interrupt Lloyd George. They could not stomach this. With searing irony he told them: 'You will have to listen to it, either now or later on. Hitler does not answer the whips of the Patronage Secretary.'

Then, pointing accusingly at the figures on the Government Bench, those omniscient and all-versatile men who had fallen upstairs, from office to office, for so many years, who had with cheery cries and exhilarating promises led England from disappointment to misfortune and from misfortune to disaster, he asked:

Is there anyone in this House who will say that he is satisfied with the speed and efficiency of the preparations in any respect for air, for Army, for Navy? Everybody is disappointed. Everybody knows that whatever was done was done half-heartedly, ineffectively, without drive and unintelligently.

The Front Bench figures remained silent. They had no answer. Their silence gave consent. Everybody knew the truth of this. Outside Parliament the belly of England ached from this Government. But they still did not think of going. Barnacles, they would need to be prized off. The debate went on, while at the Dutch and Belgian frontiers the Germans massed, once more.

Then came Lloyd George's peroration, another of the contributions to this debate which lifted it far above the level of any that moribund House had heard for long enough. Again the voice of England broke through. He told Mr. Chamberlain: 'The Prime Minister is not in a position to make his personality in this respect inseparable from the interests of the country.'

Said Mr. Chamberlain: 'What is the meaning of that observation? I have never represented that my personality ...'

Mr. Lloyd George: 'The right hon. Gentleman definitely appealed on a question which is a great national, Imperial and world issue. He said, "I have got my friends". It is not a question of who are the Prime Minister's friends. The Prime Minister must remember that he has met this formidable foe of ours in peace and in war. He has always been worsted. He is not in a position to put it on the ground of friendship. He has appealed for sacrifice. The nation is prepared for every sacrifice so long as it has leadership, so long as the Government show clearly what they are aiming at and so long as the nation is confident that those who are leading it are doing their best. I say solemnly that the Prime Minister should give an example of sacrifice, because there is nothing which can contribute more to victory in this war than that he should sacrifice the seals of office.'

This was oratory in the grand manner. Here was an entirely new, a revolutionary idea thrown into the debate. That a member, perhaps several members of the pass-the-sweets coterie, should

*themselves* sacrifice something, should even retire from office - they, who from banquet to banquet had been telling the country that it must tighten its belt, they who, come war, come peace, would never know any other world than that of Whitehall and the Pall Mall Clubs, of the house-parties and shooting-parties in Yorkshire and Scotland!

The historian of the future will be gratified to notice that a venerable Tory Member promptly succeeded Mr. Lloyd George, remarking that if he thought his vote that night would put the Prime Minister out, he certainly would not give it, and that 'such scenes do not add to the dignity of the House'.

Ah, that dignity, which, in the opinion of such long-standing, or rather long-seated Tory Members reaches its highest perfection when it most closely resembles the dignity of the graveyard. Peace, perfect peace. The twilight atmosphere, the heavy and soporific air, the pleasant hush - by Gad, sir, a man can get a nap here. What's that? They want to turn the P.M. out? Gad, sir, what is the House coming to? Is this democracy? Is this dignity? A man can't even get his nap nowadays.

Mr. Lambert, of South Molton, who said he had been in the House nearly as long as Mr. Lloyd George, deplored the re-emergence of party politics at such a crisis, for he clearly saw that any criticism of Mr. Chamberlain could only come from base or selfish men. 'I say to the Labour Members that they are not helping in the conduct of the war when they continually snipe at the Prime Minister and his friends. We are told that we are all "yes-men". I am not a "yes-man". I am as independent as any man over there ... But I have a genuine apprehension for the future of the country. These acrimonious debates are undermining the strength of the country by undermining confidence in those who have the direction of affairs. What suggestion has been made for the change of Government which is proposed? What sort of Government is suggested? Who is to be Prime Minister? After all this is the House of Commons, democratically elected, and I ask hon. Members whom they suggest as Prime Minister, other than my right hon. friend the present Prime Minister?'

(Mr. Chamberlain, may I remark, had some six months to live when this plea was made that no other man could lead the country!)

He did not mind, proceeded Mr. Lambert, if the criticism levelled at Mr. Chamberlain were 'legitimate', but he had heard 'all kinds of attacks that are animated not so much by a desire for the good of the country as by political motives....'

This was a most typical contribution to the debate by one of the friends upon whom Mr. Chamberlain called. just as men who had warned England against Hitler were called the enemies of Mr. Chamberlain's noble policy of appeasement before the war began, so were those who criticized his conduct of the war after it began called anti-patriots, underminers and the like. Their criticism was not 'legitimate'. It was not prompted by concern for the good, indeed for the salvation of the country, but by 'political motives'.

By this method you never can go wrong.

Mr. Duff Cooper rose. 'We have had many defeats in these last three disastrous years. Again and again we have met in this House, sometimes suddenly summoned in an emergency, always to record a setback, a disaster, always to listen to the disappointment, the astonishment and the surprise of the Prime Minister ... In the three Ministerial speeches that we have already heard from the Front Bench, there has not been the slightest admission that something is fundamentally wrong with the machinery of Government, that there is something rotten in the State....'

Another voice for England! (Yet most unhappily Mr. Duff Cooper, when he later came to office, seemed to acquire the same sensitiveness as these incompetent forerunners against any suggestion that there was 'something rotten in the State', although the Ministry he had thrust upon him often offered reasons to think that this was still the case.)

Then came Colonel Sir George Courthill, of Rye, who also obeyed Mr. Chamberlain's injunction to follow him into the Government Lobby, with a reproof to those irresponsible critics who sought 'to make a mountain out of the Norwegian molehill'.

Followed Commander Bower, of Cleveland, an officer serving on the Naval Staff, who spoke bitterly of 'the dead hand from above' that had descended and stopped the Navy from succouring and saving the expedition to Norway. He made a very bold reference to Mr. Winston Churchill, who at the time of this debate had entered the Government, which he had so long and so valiantly sought to convince of the danger that threatened England, as First Lord of the Admiralty. Commander Bower addressed these notable words to Mr. Churchill, words which are still of the first importance as I write this book and will be of importance to England for long to come:

The First Lord of the Admiralty will this evening, I understand, wind up this debate. He is a great orator, and I have no doubt he will put over a very convincing case, but I am certain that he will not use his great gift of oratory, that harlot of the arts, to present a case in which he does not believe. It is therefore with considerable interest that I shall listen to hear how he contrives to defend a case which up to quite recently he disliked as much as I do.

(Some months later Commander Bower complained of having been sidetracked, victimized and relegated by appointment to a very minor seagoing command.)

Mr. Churchill, in the event, made a fighting speech in defence of the Government's action in Norway, and appealed to those who thought Mr. Chamberlain a disaster for England, as he himself at times seemed to have thought, to 'let pre-war feuds die' and 'let party interest be ignored', to 'let the whole ability and forces of the nation be hurled into the struggle and all the strong horses be pulling on the collar'.

Precisely that was the wish of the nation. Precisely that was the thing it could not get under Mr. Chamberlain's leadership. Precisely this was the reason the belly of England ached to be rid of his Government. The country could not, at one and the same time, stomach all the injunctions to 'put its shoulder to the wheel' and the inaction and incapacity of that inert and incompetent administration.

When the vote was taken on the question, 'That this House do now adjourn', 281 of Mr. Chamberlain's 'friends' trooped obediently into his Lobby, and 200 Members went into the other Lobby.

This meant that, of the Society of Friends, more than forty had at long last rebelled, more than forty habitual yessers had decided to say No, more than forty units in the herd had paused on the brink of that Gadarene slope and refused to follow-my-leader any farther, more than forty British Members of Parliament, on the threshold of Britain's darkest hour, had perceived the black abyss into which she threatened to fall, more than forty full-grown representatives of the male sex had found the inner strength to disobey a thrice-underlined command from The Party Whip!

The most distinguished members of the Privy Council, at least, such as were not inside the Government, voted against it.

And a score of young Tory Members in uniform were among those who said 'No'.

The Government's majority, 81, was still ample in all normal parliamentary times, but in that pitiful Parliament which was born in 1935, to avert war, and still exists as I write, this was equivalent to a catastrophic defeat for the Government.

Thus, when the debate was continued on May 9th, Mr. Clement Davies of Montgomery, remarking that the next onslaught might come at any moment (it came within twelve hours) and objecting to the proposal that the House should adjourn over Whitsuntide as if nothing had happened, were happening, or was likely to happen, said:

While this clock is ticking on, one knows not what danger is awaiting Holland, Belgium or other peoples. Is it right that when these people are trembling as to what fate may befall them, we should disperse for a holiday? In my submission we should not.

Mr. Boothby, of East Aberdeen, followed to suggest that the vote showed the Government not to possess the confidence of the House and the country in sufficient measure, and loud shouts of disagreement rose from the serried ranks of the friends still sitting behind Mr. Chamberlain. Sir H. Morris Jones, of Denbigh, remarked that, in addition to those habitual supporters of the Government who had voted against it, a large number of others had abstained, himself among them, and 'as one who for five years has known something about the tutelage of the Whip's Office and all its discipline' he suggested that this abstention was an important thing, even though it might not have been 'a very heroic course'.

All through the debate crept still timid references to 'The Whip' and to the great effort of mind which had been needed to move Tory Members to disobey it, even in such a crisis. These are the most revealing things in that fateful debate for those who wish to understand the causes of the war and the dangers of the future - for the Party Machine is still intact, and the Parliament it ruled is still with us.

The debate closed, to all effect, with the speech of one of these younger Tory Members, Mr. Richard Law, of Kingston-upon-Hull, who is the son of a former Prime Minister, the Canadian-born Bonar Law. He had already once braved the Party Whip and spoken for England, as long before as March, when the Finns were in collapse, when he said:

In the last few years I and every hon. Member have witnessed one or other prominent Member of the Government - the Prime Minister or the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Lord Privy Seal - come down to the House and stand at that Box in the midst of the wreckage of some policy or other, in the midst of some defeat or other, and explain that there was nothing that could possibly have been done. That has happened time after time. It happened in the case of Austria, it happened in the case of Czechoslovakia, it happened in the case of Poland, and now it has happened in the case of Finland. Each time it happens it makes the next time easier and the next time more likely ... to be associated with policies which always end in defeat and frustration does not lend strength to your hand when you tackle new policies from a different angle....

Now Mr. Law said he regretted that the debate had had to be held, but it was inevitable.

It was inevitable, in the main, for one reason, that is that there has been in this House over a number of years a too highly perfected machinery of party discipline.



The reason this Debate had to take place was that there was no other way in which Members of this House, who held genuine convictions and who had serious and genuine grounds for uneasiness, could bring them to the real attention of the Government. On other occasions when there has been criticism from these benches the whole machinery of party has got into gear, and by a variety of devices and stratagems criticism has been suppressed, those who voiced it have been denigrated and the whole thing glossed over. The lesson we have learned from the Debate is that if you sit on the safety valve of a boiler the boiler will, in the end, blow up....

Democracy? Where was, here, the fault of youth? Here you see how wars are allowed to come about!

Mr. Law went on:

There is some talk to-day about reconstruction of the Government ... Effective reconstruction might have been possible some months ago, or even some weeks ago, but the opportunity was lost ... There must be a new Government and it must be, very probably, under new leadership. Reconstruction and shuffling about of the furniture again simply will not do this time ... I myself have been accused of nourishing a somewhat curious unaccountable personal spite against the Prime Minister. I can assure the House that that is complete nonsense....

Save for a few more yelps and yaps from the more fervid Friends, this was the end of the debate, which was 'adjourned accordingly at One Minute before Four o'clock, on Thursday, May 9th, until Tuesday, May 21st, pursuant to the Resolution of the House this day'.

A stupendous debate, magnificent to read and re-read. It reminds me of those early films in which the galloping messenger, the various passages of his thundering and dust-accompanied ride shown while the victim-to-be-saved awaits the shots of the firing-squad, arrives just as the officer-in-command raises his sword to give the order to fire.

That was the position of England. If the country was yet to be saved, and that seemed very questionable, it could only be saved by spewing out that Government. It had to be purged of that administration if it meant to rise and fight. It could not have the one and do the other. I have described the Debate of May 7th, 8th and 9th, 1940, at some length because it was one of the most important in our history. It was, indeed, one of life or death. It saved our life. It did not cure the illness which nearly killed us. The 'too perfect party machine' which had brought us to this mortal plight, and the parliament it had produced, still remained. Both were taken over by the new rulers....

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As the red light changed to yellow and then green I released the brake and my car moved down Oxford Street, in the gathering dusk. That morning, a few hours after the close of the great Debate, the Germans had poured into Holland and Belgium. Now we're for it, I thought that morning, when a voice from London told me the news on the telephone, now we shall see about the 'Bore War'. I itched to be in London. I quickly took my car out of the garage, and drove hard all day to get there before dark.

I passed through the familiar, sleepy countryside. I hardly saw a soldier. In the villages cars clustered round the inns, farm labourers idly guided lazy horses along the streets, children wandered about, mechanics tinkered with motor lorries. All the way to London I thought, 'How can this country survive,' under such leadership?' I no longer hoped, then, that it would ever change. I

had come to believe that nothing could shift that government. It would be there for ever, I thought; if some of its members should ever die, none would notice.

In desperate despondency I turned on the radio as I reached Marble Arch and drove down Oxford Street. Mr. Chamberlain was speaking. He was announcing his resignation!

I listened almost in disbelief. Could this be true? I had heard his voice after the invasion of Austria, after Munich, after the invasion of Czechoslovakia. It had been as empty of human feeling as a biscuit tin. After the attack on Poland even the House of Commons, even Members on his own side of the House, had been stirred to resentment by this dryasdust, this matter-of-fact, this no-sentiment-in-business tone.

Now, for the first time, I heard feeling and emotion in his voice. He was announcing his own resignation.

Against all my better reason hope leaped in me again. At last! Perhaps it was not yet too late, after all. I put my car away and walked quickly to my hotel, eager to hear what tidings the day had brought. Were the Hollanders fighting? Were the Belgians fighting? We had long known this would come; had Mr. Chamberlain this time preconcerted our measures to succour them, had our plans been prepared, were we, this once, ready?

I ran up the steps and quickly scanned the reports that were coming in over the tape.

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## Chapter Seven

### GIANT DESPAIR

I sat with a German, on the terrace of a big house with a big garden in the north of London, on a glorious spring evening. The garden was heavy with the scent of flowers. The vast city stretched beneath us and lost itself in the-hazy distance. My host's pretty young wife, a South German girl, busily supervised the preparation of the evening meal. Their little son played about us. A gardener placidly mowed the lawn. It was the most lovely May evening.

I did not know my host. He had sought me out, introduced himself as a close friend of Otto Strasser, the man whom I knew to be Hitler's most dangerous enemy, the man about whom I had written a book. He had invited me to dine. We talked of the 1914-18 war, in which he had been a flying officer and a most active enemy of ours in the East. I wondered what thoughts now filled his breast; if he was what he said he was, and Hitler came to England, what would become of him and his wife and child? I knew what thoughts filled my own breast; if Hitler came, that would be the end, and could we now prevent him?

The days had been laden with tidings that exceeded the worst anticipations. True, we had, at last, the new Government, Churchill, and Eden, but nearly all the old men, who had brought us to this pass, were still in it; they had just withdrawn a step or two, and the indignant clamour for their dismissal was silenced with the reproof, 'No recriminations', they were even defended by the newcomers whom they had so long and so bitterly kept from office.

The Germans, sending clouds of parachutists from the skies, working hand-in-hand with the traitors within-the-gates, dealing death-from-the-air to 30,000 defenceless civilians in Rotterdam in half an hour, had overrun Holland, had nearly overrun Belgium, and were fiercely attacking the French and British.

Would the Maginot Line hold? In my heart, although I still did not know the disastrous story of those wasted nine months, when the gap-was-not-filled, I felt that it would not. True, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Ironside, but a few weeks before, had said 'We would welcome an attack. We are sure of ourselves. We have no fears ... It is too late now for anything the Germans may start....' But we had so often been told the same sort of thing before. Within me a certain premonition of coming disaster stirred.

My German acquaintance was very pessimistic, so that I put on a front entirely different from that inward trepidation. He, at all events, must not know what I feared. We turned on the radio, heard that the Germans had broken through at Sedan; the Maginot Line, I realized at that moment, had been an imaginary line, the campaign in France was over - and our armies in France?

The German shook his head despondently. 'That is very bad,' he said, and he spoke bitterly, uncomprehendingly, of the very things I despaired of, in my mind, of the unpreparedness of England, of the refusal to awaken and be alert. I gainsaid him. I told him he did not know the doggedness, the stamina, the steel core of the British.

As I said these things I had almost lost the last spark of hope in them myself. But he must not know that.

Eden's voice came through the radio, announcing that the wish of Englishmen to be given arms to defend themselves, so that at least they would not need to be shot down defenceless or to surrender

themselves into captivity from lack of arms, was to be gratified. The 'Home Guard' (at that time, the Local Defence Volunteers) would be formed, and all good men and true could now spring to the aid of their country.

'At last,' I said exultantly to the German, 'that is what millions of us have been waiting for. The news is good, you see.'

'Um,' he said, obviously sceptical but not wishing openly to disagree, 'yes, the news is good.'

Good? My only hat! When I think of those days!

In almost less than no time a million and a half Britons, who for months had cursed and languished in despairing impotence, rushed to join the Home Guard. They filled in forms - inevitably, in triplicate - at the police stations, and these went to join the other mountains of paper which officialdom was building. Weeks and months went by, and the Home Guard had no other weapons than the few shotguns they could borrow from local squires and farmers, no uniforms, no organization. They walked about armed with sticks! England was empty of arms and none knew when any would arrive. Staunch patriots told me that if the Germans came they would fight them with their hands, and they made me sick at heart even while my heart bled for them; they had slumbered too long, in their island, even to know that a man with his bare hands cannot get near enough to a man with a machine gun to fight him.

As the days went by the news became darker and darker, like the thickening of the twilight on a winter's afternoon. There was but one tiny ray of light - the performance of our airmen wherever they met Göring's men. I did not then know how important, how vital, it was, this little beam.

The Germans rushed headlong on and drove deep wedges between the French and the British in the south, between the Belgians and British in the north. They were trying to cut us out. I foresaw that something worse was about to happen than even I had bargained for, or at all events, that it would happen far more quickly and at far less cost to the Germans than I had ever thought possible - the collapse of France.

The French, with their Maginot Line and their great armies, were to fight less staunchly than the much-criticized Poles! We know, now, that they were not meant to fight-to-the-last, that the history of their collapse belongs to the dark political machinations of the 1933-39 era, not to the campaign itself. We *should* understand.

About this time, when from contemplation of the scene in France, on the one hand, and the picture of England, on the other, I was in the slough of despond, I came to London and met, for the first time since 1918, a man I had known in that war. This was Air Marshal Portal, who in 1918 was Major Portal, in command of that Royal Air Force squadron with which I served in France; I had last seen him when, my face swathed in bandages, I was being removed feet-foremost from the fray, and he had then given me a long cigarette holder to enable me to smoke in spite of my bandages and my swollen lips.

I had never seen or heard of him since that war and had not even known whether he remained in the Service, but I was glad, now, to recall that when I was writing *Insanity Fair* my memory had prompted me to record the unusual gift for leadership which I, a subaltern, and all the other officers of his squadron had remarked in him, for now he was a very senior officer in charge of one of our most powerful instruments in this war - our bombing aircraft.

I thus realized that this man (a few months later he became Commander of the whole Air Force) was to be pitted, against another man I had known, one Hermann Göring, that these two men, indeed, might have more to say about victory or defeat, in the war that was resumed in 1939, than any other two men, for I knew that air-power could decisively affect our chances. Göring, at Hitler's behest given within a few moments of his advent to power in 1933, had built 'the greatest air force of all time', at first secretly, with extraordinary skill and cunning, and then openly, and its might had been proved in the most terrible manner in Poland and Holland and Belgium and France. Only the Royal Air Force had been able to stand up to it at all.

Now Portal, if England were only given time, was to build an even bigger one, and when that day came, I knew, the war would be over save the shouting. But *would* England be given time? That was the question which gnawed at my mind, as I waited and watched for the collapse of France. I thought of England, unready and unarmed, and of our armies in France. What would happen to them?

I met Portal and lunched with him in a club, in the English fashion. Nations may rise and fall, wars come and go, but lunch-in-the-club goes on, all the leaders of England congregate in Pall Mall. I do not like the fashion, it seems to me too remote from the lives of the millions outside, this little leather arm-chair and smoking-room life of the clubs, but it has long been so, and seemingly will long remain so. Near by sat the new Air Minister, Sir Archibald Sinclair, and the new Financial Secretary to the War Office, Richard Law, two of the men who had spoken so bravely for England in the momentous debates of May. Here and there a young or a younger man was seeping through, here and there vigour and energy were making little holes in the upper crust of inertia and incompetency.

This was particularly true of the Air Force, where young men were rising to the top (and later, under Portal's command, were in increasing numbers to rise). But even this was not a sign of any real change; rather was it the result of an accident of birth, for the Royal Air Force was born in the 1914-18 war and its fore-ordained leaders were thus bound to be of that generation. The generation of 1914-18, the lost generation (and I do not mean those who died, but those who survived), was still on the whole kept out of everything by selfish and incompetent age. Nevertheless, the youth of the Royal Air Force is the secret of its almost miraculous achievements, which did more than any other one thing to save England; if it had been twenty years older, if it had had time to become the browsing-ground of an aged clique, we might have lost the war.

We talked of this and that, and particularly of Germany, and at one moment Portal made a remark which stuck in my mind like a burr during the following months of suspense. 'If we lose this war,' he said, 'but we shall not ...' and I interrupted him. 'Do you not think we shall?' I asked, for at that time this was for me the question that haunted my days and nights, and the coming collapse of France was clear to foresee. 'No,' he said, 'the invasion is a very difficult thing ...' and he went to explain his reasons for thinking this.

I have told of this incident in order to anticipate its sequel. During the months of harassing expectation that followed, I thought of his remark continually, and with increasing respect as the weeks went by, the invasion did not come, the country gradually began to prepare its defences, aeroplanes and guns started pouring in from America, and even the Home Guard obtained arms.

Portal, I thought, even though he spoke before Dunkirk, must have seen something, known something, that I did not see or know, to be so confident, then, that we should not lose, for I had thought our defeat to be a most dire and imminent possibility. In November I met him again, when he was Commander of the Royal Air Force, and began the conversation by reminding him of that

remark, and asking him whether, and why, he had really been so sure that we should not be defeated.

He answered quite frankly, that within a few days of our first meeting he had thought his own life probably to be approaching its end, had expected to go out with a load of bombs and damage as many Germans as he could. He had expected an immediate invasion, and he had expected this to gain a strong foothold in this country.

He still believed - and this was where I still differed from him - that it would have been defeated in the end, because the people of this country would have fought and died to the last man and woman to prevent it from succeeding. I did not share this view, because civilian resistance, risings or insurrections against a foreign occupying power, though they may once have been possible, are not possible since the invention of the machine gun. I did not say this, but Air Chief Marshal Portal may have read my thoughts, for he paused and said reflectively, 'Of course, I don't really know, has it ever happened in history, the resistance of men to the point of extermination?' The answer is that this has never happened, and is in a world peopled by human beings impossible, since the coming of the machine gun.

So we were as near as that, and my fears and feelings in those days of May and June 1940 were not wrong! A miracle was worked in those days.

After this meeting with a man who may yet play a Nelsonian or Wellingtonian part in our history, I stayed awhile in London, waiting on events. The weather was fantastic. There had never been anything like it before in human memory. Strange that the weather, the main and favourite topic of press and public discussion in England at all times, was a forbidden subject just in this year when it was unique. News of it might have 'helped the enemy'.

Day after day and night after night I watched the sun climb into a cloudless sky or the moon into a starlit heaven. 'What a waste,' I thought, with the picture of France in my mind. I hated the weather, now that it was for once that which I had always pined for, because it seemed to have been ordained especially for the furtherance of Hitler's campaigns. Perhaps I was wrong about this; perhaps our airmen would have had less fortune in finding and destroying the Germans in cloudier or rainier times.

As May wore on the news became worse and worse. I returned to the little white house and, looking out despondently upon the gleaming Channel, listened to it on the radio, seething. The King of the Belgians capitulated and the clamour of 'Traitor' arose. He may have been miscalled, and the full story of that time, when it is told, may prove this; I do not know. But had we erred so little, in the past, that we had the right thus to denounce the leaders of the little nations that bore the awful brunt of the impact?

The two prongs of the German armies thrust swiftly towards the Channel coast, the hard-trying British army held between them like a nut in the crackers. The pressure tightened as the two prongs began to close. The tidings in the radio grew less and less as the disaster loomed nearer. German 'mechanized units had infiltrated' we were told, but we must not know where or how far; that would be giving information to the enemy. But the Germans knew where they were and I heard them telling the world this, in their radio. The outstretched arms of their mechanized legions, relentlessly closing round the British army, seized Boulogne, Calais....

Only a tiny strip of coast remained in the possession of the British armies - Dunkirk. Was even that still in their possession, I asked, as I listened to those voices in the radio, the English voice placidly reciting empty communiqués as if it were reading cricket results, the German voice rabid with



exultation and hatred. I waited, at the end of May, from hour to hour, to hear that the Germans had Dunkirk, that the British army in France had been cut off and captured, that England, open and defenceless and unprepared, lay at the mercy of these savage hordes. Was this to be the end, the end I had long feared and warned against? Here it was, on my doorstep. What could now avert it? Was this to be journey's end? I hated to look at the Channel, but looked at it always.

I had no weapon of any kind, although I had filled in the forms for the Home Guard. I was not likely to get one. In Dullmouth all went its placid way. Just about this time I did, at long last, obtain the permission I had long since applied for - to buy a revolver. Could I still get one? Even that was almost impossible to obtain in England at that time. What a position for a man to be in who had fought in the 1914-18 war!

I drove to Exeter and ransacked the city. The gunsmiths laughed at the very idea that they might have any kind of weapon to sell. At last I discovered a revolver in a second-hand shop. It was an ancient weapon, made about the year 1880, and still lay, with a few mouldy-looking bullets, in the plush-lined mahogany case in which some long-dead gunsmith had proudly bedded it. I thought it was more likely to kill me than anyone else, if I should ever fire it.

But it was at least a weapon. I drove back through Newton Abbot, where farmers were placidly buying pigs in the market place, through Torquay, where old ladies were placidly dozing in the shelters on the front, through Dullmouth, where the ferry was lazily plying to and fro, to the little white house.

The 'greatest military disaster in our long history'<sup>[2]</sup> immediately impended. It might be in progress now, across that peaceful sheet of water, as I cleaned my venerable revolver in the garden. Behind it lay - the invasion of England and some new world which I did not care even to imagine.

I knew what alien rule meant; I had seen it and its results. The Germans, I knew, were reserving their most sadistic ingenuity for England, if they could overcome her. Nothing they had ever done in any other conquered land compared even palely with that which they would do in England, if they could - only people who have long lived with and studied the Germans as they are after a century of conquest can understand this. They would fling themselves upon the body of England like grave-robbers, like the vulturine despoilers of a corpse. This was the long-thwarted orgasm which they awaited in desperate, tumultuous impatience.

From the windows of the little white house I looked down on a placid, empty sea, and on deserted, open, undefended coasts.

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## Chapter Eight

### CLARION CALL

Like the mocking echo of derisive laughter sounded, in those dark days, the words which the new Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, uttered:

We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the new world, with all its power and might, sets forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

My own conviction is that the second part of this memorable phrase expresses a fallacy. I do not believe that, once the British head had been cut off and the British heart pierced, the British arms and legs could have carried on the struggle - though I well realize that the British fleet would have been a most comforting gift, in that disaster, to the unready people of the United States; our ill wind would, no doubt, have blown them much good in this form.

As I did not believe in this theory about the continuance-of-the-war-from-overseas, as I knew the subjugation of this island would be final and irretrievable calamity, and as I (and some of our foremost leaders, as I have indicated) then feared that this calamity, the penalty of those dreadful years of sloth, was now upon us, I was more interested in the first passage of Mr. Churchill's clarion call - 'we shall fight on the beaches ... landing grounds ... fields and streets ... hills....'

These were the words which, as I say, sounded in those days like the mocking echoes of derisive laughter. Fight! Yes, if we could only fight. Millions of men throughout the country asked nothing better. But we had no arms. No arms, no arms, no arms - the thought ran endlessly through my mind, and I had to grin bitterly to myself at that talk about fighting ... on the beaches ... on the landing grounds ... in the fields and streets ... in the hills. We were defenceless. The Home Guard, still embryonic, had no arms. The fate of the army in France hung in the balance. Mr. Churchill, in the same speech, had not been able to promise more than 'There is no reason why we should not in a few months overtake the sudden and serious loss that has come upon us ...'

A few months! And the invasion impended! The coasts were open and unmanned. We had no arms. How were we to fight? I cursed the men who had brought us to this pass.

Mr. Churchill's clarion call seemed, in those black days, to have been sounded on a cracked bugle. If the Germans contrived to land in force, I knew, there could be no prolonged or elective, inch-by-inch resistance; you cannot fight tanks and machine guns with your hands, neither on the hills nor in the valleys, neither in the streets, nor in the fields.

Later those historic words gained meaning and reality, the clarion call was a real one, clear and strong, it no longer sounded like the mocking laughter of the old men who had left us defenceless. By that time we *had* arms, we could defend the valleys and hills, the fields and streets. A few score, a few hundred fighter pilots gained us that vital space of time. 'Never was so much owed by so many to so few.'

But my hair rises on my scalp even to-day when I think of May, June and July 1940, of the days when an almost defenceless nation, guarded only by that frail shield of air fighters, awaited an invasion in shattering and overwhelming force and thought to oppose it with bare hands - in the streets and fields, in the hills and valleys, on the landing grounds, on the beaches....

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## Chapter Nine

### SPOKEN IN JEST

One scene in particular, from those momentous days of the end of May and the beginning of June 1940, impressed itself, by its awful incongruity, upon my mind until my dying day. Travelling to-and-fro along the peaceful Devon coast, which lay baking in the sun, I frequently passed a golf club. Always, sleek and shining cars lay resting in its car park; always, the figures of men could be seen upon it, poking away with a little stick at a little ball. I never saw it without thinking of a rhyme I had read or heard somewhere:

I was playing golf one day  
when the Germans landed.  
All our soldiers ran away,  
all our ships they stranded.  
And the thought of England's shame  
nearly put me off my game!

Never was there a word spoken in jest that so nearly came true!

Little do English people know the fate they were spared - for as I write I believe they have been spared the worst, though bad enough lies before them. In the early, apathetic, incomprehensible days of the war I once heard a small shopkeeper openly say that it did not interest him one way or the other. Our rulers did not seem to care much about it, so why should he? His life, his business, would go on much the same under Hitler.

How little they knew, people who thought like this. Our rulers, who did know or should have known, are the more to blame for letting the irretrievable calamity approach so near to us, tread even on our heels.

A little later, just before the collapse of France, the French Prime Minister, Reynaud, said that Paris would be defended to the last and that even if it should fall, even if the French Government were driven from France, the war would be carried on from the French Colonial Empire. That might, just conceivably, have been a practical proposition, as long as the, British Empire remained behind France, though even then it would have been very difficult. In the event, Paris was not defended, and France capitulated.

But the same theory, in the case of England, was false. When the danger approached *our* shores, similar things were said. If England were invaded, we heard the war would be carried on from overseas, and the American Government, to quote one of its representatives, was told that the British Navy 'would never surrender and might in an extreme case be based on the American coasts'.

It is an illusion or a delusion. True, the British Navy might, in that dire event, have been used to defend Americans, but what solace would that have brought England, and how would the war have been carried on against Germany? By blockading, starving and bombing the captive millions in this island?

As long as England, this British island, survived, the war could be carried on, for this island is the head and heart of the Empire. Even if Africa or India or one of the Dominions, one of the limbs,

were cut off, the fight could still go on as long as the head and heart remained intact. But cut off the head, pierce the heart - and were the limbs to continue fighting independently?

The survival of this island was indispensable and its subjugation would have been final.

But in those days at the end of May 1940 the words spoken in jest seemed about to come true. And if they had come true, worse things would have happened to golfers than being put off their game. The golf courses would have been closed. And what could be worse than that?

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# PART THREE

## THE DEFENCE OF DULLMOUTH

'We have not, alas, an ally to befriend us.  
The time is ripe to extirpate and end us.  
Let the German touch hands with the Gaul,  
and the fortress of England must fall.'

SWINBURNE, 1886

When I read this in May, 1940, it seemed terrifyingly prophetic; rereading it in February, 1941, I still hope that Swinburne was wrong.

D.R.

## Chapter One

### DELIVERANCE

Listening to the German radio I heard the German announcer shout, in ranting, jubilant tones, 'The English are bottled up in Dunkirk. Our armies have surrounded them on all sides. They will not repeat their glorious runaway victory of Norway this time! We will not let a single rat escape!'

Sick with the thought of what was happening across the water, which still lay so quiet and peaceful in the sun, I turned off the radio and went out into the little lane, down the hill, to Dullmouth, which offered its placid everyday face to me: housewives bought their husband's supper, children played about the water, dogs lazily stretched themselves in the heat, and the flag, as usual, was at half-mast. This peculiarity of Dullmouth's flag had worried me for some time, because, with the thought of disaster so much in my mind, I feared it might portend great and evil tidings, but I later found that it was run down every time some citizen of local reputation died.

Yet, beneath that placid surface, Dullmouth was stirring. The dear old *Seagull*, that so long had ferried the quarter-mile to Kingswear and back, was gone, and when I asked, whither, I was told that she had gone on some grave mission. The *Seagull*, I thought! Little could I at that time imagine that comfortable old duck battling across the Channel to Dunkirk and back again, but so it was. Now I never tread her decks without giving her a silent salute. She is a veteran of Dunkirk! I think she should have an enormous medal hung on her bows, or fly an especial ensign, with every other craft, big or little, that was at Dunkirk. Every time I see her now I murmur to her '*Seagull*, you saved England, Britain, the little white house, me - everything, bless your heart' and I pat her sides.

Strange, how little feeling the English have for such things. Every child ought to be brought up to recognize a ship that was at Dunkirk and revere her.

And farther on, the elderly owner of an elderly yacht, one of the relics of Dullmouth's great regatta days, was busily preparing his craft for a voyage. I did not then know, why. I heard afterwards that they went to him, he was a man over seventy, and asked him if he would go, and he was like to have fallen on his knees and thanked God for this unlooked-for chance of a great adventure, in his old age.

Here, around me, was England awakening to life again, and indeed Dullmouth, in wartime, as I shall tell, did come to life again. The warm blood of movement and energy coursed back into its hardening veins.

Morning, noon and night, I turned on the radio and listened, heavy with apprehension, for the news from Dunkirk. The German speaker raved and ranted and roared, exulted about the impending annihilation of the British army and fall of England - but he did not say that Dunkirk *had* been captured, that the British army *had* been annihilated or taken prisoner to a man. A day passed, and I heard, scarcely daring to believe, that we were still taking men off. Another day - and the same tidings. What on earth, I wondered. Was Hitler going to miss *this* chance? A third day came and went, on dragging footsteps, a fourth and a fifth, and still the tally of men taken off mounted.

Once more, when hope had seemed dead, I began to hope again. Then, on June the 4th, came Mr. Churchill's announcement. What Prime Minister in our history ever took office at such an emergency? Everything in ruins round him, it was like becoming managing director of a bankrupt concern.



'I have nothing to offer you but blood, toil, tears and sweat', I had heard him say in the radio, on May 13th, and my echoing voice had answered, 'You're right, you haven't'.

And then, at the end of May, he had prepared us for 'hard and heavy tidings', and I knew what that meant, too; it now seemed inevitable, to quote his own later words, that 'the whole root and core and brain of the British Army, on which and around which we were to build, and are to build, the great British Armies in the later years of the war, would perish on the field or be led into an ignominious and starving captivity'.

20,000 or 30,000 men, we might save, he had thought. I had wondered if we would save so many. And now on June the 4th, he rose to announce that nearly a thousand ships, of the Navy and the Merchant Marine, craft of all sort and shapes and sizes, had brought 'over 335,000 men, French and British, out of the jaws of death and shame'.

I do not believe in miracles, nor do I believe in that form of Christianity which sees the cure for all mistakes, not in human effort, but in praying to some supernatural power to make good the blunders committed on this earth; after all, those who hope to profit from those blunders are probably also praying to the same supernatural power that they shall benefit by them. I believe in human effort and energy and exertion. This was a miracle of human strength and exertion and devotion.

But there are aspects of it which are still unaccountable. Why did Hitler let this unique and unforeseeable opportunity slip through his hands? Why did he not massacre those marooned thousands on the beaches of Dunkirk, destroy those hundreds of little ships slowly moving in to take them off or carrying them away?

He had, at that time, by far the greatest air force in the world. To what end had he built it if not for this? Why did he not use it to the utmost? True, our air-fighters proved themselves and their machines better than our best hopes, but they were still very few. By weight of numbers even they could have been overborne. Hitler *had* the numbers. At the height of the struggle we had even to throw into it, as Mr. Churchill revealed, 'part of our main metropolitan fighter strength' - that is, *part of the last remnant of our fighting aircraft, held in reserve for the defence of this country against invasion*. We were living upon our last frail capital in the air. If Hitler had forced us to go on using up that reserve, England would have been open to him.

A great mystery hangs over those days at Dunkirk. 'Unfavourable weather conditions for our aircraft,' blandly explained that German speaker who had savagely cried that 'not a rat will escape us'. But 'unfavourable weather' cannot explain the thing away.

I think there is another explanation, and that in it lies the reason why we are still alive and kicking to-day, that England as I write is still inviolate, that the future still lies before us, ours to make or mar. I think Hitler was looking two-ways-at-once, and thus overlooked the thing he should have seen.

It must be very difficult for a man, surfeited with cheap but most spectacular successes, a man who had never had any but weaklings and ignoramuses to deal with in all his political ventures (Hitler once said 'My misfortune is that I have always had nulls to do with', and in the long run this *may* indeed prove to have been his downfall, for it possibly made him too cocksure just at the moment when he needed to be most alert) it must be very difficult for such a man resolutely to turn his eyes from such a glittering prize as the cheap capture of Paris and the capitulation of France to an undertaking which, though infinitely more profitable in the end, did not beckon quite so obviously and was likely to be costlier in the short run.

I think this is what happened to Hitler. Paris beckoned. He, the man who had torn up every clause of the Versailles Treaty, one after another, who had reintroduced conscription and re-occupied the Rhineland and seized Austria and Czechoslovakia and smashed Poland and made Germany greater than she ever was before, now had the opportunity to go on to Paris and complete the process by making the French delegates swallow, in the very same railway coach, the very same words they had forced down the throats of the German delegates in 1918!

How great a triumph! Paris! PARIS! After a campaign of only a few weeks! Entry into that city on exactly the date foretold in Berlin - June 25! A pilgrimage, in mock homage, to the tomb of Napoleon - what a gesture! What a prospect, for the destitute neerdoweel from Vienna!

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the turn, leads on to fortune. If you take it at the wrong turn it probably leads you on to misfortune. Hitler, I think, took the wrong turning in those last days of May 1940.

Some extraordinary pictures of him, taken when he received the news of the French capitulation, were issued in a German newsreel. Many people in this country will have seen them; they were reproduced in our illustrated press. They show the messenger from the front arriving at Hitler's headquarters with the news of the French request for an armistice. They show Hitler performing an extraordinary and extravagant dance of delight, miming the triumphal march down the road to Paris and the triumphal entry there. These are pictures of a man dazzled by the thought of coming into Paris as a conqueror, a man blinded by that success.

Hitler, I think, would have done better to keep a soberer head, and to keep his eye on the road to Dunkirk, not that to Paris. He lost the war, I think, at those crossroads.

It is impossible to believe that he could not have destroyed the British Army, in view of the desperate position it was in, or have prevented its embarkation. If he had flung his whole strength, in the air and on the land, against it. France could have waited; France was his, anyway; a fortnight or a month more or less would not have made much difference; he only had to shake the tree for that ripe plum to fall into his lap.

If he could have destroyed the British Army, have forced the British high command to send its last frail reserve of fighter aircraft across and have destroyed that, too, a victory without its like in the history of the world might have been his for the taking - for his dive-bombers could then have harassed our Navy enough to clear a way for the invasion.

It might have been? I think it might. But it was not. We were saved by something less than the breadth of a hair.

If we have no talent whatever for preparation, for the stitch-in-time, we seemingly have a genius for improvisation, for darning-the-hole, and - always given that mistake of Hitler - the rag-tag-and-bobtail armada which saved our armies at Dunkirk was the finest fruit that improvisation ever produced. As far as human minds and human arms can work miracles, this was a miracle.

Or rather, it was one-fourth of a miracle; the other three-fourths were worked by the Navy, the hard-pressed, desperately outnumbered Air Force, engaged far from its home fields, and our oldest ally, the English Channel.

For England, the withered flower of hope revived once more, at the end of that first week in June. There still was a chance, and a good one, if we could man our coasts quickly enough.

Meanwhile, the men from Dunkirk poured back into the country tattered, weaponless, embittered, weary, angry. They had paid the bill which old men had been running up all these years, but when a clamour arose for these old men to be called to give account of their stewardship, it was drowned, by the other elderly voices quavering, from the seats of the mighty, 'No recriminations'. In the House of Commons a Member back from Dunkirk, Captain Bellenger, appealed to the Speaker 'not to stifle views which are prevalent among those Members who have returned from overseas, but to give us the opportunity, not perhaps now, but on an appropriate occasion, to say what we have in our minds. If you are going to stifle debate, there is going to be trouble'.

Now here was the detestable idea that Ministers should be accountable for their actions, or inaction, poking its head up again. It needed to be stamped on, at once, and hard. Once more a representative of that working class which had sent so many hundreds of thousands of men to France, to Dunkirk, stepped into the breach. Mr. Thorne, of Plaistow, making a Point of Order, asked 'whether it is not advisable for men in uniform to be at their jobs as well as the people working in factory and workshops?' Captain Bellenger answered, 'They have been there'. Mr. Thorne succinctly replied, 'And so they should'. Said Captain Bellenger, 'You should go out'. Rejoined Mr. Thorne, 'I would if I were younger'.

So much for 'the heroes of Dunkirk' and for those who were responsible for their plight. This House had had too much to do with their misfortunes to wish to discuss them.

My heart was heavy again when I contemplated some of these men. Some were beyond question demoralized. They were scattered over the country far and wide, and much time would clearly be needed to get them organized in units again, to re-discipline them, to restore in them the faith in their leaders which soldiers must have and have a right to demand, the faith that had been so gravely betrayed. You saw them in ragged and dirty uniforms - and their khaki dress, even new, was about the worst thing that had ever been done to British soldiers, it made them feel slovenly and sartorially inferior to their comrades of the Navy and Air Force. Shoddy Brothers, or whoever designed this uniform, did the British Army a disservice.

I saw an officer, once, wearing a pair of red trousers with his khaki tunic; heaven knows whence he had them. I saw men wearing caps and berets with their uniform. They were unkempt, ill-cared for. They had left most of their weapons in France.

They were the 'heroes from Dunkirk', but England soon forgot these heroes, as quickly as it forgot those of the other war. They mooned listlessly about the railway stations, because there was no place for them to rest. They had scarcely any money, and had to watch their Australian and Canadian brothers-in-arms freely spending the ample pay they received. (No wonder the Australians fought so magnificently in Libya, as they fought everywhere in the 1914-18 war; they were not made to feel they were nobody's friends.)

I was disconsolate when I looked at these soldiers. I never saw British soldiers in such poor heart or shape in the other war, neither after the retreat from Mons in 1914, nor during that of 1918. I sympathized with them, deeply; I knew who was to blame, and it was not they. But I saw that much time would be needed to get them fit and disciplined and into fighting fettle again.

Would we have so much time? Surely Hitler would not let us get our wind? Our armies were home, true, but they were far from ready to fight. In guns, tanks and mechanized transport we had lost in France 'the best of all we had to give', in Mr. Churchill's words. The army in France 'had had the first-fruits of all that our industry had to give and that was gone,' in Mr. Churchill's words. Our coasts were open and undefended. Weeks and months would be needed to build and man defences,

to arm the troops, to build new guns and new tanks and new aeroplanes. Could we possibly hope for so much time, before the blow came?

It seemed too much, far too much, to hope for. I still had little hope, as I waited in the little white house. But still, the army had been saved, June was dragging on, Hitler would still need a few weeks to complete his triumphs in France. Every day that passed was a day gained.

So a tiny hope was reborn.

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## Chapter Two

### WORTH A MASS?

Paris, somebody once said in making his political calculations, was worth a mass. Hitler thought it worth letting the British Army escape him at Dunkirk. Mussolini thought its capture made his entry into the war on Hitler's side worth while. Both were wrong.

By the beginning of June 1940 the fall of Paris and the capitulation of France were clear to foresee. Only the heart, which hoped against hope, could still deny this; the head knew it, or at any rate, mine did. There was an irresistible force in the German onslaught, a lack of vigour in the French resistance, which made it certain. I knew that we should be left to fight Germany alone, and still thought we could win if we defended our island and defeated the invasion. Once that was gone, all the talk about carrying on the war from overseas was, I thought, wind.

But Mussolini's entry into the war did surprise me. True, I had none of the illusions of Mr. Chamberlain who, inevitably, had declared six months before, 'The Italian genius has developed in the characteristic Fascist institution a high authoritarian regime which, however, threatens neither religious nor economic freedom nor the security of other nations'. How on earth were Englishmen, or anybody else, to know what the war was about, what were 'the things we are fighting for', while the British Prime Minister continued to talk like that about the aggressor who had by force of arms conquered Abyssinia and Albania and helped to overthrow a democratically elected government in Spain? It was appalling, this incorrigible insincerity and ignobility of thought which the utterances of our leaders so repeatedly revealed.

I would rather have been struck dumb than uttered such twaddle about the Italian regime from which Hitler had copied so much of his method.

But for all that, I was surprised by Mussolini's entry into the war. Not that I had any but the lowest opinion of his honesty or morals. He had betrayed every friend he ever had, and every promise he ever made, just like Hitler.

But I credited him with shrewdness. I thought he would see that his best card was to stay out of the war, and then, with a big army, navy and air force, to play a strong part at the Peace Conference, where, as the Prince of Peace, he would have secured a little more territory. By staying out of the war, he could not lose. By coming in, he *might*.

Of the two alternatives, the first was clearly the better. If he ever had any doubts about that, I thought, they must have disappeared when the British Navy chased and caught and destroyed the German pocket battleship, *Graf Spee*, off Montevideo. From that moment he should have known that Italy, a sea-surrounded power, would feel the strangling effect of British sea-power if ever he came into the war against us. Far better, from the point of view of a quite unprincipled gangster, as I thought him to be, to stay out, derive prosperity from the supply of war materials to Germany (for the good Mr. Chamberlain would never impose the blockade on that 'high authoritarian regime' which he so much admired), and cash in at the peace.

As I write events are going to prove that this view was right. 'Mussolini is a finished man.'

But the word 'Paris' seemingly blinded him, as its flashing glitter had diverted Hitler's gaze from Dunkirk. The imminent prospect of its fall and the capitulation of France dazzled him, too. On June 10th he 'plunged the dagger' into the back of already prostrate France.

Italy's entry into the war seemed, at the time, grave enough. We already had enough on our hands. We were about to lose the French Navy, probably, and now the Italian Navy would be against us. Still, I could not bring myself to bother overmuch, at that time, about one disaster more or less. I only cursed a little more about our politicians, who for years had been fawning on and flattering this stiletto-man and helping him to his cheap successes, one after another, and would now begin to call him anti-Christ and the Top Wop and all the rest. For the rest I recalled what Field-Marshal von Blomberg, Hitler's erstwhile War Minister, had once said to a friend of mine: 'The side that has Italy's help will lose the next war'; and sought to derive comfort from that, for it was said just after he had been to Italy and thus seemed likely to be sound.

Towards the end of June, when it was clear that events were triumphantly to fulfil the loathsome German broadcaster's promise that the Germans would be in Paris by June 25, I came to London, again, to look round. Once more I found that superb weather that seemed to mock the things that were happening. The town stifled in the heat. On the day that France collapsed I went to a theatre. A comedian with a nondescript foreign accent played the part of Hitler in a sketch which made of that man a lavatory attendant in search of a job! What humour - on such a day as this. A polka was played, on the stage, and the actresses came down among the audience in search of partners to dance it, there in the auditorium. On such a day as this! It was revolting. The band played the 'Marseillaise'. It was like strolling players mocking a funeral. I came away, thinking of the lovely Paris I had seen but a few brief weeks before.

In England the usual clamour went up - that Marshal Pétain and his men were traitors, who had let us down and sold the country, and the like. It is nonsense. France *had* been betrayed and let down and sold - yes, a thousand times yes! But not only by the men who stepped in at the last moment to try and save something from the wreck. France was betrayed by men who have their counterparts in this country, men who had first lulled their country to sleep for years and had then extorted money from it for rearmament - but had not re-armed!

The millions had gone, but where were the arms? The Maginot Line was a hoax, the French Air Force scarcely existed. Not the men who made the peace, but the men who went before brought this about. Their names are Léon Bium, Pierre Cot, Daladier, Laval, Bonnet and many more, and over a million Frenchmen, prisoners-of-war as I write, are paying the price.

The men who took over the heap of ruins - as Mr. Churchill took over what was almost a heap of ruins in England - were at this disadvantage, as compared with him: there was no Channel between Germany and France, no chance of a breathing space, the enemy was at the gates. They had but the choice between fighting on for a few days, at enormous cost in French life and at the price of the occupation of the *whole* of their country, or of saving a large piece of it from the enemy's hands and of using the French Colonial Armies and the French Navy as a bargaining instrument to ensure his continued forbearance.

'France was hoist with her own Pétain'? This is boloney. Marshal Pétain saved what he could and I doubt if very many Frenchmen could be found in France to-day to criticize him. But very many Frenchmen in France, and the more than a million Frenchmen in captivity want passionately and bitterly to know the history of those years before the war began, what happened to the money, what happened to the arms. *That* is the question that ought to be thrashed out in France, and in this country, and none other, and do not be hoodwinked. When the question is raised in England, the answer is always 'No recriminations'. When it is raised about France, the answer is 'Marshal Pétain sold his country and let us down'.

As far as I can see, the principle of non-accountability has become so firmly established that no answer ever will be returned to those gigantic questions, behind which are such dark abysses to be

explored. If this is so, I can see no reason why wars should ever cease. The reasons for this war lie in them.

I seldom knew so lovely a night in London as that of the 25th of June, when France collapsed. France gone, Italy against us, I thought, as I walked along Piccadilly, admiring the clear and starry sky, our coasts unmanned, our armies still disorganized, our airmen overworked and outnumbered, the country still wide open for parachutists - what a prospect.

I knew, quite certainly, that the invasion of England was the darling aim and hope of the Germans, that everything they had done and won was null and void and meaningless if this were not achieved, because failure to invade, or an unsuccessful invasion, were in the long run, implacably and remorselessly, defeat - total defeat and collapse. There was no halfway house.

And that being so, they would have to strike *now*, I thought. There would never be another opportunity like this, they could hardly ever have hoped for so early and favourable an opportunity as this. I expected every time I switched on the radio to hear the news. I went back to Devon and watched the sea, with a horrified fascination.

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## Chapter Three

### OPEN BEACHES

Expecting every night, when I went to bed, to hear in the morning, and every morning, when I got up, to hear in the evening that the invasion had begun, I resumed my life in the little white house.

I had entirely stopped trying to write anything; who could write, until he knew the answer to the great question that the future held? For that matter, there seemed no point in writing, for it was becoming less possible than ever to inform the public.

Early in 1940 one newspaper had suggested that I should write an article setting out the things that ought to be done if we were to win the war. I had suggested, among other things, that the rate of the call-up was too slow; that our war-production was very much too slow and that it was fantastic to have two million unemployed in a country which desperately needed men to make arms; that our diplomacy was not going the right way to achieve what should be its vital and paramount aim - to keep Italy and Russia out of the war; that our radio propaganda for the Germans was as maladroit as it could be; that we must hasten the defence of our coasts; that we must urgently fill the gap in the Maginot Line; that we must above all accelerate the rate of growth of our Air Force.

The paper refused to print this article on the ground that it was 'not constructive enough', and when I asked for an example of a 'constructive' suggestion, said 'Well, for instance, the bombing of the Russian oil wells at Batum'.

As I thought at that time, and still think, that the provocation of Russia to enter the war on Hitler's side was the one major stupidity we had not committed, I refused and for the time did not exert myself to write anything. It seemed too futile.

The days dragged on, June slowly grew older, and no invasion came. Still there was, in all our darkness, that one bright gleam of light - the performance of the Royal Air Force wherever it met the German airmen. The young men who led the Air Force, at least, knew just what they were about and it may prove that they did more than anybody else to save England in that most discontented of summers.

The decision, taken before the war, to equip our small force of fighter aircraft with machines carrying eight machine guns, the excellence of design, the high quality of the pilots, and the excellence of the ground staff may just have turned the scale and have caused the invasion to be delayed and delayed and again delayed - who knows?

Passchendaele, the Somme, and Dunkirk lay heavy as gall on the stomach of the Army; even the Navy had had its bad shocks, at Scapa Flow and elsewhere; but the Air Force seemed completely atop of its job. The excellence of the advice its leaders, young men (Nelson was 47 when he destroyed the French Fleet at Trafalgar, Wellington 46 when he routed the French at Waterloo, Pitt 46 when he led England to victory, but that lesson seemed to have been completely forgotten in the England of 1918-39) gave the Cabinet was revealed in Mr. Churchill's statement on June 18th that, during the battle in France 'in spite of every kind of pressure we never would allow the entire metropolitan strength of the Air Force, in fighters, to be consumed ... Our fighter Air Force might easily have been exhausted as a mere accident in that great struggle and we should have found ourselves at the present time in a very serious plight. But ... our fighter air strength is stronger at the present time, relatively to the Germans who have suffered terrible losses, than it has ever been, and consequently we believe ourselves to possess the capacity to continue the war in the air under better

conditions than we have ever experienced before. I look forward confidently to the exploits of our fighter pilots, who will have the glory of saving their native land, their island home, and all they love, from the most deadly of all attacks.'

Inspiring and prophetic words, for that last ounce of reserve strength, of superior quality, of cool and clear-headed counsel, which the Air Force brought forth in the summer of 1940, saved us, together with the British Channel, still a tough foe, and the Navy. We could not know it then, but even then those daily reports of the victories won in the air by the British air fighters were the one solace and source of hope.

Sometimes in my travels about England, I walked along the cliffs and beaches. It was a hair-raising scene of peace and quiet, in those times of imminent and mortal danger. You could walk for miles without seeing a soul.

For instance, one day in the east of England I saw a very long stretch of smooth, firm sand - nearly eight miles of it. The sand sloped gradually to the sea, but steeply when it reached the water's edge. A battleship could have moored within a stone-throw of the shore.

It was an ideal place for the landing of troops, either by ship or from submarines, or troop-carrying flying-boats, which could have alighted either on the always-placid sea or on the lake a hundred yards inland. At the back of the stretch of sand ran a perfectly straight, flat road - ideal for the landing of troop-carrying aeroplanes. The place might have been especially prepared for landings. A lonely inn, with a garage, stood in the middle; its petrol stocks would have been welcome to any landing force.

Many months later, when I went to lecture to the lonely troops stationed there, the place bristled with every kind of defensive obstacle - wire, mines, mortars, machine guns, artillery, and all the rest. But in those summer days, when the invasion seemed bound to come at any moment, it was rare to encounter a human being there. You could not find a boy with a pea-shooter, far less a man with a gun, and that continued for weeks and months.

The newspapers and the radio had much to say about the great defensive preparations that were being made on the east coast; here, was nothing. Were we about to repeat the old mistake of locking, bolting and barring the front door and leaving the back door wide open? The Germans seemed most likely, if they came, to descend on Ireland first and strike from there. I wrote frantic letters to every influential person I could think of, to draw attention to this ghastly gap, for I knew it was but one of scores on those lonely and open coasts.

As I walked those deserted sands, during June and July days of 1940, the level and motionless sea looked to me more like a prison wall than the emblem and symbol of an Englishman's freedom. It was gruesome to go there.

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## Chapter Four

### DE PIRE À PIRE

During the darkest period of that grisly and sultry summer of 1940, desperate to get behind a gun of some sort, I tried, among other things, to enter the Navy, having heard, from a jovial petty officer in Charing Cross Road, that a service existed called the Defensively Armed Merchant Shipping Service, which took men, to be trained as seaman-gunners, up to the age of 45, which was my age.

I rushed off to Plymouth, found the enlistment office, waited for hours among a crowd of young conscripts who wished to serve afloat, ran the gauntlet of the innumerable doctors, passed fit - and heard a few days later that the age limit had been put back to forty years. Enormous influence was needed at that time to get into the war and I saw at once that no man under the rank of a peer of the realm would be able to help me, so I went to London to find one.

So it came about that, on a day when our plight was still very grave, though the mortal danger was slightly dwindling, I found myself, for the second time in my life, a spectator of the proceedings of the House of Lords, and I was able once more to observe the admirable equanimity in a shaken and stricken world, of that strange assembly, of whose 784 members about 100, I dare say, were present on this day.

For a little while I waited in the lobby outside the Chamber for the session to begin. Elderly gentlemen, somewhat vitiated in their appearance, from overmuch sojourning in the rarefied atmosphere of clubs, approached, a little stiff in their gait, and as they came they took hats from their heads with one hand and held out umbrellas with the other. Uniformed servants tottered towards them, took those treasures from them, and bore them reverently to hooks, labelled with the names of earls and viscounts. They seemed to murmur that Black Rod, or somebody, had not yet come in, or had not yet gone out, I know not what.

Presently I went in. On one side of the Chamber sat a few dozen Tory peers. On the other side sat perhaps two or three dozen Opposition peers - the Liberal peers, or Bigwhigs, and the Labour peers - for, believe it or not, there are Labour peers in this assembly. They may neither toil nor spin, but they were arrayed in the same sombre garments as those opposite them.

The Labour peers do not, when the fury of debate subsides in that place, go home to Limehouse, take off their coats, roll up their sleeves, put on their slippers, and assail a good steak-and-onions prepared by Mother. Indeed, the only difference between them and the peers opposite seems to be that they occupy different sides of that House when they are in it; for outside it they belong to the same clubs, go to the same functions, have the same circle of acquaintances, and many of them even in their youth attended the same schools, which are as unknown as Mecca itself to any labouring man.

I felt myself a little alien in that place. The only other visitor was a man whom I judged from his appearance to be Jewish and from his speech to be foreign, for his English was primitive. He seemed, however, to feel more at home there, for while I was waiting in the lobby I had noticed him approach two or three peers and, in his broken English, put deferential questions to them about this and that. I deduced that he must be a journalist, that the honey he gathered here would presently be offered to the readers of the English-speaking press.

Sir John (I crave your indulgence and pardon, I am behind the times) Lord Simon appeared, at least, I judged that it was he beneath that great wig and inside that black gown, and the peers rose,

he bowed to them and they to him, and he seated himself, there was an introductory exchange of compliments between noble viscount and noble viscount, in which I gathered that our relations with the Poles played some part, and then a murmur of debate rose like faint incense into the air.

After listening awhile I learned that it concerned a gasometer in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Just what that gasometer had done, why it was important to our cause, I could not understand, though I listened long, but its formidable bulk loomed large and heavy over the House of Lords and the debate was fierce; passions were so stirred that you could occasionally hear a word. There was very nearly acrimony, there was almost acerbity, there were little pointed digs here and proud, wounded smiles there.

My patriotism, however, was assuaged and reassured when I remarked that this debate was not just another class-against-class wrangle, that it was not a feud between the Slaves of the Gasometer, represented by the Labour Peers, and the Proprietors of the Gasometer, represented by Lord Gasworks and the other Tory peers. For the Bigwhigs and the Labour peers seemed to take but the most languid interest in the gasometer. The quarrel about it, whatever it was, was between Big Tories, between peers on the same Government side of the House.

Whatever the gasometer had done, I perceived that it had long sown dissension in those Tory ranks. For this culprit gasometer had already been before A Committee Of The House, in some quiet committee-room of the Upper Chamber its misdeeds had been long and gravely considered and discussed, there had been argument and counter-argument, accusation and counter-accusation, there had been Findings and A Report.

The innermost secrets of that gasometer had been wrested from it and exposed. The dispute now, as far as I could glean, was between a peer who, most strongly felt that all had not been as it should have been in the Proceedings of that Committee, and other peers, who had served on the Committee, and who felt equally strongly that they had done their uttermost duty by the gasometer and the country.

Who knows? It was clearly an issue of some importance and I did not understand it well enough to give my sympathies to either side. I left them thrusting and parrying and came away, into the hot and sunbaked streets, looked up into the cloudless blue sky, where the silver balloons placidly browsed; somehow, they looked to me like members of the House of Lords. I walked up Whitehall, wondering about that gasometer, what it had done, whether it had been built, whether it was now to be dismantled....

A newspaper headline called to me, 'Hitler's Preparations for Invasion'.

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## Chapter Five

### THE REFUGEES

Dullmouth harbour, in peacetime, depressed by its deadness. There was the lovely river basin and the lovely setting of wooded hills and the gateway leading to the open sea beyond. It only needed the busy coming and going of ships and throngs of seamen on the quay and little cafés with striped blinds and terraces to make it, like Dieppe or many another little foreign port, as lively as it was lovely, to make it a real town instead of a picture postcard.

But just those things lacked - in peacetime. The river lay empty and lifeless, save for the brief and artificial animation that the annual regatta gave it, and seldom saw a ship; the *Seagull*, plying to and fro, was at most times the only sign of life on it. The once vigorous town had become, like so many other English towns, a tea-and-visitors-settlement. A few yachtsmen - yes. Mariners - no.

With the coming of war life crept back into the picture of Dullmouth, like the colour returning to the cheeks of a woman reviving from a swoon. Now and then a destroyer or a submarine put in, and the moribund harbour immediately became alive. Great cargo ships came to coal, their sides gay with the great flags painted on them to show their nationality.

Suddenly, one morning, a German aeroplane dropped through the clouds above the little town and a moment later a British fighter appeared and gave battle. There was a brief encounter and then one of the two - unfortunately in this case it was the Britisher - fell in a great arc of smoke into the sea; a launch sped out from Dullmouth and a few minutes later the pilot was being helped ashore, smiling, cool, and doing the thumbs-up. Another time a German appeared just as a destroyer in the harbour was weighing anchor; she moved down toward the sea with her guns flashing and barking, a thrilling sight.

Then, just before Dunkirk, the refugees began to appear - foreign fishermen with their trawlers, in twos and threes and fours, until the river was packed with them as they lay, moored side by side, as far as the eye could see. Their rust-brown sails and green hulls cheered the lorn river, which merrily reflected them as it ran to the sea and seemed happy that it had work to do again; it was bored with yachts and trippers.

Now the quays and the little square and the narrow streets came to life, too, as those hundreds of seamen rolled along in their great seaboots and voluminous blouses, chatting hoarsely and volubly. The old houses yawned, blinked, stretched themselves and opened their eyes; were Drake's men back again, they thought, as they listened to the unwonted bustle and watched this unaccustomed activity?

But Dullmouth's first refugees were neither boon nor blessing. They were truculent, noisy fellows, who when a few days had passed had virtually occupied the town. Their bearing was not that of men grateful for the asylum they found. Rather did they appear discontented and quarrelsome.

I began to look at them with something more than curiosity, almost with suspicion. I listened to them talking and discovered that most of them belonged to a foreign community on which Hitler had particularly lavished his subversive efforts.

I could understand enough of what I heard them say to realize that they were by no means enthusiastic about the country they had come to. They were lusty great men, most of them, and the

trawler captains often did not know just whom they had brought: when they sailed away from their native shores fugitives, unknown to them, just jumped their craft in dozens.

Now, a few weeks before this time Hitler had conquered Norway, very largely through the device of sending innocent-looking cargo ships into Norwegian ports with German soldiers in their holds. There were several hundreds of these red-bloused seamen of pugnacious mien, and Dullmouth, which had but three or four policemen, and they seldom had any crime to handle in that friendly town in normal times, was to all effect in their hands.

Just who and what were they, and what was their allegiance? When Dunkirk came most of them flatly refused to go across and help save the British Army, or any Belgians or Frenchmen who wanted to get away. They swarmed about the streets of Dullmouth. monopolized the inns, were frequently drunk, and seemed to have money enough.

Things came to such a pass that policemen from other towns were drafted to Dullmouth, and Dullmouth's special constables put on their peaked caps and duty-armlets and stood meaningfully about. For my part, with the thought of Narvik in my mind, and invasion threatening, I did not at all like the look of these men, and spent much energy in informing the authorities, local and in London, about them. Dullmouth might virtually have been in foreign occupation, and the good people of the town, the most friendly I ever encountered in England, became restive.

At last an emissary from their Embassy came down, accompanied by a uniformed gendarme, and harangued those loutish men in the Guildhall. Presently a detachment of British sailors was sent along from Plymouth, and stood guard on the quayside, while the seamen were confined to their trawlers, moored in the stream. And then, one day, they were gone, none knew quite where, but Dullmouth breathed again.

This first taste of allies left a bad taste in Dullmouth's mouth and when they had gone the river seemed like to relapse into its previous state, when it spent all its time dreaming of bygone glories. But soon other newcomers appeared. Our own destroyers were always in and out and from time to time a neutral ship appeared.

And then came the seamen of other foreign nations, and the remnant of their shipping - the Free Frenchmen, Hollanders, and Poles. Dullmouth livened again. The little square had not seen so many people at all times of the day for very many years. The river chuckled to be at work again so soon. Even the little ship-yards, which had grown listless from overmuch scraping of the bottoms of yachts, awoke and sang a cheerful song of hammering and riveting.

The Frenchmen never quite made themselves beloved. Although they sympathized with de Gaulle in his fight for the liberation of France, they still had in them something of the apathy and cynicism which the between-war years bred in so many Frenchmen. Frenchmen I know, though their first and last thought is for France to be rid of the pestilent Germans, sometimes grow irritable when they hear men speak of that France of 1918-39 as 'a democracy'. There was unlimited licence, they say, but how much freedom? Freedom for politicians of shameful venality and corruption, they claim, was abundant enough, but there was little freedom for honest men. They think, many of them, of that France as the negation of democracy. English people should understand their feeling.

The Hollanders understood the people of Dullmouth, and these understood and respected the Hollanders.

But the outstanding success of the war in Dullmouth was scored by the Poles, who, in their little ships, never shirked the most arduous tasks nor the most wearisome drudgery, and in their looks and bearing vied with, if they did not sometimes even surpass, our own seamen.

This was and is, for me, one of the most remarkable revelations of the war. In the years after the Armistice and before the coming of Hitler the Germans directed their most venomous propaganda against the Poles, whom they painted as corrupt, dirty, lazy, inefficient and incapable of running their own State. For a few years after Hitler's advent, when that man was successfully pursuing his policy of lulling-to-sleep the one group of potential victims while he finished with another, this German campaign against Poland was suspended. It was then re-opened and launched with greater force than ever after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, and culminated in the attack on Poland.

A little mud always sticks, and I remember only too well, from my years in Berlin, how successful the Germans were in this campaign of defamation, especially among influential people in England who themselves knew nothing of Poland. I knew how mendacious it was, but must myself confess to being surprised, in the most favourable way, by the Poles when I encountered them in England. And from all I hear my impression is universally shared.

One of the most difficult things in this world is, when your country has been defeated and overrun and devastated, when all hope seems dead, to save enough of your men to reform an army abroad, and then to reorganize that force, in a foreign land, and make of it a first-rate fighting instrument, disciplined, pugnacious and keen.

Everywhere I went in England, the Poles had won the respect and admiration of the people. In looks, physique, bearing and discipline they were the equal of any troops I have ever seen, and better than most. I hope the people of this country will remember them, after this war, if some new campaign of vilification is started, for the especial interest of some third party on plunder bent.

I myself, when I was in Poland, did not credit them with the qualities they showed in exile, but I think they were unfortunate, as most other countries seem to have been in those appalling between-war years, in the Governments they had. They knew, as certainly as all other neighbour-countries of Germany, from 1933 onward, that the Germans would soon be at them again, and their Governments contributed to the weakening of the strength of the great front which could have been raised against that predatory Germany by the miserable dispute with the Czechoslovaks about the little Teschen region. The Czechs, for that matter, were just as unyielding.

The Polish Governments of the 1933-39 era were regrettably like the British Governments of the same period.

But the Poles who reorganized their armies, first in France, and then in Britain, after indescribable ordeals, staked a lasting claim to nationhood and to the respect of all who knew them.

In Dullmouth all the coming and going of foreign merchant ships and seamen contributed much to the enlivening of the scene. I was often perplexed by the thought that a war was seemingly needed to give animation to so lovely a picture, which in peacetime so obviously needed animating. Now that ships came and went, and British and foreign sailors rolled about, the little town was brisk and invigorating. Footsteps always rang through the oversleepy streets, the river with new vigour and interest sought the sea, affectionately lapping the sides of the strange craft that lay in it as it went, the old houses, which long had leaned against each other in the noonday nap of age, stood up and took notice. Only one thing was still needed - the children.



One day, as if some invisible Pied Piper led them, there was a clattering and pattering of many small feet, and they came.

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## Chapter Six

### SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

From a window over the square we watched them troop ashore from the *Seagull* in hundreds, the children from the London slums, wearing big labels, carrying bundles, some laughing, some crying, some wondering, holding each other's hands, looking about them, expectant, confused, fearful.

It was a blazingly hot July day and they had travelled, in their packed trains, from early morning till mid-afternoon. They were, the 'evacuees', if I must use the awful word that was coined for them. (Early in the war I saw a newspaper placard in London which shouted at me 'Compulsory Evacuation Coming!' Ah, well, I thought, it was bound to come; 'Forcible Feeding' is already part of our civilization.)

Organization is not Dullmouth's strong point and although legions of ladies wearing large paper medals with the word 'Helper' flocked about the children, although I, who then had a car, had been asked to attend with it and waited vainly for a long time for somebody to carry, many hours passed before, in a schoolroom, we found the miserable remnant of the Pied Piper's flock and chose from it the three little girls who were to sleep in Brenda Mary's room.

One of them was a demure and self-possessed little miss, the daughter of better-class working people. The two others were sisters and came from some of the worst slums in London, near the Old Kent Road, which later was badly bombed. They were utterly miserable and sat huddled together, with tear-stained faces. They pined already for the streets and alleyways. When you spoke to them you had to put your ear to their lips to hear the answer. They had already been 'evacuated' once, as we subsequently learned, and had cried themselves home again. They hated this.

Even I, eager for this experiment, was dubious about taking these two, and their schoolmaster, noticing that we had them, gave me the compassionate look that meant, 'You little know what you are in for'. Of all those children, they were likely to be the most implacably resistant to efforts to make them healthy and happy. The slums were engrained in their bodies and minds, like dirt under a fingernail. Afterwards we took a fourth and ailing child, who for the first ten days dirtied her bed every night.

They were most unhappy children, when we got them to the little white house, at any rate the two sisters were. They felt they had been wrenched from their home and parents, against their will, and pitchforked into an unfriendly world, full of people who hated them and wanted to harass them and make them do all the things they detested.

Fear and suspicion were in their eyes - the world they had been born into had put them there. They sat, forlorn and tearful and resentful, and their wet eyes followed us spitefully about. They would not speak, unless they were forced, and then in whispers, and if they could they would lie. They would not eat good food and when they were asked what they liked said, almost inaudibly, 'Corned beef'. One of them cried when she was given coffee to drink but, with memories of my own boyhood in my mind, I thought I knew why, so she was told she could not have anything else and eventually drank some. From that day on she loved coffee - because it *was* coffee. The stuff she had had to drink as coffee was that foul-tasting 'essence' mixed with water, which I so well remembered.

The development of these children was, I think, the greatest single happiness and satisfaction I ever experienced in my life. Six months later they were the happiest and healthiest and merriest children

you could have found anywhere, loving, thoughtful, and busy. It was as if dandelions had bloomed into daffodils. They loved every moment of their lives and only cried when I went to London - they were afraid for me among the bombs, though they had forgotten to be frightened of bombs themselves. When they first came they were sub-human. Morons had taught them to shriek and run about and cower and go as white as chalk whenever they heard the sirens.

They vindicated the most violent of my hatreds - hatred of our slums - and proved the most dearly-held of my theories - that these slums, and the creatures they produce, are a running sore on the body of England that could be cured by the most elementary use of human understanding.

For a patriot of my creed, who thinks of the nation as a community and not as a collection of mutually-antagonistic classes, the children of the nation are the first charge upon it - and the children of all classes, without distinction. I never wanted to take away his little Eton jacket and little top hat, his prenatal membership of White's and the House of Lords, from little Lord Fauntleroy. Let him have them, for who wants them?

But a nation is not a nation that allows millions of its children to grow up in the conditions that prevail in the British slums, and as long as they exist such words as 'democracy' and 'freedom' are a mockery. They should, at least, have the opportunity of health, and light and air, of casting off the stigma and inbred feeling of inferiority which childhood in such places leaves in them.

But all organized effort to get this first and self-evident tenet of patriotism universally accepted in England has in the past been killed by the relatively small group of better-off ones vindictively shouting 'If you give 'em a bath they put coals in it. The answer to which is, 'Make it a punishable offence to put coals in the bath'.

When the war approached I saw that, for all its beastliness, two good things might come of it, if only the mind of England would awake. The first was the revival of British agriculture and the decaying British countryside. The farmers, once again, in this war as in the last, would be encouraged and even driven to grow more food. As soon as the last war finished, the farmers were forgotten, and in those terrible between-war years agriculture and the countryside fell back into a worse state than they had ever known. After this war, perhaps, who knew, if only patriots could at last come to power, that would be prevented from happening again.

The second hope which the war clearly offered, as it approached, was the clearance of the slums (for Hitler was obviously going to destroy much of them) and the regeneration of the children bred in them. It was sad and bad enough that we should have to wait for a war to give us the opportunity; but undeniably it would provide that opportunity, and I, for one, hoped against hope that it would be taken, for if these two things were achieved, even the two world wars would have been worth while.

We are in the midst of the war of 1939-19something. No man or woman who goes about this country with open eyes can have overlooked the difference between our own soldiers and those from the Dominions, from Australia, from Canada, from New Zealand, from South Africa. If they have overlooked it, let them look about them, or study the illustrated press.

Let them study the lessons of such exploits as that of Bardia, where the Australians captured or killed over 40,000 Italians, when our cause most direly needed the invigoration of a success, at a cost of some 600 casualties. Let them remember that the Australians and Canadians and other Dominions troops were similarly foremost, as fighting men, in the last war. Let them compare those faces from the Dominions with the faces of our own men, bearing against bearing, physique against physique. The spirits and the looks, the body and the mind, 'of Old England have gone to the

Dominions. In those faces you will see keenness, self-esteem, vigour, superiority. In these you will see repression, under-nutrition, under-enlightenment, apathy.

These are the direct results of the decay of the British countryside and the British slums.

It was so in the last war. It is so in this. Is it to be so in some other war in twenty more years time? We shall not always survive if we do not cure these things.

Does anybody challenge me? We are in the war of 1939-19something. Read this, that a great writer, C. E. Montague, now dead, said about the war of 1914-18:

You might survey from beginning to end a British attack up a bare opposite slope, perhaps with British troops on the left and Canadian or Australian troops on the right. You had already seen them meet on roads in the rear: battalions of colourless, stunted, half-toothless lads from hot, humid Lancashire mills; battalions of slow, staring faces, gargoyles out of the tragical-comical-historical-pastoral edifice of modern English rural life; Dominion battalions of men startlingly taller, stronger, handsomer, prouder, firmer in nerve, better schooled, more boldly interested in life, quicker to take means to an end and to parry and counter any new blow of circumstance, men who had learned already to look at our men with the half-curious, half-pitying look of a higher, happier caste at a lower. And now you saw them, all these kinds, arise in one continuous line out of the earth and walk forward to bear in the riddled flesh and wrung spirit the sins of their several fathers, pastors and masters. Time after time there would come to the watching eye, to the mind still desperately hugging the hope that known causes might not bring their normal effects, the same crushing demonstration that things are as we have made them. Sometimes the line of home troops would break into gaps and bunches, lose touch and direction and common purpose, some of the knots plunging on into the back of our barrage or feasting some enemy machine gunner on their density, others straggling back to the place whence they had started, while the Dominion troops still ambled steadily on, their line delicately waving but always continuous, closing again, as living flesh closes over a pinprick, wherever an enemy shell tore a hole. Perhaps the undersized boys from our slums and the under-witted boys from the 'agricultural, residential and sporting estates' of our auctioneers' advertisements would get to their goal, the spirit wresting prodigies of valour out of the wronged flesh, hold on there for an hour or two with the shells splashing the earth up about them like puddle water when great raindrops make its surface jump, and then fall back under orders, without any need, the brain of our army failing to know how to use what its muscle had won. Then, while you saw the triumphant Australians throw back a protective flank from the left of their newly-won front to the English right, far in the rear, you knew bitterly what the Australians were saying once more: 'They've let us down again!' 'Another Tommy officer who didn't know he'd won!' As if it were the fault, that day, of anyone there! Our men could only draw on such funds of nerve and physique, knowledge and skill, as we had put into the bank for them. Not they, but their rulers and 'betters', had lost their heads in the joy of making money fast out of steam, and so made half of our nation slum-dwellers. It was not they who had moulded English rustic life to keep up the complacency of sentimental modern imitators of feudal barons. It was not they who had made our Regular Army neither aristocratic, with the virtues of aristocracy, nor democratic, with the different virtues of democracy, nor keenly professional, with the professional virtues of gusto and curiosity about the possibilities of its work. Like the syphilitic children of some jolly Victorian rake, they could only bring to this

harsh examination such health and sanity as all the pleasant vices of Victorian and Edwardian England had left them.<sup>[3]</sup>

Thus C. E. Montague, writing about twenty-five years ago!

Words terribly true of the 1914-18 war, terrifyingly prophetic of the war of 1939-19something.

That these things can be cured, I proved, in my small way. They do not need to be; they are easily cured, and the curing of them would invigorate and renew the whole country, kill the blight that has lain across it for so long.

Only the class-against-class mania of this country, the terror of the higher-ups that the betterment of the lot of the lower-downs would somehow deprive them of something which none wishes to take from them, prevents them from being cured. And yet these class distinctions in England are no longer class distinctions at all, they are just money-distinctions, income-categories. The *classes* have become inextricably mixed, and the aristocracy is as defunct as the peasantry. There is only a moneyed class, which derives its money from jam, sausages, soap or whatnot and in its stately homes apes the manner of the extinct aristocracy, a less-moneyed middle class, and an unmoneyed working class, which consumes most of the jam, sausages, soap and whatnot, and all these classes, whose only real difference is that which can be expressed in cash, seem to be mutually and vindictively antagonistic.

All these money-groups (*not* classes) would clearly benefit, since they are inter-dependent, from the betterment of the now intolerable lot of the lowest group, and yet those on top do not see this and can be immediately provoked to the cry, 'You are preaching class-hatred', by any man who calls for the lot of the lowest group to be improved, in the interests of all.

I suppose the bees and the ants offer our human civilization, to use the word currently fashionable, the best examples of communities organized on the principle of each-for-all and all-for-each. England is like a beehive in which all the bees strive desperately to sting each other and each bee regards its own cell as its castle owing no greater allegiance to the hive. Each-for-each and the devil-take-my-neighbour.

We cannot have progressed socially very far since the days of Dickens and Hogarth, since it is possible for such an appalling picture as this to be given in the Letters Column of *The Times*, from Miss Tennyson Jesse:

In the course of my work I have, in the last few years, attended many trials at the Central Criminal Court, and am nearly always horrified by the low physical and mental standards of the accused persons. Stunted, misshapen creatures, only capable of understanding the very simplest language and quite incapable of thought, moved by impulses at the best sentimental, at the worst brutal. During a trial when witnesses and accused are of this subhuman sort, it is as though a flat stone in the garden had been raised: and pale, wriggling things, that had never seen the light, were exposed.

'There'll always be an England, and England will be free, as long as England means to you, what England means to me' - hurray, hurrah, hurroo.

The description I have quoted is exact. I have seen children whom it fitted like a glove. I have seen how quickly they can be changed.

It is a strange and depressing thing that the clamorous body of influential people who most vociferously claim for themselves the name of patriot, who most loudly sing God Save the King, do not like to hear of the existence of these things and places, which they have the greatest power to mend, that they refuse to discuss them, ignore the conditions that exist. They even like to attribute anti-patriotism ('Preaching class-hatred!') to others who insist in speaking of them. Their patriotism is the denial of patriotism, for the word means love of country, and these slum-dwellers and derelict-areans also dwell in this country.

For a patriot, the children, the Britons of to-morrow, are more important than anything else in the country - all of them alike, not only those who are born to become, without exertion, army officers, civil servants, dividend barons, and holiday-makers in America when war comes.

The war brought the unique, never-to-be-repeated opportunity to cure these things. The fear of air raids brought about a thing we had never had before - the withdrawal from the cities of hundreds of thousands of young children, the most precious possession of the nation. The same heaven which dealt death upon the cities sent a promise of life, of the ending, at long last, of the greatest evil in the land, a thing especially shameful because of the wealth of Britain.

Came the mass exodus of the children. Followed the immediate reaction - complaints about their manners, their condition. Not the patriots, the country, the government were to blame for these - no, the slum-dwellers were to blame. 'The country was never so united', wrote the papers. There was by no means undivided unity in this matter - and here was a real chance for real patriots! On the contrary, wailing and lamentation arose from many of the houseowners who had been invited to take children.

A knight committed suicide and shot his wife. ('The evacuees had depressed him?' 'Yes, distinctly'.) A general (a voluntary host, to his great credit) said, 'We people who volunteer to take evacuees are the mugs'. A major asked publicly if compensation would be made for vermin brought by the slum-dwellers. (A constructive suggestion, but how would the compensation be assessed, per bug, per bite, per bed, or what? A Ministry of Compensation might be formed, with hundreds of computers. In the end, when the civic mind had progressed far enough, compensation might be given, too, to the original bearers of the vermin, who have to live in the verminous houses. All this would obviously be simpler than just delousing the houses, or pulling them down and building new ones. But in any case there is an insuperable objection to that; the vermin-bearers *like* vermin. 'Give 'em a bath and they put coals in it'.)

A naval officer, with a seven-bedroomed house, refused point-blank to take any children; it only cost him a fine of £5 and £4 costs.

A lady billeting officer, again in the famous Letters Column of *The Times*, said: 'Surely we are breaking up that which England and Englishmen love - the home!' At first sight I thought this overrated the slum-dwellers' affection for the slums. My first impression was right. She meant that the homes to which the children were being taken were being broken up.

True, the things that were published about the condition of these children did, for a time, feature as the Third Book of Revelations (the first two being the list of Hitler's broken promises and the White Book about the German concentration camps, both of which dated from 1933). Lady Oxford, writing of 'Children who put us to shame', said that 'if nothing else emerges from unprovoked war, we have learned one thing of paramount importance. We have realized for the first time the shameful squalor in which the inhabitants live in the slums, not only in London, but in half the cities in these islands'.

I claim mildly to be left out of the editorial 'we', for I realized these things and loathed them and wrote about them. I do not know how anybody who does not live in a trance could not realize them.

What is to be the result of this mass exchange of populations, chiefly young children? Is this heaven-sent opportunity to reform England, to save the growing generation, to be missed? Are we going on, after this war, as we went on after the 1914-18 war? Nemesis may prolong his bill for it this once, but not again. Turn back, reader, if you have the patience, and read again the words that G. E. Montague wrote. Then look around you.

In the end hundred of thousands of children *were* placed in country towns and villages and hamlets, in farms and cottages. They *had* to be - or be massacred.

But, once more, this golden opportunity to strike a real blow for England was missed. Compulsory billeting was introduced in principle, but was not enforced in fact. Those rich people with big houses who did not want 'those nasty little things' (a phrase I heard used) were always able to elude the obligation, or, if they were brought to book, immunity only cost a few pounds.

So the whole thing was 'muddled through'. The children filtered through, as is always the way, chiefly to the homes of the poor or near-poor. There they were left to the goodwill or illwill of the houseowner; there was no nation-wide supervision of them, no use was made of the opportunity for an epochal reform.

Most of their proxy-fathers and proxy-mothers were good ones and grew fond of them. Especially in Devon, which I knew best and where the people are warmer-hearted than in most other places, was the change for the better in their condition and appearance, in their minds and bodies, sometimes almost past belief.

It showed what could be done in England, what could be made of England. In Exeter, for instance, at Christmastide of 1939 (when most of the first 'evacuees' in other parts of the country had wandered resentfully and unhappily back to the slums) ninety per cent had remained, and the Mayor of Exeter, in one of the finest civic speeches I ever heard, said that their physical condition had vastly improved, that they were being well looked after and were happy, and that their parents, as he implored, should leave them where they were.

Because the air raids did not immediately begin most of the children eventually went back to the slums. This was inevitable in view of the ragged and callous way this great social opportunity was misused; the only idea was to get a lot-of-children-out-of-London, and leave the rest to look after itself. When the air raids began in earnest, or just before, they were sent away again. As I write they are still in the country and are likely to remain there until the end of the war.

And what then? There is not a sign, not the vestige of a sign, that anything more will be done than to provide trains to take-them-back-to-the-slums.

I hope there is some man or woman in England, with power, who may see the criminal folly of this. Is all they have gained to be lost? Are they just to wriggle back beneath their stones, recapture their adenoids and sores and eczema and ringworm and bed-dirtying-habits, the feeling of outlawry which they are losing or have lost? At this moment many of them are growing into fine upstanding English children. They are losing their physical ailments and their mental ailments. Their faces are gaining that expression of vigour and interest-in-life and energy and self-pride which distinguishes the grown men from the Dominions.



Turn back again and read C. E. Montague, and think that he wrote of twenty-five years ago, that we now have those twenty-five years of 'progress' behind us. A Rake's Progress!

If we allow this we deserve anything that may befall us. When I think of those children in the little white house the prospect sickens me.

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## Chapter Seven

### HOME GUARD

I like to think that when this war is over I shall be able to add to my insert in *Who's Who*, if such a work is still published and if I still appear in it, the words 'Greater War: served in the Guards (Home).'

In point of fact I was never sure whether I was in the Home Guard or not; I seemed to be in, but not of it. True, as soon as Anthony Eden sounded his clarion call ('you will now be able to help defend your country with arms') I rushed to the local police station to fill in those forms-in-triplicate which are the invention and jealously guarded prerogative of our officialdom, but that seemed likely to be the last I should ever hear of the Home Guard - after all, there was only an invasion at hand - until one day I met a member of it, and after that, I gathered that I was in it, though I never was appointed to a section, never knew whose orders I had to obey or what my duties were. However, the little white house, being halfway-to-somewhere-or-other, and possessing a telephone, occasionally seemed to act as a kind of emergency field headquarters, and at those times I was apparently a Home Guard.

June and July dragged on, and from day to day I waited to hear that the invasion had begun. By this time I was beginning to feel puzzled. Why on earth was Hitler leaving us so much *time*? I could not make head or tail of it. I believed, and believe to this day, that he *must* try it. Without it all he has done loses meaning.

I was happy with every day that passed and brought no news of it, for I felt that every day meant a better chance for us. The country was still woefully unready. But I had mental visions of ships, steaming across the ocean to us laden with arms and munitions, of men busy somewhere on our coasts - not, at that time, on the coasts I knew, it is true - with barbed wire and tank traps and machine guns and mortars.

The Home Guard did its best, and tried hard to make good in enthusiasm what it lacked in arms and uniforms - and it had none of these. There was a time, at the beginning, when it turned out every time the air raid warning sounded. The thought of clouds of parachutists falling upon us from the skies was at that time in everybody's minds, for they had played so great a part in the conquest of Holland.

When the sirens sounded, therefore, the Home Guard turned out and sped to its duty stations. I do not remember that we ever saw a German aeroplane; in those early days the alarms may have portended the approach of aircraft at points on the coast many miles away, I don't know. In any case, they never reached Dullmouth.

Now the section of the Home Guard to which I seemed vaguely to belong lived at the bottom of the hill (a very steep hill), about a mile and a half below the little white house. When the sirens called its members had to drop everything and speed up the hill, collecting me on the way, and then proceed to man a crossroads a quarter-of-a-mile further on, where stood an ancient toll-house, a relic of the customs-officers-and-smugglers days. It was a good vantage point and if any parachutists had descended anywhere thereabouts we should undoubtedly have seen them.

The trouble was that we never *could* get to the crossroads before the all-clear sounded. The first time this happened the other Home Guards, from the bottom of the hill, sped up it afoot, and it was, as I say, a very steep hill. Some time before they were able to reach and collect me, the all-clear

had sounded. Determined not to be thus thwarted, they came up by car the next time, but just as they arrived, breathless but resolute, at my door, my telephone rang to say that the all-clear had been given.

Then came the great day when whisper said that the Home Guard had received some arms. Arms! It seemed too good to be true. But it was true. Eight ancient rifles had arrived from somewhere, and eight fortunate members of the Home Guard had obtained them.

The next piece of news - the defence of Britain was now gaining momentum every day - was that uniforms were beginning to come in. The trousers came first. I knew a man who obtained a pair. He was a very big man, well over six feet high. When he pulled his trousers up to his armpits there was still a large surplus at the bottom end which had to be turned up. Those trousers were certainly fit for heroes to live in.

Meanwhile - July was now growing into August - the full-time defenders of the country began to prepare the defence of the Devon coasts, which, until then, had been a constant nightmare to me by their openness. At last! At least we would be able to give the Germans something for their trouble if they came now - and still the days were passing, and no invasion!

Then came the greatest day of all, the day when I felt myself at last a fully-fledged Home Guard - for the Home Guard had been detailed to man a machine gun and I was one of the gunners!

The gun was a Hotchkiss, of such first-class material, including much brass, and excellent workmanship that it was every bit as good as it had been about the time of the Boer War, when it was made. It was mounted on a platform in front of the coastguards' flagstaff, and the wire ropes which held this firm were in front of it and in the line of fire, so that I had visions of the Home Guard, when it opened fire on the oncoming German hordes, snapping those cables and dying picturesquely beneath the ruins of the collapsing flagstaff.

It was a good gun but it would not fire more than three shots. The young naval officer who had come to instruct us in its use, and the petty officer he brought with him, took it to pieces, pored over its innards, put it together again - but it still fired only three shots. The petty officer insisted that the recoil was too weak, so he took out the spring and increased the pressure. Still only three shots! He tightened the spring again, and this time the gun fired two shots. He took out the spring once more, tautened it again, and the gun now refused to fire more than one shot at a time. Then the young lieutenant took out the spring and relaxed it and from that moment the Hotchkiss was a good gun and rat-a-tat-tatted away without a hitch. We tried it out on a rock in the bay and, though it kicked like a horse, I was glad to find that I had not forgotten how to use a machine gun.

What a feeling that was, after those weeks and months of sickening waiting and impotent anxiety, to have a machine gun in one's hands again! I looked along the coasts, east and west, and hoped that there were thousands and thousands more.

Unfortunately, the purpose for which we were there was somewhat vague. As far as anyone ever understood, our duty, which kept us on that windy coast all night, from dusk to dawn, was to watch for low-flying German mine-dropping aeroplanes, and to shoot at them when they passed within a certain line of fire. I would much sooner have had a general order to fire at any Germans I saw, but that seemed too much to hope for.

The conditions for this particular action seemed rather difficult to fulfil. First, the obliging German aeroplane had to fly at a certain height; second, it had to fly along a certain line; and third, we had to be able to see it, at night. It seemed to me about as unlikely as anything could be that all those

three conditions would be fulfilled at once. Also, it was never quite clear who was in command of that machine gun, the young naval officer, whom we never saw again, or the commander of the Home Guard, or whether the officer commanding the regular troops near by, who were much startled when we once began practising with the gun, had anything to say in the matter, or lastly, whether the actual order to fire was to come from the coastguards.

On top of all that, on the other side of the bay, dead in the line of fire which we had been given, stood one or two stately homes. I felt that, while England most certainly needed awakening, a sudden burst of machine-gun bullets, rattling against their walls, might startle their occupants rather too much. I diffidently pointed this out to the young lieutenant. 'What the heck?' he said, 'this is war'. Ah, a man after my own heart, thought I, and I gleefully took my turn at practice with the gun, using the rock as a target. As I say, this unexpected amateur noise from above caused some surprise and perturbation among the regular defenders of our coasts, who were busy preparing for the Germans below.

Still, I was glad to take any kind of duty, however wasted, behind a machine gun, on the outside chance that I might see a German to fire at.

I lay out on that bleak cliff many nights, waiting for the mine-laying aeroplane. It never came, alack, alas. Of all sad words.... Nevertheless, I would not have missed that duty for anything. There *might* have been a chance.

And on these cliffs, which had seen Drake fare forth, I found England again. The men who shared the duty with me were of all kinds but their hearts were the hearts of oak that had made England great long, long before. There was a sailor, brought back from the Navy because he was a skilled workman. He was a keen, lusty fellow, who had already fought off German aeroplanes with a machine gun, at sea. He knew all about the gun and all about fighting. He was a man to have with you, if the Germans came. There was a sixteen-year-old lad, who worked hard all day in the shipyard and came out at night to watch. There were men of all ages and trades, but all keen as mustard and staunch as oak.

What a force the Home Guard could have been, if this material had been properly used, what a force it still could be! But in England you always come back to the 'If...' The men are there, but the dead hand from above weighs on all energy and enterprise.

August, too, slowly passed, and the coastal defences all over the country were growing stronger and stronger. Those vast expanses of flat land, where troop-carrying aeroplanes could have landed, with none to say them nay, which had so worried me in the summer months, were now covered with obstacles. In the air our fighters were taking heavier and heavier toll of Göring's bombers.

What in the name of anything was Hitler waiting for, I wondered and wondered.

The failure of the invasion to begin was now almost worse than an invasion begun - for I felt that it must come, and the fact that it did not come meant that something was afoot that I could not understand. There was some strange gap in the calculations. It was simply fantastic that Hitler, having had us almost at his mercy, should wait and wait like this, and let us strengthen our defences, re-organize and re-arm and re-equip our armies. What was he up to?

Then, at the beginning of September, came Hitler's ranting and raving speech, in which he swore to raze our cities, and the air raids on London began.

Now it's coming, I thought, I knew it had to. He's simply needed more time to prepare than seemed likely, than we could have hoped. Now the invasion is going to begin.

I went to London, to watch the progress of that invasion.

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# PART FOUR

## DECLINE TO FALL

## Chapter One

### LORELEI

I came along Piccadilly spellbound by the beauty of the night, for above it hung a moon like a slice of melon and a star like the Koh-i-noor and the anti-aircraft guns were throwing more and more stars into the firmament and the searchlights crossed their blades to make a bridal arch and beneath this, down the deserted street, marched the endless parade of the traffic lights, green-red-yellow, green-red-yellow, green-red-yellow ....

No traffic and no life were there, but the lights serenely marshalled ghostly legions of buses and taxicabs, halted them to let spectral groups of pedestrians cross the roadway, released them again for their further journeyings. Green-red-yellow, green-red-yellow; the traffic lights, their occupation gone, placidly pursued their occupation, mocking with their imperturbability the menacing drone that filled the air, the bombs that hurtled vindictively down and rabidly tore bricks and mortar asunder near by, the fear that huddled underground.

It was September the 10th, 1940. I was savagely bitter and savagely happy - bitter, because at last the thing had come to London that had so long been my nightmare; happy, because it *had* come at last, because the years of waiting were over, because we now soon should know our fate, whether London was to be laid in ruins and England enslaved, and the last hope extinguished, for me, for freemen and men who wanted to be free everywhere, even for the world, or whether we should at the end survive, fight back, be able to live and hope and work again.

For this, my instinct surely told me, was the prelude to the invasion, without which all Hitler's glittering victories would turn to dross in his hands. (I was right about this; these *were* the critical days.) The waiting was over. I felt that savage satisfaction. Now I soon should know; I went along empty Piccadilly in a mood of angry and eager anticipation.

Above the Burlington Arcade a glow, like a splash [editor: splash?] of red ink, spread into the night from a fire in Bond Street, and the fire-bells clanged in the distance. A piece of anti-aircraft shell smacked into the pavement and I bent to look at it.

'Are you enjoying yourself?' said a voice.

I turned and saw, in a doorway, a girl, leaning against the wall. Although it was night, I could see her perfectly; and, as I found afterwards, something within her, youth, spirit, I don't know what, gave her at all times an inner radiance which caused her to stand out against any background, in any company.

It was as if a spotlight followed her everywhere she went. I turned to look at her once as she sat beside me in the darkened auditorium of a theatre and was transfixed, again, by that illumination she carried with her. Next to her sat an old, old man, who had fallen asleep; his head was sunken on his chest, and all the lines of his face and figure, the closed eyes, the painfully clamped lips, the chin, ran on the down gradient of age. All her lines - the brim of her big hat, the long lashes of her eagerly open eyes, the upper one of her parted lips - ran ardently upward, like youth making light of a hill. Both, the old man and she, sat in the same light, yet he seemed sunken in shadow, while she looked as if an errant sunbeam had wandered into that darkened theatre and picked her out. Gold and grey, up gradient and down gradient, youth and age: what a picture to paint if I could have painted!



I looked at her in the doorway, so vivid in the dusk. She was young, perhaps twenty, and slender as a foal. Her grey trousers gripped her firmly about her tiny waist and good square shoulders lifted her red jumper so that it clung firmly to her firm breasts. Two large eyes and a long row of large white teeth shone at me from her pale face, set in a great cluster of amber hair, which she was carelessly combing.

I was without words for a moment, standing there with the piece of warm shell-casing in my hand. The fire in Bond Street blazed up and the glow lit her face. She was lovely. Her eyes danced, just as her feet, I later found, always longed to dance. Her smile was entrancing, and real; she was laughing at me from her heart. And she continued, casually, to comb her hair.

'Good evening, Lorelei,' I said, 'I have been told that our frontier is on the Rhine, these days, but I did not know you had come to Piccadilly.'

'Laura Whats-it?' she said, the comb halted in mid-hair and her dark eyebrows suspended in interrogation.

'Lorelei,' I said, 'the Rhine maiden, who sits on a romantic headland and combs her golden hair.'

'Oh,' she said, doubtfully, releasing the comb, and then, suddenly, eagerly, smiling again and deeply interested, 'tell me some more about her. Am I like her?'

'Well, you *looked* very much like her when I saw you just now. She sits on that headland, overlooking the Rhine, and combs her long and lovely golden hair, and by that device lures the mariners below to their destruction, who should have eyes only for their steering, but who, blinded by this ancient feminine wile, run their craft upon the rocks and are drowned.'

She gave a sudden peal of laughter, loud and long, and jigged about with delight. 'You'd better look out,' she said.

'I thought you might say that,' I answered, 'but I am an experienced navigator, who keeps his eyes always on his steering, especially in Piccadilly, and in any case I am colour-blind in my good eye. But tell me, Lorelei, for I never expected to prize open this great grey oyster London and find such a pearl as you within, who are you and what are you doing here? Are you one of these sirens, or sireens, I have been hearing so much about? Do you know that you should not stand here, on such a night as this, and that even in the last war, when bombs were few and far between, do you know that a lady of the town was killed by a bomb while she stood at Swan and Edgar's corner, just over there? What is your name?'

She told me.

'It's a good name,' I said, 'but I shall call you Sireen, in memory of Lorelei.'

'What is your name?' she asked.

I told her mine. 'And now tell me what you do here, in this doorway?' I said.

'That's easy,' she said, and turned and pointed down some stairs behind, 'I sleep here.'

'This is where you live?' I said.

'No,' she said, 'this is where I work. I design clothes. But I was bombed out of my diggings in Victoria last night, and the chief has allowed me and some other girls, who can't get home, to shake down in a workroom in the basement. We are safe there.'

'But you're not safe here,' I said.

'Oh, I just came up to see what was going on,' she said, putting her head out of the doorway to look at the searchlights roving over the Royal Academy and the glow of the fire in Bond Street. 'I couldn't sleep, yet, and anyway, I have to come up and look round now and again. This excites me.' And suddenly, shuffling her feet and wagging an admonitory forefinger and laughing, she began to sing, in a clear voice, 'One, two, BOMBS-a-daisy

'I like the step,' I said. 'What is it?'

'Good Lord,' she said, 'don't you know, I'm trucking,' and, still singing and laughing and shaking that forefinger, she danced, to and fro in the doorway.

She was extraordinarily natural and gay and invigorating, she seemed to me quite unlike an English girl, more like a Parisienne or a Viennese; she had something in her, as a jumping bean has something in it, that kept her always ahop, and her eyes shone with the pleasure she found in being alive. I watched her entranced, while the bombs crashed far and near, and the heavens hummed and the searchlights groped about and the green-red-yellow parade continued.

'Sing something else,' I said, when she had finished.

'All right,' she said, and suddenly the smile was gone, and her face was composed and peaceful, and, untying a kerchief from her throat, she draped it nunlike round her face and, leaning against the wall, sang softly 'Ave Maria,' while I listened spellbound, and then she quickly arranged the kerchief around her shoulders, millgirl-like, and sang 'Nellie Dean,' and then she quickly bound it, turban-like, round her hair, and became a hard and glittering courtesan and sang something about a sugar-daddy, and then, quite suddenly again, the courtesan and the kerchief were gone, and, her abundant hair released and dancing round her face, she was gaily 'trucking' backward and forward in the doorway, laughter gleaming from her teeth and eyes and the long forefinger wagging; I found, afterwards, that this 'trucking' was her natural way of expressing the joy she found in being alive, and it enchanted me.

'Sireen,' I said, when she had finished, 'queen of all the sireens in London town, that was lovely and you are lovely, and I have watched girls dancing and singing all over Europe, but none of them ever bewitched me as you have done this night. When I think that I spent money and time to-night upon the last performance of the last show to remain open in the city, while this was waiting for me round the corner!'

'You've been to the theatre,' she said, immediately rapt. 'Tell me about it.'

'I'll tell you about, it, and much more,' I said, 'but let us go somewhere where we can eat. Let us seek a good feed in this naughty world. Come on.'

'Oh, I don't know about that,' she said doubtfully, 'I don't suppose there's anywhere we *could* eat now, all the places are closed or closing, and anyway I don't think I could go like this' - she looked down at her trousers - 'and apart from all that, I'm not scared, but I'm not so fond as you seem to be of walking about in this,' and she looked out at the searchlights and the glow in the sky.

'Oh, come along,' I said, 'we shall find something to cat somewhere, at a hotel if nothing else is open, and you can most certainly come like that, for this is wartime and you would outshine all other sireens, anyway, however you were dressed, and apart from all that, I can tell you a thing that may seem strange to you. I have a very strong conviction that I am not going to be killed in this war, and my instincts in these matters are trustworthy, so come with me and fear not. This encounter is not meant to end so abruptly and I have much to tell you, for, though you cannot suspect this, you have played skittles with my thoughts and ideas to-night and I want to sort them out anew in your company.'

She listened, without understanding, but already smiling again, eagerly, afidget to go. With this charming girl, a doubt overcome was a doubt dismissed, dead, buried and forgotten. 'All right,' she said, trucking a little in gay anticipation, 'let's go.'

So she linked her arm in mine, and, lively and laughing, tripped along Piccadilly at my side, seemingly oblivious of the din. She was gay, witty, lovely and young, and I had spoken truth when I told her that, in that brief half an hour, she had played skittles with the thoughts that preoccupied me. How could I ever have doubted life, I thought, as I looked at her? The spark that animated her was reassuring where all the promises and admonitions of priests and politicians were empty and repellent. She, the girl who trucked and sang in a doorway while the bombs were falling, gave me the answer I had sought and despaired of finding.

It had been a very strange evening for me. At the theatre I had visited I had seen by chance a woman who sang a song called 'There's nothing to find out'. With empty, worn and disillusioned face, a glass of absinthe in her hand, she sat in a café in Paris, and sang of the many lovers she had had and lost, and of the other lovers, young people, in 'Paris in springtime'. They, she sang mockingly, 'will all find out in time, that there 's nothing to find out'.

I watched her with horrified fascination. Was this the answer, that there was nothing to find out, that life meant nothing but hopes and ideals always thwarted? Outside I could hear the booms: the theatre was three-parts empty and was to close next day, the last to shut. Hitler's invasion, I knew, was now being prepared and would probably be launched at any moment. I looked back along the years to the last war, as I watched her, to Hitler's triumph in Berlin, to the invasions of Austria and Czechoslovakia, to the long and exhausting struggle to inform England about the coming war, and to its dreary advent. So many years of wasted effort and disappointed hopes, and now this, London, at last, under fire, and the invasion imminent. If it succeeded my own day was done, but that was unimportant; England, Britain, the world would sink into a state in which life could be no more than living death. Then there would, indeed, be 'nothing to find out'. Was this wretched woman, I wondered as I watched her, the unknowing prophetess of that calamity? I thought of the opposite philosophy, the one I had always cherished, the creed of the old prospectors - 'There's gold in them thar hills'! Perhaps they never reached those hills, or, if they reached them, no gold was there, but they always kept on keeping on. 'There's nothing to find out'; 'There's gold in them thar hills'. Which was true? If the invasion succeeded the first would be true.

So, when I left the theatre that night, that infernal refrain, 'There's nothing to find out', kept running through my head. A man who had been in the 1914-1918 war, who then by hard work had built himself a livelihood in the following years and now found himself back where he began, was hard-driven to believe that this *was* the answer.

The girl in the doorway, for reasons that were still not clear to myself, had suddenly made me realize that it was not. There was gold in them thar hills, but even if there was not, you kept on keeping on. The very fact that she thought so little about the things that preoccupied me, that she, at twenty, was so blithely unconcerned about the present and the future, that singing and trucking, not

bombs or invasion, held her thoughts, completely changed my mood. It was an unreasonable change, for I knew that she was quite ignorant of the things that threatened, that she simply obeyed her instinct, which was to laugh and be merry. But somehow, I suddenly knew that her instinct was right, that the future was not going to be that dark abyss which I had feared, but that we should yet come through it again into the light. And just as suddenly I realized that fear, even fear for others, for one's country, for anything at all, is waste. Lorelei-in-the-doorway - how little she would understand it - had made me see this. The picture of her trucking and singing, that night, with the bombs falling, would never leave me again.

She trucked along beside me, chatting busily. 'Do you *like* walking about in this?' she said.

'I do' rather,' I said, 'it lets me feel that I am *in* this war, that I do not belong to those people who talk so much about "what we are fighting for" yet themselves never stir within reach of danger. Not that I am brave, or like bravado. But I had much experience of walking about shelled towns in the last war and know that there is a certain technique by which, if one does not pitch actually in your ear, you may nearly always dodge what is coming, and thus walk about in relative safety.'

At this moment there was a sizzling and rushing noise and, as we had just reached a street corner where one of those iron receptacles stand in which the authorities keep sand or something, I pulled her down behind it. On the far side of it, about thirty yards away, some bolt from the blue crashed noisily into a house, without exploding. Glass spattered down into the street. When it had finished falling I looked round at her. She was peeping over the top of the bin, giggling.

'I hope your technique is as good as you make out,' she said. 'I seem to be putting a lot of faith in you.'

'Come on, Sireen,' I said, 'let's find that meal.'

But every place we went to was closed, and at last I saw that if we were to get anything we should have to go to the Hotel Modestic, where I was known. But it was some long distance away and, for all my technique, I was a little doubtful whether I ought to keep my sireen trailing round London in that din, and I was about to take her back to her basement when, crawling towards us from a side street, I saw the muffled headlights of a car.

Scarcely trusting my eyes, for in those early days of the air-raiding a vehicle or a human being were as rare in the London streets as snow in Central Africa, I called 'Taxi', and it drew up to the kerb and stopped. 'Hullo, friend,' said I, 'do *you* too like driving about in this?' 'Yes, I do,' said the elderly man in the driver's seat casually, 'I should hate to die in my bed.'

'A twin soul,' I cried, while Lorelei laughed loud in the night - there was never anything of silver bells or coy girlishness in her laugh, it was startlingly loud and when it was finished ended with a snort, which she could not suppress and which always made her begin to laugh all over again, and sometimes, by pretending to wait anxiously for the snort, I could keep the two of us for minutes on end in a condition of weak and helpless mirth - 'Your affection for the great open spaces of this deserted and pitch-black city, half as old as time, is my salvation. Drive me to the Hotel Modestic,' and we climbed in.

The lounge of the Hotel Modestic was filled with recumbent or reclining forms, in strange raiment. Afterwards people, realizing that the risks they ran were not excessive, that the end of the world was after all not yet, became used to life beneath the bombs; they made themselves relatively comfortable in the underground stations or the air-raid shelters, or if they were too timid even for that withdrew to the country, or they sought out basement and ground-floor dwellings in tall

apartment houses, or they just ignored the bombs and took their chance, continuing to sleep in top-story flats or two-story houses.

But in the early days London was a city of fear, that you could read in the faces of the people running to shelter every time the sirens sounded (later they came almost to ignore these), of the people hurrying to get home before dusk fell, and especially of the people who thronged to the big hotels, thinking these tall buildings safer than their own homes.

Indeed, they had reason to be afraid, for, after a year of war, the air-raids found London still almost completely unprepared, and in Rotterdam, a few months before, the German airmen had destroyed *thirty thousand human beings in half an hour* - a thing too little known. That, on a far greater scale, was the thing I had for so many years foreseen and feared for London. In the event, it never happened. Though death and destruction came, they never approached the dimensions of the great massacre, the human calamity unprecedented in European history, which was to be expected after so many years of idle ostrichism. The avalanche *did* turn aside and dissolve just as it threatened to overwhelm the greatest single community of human beings in the world.

But on that night fear infected the city like a pest. It led people to do the stupidest things. The usually genteel lounge of the Hotel Modestic, where county ladies come to town were wont to dispense tea and small talk to their friends, was filled with men in dressing-gowns and women in all kinds of sleeping-suits and siren-suits.

They lay on sofas or sat, among cushions, on chairs, their eyes closed in simulated sleep or open in anxious wakefulness. They had all come down to the lounge from the upper floors, these unthinking people, because they thought it safer. They did not notice, or were too scared to realize, that the lounge, occupying the central well of the hotel, which was built in the form of a box, had nothing but its ornate glass roof between it and the sky; a bomb, failing through this, would have wrecked the lounge and the ground floor utterly; the middle stories would have been much safer.

(Bombs, anyway, are quite incalculable in their working, and if you are not prepared to delve deep underground it is best not to try and outmanoeuvre them. In this hotel my room was in an outer wing, built on to the original structure at some time, and had nothing above it. I lived in it quite happily, and the only air-raid precaution I took was to affix to the door handle the notice, kindly provided by the management, 'Do not disturb.' Hitler respected this. When a large bomb ultimately made the hotel uninhabitable, the few rooms in this outer wing, which were regarded as the most dangerous in the hotel, remained unscathed.)

The lounge, on this night, looked like a gipsy encampment, and into it came Lorelei and I, picking our way between the chairs and sofas. She tripped over a slipped foot and a moment later the laughter which I saw her try to suppress escaped with one of her loudest snorts.

A recumbent form on a sofa sat up; bleary eyes looked indignantly after her from a red face beneath tufts of disordered grey hair. A hot-water bottle fell to the floor. A bomb fell in the distance, and the resolutely closed eyelids of a prostrate lady in a hair-net quivered in anguished protest. An elderly man in a long dressing-gown, with a gasmask slung by a strap from his shoulder and a thermos bottle in his pocket, paced agitatedly up and down on felt soles. From another sofa in a distant corner, where it lay alongside its beshawled proprietress, a Pekinese raised its head, looked at us with solemn, bulging, hate-filled eyes, and spitefully yapped.

It was too much, and laughter escaped from Lorelei like wind from a punctured tyre. Even a bomb could not have caused much more commotion in that place. The people in it seemingly feared that

if a noise were made they would not be able to hear the bombs explode. Reproachful heads were raised and turned on all sides.

'Ssh,' they murmured.

Lorelei, with her long grey-clad legs and blazing red jumper, holding her hand tightly across her mouth, sped on, and I guided her through a door and into the reading-room. This was deserted - because it had a window looking on the street, and the loungers thought this much more dangerous than a glass roof overhead! A bright coal fire burned there. I found my friend the night waiter. He brought coffee and sandwiches. We settled down in two large arm-chairs on either side of the fire, Lorelei still giggling.

'At last,' I said.

A heavy bomb fell near at hand. The glass in the windows rattled and the building shook. 'Hush-a-bye baby, in the tree-top, when the wind blows, the cradle will rock,' I sang.

Lorelei, this time, was not amused.

'Ooh, that was a big one,' she said, big-eyed. 'Do you think we ought to stay here?'

'That wasn't a bomb,' I said, 'that was one of our anti-aircraft guns firing.'

'Oh no, it wasn't,' she said, 'it was a bomb. Didn't you feel the building shake?'

'Look here,' I said, 'the only way to enjoy air-raids is to assume that all those bluddy great bangs are anti-aircraft guns. Moreover, I have already told you that you are safe with me, for my instinct tells me that no bomb is going to reach me in this war, and my instinct is sound. And furthermore, nothing in this world is wasted in such quantities as fear.' This was the thought which had suddenly come to me, like a blinding revelation, that very evening, when I first saw her, dancing in the doorway, and now I was big to bursting with this, as I always am with a new idea; it seemed to me the most self-evident truth, that only had to be stated to convince all men.

She looked at me doubtfully for a moment, and then suddenly leaned back in her chair, with her feet tucked beneath her, began to nibble a sandwich and smiled. 'All right, then,' she said, 'but I hope you *are* right about your technique and your instinct.'

This was the most charming thing about this exceptionally charming girl - her habit of obedience and ability to obey, once she was convinced.

She had a most critical mind, of rare penetration and keenness, and could with one deadsure, well-chosen word annihilate false ideas and false arguments, however well or wordily presented. But if her reason were convinced or her imagination captured, she could immediately put her critical mind aside and yield herself with the utmost enthusiasm to the enjoyment of the hour. From this moment on, with disarming and enchanting docility, she adopted my philosophy about bombs, and danced and laughed at my side for the remainder of our brief acquaintance; it was not only that she refused to be scared, she fully accepted my theory that this was an experience to be relished, and she lived her life under fire with the same gusto that she always showed in quieter times.

To share a cup of coffee with her was an adventure; she tasted every moment of her life with the enjoyment of a gourmand eating truffles, and yet all unconsciously. To meet so vivid and invigorating a creature at such a time was a gift from the gods. Her looks, her courage and her

gaiety were all rare and all her own; but her critical mind and her wit kept me constantly astonished.

In that London, it was as if you met a humming-bird in Silvertown. She was of humble origin and but little schooled, as was I, and I kept an imaginary plumed hat always doffed in tribute to her. How I had dreaded, and for how long, the thing that had come upon London! And now it had come, I found myself exulting in this gay companionship. She was like a living fragment of rainbow. The bad days were good ones. 'The best of times and the worst of times' - was that not Dickens's excellent phrase? She showed me how true it could be.

We talked and laughed and laughed and talked. 'What do you do?' she said. 'Do you work or have you no need to?'

'Oh yes,' I said, 'I write.'

'Are you well known?' she said.

'No, nor even notorious,' I said. Then I told her something of my life and of the years I had spent close to the brewing war, how I had long seen it coming and feared it and how, that evening in the theatre, I had been at my wits' end to find a pattern or a meaning in life, how I had nearly thought to discover the truth in that absinthe-born philosophy 'There's nothing to find out', how I had nearly deposed my other philosophy 'There's gold in them thar hills' in favour of it, and how much she, all unknowing, had done to somersault my thoughts again.

She listened, attentive but uncomprehending. Clever though she was, I knew she would never understand this, but it did not matter. Even though she could not understand she liked to listen to me, liked my voice and the things I said and the jokes I made. She laughed easily, and I loved to make her laugh, for she was enchanting when she laughed.

'How old are you?' she said suddenly.

'Forty-five,' I said.

'You don't look it,' said she.

'I was afraid you would say that, Sireen,' I answered, 'because, exceptionally sharp as your wit is, you have not yet mastered the art of avoiding the obvious. You soon will. A woman can only say one worse thing to a man than that he doesn't look his age - namely, that she doesn't like good-looking men. How often have women said that to me, and looked pointedly at me as they said it. You are too witty to be as unsubtle as most of your sisters. I am, feel, and look forty-five, and am ready to quarrel with anybody who tells me different. I am in the prime of life. I always was, I am, and, now that I have met you, I always will be. True, I feel a little less glamorous and photogenic than of yore, but that is the result of overmuch preoccupation with the times and their follies; I should have realized, and do realize to-night, that man, however much he try, cannot destroy this planet. I have some of the minor ailments of age - for instance, my hair, which grows in increasing profusion on almost every other part of my body, persistently tries to escape from my head; parting it is such sweet sorrow. But I have none of the major ailments of age: I do not write-letters-to-the-*Times*, play golf, knit, or fall in love. I am, as I say, in the full bloom of my life. I was never so good as I am now, though I shall yet be better. These forty-five years have been so full of interesting experiences that I am determined to look every minute of them, and I will not let you take even a single second of them from me. In short, I am your humble servant, and I am forty-five.'



Lorelei listened to this with the most vivid amusement dancing in her eyes - and this time she understood. She was, as I say, one of the quickest creatures in perception I ever met, and although she could not follow the story of my spiritual perplexities which I had previously told her, she immediately saw the thread of truth and reason which, I hope, ran through this idle discourse, and I dare swear that she will never again tell a man that he 'does not look it'. Also, I was lucky enough for her to find me entertaining.

'I like your patter,' she said, gurgling.

'Isn't it good,' I said, 'and I never dry up, but it is very late, and if you want to sleep to-night we must be on our way, for we shall never find another taxicab, unless you can sleep in that chair.'

She listened for a moment to the noise outside. 'It's very noisy,' she said, hesitatingly. 'Do you think I could sleep here?'

'You certainly *may*, if you *can*,' said I.

'Then I will,' she said, and curling up in the big chair she said 'Good night' and immediately fell asleep. I was astonished. I never saw another human creature cover the distance between waking and sleeping so quickly. She closed her eyes - and she was asleep. I stirred the fire and put my overcoat over her.

I watched her for a long time. She gave herself as completely to sleep as she gave herself to life during every moment of her waking day. She passed into a peaceful oblivion where no bomb or gun or siren could penetrate, and when she awoke she woke suddenly, quite fresh, as if she had never slept. She was very lovely, asleep.

At last I fell asleep myself, and when I woke the day had come, the fire was dead, the bombs had ceased, and in the street outside London bestirred itself. I was stiff and cold and blear-eyed. I pulled myself together, went out to wash and brush my hair, and when I came back she was still asleep. I shook her, gently, at first, and then roughly. At once she was awake, smiling, her wits all about her. 'What's the time?' she said. 'About seven,' I said. 'Come on, let's get some breakfast.' A few quick passes with the comb, a quick glance in her mirror, a pat here and there, and she was ready. 'What a woman!' I thought, and we went out, through the lounge, where some still uneasily slept, into the street, to a place that was open. 'Wait a moment,' she said, 'I must go and tidy myself a bit.'

When she came back she was as bright as the rising sun and as fresh as dew. 'Salute to youth and beauty,' I said, and she laughed gaily and trucked a step or two before she sat down and ate enough breakfast for three. 'Gosh, I was hungry,' she said, when she had finished. 'You were, indeed,' said I, 'and what now?'

'Now I must be getting to work,' she said.

So we walked down Regent Street to Piccadilly and I left her at the doorway where I had met her.

'Sireen,' I said, 'I think you are lovely, to look at and to know, and I am glad I passed this way last night. I always wanted to know a sunbeam. Will you shine upon my noonday hour, upon that dreary feast which in this country is called lunch or luncheon?'

'Yes, of course,' she said, her smile illuminating up her face again as if a light had been switched on inside it, 'if we don't go to one of those lookee-downee-nosee places. I hate expensive restaurants

filled with dull people who only have money. And besides, I want to wear these. Do you like me in them?', and she looked down at her long grey-clad legs.

'You are the one woman in every thousand who can afford to wear such,' I said, 'and we will eat at a place I know called Blowout's Coffee House, where the plebs foregather and where we can get a passable steak and potatoes and some beer for about half a crown. All right?'

'Lovely!' she cried, trucking a little, 'fetch me here at one o'clock', and then, with her face still turned to me and her hand waving and her smile gleaming, she turned and was gone down the steps, like a flash, like a jewel gone from a shop window.

I felt like a man in a room where the blinds had been pulled down. A man's mind, his wit, is like a knife; it needs a grindstone, another mind, another wit, to keep it sharp, and this was a thing I missed more than anything else in England, my native country, where everybody seemed to be just about to say something or frightened to say something or to be trying to look as if he could-say-a-lot-if-he-wished.

This English repression, Wotan knows from where it comes, is a terrifying thing to a man who comes back with a standard of comparison. Foreigners who come to England go in fear and awe of it; they think it betokens some great intellectual and spiritual superiority, held in reserve, as such a thing should be held in reserve by prudent men, and not squandered, and only when they have been thirty years in the country do they discover that there is nothing behind that 'wall-eyed stare', as two American writers described it who wrote of England on the eve of this war, but then they die.

It seemingly means only the Englishman's suspicion of his fellow-Englishman, or his inability, to converse agreeably, his mistrust of his kind. He shrouds himself in silence, averts his face from the world, avoids the gaze of others - and, for Cinquevalli's sake, why?

A fantastic example of this state-of-mind, which to me is beyond explanation or understanding, was given by an English writer in describing a voyage aboard ship. He took his exercise, ten-times-round-the-deck, and the first time round he met a fellow-passenger coming in the other direction, and the two brightly smiled at each other; the second time they smiled again; the third time the smile was forced; the fourth time they could hardly bear to meet each other's eyes; and whether the ten-times-round were completed I forget, but I doubt it, and the writer mentioned that on this account he envied the snakes he subsequently studied in the jungle because they, encountering each other, just crawled over each other as if the other were not there, and continued on their respective ways.

To envy the snakes! What a comment upon the state which that civilization has now reached, in England, for which we fight to-day.

Yet to most Englishmen of my generation, at any rate to those of the more expensively schooled classes which are commonly said to be educated, this episode would have seemed most diverting.

Now I had met that rare thing in England - a completely natural human being, without any sense of inferiority or superiority, without any inhibitions. If you cast a new idea in her path she did not wince like a salted slug or draw in her horns like a snail retiring into its shell. She opened her mind to it, eagerly examined it, turned it over and looked at it from all sides and, if she liked it, she made it her own.

Because others had told her that the way to enjoy air raids was to burrow into a deep hole, she had burrowed into a deep hole. But when I told her that the way to enjoy them was to behave as if they

almost were not, she thought that over quickly, and decided that this *was* the better way; at all events, she would give it a trial. And she was gay, as gay as carnival-time. Her wit was as sharp as a sword. I had to be constantly alert, even when I was talking of things that seemed beyond her ken, lest she slip with some quick interjection under my guard. And in spite of, or because of all these things, she was lovely! I respected her enormously. She puzzled me. How, I thought, had this flower grown in Birmingham - for she had told me that she came from that city. Its natural earth was Montparnasse or Schwabing or Vienna.

I was impatient to see her again, as I walked along Piccadilly. Well, I mused, the more it changes the more it is the same, this Piccadilly; here I was, taking a girl to lunch, twenty-five years ago, in a world war, and now we have a world war, and here am I, taking a girl to lunch. Yet there *is* a change, I thought; for I never then knew a girl wittier or more good-looking than this one, nor even in the years between, so here goes, with a heigh-ho and a derry-down-Piccadilly.

She was waiting, and trucked a little in the doorway when she saw me. Among the most charming of this charming girl's little ways were the little jig she always danced when anything pleased her, and she was easy, not difficult to please, as discerning people should be, and the pleasure she always showed, in this manner, when she saw me. She was, as I say, a person of taste.

She wore her grey trousers and a green jumper and turban and I could have sworn that the radiance she emanated cast a glow over the dark doorway.

'Do I look good?' she said.

'You are a living compliment to my good taste,' I answered.

'You flatter yourself,' she laughed.

'I do, by taking you to lunch,' I said. 'I never pay compliments to others, only to myself, and you are the sincerest compliment I have had for a long time.'

'I like the way you talk,' she said, affectionately slipping her arm through mine.

'I'm rather partial to it myself,' I said. 'Come on, let's go.'

So, arm-in-arm together, we strolled along Piccadilly, where I had clerked to a wine-merchant, where I had tasted the bread of unemployment, where I had often mooned aimlessly along during my brief returns to England, wondering where to go and what to do.

I suddenly discerned beauties in Piccadilly that I had never noticed before. It, and the region around, always seemed to me very dull in peacetime, and I was never moved by the romance with which some writers, in those and between-war years, sought to invest the berailing wastes of Mayfair. I frankly could not imagine nightingales singing in Berkeley Square; it only came to life, for me, when bombs began to fall in it.

We passed through an arcade, on our way to Blowout's, and came to Jermyn Street. It was a bright and fitfully sunny day, with intermittent clouds, and suddenly, as we strolled along, there was a deafening noise of engines and the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns firing and a German aeroplane flashed across the gap between housetops and was gone. While we were still looking up, something struck the ground at my feet and I looked down and saw a machine-gun bullet, with flattened nose, which I picked up. It was hot.

'Well, well, well,' I said to my Lorelei, who looked at it with vivid interest, 'a delicate attention, this. For to-day is September the 11th, 1940, and on September the 11th, 1916, I was hit by a German machine-gun bullet in France which, after it was removed from my back, I wore on my watch-chain for some years, ultimately losing it, to my great annoyance, because that is the kind of souvenir you only get once in a lifetime, or at any rate you hope so. And now Hitler has sent one of his men to Jermyn Street to make good my souvenir. The man has tact and feeling.'

So, playing catch with the machine-gun bullet, and singing a little song for which I quickly strung together some words and she some music, 'When the Jermyns assailed me in Jermyn Street,' she trucking a little, we came to Blowout's. She was as full of laughter as champagne is full of bubbles. I was enormously happy. We showed the bullet to the people at Blowout's and were immediately the centre of interest - that was in the early days of air-raiding. Mr. Blowout himself came to see it and, immensely impressed either by it or by myself or possibly by Lorelei, I can guess which, himself chose and served our steaks.

Lorelei, in her brief lunch hour, floated on rosy clouds of bliss and again I envied her this ability to squeeze every moment dry of zest. The object of general and admiring attention, as was her due, and of my own amused homage, she felt as a woman loves to feel - queen of all she surveyed.

She had inexhaustible resources of chatter, which was always entertaining, and was a marvellous mimic. She gave me a quick sketch of two refaned ladies, whom she had encountered that morning at her work, one a hushed and portentous gabbler and the other a stereotyped interjector, that kept me helpless with laughter. Impossible adequately to reproduce on paper, because Lorelei herself could never be put on paper, it went something like this:

Hushed gabbler, whispering with coy mien: 'Ay said to her gabble-gabble-gabble-gabble ...'

Stereotyped interjector: 'Eau yerss?'

Gabbler: 'And she said gabble-gabble-gabble ...'

Interjector: '*Eau neau!*'

Gabbler: 'So ay said gabble-gabble-gabble ...'

Interjector: '*Lahvly!*'

Gabbler: 'But of course ay told her gabble-gabble-gabble ...'

Interjector: '*Eau neau*, ay think that's *terribly* funny.'

Gabbler: 'Ay told may husband and he gabble-gabble-gabble ...'

Interjector: 'Eau, that's *terribly* naice.'

And so on and so on.

Everywhere that Lorelei went heads turned in spontaneous and envious admiration of so much youth and beauty and spirit. She was unconscious of these things, only knowing, as any such woman was bound to know, that she was good to look at. She was quite unaware of the extra spark she had within her, of the excellence of her mimicry, of the vividness of her being, of the startling loudness of her laugh, of the rare slenderness of her figure and of her exceptional wit. She had the

strangest eyebrows, her own, shaped like arrowheads, and used these, and her hands, lavishly to help her when she was explaining or narrating or mimicking something or somebody.

Her hands were uniquely delicate. The fingers were half-as-long-again as any normal fingers, and very slender, and at the end of them were very long and perfectly shaped oval nails, which she coloured red. These hands were things for an artist to paint, for a poet to adore. Looking at them, as they fluttered and flashed, I suddenly had an idea.

'Sireen,' I said, 'you are a wonderful mimic and you enthrall me. But take the "c" away from "mimic" and I have what you are. You are Mimi!'

'Who's she?' said Lorelei, immediately rapt, as she was always when I told her anything about herself.

'Mimi of the Vie de Bohème,' I said, 'don't you know the opera? But of course you don't, how can anybody know any opera in this country?'

'I know the music,' she said, regretfully, 'but I never saw it.' (Lorelei, I must interject, had a very sweet and excellent voice and loved and understood music, which could quickly move her to tears, though she was the least sentimental of creatures. In a country where youth had a chance she would certainly have been a great singer.)

'Whether you ever saw it or not,' I said, 'you are Mimi. I've been trying to remember where I met you before. Now I know. You belong to the Quartier, to the people who laughed because they wanted to and loved when they wanted to and sang always because they had to. Surely it was Mimi who had the lovely hands? I can't for the moment remember quite, it may have been one of the others. But I am sure it was Mimi and you are Mimi, and I can't think how you came from Paris to London.'

'What is Paris like?' she said.

'It was lovely when I saw it last, a few months ago,' I said. 'I think it must be dreadful now. But tell me some more about you.'

She was of working-class parents and, when she left school, had painted flowers-on-glass for a livelihood. Then she had discovered a modest talent for designing clothes and had passed into that trade. When I met her, that night in Piccadilly, she had been but a week in London, having just secured a post that seemed to promise hope of a future.

She was completely candid about herself. She had 'taught herself to speak', she said, and indeed I, who have a fairly keen ear, was at first taken aback to know that she came from a working-class home, for her English was excellent. She spoke without any trace either of a local accent or of that filleted and spineless English which the moneyed classes affect. Her choice of words was amazingly good. She seldom used one too many or one too few, and, though she felt herself distressingly under-educated, frequently astonished me by the succinct aptness of her phrases, and sometimes even by the literary quality of her remarks, as on one occasion when she spoke, quite at random and without knowing that she had said anything exceptional, of 'heather growing rusty with the autumn.'

It was sad to notice how so clean a vocabulary had been sullied over by the un-English jargon of the films and the radio.

What a mine of talent there was in such an English girl as this, I thought, and that chance had it - in this England?

She was equally candid - she could no more have been untruthful than a pool could have refused to reflect her face - about her experiences with men. She had had many, as she was bound to have, looking as she looked and being as she was, but all, save one, of which she thought reluctantly, had been brief, boy-and-girl, kiss-and-run encounters.

'Your affairs have all been like poppies,' I said, 'they bloomed quickly, were lovely for a little while, and then as quickly died.'

'Yes,' she said, with a retrospective look in her eyes, 'they *were* like that, I wonder why?'

'I don't know,' I said, 'but I suspect that you were the cause. I don't think you are ready to hold a man, yet, or want to. But did none of your men give you everlasting flowers?'

'What are they?' she said, intent.

'What, you don't know?' said I. 'And you are Mimi? Incredible. Why, they are just the opposite of poppies, they never die, and Mimi, or one of her colleagues, once promised to stay with her lover as long as the flowers in the bowl on his window-ledge remained fresh, and they stayed fresh so long that he was amazed, until he woke one night and saw Mimi tending them. But at last they died, and Mimi, I think it was she, had to leave him.'

'Oh, what a sad little story,' she said.

'Yes,' said I, 'but do you know what he said when Mimi told him that she would stay with him as long as the flowers remained fresh?'

'No,' she said, 'what?'

'He said, "If only I had known I would have bought everlasting flowers".'

She laughed vividly. 'I like that,' she said, 'I wish I knew what they were like.'

'Do you?' said I. 'Well, if we see some in a florist's window I'll ...'

'What?' she asked, smiling in a knowing way, as I paused.

'Ah, I see you know what I was going to say,' I said. 'I was going to say that I would point them out to you.'

Laughter burst from her again and she clapped her hands. 'You win,' she said.

'Well,' I said, 'you see the moral of the tale?'

'What is it?' she asked.

'That if a woman wants to sleep sound and not have to get up in the night she must get her man to buy everlasting flowers,' I said.

'Um-um,' said she, 'or no flowers at all. Your turn.'

'I pass,' said I.

'You're getting slow-witted,' she laughed. 'Are you losing your grip?'

A few noondays, a few evenings, a Saturday afternoon and a Sunday all-day. It was an ideally pleasant companionship. How rare are the human beings who can give zest to others. Her wit wound mine up like a watch, her gaiety kept me on the highest peaks of good humour. I loved to see the eyes of other people casually rest upon her, wander on, then suddenly return and brighten. This happened continually.

I found a restaurant, still open, where a pianist played Viennese and Hungarian music. She was enraptured. She had music in her blood, as everyman and everywoman have it in their blood in those places, but in England this is unusual. She fell in love with a melody by Schubert and I strung some English words on to it and she sang this, often, softly, as we went about London town. What a loss she was to the English stage, and how many more are there like her in this country of minds-left-fallow?

London was looking desolate. In those early days of the bombardment, when the removal of wreckage had not been organized and great mounds of debris lay miserably about the streets, when the improvised shelters were dens of human misery, when fires reddened the sky every night and the hum-hum-hum of the raiders never ceased from dusk to dawn, the future looked bleak indeed.

It was impossible, then, to imagine what the city would look like in six months' time, impossible to hope that it would in the event, as actually happened, by that time have become quite used to bombardment and be returning every day more and more to normal life and bustle. It seemed sometimes, in those first weeks, that everything would be hit sooner or later, that the great shopping streets would collapse and die, that light and water would not be able to be maintained, that epidemics would ravage the miserable throngs huddled in the underground stations, that the railways must cease operating.

The anti-aircraft guns, that at first were absent quite, seemed useless against the invisible enemy, for all their barking, and the balloons too. The firemen could not cope with all the fires, and one night, when a great blaze was burning in Oxford Street, near Tottenham Court Road, we saw dozens of hoses coupled together, stretching for miles towards and past Marble Arch, and scores of fire-engines everywhere.

London had no entertainments, but more diversions than ever before; everywhere we went we were turned aside from our path by these yellow placards placed in the middle of the road and bearing the word 'Diversion', so that, after watching for a while the distant figures of those heroes who dug up and removed delayed action bombs from the streets, without acknowledgment or reward, we had to make a long detour. Once, sitting at tea with a friend in an upper room in Regent Street, we saw through the window a house a block away rise in fragments into the air; such a time-bomb had been inside it.

'Hm, time bomb!' said Lorelei, casually, pausing with her cup half way to her lips.

I laughed. 'How expert we get,' I said, 'time bomb, impact bomb, fire bomb - they have all become part of our daily lives, like catching the bus or buying a paper.' But I admired her very warmly in my heart. This girl had never heard a bomb explode until a few days before, and now she was an old campaigner. I felt as if I were back in the Ypres salient in the last war, exchanging expert comment about shells and bombs with Georgette of the Lion d'Or.



Through the daily and nightly scene of London she went at my side in those days, Lorelei, always laughing, always vividly alive, always keenly interested. It was not then possible to foresee the way London would eventually master both the fear of bombardment and the havoc it caused. It was a desolate time, with winter coming, the nights lengthening, the piles of debris multiplying, the number of the dead and homeless increasing, the nerves of the population tautening.

We saw it from all sides. We walked along Regent Street on a sunny afternoon and quite suddenly, without even the warning of an engine's drone, for the raider was hiding in the clouds with his engine off, something came rushing down with a Niagara-like noise. We had no time even to duck. The thing fell into a house in a near-by street, the roof of which immediately burst into flames: a fire bomb. Out of the shop on the ground-floor, shrieking, panic-stricken, streamed tailoresses, Polish Jewesses, and ran this way and that, like frightened hens.

'Well, I don't know,' said Lorelei, calmly watching them, 'if I had just escaped with a whole skin from a bombed house I should want to shout for joy!'

London at night, at that time, had a fascination for me more irresistible than the town had ever had before. This was the thing I had feared for so long and I wanted to see how it would work out. I was a journalist still, passionately in love with my calling, and felt exhilarated to be in my native city at a time more stirring than any since the Great Fire. But I knew that this exhilaration was more than half due to the courageous, merry and lovely companion I had so strangely found. With and through her, this grim ordeal became a gay adventure.

It was fantastic, sometimes, to walk with her through a city that seemed utterly deserted and to reflect that, in reality, there were hundreds of thousands, of human beings near by, underground.

Once, as we walked, amid gusts of noise which abruptly ceased, we heard church bells tranquilly chiming the hour in a stillness deeper than London ever knew. 'Funny,' she said, reflectively, with that excellent choice of words which I admired, 'the sudden importance of everyday sounds that you never notice everyday. Those bells are reassuring.'

Another time we came along Edgware Road in a blackness so deep that you needed the flash of the anti-aircraft guns, ever and again, to show the way. Just beyond the old Metropolitan Music Hall, where, I had once seen Charlie Chaplin play the drunken swell in 'The Mummie Birds', we found dim red lights in the road, to warn traffic against going further, and in the darkness beyond a great bomb-crater was faintly to be inferred, though not seen. We stood debating whether we, afoot, could go on, when suddenly a voice at our elbows said: 'What's up?'

We turned and found a policeman, whom we had not even suspected. I could just discern his steel helmet.

'Can we get through or must we go round by a side street?' I said.

'Oh, you can get through if you're careful,' he said casually, 'but don't go falling arseovered.'

Lorelei laughed her loudest, and the sound of her laughter echoed and re-echoed down that dead and silent street - the guns and bombs were quiet for a moment - as we groped our way.

We explored the air-raid shelters, high and low, rich and poor; in other words, the underground railway stations, and the expensive hotels where the other unemployed, secure beneath their ten-stories-of-concrete, beguiled these nights. Together we pitied the children in the one, despised the flabby poltroons in the other.

'We're all in the front line in this war,' said Lorelei succinctly.

'Sure we are,' said I, 'and we've found a new unity.'

I was completely happy in her company and looked forward to every fresh meeting with her, to every minute of being with her. The gay adventure became ever gayer and more invigorating. We were both so at ease, our minds blended so perfectly, our moods matched so well, our wit was so well balanced, that a stroll through Hyde Park together was at once recreation, refreshment and entertainment, and when thirty German aeroplanes flew overhead, and proceeded placidly on their way in seeming oblivion of the shells that the rabid guns angrily threw up at them, we were able to forget our disappointment in the zest of being alive and together in a stirring time.

But Hitler, whose atrocities have no limit, put an end to this unforgettable interlude, and I never begrudged him anything more, nor hated him so much.

We dined one evening in a restaurant in Piccadilly, so deep down that we did not know whether the night outside was quiet or noisy. But when we stepped out through the swing-doors and turned the corner, Regent Street looked like something from Dante's *Inferno*.

Great fires burned in back streets on either side, so that it was painted red, and across it thick clouds of smoke and coveys of sparks drifted slowly in a light breeze. Bombs and guns, far and near, joined in a deafening din, which was made crazier still by the jangling and clanging of dozens of burglar alarms, set in motion, as I suppose, by the shattered glass. Every window in the street seemed to have been smashed by the blast of explosions and we walked on glass all the way to Oxford Circus, Lorelei a little breathless, for this really *was* a night, but chattering and joking as she tripped along at my side, and occasionally making, in the direction of some especially loud bang, a two-fingered gesture which is not that of benediction used by bishops.

We were going, once more, to the Hotel Modestic, for some coffee and a talk. In London at that time there was nowhere else to go, and as the hour was early she neither wanted to return to the boredom of her workshop-bed nor I to that of my hotel bedroom.

The lounge of the Modestic was still like a gipsy encampment, and once again we picked our way between the recumbent forms to the reading-room, where we again found our two big armchairs before the fire.

And there we talked long of the things we had seen together, of the afternoon on Hampstead Heath when we had looked down on London and discovered that the silhouette of the city was almost unimpaired, of the burning of Lewis's Store in Oxford Street, which we had watched, of the night when a fireman, having some urgent mission to fulfil, asked for a lift in our taxicab and, as we passed the skeleton of a bombed building near Marble Arch, looked out through the window and remarked seriously, 'Um, that's a bit dishevelled, isn't it?', a comment which seemed to me to be a superb example of the national talent for understatement.

We recaptured all these moments now, sitting in front of the fire in the reading-room, and lived and laughed them over again.

A great cannonade roared outside. The anti-aircraft shells clambered upward with a noise like a stick being run across a piece of corrugated iron.

'Friendly little creatures, aren't they?' said Lorelei, listening to them as the one barked and the other answered, another joined in and a fourth replied. 'Hark at those cannon balls trucking up to heaven.'

It's like a duet. One seems to say, "Got you, you beggar", and then, to its colleague, next door, "Now you have a go", and then the other shouts "All right, here I am, off we go."

I laughed at her description, which was apt.

And then we fell into silence, both looking into the fire, until I glanced at Lorelei and saw that, as on that first night, she had fallen asleep.

I leaned back in my chair and watched her. Her loveliness was always as new and surprising to me, as that of the first snowdrop. I felt, each time I looked at her, that I saw her for the first time. I wish I knew what colour to call her hair. It was *not* gold - unless there is some dull gold with a bright glint in it here and there. It was very beautiful hair, very abundant, and fell into the most attractive shapes, no matter what she did to it; not one woman in a thousand has the luck to possess such hair, and I had noticed, times beyond number, the fascinated, half-admiring, wholly envious glances that other women directed towards it wherever she went - for Lorelei, more often than not, went hatless and turbanless and gave her fellow-men, to say nothing of those sister-women, the benefit of that exceptionally lovely head.

Now, as she sat curled up in her big arm-chair, her long lashes resting on her cheek, her arms folded, that hair, in the flickering firelight, spread darkly behind the pale beauty of her face. I watched her for a long time. How long had I known Lorelei, I wondered? About a fortnight, I guessed. The reading-room was very warm. The night outside was suddenly quite quiet. Her lips were slightly parted. My heart was very warm for her.

'Now, look here, Hyde,' I remonstrated with my second self, 'I simply will *not* have you kiss this girl. Behave yourself. How often have I had to speak to you!'

'Jekyll,' said my second self to me, 'you know darn well you can't stop me, and I know darn well you don't want to. Why not improve this shining hour? After all, you never know if you'll kiss a girl again, let alone one like this, with these air raids.'

'Reprobate, libertine, middle-aged fool,' I said angrily, 'you should be thinking of hair-aids, not of air-raids and this girl.'

'Now come, come, Jekyll,' said my second self, 'you can't bluff me. I know you too well. Kiss her, my lad, kiss her. This is where the dotted lines come in English literature.'

So I bent over her and kissed her hair, softly, and then her lips, very softly but rather long, and as I did this I found that she was not asleep, for her eyes opened gently and her lips returned my pressure, coolly but perceptibly, and then she disengaged and asked, strangely,

'Do you like me?'

'Yes,' I said.

She looked surprised. Then she slipped one arm round my shoulders, drew me to her, and put her lips to mine again. That kiss grew warmer and warmer, like the rising sun. It lengthened and lengthened, like days in spring. When it seemed that we could not draw any closer together, we still drew closer together. I was surprised by her warmth and feeling. What, I thought, even in Birmingham? She was slight and supple, but very firm and strong. Beneath her jumper I could feel the engine of life and love beating, evenly and regularly at first, then faster and faster, then racing as if the throttle of passion had been opened wide.

Was it that same kiss, or some unnumbered other, how much time passed, how many dotted lines? I do not know, but all at once, from some forgotten other world a noise penetrated to my sub-conscious mind - the noise of a 'stick' of bombs dropping, one after the other, each nearer than the one before, thump, THUMP, THUMP, T H U M P, crash, CRASH, CRASH, C R A S H....

She gave no sign that she had heard. I held her tighter than ever. 'Hitler,' I thought, 'please don't bomb me now. I don't believe you *can* bomb me, but if I am wrong, if one of those things *has* my name on it, then please not now, not this time. Make it some other time. Just leave me alone for once. You have harassed me for years, you have kept me chasing about all over Europe, you have stolen my occupation, you have plunged us into war again and confined me to this island just when I ought to be doing my best work in distant lands. Now that I *am* here, leave me at least this moment, *bitte*. This is the only favour I shall ever ask of you. Heil, just this once, Hitler.'

And just as I thought that there was a terrific crash, and our kiss broke in two like a snapped violin string. The lights in the lounge, next door, went out, and we heard screams and the noise of frightened women running hither and thither. Glass and debris crashed into the street outside and the window splintered. There were shouts and cries. I looked at Lorelei, in the firelight. She was all right; she was sitting upright in her chair, with wide open eyes and one hand on her heart, looking at me. I felt myself; I was all right. We went out into the lounge, where candles were being lit. That was all right, too, save for some glass that had come down from the roof.

For a while nobody knew what had happened. Then they found that a bomb had struck the upper stories and wrecked half a dozen rooms. There was much coming and going of firemen and air-raid wardens. Then the manager, steel-helmeted, came round, asking all guests to leave the hotel and go to another near by, because a time bomb was believed to have reached the basement and it might explode at any time.

'Come on. Lorelei,' I said, 'I'll take you home', and, for the last time, though I did not know this, we walked through blacked-out London together to Piccadilly. Lorelei had quite recovered her spirits. She took me down to her workshop, introduced me to the other girls there, who were sleeping on mattresses and camp-beds. She told them of our adventure, trucking and laughing as she did this, and in a few minutes everybody was laughing. They brewed us some tea and then, after arranging to meet her next noontime, I came away. She came to the top of the stairs with me.

'Good night, Lorelei,' I said.

'Good night,' she said, offering her cool lips, and we mended the violin string where it had been snapped.

When I came next noon Lorelei was there waiting for me, but her doorway, where she had danced, was no more, only an enormous and ugly heap of ruins.

'What, you too?' I said.

'Yes, what a night,' she said, 'just after you went. None of us were hurt, but the workshop is flooded now, so my beloved job, that I was so glad to get, has folded up on me. The chief doesn't know whether he will be able to start again somewhere else. All the other girls have gone home. That bloody Hitler.'

'Curse the man and his bombast,' I said, 'what are *you* going to do?'

'I'm going home, too,' she said, sadly, 'and I was so full of hopes when I came to London, only three weeks ago!'

'Going home?' I said, 'home to Birmingham? When?'

'This afternoon,' she said, 'I've no choice.'

We looked at each other.

'Aber, meine Lorelei,' I said, 'but, my Lorelei. You are really going? Going home?'

She nodded.

I thought for a long time, looking down Piccadilly. She thought for a long time, looking up Piccadilly. Then I turned to her.

'Yes, of course you are,' I said, 'you've no choice. What time's your train?'

She told me.

'We've time for lunch and a news cinema,' I said, 'and then I'll take you to Euston.'

For the first time I did not enjoy a meal with her and as she had to go I was impatient for the time to pass. At last we were at Euston. I put her in a corner seat.

'Lorelei,' I said, 'you've a quarter of an hour before the train leaves, but I'm going now. I hate waiting-for-the-train-to-start good-byes, and this one would be quite intolerable. As it can't be sweet I prefer to make it short.'

She looked down at me from the window and smiled. 'Isn't it strange how alike we are,' she said, 'you spoke what I was thinking.'

'It's very rare for two people's minds and likes and dislikes and ideas to dovetail as perfectly as ours,' I said, seriously. 'I don't suppose you'll ever forget London in the Blitz, Lorelei?'

'Never,' she said, 'and you?'

'I couldn't if I tried,' I said, 'and this isn't my patter, which you like so much. This is real. I think you're lovely, and I don't mean just lovely, but lovely. To look at and to know. The best things in life, they sing, are free, but how difficult to come by! You've given me things that I couldn't have found in a shop, a book, a museum, a jewel case, a bank, an art gallery, a theatre - anywhere. Or rather you've given me all those, and more. You'll never know just how much you gave me in these few hours that we have had together. When I met you I was in a dark tunnel, now I'm in the open country again, and I know there's gold in them thar hills. You've enchanted these days and nights of bombardment. You made a bad, black hour into a gay adventure. While other people have been despondent and despairing, I've been happy and exhilarated, and I never laughed so much in my life as I have with you. I wish you could be reproduced in millions of facsimiles and distributed throughout this land, for we need you. I kiss your hands, which most richly deserve it, and I salute in you youth and beauty and courage and wit.'

'How lovely that sounds,' she said, smiling still.

'It was lovely,' I said, 'how lovely it was.'

"'Thanks for the memory", she sang,  
Of London in the Blitz  
And air-raids at the Ritz".

"'Of raiders in the sky  
Chasing me and Lorelei.  
'How lovely it was", ' sang I.

'Good-bye, Lorelei,' I said, 'we shall both think of you.'

'Both?' she asked.

'Both,' said I, me and Hyde.'

'*What?*' she said.

'Read the book, "Jekyll and Hyde" ' I said, 'for further information. Good-bye.'

'Don't say good-bye,' she said. 'So long, then,' said I.

'That's better,' said she.

'Lorelei,' I said, 'do one thing more for me before you go.' 'What's that?'

'Take that turban off and let me see your hair again,' I said.

She quickly unbound her turban, took out her comb, looked at herself in the mirror while she passed it through her hair a few times, then came back to the window. She leaned out, the comb still in her hand.

'All right?' she asked.

'It's perfect,' I said, 'that's exactly how you looked. So long, Lorelei.'

'So long,' she said, 'take care, and God bless you.'

'God bless you,' said I, 'so long.'

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## Chapter Two

### CAVERN IN THE TOWN

Once, before Lorelei went away, we went together to the East End.

A few weeks earlier, in the blackest and most fear-laden days of that summer, but before the air bombardment began, I had been down to the East India Dock Road and Silvertown to renew my acquaintance with conditions of which people whose lives were spent between Whitehall and Marble Arch were, so strangely, unaware.

I remember being confirmed in my despondency by the things I saw that day. How, I thought, could a country hope to survive which permitted these revolting hovels, these soul-killing streets, which allowed its children to breed, stunted in mind and body, in such surroundings? Nowhere in Europe, not even in the Balkans which had lain for so long under Oriental rule, had I seen such squalor.

Nowhere had I seen such faces. They were like caricatures drawn by an artist with a diseased mind. They were, as C. E. Montague wrote, gargoyles - gargoyles made more hideous because they were the faces of human beings, because a little life lurked in them, because a 'fleeting spark of what might have been intelligence sometimes gleamed in the corner of an eye, because, in a country ruled by patriots, those stunted frames could quickly have been lengthened and strengthened, those toothless gaps filled in, those gaping mouths and lagging chins closed and made firm, those lacklustre eyes illuminated, those grey and parchment-like and sagging cheeks coloured and tautened.

Hogarth and Aubrey Beardsley and Honoré Daumier and Heinrich Zille might have collaborated to design these faces. They were nightmare heads seen in a distorting mirror. To this had we come after 900 years of immunity from invasion. This was the use we had made of the century of security which our victory over Napoleon and over the Kaiser had given us. This was the fine flower bred in the placidity and prosperity of the Victorian and Edwardian periods. This - and Jarrow - and the Rhondda - and Durham - and the slums of Sheffield - and the slums of Liverpool - and so on and so on.

This was freedom and democracy. The people who lived in these places were as free to live in them as any millionaire. None denied them the right, unless they were laggardly with their rent. The people who built them were equally free to build them. To have interfered with that right would have been to strike a blow at freedom; it would have been undemocratic.

On the day that we went about the East End jerry had begun to unbuild what had been jerrybuilt. Most of these houses would at any time have collapsed before a strong puff of wind, save that they all leaned against each other and thus found precarious support. But the explosion of a bomb shook them down in rows. The rotten bricks and crumbling mortar simply dissolved.

The East End of London, if I have not already indicated this, was at any time depressing to see, like many other similar places in the English cities and country. It always looked its worst on a grey and rainy day, when the mean streets looked their slimy and grimy meanest. Then the picture of grey and unrelieved gloom was even deepened, and this day, when Lorelei and I went there was, by an unusual chance in that sultry summer, such a day.

But now there were, in addition, great craters and heaps of ruins everywhere, and if anything can look worse than a slum house standing it is a slum house bombed. It was a ghastly scene and the



mind could then hardly envisage what the scene would be in another six months' time. In those days, when all was disorganization and confusion, it seemed too much to hope that a certain order would presently arise out of this chaos, as actually happened, and that the fury of the bombardment would slacken.

The streets were full of frightened people with staring eyes, hurrying to and fro and yet not knowing where to go. They were homeless, and none had thought for them. For years we had been talking about air raids and now that they had come, no preparations had been made - other than those, which were efficient, quickly to remove and bury the dead in scores of thousands.

In the event, the number of people killed was relatively small: human life was not so easily destroyed. But the number of people who had at a stroke lost their all - which was nothing more than a hovel to sleep in, but it was their all - was very great, and in distant Whitehall no forethought whatever had been taken for them. East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. The Minister responsible had been to the right schools and university and had governed Bengal, but he was as remote from the cares and sufferings of these people as if he had lived on the moon. Here, again, was the great gulf fixed between the classes - between the money-groups - which was the curse of England and the cause of all evil. What could he know of the East End who only Bengal and Whitehall knew?

Now, as always in England, the catastrophe had to come before anything was done to avert it, the horse had to run away before the stable door was shut. The homeless and hungry thousands panicked about those ruined and dreary streets. None knew who was competent to look after them, or if anybody was charged to do this. In fact, nobody was - or everybody was.

The Government? The City Fathers? The parish? All overlapped and interlapped, and all began to pass the baby to each other. The destitute thousands could find neither food nor shelter. If any gave them a cup of tea, this was 'charity' - yet we were now 'all in the front line'.

Days and weeks passed before this vast confusion was gradually disentangled. In the meanwhile hundreds of destitute people, with their young children, were herded into schools and such places. These were no safer, indeed more dangerous, than the homes that had been destroyed, but here were big, empty rooms; the official mind could think of nothing better. No one man, no one body, had the 'power' to say: So-and-so-many hundreds of these people *must* be found quarters to-night in the villages of this-and-that, thirty miles out, and fifty omnibuses will be waiting at such-and-such a point at umpteen o'clock to take them there, and sufficient food for them on arrival must be requisitioned at the public cost. That would have been much too simple and quick. Instead, a long wrangle about 'powers' began between the innumerable authorities.

Thus the plight of these people, in an emergency long foreseeable and actually long foreseen, was appalling. But food and shelter were not their only anxieties, for themselves and for their children. There was also fear - for the next night. As soon as dusk fell, the sky would be full again of hum-hum-hum, bombs would be crashing down upon them. (One such bomb, inevitably, fell upon a school into which hundreds of these wretched people had been herded.)

Desperation began to breed among them. If they could not find homes and food, where should they, at least, find safety?

Long before the war it had been obvious that the deepest places available should be taken and organized for the reception of these hundreds of thousands, when the bombs began to fall. I had pleaded for this, before the war, in a book, *Disgrace Abounding*. Nothing was done but to begin

digging trenches in the public parks. When the war had already been in progress a year, little more had been done.

The bombs had not yet begun to fall - there was still time to wrangle. So a long wrangle went on, for-and-against 'deep shelters'. London, in her ordeal, had one great advantage - the possession of a vast system of underground railway, the stations of which could quickly be turned, with a little organization, into safe and healthy shelters for scores of thousands of people. There were also many other suitable places - deep storage vaults, cellars beneath big buildings, and the like.

The official mind, formed on the playing fields of Eton, decided that there were 'insuperable difficulties' against the provision of 'deep shelters'. (There were not; those which were available were quickly taken in use, when the bombs began to fall, and if they had been withheld, heaven knows what would have happened in London, for, as I say, desperation was approaching the point of eruption when I visited the East End in those days.) Here, again, was the dead hand, that clammy grip that strangles all forethought and all energy in England.

What were the 'insuperable difficulties'? That the subterranean stations and vaults which lay ready to hand and needed obviously to be prepared were 'in private ownership', were 'private property'. My barber, a man of working class or near working class origin, once told me severely that the East Enders were only allowed to use the underground stations 'by the courtesy of the London Transport Board'. Here, again, was that appalling habit of mind, that class-against-class, Poplar-against-Pimlico, Whitehall - against - Whitechapel, Hampstead - against - Hammersmith feeling which still prevailed when, because the East End was being especially savagely bombed, we were 'all in the front line', had all 'found a new unity'.

If 'the rights of property' were the reason for those 'insuperable difficulties', the whole affair shows again, for the millionth time, how stupid this bogymen is of whom so many go in fear. The fugitives, when they stormed and took possession of these deep places, did them no harm - or if they did any, it was in those first days and weeks when nothing had been prepared for them. Later, when officialdom forced itself to realize that they could not be expelled and took some care for them, a certain order and some measure of human dignity developed there. The underground stations and the warehouses, when they come to be handed back, will be no whit the worse for having saved the lives and health of English people. Then why on earth?

It is to despair, as the French and Germans say. Can we never generate a feeling of each-for-all and all-for-each, can we never foresee or forethwart anything.

When the first fire bombs began to fall on London they set fire to every building they hit, caused enormous damage, were difficult to master, cost the lives of many firemen.

In Germany, years before the war, soon after Hitler's advent to power, as I wrote in *Insanity Fair*, the lofts and garrets had had to be cleared, by order, of all inflammable material. I, and many other newspapermen, reported that at the time. In England, as the years slowly passed, an 'Air Raids Precautions Department' was *formed*, somewhere.

Presumably it had no 'powers'. That is always the get-out. We shall hear the same when the slum-landlords begin to rebuild the slums, after this war, by all past experience.

Anyway, the official mind, in Whitehall, set itself firmly against 'deep shelters'. When the bombardment was in full fury it began to build 'surface shelters'; that is to say, stone coffins were built in the slum streets.

By all paper calculations, these *were*, of course, much better than the slum houses. One would not collapse if its next-door neighbour was hit, as the slum houses themselves were wont to collapse, having lost the neighbour they leaned against, the only thing that held them up. Unless a bomb actually fell upon you, you were safe in those 'surface shelters'.

But nothing ever betrayed more vividly the total lack of understanding of the people's mind that prevailed in the haunts of officialdom. First and foremost, these harassed East Enders wanted to be *quite* safe, and they knew they could only find complete safety deep underground. But apart from that, they wanted, if they were to take shelter at nights for months and years, to be able to sleep, and in those surface shelters the noise would not let you sleep. Apart from that again, they wanted, and had a right to, some minimum degree of comfort, and in these dark and narrow surface-dungeons, which the devil himself might have invented, there was no hope of any.

So, that day, we saw appalling sights. Though it was early morning, long queues of miserable people, clutching shapeless bundles, shivering in the rain, stood at the entrances to the underground stations, waiting for nightfall, when they would stream down into them.

The police, the world-famed London police ('Your police are marvellous!'), had been given no better task to do, in this, London's greatest ordeal since the Plague and the Great Fire, than to stop them from entering. But that was vain. When night came the people bought the cheapest ticket they could and just stormed the stations. Nothing could have stopped them. Good, that the attempt was never more than half-heartedly made. The 'insuperable difficulties' were quickly overcome.

For long enough, the scenes in these underground dens were beyond description by pen or portrayal by brush. A man might have put his hand over his eyes, rather than contemplate them. People lay huddled together, tiny children in their midst, on the platforms, under the railway arches, in the vaults. There was no food for them, unless some local priest militant foraged and found some and brought it to them. There was no heat or water. There was no place for them to relieve themselves in decency. There was no care for their health. Pestilence immediately began to crawl about and breed.

After so many years of warning and anticipation!

We came, that night, Lorelei and I, to a place I shall never forget. The slums had been bad enough; this was a thousand times worse. The slums had gone underground; the darkness, the misery, the insanitary conditions, the appalling lot of the children, the overcrowding, had been multiplied a thousandfold.

Right and left loomed great vaults, stacked with bales and cases of foodstuffs. All around, as far as the eye could see in the murk, lay and huddled human beings, of every age and, as far as I could see, of many races.

God knows how many people were there, packed together on the damp ground, made slimy by the dirt their feet brought in from the streets outside. I estimated, roughly, ten thousand or more. They excreted and urinated in corners, behind the mounds of encased foodstuffs; what else *could* they do. The stench revolted. Men muttered and brawled, women chattered, children whined and cried. You heard many languages, saw brown and yellow faces. People lay in the roadways that ran between the vaults, in the vaults themselves, upon the packing-cases and bales.

As the afternoon wore on the place became so full that you could not pack another sardine in. Outside others still clamoured to be let through.

The line of police parted to let a woman pass who pushed a perambulator before her. She was a Jewess. A sudden outcry arose, 'What's she got in that "pram"?' Men went to her and pulled aside the coverings; there was no baby in it, only boxes and cartons. The men, and the women in the background, cursed her. 'Playing the mother-and-baby trick again, you bloody -' they called. She chattered and gesticulated volubly. There was a tumult of exasperated shouting. Then the men, imprecating, turned away from her and she pushed and wormed her way, somehow, behind a wall and out of sight. We heard other men and women swearing at her, and then the noise dwindled to its normal pitch.

We stayed that night, Lorelei and I, sitting in a corner with our backs against a wall. I never knew a night in the trenches in France that I detested so much. My mind kept running back along the years and cursing at the futility of all this; how easily it could have been prevented. I swore so much that Lorelei gently urged me to cease. 'What's the use?' she said, 'it's all done now. Try and think of the future, and if you can't do anything about that.'

So I subsided and sat, watching the people around. I was astonished how well they slept, many of them. They lay on their backs, with open mouths, snoring, or on their sides, sleeping quietly. Others lay with wide-open eyes. Arms lay about in strange poses, like the limbs of dummies. Some of those faces of sleeping people looked like the faces of dead men I had seen. I had not before realized how sleep, like death, may sometimes deprive a human face of all dignity, make of it a caricature of the waking, living, alert, watchful countenance.

The din of the bombardment outside continued all night. These people took no notice of it. Here, they felt safe. Overhead reached story on story of massive concrete, firmly held by great steel girders.

Near me, like a flower in some garden of rank weeds, lay two lovers, a girl of seventeen or eighteen and a lad not much older. They lay on their sides, face to face, their arms flung about each other. They were oblivious of all around. They talked and smiled and laughed, she sometimes stroked his head, he sometimes pressed her to him, they kissed. She was a little pretty, he, with long, lank hair, had the indeterminate, half-rubbed-out features of a London street-boy, but his command over her gave him an exaggerated self-sureness. He was man, the master; she, his faintly patronizing, wholly submissive slave.

I half-turned and saw that Lorelei was watching them, too.

'Love goes underground,' she whispered, smiling.

'Yes, we're making London fit for Eros to live in,' murmured I.

The intolerable night passed laboriously and slowly, like an old man toiling uphill. It was fetid, stifling, vile - it was captivity, misery, impotent protest. The noise of people stirring and groaning, of men talking and women complaining, of children grizzling never stopped.

At last it was gone, that nightmare. Later, when people took charge who knew the needs of the common people, men like Herbert Morrison, who had grown up in the mean streets of my native city, women like Ellen Wilkinson, who knew from Jarrow the appalling state of degradation to which decent human beings can be reduced by inhumane or ignorant rulers, Ellen Wilkinson whom I had once met at the corner table of the Taverne in Berlin, when these people were given a chance there was a change that was almost miraculous.

Admission-tickets gave to each habitué of the shelters his or her rightful place; there was no longer need to wait all day in a queue and fight for a corner at night. Bunks were provided, so that the people might sleep. Brightly-clad women, in red and green dresses, came round with food and drink at modest prices. Doctors and nurses came to supervise the health of those miserable throngs, and the mortal danger of epidemics, which had been so near, was beaten back and perhaps, it is yet too soon to be sure, even destroyed. The children thus were saved.

An achievement which should never be forgotten; you cannot learn these things on the playing fields of Eton, if you stay there a century. There, you can only learn that all life is contained within a little exclusive, fenced-off park circumscribed by the names Whitehall, Pall Mall, Ascot, the 12th of August, Gentlemen v. Players, Cowes, Eton v. Harrow, Wimbledon. There, you may learn Greek, but you cannot learn English, far less Cockney. There, you cannot learn how to foresee a problem and prepare against it, not even if it looms as distinct as an approaching thunderstorm in a cloudless sky. When mortal need arises, you have to step back and let human beings who are quite alive master it.

Everything that improvisation could do was superlatively well done, when these new hands took a turn at the wheel. The results only show what could have been done by a little forethought.

In the deep shelters the scene of human misery and degradation vanished and was substituted, like a transformation scene in a pantomime, by one of fair dignity. The sleepers underground, feeling themselves cared for and safe, evolved a community life which they even came to enjoy. Many old or lonely people who had lacked 'some one to talk to' now found company deep down in the earth. Even entertainment, a radio or a singer, was sometimes provided.

The improvement was so startling in these places, which towards the end of 1940 had threatened to breed revolution and pestilence, that, contemplating them when the spring of 1941 approached, I told a companion, an American who professed still to be disturbed about them, 'Nonsense, there's no revolution here. These people are happy to be safe, to be able to sleep, and to feel that they are no longer outcasts, in the front line which we are all said jointly to occupy, but that they are being cared for, and their children. Indeed, a revolutionary spirit *might* arise among them when the war is over and they are required to leave these places, to come upstairs and go back to destitution. "What?" they'll say, "go away from here, where we have our friends, and where we are so comfortable? Not likely!"'

That is an exaggeration, but not a very great one. It is a tragic comment on the conditions in which these people lived before the bombs began to fall.

But on that night, when Lorelei and I visited the Enormous Room underground,<sup>[4]</sup> that great change for the better could not be foreseen.

The fate of the East End still lay in the hands of Eton and Harrow, by way of Whitehall, in the hands of men who knew nothing of it and were more remote from the poverty-stricken masses than they were from the North Pole. The Tory system very nearly bred disaster, in the East End; disaster was averted when, yielding only to the irresistible pressure of an imminent calamity, they brought in one or two people from outside-the-party-pale to help. The fact, and the menace, remain, that the system is still intact, that those outsiders have come into it. Have they noticed the bleaching skulls of past 'Labour Leaders' who trod that path, crying, as they entered that exclusive palisade, 'Every Duchess in London will want to kiss us to-morrow'?

As we came out into the ravaged streets, Lorelei and I, the dawn sky had cleared and the sun had one foot in the saddle. The heaps of ruins, still soaked with rain, were beginning to steam. People

were poking about in them, trying to recover a stick of furniture or a quilt. With the memory of the cavern in the town heavy in my mind, I took her arm and we made our way westward.

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## Chapter Three

### SPIRIT WORLD

Mr. Merriboy was my tailor, or rather he was one of my tailors, for which of them all actually made my suits, I never could just make out.

I was always received, when I walked into their establishment, by a gentleman of some elegance who had none of the outward and visible signs of a tailor. He welcomed me almost with open arms, and began to discuss cloths and patterns with me as if he meant to see the thing through to the last button, but then, at some stage in the proceedings which I never quite determined, he vanished, into thin air, I think, I never saw him go, and I found myself in the care of his deputy, who wore a tape measure round his neck, as who should say, now the real business of tailoring is about to begin.

But at a given moment - as far as I ever fixed it, it was when I crossed the threshold of the little room where the mirrors were, and the hairbrushes, and the headless horse which I always longed to ride, I never could make out what business that decapitated beast had there, and the fascinating half-finished uniform of the Costa Rican Ambassador - he too disappeared, and Mr. Merriboy materialized from somewhere. He, beyond doubt, meant business, for he had not only a tape measure, but he had his coat off, and he carried a spiky pincushion and a piece of chalk.

Mr. Merriboy usually stayed quite some time, but I had to keep an eye on him, or he, too, was liable to vanish and suddenly, where he had been, I would find yet another, younger man, who was wont, if I was not very careful, to remove my trousers, by some sleight of hand, and invest me, by another conjuring trick, in an embryo pair most frailly held together, and these fascinated me, because they reminded me of the only pair of trousers I ever made, an experiment which ended in disaster. Those, however, were not really trousers, but shorts and I made them, from the two sleeves of an old khaki jacket, for a game of football which was suddenly arranged, somewhere in France in the 1914-1918 war, between the Artists' Rifles, which then had the honour of my services, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Having cut off the two sleeves I found that, though they clothed my legs, there was a wide open space between which had to be filled, and, yielding to the counsel of a comrade who told me that a 'gusset' was needed, I filled it, patchwork-quilt-fashion, with many small pieces from the remains of the khaki jacket, but the first time I kicked the ball the whole contraption flew to pieces and I had to leave the field covered only in confusion.

The trouser man, when he had finished with me, would also retire and all the members of that college of tailors, together, would presently, in seclusion, produce a suit. Thus none of them ever stayed with me long enough for me to get to know him really well, but Mr. Merriboy stayed longest, so that I came to know him best, and through him I was introduced to the spirit world, and this was one of the most interesting experiences I had in London under fire.

I liked Mr. Merriboy. I wish I could avoid using the word 'Pickwickian' to describe his appearance, but I can't. He was portly, he had a chubby, pink face, a bald head with fringes of white hair, a jovially dignified manner, and twinkling blue eyes. He was friendly yet deferential as he fitted incomplete suits on to me and tore them off me again with loud rending sounds. He was of those men with whom you immediately feel at ease; they are to be found in all ranks, and they are the only ones who deserve the name 'gentleman' as I understand the word, but they are rare.

My conversations with Mr. Merriboy, in those days, usually turned upon the events of the night before, as was normal at the time, when some men were ultimately driven to wear in their lapels a



button with the words 'I don't want to hear about your bomb'. I myself stopped talking bombs very early in the bombardment, but I am more experienced than most in spying and eluding bores.

He was a constant source of cheer and reassurance to me in those times, when I did not know how fierce the bombardment of London would become and was not sure how the population would stand up to it. Mr. Merriboy, when I met him, was always as fresh as the morning sun and, though he was ready to talk about bombs, he clearly had no great respect for them and I could see that they were for him, not a dread menace, but just a new topic of conversation. I was charmed, and rather puzzled, at that time, to find a citizen whom they left so unperturbed, for the period of the Great Despondency lay only just behind us and I was still privily worried about the spirit of a nation which had so long been misled and misgoverned. All this made me resolve to find out more, if I could, about him. I wondered if he were an exceptional man or a typical one.

'Good morning, Mr. Merriboy,' I said one day, as he materialized from behind a mirror, 'noisy again last night, wasn't it?'

'Good morning, sir,' he said. 'Yes. we 'ad a lot of bombs round our way.'

'Did you?' I said, 'and yet you look fresh as a rose, as usual. You don't seem to lose much sleep. How do you do it?'

'Oh, we make ourselves comfortable,' he said, 'the only trouble is, we can't lie down.'

'How so?' said I. 'Do you go to one of the shelters, or what?'

'Oh no, sir,' said Mr. Merriboy, 'we 'ave an Anderson shelter in the garden, and we go there.'

'Just you and Mrs. Merriboy?' I said. 'But surely there is room for the two of you to lie full length beneath one of those corrugated half-moons?'

'Well, there's four of us,' said Mr. Merriboy, 'me and my wife and the gentleman who lives in the flat next door and his wife. We 'ave a corner each, and that doesn't leave room for us to stretch out, so we each 'ave a deck chair. It's quite comfortable.'

'The heck it is?' said I. 'I shouldn't have thought so. Can you sleep?'

'Oh yes, sir,' said Mr. Merriboy, 'we sleep very well. We talk first and eat something and sing. We 'ave very nice evenings.'

'Very nice evenings,' I said, astonished. 'Well, you surprise me. You are the sort of man who would break Hitler's heart.'

Mr. Merriboy looked at me speculatively, like a man who wonders if he should impart a confidence.

'Well, sir,' he said, cheerfully, as he ripped here and pinned there, 'we 'ave plenty to employ our minds. We 'appen to be spiritualists....'

And he told me, who listened enthralled, the strange story of Ah Sing, the Chinaman, and Um Bala, the Zulu, I think those were their names, and the part they played in thwarting Hitler's attempts to destroy Mr. and Mrs. Merriboy and the gentleman and his wife who lived next door.

It was fascinating. Gradually I realized that Mr. Merriboy enjoyed these nights in his little corrugated-iron shelter, that he looked forward to the end of his working day so that he should be able quickly to make his way homeward and resume his intercourse with the spirits where he had interrupted it the night before.

My interest was insuppressible. Mr. Merriboy saw this, and was gratified. One day he invited me to join the little company in the shelter. I went along....

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With an urgent throng of other homeward-hastening Londoners we poured out of Golders Green Tube Station, in the gathering dusk, and made our way, through this street and that, to Mr. Merriboy's little house.

The sirens had not yet sounded, the air was still empty of the drone that always filled it as soon as darkness fell, the guns had not begun to bark. It was that fear-laden twilight hour which, in those early days of the bombardment, set the nerves of the city quivering like a plucked harp-string. By day the people were bold enough, even then, and disdained to take much notice of bombs, but darkness, somehow, overwrought them. The night stretched so long before them - endless hours of uninterrupted bombing stretched in front of them before dawn would bring a respite.

Night after night the starlit sky lay crystal clear over London; never had the city known such nights, and the people asked if Hitler had found a way to master and control the weather. Fog, cloud and mist, the Londoner's old enemies, might now have been his friends - but they stayed away. I thought bitterly, sometimes in those nights, of the hundreds of times Germans, who had never seen London, had told me that they would not like to visit it because they knew it always to be shrouded in fog!

Through the streets hurried bundle-laden people, making for the shelters. The last buses rattled by; when the sirens sounded most of the drivers (in *those* days) would leave them standing and, with their passengers, would go to the nearest shelter.

Mrs. Merriboy kissed her husband and affably welcomed me and soon we went, the three of us, out into the garden and down the steps into the little metal-roofed retreat they had made. I squatted down between Mr. and Mrs. Merriboy's deck chairs. Mrs. Nextdoor, their neighbour, came in and was introduced to me and sat down in hers. Mr. Nextdoor was not yet home. The only light was from a dim lantern. We talked, quietly. The night outside was very still. Space certainly was cramped in that dug-out; I wondered how I should ever contrive to sleep. It was not cold, that was to the good.

Suddenly, without warning, Mrs. Merriboy began to talk pidgin English in a high, squeaky, sing-song voice.

'Ah Sing,' murmured Mr. Merriboy to me. (He had previously explained to me that Um Bala, the Zulu, did not speak English, so that they could not always understand what he meant, and on these occasions Ah Sing, the Chinaman, who spoke a little, acted as interpreter. This time, Ah Sing had come through first.)

'Jack, he coming round corner now,' squeaked Ah Sing, through the lips of Mrs. Merriboy, and silence fell again. We waited. A little later we heard footsteps and Mr. Nextdoor appeared in the entrance to the shelter, nodded agreeably to me, of whose presence he had been forewarned, and picked his way to his corner.

We all talked again, and then we drank some coffee and ate some sandwiches. It was very *gemuetlich*, very cheery and comfortable. There was an atmosphere of good companionship. I liked this. I had never thought the underworld of Golders Green could be so pleasant, I reflected. We sang. Mr. Merriboy had a fair baritone and Mr. Nextdoor a tenor, and they harmonized well, and their wives, too. They sang softly and agreeably. They sang 'Down Yonder Green Valley' and 'The Farmer's Boy,' and I joined in. Then, at my suggestion, we all sang 'There is a Cavern in the Town.'

There is a cavern in the town, in the town [I sang]  
Where none of us can quite lie down, quite lie down,  
But we'll talk and sing, 'mid laughter free,  
And, Hitler, we're not scared of thee-thee, thee, thee.

This was well received and enthusiastically sung, and while we were still singing it we heard, first faintly in the distance and then coming nearer, the banshee-like wail of the sirens-oooOOO O OOOooo, oooOOO O OOOooo....

Then they died away and silence fell in the dugout. For a long time nobody spoke. Then guttural sounds came from Mrs. Merriboy's corner. This, as I knew from Mr. Merriboy's accounts, was Um Bala, the helpful Zulu.

'Oom-oom-oom-oom,' he went. It was a recognizable imitation of the sound of approaching aeroplanes.

'They're coming,' murmured Mr. Merriboy, 'where are they, Um Bala?'

Mrs. Merriboy was lying back in her chair, her eyes closed. We saw her arm rise and point vaguely eastward, towards London.

Another silence. Then:'Whizz - OOMPH, whizz - OOMPH' came from the corner. It might have been the voice of a primitive man imitating the noise of bombs falling. 'Whizz - OOMPH.' We listened intently. We heard nothing.

'How many, Um Bala?' asked Mr. Merriboy's voice, in the gloom.

'Er - er - er - er,' came the guttural answer. It *might* have meant one-two-three-four.

'Four,'whispered Mr. Merriboy.

We listened again, for a long time, and suddenly the guttural voice came again, urgently, 'oom-oom-oom-oom,' and this time we heard an aeroplane, the rush of bombs and explosions, and in between Um Bala exclaiming whizz - OOMPH, whizz - OOMPH, whizz - OOMPH.

Then the sound of the aeroplane dwindled and all was still again.

After a while Um Bala broke in again, loudly and emphatically. I heard long gabbled exclamations, that might have been sentences, and Mr. Merriboy's voice asking questions, to which he received answers that he seemingly could not understand. It went on a long while. I could not follow this conversation between two worlds, but gathered that Mr. Merriboy was seeking information about the progress of the raid and that Um Bala was doing his best to reply, how many aeroplanes there were, where the bombs were dropping, and the like. The general purport seemed to be that Mr. and Mrs. Merriboy and their guests had nothing to fear. Um Bala was clearly our friend, and harboured

no grudge on account of our Zulu War. I began to understand why those evenings in the shelter were so pleasant. Um Bala was a kind of air-raid warden on the other side, a spirit roof-spotter.

Um Bala had a great deal to say and I wished I could have understood more of it. But presently Ah Sing came to the rescue. His squeaky voice spoke through Mrs. Merriboy's lips, urgently trying to explain, in pidgin English, what Um Bala meant.

'He say,' excitedly exclaimed Ah Sing, while Mrs. Merriboy's arms pointed here and there, 'don't be aflaid, my white chillun. He say, no bombs killum white chillun. He say, Gelman ailoplane ovel Goldels Gleen Hippodlome, but many black boys pushum back', and Mrs. Merriboy's arms made violent shoosh-shoosh gestures, to show how those black boys in the air over Golders Green Hippodrome were shooing away the raiders.

So, absorbed, we followed the course of the raid, helped by Um Bala and Ah Sing. I was fascinated. I think I never enjoyed an evening so much. But presently the tumult and the bombing died; this was one of the quieter nights. We sang a few more songs. The night was growing very late and space in the dugout was most confined. I did not want to deprive these good people of their chance to get a little sleep. I thought I should go. We sang the 'Cavern in the Town' again, and at the end I sat up and prepared to go, repeating the last lines of the song:

'Adew, kind friends, adew, adew, adew.'

'Oh, don't go,' said Mr. Merriboy, 'you've a long way to go and you can't get any kind of transport. We expected you to sleep here. Stay here.'

'I've made much adew about nothing, then,' said I. 'But thank you, I'd like to stay. I'm glad I came and if you can sleep with me using up so much room I'd like to remain.'

'Yes, do, of course,' they said, these kindly people. They settled back in their deck chairs and soon were asleep. I remained awake a long time, for I was not very comfortable, thinking of them and Um Bala and Ah Sing. Strange doings! What curious things happened beneath the earth in this tormented and beleaguered London, I thought. The reality was always different from the thing you expected. I would not have missed this night for anything, I thought. Then I, too, fell asleep. When I awoke Mrs. Merriboy and Mrs. Nextdoor were gone, to prepare breakfast. We went and ate it and then, bidding them good-bye, I set out for town with Mr. Merriboy and Mr. Nextdoor.

London was astir again. The fears that infested the night had vanished. It was a wonderful morning, all the bundle-laden and harassed people of the night before were cheerfully and busily resuming their workaday lives, going shopping, making for town. The milkman went his rounds, the buses plied, the sun was climbing into the sky.

A new day was come, and life went on. Here and there, on the way into town, was a new heap of ruins, and at each one I saw I wondered how many human lives had been destroyed with it. But the more houses that were destroyed, the more you realized how vast was London, how inextinguishable the human spirit. Mr. Merriboy was cheerful and vigorous, a well-rested elderly man going to his work, and so was Mr. Nextdoor. At Oxford Circus I thanked them again and bade them adieu.

I wondered if Um Bala and Ah Sing were watching us. What tragedies and comedies this beehive London contained - and just where was the dividing line between comedy and tragedy? I turned with zest to explore a new day. At Oxford Circus there was a large crater where my shoeblack

habitually had his pitch. I found him not far away, in a side street. 'Good morning, sir,' he said, 'bombed aht, as you see!'

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## Chapter Four

### BOMBS AND CAVIAR <sup>[5]</sup>

Stumbling and groping through the darkness, which on moonless and cloudy nights made the shortest expedition difficult, because it hid rooftops and roadway, kerb and corners, so that I had to navigate by guess and by God, I came to London's air-raid shelter de luxe, the Atlantis Hotel. Feeling my way through its outer fortifications of sandbags and brick and darkened swing-doors, I passed in. Without was a dark, dead and deserted city; within was light, movement and that chattering sound which you may hear in certain departments of the Zoo or at a cocktail party.

The night life of London, during the first and worst period of the bombardment, was desolation. Few people went out, not so much that they were afraid, but because they could not get home. All the theatres, save one which gave performances in the afternoon, closed, and all the picture theatres shut at the coming of dusk. Many restaurants, from want of diners, also closed. A few doggedly kept open, and of these I liked best a French place which had little protection from bombs, but calmly carried on, each diner being greeted, as he took seat at his table, by a little card with the simple words: 'La Coquille will stay open for dinner, unless a bomb falls on the building'. This spirit I admired, and Lorelei and I had had one or two merry meals at that place.

At the other end of the scale were those restaurants which kept open because they were deep in the bowels of the earth and were thus natural air-raid shelters. To these, people came to eat - and to sleep afterwards; couch-beds were installed. There, different and more reassuring messages met the diners when they came to their tables, for instance, this: 'For the comfort and contentment of mind of our patrons, we have converted the Grill Room into the most invulnerable shelter in the restaurant world. In the event of a raid, diners are immediately transferred to the attractive floor below. Service proceeds as usual and the utmost security is enjoyed. Beneath where you sit is as fine a shelter as man can build - bombproof, splinterproof, blastproof, smokeproof, gasproof and boredom-proof.... Perfect air purity continuing 800 hours if necessary. Supplementary lighting and air conditioning should current fail.'

But on the night of which I write I went to the Atlantis.

This place was, in the early weeks of London's bombardment, the last resort of fashion, the last stronghold of cultured society. Almost all other places had closed, for lack of visitors. But the Atlantis had been built after the coming of Hitler and its founders; men of long foresight, had had it designed to withstand bombs. Innumerable stories of reinforced concrete rose above its lower floors, where the undaunted remnant of the world which tries so hard, so vainly, and at such expense to amuse itself still moved. The large windows of the ground floor had been bricked in on both sides - no gate-crashing, or window-crashing bomb could sneak in that way. Ramparts of sandbags had been erected outside the swing doors, so that the uniformed porters, standing in the street, were quite marooned. The Atlantis was bombproof, shellproof, blastproof, gasproof - everything but boreproof.

In the English countryside which I had visited, rich men seemed, by the fortifications they erected round their estates, to hope to shut out death himself.

In the Atlantis Hotel this *was* the aim.

I was surprised by the number of very old and ailing people who tottered uneasily about the lounge, for I always felt that increasing age should bring increasing contempt of death - with each year that

passes you have fewer and fewer losses to cut when you meet that most intolerable of bores and most incorrigible of duns, whose importance, like that of so many of his earthly debtors, is so much exaggerated by the illustrated press, which always portrays this dullard as a vengeful skeleton with outstretched, grasping hand and fleshless grin beneath a monkish cowl.

'Life is a hideous thing in which nothing is certain but death,' wrote the beautiful Empress Elisabeth of Austria, who should have found life anything but hideous. The Atlantis Hotel sheltered many people for whom this certainty could not long be delayed, but they clung to the little time that remained to them like guttering candles reluctant to part with the flame that struggled to leave them; they reminded me of a madwoman playing with a wax doll in the delusion that this was her child.

Beneath those serried floors of concrete, behind those brick and sandbagged bastions, they felt secure, and did not notice that the bore they sought to elude was sitting at the next table, was coming across the lounge to speak to them. I could feel no compassion for them, only contempt, because they belonged to the people who, being always afraid of something, being always avid to be saved from something, and particularly from Bolshevism, had helped more than any others to make inevitable the war from which they now hid.

They had much money - and could buy nothing with it.

They had neither dignity nor sense. I knew other old people who quite clearly saw that they had less to fear from the bore Death than younger people, because their account with him was a shorter one, and who behaved accordingly. They were inspiring.

A comic and a pitiful scene - death, agrin, handing the teacups to the rich dotards who had come in to escape him. And all around *cocottes*, French and English, subalterns of the Guards, Jews, actresses, - the typical wartime congregation of a big hotel.

You could still eat caviar at the Atlantis, and you could hardly hear the bombs, unless they fell very near indeed; a red or a green light at the entrance told you whether any were actually being distributed as you ate and danced.

The same repugnant contrast that the last war had brought, that all wars brought - there, the young men fighting 'to make the world safe for democracy', 'to make England a land fit for heroes to live in', 'to overcome the forces of evil', to save freedom, honour and whatnot; here, the idle, inferior gang of war-racketeers and their hangers-on. True, we were 'all in the front line' this war, but the English front line had its first, second and third class compartment, like the English railways (did not one of these advertise a train 'which will call at Badminton to set down first-class passengers on notice being given by the passenger to the Guard at Paddington?').

I sat down and contemplated that curious throng.

Through the door came a young man I had once known abroad, he whom I suspected of imprisoning his moustache at nights behind a net fastened to his ears, who in one and the same breath had complained of the Socialist squandering of money upon tenements-for-the-workers in Vienna and about the high-cost-of-champagne at the Femina there; now, inevitably, he wore Guards uniform.

Past me perambulated four expostulating and gesticulating Jews, father, mother, son and daughter-in-law; from snatches of their conversation, which they did not trouble to hush, I gathered they were transmigrants from Holland, and the young wife was severely trouncing her husband because



he had not succeeded in obtaining permission for them all to sail for America. 'Do you think I want to stay here and be bombed,' she snapped at him, angrily.

A woman who is among the darlings of Debrett came by, ghastly, haggard and grotesque; she encountered a young, Jewish-looking man and said, 'What are you doing for lunch to-morrow, Ernie?'; he slipped an arm round her waist and said, 'I don't know, darling, what would you like me to do?'

*Du lieber Gott*, I thought once more, here am I....

A British Minister came by. I was sorry, for England, to see him in such company. Across the lounge two elderly women with lapdogs settled down for the night among cushions, pillows and rugs. An enormous, jovial American journalist, a friend of my Berlin days, came roaring up to me with the open-heartedness I loved in such men. He was very pleased with himself. He had just been writing, in a corner, a little satire upon this front-line life of London's moneyed few. It was a parody, called 'The night the bomb fell in Berkeley Square,' of the song, 'A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square'. It was terrific. I only wish I could reproduce it here. 'As others see us'!

In the distance I saw a lift pass downward with be-dressing-gowned figures inside it. They were bound for the deepest basement, where the Turkish bath had been turned into an air-raid-shelter-for-pashas.

Then, coming out of the restaurant, I saw a very old woman of the stage-duchess type, fat, ailing, bejewelled. As she passed through the door she tripped over the carpet and fell heavily on one knee.

With gasps of compassion and alarm the head waiter and two under waiters sped to her aid, raised her and turned her round, so that she sat on the floor. Moaning 'My knee, my knee,' she sat on the floor, in the middle of the lounge, for fifteen minutes. Another waiter brought brandy, a fourth water. A woman cashier brought smelling salts. A young man of foreign mien and the lounge-lizard type appeared, or was summoned, from somewhere and held and patted her hand. After a quarter of an hour she was lifted and carried to a sofa, lay upon it like a stricken soldier. Two other stage-duchesses came. One dabbed her hands with eau-de-Cologne, the other damped a napkin and bound it round her head. The table at her side was covered with bottles of scent, smelling salts and glasses. There were never less than three people about her. Outside, in darkest London, poor homes in mean streets were dissolving in showers of debris and clouds of dust.

The farce was still being played an hour later, when I got up and went. I passed through the ramparts into the dark street. I could dimly see the figure of the night porter. I could not see if he was still the same man I had once noticed, in daylight, to wear many decorations. That was probably an Englishman. He opened doors.

I went home. The streets were empty, dark and, eerie. I saw hardly a soul.

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## Chapter Five

### COVENTRATION!

The first few weeks of the air bombardment exhilarated me beyond measure. I felt that the invasion, now, really was at hand, must come at any moment, and I was exultant that we had had so much time, the whole summer, to prepare for it. That was more than I ever dared hope for, more than we deserved, and I knew that those few precious weeks, between the collapse of France and the beginning of the air attack, had enabled us to mend appalling breaches in the ramparts.

The ragged legions of Dunkirk had been reformed and rearmed. The coasts were becoming, every day, livelier with troops and pricklier with defences. The air force was growing. The country had been surveyed, from the air, for likely landing-places for German troop-carrying aircraft, and these had been made useless for that purpose by obstacles of many kinds. A great quantity of arms and munitions of all kinds had come to us from across the seas, and our own home war production, gaining impetus at long last, had produced much more.

Under the new leadership of Mr. Churchill a new spirit fired the country, which now for the first time looked like a nation grimly and doggedly preparing to fight to the last. Up to the moment when he took charge, it was apathetic and bemused almost to the point of ignominious collapse, and none who live in quiet villas, where tea was served at the same hour and with the same cake all through that desolate time, where no sound or inkling of what was afoot or impended ever penetrated, need bother to challenge me in this, because I travelled the country far and wide and *know*.

But the miracle worked in June by those four factors - the English Channel, the Air Force, the Navy and Hitler's obsession with the glittering prize, Paris - had given us a few weeks to mend the worst gaps, and now, in September, when at length he was ready to launch the invasion, as I was convinced, we had a good fighting chance. At the worst, we could now no longer go down as France had fallen, almost without striking a blow in our own defence.

Now, for the second time, as the weeks wore on and no invasion came I began to grow puzzled again - *for I thought it must come*.

Why, then, was Hitler delaying. Failure either to attempt it, or to succeed in it, was for him in the longer or shorter run, defeat, complete, implacable, inevitable and irretrievable. I knew that, though few people in England could understand it; every German knew it. So why, why, why, came he not?

To-day, many people who know much of the truth believe that the invasion was prepared in those early days of September 1940, when the air bombardment began. They believe that it had to be postponed because of the heavy toll which our air fighters took of the German airmen. They believe the attempt then failed, or had to be postponed, because the first condition of success - the destruction of our front-line defences, our fighting aircraft - failed, and failed badly.

Day by day our fighters knocked the German airmen down in scores. On September 15 alone they destroyed more than 200 enemy machines. Hitler paid the price of looking-both-ways in June, of forgetting, in his preoccupation with Paris, that we still had a small force of air fighters.

At that time, it was *very* small, that remnant. If he had turned on us then, he would almost certainly have smashed it by overwhelming superiority of numbers. In *quality*, true, it was better than his.

But in September, when he struck, it was very much greater in *quantity*, too. The chance had been lost.

If, in June, he had forced us to send up that small reserve of our metropolitan fighter force which, as Mr. Churchill revealed, we always refused to send to France, and if he had destroyed it, England would have lain open to him. I do not see how, in our condition of that time, we could have withstood him. A catastrophe which even history cannot match would have come.

This is the view of many people who know the inner history of those days. I know the head of our air force shares it: I have told the story. His officers at that time used to look questioningly at him when he came into the mess, try to read in his face the portents of disaster, and they were reassured by his complete unconcern, by the way he would call for his usual glass of sherry, by the cheerful way he would chat to them. I was not among them, but I remember him during the retreat in France in March and April 1918, when matters also looked sufficiently black, and I can picture the scene. Some weeks later, when he was promoted from his then command of the bombing aircraft to the command of the entire air force, he said to them: 'I can tell you now that there were days when I came into this mess almost believing it was all up. We know now, of course, that those days can never come again. But your cheerfulness and bearing helped me then more than you can know.'

If this is the true picture of what happened in the summer months of 1940, and I think it may be, then the decisive battle of this war was fought in those months, and won in September, by the English Channel, once again, and by the Royal Air Force - by its fighter pilots, by its ground staff, by the eight machine guns that its fighters carried, and by the extra mile of speed and the extra ounce of quality which the designers had put into those aeroplanes.

The history of war can seldom have seen a narrower shave, seldom have seen an impregnable citadel more nearly thrown away.

At that time, in September and October, the storm of events raged too loud about our ears, the picture was too near to our eyes, for that to be clear. At any rate I, for one, could not then dare to hope that even our magnificent victories in the air - still the only gleam of light in the dark sky - were sufficient to account for the continued delay in the invasion.

And as it still did not come, I began again, while jubilantly thanking our stars for every day gained, to worry about the reason. There was something in all this which I could not understand - and, knowing Hitler, Göring, the German military machine and the almost sexual German lust for the destruction of England, I feared that which I could not understand, greatly. I still fear it to-day. That explanation about our air victories is good, but I have a feeling in the pit of my stomach that it is not quite good enough.

So, as September passed, and October, and November came, and the air bombardment continued but still no invasion came, I began to ask myself, 'Why does he not *bomb* us?'

That may seem a strange question, but it is not. By that time it had become clear that all the bombing would hardly more than scratch London, it was too sporadic. It would not kill the spirit of our people, but only toughen it, and it would not hamper our war production or damage our defences to any mortal extent. Why, I asked myself, was Hitler not doing to us what he had done to Warsaw and Rotterdam?

The answer came in November, when Coventry was 'coventrated'.

This hideous word 'coventration', whether the Germans win or lose this war, will retain its place of high respect in the German language. I would advise people to bear this in mind if, after this war, the flatulent babble about 'not humiliating the Germans' and 'not trying to keep Germany down' (Sir Neville Henderson's words, inevitably) begins again.

Of all sad word of tongue or pen, 'civilization' is the saddest. A man who goes about the world grows very sparing in its use. If he judge by what remains, the Dark Ages reached a higher level of civilization than our own. If he look at the old buildings in such a town as Chester, and compare them with those of to-day, he must needs ask himself why civilization, if that is in truth what we are fighting for, seemingly means to move backward. If he go to Athens, and conjure up before his mind's eye, from what remains of it to-day, that uniquely beautiful bygone time of physical beauty and mental enlightenment, of white robes and white temples and dancing virgins and processional ways and striving athletes against a blue sky and blue sea, he may think that no answer exists.

Of bombs - which in those days were shot from mortars, not dropped from the air - Evelyn, writing in the year 1694, said: 'This manner of destructive warfare was begun by the French, is exceedingly ruinous, especially falling on the poorer people, and does not seem to tend to make a more speedy end of the war, but rather to exasperate and incite to revenge.'

That is true, to-day, of bombs; the lives they destroy, the homes they ruin, are to-day, as they were then, in overwhelming measure those of poor people. It *was* also true, by the way, of the French, who at that time were the virile, vigorous, bicep-feeling and bound-breaking people of Europe. It was not wrong, not un-Christian, to check and harm them, nor is it wrong or un-Christian to-day to check and harm the Germans, who in the last two hundred years have taken their place. The only wrong and un-Christian thing is to neglect the opportunities which this, our great function in European history, gives us to civilize England, to fall back each time, from a sense of physical danger averted, into a stupor of mental inertia and inactivity, into a Rip van Winkle-like trance.

When Coventry was coventrated another of my questions was answered. Now, I thought, Hitler was at least trying to do something that could be understood. He was striking at our war production, trying, by bombing on the Rotterdam and Warsaw model, to strike terror into our minds by sheer weight of explosive.

The bombing of Coventry was, and did at that time seem, a very terrible thing. I knew people, who had been among the most incorrigibly optimistic and ostrich-like of soothsayers until the war came, and even during the first appalling nine months of it, people who thought the war would win itself if only we left it to Mr. Chamberlain, who now completely lost their nerve, and even told me that 'Hitler can have Britain on its knees and begging for peace within a month if he goes on like this', people who fled to distant peaceful cities and country resorts.

Indeed, I, a prophet at home, now encountered again the fate of such bores. Before the war I had counted as an irresponsible Red, alarmist, warmonger, defeatist, extreme anti-Nazi and the like - because I had said that war was coming and that we were in mortal danger of being beaten. Now that I saw that our prospects were actually improving every day, far beyond my rosier hopes of the first twelve months, I came to be looked on as an irresponsible optimist and *jusqu'aboutist*.

I well remember speaking on two occasions, one before the war began and one when it had been in progress some fifteen months, to groups of officers. On the first occasion, they were but languidly interested in my opinion that it would come, and very soon; they did not believe this, and were just bored by the view that, if it came, we might lose it. The second group, fifteen months later, in so far as it expressed any criticism, criticized my most optimistic view about our hopes of victory, the

main objection being 'How on earth are we to regain a foothold in Europe and drive the Germans out?'

It was perplexing to me, in speaking on many occasions to soldiers, to find that the most intelligent questions about the war and Europe were wont to come from private soldiers and non-commissioned officers.

(Incidentally, some enlightenment is to be derived, by the discerning, from the most curious thing that ever happened to me in the way of criticism. The Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, gave a fairly favourable criticism to the first of these three books, *Insanity Fair*, save that it condemned the stupidity of my references to the Communist régime in Russia, a country with which, I insisted, we must ally ourselves if *war* was to be averted. In the next book, *Disgrace Abounding*, I still argued that we needed that alliance with the *country*, Russia, and still expressed my dislike of the ruling racketeers there, the Communist régime, but in this book I also criticized the Jews. The *Daily Worker* violently attacked this book, and offered to take 'a small bet' that within a year I should either have repudiated it or have joined a Fascist organization. Within six months, in the event, the *Daily Worker* had gone Fascist and was in effect, by the opposition to the war which it preached after the ruling racketeers in Russia had befriended themselves with the ruling racketeers in Germany, an ally of Hitlerist Germany.)

But back to Coventry. When that town suffered its ghastly ordeal on November 15th, it *did* look as if Hitler had found a weapon that might cripple us and beat us down. He made similar attacks on many other cities. I saw them all.

Terrible devastation, yes. The centre of Coventry, with the cathedral spire still standing, looked astonishingly like ruined Ypres, with the skeleton of the Cloth Hall, in the last war. Here the Germans *had* obliterated almost everything - in a small section of the town, and that not vital, or even closely related to our war production.

For eleven hours the Germans had ceaselessly poured fire and death and destruction upon those stricken, imprisoned people. Not long before the good Methodists, somewhere in Britain, had been devoutly discussing 'What will Hell be like?' They should have been in Coventry: they would have known.

For the first time, in this country, people knew what the Poles and the Hollanders and the Belgians and the French, in the frontier district, had suffered. Benumbed and terror-stricken, bewildered and fearful, the townspeople poured away from the town, next morning, to seek the shelter of hedges and ditches - anything was better than another night in Coventry. San Francisco or Tokyo, and their earthquakes, were not worse. Behind them the fires still burned.

Within a few days they were back again. Placards on the ruins told where shopkeepers had resumed their trades. The name-plates of teashops were dug out of the debris, suspended from poles, and beneath them travelling teashops, on wheels, sold the same cakes and pies. The streets were gradually cleared, essential services mended. In the streets great brazen voices, from the police cars or the vans of the Ministry of Information, told the homeless where to find food and shelter. Not all the dead, perhaps, had been recovered from the ruins; but life resumed its course above them.

It was the same everywhere I went. Sheffield had had such a night of horror; the Moor, Fitzalan Square and other places had been coventrated. That had happened but a few hours before, and the taximan who drove me in from Hull, and had not seen any air-raid damage before, flinched at the sight. None yet knew just how many people had been killed, but where a shop had been left standing, even if the windows were gone and the wind blew the dresses in them about, business

was carrying on; in mean streets - and the slums of Sheffield are ghastly - rows and groups of houses had been destroyed, but the womenfolk refused to leave their men in those, next door, which remained standing. A great factory had had all its windows blown out by concussion but was otherwise intact, and announced, in great letters, 'Yes, we are blasted well open'. A chimney or two was idle, but forests of others still smoked, and my taximan, as we drove away again and looked back over that great black smudge of a town, said, reassured, 'Um, there's a lot still standing, isn't there? He'll have to live a long time if he's going to destroy all that'.

Wallasey and Bootle, the bedrooms of Liverpool, had suffered badly, and the city itself, too, but all you saw, everywhere you went, was men busy repairing that overhead cable, that gas-main, that window, removing the debris. A bomb had blown out the back of the Adelphi Hotel, of which I had often heard but which I had never seen before, yet the New Year, that year of cruel ordeals and great hopes, 1941, was gaily ushered in in the front of it.

On New Year's Day I went to a theatre, outside which a bomb had fallen but a few nights before, and the comedian raised his biggest laugh of the evening by telling the jest of an innkeeper who, hearing a bomb coming straight for his inn, called to his guests, 'Drink 'em up, gentleman, the next one's on the house'. And in the stalls peacefully slumbered and snored a man who had seemingly coventrated too much good food and drink on New Year's Eve; nothing could disturb him.

The picture was the same everywhere. Bristol had had some streets coventrated, but the bombs had not made the leaning tower of the old church there fall; an emblem of human fallibility, perhaps, but still of human strength, it mocked the devastation all around.

Southampton had had more than one night of terror, but though parts had been destroyed the old Bar Gate still stood, the wreckage was being cleared, the shattered clocks were being mended and all their hands set to twelve o'clock, ready to start ticking off the seconds of new days and weeks and years and centuries. The people who, like those of Coventry, had trekked out into the neighbouring countryside, rather than face other such nights, were most of them back, arranging to reopen their businesses elsewhere.

Manchester, Birmingham, Mother London - all showed the same picture of senseless and ineffective destruction.

'Coventration,' as I was able to satisfy myself in that long tour, was a failure. The spirit of the people, far from being broken, was not even dented. True, a factory here or there had been hit, but the sum effect of the damage to our war production was far less than any man might have feared.

The net result of Coventration, indeed, was, with one exception, exactly that described in Evelyn's words of 1694. 'This manner of destructive warfare ... is exceedingly ruinous, especially falling on the poorer people, and does not seem to tend to make a more speedy end of the war, but rather to exasperate and incite to revenge.' The exception lies in the last passage. I could not, to my exasperation, find much active exasperation or desire for revenge, among the people of coventrated England.

There was a wish that Germany should receive as good as she had given, but there was no real exasperation, either with the Germans or with our own leaders who had allowed the war to come about and find us unprepared.

The dominant feeling was one of passive doggedness. The remark I most often heard was, 'He's wrong if he thinks he can beat us like this'. People seemed to think that, just by being bombed, they were helping to beat Hitler.

This I thought ridiculous. I had a good deal of hatred for Hitlerist Germany in my heart and found this state-of-mind neither reasonable nor Christian. I would have liked to see much more resentment, much more clamour for quick and strong measures to hasten Germany's defeat.

It is the strangest of paradoxes, that the Englishman's worst qualities, in peace, are in a way his strongest qualities in war, that they may win us this war.

His philosophy is the simple one of 'Stick it', and he seems to act upon it at all time and in all situations. 'Stick it' when the bombs are falling is certainly good, as far as it goes, and Hitler would have been a despondent man if he could have sat alongside me in that Liverpool theatre and listened to the joke about 'The next one's on the house': this is the immovable state of mind, seeming to promise more than it actually contains, which once reduced a German prison camp commandant at Ruhleben, in the last war, to frenzy; contemplating the English prisoners ranged before him one day, he jumped up from his table, threw his cap on the ground, and with beet-red face, stamped round the room roaring 'These, damned, self-satisfied English faces. I don't like them and I won't stand them!'

But 'Stick it' applied to slums, derelict areas, the breeding of half-wits, misgovernment, and foreign policies of the kind we pursued in the between-war years, is lunacy.

These things *lead* to wars, and leave you unready to fight them.

It is, in the last analysis, a philosophy of inertia, inaction, fear of exertion, and don't-bother-about-anything: there always will be wars, there always will be slums, there always will be rich and poor, we'll-muddle-through-again, we-always-lose-every-battle-but-the-last, and if you give 'em a bath they put coals in it.

That is why I would have liked to find real anger, real bitterness, real exasperation, at any rate some active emotion or feeling, in the coventrated towns. The 'stick-it' philosophy, in the end, means that a man should watch an invasion passively.

Coventration, I repeat, was a failure, from almost every point of view. The towns I saw had been badly damaged, yes, and many people killed. None of them had been devastated like the French front-line towns in the last war, say, Albert or Arras, where civilians still stayed. The citizens of these coventrated English towns had become used to living in conditions of siege and beleaguerment - but these conditions were, in truth, not so bad as they seemed, because there were always long respites. The actual loss of life was surprisingly small, compared with the anticipations.

Contemplation of these cities prompted some strange reflections. First, that the German airmen, in spite of the black-out, could seemingly find any town they liked, when they wanted to, and pick out a certain district in it - but then, I have already discussed the demerits of the black-out, which is the friend, rather than the enemy, of the night raider.

Second, that the Germans used this possibility in a very strange way. They did not, on the whole, bomb the things they should have bombed if they wished to further their chances of winning the war. Surprisingly often, they visited main shopping streets, which they destroyed - to what end, heaven knows - with amazing and uncanny accuracy.

I have seen streets where a German soldier might have walked along afoot, casting great bombs right and left into the buildings on either side: there were neither craters in the roadway, nor were the buildings behind seriously damaged.



What on earth were they at? Why did they do this senseless thing? Somebody may know, I do not.

Incidentally, it was a revelation to me to find how closely the main streets of our cities, nowadays, have come to resemble each other. None has any individual character left; of none could you say, this could belong to no other city than Manchester, this, if I were dropped here by parachute, I should immediately know to be Sheffield. In every one the same shops stood side by side - somebody's red-and-gilt chain store, somebody else's cheap tailors, somebody else's white-and-gilt teashop, yet another somebody's mass-produced-cheap-frocks-for-women.

A good deal of the damage and a good deal of the suffering might have still have been saved but for the incorrigible English fault - dilatoriness and apathy. Even with the example of London before their eyes, some of these cities were taken unawares by coventration. I know of a town hall that was burned down because the town council had not thought to have sand at hand.

But on the active side of the balance was something of which far too little has been said. Indeed, the historian of the future will be deeply disappointed if he searches the British Press for a day-by-day account of heroism and cowardice, of ordeal and survival, or of death and rescue.

He may find lurid accounts of 'The Battle Of Britain', hugely advertised, built-up and distributed, by 'a famous American writer who spent ten days in Britain'. He will find perplexingly sparse descriptions, by native writers, of the stupendous day-by-day story of these times, of the epic feats of the men who removed the bomb that threatened to destroy Saint Paul's, of the amateur firemen who stood and fought the flames on swaying, unaccustomed ladders while bombs fell all about them, of the bus-drivers who imperturbably steered their great vehicles through pitch-dark streets with death snatching at them on every side (I met with a curt refusal when I asked for permission to accompany one of these men on such a trip), of the volunteer ambulance drivers and rescue parties and air-raid wardens.

These *were* heroes. When this war is over their experiences should be collected and published. If they are not, that is a criminal gap in the documentation of London's history, of the history of the other bombed cities. I knew of men who appeared at their desks in the morning, alert and fresh, after nights in which they had earned, though they would never receive, the highest decorations for valour that could be devised; I personally am not interested in these trinkets and shall always be satisfied to emerge from any war in which I am concerned without a little white cross, but if they must be, these men should have them.

I never felt my faith and hope in England beat and surge again so high in me as on a night in London during the worst air raid that city had. I stood at a dark corner with a good friend, an Austrian girl whose faith in England had never faltered even when mine sank deepest. She saw in England the last hope for the world, and she had a prescient, unshakeable, almost mystic conviction that this hope would be fulfilled.

'Trust to these people', she always told me, in the darkest hours, and when I objected, 'The people? What can they do against such leadership?' she would answer, 'Don't worry, you'll see. These people cannot be beaten'. So she spoke to me in April and May and June of 1940. She saw in England the hope of free men, the liberation of enslaved men - and the liberation of her homeland, for which her heart longed.

Now we stood at that dark corner amid an infernal din. She had never been in an air raid before and was quite fearless. There was not a sign of life among all those signs of death.

Suddenly, a shape dimly distinguishable in the blackness, a London omnibus lumbered slowly round the corner, passed us, and continued on its way, as if this were a spring morning. We faintly discerned the form of the driver.

'Look at that,' she said, 'and think of that simple man, doing his duty without thought or hope of reward or recognition. That is England, and that is why you will win, in spite of everything.'

I looked at her and thought of the concentrated cities, of the detestable sloth of those between-war years which had caused their plight, and then I looked after the bus.

'I believe you're right,' I said, 'but if you're right, that's why you're right. Anyway, I salute you and him.'

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## Chapter Six

### PORTRAIT OF A LADY

On Christmas Eve of 1940 I drove through long and lonely roads of Hampshire, Dorset, Somerset and Devon, thinking how unlike Dingley Dell and the Christmas cards my Christmases were.

Dreary London, before and after the first war called Great. Trenches and billets in France and hospital at Brighton, during that war. Berlin, before and after Hitler. Vienna, waiting for Hitler. Chust, in far Ruthenia.

What a queer lot of festivals, I thought, looking back. Nearly always on the move, always asking myself what the next move would be, what the future would be. I wondered if I should ever know a Christmas of the peace-and-plenty, robins-and-snow, God-bless-us-all, funny-hat-and-cracker kind. The only ones I thought of with pleasure were the last one in Vienna, which was lovely, and the very strange one in Chust.

What a lonely country England is! It is, I believe, one of the most densely populated countries in the world, but I had often been astounded, driving about, by the emptiness of it, by the interminable stretches of road on which you saw no soul, nor on either side of it. Where were the people who worked this land? Were they hiding behind the hedges and fences?

I missed the groups of peasants, bending and toiling in the fields, leaning against the wind as they plodded their homeward way. I missed the bustling life of the villages; in other countries, you felt that you came into a community, when you entered a village, here you only saw a few individuals. I missed the busy traffic round the inns. Here the inns were nearly always closed. For hours at a time a man could find no place to halt for a minute, to refresh himself and talk a little, to enter for a moment into the life and thought of the people he saw. Here he could only pass through, as alone and alien as if he had been a visitor from Mars.

I felt like a fly crawling over a map, not like an Englishman driving through England. How valuable and invigorating, I constantly thought, had the moments been to me, in other lands, that I had spent, halted on the way, in some country inn or market place. Where was the England of Dickens's journeymen, the good cheer and good company they found on the road, the cheerful innkeepers, the bustling and lively maids? Had they ever existed? Here was a cold and unpeopled countryside, closed against and indifferent to the traveller.

I saw in front of me a town with a good silhouette, the kind of town that always, in other lands, had stepped on the accelerator of my interest and fancy, quickened my desire to be in it, to make the acquaintance of the people, to talk and eat and drink with them, to ply them with questions and to answer theirs, to delve quickly into its history and character, before I should take my seat again, press the starter, and continue on my way.

It was Borechester. The streets were full of people, shopping for Christmas - full, I afterwards found, because at one o'clock all the shops closed, and then the streets suddenly became empty and lifeless. These streets were quaint and caught the imagination. There were inns, built in an older time, that seemed to bow towards the traveller and say to him, come to us, we are here to refresh you at all times, we are here to serve you at any hour, here you will find good food and good drink and pleasant company and a bright fire, and, above all, this is Christmastide, come in, you are most especially welcome at this season.

It was noon, and I was cold and hungry, and had a long road before me. As good a place as any to break my journey and my fast, I thought. The scene is a lively one and promises well. I halted my car, got out, and went to explore Borechester.

I am never sure at what hour a man may drink, under the lunatic rites that prevail in England, and I was glad to learn, when I entered the most open-armed-looking of those inns, that if I waited only another minute I might have my glass of sherry. The barwoman and I waited, both with our eyes on the clock. As it ticked off the last of those sixty seconds she poured out my sherry.

I contemplated her. She looked careworn, as if she had some secret sorrow, and her speech and dress were both of the most daunting refinement. To receive a glass of liquor from her was like receiving Maundy Money from the King. I asked if I might have something to eat. She looked at me as if she had not understood me. 'Don't be angry,' I said, gently, 'after all, it's Christmas Eve'. Not an eyelash fluttered, nor was the surface of the shallow pools which were her pale-blue eyes rippled by any stir of interest or understanding. 'Oh, lahnch,' she said, 'lahnch is served at one o'clock.'

Noon had just struck. I went out and visited another hospitable-looking inn. There, too, lahnch was served at one o'clock. I went to an ample-bosomed hotel, which looked as if it ached only to console me. I did not know whether the large black woman in the little office was more startled or resentful when she saw me come in. She told me that lahnch was served at one o'clock.

Now, at last, I understood. In Borechester lahnch was served at one o'clock.

I had not so much time to spare. I could see that the friendly approach, the simple explanation of my case and my wants, which would have overcome all difficulties, if any such had been conceivable, in other lands, would avail me nothing with this woman. Her whole philosophy of life had been shaken by the suggestion that any one might want lahnch before one o'clock, and she was still quivering from that shock.

So I assumed a loud and arrogant and impatient voice and said I had little time and must have something to eat, and, a little taken aback, she said I might go to the head waiter 'and see if he could do anything'.

Him I found and he too, emerging from the remoter gloom of an enormous dining-room, came towards me and listened to me with the antagonistic air of a Trappist monk forced to break his vows of silence. But he said, reluctantly, that in ten minutes he could 'do me' some cold meat, though he had no potatoes, and I went to spend the ten minutes in the bar, watched malevolently by the wardress of the office as I passed her.

In the bar an officer in uniform and two men in raincoats stood awkwardly about and exchanged brief remarks in tones of great embarrassment, which seemed to be made acute by my entrance, so that they fell into silence, their eyes on their shoes. As I drank my sherry I said, in a loud voice, suddenly, 'The compliments of the season, gentlemen', and went out, chuckling inwardly; I could feel their panic-stricken eyes follow me.

In the dining-room a surprise awaited me. The waiter gloomily did me, not only the cold meat, but also some potatoes. The Christmas spirit was abroad. I lahnched with appetite. While I was eating some one else put a deprecatory head through the door and, seeing that I had food, ventured in. After a while I looked up and across at him. He was a parson, of what denomination I do not know. But he was smiling at me.

This almost unnerved me. The idea that he might want to exchange agreeable conversation did not occur to me. It could not, in Borechester. I thought he was after my soul and that was all I had left, in Borechester.

But in fact that was what he wanted. He was a most pleasant man. He seemed unhappy in his surroundings and told me that unless a man hunted and shot and fished he was of little account in those parts. I gathered that if a parson wished to save the souls of the local inhabitants he needed to kill things in their company, otherwise they preferred not to be saved.

He knew Germany, too, very well, and spoke of something I had also noticed, of the resemblance between England and Germany in one thing - the greater friendliness of the Rhinelanders in Germany and the Southerners in England, and the colder unfriendliness of the Prussians and East Prussians in Germany and the Northerners in England.

This is true. I found no great warmth towards strangers in the South of England, but what I found was open-hearted neighbourliness compared with the atmosphere in the North.

While we talked one o'clock, lahnchtme, approached, and a third man crept stealthily in and seated himself at another table. A lady followed, whose ambition in life seemed to be to forget the world and be by the world forgot. She was tall, but seemed much taller than she was, so high did she elevate her long thin nose, so exquisite was the pallid haughtiness of her mien, so perfect was her self-containment. After her came one of the most remarkable women I ever saw. She must have weighed nearly a ton and wore some martial uniform. Her demeanour was grim. She was followed by four bashful subalterns.

That was the entire company, scattered about the great room, through which the waiter morosely stole. My parson now proved himself a lesser man than I had hoped. The feeling of the room was too much for him. He subsided into a guilty silence. Determined to rally him, I tried to resume our conversation. The languid lady and the grim lady raised their heads and gazed, the one in shrinking reproof and the other in glowering hatred, towards us. My parson looked at me in a scared way, muttered 'Yes' or 'No', and bent his head to his plate. The four subalterns whispered fearfully together in a far corner. Silence fell, save for their hushed murmur.

Well, well, God bless us all, I thought to myself, and, having paid my bill with as much noise as I could, I shouted 'Merry Christmas' to the parson, clapped him on the back so that he nearly choked from embarrassment, dashed out, got into my car, and tore out of that town, where the streets were now quite empty, as fast as I could, on over lonely moors, through winding lanes, through Axminster, where I supposed that carpets still were made, through Honiton, where one little shop still supplied lace-for-tourists, to Exeter, where the blaring notice on the house-wall shouted to me, 'Prepare to meet thy God', and on and on and on.

Once, in a remote lane, I saw a black-clad figure before me, a woman, and as I was not sure of my way I stopped and asked her. She was going that way and so I gave her a lift to the next village. As soon as she opened her mouth I knew, what I had suspected from my first sight of her, that she was not from those parts.

'You're a London girl,' I said, 'aren't you?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I'm an evacuee. I've bin down 'ere three months, with my little gel. I'm going to meet my 'usband. I ain't seen 'im for three months. It'll be like an 'oneymoon.'

'Good for you,' I said, 'how do you like it, here?'

'Oh, don't talk abart it,' she said, her face falling, 'I 'ave to stay 'ere, because of my little gel. I wish I was back in London, bombs or no bombs. These people 'ere! One day they're all right, next day they're all left. Still, I'm looking forward to seeing my 'usband.'

So I set her down in the next village, and, a lonely black figure in the empty English countryside, she wandered off to the station to meet her husband.

I drove on and on, thinking of other rides and of my Little Wonder, which had died so valiantly and sadly on the road to Budapest. A little mongrel varmint of a car, but what times I had had with it!

Now I had - or had at that time, later I had to lay it up, for at its present price, even if there were petrol, motoring is not worth its cost in England - a big car, a lovely blue arrow of a thing, that I had obtained cheaply, though it looked like a million pounds, and I fairly unzipped England when I travelled in it. But, looking back along the road I had travelled that Christmas Eve, I knew that it would never give me the happiness my Little Wonder had given me.

At last, just as the dusk was deepening, I came, cold and weary, to Dullmouth, and was glad to find friendly and welcoming smiles, to feel the warmth of human companionship creeping back into my veins.

It was nearly dark when I reached the top of the lonely hill and came to the little white house. I sounded the horn and immediately there was a commotion of voices and running feet, and the door opened, and the children, laughing and shouting, rushed out and clambered all over me and threw themselves round my neck.

I had not seen them for some time, those slum children. Now, for minutes at a stretch I could not take my eyes from them. They were lovely, they were transformed, vibrant with health and life and laughter.

Through the open door I could see the warm glow of the house. The little dog came scampering out, frantic with pleasure to see me. The children took me by the hands and dragged me in.

What an achievement, to have filled that house with so much life. The moment you crossed the threshold, you were in another world. I went in and saluted the lady who had done it all.

It is no easy thing, to come to a strange land, to the remote depths of a lonely countryside, your heart heavy as lead for your homeland, and to live, with a war in progress and an invasion at your threshold, and to keep your head high and never to lose courage and to compel, by your work, the respect of people whose tongue is difficult for you, to take children, sick in body and mind, from the poorest streets and turn them into affectionate and alert and gay human beings.

This was your blow for England.

I was scared, myself, the day you chose those children. I thought you were taking on too much. But you, who knew so much better than the people you came among the dangers that hung over England, that England was the last hope of us all, that with England we should all live or die, you fretted and repined that you could not do something for the cause, and how glad you were, that day, when you saw this opportunity.

And what magnificent use you made of it. You spent your strength and your time and your money, without stint, on them, and how you were repaid. I knew, far better than you could suspect, what a

task you had undertaken; these children from the London slums, bitterness and suspicion born into their hearts, are other than the children from the mean streets of Vienna or Prague.

But how you triumphed. Later you took another child. You sewed for them and cooked for them and bathed them and nursed them when they were sick and told them stories and played with them and danced with them and were strict with them when they needed it. You proved that they were not weeds, but flowers, and they blossomed like opening buds in your hands.

You had no help whatever in that house, you cleaned it from floor to roof yourself, and cut and made your own clothes, and tended the garden, too, and on top of all that you wrote a book, and in addition to all that you looked like something out of *Vogue* on those rare days when you went out.

And if the Germans had come you would have faced them with that same calm courage, too, and I believe you would have forced even their respect. You taught those children to treat the sirens with cool unconcern, taught them what to do if ever real danger came.

I give it up. I have a good deal of energy, and like to undertake the difficult and overcome it, but what you achieved leaves me without adequate words. You had some reward - the love of those children and the esteem of good, simple people who, though they said nothing, noticed what you had done and tried, by kindness, to express what they felt.

That made me proud of England, again, when I saw it, and more than proud of you. You never lost faith in England, and restored mine when it wavered - and the mortal danger was very near, sometimes. You always loved England, though you could not understand it; you came to understand it and explain it to me, an Englishman. I never knew anybody who could impart courage as you imparted it.

I swear that no single man or woman dealt a braver blow for England than you, alone, during those long months.

When I came into the house a great Christmas Tree was ablaze with candles, and gifts for the children, and theirs for you and me, lay about, and from the kitchen came the smell of one of your few chickens, which you had killed for the homecomer. The whole house was filled with the laughter of those children.

How a house lives when children are in it. They had written, without coaching, the most charming letters, to you and to me. When I read them I could scarcely believe, again, that these were the same children. You had indeed won their hearts. They watched your every look and want, ran to make coffee for you, to fetch anything you needed. They were happiest if they could help you a little with your work. They stood under the Christmas Tree and sang 'Still and holy night' - that loveliest of hymns. You had taught them. When the snow came, a few days later, they built their snowman outside the kitchen window - so that you might see it.

As I watched them I felt that the hopes and ideals with which once, years before, I had begun to write a book, called *Insanity Fair*, had in some strange way, when they seemed futile and dead, come true here in this tiny house.

For this was England, as I thought England should be. This was England as I knew England could be. This was Christmas Eve.

Homage to the brave!



## Chapter Seven

### LONDON'S BURNING!

By chance, after a random visit to Bournemouth, which satisfied me that villadom still stands where it stood, I came through London on the last Sunday of the old year, 1940, and never did I bury an old year with such glee as that one; if I could I would have watered its grave, though not with tears, as some one once said. With it I buried, as I hoped, the twenty-one years that began on November 11th, 1918, and ended, with the resumption of the war, on September 3rd, 1939. 1941, for the first time for very many of those years, brought hope again.

Nothing is so misleading as symbolism, or I should be tempted to try and see a symbol in the destruction by fire of a large part of London City on December 29th, 1940, the last Sunday of that bad old year. A symbol of the destruction of dithering inertia and squalor, of the clearance of their debris to make room for energy and cleanliness.

I tried to work, that night in London, for I had to be on my way again next morning and wanted to waste no time, when my ear told me that the night was rather noisier than of wont, and I put out the light, pulled aside the curtain from my window over London, and looked out.

To the east a great red glow grew into the sky. They must have hit an oil-tank, I thought at first. I watched for half an hour or more, expecting to see the glow dwindle and fade, as the flames were mastered. But it grew bigger and bigger. My window was several miles distant, at the least, I knew, yet I could have read a paper by the glow. The dark streets and the buildings were all illuminated. This must be an exceptionally big fire, I thought, wondering, and at length my journalist's itch left me no more rest and I went out in search of it.

'In the city' people told me vaguely, when I asked where the fire was, and I made my way, at first by tube to Piccadilly, and then afoot along the Strand and Fleet Street to Ludgate Circus. While I was going there the all-clear sounded, and this, at any rate, was a great stroke of luck that night. Normally, when they had succeeded in starting a big fire, the Germans returned again and again, to drop high explosive bombs on the brightly-lit target and on the unfortunate firemen, struggling with the flames. Seemingly a sudden change for the worse in the weather over their landing-grounds caused them, that night, to break off the attack in the late evening, so that the firemen, who could do little against the blaze, were at least spared the bombs.

It was a fantastic sight. Numbers of people were in the streets. Ludgate Hill, with the railway bridge running across it, shone bright as day in the glare and the dome of St. Paul's stood out gigantic against the red sky, with flames licking at it from all sides. Here, as office-boy and clerk and journalist, I had spent many of my days and nights, before and after the first Great War, but I had never thought to see a second Fire of London there.

Walking up Ludgate Hill, that night, I thought that half London would be destroyed. There was no mastering this blaze. I could not get very far for the heat. Behind St. Paul's the whole city seemed to be ablaze. Perspiring and half-desperate firemen, with begrimed and sweaty faces, directed toylike streams of water on to the enormous furnace.

I looked down side streets where the corner buildings were still intact, so that they looked like door posts with red doors. Silhouetted against the flames I could see the tiny figures of firemen on precarious water towers, squirting vainly into the holocaust. It was impossible to imagine what Cheapside and Moorgate Street must look like. Innumerable fire engines stood about, with miles of

hose trailing snake-like here and there. The streets were slimy with water. Clouds of smoke and sparks drifted about. You could hear the crush and crumble of falling walls and timbers.

I watched and watched. This, again, was the thing that had filled my nightmares for so long, and now I saw it.

Another Fire of London! I thought of the other fire, nearly three hundred years before. This one, I thought that night, looked like to be even greater and worse. When London burned the first time, in 1666, we had been ourselves to blame, though then, too, we were at war - with France. The King of France, for whom it was a great boon, nevertheless prohibited rejoicings because 'it was such a deplorable accident involving injury to so many unhappy people' and even offered to send food and all else needed for relief. 1666 and all that!

War seemed to have been an occupation for gentlemen then! I tried to imagine Hitler or his Propaganda Ministry, the inventors of 'coventration', forbidding German jubilation, or offering succour. It was impossible to think of anything more ludicrous. How far we had progressed, since 1666, towards a Christian civilization!

The second Great Fire of London, though in the event it proved less than that of 1666, contained a grave warning and lesson, and a great promise and hope.

The warning I realized a day or two later, when it became known that, because work had ceased in the City for the week-end, the roof-spotters had been absent. Because the businesses ceased to function and the workers went home, the buildings were not watched! The first months of air-bombing had shown that fire bombs, if seen and reported as soon as they fell, were easily put out; they were only dangerous if, falling unnoticed, they gained a firm hold before the firemen came.

But the English week-end was still sacred, at the end of December 1940. From Saturday midday to Monday morning no business was done there - and so everybody went away. Hitler, inevitably, was as perfectly informed of that as he had been of the state of affairs in Norway. So he fired the City on a Sunday evening.

I hope that that state-of-mind, which had so much to do with the coming-about of this war, was at last killed and buried on December 29th, 1940, for if it still prevails, at any point of our defences, we may yet lose the war through it. If we still leave some back-door or side-entrance open, because we never closed them before, Hitler will come through that gap. If we still need to experience every disaster before we take measures to avert it, we may be lost - because defeat would be final, you could not lure back that moving finger. I only hope the corpse of that fantastic, leave-to-morrow-to-look-after-itself frame of mind, *is* interred with all the other evil things of 1940 and the preceding years.

The great promise and hope that the second Fire of London brought were that, on these ruins, a better London would arise. Hitler - and it was long clear to foresee that this was one of the good things that might come of all this evil - destroyed much that we had better have destroyed ourselves, and would have destroyed but for the passive philosophy of 'stick it'. This holds good equally of the slum districts which he has ravaged and of much of the City of London which he destroyed.

We had that chance once before, to build a London worthy of its citizens, worthy to be the greatest city in the world, worthy to be the capital of the greatest Empire in the world.

We did not use it. The reasons are buried so deep in the years that they are now difficult to disinter and clearly to identify.

Some say that Sir Christopher Wren had a splendid and comprehensive and far-seeing plan, favoured by the Stuart King, which would have left London, even to-day, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, if only he had been allowed to execute it. But he was not so allowed, say these people; he was prevented by selfish individual property-owners, who cared nothing for the whole city or the whole community, but only wanted to grab back their little bit and build something on it as quickly as they could, so that of all Wren's great Plan only a few fine buildings and churches came to be built, here and there, and these were submerged and lost when London as a whole arose again from its ashes, as confused and chaotic and congested as before.

Wren's own grandson is the stoutest of the exponents of this version. Of Sir Christopher's plan, he says that 'The Practicability of this whole scheme, without Loss to any Man, or Infringement of any Property was at that time demonstrated, and all material Objections fully weigh'd and answered'. It came to nothing, he says, 'because of the obstinate Averseness of a great Part of the Citizens to alter their old Properties, and to recede from building their houses again on their old Ground & Foundations; as also the Distrust in many & Unwillingness to give up their Properties, tho' for a Time only, into the Hands of publick Trustees, or Commissioners, till they might be dispens'd to them again, with more Advantage to themselves, than otherwise was possible to be effected'.

That is a strong indictment, which seems inherently probable to-day to those who know the incorrigible opposition that has long hindered all organized effort for the cleansing of the British slums and the beautifying of the cities. Other students of the Great Fire of 1666 dispute these facts, and think a legend has grown up around Sir Christopher Wren's plan.

What is beyond dispute is that, after the present war, we shall have a better opportunity than King Charles and Wren had to rebuild, not only part of London, but much of England, and that we should learn the lesson of that great chance missed in 1666.

For London of 1940 was *not* beautiful. The affection of people for a place they see every day of their lives might lead them to see beauty even in a slum or a dungheap, they may find a jumble of coloured night-signs advertising gin and port more beautiful than the Place de la Concorde, but that is the result of unenlightenment, of miseducation, of malnutrition of the mind.

Everything in me rose up in protest when I heard an anonymous voice, accompanying some news-reel pictures of the Great Fire of 1666, vow vengeance for the destruction of 'our beautiful London'. Vengeance, yes, with all my heart. But 'beauty', no.

I *knew* these narrow and squalid and congested and tortuous streets, with their tumbledown and dirty buildings. They were *not* beautiful, and should never have been built like that.

If they were beautiful, then Silvertown is as beautiful as its name, which bears as much relevance to the district as St. James's Street does to sainthood. They were ugly to look at, sordid and depressing to work in. They were good neither for the mind nor the body. They gave no feeling that they were history-in-stone, even.

They were just black and dismal alleyways, built, brick by brick, and house by house, without any regard for their neighbours or for the appearance of the whole or for the paramount interest of the community. The only rule that governed their erection was that each man should be able to derive as much profit from his little bit of ground as he could. An overriding street-plan or building-plan, which would have turned this quite comprehensible and creditable motive to the general good of

London, seems never to have existed. Only here and there, cluttered up and lost, flowers among the mass of weeds, was a beautiful building or a lovely church by Wren, to show what London might have been.

When I visited the City of London again, some ten days later, great gaps existed in that older chaos. Unfortunately, in one sense, the damage was sporadic. Large lumps of the older chaos still existed, in the middle of the new chaos. The remains of the new ruins were being dynamited, to clear them quite, but the long-standing older ruins seemed likely to remain standing and probably to hinder the building of a new, a really planned and a beautiful City. Always, when I thought of such things, I had the memory of the inert, let-it-slide, each-man-for-himself mentality which clouded England in the between-war years, 1918-1939. Would it be the same again next time? The rebuilding of London City, I thought, would be one of the many tests of that.

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## Chapter Eight

### WINDOW OVER LONDON

*February, 1941*

I am finishing this book where I began it, months ago, at a window over London.

The window is still unbroken, the room behind still whole. From that window I have seen the bombs bursting and the searchlights vainly groping, the shells exploding overhead, and London burning. London still stands, and shows far fewer scars than any man might have feared, at the time I began this book.

The long, almost interminable nights are gone; the shorter ones, and the longer days are coming. Spring and summer lie ahead. Life and vigour are bustling back to the city, the theatres are reopening, and soon will be playing into the evening hours; soon the restaurants, which have long been deserted after mid-day, will be filling with people coming for dinner. The future holds hope again. 1940, the abhorrent year, is dead. 1941, the decisive year, lies before us. What will it bring?

The first of these three books, *Insanity Fair*, was an urgent, and the second, *Disgrace Abounding*, a clamant warning that we were drifting into war, and were unready for it. In the second book I made the gloomy jest that the title of the third might have to be 'The Decline and Fall of The British Empire'. That meant that the third book would never have been written. The third book has been written. I have called it *The Decline To Fall of The British Empire*.

That says all that need be said. If by any chance I am wrong, it will never appear or it will promptly be proved wrong by events.

I feel, inside me, that the amended title is right. But I should hate above all things to contribute to any encouragement of the lethargic habit which still, after all the shocks, clings to and hampers and hinders this nation, like barnacles a ship, for these books were born in the desire to dislodge that apathy.

Remember those London roof-spotters, absent for the weekend, and the German airmen who chose that very moment to fall upon London!

For this reason, I want to recall the strange history of these three books. The first was written with one eye on the clock, in the hope that it could appear before the war began; a fortnight before it appeared the war *did* begin, although no shots then were fired. I mean, that Hitler invaded Austria and that, though we then did not take up the gauntlet, was already the war.

In shorter words, that book appeared, for all my hurrying, a fortnight after his first invasion.

The second book was written even more quickly, with an even more anxious eye on the clock, in the hope that it could appear, and would awaken people, before the war began. Not two weeks, this time, but two days before its appearance, the war began; that is to say, although no shots then were fired, Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia and, although we then did not take up the gauntlet, that was already the war.

That book appeared, for all my hurrying, two days after his second invasion.

I do not know when this book will appear - I suppose about March of 1941. I *do* know that he must invade or try to invade this country, if he still means to strive for victory, nay, if he hopes to avert total defeat, in this war. I wonder, as I write it, whether he will make the attempt before or after this book appears. I hope I may be in time for once.

Let me be clear. I, personally, do not fear this invasion now, because we have had ample time to prepare for it. A great general, asked what defensive task he would choose from all the world, would surely need to reply, 'The Defence of Britain!' To defend this island should be a strategist's and a soldier's, a sailor's and an airman's dream. We have now had eighteen months to prepare.

We *should*, now, be in a position where we should long for nothing so much as that invasion, because we ought now to be able easily to defeat it, and its defeat would mean the early end of the war, in our favour.

I say we *should* be in that position. I do not know whether we *are* - for I do not know the whole truth about our defences or our preparedness, and I cannot forget those absent roof-spotters of London. They are much too symbolic of all the faults that brought us to our present pass.

But I am quite certain that if the invasion now comes, after all the time we have had to prepare, and if we do not hurl it back, we do not deserve to survive. At that point the arguments against us would become unanswerable. We should have no further excuse.

Thus the prophet, if that is the part I have had thrust upon me, has nothing further to say, after this. I am glad to have written these three books and am glad to have come to the end of them, for I do not like myself as a prophet, which I never was, but only a keen journalist, and come to feel like a club bore, who continually tells the same story. If the Decline And Fall has become a Decline To Fall, I have no further need to bore myself or others by wagging my monitory finger again; the downhill road is ended and the uphill road begins again, and I can write the other things I want to write. If, in spite of all reprieves, it is yet to be a Decline *And* Fall, I shall 'not be writing anything more, anyway.

But I still have this one last word to say - beware of the invasion!

It *must* come, unless Hitler means to throw in his hand. Upon its success or failure depends the title of this book; judging by all the facts as far as I know them, I have made my choice.

But it must come. If it does not Hitler becomes incomprehensible. Only one thing can avert it - if he has one of his attacks of nervous despondency, such as he had after the failure of his rising of 1923, after his electoral setback of 1932, after his rebuff by Hindenburg in 1932. On those occasions he wept and talked of shooting himself. He will do this again, one day, if he feels himself cornered - I do not mean that he will shoot himself, I doubt that, but he will talk of shooting himself.

But he is not yet so far. He once told a confidant that he was prepared, when the great day came, to sacrifice the lives 'of two million Germans'. Hardly any have been killed yet. If they had, he might, wandering between Despond Slough and Mount Hysteria, be on the verge of one of those nervous crises. But they have not. He should be about to deliver the mighty blow he began to prepare eight years ago, to make his supreme bid for triumph on the colossal scale. He cannot achieve Victory in the Balkans or Africa, though he may there find victories; he cannot now rest on his laurels; *he must invade this island and win or he is beaten; there is no middle way.*

So I think that the hardest year in our history is before us - I mean, the hardest year from the point of view of physical ordeal, not in spiritual suffering, because we now have hope, at least, and strength, and leadership, and as long as we have those all else is trivial.

But I distrust the terrifying habit of my fellow-countrymen of forgetting yesterday's lessons. In this winter of 1940-41 they have seemed likely to forget the lesson of the winter of 1939-40. Lulled by their leaders, they then seemed, day by day, to be forgetting the war more and more. If they only forgot it enough, people imagined, it would win itself. But all that winter Hitler was preparing, night and day, and when he was ready, in the spring of 1940, he struck with terrible might and efficiency.

All this winter of 1940-41 he has been similarly preparing. In the summer of 1940 he was losing scores, and sometimes hundreds of aeroplanes, every day. Since then, during the night-bombing period, he has hardly lost any - but he has been building more than ever. What does he mean to do with them? He is prepared 'to sacrifice the lives of two million Germans'! His losses in the conquest of the greater part of Europe have been trifling. He must now be stronger, in the air, on land, probably even at sea, than at any time since the war began.

So that Hitler must try to invade us - or passively await defeat. He can only *win* now if, through lethargy, or whatnot, we give him the victory. Victory, if we use our chances, is already ours - and not in 1943 or 1944, but in 1942, if we exert ourselves.

I put the greatest faith in our Air Force. The spearhead of any thrust that Hitler makes must be the German Air Force and we have one that should be able to blunt and break it. Fortunately for us, the cloying custom of seniority and old-established practice has not yet had time to creep into and clog our Air Force. It is young, and led by young men. If it had been thirty years older the dry rot of our system might already have eaten into it - who knows?

Indeed, it may yet prove that the decisive battle of this war *was* fought in September 1940. I only dislike that theory because I dislike everything that may encourage relapse into lethargy in this island; because, however many decisive victories we score, the war is not won until it *is* won; because anything is dangerous that may divert this country's attention from the terrific blow that *must* be aimed against it in 1941, unless Hitler decides, like an old soldier, not to die, but simply to fade away.

And because of all this, I greatly distrust all the talk we have heard, since the air-raids began, about 'England can take it'.

This has given an exaggerated idea of the ordeal we have been through, which was grim enough, but may be insignificant in comparison with that which awaits us.

Few people realized the importance of Mr. Churchill's statement, in January 1941, that in this war, up to that time, only 60,000 British lives had been lost, and more than half of these were civilians. That is to say, some 30,000 civilians have been killed. As many as that were killed in Rotterdam in *half-an-hour*, by German bombs!

If the 'we can take it' talk, therefore, has subconsciously led people to think they have been through the worst, it may have done them a great disservice. Far worse impends - unless Hitler suddenly falters, dithers, becomes confused and despondent, and why should he, yet?

The only foe who could still destroy us is, not Hitler, but complacency, lethargy and unalertness. That is why I have mentioned those London roof-spotters and the town hall that was destroyed



because nobody had thought to have sand placed in readiness. We *can* 'take it', or, in English, we can endure, but we have not yet had overmuch to endure.

The last chapter of *Decline To Fall* thus having been written in advance, subject to confirmation by events, I repeat that we are in a position to win this war by 1942, at the latest, if we use our chances.

By the middle of that year, if we are alert and endure now, we shall have at least equality with both Axis Powers in the air, and superiority to Germany alone if Mussolini's airmen are by that time no longer in the game.

But the Germans will not then be able to 'take it'. If they have not by then successfully invaded us, their state of mind will be one of pre-defeatism. Their hearts will be heavy with the memory of 1918, when, after a diet of unbroken victories that was served up to them for three and a half years, they were suddenly told they were beaten. Read what a famous German general said about 'his own countrymen in this respect, comparing them with the French civilian population, who, incidentally, had to endure more in 1914-18 than we have yet had to endure in this war:

I should like to think that our civil population could learn a lesson from the French people how to endure suffering for their fatherland. For I am convinced that the German people would never have stood the annihilation of towns and villages for four years as the French have stood it. The hysterical outcry of our people, at the invasion by the Russians of East Prussia, which compelled our General Headquarters to dispatch immediately an Army Corps thither and thereby lost us the war, is a case in point.

General von der Goltz refers to the very brief Russian incursion into East Prussia in 1914, which caused troops to be sent there who might have pushed the German offensive in France to a victorious conclusion and forced the Allies to sue for peace. He means, therefore, that the war lost in 1918 was actually lost in *1914*, through the inability of the German civilian population to 'take it'. There is truth in what he says. One of the greatest causes of this war is that the Germans for so long have not known the miseries they have repeatedly inflicted on others; again and again they have devastated, conquered and enslaved other countries, but never known the horrors of war within their own walls.

The real strength which the British people have shown is the strength to endure, not bombardment, which has not been intolerable, but disappointments. The disappointments which the British people endured in the first year of the war were, indeed, almost intolerable, and the fact that they endured them has led me to call this book *Decline To Fall*. The Germans would not have endured this strangling blockade of the spirit, any more than they will endure heavy air-bombing.

We may never need to use the air predominance which we must have. People who mourn the impossibility of 'regaining a foothold in Europe', and of 'driving the Germans out', forget many things. They forget that if we had not delivered our final attack on the Germans in 1918, they would still have collapsed in 1919 - because they were in no state to fight further. They forget the lessons of Hitler's exploit in Norway, where his five per cent of friends in the population helped to open the doors to him. They forget how much greater are the opportunities open to us.

They do not know that air-bombing, in our hands, is a much more powerful weapon than air-bombing in German hands. It is a great pity that most of our bombs, as yet, have fallen on the territory of our friends - French, Belgian and Dutch - on the 'invasion ports', and not on Germany. That should be altered at the first possible moment.

Hitler has but two courses open to him - for I assume that a sham peace, which seemed a deadly danger under our former rulers, is now out of the question.

He must attack us with all his strength, by aeroplane, submarine and by land, from Ireland also if he can get there, and win quickly, or accept immediate defeat. Or he must go off at a tangent into Bulgaria and Turkey and Syria and attack us from there in Africa, but that, no matter how successful he might be, *is only a secondary threat to us, not a mortal one.*

The questions of victory or defeat, life or death, can only be answered through the invasion of this island or failure to invade this island.

Meanwhile, the improvement in our chances has been greater than I hoped for, in my most optimistic moments, until November 1940. It will be a fantastic thing if the first blow for victory in this war proves to have been struck by the Greeks. I only hope it will help to make the people of this country, after this war, turn more attention to the Balkan peoples, who have long been forgotten and overlooked because they are, individually, weak in numbers, and because, having but recently shaken off alien domination, they were backward in water closets and the other mechanical devices which we are accustomed to regard as the synonyms of civilization.

When I was last in Greece, at the restoration of the present Greek King George, in 1935, I would not have tipped the Greek Army, then ill-equipped and riven by the long-standing Royalist-Republican feud, as the likeliest in Europe to rout a great military power. I remember that King George, fresh from Brown's Hotel, London, told me that his first and foremost care would be given to the reform of the Greek Army, and that I found on all hands great respect for the military ability of his Dictator-Premier, General Metaxas, who told me how he had advised General Kitchener to try another method of forcing the Dardanelles than that which we, unsuccessfully, followed.

These two between them most certainly worked a miracle. It is unfortunate that, in the rush of events, we have learned little about the details of that magnificent campaign, by which, for the first time, one of the two predatory dictators was driven half way out of territory which he had filched on some spectacular but cheap week-end swoop. The portents seem to be that the Greeks may drive the Italians clean out of Albania - if Hitler does not come to the succour of his ally. The Greeks proved that the predatory martial dictatorships have feet of clay.

The result of that, again, may be that Italy will before long be knocked clean through the ropes of this war. This is well within the limits of possibility. We should never forget the impetus the Greek achievement gave. When it came the people of Britain, dogged though they were, were sick for a success - some success, no matter how little. They almost retched at the words 'evacuation' and 'withdrawal'. About the time the Greeks began to drive the Italians before them, a Ministry of Information representative had even been talking of a British withdrawal from Egypt!

I believe the instinct of Britain at that time was better and stronger than the instinct of those in the van. As at the long-deferred retirement of Mr. Chamberlain, the feeling of the land thumped and battered from below against the upper crust.

The greater public in this country clearly saw that this unexpected Greek success over a powerful foe was the moment to hit that foe hard somewhere else. What, we had had to yield British Somaliland to him, and yet the Greeks could knock him groggy, and we might even yield Egypt to him? Rubbish!

This feeling and demand for action grew clamant in the country and the Press, and, at long last, we struck.

The history of our campaign in Egypt and Libya, the brunt of it borne by Australian troops, is not finished as I write, but as far as it has gone it must represent one of the classic successes of all military history. We needed a success, badly! Here it was, and what a success.

For the first time for heaven knows how many years we did something efficiently, thoroughly, without a hitch, at the right moment. Here was a masterly operation superlatively well carried out and crowned with success beyond all expectation. At last.

On top of that we have the superb interplay of statesmanship between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. Here, at last, is leadership. The change in the spirit of Britain and in the feeling of America in the last few months is almost beyond belief, if a man look back to those fear-fraught days of May and June 1940, when we were left alone, all unready, and America's only wish was to keep out of the trouble.

Americans tell me now that their country will soon be in the war. I do not permit myself an opinion about it, for it is their affair, and I think we can win, anyway, given their support in the other things we need. But I know they are more likely to come in if they see that we are winning than if they doubt that. Japan may give the last jolt to their indecision.

Inspiring months these have been, since I began, at my window over London, to write this book. They have seen the rebirth of hope.

In spite of, rather than because of ourselves, we are, at the last, on the right side after all. Freemen and men who want to be free, all over the world, are with us.

It is uplifting, to me, to see men I have known in their own countries, now under the German hobnail, here in this, my own country, wearing either their own uniforms or our uniform with the names of their countries sewn on their shoulders - Poles, Czechs, Hollanders, Norwegians, Frenchmen. It is inspiring to see those upstanding men from our own Dominions, to meet a man in British uniform in a dining-car and, because he is friendlier and more open than my own countrymen, to inquire who he is and find that he is a grandson of that great American soldier, General Grant. It is reassuring and exhilarating again to see American pilots, wearing British Air Force uniform with their own eagle upon it, and to think back to the Lafayette Squadron of yore, in France, in those days when men believed in their ideals.

At last we have found ourselves, and, finding ourselves, have found good company. From my window over London I see visions of Brussels, free again, of Warsaw, free again, of Prague, free again, of Vienna - ah, Vienna?

I hope to heaven Vienna has not been forgotten. Poor Austria, poor Vienna, the Cinderellas of this war. They *must* be free again, free at least to be ruled by Austrians, real Austrians, not by some truculent, shaven-headed *Gauleiter* sent down from Berlin. I think even this war, won, would be meaningless if Austria were not given a future.

Great changes, since I sat down at this window over London, to write this book. I well remember the day I started. Clouds and mist shrouded the very window, a bomber flew overhead, the night before had been ghastly. The Edgware Road, that same morning, had made me heavy with apprehension for the future.

I did not think, then, of calling this book *Decline To Fall*. I had begun to hope again, but not to hope as much as that. I still doubted whether I should even be able to publish the third book.

But the clouds outside the window have cleared a good deal. I look out of the window with zest, now, and see through it the dawning future, no longer the despondent past. I believe we shall yet have the chance to take up the torch we failed to hold high when it was thrown to us, from 'failing hands', in 1918, the hands of those, of whom we sang so long, whom we professed to honour, who died but who would not sleep if we broke faith with them....

We broke faith; or rather, we did not, but the old men, who with savage selfishness clung to power and now say that this is 'a war of youth against youth', broke faith. The years from 1918 to 1939 must have made them, those million dead, not only stir from sleep, but turn in their graves beneath the poppies in Flanders Fields, those graves over which the mechanized legions of the same tyrant presently crashed and rumbled.

Now, young men have given us another chance to make good. Through their courage, the British Empire, as I believe, has declined to fall.

But -

The first of these three books was written at a window over Vienna, and an invasion followed. The second was written at a window over Prague, and an invasion followed.

The third and last has been written at a window over London.

Its title is *Decline To Fall*.

This is no more a prophecy than were the forecasts I made in the first two books. They were exact political estimates, very closely worked out. It was clear and positive, to the trained assessor, that certain things would happen - unless we did other things to prevent them from happening. These things were Hitler's successive invasions, the German-Russian reconciliation, and the war. We did not do the things necessary to prevent them, and they happened. We are now in a position to decline to fall; it is still up to us.

It is now equally clear that the last move in this game of chess must come - unless Hitler suddenly turns inside out, becomes a different man. A negro *might* suddenly turn white; not the most expert assessor could budget for that. If Hitler does not strike, all the better; then the war is over bar the killing, and we might even be able to avoid that. That would mean that Hitler had lost his nerve at the last moment.

But the logic of events, the lesson of the game, the word which the moving finger is already shaping itself to write is that Hitler must and will strike, with all his force, which is enormous, at this island, the one obstacle that still thwarts him from complete victory, from such a triumph as history has never known. The world has not seen such a disaster as that would be. Flatulent balderdash, to say that 'war settles nothing'. This is one of the straws at which muddle-minded people clutch, who fear exertion more than all else. War settled the fate of the Greeks, the Bulgars, the Serbs, the Rumanians, for five hundred years - and that is a long-term settlement. War settled the misery of the Poles and Czechs for centuries.

To lose this war would settle us. Of course, we might emerge again in five hundred or a thousand years - is that sufficient solace for those who think that 'war settles nothing', simply because we once let the chance slip through our fingers of settling everything, after the world war we won?

If we lose this war it will settle a great deal, in the German favour. The peoples they have already conquered and enslaved are but trivial pawns in the game, to the Germans. Their present lot is bliss

and comfort compared with that which the Germans would do to us. Only people who have long lived with and felt and shuddered at that extraordinary, half-sexual, long-frustrated impulse of the Germans to fling themselves upon this country and tear it to pieces, to erase and exterminate it, can know what awaits us, if the Germans win. Unfortunately, this is a thing that no words of tongue or pen can convey. It has to be seen and experienced and known and felt. I wish I could scar what I know into the minds of men in this country with a white-hot iron, so that there would not be the smallest vestige of doubt left there, so that I could with complete certainty call this book, the Decline *To* Fall.

We need, this coming year, to have eyes in the back of our head and ears all over us. We need to be alert from dawn to dusk, and twice as alert from dusk to dawn. We need our utmost watchfulness, our last strength. We need, every one of us, to be ready to die - even those who tell us so often 'what we are fighting for'. It is lamentable that the official voice should still invite us, when the invasion comes, to retreat and crawl and cower into dug-outs and shelters and cellars, and 'leave the job to the troops'. Every man in the country should be at arms.

Our greatest ordeal and suffering impend. If they do not come, how happy I shall be to have been wrong. But by all the signs we may, in this year 1941, have to withstand two terrible foes - an attempted invasion, and a lesser or a greater measure of hunger.

I know we *can* win. I think we *shall* win. So this book ends with the title that I found when I had written three-parts of it - Decline *To* Fall.

Outside my window over London a seagull serenely swings, wheels, breasts invisible waves, rides unseen surf. The same that was there, in October 1940, when I began to write? Perhaps.

Then it seemed a bird of ill omen. Now it looks, to me, like the dove returning to the ark.

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## Postscript

### AFTER US?

I have in this book foreseen - in the assumption that we do not through lethargy or sloth give Hitler back the ace of trumps and make possible the success of an invasion - that the British Empire has declined to fall.

That means that we shall, at enormous cost, win this war, decisively. I think we *can* achieve that by 1942. How quickly, or how slowly, we win, will depend on the way we use our chances, and that is a thing this writer cannot foresee, and a thing any man would be chary in forejudging with optimism, because of past experiences.

To what end shall we win? So that we may have peace for a long time, and so that the domestic conditions of this country may be improved. In other words, peace abroad, so that we may work at home. This is the only reasonable answer to the question.

But the same answer was the only reasonable one that could have been given to the same question twenty-five years ago. Yet, although we won decisively then, we have not had peace and the domestic conditions of this country are, if anything, worse than they then were. But if that is to happen again, life has no meaning or pattern.

What were the causes of that fiasco in the years between the two wars? Why were they, and the fruits of victory, squandered and frittered away? If the reasons are understood, a repetition of that degenerate quarter-century may be avoided. If they are not, the same process will begin again after this war.

I think, and I saw the coming of this war from all angles, that the greatest single reason for it was the obsession with class in this country.

All politics in this country, because of the horrifying and mesmeric effect which a revolution in distant Russia had upon the more-proprietyed groups, came to be regarded as a contest for power and a battle-of-wits between the party representing the more-moneyed group and the party representing the less-moneyed group, a struggle which the Tory Party always won because it was more astute and more inventive in devices to hypnotize the electorate.' The party-on-top, obsessed with the desire to remain on top at home, forgot that peace abroad was of paramount importance to its own cause, and repeatedly followed courses, in foreign affairs, which were bound to lead to war; (but only war could bring the threat to its own especial interests which it so dearly longed to avoid).

This led it to look with a kindly eye on the doings abroad of men whom it thought to be after its own heart in their domestic policies; it could not believe that these men, in their foreign policies, would, if strengthened and flattered, presently turn upon England, and that England would then have either to capitulate or overthrow those very men, who would then be succeeded by other men of the kind they disliked.

Thus we had the fantastic spectacle of British statesmen, who were later to call on their countrymen to go out and fight 'the forces of evil', flattering and adulating these same evil men for years and years, even in one case (Mussolini) until long after the war had begun, and rebuking those who, from fear for their country, cried that this was senile madness.

This was the confusion of ideas and motives which, above all other things, led to the war of 1939. The same stupid obsession with class distinctions, the panic fear that Jack should ever come to think himself as good as his master, was responsible alike for the Gadarene foreign policy of England, in those years, and for the degeneration of the English domestic scene, in the countryside and in the cities.

If it continues after this war, we shall not have peace, for foreign policy - which is, the adjustment of our relations with foreign countries in such a way that we have peace - cannot be pursued by men who are trying to look all-ways-at-once.

Peace must be the paramount and only aim, if peace is to be had - and the paradox is, if only these people could realize it, that peace is their own best friend, that a war brought about through a sneaking liking for Hitler's methods ('After all, he saved Germany from Bolshevism, by gad!') is their worst enemy, and that the things they fear can only come upon them through and in war.

So, if we want peace after this war there will be only two ways to have it, as there were only two ways before this war, both of which we missed.

The first, and better, is to be so strong in arms yourself that your strongest potential enemy will not attack you, because he fears defeat. The second, if you are not so strong in arms, is to ally yourself firmly with others in whose company, collectively, you will be so strong that he will not dare to attack you. The second method is only feasible if you have the firm resolve to fulfil it, to resist any peacebreaker, at any point, immediately he strikes. We should have done that in 1936, when Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland. His troops then had orders to withdraw if they met opposition. The opposition, in theory, was there; it had been preconceived, but was not used, because no firm resolve lay behind it. The results were the subsequent and successive annexations of Hitler and Mussolini, which became bigger and more audacious until we had to fight or capitulate ourselves.

The dangerous thing about the *foreign* policy we then pursued was that *domestic* policy was so clearly mixed up in it, that the vision of our rulers was so potently clouded by irrelevant Red-spots-in-the-vision.

You *cannot* mix foreign and domestic policy. If you do, you run straight into a war. If you keep your eyes resolutely fixed on the paramount aim of foreign policy, *peace*, you can have peace.

Our rulers always professed their longing to make of Hitler a man of sweet reasonableness by bringing him to the conference table, where Germany's 'just grievances' could be mended 'without the use of force'. They must know, or should know, that by a firm alliance with France and Russia, the thing they always avoided like the pest, they could have brought him to a conference table and avoided this war. As they did not, he made the pact with Russia, and we had the war.

He had said in *Mein Kampf* that Germany had lost the 1914-18 war through fighting on two-fronts-at-once, and that she must never do that again; but our rulers, hypnotized by the passages attacking Bolshevism, overlooked that vital passage. Here was the Red-spot-in-the-vision, the irrelevant outside factor, which made their foreign policy into nonsense. Yet Communism, in *peace*, could never have threatened them. In *war*, it may; you never know; at any rate, they never felt the need to suppress the *Daily Worker* in peacetime.

I have tried to show how this class-against-class mania in England, if you let it seep through into your foreign policy, may lead you to war, how the fear of a man in Whitehall for a man in Whitechapel, if the man in Whitehall is stupid enough to let it prey on his mind, may in the long run bring millions of men into armed conflict.



After this war, then, if we are not to repeat the fiasco of 1913-39, we can only have peace if we are ourselves strong enough in arms to enforce it, or if we find allies strong enough, in company with us, to enforce it.

I do not like the second method. It leaves the loophole open through which this war crept - the irresolution of one or the other party to the alliance in the moment of crisis. And we are strong enough, alone, to enforce the peace, if we remain strong. We should play the policeman's part.

'For this reason, I hope that people in this country, when we have won this war, will not again be duped, or delude themselves, into thinking that peace can be preserved by phrases. The phrase last time was 'the League of Nations'. This time one or two phrases are flying around: 'Federal Union' and 'the union of the English-speaking peoples'. Many people seem to think that such a phrase, if they clutch at it, will keep the peace for them, without exertion on their parts.

This is an illusion. The League of Nations could have been made into a perfectly workable instrument if we had had the strength in arms and the strength of will to enforce its authority. But if we have that strength and that resolution we do not need the League of Nations, we do not need any of the other phrases. We can have them, yes, if we like, if it flatters us in any way, but they are not necessary. If we are strong enough and resolute enough, *we* can enforce the peace.

That conclusion is inescapable, but England is still full of minds which would do almost anything to escape it. From an obsession with phrases, they cannot bear to face realities. How many times have I been told with uplifted hands and shocked eyebrows, when I stated the case like this, 'Oh, but that would mean A New Armaments Race!'

War is the greatest and craziest armaments race, the armaments race that should be avoided. These people seemingly do not object to that kind of armaments race, every twenty-five years, if they can, in the more or less peaceful intervals, flatter their own notions of Christianity with such unctuous phrases as 'No Armaments Race'.

There will be no armaments race if, after this war, we maintain the very long lead in armaments which we then shall have. Then, perhaps, we shall be told that the cost is prohibitive, another variant of the same empty but holy-sounding phrase.

And the cost of war? This war was *born* in such sanctimonious and mendacious phrases. The Tory election of 1935 was won by them: 'I give you my word that there will be no great armaments!' And to-day? Are there 'no great armaments'? Would not 25,000 British aeroplanes, then, have been better than that which we now have?

Of all the frauds, this phrase about 'no armaments race' is the greatest - and I have no armament shares, but I have to pay income tax and would sooner pay 3s. in the £ than 8s. or 10s. I am talking of peace and how to keep it when we have won it.

If we have and keep that long lead, after this war, and make plain our resolve to use it against any new peacebreaker, there will be no armaments race and no war.

Another holy-sounding phrase to beware of is 'No entanglements in Europe'. This phrase is, if possible, an even greater fraud than the other. I hope none imagine to-day that we are fighting this war because we gave a guarantee to Poland, or that we entered the last war because we had given a guarantee to Belgium. We are fighting because the passive surrender of either of those countries, on either occasion, would have brought the next assault upon ourselves, and we should have had to face it unready and alone. We are fighting for our lives.

If we maintain our armed strength after this war, and if our will is firm, we can enforce peace in Europe and I can say, with more certainty than I ever said anything, that every nation in Europe would welcome this. None of them, save the Germans, like war. The instinct of obedience, even of the Germans, would welcome us in a police function. I speak for Bulgars, Greeks, Poles, Czechs, Rumanians, Hollanders, Danes, and many more. Ask them, reader, yourself, if you have the opportunity.

It would be cheaper for us, better for us, better for them, better for the world. We owe it to the position we have taken in the world. I say taken - for that position was not given to us, we took it. Well, then, having taken it, we should accept the full responsibilities of it.

We should win, make, maintain an enforced peace. We can do it, and we do not even need Federal Union or any other phrase to do it, although there is no reason why a few such phrases should not be tagged on to the tail of our kite, if it pleases anyone. We are strong enough to do it alone. But any man who thinks that we can 'keep out of Europe' is courting a third stroke - and I believe a man may survive two strokes, but the third is usually fatal.

Indeed, I believe that only class feeling in this country prevented these clear things from being clearly seen in the between-war years. We dithered into war, from muddled-thinking, from the sympathy that our ruling class, still privily bothered about that receding Red Revolution in Russia, automatically felt for any pocket-filling politician abroad who claimed, for their especial delusion, to be out for the destruction of The Reds!

It is an appalling thing, this class system in England, it is an enemy greater than Hitler. In the old days, when Sir Halibert de Blueblood led John Pitchfork into battle in war and benevolently squired over him in peace, it had life and meaning. For Lord Pickles, Lord Toothpaste, Lord Cheapsuit, Sir Portly Bankroll, the Hon. Verdant Greengroce and Colonel de Benture to ape the feudal and aristocratic regime to-day, when all the life has drained out of it, to insist savagely that all power in the country must be kept in the hands of a few people whose parents had money enough to send them to a small group of exclusive schools, that any man who has been to those schools is a better man than he who has not, is grotesque but very dangerous.

We are, again, in the middle of a war, in which poor and simple and humble folk are proving their worth. Once again, like ghosts rising from their graves, the phrases are being resurrected that raised such high hopes in the last war.

A Labour Leader, Mr. Attlee, announces that he 'does not think that after this war we shall be able to afford an idle rich class, and equally, we shall not be able to afford to have those who are willing and able to work denied the opportunity; unemployment must go'. (Incidentally, I never yet met an Englishman who very much wanted to make the idle rich hard-working paupers; the other thing, opportunity for men of good-will, is what so many people want.) Another Labour Leader, Mr. Bevin, has a war aim - 'to end all poverty'. A third, Mr. Greenwood, says that 'Britain, after the war, will not tolerate in her midst the tragic spectacle of abject poverty, nor the existence of that problem of industry which in the past has not been solved - the scourge of unemployment ... It will, I believe, be the pride of the nation to succour its citizens who, during the war or afterwards, fall on evil days, through bereavement, disability, disease or old age ... We shall look forward to developing our educational system and social services ... We are planning to get rid of ugliness in our towns, to build a fairer Britain, and to replace the hovels that remain by worthy homes.'

Fair words, as fair as those which were uttered between 1914 and 1918, and after that war Englishmen in millions idled in unemployment, rotted in the derelict coalfields and shipbuilding towns, new slums were built on the edge of the towns and the old ones were hardly dented.

Such promises can only be fulfilled if they are accepted on all sides, but on the Tory side there is no sign of any sympathy for these ideals. The old class-against-class clamour continues, bitter as gall, in the midst of that war in which we have found 'a new unity', in which we are 'all in the front line'.

The moneyed classes dislike the 'evacuees', the children from the slums, and often will not have them. Deans and brigadiers fume about the 'raising of vain hopes' of social betterment and greater opportunity. A colonel, in charge of officers-to-be, writes to *The Times*: 'The middle, lower-middle and working classes are now receiving the King's commission. These classes, unlike the old aristocratic and feudal (almost) classes who led the Old Army, have never had "their people" to consider. They have never had occasion to think of anyone but themselves ... They have very largely fallen down on their job ... Man management is not a subject which can be taught; it is an attitude of mind, and with the old school tie men this was instinctive and part of the philosophy of life ... Never was the old school tie and the best that it stands for more justified than it is to-day.'

In the midst of a second world-war, with England fighting for her life! In the midst of another war 'for democracy', against 'the forces of evil', for 'freedom'.

England was ruled, between 1918 and 1939, almost exclusively by men who had been to two or three schools. The system enabled them to keep power continually in their own hands, to pass it to and fro like a box of sweets, to help their own friends into jobs, to keep all out of their little inner circle who were not entitled to enter it by the piece of striped ribbon they wore round their necks, by relationship, by related interest.

Never was such a fiasco as the history of England in those years. Never was the old school tie and the worst it stood for so appallingly condemned as it was then. Never was such ignorance and irresolution and insincerity shown in the conduct of public affairs. Never was less progress made in the domestic betterment of England. Never was the country allowed to drift so miserably into war. Never was the public told so many untruths. Never were millions of men so badly managed.

I should find it very hard to say to which 'class' I belong in England unless, as I believe, the distinctions between the classes are formed by the amount of income, in which case I belong to a different class every year. But I have known and mixed with men of all 'classes', spoken with kings and roomed with paupers, lunched with peers and lodged with clerks, I have had colleagues who had been to a public school and university and others who, like myself, had had little schooling, I have been unemployed and poor and have held high positions in my calling.

And as the result of all this I know that there is no greater fraud than this of the old school tie, of the class of men particularly fitted to occupy all the high posts, to govern or misgovern the country, because they have been to one of three or four schools.

I know that there are good and bad, able and inefficient, in all groups, or classes. But I know that this old-school-tie system is poison ivy on the oak of England - because it reserves the high places to moneyed men, with or without ability, and keeps out of them the unmoneyed man, with ability.

Thus this system is the deadliest enemy of patriotism, which means love of country, of the whole community, not of a small, exclusive group enabled, by the possession of money, to monopolize those few exclusive schools and thereafter all the seats of power.

The old school tie bears more blame for the dreary advent of this war than any other single thing, because it kept all the keys of power in the hands of men unfitted to hold them. Not merit, but money, gave them those keys.

For the government of the country, the conduct of its policies, is also 'man management', and history can show few examples of man mismanagement more horrid than that of the years 1918-39 in England.

The old-school-tie system has the Somme, Passchendaele and Dunkirk among its battle honours, or dishonours, and it also produced those 'Mayfair Men', criminals of the most unprincipled kind, who infested the social scene of London in those between-war years. When its virtues are extolled in such immoderate terms, that needs also to be said.

The appalling thing about this system, which is the most implacable foe of patriotic thought in England, is its strength.

To-day it stands discredited to the bare bones. The results of its folly are plain to see. Its representatives rose, by way of one disaster after another, from knighthood to baronetcy and earldom. When they died, they received, to the familiar chorus of 'a lifetime spent in the service of his country', 'a man really sensitive, mankind-loving and warm-hearted beneath a frigid exterior', and 'though he failed, his motives were of the highest', the obligatory burial in Westminster Abbey.

Under this system, a man can do no wrong. The system does not allow him to. Each stair he treads is labelled 'Mistake'; but he cannot fall down stairs, only up.

Thus, with a unique record of incapacity and blunder, the old-school-tie system stands to-day.

The war has come: so the cry goes up, 'Only old-school-tie men can manage the army'.

The peace will come: the cry will rise, 'Only old-school-tie men can manage the country'.

In spite of that grotesque record of ineptitude, the Tory system stands almost undented. It will not or cannot change; it will not open its ranks, it will not throw off the limpets, its glassy eye is still fixed on the old school tie.

Hardly any of the men who followed, applauding, on the path that Mr. Chamberlain set have stepped down. They are nearly all there, still. One goes to an Embassy in Madrid, another to an Embassy in Washington, a third to the Woolsack. As they go the Tory press remarks approvingly, how well they deserve of their country, how far-sighted they were and are, how the Spaniards or Americans or whatnots will love them. Soon they will return and start passing-the-sweets again.

If this goes on, there is another disaster ahead, even though we survive this war.

This Tory system is responsible for the decay of the countryside and the growth of the slums and derelict areas, for the 'gargoyle' faces of which C. E. Montague wrote, those products of malnutrition of the body and mind. During this war I frequently passed through a south coast town where some thousands of young men, of 'the middle, lower middle and working classes', were in training as cadets of the Royal Air Force. It was amazing to see the change in looks, physique and bearing which exercise of the mind and body, and a sense of opportunity, gave these young men. Many people must have noticed the same thing. The bodies filled out and straightened; the eyes cleared, the chins became firm, keenness and vigour animated the faces.

That is but one picture in little of what could be done in England. Is all that to be lost, again, when this war is over, is all vigour again to be strangled by the old school tie? Can such men only be given opportunity in wartime? Are they, like their fathers, to fret and degenerate in unemployment or in unworthy tasks after the war - because they have no old school tie?

The Tory system, through this miserable doctrine of the little exclusive coterie united by money and the piece of coloured ribbon, is responsible for the social evils of this country and the long foreseeable wars that find it unready.

For this reason I, for one, deeply regretted that Mr. Winston Churchill, who as an 'unreliable man' of 'poor judgment' had suffered so much from this very system, to the misfortune of England, took over, when Mr. Chamberlain laid it down, the leadership of that Tory Party which, in an election speech at Dundee in 1908, he described, according to the newspaper report, in these terms:

We know what to expect when they return to power - a party of great vested interests, banded together in a formidable confederation; corruption at home, aggression to cover it abroad, the tyranny of tariff jugglery, the tyranny of a well-fed party machine ... dear food for the million, cheap labour for the millionaire. That is the policy which the Tory Party offers you.

Writing about a year before the war began, in the second of these three books, I said that a new government, led for instance by 'Winston Churchill, Eden, Duff Cooper', would not be enough to save England, because, although these men saw the light in foreign policy, they belonged to the same class (I have to use this repulsive word) as those other men who were leading us to disaster, and would not be able to get outside their skins.

But in England to-day we do need governments above party - and not in the sense of the Tory tiger with a few Labour leaders, first on its back and then in its stomach. We need governments of men who do not see the country as a railway train, with first, second and third class coaches, but as a community of Britons.

This is indeed our most urgent need, for we may survive this war and yet die of our political system, which has brought about an England that mocks the poems about 'this scepter'd isle', the songs about 'land of hope and glory', and the coloured advertisements of 'This England'.

The Tory system has been the main cause of this decay and decadence. Two other chief causes are the listlessness and lifelessness of the political Opposition to the Tory system, and the fawning complacency of the Churches. Public enlightenment might have come from either, or both, and with it enough pressure on the ruling Tory system for the follies of our foreign policy and the scandals of our domestic scene to have been mended.

From neither of these sources came either clear guidance or vigour. What did an Englishman, disgusted with the mess that the Tory system had made of the English towns and countryside and fearful for the penalties that its foreign flounderings would bring down upon the land, what did such an Englishman see who turned his eyes towards the Labour Party? A party whose foremost leaders had delighted to desert it when the Tory system, feeling a little uneasy about its future, delighted to honour them. A party many of whose older, and really 'working-class' representatives, have deteriorated into trades union bureaucrats. They are as submissive to the 'rule of the Trades Union Congress as the most childish Tory Member to the Party whip. They, too, stand for a 'class', not for England.

But what 'class' is it they stand for? The working class? I doubt it; this party for long periods seemed to forget the slums, the derelict areas, the idle towns, malnutrition, and the decay of the countryside as completely as the party across the House. The 'class' they stand for seems to be, first and foremost, the trade union class - which is not England, but just another group of vested interests, like the Tory Party across the way.

This party was never more bitterly condemned, out of its own mouth, than by its behaviour during the dark days of Dunkirk, the summer months of 1940, and the winter months of the air bombardment. In those times the poorest people of England, whose plight is supposed to be their especial concern and care, suffered more than ever before. And in those days this Party, as the debates in Parliament show, thought more of the foreign Jews than of their own people, of the derelict areas. This party has now succeeded in opening every door in England to the newcomers - while great suffering, during and after the war, awaits the native working classes of the country.

But the picture of the now large foreign Jewish community in this country is not one of distress, like that of the native working class. The representatives of British 'labour' should visit the expensive hotels and restaurants of London, the deep-down ones, on any black-out evening.

The other quarter from which hope, guidance, and a call to action should have come was the Church, or the Churches. They gave none of these, and the decline of religious belief in England accompanied the decline of faith in the politicians.

The Church of England, in those between-war years, was but the complacent Sunday-continuation-school of the Tory Party. If it could, it would have canonized Mr. Chamberlain. Both churches were the fierce guardians of 'morality' - in the sense that Peeping Tom might have understood morality. A boy and girl cuddling behind the bushes in a public park, a public house serving drinks at thirty seconds past the hour when it should have ceased to serve drinks, a picture-theatre opening on Sunday afternoon - ah, how the Churches, those staunch Defenders of the Faith, flung themselves upon such things as these.

But in public and international affairs the Church knew no 'morality', could not distinguish between right and wrong. Some foremost leaders of both Churches (the Archbishop of York was a notable exception), who were later loudly to call on Christians to fight 'the forces of evil', just as loudly applauded what these same forces of evil did in Spain. The sufferings of poor people there meant nothing to them. The same archbishops and cardinals who, when the bombs fell on London, were to hope they would never live through another such night as the last, who were to withdraw to the country, perceived quite clearly that the general whom Hitler and Mussolini were aiding, with bombs and tanks and men, in another country, was a gallant Christian gentleman. They little cared what the forces of evil did to the fisherfolk of Almeria or the peasants of Guernica. Red Russia was 'a godless country'; Herr Adolf Hitler the Fuehrer, after all, and by gad, only wished to Save Us From Bolshevism; Signor Mussolini the Duce 'threatened neither the religious freedom nor the security of other peoples'.

The Founder of the Church, if He had come to visit the Temples of 1933-39, might have asked what He was doing in that galley, where the high priests spent their days discussing the right of a woman 'living in adultery' to be called An Unmarried Wife, and finally decided, after much learned discourse, that she might, in their immaculate conception, be known as An Unmarried Dependant Living As A Wife.

Who will dispute this statement, made at the Archbishop of York's conference in January of 1941, by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers:

Suppose that during the last century the churches had devoted to sweetening intellectual corruption a quarter of the energy they spent in nosing out fornication, or denounced cheating with a quarter of the vehemence with which they denounced legalized adultery. But one was easy and the other was not. To, upset legalized cheating the Church must tackle government in its very stronghold; while to cope with intellectual corruption she will have to affront all those who exploit it - the

politicians, the Press and the more influential part of her own congregations. Therefore she will acquiesce in a definition of morality so one-sided that it has deformed the very meaning of the word by restricting it to sexual offences.

'Tackle government in its very stronghold'? 'Affront the politicians, the Press and the more influential part of her own congregations'? Give up the nosing-out of fornication? Abandon the pursuit of the Unmarried Dependant Living As A Wife? Relinquish those invigorating and Christian occupations? Denounce corruption in public life?

Out upon such atheistic and Godless preaching. Is it not better to be an ardent Churchman and Churchgoer than a Christian?

Thus the things which, in the years between 1918 and 1939, combined to further the decay of the English spirit, the English body, the English countryside, and the English towns, began with the coming of machine-made and mass-produced prosperity in the Victorian and Edwardian ages. Will the process now, after a second World War, be arrested, or will the story of slothful deterioration be resumed when it is finished?

Mr. Churchill will stand in history as one of our greatest leaders. He took the chair when the company was almost bankrupt. The change has been almost miraculous. Many of the other directors, from the bankruptcy period, are unfortunately still there.

He has been destined to save England, Britain, the Empire, from the new Napoleon. The civic state of England, however, after other great men defeated the other Napoleon, deteriorated, on balance, steadily until the present time.

That is neither reasonable nor right nor necessary. This country could be redeemed, by rulers as patriotic in peacetime as its fighting men are in war. Mr. Churchill, whose power and prestige after this war are likely to be more than any man's since the Duke of Wellington, could achieve a greater triumph even than the defeat of Hitler. He could reinvigorate England, rebuild those slums, reanimate those derelict areas, destroy the detestable system of class-segregation, open the gates of opportunity to those masses of Englishmen who, though they did not inherit money and were not prenatally entered for an old school tie, nevertheless are able and vigorous patriots.

He could not do those things if 'the tyranny of the well-fed Party machine', which he has now taken over, continues. The sort of concession to the heroes-back-from-war, to the national wish for a freer and better England, which the Tory system, as it worked in the years 1918 to 1939, would be likely contemptuously, to offer, largesse-like, would at the most be a few hundred more free scholarships at those 'public' schools.

Mr. Churchill's life epitomizes the evils which the Tory system inflicts on England. He, whom an American lecture-tour agent advertised in 1900 as 'the future Prime Minister of Great Britain', was by old and jealous men kept from that office for forty years, until England faced mortal calamity.

In his youth he was by instinct and inherited feeling drawn to the party which claims to preserve England's heritage, but which, in the practice of the last century, has come more and more to conserve only that which is bad - influence, nepotism, money-snobbery, privilege, purchase, protection, the prerogatives of wealth. Mr. Churchill felt the strangling effects of this system and boldly attacked it; the enmity of old men, thus incurred, drove him from the Party he now leads again.



Those old men long decried his 'lack of judgment'. Lord Stanley began the cry, in 1901 ('I hope the time will come when Mr. Churchill's judgment will grow up to his ability'); in 1939 Mr. Chamberlain was still using it; and in between innumerable voices had uttered it. In 1904 Churchill was boycotted by the huge Tory majority to which he belonged, and by 1906, an ardent social crusader for educational and licensing reform, was an outcast from it. After its discomfiture he became a Liberal Minister, though he remained at heart a Conservative, like the bitterest critics of the Tory Party of to-day, the leadership of which he has assumed.

Mr. Churchill's story continued, at every stage, to be one of prescience, experience and energy discouraged and rebuffed. The elderly generals and admirals were as hostile as the elderly Tories. In 1911, as Home Secretary, he presented to the Committee of National Defence, a forecast, astoundingly accurate, of the course the 1914 war would take in its early stages; his memorandum was, inevitably, called 'silly' by the representative of the General Staff. When he became head of the Admiralty, an admiral, Lord Charles Beresford, bitterly attacked him. Three days before the 1914 war began Churchill, risking disgrace and dismissal, on his own responsibility mobilized the Navy; when the German attack came, the Fleet was ready.

That masterly stroke may have saved England. Other master-strokes, which might have curtailed the 1914-18 war by years, were spoiled by the obstruction and procrastination of short-sighted and jealous seniors. They were, the expedition to Antwerp, which in its ill-preparedness and tardiness strikingly resembled our tragic expedition to Norway in the present war, and the attempt to force the Dardanelles. Churchill, too, again on his own responsibility, had the first tanks built, a cleverer use of which, again, might greatly have curtailed the 1914-18 war. But when others spoilt his projects, he took the blame and was again driven into the political wilderness. His story in recent years is, again, one of prescient warnings scouted and derided.

The story of Mr. Churchill vividly illustrates the way the Tory system works to suppress enthusiasm, vitiate energy, obstruct talent and pillory patriotism. Soon, the opportunity will be Mr. Churchill's to win, in peace, a victory even more renowned than that with which destiny is about to crown him in war, to prevent the recurrence of the evils which, in the last fifty years, have hampered domestic reforms in England and twice allowed Britain to drift into war. For victory in this war is only half the battle; the other half is the reinvigoration of England. Mr. Churchill, who is leading the country to victory in war, has taken over the leadership of the party which offers the greatest single obstacle to victory in that second field.

The change, since he came, has been miraculous, if the word ever deserves to be used. I can hardly believe my own mind's eye, when in February of 1941 I look back to February of 1940, for at that time it seemed almost impossible that we should escape the reckoning for all our laziness and laggardliness and the imbecile wastage of our strength upon class-feuds, that destiny should once again prolong its bill.

The chief, the priceless, the glorious thing is that hope has been reborn, that the future is still ours,  
to make good the past.

How good it has been, at the end, after all those wretched years of foreboding, to live in this time, and to watch Britain and the British Empire decline to fall!

*Although this is not the usual place for a dedication I should like  
to dedicate this book to Dartmouth, with gratitude*

## NOTES

1: All the evidence at present available suggests that the eventual capitulation of France was a thing long foreseen and prepared by some of the French leaders. They felt that the British preparations were too slow to be of much help to them and even doubted the earnestness of the British opposition to Hitler, and in that belief felt it was not worth while to have half France laid waste and two million or so of Frenchmen killed again. They thought a better strategy would be to put up the semblance of a fight, to capitulate on as good terms as they could, while holding the French fleet and the armies in the French Colonial Empire in reserve, either as a weapon to deter Hitler from occupying the whole of France or as a possible instrument for the re-entry of France into the war on our side if its course should recommend that.

2: Mr. Churchill's words.

3: I am grateful to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for permission to quote this extract from *Disenchantment*, by C. E. Montague.

4: E. E. Cumming's book *The Enormous Room*, though written in the 1914-1918 war, and about a French prison, gives an uncannily true picture of the Enormous Room I spent that night in.

5: With acknowledgments to M. K.

# ALL OUR TO-MORROWS

by

Douglas Reed

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## AUTHOR’S POSTSCRIPT

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book was first called *The Critic on the Hearth*, but I am told this title has been used before.

So I call it *All our To-morrows*. After the last war, a famous book was written, by H. M. Tomlinson, called *All our Yesterdays*. He took the words from Macbeth, who, communing upon life and death, says:

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

An apt reflection, in 1919! The accumulated experience of centuries, all our yesteryears, only served to light millions of men the way to dusty death. And to-day, after another quarter-century of nightmare-ridden peace, it happens again.

This book still pursues the hope that the people of this country, at least, may yet use the light that comes to them from all our yesterdays to show them the way to something better than dusty death. That is why I call it *All our To-morrows*. It is an attempt, my fourth, to force upon the minds of such as may read it the implacable relationship between yesterday and to-morrow, between cause and effect, between squandering and bankruptcy, between blunder and penalty, between apathy and awful awakening, between Munich and Dunkirk, between parent acorn and offspring acorn.

This doctrine is detested in England to-day, where many people seemingly would, if they could, have those who preach it burned at the stake; thus did the Pope of Rome order that Galileo be put to the torture for teaching that the earth moved round the sun, because this was 'contrary to Holy Scripture'.

The world might have been made yesterday, and they themselves might yesterday have been born, for all the use that all our yesterdays are to such people. They hate to be asked to contemplate the errors of the past, which are so much worse than crimes, in order that they may have a future. They love the idiot's doctrine, that if they do not think at all or exert themselves to preserve to-morrow from the fate of yesterday, some benevolent chance will nevertheless save them and 'there'll be blue birds over, the white cliffs of Dover, to-morrow - just you wait and see!'

The truth is that the people have been too much lied to and lullabied to, and to-day alternate between a leprous listlessness and a bitter cynicism. This extract, from a published letter written by a woman whose feelings burst their bounds, gives a glimpse of the tormented mind of England in 1942:

For some years before the war I became increasingly ashamed to belong to the nation. I have read much history and was ashamed of much of that too, but I became more and more discouraged at the complete lack of interest people displayed about things such as government, dishonesty, the awful products of education and many other things. Gradually I saw that man (I only know that of this country) just was not noble or great or hard-working or clever. Mostly he seemed to be a brainless idiot who had no desire to learn and who expected government to do everything for him; who complained bitterly about taxes and conditions but stirred no finger to try and make things better ... Of course this is the attitude of a woman who sees what she was created for reduced to dust and ashes. After four years of marriage, not only do I see our future ruined, but I know now that I will never be responsible for bringing another life into this world to be killed or widowed in another twenty years' time....

And the writer adds:

Though we may in the end win the war satisfactorily, someone must soon start the first volume of the *Decline and Fall of the British Empire*.

This statement prompts me, by showing how wrong I was, to divest myself of the unwelcome title of prophet which was being thrust upon me. For in two books before this war I wrote that the British Empire was, most unnecessarily, moving to its decline and fall; but the third, written in exultation after Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, I gleefully called *The Decline To Fall of the British Empire*; and now, large portions of that Empire have been lost.

It was simple to foretell what Germany would do: namely, strike with all its strength for the things it wanted. But to assume that this country, after awful awakening and miraculous reprieve, would shake off the shackles of inefficiency was going much too far. 1941 and 1942 have brought new prodigies of unalertness and shortsight.

Long before the Japanese attacked, our leaders stated that, if they struck at America, our declaration of war would follow 'within the hour'; yet when they struck their great successes were attributed to the surprise-value of 'treachery'! The new enemy was perfectly prepared. We were not. When we sent battleships against him, he promptly produced the suitable torpedo-firing aircraft to sink them; when we sent cruisers and an aircraft-carrier, his dive-bombers forthwith found and destroyed them. (Yet when the two German battleships, which we had been 'straddling' or 'scoring near misses on' - to quote the jargon of hoodwinking used by our broadcasting monopolises - for a year, calmly steamed home past our front door, we had no aircraft able to get near them.)

The cause of our troubles was the old one, of immune inefficiency in high places. Dunkirk was the offspring of Munich, and when this hideous infant was delivered even a cautious man felt justified in assuming that methods of birth-control would be used to suppress other such progeny, that Mr. Churchill was but biding his time before ridding himself of the men and the system he inherited from Mr. Chamberlain, who had them from Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin. But that hope died in 1941.

Thus the ugly duckling, Dunkirk, was joined by ill-favoured others bearing the same unmistakable family features - Hongkong, Penang, Malaya, Singapore ... India and Australia are imminently threatened. The Empire has had large lumps backed from it. They *can* be regained; but not by the methods which have brought us so many disasters.

The British Empire is either in unnecessary and avoidable decline, before our eyes, or it suffers temporary dents which can be made good. The British people, from weariness with mistakes they feel to be needless, seem almost indifferent. Mr. Harold Nicolson declares that 'the attitude of Australia, the position in India, are not taken tragically by the general public, who have for long been convinced that change is necessary'!

But the struggle with Germany remains paramount, for us. It should have been possible now to say confidently that before 1942 ends Hitler would be on his way out, that political moves behind-the-scenes in Germany would denote the intention to call off the war before that country is too much damaged. This still is possible, if our leaders are ready to make war on Germany, to abandon the strange, punch-pulling policy which has often shown through our belligerent declarations.

The first two-and-half years of this war contain inexplicable things: the passivity of this country, sworn to aid Poland, when Poland was attacked; the ban on the bombing of Germany when the Royal Air Force lay in France, close to German targets; the 'astonishing seven months' (Mr.

Churchill's own words!) of 'the phoney war'; the silence about Hess; the sudden publication of Lord Gores Dunkirk dispatches when the country demanded help for Russia and the argument that these showed how criminally foolhardy such a venture would be in view of our lack of shipping (though shipping was ready to take an army half-round the world to Singapore, where it would surrender after an ingloriously brief resistance); the sudden batch of Ministerial statements, just when Russia was hardest-pressed, that no British offensive would be possible 'before 1943'; the failure, at that supremely critical moment, to fulfil the many Ministerial promises about the heavy bombing of Germany; the wasteful divergence of what bombing there was to French targets; the ostentatious refusal to bomb Rome after Malta had had two thousand alerts; and so on.

If such things continue, it is vain to hope for Hitler to be on his way out in 1942, or 1943, or at any particular time. The Russian leaders have now repeatedly called on us to attack; American influence favours aggressive action; and the British people yearn for it. The instinct of the people has always been right. They want attack now, as they wanted aggression nipped in the Abyssinian bud. If their leaders again thwart this sound impulse, for ulterior political reasons, the victory which should soon be ours, will be put in jeopardy. Invasion should by now be utterly out of the question, but when this book appears Hitler's armies may well have struck at the Russians, aiming to smash through to the Caspian, to split the Russians from the Allied forces, and to drive through to the Persian Gulf, there to make contact with the Japanese. If we allow them to succeed, as we may if we do not at last launch some weighty diversion, the prospect before us will be either that of defeat or of many years of war.

And at Westminster still smoulder, in somnolent lifelessness, the 615 Embers of Parliament elected in 1935, by a passionately enthusiastic people, to check aggression at its first appearance, in Abyssinia!

If we hit hard, then, in 1942, as the people wish, save those who wish the war would never end, the next winter should bring us the better half of victory, and Japan could be made to disgorge at relative leisure. Otherwise the outlook is one of interminable war abroad and of soul-destroying afflictions at home. The worst of these is the growth of officialdom, which twines itself, like poison ivy, around every branch and tendril of the nation's life, sucking out all health and nourishment. *All Our Yesterdays* gives an oddly prophetic glimpse of this bureaucratic perdition to which we are being delivered in the name of 'a crusade for freedom'. A character in it, the Dockland Vicar, speaking during the last war, says:

'My church is down, my God has been deposed again. They've got another god now, the State, the State almighty. I tell you that god will be worse than Moloch ... It will allow no freedom, only uniformity ... You will have to face the brute. It is nothing but our worst, nothing, but the worst of us, lifted up. The children are being fed to it.'

They are, indeed - youngsters, girls, young married women, all. Our leaders may frequently fail to thwart the enemy's plans, but nothing is ever forgotten that can tighten the bonds of the British people. Every day sees fresh hordes of officials enlisted, who devise new paper forms, which call for more officials, who draw up new forms ... The Paper Chase is on. We may not light a fire or turn on the light (if the current proposals are maintained) without filling in forms, surrendering 'coupons', paying the salaries of jacks-in-office. Every Artful Dodger in the country strives for a job in, or on the fringe of officialdom; it means exemption, immunity, privilege, authority. All the good things of life are reserved for the new privileged class, because its members wear a label, 'I am doing vital national work'. To work hard, serve, live modestly, and rear a family, does not count as 'vital national work'. Everything else does, if you have the right friend in the right place.



Politicians and officials are avid and insatiable as vampires, once they are allowed to begin imposing 'temporary' prohibitions upon their fellow-countrymen, and awarding themselves exemptions from these bans. The regime that results is the worst that can befall a country, with the sole exception of a permanent foreign occupation.

Thus, between foreign undertakings still burdened down by the political system of preference-for-the-few of which Mr. Churchill, lamentably, has accepted the legacy from Mr. Chamberlain, and a man-eating officialdom in this island, our tomorrows look grim.

The future, instead of beginning anew, takes up the gloomy story of the past where Mr. Chamberlain left it. That is why I call this book, *All Our To-morrows*.

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## PROLOGUE

Every writer is entitled to his prologue, and this curtain-raiser, a blinding glimpse of the obvious in six acts, is intended to serve the reader as an elucidatory introduction to the theme of this book.

Its title is:

*NEVER AGAIN!*

(or, *plus ça change....*)

### ACT I

*The date is 1814. The BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, on a dais, left, addresses the British public, a group of citizens, right. All wear the dress of the period. The face of the British Prime Minister is a mask; the faces of the British citizens, with open mouths and awed eyes, express little comprehension but much credulity as he says:*

We shall fight on, if necessary alone, if necessary for years. If the invader come, we shall fight him on the hills and in the vales until we have utterly destroyed him or driven him into the sea. The bloodthirsty Corsican tyrant and the whole grisly gang that works his wicked will must be crushed until their reptilian trail is erased and their memory either expunged from history or their names left a subject only for contempt and imprecation. We shall never parley or negotiate with Bonaparte or any of his party. Never again must such a monster be allowed to grow fat and batten on the misery of mankind. We are fighting for freedom and democracy and the right of men and nations to live their own lives in their own way. The earth must and shall be rid of this wicked man and all his works. Let him do his worst and we shall do our best. Never again, never again, never again....

*As the lights dwindle and go out this refrain, 'Never again', is heard through the increasingly vociferous applause of the British citizens.*

### ACT II

*The date is 1821. Two surgeons stand by a slab, in a house on the Island of St. Helena. One of them replaces the shroud over something that lies on the slab. They wipe their hands, look at each other, and shake their heads.*

FIRST SURGEON I never saw such a stomach - perforated like a sieve. The man must have lived in agony for years.

SECOND SURGEON Ay, and made mankind suffer for the pain he endured! How many campaigns may he have made because of his bellyache? He was a case for the doctors, not for the statesmen and politicians.

FIRST SURGEON Now we know why he habitually went about with one hand thrust between the buttons of his coat - to ease the pain. Acute and chronic indigestion, leading to incurable disease, were the real meaning of that clamp of the lips which so many mistook for a sign of strength. Pray Heaven no fool of the future may think to imitate his gestures or his hanging forelock. Ten million men died for a stomachache. They called it 'Glory'!

SECOND SURGEON Never fear, my friend, mankind will never again be cursed by such a rot-gutted upstart. We have discovered his secret. How little a man he was, this mighty tyrant with the ruined bowels, this usurper of thrones and kingmaker with the pain in his vitals. But he had to be, that mankind might learn its lesson - never again, never again....

*The lights dwindle and go out as they sagely confabulate, offer each other snuff and wisely shake their heads.*

### ACT III

*The date is 1930. One of the Napoleons of Hollywood sits at his desk, surrounded by his secretary, an author, and other hirelings*

MR. PORKENHEIM Now, waddabout this Napoleon film, Mr. Penhack? I told you, I'm gonna spend a million dollars on it, and it's gotta be the most sensational film that ever left Hollywood. You got the greatest chance you ever had with this film, and it's up to you to make good.

MR. PENHACK (*reflectively*) Did you say, to make *good*?

MR. PORKENHEIM Soitnly I did, you heard me.

MR. PENHACK It's not easy, to make good out of evil.

MR. PORKENHEIM Lookithere, Mr. Penhack, you know what I mean. I wanna story about this guy Napoleon that'll just burn 'em up. (*Irritably*) I don't know why nobody ever told me about him before. What do I pay you fellers for? I been reading about this Napoleon 'n he's got everything to make a great film play. Now what's your broad line on him gonna be, Mr. Penhack?

MR. PENHACK Well, Mr. Porkenheim, briefly I should say he was a man who suffered from a malignant disease of the stomach which caused him acute pain for many years and eventually killed him. Unfortunately for the world, he was in a position to make it suffer for the pain he endured, for he had a great army and enormous resources. The more irritable he became from pain, the more wars he made.

MR. PORKENHEIM (*shocked*) See here, Mr. Penhack, I want *history*, not theories. You know as well as I do it ain't the business of the film industry to be morbid. You try dragging in stomach complaints and suffering into this film and I'll fire you. You been with me long enough to know we gotta duty to the public. Wholesome films has always been our motto.

MR. PENHACK Wholesome is as wholesome does.

MR. PORKENHEIM So don't you go putting any morbid things like disease and death into this film. We gotta *educate* the public.

MR. PENHACK Napoleon had a good deal to do with the industry of death, you know, Mr. Porkenheim. About ten million dead, I think, was the sum total of his wars.

MR. PORKENHEIM Aw, that's different. Soldiers lying about on the battlefield - now, there'll be some good shots in that. And besides, those uniforms, in technicolor - oh boy!

MR. PENHACK Ah yes, the uniforms of Napoleon's Marshals *were* brilliant.

MR. PORKENHEIM Yea, *that's* the stuff, gimme plenty of that. I been looking at a picture of one of them guys, all cocked hat and plumes and tight trousers and high boots and sidewhiskers and stars - Marat, I think he was called.

MR. PENHACK (*gently*) Murat.

MR. PORKENHEIM Oh yeah, Murat. Now, what about Napoleon's love life? That's the stuff we want - glamour, movement, action, colour. What do you say, Miss Pencil, as a woman?

MISS PENCIL Yes, indeed, Mr. Porkenheim, plenty of wholesome glamour. Josephine, you know.

MR. PENHACK Glamour, clamour, and amour. I know.

MR. PORKENHEIM Sure. Now, what do you know about Napoleon's love life, Mr. Penhack?

MR. PENHACK (*wearily*) Well, there is always Josephine, of course. We could work in the gag about 'Not to-night, Josephine', there ...

MR. PORKENHEIM (*eagerly*) Yeah, Yeah, that's the stuff, that's box office.

MR. PENHACK And then there was the Countess Walewska, the beautiful Polish girl. She's supposed really to have been fond of Napoleon, but then, history is such a liar about these things. I should think it improbable. He wasn't a man whom women would have loved.

MR. PORKENHEIM (*severely*) Lookithere, Mr. Penhack, don't you go introducing this nasty suggestiveness into the story. Let true love be true love. We gotta consider the public, we gotta be wholesome. Napoleon's romance! Napoleon's only real love! The woman who stood by him to the end! One of the greatest love stories of all time! Boy, this is gonna be terrific. I can see it taking shape. And them uniforms! In technicolor! Oh boy, oh boy!

MR. PENHACK And then there was Marie Louise, the Empress of Austria's daughter. The Emperor sold her to Napoleon as the price of being left in peace. Napoleon couldn't wait to have her until he got her to Paris and married her. He met her half-way and had her in an inn. That's a nice wholesome piece.

MR. PORKENHEIM (*enthusiastically*) Fine, fine, that's just what we want. Plenty of human interest, plenty of heartthrobs. Glamour, love, colour, good wholesome stuff....

*While Mr. Porkenheim enthuses rapturously, the lights dwindle and go out.*

#### ACT IV

*The date is 1935. The marble portals of the Frabjous Picture Palace at Clapham are almost hidden by coloured placards showing Napoleon surrounded by bemedalled Marshals, plumed and cloaked. He holds in his arms a Glamour Girl dressed in the fashion of the Empire. The title of the film is 'Loves of an Emperor'. It is described as 'The greatest all-talking all-technicolor love-story of all time'.*

*Two English working-girls come out of the theatre.*

FIRST GIRL Wasn't it lovely! I 'ad to cry when 'e took 'er in 'is arms at the end and she promised to follow 'im into exile on an island....

SECOND GIRL ... and 'e said, 'Then, sweetart, though I 'ave lost an empire, I 'ave won a kingdom - the kingdom of *love*....'

FIRST GIRL ... and she laid 'er 'ead on 'is breast and all them Marshals took orf their 'ats and that *lovely* music played in the background and they all faded out. Ooh, it was nice.

SECOND GIRL (*puzzled*) You know, Elsie, it's funny, but I read a book about Napoleon once, and it didn't say she went with 'im to 'is island. I thought he gone there alone and died there.

FIRST GIRL (*reprovingly*) See, *now* you know 'ow it really 'appened. I always say, the films does educate yer.

*As the lights dwindle and go out they exit, drying damp eyes.*

## ACT V

*The date is 1941. A coffin, draped with the Imperial German flag, passes through a street in the Dutch village of Doorn. It is followed by a cortège of bestarred and bemedalled Hohenzollern Princes in the German uniforms of the period. As they disappear, German soldiers, who have been standing rigidly at attention, fall in and follow. The emptying stage reveals two Dutch peasants, standing cap in hand over their spades. They look after the procession and, when the last mourner is out of earshot, they replace their caps and turn to each other.*

FIRST PEASANT Well, that's the last of the great Kaiser. Only twenty years ago he was the big man who was going to conquer the world, and now, there he goes.

SECOND PEASANT Ay, there he goes, to join the five or six million dead *his* war cost Europe. 'The war to end war', they called that one, and now they're all at it again and this time the Germans have taken our country, too. (Nods his head in the direction of the cortège.) Ah, and they said they was going to 'ang 'im after that war, too, an' all.

FIRST PEASANT (*derisively*) 'Ang 'im! They allus says that, during a war, and after a war. More'n twenty years he lived here, the Kaiser, in fat and plenty, and over eighty he was, they say, when he died. 'Ang 'im! No, no, when the war's over the big ones, they settles down on their estates until the next war begins. Mark my words, Jan, one o' these fine days you'll see one o' them there high-collared German princes, that walked behind his coffin, back on the throne of Germany, and then *he'll* make a war, and they'll talk about 'anging 'im, too.

SECOND PEASANT Ah, that's right. Never again, they said after that war, too. Never again!

FIRST PEASANT Never again? Why, they said that after Napoleon. They'll say it after this war. (*Contemptuously*) Never again! 'tis a farce, that's what 'tis.

*He spits on his hand, emphatically, casts a glance full of meaning after the coffin, takes up his spade, and turns to his work again, against a grey and desolate sky. As the lights dwindle and go out, he is heard exclaiming derisively, 'Never again! Never again!'*

## ACT VI

*The date is 1942. The BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, on a dais, left, addresses the British public, a group of citizens, right. All wear the dress of the period. The face of the British Prime Minister is a mask; the faces of the British citizens, with open mouths and awed eyes, express little comprehension but much credulity as he says:*

We shall fight on, if necessary alone, if necessary for years. If the invader come, we shall fight him on the hills and in the vales until we have utterly destroyed him or driven him into the sea. This bloodthirsty tyrant and the whole grisly gang that works his wicked will must be crushed until their reptilian trail is erased and their memory either expunged from history or their names left a subject only for contempt and imprecation. We shall never parley or negotiate with Hitler or any of his party. Never again must such a monster be allowed to grow fat, and batten on the misery of mankind. We are fighting for freedom and democracy and the right of men and nations to live their own lives in their own way. The earth must and shall be rid of this wicked man and all his works. Let him do his worst and we shall do our best. Never again, never again, never again....

*As the lights dwindle and go out this refrain, 'Never again, never again', is heard through the increasingly vociferous applause of the British citizens.*

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PART ONE

TIMES PAST



# Chapter One

## OVERTURE, 1941

*SCENE: Kent, the seashore near Dover. Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a CAPTAIN, a MASTER, a MASTER'S MATE ...*

Why should I dress my story in new phrases, when old ones fit it so becomingly? These clothe it admirably well. When I thought that I would write this reminiscence, I sat in an inn, on the seashore at Dover, in Kent. I heard firing at sea. Entered, from a boat, a Captain, a Mate ...

So, as I cannot improve on Shakespeare's words. I have borrowed them. How often have they been apt, since he wrote them, 350 years ago!

Early in 1941 I revisited Dover. The place always fascinated me. As a boy, my head filled with mazy ideas of running away to sea, I trudged along the Dover Road, and failed to reach its end. Afterwards, as a soldier and civilian, I knew it well, for it was the gateway to all those countries which, when I came to know them, caught my interest.

Now, in 1941, when the gateway was closed, the thought of Dover held an almost hypnotic fascination for me. I felt like a man turning to the last chapter of a book, the end of which became plainer to see with each previous chapter. Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, France; so the chapters went, and now came the last chapter, England.

That made me think of Dover, for from Dover you could see, on a fine day, the enemy, crouching for his spring. Sometimes, before the new war, I flew to the Continent, and I remembered, with a chilly spine, how very narrow those Straits looked from above, so thin, that you almost feared lest the ships, passing them, should scrape their sides against the land. How small a ditch, I thought, as I apprehensively fingered the pages of that last chapter; and I went down to look at Dover.

It was a grim and battered little town, then. The sea, that once lay so broad and inviting at its gates, calling to all to go out and examine their world, looked menacing and full of foreboding. The busy sirens had barely time to wail, Dover scarcely time to duck, before the swooping aeroplanes or the screaming shells were upon it. An hour, the steamers used to need to make the crossing. Much less, the Germans would want, with their troop-carrying and troop-towing aeroplanes and speedboats. To me, who possibly alone among men in Dover had seen the Germans race into Vienna and Prague, it was eerie to think of those legions, just across the ditch, and of the things they would do, if they could span it; and then to see how casually Dover, rather battered and tattered on its seaward side, went about its daily tasks.

Dover was the chin of England, stuck out almost within reach of the enemy's fist. Dover was, at this moment, the centre of the universe, the anvil of history; and the great smith, Destiny, standing doubtfully astride the narrow Channel, hesitated whether to forge upon it the chains of defeat or the sword of liberation. In the drab seaward streets, where were scarred walls and shattered windows, the future of the world was being decided. But the English people have small sense of drama, as little feeling for tragedy impending as for triumphs past, and Dover, though it lustily cursed the explosive evils of the present, doubted the future not at all, so that tragedy, perhaps misliking so dull an audience, paused in indecision at its gates.

'Firing heard at sea. Enter, from a boat, a Captain ...' I could not count the inns and hotels I have stayed at, all over Europe. Nearly all are now but shadowy memories of a bed or an ornament, that

for some inexplicable reason refuse to be forgotten, or of a view from a window. But I could never forget the inn at Dover.

'The seashore, at Dover, in Kent ...' It was in the front line. Only the sea lay between it and the Germans; on a fine day, the German-held cliffs opposite, German ships stealthily hugging the land, German aeroplanes circling over their landing-grounds, could be seen. From its windows, then, you might look at the wheeling vultures, waiting for their corpse, contemplate the gleam of the headman's axe, about to fall.

But turn your back on those windows, and the little, indifferent world of England, was all about you, busy chiefly with domestic cares. Mine host was a worried man, but not on account of the menace outside; his wife lay sick in the hospital on the hill, and that fretted him. Kindly soul, I hope she is well again. Within those four shell-scarred walls, bells rang and maids dusted, breakfast came up the stairs to brass-knobbed bedsteads, solid sideboards of Victorian mahogany stood with the dignity of butlers about the dining-room, in fading prints beribboned and bemuslined maids, wearing great floppy hats, played with dogs and dolls; and, from a boat, Captains entered.

They came, ate toast and marmalade, chatted about this and that, but seldom about the war, they went, and usually they returned, from a boat, to toast and marmalade. Once one of them, who still had a suppurating leg from Dunkirk, brought with him the little pilot parachute of a German airman, whom he had shot down, with a Lewis gun, during an attack on his ship. It lay drying on the brass fender, before the fire, while he ate his supper and talked to me about Scotland, his home. He brought back a large part of the German's aeroplane, too, in wreckage festooned about his decks.

A strange experience, that sojourn the inn at Dover. A shell splinter had delved, jagged and deep, into the ceiling above my bed. Sometimes, the enemy would, quite suddenly, strike at the chin of England. One moment the world was quiet; the next, pandemonium broke. The shrieking sirens, vainly trying to get their word in first, would be drowned by the swelling roar of hurtling aeroplanes, the chattering argument of machine-gun fire, the bang-bang-bang of the pom-poms and the crash of anti-aircraft guns, and by the time you reached the window, the attackers were already far way, the guns had given up the chase, and the barrage balloons brooded over the sea as if nothing had happened.

The front-line inn, when it was young, had many friends, with whom it had grown up. Now, in its mature age, it was rather lonely. Some of its friends were dead, some wounded. Only a few remained, in their full health, to keep it company.

One of its defunct companions was the Hilarious Hotel, not far away, fallen victim to a bomb. A friend of mine, Hubert Harrison, whom I met again in Dover after encounters abroad, was in at the death of it, which was nearly also his own. Harrison, who knows more about Yugoslavia than almost any living Englishman, suffered the common lot of the British newspaper correspondents in Europe, between the two wars. Trying for years to tell people at home that Yugoslavia was being dragged by suborned men into the German camp, and that the Prince Regent Paul connived in this policy, he was ostracized by British representatives who should have supported him, and eventually expelled by those same suborned men whom the Serbs, when they found the enemy at the doors, turned upon and spewed out. How England cheered when the Serbs did this! How long was England prevented from knowing that the Serbs wanted to do this!

Now Harrison was posted on the cliffs of Dover, to await the invader. From a little cliff top inn, one fine summer's day in 1940, he saw between thirty and forty German ships steal along the opposite shore. It must have seemed clear to him that day, who had watched the war being written chapter

by chapter, that the moving finger was writing the first lines of the last chapter, with these ships. Invasion! There it was, dim shapes gathering, like wolves in the shadows of the forest.

It was not. As the months passed, Harrison was still in unsubjugated Dover, and on a day he found himself in the Hotel Hilarius, playing snooker. He made a shot, and the pink, he swears, was travelling straight for the pocket, when the bomb struck. He will always wonder if the pink would have dropped in. Slowly, as it seemed, the great lamps above the green table began to come down, and went out. He heard his companion shout, 'Dive under the table', and he dived under the table. Slowly, the vibration ceased and the crashing of masonry and debris dwindled into a taut silence. Feeling grateful to the billiard table, and very safe beneath it, he put up his hand. It was not there!

The most comic moments in a man's life are his narrowest escapes from death - in retrospect. At the front line inn, a sudden shell bursting not far away, caught me in my bath. Afterwards I realized that I instinctively ducked beneath the water, as it burst.

What great days those were in the drab little town, seemingly so unaware of the nearness of calamity. Nowhere else had the flood been stayed, until it turned towards, and sought to submerge Dover. The tiny ditch was not much deeper than a well or much wider than a church door, but it served. At last, the Gadarene gallop was checked. Dover little realized that. Here you saw no grim-faced garrison in a beleaguered citadel, vowing that the besiegers should pass only over their dead bodies. Here you saw only an odd sailorman rolling along the street, cocking an indifferent eye upward at duelling aeroplanes, and turning into the Sea-farer's Arms for a pint; or a bored soldier, on 'leaf', drifting drearily to The Pictures; or the postman placidly going his rounds.

The two maids in the front line inn were most typical citizenesses of Dover. One was tall and thin; the other, her niece, short and plump. They were the female counterparts of two comedians, Swedish, I think, and most popular in foreign parts in peacetime, called Pat and Patachon. They were not highly trained or of lightning-quick understanding. They were apt to appear in one's room without knocking, or not to appear when rung, for. A call requested for eight o'clock might be given at any time up to eight-forty-five.

But they were full of fun, and willing, and maids, like men, become scarce in wartime. The front line inn, anyway, was more like a ship than anything on firm ground, and they brought with them a jolly, rolling, slapstick, all-shipmates-together atmosphere well suited to it. They were discussed sometimes in the wardroom, I mean the dining-room, by captains and masters and master's mates, entered from boats, and received, in my hearing, one of the strangest tributes that can ever have been paid to mortal maid, busy with boots and breakfasts. 'Well, they're steady under fire!' I like to picture the reference they might receive, some day: 'Not highly experienced, but hard-working, willing, anxious to please and steady under fire.'

I met again a good friend, in Dover, and spent a vivid hour or two, in her company, at the front-line theatre. Many theatres in England, at that time were struck by bombs. This one alone endured, not only bombs, but also shellfire. Few of the much-advertised toplineers then found their way to Dover; pressing engagements took them elsewhere. The hard-working everyday players, men and women, though *their* contribution to 'our war effort' was never sung by the newspaper hacks, counted shells and bombs in the day's work and busked cheerfully on. while the lightning played around them, and I was glad that, through Jill, I came to know them.

Her dressing-room, with the pink-distempered walls, was warm and garishly fit. As I watched, in the blazing mirror, her fresh young beauty disappear behind the bedizened stage mask I thought I saw a picture by Matisse come into being, and chatter, and smile, and laugh, and live.

First the vigorous rubbing-in of the fleshing, then the carmine on cheeks and lips. How alive she was, I thought, watching, and how close, how inseparable were life and death, like a man and his shadow. Did she realize that only the wall of her dressing-room, one thickness of brick, stood between her and the shells?

Now the green shadow on her eyelids and the hotblack on her long lashes and the pencil stroke along her eyebrows. A dot of red in the inner corners of her eyes. Perhaps those men on the other side of the Channel, in their heavy steel helmets, were laying the gun now!

Wet-white on her throat and shoulders, brilliantine from a spray on her abundant fair hair. The picture in the mirror gave its hair a dab here and a pat there, paused, regarded its living counterpart seriously, then transferred its vivid gaze to me, with an unspoken question in the bright eyes and on the parted lips. Now, I thought, suppose they fire now! Then would the 'mirror crack out far and wide! Here is life; there, death; between, just that narrow water.

'How do I look?' said the picture.

'Fine,' said I, 'fine, and may your shadow never grow less.' The picture smiled and, in response to my gesture, raised a glass to its lips. At that time, you might still buy something in a bottle suitable for toasting a picture like this.

'Does my hair look all right?'

'It should do,' I said, 'you spend an unconscionable time dyeing.'

'*Dyeing?* My hair? It isn't even tinted.'

'I know,' I said, 'you just use Whosit's Golden Shampoo, bless you. Anyway, it's lovely, and I wouldn't change a hair of it for all the gold in New York.'

Only one thickness of brick, I was thinking. A very frail door, and death might tap on it at any moment. But the tap came at the other door, and it was the call-boy. 'Overture, Miss Jill,' he said, and in a quick cloud of powder and whirl of skirts she was gone; I heard her feet scampering down the stone stairs and badinage bandied to and fro and the faint sound of the orchestra. I felt the quick excitement that always throbs behind the scenes of a theatre before the curtain rises, no matter how good or bad the show, how full or empty the house. The mirror, that had been a living thing, was like a glass from which the champagne had been drunk.

I went down and watched, from the wings. I saw the rows and tiers of indistinct blobs that were people's faces, and the prevalent notes of khaki and blue. I saw the orchestra, and my friend the trombone player, lustily blowing, whom I always thought to be a fat man until I met him in the bar, where he was very thin. I leaned against the tawdry back of a piece of scenery, among ropes and props, while the comedian contemplated his red nose in a hand-mirror, and the chorus girls chattered and fidgeted in nervous anticipation, and Jill waved to me from the opposite side, and the curtain rose.

She was on the stage when the sirens sounded and the first shell fell. It was not very near. I don't think she heard it, but if she had, it wouldn't have made her falter; once on the stage, Jill was too rapt, too completely lost in her singing and her audience, to have a thought for anything else. I watched her, with the spot on her, young, lively, lovely, exerting every note and smile and gesture to make the people like her.' Perhaps that shell killed someone, just up the street; she didn't even know it had fallen, her universe was the house in front of her, she the mighty atom in it. But the

girls in the wings, waiting to come dancing on, heard it. I saw them go pale beneath their make-up; their hands fluttered to their hearts, they looked at each other in affright. Then, as their cue sounded, the fixed stage-smile sprang back to their faces. Arms linked, legs kicking, they came on.

I felt I had seen all this before, and as another shell burst, and then a third, I remembered where. Of course, this was Poperinghe, in the first great war. The Ypres Salient was a stoutly-held British bulge in the long German trench line, that ran from the sea to the Alps, and in the middle of the bulge's base lay Poperinghe. Paris itself never seemed so gay or grateful to the leisured pleasure-seeker as drab and battle-scarred little Poperinghe to weary British soldiers, come back from the trenches to bath and delouse themselves, and in the evenings they rolled gladly round to the little theatre, where the Sixth Division's concert party played, The Follies.

How good they were, ah, how good! For another four days, until you went back to the trenches, you were alive! And there was the tall tenor, singing 'My Little Grey Home in the West', and the little comedian, impersonating George Formby, who made a joke of the cough that killed him, and the two Belgian girls, who did little but show two pairs of appetizing, tantalizing legs, and we called them Claudine and Grenadine, and afterwards they were joined by a third, less well-favoured, whom we named Chlorine.

I think no audiences ever relished so much every jest and gesture on the stage, as those muddy British soldiers, who had a four-day lease of life, and after that the certainty of wounds or death. But even at these feasts was a skeleton; the four days' respite was not unconditional. For the Germans did not like British soldiers to rest, when they were out of the trenches, and brought up a long-range gun - just as those German soldiers on the cliffs opposite Dover brought up long-range guns - which could reach Poperinghe.

So, every evening, all ears were pricked for the noise of that approaching shell, and sometimes the evening passed without it, and sometimes it came, and there was an almost imperceptible pause in the rollicking while those ears waited for the explosion, and when it burst, the same unspoken thought was in every mind, 'Safe again, this time', and you could see Claudine's eyes flicker and Grenadine's lips tremble.

Jill came off, laughing and excited. 'Did you hear the shells?' I asked.

'No,' she said, wide-eyed, 'are they shelling?'

Then she was back again, for an encore, and the house sang with her, to raise the roof, a very old song, a great favourite of the soldiers and sailors, 'Nellie Dean'. 'You're my heart's desire, I love you, Nellie Dean'; the song swelled. Faintly, at the back of it, I heard the dull thump of another shell.

Afterwards we walked together, through pitch-dark streets, to the front-line inn, for a meal. A shuffling of feet around us, and a dwindling murmur of voices, as the theatre emptied and the people dispersed. Then Dover was black and lonely as the grave. You could hear, but not see, the sea. An angry wind blew fiercely against the land. The front-line inn, when we found it, seemed the last outpost of England, a bleak stronghold in the menacing night. But within was light, and the two maids busily shuffled to and fro, and in the dining-room were captains and mates from a boat.

Jill was as happy as only a young actress can be, when she comes to a good meal after a hard evening's work. We had a fine time, and all the sailormen, who recognized her, begged her to sing 'My Ain Folk', and songs of that kind, when next they went to the show. Outside the wind howled.

Dover, captains and mates, and firing heard at sea,' said I. 'But Shakespeare didn't know you, Jill, or he would surely have included you. Here's to Dover and you. Or rather, here's to you, and Dover.'

Gosh, I feel good,' said Jill. 'I could eat that all over again. The air here makes me feel hungry and good.'

'You make me feel good,' said I, 'let's meet here and have a terrific celebration after the war.'

'I'll be here,' said Jill.

'After the war!' That seemed a reasonable rendezvous to make, when I talked with Jill in Dover, at the beginning of 1941. We had four priceless things to thank destiny for: that Germany had not struck at us with all her might at the outbreak, that our army had been rescued from Dunkirk, that Hitler had not attempted invasion immediately after that, and that we had beaten back the air assault on Britain. The near future, too, held something better than all of these - the German attack on Russia.

But in spite of all those reprieves and all that good fortune, we still did not make use of our chances, and as 1941 waxed and waned to-morrow grew darker, not brighter.

That rendezvous in Dover receded....

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## Chapter Two

### THE LONDON I LEAVE

I am a Cockney; I have been bored within sound of Bow Bells ever since I can remember. I left my native London to go to one war and came back when I thought that war finished. Then I went to foreign parts and found the war was not finished, that it would soon be resumed; by 1944 we shall be able to enter another Thirty Years War in our history books - for our life in the years between 1918 and 1939 was not peace, it was suspended animation, waking nightmare.

London! The undisputed centre of our universe, the focal point of all human hopes and fears upon this planet. While it stands, men in countries near and far may hope for the future. If it fell, our world would be quite different.

Yet I have not had this feeling of historical climax during the latest of my London years. At the beginning, yes, when the sirens came chasing the dusk, and the vibrant hum in the air and the noise of rushing bombs tautened every nerve in the expectant, fearful human body, and the clangour of fire-bells filled the night and the glow of fires painted the sky, so that the chimneys and rooftops were etched black and sharp against it; then, a man could feel that his native London was the citadel of civilization, the last stronghold of the future, that a great battle for mankind was being fought and won within its walls.

That was the brave time of which a blithe spirit, Noel Coward, returning from afar on the morrow of the waning air assault, sang:

London Pride has been handed down to us,

the first line of which, by some whimsy of his muse, has to my ear almost exactly the same melody as that of Deutschland ueber Alles.

London Pride - has been handed down to us  
Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber Alles  
Tumty-tum-tum, tumty-tum-ti-tum.

Ah well, what's in a tune? I lay awake once, in a Berlin bedroom, in the turbulent early days of Hitler's advent to power, when you sometimes heard shots and shouts in the night, and heard a belated pedestrian, whose footfalls rang sharp and clear in the silent street, whistling himself homeward to the tune of 'God Save the King'. How incongruous, I thought. Then I remembered that this was, long before 'God Save The King', the tune of the King of Prussia's national anthem, 'Hail to thee Victory, in thy laurels'. And the early Bolsheviks, for their hymn of worldwide revolution, with guileful hatred of the Gentiles took the tune of a German Christmas carol, 'O Tannenbaum'.

Thus the Gods who rule our destinies, or the demons, whichever they may be, with mocking laughter mix up the melodies in a hat, and with one and the same tune you may inflame the passions of a man in Kiel to-day and a man in Kieff to-morrow.

London, after the air attack ceased, became depressing. The songs which were written about London's staunchness and ordeal came too late, after the fury of the siege abated; perhaps they still warmed the hearts of American audiences, which seemingly loved to think of London 'taking it', but they had no relation to the careworn city which London became during 1941. The excitement



was over, the siege raised, the war moved south and east and was being fought out in Africa and Russia, and few people in Britain, for all the warnings, believed that an invasion still might come.

All that was left were the toothless gaps, the waiting anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, barrage balloons and fire-fighters, food rationing, the black-out, and the war stretching far into an impenetrable future. Every day brought new restrictions to circumscribe every normal act of a normal man's life, every day new paper forms and new regulations were invented by the ever-growing army of officials to which this country was delivered for the second time in a generation. On one side of the road officialdom posted its injunctions to the patriotic to 'save paper', 'save fuel', 'save food', 'save money', and 'waste nothing'; on the other side of the road were celebrated the riotous orgies of waste which officialdom, in all countries, always brings; and along the hard road between marched the British nation, docile, unthinking, unquestioning, staunch, passive, bearing its burden with a coolie-like patience, forgiving everything because it understood nothing.

The closed and shuttered little shops, tombs of so many small men's hopes, were to me more poignant than the songs of troubadours about London's courage. Everywhere the placards, 'No cigarettes', 'No chocolates', 'No eggs'; the nation of shopkeepers was going through a hard time, though one newspaper, seemingly resolved to serve a great tradition to the last, announced that 'Shops are to remain open during an invasion'. The only placard I missed was one, 'No information', at the Ministry of Information, that gigantic teapot in Bloomsbury, which to be suitably housed should add a handle to one side and a spout to the other of its great central tower.

And the black-out! The philosophy of the ostrich was honoured on a stupendous scale. The winter of 1940-1941 proved that the black-out is the night raider's friend, because it gives him the darkness he loves, and vain, because it does not keep him from his prey. In several cities he destroyed main streets as cleanly as if he had gone afoot, casting bombs from side to side. A light-up, not a black-out, was needed to clear the air. But, once ordained by officialdom, the black-out stayed, would stay.

What a satanic invention! When I consider the black-out, and the besnouted masks which were given - the only free thing they were ever given, save that they paid for them - to the people, I wonder whether we are in the grip of demoniac forces which work to degrade and humiliate mankind to the semblance of the lower animals. Not even officialdom, yet, has been able to make people carry, far less wear, these piglike helmets. Perhaps in the next war we shall find means to darken the daylight sky, perhaps we shall live underground and only emerge, stealthily and warily, at night, perhaps we shall grow pallid and pale-eyelashed and red-eyed, behind our pig-snouts, in the cause of saving civilization.

There was a Minister, believe me or believe me not, there is a Minister, a Labour politician, but by the implacable processes of pass-the-sweets, which are as immutable and unchallengeable as the laws of nature and time themselves he has for the nonce eased a Tory politician out of the Home Secretary's chair, who would like to see the people even take these swinish masks to bed with them! None has explained how the gas is to be launched which might exterminate those who go about without one of these begoggled porcine gargoyles on their heads. Like many politicians who wage this war, he has no experience of warfare. He derided, as the dupes of warmongering politicians, the British soldiers who fought the Germans in the last war; come to office himself, he imprisons those he thinks injurious to 'the war effort' in this.

In London, as 1941 aged, I was haunted by the ghost of the last war. I am not of those who say that things are not what they were because I am not what I was. The lives of a million men were seldom more drearily spent than those of a million Britishers in the 1914-1918 war. Hardly a gleam of strategic genius brightened their Calvary. They just lay in muddy holes in the ground, waiting to be

killed or wounded; there was no other alternative for those in the forefront. They could only assume that when enough of them had been killed or wounded the war, somehow, would end.

Yet their spirits never flagged; they believed, nearly all of them, that they served a purpose by their suffering and sacrifice. So, when they came home, a rollicking, roystering band rolled out of the leave train at Victoria, took its waiting womenfolk eagerly in its arms, or surged eagerly westward in search of a drink, a dinner and a girl. Caps set at a swagger slant; legs well shod in high boots that still bore French mud; high spirits and laughter. At another platform the hospital trains pulled in; women threw flowers as the wounded men were driven away.

At yet another platform stood the reluctant trains, with averted eyes, that waited to take the leave-men back to France, but even there all was bustle and laughter; only when the train drew out did you see a tear or two. It was a bad war, but yet a good war. It should never have been allowed, but it had to be fought, and when it was won, a new century, a new life would lie ahead. That was the belief of those young men. How little they knew - of the bitter years that lay before them, when ex-service men would push barrel organs around the streets and ex-officers, figures of unfriendly fun, would peddle vacuum-cleaners.

Victoria, for me, was filled with the ghosts of 1918, looking wonderingly about them at the Victoria Station of 1941. A dark cavern, its gloom intensified by rare lights of a spectral blue. Blacked-out trains, lying like dead monsters alongside slimy platforms. The dank mist, peculiar to London stations, hanging on to the air. Vague, muffled shapes plodding silently about. Inside the carriages, silent, harassed-looking men trying to read newspapers in the dim light, or talkative young workmen telling each other about their last wages increase, what they said to the foreman, football coupons, dancing. Everywhere notices, 'Blinds must be kept down after dark' (altered by the usual humorist to 'Blondes must be kept down after dark').

Between 1914 and 1918, for all the bloodshed, London was gay, forward-looking, full of hope and belief in the future. The promenades behind the circle at the Empire and the Pavilion were open, and were thronged with young officers and the lighter ladies of the town, laughing and talking. The prurient prudery which, with lascivious obsession, gives the word 'morality' an exclusively sexual meaning, and ignores the slums, the derelict areas, political corruption, the exploitation of young people and the like, had those places closed. Now the prostitutes stand outside them, in rows, upon the kerbstone.

Indeed, I found it hard to imagine, in blacked-out 1941, that there were ever in London town such places as the Cremorne Gardens and Vauxhall, where people could openly disport and refresh themselves without a sense of wrongdoing, of oppression and repression, without having to wait for that hour to strike which is deemed rightful for the sale of alcohol or having to slink into outer darkness when that other hour strikes when it is held to be wrongful. Ever since I have known London it has grown duller and duller.

The exhilaration of the years 1914-1918 may have been artificial and wrong, but it kept the people buoyed up. This time, the Londoner's mood contained none. It was one, at the best, of grim resignation. The Londoner becomes cynical, sceptical, disillusioned, almost soured, and how should he not? He reminds me of the Viennese I knew in the years of Vienna's tattered grandeur after the 1914-1918 war. Vienna was like someone who was once lovely and still tried to carry off the gowns with which she captivated all in her far-distant youth.

For the Londoner carries with him memories which cannot breed faith or hope. He need not be old to have caroused on Mafeking Night, to have cheered before Buckingham Palace on August 4th, 1914, to have rolled along Piccadilly shouting and yelling on Armistice Night, to have roared 'Good

old Neville' as Mr. Chamberlain, returned in triumph from Munich, cried 'Peace with honour' from the window of 10 Downing Street. Scarcely ten years ago, he may have gone to Victoria Station to acclaim Mr. Philip Snowden, come back with a victor's laurels from the Reparations Conference at The Hague; to-day, he cannot even remember what good old Philip, soon to receive the proud Freedom of London, then brought back with honour. If this particular Londoner is a particularly enthusiastic Londoner - like the lady I know who wrote a letter of sixty-nine lyrical pages about the Coronation to her brother abroad - he went to Waterloo, on a day, to acclaim one Stanley Baldwin, returned 'with a feather in his cap' (Punch, inevitably,) from discussing, with dollar barons in the United States, the number of noughts behind the figure of the British war debt. He was supposed to have won a nought or two, and gained great renown.

The Londoner, if he apply his ear to the past, will hear the faint echo of his own cheers coming down the years - and where is he now? At war again, a worse war than ever. His future wrapped in fog. That might not matter; he is of the generation which has never known a future. But what of his children? Are they to be denied one, too?

He himself went into the last war as a volunteer, and resented the tardy ones, the conscripts, who came after. Now, as he approaches his fifties, he is liable to be conscribed himself. He thought himself a good patriot, in 1914, when he rushed forward among the foremost volunteers; now he sees that his next-door neighbour, who was called up in 1918 but never went to France, struts about as a major in the Home Guard - he has good friends in the right places and has been given a commission under the Palsy Walsy Act, he will be able to parade the crown upon the shoulder of his ribbonless coat for the duration of the war and look after his business at the same time.

John Londoner, indeed, sees all around him the smart Alecs, the wise guys, the Artful Dodgers, whom he knew in the last war, the men who know how to get out of everything that others have to do and how to get everything that others have not. He is himself nearly fifty; his sons have already gone, and one is dead; his daughters are now to be taken away; but everywhere he sees the young men who are somebody's pals, the infant proteges, in 'reserved occupations'; these are the spoilt children of 'individual selection', the favourites of the system of 'judging each case on its merits'.

Lean, bespectacled, going bald, harassed, careworn, perplexed and uncomprehending, John cannot go to a restaurant, a theatre or a club without seeing on all sides of him the people he detested between 1914 and 1918 - the profiteers, the racketeers and the war efforteers, the wily ones, the ghouls who batten and fatten on wars. They thrived in Moscow in 1917, until they drove a starving and desperate population to revolution and to the grip of an even more pestilential clique. They thrived in Berlin in 1918 and in 1923, the inflation year, when they paved the way for Hitler. Now John Londoner meets them, in his home town.

I am a Londoner. On the darkest black-out nights, when I could not see my hand before my face, my foot unerringly led me along streets I had not trod for many years. Tugging at my trouser-leg, it would say, 'Here, Master, here is Farringdon Street', and, within a yard, it was right. Memory, that always faithful and sometimes too zealous servant, would jog my elbow, and murmur, 'This pile of debris in the darkness, Master, is all that remains of the house where your daughter was born, do you remember?' - and that was right too.

And in these gloomy days and blacked-out nights I felt sad for London, which seems to me to have known little joy in my time and to have little hope of anything much better for long to come. The contrast seems to me so incongruous between the part that London is playing in the history of our time and, the lot of most of its people, which during this century has been a joyless, care-laden and drab one.

London, if you take London as the symbol of England, Britain, the Empire, is also the symbol of victory or defeat. I do not say, of 'civilization', because I take this word to mean a gradual increase, on this planet, of kindred feeling among the peoples, of respect for human life, human dignity and liberty, beauty and the arts. I have seen no sign of these things, in my time; the movement I have observed, in these matters, has been a downward and not an upward one. The only 'progress' I have seen, has been in mechanical ingenuity, in making machines move faster, loud speakers speak louder, lavatories flush more efficiently, and cannon shells travel farther.

But London, as a symbol, most certainly stands at least for this: that if it should fall, life on our planet would be substantially different in future, and if it does not fall, life on this planet will continue more or less as we have known it; the possibility of attaining a state of civilization will remain in our hands. This planet is so small, in space, that nothing on it is very important, but that is about as important as anything on it could be. And that is why I felt sad and disgruntled that London was become, and as this war proceeded became more and more, a city of petty and pettier restrictions, of little, niggardly, harassing regulations, of paltry plays and a drivelling radio, which afflicted me with chronic B.B.C.-sickness; a city without music or gaiety, without any common meeting-ground for citizens on pleasure or recreation bent; a city, the greatest in numbers in the world, inhabited by careworn people. And every night the cursed black-out came down upon it like the black-cap upon a judge's head.

There was no exhilaration in this, no idealism, no high hope, no reeling of a historical mission, no exalted belief that a battle was being fought 'for civilization' or to make the future secure. Such phrases were golden in the years between 1914 and 1918, but in 1941 they rang false in the people's ears. There was only a grim acceptance of the argument that the war, having come, must be won. But, after 1918, even victory held no dazzling allure; behind it lay lean and threadbare years - and this time there would be not only millions of men hungry for work and a future, but millions of women, too. With the memory of conditions in London and Berlin and Vienna and Moscow even after the last war in my mind, I think with foreboding of the conditions that may prevail after this one, unless men and women of great understanding and civic conscience take charge of the problem of these masses of women - when the war is over.

The Londoners, as they stumbled about in the black-out in later 1941, were indeed little children groping in the dark. Mr. Churchill, for once misread their mind when he said they would one day think of this as their finest and fullest hour. At the expensive hotels and restaurants, were people for whom this was possibly their fullest hour, but for John Londoner it was a series of very bad quarter-hours, uneased by the unquestioning faith in the future, after victory, that carried him through the war of his younger manhood. He made the best of a very bad job, but on his shoulders lay the-burden of two world wars in a generation, of ever-thwarted hopes for the future, and of anxiety for his children.

Statesmen who deal in large maps and great battles are more tempted than ordinary men to think such times stirring. John Londoner - and with him John Edinburgh, John Belfast, John Cardiff and his cousins from overseas - could only plod his stony path without much hope of ever emerging into open country and seeing his way clear before him.

So my native London lay heavy with care beneath grey skies and black nights, as 1942 approached. I wondered whether even victory would move it to Maffick or Munich again. This underlying weariness of the spirit was revealed when the Lord Mayor's Show was held. In peacetime this archaic mixture of flummery and flunkeys, unchanging in its stereo-typed composition, always attracted a fair throng of sightseers, children brought by their parents, city workers and the like. In 1941, for once, it had real meaning and justification. Old London town had beaten off a siege. The background for the procession, the ruins of the bombed City, was more dramatic than anything a

theatrical producer could have devised. Soldiers from the conquered countries, the men who fought to liberate their homelands, the men who shared the Battle of Britain with us, marched in the procession.

Here, if the fight had real meaning, was the ideal opportunity to celebrate it. But the Lord Mayor's Show of 1941 was a failure. The Press irritably criticized it as ill-timed. A few chance spectators indifferently watched it pass through empty streets, the tramp-tramp of marching feet hollowly echoing among the ruins. In 1914 or 1918 the battered city would have rung with cheers and shouting, with bands and drums.

No, old London was tired. How should it have been other? The third winter of the war impended. The first was the winter of the 'phoney war' period, to quote the jargon in which Britain's story of this war is seemingly to be handed down to posterity, when people wallowed in plenty, music hall comedians sang 'Let's all forget about the war', and good Santa Chamberlain was left to look after it. The second war winter was that of shock and impact, of sudden awakening and impending calamity, of ordeal and death and destruction and fire and flame.

Now came the third winter, with the young men embarking for the four corners of the world, the middle-aged ones getting ready to go, the old ones wondering when their turn would come, the papers shouting 'Slackers' at the women, homes and businesses being broken up on all sides, and the smart ones, shouting 'help the war effort', sidling into becushioned jobs at Teapot House and Loudspeaker House and all the other Houses for the duration.

And how long, O lord, how long? This question preyed on John Londoner's mind - how long, and what lies beyond? John Londoner was often told by his own politicians that he must not know anything about anything, for this was not in the public interest. Yet, when he opened his paper, he found that the Australian Minister of Munitions thought the war would last 'another three years maybe even five', the Canadian Prime Minister that the war 'might drag on for years, carrying in its train pestilence, famine and horrors yet undreamed of', that the American President talked of 'another three years', and so on.

So, as the hard, bleak winter of 1941 approached him, John Londoner, for the first time, began to see clearly the footprints that Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain left in the sands of time. The bombing of the previous winter was far less than had been expected, and physical danger, anyway, is not the worst thing that can happen to men. But *now* John Londoner, and all the other Johns in the British town and countryside, reaped the full fruits of those years, and bitter-tasting fruits they were. Now they perceived the price they would have to pay for the folly of their leaders and their own apathy in those between-war years. The breaking-up of families, the ruination of businesses, the interruption of careers, on every hand - and, at the end of it, what? No certainty of betterment, after victory.

For the evils that caused this war remained! All clamour to mend them was rebuked by the words 'No recriminations', 'This is not the time to discuss the past; that can wait'; and 'Let us get on with the job'.

This caused John Londoner's depression of spirit, despite his grim determination. He could not believe, this time, that anything would be better, when the war was won; he had no security that the history of the years between 1918 and 1939 would not be repeated.

But that would mean that life on this planet has no meaning or pattern. An American author wrote: 'No civilization can survive repeated wars between millions armed with weapons capable of creating wholesale devastation and destruction in the heart and centre of that civilization.'

That is the very picture of our future, unless we bestir ourselves. We seemed for centuries to move slowly but surely towards 'civilization', through the liberation of slaves and serfs and bondmen and small nations and the gradual raising of the conception of human dignity and the rights of man, but since the coming of the machine and the rise of the machine-barons, we have been moving just as perceptibly away from it.

The most ominous sign of this backward process is the decline in human respect for humanity and human life. In the last war, a million men were killed, but, in a way, the nation felt every single one of them. The pangs that people felt did not lessen because the casualty lists went on for years. After the war, the most truly religious feeling I have ever seen revealed itself every year in the silence on November 11th. Outstanding acts of criminal brutality, like the shooting of Nurse Cavell, of the Belgian civilians at Louvain, or the sinking of the *Lusitania*, aroused real fury.

That was gone. The human mind has been so dulled by a surfeit of horrors that it no longer feels anything about mass massacre. The killing of four million Chinese in the Japanese 'experiment' (to quote a *Times* leader during this war) is a phrase which conveys nothing to the average British imagination. The massacre of 30,000 people in half an hour during the bombing of Rotterdam is a newspaper item which leaves no impression on the mind. 50,000 people were killed in air raids upon this country. Not even their names are known: they are just 'persons killed' in 'incidents'. The dulled public senses, strangely, can still react to the death of 27 people in a fire! Crowds throng to the funeral of the victims in such a case. But mass murder has become so normal that people no longer resent it.

I can never accustom myself to this; I have been amazed at the lack of hostile feeling to the Germans, of anger at their acts, that I observe in the people I meet, particularly among troops. This atrophy of the mind, or of the senses, whichever it is, makes me wonder if Mr. H. G. Wells may not be right in his theory that man is like to become as extinct as the dodo. For, if we stumble through this war, we can hardly survive another without a reversion to jungle conditions in large parts of the globe. Already, in this war, in Greece and Yugoslavia and Russia, masses of men have been driven by the invaders to live in the mountains, from which they can never return if he is not driven out.

Once, in my journeyings from London, I spent a night at Torquay. From my bedroom window I looked down on a quiet tree-lined street, heard the laughter and footfalls of young men in khaki and blue, hurrying to their billets. Through a gap in the trees I saw the placid blue sea and thought that, if I had sat there something more than a century before, I might have seen the sails of a British ship glide into that tree-framed gap - the British warship *Bellerophon*, bringing captive to these shores a man named Napoleon.

What wretched use we made of the century of peace his capture gave us! The slums and the derelict areas are the monuments to that century of 'prosperity' - those, and the war of 1914-1918 and the present war. Now, we have to do it all over again, for the third time. I do not believe in the lazy, way-of-least-resistance theory that 'there always were wars and always will be wars; after this war there'll be peace and then, some time, another war, and then some more peace, and so on and so on'. That was all very well in the days of breech-loaders. But to-day the machines kill too many at one blow, mankind could not stand the pace.

That is the reason for John Londoner's underlying despondency. The system, in *this* country, that brought about this second war, is intact; it has been firmly shored up upon the prop, 'No recriminations!'

We come of an ill-starred generation, we who were cradled at the turn of the century. The world seemed to move upward when we came into it, and has gone downhill ever since. Now we are in

the Nineteen Forties. The century is in its middle age. Middle aged men are often at their best. They retain the vigour of youth and have some of the experience of age. But our century, in its middle age, behaves like the lean and slipper'd pantaloon. Having cast away the victory it won in its youth, it has dithered into new calamity, and shows no sign of knowing what to do if and when its young men overcome this.

Sitting at my window over London sometimes, when the fires burned on the Surrey side, or the night was quiet, I thought that soon the clock of the years would have struck 2000 times since we began to count the years. The year 2000 would have been a golden goal for humanity to fix its eyes on, if this century had continued the trend of its fathers. But, as this century behaves itself, the year 2000 holds more foreboding than hope.

As 1942 approached I felt the time was come for me, once more, to move on. London twelve months before was ordeal - but also hope. London now was apathy and lull and careworn faces and repressed anxiety for the future and jibbering alien stars drooling their drivel into the radio and sleek war efforteers concerting profitable black market operations behind their hands in corners of restaurants and young men marching past my windows every day in hundreds to join up.

I have seen too much of this, I was not amused. I was sick for fresh air and open skies and a few trees and the smell of earth and burning wood and the noise of birds. During the autumn, I spent a mad week dashing about Sussex, talking, for their sins, to the troops. It was an exhausting week, and at the end the army, which asked me to come, and undertook, if I would, to defray my out-of-pocket expenses, told me that my 'claim' would be considered and I might receive payment after several months, which, with memories of the £60,000,000 wasted on militia camps, I thought was pretty good, but this by the way.

I had much difficulty, in the uncharted and signpostless English countryside, in finding my way from unit to unit. (I sometimes think that if Hitler sends 50,000 parachutists to this country, with orders to report their landing-places to Berlin by radio, he will get 50,000 radiograms reporting a landing at a place called 'Gentlemen'; this was the only indication of my whereabouts I ever found.)

Anyway, I dashed frantically about as if our sole chance of winning this war depended upon my reaching the 48th Royal Brownedoffs at 3.15 p.m. and giving them a good talking-to about The Situation. And on one of these Turpinesque rides, I saw a little cottage that was to let. I liked the look and lay of it, but could not pause - we might have lost the war if I had not found the 48th Brownedoffs in time.

Later, when the grey winter approached, dragging the burdensome and impenetrable future behind it, I thought of the cottage.

London lay as heavy on my soul as a bad meal on a tender stomach. I had to take my mind away and bathe it. I set out in search of that cottage.

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## Chapter Three

### SOJOURN IN SUSSEX

My cottage, when I found it, was a new one, but yet had the feeling of age. An old barn, formerly on that site, had bequeathed to it the stout timbers that crisscrossed the ceiling and the mellow bricks which some belated Sussex craftsman, with the inherited lore of centuries in his eye and hands, had built into the big open hearth. It was a splendid fire, that sprang to life at the touch of a match like a horse at the touch of a spur, and I kept it piled high with wood, as the winter of 1941 drew on, so that its friendly gleam went dancing round the room, from copper pots to copper pans, and back again.

It was a quiet corner, and quiet was a dish of which I had forgotten the taste, if I ever knew it. I led a turbulent, unresting, pillar-to-post life after 1914, and before 1914 I was barely alive at all, and I thought now, as the healthful sojourn on Lake Geneva, of which I had so long dreamed, was indefinitely postponed, that I might for a brief while, between journeys, try the tranquil air of Sussex.

The lane that ran past the cottage seemed likely to lead nowhere, although, if you turned to the left, it presently took you to Brighton and the sea, and, if you turned right, it without much ado brought you to London. You seldom heard a sound by day, and by night only those of the train, a mile away, or of a bomber overhead.

The little village, near at hand, was like many others that you may find in what once was rural England. If Sleepy Vale does not yet know Priest & Levite's chain stores, that is because these amiable cosmopolitans think it has too few people to be worth their while. Otherwise Sleepy Vale grows more like a London suburb every day, and as both London and Brighton move rapidly towards it, and the intervening space fast fills with isolated, outer suburbs, settlements of fairly prosperous people who can afford to live in the English countryside, and do not notice that such no longer exists, Sleepy Vale will soon form part of an unbroken line of dwelling houses, shops and picture theatres stretching from London to Brighton-by-the-sea.

Already the last traces of old Sussex, old England, are disappearing from Sleepy Vale. The inevitable 'Parade', where cake-selling ladies and milliners and beautifiers advertise themselves by their Christian names, has sprung up alongside the station; behind it, all forlorn, stands a lovely old cottage that you can only see from the bridge over the railway line. At that station, sixty years ago, you would have seen seven two-horse broughams waiting for the incoming trains, and there was always too much work for them; to-day, two descendants of that enterprising coach-man who founded the business, an ageing man and woman, struggle for enough petrol to keep a couple of taxicabs running, and after them the firm will cease. Midway along a road of Council houses, the hideous memorials to the war to end war, stand some century-old brickworks, with some fine kilns.

That is about all that remains of Sleepy Vale, for the thing that has grown up where Sleepy Vale stood, having no character, might as well have a number as a name. Nowadays, it boasts a factory operated by a community of Jews down from London. They are all interrelated; the men seem exempt from war service; the women wear expensive mink coats. They live in the same roads, from which the Gentiles, as ever, are withdrawing. They look prosperous and well fed. The searing misery of this new war, which eats deep into the native life of Sleepy Vale, seemingly spares them. Foreign in appearance, name and customs, for the most part, and anti-Gentile by faith, they are of a monopolistic concentration which makes the natives compare them with a cloud of locusts. I have seen similar Jewish infiltrations into the countryside in other countries, and the results these lead to,

and know that the same thing is happening all over the Home Counties and in other parts of England. Are the men and women returning from the war to find the nest full of cuckoos? Sleepy Vale is only typical. Several of its small traders have gone to the war and had to close their shops. Sometimes they are taken and reopened by these diligent newcomers. Thus the worldly affairs of Sleepy Vale are dominated by the factory that has come to it from London. Its spiritual life derives from the church, standing within a churchyard with many tombstones, at the gates of which a large notice says:

*This is God's acre*

## DOGS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

There are several fish-and-chip 'saloons', suffering nowadays from no-fish, and I often wonder what the Sussex men of yore, men of beef and beer and ham, would say if they could see their descendants filling themselves with this food. Of the inns, the best known is the Sleepy Vale Inn. Its sign catches every traveller's eye, as he mounts the steep hill, but to-day it reads:

## THE ||||| INN

This crafty subterfuge is designed to thwart the Germans; when they come to Sleepy Vale they will not know where they are.

Unfortunately, other important things have been forgotten. The clocks still function; they should be stopped, so that the invader would not know the time. The weather vanes, too, still tell the wind; they ought to be removed, so that he would not know whence it blew. Our war effort, indeed, is far from one hundred per cent in Sleepy Vale as everywhere in England. If all these things were done, and if in addition we all wore our gas masks day and night, in bed as well, kept our eyes closed, put in our ears those plugs which our government, forgetting nothing, is ready to provide, and blacked-out our dwellings during the hours of daylight as well as those of darkness - if we did all these things, and preferably never went out of doors, the war would soon be won.

However, nothing is lost by blacking-out the name of the Sleepy Vale inn, because none has ever called it that. Standing on the hilltop, it always was and ever will be The Tophouse, and pleasant it is, during the rare occasion when it is allowed to open, with its cheery landlady, good beer, and dartboard. The inns of England, once places of good cheer and good conversation, good drink and good victuals, were wounded by the passing of the post-coach, and almost killed by the lunatic licensing laws, which so eloquently reveal the crazy-pavement of English thought. Little folk, haggard by an inner resentment at the emptiness of their own lives, gain a perverted pleasure from interfering with the recreations and the refreshment of others, and would clothe their spoil-sport activities in godly garb by claiming that they serve the cause of Christianity, propriety, or whatnot, in other countries, where the inns remain open from dawn until midnight, they are more comfortable, and brighter than the English 'local' of to-day. Because people in those countries do not feel that they may only drink at certain times, they drink less, I imagine. It looks less, and is certainly not more. You seldom see, abroad, the roaring half-tipsy crowd you often find in an English public-house just before 'chucking-out time' - people who have hurried to get two or three extra ones down and who will be sleepy or bad-tempered for the rest of the day.

The return of the dartboard and shove-halfpenny board, however, have given back to the English public-house a little of the pleasant and friendly atmosphere which should be theirs by rights, and would be if they could conduct their trade in peace. In Sussex I was surprised to find an occasional public-house with a skittle alley, and to learn that this was once general. In parts of Germany this still is the rule, and a very pleasant resort the skittle alleys often are.

The Picture Palace; the church; the Tophouse; these complete the attractions of Sleepy Vale, save for - the shops.

The Shops! THE SHOPS! How great a part these play in the life of Englishwomen. 'I'm just going to the Shops'; 'I've just been to the Shops'. The Shops, Tea and The Pictures; The Pictures, Tea, and The Shops; Tea, The Shops and The Pictures; The Shops, The Pictures, and Tea. These, and now the radio, limit their lives between the cradle and the grave. The food they like best, they buy in tins; it is most quickly prepared. The furniture they like best is the trash from O-So-Kumfi-Kumpany; its hideous upholstery covers all its multitudinous sins; it may be paid for by instalments called easy and its swelling curves, which would shame the Rokeby Venus, make their tiny rooms look as if a balloon barrage had been herded together in a sheep-pen. When they are at home they open tins, make tea, and listen to the radio - and what poison drips into their ears. Moan, groan and drone; drool and croon; snivel-drivel; weep, wail and whine; Wishing Will Make It So; Wait For The Silver Lining; Blue Skies Are Coming By-and-By; It's a *Lovely* Day To-morrow; make yourself a nice, strong cup of, meander up to The Shops and The Pictures, and when you come back all will be well.

What a life! But in Sleepy Vale are still women of stout Sussex stock who know something about the care of a house and the merits of food. The mothers from London made me digress. You see them pushing their prams drearily to and fro between The Shops and The Pictures. They have been in Sleepy Vale since the air raids. Some are neat and clean, have some trace of alertness and vigour. Too many carry the brand of London on their brows. They had better have stayed at home, so that their children at least might benefit from the change; because they are here, the children are as miserably unkempt and thin as ever. As I came up the hill I saw one, her hands resting listlessly on the pram handles, a fag end drooping from her lips, waiting for some drab alehouse to open.

Sleepy Vale! How typical of the England of 1941 it is, the central core of cottages and small houses and shops clustering round the station, then the fringe of well-to-do people's villas, and beyond that, hidden from sight, the big houses in their palisaded parks. Along the roads go soldiers, aimlessly looking for some way to pass the time, or you see them at the windows and gates of the villas they have taken over. Hard though it often is to realize this, in Sleepy Vale, we are all on tiptoe still, should the invader come.

Sometimes Imperial troops come through the village - Canadians, or others - and a tremor shakes Sleepy Vale. In the little grocer's, where a notice asks mysteriously 'Do you suffer from damp walls?' they breeze in, without a by your leave, and call briskly 'Say, have we gotta have any coupons for chickens or rabbits?' The village store wakes to life, and people turn their heads and smile, and the imp of sex, lying asleep, or as we had thought dead, in a corner, jumps up, and a perceptible thrill excites the girls behind the counter and they giggle at each other and at these selfsure, free-and-easy men who take them as women like to be taken and, all at once, the little store is full of new thoughts and feelings and emotions, pulsing through the air, and then the Canadians, throwing jests back over their shoulders, go out, and, like a waning fountain, the excitement dwindles and subsides, and the store becomes quiet and sleepy again, and the imp, sex, curls disgustedly up in his corner, and a British soldier comes in, rather bashfully, shyly waits his turn, and then mutters 'Piece o' soap, miss, please - 'k' you.'

How have Englishmen come by this sheepish and half-ashamed manner? Where have their alertness, their self-pride gone, They play as great a part as any people ever played in history. What cause have they to look so furtive? Because they are like this, they have been nose-led into this war. If they remain like it, they will be carrot-led into a new one.

The fields, that climb up and cling like sucklings to the swelling bosom of the Downs, reach with their feet to my house. There is a tree-fringed pool that looks as if it brooded there, inscrutable and placid, since time began. Nothing can more than faintly stir its surface; it mirrors the low-flying bomber, overhead, without a ripple; it has seen too much to be surprised at this.

Sometimes I see an old, old man bent over his work in the fields, or a boy, promoted to tasks he never dared to hope for, standing in his farm-cart and whipping his horse across the meadow like a charioteer. Another boy brings me my milk, a girl, barely in her teens, my paper. The country has become a land of the old or ageing and the very young. Down the lane comes a tub-cart with two very old ladies in it. One holds the reins, but that is a formality. The old pony, who has taken them down the lane and back nearly every morning for twenty-five years, knows every step of the way perfectly, and puts one hoof before the other with sedate precision, ruminating as he goes.

High overhead an invisible hand draws lines with white chalk on the blue sky. Vapour trails, the wash that high-flying aircraft leave. This sleepiness below is an illusion; the combat still goes on. Are they ours, are they German? From the nearest German landing-ground to here is the distance from one blade of grass to another for a grasshopper - and how little we know, compared with the grasshoppers, for we could not leap twenty times our own height and come deftly down on a twig.

No anti-aircraft fire - they must be ours. They might have been Germans; over these fields, in these skies, the Battle of Britain was fought, last year. Few saw much of it. 'Aery navies grappling in the central blue', wrote the poet Tennyson, with prophetic vision, but when his dream came true, the aery navies were far out of sight, the people below, straining their necks, saw only those white trails in the sky, the faint rat-a-tat-tat that reached their ears was the noise of machine-gun bullets which were fired a minute before, perhaps had already killed their man.

This is a good place to pause, on the helter-skelter ride through Insanity Fair, with its derailments and collisions and shuntings and interruptions and disappointments, the mad rush to get somewhere which never leads anywhere; a good place to sit back for a moment and think of the past and the future, of the things and countries I have seen.

I come to be a collector of windows. From a window in Berlin I watched Hitler march to power, and from a window in Vienna, his armies march in there. From a window in Prague I saw them come again, and from a window in London I watched them hurl themselves at us, and now I have a window in Sussex, and the show goes on.

It is fascinating to look through this window at the kaleidoscope of the past nine years.

There are the flames bursting out of the Reichstag and there is the unhappy, slaving puppet van der Lubbe, being led out to the scaffold.

There, over the line of the Downs, goes old Hindenburg's funeral cortège, with Hitler, bowing his head in mock humility, behind it.

There is Benesh, talking earnestly to me beside a warm fire in a room of the Hradshin in Prague, with the scarlet-and-white Habsburgs on the walls behind him; and there goes Benesh, behind Masaryk's coffin, with the Men of Munich already mocking him in the shadows. Well, he has survived, and is here, and if he goes back, one day, to a liberated Czechoslovakia, he will not confide, I hope, in 'assurances' from abroad, but will build a strong army and stout alliance with the Poles.

There is Schuschnigg, sitting at the table next to mine in the garden restaurant in Vienna; he talks with his friend, Guido Schmidt. His friend? Guido Schmidt has a stiletto in his hand; to-day he stands high in the good graces of the Nazis. Schuschnigg, politically blind, but the bravest of them all, one of the few heroic figures from the political stage, for nearly four years has lain in a German prison. No man, more than he, deserves new hope and freedom.

There, beneath the Downs, is a little bridge. On a bridge over the Danube, four years ago, I saw young King Peter, his cousin and Regent, Prince Paul, sitting with veiled eyes beside him. I wondered then, 'what King Peter's kingdom will look like, and where King Peter will be, when he comes of age to mount his throne'. Now I know, it is as I thought; I saw King Peter in Regent Street the other day, and few kings will have known such acclamation as he, when he goes back to the Serbs. But Prince Paul? Ah, there was another wily one, who knew how to play heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose. He lives in comfort, somewhere; the Serbs must pay.

There goes King Carol, in his theatrical white cloak, striding through Bucharest with his son Michael, looking down the side-streets at the silent populace, gathered behind police cordons half a mile away. A king reviewing his troops in a deserted city? I knew that day that he would not keep his throne. Now he suns himself in Cuba, with his Lupescu. And the Rumanians? Who cares about them?

There goes King George of Greece, stepping briskly ashore from the pinnacle that brought him back, for the second time, to the wildly cheering Athenians. He's in London, too, and his brother, tall Prince Paul, I saw yesterday strolling up Bond Street.

There are the Duke of Windsor and his Duchess, strolling through Viennese streets. Where are they? Ah yes, I read of them this morning. They make an American tour, the Americans wax ironic about the number of their attendants, trunks, and Cairn terriers.

A mad hurly-burly, the pageant I see from my window.

But my friend the blackbird flies into it, to distract my thoughts. I already know most of the birds at my cottage, but this one I know particularly well, because he has a clubfoot, turned inward, and alights on one claw, which I think pretty good. He reminds me of another clubfoot I knew, a sparrow in Vienna. There was a café there, by the Danube Canal, where the waiters, in the spring, used to put the chairs outside, and the sparrows, who waited and watched under the eaves, shouted 'Whoopee, and fluttered down and clustered on the chairs to share breakfast rolls with the customers.

One of them had a clubfoot, and most warm days during 1936 I fed him, calling him Goebbels. I wondered if he would be there in 1937, and on one of the first warm days went to see, and sure enough, he was back. This gave me a great affection for Goebbels, and during the winter of 1937-1938 I often reflected with pleasure that in 1938 I would again feed him crumbs from my roll. But on March 11th. 1938, Hitler came, and I went, and I doubt whether sparrows live so long that Goebbels will be there if and when I see Vienna again.

I have another appointment with a bird in Vienna, for in the Café Goethe there was a budgerigar which had to be heard to be believed. Charlie of the Café Goethe had a vocabulary, of several hundred words, and could speak various Austrian dialects. He would fly round the café, alight on a guest's shoulder, look appraisingly at him, and then begin to talk. 'Hullo,' he would say, 'I'm Charlie, Charlie of the Café Goethe. They make good coffee at the Café Goethe. Give me a kiss. Do you like the pictures? I like the pictures. I'm a lad from Styria and I've got a goitre, too' - for

goitre is prevalent in Styria and Charlie had a big bulge beneath his beak which he used to puff out -'What about a cup of coffee?', and so on, and so on, and so on.

To listen to that little blue thing talking into my ear, in a human voice, was a queer experience, and I have an especial grudge against Hitler for breaking my friendship with Charlie. True, Charlie had one demerit. He insisted upon his inalienable bird rights, and guests at the Café Goethe would gently remove him from their heads when he alighted upon them.

In Vienna the birds had a Christmas Tree, behung with good things, in the park before the old Imperial Palace. And I loved the sellers of grain in Vienna's market for their way with the sparrows. Before their booths, they had bulging sacks of corn and maize and oats and barley, which poured out of the open mouths. The sparrows used to meet in scores there and eat their fill, while the marketwomen, muffled and remuffled in petticoats and shawls and coats and big boots and earwarmers and fur caps, stood indifferently by. The sparrows must have eaten much of their profits, and I asked one if she did not mind this. 'Ach,' she said, casually, 'die haben Hunger.' 'Oh well, they're hungry.'

My clubfoot blackbird reminds me of these things. Him I call Hitler, because he has a white streak dingy enough to pass for yellow.

Interesting things, I see, from this new window, which is mine for a little while. From it I could lean out and, by stretching my arm, so to speak, touch the top of the Downs. From the top of the Downs, again, I might lean down and touch the British coast. And from there, by stretching my arm to its utmost, I might reach across and touch the place where the Germans are. Three full arms' lengths away, you might say, or one grasshopper's hop, in these times of 400-miles-an-hour aeroplanes.

This is a good place to think, and see pictures in the sky, and write. I always lived in the midst of turmoil before, and turmoil is always within us, the men of this generation. A little surface serenity, like the face of the pool I see from my window, won't harm. It won't be for long, anyway.

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## Chapter Four

### SOOTHSAYERS AND TRUTHSAYERS

I took a bicycle, because my thwarted spirit craved for any kind of movement, and pedalled sweating through the gusty November day, that made the leaning trees shrink and hug themselves to escape its chilly blast, which drove the smoke from the chimneys horizontally across the fields, by way of Hassocks and Ditchling and Lewes and Falmer to Brighton.

The friendly Downs, where once an Englishman could tread real turf and feel a little free, were cordoned off, with wire and placards and threatened penalties, 'By Order'. Even the Downs were prisoners now, like everything else in this new war of liberation, this new battle for freedom, and remotely shrugged a helpless shoulder at me as I went by below, looking up at them.

On that road, between the shivering winter hedges, I met the shade of myself, an office-boy upon another bicycle, faring forth to Brighton on a Bank Holiday in 1910, the farthest excursion I ever made from London, before the other war. The old two-horse bus passed that earlier me, with the front passengers on top talking to the driver, whip in hand.

I rode past the Dome, strange monument to the whims of Teutonic princes. That set me thinking idly of the Bavarian kings and their passion for building fantastic palaces on mountaintops, and made me wonder, with some yearning, whether the Stuarts, if they had kept the throne, would have made England what it is to-day, whatever that may be.

Then I met the wraith of another me, a young flying officer on crutches, chatting on the sunlit pier with others of my age and kind, while the band played and the girls admired the back of the well-shaped and curly head of the conductor, who, in his tall collar and befrogged frock-coat, looked like enough to a Guards officer in undress uniform to titillate any feminine fancy. My earlier self was learning an early lesson: that women find a whole man more romantic than any number with empty trouser-legs.

Ah', 1917! How the sun shone, how good was life in that hospital, how gay the morning stroll along the pier, how free from doubt the future! It lay before you, as serene and peaceful as the sea. 1920, 1930, 1940 and 1950, you knew, would be good - if you survived.

I watched myself, testing that leg, limp gingerly along the highboard at the end of the pier and dive into the sea. Then, as I watched, the sun went out and in the distance, across the slate-grey water, a little convoy went, towing its docile balloon behind it, and the chattering crowd, the officers on sticks and crutches and the men in blue hospital clothes and the Indian soldiers in turbans and the women in long skirts and the band, all these vanished, and the pier lay there, empty, with a gap cut in the middle to thwart the invader, and a Spitfire flashed roaring above the waves breaking on the deserted beaches and was gone.

I saw the Aquarium was closed, and thought of Brown. How different men's lives can be! The Aquarium *was* Brown's life. Come war, come peace, he tended his fish, cut up their food, observed the antics of the electric eel and the mating of the lobsters. He loved them all; rumour even said that he once saw the octopus. For decades he watched the trippers come and go, gaping at the inhabitants of his tanks, while their children sucked bright pink sticks of Brighton Rock and the babies cried, and he probably held a poorer opinion of the crowd on the dry side of the glass than of his own charges.



Down there, events in the world outside made faint echo. I knew Brown, with his white moustache, in earlier days. He first came to the Aquarium, a man of twenty, not long after the King of Prussia proclaimed himself Emperor of Germany at Versailles, in the presence of young Lieutenant von Hindenburg; on the Austro-German frontier a young customs official, named Hitler, looked forward to an easy life of upholstered officialdom and never in his wildest nightmares suspected that a son of his one day would rule Europe.

Ten, twenty years passed, while Brown lovingly tended his fish, and the strains of 'Good-bye, Dolly Gray' and 'A Little Boy Called Taps' faintly reached him from the bandstand, and then another ten years went, and more, and wounded men began to mix with the trippers who visited his tanks and there was talk of the Kaiser and Lloyd George and presently all these faded away, and nearly twenty years more passed until, in 1934, Brown, aged 77, had to admit that he had reached the age of retirement, 65.

A sad day, an enforced break in a long life's devoted work, not much sweetened by the compliments, the municipal dinner and the gifts! An interruption, but not an end, for next morning Brown, who could not be refused, was back at work, unpaid, tending his fishes. Then another five years passed, and down among the tanks faint echoes said 'Hitler' and another war.

What matter? There were other wars, other echoes. But this one brought tragedy. Hitler sought out even Brown, aged 82, would not let him end his days among the fish. The Aquarium was closed! What a climax, at 82! The tanks were emptied, the fish taken away, who knows where? But Brown obtained permission to continue attendance. Every day he visited the Aquarium, inspected the empty tanks, looked at the place where he chopped up the food, communed with the ghostly throng of trippers, the accumulated legion of sixty-four years. Perhaps, he thought, as his faltering footsteps echo hollowly through the vaults, perhaps one day the fish will come back, the visitors will return.

No. He died, aged 84, in 1941. I saluted his shade, wandering among the fishless tanks, as I turned away from the Aquarium and met, once more, my earlier self.

Yes, there I was, in 1935, on leave between promotion from Berlin to Vienna, come to see England in April. I came along the windy, rain-swept front, between the trudging crowds of careworn holidaymakers, fulminating until I nearly emitted steam from my nostrils, an angry, embittered man, cursing the apathy I saw, the unintelligent uninterestedness, the stupid refusal to awaken and arm in time, the universal preoccupation with fish-and-chips and football-coupons and flicks and thrillers and chocolate creams and the result of the three o'clock. Better lazy than clever, these leery, vacant faces seemed to say, and my 1935 self came pushing through the crowd, muttering, 'This is drivelling lunacy, you've only a little while to get ready, and if you start now, you can prevent this war yet'. Whereon the crowd went and bought itself a stick of Brighton Rock, and I hope - well, never mind about that.

That picture faded, too, and my flesh and blood self looked at the Brighton Front of 1941. We sowed dragons' teeth, and they were come up - rusty stakes and miles and miles of rusty barbed wire, and rank grass and thistles where the lawns used to be and gaps left by stray bombs and half the shops empty.

The grey sky cleared and the winter sun shone. On the landward side of the Front were still a few seats, and the invalids and elderly people, toilsomely prolonging the illusion of life, who in peacetime filled them, and the little shelters across the road, came to huddle in them.

The sun struck sharply on a great new building, which in its rectangular lines and glaring white face flaunted the repressed gentility of its Victorian and Georgian neighbours. At its open windows, sleek young men with black hair spread themselves with arrogant indolence over large arm-chairs and sunned themselves, their feet on the sill; lords of all they surveyed, they derided the misery of the world outside by the cushioned ease they so ostentatiously displayed.

Loathing them, these people who grow fat in every war, I turned away, and, leaning against the half-gale that blew from the sea, walked to Shoreham and back. The grey clouds came again and snuffed the pale sun. Spray and drizzle swept across. The last invalids, and aged ones, hats turned down and collars turned up, muffled and gloved and furred, toiled up the side-streets towards tea-and-toast havens. The dreary winter afternoon, shivering, pulled on its drab twilight jacket and reached out for the black greatcoat of the night.

I looked eastward and westward, along the Front. Twin vistas of melancholy, heavy with foreboding. A man-made town and man-made havoc. Rust, weeds, some ruins, inactivity where once was life and bustle.

Here was a faint prophetic glimpse of what the world might come to look like, if these wars went on. Change, for the worse, and decay.

Perhaps it was but a passing phase. Perhaps those *were* right who said comfortably, there would always be wars, after this war there would be a little peace and then some more war, then again some peace, then war, and so on for ever. After this phase, perhaps everything would be refurnished and refurbished and the war would be forgotten, until the next war.

But perhaps, I thought, that picture, seen on an evening in November, was the true one, the real shadow and shape of things to come. For I could not bring myself to believe, if the killing-power of the machines continued to increase, in the survival of - no, I will not say, civilization. No man who has seen the Acropolis at Athens, and the things they recover from the ground there, or has studied the contents of Tutankhamen's Tomb, could bring his lips to utter this word in 1941. In all save the ability to move faster, to travel beneath the sea and through the air, we have moved backward; and for that matter the Chinese seem to have known the secret of flight thousands of years ago.

But I could not believe in the survival of mankind, in the state we know, if these wars went on. And why should they not? This one was moving, on laggard feet, to its end, some day, and the machines, slowly, were being built which would overcome the other machines until the war-machine itself ran down. Victory, for some, and defeat, for others, would presently come of this war. But the things were not being done which would prevent new wars, and, for the death of me, I could not see how the forked radish could make such wars as these without a return to the caves and forests.

Perhaps, I thought, the suffering the war would bring would yet cause an awakening from the torpor which was come upon men, so that they allowed themselves, from lack of interest in their own fate, to be led sheeplike from war to war, as a gaping crowd at a fair, having been duped by the thimblerrigger at one booth, lets itself be drawn, before it has recovered from its bewilderment, to the gold-brick auction at the next by the shouting of the brass-throated showman there.

'Wars are inevitable'; 'Enduring peace.' 'There'll always be wars'; 'Never again.'

My mind tossed from horn to horn of this dilemma. I came through the darkling streets of Brighton, and found my dilemma posturing on the stage of a music hall, with the all-unseeing crowd witlessly applauding. I came to an open door where a cold blue light dimly showed people going in, and

Memory, ever zealous, nudged me and said, 'This, Master, is the Scrumptious Variety Theatre, and here you went one night in 1917, with Reg Whitworth, his arm in a sling, and he was the best turn, for the twelve stone of him sat down in a seat in the stalls and went clean through it, do you recall'. So, chuckling to myself at the echo of that long-forgotten noise of splintering wood, and of a red-faced Reg Whitworth struggling to escape from his wrecked stall, while the band blew false and windy notes from laughter, I went in, and there, on the stage, was Dilemma, one horn called Duncan's Collie Dogs, and the other, Salvador, the Seer.

Strange symbols, and strange place to find them! For Duncan's Collie Dogs were the symbols, to me, of the passive, apathetic, lazy, witless philosophy I feared - 'Things always work out right in the end'. And Salvador, The Seer, was to me the symbol of the soothsayers, the mortal foes and frequent vanquishers of the truthsayers, of the men who profit from this cowardly inertness of the human mind and, calling 'Who's for a jolly sail? All aboard for Gadarea', lead the credulous and truth-fearing nations again and again to disaster.

Why? Come to the Scrumptious Variety Theatre, and see.

Duncan's Collie Dogs meant more to me than patient, alert and uncomprehending animals turning somersaults, than dignity playing the jester for the diversion of witless humans. For in London, in the Edgware Road, is another music hall, the Metropolitan, which I sometimes frequent, partly because of its memories of Marie Lloyd and Chirgwin and Cinquevalli and G. H. Elliott - I once saw Charles Chaplin there - and partly because it retains something of the feeling of an older London.

Nearby is a public house, the Trotting Cob or what you will, which displays the playbill of a Gala Night at the Theatre Royal, which stood on or near the site of the Metropolitan. Gala Nights were Gala Nights, in 1890, and the white-gloved chairman, with his fierce moustache and cigar and glass of beer and hammer, announced over seventy turns that night, among them the young George Robey and the young Tom Leamore and the young Charles Coborn; and, as we are by this way, in 1941 I heard Charles Coborn on the radio, in his ninetieth year, and saw Charles Coborn on the stage, contemptuously waving aside the daft-looking microphone with the remark that he hadn't needed that thing at the Albert Hall, and how small he made some of the young droolers of to-day sound and look, on both occasions.

The gigantic list of performers on that night (to-day we have eleven or twelve turns, three of them being 'Overture', 'Interval', and 'National Anthem') includes Duncan's Collie Dogs!

Over fifty years ago, as I write! While continental and world wars came and went, Duncan's Collie Dogs have gone the rounds. Duncan has succeeded Duncan, and the show has gone on. The sires mated with the bitches, and presently the puppies grew into fully-fledged performers, and the show went on. It has kept pace with the times, for the dogs now mime a motor-car accident, and motor-cars were hardly imagined - in 1890!

'The circus-tent has *not* fallen in. How comforting a symbol for the easygoing, the lackadaisical, for those who cannot rouse themselves to be actively interested in the state of their village, their city, their country, their planet, for those who bury, the anxious promptings of thought beneath the clods of torpor, who deny the necessity to help themselves by the paralytic's argument that everything will come right in the end, so why should they bother? And how difficult an argument to confute. It always was so, they say, and it always will be. They forget that, measured by the age of this planet, mankind was born only yesterday and could die to-morrow. Or they tell themselves that that would be posterity's business, not theirs. How ignoble a thought! Why be born into this world alive at all?

So Duncan's Collie Dogs went, while the band blared and the people clapped, and then was faint music, dwindling into silence, and the curtains parted to show Salvador, the Seer, in wizard's garb, with humble mien and downcast eyes.

A remarkable man. What did he do, to justify his top line on the bill, when you analysed it? Two or three modest juggling tricks, but he was not a very good juggler; a better one hid in an obscure corner of the programme. Jugglers, anyway, are as a rule not very popular with British audiences, I think, although Maskelyne and Devant did for many years succeed in running an entire theatre for juggling and conjuring and I spent a thrilling afternoon of wonder there as a boy, and by chance was in the hotel across the way when that theatre was bombed.

But Salvador, the Seer, if he neither toiled up a tottering ladder nor span plates on a stick, if he did not know much wizardry, knew a deal about mankind. He knew that millions of people buy newspapers every morning and turn eagerly to the astrologer's column, to learn that something good awaits them to-morrow. The something good, like to-morrow, never comes, and one weekly journal, yielding to the hallucination that the people wish to be informed, and that they do not like being gulled, whereas they actually take an almost sexual delight in being duped, once published an analysis of these daily messages from the stars which showed that they had no relationship to truth, the future, or reality, and this brought indignant protests from readers. Why this periodical, after Munich, should have thought that anybody wished to know the truth, is a mystery.

Salvador, the Seer, knew better. He knew that the people adore soothsayers, and loathe truthsayers; that sooth is a marketable commodity, while truth is not. He knew that the people will pay and cheer to be told that it's a lovely day to-morrow, but that they will imprecate anyone who tells them what they should do to-day to ensure that to-morrow shall be lovely.

So Salvador dressed up his few tricks in a fantastic display of mumbo-jumbo. He made an egg vanish from his hand and appear in his mouth, volubly went on from this to say that things were not what they seemed and powerful invisible forces were at work of which the ordinary mortal had little inkling, though he, Salvador, could tell a thing or two about them if he wished, and that what with witchcraft and wizardry, you never knew, did you, and in short he, Salvador, believe it or not, could tell you that the war was going much better than you might think, and not only that, but on December the Umpteenth Hitler would suffer catastrophic defeat and on April the Umpty-ninth the Russians would invade Germany! And all this he did, in his fantastic dress, with the gestures, sometimes suppliant, sometimes declamatory, sometimes humble, sometimes imperious, of a priest, a prophet, a seer, a wise man, a medicine man, with eyes sometimes hidden behind lids lowered in deference to the rapier-like intelligence of the people before him, sometimes wide open in candid challenge of their gaze.

They loved it. They clapped and cheered and whistled and stamped their feet. How they loved to be told that, without their doing anything about it, everything would come right, that their Christmas good cheer would include the news that Hitler's armies were in rout, that when the spring burst singing through the earth and the branches again, the Russians would surge into Germany - and all for the price of a seat at the Scrumptious. Ah, that was good. I turned and looked at the faces behind me.

How often have I done this, since I came back to England, and tried to understand full grown people who cheered over Munich. That look along the rows of faces explains everything. Try it for yourself, reader, next time you go to the Empire and the comedians exchange jests of this kind (which I have borrowed from James Agate, I think, but it is funnier than most things you actually hear on our stage):

Well, well, and how are you?  
Thanks, I'm in the pink.  
In the sink?  
No, in the pink.  
Ah, in a pink sink.

If you wonder, at the roar of applause, turn and glance down the row of faces!

Ah well. I paid homage to Salvador. His performance was a fine piece of showmanship. Never, I opined, was so little applauded so loudly by so many. It was marvellously well done, and if the secret of its success lay on the other side of the footlights, in that row of faces, well, that was the price of admiralty, and Lord Blueblood, we had paid in full. Salvador, in his way, had discovered Hitler's secret. The Tory Chief Whip held the same secret, and used it with success from the Zinovieff Letter to Munich; Munich was but the last but one of a series of chapters, the final one of which was this war.

A head full of thoughts, you can bring away from a bicycle journey to Brighton on a winter's afternoon in 1941. I came away from the Scrumptious Variety Theatre with plenty to think about during the long ride back. The night was bitter dark.

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## Chapter Five

### MIDWINTER NIGHTMARE

I rode through the unpeopled, unlit land, shaking the last clutching suburbs of Brighton from me, over the Downs, into the sheltered Sussex vale. The tumult in the sky, that noisy night-life of death that filled the winter of 1940, was halted, and only the unbroken gloom now told that the war still kept its malevolent watch.

It was a like a ride through a blacked-out desert. Once I saw the rigid shade of a soldier, standing guard at a gap in the hedgerow, behind which a searchlight slumbered or an anti-aircraft gun dozed. There was no moon, and when a rare star, peeping through hurrying clouds, looked at the planet, it quickly averted its gaze again, as if it did not like what it saw. I felt, because I could not see, the dark villages through which I rode. The world was a black dungeon, life a fruitless effort to get out.

How full of meaning, sad or hopeful, for every traveller, were once the lights that pinpointed the darkest night. There, he thought, is a homestead, life, warmth, food, talk, laughter, children. The lights were the symbols of everything good. Light was the first friend the first men on earth discovered, their first move towards security, towards a state higher than that of the animals.

But now? 'The lights are going out!' Who said that, I thought, as I pedalled towards a North Star I could not see. Why, Grey, Grey the British Foreign Minister, in 1914. Not all the lights went out, then. Most of the man-made ones remained. The homestead lights still flickered in this English countryside, then, and the great beacons of the spirit, hope and faith, flamed. But now? 'The lights are going out!' Who said that, in 1938 or 1939. Why, Churchill, now the British Prime Minister.

This time they were *all* out, and where were those two beacons? As I rode I swivelled my eyes in the darkness. Not since the birth of time had man invented anything like this.

Light - and darkness. These two are the greatest symbols of all. Even war, in the past, was a thing of camp-fires gleaming in the night, and soldiers' songs echoing across the fields, of men-at-arms roosting in the brightly-lit inns. But this! This black emptiness - and the be-snouted masks. Was mankind in the grip of fiends, bent not only on the destruction of his body, but of his soul, or was there something inveterately evil in man himself, would he one day find a means of destroying the very planet? My brief experience on that insignificant planet told me that man, in the majority, was infinitely credulous, the slave of the leaders he found himself delivered to, and that he could be made good or bad by them. Were they, then, fiends of some kind?

I heard a question once, put to that small circle of disputants which we call The Brains Trust: 'Why is the effect of propaganda for evil always great, and insignificant for good?' They gave this and that explanation, and each explanation irrelevant, because the question was false. Propaganda for good has never been tried.

I rode on, accompanied only by Memory, a-pillion behind me, and the wind, blowing in from the sea, which ushered me briskly up to the top of the Downs and said indifferently, 'So long, little man', as I dropped behind them, out of reach of his help. Darkness, loneliness and memory joined forces to scourge my thoughts into a tumult.

I thought of Salvador, the Seer, with his deft hands, his mock-humble gestures, his hey-presto and abracadabra, his medicine-man-like patter, his monkish garb, and his glittering, wily gaze fixed

upon the empty, gaping faces before him, his soothsayings and his paydays. I had a vision of the little envelope marked 'Mr. Salvador, with compliments'.

If the gods, or the fiends, whichever they be, had willed it, the man might have been Herr Salvador Der Führer or Signor Salvador Il Duce. He had all the tricks. He would have been paid respectful compliments one day by Mr. Neville Salvador, Lord Halvador, Sirs John and Samuel Salvador, and would have been called the devil incarnate by them, the next. The gaping crowd, everywhere, would have applauded just as lustily. The little pay-envelopes would have arrived, regularly, with compliments.

For a moment, I saw the planet as an obscene circus, with Signor Salvador the Circus Master, twirling his moustaches, and many Clown Salvadors, grinning satanically behind their paint, putting the little dog, Mankind, through the hoop, and sometimes throwing it a crumb of sugar and sometimes giving it a swish with the whip, and then suddenly, before the little dog knew what was afoot, producing a great fiery hoop from behind their backs and putting it through that, until it became badly singed, and quite frantic from fear and the desire to please, and at last it went mad and chased all the Salvadors and the circus tent caught fire and collapsed in a mass of flames, to the noise of shouts and shrieks and barks and yelps and rending timber.

The patient reader who has toiled with me through the night will discern that I am trying to say something.

It is, first, that I believe, as the result of the things I have seen since 1928, that wars do not just recurrently happen, as a law of nature or act of God, but are made on this planet; second, that these wars are more difficult to bring about than to prevent; third, that the systematic duping of the people is necessary to achieve them, and that the condition of this success is their chronic credulity, which repeatedly makes them the stupefied victims of the Salvadors and the same pea-under-a-thimble trick; fourth, that I think the human species cannot, without reverting to cave-and-jungle conditions, survive a continuance of the wars we have known in this century; and fifth, that, although we may *survive* this war, no prospect has emerged yet to promise security from another.

A man who saw the brewing of the war that was resumed in 1939 cannot believe in the 'honest mistake' explanation; and these wars of the twentieth century are not as those other wars in which camp fires gleamed through the night.

The Crimean War, for most British people, was but a sentimental tear, quickly dried, for the poor British soldier on that peninsula and a few oleographs of Florence Nightingale (oh no, it was also a much-admired saying of good Queen Victoria about 'no depression in this house, we are not interested in the possibilities of defeat, they do not exist, ho caitiff, bring on the tea and toasted scones').

Then the King of Prussia's wars were but fleeting pangs of compassion, for gallant little Denmark and for dear Austria ('the Empress is so lovely, my dear'), and for the poor Emperor Salvador III, looking pathetic in his waxed moustaches and beardlet and corkscrew trousers at Sedan; Salvador III was generally held to be a humane and peaceloving man, the friend of freedom and democracy, quite unlike his ancestor, that loathsome tyrant Salvador Bonaparte, the first Emperor, and as for the dear Prince Salvador Imperial, killed fighting the Zulus for us, why, if Hitler seemed likely to have a great-grand-nephew or whatnot the Gods in High Olympus, helpless with laughter, would to-day be putting him down for a commission in the Coldstream Guards about the year 2000.

Then the South African War was but 'Good-bye, My Bluebell' and Bobs, V.C., and that rampageous Young Churchill getting captured, and Mafeking.



But these wars are different. The graves of the dead in the first one 'girdled the world', said one of those windy phrases which go to make the bubble, Glory. The graves of the dead in the odd wars that have been going on here and there, particularly in China, since that war was suspended would twice girdle the world, if that benefit anybody. The killing in this resumed war has barely begun.

But not even the slaughter is the whole story. There are the unborn children; or the children, born but orphaned, or with a taint of fear and apprehension in their blood. These wars set millions in flight - in China, in Russia, in Serbia. Their insatiable fingers reach into homes in every country, every continent. They leave peoples weak, exhausted, despairing of the future, stricken in spirit - *that* was the real reason why France collapsed in 1940, because France had never been able to recover from the bloodshed, greater in proportion for her than for any other country, of the 1914-1918 war. Families are scattered and never reunited. Betrothals are pledged but never joined. The last shreds of privacy are torn, by an ever-growing and soulless officialdom, from the lives of simple people; the last vestiges of liberty are harshly wrested from them in those countries where the cause of liberty is, by the leaders, most loudly proclaimed.

Sacrifice everything, give everything, save everything, for victory, the people are told, and they sacrifice, give and save their all, or have it taken from them, their hopes, their homes, their husbands, their children, their lives, because victory is now the one last light, shining in the darkness. Beyond it lies uncharted gloom again, but, like moths, they make blindly at least for that one beam. Perhaps, perhaps, the sunlit plain lies beyond! The ageing people, who as they grew older saw the future always dance out of their reach, like a will-o'-the-wisp, cease to think about it; they will soon be dead, anyway. The younger people think only of the day. The words future, peace, security, progress, the rearing of families, planning for their children, are terms which have lost meaning.

But that way lies anarchy. We cannot continue with inter-national wars on this scale. Either we must stop them; or find some way of diverting our warmaking to inter-planetary wars; or we shall destroy each other.

Britain, this little island, is still the world's best hope, because its resources are great and its waterbound position on the planet still makes it nearly impregnable. But what shall it profit Britain to save the world and not regain its own soul? Victory, as Nurse Cavell said of patriotism, is not enough. It is not enough for Britain to survive, if Britain is to revert to the senile torpor of the years between the two instalments of this war. That way lies the certainty of another war, and we cannot stand it.

Yet in that very matter all hope is denied the British people. One, Mr. Brendan Bracken, whom few knew until he became Minister of Information, although the all-knowing American Press tells its readers that he stands closer than any other to the mind and confidence of the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, has said, 'People who maintain that pre-war England is dead for ever are making a very great mistake'.

If that is true, it is the knell of doom. If we are fighting for victory only, and after that another decade or quarter-century of Honest Stanley Salvadors and Ramsay MacSalvadors and Good Old Neville Salvadors, then victory will be but a brief check on the slopes of Gadarea.

Cycling through the Sussex night, I let my mind's eve travel back along the years between the wars. A fool, the man who lets himself be deterred from that retrospect by the chiding 'Don't look back', 'This is no time for inquests on the past', and the like. The foremost pig said that to the other pigs at Gadarea. And don't forget those besnouted masks.

These phrases are the lifebelts with which the Jacks-in-office ever save themselves. What in the name of Euclid is experience worth if it be always ignored? 'First look back, and then look forward' is the wise man's motto. 'No looking back' is good patter for a buccaneer, while his victims walk the plank.

As my mind's eye travelled back along the years, to 1928 and Berlin, it saw myself incessantly asking, 'Why is this new war being allowed to come about, why is the truth suppressed; is such stupidity possible? and as it retreated again down the years, to 1939, it saw the answer taking shape, 'No, such stupidity is not possible, there *is* some treacherous force at work to suppress the truth and prevent this war from being prevented'.

This was the lesson I learned - and I believe in looking back. This war was more difficult to bring about than to prevent. Millions of men lived in horror of a new war, and would have supported the most drastic measures to forethwart it. My own countrypeople, I found during those years, even felt in their blood, in spite of the soothsayers, that a new war was approaching and yearned for it to be halted. Much hard lying was necessary to lull their fears to a point where, half reassured and half doubting, they turned away, shrugged their shoulders, said 'Let's hope for the best', and left their fate to the soothsayers.

This was the lullaby period, these were the locust-eaten years; 'Good-night children, everywhere, and don't listen to the Litterbugs'. Was this honest self-delusion, genuine mistakenness? With the new fact stark before my eyes that nearly all the men who led us on that course, save those few who have died, still preen themselves in office, I no longer believe it. It means that we can have no more faith in the present than the past, no more in the future than the present. Why should men who were wrong in the past be right in future - if they refuse to look back and wish in the future only to revert to the past? The obvious inference is that they and their system will put us through the fiery hoop again, that they intend this. There *must* be method in this madness.

For the British people, still mourning the million dead of 1914-1918, and hating the thought of another war, to be kept quiescent enough for the new war nevertheless to come about, a gigantic structure of lulling falsehood had to be built up. If the British people had been told 'Germany is rearming to try a return encounter at the first possible moment; we must prevent that now, before it is too late', it would have given passionate support to any call.

The British people were deluded, deliberately, for many years, until the clock struck too late. Their native lethargy made them easy victims, but the process of delusion was long and difficult.

First, they had to be persuaded that Germany was not rearming; second, that if Germany *was* rearming, that rearmament was not rapid or great; third, that Germany's rearmament, anyway, was only a rightful expression of a harshly-treated nation's self-respect; fourthly, that Germany's rearmament did not matter, because we would keep ahead of Germany (to give verisimilitude to this, the money for rearmament was taken from the British taxpayers and the great unanswered question of history to-day is, where did it go?); fifthly, that we could keep Japan and Italy on our side, and forethwart Germany from a new war of world conquest, if we condoned their preliminary smash-and-grab raids, whereas this support of aggression, which convinced such countries of our inveterate weakness and lack of principle, was bound to make them the allies of Germany when the new world war came; and sixthly, that we must not play the ace of trumps, and make a new world war impossible by forming an alliance with Soviet Russia because that country was Godless, and by such a partnership we should forswear our Christian faith.

This was the House of Lies which had to be built up, year by year, for the British people to be able to be cast into a harsher bondage than it has known since the Conquest - and, inevitably, in the name of 'a crusade for freedom'.

The process took ten years or more, and that is its main strength; the average man, however ardent his wish to avert new disaster, however uneasy his opinion of his rulers, is made unsure when the roof does not immediately collapse on him. He does not think a few years ahead, or dismisses his fears with the reflection that 'perhaps something will happen'; then, before he realizes how fast the years pass, calamity is upon him again.

Under-Secretaries of This and That, as they fondly resurrect well-worn phrases oft proved useful in the past, cry that 'The guilt for this war must be placed fairly and squarely where it belongs, on Hitler's shoulders'. It takes two to make a war, and errors of omission and commission on one side are as indispensable as the avid intention to make war on the other. Germany's, or Hitler's, patently and blatantly warlike intentions were most loudly denied in this country, by the same men who now loudly proclaim them, in the years when they could have been thwarted, if these men had been of goodwill.

But the machinery for deluding the people exists, unchanged, in this country. In the past, it has always worked to prompt the enthusiasm, or quieten the fears, of the people, by telling them that they were moving in one direction when they were in truth going the opposite way. The 'honest mistake' theory is another of its products, another opium pill for the ever-credulous.

If the war of 1914-1918 had never happened, the 'honest mistake' would be plausible. With all those lessons to guide us, it is not; and to-day we are again being told 'No looking back'. If Mr. Neville Chamberlain believed what he said after Munich, when he proclaimed 'Peace in our time', he was ignorant of the life of his father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who first trod the slippery slope of appeasement, and of the experiences of his own half-brother, Sir Austen Chamberlain, who knew the Germans from personal experience and clearly saw the shadow of the new war approaching. Credulity cannot be stretched so far.

Because the apparatus which worked to delude the people in those years is still unchanged, the lesson for the future is clear. It is, that this second war for our liberties and a durable peace will vindictively curtail these liberties; and Why, if there is to be no looking back, should it effect a durable peace?

If you seek the day when the process of delusion began to work, you might choose November 11th, 1918. Or you might take as a starting-point Geneva in 1931, where Sir John Simon,<sup>[1]</sup> was congratulated by the Japanese emissary, M. Matsuoka, upon his able presentation of the Japanese case against China, and from that point, by way of Abyssinia, Spain, Austria and Czechoslovakia, you may follow the thread to Munich in 1938 and Mr. Chamberlain telling the still-credulous mob, from 10 Downing Street, 'Now go home and sleep quietly in your beds'.

The story cannot be studied too often by any whose interest in their mortal lives extends beyond their own three meals a day and their own three-score-years-and-ten. If those who have children ignore it, and docilely obey the injunction not to look back, they deserve to have their children taken in twenty years' time and blown up in Flanders, drowned in the Pacific, shot down in Africa, raped or bayoneted somewhere else; these things happen, to-day, to the children of the men of the 1914-1918 war.

A fantastic story! On the one hand, the swift and stealthy armament of predatory nations; on the other, the implacable delusion of the British people. 'This doesn't concern you, don't listen to the

jitterbugs, go home and sleep peacefully in your beds, we shall not allow a new era of militarist aggression, it would be midsummer madness to interfere with militarist aggression, it's all a long way away in countries we know nothing about, we must guarantee those more distant countries which we know still less about, Germany is defenceless, Germany is building huge armaments, and we are building even mightier armaments - smash, crash, bang, War, We Are Unready, Unarmed, Dunkirk!"

If honest motives were at work in those years, the thing is inexplicable. Long after this war was resumed the machine of delusion still ground away. We still heard that Italian Fascism was 'a highly authoritarian regime, which, however, threatens neither religious nor economic freedom, nor the security of other European nations' (Lord Lloyd, introduced by Lord Halifax), and soon Italy leaped on prostrate France. We still heard of the Japanese 'experiment in China'; and soon the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk.

When such clear signs are given of cross-currents beneath the surface, of ulterior motives behind the outer scene of staunch purpose and clear faith, can anyone believe that the machine of delusion has ceased to operate, or confidently expect that the end of this war will see liberties restored or peace made sure?

If the men who governed us believed the things they said, they were unfit to govern. I think 'unfit to govern' was a phrase used by Mr. Churchill, about the Labour Party, in those between-war years. The Labour leaders in the event proved him right. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald boasted of the duchesses who would want to kiss him on the morrow of his desertion from his Party, and by his vanity and muddle-headedness furthered the coming war. Only about ten years ago, I watched him address the German Reichstag, with Sir Oswald Mosley at his side, and hint portentously that any German attempt to recapture territory from Poland by force would lead to war! What did he do to ensure that we should be well armed if that attempt were made? Of what use are such empty words?

But Mr. Churchill's phrase would have fitted the Tory leaders still better, for they played the chief parts in the process of public hoodwinking which made the war possible. Mr. Baldwin's best-known utterances, which seem to be held in affectionate memory by citizens, for they laugh heartily when reminded of them, are the chapter-headings of that story. They have been oft-told. They cannot be repeated too often, for many men and women who now fight or serve, who, if they survive this war, may found families and worry about their children's future, are possibly too young to know of them. Their importance has not ceased, save for those, the hoodwinkers, who promise that all will be well in future if only none looks back now. The only hope these people have of future wellbeing is to look back.

The most famous of Mr. Baldwin's candid sayings was uttered in 1936. 'If I had told the country, Germany is rearming and we must rearm.... the loss of the election, from my point of view, would have been certain.'

But, if the British people might not be told that Germany was rearming, when Germany *was* rearming, they also needed, if the process of delusion was to operate efficiently, to be told that this country was rearming when it was not. Mr. Baldwin said, in March 1934, that he would not allow this country to be inferior in air power to any country within reach of its shores; in November 1934, Mr. Churchill, having asserted that the forbidden German Air Force was already nearly as strong as ours, Mr. Baldwin replied that Germany's air strength was not half as strong as ours even in Europe alone; and in May 1935, Hitler having announced meanwhile that Germany's air strength was already greater than the whole British air strength throughout the Empire, Mr. Baldwin staunchly

declared that no British Government could live a day that was content to have an air force of any inferiority to any country within reach of its shores.

The Government, however, did live, for many, many days, weeks, months and years, while our air inferiority increased; indeed, most of its members and chief supporters are in office now, while we toil, with blood and sweat and tears, to make up the gap.

How could it have been different, for when a few more months had passed, and that election impended which Mr. Baldwin might have lost if he had told the country about Germany's rearmament, in October 1935, he gave the country, 'my word, that there will be no great armaments'.

So, to tot up, Germany was not rearming; Germany *was* rearming, but was far behind us in air strength; Germany had surpassed us in air strength, but we would not allow that to stand, we would catch up and never allow Germany again to surpass us; and we would have no great armaments. This was the balance of British policy, under Tory leadership, after two-and-a-half years of Hitler, at the end of 1935.

At this point, the Italian attack on Abyssinia came. The thundercloud approached, and the British people, though still easy victims for the delusion-machine, were uneasy in their bowels. They *knew*, in their inmost hearts, that if this smash-and-grab raid succeeded, the Greater War would follow, sooner or later, and would have done anything to stop it.

Again Honest John Citizen was told everything that his heart might long for. Eighteen months earlier, in May 1934, when Abyssinia was but a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, or not much, he nodded his head in well-meant agreement when Mr. Baldwin said, 'If you are going to adopt a sanction, you must be prepared for war; if you adopt a sanction without being prepared for war, you are not an honest trustee of the nation.' Now, in November 1935, the Abyssinian crisis burst, and Honest John nodded his head, this time with great enthusiasm, when Mr. Baldwin led the world in 'applying sanctions', whatever that might mean but it sounded grim, against Italy (although, true, Britain was to have 'no great armaments').

This was honest trusteeship. True, again, Mr. Baldwin's colleagues at the Foreign Office, Sir Samuel Hoare, at just the same moment, privily concerted with the saturnine M. Laval, to-day beloved by all politicians and cartoonists as the symbol of black perfidy and treachery, the partition of Abyssinia to the advantage of aggressive Italy, which for an instant winded even Honest John, who was prepared to believe anything and everything and to face more ways than there were.

By June of 1936, Abyssinia having been wiped off the map for some years, although a glorious resurrection under British tutorship awaited this Christian-Semitic State, Mr. Baldwin, who said that to adopt a sanction without being prepared for war was dishonest trusteeship of the nation, told Honest John, 'The only way of altering the course of events ... is to go to war ... I am quite certain that I should not cast my vote to-day for that course of action.'

'Roll on the end of the war', the British soldier used to mutter, in 1916 and 1917 and 1918 as he lay in the mud and mire of Flanders. Now, in 1935 and 1936, the new war rolled on.

Mr. Chamberlain took up the torch, and made himself tremendously popular, and first candidate for the succession to Mr. Baldwin, by saying, in 1936, that it would be 'midsummer madness' to try and undo what had been done in Abyssinia.

Mr. Chamberlain's most famous phrases and phrases are probably still in the memories of even the younger people of to-day. 'Peace in our time', 'Peace with honour', and 'Sleep quietly in your beds', are the most memorable of them.

Mr. Chamberlain seemingly knew nothing of the information which the British Foreign Minister, Foreign Office, Ambassador in Berlin, Military and Air Attachés in Berlin, and newspaper correspondents in Berlin possessed and sent home.<sup>[2]</sup> At the best interpretation, it is the most remarkable case in recorded history of a well-meaning man misled, and Zeus alone knows who misled him, for those from whom he could have learned the truth were burning to supply it.

If he was convinced of the truth of his words, when he said, 'Nobody could have striven harder for peace than I', he was capable of gigantic self-deception. *He* could still have saved the peace. Many people, who knew the truth, strove hard for peace; Mr. Chamberlain and his henchmen vilified them. Then from whom did Mr. Chamberlain take his information, and what were the motives of those who misinformed him?

Three or four phrases uttered by Mr. Chamberlain and his nearest lieutenants serve to sum up the work of the delusion-machine during the years when this war could yet have been prevented. None of them is more than four years old, yet to-day they seem as grotesque in their untruth as pagan idols in a Kensington drawing-room.

In March 1938, Mr. Chamberlain said, 'The almost, terrifying power that Britain is building up has a sobering effect on the opinion of the world'. In October 1938 his Defence Minister, Sir Thomas Inskip (now Lord Caldecote), said we were in the middle of the third year of rearmament and there was in almost everything, indeed he thought he could say in every thing, 'a stream which might fairly be called a flood of these armaments and equipments which we need to complete our defence'.

In February 1939 Sir Samuel Hoare claimed that 'our preparations have already progressed to a formidable point', and Mr. Chamberlain said our arms 'were so great that, without taking into account the Dominions' contribution, 'Come the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock them'.

Yet when the untruth of such words was later made clear, by the disasters we have suffered in this war, their very untruth was claimed to be Mr. Chamberlain's most meritorious service to his country! For in 1941, long after Dunkirk and many other fearful blows, Sir Nevile Henderson, our Ambassador in Berlin at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's flight to Munich, publicly eulogized Mr. Chamberlain's and the Tory Party's policy, and particularly Munich, on the ground that at that time 'we had not a single Spitfire and practically no modern anti-aircraft guns'!

Nine good months after the oft-derided war actually began, Lord Gort's army of nine British divisions - as compared with a hundred French divisions - faced the greatest armoured attack in history without a single armoured division. It had twenty-three tanks capable of showing some fight to the hundreds or thousands of German tanks! It was short of shells for its anti-tank guns! Its field guns had no armour-piercing shells and were thus almost useless against the German tanks! It had hardly any air-support against the clouds of German fighters and dive-bombers!

That was the ultimate truth concealed behind the falsehoods with which the soothsayers, for so many years, deluded the British people.<sup>[3]</sup> At Dunkirk the House of Lies was exposed for what it was; the scales should have fallen from the eyes of John Citizen. For we *should* have been delivered to final calamity, but for a miracle. That is why John Citizen should look back, long and carefully.

But the last chapter in that story, the most ominous of all, was Mr. Churchill's refusal, in the Commons in the autumn of 1941, to hold an inquiry about the disaster of Dunkirk, about Lord Gort's complaints of shortage of equipment, and about all the misinformation which was given, during the preceding years, to the British people, who were being made to pay thousands of millions for rearmament,

'No looking back.'

It is lunacy. And it *can* happen again. It *will* happen again.

But there is another side of the picture. What were the truthsayers doing in all those years, those men whom Mr. Chamberlain viciously accused of working against appeasements?

It belongs to the process of hoodwinking the British people that the men who know the facts, whose duty is to know and make these things known, should be kept down, silenced, derided. Their private reports were ignored, their published information was emasculated or given less prominence than the misleading drivel of amateurs, or of people who, wantonly or wilfully, were working for war.

These men, like the generals who silently watched while the army was starved of tanks and anti-tank guns and aeroplanes, though the politicians spoke of the 'terrifying might' which Britain was amassing, felt they lived in a lunatic asylum.

But was it a lunatic asylum, or were sinister forces at work; was the malevolently enforced weakness of the British forces the second part of some plan, the first part of which was the delusion of the British people?

This is the question which grows and grows, when you look back. The same thing was happening in France. Just before the battle broke which ended at Dunkirk 'some officers of the British Air Staff, with such figures [of British and French air-strength] in their minds believed that nothing short of a miracle could save Britain and France from an appalling catastrophe, which would be all the greater because it was absolutely unexpected by the public. Such officers were necessarily very few in numbers and suffered from the sensation that they were living in a vast lunatic asylum. The jubilant complacency of the public was natural and forgivable, since there was, and still is, no censorship of the newspapers *in the interests of truth*. Any lie which magnified the strength of Britain and exaggerated the strength of the Royal Air Force might be printed and was readily believed'.

I quote this from David Garnett's *War In The Air*. I have italicized five words to make the story complete; *for there is, and long has been, a stealthy and efficient censorship to prevent the truth from becoming known*.

That is why we have this war. Some men who did these things may have been incorrigible dunderheads, perhaps most of them; they are still in power. But somewhere, through this dark tale, may run the thread of treachery. For the tale led, inevitably and foreseeably, to Dunkirk. Did *everybody* foresee that the Navy and the frail remnant of the Air Force and Hitler's miscalculations - explicable if he had 'reason to believe' this or that - would give to the tale an ending which becomes more unfathomably mysterious and delightful as it recedes.

A lunatic asylum, then, at the best construction; Traitor's Hall, at the worst.



The men whose duty was to inform the British people felt, like those Royal Air Force officers, that the road they travelled was Lunatic's Way. For Britain had gone that self-same road before, every step and inch of it, and on both sides lay the ruined monuments of truth ignored. It was hard indeed to believe your eyes when you saw the British people doggedly following the carrot of 'Peace in our time' along that very road, with war waiting, again, at the end of it.

Sir Robert Vansittart, for instance, when Hitler came to power, sat in the Foreign Office chair of Sir Eyre Crowe, who twenty-six years before, in 1907, desperately sought, while time still remained, to undo the things that a Chamberlain had begun, who wrote, 'The action of Germany' towards this country since 1890 might be likened not inappropriately to that of a professional blackmailer ... To give way to the blackmailer's menaces enriches him, but it has long been proved by uniform experience that, although this may secure for the victim temporary peace, it is certain to lead to renewed molestation and higher demands after ever-shortening periods of amicable forbearance ... The blackmailer's trade is generally ruined by the first resolute stand made against his exactions and the determination rather to face all risks of a possibly disagreeable situation than to continue in the path of endless concessions ... There is one road which, if past experience is any guide to the future, will most certainly not lead to any permanent improvements of relations ... and which must therefore be abandoned: that is the road paved with graceful British concessions - concessions made without any conviction either of their justice or of their being set off by equivalent counter-services.'

'Conciliation!' 'Appeasement!' The Haldane Mission to Berlin in 1912. The Halifax Mission to Berlin in 1937. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Neville Chamberlain. War. War.

Is it credible?

Sir Robert Vansittart, in 1933 and 1934, need not have written his own warnings. He could have had the Eyre Crowe Memorandum brought out of the files, and a few dates altered. He, like Crowe, *knew* Germany, and foreign affairs. He told what he knew, as long as he was allowed. He incurred most powerful enmities. He was demoted upstairs to a new post - that of Chief Diplomatic Adviser. He still had a pleasant room, and had nothing to do, for his advice was venomously disliked.

Few men had such implacable foes, in those groups behind the political scene and behind the Press which had the decisive influence upon, if they did not control, the actions of Britain. Munich was and is their greatest achievement.

To-day, when his words have been proved true, Lord Vansittart's voice is heard again. Those who realize that to look back is the best guide to the future should note that he is, again, incurring very scurrilous enmities, in the same influential places. It is a most ominous sign for the future. If he, and men who share his knowledge, have a hand in making the peace, we shall *have* peace. If they do not, we shall, in five or ten years after this war, set out along Lunatic's Way again; or for that matter we may yet be deprived of victory itself.

The British Ambassador in Berlin, too, as he walked meditatively, along the Wilhelmstrasse to some interview with Baron von Neurath, must similarly have thought that he lived in a lunatic asylum. For other British Ambassadors before him, before 1914, went that way, made their ominous reports, were ignored. Sir Horace Rumbold, immediately after the advent of Hitler, gave as clear a warning as Sir Eyre Crowe in 1907.

The British Military and Air Attachés,<sup>[4]</sup> as they strolled along the Tiergartenstrasse, or with an appraising eye watched the German officers they met at dinners and parties, must have thought that madness was in the air. They saw what was afoot, but also knew, from the letters they received

from brother officers at home or overseas, to what plight the British Army and Air Force, behind the scenes, was being reduced, while the politicians proclaimed that we would never allow another Power to outstrip us in the air, that our armaments were coming in torrents from the factories. They knew in what unfriendly scorn one Winston Churchill was held, who attended the Kaiser's manoeuvres before 1914 and whose warnings of Germany's growing secret arms were derided. But they did not know, then, what we know, now, that in many countries treachery was at work. Were *we* immune from it?

The British newspaper correspondents in Berlin, again, felt they fought a losing battle against lunacy.

Consider Norman Ebbutt, pulling fretfully at his pipe as he hurried to his Office, Unter den Linden.<sup>[5]</sup> I He was my own chief when I first went to Berlin. It was his job to know Germany, what Germany was privily up to and what Germany would presently do, and he was a master of his craft.

I quote again, for those who have the clear-mindedness to look back and learn the lesson of the past, for the sake of their own future, his words, published in April 1933, three months after Hitler came to power:

Herr Hitler, in his speeches as Chancellor, has professed a peaceful foreign policy. But this does not prove that the underlying spirit of the new Germany is a peaceful one. Germany is inspired by the determination to recover all that it has lost and has little hope of doing so by peaceful means. Influential Germans do not see ten years elapsing before the war they regard as natural or inevitable breaks out in Europe. One may hear five or six years mentioned.

Five years, from April 1933? That would take us to Hitler's invasion of Austria. Six years? That would take us to Hitler's invasion of Prague, with all Bohemia and Moravia, the open resumption of the war.

In December 1937, after von Papen, Hitler's Ambassador in Vienna, returned from a visit to his Führer, I heard something of what transpired. I sent a private report to London of a conversation I had with one Guido Schmidt, an Austrian Minister who, as events later proved, was already Hitler's man, a traitor. I wrote this:

I said I had heard that Germany was reckoning with war in about two years. This was an allusion to a report, which I have on good authority, that von Papen between November 9th and 11th was told, by Hitler, that Germany was calculating on war 'in two years at the least'; and, by Göring, 'in two years at the latest'. Guido Schmidt said, without my specifically referring to these reports, that he believed Germany was working for 'two years at the least'. His use of the identical phrase I had in my mind, that used by Hitler to von Papen, though I did not mention it to him, suggests that he also knows of the Hitler-Papen conversation.

December 1937. 'Two years at the least.' 'Two years at the latest.' The war began in September 1939.

Between these two estimates, that of Norman Ebbutt in 1933 and of mine in 1937, lay days and weeks and months and years of warnings accompanied by chapter and verse, chapter and verse, chapter and verse. All the Ambassadors, save those who followed some private fad or fear, all the Military and Air Attachés, unless they were incompetent, all the British correspondents, unless they

were intimidated or specifically told that such information was not desired, sent the same story home. But here the delusion-machine ground out its soothing tales of Herr Hitler's desire for peace and honest simplicity of character and of the sterling value of his pledged word.

Norman Ebbutt, hastening to get that dispatch ready in time for press, also thought that he fought a losing battle against lunacy. For had not his predecessors, Chirol and Saunders, before the last war, hurried, like himself, to their offices, to write the self-same story? They, too, were ignored, and all too late, after the 1914-1918 war with its millions of dead was over, were they vindicated by the discovery of a German official memorandum speaking of them as 'the men to be feared, the men who really *know* Germany'.

William Shirer says, in his *Berlin Diary*:

I walked up the Wilhelmstrasse with Norman Ebbutt, by far the best informed foreign correspondent here ... Hitler said he was rearming Germany, not to create any instrument for warlike attack, but exclusively for defence and thereby for the maintenance of peace; every German I've talked to to-day has applauded this, and one German I know, no Nazi, said 'Can the world expect a fairer offer of peace?'; I admit it *sounds* good, but Ebbutt keeps warning me to be sceptical, which I hope I am... Ebbutt complains to me in private that his paper does not print all he sends, that it does not want to hear too much of the bad side of Nazi Germany and apparently has been captured by the pro-Nazis in London. He is discouraged and talks of quitting....

When Hitler had been in power some time, the difficulties which the British newspaper correspondents encountered in trying to inform the British people - that is, to do their jobs - grew and took many forms. New correspondents sometimes arrived, smart young men who, knew how to trim their sails to the wind and get on. I remember one, a particular thorn in the side of the men who were trying to make known at home the truth of German armaments and Germany's warlike intentions. He had those connections in high and influential places at home which are more important in England than quality, ability, merit or honesty. He quickly found Nazi friends, who made much of him, and I remember with pleasure the contemptuous remarks about him some of them once made, in his absence but in my hearing. The traitor in embryo may gain the whole world save one thing, eternally denied him - the respect of others, on any side.

These were few, but they helped to delude Honest John at home. Of such as they, Ambassador Dodd also has something to say:

A new American correspondent came to introduce himself to me. He immediately revealed his pro-Nazi sentiment ... Curious, but newspaper men are human and there are rewards here and elsewhere for men who preach the new doctrine to the outside world.

If more than criminal stupidity, if treachery was at work, Ambassador Dodd puts his finger near the source of it when he says:

Ebbutt came in to give me a report on the effects of the London protest to Hitler about rearming - a protest made after England and the United States have sold millions of dollars' worth of arms to Germany.

If that was where the devil's brew was being stirred, everything becomes clear. British and American money helped built the arms and armies that smashed relatively unarmed British forces

in France and elsewhere; and the moneylenders sat at the right hand of politicians, who withheld the truth about Germany from the British people, or in the boardrooms of newspapers which suppressed it. But to produce war you have to keep one set of belligerents sufficiently under-armed for the other set of belligerents to think war worth while. As the people in the countries of the under-armed would get uneasy, if they knew what was brewing, they must be made to believe that the other countries are not really arming, that their intentions are peaceable anyway, and that in either case the under-armed countries are actually well-armed - that their might is 'terrifying', that their factories are producing 'torrents of arms'.

Thus the delusion-machine worked. The people who vehemently object to any looking-back sow the seeds of another war, when they so object. If they continue to hold the keys of power, the abject story of the years between 1918 and 1939 will continue. The worst thing about those years was the sagging of the spirit of the British people, their gradual loss of hope and faith in the future. The spirit revived under the strychnine of war, but will sag again to lower depths of indifference and cynicism if the people, a third time, are led along Lunatic's Way.

The ominous thing is that Honest John did know, in his inmost heart, in spite of all the soothsayers, what was coming to him - a new war, the ruination of his hopes!

He knew. But he was become so apathetic, he laboured under so backbreaking a sense of hope disappointed, that he could not rally the strength to call his leaders to account, to compel them to save the peace and give him back his future. He felt himself helpless, in the grip of a machine he could not discern or understand. Given a lead, he would at any moment have risen to defend the victory he won; he showed that at the time of Abyssinia. The lead was never given; instead, he was held down until the new war was certain. Passively, with the iron entering into his soul, he watched as his future was taken from him.

But he knew! The shock of the disillusionments that rained upon him numbed his will and vigour, but he *knew*. Clear brains saw what he divined, and their owners expressed his thoughts. The best judges at home also tried vainly to avert the new war. One Mr. Winston Churchill uttered his first loud warning in November 1932, before Hitler had even come to power, and was acquitted with sneers about his lack of judgment and warmongering propensities. Hilaire Belloc, in 1934, brought out the Eyre Crowe Memorandum of 1907; striving for peace, like Mr. Chamberlain, he introduced it to the public with such words as these:

Suffering has not brought wisdom. The Prussian conception that anything alien is inferior, and inferior in proportion as it lacks the peculiar qualities of Prussia; the Prussian blindness to elements of strength in what is alien; the Prussian policy, following therefrom, of using force as a natural instrument for imposing what is regarded as a natural superiority - these are all present as much as ever and there is also present for their use, in full continuity with its past, the organized tradition of the Prussian General Staff. It is the consideration of such truths which make all men who understand their Europe appreciate the danger of a new war. But even so it is maintained that with the advent of conflict England could keep neutral and escape the consequences of disaster. I do not say that so extraordinary an illusion affects anyone competent to judge; but unfortunately in what our society has now become, men competent to judge do not control the national policy. Whether control be exercised by finance, by the popular press, by the mass of uninformed opinion or even in some degree by the politicians, it is no longer (as it once was) in the hands of a small well-informed class exactly fitted to guide the Commonwealth.

These words were written in 1934! They are truer still in 1941, when we are in the middle of the new war!

Honest John's playwrights and writers saw crystal-clear what he instinctively felt and had not the energy to alter. I know of no truer picture of the tragic, sagging England of 1918-1939, and no better example of the great writer's prophetic gift, than those which are given in the play, *For Services Rendered*, by Somerset Maugham. It was first produced in November 1932, and must therefore have been written some time before that! It shows you the England which trusted Mr. Baldwin and cheered Mr. Chamberlain, the England which knew, and yet could not believe, that it was to be robbed of its future again, the England in which smug self-complacency sneered at tired despair.

There is a country solicitor, Mr. Ardsley, who finds all for the best in the world around him, and his family. He is unshakably certain that he is a just and rightful man, who loves his wife, children and country, that nothing escapes him, that Good Old England is as good as ever, that his affairs and family are in the best of order. His daughter, Lois, wears pearls given to her by a married man, a neighbour, whom she does not love but with whom she is having an affair; though attractive, she has lost hope of marriage, at Rambleston, in Kent, in the England which lost so many men between 1914-1918, and gets what she can from life in her own way. Her lover's wife notices the pearls, guesses their history, and by tapping a telephone line discovers their secret; she implores Lois to break off the liaison, and Lois agrees. But Lois is also being pursued by her sister Ethel's husband, a lusty young farmer who drinks a great deal; he attracts Lois sexually and, when he tells her he will visit her at her aunt's, whither she is retreating from her ruptured liaison, she telephones her married lover and, to save her sister's happiness, agrees to go to Paris with him.

All this happens under the self-satisfied nose of Mr. Leonard Ardsley. Other things happen, too. A young man, a friend of his children, Commander Collie Stratton, R.N., is in trouble. He was axed from the Navy, after 1918, and with his small funds tried to start a garage, which failed; he has given cheques without cover and, without realizing this, has made himself liable to a criminal prosecution. Leonard Ardsley tells him in the dry-as-dust tones of the country lawyer that he need not expect more than three to six months in the second division. Another daughter, Eva, is in love with Stratton and offers him a thousand pounds, inherited from her grandmother, to get straight; they might marry, she suggests. Leonard Ardsley knows as little of Eva's feeling for Stratton as of his wife's health, who at the same moment is being examined by a doctor in another room; he finds that she suffers from incurable cancer and has few months to live, but she refuses an operation. Stratton refuses Eva's offer, and shoots himself, and Eva, an attractive girl during the 1914-1918 war, but now an unmarried woman unbalanced from frustration and moving towards the dangerous years, goes mad.

So the last act finds Mr. Leonard Ardsley ('It was a great grief to me that I was too old to fight in the war') strutting cockahoop about his well-ordered farmyard, which actually is a heap of ruins. His wife dying; one daughter about to elope to Paris with a married man; another daughter married to a man who, is planning to seduce her sister; a third daughter mad with grief at the suicide of the man she loved. In these circumstances Mr. Leonard Ardsley, in this play produced in 1932, talks with his son Sydney, who feels himself a useless burden to those around him, a living man dead or a dead man alive - for he was blinded in the 1914 war. They discuss Stratton's suicide. Listen - in 1932:

LEONARD ARDSLEY It's a terrible thing about poor Collie Stratton. No one can be more distressed than I.

SYDNEY It seems a bit hard that after going through the war and getting a D.S.O. he should have come to this end.

LEONARD ARDSLEY He may have been a very good naval officer. He was a very poor business man. That's all there is to it.

SYDNEY We might put that on his tombstone. It would make a damned good epitaph.

LEONARD ARDSLEY If that's a joke, Sydney, I must say I think it is in very bad taste.

SYDNEY (*with bitter calm*) You see, I feel I have a certain right to speak. I know how dead keen we were when the war started. Every sacrifice was worth it. We didn't say much about it because we were rather shy, but honour did mean something to us and patriotism wasn't just a word. And then, when it was all over, we did think that those of us who'd died hadn't died in vain, and those of us who were broken and shattered and knew they wouldn't be any more good in the world were buoyed up by the thought that if they'd given everything they'd given it in a great cause.

LEONARD ARDSLEY And they had.

SYDNEY Do you still think that? I don't. I know that we were the dupes of the incompetent fools who ruled the nations. I know that we were sacrificed to their vanity, their greed, and their stupidity. And the worst of it is that as far as I can tell they haven't learnt a thing. They're just as vain, they're just as greedy, they're just as stupid as they ever were. They muddle on, muddle on, and one of these days they'll muddle us all into another war. When that happens I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going out into the streets and cry: 'Look at me, don't be a lot of damned fools; it's all bunk what they're saying about honour and patriotism and glory. Bunk, bunk, bunk.'

HOWARD (*Ethel's husband*) Who cares if it is bunk? I had the time of my life in the war. No responsibility and plenty of money. More than I'd ever had before or ever since. All the girls you wanted and all the whisky. Excitement. A roughish time in the trenches, but a grand lark afterwards. I tell you it was a bitter day for me when they signed the armistice. What have I got now? Just the same old thing day after day, working my guts out to keep body and soul together. The very day war is declared I join up and the sooner the better, if you ask me. That's the life for me. By God!

LEONARD ARDSLEY You've had a lot to put up with, Sydney, I know that. But don't think you're the only one. It's been a great blow to me that you haven't been able to follow me in my business as I followed my father. Three generations, that would have been. But it wasn't to be. No one wants another war less than I do, but if it comes I'm convinced that you'll do your duty, so far as in you lies, as you did it before. It was a great grief to me that when the call came I was too old to answer. But I did what I could. I was enrolled as a special constable. And if I'm wanted again I shall be ready again.

SYDNEY (*between his teeth*) God give me patience!

What a cruelly exact photograph of England in 1932! The play ends with Leonard Ardsley, in senile and idiot incomprehension of all that is happening in his own house and in the world, with Lois and Eva and Ethel and his wife and Sydney and Howard grouped about him in the drawing-room, at teatime, inevitably. This is how the curtain falls:

LEONARD ARDSLEY Well, I must say it's very nice to have a cup of tea by one's own fireside and surrounded by one's family. If you come to think about it, we none of us have anything very much to worry about. Of course we none of us have more money than we know what to do with, but we have our health and we have our happiness. I don't think we've very much to complain of. Things haven't been going too well lately, but I think the world is turning the corner and we can all look forward to better times in future. This old England of ours isn't done yet, and I for one believe in it and all it stands for.

*(EVA begins to sing in a cracked voice)*

God save our gracious King!  
Long live our noble King!  
God save our King!

*(The others look at her, petrified, in horror-struck surprise. When she stops Lois gives a little cry and hurries from the room)*

#### CURTAIN

I do not know of clearer insight than that, or truer prophetic vision. When I read Leonard Ardsley's last speech, I can hear Mr. Chamberlain. And in Eva's idiot anthem I can hear the mob, cheering Munich.

Somerset Maugham's play, I think, is one of the greatest artistic legacies we have from a time that was as bad for artists, as shrivelling and thwarting to their spirits, as for all others, of any quality. It was a degenerate period; but this was an inspired portrait of it.

Maugham was not alone, in showing Honest John himself as he was, between 1918 and 1939. The underlying despair and disillusionment, the fear of the future, show through much of the literature of the time.

Take the Conways, for instance, the unhappy family in J. B. Priestley's *Time and the Conways*. How typical they are of that England. This play is in three acts. The first is set in 1919, when one of the daughters, Kay Conway, is having her 21st birthday. The war is over, the men are coming back, the girls are casting appraising glances at possible husbands, castles are being built in the air and peopled with prospective mating couples and their babies, the party is gay, everyone is having fun. The second act is set, say, in 1936 (the play was first produced in 1937) and shows what happened; the disappointed ageing women, having better-than-nothing affairs with married men, the nondescript, ageing, ex-officer husbands who have never been able to get into their strides. Then the play reverts to 1919, when the future was golden and sure; the Conways are having fun.

Here are some passages from the second act. Mrs. Conway, comfortably off in 1919, has fallen on bad times. Her house has dwindled in value to almost nothing. 'But she was offered thousands and thousands for it just after the war', says Hazel Conway. 'Yes,' says Ernest Beevers, dryly, 'but this isn't just after the war. It's just before the next war.'



Then Kay and Alan Conway, her brother, talk of the times, and of the old times. They look back, from 1936, upon 1919. Listen.

KAY ... You see, Alan, I've not only been here to-night. I've been here remembering other nights, long ago, when we weren't like this.

ALAN Yes, I know. Those old Christmases ... birthday parties....

KAY Yes, I remembered. I saw all of us then. Myself, too. Oh, silly girl of Nineteen Nineteen. Oh, lucky girl.

ALAN You mustn't mind too much. It's all right, you know. Like being forty?

KAY Oh no, Alan, it's hideous and unbearable. Remember what we once were and what we thought we'd be. And now this. And it's all we have, Alan, it's *us*. Every step we've taken - every tick of the clock - making everything worse. If this is all life is, what's the use. Better to die, like Carol, before you find it out, before Time gets to work on you. I've felt it before, Alan, but never as I've done to-night. There's a great devil in the universe, and we call it Time....

In many of the books and plays of that time the useless ex-officer and the manless old maid were treated as figures of fun. In these two, which I have quoted, the artists' eyes have seen the tragedy of England beneath. For, if it was like that after the last war, and it was, what will it be like after this one? But all such books and plays, of the 1919-1939 era, have one figure in common - Mr. Leonard Ardsley, the well-fed, comfortably situated, elderly person, man or woman, who thinks all is well. To such was England delivered, between 1918 and 1939. To-day they are more powerful than ever.

Those, if there are any, who take an active interest in their times, past, present and future, and would mend matters if they could, may observe that they never hear in the radio, and seldom read in the Press, the voices or writings of such prophets as Hilaire Belloc, or Somerset Maugham, or the many others like them. True, they heard Priestley's voice for a while, early in the war, and it said that the things that were wrong should be mended, so that the British people would not again be led along Lunatic's Way to disaster. Then there arose from all the drawing-rooms of England a moaning, like the sougning of the wind. The aged and the ageing and those who are born old rose as one man, or woman, and, clasping their buttered scones to their bosoms, lest someone deprive them of these, cried, 'Will no one rid us of this pestilent Priestley? Yes dear, *two* lumps please.' And lo, it was so. Priestley's voice was stifled, and when it was heard again, much later, it was a subdued voice, as of one who had been stood in a corner till he thought better of it.

The Conways, in 1960, will look back on 1936 as relative bliss, if any of them remain.

Ah well; the delusion-machine, and Honest John, and a dispirited England, and the last war, and this war, and the future, with its ex-service-men and ex-service-women looking uncertainly about them, as they come out of the war, and at Westminster, the same people in charge who were there five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago! Pity the poor Conways. An appalling prospect!

The things I have quoted show that the good heart of Britain beat soundly, that the shrewd instinct of the British people, spoken in various ways by these articulate and gifted few, knew that another war was being brewed and hated the thought. But powerful forces sought to fool all the people all the time, and though they did not succeed in this, as I have shown, they brought about a state of mental confusion and physical inertia which enabled the new war to come about.

The Press played a great part in this. The pathetic faith of the British people in black hieroglyphics on white paper is an abundant source of future disasters.

Truth is a thing of many facets, and all the British newspapers print some truth all the time. But no single British newspaper gives its readers all the truth as it knows it, or strives to put before them a continuous, day-by-day, coherent, intelligent picture of the whole truth as far as its mortal eye can comprise that. Each is subject to behind-the-scene influences and interests which prohibit the publication of this, or lay misleading emphasis on that. All are the profit-earning enterprises of rich people and often serve the particular fads or fancies, the private purposes or hallucinations of these. Their owners almost always receive those coveted titular adornments which are in the gift of political parties; and because the wit of mortal man can to-day discern no difference of ideas or ideals between these parties, the newspapers, which once represented distinct and alternative policies, have become as alike as the parties themselves. The conviction that co-operation is more profitable than competition has established itself in the minds of their proprietors, who periodically meet in exclusive conclave and decide jointly to follow this or that 'line', to eliminate this or 'run' that feature. (Did not the newspaper proprietors, in council, agree, against one dissentient, to continue the astrological forecasts, one of the worst examples of contemptuously playing-down to masses seeking hope in chaotic times, after these had been analysed and exposed in a weekly journal; and did not one newspaper lord relate that he had instructed his tame astrologer to take 'a hopeful line' in his predictions?)

The newspapers of Dickens's Eatanswill, where rival editors harangued and slanged each other without stint, were better than these. If the people are infinitely credulous, and must most bitterly suffer for this, it is largely the fault of this Press. A single independent newspaper, edited and written by a group of informed men, a newspaper which published neither advertisements nor 'letters from readers' (the astute selection of these is to-day a powerful weapon of delusion), which gave a fair summary of parliamentary debate and published untinted information about public appointments, local government, foreign countries, and such evils at home as the pestilential spread of nepotism and corruption, could re-establish a body of intelligent opinion; and this, by making itself felt in a Parliament become irresponsible, could restore faith, which is more important than prosperity, at home, and ensure peace abroad.

To-day, we are far from that. During the last ten years the sum of the activity of the Press has been to delude, more than to enlighten. I have shown how the truth about Germany and Germany's intentions was gradually reduced, toned-down or erased in the picture presented by many British newspapers *after* the coming of Hitler; but I remember that the British correspondents in Berlin *before* that event, when Germany was governed by Left-Centre coalitions of men often inefficient but at all events reluctant to be led towards a new war, met no opposition in reporting everything they learned about the beginnings of secret re-armament, about the machinations of the age-old warmaking groups there. Only *after* Hitler came, when these things overnight assumed the most deadly aspect, did this opposition begin!

Is not the mind of Lord Fearful or Lord Hardface, who owns the Daily Soothsayer, clearly shown in that? Early in this war I was invited to set out, in an article for a certain newspaper, my ideas for winning the war. At that time, before Dunkirk, victory seemed distant and difficult indeed, but I was convinced that it could be ultimately gained, because I thought Hitler could only have won it by enlisting either Italy or Russia as a full military ally and by striking at us with the full force of that alliance immediately the war began, in September 1939. So I wrote my article, and made various proposals, for instance, that the naval blockade should be held and tightened by all conceivable means (we still had the French fleet); that we should bomb Germany as hard as we could as soon as we could; that we should forge and use what I held, and hold, to be our war-winning weapon, propaganda or as I prefer to call it the assault on the German spirit, with the

utmost speed and vigour - we had then hardly begun to think about this; but, above all, we should by every means in our power seek to keep Italy and Russia from entering the war on Germany's side.

The article was rejected. It was 'not constructive enough'. When I asked what proposals might be considered constructive, I was told, oh well, for instance, the bombing of the Russian oil wells.

I have told this story before, but a year has gone since then and its happenings may enable British readers dimly to comprehend the magnitude of such folly, or frivolity - if it was nothing worse. I thought then, and most people will perceive now, that the one irretrievable imbecility we could commit, and we had perpetrated things which forced one to fear even this, would be to provoke Russia to enter the war at Hitler's side. I invite readers to look back to June of 1941 and consider what our prospects of victory then were, before Hitler *attacked* Russia, and then to reflect how difficult they are even now, when the Russians have driven the Germans back, and then to calculate what they would have amounted to if we had attacked the Russians! Motives which readers do not suspect may prowl impishly or demoniacally behind these lines of printer's ink.

Readers are treated with astonishing contempt. Seemingly they take no interest in their country and their world; or they have no memories. If they think, their passivity is too great to betray this, and the newspapers are able repeatedly to perform an amazing feat. They can, without injury to their reputations or circulations, tell the reader that black is white, on Monday, and that white is black, on Tuesday!

A fantastic instance is the overnight change in the picture of Russia given by the British Press when Russia entered the war.

Honest John, incurably apathetic though he was become, knew in his heart, as the war loomed nearer, that only one thing could prevent it, and that if it came we should still need that thing, an alliance with Russia. Now that the war has come, Fate, or Hitler, or who knows what, has re-established that situation on the chessboard; Russia fights on our side.

But to reduce Honest John to such a state of confusion that he would passively acquiesce in the refusal of every chance to form that military alliance *before* the war, so that the war itself might be averted, he had to be deluded, his blood had to be curdled. He must not think of Russia exclusively as a *military ally*, which was his dire need. He had to be shown Russia as the home of Satan whereas Hitler was at heart a God-fearing man like Mussolini, who did not gravely assail the Catholic Church, like Franco, who was a gallant Christian gentleman! Was not Hitler 'a catholic'?

Thus, for twenty years, but particularly after Hitler came to power in Germany, Honest John's flesh was made to creep with tales of Russian Godlessness. Wrecked cathedrals; murdered priests; 'nationalized women'; Anti-Christ! The prelates and the Press vied with each other in painting this horrid picture. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1935, said, 'More than fifteen years have passed since a Godless tyranny was installed in Russia. Yet there are still thousands of bishops and priests in gaol or doing forced labour in the mines of frozen Siberia'. In the House of Lords, peers who fell over each other to eat at Hitler's table when his most monstrous cruelties were being done in the concentration camps, scarified the Godlessness of Russia. Few Englishmen could have been found, by those canvassers of opinion who assess the public mind in terms of so much per cent to-day, who would have believed that congregations still filled Russian churches.

What a change was there, on June 22nd, 1941, when Hitler attacked Russia! Suddenly, the vanished churches filled, the priests were as by magic restored to the altars, why, can we believe our eyes, there was Moscow Cathedral, back in its old place, and the Patriarch Gerges led 12,000 people in

prayer! In July one newspaper reverently told its readers, 'Meanwhile Moscow Prays'. In August, when the German armies still advanced towards that city, another reported 'Moscow's Call to Christians - Unite!' in October a third announced that 'Russia May Have A Church Revival!'

Russia, then, was not Godless, but, Godly; not Anti-Christ, but pro-Christ. How strange!

The truth escaped our vigilance all those years and was revealed in a flash. The archbishops and bishops - I believe they are appointed by the Prime Minister, and thus owe their high spiritual offices, which are not devoid of ample worldly reward, up to £15,000 a year or so, to a political party - perceived this divine truth. 'The form of Communism which the Russian revolution *first* established was incompatible with that value of individual persons on which Christianity insists, but this has been modified' ... 'Doubtless when we remember the past, this may seem a strange alliance ... but there are signs that in *recent* years a change of spirit has occurred in the Russian rulers' ... 'In *recent* years the Soviet Government has *apparently* abandoned some of the mistakes of its earlier regime ... Indeed, I am told that the number of worshippers is *greater than ever* ... I say this partly in the interests of truth and frankness ... but chiefly to emphasize that the criticisms of the past *are now irrelevant* in view of the mighty issues at stake....'

And so on.

The most dumbfounding contribution to this chorus was the report, published in a Sunday newspaper, that 'A call to all Christians, Protestant and Catholic, to unite in a Holy Crusade against the anti-Christ, Hitler, was broadcast by Moscow last night. Hitler has launched war against Christian civilization, said the appeal. He has twisted the Holy Cross into an unholy crooked cross ... We appeal to all German Christians to fight the Godless regime of Nazism and Hitlerism'.

So now Hitler was anti-Christ and Germany Godless!

Moscow *did* broadcast those words. What I find flabbergasting is that a British newspaper, after all it said about anti-Christian and Godless Russia in the twenty years before, should suddenly hurl this bolt from the red at its readers without a single word of explanation or comment. What *can* its opinion of its readers be?

If its opinion was low, it was by all appearances accurate, though all the newspapers together were responsible for the bemused, bemazed, baffled and bewildered plight of mind of Honest John. As for him, I gathered that he read his newspaper, said, 'H'm, so Russia isn't Godless after all but Germany is', and turned to the football results. I watched the British Press carefully for any expression of shocked astonishment from readers, for any indication that they remembered, that day, what they had been told for twenty years. The only trace I found was one letter, which said:

The announcement is made incidentally in every morning newspaper that 12,000 people prayed in Moscow for victory. The people were led in prayer by their Patriarch, Gerges, in Moscow Cathedral. This surely is astounding news, coming from a country where we have been told constantly that religion and churches are no more and that only anti-Christ prevails there. One is led to two conclusions from the above, viz.: we have been wilfully misled with regard to religion in the Communistic State of Russia, or religion has always been allowed to function freely with only its temporal power cut down.

British Correspondents in Moscow, in all those years, would no doubt have found the same powerful forces working against them, if they had tried to transmit a true picture of the state of the

Church and of religion - two different things - in Russia, as the British Correspondents in Berlin encountered in trying to convey the facts of Germany's secret rearmament and warlike intentions.

Of the Godlessness of Russia, now no more, glory be, until next time, I should like to say this. Religion, or religious faith and feeling, have continued in Russia, since the Bolshevik Revolution, as before it. The Church, as a power-wielding institution, suffered substantial encroachment. The miserable Russian masses, when they made their revolution, tormented by hunger and bloodshed, vented part of their erupting despair upon that which they felt to be one of the co-authors of their suffering - not God, but the Church; not religion, but the priests.

That phase would soon have passed. But the majority of the leaders in the first phase were Jewish, not Russian, and the administration, the civil service, officialdom, was soon packed with officials who were Jewish, not Russian. These - and this is an element in the matter which the prelates and Press in this country silently passed over, in their fulminations against Russian Godlessness - felt antagonism, not only for the Church, but for the Christian religion. That was why the 'Godless' movement in Russia was from its beginnings, not so much an anti-Christian, as an anti-Gentile movement. Its members, at the zenith, numbered some six millions, in a population of 180,000,000, and these came largely, if not predominantly, from two anti-Gentile sources, the Jews and the Mohammedans. The organization, with this inspiration at its source, became powerful enough to have many thousands of churches, chapels and monasteries closed and converted into museums or schools (at the same period, 'anti-Semitism' was subject to the death penalty!), but a far greater number remained open. Many priests were shot and imprisoned. But among the *Russian* people, religious faith and feeling, repressed but not extinguished by these *non-Russian* elements which had become so powerful in the country, went on, and being one of the primitive sources of Russian patriotism, it began to regain strength and vigour as the shadow of a new war, and of a new threat to Russian acres, grew and took shape.

Long before Hitler's coming in Germany, Russian congregations filled Russian churches. From 1933 or 1934 onward any traveller could have found a church and a congregation round the corner of the street, if he had cared to look.

Now that, willy-nilly, will-we-won't-we, Russia is our ally, and, as I wrote some time before this war, the British Empire may yet be saved by the Reds, to the private chagrin of Cheltenham and Leamington, where old delusions die hard because they are so fondly nursed, the myth of Russian Godlessness has been blown away like thistledown by the lords of the Press and the Church. It seemed so much; it is so little. 'Russian Godlessness', anti-Christ in the human shape of 180 million Russians, never existed. An imported anti-Gentilism, wielded by a few million non-Russian aliens who had gained power, *did* exist, but we don't talk about that, my sister The Daily Soothsayer and I, The Daily Dallier.

However, Honest John must have his myth, or so my sister and I think; he must be saved from anti-Christ somehow, somewhere. So, hey-presto, away with the dummy, Russian Godlessness, and up with the other guy, German Godlessness. The quickness of the hand deceives the eye, indeed. Honest John was still blinking in amazement, asking himself whither that pagan idol had suddenly vanished, that seemed so huge and terrifying a moment before, when the new monster stood before him, more frightening even than the other.

There it was, in October 1941, while the German hordes still pressed on towards Christian Moscow, where the bells chimed and pealed and the thousands knelt in prayer and the white-boarded Patriarch, in his golden crown, chanted and intoned. The British newspapers, bless their hearts and their readers, all had it. 'President Roosevelt's revelation - Hitler's plan to abolish religion'. 'The United States Government has in its possession a document made in Germany by

Hitler's Government ... a plan to abolish all existing religions, Protestant, Catholic, Mohammedan, Hindu, Buddhist, and Jewish, in a dominated world. The property of all the Churches will be seized by the Reich. The Cross and all other symbols of religions are to be forbidden ... An 'international Nazi Church is to be set up ... In place of the Bible the words of *Mein Kampf* will be imposed and enforced as Holy Writ ... In place of the Cross of Christ the Swastika and the naked sword. The Navy's tradition is "Damn torpedoes, full speed ahead".'

(Lest the reader should think I have gone demented, I must interject that the last nine words of this report are reproduced by me as they appeared in this London newspaper. They do not seem apt, but may belong. They are probably all part of the devilish conspiracy. I do not suppose that Honest John even found them out of place. His head must be so dizzy that I wonder he still can read at all.)

That was in October 1941. By December the new Godlessness was well under way, and the same newspaper which announced, without a word of explanation or comment, Moscow's clarion radio call to the world to unite in A Holy Crusade Against the Anti-Christ, Hitler, published the full details of the 'Nazi Plan to Banish God and the Blasphemous Rites which are to put The Swastika before The Cross'. There was the whole plan, in twenty-two points. Save for the substitution of 'Nazi' for 'Bolshevist', hardly a syllable had changed.

For those who find facts of interest or entertainment, I may say that the two Churches in Germany, where Hitler invokes the Almighty as frequently as the leaders of all the other nations involved in this unpleasantness, were and are very powerful institutions. They both still receive, as I believe, large sums from Hitler's State, which also collects taxes for them from the people. I well remember that, as a British citizen living in Berlin some time after Hitler's advent, a good Nazi bailiff was sent to me by the Catholic Church to collect a 'Church tax' I had already paid; I made myself liable by inscribing upon a police registration form, as foreigners were required to do, the fact that I was baptized in the Catholic Church.

Both the Churches in Germany, in the years before Hitler came to power, tended towards the doldrums, because it was a time of suffering and hopelessness for many people, and the Churches offered them, in their search for spiritual sustenance, stones rather than bread, though the Catholic Church was bearing up better than the Evangelical, the plight of which has strong points of resemblance with that of the Protestant Church in this country to-day. After Hitler came to power, the churches filled rapidly, but this was not due to a revival of religious feeling. It was caused by the fact that the National Socialist regime, while it continued to collect those taxes for the Churches, and most certainly did not 'persecute' them, stepped heavily on both their foes by introducing a political doctrine which came very near to competing with religious doctrine, by drawing the youth of Germany more and more into its grip, and so on.

This produced a latent hostility, in the Churches, to the National Socialist regime, such as might inspire two rival business concerns. That it arose from a deep Christian concern for the future of the world, for peace, or for the suffering of mankind, will not, I hope, be believed by any who trouble to remember the Pope's celebration of the Italian victory in Abyssinia as 'the happy triumph of a good and great people' or some of the tributes paid by our own Church leaders to Hitler before he was anti-Christ.

But it did upset both Churches, with the result that subtly wounding things about the National Socialists were said from the pulpits, and this caused the congregations to grow. For in Germany many people, who did not gainsay that Germany ought to rule the world - Pastor Niemöller was a staunch patriot in the matter of Germany's place in the universe - disliked the monopolistic claims of the Hitler Youth and Hitler Girls Leagues upon their sons and daughters, the tyranny of their local Nazi Block Warden or District Leader, the rude hands that extracted voluntary offerings from

their pockets and so on. So masses of these people began to go to church again; in this way, and only in this way, they could express a little antagonism, not so much against Hitler, as against the excesses and greed of his men.

The churches, by this devious means, became fuller after Hitler's advent than before, and the Storm Troopers neither prevented the congregations from entering nor wrecked the churches. This is the case, also, to-day. It will continue so.

I have explained these things so that a few people may not swallow the doses of drivel, trash and balderdash about 'Godlessness', here or there, in this country or that, which are served to them. The label can be switched between to-day and to-morrow from one country to another, and is meant only to delude. He would be a brave man who would say in what country God is to be found, in these times; he might be tempted to say, in none. But if by Godliness is meant the number of people who pass through church doors, a definition I reject, God is as much in Germany and Russia, at this moment, as in this country or another.

Delusion is dangerous. It succeeded in blinding Honest John to Germany's bared fangs and unsheathed claws. It succeeded in blinding him to his own dire need of Russia.

These are the only two things he needs to remember, to-day: that Germany is our inevitable military enemy, because she is near and strong and wants the things we have; and Russia is our indispensable military ally, because she is strong and distant and could not take the things we have if she wanted.

That was the position on January 30th, 1933, when Hitler came to power. It was still the position in September 1939, when the war began, or was resumed. It is the position to-day.

The delusion-machine was able to cloud Honest John's vision enough *for* the war to happen, which could have been prevented. But delusion to-day, about this or that aspect of Germany, is as dangerous as delusion was yesterday, about Russia. It is to be distrusted and spurned. Something evil, something bad for us, lurks behind it.

The reader who has accompanied me thus far, unless he is incurably credulous of what he reads or is told elsewhere, or incurably sceptical of me, must share my own feeling that he has taken a nightmare ride, between jeering and jibbering goblins, through Lunatic's Way to Insanity Fair. That is how I felt, that dark night in Sussex, as I rode through a blacked-out world, looking back.

It was a long, long night. The black-out makes every night seem doubly long and twice as dark. Midday has scarcely turned its back on you before the blinds are drawn and the lights disappear behind them, and another midday is not far distant when those blinds are opened again. I left Brighton in the early evening and as some mood moved me not to return home before dawn, I covered a fairly large area of Sussex in that meditative ride. I rode along lanes and highways which seemed, in that endless blackness, as if they had never known a human foot.

When the sun, at long last, though he did not appear in person, diffused the lowering eastern clouds with a faint light, and I turned for home, my stomach was striking breakfast time, as well it might. In the dawn I saw a weary soldier, guarding heaven knew what, standing at the gates of a villa. He was in a brown, or a browned-off study, and only indifferently raised dull eyes to mine as I went past. What, I wondered, would be his lot, when the war should lift, one day? What would he see, if he could look twenty years ahead with those lacklustre eyes? What would I have seen, twenty years before, if I had done that? Time and the Conways.



Down the lane, in the shabby morning light, came trudging an old man, his muddied trousers caught at the knees, his shoulders bent beneath years of toil. He turned aside at a cart-track, plodded across the fields. A farm labourer, old enough to be left to toil. Farther along the lane a dim light flickered towards me. A very young boy, I saw, as his bicycle approached; the lad who brought my milk. Not yet old enough to be taken. 'Good-morning, sir,' he said, as we met at the door of my cottage. I took the little bottle of milk; there wasn't much of it, these days, and if he left it at the door the wily blue-tits would peck away the capsule and drink it.

'Good morning,' said I, and I went to make my breakfast.

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## Chapter Six

### DULCE ET DECORUM ET DUNKIRK!

A question once put to that invisible tea-party which is called the Brains Trust, was, how may a man best spend the time during a railway journey? Many suggestions were offered; but mine is that all spare moments may be most absorbingly employed by delving into Shakespeare for phrases which fit, glove-like, the tidings of the day.

He never fails. True, you need a clear mind to pick the apt word. If your mental eye is dim, you may make the master turn in his grave by thinking to dress some dross or drivel of your own in his golden phrases.

The good Mr. Neville Chamberlain, for example, comfortably cornered in a first class compartment between Birmingham and Euston, thinking of journeys to Munich, gleefully borrowed the words:

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

Never was quotation so foully raped. Out of the flower, safety, he and his like brewed danger and Dunkirk.

This quotation more aptly fits Mr. Chamberlain and Munich:

What you have charged me with, that have I done;  
And more, much more; this time will bring it out:  
'Tis past, and so am I.

Imagine what Shakespeare would have said of Munich and Dunkirk! He has, indeed, many scathing and scalding passages that fit it. But Dunkirk, our almost irretrievable disaster, was also the British Navy's most valiant victory. While lean and slipper'd pantaloons watched, British ships and seamen plucked the flower, salvation, from the nettle, calamity. If I were borrowing from Shakespeare's words to describe each station in our tormented pilgrimage, I should choose, for Dunkirk:

To France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass.

Dunkirk! The long, long trails of British soldiers, betrayed, deserted, overwhelmed, waiting on the beaches, wading through the shallows to the little ships.

They were the luckier ones. The unluckier ones were left behind, prisoners of the Germans. William Shirer, making his *Berlin Diary*, wrote of them:

A sad sight ... What impressed me most about them was their poor physique ...  
About half were from offices in Liverpool, the rest from London offices.

These were the sons of those other men, of whom C. E. Montague wrote, between 1914 and 1918:

You met them on roads in the rear: battalions of colourless, stunted, half-toothless  
lads from hot, humid Lancashire mills; battalions of slow, staring faces, gargoyles  
out of the tragical-comical-historical-pastoral edifice of modern English rural life ...

Perhaps the undersized boys from our slums and the underwitted boys from the 'agricultural, residential and sporting estates' of our auctioneers' advertisements would get to their goal, the spirit wresting prodigies of valour from the wronged flesh, hold on for an hour or two with the shells splashing the earth up about them like puddle water when great raindrops make its surface jump, and then fall back under orders, without any need, the brain of our army failing to know how to use what its muscle had won ... Our men could only draw on such funds of nerve and physique, knowledge and skill, as we had put into the bank for them. Not they, but their rulers and 'betters', had lost their heads in the joy of making money fast out of steam, and so made half of our nation slum-dwellers. It was not they who had moulded English rustic life to keep up the complacency of sentimental modern imitators of feudal barons. It was not they who had made our Regular Army neither aristocratic, with the virtues of aristocracy, nor democratic, with the different virtues of democracy, nor keenly professional, with the professional virtues of gusto and curiosity about the possibilities of its work. Like the syphilitic children of some jolly Victorian rake, they could only bring to this harsh examination such health and sanity as all the pleasant vices of Victorian and Edwardian England had left them.

Julian Grenfell and Raymond Asquith and Rupert Brooke - dead! Geoffrey Keyes and Ronald Cartland - dead! Lawrence of Arabia - dead! How many Shakespeares, Wellingtons and Nelsons - dead? All in their youth.

Can we squander our capital like this, and hope yet to live on the interest - on the Sir Constant Toadeys and the Sir Goodleigh Smugges, on the Lords Partypree and Purseproud and Purgative, on the Colonels Consol and Consolidated, on the Misters Chainstore (né Chaimski, soon to be Earl of Cheapside, in the County of Ellesdee), Firebug (né Bernstein, soon to be Baron Burncastle), and Shivalrous (né Shoddy, soon to be Lord Shortshrift of Foreclose and Usure).

In this profit and loss account, this reckoning of debit and credit, Dunkirk is an unexpected entry, that makes the balance hard to strike. Dunkirk is at once light, and darkness. The dazzling glory won by the British Navy does not pierce the fog that shrouds those beaches. Dunkirk should have been, in the ledger it was, if the cold figures be added together, the end of a bookkeeping era in history. There the thick horizontal line should have been ruled, across the page headed 'British Empire'; the moving finger should have written, 'Account closed'. The unexpected in-payment from the British Navy threw all calculations out of gear. Now, the account reads as if it began again. Does it, though, in truth?

A most confusing smoke-screen hangs over those beaches. What a pity that the British people so soon forget.

For Dunkirk belongs to the most sinister enigmas of history. It is the most tantalizing riddle. As time lapses, its importance grows.

What men in this country waited to play the part of Laval, while British soldiers waited on those beaches? I do not say the part of Pétain, because for all the jeers and gibes of British newspapers whose lords once belauded Hitler, I do not see that Pétain is a traitor. When he took over, all was lost; the traitors preceded him. No last ditch, no French Channel, lay between Paris and the onrushing German armies. The French people, to whose leadership he came, were bled white of men, in war, and of money, for arms which were not forged, in peace. How many English people realize that between 1914 and 1918 France mobilized 8,000,000 men, of a population of 38,000,000 and lost 2,000,000 *dead!* (Germany mobilized 13,000,000 out of 70,000,000 and lost

nearly 2,000,000 killed; the British Empire, with a white population of 60,000,000, mobilized 9,000,000 and suffered 1,000,000 dead.)

The exhausted French people, after that vain blood offering, lived through twenty appalling years, while the new war peered, Frankenstein-like, across their frontiers and their politicians indulged in riots of corruption. Once, during that time, the anguished spirit of the French rose and struck fiercely, at the Stavisky riots in 1934; William Shirer, little foreseeing that he would write a *Berlin Diary* six years later, noted:

The Stavisky swindles merely illustrate the rottenness and the weakness of French democracy.

Democracy? There was as much democracy in France as there is gold in a coalmine. I remember with what unease, when I visited France, I felt the lassitude and disbelief about me. 'France has been too much lied to', wrote La Garonne, after the catastrophe; Arthur Koestler, caught in that maelstrom, quotes this sentence, seemingly with bitter irony, but never was a truer one written.

What was Pétain to do, in such a situation? Withdraw, behind the bodies of another million dead Frenchmen, to the French Colonial Empire, and 'carry on the war from there', in the noble-sounding phrase? Go, with a group of politicians, and live in sultanic luxury in some Moorish palace, while all France was occupied? There is a limit to the blood a nation can shed, especially a nation so betrayed as France. Pétain may have thought his only choice lay between the extermination of France and a possible later resurrection. He was a soldier, but a very old one. The men who delivered France into his hands, in such plight, were the real traitors.

They lied to France so much that France lost the power to hope or believe. Read the things that junior French officers told Arthur Koestler (*The Scum of the Earth*) about the gap in the Maginot Line, left open during the nine months between September 1939 and May 1940. Perhaps 'they' hadn't wanted the gap closed, says one young officer. 'They?' Who are 'they'? Ah, he couldn't say that; he only knew that the pioneer battalions lay almost idle, never working more than two hours a day, without spades or concrete or orders.

Yes, France was betrayed, by earlier men than Pétain. After the capitulation Arthur Koestler, then a Foreign Legionary, tells how he lay in a barn, with other men empty of hope, and heard of German air attacks thrown back over Dover. The barn stirred with interest. 'La Er Ah Ef tappe pas mal sur les boches', says one Frenchman, 'the R.A.F. isn't doing so badly against the Huns'. Koestler has 'a sudden flash of understanding'. 'These men are afraid of hoping because too often deceived. They are on the defensive against the temptation of hope.'

That is the France of Pétain, and that is why I do not ask what men were waiting, in this country, to play his part, or Darlan's. We have no right, since we concluded a naval agreement with Germany behind the back of the French in 1935, to reproach any French admiral. Darlan, like Pétain, reaped what others sowed.

But Laval? There was one of the conscious traitors, a politician and soothsayer who for years deluded the French people, until, overnight, the enemy was upon them and they found that they sheltered behind an imaginary Maginot Line!

Who were the men, in this country, who would have played, Laval's part - if the British Navy had not rushed in? They are not Mosley, languishing in Brixton, or Joyce, haranguing from Berlin. These are the smaller fry, and had no power. They were never in office. They could not at once proclaim that our armed strength was enough to intimidate all potential comers (just as the French

were told that their uncompleted Maginot Line was impregnable) and yet permit Britain to remain unarmed (just as the gap in the Maginot Line was left unfilled).

It is a monstrous story, that becomes more alarming as the beaches of Dunkirk recede in history. If treachery nowhere stalks those pages, they become incomprehensible. But if treachery *was* there, then treachery is still with us to-day.

When the British Army reached Dunkirk, everything that the human brain can imagine had seemingly been done to encompass our defeat. If all these things were not offences of commission, then they were errors of omission on a scale with which no war in history can vie. I find it ominous, to-day, to pore over the pages of Hansard and of the newspapers for the years between 1933 and 1939 and to find there so many peers and commoners, so many prelates and Press-lords, who applauded the growing armed might of Germany and denied its objects. To-day, most of these men are still in their places. To-day, they outshout all others in proclaiming their desire that the war, which others fight, shall be won, and in stridently demanding that no young man or girl shall escape the net of military bondage.

I think all boys over sixty *should* be conscribed for life.

With what delight, when Germany invaded Norway, did these men seize on the name of an obscure Norwegian politician, Quisling, and brandish this as the emblem of treachery most foul, just as Mr. Chamberlain brandished the sheet of paper, 'Peace in our time', claiming it to be the emblem of triumph most fair. When I look back on Dunkirk, and the accumulating evidence. I wonder if treachery does not begin at home, and I would not go to a list of Norwegian names for an emblem. If the name of Quisling serves to make the British people look for the nigger in some distant woodpile, its bearer will have played a greater part in history than his importance merits.

Consider the first seven months of this war.' Mr. Churchill, speaking in Canada, in December 1941, referred to 'that astonishing seven months which were called on this side of the Atlantic the phoney war'.

'That *astonishing* seven months!' Mr. Churchill was himself in the Government (as First Lord of the Admiralty, much of the credit for the epic exploit of Dunkirk is his). He refers to the seven months *before the German descent on Norway*, which so startled this country that even Mr. Chamberlain was levered unwillingly out of office, and Mr. Churchill took his place.

If Mr. Churchill, then, though he was of that Government, to which he was reluctantly admitted, speaks of those seven months as 'astonishing', there was clearly something queer about them, and I hope his pen will one day tell what this was, without regard for Official Secrets Acts.

Similarly, Mr. Anthony Eden, also grudgingly readmitted to that Government, in a post where he would be more seen than heard, that of Minister for Dominion Affairs, said in October 1941: 'every word that has been said about the shortages of equipment suffered by the British Army in France is fully justified'. '*Fully justified!*' In that case he, too, should one day tell what happened. Only in this country could men implicitly indicted by two such statements still hold office.

For 'the first seven months', before Mr. Chamberlain fell, were the period of 'the phoney war'. When they were gone there should, by all rhyme and reason, have been no British isle left wherein Mr. Winston Churchill could become Prime Minister, and that reckoning still holds good in retrospect. The margin was so small as to be beyond measurement, and as the picture recedes into perspective, it becomes more amazing that we survive.

'The phoney war!' A repulsive phrase, used in a patronizing, ringside manner by people far away. When they in their turn were suddenly attacked and found unbelievably unready I used gently to tell an American friend, 'Well, that seems a phoney war, that you're fighting, but bless your hearts you can take it', and he, with a wry face, would grin.

But what did they mean, by 'phoney war'. They meant, *and they had much more information than the British people*, that neither our heart nor our strength were in the war. That was during 'the astonishing seven months', when Mr. Chamberlain was Prime Minister, and his colleagues, who should have known what was afoot, if any men should, went round the country, from meeting to meeting, talking in baffled bewilderment about 'this very strange war', 'this strangest of all wars', and the like, a cackling chorus which culminated in Mr. Chamberlain's assurance that the Germans could not be in Narvik, oh no, they were only in Larvik, much farther south.

Meanwhile, the British people, as bemazed and confused as the French people, decided that it was vain even to think about the war, which would presently win itself, and took no thought for the morrow, until they were suddenly and horribly awakened. It is appalling, in view of what we now know about the state of the British Army in France at that time, to recall that when Mr. Chamberlain actually displaced one colleague, the War Minister, a deafening hullabaloo was begun in the Press, which claimed that this was a blow at 'democracy'! Democracy, seemingly, did not care what happened to the British soldiers in France.

For these soldiers were being delivered into the hands of the enemy! Unhappily, the British people forget anything that happened longer ago than yesterday, and when the dispatches of the British Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gort, about the events leading to Dunkirk were published (October 1941), nobody bothered about them.

A man who *does* care, because of the future, must, when he reads them, lament 'the lost art of resignation'. Lord Gort would have served his country and his men better by resigning in November or December, 1939, than by writing these dispatches after the event, and would have merited an award even higher than the Victoria Cross he won in the last war.<sup>[6]</sup> 'No armour-piercing shells for our field guns; not enough shells for the anti-tank guns; not a single armoured division; only fifty fighting aeroplanes under Lord Gort's command, against a thousand German fighters; all arrangements for air-bombing of German targets had to be made by telephoning or telegraphing back to the War Office, which telephoned to the Air Ministry, which telephoned to a bomber squadron in England; repeated warnings to the War Office about the shortage of almost every kind of ammunition'; and so on and so on.

The story moved to its climax - *surrender*! How many people have troubled to read the telegram, implicitly telling Lord Gort that when his forces were isolated and at the end of their resources, useless sacrifice was to be avoided by *surrender*, which was sent to him on May 28th, 1940:

H.M. Government fully approve your withdrawal to extricate your force in order embark maximum number possible of British Expeditionary Force ... if you are cut off from all communication from us and all evacuation from Dunkirk and beaches had, in your judgment, been finally prevented after every attempt to reopen it had failed, *you would become sole judge of when it was impossible to inflict further damage to enemy.*

There was the last chapter of the story written by Baldwin, MacDonald and Chamberlain, the inevitable climax. Churchill and Eden were come too late to avert this. They were not even able to alter the history of 'the astonishing seven months', to change those dark things about which 'every word said is justified'. After the phoney peace, the phoney war claimed its victims. The British

Army, and behind it the British people, was lost. Who shall say that no man in this country desired that end, after the many years of falsehood, after the seven astonishing months? The man who believes that, after Dunkirk, mortgages his own future.

For what *was* the position in this country?

It was lamentable beyond description. On the other side of the narrow Channel, that enormous menace. On this side, no arms, no preparations, hundreds of miles of unguarded coast and countryside, a population still, albeit a little nervously, chewing the cud of complacency.

It was worse than even I then feared - for Mr. Eden has now told us, on October 23rd, 1941, that we had not '*even one fully trained and fully equipped division*'. To-day, my most cheering solace is the thought of the things Germans will say, one day, when they find how near they then were to conquering the world!

Our plight, that day, was like that of the man of whom the Newgate Calendar tells that he was hanged at Tyburn, that the rope broke as he fell, that he presently recovered, and, as he was already once hanged, was not executed again.

We were saved by less than a hairsbreadth. The French Generals, as Winston Churchill tells, warned by him that Britain would fight on, told their Prime Minister and his divided Cabinet that within three weeks England would have her neck wrung like a chicken. But the chicken's neck was the Channel, and the British Navy and the British Air Force at last and at least, knew no divided counsels, in this tragic, and seemingly last hour of the British Army.

How much can a few men and a few ships achieve, when they are *allowed* to fight! (The Air Force, lying nearer to Germany than it would lie again for months and years, was forbidden to bomb Germany during the 'astonishing months' of the phoney war! By bombing the Ruhr, then, it might have thwarted the German knockout blow of May 1940, but it was not allowed!)

Within a few hours the calamitous picture changed, as quickly as a transformation scene in a pantomime. The little ships conveyed the army safe from France, charming the narrow seas to give them gentle pass. This did not greatly improve our prospects in the daily-awaited invasion, for months were to pass before these men could be re-armed, re-clothed, re-banded, re-equipped, and, in part, re-disciplined after so embittering an ordeal. They were even few enough in numbers for the German generals to think them contemptible; incidentally, the Kaiser did not call the British Army of 1914 a contemptible little army, but a contemptibly small army. This was but May of 1940, and *during the whole of that summer*, as we now know from Mr. Eden, we never had in the country 'one fully trained and fully equipped division'!

Dunkirk is terrifying to look back upon, and the British people, going to-day in ignorance of what they missed, remind me of a blindfold man who, all unknowing, has one foot over a precipice and then retreats.

But ignorance is not bliss, nor is it good to be blindfold. The British people to-day, blissfully blindfold, have forgotten Dunkirk. Lord Gort's dispatches were withheld until this forgetfulness progressed far enough, and were ultimately released, in October 1941, by that same Captain Margesson who was Mr. Chamberlain's chief supporter and who is now, hey presto and abracadabra, Minister for War!<sup>[7]</sup> He was not likely precipitately to publish the misdeeds of Mr. Chamberlain's regime.

Such was the story of Dunkirk. Its closing words were to have been, 'So the British Empire fell and the British people lived unhappily ever after', but when the tale was printed, some misprints crept into the last line.

But if the events that led us to Dunkirk are inexplicable by honourable measurement, how infinitely incomprehensible, like space itself, becomes Hitler's conduct after Dunkirk! Until then, he and his generals foresaw and foreplanned everything; they never missed a chance; they liked to take too many risks, rather than too few. Now, suddenly, when final triumph was within touch of their finger-tips, they saw nothing, hesitated, balked, would risk nothing! For seven years, day and night, they worked to bring about this very opportunity; and now, they made no move to grasp it. Everything they won was dust in their hands, unless they could destroy Britain; and there they stood, at Britain's door, the whole world theirs if they could but pass, and they would not venture. They were hardened gamblers, and after a run of small winnings, now that they had an even chance of breaking the bank, they would not play!

Writing a year ago, I sought a possible explanation in Hitler's obsession with the coveted prize, Paris, with the urgent wish first to complete the conquest of France. Now, I hardly believe this. Hitler and his generals must have known that such an opportunity would hardly recur, if it were missed. Why did they not strike?

Almost the only published evidence we have, from a man who can be counted on to give accurate information, as far as he could gain any, is in William Shirer's *Berlin Diary*. He visited the French coast, after Dunkirk, in August of 1940, and saw no signs of preparations for invasion; 'can it be', he asks, 'that the Germans have been bluffing about their invasion of Britain?'

I find that as inexplicable as *our* lack of preparations, to meet the German attack, in France during the seven months of the phoney war.

By November 1940, Shirer, still baffled, conjectured that:

the Germans probably attempted a fairly extensive invasion rehearsal in September. They put barges and ships to sea, the weather turned against them, light British naval forces and planes caught them, set a number of barges on fire, and caused a considerable number of casualties.

That is more difficult to believe than anything else in this amazing story. If I learned anything about the Germans, in many years in Germany, it is that any invasion they attempt will be full-scale, and organized to the last boathook and lifebelt.

So, in my opinion, the invasion has never been attempted or seriously prepared. But that makes everything more incomprehensible than ever. Shirer offers an explanation - that Hitler expected Britain, Churchill's Britain, to make peace! He thinks Hitler gave the word 'that an invasion of Britain would never be necessary', that Churchill would accept a face-saving peace. Even Shirer gets dizzy in trying to solve this riddle, for he contradicts himself inside three sentences. He says:

Hitler *must have known that Britain*, battered and groggy though she was by what had happened in France and the Low Countries, *would never accept a peace* which would rob her of her sea power or curtail her increasing strength in the air. Yet this was the only kind of peace he could afford to offer her. *The evidence seems conclusive, however, that he was confident that Churchill preferred this manner of peace to facing a German invasion.*



The italics are mine. They bring out the strange contradiction; it shows how baffled a well-informed man is who watched the drama from the German side, and his perplexity is exactly mine, who watched it from this side, but know the Germans very well. There is a missing link, an unknown quantity, somewhere, in all this.

If 'the evidence is conclusive', as Shirer states, though he does not say what it is, that Hitler 'was confident Churchill would prefer this kind of peace to facing a German invasion', who gave Hitler this misinformation? It was to our advantage, glory be; but often enough the stealthy interchange of information, behind the scenes, has worked to our bitter disadvantage, and who, if anybody, is at the English end of this mysterious string?

Shirer says that von Ribbentrop, who was made so much of in the England of Munich, and is now called 'baggy-eyed champagne tout' by his erstwhile friends here, as if something were inherently wrong in selling champagne, 'has not fallen from Hitler's favour because he guessed wrong, in September 1939, when he assured Hitler that the English wouldn't fight'.

Whatever the truth, the German failure to strike remains a major historical puzzle. Göring, at Hitler's behest, built 'the greatest air force of all time', for this very venture. If he had hurled every aeroplane he had at England, immediately after Dunkirk, instead of attacking in instalments, at heavy daily cost, for months at a time, he must have destroyed our air fighting force - his own aeroplanes were so many - and have gained mastery in the air.

What then remained? The British Navy, yes. But these were narrow waters, and eighteen months later the Japanese destroyed two of our greatest ships at the cost of about twenty torpedoes and seven aeroplanes! At Crete, nine months later, which was not vital to them, the German air force did savage damage to the British Navy, once more busy with the rescue of British soldiers.

The Germans clearly had a good chance of blasting their way to this island, if they cared to come, and once here, what was then to stop them? In November of 1941 Mr. Churchill still declared the Home Guard to be under-armed, said that if need came they would be given 'picks and maces' to strike at the invader. Men with picks and maces might as well try to stop tanks as seven men with seven mops to sweep away the sands of the seashore. The army was one in name only; the men back front Dunkirk lacked arms. What then would have been our plight if the enemy had struck with all his strength in June of 1940?

If a man knew why the French people, being told that they were protected by an impregnable wall, were in fact kept unarmed and unready enough for their defeat to be certain; why the British people, by similar devices, were kept in similar shackled plight; and why the German people, armed with everything that soldiers could wish, were held back when the prize was in their grasp; if a man knew these things, he would hold the keys to many mysteries.

He would think that all the peoples, being equally credulous, for Spencer truly said that most men would rather die than think, are hoodwinked alike. Some, for whom defeat is intended, are promised victory. Others are cast in bonds while they think to strive for liberty.

While all dance, marionette-like, on their strings, the wirepullers tell them that it is sweet and honourable to die for their country, and pocket the spoils.

## POSTSCRIPT

When I wrote this chapter, towards the end of 1941, I assumed that a German invasion of this country was now impossible. That is a correct reading of the facts we *know*. This island is the most formidable natural stronghold in the world, and we have had ample time to make it impregnable. If the normal and natural things are being done, which we have a right to expect, a German invasion of this country, *now*, should meet certain and catastrophic defeat. If an invasion should now be tried, and succeed, such words as complacency, incompetency or muddle would not be enough to explain it. It would be necessary to look for worse things.

However, as this book goes to press, something has happened which reveals a condition of unalertness so remarkable that invasion, which by now should be utterly impossible, must perhaps be regarded as still being just within the bounds of feasibility. I mean, the escape through the Straits of Dover, in broad daylight, of the German battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*.

It is still our unhappy fate, as I write, that Mr. Churchill, who spoke of the 'astonishing' first seven months of the war, and Mr. Eden, who declared that the things said about the plight of the British Army in France were 'fully justified', remain identified in the Government with the men and the regime who brought all that upon us. For this reason the bill, which should have finished with Dunkirk, Greece and Crete, still mounts up, and each day new items are added to it - Hongkong, Penang, Singapore, and who knows how much more still to come? Because of this, it is still not possible completely to strike out of the reckoning that invasion which should by now be as dead as the dinosaur. When America's share in this war began with the tragedy of unalertness at Pearl Harbour, at least a court-martial was held, and some of the men responsible were dismissed. But in this country, under Mr. Churchill as under Mr. Chamberlain, the doctrine of non-responsibility exists. The public is denied all information about the many disasters that have befallen us; and because of this system, of immune inefficiency, they continue.

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# PART TWO

## TIMES PRESENT

## Chapter One

### GUILTY WOMEN

Mrs Harass lived in the slums of Sheffield and I first met her there after the war - no, I must cure myself of the phrase. How many times have I read in books written between 1918 and 1939 references to 'the war'. The most scrupulous writers never doubted that their readers would know the war they meant, but when I read the words now my mind says, 'War? Which war? Oh, of course, the 1914-1918 war'.

If even my mind balks at these casual allusions to 'the war', how much more confusing must they be to younger people. Time, if you have not heard this one, flies. In a few years, readers will have trouble in identifying the period, when they read these references to 'the war'. But those two three-lettered words, 'the war', are so typical of their time. What writer, between 1918 and 1939, imagined that doubt could arise about their meaning? 'The war!' That said everything. History knew innumerable wars, but none could mistake which was meant when he wrote 'The War'. That war was *the* war, indisputably.

How iminodest we were!

I first met Mrs. Harass, then, in 1919. I needed a cheap lodging; she had one.

Those were the lean times. I could not buy underdrawers that would stay around my middle; when I had them on, I had quickly to pull my trousers after them, so that they would keep up. The quest for a job took me to Sheffield. The street where Mrs. Harass lived was a black tunnel without a roof. Holes in the walls admitted you to the habitations which lined it. Once inside, you found yourself in a little parlour, in which you might have swung round a very short Manx cat. Behind was the kitchen and the tiny yard, with the closet at its far end. Upstairs were two bedrooms; this was one of the better houses.

In the street outside you could, if you cast your glance upward, a thing none ever did, satisfy yourself that, above this earth, was the sky. It was never bright or blue, but a narrow lane of it undoubtedly ran above the rooftops. Smoke streamed always across it from the tall chimneys which, like grim warders, watched over this prison.

Here people trudged with downcast gaze, presently to vanish into one of the holes in the walls, often into that smokiest and smelliest one which was the public house at the corner. Here, by day, children played with boxes-on-wheels. Here, clean-aproned Mrs. Busy and unkempt Mrs. Idle alike bore their babies, while chattering Mrs. Nextdoor came in to tidy up and make a cup of. Here the wide-eyed and wondering babies grew into dull-eyed and worried men and women, and aged, and one day, the street awoke to a brief semblance of life as death, in a rusty black coat and rusty top hat and a red nose and a straggly, greying moustache, came to fetch them.

These were the greatest days that Black Street knew. The shiny black hearse and the polished, brass-handled coffin and the black-garbed men and the few poor wreaths and the glimpse of handkerchiefs held in black-gloved hands dabbing red eyes, all these were pomp and pageantry, dignity and gentility, excitement, even adventure, everything of which Black Street was starved. Black Street knew little of life; but Black Street knew how to bury its dead, and scraped and saved for years, in company with Mr. Wily, the insurance agent, who called every Friday with his little book and pencil, to ensure a stately departure from the world in which it had been of such small account.

When he was borne away feet foremost, in a wooden box, the denizen of Black Street knew homage and respect for the first time in his life - and then he knew them not, for he was already dead, though not yet buried. He rode at least and at last in state, with servants before and behind, in a fine carriage. The neighbours, who never before thought of him as anything but a fellow-denizen of Black Street, bowed their heads for him, and the children stopped their play and said, in awe, 'Oo-er, there goes Mr. Nit'. And he was right in the preparations he made for this event, and they were right in the respect they paid him, for Mr. Nit was now of as much account as Lord Nitwit, who at that self-same moment may have been making the self-same journey, by way of Westminster Abbey.

When I first knew Mrs. Harass of Black Street, Sheffield, in 1919, she was a youngish woman. She had a baby, a daughter, and a husband, who returned with a small pension and ruined health from the war - I mean, the Great War, the World War, the war-to-end-war, the war-to-make-the-world-safe-for-democracy, the war that was interrupted in 1918, THE War. Mrs. Harass's earthly travail began and continued in Black Street. Watched by those scowling chimneys, puffing their black smoke, she played with her tattered doll; beneath that grey overhead pavement which was the sky over Black Street, she grew and whispered, giggling, with the other girls, and cast quick, stealthy glances at the lad<sup>3</sup> and felt some vague prompting stir within her; on a day one of these glances transfixed young John Harass, who, poor fool, thought he saw her first, and on another day John was led, thinking that he led himself, to the little church round the corner, in Grey Street; and then John, a somewhat coveted prize, for he put bristles skilful in brushes and was in regular work, went off to war, and when he came on leave from France, in 1917, he gave Mrs. Harass her first baby, which was born while he was a prisoner of war in Germany and only made the acquaintance of its father after the temporary suspension of the conflict, in 1918.

That baby was Anne, the one I remembered, from igit. John Harass came back with a punctured lung, unfit for work, and a small pension, and Mrs. Harass set out to make ends meet by letting the front bedroom. She and John and Anne withdrew to the back one.

When I came that way again, in 1941, Mrs. Harass had two more daughters, Bertha and Clara; when they arrived Mrs. Nextdoor, as ever, bustled in to tidy up the parlour and make the ritual cup of. John Harass was departed from Black Street behind the two black horses with the nodding black plumes. Mrs. Harass's girlish dreams were gone the way that such dreams go, in Black Street. She was a nervy, nervous, middle-aged woman, who never laughed but often tittered, who toiled and fidgeted and fretted and eternally strained; like a fat woman with corsets, to make reluctant ends meet.

In the street outside, her daughters grew up, and, as the grey and slimy oyster produces pearls, so they, too, thrice denied Black Street in their persons. Anne, the war bairn, at twenty-three, was very good-looking, tall, with good teeth and masses of golden hair; but she was a little finely-drawn, the fret and the fidget were in her, the legacy inherited at her birth, when her father was 'Missing' in France. Her mother's heart was heavy with care, when Anne lay beneath it, and now that Anne herself was likely soon to accompany someone to the church in Grey Street, probably someone in uniform, she carried in her own heart a still greater pre-natal legacy of care for her first-born-to-be.

Bertha, the baby of 1920, the child of peace and prosperity and the piping times to come, was plumper, more equable. When she was born, John Harass was come home again. She was good-looking, too; dark and well-rounded and gay, not a beauty, like Anne, but attractive. Clara, the fourteen-year-old, was a solemn child, whose looks had not sufficiently made up their mind for her place in the family album to be adjudged. She sat in corners, seldom smiled, and hardly ever spoke; she was very shy, and seemed to me to have foreboding in her. She was the child of 1927, the

period of the great slump, of the new war casting its shadow before it, of John Harass's worsening health.

So Mrs. Harass, when I made my way to Black Street to see if she was still there, had her three daughters - and her lodgers. Now that John Harass was gone, they were more necessary than ever. Her front bedroom would never be hers. She and Clara shared the back one; Anne and Bertha slept on divan-beds in the parlour. Mrs. Harass's lodgers, however, had changed. By some means, they were always travelling players, performing for the current week at the local theatre.

Male low comedians; comedy pairs; chorus girls; every week they came and went, filling the tiny house with clatter and chatter. When I first went to visit Mrs. Harass I found her pouring out tea for three chorus girls, who prattled incessantly of the men in the show and the men in the front row and the young officers in the stage box; and the next time I again felt myself to be the only rooster at a hen-party, although there were two human beings in male clothing present, for these two, who were Rudolf-and-Rex-Songs-and-a-Banjo, were as husband and wife, though which was which I could not divine, and they spoke and behaved as women. They were always about to 'go shopping' or to 'iron some things' and belonged to that sexual half-world which to-day seems to supply many recruits to our stage. They were young and in seeming good health, but had by some means ensured themselves immunity from military service; contemplating the stage and the auditorium in our theatres, to-day, I sometimes wonder why the uniformed conscript legion in front, instead of applauding, does not as one man rise and demand that the fit young men on the stage should share their burden of service. However, these two would not have been of much use in either R.A.F. or W.A.A.F.; though they would well have qualified for the H.A.A.F., if such existed.

They were far outside Mrs. Harass's ken. A life spent in Black Street leaves outer depths unplumbed, and I do not suppose she ever suspected that anything was amiss with Rudolf and Rex - amiss, I think, is the apt word. Anne and Bertha, if not Clara, probably wondered a little. They had been to the Empire often enough to know all about male impersonators.

When Rudolf and Rex were gone into the kitchen to wash their smalls, and their girlish laughter was lost to us, I talked with Mrs. Harass, as she fidgeted round the room, about 1919 and 1941, about events in Black Street and in the world during those years. Mrs. Harass was not much interested in the world, for Black Street *was* her world. She was fussed about the things the world sent to Black Street, which narrowly escaped several bombs, and she was being made more fretful than ever by the cares which the new war brought her. She was becoming obsessed by printed forms, which tormented her, and the shabby handbag she never let out of her sight was bursting with grey ration books and yellow ration books and pink ration books and clothing coupons and identity cards and all the other paper paraphernalia of an insatiable officialdom. 'Going shopping', was becoming a nightmare to her, and she was always bothered about the next meal.

But, as I discovered while she told me the history of Black Street during those twenty-two years, she felt one consolation in the chaos of her cares - that all her children were daughters! With the thought of John Harass in her mind, and of what would have been the lot of any John Harass junior, she saw in this a sign from heaven, proof that the God who watched o'er Black Street did not forget her.

'My husband and me', said Mrs. Harass, who was a devout churchgoer, 'we often used to say we was thankful we'd had only daughters. *They* can't be taken away.'

I was starting to say something when Anne, Bertha and Clara came in fresh from The Pictures, and brought a lady of daunting and chilly refinement. I gathered, later, that she had grown thus gaunt and forbidding in the practice of charity. She belonged to the higher circles of the church which

Mrs. Harass attended and was wont to deepen the gloom of Black Street by visiting those of its inhabitants, such as Mrs. Harass, who were already more unfortunate, before she came to visit them, than their neighbours, in that they had lost husbands, become bedridden, or the like. Her name was Mrs. Loveall, and she spent her life in wreaking good works upon the afflicted. She was arrogance in goloshes and ignorance with a gas mask, and she was more dangerous with an umbrella than many gangsters with a tommy-gun.

The first hubbub of this intrusion subsided, and Mrs. Loveall's presence threatened to put out the fire in the little grate. I brought the conversation back to the point at which her coming had interrupted it.

'Your mother,' I said to Anne and Bertha, while Clara sat solemnly silent, 'says she is very glad you all turned out to be daughters.'

'Oh, she always says that,' said Bertha laughing; Anne smiled and made no comment.

Well, said I, lobbing the ball back, 'looking at you, I'm not surprised.'

Anne and Bertha giggled and Mrs. Harass, with an apprehensive glance at Mrs. Loveall, that monument of disapproval, tittered nervously and said, 'Yes, girls is a worry, till they're married, but I'd sooner have *that* worry than the other worry. Where should I be, if all my children were boys? Sitting here in Black Street, eating my heart out and thinking I was never going to see any of them again.'

'God would watch over them, Mrs. Harass,' said Mrs. Loveall.

'But if everybody bred only daughters, Mrs. Harass,' I urged, 'there wouldn't be any husbands, or any children.'

I felt Mrs. Loveall's temperature drop another ten degrees. I had touched on pagan things. Childbirth, although it belonged to the few things which all mankind have in common, such as hunger, thirst, going to the lavatory, and death, became obscene when it was mentioned in her presence. I could not imagine her bearing a child.

Mrs. Harass hastened to patch up the uneasy lull. 'My girls will find husbands all right,' she said, her restless eyes and toilworn hands afidget, 'and the chief thing is, they can't be taken away.'

'Oh, *they'll* find husbands,' I said, 'they're lucky, they take after their mother. While there are any men left, there's no shelf for *your* daughters, Mrs. Harass. Look at them.' Time cannot wither nor custom stale such ancient tributes as these, and Mrs. Harass and her three girls all bridled happily, and took no notice of Mrs. Loveall, who said darkly that looks were not everything.

'But,' I added, 'quite a lot of women, less lucky than your daughters, *were* left without husbands after the last war and a lot more will be left without them after this one. Not only that, Mrs. Harass, but I'm afraid you're wrong in thinking that they can't be taken away from you.' (This was in the autumn of 1941.)

Anne and Bertha looked up alertly, intently, with quick feminine interest lurking in their eyes.

'What?' said Mrs. Harass, 'take my girls away from me? They can't do *that*!'

They can, and they will, Mrs. Harass,' said I.

'What for?' said Mrs. Harass.

'Oh, they'll take them and put them into factories, or into the army,' I said, 'with each of these wars, we move a little, though we go backward.'

'Factories,' said Mrs. Harass, 'I wouldn't mind them going into munitions so much, though I don't like it and never will, for Anne and Bertha works in factories now, and if they were near home, it wouldn't make overmuch difference. I'd still have them with me. But I won't have them going into uniform. The army, indeed! Whoever heard of such nonsense, for women! They'll be wanting them to fight, next.'

'Yes, they will want that very thing, Mrs. Harass,' said I, 'not *this* time, but the next. They never bite off too much at one time. This time they'll put your Anne and your Bertha into uniform, unless you can get them into a munitions works. But when the next war comes, your Anne's daughter and your Bertha's daughter will be taken to *fight*. So it won't do much good for Anne and Bertha to rejoice if their children are daughters.'

'Stuff and nonsense,' said Mrs. Loveall. But she was forgotten. Mrs. Harass stopped fidgeting and looked at me with worried eyes. Anne and Bertha were deeply interested.

Yes, that's how it is, Mrs. Harass,' I said.

'Oh, I can't believe that,' said Mrs. Harass, anxiously.

'Twenty-three years ago, when Anne was being born,' I said, 'you wouldn't have believed that there would be another world war in 1939. Still less would you have believed that women would be conscribed when it came, that your baby Anne would be forced into uniform when she was the age you were at her birth. But that's coming soon. If Anne gets married soon, and has a baby daughter, she won't believe that in another twenty years time or so that little girl will be, not only in uniform, but fighting. Because none of you will ever believe that rain is coming, until you are soaked, these things happen. And you never learn.'

I had spoken vehemently. Mrs. Loveall froze with repressed indignation. Anne looked uneasy and said, 'Oh, it *can't* be, what can we do about it?' Bertha laughed and said, 'I expect you're right. I wonder if they'll let me be a pilot?'

It was a queer scene, for a little house in Black Street. The widow looked fearfully back along the years, to the last war and her soldier husband and the birth of Anne. The two older girls looked with bright, calculating eyes into the future I painted for them. The schoolgirl in the corner was seen but not heard; I wondered how much she perceived of what she listened to. The other woman, her mind all cluttered up with gentility and repression and envy and childlessness and ignorance, tried vainly to cling to and make felt the superiority, in that gathering, to which she ludicrously thought herself entitled.

'I don't know, I'm sure,' said Mrs. Harass, fretfully, 'we seem so helpless and those as has the power to change things seems so far away from us. I wish I could lay my hands on the people as makes these wars.'

'The guilty men, eh?' I said, 'what would you do with them?'

'I'd ... oh, I don't know,' said Mrs. Harass, 'hanging's too good for 'em.'



'But what about the guilty women?' I said.

Anne and Bertha, a little jaded from all this serious talk - like their myriad sisters, they lived for The Pictures and The Radio and Priest & Levite's Chain Stores and Chocolate Biscuits and A Ring and chuckling lip-to-ear conversations about what Elsie's boy friend said and did, and though they nourished the usual sweet maidenly dreams of a darling little baby one day, they thought men mad who would have them do anything to safeguard that baby's future after it left the cradle, or improve the world it would live in - Anne and Bertha again turned on me eyes full of eager interest. They had left school thoroughly uneducated, but afterwards received a sound picture palace education and 'Guilty women' sounded promising; what if Mrs. Loveall were listening!

'What *do* you mean, Mr. Reed,' tittered Mrs. Harass, glancing apprehensively at that implacable lady.

'Well,' I said, 'all you good people, who have your lives in your own hands, if you would but use them, look about for someone else to blame when you are in trouble, instead of looking in the mirror. For instance, many of you say that "The League of Nations failed"; so might the master of a ship, having run his vessel on the rocks, say "The ship failed", for this country was captain of that particular ship. Your leaders encourage you to misthink like that; it diverts your attention from their misdoings. That is why you hear so much about Hitler and Quisling to-day. But when you begin to talk about the guilt for this war, and about laying your hands on those guilty, you should first look at yourselves. For *this* time the women are as guilty as anybody. All other wars were man-made, you might say. This one is woman-made. The women are co-guilty, *this* time. That's what I meant by guilty women.'

'Whatever *do* you mean?' said Mrs. Harass again, faintly.

'Why,' I said, 'surely you haven't forgotten, Mrs. Harass, or you, Mrs. Loveall, and probably even you are aware, Anne, Bertha and Clara, that women once chained themselves to railings - I saw them do it - and marched down Whitehall and filled the great hall named after Albert the Good with their cries, all to obtain - The Vote! Surely you haven't forgotten that they *obtained* the vote, from the last war? It was one of the great triumphs of equalization and emancipation and liberation and democracy which that war produced. Since then, women have been the stronger sex. They have all the rights of men, and retain their own immemorial wrongs. And how did they use the vote, those mothers of the sons and daughters, who are to be conscribed to-day? Did they only wish to show that they could allow a new war to come about as stupidly and as wantonly as any man? They have succeeded.'

From the silence which fell, I saw that I planted a seed of thought in these minds. Even Mrs. Loveall was slightly winded, and could not immediately produce a grimace of haughty disapproval or a stereotyped remark of ignorant condemnation. I hastened to press home my advantage.

'Yes', I cried, 'the wheel has nearly turned full circle. Women, the mothers, were always supposed to feel quite especial pangs for the husbands they lay with, the sons they bore, the brothers they grew with, when these went off to war and were killed. With heroic gestures, they made this great sacrifice, and all bowed the head before them. In the last war, some anonymous mother told other mothers how proudly she had given her son, who was killed, and her poem was distributed in thousands of copies, at so much a copy. Was it not, after all, the last of the wars? And now we have this war, and lo and behold, another mother has sung the same song, and her words have been printed and sold, in thousands of copies, at so much a copy. How time flies, how times change, and so on, and so on! But there is a change. Now the women are being caught up in the machine. Soon they will have to go, too; not to fight, this time; but, next time, to fight. Only this morning, in a

daily paper, I read a poem, the young shirker's Farewell To His Mother. It was called, "I'd Give Ten Mothers To The Army If I Had Them". That was a joke, but not so much of a joke as it would have been twenty years ago. Another twenty or thirty years, and it won't be a joke at all. The wheel is turning. And what have the women done, now that they have voice and vote, to avert this war? Not one single thing. Theirs were the sons, *and* the daughters, who would have to pay, but they watched the brewing of this war as apathetically, as wantonly, and as stupidly, as their men. Lord Baldwin and Lord Halifax, watching the approach or advent of that war which they had the power to prevent, said it would be, it was "the young men's war". With more truth, they might have said it was the old men's and the women's war; but women now have the vote, and need not fear that any politician will ever say that. No, this time, the women are as guilty as the men, and, poor Mrs. Harass, it will not avail them again, when the next one comes, to thank God because their children are girls. I'm afraid it won't avail much even this time.'

Anne said, 'I see what you mean. But what could women have done? What can they *do*?'

'Oh lor, that eternal question', I said. 'Well, let me try to answer it simply. It's a long story but I'll try to tell it briefly. I think perhaps the best answer I could give in one sentence is that this war, which is costing and will cost who knows how many men and how many millions a day, could probably have been averted at the cost of 100,000 three-ha'penny stamps. That is how much it would have cost 100,000 women, or 100,000 men and women, to write to their Members of Parliament. At present our British Parliament, an organism potentially sound and efficient but now corrupt and incompetent, has become irresponsible, divorced from the people. Once elected, by virtue of promises of peace, it may pursue policies entirely different from those to which it has pledged itself - it may pursue policies leading to war. *But*, once elected, the people, the voters, the electorate, have no redress, no control over Parliament, no contact with Parliament. If a disastrous thing is done, it is portrayed to them as something good, and even if they are not deluded, they do not see how they can call Parliament to account. What these people do not realize is that Parliament is frightened to death of one thing - of the voters. If during the past twenty years even a few people in this country had been alert enough to keep a constant watch on Parliament, to make their members feel that their work there was under constant scrutiny, that they must insist, for instance, on accurate information about such matters as Germany's rearmament, and that if they neglected these things there would be trouble in their constituencies - then, members of Parliament would have bestirred themselves and done their duty to their electors. The greatest culprit, the guiltiest of all, in the brewing of this war, was the apathy in this country, and as women, since the last war, had the vote, they fully share the guilt. But you, Anne, will bear the consequences, and your son or daughter will suffer far worse consequences if you, the women of the second voting generation, continue this folly. Now you know what I meant by "guilty women".'

To my surprise, Anne said thoughtfully, 'I see what you mean'.

But Mrs. Loveall said, 'Ay think it's hoomboog, for women to mix in politics'.

The time was come to get rid of Mrs. Loveall. For all her refined repression, she was not able entirely to repress an accent which I noticed before even she said 'hoomboog'. I asked her if she came from a certain part of England and when she answered, yes, I told her of an experience in that very place (actually, this was a black lie, because it was someone else's experience, of which I had read, but it served). In that place, one early morning during the worst air raids, I was passing one of those primitive shelters where the occupants have to sit for hours on narrow stone benches (I said) and a little boy emerged with his mother, to whom he made this immortal statement:

'Eh, bai goom, Moom, mai boom's noomb!'

Anne and Bertha burst into loud and long laughter, secretly intensified by Mrs. Loveall's presence. Mrs. Harass was much embarrassed. Mrs. Loveall went red, then white, then I swear, green. She stood up, straightened her gas mask, grasped her umbrella, and departed. To my surprise, for I had thought her incapable of so human an action, she paused before the mirror. Malice in the looking-glass.

When she was gone, and we were left among the debris of teatime, with the distant thunder of receding argument still rumbling in the air, the little parlour seemed larger and warmer. Anne and Bertha relaxed. They were lively and talkative, and I saw they could have been quick-witted if the chief influences in their lives, The Radio and The Pictures, were not so implacably inspired by the desire to make dullwits of such as they. And they were good to look upon, dark and fair, sitting side by side. Little Clara even played her little piece on the little piano. We talked and laughed a lot, before I reluctantly rose.

They clustered round me, laughing, at the door, and while I said goodnight I contemplated them. The widow, sonless and glad of it. Those two pretty girls, soon to be called-up and dragooned and presently cast indifferently back into civilian life, to fend for themselves and find a husband, if any were still about. The schoolgirl. Behind them, in the dark corridor, the dim shapes of *their* children, of 1950 and 1960 and 1970.

Time and the Conways. Guilty women. As the door closed upon their good-byes, I walked away, along Black Street. In peacetime, a man might have thought to find nothing worse than Black Street. But there was something worse: Black Street, blacked-out, in wartime. Now the black tunnel was complete; the jailer, night, had put the roof on, shut out the narrow lane of light overhead.

The ghost of a street-lamp flickered ahead. I made for it, and turned the corner.

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## Chapter Two

### VOICE OF ENGLAND

One evening, in that fragrant twilight hour which brings the News In Garlic, I looked out of my window, to make sure that none passed to whom this snivel-drivel box would do more physical injury than it inflicted on my tortured soul, and then buried my radio through it. I had long promised myself this pagan satisfaction and, though I knew I should buy a new one, it was worth it. I needed, not only the mental relief, but also a little bodily exercise, so I went out and gave it a hoist with my toe which would have sent it sailing over the bar and clean between the posts on any rugby field; it was one of those little radios. 'Now squeak bee-bee-cee at me, imbecile and noisome box,' I called after it, as it went; and then, cleansed in mind and refreshed in spirit, I came back.

That box! Hear all drivel, speak all drivel, seems to be its motto; and when the next war comes it will see all drivel, too. That is a new thing about this war. Last time we had not that voice, reaching into every home, that base chorus, belying and denying all energy, all enthusiasm. Next time we shall not only hear, we shall see, Benny Silverside And His Boys, young, fit and full of fun, drooling 'Little Jack Horner found a blue sky round the corner' and the like, while British seamen scour the seas and British soldiers plod through Siberian snows or Saharan sands, and outnumbered British airmen grapple with swarming foes over our coasts. Music while you shirk!

How fast we move towards civilization! We can hear further and shall soon see further. As I write, Christmastide has come again. All Europe is in captivity, and beyond the confines of Europe the manhood of the British Empire is stretched to its uttermost; the future of the world hangs upon a frail piece of elastic.

No echo of this immense conflict, no feeling of the torment of mankind, reaches me, on Christmas Eve, through the drivel-box. On, and on, and on, go the tinkling tunes, with their lying and soporific message. We'll be always together, I'll be yours till the end of the story. How, when families and lovers are being torn asunder every day? Oh, don't worry about that, the dark clouds will turn themselves inside out, when the boys come home. Chew the cud, cow. Bray, donkey. Tell your wishes to the breeze, you halfwit.

It is as if hurdy-gurdies played on Calvary.

The strength of a plant, and the quality of its flowers or fruit, are determined by the soil it grows in, the amount of rain and sunshine and frost it receives. The character of a people is similarly formed by many influences, physical and spiritual. Of these influences, the radio is now the greatest. A glance back over the last twenty years shows that the national mind was reduced in that period to a low level of taste and dullness which makes the much-abused Victorian period shine like dazzling gold in comparison.

Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's painstaking report of living conditions among the poorest people of York, *Poverty and Progress*, shows that no hovel is so mean or stricken by want that it does not own a radio. That holds good for the entire country, and many people might see in this a sign of betterment and progress; but the radio has been used to promote poverty of spirit, to dull and not to sharpen people's wits, and to deepen that state of listless apathy into which the British people declined between 1918 and 1939. Van der Lubbe, the young Dutch vagrant made scape-goat and martyr of the Reichstag Fire by the Nazis, was a physically well-developed and mentally alert youth; when he appeared in court, he was a slobbering half-wit, apathetic to his trial, indifferent to

his own fate. Drugs exist which can produce that condition. British broadcasting, in its first twenty years, which were also the twenty years after the First World War, was such a drug.

It was weaned by Lord Reith, a tall and seemingly awe-inspiring Scot, of whom his subordinates went in fear. He was a strong Sabbatarian. The Sabbath, I believe, is a Hebrew institution. The most diligent researcher may vainly inquire what the English mean by 'the English Sunday'. It is a great example of self-delusion, and its prophets, as they bury their heads in the sands of self-righteousness, forget how ungainly they appear to onlookers.

On the Sabbath, English people drink in public houses, where others work to serve them. They watch players talking and singing on the screens of the picture theatres, and men and women work to supply them with this entertainment. They hear actors and actresses talking and singing in the radio, and technicians work to make this possible. On Monday mornings they read their daily papers, which have been produced in Fleet Street on the Sabbath by legions of writers, printers, compositors, packers and the like. In many countries I know, where the English Sunday is not, no papers appear on Monday morning, because the printers do not work on the Sabbath; the theatres open on Sundays, so that men and women who have worked six days of the week may attend them, but they close on the Monday, so that the actors and actresses and stagehands may rest.

However, large numbers of English people discern some exceptional magic, some godly aspect imperceptible to me, in the English Sunday. When, during this war, an effort was made to have the theatres open on Sunday, the forces of Sabbatarianism, which seems to me to have little kinship with Christianity, rose in strident protest, crying that England would be delivered to the devil, and we would not deserve to win the war, and would be forsaken by the Lord, if those theatres opened.

Though, in their sight, it was good for John Handle, cinema operator, on a Sunday to project the image of Judy Allblond upon a screen, or for Anne Ouncer, of the B.B.C., to bring Judy Allblond before a microphone, it was evil for Tom Wings, stagehand, to haul up a curtain and reveal Judy Allblond, in person.

The truth is that the English theatre, once great, has been in decline since the coming of the films and the radio, and is now impoverished and friendless. I know several English towns which have not a single theatre - a thing unthinkable in most Continental countries. I can hardly go anywhere in London without thinking, 'I wonder when the theatre which used to stand on this spot was pulled down'. The picture industry, which is predominantly under alien control and has no roots in this country, where a native picture-theatre has never been allowed to take root, is enormously wealthy, and has been able to overcome all the misgivings of the Sabbatarians. Believe me, if the English stage had half so much money interested in it, the English theatres would have been open many long Sundays ago.

Anyway, the Sabbatarian delusion exists, and many people still lovingly fondle it, as a very small child may believe that its doll has life and feelings and appetites and needs, and in the early days of broadcasting its chilly impress was imparted to the Sunday programmes. Since then, much current has flowed from the dynamos, and the Sunday programmes now resemble a hastily-organized smoking concert, of the lower type, as much as those of the other days of the week.

But the same strange mentality continued, like a stern guardian malforming a sensitive child, to rule the choice of taste and talent. 'Morality', above all, had to be safeguarded, both within the temples of the new science and in the homes it reaches. The word, as ever, was interpreted in the half-prudish and half-prurient sense, as exclusively relevant to the sexual relations between men and women, and not at all to truth, honesty or fair-dealing, which has made it sound obscene in this country.

A Chief Engineer had to resign because he was 'guilty party' in a divorce suit. A 'gentleman', by this strange code of perversion, must always appear as 'the guilty party' even if his wife is culpable; but a 'gentleman', once *adjudged* 'the guilty party', must not remain in public or semi-public employment. The law of the country recognizes divorce; the church, whose leaders accept their high appointments and high salaries from the Governments which make such laws, does not. The Church would not have the most immoral marriage sundered. It stands for the 'sanctity of marriage'. Holy acrimony! Bored and lodging!

Is it not a lunatic pageant? Well might one Winston Churchill write: 'Once the laws of England have declared that divorce is permissible and ought to be accessible under proper safeguard to all classes, and that divorced persons have the right of re-marriage, the Church is diverging from the Constitution in refusing to recognize such transactions. The Church liberated from the State would be perfectly free to adopt any form of voluntary self-discipline which its members accepted. But while the establishment and endowment of the Church of England continues, the heads of that great body ought not to set themselves against the law.'

A fairly simple matter of morality, you might think? But no. Not only the Church, but also such public institutions as the B.B.C. cling to what the same writer called 'the immense, dull, vindictive respectability of the Victorian Age'. Well, Mr. Churchill is Prime Minister to-day.

But hand in hand with 'the immense, dull, vindictive respectability' came the imp, Smut, poking his nose in everywhere. Gay put his sluts and strumpets on the stage, and offended none, since all knew that such existed; but words like harlot and copulation might never pollute the air which the B.B.C. breathed. A young girl, introduced by a refined voice, might sing into the microphone a song suggesting that she was an old man's kept piece, because this paid her well. Another might tell that she had lost her employment as a bus conductress because she allowed a man to go too far for twopence. As long as you garnished it, you might serve your smut. You might give them smut and give them dirt in a clean white tie and a clean white shirt. I would imagine that Gay's harlots would be less likely to poison the mind of a young girl than the song about the rich 'daddy'.

Poor B.B.C. It never admitted that it was concerned with keeping its parties clean. It would have shuddered, in genteel repugnance, if it heard the word 'morality' uttered. Fallen a victim to the depraved environment it created, it spoke only of 'blue jokes' (of all the gibberish).

Disaster once befell the B.B.C. It broadcast, on a day, one of those 'intelligence tests' which so dismayed all who cared about the native standard of intelligence. Two teams of bashful men were asked simple questions; the team which returned most correct answers, won.

On this occasion, two teams of soldiers competed. They were required to supply the missing word in three-word phrases. For instance, the announcer said 'Bacon and ...', and, after a long interval, for reflection, the competitor might timidly answer, 'Eggs', to roars of applause, clapping, shouts of 'Good for you, that's *right*, good boy, well done.'

This time a Canadian soldier was asked to supply the missing word in the phrase 'Odds and ....'

He answered, in a confident, virile voice, 'Sods'.

'WHAT?' said the announcer, and there was an awful hush while Broadcasting House took breath, shuddered, recovered its nerve, and hurriedly went on to the next question.

In such an atmosphere, Baby Broadcasting grew up. It was a muling and a pewking babe.

Broadcasting House even produced its own type of young man. He was as if something from the Latin Quarter had been crossed with something from Whitehall. In Portland Place, between the two wars, you saw them, these beardless youths with beards, and your mind automatically murmured, 'Ah yes, from the B.B.C.' just as the shiftless ex-officer appeared in the pages of J. B. Priestley and Somerset Maugham and Francis Brett Young, so this strange new creature began to move in the literature of the time, in the novels of Angela Thirkell and others. Bred in an atmosphere of inhibitions, he was himself a mass of repression, and these expressed themselves to the British people in the B.B.C. voice, which sounded as if its owner were passed through seven filters and wrung out before he was allowed to speak.

How did the voice of England speak after this training? Words and music were its medium to entertain and enlighten the British people. What words did it utter, and what songs did it sing?

The great masters of words and of music were debarred. The greatest poet and playwright of all was almost boycotted. From Shakespeare to Shaw ran the ban. A few incredibly clumsy attempts to broadcast Shakespeare, without the essential interpretation and elucidation which would make his plays come alive for the listeners of to-day, were made; you cannot forcibly-feed Shakespeare, in two hour meals, to the British people of to-day. Thus Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, in his study of *Poverty and Progress in York*, recorded that in these working-class and unemployed-class homes, though 'plays, especially short ones, were increasing in popularity, broadcasts of Shakespeare's plays, which took about two hours, were not taken.'<sup>[8]</sup>

Thus the most abundant gold-mine in all our literature was closed, by the B.B.C. How vividly Shakespeare's words could be made to glow to-day, if they were intelligently chosen and broadcast and accompanied by an intelligent commentary. Listen to this: should this be unintelligible or boring to English people of 1942?

Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land;  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;  
Who is 't that can inform me?

Should not *that*, after four hundred years, mean something to the Home Guard on sentry or the soldier standing by his searchlight; to the munition maker at Woolwich and the seaman bringing tanks from overseas; to the shipyard worker in Newcastle and the gunsmith going to his workshop on Sunday at the Government's call?

But no; 'Benny Silverside And His Boys, with Abey Goldboy handling the vocal'. 'Nice vocalizing, Abey!'

'We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake.' British broadcasting does not use the tongue that Shakespeare spake. The passage I have quoted is one of thousands that should bring his voice clarion-clear to us through the centuries; not a letter needs changing.

Shakespeare would probably say 'song' and 'sing'. The B.B.C. says 'handling the vocal', 'in the vocal centre of things', and 'vocalizing'. We have progressed still further towards civilization. How

greatly has our wit sharpened! It reached its most dazzling point in recent times, when every comedian could make his audience rock with laughter by telling another, 'You stink'.

We have neither Shakespeare nor opera - and opera, like Shakespeare, only needs to be intelligently presented to become intelligible to the great mass of listeners - but we have 'You stink'.

The great masters are tacitly boycotted.<sup>[9]</sup> Any man who might stimulate thought, however great his talent, is debarred; any who lends himself to the dulling and stupefying of thought, may become a freeman of the microphone. The voices of the great living masters, Shaw and Maugham, are hardly ever heard. Shaw, whose genius is honoured throughout the world even while the world is at war, in countries friendly, hostile and neutral, is seemingly outlawed by British broadcasting.

Winston Churchill, too, was put under a ban, on a day; yet when Winston Churchill himself came to power, and appointed one Brendan Bracken to be Minister of Information, with authority to change such things, these things continued.

Once, during this war, I heard the voice of Shaw in the radio. I did not know whose voice it was, but my ear instantly became alert; probably many people will recall how, between long intervals of boredom or irritation, this occasionally happens to them, when a great artist or a speaker of rare quality by some mischance comes to the microphone. This was such an accident. It occurred in a programme called 'Seven Wishes'; a young actress, being interviewed, was granted a wish, to hear the voice of Shaw. Probably after a major crisis in its upper conclaves, the B.B.C. produced a wax disk with Shaw's voice and listeners were allowed to hear a few sentences. He told how his day was done, his bolt nearly shot, and said he liked to think that, in the ideas he had fought for, he would continue to be with those who listened afterwards; that was the approximate sense of it. But the magic was in the voice, that had no falter of age, and the words, which held the ear like a vice.

I once asked a Canadian visitor if he realized that, while he might any day listen to the voices of Raymond Gram Swing and Dorothy Thompson and Quentin Reynolds and John Gunther and all the others, he would never hear such men as Shaw and Belloc and Maugham. He was shocked: 'But in Canada or the States', he said, 'either of those would have double the audience of the others you mention.'

'I know', said I, 'that's why.'

But, though an Englishman might not hear Shaw nor an Irishman Maugham, both might hear this, which I reproduce from a B.B.C. programme:

Voos mucht a yid  
Oh I speak Greek indeed  
I know the words I need  
Good evening friends  
Droos ya vas dya kuk  
Proojoo vi itsya  
Oh I speak Russian yeah  
Good evening friends  
Ah hearst ehr flam mit sein madam  
M'sieur Beri et sehr cherie  
So come on talk vous et vous et vous et vous  
I know you all I do  
Good evening friends.



'Who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake'!

Once I sat on a bench in Leicester Square and contemplated Shakespeare, leaning on his book and pedestal. Behind him was wreckage and ruin; he had been nearly, bombed. In the left background were the beginnings of Smut Street, the home of 'the dirty-book-and-contraceptive industry; incidentally, you may search in vain for its like in Paris. Shakespeare's attitude of reposeful meditation, was reassuring, in that doom-laden time. On the next bench to mine were two scrubby and scruffy fellows, arguing about some acquaintance. 'He's a blinkin' idiot', said one, angrily.

So, all unwitting, they still spoke the tongue that Shakespeare spake, I thought. How astonished they would have been, if they had been told. They would never have used the phrase again. I thought I caught a sardonic gleam in Shakespeare's stony eye. I wished he would step down and claim his ownership of the phrase they used. To them it was just a term of rough abuse. When Shakespeare coined it, it was English. Consider it; 'a blinking idiot'. Can you not see the half-wit with his *tic douloureux*, his flickering eyelids?

I fancy Percy Pureisle, of the B.B.C., would itch to put his blue pencil through 'blinking idiot', if he found it in a script. 'Blinking', he would think, with all the wisdom of Eton and Belial prompting him, '*blinking!* Why, someone's trying to get away with something, here. It's an obvious synonym for bloody or blasted. Out it comes. Oh, hullo, Judy, my dear, are you on again to-day? Are you doing your "Daddy" number? My *dear*, it's *terrific*, I love it, it's *so* subtle, very *naughty*, of course.'

Mr. Brendan Bracken, in describing to the House of Commons the functions of those mighty ones who (subject to-day to the admonishing finger of the Minister of Information) choose the voices which shall broadcast and the things they shall say, said 'The Governors of the B.B.C. act as trustees to the public and Parliament for the maintenance of the integrity and high standards of British broadcasting'.

'High standards'. 'Integrity'. These are the important words in his description. I do not think any impartial body of listeners, invited, say from Mars and enabled to listen to all the broadcasting of this globe, would adjudge the standard of British broadcasting to be high. It is very low. How could it be high, with such gaps as I have mentioned? As for integrity, the first condition of that would be the presentation of all points of view; but the B.B.C.'s avowed policy is to suppress all 'controversial' broadcasting, and it goes far beyond that, by suppressing everything which might prompt intelligent thought or strike against atrophy of the mind.

A British newspaper once stated that Goebbels, Hitler's impish servitor, had a record made of some British broadcasts, for transmission in his anti-British emanations to the world. Whether this was true, I know not; but Goebbels could have done nothing more damaging to our cause. The German films, made of the German campaigns in Belgium, Holland and France, and distributed throughout the neutral world, begin with long pictures of British soldiers trudging along to the tune of 'We'll hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line'. These unfortunate men, many of them to-day prisoners in Germany, were the dupes of the B.B.C.'s sing-'em-to-sleep policy, which played so great a part in the process of mass-delusion leading to this war. How many times a day was that lunatic song dinned into the ears of a hopelessly unready peoples?

Is it not tragic that this country has not produced, has not been *allowed* to produce, a single song worthy of it during this war, that when the Germans invaded Yugoslavia, and the indomitable Serbs wished to find some way of angering them, they had to pay the gipsy bandleaders in the caf  s to play 'Tipperary'?

A future student of these times should read the Postscripts of Mr. Priestley, if he wish to ascertain how little the British people were allowed to hear.

Mr. Priestley, banished to Coventry for his temerity, was followed by Mr. A. P. Herbert. On Easter Day 1940, when my thoughts, and I expect the thoughts of enough others, were with the handful of Britishers stumbling backward across the Libyan desert before Rommel's tanks, I heard him recite, in sepulchral accents, the famous Postscript, Let Us Be Gay. It contains one couplet which deserves immortality:

Though we must never quite ignore  
That worlds are not improved by war.

Even Mr. Herbert did not find the note which, in the opinion of the Gods who ruled o'er British broadcasting, perfectly suited the British ear, and he, too, dropped out of the Postscripts, to be followed by Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who was unwise enough to include one 'controversial' sentence, rebuked months later by a yes-man of the most indomitable subservience, in his Postscript. The awful sentence said that he inclined more to the views of his friend, Jack Priestley, than to those of his friend, Alan Herbert, and not even the sense of intimacy with the great which the use of these first names conveyed to British listeners, could prevent the land from shuddering with horror at this new awakening of 'controversy'. For the British people are prepared with fortitude to suffer privation and sudden death, for their country, but, if the B.B.C. is right, they are terrified of 'controversy'.

So, after this, the voices heard in the British radio were those of men who were incapable of any feeling but that of infinite admiration for those in power and office. If these men had been galley-slaves of ancient Rome, and one of their fellow-slaves had made known a plan for ridding them of their chains, disarming the guards, mastering the galley, and making an escape, they would have denounced him, had him knouted and his chains doubled.

The only voices which were allowed to say anything of any account were those of speakers from America or elsewhere overseas. The British people were making the greatest and staunchest fight in recorded history, fighting back from the very verge of oblivion. Somehow, the men from Devonport and Plymouth kept the sea-lanes open for the men from Ontario and Sussex and Ayrshire and Belfast and Carnarvon and Cape Province and Queensland to go in little handfulls to the ends of the world and man a remote oceanic island here, a distant colonial outpost there.

Hardly a whisper of the great tumult reached British ears, through the radio. The men who could have depicted the times, in vivid and worthy language, were mostly debarred. There were scrappy snatches from 'recordings' of great events, in which a few stammered words, imperfectly caught, mixed with little stutters of machine-gun fire; and when one such B.B.C. recorder, watching an aerial combat above the cliffs of Dover during the vital Battle of Britain, was moved by the sight of a falling enemy aeroplane to cry 'He's down', or something of the sort, the drawing-rooms of England burst into vehement protest, in the letters column of *The Times*, even about *that*.

The British people seemed of no account in all this. They were as anonymous as the audience in a picture theatre. True, Mr. Quentin Reynolds was enabled to tell Hitler and Goebbels, while Britain listened, what America would do to them one day, although America was not then in the war and none could foresee that many months later Japan would precipitate her into it, and his eloquence was rewarded by a Prime ministerial letter of thanks and by reproduction upon wax disks, which were sold in large quantities.

But British voices were stilled, in the stupendous paean of sound that came from the B.B.C. during this time of supreme ordeal and sacrifice; I mean, British voices with anything to say worth saying or listening to. As a vocal record of what the British people suffered, at home, and achieved, abroad, its performance was as miserable as that of a boy seeking to play *Die Meistersingers* on a penny tin whistle.

Some invalids have to be restricted to a diet of slops. Everything they may eat has been selected, strained, filleted, mashed and devitalized before they get it. The British people, all over the world, was giving proof, as soon as it was allowed to fight, that it was no invalid; but this was the diet the B.B.C. devised for it.

In May of 1941 Mr. Harold Nicolson, speaking for the Ministry of Information, announced that 'all subjects likely to provide political controversy are being avoided in the Sunday evening Postscripts'. This meant that the living writer, journalist or politician who did not hitch his wagon to the star of the ruling group, who did not accept a place on the band-wagon as the summit of his earthly ambition, was to be banned, like the masters of words and music.

It meant that the level, for the informative emanations of the B.B.C., was to be set as low as that of the entertainment programmes. Several Members of Parliament, returned by the voters as 'Independents', have spoken in the radio. If they have spoken since Mr. Nicolson's statement was made, they cannot claim that description. That it should have been given by Mr. Nicolson, is another example of the unhappy influences that implacably seize upon a parliamentarian when he enters the ring-fence marked 'Office'. Before, he was on the outside, looking in; but now he is inside, looking out, and much changes. For the same Mr. Nicolson, in his search for political truth, which led him from Sir Oswald Mosley's now forgotten 'New Party' to the 'National Labour' group which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald bequeathed to us, and in his efforts to enlighten the people, made much use of the freeman's gift of speech. One biographer, indeed, said of him, before his appointment to office: 'I suspect that he is not yet officially forgiven. For he has never compromised with truth. He knew the German character and saw the mortal danger of acquiescing in the extension of Germany's domination. He declared his convictions fearlessly....'

To 'compromise with truth' means, in plain English, to suppress the truth, to prevent men from declaring their convictions fearlessly, and nothing but evil can come of this. Enough evil has come of it, for the British people, already; they would not be in their present plight, and their future would be clear, if the truth had not been suppressed, which such men as Nicolson knew about Germany; sitting in his office in the British Embassy in the Wilhelmstrasse there, he saw it as clearly as I and the other British newspapermen, in their offices round the corner.

But the truth about this country to-day is just as important. Mr. Harold Nicolson, who made that statement about British broadcasting in May 1941, wrote, in August 1941:

Yet it is strange that the people of Britain, who have assuredly earned the fine praise bestowed upon them, should not feel themselves to-day more personally identified with the great issues of victory and peace. To the average men and women of this country, in spite of the fact that so many millions of them have lived in the front line for twenty-three months, the war is still a Governmental and not a people's war.

Why strange? The reason is obvious, is everywhere. If Mr. Harold Nicolson, Governor of the B.B.C., of August 1941, should ask Mr. Harold Nicolson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information, of May 1941, he would learn the answer.

Once the voice of England *did* speak into the microphone.

It was in October 1941. The speaker was nameless, until the vehement response of the country, startled to hear its own voice, caused his name to be known. He was an ordinary British seaman, from the Liverpool waterfront, a man who lacked a leg and yet followed his calling. His Story, they said, was told straight into the microphone in a Liverpool public house. Here was a humble man without money or schooling. Yet he spoke the tongue that Shakespeare spoke. His voice was soft, but inescapable. He *knew* Shakespeare, and could interweave Shakespeare's phrases with his story so that they sounded as if they were spun that very moment. Nothing was unintelligible or out of date or strange about them; as he used them, they were better than new. When he spoke you could hear the waves thud and smash against the sides, feel the ship lurch and stagger as the torpedo struck, see the men, with strained faces and blowing hair, toiling to get the boats out. He minted his own phrases, too, and they came out shining gold. A bomb bit the ship and made a noise 'like the opening of the gates of hell'. It made 'a bloody gruel of men's bodies'. One man fell into a boat and lay there 'with a face like a bucketful of ashes'; his mates did not know, till he died, that his ribs were all stove in.

It was amazing, unforgettable, a sudden glimpse of 'the Governmental war' projected like a new kind of bomb into the homes of the British people, who fought it, between injections of 'I don't wanna set the world on fi-er' and 'Moontime in Guatemala'. It was the long-stilled voice of England, and England, for a moment, started from its bedulled maze.

The B.B.C. was 'surprised' by the success of its own enterprise. The name of the speaker became known. He was a Liverpool seaman, Frank Laskier, whose ambition was to get back to sea, even if he should be 'the only wooden-legged man in the merchant navy'. He *did* return to sea, a few weeks later. Before he went, he broadcast again; for once, the British people heard a Sunday Evening Postscript worth listening to. On the same day the newspapers contained the news that 'Bebe and Ben are back again ... They have been held up in Lisbon for several days, and 'were rescued by the Ministry of Information, which issued a special permit enabling them to catch a plane to London and prevent millions of listeners from being disappointed'.

Two-way traffic!

About the time all these things were happening the B.B.C. mountain laboured greatly and produced a very squeaky mouse. This was the new, B.B.C. time-signal. The times were great and stirring and seemed to call for some proud fanfare of trumpets - no, no, I believe I am quoting Shakespeare, who would be banned from the B.B.C. if he lived to-day; was he not bawdy in his talk, and an anti-Semite? How great a choice of brave musical phrases offered, in tune with the times. The first bar of 'England expects ...', perhaps, or the first bar of 'The Navy's here!' But the B.B.C. chose bee-bee-  
cee.

cee

bee-bee-

squeak

pip-pip-

Shades of the heralds of old, with their long brazen trumpets, or even of a Boer War bugler, sounding the Charge! How miserable and meagre a noise!

It had one merit; having neither meaning nor appeal, it served as well for tidings good and tidings bad. Later, sparing no expense, the B.B.C. had bee-bee-cee played by three musicians with brass instruments, two trumpets and a trombone, or who knows what. These three doughty men 'made the headlines' and their pictures were displayed throughout the Press.

But the greatest of the sins which the recording angel should be debiting to the B.B.C.'s account, is the amount of 'dance music' it diffuses. I like dancing; I like music; I like dance music. But I detest to hear the same tenth-rate played ten or twenty times a day.

It is shameworthy and blameworthy that listeners in large numbers, as the journals devoted to broadcasting record, should need to write and tell the B.B.C. that, in desperation, they tune in to the country which is our chief enemy, Germany, when they want to hear musical programmes; and that they should have to appeal for a rationing system to be introduced, band-leaders being obliged to surrender twenty or thirty coupons each time they wish to play some tune which is reducing the listening-population to the condition of candidates for a padded cell.

The early pioneers of aviation might have paused, torn up their blue prints, and smashed their models, if they had known the use to which aeroplanes would presently be put. But would the pioneers of broadcasting, as they toiled to perfect their method of transmitting sound through the air, have believed, that when it was perfect it would be used to din the same tunes, sometimes twice or thrice in a single hour, into the ears of the people, as helpless to alter this as if they were held in the stocks?

What music hall audience would suffer this, from performers on the stage? Recently, I saw two separate comedians, in the same bill, tell the same jest, the very old one about the baby which had water poured over it by the parson at its christening, but got its own back. The second time, the audience remained coldly silent, and I saw, for a moment, the flabbergasted expression on the comedian's face, whose best gag this was, and who did not know that his artful rival, earlier in the bill, had stolen a march on him.

Yet the radio audience tolerates this monstrous malpractice! A dozen times a day it must listen to Bandito and his Band, Benny and his Boys, Lazarus and his Lads, moaning

Don't sigh or cry  
For by-and-by  
You'll see a pair of Dutchman's trousers  
Way up in the sky

For the love of Mike - Long Suffering Mike!

This is 'Song-plugging', the blackest mark on the B.B.C.'s conduct sheet. This has nothing to do with the ear-plugs which, I believe, those may obtain, who desire them, from an all-thoughtful Government. I have forgotten the purpose these ear-plugs are meant to serve. Is it to keep out the sound of bombs bursting? I do not know; but they might well be used when 'dance music' comes on the air. It is lamentable, in such times, to be certain that, if you tune in to one B.B.C. station or another, you will hear this mournful and moron-making music dripping out; its constant dripping maketh the heart sick. It is iteration of the most damnable.

And it is a racket. This is not music sounding, but money talking. Songs and song-writers are not lacking. Not the absence of alternatives causes the same tunes to be played and replayed and played again and yet again.

This is 'song-plugging', one of the most pernicious devices for sapping the wits, deforming the taste and atrophying the mind which our times have produced.

Very few people realize *why* they repeatedly hear the same interior tunes, with their marrow-softening verses. For their enlightenment, the following definition, of 'song-plugging', from *Picture Post*:

When a publisher decides to start plugging a new song, he gets in touch with the professional hypnotists - the band leaders, singing stars, producers, musicians. He 'sells' it to them - if he can. The rivalry between publishers is so keen that they will often resort to offering 'plug-money' to the people responsible for programmes which include songs. Some of these people refuse plug-money on principle. Others accept this admittedly legitimate form of payment. Fair enough. And no harm done, unless - as often happens - a third-rate song goes the rounds because of it.

'Admittedly legitimate'! I think that such payments are patently illegitimate, that this is a system of bribery, inimical to the public interest and responsible for the worst defect of British broadcasting. Indeed, this is the view officially, and evenly sternly propounded by the B.B.C. Yet the B.B.C. made no reply to a public statement that not only 'band leaders', 'singing stars', and 'musicians', are offered and sometimes accept such payments, but also 'producers' and 'people responsible for programmes' - that is, B.B.C. officials! This sharply strikes against Mr. Brendan Bracken's claim that the Governors of the B.B.C. are public trustees for 'the high standards and integrity of British broadcasting'.

This evil system has brought about in British broadcasting a state of affairs similar to that in the picture theatre. The moving-picture industry, being in its infancy when Britain was up to its eyes and ears in the first World War, fell into the hands of the settlement at Hollywood (the entire population of which, from the first pasha to the last blonde, is said to have been exempted from American military service!) and the paramouncy then gained has since been maintained, through financial strength and the control of chains of picture-theatres and film-distributing organizations in this country, so that Britain, fighting its second World War, has no native picture-theatre - incredible and lamentable thought!

So with songs and song-plugging. Most of these songs, which are 'plugged' many times a day, come from across the Atlantic, from sources financially powerful enough to pay for the 'plugging' and thus to retain control. Many of them are songs from current films.

'Song-plugging' is another tentacle, stretched out and twined round British broadcasting by the financially mighty alien monopoly which already controls our picture-theatres.

That is why this war has hardly produced a song which expresses or echoes the things that the British people think, suffer and achieve. That is why the British radio, which disdains Shakespeare, has little native music to offer its hearers.

Most people know little of the invisible bondage which holds them. Professor Joad, of the Brains Trust, once wrote in puzzled vein about this seeming mania of the British people for 'light music' (he meant 'dance music'). He called it 'the characteristic emanation of the British people', at this period, and was baffled to account for it.

He could not have chosen two words more wrong than 'characteristic emanation'. This song-plugged music, paid for by people far away, does not *emanate* from the British people; it is injected into them, and money operates the syringe. It is not *characteristic* of them; it expresses none of

their qualities or sensations, which in the main are those of staunchness, long-sufferance and anxiety for the future. They *suffer* it, uncomplainingly. What have they not borne, in the last twenty-five years? If it is in any way characteristic of them, that is only because they have seemingly lost, or fast lose, the power to discriminate, and to protest.

Many of them feel, instinctively if not consciously, that they miss good things, and grope about, trying to find these. Such a man was the soldier who asked the Brains Trust: 'How does one learn to appreciate good music?' Professor Huxley answered, I think, approximately in the sense that one should listen to it. Professor Joad, as far as memory serves, objected that that was not enough; he found himself often unable to understand music that counted as good.

How little they remark of what goes on about them, these learned ones. The shrewd answer to this question was given to me by a variety agent, who with smiling cynicism said that the way to make the public, not only understand, but absorb good music, was simple: 'Plug it!' Given the plugging method, he said, he could set every errand boy whistling Beethoven within a few months.

No third party behind the scenes is willing to pay plug-money for Shakespeare or the great composers; the money-bags, if it were necessary, would be mobilized against Shaw, not for him.

But if the choice were dictated by a resolve to reach 'high standards' and preserve 'integrity' in British broadcasting, to raise and not to lower the level of taste, and to administer by honest trusteeship all that is best in the British heritage and character, how quickly could the great masters and pastmasters, from Shakespeare on, be popularized, be made familiar and intelligible and indispensable to the people!

While the corrupt practice of song-plugging continues, and the B.B.C. keeps watch over the morals of its emissions in a sexual sense alone, the words 'public morality' will remain brazenly hypocritical.

And how ludicrously the B.B.C. defeats its own object, even in its stern campaign against 'blue' jokes (ridiculous jargon), and the 'orrible dooble-ontong. As I write the hawk-eye of the B.B.C. has discovered such a dooble-ontong, and the newspapers hasten to make it known, with secret and salacious glee; in the cause of purity, they use big headlines, italics and capital letters to make the hidden meaning clear, so that none may overlook it. Read this, published under the heading, 'B.B.C. demand clean songs':

'Clean, upright and safe-for-the-children words' is the new B.B.C. motto, for all popular songs. They are making producers find new rhymes for old tunes. The B.B.C. 'High Command' can see a double meaning where others can't. Take the ditty, 'Why don't we do this more often?' B.B.C. vocalists used to sing, 'Why don't we do this more often, just as we're doing *to-night*?' The B.B.C. version for broadcasting now runs: 'Why don't we do this more often, just as we're doing TO-DAY?'

There's a pretty blow for cleanliness. How gratifying to Public Morality Councils! None who read that can fail to see the point next time they hear the song, to tell each other what the song *used* to say, before it was scrubbed white by the B.B.C. Little Willie and Little Winnie, their curly heads bent over the paper their parents have left on the kitchen table, will giggle together and tell their little friends about it in corners.

If the B.B.C. wishes to strike a blow for public morality, of which the sexual relationships between men and women form but an insignificant facet, of which corrupt practices are the greatest enemy,

it should turn its attention to song-plugging, first and foremost, and after that to the banishment of the best in this country, dead and living, from its programmes.

While British broadcasting during 1941 touched a new low level of taste and talent, far below that of most other countries, both those at war and those yet spared, a performance especially repugant [Editor: repugnant?] in its contrast with the staunchness and suffering of the British people, its emanations showed improvement as the year ended. True, one day about that time, when I and probably many others thought with heavy hearts of our men in Hongkong, delivered for who knew how long to their Japanese captors, listeners had to hear Ike Somebody, of the B.B.C., between slabs of dance music, announce that Judy Platinum, of the B.B.C., was about to marry Izzy Somebody, of the B.B.C., and son of Abey Somebody of the B.B.C., and I hope many were relieved to think that, within the protective palisade of the B.B.C., labelled 'only vitally essential work of indispensable national importance performed here', young people led carefree lives, seemingly immune from the cares of the times and from the burdens of service, and were setting about to found or strengthen family relationships.<sup>[10]</sup>

But a slight improvement *had* come about. It was farcical to call The Brains Trust, The Brains Trust, while living masters, because they were greatly enlightened and brilliantly gifted and masters of the language and would not allow their intellects to be curbed by petty and niggling inhibitions, were excluded from the microphone; by such rules, Aristotle and Plato and Socrates and Demosthenes and Shakespeare and Kant and Goethe and Dickens and Bunyan, would all have been debarred. Exceptionally unsuccessful ex-Ministers, who formerly were assiduous in eulogizing Mr. Chamberlain and Munich, seemed particularly welcome as 'visiting members' of the Brains Trust; which showed how brain-power was measured by the B.B.C. But the rump Brains Trust nevertheless did set the brains of men turning over, where the ambition of the B.B.C. was otherwise, to stop them from thinking.

Almost a miracle happened when an announcer with a cheerful name, Pickles, and the voice of a living human being, joined those others whose voices were indistinguishable from one another, even after their owners had been named, and sounded as if the speakers had been obtained from the Announcers' Department at Messrs. Harrods.

The fact that men toiled across the deadly seas with food, while soldiers, sailors and airmen fought, was suddenly remembered, and a half-hour was spared for them; tidings from home was conveyed to the sweating stokers and greasers and to the deckhands of the Merchant Navy by a voice they could understand, no pallid murmur from Kensington Gore, but a good, hoarse, beery, stomachic, harbourside voice, which to them meant home.

And how soothing and refreshing and reinvigorating, to drivel-dulled ears, was the Irish Half Hour, which was presently begun. No place was found for Shaw, of course, in an Irish Half Hour, but how sweet were those songs and those warm voices, of John McCormack and Barbara Mullen and Mary Farrell, after all the gibberish and all the moaning. Perhaps, one day, time will be found for a Scottish Half Hour and Welsh Half Hour, in British broadcasting.

Perhaps even, one day - but no, an English Half Hour is too much to hope for.

To the debit of the B.B.C. lies the poor repute of British Broadcasting abroad, the miserable picture which has been given, often by aliens, in its home and overseas services, of the spirit of the British people, their fight, and their sufferings. It is tragic that a Member of Commons, after two and a half years of this war, should have to say.



Time and time again we have had complaints from Australia, New Zealand, Canada and America, asking 'Why cannot we hear of what the English are doing, because one would think that the whole of this war has been fought by other people and that the English themselves are merely egging on other people.' It is tragic that one of the best and most friendly American broadcasters in this country, Ed. Murrow, who was here all through the air attack, on his return to his own country should have had to say in a broadcast, 'The British have apparently done a lamentable job of presenting their case to certain sections of the United States. On one or two occasions, it seemed to me that antagonism against Britain was almost as great as it was against Germany.'

So the hurdy-gurdy grinds on. For the first time in history, we can send our voice round the world. If the other planets hear it, as for all I know they may, if any man in the Moon listens to the voice of England, he will receive no impression of the great struggle we wage, or of the things that harass the hearts of English people.

He would receive a picture of a people given over to trivial things, dancing night and day to the same maudlin tunes eternally repeated, and obsessed by a mysterious belief that a blue sky awaited them around some corner which they seemingly made no effort to find. A faint and confused echo of tinny trumpets and blaring organs and wailing saxophones and drooling singers and voices coming through pursed lips from behind overtight collar-studs and punctuated by a little squeak, saying bee-bee-cee, might reach him.

The Man in The Moon, wrinkling his baffled forehead, might say: 'What the conflagration goes on, down there, some sort of a fun fair, or are they demented? Do they mourn, or do they rejoice? The tunes and the tidings speak of lamentation, yet they dance to the tunes, and their tidings of calamity they tell in the voices of maiden aunts. Why do they repeat the same songs so often, and why do they sing so much about blue skies and silver linings? We, here in the moon, know that the sky is sometimes blue, sometimes grey, sometimes black, but we do not sing about it; we hold those for ridiculous creatures who talk or sing about the weather. And when they sing, why do they wail and whine so? They seem to sing of happiness to come, but they sing with dolorous voices and sadly wagging heads and mournful eyes. But I do not understand their language clearly, any more. Nowadays they use strange words, that I do not know, down there.'

So might the Man in the Moon ruminate, with furrowed forehead, as he listened to the voice of England, reaching him for the first time since he began to shine his torch upon this perplexing planet.

And then, peering intently down, he might ask himself. 'What is that little man doing? He seems to be kicking something.'

'I am', I should reply, if I heard him, 'I'm kicking my radio round the garden. And I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright; well shone, moon.'

Then the Man in the Moon would relax, the creases would vanish from his brow, and he would smile his immemorial smile, saying: 'Ah, how well I remember those words. So that is England still, after all, down there. I had begun to doubt it; listening, of late, I have often said, "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard." And how is my good old friend, Shakespeare?'

'Oh', I would answer, 'he's in eclipse. Haven't you noticed that we've blacked out England? But you should hear Low Gang, Moon; my *dear*, it's a *snigger*.'

'What?' the Man in the Moon would say, wrinkling his brow again, 'are *you* beginning to talk like that?'

'Oh, see here, Moon', I would retort, 'you geddabout a bit, you should move with the times. You don't know what you're missing. Say, didn't you hear the one the other night, about the man who strongly objected to the word "old" when he was called "a dirty old man"? Oh boy, oh boy! Did we laugh!'

Then the Man in the Moon, pausing a moment to blow his nose on a passing cloud, and casting it from him, would say severely: 'We in the Moon are not amused!'

'Moon', I would answer, you stink.'

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## Chapter Three

### WHERE HONOUR IS DUE

On New Year's Day of 1942 I sat by a critical hearthside and read the Honours List. Paper was, oh so lacking, in England. In the post office at Sleepy Vale I counted over fifty placards, making known the behests and counsel of officialdom, and each of these would be the parent of others. While thousands of men laboured to bring paper across the seas, scores of thousands of other men, in this country, their number swelling daily, devised new paper forms, rushed these to the printers, and distributed them in millions of copies through the land. The presses pantingly produced enormous placards that shouted 'Save paper' to the people. The Stationery Office, probably for the first time in its history, became the daily resort of throngs, fed by patient queues, as the citizens strove to keep abreast of the new duties and demands that were imposed on them.

Never was such squandering of paper. Officialdom batted and fattened on it like the nocturnal snail on fresh lettuce, and the inscrutable blue sky alone knows if or when we shall again be able to drag this sluggard mollusc from its darling diet. Not so far ahead of many of his countrypeople, was that man, called Lavender, who after fifty-two hard-working years threw himself into a gravel-pit pond at Thrapston, in Northamptonshire, and left a despairing note to say that this end was better than the remnant of a life spent in filling-in official forms. Not England, or the times, or officialdom, but the man Lavender was then declared 'temporarily insane', in the sage language of coroners' juries. An unjust verdict was seldom uttered.

A man who goes about England, in these times, should ask farmers and dairymen and butchers and many more what they think about this paper pest, and see them come near to an apoplexy at the thought of the labour they have wasted and the time they have lost. 'Save paper', yelled the Minister for Uneconomic Illfare, at the cost of some tons of that commodity; and promptly his colleague, the Minister for Home Fatuity, issued, free to all but the taxpayers, a twenty-page booklet telling Civil Defence workers how to disport themselves, in such stirring periods as these:

There is no doubt that association football is one of the most universally popular games; given good facilities and the necessary equipment, cricket will probably be popular this summer; there are few women to whom some form of dancing does not appeal, and many men become keen when once they realize what enjoyment can be derived from it....

Yes, paper was short, very, very short. Paper clearly needed to be saved, somewhere. Not a scrap could be saved in the Ministries and Monopolies. Every time Benny Goldboy And His Boys were engaged to play 'Drool me to sleep and tell your troubles to a public convenience, curse you' in the radio, Benny received his foolscap-sized contract in triplicate (all the Littlejacks in officialdom should bow down and praise the man who invented the triplicate system), together with the tastefully embossed compliments of the B.B.C., and four paste-on slips reminding him of various rules, so that he should not forget to break them, particularly the one about 'plugging'.

Where, then, was paper to be saved? The British people read little, at any time. In Germany, before and after Goebbels, well-known books circulate in hundreds of thousands; in this country, in tens of thousands. Not much paper, then, was ever needed for books, in England; about one per cent of the total consumption of paper in the country. In wartime, the wish to read books in the English language revived, not only in Britain, but throughout the still free world, and the amount of paper needed, to satisfy it, would have had to be raised to about one-and-three-quarter per cent of the

total. The amount allotted, was one-and-one-quarter per cent, and the book industry tottered on the edge of ruin.

Books, I may explain, though their influence on public thought is infinitesimal, are unique, to-day, in that they are the last small vehicle of free speech and free ideas in the country which fights for free speech and free ideas. Parliamentary debates are reported only in samples filtered down to meaninglessness. The B.B.C. Governors, through their honest-steward-like and liberty-loving ban on 'anything controversial', have saved the microphone from having to transmit thought or ideas. In books, for the transient nonce, such a man as Shaw may still have a little say.

The need for sternly husbanding the use of paper for books was immediately perceived. The newspapers, having sufficient paper, warmly commanded this patriotic move, especially those which had for years yelled at their readers that the Germans were Barbarians, among other reasons, because they made bonfires of books.

I remarked, as I sat by that pleasant hearth, with one or two other critics, on New Year's Day of 1942, that *The Times* gave little more than one whole page to the Honours List. With them, I scanned it, and rejoiced to see that all was still well on the Home Front. They passed before us, in proud pageant on the printed page, the new barons and baronets. It was still sweet and honourable not to die for your country, I thought, as they paraded, Lord Newlicome of Palace-on-Tyne and Sir Honour Goodthing and all the others, pushing their little titles before them or dragging their little strings of initials after them, with little coloured ribbons round their necks. Profits still found honours in their own country, I saw.

I discussed the Honours List, in that critical hearthside circle. I was in good company; indeed, if I ever have any doubts about the things I believe in and say, they are dispersed by the company I find myself in, through my writings. It is the best we have. I think of the Lancashireman, a keen and fighting-fit soldier of the Commandos, who during twenty-four hours leave hitch-hiked from Bristol to London for an hour's chat with me; of the Glasgow stoker, who used up a large part of a short stay in port for the same end; of the young Australian pilot-officer, who came to see me just before he was killed; of the Canadian gunners who sought me out, and the London policeman, and the officer's wife from India, and the Afrikaner from Cape Province, and the many others. I think a writer never had such good fortune, through his books. These were all physically fit and mentally alert people, good to look at and good to talk to, people who made you proud you were a Britisher; they all shared my hatred of slothful self-delusion, of muddling-through, of the lies and incompetency which brought this war upon us, and of the nepotism, privilege and corruption which clutter up public affairs. They shared, too, my fears for the future, even after victory is won, and my embittered detestation of a political system which treats the modest but patriotic citizen, fighting hard in war and working hard in peace, as if he were less than the dust, and elevates political place-seekers and job-swappers to the status of immune and brazen idols.

Such people study an Honours List with bitter contempt, nowadays. Something of these feelings is shown in the following extracts from two letters, one from a widow and one from a sergeant, which are typical of hundreds that reach me from all parts of the Empire:

... I cannot understand that so great an Empire as we have been, should have allowed itself to drift into such chaos ... My great soldier husband, my only son and only daughter killed in the last 1914-1918 war, I leave you to guess the bitterness in my soul; a hideous grin seems to be ever with me, not a single hope or faith left...

... The majority of us do think, and quite a few urgently want to help set right the root causes of the blatant evils that flourish in Britain to-day. The much-lamented

cynicism of the young is little more than a smokescreen to conceal the bewilderment they feel, that so many rackets should flourish apparently because they enjoy the protection of all those nameless string-pullers who never cease to tell me and my generation what a sacred privilege ours is - to fight and die so that the world will be made safe for democracy ... Do you wonder that we become cynical when the black market flourishes, when influence and money still reign supreme? Is it not a strange coincidence that any top-line actor, sportsman, or what have you, seems automatically to possess the exact qualifications for a specialists' commission if in the forces, or a rich man's son the right ability for an executive post in 'vital war work? Isn't ambition without influence still the greatest curse one can possess, as it ensures a lifetime of frustration and disappointment and, at the last and for the very able, ultimate success long years after it was warranted and should have been attained? I worship no 'ism or party, and neither do the thousands who think as I do. My basic belief is that each person born into this world has an equal right to his or her chance, irrespective of race, class or creed ... Your generation tells me that whether a better system rules once this war is over depends solely on my generation. They cannot answer a question I will put to you: how can we ensure our wishes becoming known and put into being? The war has taken what little money I'd saved, destroyed my hopes of marriage, and taken me away from my work at a vital period. When I come out of the army, my first concern must be *sauve qui peut* in the general scramble....

Like the Frenchmen whom Arthur Koestler met after the capitulation, the people of this country are falling into that appalling state of mind which he described as being 'on the defensive against the temptation of hope'. If this is the aim - to produce after this war millions of twittering half-morons, always diving headlong into Next Meal House for refuge from the pursuing ogre, Unemployment; to reap a crop of cheap labour for a few paunchy exploiters; to rear a generation of male and female beings only fit to be, and thankful to be, cinema 'usherettes' or saleswomen in the pens of Messrs. Cosmopolite's Chain Stores, bemedalled hotel porters or picture-theatre doorkeepers - if that is the aim, we are on the way to achieve it. How ignominious a lot for the men of the Commandos and the Paratroops, of the tanks and ships and aircraft, for the women who, in the name of patriotism, have been put into uniform; for the men and women who, truly, save our world.

Nevertheless, and despite the want of paper, we have the Honours List. I discussed it, at my critical hearthside, with one of my callers, whose calls so honour me. Like the others I have mentioned, he was of our best, an officer in the Merchant Navy, and he made his appointment with me from Singapore, and kept it when he landed. Clean, keen, sunburned, bemuscled, alert, vigorous, trim in his blue uniform. We discussed the much-abused word, 'Honour', in brisk and emphatic terms. The Prime Minister, not long before, waved in the House of Commons a list of Members of Parliament who had accepted appointments or missions in the Government gift, and called it 'A Roll of Honour'. We doubted that the words applied; the first tenet of a Member's honour, we two simple Englishmen thought, should be, to remain aloof from remuneration deriving from the Government, which inevitably must shackle his right, and bounden duty, to speak freely. The very words 'Roll of Honour', were in the past always taken to mean, a list of those who died, sweetly and honourably, for their country; was it right or fitting to demean them by applying them to those who lived, sweetly and honourably, far from the fray, and were well paid for labours entrusted to them by a Government impatient of criticism?

'A funny word, honour', said my sunburned Second Officer, ruminant, as he gazed into the flickering flames on our critical hearth.

'You may well say so', said I; 'tell me, where is honour bred, or in the heart or in the head? The golden-looking coin, Honour, is often but a brassy counterfeit, to-day. You may frequently find more value in much humbler-looking pence.'

'I'm not at all sure that I would know where to look for honour, if I sought its real abode', said he.

'You're right; through our cities living honour begs its bread', mis-quoteth I.

'I know a man I think highly deserving of honour', he said, glancing at the Honours List again. 'He's in the cooler, I think.' 'He would be', said I, 'what was his story?'

'This', said he. 'We were on the homeward run from Capetown, with Italian and German prisoners aboard. Forty-nine of those Germans, there were. They came from a German raider, a Hansa Line ship, which was caught by one of our warships in the South Atlantic. The Germans scuttled their ship, put off in the boats, and were picked up by our warship, H.M.S. *Robustious*. From her decks they turned and watched their own ship sink.<sup>[11]</sup> the British sailors

transferred the Germans to our ship', he went on, casually, 'and told us to bring them home. They had good food and plenty of exercise on our ship; we have very strict orders about the treatment of prisoners, and we had to give up our own sun-deck to them. One day, one of the Italians was sick on deck. He had eaten too much. A little Scots soldier, doing guard duty, told him roughly to clear up his mess, and when he made no move to do this, jabbed him on the toes with his rifle-butt, to make him hurry. One of the German prisoners was standing alongside, and he said to the Scotsman, in English, "Why don't you pick on one your own size". The Scotsman turned round, took one look at him, gnashed his teeth, and said, "I will". He dropped his rifle, stripped off his coat. The German was about two inches short of six foot; the Scotsman about five foot three. He nearly killed that German, broke his nose, knocked out several of his teeth, sent him down for the count, and then turned round to the other forty-eight Germans, who were watching, in a group. He was fighting mad. "Come on", he yelled, "come on, you dirty bastards, one a' a time, I'll tak the lo' o' ye!'"

'Gosh', I said, 'what happened then?'

'He was court martialled', said he, 'he's the man I told you about. I think he's in the cooler now.'

'I wonder if he'll get a job, after the war', I said.

The fire spluttered, as if it felt critical. I poked it, reprovngly. Then we looked again at the Honours List, of New Year's Day, 1942. It contained no awards for gallantry, and that is symbolic.

'There are a lot of lawyers in it, again', I said. 'What a sweet path to advancement it is, the law. You remember the old jest about the three stages of a lawyer's progress: getting on, getting honour, getting honest? And here's our dear Mrs. Voluble, emm-pee. She's got her dee-bee-eee; the Dame-ing of the Shrew. How they deck themselves with ribbons and trinkets, the darlings. Here's dear old Sir Swiftleigh Yesser, that staunch prop of the Party; for many, many years he's watched his political P's and Q's, now he's got his O.M. Here's old Portly Choler. Now he's a stout lad, a fellow of infinite indigestion. Everyone thought he would get the dee-tees, this year, but they've given him the tee-dee. Tee-hee, tee-dee; ti-uddly-umpty-tum; eh-bee-cee-dee-eff-gee-ell-emmm-enn-oh-pee-ar-ess-tee-you-vee-dubbleyou-ex-why-zed....'

But at this point my Second Officer realized that I was overwrought, and gently led me, babbling, into the garden, for fresh air.

## Chapter Four

### ANY OLD HEROES?

If I could ever think war magnificent, I should think this war was magnificently waged by the common people of Britain after the sinister grip, which until Dunkirk pinioned their sword-arm, a little relaxed its hold. I think war repulsive; the adventure of warfare is a young man's illusion, fostered by elderly nest-featherers at home, who themselves never knew war, but who cheerfully wave the boys good-bye, whistling through their dentures as these depart: *Dulce et decorum est* ... I once shared that young man's illusion myself, and now know that only experience of war can dispel it. That is why wars can so easily be made, why successive generations let themselves so willingly be led to war. Experience cannot be imparted; it has to be gained.

This war had to be, because Esquires Baldwin, MacDonald and Chamberlain would not prevent it; because the people of Britain were become too torpid to make them avert it; because the men who would have hindered it were vilified, victimized and suppressed by every kind of secret and stealthy trick; and because, at the end, the only alternative that offered was an evil immeasurably worse than war - the German occupation of Britain and the submergence of the British people.

So another generation of British manhood must die, that the survivors, and the nation, may live. Their part in it alone is magnificent, and for a few years after they have gone the others will talk of poppies, or perhaps of hollyhocks or what not, this time, and will stand silent and bareheaded for two minutes each year - if, as Mr. Brendan Bracken has promised, the England of 1918-1939 is to return, when this war is over.

Nothing else is magnificent, in this war, but this magnificent fighting recovery of the common people of Britain, their calm conquest of calamity. All else in the picture is shade. The Home Front is as repellent, in its contrast with the spirit of the men who fare forth and fight, as it was in the last war. For the picture to be a uniform one of service and sacrifice, there would need to be equality of service and sacrifice, and where is such equality? We have conscription but not 'universal service', the favourites of somebody-with-a-pull again pack the Ministries and the Monopolies. Offideldom has become a vast air-raid-shelter for those too proud, or too privileged to fight. Young and fit men in hundreds do 'vital war work' for the Ministry of Information and the B.B.C.; some figures have been given in Parliament.<sup>[12]</sup>

Last time, in all the great capitals, we had the profiteers; in Moscow, they wallowed in champagne and diamonds and drove a tormented people to revolution; in Berlin, they grew into a flaunting post-war class that monopolized all the fleshpots and bred hungry embitterment among the people, so that many of these turned to Hitler and National Socialism; in London' they amassed enormous fortunes, presently appeared in the Honours List, and blossomed forth as manorial lords in the English countryside. In the House of Commons a Labour Member, one Mr. Edwards of Middlesbrough, stated that the great fortunes made in the last war derived not so much from war profits as from capital appreciation (which knows no income tax), and he described these fortunes, that quietly grew while the battle raged far away, as 'blood money'. He gave as an instance a great Jewish fortune, saying:

I suppose it was one of the most thoroughly dishonest fortunes ever made in this country. That fortune of £7,000,000 was invested in London property and accumulated into £35,000,000, all of it capital appreciation, and hardly any of it was taken in tax.

This is the repugnant reverse of the shining medal, Glory. *The Times* in December, 1941, said 'War fortunes will not be a feature of the present war!' This newspaper should send an investigator to the Black Market, or examine the deals that are being done in English land, or publish the payments made by some Ministries to firms whose heads serve in those Ministries.

The profiteering wolves, once more, ravage the sheepfolds unchecked. These practices are 'deplored' from the Front Bench in the House of Commons, but are not seriously punished, and until they are, the earnest will of those in power to suppress them must remain under suspicion; the Tory Party's funds received a subscription of £100,000 from one of the great fortunes of the last war alone. Threatening words have been uttered, but little has been done. In 1941 the Ministry of Food announced proudly that it had 'obtained convictions' in 22,356 cases of profiteering or illicit dealing! Not one in a hundred of these cases was reported in the Press. In such as were made known, foreign and Jewish names predominated. When the writer Cassandra (since silenced!) in the *Daily Mirror*, who for years expressed sympathy for the Jews, remarked upon this, saying,

I have been examining the records of convictions for food misdemeanours, and it is impossible not to be struck by the number of Jewish offenders. Names like Blum, Israel, Cohen, Gould and so on, occur with remarkable frequency. These people are the very first who would fall victim to Hitler's murderous anti-Semitism should it ever reach these shores. Yet they swindle, hoard and defraud on food cargoes for the safety of which hundreds of men die every week,

he was furiously attacked by the *Jewish Chronicle*, which said that 'Jews seem to be singled out for discrimination when it comes to prosecutions'. (In practice, a newspaper which wrote 'Gentiles seem to be singled out for discrimination when it comes to prosecutions' would need to fear prosecution for contempt of court.)<sup>[13]</sup>

Profiteering, while officially reprobated, in practice was tolerated; the penalties imposed were too small, in proportion to the gains made, to check it. Seldom was so distasteful an example of tongue-in-the-cheek legislation. When a Labour Member, Mr. Hughes of Carmarthen, moved an amendment to permit the Board of Trade to appeal against inadequate penalties on profiteers - he rightly described these penalties as 'fleabites' and 'derisory' - the Solicitor-General, Sir William Jowitt, he who on a day had declared in the radio that 'The law is the same for rich and poor alike', answered that such a proviso 'would break the proud tradition that the judiciary are free from interference by the executive'.

Ah me, these proud traditions. I think I hear all the Gods on high Olympus shouting in ribald chorus, 'Oh yeah!'

So, while the ordinary people of Britain fought and suffered, Mr. John Harris, the Thames magistrate, in fining one Nathan, was constrained to say: 'I am getting very weary of these profiteering cases. The penalties I have imposed have not been sufficient. I must raise them. These people are making enormous profits out of the necessities of the people.'

In May 1941, the *Sunday Express*, discussing the continued prosperity of the profiteers and illicit dealers, said: 'The maximum sentences have never yet been imposed ... They have hardly been approached, even in the most flagrant cases.'

In January 1942, Mr. Raymond Evershed, K.C., Chairman of the Price Regulation Committee, said: 'While the number of prosecutions increased fourfold in 1941, the fines averaged little more than £8 per case. Such penalties, it is feared, will act as an encouragement rather than a deterrent to would-



be profiteers ... Probably the small fines that are inflicted are due to the fact that offences like over-charging are not regarded as seriously as they ought to be.'

In March 1942, as Mr. Beverley Baxter pointed out in the Commons, one Bernstein, given the choice between six months imprisonment and a fine of £2670, chose the six months, which was obviously good business for him. 'The law' forbade him to receive more than six months, and Mr. Baxter asked why such creatures as this should have civil rights if a suspected Fascist had no civil rights and could be imprisoned without trial.

Just after this, under the pressure of public exasperation, the 'penalties' were raised to a maximum of 14 years penal servitude. As the crux of the matter, however, is not the paper schedule of penalties, but the way this particular law is administered, which in the past has shown a strange leniency, the future alone can show whether a real intention now exists to check the ghouls of the Black Market.

In this war, as in the last, jobbery, place-purchase, profiteering, racketeering and war-effortteering became commonplaces. One matter which seems to me monstrous enough to demand the attention of the Government entire and the highest courts in the land, has seemingly been forgotten. A Member of Parliament, Captain Charles Taylor of Eastbourne, stated that he knew a man who, for a consideration of twenty-five per cent, bought a post, carrying £500 a year and immunity from military service, from another who earned his living in this manner. After making this known, Captain Taylor said he received scores of further examples and the *Evening Standard* subsequently announced that Scotland Yard had gathered sufficient evidence 'for the Director of Public Prosecutions to take action against a number of people'.

I have still to read of the action and its result. That these things are rife, all know. That there is any real will to stop them, to cleanse the Home Front and make it worthy of the much-sung boys, when they come home, is not apparent. Are they to return to such a scene as their fathers found, when they came back, or even worse?

This makes war repugnant, this nauseous behind-the-scenes. On the stage itself, the play is indeed magnificent. In the eighteen months that have passed since Dunkirk, British soldiers have staunchly fought battle after battle against overwhelming odds, and the British people have accepted appalling burdens. If I were to range the episodes of these months in order of their bravery, I would give pride of place to the Greeks. That so tiny a people, remote from help, with the swift downfall of half a dozen small states, the calamitous collapse of France, and the parlous plight of Britain before their eyes, should trounce the Italians and then turn undaunted to give battle to the mighty Germans themselves, is to my mind a thing, the like of which you might vainly search the centuries for. I saw the first restoration of King George of Greece, and the mighty cheering that swept him from Phaleron to Athens still rings in my ears. What would I give to watch his second restoration, when it comes! The acclamation will rock the ancient Acropolis itself. Even Athens will never have known such a day.

If my other wishes could be granted, I would like to walk behind the coffin of Sergeant Pilot Josef, if it be taken to Prague after this war. He was a Czech. His name is known to few English people, although he flew often above their heads during the Battle of Britain. If he still lived, he might be the greatest fighting airman of this war. Czechoslovakia, to Mr. Chamberlain, was a little country far away, of which he knew nothing. Josef knew where England was, and what the war was about. He fought the Germans in four countries. When they invaded Czechoslovakia, he ignored the need to surrender, and took off in his aeroplane, machine-gunning the enemy till his ammunition was spent, and then escaped to join the 'Polish Air Force. With it, he fought the Germans in Poland, and when that country fell escaped again, to France, where he took them on again. Then he came to

England, and during the September battles over London and south-east England, he brought down seventeen German aeroplanes in a month. When he was killed in an accident, he had destroyed twenty-eight German aircraft, more than any other fighter pilot could claim.

I shall be a happy man if I can see King George and Sergeant Pilot Josef come back to Athens and Prague, and if I had three more wishes I would want to be in Warsaw, Rotterdam and Oslo when the Poles, Hollanders and Norwegians march in.

These are unsullied pages. But when I look back I think the greatest thing is the fight put up, in one forlorn outpost after another, by the British soldier, always outnumbered, outarmed, outgeneralled. He is like a man who fights with one arm pinioned, by inefficiency at home. At the beginning of 1942, as I write, the British Army still struggles to free itself from the last of the shackles that men, either suborned or imbecile, put on it.

The British Army is an extraordinary thing. The rulers of the King's Navee are kept keen and alert, I suppose, by wind and weather, and the conditions of their calling, which keeps them on the move. The performance of the British Navy in this war equals, with a few sad lapses, any in its history. It found and fought its foe on every sea, and meanwhile nursed this British island as tenderly as ever a mother her babe, so that the vital foodline, the umbilical cord, remained unsevered. The most diligent critic could not detect more than two or three occasions when more might have been achieved. Scapa Flow, at the outbreak, was remissly watched, so that a German submarine stole in and sank a battleship; the German seaborne invasion of Norway and the Vichy warships steaming to thwart General de Gaulle at Dakar, might have been intercepted; the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* should not have ventured against the Japanese without an umbrella overhead; and the escape of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* was a major disaster. But the *Graf Spee* and *Bismarck* were destroyed, Cunningham and his men won innumerable triumphs in the Mediterranean, untiring vigilance safely conveyed troops and supplies all over the world, and rescued British forces from Dunkirk, Norway, Greece and Crete. A thousand years of naval tradition, and the feelings of the sea in your blood, mean a great deal. If any German general ever urged Hitler not to join war with England, that man may yet rue the day he did not listen, as Shakespeare's Antony would not listen to the warning Roman soldier:

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks; do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds? Let the  
Egyptians and the Phoenicians go a-ducking: we  
Have used to conquer standing on the earth  
And fighting foot to foot.

Indeed, we should rue the day when we forgot our age-old lesson of sea power and allowed the Japanese to steal a march on us in the now belligerent Pacific.

The Navy was well found and shipshape, praise the day, and sea air kept its head clear; not even pink gin can long spoil that medicine.

The commanders of the Air Force, too, when they are allowed, are kept alert by the needs of their trade, the clamour of the machines, the limitless element in which they work. They have no horses to mourn, no outworn weapons or strategy to cling to and lament. The Army may thank all the gods it knows that the other services were in fighting trim and ready, so that it had space to breathe and recover. That should save us, even yet.

For the Army was the Cinderella of the fighting forces. Its tradition, too, is as long and as great as any man could wish, but when this war came, it was like Gulliver, tethered by Lilliputians while he slept.

The peacetime life of clubs and messes does not keep the military officer alert. It tends to send him to sleep. His thoughts turn more to recreations than to soldiering, to polo and tennis and, God save us, huntin' and shootin' and fishin'. He needs neither to learn the ways of the air nor those of the sea. His eyes are on the ground, and if he is denied even tanks, when his foes of to-morrow are building them in thousands, what shall he do?

A very evil tradition crept into the British Army at the time of Balaclava. It was, that the word Glory was spelt by the mistakes of high commanders. The more mistakes a general made, seated a-horse on some mound distant from the fray, with his telescope to his eye, the more Glory was won. Because of an error between two staff officers, for which an office-boy would have been sacked, six hundred men were sent into The Valley of Death, and died. They were not intended to go there; they would have been shot if they had refused to go; when they went and were killed, you made poetry about it and called it Glory. This was the adaptation, to warfare, of the doctrine which now prevails in politics; the more mistakes a politician makes, and the more these cost his countrypeople, the more wonderful he is.

The two traditions march side by side. When the Germans attacked Crete, in May of 1941, a radio speaker told this country, 'Never fear, airborne forces by themselves won't capture that island.' When, in June of 1941, airborne forces, by themselves, had captured that island, he said that Crete was 'glorious'. The only trouble was, that the British troops had not enough equipment. If that is glory, the British people have had too much glory; they could die yet of a surfeit of this glory. Glory would be for British troops, for once, to go into battle as well armed and as well led as their enemies. If politicians and generals find it glorious to be pitted against overwhelming odds, without a chance, why do they not themselves lead such forlorn causes?

In the 1914-1918 war, which yielded one of the saddest victories in anybody's history, this bad tradition still paralysed the British Army. For four years it lay gloriously in trenches and was gloriously killed or wounded. The British soldier was expected, implicitly, to believe that he could win the war by lying in mud and being killed or wounded; save in a tiny fraction of cases, that was the implacable lot of those in the front line. Only twice was he ordered to attack, and was then sent plodding head-on against impregnable fortifications.

When a potentially war-winning weapon was evolved, the tank, its value was thrown away by employment in small numbers (and after the war it was laid aside, while the defeated enemy secretly improved its design and manufactured it in thousands). After four years, when the enemy saw that ultimate defeat through weight of numbers was inevitable and decided to defer the fight until another day, the British Army surged forward to the Rhine. The appalling story of that war has been vividly told in dozens of soldiers' books and it is amazing that the British people should so soon have forgotten it. When it was over, the British Commander, his yearning thoughts back in the dear old cavalry days, expressed his conviction that the horse would yet regain its rightful place in warfare, a portion of glory which that friend of man, if it could have spoken, would willingly have forgone.

Thus the British Army of 1918-1939 approached the 'new war, a dispirited, unready, under-armed force. Its officers fretted in impotence, for few of them doubted what was coming. I shuddered once, when I saw the Aldershot Tattoo just before the war, at the delusory power of such a spectacle upon a misinformed public. A few well-drilled men marching in a spotlight can make the average John Gullible think that his country bristles with arms. In fact, the British Army was in

parlous plight, its back bowed beneath the burden of past ordeals, of lessons unlearned, of costly misleadership in a world war, and of unreadiness for another. The British people pay the bitter price.<sup>[14]</sup>

It was maddening, to those who knew what was afoot and to the soldiers themselves, in the first wasted seven months of the war, to see how slowly, even then, the backbreaking incubus of obsolete ideas was discarded. Keen and eager men were reduced to despair, almost to the point of suicide by the conditions then prevailing. At the War Office the paper-machine, true, worked night and day, and the files of everything-in-triplicate grew into mountains, but no real awareness of the calamity that impended seemed, even then, to penetrate those musty corridors. I knew a staff officer who was cut off in France and escaped, with great difficulty, to this country, arriving after Dunkirk, when the invasion was daily, or hourly to be expected. He telephoned to the War House, he said, for orders, in the assumption that 'the combat would now be continued on this side', and was told, 'oh well, you'd better go on leave.'

Knowing the dead weight of obstruction that still pressed against them, I find the things almost incredible that the frail and still under-armed and under-equipped British forces achieved, stretched, as they were, half way round the world. They show what this people *could* achieve, if only it were allowed. I should think that General Wavell's victory in Libya deserves the word Glory almost more than any in history; not because of its planning or execution, of which I know only the outline, but because of the circumstances. Barely six months after the almost irreparable disaster at Dunkirk - and here a few men, with a few machines, men from this country and the Dominions, flung themselves at a far superior enemy, far better armed, and threw him out of his territory, captured 135,000 of his men, 1,200 of his guns, and the like!

Phrases are the darling instrument of deluders and soothsayers, and I do not like them. But since that campaign in Libya, none can gainsay the truth of the phrase that the British soldier does not know when he is beaten. He fought there like a man with a score of victorious campaigns behind him, instead of a series of disasters.

Meanwhile, in this little island, a new British Army was being built. The British Army of 1914-1918 was a trudge, suffer and die army, not a fighting army. It was not allowed to fight. The few attacks it made were mass sacrifices, hopeless before they began. Hundreds of thousands of men died without ever seeing the enemy. Their plight was not much different from that of civilians in a city under air bombardment. But this time the British Army began to train parachute troops and raiding troops, the Commandos. These men, at least, would be allowed to fight, and I envied them. The first valiant exploits of the raiders, the Commandos, their several swoops upon the Norwegian coast, uplifted the heart in every British breast.

These men, if they are allowed, may yet give keenness and energy back to England. In them the spirit of Elizabethan England may be reborn. Will they be remembered, or forgotten, after the war? The Czech Legionaries, when they returned to their liberated and free Czechoslovakia after 1918, were given preference in State employment. That little country, of which our rulers knew nothing, cared for its men. Can our men hope for so much, when they come back?

Ah, that brings the Home Front into the picture again. The golden medal, Glory, revolves, and shows its tarnished other face. The figures on the stage change; they are no longer those of valiant men, fighting for England, but of anonymous men in offices who, for some reason, seem to hate the men who fight.

The Commandos, the raiders, these stick-at-nothing formations of shock troops which so well express the spirit that would fill England if it were not ever discouraged, repressed and pursued,

were raised by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes. He belongs to our few great leaders. How good it was, in 1918, when the Germans crushed and destroyed Russia and turned again upon the trench-weary French and British armies in the west, when they were once again moving fast upon Paris and the British commander issued his ominous fight-to-the-last order, how good it was then to hear, on St. George's Day, that the British Navy and British Army, working together in a combined sea-and-land operation, darted across the Channel and hit the Germans hard, where they stood.

So we *could* attack, if we were allowed! The British soldier had begun to doubt it. Sir Roger Keyes organized and led that attack. In 1915, in company with one Winston Churchill, he similarly thought out a combined Navy-and-Army venture, an 'amphibious operation', the forcing of the Dardanelles, which if persevered in would have reinvigorated the whole British strategy in that war and probably have curtailed it substantially.

Because it was not persevered in, it ended in 'evacuation' - like Norway, like Dunkirk, like Greece, like Crete. In the present war, as British envoy specially sent to King Leopold of the Belgians, he had opportunity to learn at first-hand the new German methods. After the Norwegian fiasco, which he offered to mend by a timely naval interception at Trondjem, and might have been able to mend if he had been allowed (but he was not, being soothed with the information that this was not necessary, because the Army was making 'good progress!'), he performed possibly his greatest service to his country. This was his speech in the fateful debate of May 7th, 8th and 9th, 1940, which greatly helped to bring about, in the uttermost nick of time, the retirement of Mr. Chamberlain and the elevation of Mr. Churchill.<sup>[15]</sup>

No better man, nor one with greater experience in this form of warfare, could have been chosen to raise the Commandos, these seaborne coast-raiders, than Sir Roger Keyes. Through them, we could nibble at the European cheese until it was ready to crumble. All Whitehall was moaning, 'How can we ever land in Europe and drive Hitler out? It's impossible.'

These incorrigible fainthearts and muddleheads! Why, Napoleon himself, retreating from Moscow, as Hitler was soon to retreat from Moscow, feared this very thing! Did these obstructors in Whitehall, armoured in their anonymity, never read anything? During that disastrous journey Napoleon confided to his Master of the Horse, de Caulaincourt, his fears lest the British should begin to raid the coasts he held. 'If the idea entered their heads', he said, to the man beside him in the sleigh, 'to make expeditions against my coasts, now at one point, now at another, to re-embark as soon as forces were collected to fight them, and go at once to threaten some other point - the situation would be insupportable.'

de Caulaincourt's Memoirs were not published until 1935. That left plenty of time to read them, before this war began. After it began, they became more apt than ever.

Sir Roger Keyes, as he told the Commons on November 25th, 1941, was appointed, soon after Mr. Churchill himself became Prime Minister, on July 17th, 1940, to 'raise, organize and train' the Commandos, as well as the ships, landing craft and naval personnel needed for their ventures, and to command all these. He and his men were 'ready and eager to act a year ago' - in November, 1940! (This is an amazing thing, when you consider that the disaster of Dunkirk was only a few months before that date.)

Sir Roger Keyes told the Commons that the Prime Minister was as keen as he to act vigorously and face hazards to achieve great results which, 'if we had been allowed to carry them out, might have electrified the world and altered the whole course of the war'.

Here, then, once more, and for the how oftenth time, is the hidden hand that seemingly always intervenes, to repress patriotic and able men and to protect incompetent or unpatriotic ones. Repeatedly, in Parliament and the Press, has reference been made to this anonymous dead hand behind the scenes, which seems always able to hinder those who would avert war, or press on with war when it has been made inevitable. Just before this war, Mr. Churchill himself spoke of it: 'I know very well the patriotism and sincere desire to act in a manner of perfect rectitude which animates Ministers of the Crown, but I wonder whether there is not some hand which intervenes and filters down or withholds intelligence from Ministers'!

The same strange power was used to prevent British newspaper correspondents in Berlin from telling this country about Germany's rearmament and warlike intentions. Whose is it? Who is it that can override the Prime Minister himself, according to Sir Roger Keyes; or, for that matter, according to Mr. Churchill himself, who in May 1941 himself spoke of the great strength of 'the negative principle in the constitution and working of the British war machine. The difficulty is not to have more brakes put on the wheels; the difficulty is to get more speed and impetus behind it'.

I have been told times without number, by Members of Parliament and public men, of this mysterious hidden mechanism, which is as powerful to say, 'Yes, yes', when a Mr. Chamberlain leads us, unarmed, into war, as it is to say, 'No, no', when patriots set out to win the war. I cannot conceive why none of them ever explains openly where the source of this evil force lies. Who were the men who could send Sir Roger Keyes, before he made this speech in the House, a copy of the Official Secrets Act, the Incompetent's Charter?

For, in October 1941, he was dismissed from the command of the raiders he had raised and trained. This was a broad hint, from that seemingly all-powerful secret source, that, as he put it, he 'might almost be confined to the Tower for an indiscretion'!

I would say that this same source, whatever and wherever it is, this stealthy, obstructive Something, was culpable of allowing this war to come about, and, if it acts like this, will be culpable of prolonging or even losing it. For a man like Sir Roger Keyes is not to be jeeringly dismissed when he speaks of projects which, if they had been executed, 'might have altered the whole course of the war'.

He told, in this speech, how 'all offensive amphibious projects are either strangled before birth or mangled after endless discussions in the many committees'. Mr. Churchill, who appointed him, was seemingly unable to retain him, although he himself, in the last war, suffered more than any man from this negative incubus in Whitehall, and wrote of the sovereign and irretrievable misdirections' from that quarter which had brought the Gallipoli campaign to nought.

A few weeks after Sir Roger Keyes's dismissal, the Commando raiders, in two small descents upon the Norwegian coast, showed how brilliantly he had trained them, though his words reveal clearly that far greater ventures were in his mind than these little attacks on small towns and islands. They showed how much the Commandos will be able to achieve, if and when they are well used.

But tragic underlines were added a little later to the words Sir Roger Keyes spoke in the Commons, by the news that at the very time he spoke his son, Geoffrey Keyes, at twenty-four the youngest colonel in the British Army, lay dead in Libya, killed in one of the most dazzlingly brilliant enterprises in all the long history of that army - an attempt, delivered 200 miles behind the German lines, to capture the German Commander in Africa, General Rommel!

This fantastic exploit shows the spirit of boundless enterprise bred in the Commandos raised by Sir Roger Keyes. Sir Roger and Lady Keyes spent Christmas of 1941 wondering what was become of

their son, who telegraphed them, a few days after that speech in the House, that he was 'going to a party'. I commend this picture of a real English Christmas to many who may have thought that the drooling they heard in the radio about that time bore any relation to the things that English people endure. The story of this desert dash, the most inspiring story of this war to date, was told scrappily in the Press. I heard no mention of it in the radio, which is closed to 'anything controversial', or perhaps this tidings was thought unimportant; but I have often been moved, by the gibbering of concupiscent octoroons, to silence that box, and I may have missed something. I find the story more fitted for a Sunday Evening Postscript than the empty soothsayings of some political party hack.

Since none other is likely to tell it, in this England, I will. Geoffrey Keyes, who 'went to a party' just before Christmas of 1941, was chosen, for his skill in ski-ing, to serve in the ill-fated Narvik Expedition which Mr. Chamberlain bequeathed to us; later, he won the Military Cross in Syria; and when Sir Roger was appointed to raise the Commandos, he volunteered for them. Three days before General Auchinleck began to attack General Rommel, of the Afrikakorps, Geoffrey Keyes and his companions 'arrived at a spot' 200 miles behind the German lines. Their main objective was General Rommel's headquarters, where they hoped to catch him. (Unhappily, for this magnificent audacity, Rommel was away, at a birthday party.) Keyes and his men, unable to gain entrance by backdoor or window, hammered on the front door, and, when it was opened, shot their way in - 200 miles from their friends, in the middle of the German headquarters encampment! They shot several German officers and men; others who ran up at the noise of firing were driven off by two British corporals with tommy-guns, stationed at the door. Geoffrey Keyes pressed on and came to an inner room. He flung open the door; the room was in darkness. Inside, they could hear the noise of frightened men trying to hold their breath, and in consequence making stentorian sounds. Keyes rushed in, firing his revolver, but was met by a volley of shots and fell back, mortally wounded. His two companions, a captain and a sergeant, then killed the Germans in the room with a tommy-gun and hand grenades and carried Keyes outside, where he died.

Roger Keyes, dismissed. Geoffrey Keyes, dead, not much honoured or sung. What sort of England is it, that holds its best of so little account, which casts away, almost without mention, such men as Keyes, or Cartland, or Brooke, or Grenfell, or Asquith, or Lawrence, as if nothing were lost? What hope is there for the men who come back, that England will treat them as more than the dust?

A clear sign has been given of the way the men who come back, England's best, will be treated. This is it:

On December 2nd, 1941, Mr. Churchill announced the raising of the conscription age from 41 to 51 (and said it might later be raised to 61). This made liable very many, perhaps most, of the surviving volunteers of the 1914-1918 war. In 1914 they were volunteers; in 1942, they were to become conscripts. They are men in advancing middle-age. Many succeeded, despite the disinterest in which their country held them when they returned after the last war, in establishing themselves in trades, careers, professions and businesses. Now, they are to be called up again, but not to the dignity of service in tanks, aeroplanes or ships. No, to the indignity of menial or trivial tasks.

These men will not be posted for the more active duties with the Forces ... they will be used either for static or sedentary duties to liberate younger men.

After two-thirds of a lifetime of hard fighting and hard work, they may expect to be set to cookhouse fatigues, cleaning latrines, sweeping barracks, trotting about the parade ground to some red-faced sergeant's behest. Many of them, I should imagine, would rather die; most would certainly rather perish in some super-fiasco, than this. Is *this* what the land for heroes to live in

looks like, twenty years after? This is not to make 'full use of manpower'; this is the flagrant misuse and abuse of manpower.

A man must sometime wonder by whom the English people are most disliked, by the Germans or by their own rulers. Sometimes he must wonder if both alike do not equally regard the ordinary Englishman as the enemy. Sometimes, reading the Parliamentary debates and the newspapers, I have clutched at my scalp, to keep it on, and asked if some awful plot is afoot to degrade and abase the people until they have no remnant of self-esteem or self-respect left, until they feel that British-born men and women have no inherent dignity or human rights whatever.

For instance, during the debate on this same Conscription Bill, when the question of the conscript women came up, of whom young mothers were to be exempt from compulsion, whether they were married or unmarried, a woman Member of Parliament, Miss Rathbone, proposed that the unmarried mother should not be exempt, as this might prompt young women 'to invite seduction by some likely man'.

Pretty thought! Such unmarried young mothers, argued Miss Rathbone, ought not to be automatically exempt; if her amendment were accepted, they 'could be dealt with by the hardship tribunals'. I had a vivid mental picture of some girl, not all too certain of ever getting a husband, in these times; faced with the possibility, like many women of the 1914 generation, of old maidhood; and giving herself, perhaps, to a soldier of the Commandos, just off for foreign parts, whom she might never see again. Then I had another blinding glimpse of the chaste sequel - this girl before the hard-faced ladies of the hardship tribunal! 'Are you sure you didn't do this to evade service? Didn't you invite this seduction?' And so on and so on. Sometimes it is very difficult not to see enmity to the people of this country in the extraordinary things said by their representatives in Parliament. Miss Rathbone, I believe, sits for what is called a seat of learning. I do not like the things that are taught there.

But to revert to the 1914 heroes, whom I left doing 'static or sedentary duty', on the threshold of their old age. This was not the last or least indignity put upon them. Many of them served as officers in the 1914-1918 war, having won commissioned rank by merit or valour. When that war ended, they were told in writing that they would ever retain the highest rank they had held. This was but a spiritual salve, but men do not reckon everything in terms of money.

I was amazed - how difficult it is to lose the capacity for surprise - that no reference was made to them when Mr. Churchill told the House what was coming to the men of 41 to 51. One Member of Parliament, Major-General Sir Alfred Knox, did later raise the question of their status. He asked whether they would 'rejoin in their former rank'. The young Mr. Duncan Sandys, for the War Office, answered, 'No, Sir'. Sir Alfred Knox asked, 'Were not these officers told when they relinquished their commissions that they could retain their rank, and are they to be degraded now?' Mr. Duncan Sandys evaded this question, saying, 'A great deal has changed in the methods of warfare, training and weapons since then, and it does not necessarily follow that an officer who gave up his commission at the end of the last war is fitted, without further training, to step straight in as an officer in the present war.'

Sir Reginald Blair asked if Mr. Duncan Sandys was aware that officers who relinquished their commissions at the end of the last war were told that they would retain their rank, and received no answer.

Thus Mr. Duncan Sandys, who was too young for the war of 1914-1918, and who is otherwise employed in this one. I remember him as an engaging Secretary of Embassy in Berlin. I should



think this is the grossest indignity that could be devised, for the men who went out, full of faith, in 1914.

I know of no other country where the rule does not prevail that a man, if called up for military service, automatically regains the highest rank he ever held before. Mr. Duncan Sandys is Mr. Churchill's son-in-law. Mr. Churchill himself, when he withdrew from politics for a period during the last war, and went to France, went with the rank of Major, though much was different since the Boer War. Lord Simon, I remember, when he similarly paid a visit to Royal Flying Corps aerodromes in France, stepped straight into a Major's uniform, although to the best of my knowledge he lacked any experience of warfare. Mr. Walter Elliott, that former Minister of Agriculture who was so fervent an admirer of Mr. Chamberlain, has been seen in Whitehall in Colonel's uniform, into which he changed when he changed his office, although he is not known closely to have studied the science of arms since 1918. Popular playwrights have popped up in Major's uniform.

Such measures as these look like deliberate affronts, meant to wound and weaken the self-pride of men of goodwill.

Well, well. Shakespeare had a word for it. 'The wheel has come full circle' - for the officers and others of the last war.

'Back to the army again, Captain; back to the army again, Sergeant; back you go, all of you, quick, as privates; there's your officer, over there, Captain Silverspoon. Report for cookhouse fatigue in ten minutes.'

I hope the men of this war see what is coming to them, unless they begin to take interest in the affairs of their country, when they come back.

Any old heroes?

Any rags, bottles, or bones?

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## Chapter Five

### THE OLD LADY ROTATES

I watched the old lady from my window. It was of those windows which a man glances through before he fares further on his way. At my elbow the chubby little waitress clattered the plates. Perky and pleasant, with much plump leg to show, she was a daughter of our times, very different from Dickens's apple-cheeked and simple country maids. As she went away and passed behind the screen that hid the mysteries of the kitchen, I heard her say, 'Hullo, handsome', to the fresh-faced country lad, stiff in his evening clothes, who was the waiter, and he answered, 'Hullo, gorgeous'.

Oh, rot these films, said my ear, irritably; but my mind and my eye were with the old lady in the garden, for she was as much part of the times as the little waitress, who, strange to tell, from a surfeit of Pictures, was come to have an Argentine husband, who knew where, and was soon to disappear overnight somewhither, being bored with the quiet country town, and the little waiter, who presently would exchange his tail-coat and boiled shirt for khaki, or light blue, or dark blue.

There was a lawn, and I do not very much like lawns, where the grass is continually cropped 'like a convict's head; I like grass to be a little long. But it was a very old lawn; the peace of centuries lay in it. There were little rose bushes, now bare and shivering with the winter, and an old man clothing them in overcoats of straw till the spring should come again. A blackbird hopped about, his bright eyes, behind his grim beak, alertly seeking for worms. Behind, were tall old trees, and a squirrel sat upon a lofty branch and busily nibbled between his paws.

The old lady sat in her little green house on the lawn. She seemed always busy with something; she read or knitted or sewed. I saw her there before, several years earlier, and wondered how long she was there before that, how long she would stay there, whether perhaps she was there before the other war began and would still be there when this one ended. Her little wooden home, the kind of shed we call a summer-house, was mounted on a rotating base. You could push it round, so that the approaching or receding sun shone in it. From time to time, when the sun shone, the little room was eased round, with the old lady in it. 'In quest of the sun', I thought. Was that not the name of Alain Gerbault's book, who made a fantastic voyage round the world, alone, in a small sailing boat? Well, the sun could be sought in other ways, and this was one. If you did not care to go out and chase the sun, to try and track him to his lair, you could harness him to you, for as long as his visit lasted.

Sometimes I saw the plump waitress cross the lawn to the rotating green room, with things on a tray, sometimes the young waiter. Sometimes a neat and quiet and down-looking girl went and talked to her; of the order of companions, she, I thought. Sometimes another old lady painfully toiled to the little house and stayed awhile. The first old lady had company! When I took breakfast, I saw her there. If I glanced across before nightfall, there she was. Did she live, sleep, and have her being there? I wondered. Seemingly so.

As I watched, I thought how much England has come to be a country of the ageing and the aged. Not that they are old, such people, is the thing that arrests the onlooker's eye - I knew a Bulgarian politician who, at ninety years, had the figure and gait of a youth - but they *look* so old. Perhaps they are not even very old, sixty or so, possibly not even that, but they look so old. They dominated and deadened the scene in many places I knew. They have not enough to do. They need theatres, Opera, occupations, young people to look at; and for want of these they sink into a dreary, last-station-but-one dreamland of tea and mollycoddling, in which the magic words Two Lumps loom bigger than all others.

I could not remember seeing people quite like them anywhere else I have been. In wartime, with the young people fading from the scene, they held an incongruously large place in the picture of English life. At least, it seemed incongruous to my eyes, to see so many of them huddling, almost like misers, over the small balance of their accounts with life when, everywhere outside, the young were going to squander their legacies in one short fling.

A tray went across the lawn to the revolving wooden box. The blackbird flapped away and the squirrel painted a quick arc on the clouds as it leaped to another tree. Then all was still, and the beshawled old lady sat in her hut, seemingly busy with something, or was she just thinking, or perhaps not even that? No sun shone to-day, so the room was turned towards the house, where she could, if she raised her eyes, sometimes see someone at a window. The venerable garden was wintry quiet.

I finished my coffee, went through the house and into the street. The quiet broke into splinters and crashed around me, as I passed through the door. Bren Gun carriers, their noisy tracks clattering, thundered by. Canadian soldiers, smiling and brisk, drove them. At a side door the little waitress watched them, her eyes bright like the blackbird's. 'Eyes *left*', they roared, as they saw her, and waved and called to her, leaning out and looking back and waving as they went. She smiled after them.

I strolled down the old street, thinking of the old lady.

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## Chapter Six

### RUSSIAN RUBICON

The twinkling night, in which British aeroplanes bound with bombs for Germany hummed like bees in a dark hive, was cold and clear as crystal, and the wind snapped viciously across the platform at Yeoman's Mead; so that, as the dim rear lights of the train which left me there, to await another for Sleepy Vale, dwindled and vanished, I pulled my coat collar up and went to talk to Mrs. Toilsome, who has a gas-stove.

In peacetime, when the station was lit, Mrs. Toilsome's refreshment room was pleasant. Through its windows, you could see her busy at her counter, with the glass-covered buns and sandwiches about her, the tea urn steaming, and the bottles, upright and inverted, behind her. Now she was shut off from the platforms by thick felt curtains and black-out windows, and her refreshments were becoming rare and but faintly refreshing. If a sandwich lay beneath the big glass lid, its contents must be taken on trust; the bottles were few and more often empty than full; and the wares that Mrs. Toilsome sold most were a watery beer and sugarless tea.

Mrs. Toilsome lost her husband in the other German war, even before he could bequeath to her any living souvenir of himself, and now for many years presided over this little room, and thought herself lucky. Above its thin wooden roof, the Battle of Britain raged, by night and day, from the autumn of 1940 to the spring of 1941; while the trains rumbled in and out, and passengers came in to drink or eat, machine-guns and anti-aircraft guns and bombs made the glasses ring and the walls rattle, and the lone widow, with her friendly way and her careworn look, knew many tales of aery combats and earthward-streaking, flaming wrecks and swaying parachutes. She was a boon and a blessing to men cast upon the bleak platforms of Yeoman's Mead, on these black wartime nights, where there was nothing to do save ring up the telephone operator and say 'Thees ees Foonk spikking', and that soon palled.

She was alone when I came in. 'Good evening, Mrs. Toilsome', I said, warming my hands at her stove, 'nine o'clock of a starry night, and all's well.' I have long given up the effort to avoid the traditional English subject of conversation, the weather, but try at least to vary my openings.

'Good evening, sir', said Mrs. Toilsome, with her worried smile of welcome, 'it is *cold*, isn't it? But thank goodness, it's *dry*.' She drew my glass of mild and laid her comfortable bosom on her arms and her arms on the counter. I propped myself, on one elbow, against the opposite side of it, and we prepared for conversation. The little box on a shelf behind her announced, in the glad tones of some invertebrate thing shaking hands with a skeleton, that here was the news and this was Michael MockHearty reading it.

'I always like to listen to the news, if I can', said Mrs. Toilsome.

'I always listen, if I can', said I.

We were soon satisfied that Michael MockHearty could read, and were dumbly grateful to the untiring energy of the Worshipful Company of Broadcasters in discovering, and placing under contract, persons who have mastered this difficult accomplishment. It only shows, as the saying is. 'Our Russian Allies continue to advance on the Moscow front ...', read Michael, superbly.

'I don't know what we should have done without them Russians', said Mrs. Toilsome.

'Nor I, Mrs. Toilsome', I agreed, 'I really do not know.'

'Strikes me they know more about fighting the Germans than everybody else put together', said Mrs. Toilsome, removing her bosom for a moment to refill my glass, and then bringing it back to the counter, 'it'd have bin a long job, without them, and it'll be a long job even now. I don't know why we didn't have 'em on our side long ago. They was on our side in the last war and never did nothing to us. My 'usband used to say they *saved* us in the last war, in 1914.' Her worried eyes looked back into a harassed past and forward into a gloomy future of no-cigarettes, no-sandwiches, no-husband and blacked-out stations.

'You're right, Mrs. Toilsome', I said, 'we *should* have had them, long ago, and we wouldn't have this war. By the way, you have a vote, haven't you? You might have done something about it.'

'Oh, I don't understand anything about politics', she said, worriedly.

'You sounded, just now, as if you understood quite a deal', I said, 'if you acted and voted as you thought, you and many others, you could save yourselves a lot of trouble.'

'Um, I suppose so', she said, vaguely, and then, 'Have you ever *been* to Russia, sire'

'Yes, I have, Mrs. Toilsome', I said, 'and I can tell you one or two interesting things. I believe one man there, Stalin, hoodwinked other countries, and the representatives in Moscow of those other countries, including Germany, by showing them his older tanks and aeroplanes, when he held a great parade, while he had much better ones in reserve. And I believe he hoodwinked them again, in a way that's never been done before; I believe he had great secret factories, far, far behind any line the Germans could ever reach, ready to make masses of tanks and guns and aeroplanes, when he wanted them, and he contrived to keep the world almost in ignorance of those factories, which is a most difficult thing.'

'Ooh', said Mrs. Toilsome, 'that sounds *wonderful*. I wish we had somebody with ideas like that.'

We fell silent for a space, Mrs. Toilsome and I, and contemplated Russia, each from our opposite sides of the counter. What an amazing thing it was, I thought, what a stupendous melodrama. First, Hitler's attack, launched on the very day that Napoleon chose, June 22nd, Napoleon, to whose tomb, a year earlier, Hitler paid his stagy visit. Did the man hope to show that he could succeed where Napoleon failed? Then the seemingly irresistible advance, the thousands of miles of conquered territory, the millions of Russian prisoners. But was it, in truth, an irresistible onrush, or did the Russians draw him on until he was where they wanted him - at the gates of Moscow, within fingertouch of triumph, as the snows began to fall? Then, the check. Then, the Russian recovery and counterblow, surely one of the most amazing transformation-scenes in the records of war. Then, the German retreat.

An uplifting spectacle. But several things about it perplexed me almost to frenzy. I found it very strange that Hitler had not attacked us after Dunkirk, when he had at least an even chance of defeating us finally. And now, what was this I heard, about the retreating German soldiers in Russia? Their overcoats were 'thinner and lighter than the service overcoat worn by the British troops,; 'their tunics, too, were thin and of poor material'; 'they had no gloves and only thin cardigans, and kept trying to pull the sleeves down over their frozen fingers'; 'this clothing was typical of that issued to the German Army on the Russian front'!

Now, I know the German Army and the German generals, and this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. They are not the men to send armies into a Russian winter without suitable clothing.

True, Napoleon did that ('The winter, Sire, is a big difficulty ... the poor clothing for your soldiers ... Every man must have a sheepskin, stout fur-lined gloves, a cap with earflaps, warm boot-socks, heavy boots to prevent frostbite; you lack all this', Caulaincourt had vainly said to him). But that was only one reason more why the German generals should not do it. They never forgot a button or a bootlace. Many English people must have seen specimens of the flying-suits their airmen wear, or the pictures of the floating buoys, equipped with everything that human ingenuity could devise, which they moored in the Channel for airwrecked pilots and gunners. And the men who made such preparations as these, suddenly forgot to supply winter clothing to the German armies they sent into Russia! There is something here which passes reasonable understanding. Sometimes it seems that all the peoples alike are in the power of madmen or traitors, who secretly desire their destruction. Well, if any treachery worked here, it was to our good, this time.

So Mrs. Toilsome and I, listening to Michael MockHearty, were musing upon Russia, when we heard him announce that one Anthony Eden, just back from Russia, was about to speak.

'Oh, Mr. Eden', said Mrs. Toilsome, with quicker interest, 'he's a nice young man.'

'Thank you for that kind word, young, Mrs. Toilsome', I said, 'he's certainly a good man, and that's as well, for barring accidents he is England's next Prime Minister, or next but one or two. To him, or possibly Sir Cripps, it may fall to win or lose the peace.'

'Not Mr. Churchill?' asked Mrs. Toilsome.

'No', I said, 'not Mr. Churchill. The piece of elastic, life, cannot be stretched as far as that. He is already nearly sixty-eight, and the peace will be lost or won, as you have already once seen, Mrs. Toilsome, five, or ten, or fifteen, or twenty years after the war has been won. That we shall win the war, insofar as we won the last one, should now be sure, unless we are betrayed, and Mr. Churchill, if he is spared, will win it. But he is so engrossed in winning it, and that truly is a whole-time job, that he has forgotten to remove the causes of it, which would certainly cause another. He should spare a moment to glance across the floor of the Commons at the white hairs of Mr. Lloyd George, and he would then be reminded how hollow a sham "Victory" can be, for Mr. Lloyd George won just as famous a one, twenty-five years ago, and where is it now? I wish Mr. Churchill, when the plaudits of the crowd ring in his ears, would think of the cheering that filled England on November 11th, 1918. You remember, Mrs. Toilsome? Then he would be reminded that "Victory" is an egg that quickly addles, unless you eat it.'

'Oh, I 'ope we're not going to start all over again, after this war', said Mrs. Toilsome. 'Do you think Mr. Eden could win the peace for us?'

'Strictly between you, me and this glass cupola, pining for its sandwiches, Mrs. Toilsome', I said, 'it all depends on *you*, to borrow the phrase we bear so often *in wartime*, for you have a vote, as I told you before, and if you are not interested enough in your own future and your country's future to read a little and think a little and busy round a little and keep your politicians looking over their shoulder at you, who now treat you with the most arrogant disdain, I don't see why you should hope for peace or anything else. But, that being said, I think our trusty and well-beloved Eden could win the peace for us, if he were allowed. For one thing, he should have years enough before him to do it. For another, he knows how to do it. But is he strong enough to pit himself against men who may not want him to do it?'

'Well, he resigned when that Mr. Chamberlain was leading us up the garden path', said Mrs. Toilsome.

'Yes, and stood himself silently in a corner thereafter until the Party whistled him back', I said. 'Seldom did so gallant and resounding a resignation, and I think it was the most shining deed of those twenty-one misbegotten and poltroonly years, dwindle into so small an echo. He might then, by campaigning the country, have reinvigorated it and his Party; he might even have been able to avert this war, for there still was time. Even he seems to labour under that awful fear of The Party which besets our politicians and shrivels the marrow in their bones. But his chance will come again, to-morrow, and he is of the few who deserve it.'

'Well, he was *right* anyway', said Mrs. Toilsome.

'He was, and I don't think he ever misled you, unless it was about Spain', I said. 'Let's listen to him now.'

So we listened, and the magic box transported Mrs. Toilsome and me from the refreshment room at Yeoman's Mead to Arctic Russia and Moscow.

'It is not the first time I have made the journey to Russia; nearly seven years ago I was in Moscow....'

I thought back. Yes, March of 1935, and this was January of 1942. In memory, I saw Eden arriving at Moscow Station, where the Soviet flags and Union Jacks were intertwined [Editor: intertwined?], and myself, with the other British newspapermen, in the background. At that moment, we came nearer to saying the peace than at any other. Eden knew, and all we others knew, that it could only be saved by an alliance, against any aggression, between Britain and Russia. So much, indeed, was agreed - in Moscow. But, in England, the wreckers set to work. The project was scouted and derided, discredited, shelved, so that war became certain, while Mr. Chamberlain promised peace in our time. Even after the invasion of Prague, which left only this one last hope of averting war, and five short months in which to do it, it was postponed, sidetracked, evaded by every possible device.

I remembered that, during Eden's first visit to Moscow, I was able to gain some information of what Stalin said to him, and reported this home, so that it was published in London. Among this was the following exchange of views: Stalin asked Eden if he thought the danger of war (in 1935) greater or less than in 1914, and Eden answered, less; whereon Stalin rejoined that he held the danger to be greater, because 'in 1914 there was only one nation, Germany, whose expansionist ambitions held the danger of war, while in 1935 there are two - Germany and Japan!'

Could you wish for a more exact diagnosis, a more accurate forecast? If you look back, from the vantage-point of 1942, upon these words of 1935, you may see how wantonly the people of this country were deluded and the peace thrown away. For in this country, the leaders did not talk so. They spoke of 'Japan's experiment in China', and of 'Germany's great social experiment'. And the men who did this are still in power and office. They are the danger to the next peace, and to any man, Eden or another, who may set out to win it.

Since Caesar decided to cross a certain small river and attack Pompey, we have spoken of 'crossing the Rubicon', when we mean to take a decisive or irrevocable step. Between 1933 and 1939 we could have ensured peace by one decisive move. The alliance with Russia was our Rubicon, which our leaders would not cross. Now, as I listened to Eden, paying his second visit to Stalin, I thought how strange it was that of all men Hitler, our mortal enemy, should have forced us into that alliance, whether we would or not. The attack on Russia was *his* Rubicon, his irrevocable step. When he began it, he put the clock back to 1935. Save for those already killed and still to die, for the things we have suffered and yet have to endure, we are back where we were; we need never have been where we are. Hitler did for us what our own rulers would not do!

I listened to Eden's last words:

'We must work together with the Soviet Union to win the war and to win the peace. With the experience of our Moscow talks fresh in my mind, I am convinced that we can do both.'

'Well, you're right', I thought, 'as you were right in 1935, but Jehovah help us if the Gang get hold of you.'

There was a rumbling outside. 'There's your train, sir', said Mrs. Toilsome.

'So it is, Mrs. Toilsome', said I, 'good-night. That was a pleasant trip we had, to Russia.'

'Good-night, sir', called Mrs. Toilsome, with her friendly, rather worried smile.

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## Chapter Seven

### MESSENGER FROM MARS

If the countries of this planet were named after the Roman Gods, Germany would be Mars, and from that martial land a messenger, one Rudolf Hess, arrived in this island on the night of Saturday, May the 10th, 1941.

He was a brave man. His comrades each night dropped innumerable bombs on the island, killing some fifty thousand of its children, women and men. After his arrival, this bombing suddenly ceased; but when he came he would presumably have expected to be shot down, by gunners on the earth, or by the islanders' airmen, if he were seen. Indeed, he flew low enough for the vigilant Observer Corps of these islanders to detect him, to identify the machine he flew, of the kind called Messerschmitt 110, and to report its course. This should have ensured his pursuit, and in fact, the Air Minister, questioned a little later about this point stated in Parliament that a Defiant night-fighter was in hot pursuit of this unarmed Martian when he left his craft by parachute.

But the messenger would still not have been safe, even after surviving these dangers. For other Germans landed on this island during the war, either from aeroplanes or submarines, and all who were caught were executed as spies. They were not shot, but suffered the last ignominy, of death by hanging, which is the penalty of that calling, though I think in the last war their like were shot.

However, these were hanged. They were soldiers, but as spies wore civilian clothing. The man Hess, too, was a civilian, but was said to have worn soldier's dress. Did this prewise him that he would be immune, that, like the ringleaders always in these great wars, he would go safe where his men were hanged? Is life so easily assured, by 'international law'?

But did he even 'wear uniform'? The Scottish ploughman, near whose home he landed, said according to the *News Chronicle* of May 13th, that he saw an airman coming down by parachute and, approaching, found 'a man wearing the uniform of a German officer'. But according to *The Times* of twenty-four hours later, of May 14th, the same ploughman, one David McLean, said the visitor wore 'a very magnificent flying-suit'.

All airmen wear 'flying-suits', and these are not the uniforms of German officers. Though all Nazi leaders habitually wear uniforms, these are National Socialist Party uniforms, not military uniforms. Hotel porters wear uniforms. I believe Hess is not a German officer and has never worn German military officer's uniform. He is a civilian, and a far deadlier enemy of this country, as I *know*, and do not surmise, than any of those lesser ones, who, when they were caught, were hanged.

If, then, he was not certain in advance of the immunity he found, he was a brave man. He flew by night from Augsburg, in South Germany, to the environs of Glasgow, several hundred miles, and made an almost perfect landfall, to use the apt word. He flew with a little blue-pencilled ring on his map around Dungavel, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, near Strathaven in Lanarkshire, and when he upturned his aeroplane, and fell out at the end of his parachute, he touched earth, breaking his ankle thereby, near that place, which was his destination. In this great feat of navigation skill and courage were wedded. A British flying officer said, 'You can't help admiring the technical skill of a bloke, flying from Augsburg to Glasgow or thereabouts single-handed and getting to within thirty miles of it and then baling out'.

The messenger from Mars was come. Within the small limits of importance which enclose even the greatest events on this little planet, the event deserved the most resounding adjectives that the

dictionary can afford. It was supremely dramatic and superbly astonishing. The world gasped for breath. For a brief space, a sibilant hissing arose from it, as everyman and everywoman took the name of Hess between their lips. The peoples of the earth waited on the tiptoe of expectation to hear the explanation, to hear Hess's own voice denouncing his master Hitler, to hear that the heavens were about to fall. As nine days passed, and no tidings came, their wonder languished and died. They were to be told nothing. Seldom was such an anti-climax. The silences of Colonel Blimp ('I regret that it is not in the public interest for any information to be given about this matter') led Britain into this war. Now his most sinister silence intervened.

Would the news of the Martian's very arrival have been made known? Even of that, we cannot be sure, for the first announcement of it, on May 12th, the second day following his landing, was only made *after* the Germans themselves reported his 'disappearance'. By May 13th Mr. Churchill, in Parliament, stated that 'obviously a further statement' (than the bare news of his coming) 'will be made in the near future', and 'after an examination has been made, I will make a further statement'; on May 15th he said he would take the first opportunity to give the country authentic news, 'but in selecting the opportunity, I must have regard to the public interest'; on May 20th, 'I am not yet in a position to make a statement on this subject and I am not at all sure when I shall be' and 'Hess is being detained as a prisoner of war and will receive appropriate treatment'; On May 27th Mr. Churchill amplified this, for, being asked why Hess should be treated as a prisoner of war, since he held no rank or status in the German Army, he said this was 'the most convenient and appropriate classification at the present time'; and, on June 10th, 'I have no statement to make about this person; I do not know when I shall make a statement; if at any time the Government think a statement is necessary, or that it would be advantageous, it will be made'.

On November 10th, 1941, six months after the event, Mr. Attlee, in Mr. Churchill's behalf, still refused information. By this time the British people were somewhat isolated in their ignorance about the affair. The United States Government was kept informed (stated Mr. Churchill), and much information filtered into the American Press. The captive Czechs were adequately and competently enlightened by a broadcast from Dr. Benesh. The Soviet Government was acquainted with the facts, and Russia's millions were told by Stalin that 'the reason why Hess was sent to England was to try and persuade the British politicians to join the coalition against the Soviet Union'.

The British people, who on July 3rd were told by Sir John Anderson, inevitably, that 'The Government believe our people will fight all the better, endure all the better, if they are told the facts, good or bad, as fully and as quickly as possible', received in all this time one single, solitary scrap of information: Mr. Churchill's passing allusion on November 12th, when he said, 'In the various remarks which the Deputy-Fuehrer, Herr Hess, has let fall from time to time during his sojourn in our midst, nothing has been more clear than that Hitler relied upon the starvation attack more than upon invasion to bring us to our knees'.

In the House of Commons, where stamina in such matters is of the faintest, some members began to evince that masochistic delight in the withholding of information which is a strange and pernicious symptom of this professedly democratic body. Colonel Acland-Troyte, in June, asked plaintively, 'Is not too much fuss being made about this wretched fellow? Should he not be left alone?' A Labour Member, Mr. Lawson of Chester-le-Street, reaped loud cheers when he said, 'The average person in Great Britain doesn't give a cuss as to why Hess came here', and the affable Mr. Attlee, now ensconced on the Government Bench, gratefully smiled as he answered, 'I think you are perfectly right'. Seldom were cheaper cheers more irresponsibly earned. Parliament was just pleased, once again, to think that its constituents would accept another flagrant affront without protest.

If the average person in Great Britain, as Mr. Lawson said, does not give a cuss why the messenger from Mars came here, the future prospect for this country is very dark. For things do not cease to be important because they happened yesterday, or last week. Sometimes their importance grows, as the months pass, and their results only come to fruit long after.

Hongkong, for instance, surrendering to the Japanese on Christmas Day of 1941, reaped the last fruits of Sir John Simon's deference to the great Japanese experiment at Geneva in 1931. The seeds of future disasters may be sowing now. Surely our ordeals of the past twenty years should have taught that the coin, Victory, is a worthless counterfeit unless you test it, ring it, bite it and invest it; that unless you do this, you have thrown away the stake you spent to win it, and must play again.

Hess's landing in this country is probably the most important event in this war to date. It is the shadow of things to come, after victory. The men who hold real power in Germany - Hess may not be *their* agent, but he is a vital piece in the understanding of the game - already look beyond this war. For them, war is the pursuit of policy by other means. When war fails, they pursue policy by still other means, until they can revert to war. The bland face towards the outer world; the mobilization of compassion; secret rearmament and implacable secret aims; these are their methods.

Mr. Churchill's successive statements, if studied in order, show that, with all his countrypeople, he relished the news of Hess's arrival with great gusto; and that, as they expected, he then thought he soon would tell the full tale of it, to the delight of his country and the discomfiture of the enemy, who at first floundered about in panic and sought in advance to discredit anything he might say by shouting that Hess was mad. Then, as the days passed, some unguessable misgivings patently grew in Mr. Churchill's mind until he decided to say nothing. While that was happening, the tone in Germany changed from one of panic-stricken alarm to another, of sardonic irony, mockery and even veiled threats ('Famous captives can work both ways; remember the Trojan Horse', said a Berlin broadcaster).

What happened, then? We have been told nothing. That sinister anonymous, ownerless dead hand, that mysterious power behind the scenes which deals so scurvily and so contemptuously with the British people, seemingly intervened again.

Who was to be shielded, by this hush-hush? Whose interests was it to serve? The 'public interest', the British people's interest? If that answer is justified by the facts of this episode, whenever they come to be known, then I am a trapeze artist.

The British people never gets what it expects, is told to expect, and has a right to expect. It fights a war for lasting peace, and gets another war. It fights for democracy, and finds itself moving ever further away from democracy. It elects a Government to save the gold standard, whatever that may be, and the gold standard promptly vanishes. It elects another to strangle aggression and save Abyssinia; Abyssinia immediately dies and aggression thrives. It cheers Munich, because it is told that this will mean peace in our time, and is called up soon after for a new war.

But because such matters as that of the messenger from Mars are more important to-day than they were yesterday, and may be more important to-morrow than to-day, I propose to range the few facts we have and review them, in the light of my own knowledge of Germany.

First, it is untrue that the average British citizen, as Mr. Lawson said, did not give a cuss why Hess came to this country. The most intense curiosity and anxiety reigned, at the beginning, and ever since I have been asked about it, wherever I go, in questions that display deep suspicion and distrust. But the British people, when they found that their rightful thirst for knowledge was to go

unslaked, fell back, as they always fall, into the weary, cynical apathy bred in them by the last twenty-five years. 'Another swindle', was their average thought.

The amazing thing is the deadsure instinct, in such things, of that Honest John who seems so unable to assert or exert himself. When the messenger from Mars arrived, Parliament and the Press joined in one glad shout that Hess had run away. Not one of a dozen men-in-the-street believed this. Nearly all of them smelt something fishy, and a newspaper boy from the nearest corner, given the necessary keys, would soon have located the smell. Newspapers, which could have called on the views of informed and experienced men, foisted this nonsense upon their readers; and these readers relapsed into torpor after faint initial protests.

One Beverley Baxter, M.P., a political writer whose words reach some millions of readers, who a few weeks before the great German attack in the West had told these readers 'the Blitzkrieg threatens to become a comic epitaph' and 'it is extremely unlikely that Germany will attack France', wrote that Hess was 'the gangster who ran away, the stooge that turned informer, the rat that ratted'. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., thought much the most probable conclusion was that Hess was high on the black list of Himmler's Secret Police and thought it best to get out of Germany. I do not think any experienced Berlin Correspondent of *The Times*, and I speak as one, would have written, 'Hitler's right-hand-man disillusioned ... What is quite certain is that he did not come on any mission from the German Government ... he had become more and more disgusted by the trickery and shamelessness of Hitler's entourage ... he is believed to have been horrified by the bloodshed he saw around him ... without doubt he comes here completely disillusioned'. 'It is definitely established that Hess is not Hitler's emissary', said the *News Chronicle*, 'he is a deserter.' Mr. Ward Price, in the *Daily Mail*, thought a bad man had seen the light.

A torrent of similarly misleading statements swept over the British people. They came from sources whence accurate information should come; they read like schoolboys' essays, to those who know Hess and Germany. Compare them with Stalin's statement - which was implicitly, though reluctantly, confirmed in London when Whitehall was asked about it.

The British may be apathetic, but they are not stupid. Of hundreds of letters received by the *News Chronicle*, immediately after Hess's arrival, half expressed the anxious conviction that this was a German trick of some kind - as it was and is. One or two writers, wearied to madness by the things they read, said they expected Hess to be made a member of the M.C.C., and Hitler and Göring, if they should follow after, to be invited to Buckingham Palace. If such statements should appear strange to any, they should recall that the black villainy and murderous wickedness of all the Nazi leaders was dinned into these people's ears day and night for two years, and now they saw one of the foremost of these being treated, if anything, as an honoured guest.

The readers of *The Times* were shrewder than its writers; for it had to publish three letters, as being 'typical of a large number' which it received, and these said things which were true, for instance:

History tells many tales of the devoted servant of the besieging leader who gets himself made prisoner in order to betray the beleaguered city from within; From the tone of smug complacency in which the B.B.C. announcer gave the news, he must have thought it would bring infinite satisfaction to the suffering victims of the bloody savagery of the enemy, of which Rudolf Hess is one of the most guilty, to know that Hess is 'very comfortable' - shall we next have our day made sweeter by being assured that, in spite of the treachery of his friend, Hitler passed a good night?

and,

Hess is not a film star, as some of the publicity accorded to him might suggest, but a man who has been deeply involved in the crimes and machinations of the Nazis. He should be regarded with extreme suspicion and distaste. If he had escaped from Germany to save his own skin, he would have concealed his identity, for the sake of his Wife and child, and if he came as an open rebel against Nazism, he would hardly have left this wife and child to German vengeance. Pending further disclosures it is surely to be assumed that he is a tool of Hitler, who, like most Germans, is profoundly convinced of the 'gentlemanly folly' of the British.

This last sentence is an exact description of the situation. Its writer, however, must still await the 'further disclosures' he hoped for. The British people are not held worthy of such. I often wonder why British newspaper readers do not keep cuttings books in which to paste the information given by their respective newspapers about current events. If they would do this, and refer back from time to time, and communicate the result of this comparison to these newspapers, we might have a scrupulous and informative Press.

The brief extracts I have given show that the British people were not deceived, and that they detested the affable welcome given, when he came, to one of the men most guilty of the war, of the bombing of their homes, and the killing of their neighbours. A lurid picture of the black-guardly character of these men was given them in every edition of the newspapers and in every radio news bulletin, to keep their enthusiasm for the war at boiling-point. (Even as I write these lines, my ears are being tortured by an appalling description of Nazi atrocities in Russia; am I to hear in the next news that Ribbentrop has been received with tea-and-biscuits somewhere?) One of these 'wicked men', one of this 'grisly gang', whose crimes were to be so remorselessly punished, was in our hands, and lo, he was 'an idealist', said *The Times*; 'honest and sincere', declared Sir Neville Henderson, whose mission to Berlin had so unhappily failed; nobody could doubt the sincerity of this man with the deepset blue eyes and dark, curly hair, wrote Mr. Vernon Bartlett. Mr. Harold Nicolson, of the Ministry of Information, who was later to lament that the British people felt this to be a Governmental and not their own war, shuddered when the suggestion was made that photographs should be made of Hess and said such ignominy could not be put on 'this fundamentally decent man'. Hess was received with the traditional cup-of-tea, and when he reached hospital the Press Association reported that he was 'in excellent spirits, quite happy, and apparently enjoying the light diet of chicken, fish and eggs', which the disdained native islanders could not obtain. He was likely in a few days to be 'sufficiently rested' to travel further, and meanwhile his room was, 'of course, unostentatiously' under military guard. Unlike other prisoners, he was allowed to listen to the radio.

This was all the British people ever learned about Hess, save that his guard was later stated to consist of six officers, and in November Parliament was told that his allowance of meat, sugar, bacon and jam was about double that allowed to the natives of the country. Oh, yes, there was one other scrap of information. An enterprising newspaper, determined that its readers should know everything of importance, discovered and reported that his toenails were polished.

True, Lord Simon, who adorns the top of our proud judicial tree, said:

Hess is a Nazi gangster, who has been working enthusiastically up to the last moment with his brother-gangsters, with whom he now seems to have fallen out ... But he remains responsible, with them, for all the brutalities and barbarities that have been inflicted, with his consent and approval, upon thousands and thousands of defenceless and innocent people under the Nazi regime ... For all this, these gangsters will be held to account, including Mr. Hess. The British people are not going to forget that, and the British Government are not going to forget it either.

I recommend any who think of their futures to paste that cutting in a book, and to refer to it in a few years time. I believe Mr. Churchill, on the day when Germany attacked Russia, stated the resolve of the British Government to seize, on the day of victory, all 'Quislings' and Nazi leaders, and bring them before Allied tribunals to answer for their crimes. The too-tender treatment of Hess, and the sheltering arm still outstretched before people in this country who have often professed high regard for the criminals, invest such declarations with a tinge of unreality long before the day comes for them to be tested.

The only scrap of real enlightenment the British people received came from the head of the Soviet State, Stalin! Nevertheless, there were two men in this country stout enough to pull aside a tiny corner of the curtain, which powerful hands had drawn, and let the British people see just a glimpse of the truth. I say, the truth, because we now have Stalin's word for it, confirmed in London, that this was the truth, or part of it; before that, I guessed it, and any man who knows Germany well, and has a notion of political cross-currents in this country, must have guessed it. One of these men was a Minister, rare in that galley in that he had not been to Eton - Ernest Bevin. He said, six days after the arrival of the messenger from Mars:

From my point of view Herr Hess is a murderer. He is no man I would ever negotiate with and *I do not change, even for diplomatic reasons ... I do not believe that Hitler did not know Hess was coming to England.* For a good many years I have had to deal with these totalitarian gentlemen and Communists, and I have seen this kind of stunt over and over again ... I am not going to be deceived by any of them.

I have italicized the important, and obviously allusory, words.

The other man was Sir Patrick Dollan, Lord Provost of Glasgow, to which city Hess was taken, to hospital, after his landing. Sir Patrick said:

*Hess came here an unrepentant Nazi. He believed he could remain in Scotland for two days, discuss his peace proposals with a certain group, and be given petrol and maps to return to Germany.* I am in a position to tell you the truth, because it will help to show you what fights we have to make to break the power of this Nazi gang. *Hess came here still a loyal supporter, still a devoted member of the gang that plotted war against Poland and other countries. He came in the belief that he could return to Germany and tell them of the result of his conversations.*

Sir Patrick Dollan's statements were never denied. In my belief, they cannot be denied. When they were mentioned in Parliament, the Government put up that postmaster in the use of the affirmative, the negative and the evasive of whom I have previously written, Mr. R. A. Butler; I believe this was his last appearance in the place from which he had spent so many words in withholding information on all subjects and hope he has not taken this conception of public duty with him to the post to which he has now been transported, for that has to do with the education of the people, and I do not see how they shall ever know more by being told less. A great work in public education could he done from the Government Bench in Parliament, far greater than Mr. Butler will be able to do at the Board of Education, but not by the dissembling of truth 'in the public interest'. Mr. Butler, stating among other dubious things that the 'Cliveden Set' was as dead as the Holy Roman Empire, said of Sir Patrick Dollan's statement that it was 'not authorized', that it was 'made upon his own authority', and 'from his own surmise'. 'Was it *true*?' asked a Member. A question like this, three monosyllables answerable by 'Yes' or 'No', is abhorred by, though it does not disturb, the Government Bench. 'It was made on his own authority,' replied Mr. Butler. Mr. Butler's last appearance as spokesman, though not informant, for Foreign Affairs consolingly closed with the

statement that his inability ever to divulge any information, during his appearances there, was a source of sorrow to him. It is a source of more than sorrow, of actual woe and suffering, to the British people.

The Ministry of Information, I should add, through speakers who at this time addressed meetings in Glasgow in its name *criticized* Sir Patrick's statement,<sup>[16]</sup> but did not *deny* it. After these criticisms were uttered (one speaker, for instance, said the Lord Provost 'would be wise not to make any startling revelations') Sir Patrick reaffirmed his statement, saying 'These gentlemen are not in a position to know what happened and should refrain from discussing matters that are outside their knowledge.' Incidentally, on the selfsame day the then Minister of Information, Mr. Duff Cooper, told Parliament that his Ministry was paying £3,500,000 in salaries to its staff, so that if any should wish to know the price of no-information, he now knows it, and may murmur, Lord God we ha' paid in full.

Sir Patrick Dollan's statement is truth, clear in its every word to a man who knows Hitler, Hess, Germany and the Nazi mind, and since borne out by the statements of other countries. It is the explanation that immediately leaped to my mind when my ear heard the first tidings of Hess's arrival, in the radio, and I will wager that it will be confirmed if and when the facts are made known. But it is very ominous, for it means that this Hess, now so comfortably housed and carefully tended, still wishes in his heart what he always wished - the triumph of Germany and the vanquishment of this country.

The Nazi leopard cannot change its spots. If he can, in captivity, do anything to further that end, he will. For all I know, Hitler may have other men out in the longfield, still working for him. Where, for instance, is 'Putzi' Hanfstaengl, once nearly as intimate with him as Hess, who went abroad some years before the war began and whom I last saw, not long before that time, walking placidly along Piccadilly? What is his inner state of mind? Where is Thyssen, the rich Ruhr magnate, who also went abroad, and wrote a book, stating that his money helped to bring Hitler to power but that his heart had changed?

There was one other curious incident. When Hess came, the National Savings Committee gladly announced that his aeroplane would be shown to the curious in London, to help raise funds for War Weapons Week. Even that arrangement was revoked. A little later another announcement said that it would not be shown, as 'circumstances have made this impracticable'. Is the reason to be found in the disclosure, made many months later by an American aircraft engineer, Donald Dunning, on his return to the United States from this country, that he examined Hess's plane and found American products in it: the tyres bore the imprint of an American firm, a well-known brand of American aviation oil was specified above the intake valve, and the fuel tank was marked '100 Octane', an American designation. Strange things happen in war, in all these wars, do they not? (But in June 1942 Hess's aeroplane, which the British people might not see, was to be displayed at a 'United Nations War Exposition' in Chicago!)

This was all the British people were told about one of the most important events of the last nine years. In these pages I have strung together all the few scraps, some cancelling each other out, that were given them. With the case of long practice, their interest was diverted and stifled, and the affair was transported to behind-the-scenes, where, in the view of the aloof ones who manage these matters in lofty non-accountability, such things belong.

Two other things might be said about the messenger from Mars. The first is that his arrival was not used to deliver a propaganda punch to Germany! An American writer said that his coming was 'worth two army corps to Britain'. It could have been, if it had been used to play on the German vital nerve - fear of inner disruption and defeat. Nothing was done. As Commander King-Hall said:

From the propaganda point of view, Hess was a great big unexploded bomb sitting in every German brain. But we defuzed him and made him into a dud. He is no longer news here or in Germany. It is lamentable.

Thus may wars be prolonged! The second, and very strange thing, is that after the messenger from Mars landed, the German bombing of this country almost ceased, and the British bombing of Germany was much relaxed. On the very night he landed, his friends were wreaking their worst destruction; on that night, they hit, for instance, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, and I well remember the inferno that was London that night. Since then - next to nothing. Speaking of those very nights of death and destruction, April the 16th and May the 10th, the Minister for Aircraft Production, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, two months after Hess's coming said, 'I can assure you it will not be many months before raids like those on London will be child's play compared with the raids we will be able to make on Berlin'. He said that in July of 1941. I write in January of 1942. It has not happened, yet. We have of late been raiding Germany much less often than a year ago. Perhaps his words will yet come true. I ardently hope so. If they do not, the war will be prolonged, again.

That is the end of the story of Hess, as it has been told to us. In other words, this is the beginning of the story of Hess, because what we have been told is almost nothing and contradictory enough to make a straight-eyed man squint.

I know Hess. I have met and talked to him, watched and studied him. The German radio, in the first confusion, before the steadying hand was applied by those who knew why he had gone, said he was mad. He is sane; but if he had a mad spot, a streak of insanity, it would be his desire for Germany's domination of the world. He is as fanatical as a Dervish about that, and about his personal devotion to Hitler. He is, of all the Nazi leaders, the most devoted to Hitler, and the staunchest. He would readily die for Hitler.

I remember the blazing fanaticism I saw in his eyes when he spoke to justify to the Brownshirts Hitler's purge of June 30th, 1934, when some 1100 Brownshirt leaders were shot, 'It was the custom of the Romans to quell mutiny by decimation in the ranks', he cried, 'and we must adopt this stern law, for the sake of the Fatherland. Heil Hitler!' I remember that glitter again, when he spoke about some imaginary French attack that might be made on Germany. 'Let these gentlemen beware', he shouted, 'they will find no pleasant Saturday afternoon stroll in Germany. Every man, woman and child in this country will claw themselves into the earth and contest every inch of German soil, inch by inch', and as he uttered these last words his teeth bared in a snarl which was actually animal.

After the invasion of Austria, just before the contemplated first invasion of Prague, that is, just before Munich, he told the Germans, 'What the Führer does is right, whatever he does is necessary and whatever he does is successful ... thus manifestly the Führer has the divine blessing'.

This is his faith, which has not changed since he was a youth. His flight was, he thought, his greatest blow for Hitler and Germany. The messenger from Mars was Hitler's messenger, no other man's. This man did not run away. That has been done before, in history. Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, fled to England in 1810, and though he was a ringleader of that other 'grisly gang', he was received with much honour in England, made the guest of a peer, and given a house of his own. How little the game changes, as the centuries pass!

Lucien Bonaparte, however, really was disillusioned, and a rebel. Hess is not. He is here to serve Hitler and Germany; if Hitler should go, he will still serve Germany in any way he can. This type of man is not new to history, either. The classics know the professed traitor, who smuggles himself



into the enemy's camp in order to betray it to his master. He belongs to the bravest of the brave; but the garrison belong to the stupidest of the stupid, if they are duped by him. Hess risked his life, cast away his liberty, and broke an ankle. Zopyrus, of whom Herodotus tells, cut off his nose and ears, to enable Cyrus to take Babylon. Sinon, according to Virgil, played a similar trick at Troy. Tarquin had himself flogged to gain the confidence of Gabii, says Ovid.

In 1921 this Rudolf Hess wrote a prize essay at the University of Munich on the theme, 'What must be the qualities of the man who will restore Germany's greatness?' His association with Hitler, which reminds me of a medium's subjection to a hypnotist, so strangely deep and complete is it, began even before that. He wrote, among other things:

The man who means to restore Germany to greatness must not hesitate if necessary, to spill blood. To attain this end he will even walk over the bodies of his closest friends. *He must also be prepared for the sake of his great cause to appear a traitor to the nation.*

'Walk over the bodies of his closest friends!' Hitler has done that, and with what glaring fanaticism Hess praised him: I saw it. 'Appear a traitor to the nation, for the sake of his great cause!' Hess has done that, and Hitler prompted him.

Thus was born the project of the flight to Britain. I want to explain the motives. I will wager that I am right about them, when the truth becomes known.

The story begins some time in 1940, at the moment when Hitler and Hess began to think that Britain could not be invaded. Hess's coming, indeed, may explain why the invasion was not attempted.

After Dunkirk, a greater danger than invasion, because it is a subtler danger, confronted us; that Germany would switch the war into one against Russia, hoping that the powerful body of opinion in Britain which, before the war and after, hoped for that development, would prove gullible or treacherous enough to conclude peace at this price and powerful enough to impose its will upon the British people. This danger I foresaw before the war began, and after it broke out, and mentioned in several books; and this is the card that Hitler played, through Hess. We now have Stalin's word for it, and that gives us the clue to Mr. Churchill's statement, on the day Germany attacked Russia, that he warned Stalin of what impended, and to Mr. Eden's later repetition of this statement. Hess disclosed the coming attack.

This mission of Hess was not an ace of trumps, but it was the king, and some doubt existed whether the ace was still out. The distrust in which the rulers of Russia hold this country has to be felt at close quarters to be understood; it dates from olden days of the Czars. It was not less in 1941, but rather greater, for Mr. Churchill in 1919, though he inherited from another the obligation to send British troops against the Bolsheviks, executed that task with enthusiasm and eloquence, and the British Commander of that time, at his ennoblement after the outbreak of the present war, went far out of his way, or at any rate much too far into his own past, to select the title, Baron Ironside of *Archangel*, the port where he landed with that unhappy expedition! On top of that, the whole foreign policy of Messrs. Chamberlain, Halifax, Simon and Hoare appeared, beyond any doubt of which Russian or other European politicians were capable, to be directed between 1933 and 1939 towards diverting the coming war into a German-Russian one.

Mr. Churchill, then, struck a great blow for this country when, within a few hours of the attack on Russia, he broadcast the statement that Britain would 'never parley with Hitler or his gang', and that all help would be given to Russia until the end. If the reason for withholding information about

Hess was, not only to keep the British people in the dark, but also to keep the Germans in uncertainty until the last moment about the course this country would take, it was possibly sound. No conceivable reason suggests itself why information should not have been imparted after June the 22nd.

Indeed, the continued concealment of this information revived that Russian distrust, which was not deeply dented by Mr. Churchill's broadcast. For the Russians, who in any case believe in deeds far more than words, and have long memories, have reasons for mistrust.

As the weeks and months went by, Mr. Churchill's words were not fulfilled, that, 'We shall bomb Germany by day as well as by night in ever-increasing measure, casting upon them month by month a heavier discharge of bombs and making the German people taste and gulp each month the sharper dose of the miseries they have showered upon mankind'. Worse still, the then Minister for Aircraft Production himself, who in July had foretold similar heavy attacks, in September was accused by a Trades Union leader, Mr. Jack Tanner, of expressing the hope that while the Russian and German armies exterminated each other the British Commonwealth would be able so to develop its air forces that it would afterwards have the dominating power in Europe, and this charge was never squarely refuted. Only in January of 1942 did Colonel Moore-Brabazon make honourable amends by telling visiting Russian workers, 'If there is one thing that appeals to Englishmen it is to take punishment without whine or whimper and finally give it back. That is what your country has done. That has made an affection and a love between our country and yours which could never have been done in any other way. We are great admirers from now on, for ever'.

These were splendid words, but when they were said the Russians of their own strength, without the aid of that promised stupendous bombing of Germany, were driving the Germans before them. Their distrust could not thus be dispelled, quite. Too many other things kept it alive. The good Beverley Baxter, M.P., for instance, told his Canadian readers, in October, 'I cannot forecast the military result of the German-Russian war, but of this I am certain - the war of 1914 brought Bolshevism to Russia, the war of 1939 will drive it out'. What could provoke Russian suspicion more than this, from a Tory M.P.? Then again, many British people, exalted by the heaven-sent opportunity to win the war which the attack on Russia offered, longed to attack the Germans somewhere, and the Russians longed for this not less. Stalin himself said, in November:

There is no doubt that the absence of a second front is making the enemy's task easier, but a second front in Europe must definitely be created in the near future and we hope it will, thus relieving the task of the Russian Army.<sup>[17]</sup>

But in this country, now that the Germans were for the first time at grips with a really powerful foe, now that we at last found a mighty ally, in this country which sent out one forlorn expedition after another, many voices suddenly rose to proclaim that it would be madness to 'invade Europe'. *These voices were mostly those of Mr. Chamberlain's Old Guard, still in the forefront of office.*

On May the 6th, 1941, four days before Hess's landing, Captain Margesson, one of the staunchest stalwarts of that Old Guard, announced that Lord Gort's dispatches about the Dunkirk disaster would be published *in the middle of June*. Hess landed on May 10th. On June 10th Captain Margesson, then War Minister, announced that after careful consideration he had decided to postpone publication. They were eventually issued on *October 17th, right in the middle of the public demand for some enterprise which would relieve the strain on Russia.*

'Behold now', cried the Old Guard, 'do not these dispatches prove beyond dispute how disastrous any Attempt To Invade Europe at this moment would be?'

The only thing the dispatches proved, was that the Old Guard ought not to remain a single second longer in office. But the device worked - once again!

Thus, the first part of Hess's mission failed, but did not fail clearly enough to put all doubts at rest for the future, or to reassure the Russians quite. British newspaper correspondents in Moscow felt keenly this suspicion. There was reason for it. Sir Stafford Cripps, the British Ambassador in Moscow, whose mission so brilliantly succeeded, champed to get back into British politics, and the Old Guard flinched at the thought. I only hope he succeeds. Until he or some man speaks out, a sore will fester somewhere in our policy.<sup>[18]</sup> A single forthright speech, from the right man, might cure it. We have come to a pretty pass when *The Times* - of all papers, *The Times*! - has to write, 'If there is still the slightest hesitation in any quarter (though it seems incredible) to realize that the war on which Russia is engaged is our war, then the doubts - or the doubters - must be removed'.<sup>[19]</sup>

I have given enough data to show that both Hitler and Hess may well have thought the messenger's mission to have good chances of success; and to show, furthermore, that they were not foolish in their calculations.

But all this was only the half of Hitler's mission. The first part of it was to buy the British out of the war by dangling the war against the Reds carrotwise before their noses. If that succeeded, they could be devoured later, at leisure. The second part concerned the internal politics of Germany, which boil and seethe.

From the moment that the conquest of Britain is realized to be doubtful, the threat of ultimate defeat looms before Hitler and his shadow, Hess. But at the same moment, the realization that Hitler may have to be got rid of, some day, some way, dawns on those who put him in power, who made the last war and this one. The time may be coming for Hitler to be tactically repudiated and for the generals, landowners and industrialists to bring back a Hohenzollern, or put forward some modern Prince Max of Baden for the delectation and delusion of the outer world, whole, privily, they pursue policy by other means, in the background, until they can pursue it once more by war.

Hitler is due to be got rid of in 1942; but the Japanese intervention in the East, and its great success, may put back the clock. If and when those disasters are retrieved - and if the already twice-thwarted German Revolution does not step in - the German generals, the East Elbian landowners, and the industrial magnates of the Ruhr and Rhineland will prepare to bring back a Hohenzollern, even if they have to wait a year or two and fill up the gap with nonentities. 1942, or soon after, should see the discarding of Hitler - which will be the most dangerous phase of the war for us.

Hitler knows this, and Hess knows it. This was the second part of Hess's mission. If peace with Britain, or a truce proffered to Britain in the guise of peace, could be achieved, not only Germany's victory would be assured, but the establishment of Hitler's regime. The men behind-the-throne, now laying their plans to remove its occupant, would be forethwarted. These two things were, to Hess, worth his life, if he could reach them.

The dangers to us still come far more from those men behind the scenes and from their sympathizers in this country than Hitler. The first sign of things to come is Hitler's elevation to the supreme active leadership of the German armies. Those who imagined that this was an affront to the German generals, are those who believed that Hess 'ran away'. The opposite is the truth. Defeat now looks likelier than ever before for Germany, in the long run, and the sole responsibility for it has to be placed on Hitler, so that the German people, a little later, may be ripe for his repudiation. Hitler has been made Supreme Warlord by the generals and the groups they represent, not against their will.

That is the story of the messenger from Mars. The secrecy which has been kept about it is highly sinister. There is no reason for it in the *patriotic* British interest. It has been imposed, I opine, by the same influential groups which led us to Munich, and is therefore sure to be ultimately injurious to these native British interests. That dead hand has always brought us disaster. If all the truth were published, there would be no fear that we should incur fresh tribulations. If it is withheld, there is every fear that we shall. That is the lesson of the past twenty-five years.

The way the messenger from Mars has been treated augurs ill for us. I do not care to hear so much, on the one hand, about 'barbarians' and 'murderers' and 'grisly gangs' and 'wicked men' and 'bloodthirsty gangsters', and, on the other, to read that one of these has all the Christian virtues, now that he is in our hands. For one thing, I know it is not true. For another, it smacks too much of the lies and the humbug which brought this war upon us.

#### POSTSCRIPT

As this book goes to press, Mr. Churchill has made (January 27th, 1942) an allusion to Hess which implicitly confirms what I have written:

When Rudolf Hess flew over here some months ago he firmly believed that he had only to gain access to certain circles in this country for what he described as 'the Churchill clique' to be thrown out of power and for a Government to be set up with which Hitler could negotiate a magnanimous peace.

These words show how little the messenger from Mars belongs to the past, how much he belongs to the present, and how dangerous it is, for the British people, that they have not been told the facts.

For, in such times, we have no guarantee that Mr. Churchill will always be Prime Minister. What if the rush and torrent of events somehow bring another man, or other men, to power, and this emissary, with his unfulfilled mission, connections in 'certain circles' still be here? What if the doubt about our goodwill towards Russia should then still exist?

The fate and safety of the British people might be involved. The truth should be told!

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## Chapter Eight

### INSIDE ENGLAND

What kind of people do they think we are?' asked Mr. Churchill, in expressing surprise at the Japanese attack on the British Empire and the United States.

Well, the first episodes of that new war, from Pearl Harbour to Singapore, suggested, once more, that the new enemy was not inferior to the people he attacked, or at all events to the leaders of these people. The British people were long told that their leaders were prepared to beat off any Japanese attack; now that one was made, they were told that cunning treachery, since it took honest men unawares, must inevitably reap such abundant first fruits, and they swallowed the second statement as docilely as the first.

What kind of people *are* we then? We are clearly of a credulity as deep and patient as the ocean itself, which never brims over, no matter how many rivers feed it. 'Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die'; the British people seem to have exchanged Magna Carta for this, the Fools' Charter, and yet they clutch, too, at the straw illusion that they are freemen governed by other freemen of their own choice.

We do not much use our minds, then, and we neglect our bodies. Then, what kind of people are we?

An unorthodox writer (while all his colleagues chortled 'London can take it!') described us thus, in an American journal, *Time*, during the air assault on this country:

Londoners are admirably suited to stand up to the Blitzkrieg. Small and wiry, they can step quickly into low, cramped Anderson shelters and dugouts. Phlegmatic, they express practically no emotion when death and disaster strike near. Unused to a high standard of life, they don't grumble when they lose their homes, their possessions and their jobs. So long as they can have three or four cups of tea every day and go for walks, their two most cherished desires have been satisfied. Because for centuries they have braved one of the world's worst climates, sturdy Londoners do not find leaking roofs and damp shelters unbearable. Because they've fought so many wars in the past, they don't look upon this war as a calamity even though it's coming down on top of them.

As others see us!

Then, how do we see ourselves?

'*London's Awake*', a publication issued by the Ministry of Information for the enlightenment of its manifold auxiliary, accessory and ancillary bodies, which in their turn enlighten the population, once described the average Englishman as a being who dislikes having to use his mind and distrusts words, who is indolent by nature and averse to intellectual exercise.

To me, the average native citizen of this country appears as a man of the highest inherent qualities, repressed to the point of extinction. If his Empire were to be destroyed, his realm to collapse, and his last few liberties to be stolen, this epitaph should be graven on his tomb. 'He did protest too little.'

From hope deferred and trust betrayed, the average Englishman becomes grimmer, glummer and gloomier. He will endure almost anything. He will do nothing to forestall such suffering; lamentably, he prefers not to reason why, and no end yet impends to the tribulation this will cost him. He will fight against foreign spoliators of his house; but cannot rouse himself to put that household in order.

He does not fear physical danger, but seems mortally afraid to think, and to translate thought into action. He will die for his country, but will passively allow those who rule him to prevent him from living for it. He knows that, while he fights 'for liberty', his state is being daily brought nearer to one of abject servitude, but feels no strength to fight against that, though his soul bitterly yearns for the measure of human freedom that even his fathers knew. He has no active, militant faith left, for neither the Church nor the politicians offer him any peg on which to hang a rope of belief. As parrots never learn to 'talk', but only to reproduce sounds they hear, so he will, by striking his tongue against his palate and placing his lips in various shapes, emit noises recognizable as 'I fight for democracy', 'I fight for freedom and liberty', 'I am fighting this war to end war', 'Scratch pretty Polly', and the like. It is as if the Man in the Iron Mask should cry, 'How free am I, how unbowed is my head, how clear vision, how wide my world!'

By the misuse of mind-power, he may frequently be brought to say, parrot-like, that he never reads a book, that he does not like good music, that he is not interested in politics, and the like, as a householder might proudly declare his disinterest in the state of his walls, his roof and his hearth. He belongs to the best craftsmen of the world, but becomes increasingly the slave of makeshift and shoddy. He has lost the belief which filled his forefathers for centuries, that the shortcomings of his time would gradually be improved, as a carpenter planes a plank, during the future of his children and his children's children; he just hopes the war will end, some day, and that some kind of life will then be left for him to live. If he were asked, in what state he expected the world to be around the year 2000, he would shrug his shoulders, and turn resentfully from his questioner to the evening paper, the radio, or the pictures. His soul, however, is tormented, and this shows in the lines of his face.

Of the wise old bird, who sat in an oak, the rhymster said that the more he heard the less he spoke; the less he spoke, the more he heard, and why weren't we like that wise old bird? We, in this earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, this England, *are*, I think, very much indeed like that bird, but I do not see the wisdom. Silence does not prove wisdom. Not only the loud laugh, but also the sealed lips, may speak the vacant mind. Shakespeare talked a lot, and said only wise things. In this island fortress, built by nature for herself, against infection and the hand of war, not a happy, but an unhappy breed of men is forming, the powers of thought and speech alike are atrophying. It is often an ordeal to me to travel in a railway carriage, with others of the happy breed whose grim silence, to me, speaks only a brooding unhappiness.

An illuminating comment upon the people who inhabit this England, bound in with the triumphant sea, was made by a young woman who, in 1941, returned to it from a convent. She was for fourteen years a nun in a closed order. She saw the outer world only when she travelled from one convent to another, never knew a newspaper, and only occasionally heard such fragmentary tidings of events without the convent walls as filtered distortedly through them. Outside, then, was the great, busy world of affairs, gaiety and enlightenment; inside, the dim twilight of religious seclusion, of tranquil gloom, of worldly ignorance.

The first thing about this young woman that surprised the newspaper-man who interviewed her was 'her gaiety!' Think upon that. However, she was likely soon to lose it. This is what she said:

The noise, the traffic, the people dashing about, the whole contrast to the convent grounds was staggering. I still dare not cross the road by myself. I hang about until I can speak to a likely-looking stranger who will steer me through the traffic. But people seemed in the main unfriendly and suspicious. You see, I love people and like to talk to them. When I went into a restaurant I would always speak to people, asking them about the food and so on. They usually looked at me as if I had gone mad or had designs on their money. I don't talk to strangers so much now.

'I love people and like to talk to them.' That surely is a good and natural human impulse. But nowadays you may only pursue it behind convent walls. A strange proof of the state of mind which has grown up in England! From gay to grave; from the convent to Covent Garden. In what unlikely places must a man seek the gaiety of nations, nowadays.

What kind of people *are* we? This war plunged masses of the inhabitants of this other Eden, this demi-paradise, into a deep abyss of misery. It drove them underground, sent them down into shelters and underground railway stations in search of safety and sleep. Could anything be worse? Oh yes; this was not a worsening, but a betterment of their lot!

A year ago, when the air assault was at its height, I told an American acquaintance, who feared they would breed revolution, that conditions in them were better than many of their inmates knew at home, that a revolutionary spirit might possibly arise in them when these people were required to leave them, go upstairs and return to destitution, but not before. That, I added, was an exaggeration, but not a very great one.

It has proved to be, not more, but less than the truth. At the beginning of 1942, when the air attack has for many months been suspended, those shelters and stations often are still full of people. Because they seek safety? No, because they like being there, young and old.

At a conference of workers for the Save The Children Fund in London in November 1941, delegates reported that many parents continued to send their children to the shelters at night because they were happier and healthier there. They loved the feeling of community there, and 'the vital need for some kind of planned community life between school and bedtime has been proved beyond doubt; it should be a permanent form of education'. In the crowded shelters the children tasted the wonder of privacy! Many of them were wont to sleep five and six in a bed. Now they slept in the shelter bunks, and for the first time knew the luxury of a bed of their own!

The aged, too! The *Spectator* told of that lonely old-age pensioner of 74 who, when no danger offered, came regularly to the shelter. He otherwise lived, quite alone, at a tiny fire in one tiny room. But, at the shelter, 'I get to know a lot of people, and I can smoke my pipe, and have a game of darts, and get a cup of coffee and something to eat at the canteen and sleep pretty well as comfortably as I should at home'.

What kind of people are we? At heart, a very sound people, with good and simple wishes that could simply be met. But what kind of people are our rulers, who, until Hitler drenches our cities with death, deny our people such simple things - a cot for each, a little companionship? What a comment on that precious civilization we profess to fight for, when the common people can find their life, huddled together in a hole in the earth for safety from the bombs, preferable to the one they lead above ground, in the free air, when peace reigns!<sup>[20]</sup>

After the last war, vindictive outcry was raised against the subsistence payment known as 'the dole'; the people who protested are well portrayed, though with too little acid, in A. G. Macdonell's *England, Their England*. After this war, a similar clamour is likely to be heard if any attempt is

made to retain, for the slumsmen who were driven pell-mell underground, the slight amelioration of their plight which they most ironically found there.

The things the British people need are more things of the spirit than of the flesh. They need faith and hope, and, above all, no charity. They need the thing they are supposed to fight for - freedom, of which they scarcely have a shred left. They need to be allowed to think that they are of some account, of some use other than that of feeding the cannon. They need to be given back their sense of human dignity, their belief in the incorruptibility of the public services, the impartiality of justice, and the patriotism of Parliament.

The British people, as I understand them, do not so much want more money, more food, more leisure. They do not want to take away what any other has. They do not want to live softer. They would prefer to live and work harder, if their inarticulate longing for a more companionable life, for opportunity to serve and opportunity to rise, were granted. They rightly feel that, if any of them remain to enjoy this, what is called 'the standard of living' will slowly rise, as the decades pass, that their children will probably have a privy and a bath. But they begin to perceive that all this means less than nothing, unless the standard of the spirit's living also rises, unless faith in the contemporary world and hope for the future return to oust the present hopeless cynicism.

After all, they themselves have a radio, which their parents had not. They were able to hear Mr. Chamberlain's own voice, declaring Peace In Our Time in 1938 and War in 1939, whereas their parents needed to wait until the next issue of the newspapers to read Mr. Asquith's words in 1914. Their children will not only hear, but also see the next Prime Minister who may announce the beginning of a war. 'Progress', in that sense, thus may be counted on, but even the silliest must begin to suspect that mechanical advance can profit them nothing if the spiritual standard of living ceaselessly declines, since at the end none would remain to enjoy these ingenious contraptions.

What kind of people? Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's instructive *Poverty and Progress*, the younger brother of an earlier investigation into life below the breadline in the City of York, shows that in 1936 one person in three lived below the 'minimum standard' of (43s. 6d. a week, after paying rent, for a family of five), and that this was a great improvement over 1899. In 1936, only one person in fifteen was living in abysmally abject poverty there, against one in seven in 1899. In the things of the flesh, therefore, if these were all that mattered, there was a slow improvement, and this would continue, if the planet itself did not fall into utter confusion.

But in the things of the spirit, which *Poverty and Progress* almost entirely neglected, save for a surface survey of 'Leisure Time Activities', there was a great deterioration. In 1936 the citizen of York had far less faith in this life and any future one than his grandfather in 1899. Although the adult population grew from 48,000 to 72,000, the number of churchgoers fell from 17,000 to 13,000, and this development, which I should think fairly typical of all England, to my mind reflected no decline in religious feeling, but the people's despair of finding religious feeling in the churches, which acted as trainbearers to the Paymaster-General, the Government of the day, in policies which blatantly offended against honourable and Christian dealing.

The Established Church, averting its eyes from the prostrate figure of Czechoslovakia, was content to play the part of Little Sir Echo to Mr. Chamberlain's Stentor, though few occasions in history have so clamantly called for a clear expression of outraged probity from the leaders of the Church. A priest militant might have brought thousands of people back to the churches then. Of what avail was it for the Church to raise a wailing and lamenting voice about such pettifogging issues as 'the observance of the Lord's Day' when it gave saintlike benediction to such things as these? Within recent memory, men have spent more than three hundred Lord's Days in killing each other; the churches in all the countries concerned have pronounced this just and right. The English Church did



little enough to hinder such observance of the Lord's Day as this; some of its foremost leaders, through their pernicious political pronouncements, actively helped to bring it about.

So the good people of York, in which city we may see the miniature of England during this unhappy first half of the twentieth century, turned from the church to the radio, presumably thinking that of two Government monopolies they might as well choose that nearer to hand and easier to listen to, and to the pictures.

Ah, The Pictures! Try as I will, I find it difficult to understand that a people, capable of such patriotic sacrifice as the British, can be brought to such a depth of patriotic apathy that it tolerates, in a professedly free country, an alien monopoly of the second greatest medium of entertainment. A Government monopoly of broadcasting; a foreign monopoly of the screen; what a prospect for the British mind!

What kind of people are we? Well, these conditions have produced, for instance, the 'lonely soldier' who appealed to a Mayor of Lowestoft to find him a wife with the face, figure, voice and other qualities of eight several screen-actresses in Hollywood, whom he named, but to whom I give no advertisement. From time to time, the eyes of the British people, sore from the sight of these alien fibre, have been washed by the Government with quota-lotion. Regulations, bills, laws, acts and whatnot have been issued, passed, enacted, promulgated and so forth, to ensure that a certain quota, or proportion, of 'British' films shall everywhere be shown. The foreign film-makers, knowing that if you cannot surmount a fence, you may crawl underneath it, found various means to make nonsense of these restrictions. They planted offshoot concerns in this country which, need I say, were 'British', like the films they made; these, incidentally, were not desired to be of the highest quality. But even this was not sufficient, so a new way was found, well within our English law, of course. It is described in the following quotation from a Sunday newspaper:

The Quota Act for British films resulted in the Gorgeous Picture Theatre, in London's West End, giving the longest programme in film history. 'Gone With the Wind' (3 hours 40 minutes) and two British films (3 hours 20 minutes) - seven hours in all. After a year's run of 'Gone With the Wind' the theatre had to pack the extra pictures in or disobey the law. When the big picture ended, the staff was sent home, only the doorman being left to sell seats to stray customers. Sometimes there were no people in the cinema at all, but it had to remain open to fulfil its quota requirements.

What kind of people are we? Well, here you have another glimpse of us - the empty theatre, churning out the compulsory British films, after everybody had gone home; the law was fully honoured by this means!

However, other picture theatres treated the Quota Law with open contempt. They showed no British films. On them, the English law jumped with prompt severity. Twenty-two of them were brought before the good English Courts by the good Board of Trade. They were liable to fines amounting to £19,800. Fines were imposed amounting to £105.

Thus the people were ensured a continued diet of foreign films, unrationed, and further malnutrition of the mind. They were ceasing to go to church, Dr. Bowdler of Broadcasting House made sure that little of intellectual value reached their ears, they almost forgot what the stage could mean. But they had one other means of entertainment and recreation - a visit to the chain-store.

*Poverty and Progress* records, with a most apt mark of exclamation, that the three chain-stores of York 'provide a form of entertainment' for the people. Thousands of people, it says, enter the stores

'just for the fun of having a look round'. On a certain Saturday afternoon, when a census was taken by this enterprising investigator, 46,703 persons, or nearly half the total population of York, were counted to enter one or other of these stores!

What kind of people are we? Here you see us again, as we have come to be. To shuffle through a chain-store, is fun for us, who once knew songs and dancing and hospitable inns and fairs and circuses and theatres. There, at least, is a little companionship to be found. Man is a social animal, and has to seek his society where he may find it. In England, that water-walled bulwark still secure and confident from foreign purposes, in England, as England is governed to-day, he must seek it in the chain-store, which may be secure, but, being often under alien control, is not surely confident from foreign purposes.

Whither do those pennies and sixpences roll, that are spent in such quantities in the chain-stores? Ah, they are round, and roll a long way, and come to unexpected places. It is a far cry from the chain-store in York to New York and from New York to Palestine, but lo and behold, the chain may stretch thus far! Anyone who takes interest enough in public affairs carefully to follow them, may trace a thread leading from the pennies and sixpences, paid in England, to indignant Zionist meetings in America, where the tone of speeches is anything but friendly to Britain, where imperative claims to the ownership of Palestine are expressed in accents of implacable racial antagonism, where the British Government is called on to remove the Arabs from Palestine in order to make room for the Jews, where loud complaints are made of British tardiness in fulfilling these commands, where British interests seemingly are held of little account.

So the pennies and the sixpences roll, from York to New York. The people as they walk through the chain-store 'just for fun', little think what strange journeys their coins may make. They rub shoulders, though they little inkle this, as they pass the pens full of cheap goods, with great issues of politics, with dark covetous designs and fierce racial hatreds.

Palestine, the Jews and the Arabs; how great a part this question has played in our travail, in the last twenty-five years. He seems to play with fire who touches it, unless he lend his tongue and his pen docilely to the Jewish cause.

Lawrence of Arabia was one of our greatest figures, in the last war; no renown seemed beyond him. Shamed and disgusted by the treatment of the Arabs, whom he led in our cause, he turned his back on all honour, all renown, and immersed himself in obscurity till he died after a motor-bicycle accident.

Malcolm MacDonald, son of that ill-starred first Socialist Prime Minister, when the question of Palestine was raised in the House of Commons produced a Jewish document to show the implacable racial discrimination practised by the Jews against the Arabs there, a document which might have been signed by Hitler himself, so brutal was its anti-Semitism - for the Arabs are no more and no less Semites than the Jews. MacDonald soon afterwards departed to Canada.

A. C. Crossley, M.P., spoke in favour of the Arab cause in Palestine in the House of Commons in May 1939. In August 1939 he was killed in an aeroplane accident on the way to Copenhagen. A London newspaper, asking, 'What were the facts?', said the Danish authorities believed the aeroplane was set on fire by sabotage.

With his passing [said this newspaper,] the Arabs have lost one of the *very few brave men who dared* to put their case in the House of Commons. The Jews gain in strength in the death of an unrelenting opponent.

What kind of people are we? Well, consider our Parliament. What kind of Parliament have we, that allows such statements to be made about it without protest or inquiry.

Lawrence and Crossley, if they could have chosen their epitaphs, might have taken these words of Shakespeare:

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out, - I die pronouncing it, -  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:

It is a strange land, indeed, this England which sends a new Governor, one Major William Bain Gray, out to that rocky Atlantic island, St. Helena, where once Sir Hudson Lowe watched over Napoleon, this England where the newspapers report the death of a man called 'Arthur Charles Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, Marques of Wellington, Marques Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Earl of Mornington and Baron Mornington, Baron Douro, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad-Roderigo, and a Grandee of the 1st Class in Spain, Duke of Vittoria, and Marquess of Torres Vedras, and Count of Vimeira in Portugal'. Majestic tides; famous victories; as the fifth bearer of the name and title dies, the faint echo of long-dead cheers comes back from the past.

A strange country, in which laws are added and added to the Statute Book and, once there, stay there, no matter how obsolete they become. Any Government that really cared for this country, I think, should tear up half the Statute Book and amend the rest. Behind the Statute Book, the law of the land, lurk the myriad 'Regulations', the law of the little local Hitlers. The maddest things are possible, and are done, in this crazy jungle of petty tyranny and official obstructionism.

Four milkmen are fined, at Acton, for 'delivering milk before 7.30 a.m.'

A butcher is fined, at Lewes, for putting 53 per cent of meat in his sausages, instead of Littlejack Office's stipulated 49 per cent! This butcher, at least, is a man of humour; he returns to his shop and puts up a notice to say that he intends to continue his sausage-making and hopes to 'make both ends meat'.

Two members of a great tobacco-selling family die and leave between them over £6,000,000; at Airdrie, in Lanarkshire, a Scot, an Irishman, and eight Lithuanians are fined for 'growing tobacco without a Government licence and without the land having been approved by the Customs and Excise', and this at a time when the people suffer a smoker's famine! Why in the name of imbecility should not a man grow a few tobacco plants in his back garden, if he can? The tobacco, by the way, was good; the official prosecutor stated this. I wonder if the law forbids men in any other European country to grow tobacco, egg-plants, bread-fruit, water-cress, or butter-beans in their plots, if they can. For that matter, I believe this England is the only great country in the world, save the Russian and German autocracies, to suffer the subversive tyranny of a Government monopoly of broadcasting. Our laws against bribery and corruption seem to fall into desuetude; though I observe that the Balkan and Near Eastern State of Turkey has, in 1942, introduced a bill providing even for the death penalty in grave cases of embezzlement of public funds 'or the taking of gifts by officials and clerks'.

The Circumlocution Office, however, wearing the invulnerable armour of the Official Secrets Act, and exempt, alone of all humanity, from any obligation to render account of its stewardship and bear the consequences, grows ever fatter. How it has swollen, beyond all imagination, since Dickens wrote, a hundred years ago:

The Circumlocution Office was the most important Department under Government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time, 'without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office ... if another Gunpowder Plot had been discovered half an hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the Parliament until there had been half a score of Boards, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family vault full of ungrammatical correspondence, on the part of the Circumlocution Office....

How little Dickens achieved, great satirist, great reformer and great lover of mankind though he was. Even in his day it would hardly have been possible for a man to take his life from despair at the endless and sadistic torment of filling official forms. Even he, writing in 1857, would not have believed that the Circumlocution Office would grow to the gigantic and amorphous incubus that it is in 1942, which strangles the nation's life as a careless mother might overlay and suffocate her child.

What kind of people? Why, of course, every kind of people. Figures of fun and figures of tragedy, and often difficult to distinguish. What pathetic little comedies, how many comic little tragedies, have been enacted in odd corners of the English stage, in these years since the war was resumed.

Some of them elude reasonable explanation. Consider the man, a missionary from the West Indies, who was found suffocated in bed, with his gas mask on his face and the sheets pulled over his head. Now what kind of man was he? Was he deluded or desperate? Did he really carry his respect for the warnings of officialdom so far, that he put on the boar's head mask to sleep in, and for further safety covered it with the bedclothes? Can gullibility go even this far? Or did he devise this weirdest of all ways of ending his life?

Consider, again, the 'pretty girl with a rather dollish face' whom stray pedestrians sometimes caught a glimpse of near the lonely barn in Essex where she seemingly lived, unless she saw them coming, when she hid. She was found dead, among scraps of food, with gangrenous feet at the end of her legs. Now, what plausible story could be built upon those foundations? Would not the wits of a Guy de Maupassant or an Edgar Allen Poe be stretched, to construct one?

Consider the soldier and the girl who put up their banns of marriage, and then went to a field and shot themselves.

Consider the man of St. Pancras who strangled his daughter in a basement, to prevent her from marrying, and then gassed himself upstairs.

Consider that captain of foot who invited two sergeants, a corporal and four privates to the officers' mess, asked each in turn if they thought him sane, obtained their signatures to a piece of paper stating that they held him indeed to be of sound mind, and then shot himself before them.

Consider the soldier who drove in a motor-car through London streets firing at people on the pavements, of whom he killed or wounded a dozen. Saddest of all, consider the 32-year-old widower of Nottingham, who was to be called up, so that his son and daughter, aged five and six, would be sent to a public home. He sold everything he had, raising £80, and with this money gave his children 'the grandest time anyone could have in their last few days on earth'. Then he killed them in their sleep, by gas, and after that, himself.

A country is sick when the more desperate of its people begin to fear life, to deny life. Consider the abjectly depressed woman of Stockport, who killed her husband and three children; the Blackpool workman who killed his wife and four children; the woman who wrote to the *Spectator*, 'After four

years of marriage not only do I see our future ruined, but I know now that I will never be responsible for bringing another life into this world to be killed or widowed in another twenty years' time'.

For wise rulers, such things as these are danger-signals; only irresponsible ones would ignore them.

These things help to form the picture of the kind of people we have become. They are the signs of sad and bad times, as I saw them in Berlin after the last war, in Vienna and Prague after the Nazi invasions. When masses of people become too much harried and harassed, over-distraught and over-distressed, a few of them go to these lengths, and then, in the corners of the newspapers, appear in increasing numbers such strange tales of misadventure as those I have quoted. They are important, but are treated as unimportant. Instead, the newspapers hurl themselves with gluttonous glee on a Mayor of Brighton's proposal to 'Give the A.T.S. Panties', or on the court martial of a captain accused of trying to kiss some of his women soldiers. This last lunatic case was reported at great length, in the year of our paper shortage 1941; myself, I think that the good captain, if he was a married man, could safely have been left to the justice of a court martial, which would have saved the time of a court martial. When I think of the things that *should* be printed and are not, and of the space given to such drivel as this! Anyway, the headlines were able ultimately to announce, 'Captain Cleared on Kiss Charge'.

What kind of people? If the newspapers can be believed, then a very queer people, indifferent to the important, engrossed in the trivial. The most flagrant inequalities of opportunity, of service, and of sacrifice, flaunt themselves, in the new war, as in the old. The miners can now be forced down the pits, and, once down, receive demands for income tax. Imagine the effect upon a man who for years has laboured in those dark depths for a small wage, and for other years has tasted the bitter bread of unemployment, of receiving a demand for £25 or £30 when, at last, his work is 'needed and his wage is raised!

To soothe this feeling of grievance, the Government put in its foremost show-window a placard: 'Income Tax, 19s. 6d. in the pound!' Lord Coalmine, was the bland suggestion, would henceforth be even worse off than his miners; of his income of £10,000, he would receive only ten thousand sixpences, £250 a year.

Would he? Leading members of the Government forfeited their salaries altogether in the cause of country, merely receiving much larger payments in non-taxable 'expenses'. 'The City' lay in ruins; but 'The City' still has a great population of Governors and Directors, of such mighty concerns as the Bank of England, the Hudson's Bay Company, shipping companies, breweries, transport trusts, and the like, whose 'fees', of £5,000 a year and the like, were declared payable 'free of income tax' in the days when income tax was but a few pence in the pound. Income tax may be raised to fifty shillings in the pound, it would make no difference to such as these. I hold twenty shares, acquired in some remote past, in a brewery, and received a printed notice that 'the Directors' remuneration', fixed at £300 a year each free of tax in 1923, was to remain at £300 a year each free of tax after the budget of 1941.

The miners were pilloried as unpatriotic churls for kicking against the deduction of income tax from their mite; none protested against the avarice of the big bosses. 'The City' undoubtedly has its old-world charm. A peer, after the bombs laid it in ruins, wrote:

The peculiar charm and beauty of the City essentially depend on its labyrinthine character, with its network of narrow and obscure streets and courts. To substitute for these, wide boulevards or avenues would be a vandalism worse than the bombing. I suppose the vulgar voice of convenience must sometimes be heard, but I

hope only a little; in the main, let us have our City back, with its characteristic and delicious intricacy of ways, just as it was.

What kind of people? I can conceive that the 'narrow and obscure streets and courts' might seem most delightful, for instance, to a Governor City-bound to collect his fees. A rare and refreshing route. To my mind's eye, clouded with the memories of an office-boyhood and young manhood spent there, they seem disgustingly ugly and insanitary, the black monuments to a hard-faced philosophy which would confine all life and thought within the columns of a ledger. To rebuild the City as it was! Could a court of criminal lunatics have coined a crazier thought? Why not rebuild the bombed slums as they were too, bugs and all? They were enchanting, positively packed full of character, with the most delightful little corners and alleys, yes, *three* lumps, dear, please.

The miners, as they received their income tax demands, may have thought they were fighting for Freedom; the Governors and Directors well knew that the battle was for Freedom.

An old friend, 'the vicious spiral', reappeared, to play a big part again in this war. I have explained this perverted inverted corkscrew before. When prices rise, that is a virtuous perpendicular movement; when wages, shouting 'Excelsior', start in hopeless pursuit of them, that is 'a vicious spiral'. It is particularly vicious, the economists explain, because they never can catch up, anyway, and to try is very vicious. This is the simplest possible definition of vice, which I commend again to parents who wish to acquaint their growing children with the facts of life.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the last months of his life, said many warning words about the Vicious Spiral, and this horrible whirligig has been constantly paraded before the eyes of the workers, who, however, though they were ready to have their blood curdled by threats of gas and all manner of other perils, obstinately refuse to be terrified by the Vicious Spiral. Feeling in their bones that they, and not the Germans, will again be squeezed until the pips squeak when the war ends, they prefer to take what cash they can get and let the credit go. They observe that the high-up ones vote themselves large increases of remuneration, and that none see vice in this. One much admonished workman, for instance, discovered a list of proposed increases in the salaries of officials of the Liverpool Corporation, of whom Mr. A was to ascend from £2500 to £2750, Mr. B from £1700 to £2000, Mr. C from £2000 to £2250, and so on all the way down to little Mr. Z, who was to rise from £700 to £800. A Tory journal, however, commented that this was quite different, because it did not send retail prices up. The whole point, it inferred, was that Tom Rivet should not expect his wage to mount from £3 to £3 2s. 6d. That would be vice.

What kind of an England? A queer England, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, while British soldiers strained against the hopeless odds bequeathed to them in Greece and Crete, pleaded that 'the morning hours of Sunday should be as far as possible kept free for rest and worship'!

True, this prelate, writing above the signature 'Cantuar', which once gave a wily rhymster so excellent an opening for a thrust, mentioned that 'Christians are not bound by the prohibitions of the Jewish Sabbath', but his whole plea was that they should so bind themselves, save those who were unhappily engaged in fighting the Germans.

How grateful, to those who interpret Christianity exclusively in terms of churchgoing and so much in the box, who might swoon if they were required to concern themselves with the spiritual need of the people, must the sentence of seven days' detention have been which was passed on a Grenadier Guardsman who refused to attend church parade. That's the way to make 'em Christians, by gad! The Spanish Inquisitors, the heresy hunters, knew their business. Put 'em up against a wall and *make* 'em observe the Lord's Day, by gad!

What kind of realm? A great hubbub arose when a radio actor was given the part of Christ to play. Large numbers of professing Christians shrank in horror from the thought that a mortal voice should speak the words of Him, who in the Christian teaching was for some thirty years a mortal man upon this earth. I find this a strange conception of reverence and faith, although I say nothing for or against the broadcast play in which the voice of Christ was introduced, because I have not yet heard enough of it to make up my mind about the motives of those who devised it. I know that the official monopoly which operates our broadcasting employs many people who belong to an anti-Christian faith, and if they had any hand in it, the ultimate effect of this innovation would certainly be, not to elevate, but to abase the Christian lesson. But the entire series of these broadcasts would need to be listened to with a most attentive ear, before an opinion about that could be formed. It would be ironic indeed if the B.B.C., so tenderly weaned in the tradition of 'Sabbatarianism', that is, of a Jewish festival, should wittingly or unwittingly lend itself to a lampooning of the Founder of Christianity.

Unfortunately, it has become impossible, in England to-day, to know who is actually behind anything - behind a broadcast of the voice of Christ, behind a chain-store, behind a political party, behind major measures of national policy.

Meanwhile, in public discussion, the name of God is kicked about like a football, and claimed by every crank or curmudgeon in support of his own pettifogging theories. 'France was defeated because her people lacked the discipline that comes with the Observance of Sunday, and Great Britain has withstood attack because the British observe the Sabbath', wrote one reverend gentleman. But what of Germany, where theatres open on Sundays, Germany, which is now denounced as Godless? Why did Germany defeat France? And what of domestic disasters - for instance, the slums, malnutrition of the mind and body, and the like? Why do they continue, since we observe the Sabbath? Ah, God wants them like that! Listen to the Gospel according to St. George's, Tufnell Park:

Some of you live in places you do not like - in narrow streets and small houses, amid noise and smoke. There is nothing beautiful to look at, and no nice garden to play in. If you had been asked, you would never have lived there; you would have lived in a palace, a fine park, or a house by the sea; but you could not help yourself. God just took you and put you there. Just as He puts the King in his palace, and the Arab in his desert, so he puts you in that little street and little house. 'I want you to live there', said God.

Fortunately, the assertion cannot be proved, that God wishes people to live in Tufnell Park, or Christianity might collapse. That would be too much, as somebody has probably said. The statement about the Arab and his desert particularly interested me, in this announcement on behalf of the Almighty, because I wonder whether God, and whose God, approves the current efforts of our chain-store magnates and others to have the Arab removed from his desert, to make room for Jews.

A bad thing has befallen the British people of late - the newspapers have taken up religion again. I wish you could accompany me to a meeting of the newspaper proprietors, that small and exclusive body of men, when they discuss 'the line' which their tame astrologers shall be instructed to follow in reading the stars, and the like. At one such recent meeting, Lord Cosmo Politan seems to have turned to his brother peers and said, 'Religion is definitely good for circulation', and they nodded sage, approving heads, saying, 'Yes, religion's box office'. So now, one newspaper periodically publishes, within a little frame, a sentence from the Bible, and, that the public may be quite sure this is the genuine article, announces that the quotation is carefully chosen for it by A Peer. I love to think of that tittleman, with a damp towel round his head, searching the Bible for hours at a time,

for some meticulously apt and uplifting phrase. Another newspaper, knowing that its readers like to see the sporting results and the state of the Stock Exchange, checked-up on the dividends yielded by two National Days of Prayer, one on May 26th, 1940, and the other on March 23rd, 1941. The first, it reported, had produced the miracle of Dunkirk; the second, the miracle of Yugoslavia.

For myself, I deeply dislike the conception of prayer as a form of insurance, carrying frequent material bonuses. It seems much too easy. If sloth and stupidity can always be saved from their fate at the last moment, by prayer, why should any man trouble to be other than slothful and stupid?

What kind of country is it then, this England, where, in hard times, so much soft thinking prevails, where so much hardship is put out of countenance by so much soft living? *The Times*, in its news columns, told the tale of British suffering in Norway, in France, in Greece, in Crete, in Hongkong; but *The Times*, in the columns given to the reports of company meetings, had other tales to tell, for instance, this:

1940, as has been said, was a good year, an encouraging year in these times. And 1941, I am glad to say, is even better up to date (hear hear) - up to date, distinctly better than 1940. For that again we must be thankful. But when one thinks of our success - because we *have* been successful - I cannot but remember what a former chairman of this company used to say to me 35, 40 years ago, after a good year: 'In the time of our prosperity, Good Lord deliver us.'

In no country, I think, could men have been found who would more doggedly and devotedly and uncomplainingly go out to fight, in the air, at sea, on land. In no country, I imagine, could you have found so many grown men ready to say or write things of which an enlightened elementary schoolboy should have been ashamed. The bewildering yap about some especial virtue supposed to be contained in the rite of cricket<sup>[21]</sup> went drearily on, and the cackling chorus about the inevitable perdition of any war-making nation that did not, in peace, perform this exercise, though I think that if the practice of any ball game could ensure world domination, that game would be pelota, which breeds a very fine team spirit.

In darkest Darlington, a man cried that the Germans 'will never win this war because they do not play cricket', and in London a Mr. Watkins, seeking to compress all the horrors of war into one fell phrase, asked, 'Can there be a more detestable thought than the possibility of the swastika flying over the Pavilion at Lord's?' (I do not know whether the swastika was actually flown over Lord's when a German Cricket team visited that field a few years before the war; this courtesy is often paid to guests from abroad.) On a June day when despairing British troops in Crete, once more overborne by superior weight of aeroplanes and numbers, were being forced to yield that island, though the British people had been informed that it would never be taken, the newspapers reported that 'the red tabs of the higher Staff glowed' from the Pavilion at Lord's.

Huntin', shootin' and fishin', too, yield nothing of their rights to the exigencies of the times. The Taunton Vale fox hunters cheered lustily as the commander of their Home Guard told them, 'To stop hunting entirely now would be acting in a spirit of defeatism which would please Hitler. We should keep the flag of hunting flying if possible and see Hitler to hell'. While men and women were being pressed into the Forces, and ex-miners sent back to the mines, the Army 'temporarily released Huntsman Harry Roberts to enable him to resume duties with the Plas Machynlleth Fox Hounds', and workmen clearing ground to make a West Country aerodrome paused in their work as the Beaufort Hunt swept past them, with a Duke in the lead. Having hardly any British film industry we could not exempt everyone in that trade, as valiant Hollywood was exempted, from sharing in the war; but at least we exempted a ballet-dancer, on condition that he continued to dance.



The burden of blood, tears, toil and sweat was most unevenly distributed, in the England whose Prime Minister asked, 'What kind of people do they think we are?' That peaceful resort on the South Coast, Naphaven, has a Grand Hotel, which published this advertisement:

It's Grand at the Grand, Naphaven; Grand to be alive; Grand to dance to Abey Silverside and his Boys; Grand to play Tennis and Squash; Grand to get a rubber of bridge or a hundred up at billiards; Grand to have a chef who can make one feel a Lord in the true Woolton manner; Grand to sleep, to sit, to sun, with nothing to worry about. Spend your leave, or your lifetime, at the Grand, Naphaven, where even our bomb and gas-proof air-raid shelter has been designed and equipped in the Grand manner.

A more modest neighbour of the Grand at Naphaven advertised that it had 'a few vacancies; 3½ guineas with breakfast in bed, daily paper, and "nightcap"'.

The manufacture of motor cars was forbidden at the beginning of war, but about the time that the Battle for Crete was fought, four firms were authorized to resume making them. The vehicles, however, were not to be sold to 'the general public'. Any who wanted one would need to gain the Ministry of Transport's certificate that he required it for 'urgent national war work'.

In Soviet Russia, I believe, save for a very few taxicabs, the privilege of riding in motor cars has been reserved to officials, in other words, to the ruling class. In this war, we breed a similar class of privileged individuals, who are either officials, or can procure official testimony to the vital importance of whatever occupation they pursue, for their own gain. This unpleasant system, once begun, spreads rather quicker than wildfire. Not long since, I heard the B.B.C. announce that sleeping-berths on all trains to Scotland, at a certain season, would be reserved for this new type of privileged and exempted citizen.

I commend attention to this practice. Once officialdom is allowed to treat itself as a special class, entitled to all manner of preference, exempt alike from responsibility and from the burdens borne by the public, its appetite becomes voracious and insatiable. One of our illusions is that we have no officialdom, in the 'Continental' sense. In fact, we have become one of the most official-ridden countries in the world.

A country, too, in which the most rigid class barriers and the most rabid class bitterness, on both sides, still persist, though on both sides of the barriers men cry that they fight 'for democracy'. This is democracy as seen from Kensington:

If anything is needed to demonstrate the strength of democracy in Britain, it is provided by the fact that debris from the bombed lodge of Buckingham Palace is now mingling with lesser debris from the East End on the gigantic dump in Hyde Park. What could be more democratic?

The letter was reproduced in the *Evening Standard*. The system of rigid money groups which we call class, is based on an expensive and exclusive little group of public schools and universities, through which alone entry can be obtained, by this purchase, to the public services, where the moneyed inefficient becomes indissmissible and irresponsible; it is the main source of all our troubles, past, present and to come, but any move to modify it, so that even unmoneyed talent may find employment and advancement, produces a perceptible sensation of almost physical fear among large numbers of people in this country, though they would benefit from the change as much as any others.

A ludicrous example of this state of mind was given by the Colonel who, having taken pains to prevent his men from receiving any enlightenment from their Educational Officer, found that comparisons unfavourable to his own conception of a well-ordered England might even be drawn from insect life. He commanded a battalion containing a number of trades unionists, who were wont to submit to the Educational Officer a list of subjects they wished to be informed about, at the lectures they were compelled to attend. The Educational Officer would then place the list before the Colonel, who would strike off these subjects. Pursuing his own ideas of education, he found an obscure professor of biology, who undertook to speak on the seemingly safe subject, The Sex Life of Bees. The professor, in his talk, mentioned that, inside the hive and out, the 'workers' slaved unceasingly and without reward for the benefit of the 'Queen' and the 'drones'. Next morning, the Educational Officer received a letter from the Colonel to say that in future lectures no references, either direct or indirect, to class differences of society would be allowed.

Though witches are no longer burned or soused, though men are no longer hanged for stealing loaves of bread, ideas which belong to those times still prevail in the England which, twice in a quarter-century, has been called to give so lavishly of its blood, sweat, toil and tears. The Home Guard, which could quickly have been bred into a force equal to the Boer Commandos, was hopelessly handicapped from the start by the incubus, of these ancient ideas, which was laid upon it, and this gave a bitter savour to Mr. Churchill's remark, eighteen months after its formation, that, since sufficient arms were still not available, the Home Guard would in case of urgent need be armed with 'picks and maces'.

The senior officers of the Home Guard, formed when Britain expected invasion at any moment, and all good men wished to go to the aid of their country, were picked like the Justices of the Peace, those score thousand of men and women who are given the right to sit in judgment upon their poorer townsmen and townswomen in virtue of wealth, land and membership of the Tory Party; in Northumberland a Swedish lady, even, who had married an English Earl, was made a justice! Scandalous cases are on record of the condonation, by such local Benches, of offences committed by local notables of their own kind. The leaders of the Home Guard were chosen in the same manner. In one list of 319 appointments, only 21 were plain Misterys. The rest were peers, baronets, knights and the like; one was over eighty years of age, and many were over sixty. I myself know of two senior officers who saw no service in the 1914-1918 war and have as much knowledge of or qualification for leadership of rough-and-ready fighters as I have of bee-keeping.

When Captain Margesson vacated the War Office in favour of his Civil Service collaborator, Sir James Grigg, the new minister's first action was to order that all officers of 45 years of age and over who had not risen above the rank of colonel should be passed in review, so that any who did not reach the necessary standard of physical energy or mental alertness might be retired. Then it was announced that these throw-outs would become available for high commands in the Home Guard, which seemed to be looked on in darkest Whitehall as a military dustbin. A few weeks before this, Lord Halifax, in a speech in Washington, courteously informed the world, including Germany, that of the garrison of 3,500,000 bayonets which defended this island, 2,000,000 were Home Guards; and a few weeks before *that* various leading men in this country in public speeches announced that the Home Guard was sorely deficient in arms and equipment. This was the occasion when the macabre promise was made that they would if necessary be given pikes to repel the invader. Fortunately for us, the German, as I know him, probably thought this was a deliberate attempt to delude, entice and destroy him.

What kind of people, and what kind of country? Many of the London clubs were bombed (one shattered shell still proclaims that it is to let 'for the duration of hostilities'), but of those that remained, the aquarium in Pall Mall known as the Athenaeum stretched out a clammy fin and hauled in, to honorary membership, the good Soviet Ambassador in London, M. Maisky, who may

well have asked himself what he was doing in that galley, and who seems likely now to succeed von Ribbentrop as the pet of London society.

Because they were needed for our 'war effort', a few of London's railings disappeared. Berkeley Square, that dismal enclosure which the novelists of the nineteen-twenties sought to portray as an enchanted glade, a Forest of Arden, now looked beautiful, like Cinderella rid of her rags, as a few people quietly walked across its paths, between the great trees. In those places where the railings disappeared, London, one of the ugliest of cities, began to regain beauty, and the simple removal of these iron bars, which were a cage for the spirit, gave a man a sense of new freedom, of belonging to London. But immediately the Friends of Railings, and the Society for the Protection of These-and-Those Railings began their clamour, and Dog I' The Manger Square will doubtless be re-railinged, when the war ends.

In the England of blood, sweat and the rest, clothing was 'rationed', that is to say, you might only buy as many articles of clothing as you gave up pieces of paper, called coupons. Even *baby's clothes* were thus 'rationed', and expectant mothers were put to dire straits to provide for their coming. I should think this 'rationing' of baby's clothes must count as the most monstrous piece of anti-social and anti-civic piracy ever devised even by officialdom in wartime.

However there was no lack of silk, satin, or clothing of any kind in those theatres which habitually devote themselves to productions of the kind known, to cover their lack of wit or talent, as 'spectacular'. There, John Smith, who could not obtain a new winter overcoat, and Mrs. Smith, who did not know where to turn for her impending baby's layette, might see the ladies of the chorus clad in a dozen or more different costumes. Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Smith might walk up St. Martin's Lane and choose between *Figaro*, on the one side, and 'Bottoms Up', say, on the other. *Figaro*, the loveliest of operas, would need at all times to apologize for appearing nearer to Central London than the suburbs, but in wartime it had literally to sneak on the stage in rags and tatters, excusing itself, in the programme, by saying, 'For a time opera cannot be grand; to survive it must at present be shorn of much'. But on the other side of the street, 'Bottoms Up' made no such apology. 'There is nothing niggardly', its programme announced, 'nothing suggestive of wartime economy or rationing, about this new production at the Monstrous.'

That is typical of this England, too; opera in rags, on one side of the street, and drivel in unrationed splendour on the other side, openly spitting in the face of the restrictions from which Mr. and Mrs. Smith suffered so much.

What kind of people are we?

I think, a people buoyed up at the moment by the excitement of war, who are moving to very bad times. A people lacking, above all things, some solid rock on which to rebuild their faith. A people who cannot shake off the habit of apathy and indifference; a people thus riper to be exploited, to their own detriment, to-morrow even than to-day.

For the British people seem to me to be coming dangerously near to the state of mind of those young Germans who used to march about singing, 'We excrete on freedom'. They are making a habit of self-abasement, as a child might rub its face in dirt and then look to see its mother laugh. Recently, I heard someone sing a song at a concert given to war workers during their lunch hour, which was broadcast. It was a wartime song of the worst sort, and the chorus ended in this fashion:

We don't know what it's all about  
But British bayonets will be there.

This was greeted with loud cheers.

It is a bad thing, when a people can be brought, by miseducation and misinformation, to shriek applause of its own idiocy.

One morning early, as I walked through London, I saw a long queue of people - and, believe me, our fellow countrymen and women look their worst in queues - before a picture-theatre. The time was about half-past-breakfast; and I found they were waiting to see a film, the first performance of which was to begin at 10.30 a.m. I cannot understand people who stand in queues at any time, but I find those incomprehensible beyond words who have nothing better to do at half-past-nine on a winter's morning than line up for a picture-show.

However, I find that the following statement about queues was made by a member of 'The Willesden Food Control Committee':

The public are becoming queue-minded. Some seem to like it, and join queues without even knowing what they are waiting for.

Holy Mahomet and his forty Mad Hatters!

I suppose this is a form of recreation comparable with that reported by Mr. Rowntree in his *Poverty and Progress*: 'A stroll round the chain-store for the fun of the thing.'

Well, it's good, clean fun.

'What kind of people do they think we are?'

'What kind of people do *we* think we are?'

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## Chapter Nine

### PERPETUUM IMMOBILE

Of one of our politicians, a wit said that he sought to mark time so briskly that people would think he marched. The words aptly apply to our uncommonly stationary House of Commons, which, though it emits the sounds of great activity, proceeds nowhere. It is like a deserted and ownerless motor car, with the engine loudly running.

You may make useless the finest motor car by putting sugar in the petrol-tank; it looks as good as ever, but cannot be driven, though the trouble, once found, may be cured. The British people, in their longing for progress towards more decent conditions of life, have in the course of centuries created this machine, Parliament. Now they think it will, without care or tending, take them in agreeable excursion to the pleasant destination, Democracy. Being dazzled by the shining look of their machine, they do not perceive that, essential parts having been removed, it goes nowhere, that they are stuck, and that their enforced halt lies far nearer to the dark vale of Autocracy than to the open plains of Democracy.

For what is 'Democracy', a word which should make a man endowed with the power of reason wince and flinch when he hears it invoked in this country to-day?

Does it merely mean, a vote? Votes are cast for all the tyrants; ninety-nine per cent of their people always vote for them. What is the value of a vote if the man voted for, when he reach Parliament, does the opposite of that which he has promised his voters, if he leads them to foreign wars and domestic impoverishment instead of peace abroad and prosperity at home, and cannot be called to account for this? Yet this repeatedly happened, in Britain, in the years between 1918 and 1939.

Only twice, since 1918, has the machine, Democracy, sputtered into life and moved a little forward. In 1935 the indignation of the duped passengers caused the dismissal of a Foreign Minister, Hoare, who, in private parley with politicians abroad, concerted the partition of a small country which his voters had clamoured to save; but within a few months he was readmitted to office. He just took a little stroll. In 1940, when the country felt the very noose of obliteration tighten about its neck, its embittered despair at long overdue last brought about the retirement of Mr. Chamberlain; but even then, he still had a large majority in Parliament, though a smaller one than usual, and if he lived to-day he would still be in office, a powerful Elder Statesman, able and likely to add new bars to his medal, which already bore those of Munich and Dunkirk.

If this is Democracy, then day is night, for the people did not want a new war, new impoverishment, the ruin of their careers and wreckage of their homes and sundering of their families, but they wrongly felt themselves helpless to avert these things. They were led to these tribulations by men who believed they were supremely irresponsible and non-accountable, that no sin of omission or commission could be visited on them, that the only heed they need take of the people was to offer them fair promises at election time, and that thereafter they would enjoy the sweets of office for the span of mortal life, none saying them nay. They perfected means to thwart any public control upon them, once they had gained power. They sugared the petrol-tank.

For what is 'Democracy'? The test of it is, whether a people can in the last resort enforce its will upon its leaders. Can it curb them, when it sees them going too fast in the wrong direction - for instance, towards Munich? Can it spur them on, when it sees them going too slowly in the right direction - for instance, in our military preparations before Dunkirk?

That is the test. In this country the possibility *does* exist; but it has been enchained in so many ways, that the people do not believe it exists, and from apathy do not strike off the chains. That is why Democracy does not exist, for all the outer trappings, in this country. The instinct of the British people was perfectly sound, between the two wars. The average British tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor would not have fought, from wordy conference to wordy conference, about rows of meaningless noughts, supposedly creditable to him decades after his own death; but neither would he, as his own son grew to manhood, have quitted the Rhineland five years before the due date, and thus have given up solid substance for these shadowy future credits. He would not have gone to Munich; but if he said, years before Munich, that he was resolved not to let his foe outarm him, and took from the taxpayers the money to ensure this, he would have built those arms. Such were the instincts and wishes of the British people, who thought, however, that they had no power to arrest events when quite opposite policies were pursued, and, from over-meekness, were led to disaster.

Thus Parliament to-day, their democratic machine, is neither their parliament nor a democratic machine. It has come to disdain them, because they protest too little. The fault is theirs alone, because the remedy is in their hands. If the British people are not interested in their own household, their own lives, and the future lot of their own children, they cannot complain. At the moment they are too engrossed with thoughts of the war and victory to realize that Parliament has become, not chastened, but more contemptuously self-centred and irresponsible than ever. This means that, though 'victory' may be gained, at stupendous cost, worse will befall them in the next twenty years than the last. The greatest enemy still is, not Germany, or Hitlerism, or Prussian militarism, or Bolshevism, or any other bogym, but the awful apathy of the English.

For 'victory' is a gleaming bubble which already once has been pricked before our eyes, a jewel which already once has turned to dross in our hands; and even victory is already mortgaged! When Mr. Churchill was carried shoulder-high to power by the acclamation of the British people, in April 1940, it seemed that the torment of the spirit, at least, was ended. Of a hundred Englishmen, I suppose ninety would have wagered that he, who had the support of the entire nation, would unload those men who had brought us to disaster.

He took nearly all of them into his administration! Writing at the end of 1940 I rejoiced, above all things, at Mr. Churchill's leadership; I thought privately that he bided his time and would before long cleanse his company of them.

Now nearly two years have passed since he came to power, and this seems beyond hope. The march of events never played a more mocking trick on the British people. This is a greater tragedy than even Munich; we may yet die of it; and if we should, here is the cause of death.

A South African acquaintance, whom I met early in 1942, told me he admired beyond words the spirit of this country, but was worried by the humourless, repressed, almost sullen bearing of many people he met. How could they be other, who can no longer believe any word they hear or anything they see? The very wicked men they are called on to destroy, to-day, are those who, they were told yesterday, were 'sincere, trustworthy, peaceloving'. Hess, the bloodstained gangster, arrived here, is 'a fundamentally decent man'. And the Men of Munich still rule the country!

Mr. Churchill cannot do more than win the war. The laws of nature do not permit of more than that. But winning-a-war, as we know, can mean nothing, unless the peace be won; it only leads to a worse war. Will he bequeath to us, to win the peace, the same men and the same craftily dislocated machine?

Unless the British people can muster the energy to prevent this, the seeds of future disasters are being set, a Slough of Despond is being made worse than that through which we toiled between

1918 and 1939. You may even mark the day, the very moment, when this seed was planted. It was November the Eleventh (sad that this day of all days should be so dishonoured), of 1941, when Mr. Churchill was asked in the Commons:

Whether any inquiry is being made into the complaints made by Viscount Gort in his dispatches as to shortage of equipment; and whether the shortage of equipment was due to the failure of the Government to take the advice tendered by their official advisers during the period from December 1937 to September 1939?

Mr. Churchill replied:

It is not proposed to hold such an inquiry. I was not a member of the Administration during the period in question, and I am unable, therefore, to say what advice was either tendered to or rejected by that Government.

This is the supreme enthronement of the principle of non-accountability. Lord Gort's dispatches are the final bill for, and the verdict upon, the regime of Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain and their chief associates. The chief critic of that regime was Mr. Churchill, and every disreputable trick was used by that regime to discredit him. That was the very reason why public feeling swept him to power, when Mr. Chamberlain's fiasco was being paid for in British blood and could no longer be hidden. Lord Gort's dispatches show that British soldiers for nine months were left without arms and equipment until the battle broke. They show much stranger, much more sinister things than even that. They show that:

The British commander was urged when his army was in retreat before an overwhelmingly superior enemy (May 20th), *to attack southward* - which would have meant annihilation; it was not possible, because you cannot make bulldogs, however courageous, attack elephants;

The British commander, having expressed the obvious misgivings, was further urged (May 24th) to this attack by the encouraging information that the French armies were attacking and had recaptured three important towns, Péronne, Albert and Amiens; this information was false.

The British commander, when the disaster was complete, was authorized (May 28th) to surrender.

This final balance of the Baldwin-Chamberlain regime is of such deep gravity that its burial in oblivion, without any inquiry, while most of the men co-responsible for it still sat blandly at Mr. Churchill's side, is of the worst portent for the future. This is non-accountability as flagrant as that of any dictator or tyrant. Worse things can now be done to-morrow, without fear of retribution or reproof. This makes the use of the word 'Democracy' no longer absurd, but obscene. It is the most contemptuous affront to every principle of honourable stewardship. It makes this the first and governing principle of our democracy: that a man, once within the little inner circle of privilege and preference, cannot be expelled from it, but can only fall up the ladder of advancement and entitlement from blunder to blunder. He may even be worse than a blunderer. No matter; he is immune, indissmissible. Of all men in the realm, he alone cannot be brought to book for anything he commits or omits. His disservices may not even be dispensed with, until that day when the time comes for the obituary-writer in *The Times* to tell the tale of his 'long life of service to his country'.

It is the most tragically ironic of all our tribulations that Mr. Churchill should prop up this evil system, who once said, 'The use of recriminating about the past is to enforce elective action at the present'. The British people, who alone can mend it, have their greatest battle still before them, and not in wartime, if they wish ever to have a future.

Our democratic machine, while retaining its outer semblance and its potentially sound mechanism, has in practice been turned into a vindictively anti-democratic apparatus.

The party-in-power, no matter which party, but during the decisive period leading to this war it was the Tory Party, places its own interests foremost, and those of the country may take their chance. It may allow irrelevant or absurd considerations to shape its policy; the nitwit's fear of a faraway Bolshevism, for instance, was the motive which sent English lords and masters afawn to Hitler, and prevented the indispensable *military* alliance with Russia from being formed in time to prevent the war.

But once the policy is formed, the party will use all its means of pressure to coax or coerce, cow or break that man, within the party, who opposes it, without regard to the interests of the country, that is, of the community of human beings known as the British people. It offers that man ostracism and victimization, if he hold to his honest faith and his patriotism; but it also dangles before him office and gain, if he abandon them. Thus is formed, within the walls of the democratic Commons, a body of men fastened together by the same motives of self-interest and mutual profit, though these are more subtly pursued and more genteelly clad, as those which ensured Ali Baba the support of his forty thieves, Al Capone the loyalty of his gunmen, or Ad Hitler the confidence of his grisly gang.

Of such a House, Shakespeare might have written his words:

And that's the wavering Commons; for their love  
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

This sounds harsh, and English people do not like spades to be called spades, but it is true. At the greatest crisis in our history, Mr. Chamberlain, reluctant to believe that even the Commons might turn, and seemingly quite forgetful of any such thing as the national interest, threatened to quell opposition by mobilizing 'my friends' in the voting lobby. Can any reasonable man, reading such speeches as his, believe that for such there is a higher motive or a greater loyalty than that of Party, which is not loyalty at all, but self-seeking?

As long as the country outside Parliament keeps no watch on Parliament, but opens its political eyes only at election time, then being hoodwinked by some conjuring trick with a Zinovieff Letter, or a Gold Standard, or a call to Save Abyssinia (already privily condemned), no possibility exists to check this evil system of party-tyranny, as it has stealthily been developed beyond the façade of 'Democracy', or to exercise any control upon any foreign or domestic policy that some little inner group, for who knows what motives, may decide to pursue. Motives? If you begin to search for motives you find yourself in a jungle far thicker and more deadly than that in which Stanley sought Dr. Livingstone. This party system, as it has been perfected inside our Parliament, acts as a filter through which only lesser and frailer men may pass and rise to the top; for what staunch patriot would accept the regime of the piece of sugar, the muzzle and the whip?

The Government is at once Santa Claus and Satan; it carries on its shoulder a sackful of gifts, but it also wields a knout. No priest may hope to be a bishop, or lawyer to become a judge, or civil servant to be made head of a department, or professional warrior to become ruler of the King's navee, armee, or air force, or private member to get some juicy job, unless he be of the most unremitting diligence in saying 'Yes'. The smallest word of 'criticism', and he is blackmarked for a long time, possibly for ever.

This pernicious system was used for the delusion of the British people about the situation in Europe, the state of our own arms and of Germany's rearmament, and the approach of war, which



was denied until it actually broke out. The few very rich men who control the newspapers of this country are too closely affiliated with the system to offend it by opening their columns unstintedly to the truth. The few insuppressible truthsayers in Parliament or outside were pursued with every device of derision and vilification. The most famous victim was a Mr. Winston Churchill.

Going about this country of democratic institutions, I have been astonished to find how very few people know anything of this most undemocratic practice, this dual system of repression and reward, which has been bred within the four walls of Parliament and reached its highest perfection during the years of Messrs. Baldwin's and Chamberlain's administrations. During those years, I think, the country was ruled, less by the King, Prime Minister and Government, than by the Chief Whip of the Tory Party. His task it was to encourage, or enforce 'loyalty' within the party. He it was who admonished and chid the rebellious, those who thought the country was being led to disaster.

Perhaps admonition and chiding were not enough? Well, to reinforce them came always the prospect that the culprit, if he remained obstinate, would be debarred from promotion, preference, advancement. But if he were submissive, these might come his way. The 'Patronage Secretary' was always on the watch for promising young men. Who *was* the Patronage Secretary? The Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury. And who *was* the Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury? The Chief Whip. And who *was* the Chief Whip? The Patronage Secretary!

It is at once subtle and blatant. In the candid use of the word 'Patronage', it is arrogance at its most contemptuous. It is as if Parliament had a dummy made, labelled 'Democracy', and stood it in the corner of the House of Commons with a paper cap on its head, marked 'Dunce'. How easily may a good democratic system be made nonsensical, when it is used like this.

The most eminent victim of the regime of the Tory Chief Whip, of the man with a knout and a sugar plum, was Mr. Churchill. Captain Margesson became War Minister in his Government. There is to be 'no inquiry' into the events leading to Dunkirk and Singapore.

I have been astounded, when I have talked with Members of Parliament, by the awe in which they hold this regime of the Whip's hand. Many detest it; but they feel, as one said to me, that concerted action by Members to end it is about as likely as 'a successful revolt in a German concentration camp'. Their greatest handicap, they say, is the lack of interest in the country. Given clear signs of indignant protest against it from the constituencies, enough Members with enough spirit to have it checked would soon appear. But this is the eternal gap in all forethoughtful discussion about the future of this country, the point at which all constructive debate comes to a sudden dead end: the dull apathy in the country. As long as they lack the stimulus of eager public interest in public affairs, Members will fear the chilly, unfriendly silence that may fall when a 'critic' enters the Commons smoking-room. Some of them have admitted as much to me. It is a sad picture of 'Democracy', but the final fault undoubtedly lies with demos, with the people. If the people are indifferent to the way they are governed and the way they are led, they are themselves to blame if they are misgoverned or misled. The remedy is theirs.

The only open denunciation in Parliament of the Whip's regime, that I can trace, is one made by Captain Vyvyan Adams, of West Leeds, which received the usual scanty report in the Press. He said such things as these:

However unfavourable the psychological atmosphere of the House may be, I feel quite unable to be silenced any longer by circumstance or official persuasion ... I have found that the discipline which prevails in the Army has some reason underlying it, unlike the rigid Parliamentary discipline which has threatened for the last nine years, from time to time, to sterilize democracy ... I am raising the question

of the salary and position of somebody who has been regarded for too long as a kind of sacrosanct and inviolable figure ... In the House of Commons for years now to the ordinary Member who has tried to do his duty to Parliament, his country and his constituents he has been a block and a dam. In fact he has succeeded on many occasions in muzzling our Parliamentary freedom. I am one of those who believe now and have believed for a long time that stronger policies and wiser statesmanship applied years ago would have avoided this war and at the same time would have preserved freedom for Europe. Peace might have been preserved if Mr. Churchill had entered the Government as recently as April of 1939 ... But for no less than nine years the Chief Whip has in two Parliaments driven huge majorities to support policies which have culminated in this catastrophe ... The Chief Whip did all he could, and successfully, to exclude Mr. Churchill from the Government until the war came, which the Prime Minister prophesied and which he might have prevented. He did all he could to preserve in high office others whose strength was failing and whose leadership was hesitant. Those of us who worked for years for a Churchill Government he chose to treat as a bad smell. In May the façade which he thought so safe suddenly collapsed, and some of us who were serving far from Westminster sighed with relief. At last, we felt, this evil, unhappy tyranny was over. No longer would the criterion of great decisions be the convenience of the Chief Whip and his little knot of friends ... I expected to hear that the Chief Whip, who had at last been exposed after nine long years as a huge political sham, had gone either to the Suez Canal or the House of Lords ... Most unfortunately, he is still there, whispering his counsels in the ear of the Prime Minister, and I suppose that he is still, as he has been over the last nine years, the fountain of honours. If anyone over the last nine years desired a title, it was necessary to approach 'the right hon. and gallant gentleman on all fours. As I have been, fortunately, not interested in these matters, I have been able to preserve a vertical posture, but I am bound to say that the presence still of the right hon. and gallant gentleman at the centre of power seems to me to be a fact of cardinal constitutional indecency....

Mr. Attlee, of Labour, answering for the Government, thought the House 'would be well advised not to pursue the matter further', that the speech was 'intemperate', that 'it is not a very good thing to have these personal quarrels fought out on the Floor of the House, particularly at this time, when they are raising issues which are past and when we should be bending our minds to the future'.

'Issues which are past.' 'Let bygones be bygones.' How are these issues 'past', these bygones 'bygone', when the men of the Munich era are still in office? While they remain there, they are an ever-present danger for our future.

Consider what has happened to the men whose names are ineradicably identified with those disastrous years in Britain's affairs when men who sought to make the truth known, Mr. Churchill chief among them, were vilified and victimized, those years for which the average British citizen is now paying in the interruption of his career, the imperilling of his future, the loss of his business, the division of his family circle, the forfeiture of his savings, his liberties and possibly his life.

Lord Simon is Lord Chancellor, which I believe to be the most highly paid post in the Government.

Lord Halifax and Sir Samuel Hoare were sent to the Embassies in Washington and Madrid. An announcement was made that they served 'without salary'. The gullible citizen may have assumed that, though they still would not forbear to serve him, they meant to perform penance, by taking less of his money. Then an assiduous Member of Parliament found out that Lord Halifax, though he would forgo the £2500 'salary' normally payable to the Ambassador in Washington, would draw

£17,500 for non-taxable 'expenses', against the norm of £13,750, so that he would be £1250 up on the deals plus the income tax he would have had to pay on a 'salary'; on balance he would be some £2250 better off. This at a time when the British citizen at home, tightening his belt, saving, giving, digging, fire-watching, home-guarding, and all the rest, was having his income tax raised to 10s. in the pound. This is the most flagrant flouting of common decency that has become known even in the present times. Sir Samuel Hoare's service without the taxable salary of £2500 proved similarly to be more costly to the country than it would have been if he had drawn that salary, for he received a non-taxable £8100 for 'expenses', as against the normal £3500, so that he was even better off, on balance, than Lord Halifax.

Captain Margesson became War Minister. Sir Kingsley Wood became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of the entire Government of eighty-four senior and junior members, fifty still belonged to the 'Baldwin-Chamberlain Old Boys Reunion'. Behind the scenes, they almost monopolized the enormous and enormously powerful Civil Service, the ranks of which, after the war began, grew day by day, while its encroachments upon the few remaining rights of the citizens knew no limits.

The High Temple of this gigantic officialdom was still the Treasury, and its High Priest still was Mr. Chamberlain's friend and adviser, Sir Horace Wilson, whose name was unknown to the public until, suddenly, the great power he wielded was displayed when he accompanied Mr. Chamberlain to Munich and, with him, made the calamitous surrender to Hitler there. The mighty authority wielded by the Treasury in the affairs of the British people, is not faintly suspected by them. They think of 'the Treasury' as the office of the nation's cashier, and this it should be. It should be the country's chartered accountant, charged to see that the accounts are well and truly kept, that money is neither squandered nor embezzled. The procedure known as 'Treasury sanction' and 'Treasury veto' has given this department of officialdom power to intervene in all questions of policy and expenditure. To what perilous and indeed farcical consequences for the nation this may lead, is shown by the sudden appearance of Sir Horace Wilson, whose knowledge of foreign affairs must have been as extensive as Hitler's knowledge of cricket, in Mr. Chamberlain's aeroplane bound for Munich.

Did the Treasury challenge the greatly increased payments which were made to Lord Halifax and Sir Samuel Hoare, when they became Ambassadors, at a time when backbreaking burdens were being put on the British people? That would have been a fit matter for its attention. But in these cases no difficulty seems to have arisen about 'Treasury sanction'.

In such circumstances, it is not strange that the character of the Civil Service should have grown strikingly to resemble that of the Party whose leading members Mr. Churchill inherited from Mr. Chamberlain. The kind of man likely to be attracted by it was he who began to think about his old age and a pension as soon as he learned to talk.

The procedure seems to be [said Lord Perry] to get a young man on the threshold of life, whose ceiling of ambition is short hours, little work, mediocre surroundings, and no responsibility, with the knowledge that as long as he does not commit an outrage he has a cushy job for life, and that there is no one who can discharge him because of stupidity or lack of interest in his work. A young man who is content to go through life waiting year by year for dead men's shoes to secure promotion, and whose goal is to reach 60 years, when he can retire on half-pay - that is the man who is attracted by the Civil Service.

A Parliament corrupted by the practice of patronage, and he in an iron grip by men whose foremost thought was that, come war come peace, nothing should disturb this fellowship of privilege, whatever the consequences for the country; a civil service, or officialdom, increasing in power and

numbers day by day and recruited from men who looked forward chiefly to growing old, so that they might retire and die; that is no cheering picture of the England to whose leadership Mr. Churchill came.

The picture seemed likely further to deteriorate, rather than to improve. The reasons are that very many Members of Parliament now hold paid posts given to them by the Government, and that membership of Parliament is so desirable that seats in it are sold to the highest bidder.

In 1700, persons holding any office under the Crown were debarred by an Act of Parliament from sitting in the House of Commons. In those days, Parliament fought for its rights and was resolved not to allow the King to attach Members to his own person by the gift of employment. During and after the war of 1914-1918, substantial inroads were made upon this excellent principle, and by 1941, when a Bill was introduced to free the Government from all restrictions in distributing posts to the Members of Parliament, Mr. Churchill assuaged uneasy critics by saying that, since they had already swallowed a camel, they might as well gulp down this additional gnat.

By the beginning of 1942 some 200 Members of the House of Commons, which has 615 Members, 100 or more of these now serving with the Forces, were performing services allotted to them by the Government. The dangerous system of patronage, which the Commons fought so sturdily when it was used by the King, was now being openly revived by the Government of the day.

The evils of this system were clear to see. Mr. Barnes, of East Ham South, pointed to them in such words as these:

... the patronage which, in the possession of the Crown, in olden days represented dangers to Parliament, is steadily passing into the personal possession of the Prime Minister of the day ... Nothing corrupts a modern civilization more than patronage introduced into your political system, into your legal system, and into your national, or statutory Church. The patronage of the Prime Minister already extends to the Church, to the law, and to the life of the House of Commons, as is reflected by the number of persons appointed to positions at the direction of the Prime Minister ... I think the Prime Minister will recognize the danger to himself and his Administration, if the number of Members in this House who might be likely to level free criticism against the Government are steadily reduced by appointments ...

Unhappily, no doubt existed that the character of the House of Commons had already suffered seriously from this practice. For 'Patronage' is a genteel synonym for a very bad system, the relegation of unpurchasable men in favour of hirelings; only evil can come of it for this country. A scramble of ambitious men began, to get into this Parliament where favours could be won by simple sycophancy. Mr. Beverley Baxter, himself a Member, reported that aspiring candidates in the Tory interest, at a Hornsey by-election were asked if they were ready to pay £800 a year (the salary of a Member is £600) to 'local expenses', as the price of their adoption. Mr. John Gordon, probably the best-informed writer in the London Press, said, 'I am told that a very safe seat cost its holder a payment of £4000 down and £700 a year'. He also recorded the case of a new Member 'who was given a job at a salary of £1500 a few days after his election'. Similarly, Lord Winterton said in some London constituencies Tory candidates were asked to pay £800 a year as a condition of adoption. If anyone thought this a true mirror of democracy, he said, God help democracy.

Incidentally, the Tory Party, as its vice-chairman announced (that Lord Windlesham who vets and grooms prospective Tory M.P.s), does not like candidates who are 'fighting for their country'. If a sitting Member has been recalled to the Armed Forces, his local Tories will continue to suffer him; but they will not adopt, as a new candidate, a young man in uniform, one of 'the boys' who are to be

welcomed home when war is won! They do not like the youthful and useful. They prefer somebody old, rich and stupid; or somebody young, infinitely unscrupulous, and astute enough to have dodged military service. I hope any in the fighting forces who may read this book will see what sort of a Party is being bred to represent them when they come back.

One way and another, the British Parliament, by 1941, had begun to reek of what I call corruption. I don't know whether it is in fact fair to call the malpractices which went on by this word, because, however evil their effects may be, they were at least not clandestine. 'Patronage' was practised in the full light of day, for everyone to see. Every citizen of the country, if he cared, could by perusing the pages of the Parliamentary reports learn to what post his Member, Mr. Stickfinger, had been appointed, or satisfy himself that, though the 'salary' of this post had been refused by the selflessly patriotic Mr. Stickfinger, the non-taxable 'expenses' allowance was raised to a figure which would leave Mr. Stickfinger twice as well off as his predecessor. Indeed, these things were done with the most candid openness, as if public opinion were not worth a moment's regard, and this seemed truly to be the case. For if the citizens of the country, being able to learn of these practices, either would not trouble to know of them, or heard of them without resentment, then they deserved nothing better.

A few voices were raised in protest against the men who brought Parliament and the country to this plight. Sir Herbert Williams truly told South Croydon Conservatives that this Government, mainly composed of men whom Mr. Churchill had amazingly taken over from Mr. Chamberlain, was 'in many respects the most incompetent Government of this country in modern times'. Lord Queenborough gravely spoke of Mr. Churchill as being surrounded by a circle of sycophantic men who once hated and reviled him and, now that he was powerful, treated him as 'a deified Caesar'. Mr. Horabin, of Tintagel, called on Mr. Churchill to get rid of these ill-omened men, to whom the country owed so much misery; Mr. Clement Davies, of Montgomeryshire, called for an inquiry to be held into the conduct of Ministers responsible for the disaster that befell British soldiers at Dunkirk and said they should be punished if they were proven to have failed in their duty to the Armed Forces of the Crown; Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie, ex-Regional Port Director of the North Western Area, called for these men to be impeached, and for the system to be abolished by which a politician's failure is rewarded with a peerage.

These, and other voices called in vain. The Guilty Men preened themselves in higher offices than they held before the disaster they brewed; they drew from the public pocket fatter perquisites than ever before; and if income tax seemed likely to encroach on these, they simply awarded themselves large grants for expenses, to more than make good the difference.

They alone, in all Britain, save for the war profiteers, thrive upon the war. The people went hungry, the people were bombed, the people closed their little shops and went off to war, the people drew their little savings from the banks to pay their income tax, the people could not get enough milk for nursing mothers or clothes for babies. No matter, these few men, like clockwork monkeys on sticks, continued calmly to climb from preferment to preferment. Sometimes they would come to the radio and urge the people to 'sacrifice', call on them to send their daughters into barracks, admonish them to give and give and give and give, everything they had, money, children, liberty, life itself.

And worst of all, Mr. Churchill was become the stout protector of these men! He it was who, in the Commons, repeatedly upbraided the 'critics', who complained of 'cavilling criticism'

For England, home and beauty! The 'critics' attacked the things which Mr. Churchill for years attacked; more, they attacked the men who for years derided his warnings, thwarted his efforts, and kept him from office - even refusing, on one occasion when he came to the Commons after an

attack on Trusty Baldwin, to make room for him to sit down, so that the little group of Independent Labour Members had to shift up and find a place for him!

That Mr. Churchill should have become the protector of these men, of all men, is the saddest and most ominous thing in our hard story. It is an ice-cold douche to all hopes for the future. It is the guarantee of worse things to come. Most tragic of all, it is a betrayal of those men throughout the country, from the highest to the lowest, who believed in Mr. Churchill's warning when he was alone and followed him until he was raised to power.

The thing has happened which I feared long before the war began, when I hoped that it might be averted, but sought in vain for any man or group of men in politics who, whether it came or not, would divest themselves of old party ties and ensure us long peace abroad, social betterment at home. I wrote then that a Churchill-Eden-Duff-Cooper Government would not advance us, because these men could not get out of their skin. How true that has proved, now that, on the Front Bench, they sit in beauty side by side with the other men who made the war! They could have reinvigorated and cleansed the Tory Party, or made a new Party. They have returned to the old, rotten fold, and now rub fleeces with the black sheep there.

How strange a Parliament it is, surely the worst in our history!

Two Members of it languish in prison, unchanged and untried.

A junior Member of the Government, who resigned after a Select Committee decided that his conduct in a certain matter was affected by the expectation of financial benefit from an outside party, stated:

While I would demand a high standard from Private Members, and a much higher standard from Ministers of the Crown, I do venture to suggest to the Committee that it is inadvisable, in view of what we all know does go on and has gone on for years, to set a standard that is not likely, in practice, to be generally attained.

One Member has not entered the House for four years, for he had a breakdown then and has been in a home since; yet his constituency is quite satisfied with this situation!

Competition between the parties, the clash of rival policies, which was feeble even before the war, because no important difference was to be perceived between any of the parties, has ceased quite, since a few Labour and Liberal Ministers were taken into the Government.

It is impossible to see how active party politics, which from the element of competition do impart at least a little energy to Parliament, and which do offer a means of checking or stimulating the Government in an emergency, can be resumed; for the only difference between the two main parties in the Commons to-day, Tory and Socialist, is that on the one side of the House rich men fall up the ladder of promotion from error to error, and on the other side, trades union leaders. To-day, when the forces have been joined, they even use the same ladder.

Thus the House of Commons which was triumphantly elected in November of 1935, to check Italian aggression and save Abyssinia, still sits to-day. It needed less than its full five years of life to drift into the new World War, but when its span lapsed, in November of 1940, it prolonged its own life for another twelve months, and in November of 1941 for a further year. When a new Parliament will be elected, is a thing now unforeseeable, and, if the people remain apathetic, uninteresting. Sir Archibald Sinclair, a Liberal, said there should be no new election for three years after the war. The Tory Party organizers are said to be privily concerting plans for a new 'snap'

election, bedecked with glowing promises, to be held immediately victory is won; they hope, by striking the iron of jubilation while it is hot, to forge for themselves another five years of office.

Thus the prospects of better management of this country in future - that is to say, of trustworthy peace abroad and general betterment at home - are truly grim. For what are the alternatives? They are these: many more years of government by the men who led us to Munich, Dunkirk, Greece, Crete, Hongkong, Penang and Singapore; or a period of government by the Socialist Party, which has deteriorated into a lethargic group of ageing trades union leaders, queueing up for promotion. The history of the British Socialist Party, since the betrayal by Ramsay MacDonald, is appallingly like that of the German and other Socialist Parties. If the misery and disillusionment of this war were to force the electorate to return the Socialists to power, they would no more know what to do with power than Ebert, Braun, Scheidemann, Müller and Noske. They would fumble the bill and look helplessly round for the Tory longstop to trap it, which he would do.

It is just possible that some man or men of real energy, possibly Sir Stafford Cripps, might reinvigorate politics. Otherwise, the only hope of better things in future remains the reinvigoration and cleansing of the Tory Party, and it is our most unhappy lot that Mr. Churchill, of all men, has now become the greatest enemy of this. For the only way to enforce that reinvigoration, as far as I can see, if the leaders of the Tory Party set themselves against it, is for a fairly large number of Independent Members, of Conservative feeling but without party ties, to enter Parliament and, by rebellion there, to compel the cleansing of that too-dirty stable.

But there have been many by-elections since Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister, and several Independent candidates have offered themselves. When I think how Mr. Churchill, the lone rebel, was for years the victim of vendetta and feud, I find his use of the very same methods against candidates who stood at these elections sad. Parliament needs fresh blood, and some clean hands, above all things. Yet the whole might and wealth of the Tory Party machine, which he has now inherited, was used to discredit and vilify these Independent candidates, and letters from Mr. Churchill were used as the main weapon against them. It is surely one of the most astonishing quick-change acts in political history, that within so short a time of coming to power he should so vindictively attack men who fought against the men who kept him down and out. Yet, in the name of Mr. Churchill, Independent candidates, who dared to contest a single Tory seat, were pilloried as time-wasters, trouble-makers, even as 'enemies of democracy'! These candidates were derided as political snipers', by the Prime Minister of the country fighting for the democratic system. Mr. Pemberton Billing incurred Mr. Churchill's particular wrath and was called 'a political privateer', 'a frivolous candidate', and the like. Yet Mr. Pemberton Billing is beyond question a leading aeronautical expert.

The independent Member is a well-known and frequent figure in British Parliamentary history, but few would ever have reached the Commons if the methods were used against them which are now employed against Independent candidates who opposed the official Tory nominees. There is in each case the infuriating complication that the Independent candidates are wholeheartedly for Mr. Churchill and against the men he inherited; while the Tory candidates, who in their hearts dislike Mr. Churchill, are able to decry and discredit their opponents by vaunting his support.

After such happenings as these, none in this country should ever again speak contemptuously of political methods in the Balkans or Chicago; they really have nothing on us. Mr. Churchill himself, when out of favour with the Tory Party, stood as 'a political privateer' in order to re-enter Parliament, and I find it difficult to quarrel with anything in this letter to Mr. Churchill from Mr. Pemberton Billing, which was published in the Press:

Surely it ill becomes you who, rejected by all parties, were obliged to stand as an Independent to gain readmission to the House of Commons, to employ the same methods of derision towards another Independent as all parties employed towards yourself at Epping. Even your present attitude does not detract from my admiration of you as a courageous and forceful leader. I cannot, however, allow your letter to pass without expressing my regret that in a moment of great national crisis when the Empire stood behind you to a man you should have seen fit to surrender your political independence, so essential to the direction of this country's destiny to-day, for that mess of political pottage, the Chairmanship of the Conservative Party, loyalty to which I am sure inspired your letter to my opponent. I am sure it is thus that Hitler would wish to witness democracy in action. Your expression of appreciation of my abilities when as a squadron commander in the Royal Naval Air Service I had the privilege of serving under you in the last war, would have led me to believe that even your loyalty to a political party would not have prevented you from welcoming the aeronautical knowledge and war experience that I am so anxious to place at the service of my country to-day....

The result of all but one of the many by-elections at which Independent candidates stood was, that the official candidate was elected. I do not know what to think of these by-elections. Very many of the voters were away at the war and it is just possible that the results would have been different if a full electorate had been present. If they are a true expression of the feeling of voters, hardly any hope seems to remain for the cleansing of our political system and the bettering of our future lot. If an Independent candidate, an inveterate enemy of Mr. Chamberlain and all his group, and a fervent admirer of Mr. Churchill, can be pilloried to the electorate as 'Hitler's friend' by one of Mr. Chamberlain's Old Boys, with the approval of Mr. Churchill, and if the voters can be brought to believe this, then no prospect of improvement, but rather the likelihood of further deterioration in our affairs, offers. An electorate as stupid as that, as indifferent to its own lot, and as gullible, deserves no conscientious representation or leadership.

So it stands to-day, that Parliament elected in 1935, one of the worst we ever had, and the last-cause-but-one of all our troubles. For the ultimate, root cause is the stupid torpor of the people themselves, who have it in their hands to mend matters and will not bestir themselves. This inertia, this shrinking horror of active thought or energetic participation in the management of one's own household, is a loathsome thing. I go about the country a deal, and talk with people of all kinds, but I can never cease to be fascinated by the expression of almost physical pain, as of a slug beneath the salt, that comes over the faces I see before me when I suggest that their owners should think about the affairs of their country, inform themselves about these, study the actions of their Member and of the Party to which he belongs, discuss these with others, set a ball rolling, *do* something....

There lies the deeper blame. The Guilty Men merely exploit that moron-like, moonstruck lethargy. People get the Parliaments they deserve. The British people has a Parliament in which corrupt practices are sprouting and spreading outward into the government monopolies, the great civil service departments, the judiciary, magistracy and the Church.

'Patronage' is a disease that spreads very quickly, and knows no bounds. Its evil results do not appear at once, and are seldom recognized by public when they do show, but they are certain, and very grave. For instance, Mr. Dormant-Myth may be an unsuccessful Minister for Agriculture, but because he belongs to the inner group of the Tory Party his services may in no circumstances whatever be dispensed with. Therefore, he is transferred to some distant outpost of Empire, say Burma, as Governor; there, thinks the Patronage Secretary, he will be out of the public eye for a while, until the time comes for him to return to office at home. Then, one day, that outpost of



empire is attacked. The defences prove defective, the British leadership quite inadequate, the inhabitants side with the invading enemy, a British Army is overwhelmed!

But the shocks we have suffered of late affect not only the people of Britain, long used to shocks and seemingly indifferent to their fate; they have awakened Australia and New Zealand, great Dominions, to the realization that they are in peril. They still call a spade a spade. There, they do not exalt the incompetents and decry the patriots. There, they do not admit that a man chosen by the Patronage Secretary must never be criticized, impugned or relegated, but must rise higher and higher, from mistake to mistake, as long as he lives. There, they still have feelings, a sense of justice and of wrong, they still have rights.

So the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* asks angrily, 'Why do our troops retreat before death from the skies and cry "Where are our fighters?" Did all those people really mean what they told the public? If so, they are fools. What mistakes must be made by high officers before they are sacked?'

So the veteran Hughes, Australia's Prime Minister in the last war and deputy leader of the Opposition in this, says:

Hongkong, Manila, British and American battleships have gone. This is a belated recognition by those in authority of ineffectiveness and incompetence.

Most important of all, Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, says:

Without inhibitions of any kind, I say Australia looks to the United States of America, free of any pangs as to traditional links of kinship with the United Kingdom ... Australia is no mere colony and her voice must be heard.

And of this, Sir Archibald Southby said, in the Commons:

This Government put these men in these positions. This Government neglected to make suitable provision for the defence of Singapore and the Far East. They cannot shirk the responsibility, which is theirs. They may resent criticism in this House, but they will have to listen to it from Australia....

I have traced from source to result from cause to effect, the evil consequences of our system of 'patronage' in one important case. The consequences now reach far enough to touch the whole fabric of Empire! What an achievement for the Party which claims, above all else, to stand for and represent 'The Empire'!

For did not Sir Keith Murdoch, an important man in Australia, and a former Minister of Information there, write to *The Times*:

I believe Great Britain has been taking a tremendous responsibility, unwise in any event but shattering in its effect if things go wrong, in deciding strategy and policy alone for all British everywhere. . . The entry of stout Dominions minds into the war council and of our overseas Service men and business men into the Army, Navy and Air Supply Councils has thus become of great importance for the two reasons that the Dominions will not stand grave decisions going against them unless they are in those decisions, and that something must be done to improve the war management.

Those words might have come from the heart of nine out of ten men in this country, save that eight of these nine, from hope deferred, have become too heartsick to utter them. 'The entry of stout Dominions minds into the war council!' What man in this country but would most fervently welcome this? With what uplifted hearts would we see the entry of stout *British* hearts into the war council. But no, this has been closed, by no other man than Mr. Churchill, to new men, and within it sit the same, same old ones, Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Chamberlain's Old Boys.

If ever we do contrive to shake off these shackles, we shall have those voices from the Dominions to thank. The mechanism of suppression here is too perfect; little protest can be made, and that little is heard by few. But the voices from overseas are heard in every home. When *they* speak, the average Britisher shakes off his apathy, raises his head, and listens.

The picture of the British Parliament, which suffers and condones these things, is in repugnant contrast to that which the long-suffering, hard-fighting British people offer, but they have allowed the picture to become like that. The *war* should be won now, soon. The British people withstood the mortal period of siege, and the Russians and Americans, having had the time we gained them to prepare, should be able gradually to lean their weight upon it, until the German spirit sags, and the German generals chase Hitler away, and a few fill-gap nonentities follow, while Göring lurks in the background, and the Japanese withdraw from the carnage....

Now is the time to look *beyond* victory and to look *back* to that other victory, so that you may see how little victory can mean.

This Parliament is much less likely to win the peace than the Parliaments of 1918-1939. Unless the British people can muster the energy to keep watch on it, and make it mend its ways, it will certainly lose the peace and might even lose the war, which would now be very difficult.

The essential condition, and if this is not fulfilled the future becomes darker than the past, is that the men who are responsible for our plight should go, and their system of privileged inefficiency, nepotism and guaranteed non-accountability with them. It is intolerable that their nests alone should be warmer and loftier than ever, and the feathers with which they line them sleeker and downier.

The tragedy now is, not so much the war, as Mr. Churchill's inheritance of the Tory machine, his identification of his cause and the nation's cause with the cause of the men who brought us to this extremity. They are capable of placing the very Empire itself in peril. Parliament could quickly expel them, if it felt the impulse from below, from the people. That is the lack.

#### POSTSCRIPT

This chapter, and a later one, 'After This, What?' were written at the end of 1941. In both, I have urged the entry of large numbers of Independent Members, sworn to reject Party ties, into Parliament as the only way of breaking the deadlock brought about by two degenerate parties. At that time, this seemed a forlorn hope, for the few Independent candidates who *had* fought were heavily defeated. But as this book goes to press the victory at Rugby of Mr. W. J. Brown, and a heavy vote in favour of Independent candidatures given in response to a canvas of public opinion (April, 1942,) suggest that I may have foreshadowed something that is coming.

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PART THREE

TIMES FUTURE

## Chapter One

### CRIME: *AND PUNISHMENT?*

In Berlin, in the Kantstrasse, I once had as neighbour a man, close-cropped and bescarred, who was a German officer in the 1914-1918 war. On either side of the third-floor landing was a door, leading to a flat, and the left-hand door was his, the right-hand one, mine. Occasionally we would meet on the landing. Then I would say, 'Guten Tag, Herr Oberleutnant', and he would click his heels, bow, and say stiffly, 'Guten Tag, Herr Doktor'. He would not let me be less than a Doktor, feeling that if I were not even that, he should not greet me at all.

The Upper-Lieutenant was renowned in the Kantstrasse. The house-porter, an ardent Socialist (this was before Hitler), professed to despise him, but his blood-corpuscles were too thoroughly dragooned for him not to spring to attention when the tenant of the third-floor flat came downstairs. His wife and daughter frankly admired the Oberleutnant, and the publican at the corner, a Nazi, beamed with servile homage when he came by. Frau Meyer, of the baker's shop, who sent up his morning rolls, would call gladly, 'Guten Tag, Herr Oberleutnant', when she saw him, and all the buxom and bareheaded servant girls from the neighbouring flats, out shopping with their baskets, would whisper and send covert glances after him when he passed.

The Oberleutnant, in the general estimation, was *ein ganzer Kerl*, a German tribute difficult to translate, though I fancy that the other half of the English-speaking peoples derive from it their expression, a regular fellow. He had killed his man; true, that man was usually looking the other way, or was the Oberleutnant's prisoner, but the fact of death was indisputable, and upon it was founded the Oberleutnant's present renown among his fellow-citizens.

For the Oberleutnant, during the 1914-1918 war, was for a while Military Commandant of a small town in German-occupied Belgium, and ordered the execution, on scant evidence, of several Belgians whom he deemed hostile to his Fatherland, and maltreated many others. His name later appeared in a list of 'war criminals' whose apprehension, trial and punishment was claimed by the Allied Governments, then lustily shouting, 'Never again!' In 1930, when I knew him, the dead Belgians were long dead, and this incident was become a huge joke with the Oberleutnant. If he spoke of it at his Stammtisch, his regular table, in the little hostelry at the corner, with the smiling landlord hovering around, the shouts of mirth could be heard far away.

When the 1914-1918 war ended, the Oberleutnant joined one of the Free Corps, the illicit formations which marched about Germany supposedly disarmed, and went to fight the Poles, and many brave tales of freebooting he told about those days, too. Then he changed into civilian clothes and crossed Germany to the West, for a little train-wrecking in the French-occupied Rhineland, and shot one of the Rhenish Republicans in the street. After that, came some years of inactivity while the Oberleutnant impatiently waited for the next war; peace was for him but an irritating interlude, to be whiled away somehow until the normal condition, war, could be resumed. He kept his spirits up as best he could; he shot a Socialist in Brunswick, busied himself in dark political schemes, contributed articles about Belgium to the Nationalist newspapers, and became, first a Stahlhelm, then a Storm Troop commander.

His record or patriotic achievement was undeniable, and when Hitler came to power the Oberleutnant cast off his detested civilian clothes and returned permanently to uniform. He was born again, I think, on the night of the Reichstag Fire, when he dashed about Berlin, arresting whom he chose, and afterwards he became a Concentration Camp Commandant, his Belgian experience entitling him to this appointment. He cared not that his captives were his own

countrymen; the power to indulge the instinct of cruelty was for him paramount. Then he returned to the army, and quickly became a Colonel. The Kantstrasse watched him go with real sorrow, as he went to reside in a big house at Dahlem.

He did not know whether to distrust or despise me more, for he hated Englishmen, and could not keep the wary and puzzled look from his eyes, when he told me how much he loved them. Such men as he, with similar records, predominate in the upper hierarchy of the National Socialist Party, and the new generation which they have trained, for ten years now, is worse. I often wonder whether, when the war is over, I shall find the Oberleutnant, sitting, a little older but inwardly unchanged, at his Stammtisch, with the attentive youngsters around him, biding his time. For every ten of his kind that were, between 1918 and 1939, there will be a hundred after this war, for the poison has gone deeper. If our leaders allow it, once more, they will sit at their Stammtische, mocking the threats of retribution and preparing their next war. And the signs accumulate that our leaders *will* allow it. In that case, this war, too, will have been fought in vain.

The victory of 1918 was cast away, the peace lost, for two main reasons:

The first is, that Germany never has known, since it began its successive wars of conquest and expansion two hundred years ago, within its own boundaries the death and destruction, caused by the engines of war, which it has caused in other countries; the physical damage, the devastation of towns and countryside, have as yet always been confined to the countries Germany has invaded, so that the German people feel themselves invulnerable and immune;

The second is, that no retribution was exacted for the crimes of brute ferocity committed by Germany in these other countries, so that the German people feel that the conception of 'international law' is a joke, applied against Germany, though it can always be invoked with success by Germany, foreseeing defeat, against its adversaries.

These two factors, which deprived us of our last victory, are more powerful to-day than they were twenty-five years ago, and represent a crushing mortgage upon our future victory, when we gain it. But this time, at least, it is possible, in the light of experience, to foresee why victory may be lost; whereas last time we could only look back, afterwards, and see why it *was* lost.

Consider the first of the two reasons - the immunity of Germany from the appalling destruction which Germany, twice in a generation, has caused elsewhere. This time, we had the chance to teach Germany a very sharp lesson, for, although we were weaker in the air than Germany at the beginning, we were bound, if we were not annihilated, eventually to become stronger. Thus it was essential this time, for the sake of peace after this war, to repay, and more than repay Germany the destruction, by air-bombing, which Germany wreaked in many countries. The effect of this, upon a Germany facing defeat, would be far more salutary than its effect upon a Britain, sorely-tried but confident of eventual victory. It would, at long last, give us one pledge of lasting peace, because it would erase from the German mind the greatest factor which has repeatedly made war seem worth while to the Germans - invulnerability. I have laid all the stress I can upon this paramount necessity in every word I have written, since the war began. So have all others who are competent to know and judge. William Shirer, in his *Berlin Diary*, repeatedly mourns the ineffectiveness of British bombing, and records that the Belgians, who might themselves be killed by British bombs, longed only to hear them fall; for them, the noise of British bombs exploding was sweetest music. Another American correspondent, Joseph Harsch, who left Berlin a year later, just before his country came into the war, told the same tale. Our raid on Berlin on August 26th, 1940, was weak compared with the German raids on Britain, but the mere thought that Britain could hit back came as 'a shuddering mental shock' to the Germans, cradled in the feeling of immunity; German 'invincibility', he writes, had been penetrated, and even though this raid was not a serious blow, he says that 'if Hitler's Nazi

Germany ever disintegrates internally under the weight of an aroused outside world, history will trace that disintegration back to the night of August 26th, 1940'.

Similarly, an American radio speaker who only left Germany on December 7th, 1941, stated, in the *News Chronicle* of January 17th, 1942: 'British air raids would have a powerful effect in undermining morale if they were carried out more regularly, but the present sporadic raids are without noticeable effect.' A neutral observer from Berlin reported in the British Press, on January 15th, 1942, that 'British air raids on the German capital, even the heaviest, are comparatively innocuous ... The unanimous opinion in Berlin is that the B.B.C. is making an utter hash of the German broadcasts, mentioning damage in Berlin which any Berliner can verify as false. The one thing to break the morale of the capital would be British machines over Berlin nightly, as shelter rules are most strict'.

This is truth, confirmed by every observer who comes out of Germany. It is truth, indeed, upheld by our own leaders. Repeatedly, they have stated the need to increase our bombing attack on Germany, have told us that Germany will be repaid her bombing debt manifold, that the German raids will 'look like child's play' compared with the answer which we shall give.

But - this has not happened. These promises were uttered in the summer of 1941, and were to be made good in the autumn and winter of 1941-1942. During the same period, German bombing of this country almost ceased. By January 8th of 1942, Our Air Minister, Sir Archibald Sinclair, asked to explain why our raids on Germany were so much fewer than the promises which had been made, said that the weather, which was more unfavourable than it had been for fifteen years, was partly to blame; another reason was that our bombing operations needed to be 'so widely distributed' - though this was presumably known when the midsummer promises were made.

Well, whatever the reasons, the facts are plain. The great bombing retribution has not come. One must hope that the reasons are, in truth, entirely technical, and that our attack has not in any way been modified at the wishes of those pernicious warmongers who cry, 'No reprisals'. Sir Archibald Sinclair promised the great air offensive, again, in January of 1942, for 'a time not remote'.

The longer it is postponed, the longer the war will be prolonged. If it should never be made, the peace will be lost before it is won (unless the Russians save it for us by driving right through into Germany), for Germany will be left after this war with the sense of immunity, and not even a march to an undamaged Berlin will save it, for the Germans know from the experience of 1918-1930 how quickly an occupying army may be ousted, by the deft use of political tactics.

So much for the first of the two reasons for the loss of the victory won in 1918. What of the second: 'retribution', promised but not exacted? The empty threat which made my neighbour in the Kantstrasse, the Oberleutnant, a great man among his fellows?

The crimes committed by the Germans upon the civilian population in the countries they invaded were bad enough in the last war. This time they are so much worse that the imagination cowers at the thought of the things they will do in that next war which is *certain* if they are again left the belief in their invulnerability and non-accountability. The publications of the Russian, Polish, Czech and Yugoslav Governments are documents of brutal depravity which would have made past centuries shudder. In 1942 people seem to look at them almost with indifference.

I do not like to think what the remaining sixty years of this century may see, if the Germans, with such a monstrous mass of common law crime as this to their debit, are allowed, after this war again, to go immune, and laugh mockingly at their accusers. But, once more, the signs are accumulating that this will be so; and the signs are, once more, in *this* country. After the last war, the breed of

people in this country who later showed such kindness to Hitler, raised pious hands in shocked horror at the proposal that the culprits should be punished. Now, they start again!

The Kaiser and Field-Marshal von Hindenburg were two chief culprits on the list of 'war criminals', after the last war. Nothing was done to bring them to book. My own feeling is that the people in this country who so implacably uphold the doctrine of official non-accountability, for any misfortunes that may befall Britain, would dislike to see the leaders or misleaders of other countries brought to account, no matter how abominable their crimes. Once you unleash the greyhound of 'retribution', they think, you never know where it will stop. True, a carrot, 'retribution', must be dangled for a while before the miserable ass, public opinion; but those asinine teeth must never be allowed to bite it.

So the Kaiser was allowed to depart in peace to a villa in Holland, and Hindenburg, arch-criminal of 1918, was acclaimed as 'Germany's Grand Old Man' when he was elected President in 1925, to keep the seat warm and the powder dry for Hitler. The other 'war criminals', an election in England having been won on the 'retribution' cry, were immediately forgotten, save for a very few who were brought before the Supreme Court of the German Republic at Leipzig.

Now, this was interesting. The German judges were spiritual kith and kin of the men they had to try. They dated from Imperial times, and placed great value on the 'proud prerogative' of judicial freedom from interference by the men who appointed judges, as judges in all countries do. They had as much desire to try the men before them as I have to become a baron. They sympathized with these men. But an Allied Army of Occupation stood in the Rhineland, and the paramount aim of German policy, secretly looking forward to the next war, was to get that army out. If part of the price for that were the condemnation of German officers by German judges, then the price would have to be paid. The culprits themselves could be let out of the back door of the prison they were sent to, and were so let out, soon after admission. They were not meant to be *punished*. The whole point was, that as a matter of high policy, a few had to be tried and sentenced.

But if they were to be tried, in open court, with that army of occupation in the Rhineland, then evidence, most unhappily, would also have to be heard. And so a few of the war criminals were actually tried by German judges; their abhorrent crimes against mankind and humanity were proved in a German court; and they received sentence!

For the rest, the 'war criminals' were buried, inevitably, in an English Committee. No doubt this cost the British taxpayer a lot of money; but it brought no criminal to justice. Sir John Macdonnell, an authority on famous trials, was chairman of 'The Committee of inquiry into the responsibility of Germany for Crimes by its Armed Forces on Land and Sea and in the Air'. He drew up 'A Report'! Was it ever even published? *No!*

This episode (my Oberleutnant was nearly included among the men tried, and regretted that he missed this distinction, which would have increased his already great popularity) is instructive for the future. Next time, we should have these men tried in a Leipzig occupied by Allied troops, and after sentence they should be handed over to Allied jailers or executioners, to ensure that the sentences are carried out.

Do you think, reader, that hope exists of this? Can you not see Whitehall rummaging in its book of well-tried clichés, can you not hear the verdant youths of the Lettuce Brotherhood crying, 'Let us not make any martyrs!' The Germans make martyrs in millions, with much gusto. It brings them much esteem, in their home-towns, when peace breaks out for a little while; witness my Oberleutnant.

In this war, Mr. Churchill has said that 'the absolutely frightful, indescribable atrocities which the German troops committed upon the Russian population in the rear of their advance' brought home to him 'in a significantly ugly and impressive form the need to beat back any attempted invasion of this island', and these words are equally true of Poland Czechoslovakia Yugoslavia, Greece, France, Belgium, Holland and Norway.

Will it be Christian, then, or honourable to our Allies, or wise for ourselves, to forget these things when the war is over, merely because we ourselves have not been hanged in Trafalgar Square?

Yet a great silence hangs over this, which should be the second of our war aims; the first should be, to repay Germany the destruction and devastation Germany has wreaked. True, Mr. Churchill has said that 'Particular punishment must be reserved for those Quislings and traitors who make themselves of the enemy; they will be handed over to the judgment of their fellow countrymen'. This speech, however (in which, incidentally, on December 30th, 1941, Mr. Churchill again foretold 'an ever-increasing bombing offensive against Germany'), gave no indication of the justice to be exacted from the German leaders, whose tools and puppets 'the Quislings and traitors' merely are.

In Parliament, too, great caution is shown. The Government has often been asked 'whether it will make a declaration of policy that, after the war, those responsible for murder, cruelty and oppression committed on persons such as hostages and others in enemy-occupied territories for deeds over which they had no control, will be brought to trial and, if found guilty, punished according to their offence' (Captain Strickland); whether 'it is the intention of the Allies to compile lists of those responsible for crimes committed by the enemy during the war, and to deal suitably with the individuals responsible at the end of the war when they become available for arrest?' (Mr. Mander); whether 'in view of the fact that the German authorities in the occupied territories have introduced the practice of seizing and executing hostages, thereby violating the most elementary principles of law and justice, the Government will give an undertaking that those responsible for these murders will, after the war, be brought to trial and judgment, and made to suffer the penalty appropriate to their crimes' (Mr. Walker); and the like.

But the Government only answers that 'it is considering this matter', that it intends 'to approach the Allied Governments on the matter', and so on. Mr. Churchill himself once went further; he said, in answer to a question about Italian atrocities in Montenegro, 'I have recently made it clear that retribution for crimes of such a nature must henceforward take its place among the major purposes of the war'.

If we are to have any hope whatever of peace after this war, the two foremost 'major purposes' must be, to deliver a bombing offensive against Germany heavier than that which Germany launched on one defenceless land and city after another; and to exact punishment for common-law crimes perpetrated upon helpless people.

*But the actual position is, as I write, that the great bombing offensive against Germany is still postponed, and that the Government has committed itself to no undertaking about punishment, beyond Mr. Churchill's general statement.*

Meanwhile, the issue is being fogged again.

The name of 'Christianity', once more, is being invoked to thwart that just retribution. It was so misused last time. Last time we could not see the results which would follow. This time, we know. To-day, you may see the seeds of fresh wars, of further years of suffering, being planted while you wait, all in the name of Christianity.



An Archbishop of Canterbury, one Dr. Lang, before he resigned, declared that, though Mr. Churchill was justified in asserting that retribution must be included in war aims, 'just retribution is one thing and the mere lust of vengeance to satisfy our own feelings is another. Such vindictive passion the Christian citizen is bound to resist in himself and in others'.

I think my mind's eye sees the oberleutnant, at his Stammtisch in the Kantstrasse, chuckling with his cronies over these words. 'Da kommen sie wieder, die guten alten Tanten', I hear them say, as I have heard them say, with ribald mockery, 'mit ihren Haarspaltereien. Es ist zum platzen'.

The Archbishop of York (since become Primate) said:

The Prime Minister was undoubtedly right when he included retribution among our war aims ... Yet, when we applaud the purpose of just retribution as a means to the vindication of moral principle, we must take care that this is indeed the end that we seek. For it is easy to slide from the obligation to impose retribution into the desire to exact vengeance; and this is naked evil; evil in its own principle as an offence against love; evil in its political effects as calling forth bitterness, resentment, and, at last, retaliatory war....

By such phrases were the last victory and the last peace lost. In this country, when a man commits murder, he is often hanged. I commend readers to inquire from their spiritual mentors, whether this is retribution or vengeance, and whether they approve of it, and to insist on a brief and clear answer.

I wrote once, and I think I was right, that as affairs were shaping (before the war overtly began) the British Empire would either have to be handed over to Germany, with or without a fight, or submit to be saved, to the accompaniment of loud protests from Harrogate and Cheltenham, by Russia. Our best hope now is that Russia and the other mainland countries fighting with us, will also save the peace for us, by insisting that the mistakes of last time shall not be repeated. The incurable confusion of thought in this country, and the indifference of the British people about its own future, leave no other hope for the future.

These other Governments, which may be strong to-morrow though they are in exile to-day, are most anxious about our intentions towards Germany. How should they not be, when every discredited phrase is disinterred from the dead past and brought out again, word for word, as a living rule for to-day? Thus the Free Dutch newspaper published in London, *Frij Nederland*, expresses lively alarm, and with every reason, about the B.B.C. broadcasts to Germany, which are seemingly ruled by the schoolboy doctrine that Hitler and his Nazis alone are our enemies:

Such talk is dangerous [says *Frij Nederland*], Hitler and his Nazis are but an expression of the German disease. They are in power through the influence of the same elements as before - the junkers, militarists, heavy industrialists, and the servility of the people. These dominating groups may oust Hitler to preserve themselves. Then they will continue to dominate Germany as they did after 1918. They will prove to be even more patient in their preparations, so that they will not fail a third time.

That is truth.

Thus, while the British Government 'considered the matter', the representatives of nine countries in German occupation (Belgium, the Free French, Greece, Luxembourg, Poland, Norway, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, with a Russian observer) met at St. James's Palace in

London to consider the position. Mr. Eden, in opening their meeting, tactfully but non-committally observed, 'It is fitting that they should take the initiative in declaring the principles by which they will be guided on their return to their liberated countries', which let out the British Government. The conference declared, chiefly, that the Governments represented 'place amongst their principal war aims the punishment, through the channel of organized justice, of those guilty and responsible for these crimes, whether they have ordered them, perpetrated them, or in any way participated in them; and determine in a spirit of international solidarity to see to it that (a) those guilty and responsible, whatever their nationality, are sought for, handed over to justice and judged, (b) that the sentences pronounced are carried out'.

Our best hope is that, with Russian collaboration, this 'war aim', which should also be ours, will be fully carried out. Then we may have peace. It is only ominous that the British Government holds back, that the old cackling chorus of don't-be-unkind-to-Germany is being revived, that, in short, the dead hand which always intervenes to misguide the affairs of Britain seems to have interposed its clammy claw once more, to our detriment. When a British Royal Marine broadcast an appalling story of the German treatment of British prisoners taken at Calais, this was quickly damped down by a reassuring statement that the Germans hardly ever did this sort of thing. Is a British soldier's life worth nothing, because he is but one man?

Well may the Dean of Winchester, a clearer-sighted Churchman, seemingly, have regretted, in October, that Mr. Churchill's statement about 'Allied tribunals' to which these criminals would have to give account, was never followed up. Our infirmity of purpose has become a national tradition, since the last war, and our Allies, who think not only of the bubble, victory, but of peace, are becoming deeply suspicious of it on this account. Ask any Norwegian, Hollander, Serb, Czech, Pole, Russian or Free Frenchman you meet, reader.

Meanwhile, the guilty men in Germany are ready for all emergencies. The really guilty ones, those whose puppet Hitler is, have in any case nothing to fear. Hindenburg, Oldenburg-Janusschau, Seeckt, Hugenberg, and others are dead, died in their beds. Our Allies, if they form their tribunals, should try Papen, Krupp, Oskar Hindenburg; will they? Will they try Fritz Thyssen, who in his book boasts that he paid Hitler millions of marks towards making this war, and who now professes repentance? If they try him, they should also try the British and American bankers who advanced the money for Germany's rearmament.

But it would be salutary, and a guarantee of peace, if the known murderers, direct and indirect, were tried and condemned.

I hope the Allied Governments, including Russia, will stick at nothing to lay their hands on those men and mete out justice to them, for if justice is not done this time, the rest of our century does not bear contemplating. If our rulers have any say in it, the old farce will be revived.

For in this country the dominant share of power, in the Government, in the gigantic civil services, and in the fighting services, is held by men who stand or fall, by the doctrine of 'No Recriminations'. Their theory of Patriotism is the subversive and seditious one, that they shall on no account whatever, come calamity, come catastrophe, come cataclysm, be called to account or be required to surrender their posts and privileges. The weal or woe of the British people is of indifference to them. Is it reasonable to suppose that men who cherish such a theory, would be eager to see responsible men in other countries brought to book?

The Palsy-Walsy Fraternity likes my Oberleutnant, of the Kantstrasse, better than it likes Englishmen.

## POSTSCRIPT

The escape from Brest of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* lend mournful emphasis to the theme of this chapter.

In the 'astonishing first seven months' of the war the Royal Air Force, though its bombing squadrons could reach Germany from France, were *not allowed* to bomb Germany!

During the German air attack on this country, our bombers were seemingly allowed to hit back as hard as they could, and in mid-1941, when the German bombing slackened, all our leaders promised an ever-increasing air offensive against Germany. This did not happen (our air raids on Germany became fewer, not more frequent) but a great air offensive was waged against the *French* port of Brest.

Knowing it to be essential to victory in this war that we should repay Germany the havoc wrought here, I regretted beyond words this diversion and waste of our bombing strength to Brest, which I imagine must be the most heavily-bombed town in this war. It was obvious that the German morale could stand the bombing of French people for ever, and I found it incomprehensible that, when we were in France, we did not bomb Germany, and when we were forced out of France, devoted our main air effort to the bombing of a French town!

My view was shared by most informed observers. The Turks, who are so important to our cause, asked in bewilderment as long ago as April 1941, 'Why, after 11 bombing raids on Brest, the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* have not been sunk or permanently disabled?' By February 1942 we had raided Brest nearly 70 times! On February 12th the German ships calmly steamed home!

It is appalling to think of the men, machines, money, bombs and effort that were wasted in this bombing of a *French* port, at a time when a paramount principle of our war policy should have been, to cast every bomb we could on Germany - *as our leaders had promised!*

I have explained in this chapter how inevitably such strange digressions from our proclaimed purpose must delay, and even imperil our victory, and undermine in advance any peace we may achieve.

After the escape of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, Mr. Churchill said that the great bombing offensive against Germany would now, at last, really begin. Soon after this, we made two heavy raids on the suburbs of Paris, killing many French people! In mid-March, however, we *did*, at long, long last, begin systematic raids on Germany. If this continues, we are on our way to victory. If it is suspended again, on one pretext or another, we shall postpone victory, possibly risk defeat, and mortgage any peace we are able to achieve.

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## Chapter Two

### THE BOY WAS KILLED

At Marble Arch I saw, and approached with enthusiastic halloo, Stanka Stanitch, the Serb. I was very glad to see him, for I often wondered and worried about people I formerly knew, in other countries, and their fate, and now, here was one, quietly walking past Marble Arch. I always felt good, anyway, when I saw men from the conquered countries; this reminded me that they still held faith in us and that, whatever befell ourselves, we might yet restore them, and it revived vivid memories of the lands I knew. But among them all was none more welcome than Stanka Stanitch.

In my remembrance he particularly stood for that boundless hospitality which I found, and much admired, among the peoples our enlightened leaders please to call backward, far away, and little known to us. The decay of simple hospitality among those greater nations which, facing towards culture but retreating from it, delude themselves that they advance, is a bad thing, and I always regretted that I only found that foremost virtue, hospitality, to thrive in the Balkans. It belongs to the finest social usages and lends dignity to both host and guest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. In our country, it has deteriorated, according to the moneyed status of the host, to the forms of the house party, the bought lunch, and the stood drink. To make a man free of your house and friendship, is a thing we have lost.

I last saw Stanka Stanitch, before this time, when I was in Belgrade, about a year before the war. My days were already harassed by the knowledge that it strode quickly upon us, but I found carefree hours in his hospitable home, where he lived with his wife and young son, and particularly remembered one riotously merry evening, his Slava, or Saint's Day, when his house was packed with happy people and I ate and drank good things until my buttons creaked.

This was of the occasions I treasured in my thoughts, and when the Germans smashed into Yugoslavia, and poured their bombs upon Belgrade, I feared greatly for Stanka Stanitch. Now, I met him, at Marble Arch.

Rejoicing, I carried him off to a restaurant. I wished to recapture the feeling of that evening in Belgrade, to make merry and pass a pleasant hour of reminiscence with him in the midst of care. That he was well seemed reassuring, at a time which brought much bad news and little good. True, he had lost everything, his home in Belgrade, his savings, and for the second time in his life was driven from his native land, which earlier knew five centuries of Turkish domination, to this country. But such things were so common, in our time. I had not escaped them. The chief thing was, that he lived, and still might hope, against hope, to return to his own country one day, and at last to find a secure future there. His wife, too, was with him in England, and too thoughtlessly I assumed all the elements of a happy ending.

So I settled down for a lively hour, to discuss the uprising of the Serbs at the very moment when they were to be delivered to German domination, by a perjured prince. I thought this, with the valorous resistance of the Greeks, to be among the most heroic things of the war. People who have not lived in these small countries cannot appreciate the super-human effort of the flesh and the spirit that is needed to offer resistance to an incalculably superior foe, thwarted by no deep channel, but massed upon the open land frontier.

I listened greedily while he told me of those great days in Belgrade and of his own escape (he was on the German black list, as a British sympathizer) just before the Germans crashed in. He told me

of long and devious journeys, to reach the British Isles, and said, as if in passing, 'Of course the boy was killed'.

My heart sank, and the joy went out of the evening. So here it was again, this seemingly inescapable tragedy, that tracked down every good man and true, every patriot, every idealist. I thought of his young son, whom I had seen in Belgrade. He told me the story briefly; bombs on a ship, forty women and children burned to death, his wife saved, but his boy dead. And Rome had never been bombed!

Nothing I could say was of use, so we talked of other things. He told me of Mihailovitch's gallant mountain war against the Germans, of the scores of thousands of Serbs murdered in cold blood by the Croats and Hungarians, at German instigation, and by the Germans themselves. The Serbs were chosen for extermination; no doubt about that. As I know them, they belong to the sturdiest people of Europe. Either because of or in spite of their centuries of suffering, the ancient virtues are strong in them. It was an appalling story, and once more, fears for the future filled me as I listened, and thought how little the people of this country still realize these things, how gravely they are mortgaging their own future again by ignoring them.

Of this, Stanka Stanitch also spoke, with close-lipped bitterness. This, after all, was his second exile in England. He had already tasted to the dregs the cup of disillusionment, from the moment he returned, full of faith, to his liberated Serbia, to the moment when he left it again, a hunted man, when the boy was killed. This time, to his horror, he saw history beginning to repeat itself. He told of fatherly B.B.C. broadcasts to Germany, which to his mind if not to the mind of the B.B.C., implicitly if not explicitly, held out the prospect of leniency and even of absolution for these sins. This seared his soul. He told of archiepiscopal utterances in a similar sense. But what agonized him most was the memory of a meeting of 'our Allies' at the Albert Hall, with Admiral Evans, 'Evans of the *Broke*', on the platform, where the flags of Germany and Hungary were joined with those others, of the martyred peoples! They were supposed to represent the 'free Germans' and the 'free Hungarians', and they flaunted themselves in the faces of President Benesh and King Haakon and many others. That, said Stanka Stanitch bitterly, was an affront as deadly as any that could be devised.

With all my heart, I agreed with him, and for a while we communed together in embittered silence, thinking of the years between 1918 and 1942. Was this all to go unpunished again, while priests and politicians, in the name of God, cried 'Retribution, yes, but vengeance, no'. We knew, from those years, what retribution looked like. He was unlikely now to have another son; his stock was rooted out. I thought of my own children, spared as yet; what would the future bring them, as matters shaped?

When we parted, I looked after him as he went, one man among many, unnoticed, through the streets of London. I saw, what I at first failed to see, that he was much aged. His son was dead, and that was final, irretrievable. He was one of millions. Would his death, the deaths of all the others, be requited this time?

At that point appeared, as always in these twenty-five years, the question mark that ever interposes itself between us and the future. The dead hand, again.

The only certain thing was, that the boy was killed. And the boy was hope, faith, the future.

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## Chapter Three

### PALSY-WALSY

I try to keep abreast of the development of the English language, but only heard in 1941 the expression which heads this chapter. An acquaintance said casually, of another man known to both of us, that although he was young and fit he had gained secluded employment ('vital war work') 'under the Palsy-Walsy Act'. The phrase stuck to my mind like a burr, and subsequently I heard it on all hands. It belongs closely to our times, and to that philosophy, now generally accepted, which holds the exceptionally able citizen to be that man who, by exploiting friendship, acquaintanceship or influence, by pulling strings here and scratching backs there, succeeds in evading the burden of sacrifice and service all are supposed equally to bear. Privilege, our hereditary curse, was always rife in England; but during this war it reaches horrific dimensions. The nation looks like Ascot on the famous Sunday; millions of bowed-down people, trudging about in the outer darkness of regimentation and compulsion, and in the enclosure, the Palsy-Walsy Palisade, the wily ones, who haul each other in and help each other on.

This evil system has now become so firmly established in England that any criticism of it is looked on as high treason. Parliament has itself become too much entangled in it to attack it, but if a back-bench Member ever asks about some especially challengeable appointment his question is disdainfully rebuffed.

Mr. Creech Jones, for instance, a Socialist, once asked for information, from the Minister of Information, about the choice which was made for a very high post. Mr. Brendan Bracken, he who proclaimed that pre-war England would return, in reply gave a heartrending description of the efforts made to find a suitable candidate. For six months, he said, he desperately sought the right man, in vain, until he felt it scandalous that the department in question still lacked a head, and then one day he found the very man, and this was - hold tight - a peer!

The same Mr. Creech Jones asked about the appointment of the son of a peer to a fairly high post at the Admiralty; he entered the day before war began, jumped over the heads of men already there, and Mr. Creech Jones wished to know whether he first registered at an Employment Exchange, as all citizens were supposed to do under the Government's edicts, and whether his subsequent elevation was in accordance with normal Promotion Board procedure. The Parliamentary Reports record loud and repeated laughter from Members when Mr. Churchill himself answered that 'the process of registering at a labour exchange was omitted' and that normal promotion procedure 'was not applicable to temporary appointments and promotions'.

This feeling of kinship among an aloof, exclusive and exempt coterie (exempt also from compulsory service), remote from all the trials and tribulations of common citizens, is bad for the domestic state of England and the main cause of our troubles. But I am also interested in its international aspects. I do not think the Palsy-Walsy mind stops at our frontiers; indeed, it was chiefly responsible for the delusion of the British people about the warlike intentions of Germany, and in wartime, when hundreds of people may be imprisoned at the instance of some malicious informant on the unproven allegation of 'having hostile associations', the foreign ramifications of Palsy-Walsy are worth review.

The feeling of affection for tyrannous regimes abroad, which prompted influential people in this country before the war broke out, was mainly to blame for its coming, and the reports of the debates in the Lords and Commons, between 1933 and 1939, are full of complimentary, condonatory and placatory things said about Mussolini's annexations of Abyssinia and Albania,

Hitler's annexations of Austria and Czechoslovakia, their joint expeditions to Spain, and about General Franco, their Spanish mimic. The men who said these things are mostly still in their places; and their summons to 'Fight for Freedom' is so deafening that most people do not perceive that these men now deprive the British people of their liberties one after another. None charges *them* with 'hostile associations', yet their inmost minds seem little to have changed. They tell the British people that they have repented, but every time their motives are put to the test, the result is dubious. Palsy-Walsy seems very much alive.

The foremost case in point is that of Hess. He was of the 'wicked men' one of the wickedest, of the 'grisly gang' one of the grisliest, but when he came, he was received almost with deference. I have wondered greatly just what are the real opinions of our leaders about Nazi methods since I read, side by side in the *Daily Telegraph*, an utterance of Lord Halifax extolling our free state, untroubled by an eavesdropping and keyholing Secret Police, and an advertisement of the Ministry of Information instructing citizens to make a note of any loose talk by their neighbours and run to the police with it!

What are we *really* at, in the matter of Germany? What are, in truth, our aims, and what do we, in fact, intend to do when we have won? We know little. We know that we have a 'Political Warfare Executive', but are consistently told that to know what man or men comprise it, and what they do, would not be 'in our interest'. We know that communications occasionally pass between ourselves and the enemy; in humane causes it may be good. Such a humane cause was the proposed exchange of certain prisoners, which was seemingly arranged by such direct interchange of messages, but which broke down at the last moment. When that happened, the B.B.C., in a broadcast to Germany, said that all would have been well if we had been allowed to negotiate with the German High Command and the German Army!

If that is the idea still held in those aloof conclaves where our destinies are shaped, heaven help us. This is Palsy-Walsy at its worst. Hitler and his men are cads (save Hess, of course, that fundamentally decent man and pal), but the German Generals are gentlemen, a deal might be done with them. That is the kind of project which makes Simple Simon look a wise man, or Judas Iscariot a loyal one. Are we now going to lead the very card they want - a King? (I believe there is a Hohenzollern princelet somewhere in this country.) If so, we are putting our clock back to 1914.

What of Italy? Whom do we like there? Mussolini, we gather now, is definitely wicked; but two years ago, at the beginning of this war, he was good, according to Lords Halifax and Lloyd. Young King Peter of Yugoslavia is in this country, the head of one of our bravest Allies; Ante Pavelitch, the assassin of his father Alexander, has openly avowed, since the Italians came to Croatia, that Italy financed and instigated his band. Italy, then, has a very black record, quite as black as that of Germany. The B.B.C. broadcasts birthday greetings to King Victor Emanuel! The B.B.C. even broadcasts a fawning reminiscence, years after his death, of the clownish, ape-like, demented Serb-hater D'Annunzio!

What of the Duke of Aosta, Governor of Abyssinia. Is he a guilty man, or a good one? The picture papers show him gaily marching past a British guard of honour, with presented arms. Later the news trickles through that, together with the dozen crêpe de Chine sheets he took to Abyssinia, he is enjoying life at a most luxurious estate in Kenya, formerly the home of an American millionaire.<sup>[22]</sup>

Palsy Walsy thrives, we see. At another great estate in Kenya, is Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. The *Evening Standard* sent eight cables to a British newspaper correspondent in Nairobi, asking for news of the Prince. None of them reached him, though both the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office stated that there was no ban on news of Prince Paul. Palsy-Walsy intervened, once more,

and how often has Palsy-Walsy intervened to shield this particular Prince! Every British newspaper correspondent in the Balkans, before the war, knew that he was delivering his country to Germany, that all Yugoslavia ached to be rid of him; every British newspaper correspondent who tried to transmit that truth to his readers at home could be certain of sharp rebuke from the British Legation, or expulsion by Prince Paul's hirelings. Then, when the Germans already had one foot over the Yugoslav threshold, the nation rose against him, spewed him out, put young King Peter on the throne. It was too late to save the country, but it was a heroic episode. We hear much about 'Quislings'. This prince was a traitor of traitors, but do we talk about that? Within five years, to deliver over the kingdom entrusted to him by his murdered cousin, in trust for the boy king! How black a record! The Yugoslav people cast him out. The Yugoslav Royal Family, exiled in this country, cast him out; King Peter pronounced the verdict; at a public speech in London, the young King sturdily proclaimed his guilt, saying:

The political and social situation under the Regency was a classic example of the conditions in which a proud and independent people were driven by their own Government along the path towards revolution.

Yet British Palsy-Walsy screens this prince, and suppresses private telegrams asking for news of him!

In the last war Compton Mackenzie was head of our Intelligence Service in Athens. He captured the mailbag from the German Legation, which contained information most valuable to our cause. In an envelope bearing the stamp of the German Admiralty, and containing sketch-maps of our Suez Canal defences, was a letter from the Queen of Greece, sister of the Kaiser, the 'wicked man' of those times, to her sister, a Princess of Hesse (the bearing of Greece in that conflict was of utmost importance to us, and the Queen of Greece was our inveterate enemy). Mackenzie forwarded the letter to London. He received a stinging rebuke from the Foreign Office, telling him that both the Queen of Greece and her sister were cousins of King George V, and ordering that the letter be immediately returned with a full apology.

But back to Italy, where Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi were turning in their graves at the B.B.C.'s broadcast congratulations to King Victor Emmanuel, who so loudly congratulated his army upon its attack on prostrate France. In April of 1941 the British Government threatened to bomb Rome, if either Athens or Cairo were bombed. Cairo has since then been raided, I believe more than once, and we have bombed Athens, or at all events the port near it, that city having unhappily passed out of Greek hands; but Rome has not yet heard a bomb. Malta, our gallant and isolated little island in the Mediterranean, has been bombed hundreds of times, is threatened with invasion, begins to protest about the immunity of Italy from serious air attack! All in vain; Rome remains unbombed! Malta is soothed with a George Cross!

The first Italian conquest was that of Abyssinia. It was the scene of the first animal brutalities committed upon defenceless people. Mussolini's son jubilantly described the joys of bombing Abyssinian villages; when the Italians took Addis Ababa, they celebrated the event with a massacre which the British Government spokesman in the House of Commons could not deny, though he juggled hard with words.

In 1941 Abyssinia became the first of our reconquests, the first instalment on account of our pledge to liberate the enslaved peoples. Haile Selassie returned to his capital, and Ethiopia, one gathered, looked gladly towards a new future, under British guidance. In September 1941 a correspondent of the *News Chronicle* visited Addis Ababa. This is what he saw:



The dependants of Italian soldiers still fighting Britain are being looked after by the British in accordance with the provisions of International Law, whilst all milk in the country has been taken over by the British to supply Italian women and children. The British troops are ordered not to enter certain restaurants so that sufficient food remains for the Italians ... Abyssinian peasants, watching us from their fields and round-topped butts, gave the Fascist salute as Italians had ordered they should to all white men ... Italian shop signs have been left untouched and Italians walk the streets freely. Bombastic Fascist mottoes on the walls now find themselves in strange surroundings.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Duncan Sandys announced that 'concessions granted by the Italian Government remained technically valid in law', unless and until they were terminated by an act of the Ethiopian State, which by now was under British advisorship.

By December 1941 it was announced that:

11,000 non-combatant Italians are to be repatriated from Abyssinia to Italy ... We have organized, at our own expense, the feeding, housing and employment of these women, children and unfit men.

'Retribution' seems unlikely to count among our war aims, in our conflict with Italy! Italy has the reputation of losing every war she fights, but of emerging always with more territory.

What of Libya?

The Italian treatment of the unfortunate Bedouins of Libya is described by an impartial witness, a Dane, one Knud Holmboe, in a book called *Desert Encounter*, which was appropriately cited by Mr. Eden in the Commons. It is a story of brute ferocity worthy to count with the German savageries in Europe.

Early in 1941 British forces under General Wavell drove the Italians out of part of Libya. During the time we were there, a correspondent of *The Times* visited Cirenaica. This is what he reported:

There are altogether 1765 farms in Cirenaica, representing a population of roughly 10,000 ... This land, now being farmed by Italians, used to represent the best pasturage in the country for the flocks of the Arabs. It was annexed by the Italian authorities for colonization purposes, and the Arabs were relegated to reserves of inferior grazing or agricultural value, compensation being fixed and paid to tribes on an arbitrary basis. The Arabs have already shown by the welcome they have given the British troops that they expect to get their own back ... The line which the British authorities must take in the matter is plainly laid down by international convention, which obliges an army occupying enemy territory to maintain the legal *status quo* until it is altered by treaty. Thus the Arab claims must remain in abeyance for the time being ... On evacuating Benghazi, Marshal Graziani [the author of the Italian cruelties] left a letter commanding the Italian colonists to the care of the occupying British general and begging that the farmers, whose thrift and industry, he said, deserved consideration, should not be deprived of their holdings. Lieutenant-General Sir Maitland Wilson, the British Governor, has accepted this principle, and intends to respect the colonists' title deeds and provide them with the means of existence ... Are the British authorities to substitute themselves for the Italian and to accept the functions of the colonization board? [which paid them yearly subsidies]. It seems curious that the British Government should find

themselves obliged to promote Italian settlement in Libya, but there seems no alternative unless they are prepared to send back these 10,000 settlers to Italy, which is hardly feasible, or to let them starve. Actually, the cost of maintaining the scheme intact is not large ... the net cost would be 56,000,000 pre-war lire annually, or approximately £750,000. In plain fact, it boils down to paying the salaries of some 200 officials and workpeople who are concerned in running the organization, and in supplying the colonists on credit with groceries such as olive oil, rice, coffee and sugar, in addition to petrol for transport and kerosine for lighting and cooking. 'Stocks of all these commodities are at present almost exhausted. One may boggle at the idea of serving enemy interests, but if rightly viewed this gives an opportunity of advertising the sane, universalist spirit with which Britain intends to face international problems after the war, and of demonstrating her will to build a new world without smashing up the foundations of the old.

The foundations of the *Arab's* old world, of course, will remain smashed! I should be happy, indeed, if any could tell me how aggression, the Thing we are professedly fighting, is to be deterred by such means as these. For the Italians, this seems to be patently a war of heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose. I ask myself if Mrs. Jack Rifle, whose man was killed in that temporary conquest of Cirenaica, will appreciate the 'new world' built by such methods.

We have now lost Cirenaica, but may return there. If we do, the 'law' we recognize there, as in Abyssinia, is seemingly that of the thief. The Italians stole the land from the Arabs but in our eyes are 'the legal holders', the world they built on this theft is 'the old world' which we must not smash! What hope is there of peace after this war, if we act thus during it?

Palsy-Walsy is indeed a juggler who can produce a hat from any rabbit. You may think you know what you fight for; but he always knows better, and deftly intervenes to put you back to the starting-point just when you think you have reached the finishing-post. His motives seem always to be the exact opposite of his professions. As we are in his grip, thoughtful men should resolve always to expect the contrary of what they are promised, that is, defeat when they gain victory, war when they reach peace, bondage when they return to liberty.

Palsy-Walsy wanders on his tortuous way. On July 17th General Franco conjectured with relish about the coming downfall of the British Empire; on July 24th Mr. Eden sternly warned General Franco that the British loan of £6,500,000 to him would be the last if he talked like that; early in August Lord Gort proposed the health of General Franco; in September the British Ambassador to Spain, the inevitable Sir Samuel Hoare, said 'Britain has a lot more friends in Spain than anybody thinks', which is true, but hardly one among them would feel any friendship either for General Franco or for Sir Samuel Hoare.

One Joyce, by pseudonym Lord Haw-Haw, is universally loathed because he broadcasts from Berlin; when one P.G. Wodehouse, being taken prisoner by the Germans, also broadcast from Berlin and was scarified by critics in this country, *The Times* had not space for all the letters of indignant protest from 'P.G.'s' admirers.

The Shah of Persia, now called Iran, privily conspired with Hitler and then fled his country, to escape British wrath, so they say; next day, the papers told of his hundreds of thousands or millions of pounds in British banks, money seemingly deriving from the £2,500,000-£3,500,000 paid each year, in royalties and taxes, by a big international oil concern, to which he farmed out the oil-mining concession. Eventually the Shah turned up in Canada!

In December 1941, Britain and America were attacked by Japan; a year before large quantities of petrol and oil from the Dutch East Indies, one of the objects of the Japanese attack, were sold to Japan by American and Anglo-Dutch oil groups.

Marshal Pétain is held up to us day by day as the living, though only just alive, embodiment of senility and treachery; but he continues to draw his annuity of £600 from an insurance concern domiciled in this country, though Englishmen were long refused permission to send a little money abroad for their children evacuated to Canada. To stop Marshal Pétain's annuity would be petty, declares our Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A crazy pattern. There are too many cross-currents, too many ulterior motives, too many sudden transformations, in all this, for any sane man to be able unconditionally to believe in The Things we fight for, or in the future, after victory has been won. Unless we can get away from this pernicious double- and treble-dealing, this humbugging with fine phrases which are secretly held in deep contempt, this Palsy-Walsy business on all sides and behind all scenes, we shall have a worse mess after this war than after the last.

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## Chapter Four

### 'AFTER THIS, WHAT?'

In the Commons, on November 13th, 1941, a Member for the mining constituency of Llanelly, Mr. James Griffiths, said:

Not even the war can obliterate from the minds of the people the memory of the last twenty years. At the back of the minds of people, often unspoken, but there all the time, is a question put to me the other day by an old collier. He said, 'I, like you, know that we must go through with this thing, we must destroy Hitler and all that he stands for, but then comes the question, "After that, what?"'

In the Commons the cankerous cares of the British people do sometimes find expression - not in the resounding declarations of Ministers, but in the speeches of little-known Members, which pass unheard. Few Englishmen learned of that patient, harassed, fearful question, though nearly all read of the tragic quietus it indirectly received; I mean, the statement 'pre-war England will return' made by Mr. Brendan Bracken. These few words of Mr. Brendan Bracken belong to the most direful utterances of history. Never was the spiritual torment of a great nation so carelessly tossed aside, like an old newspaper.

Mr. Kenneth Lindsay took up Mr. Griffiths's allusion, and said:

I still feel, in spite of what some Members, and apparently the Government think, that people do want to pin their hopes on something very much better than we have had in the last twenty years ... My mind goes back to those years between 1919 and 1922 when some of us were flung back from the war to the university. There were great hopes. We saw those hopes dashed to the ground bit by bit over the ensuing years....

And Mr. Vernon Bartlett said:

Surely there is something gravely wrong when so many people treat Parliamentary institutions and the freedom of the Press as though they were things of the past and did not matter any longer. This, I believe, is part of the reason for this growing contempt for the institutions of democracy ... I believe my hon. Friend [Sir R. Acland] was right when he said that we are hampered and robbed of our inspiration by men who are thinking of the future in terms of maintaining their own privileges. I do not necessarily mean that they want to maintain their own class position. In many cases these people can do nothing else, under our economic system. They cannot be blamed if, even during wartime, they prepare for a renewal of the competitive struggle after the war, but I am convinced that millions of people do not want to fight only to preserve something that has given us two wars in a generation and poverty in the midst of plenty. They want to fight to create something new.

There you have a faint echo of the unspoken longings of the British people, who to-day are inherently capable of greater things than they ever achieved before, but have an empty place within them where faith, belief and hope should be. They suffer from starvation of the spirit. They are divided into two groups: those who think of the past, present and future, and can find in such thought no pathway to hope; and those who, sick from a surfeit of cynicism, refuse any more to think at all, resolving that the only way to support life is to squeeze a little more food and a little

more trivial entertainment from it than the next man. Beggar my neighbour, and the devil take the future, is their motto; or, as the British soldier used bitterly to describe the philosophy of the back-liners in the last war, 'To hell with you, Jack, I'm all right'.

Consider these pictures from a miner's home in Nottinghamshire, drawn by Godfrey Winn:

I have just returned from staying in a miner's home in Nottinghamshire ... In her letter of invitation to me the miner's wife said: 'A general would not expect his army to fight on cabbage sandwiches. At present the miner's wife gives up her eggs and meat and bacon rations to her man as a matter of course. It does not last the week; it is not enough for him to replace his energy. We ourselves don't want any O.B.E.'s, but it hurts to hear our men maligned, knowing that they work to the limits of human endurance.' Every morning at five o'clock the wife gets up to see her husband to work. She binds his feet where the toes overlap from the years he has spent beneath the earth. If it were not for her tender care he would not get to work at all. And he works for seven days every week, even on Sundays, because his job is concerned with the electrical equipment of the pit and Sunday is the day for maintenance repairs. But if he misses one day's work a week he loses his attendance bonus of 6s. for the whole week, beside the day's pay for the shift. In the course of my visit I talked with hundreds of miners from a dozen different pits, and I was struck with the unanimity of their views ... My miner's wife told me, 'We could not afford to have more than one child. You'll not find miners to-day with large families. You will not find a single miner who wants his son to go down the pit'. I asked them that question. They all gave the same answer. No. No. No. The wives added, 'We'd rather go out and take washing than let a child of ours go down the pit'. What is to happen to an industry whose workers feel like that, an industry which in peace as much as in war provides the very lifeblood of the prosperity of our country? When the miners are threatened that if they take a day off they will 'get the sack' and have to go into the army, the young men laugh. They want to go into the army; they think it would be a picnic beside the intensity of the work they do ... My hostess gave a party for me ... In the garden of that miner's home we sat about on the grass and they talked and I listened. More and more kept on coming through the gate in twos and threes. They had been invited haphazardly. The word had gone round that I was there, and they had journeyed many miles, some of them, from a dozen different collieries. The majority of them had never met each other before, but they were unanimous in their outlook ... Let me introduce you to one of them, a big fellow for a miner, for most of them are small from generations of constriction beneath the earth. This one used to be mad keen on cycling. One holiday before the war he rode tandem with a pal to Scotland and back in three days - five, hundred miles. This is what he said: 'To-night, when I biked over from [ed: the] pit to meet you, I had to push my bicycle up the little hill here. I'd have laughed at any one I saw doing that even a year ago.' He gave a tug to the top of his trousers. 'Look at that gap. I've lost over two stone this year. Before the war I used to eat four pounds of bacon a week. It may seem a lot, but I swear I needed it, the fat and all. I never used to take any snap with me because my job on the face needs such speed the whole time that, lying on my back, it gave me heartburn if I took any snap. But I always had a good breakfast and a good dinner. Now, most days, I come home to spuds and peas and little else. My wife used to make me lovely suet puddings - she can't get the fat now. Don't blame her.' ... Sitting there in the garden, my eyes went from one to another of their fine-drawn, grey faces. The thought came to me that another stranger would have mistaken the group for the inmates of a sanatorium. Until you looked at their hands; broad, spatulate, calloused. And though they wash

and wash at the pit baths, as I had seen them, they can never remove the ingrained black from underneath their nails. Just as they cannot remove from their minds the ingrained fear that when the war is over they will be treated again as they were treated in the Past, like the man who told me that when his first child was born - from his pocket he took that child's picture, now in R.A.F. uniform - his wife's mother had had to bring some coal for the fire because there was a lock-out. And when his next child was born his wife lived for a week beforehand on potato peelings because there was another lock-out....

'After this ... what?'

I commend any who feel for the miners to read the early life, and study the early drawings, of the painter Van Gogh; his story has been vividly told, in novel form, in a book, *Lust For Life*.

The miner's life and lot have a gruesome fascination for me, because I think his plight, more than that of any other citizen, most bitterly belies our facile claim to be advancing towards a state of 'civilization', and to live in 'a free country'. Because of the cruelly hard life he leads, and the miserable recompense he receives in public recognition, I chose him to illustrate the question, wrung from so many English hearts to-day, 'After this ... what?'

He has more need than any other to ask it. In a state of patriotic and civic ideals, I think the miner would count among the most valuable of citizens, and I do not think that this is so much a question of another penny or sixpence an hour, as of an alteration in his status in the general esteem. His labour is the most onerous of all; and we cannot live without that which he hews, lying on his back, sweat-drenched, deep below the earth's surface. The product of his labour is as indispensable to us as the food which our seamen bring across the seas. His work is as dangerous as theirs; the list of dead and injured which each year brings is always a long one. The seaman and the munition-worker may hope to retain their health; the miner frequently must forfeit it.

Yet the B.B.C., that monopoly of officialdom, which broadcasts its many concerts to those in peril on the sea and to those who labour in the factories, seems to have forgotten the miner. He labours for a small wage, while rich men, who may never have seen his pit, draw great incomes in royalties from his toil; if he wearily takes a day off, they shriek 'Absenteeism' at him, they who seldom even bother to stroll round to their seats in the House of Lords. He would gladly exchange to any other toil, if he could, and dreads that his son should ever work at the coal-face; yet, with a former miner as Minister for Mines and a former docker as Minister for Labour, he, and his son too, may be forced down the pit. When peace returns, he is the first man to be deprived even of this thankless employment, to be cast indifferently into idleness and dejection.

Well may the future look as black to him as the coal-face he works, if 'pre-war England is to return'. If I were to form a patriotic procession, a pageant of England, I would put the miners, with their lamps and chip-pitted faces and black-limned finger-nails, foremost in the van.

'After this ... what?'

I have sketched the miner's particularly bitter reasons for putting this question, but the same question rankles in all minds save those of such inveterately torpid Britons, as, from their own free will, ever will be slaves. I receive very many letters, from people of the most varied circumstances in all parts of the Empire, and this deep misgiving, lest our rulers after 'Victory' lead us back to the Slough of Despond, to 'pre-war England', runs through them all. The writers are right, because if our rulers do that, the only freedom we can ever look forward to is that of the free hen roost ruled by the free foxes. But letters end by asking, either 'Why doesn't somebody do something about it?',

or 'Why don't you say what you think we could do about it?' Those who put the first question are fit only to be ruled by a Hitler, a Nero, or by the devil himself. If, out of their own mouths, they resign themselves to the whim of some Somebody, they have no right to complain of what befalls them, for of precisely such stuff are tyrannies made. A moron, but not a man, might as well ask, 'Why doesn't somebody compel my wife to be faithful to me?'

The other question is a good one.

I wish gently to challenge the reproach, which sometimes accompanies the question, that in my books I have diagnosed a disease without prescribing a remedy, that I offer 'no constructive proposals'. The first of these books which I wrote was born of the hope yet to avert this war. It was published early in 1938 and proposed a military alliance with Russia, and a tremendous acceleration of our armament, to shorten the lead we had allowed Germany secretly to gain. At that moment, time still remained to accomplish both these things. I think events have proved, for those who wish to see, that either of these things would have prevented the war, by deterring the real rulers of Germany from it; by these means, they could have been brought to the conference table where our own rulers so loudly professed to desire them. That was eighteen months before the war began. In another book, six months before its outbreak, I urged the same things, more clamantly, and even then, they could have been reached and would have served their purpose. When the war began, in a third book, I urged as a paramount necessity, above all other things, that Russia and Italy should be kept from entering the war against us, since that was all that still could be saved; but in the squandered seven months, preceding Mr. Chamberlain's retirement, the policy of weak flattery towards Italy was continued, with the result that it struck at us, thinking us beaten, and Russia was nearly forced to the same course (a former Minister clamoured for us to declare war on Russia and I had to refuse to write newspaper articles of a similar portent). In a fourth book, a year ago, I opined that, more in spite of ourselves than because of ourselves, we had survived the danger of entire defeat, but that the domestic evils, in the political system of this country, which led to our plight, still remained unremedied, and that our future would continue as precarious as before until we abolished the pernicious regime of privileged irresponsibility, in our rulers, that brought it about.

The question I have to answer reaches me in many forms, but its content is always the same. This extract, taken out of a letter from a waitress in a famous London restaurant, is typical of it.

I do not agree with all the opinions you express in *A Prophet At Home*, but it restored my belief in a future, in the value of fighting for our children's future instead of being bogged in the general apathy and my personal depression. You 'believe in human effort and energy and exertion'. So do I. You can *write* and encourage people to exert themselves for a better future. But what can millions of ordinary people like myself do? The inarticulate disillusioned masses who by their very nature have to band together and encourage each other with many and loud words, viz. a party meeting or a religious service? The energy and will to exertion are there but the direction is not ... What constructive proposals have you? What is one to do? I do not expect an answer to this question. If you knew it, you would have given it in your books, and that would mean that you were the great 'leader', and you have too much humour for that....

Indeed, I have. But I know the answer and thought I gave it often enough in my books. I have certainly given it frequently in talk with people who have sought me out. I felt that these inquirers were disappointed with the answer, because it is near at hand and simple. From despondency with the plight they have been brought to, they think they suffer from an incurable disease, some malignant thing that can only be changed by a major surgical operation. I do not think that. I think

the evils we suffer from are excrescences on a system that can be made healthy, warts, boils, blisters, bunions, sores, rashes, that could certainly be healed, where the deep incision might prove mortal. These anxious people think a quick submission to chloroform and the knife would serve them better than the use of milder remedies, which would need pains and long patience. In that thought, I fear, they betray again the slave mentality, the fear of exertion. What they mean, though they do not say it is, 'Why doesn't somebody do something, why doesn't somebody operate on us?' They do not, will not, say, 'Why do we not cure ourselves?' because that would mean hard work and resolution.

There are only two possible remedies for our condition: the surgical operation, revolution; and the cure, which is, through the forceful demand of the people to cleanse a potentially healthy democratic organism of its present decay and corruption. Of the two remedies, revolution and evolution, all my experience makes me certain that the one without an R in it is the better. But it demands the active collaboration of the patient, who under the first remedy just prostrates himself on a slab, accepting the risk of death in the hope of life. (I leave out of account the awful third alternative, that 'pre-war England will return', for this is a thought intolerable to any but the very few who think only of soft repose for what the Germans call their *Sitzfleisch*.)

For what is Revolution? True, it becomes comprehensible, and even inevitable, when great masses of people are driven by suffering and oppression to the uttermost lengths of desperation. That happens when their rulers become so engrossed in their own privileges and creature comforts that they lose all feeling for the torment of the great masses outside - which, as I think, is more spiritual than material.

But whether Revolution ever profited the people who made it, whether their last state has ever been indisputably better than their first, is the most debatable thing in history, and that is why, as I think, people should find within themselves the energy to better their lot by other means. It seems doubtful whether the French Revolution has profited the French people. For long enough, this seemed indeed the truth; the Revolution enthroned those ideals, of the common dignity and inborn rights of all men, whether high or low by the ranking of this world, which the human soul strives after through the ages. But in the course of a hundred and fifty years, crafty and self-seeking politicians found means to negate all those hardly-won privileges of 'democracy', the vote and parliament and liberation from serfdom and immunity from imprisonment without trial, and to transform them into their opposite. Freedom is in a man's soul, and the French, when they collapsed before the German onslaught in 1940, were as captive in their souls as any men in history. Their 'democracy' was become as corrupt and unprincipled as any robber baron; it was even a little worse than ours has become. Contempt of the 'sovereign people', the misuse of political power for private ends, were become the normal thing.

The Russian Revolution is too near to us to say, with any conviction, whether it has profited the Russian people or not. The Russians did not exchange an intolerable bondage for a democratic system. They exchanged one ruthless autocracy for another, the exclusive authority of the Czars for the exclusive authority of the Soviet State. Has it profited them, are they happier, man for man and woman for woman? I did not think so, in the little I saw of Soviet Russia, nor did any impartial assessor I knew, who had lived long in Russia. This war has shown that the fighting love of the Russians for their native acres is unconquerable; but that they always had, even under the most implacable of the Czarist tyrants. I would not care to conjecture, yet, whether the Russian Revolution will or will not ultimately profit the Russian people.

What I will most emphatically say is that the regime born of that Revolution is not 'the rule of the people'. This is a widespread delusion, that springs from the common confusion of the terms 'the State' and 'the people'. Many unthinking people in this country, because they do not trouble to



picture to themselves how a theory would appear in practice, assume, for instance, that if the coalmines or the railways were 'nationalized', made the property of 'the State', they would become the property of 'the people', that Jack Robinson, travelling third-class to town in the nine-fifteen, would be able to say to himself, 'Well, at all events this train belongs to me'.

I do assure them, they are wrong. 'The State' is not a benevolent, white-bearded old gentleman, at present sitting on some cloud and waiting to be fetched down to earth. 'The State' is Mr. Theobald Pension, who lives next door to Jack Robinson, a man whose ambition is to sit at an official desk, with a pile of forms before him, dressed in a little brief authority, and there to thwart and harass and bully his fellow-citizens by every means in his power, which is unlimited. 'The State' is officialdom, the implacable enemy of all human freedom and dignity. 'The State' is that great army of exclusive and exempt and privileged and mutually back-scratching officials which we already have - multiplied by a thousand. 'The State' is not the community of all citizens, all of equal rights and duties. 'The State' is a new ruling class of officials, great and petty, far more immune, immutable and immovable than our present rulers. *They* can be curbed or spurred, abased or elevated, by the people.

*The people still have this power, though from apathy they have ceased to use it. It is still with them. But once surrender that power to 'the State', in the illusion that 'the State' means 'the people', and the last means of redress is gone. If that should ever happen in England, the ideal of freedom and human dignity of the inherent right of any man to share in shaping his own destinies, for which the centuries have fought, is gone for ever. The whole world would then set its course for autocratic rule, by the few wily enough to elbow their way into the privileged ruling class. We should have withstood one alien domination to enthrone another - for this tyranny would not even be a native one. That might be for the better; it might be for the worse. I find it the most abhorrent of all prospects.*

Our 'democracy' is a blunt and rusted weapon. It still contains enough strength to cleave a way through corruption and misgovernment, through privileged incompetency and nepotism, to a cleaner future. That depends on the arm that wields it, and the arm belongs to the people.

We have been brought to our present plight by the misuse and abuse of a democratic system. What are these misuses and abuses, simply explained, and how could they be mended?

We have, in our elected Parliament, in practice, two parties, the Tories and the Socialists. They have become indistinguishable from each other, and the electors, lacking the energy to call them to account, are thus deprived of the means of administering correction to the one, when it mismanages the nation's affairs, by reducing it and promoting the other. The Tory Party identified itself with the anti-patriotic regime of privilege born of wealth; the expensive public schools and universities are the eye of the Tory needle, through which all must pass who would rise in politics, in the public services, in the fighting forces, in the Church, and the law. Once inside, the strictest discipline is maintained, and all hope of preferment must be abandoned by a man who from concern for the country challenges any act of the Tory Party. In Parliament, by various devices, he may even be prevented from uttering a word for many months at a time; and by other devices his words are kept from reaching the public ear when he does rarely succeed in speaking. Thus the whole gigantic cornucopia of employment, in the Government gift, remains tucked under the arm of the Tory Party. The only qualification for preferment is money, education at one or other of the few exclusive schools and universities, and complete docility; the one certain disqualification is an independent mind and a broad, national outlook, in place of one restricted to The Party. Given this indomitable docility, and the other monetary and social qualifications, no proof of incapacity can displace a man who has been admitted to the palisade of preference, or arrest his progress up the ladder of entitlement.

Without this indomitable docility, no amount of energy, experience, knowledge or civic patriotism can gain a man admission. The strength of this system is enormous, because the gifts in its distribution are beyond the oft-quoted dreams of avarice. It is the most arrogant mockery of every democratic principle. Its effect was to place in many of the highest positions of power, not only in the Government, but throughout the entire land, in the public services, the Church and the judiciary, men chosen first and foremost for the certainty that they would blindly follow any blind lead. Thus, at our greatest crisis and ordeal, we had men who either had no convictions, or lacked the courage of their convictions, who felt their first duty to be claimed by a political party representing an exclusive class, and not the whole community. It was far beyond reasonable hope that men chosen from such motives, and bred in such a system, could adequately prepare for such a national ordeal, or energetically surmount it when it came.

The Socialist Party, on the other side of the House, has become, in structure, the precise counterpart of the Tory Party. It does not represent the working classes, any more than the Tory Party represents men of Conservative thought. It has become a most jealous party organization, founded upon great and wealthy trades unions, which employ armies of officials. With the Socialists, too, docility is the qualification for advancement. The same devices of intimidation and outlawry are used, against young and energetic and forward-pushing Members, as the Tory Party employs opposite. While it was in Opposition, it occasionally exposed grave scandals, in the Ministries and Departments, and criticized this or that freedom-killing measure of a Tory Home Secretary. From the moment when some of its members took office, they became the most ardent rebukers of criticism and defenders of shortcomings. They seemed determined to repeat the fiasco of the German Socialists.

Thus the electorate, perceiving no difference or gap between the two great parties, relapsed into apathy and the delusion of its own impotence. This is where it was wrong. And this is where I offer the answer to the question that is so often asked, 'What could we do?', or 'After this ... what?'

The evil stalemate in our political life, which impedes all our foreign undertakings and aggravates our domestic evils, since the combined strength of both parties is now joined to hide all shortcomings, to excuse all deficiencies, to rebuke all criticism, and to exempt the men responsible from all responsibility for past disasters, can be broken, and broken without much difficulty, by the people themselves. They have the power. They need to accustom themselves to the thought that this England is their own house, and not the Government's house, in which they are allowed to exist on sufferance, that the Government is not some sacrosanct deity living in another world, but a steward accountable to themselves. They have once in recent times exercised this enormous and irresistible power, when it was almost too late.

In April of 1940, when Mr. Chamberlain's stewardship brought us to the last threshold of calamity, his majority in Parliament dwindled. Though it still remained, he departed from office.

He went, because the people of this country wanted him gone. His going was, I think, too late, so slow is the British people to bestir itself, and none can convincingly explain, even now, why we were saved. But his going was brought about by the uneasy desperation of the British people, slowly changing from inarticulation to articulation. Members in all parts of the House, long accustomed to think indifferently of the electors as people who only need to be considered at election-time, felt the giant behind them stirring and moving, and, looking uneasily over their shoulders, realized that it lived. Mr. Chamberlain, about seven months after the nick of time, went, and by some wonder we were yet spared. I invite readers to look back upon that event and perceive the greater power that lies in 'the people' if they would but use it more timously, and not wait until the roof sags before they call on the steward to quit.

Now move on two years. Mr. Churchill, when he came, promised the British people blood, sweat, toil and tears. They acclaimed him, for his derided warnings before and for his valour then. But very few of them ever thought that the burden he was destined to offer them would include a further ride on their backs for all Mr. Chamberlain's closest associates, inside Parliament and out. When they awoke to that grievous disappointment, they took even this burden on themselves, thinking that Mr. Churchill was but biding his day, that this part of the burden would presently be lightened.

Most tragic paradox! Mr. Churchill made the cause of these men his own cause. and repeatedly threatened that, if they were disavowed, the nation must disavow him too! The one man in all this island who could have saved them, saved them! Because they loved and revered Mr. Churchill, the people, once more, took this part of the burden on its sagging shoulders, and toiled on. The deadly stalemate was prolonged, the knot which could have been cleanly cut, and the nation's soul liberated, in April 1940, was tightened. This was not a mere question of forty or fifty men in the Government, of a few 'colleagues' who could claim the 'personal loyalty' of that Mr. Churchill whom they had so long vilified. This was a virus which poisoned the whole life of England, this ferocious order of preferment and privilege without regard for merit, quality or patriotism, and all England groaned under it.

It offered the most dejecting of answers to the miner's question, 'After this ... what?' It meant, 'Why, after this, the same again, of course!' Was Mr. Churchill, of all men, to supply this answer? The nation entire would have felt new life and hope within it if Mr. Churchill picked a Government of energetic men of *all* classes, from both sides of the House or from outside the House. But he would not, and the nation, trusting him, turned patiently but anxiously once more toward the future.

Now, as I write, nearly two years have passed, and once again the dead hand that always hampers us is claiming its own. Singapore, which cost the British taxpayer untold millions, is in imminent peril, the danger approaches even Australia! Australia! What Briton can think of this without bitter anger? How his heart lifted, in our time of mortal need, when he saw the hats of the Australians in Piccadilly, above faces keen and unafraid, when he heard of the way the Australians fought in Africa and Greece and Crete. The Empire he so seldom sees is the root of the Briton's patriotism. He loves it. A threat to Australia must either make him fighting mad or desperately bitter. How shall he not debit it to the account of those men whom he wishes gone, who will not go?

As I write, the giant, public feeling, is stirring again, slowly, clumsily, but surely. This is the second instance I wish to give, of the unsuspected power of those people who think themselves so impotent to claim any account of stewardship from their rulers. As I write, you may feel it all about you in this country, the uneasy movement of the people's mind, the livening desire to have done with the men who can neither foresee nor foreplan, who, nearly two years after Dunkirk, have suffered Australia to be imperilled.

I write intentionally before I know what result this new crisis will have, because I wish readers, when they read this, to look back and contemplate, again, the power of public feeling. As I write, the Members of Parliament are once more looking over their shoulders, apprehensively, at the people. They realize that danger is brewing there, in the country. If they had their way, they would now insist on the relegation of these men whose names are so ineradicably written in the record of our sufferings. But once more, the one man who can save them has placed himself before them. The nation passionately desires Mr. Churchill's leadership, above all other things; it desperately wants to be rid of these other men. Mr. Churchill has tied his office to theirs, demanding a vote of confidence in 'the Government' entire. If he is to stay, they must stay. If they must go, he will go.

I think the British people was never placed in a more tragic predicament. The miner of Llanelli receives his answer to the question, 'After this ... what?' I assume that Mr. Churchill's Government, which does not enjoy public confidence, will receive a mighty vote of the confidence which the nation cannot withdraw from him, that Mr. Chamberlain's team will continue to ride on the British back. The only alternative would be to dismiss Mr. Churchill, and the British people cannot do that, unless he compels them. They have the power, and would dismiss any other man, but the memory of his warnings before the war and of his staunchness in the appalling summer of 1940 is too strong for this island yet to gainsay him anything.

This, however, is not because they cannot, but because they do not want to, unless they are forced, and I do invite readers, when they consider these lines, to look back on the debate of January 27th, 28th and 29th, 1942, and remark how strong was the power of public opinion, which reached deep into Parliament, and would have expelled from it men it held to be unfit, and was only thwarted by its own respect for Mr. Churchill's wish and its own affection for him. If it is to be frustrated in its desire again, and so to fall back into its despondent sense of chronic frustration, that is an exceptional thing, which could only happen in the rare, if not unique circumstances of Mr. Churchill's personal prestige and the sacrifices the British people are ready to make for it.

The vital thing is, that the power is there, can be used, and has been used, but always too weakly and too tardily. Once surrendered to any form of autocracy, it is gone for good. The test of democracy is, whether the people can impose their will upon the Government, when this goes wrong, to mend its ways. The debates of April 1940, which led to Mr. Chamberlain's withdrawal, and of January 1942, which most unhappily seems unlikely to lead to the retirement of his remaining associates, show that the British people still have this power, that they are lamentably slow to use it, and that some incalculable thing may, at a given moment, thwart them in using it to the full.

But it exists, and is priceless. There is nothing better. The only thing that lacks is for the British people to realize the power they have, to become more adept in the use of it, and to use it more vigorously when it must be applied.

If, this time, they are to be foiled through a personal affection, we must struggle on. The power remains there, to be used, and must be used, sooner or later, if the question, 'After this ... what?' is to have any but a negative answer. For Hongkong and Singapore are not accidents, or bad luck; they are in the direct line of descent from Dunkirk. If Australia were to be added to them, the system that produces such things could not be further upheld by any pretensions whatever. Indeed, on this present occasion the voice of Australia has been joined with that of England, in demanding the reforms that must be made. If it were effective, Australia would have done us a greater service than any Australia rendered at Gallipoli, in France, in Libya, or anywhere else. This time, to our woe, it may not be more effective than our own.

But the lesson is plain. Democracy does live in our land, battered, repressed, gagged, bound, misused, abused, misled, blindfold; but the giant lives. He still has the last word, if he will use it. He has been all too loath to say it, but the ultimate power is still in him.

That is why I say, and invoke the crises of April 1940 and January 1942, when I am asked 'What can we do?' or 'After this ... what?' that the cure is in the hands of the people, and promises them far more than the surgical operation. They should abandon the illusion that 'democracy' is an instrument to be wielded by any Government. It is their own instrument, and their own hands must wield it.

People to whom I expound this belief seem disappointed with it. They think that the mountain in labour has produced a mouse. The mountain of Revolution, in labour, produces rats. They seem still to look for salvation from the clouds; they are almost offended to be told that the instrument of salvation lies close to hand, and that they should use it. They betray the now inveterate English dislike of self-help, of exertion. They seem to think that 'democracy', government by the people, means that a government, once elected, should govern the people as the people wish to be governed, without further supervision. When it does not, they lose belief in 'democracy', failing to see that the final blame is their own, since they have the means to check or hasten, dismiss or reform any Government. The examples I have mentioned show this.

The trouble is, that both great political parties, absorbed with their own special interests, have cut loose from the people, and that the pressure of public feeling only becomes acute enough for them to pause, and look over their shoulders at the people, when disaster is imminent. This is the link that needs to be re-forged. Independent and untied Members in Parliament would soon find courage and ways to check the Government in false courses if they felt the support of public feeling behind them. They do not feel that; they feel behind them but an apathetic void, into which they may be pushed if they say too much.

Democracy, government by the people, can only come about if the people take an active interest in it. It is absurd to wind up a clock, call it 'democracy', and then expect it to go for ever. Clocks need to be continually wound, regulated, cleaned and watched; otherwise they gain or lose, stop, or may be stolen.

The power to wind the clock - public feeling - is existent. It is not used at present, because the people simply elect Members to Parliament, and then go about their business, leaving it to these delegates to keep the clock wound and in repair. But it may be in the interest of both parties to let the clock stop, or to falsify the time it tells, so a check should be kept.

That is the gap in our democracy - the cross-check, which all banks and accountants' offices know. If people could be awakened to realize that they have the power, right, duty and function to crosscheck the accounts, they would be well on the way to becoming democrats and to making democracy work.

It cannot be left to the Parties; we have learned that, or should have learned it. What, then, can be done, if any answer worth bearing is to be found to the question, 'After this ... what?'

The things that can be done are near at hand, simple and effective. A standing control, supervision or cross-check upon the work of the Parties and Parliament should be established - and not by 'Somebody', but by each man and woman. A new Party? No, I see no great good in that. The present ones could be cleansed and reinvigorated. An organization *outside* Parliament, with no aim to enter it, but only to watch the work of Parliament between elections? Yes, that, I think, could be done and would achieve the end.

At present Parliament regards itself as Prince Charming, and the electorate as a sleeping cutey, to be awakened by a kiss, and wooed, only at election times. It needs, above all things, that sense of being watched in the country, and the feeling that it may be called to account. Each Member should know that he may be called on to attend, and answer questions, at protest meetings, and these not organized by his own party organization in the constituency, which works only to keep the electors in the cotton-wool of apathy, but by politically untied citizens who claim a current account of his stewardship. Each Member should know that, if need arise, a canvass will be taken of voters in his constituency, to discover opinion about his bearing in issues of major policy. Each Member should know that an Independent candidate may be set against him at the next election if he cannot give a

satisfactory account of his work in Parliament (and the best thing that could happen to England would be for Independent candidates, pledged not to accept a Party Whip on any vote, to stand in every constituency at the next election).

A few patriotic people in each constituency, if they would find in themselves the energy to do this much actual work for democracy, could do a great deal to form such a Citizens' Watch, or Civic Vigilance League. It should contain men of all parties and none, but no men bound by payment or interest to any particular party, and its first and paramount precept should be, to keep out any who might be sent in to 'pack' and emasculate it. Its closest vigilance should be kept for these stealthy ones, the men of the kiss and the thirty pieces of silver.

Its groups should meet in frequent, but brief debate, not for windy and mutually destructive arguments. It should accept no subscriptions and make no payments that were not published for all to see, and if it ever came to issue any kind of journal, this should contain no advertisements. The first duty of each group should be to subscribe to Hansard, the verbatim reports of debates in Parliament, and to discuss these word for word. (They are extremely interesting.)

In grave cases of public scandals, or of appointments patently attributable to the misuse of influence or to nepotism, or of apparent corruption in a public service, if it found that these were dismissed with a disdainful and uninformative reply in Parliament, or not allowed to be debated at all, it should urgently press its Member for further action and further information.

It should currently inform its Member of matters in its own area, and thus let him always feel that he was in touch with, and being watched by, a representative and independent body of citizens, who stood apart from his or the Opposition's local shut-eye and hushaby and lullaby agent.

It should enlist men and women of *all* classes, but above all keep out the wordy crank who wanders into every new booth, and by his cackling in each, drowns the sensible thing and drives out the sensible people there. It should not aim at great numbers, or political power, but at joining together, in a constructive and supervisory effort in the constituencies, enough thoughtful and energetic dozens to make their weight felt, upon local opinion and upon Members. between elections.

If, at election-time, it did not see the need to set up an Independent candidate, it should hold independent meetings, to inform the electors about the rival candidates and the things that each of these promised, so that these would clearly remain in the memory of voters after the return to Parliament, and would stand there for current comparison with the Member's performance at Westminster.

Although, as I say, I believe that the best thing that could happen to England at our present plight would be for Independent members to stand in every constituency at the next election, I do not think that a Citizens' Watch, or Civic Vigilance League, should always stand on tiptoe to present candidates. I think that the feeling of independent, non-party supervision, which it would impart to Members, of possible support in the constituencies irrespective of Party fiats and bans, if they thought a certain course essential in the national interest, would go very far to restore the self-respect and courage of Members at Westminster and to strengthen their sense of duty towards their electors.

In particular, it should be a most important function of any such closely-knit organization of citizens to keep record of all pledges made by Governments and Ministers, for instance, in respect of such matters as the re-employment of men returning after the war, of assistance in the rebuilding of ruined businesses, of protection against aliens who have taken posts rendered vacant through conscription, and many more of the like; to keep these permanently and prominently displayed; to

keep an unceasing watch on the fulfilment of these, or know the reason why; at present, these pledges are seldom kept, and are tossed contemptuously to an electorate which is credited with as little memory as a piece of Gorgonzola cheese.

I have shown that the people have that *power* to impose their wishes upon Parliament and the Government which is the test of democracy. I think I have shown, too, that so many cunning obstacles have been built, between the people and their elected representatives, that this power is very difficult to use. Again, I have given two recent examples of the way this power *has* been used; but it was then used only in the presence of dire disaster, and took the form, not of concerted and understood pressure, but of a tortured and tormented writhing, which nevertheless was enough to make Parliament open its eyes, look anxiously over its shoulder at the electors, and get busy. Now, I have tried briefly to show a way in which this power could at all times be used, in a consistent, organized, sustained and reasonable way, so that disaster should not again be allowed to approach so near, but a sufficient pressure, of supervision, maintained currently upon Parliament and the Government for these not to stray too far, as they strayed between the years 1918 and 1939, from the path that the people's sound instinct desires.

By such means democracy could be made a living thing. Only one link fails, but it is the indispensable link - the link between the people and Parliament, which has been almost sundered.

If it can be restored, we can yet look with faith and confidence towards the future of England and the remainder of this century.

If it is not, the answer to the question, 'After this ... What?', will be either 'Pre-war England' or the worst of all tyrants, 'the State', that is, Mr. Pension, who lives next door. Either means a future bereft of interest or hope.

Democracy, tortured word, is better than either, the best of all. We are at once so near to it, and yet so terribly far, in this country. Only the one link needs forging, but that needs the co-ordinated effort of a few patriotic and thoughtful people. It means, just a little work. It means that a few people should open their minds to the strange idea that 'Democracy' is not some mystic housemaid, who will keep the house clean while we all go to sleep, but a broom, which we must learn to use, if we wish our house to be clean.

If these people would realize that 'Democracy' is not a labour-saving device, but a method of political labour, demanding unremitting application, none would need to ask - 'After this ... what?'

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## Chapter Five

### ENEMY NATIVES

Wandering about London in 1941 and 1942, my eyes saw, taking daily shape, the realization of a thing I foresaw, foretold and feared for some years before the war began, a thing as dangerous for this country, in a stealthier way, as the German assault itself - the invasion of the friendly aliens, which was the name the foreign Jews who came to England during the past nine years took for themselves.

They came in scores of thousands during those years and now, through the support of their co-religionists here and the complicity of others who with their lips at least loudly served the Christian God, were established, not as sharers of our burdens, but as an exempt and privileged class. None would have welcomed them more heartily than I if they had come eager to share our loads and duties, but I perceived, from studying them in many countries abroad, that they would not do that, and they did not. They claimed all the rights of citizenship, and acquired them, but eluded the burdens.

So parts of London came to look, as similar parts of Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest and other European cities came to look after the last war, like a foreign place, peopled by beings strange to it in their origins and ways. In Golder's Green and St. John's Wood and Hampstead, alien names began to oust British ones; you almost looked to see the brass-plate of the British Consul in some of these streets, and I think a native, inquiring the way from a stranger, might almost have fallen on that man's shoulder and wept, if he received a reply in fair English. In the West End, freeborn citizens, with their lamentable habit of shrinking self-effacement, began to shun certain hotels and restaurants, because they felt themselves overborne there by loud newcomers. A boyhood friend whom I met for the first time in many years, told me that before the war began he intended to give up his house, at Willesden, because he found himself isolated among foreign Jews, and move farther out, and when I reminded him that this was his own country, he seemed bewildered. He plaintively asked, why were they so overbearing? Thus did Hilaire Belloc write, many years ago:

The Jew cannot help feeling superior, but he can help the expression of that superiority - at any rate he can modify such expression.

I think such Jews often cannot hide a contemptuous glint in the eye when they hear this puzzled question, for they know that this strident bearing serves them very well. People have become careworn and unsure of themselves, and give way to it, and this feeds the feeling of superiority which the Jews cannot help. So the process of squeeze-out and muscle-in has begun, in England, while the people are preoccupied and obsessed with the war.

It is a ludicrous picture. Seldom in our history have so many people been so easily gulled into believing two opposite things at once, that black is black, but that it is also white. The British people have been called to arms to keep their island fortress inviolate against 'racial discrimination'; at the same time, they are summoned to raise the portcullis, lower the drawbridge, and let 'racial discrimination' enter. The British householder, whom we will call Mr. Gentile-Briton, such double names being popular in this island, keeps watch, with his shotgun, to shoot the intruder who hates the second half of his name; he lifts up the wire of his fence to admit, beneath it, the intruder who detests the first half of it.

For no difference exists, that I or any man without a mental squint can see, between the racial doctrine of National Socialism, which proclaims the superiority of the Germans and their right to



other people's territory, and the racial doctrine of Judaism, which proclaims the superiority of the Jews and their right to other people's territory. If a difference exists, it is in the means, not in the doctrine. The Germans, being many in numbers pursue it by physical violence. The Jews, being few in numbers, pursue it by the stealthy power of money. But let any man show me, who can, the distinction between National Socialist theory and that of the Jewish National Fund, which lays down the rule, published in the British Parliament, that land obtained from the Arabs in Palestine for Jewish settlement 'shall not be allowed at any time in the future, under any conditions whatsoever, to be alienated to anyone who is not a Jew'. While this war goes on, powerful Jewish organizations are pressing the British and American Governments harder and harder to extend the area of Arab land transferable, for all eternity, to the Jews, and even to give expulsory powers. In this cause, their utterances even take on an anti-British tone, as do those of their non-Jewish supporters in this country. Where, then, is the difference?

This is what one of the books written from inside Germany *during* this war says (*Pattern of Conquest*, by Joseph C. Harsch, an American):

Even the basic racialism and the mystic authoritarianism of Nazism are not really new. They are borrowed, or if not consciously borrowed then unconsciously imitate, the two groups which Nazi propaganda attacks most viciously - Judaism and the Roman Catholic Church. The concept of a special race divinely ordained by a tribal god for conquest and exploitation at the expense of others comes straight from the Old Testament. No other race in history but the Jews of the Old Testament ever achieved such a complete confidence in its supernatural selection for a privileged status ... The parallelism between Nazi and Judaic racialism is too near to rule out a strong suspicion that those who erected modern German racialism were students of the motivating impulse, which swept the walls of Jericho and the Philistines from the path of triumphant Judaic tribalism.

For such reasons, the term 'friendly alien', which in practice means the German Jews, can but delude the native inhabitants of this country, who fight so hard for its 'freedom'. The Czechs, Norwegians, Belgians and others who came to fight with and for us do not call themselves 'friendly aliens' or desire that name; they call themselves Czechs, Norwegians and Belgians, and wear these names on their shoulders, and long only to return to their own country. The term, 'friendly alien', was coined for the Jews, who came, and was, I imagine, chosen to mislead, the much-misled British people, for these newcomers hold to a faith of racial discrimination and Jewish superiority which all through the centuries has prevented them from feeling inward friendship for their hosts, and impels them to press, not for a share in the burdens of these, but for a privileged place among them.

In these times, however, feats of mass delusion are possible which could not have been performed centuries ago, and people can be made to believe that the man who climbs over the front fence is a mortal menace, while he who slips beneath it is a welcome guest. Since I have been back in this country, and have watched the settling here of the great Jewish migration which I saw begin abroad, I have studied the mind of the British people about the Jews, and the way this mind is formed, and have observed many things.

The chief is, that the British people have no native animosity whatever against Jews, or for that matter against Germans, and will suffer almost anything from either. The next is, that they are beginning to feel the injustice of the privileged and preferential treatment now being given to these newcomers, at the time of their own greatest trouble. The third is, that they are subjected day by day to a bombardment of misinformation, in this matter, which makes donkeys of them.

In this last field, particularly, I have been astonished to find how established the practice has become, and how it permeates our whole literature, Jewish and non-Jewish, of portraying the Gentile as an inferior and the Jew as a superior creature. I did not dream, until I began to study the subject, that grovelling self-belittlement, a clownlike self-abasement, could go so far. I have discovered it in book after book, the authorship of which betrays, at all events, no open Jewish inspiration. If it really expresses what the Gentiles think of themselves, then they deserve everything they get, and the Jewish feeling of superiority is just.

I find it degrading. I find it abominable that a Jewish writer, almost unchallenged, can declare in the *Economist*, 'The average refugee is more helpful to the community than the average Englishman, whether the standard is monetary, capital, industrial skill or intellectual attainments'. I think a nation has sunk low which will allow its newspapers to publish such things about itself without violent protest, but still, that is the Jewish view, which I know, expressed in the Jewish way, and meant to serve the Jewish end of discrimination. When the non-Jewish natives of a country *themselves* begin to join in this chorus, to make it one of self-derision, my wits lose their grip on the subject altogether, and crash into the abyss of abject incomprehension.

The English half-wit, we know. Amid the clamorous applause of Oxford dons, he clowning his way through English literature, in the person of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's bespatted and besotted idiot, Bertie Wooster, the acclaimed model of an Englishman of the drivelling years between the wars. I never saw or met Mr. Wodehouse, but assume him to be a native-born, Gentile Britisher, who rightly measured public taste when he invented this being. Here is self-derision, but seemingly with no harm consciously meant.

But what can one think of Galsworthy, who counted as a leader of English literature, and made one of his characters say:

I don't like 'Ebrews. They work harder; they're more sober; they're honest, and they're everywhere.

That line, I suppose, would draw a crackling cackle of amusement from any row of British stalls. Here is open avowal that the Jews, whose religion is an anti-Gentile one, are in every way better than the Gentiles. Then why for Hedon's sake do we not all become Jews? This kind of obscene self-abasement I detest; it is ape-like, and sub-human. For my parts I don't like 'Ebrews because their religion bids them not to like me; but I know that they do not work harder, are not more sober or more honest than I, and if they are everywhere, they will never admit this. Reading Galsworthy's lines, and the remarks about refugees and Englishmen published in the *Economist*, I understand why an English audience, which I recently watched, roared with grovelling mirth when a Jewish comedian called it 'Suckers', put out his tongue at it, and even turned his back on it and went through an obscene pantomime, indicating contempt in a form that might bring the knives out in the Balkans or the East.

I have not been able to trace this tendency back much beyond Galsworthy's time. Before that, the Englishman was portrayed in every form, good or bad, in our literature, but never as a member of an inferior *race*. But since that time, you may find this insidious suggestion running, like a thread, through very many books, right up to the present time. Even J. B. Priestley, in his writings about the Jews, has fallen victim to it, by ascribing resentment against the Jews to 'envy' of their qualities. I cannot conceive why famous writers do not pause and consider their facts, before making such statements. Do they then imagine that Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dickens were envious of the Jews, or very much less enlightened than themselves?

It astounds me, too, to find that this doctrine of Gentile self-contempt, if that is what it is, even runs through entire families, and families in the forefront of opinion. Rudyard Kipling was long held to be, and for all I know may still be held to be, a great poet of Empire, of this Empire ruled in the name of the Christian God. In one of his most famous poems I found these lines:

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law....

'Gentile boastings'! 'Lesser breeds without the Law'! Now, what sort of a man did Kipling feel himself to be, when he wrote that? What was his opinion, about Jews and Gentiles? And, most important of all, how many thousands of native-born non-Jewish Britishers have chanted or sung those words, since Queen Victoria's Jubilee, of which this was the most befitting celebration, without realizing the spectacle they made of themselves, as they sang?

It is very odd. Rudyard Kipling's cousin, Mrs. Angela Thirkell, who charmingly depicts the English countryside and its population of amiable quarter-wits, in such novels as *Wild Strawberries* and *Northbridge Rectory*, in another book, *High Rising*, writes thus:

Adrian Coates, driving himself down from London in a rather glorious car, got to High Rising in time for lunch. If Adrian had a touch of Jewish blood, it was all to the good in his business capacity and in his dark handsomeness. One could hardly question Adrian himself about it, but the suspicion was an immense comfort to such of his brother publishers as were being less successful on a purely Christian basis. They had nearly all, at various times, attempted to wrest Laura from his clutches, but she preferred to remain there.

The inhabitants of Mrs. Thirkell's countryside, though they seem not to be cannibals, and are indeed most harmless, are of such witlessness that the appearance among them of this handsome and shrewd Jewish stranger is a relief. His superiority to his brother publishers seems to derive equally from racial and religious sources; Christianity, one gathers, is inferior to Judaism in book-publishing.

I have not been able to refer to any comparative writings, in reference to Jews and Gentiles, of another cousin of Rudyard Kipling, the Earl Baldwin that is, though I infer from his broadcast of 1938, declaring that 50,000 Jewish children must be brought to England, that he thinks as highly of the Jewish virtues as his cousins.

In the British Press, which is so quick to deny that it is under Jewish control, the subtle suggestion of British and Gentile inferiority and Jewish superiority frequently appears, in many guises. The statement of a Jewish writer published in the *Economist*, which I have quoted, to the effect that alien newcomers to this country were in all ways more useful, more skilled and more talented than the natives, was not such a subtle suggestion, it is true; it is the openly pugnacious statement of the view, so injurious to the interests of this land, to which powerful groups seek to give practical form. At the time of its publication our present Minister of Information, Mr. Brendan Bracken, was managing director of that journal. I, for one, hope greatly that he never shared such opinions, or that if he ever did, he has since studied his subject.

Consider, again, a leading article in the *News Chronicle* that cried for the virile Jewish population in Palestine' to be armed. If they were not, it said, 'all previous pogroms would pale before the

fearful massacre which would follow a Nazi occupation'. If they were 'they will fight for their homes against Hitler as even we should not fight'.

Here, once more, is the assumption, for which I know no evidence, that anything which befalls a Jew is worse than the same thing if it befall a Gentile, and that anything a Jew may do must be better than the best a Gentile can do. No shred of reason clothes the cool assertion that the Jews 'would fight for their homes as even we should not', and I can think of few statements more unlikely. There is no vestige of evidence for the statement that 'all previous pogroms would pale before the fearful massacre which would follow Nazi occupation'. There are many more Jews in Poland than in Palestine, if the Nazis sought to stage a massacre.

I cannot judge how far this asinine and nest-befouling habit of self-disparagement, of decrying the British Gentile as inferior and lauding the Jew as superior, is a deliberate thing, controlled and directed, and how far it is but the vapouring of blindly foolish and weak-principled people.

What I do know is that it is a new thing. From Chaucer to Dickens at the least, Englishmen never felt that others were better than they. They would have spewed out any such suggestion. They felt they were as good as any other, and said so. They would have grown violently angry at being told that they were the inferiors of any men, and particularly of the Jews. They were seemingly better educated then, than their descendants are to-day, for they knew that the Jewish faith, before and after Christ, detested Gentiles, and they saw no reason to fawn on people who were taught, in their religion, to despise themselves.

These things, which have been so befogged by politicians and the Press to-day, were common knowledge then. Chaucer did not, at the bidding of some editor, refrain from telling his tale of Hugh of Lincoln, murdered from hatred of the Gentiles. Shakespeare put into Shylock's mouth what he saw in Jewish hearts, 'I hate him for he is a Christian', and much more of the like, and none saw in his play more than a true picture of the contemporary world. None thought to intimidate Dickens, by attacks in the Press, by the yelping and yapping of 'Anti-Semite', from setting in a book a Jewish character, Fagin, of a type as familiar to-day as in his time and long before.

Truth could be spoken then. We were neither mealy-mouthed nor chicken-hearted. Sometime in the nineteenth century the new practice of servile self-abasement, which has produced Gentile toadies more Jewish than the Jews themselves, began. Indeed, if anything could deter me from saying what I think about the Jews it would be a feeling of presumption at the company in which I find myself. Am I to believe that our leader-writers, our politicians, our novelists, are so much more enlightened, wiser, kindlier, more humane and better informed than Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens and many other of our past great ones? That, as our eloquent English-speaking cousins say, is a laff.

The superior quality of the Jew, the legend of to-day, is a dangerous myth because of the powerful means which can be enlisted to spread it, and because the British people can seemingly be brought to believe that they are Red Indians, with green horns and heliotrope tails, if they are told so often enough by the films, the radio, parliamentarians and the Press. Their greatest defect, indeed, among so many high qualities, is their inveterate gullibility. They will believe anything, and frequently, as in this matter, two mutually destructive things at once, and are quite ready, if asked, solemnly to chant that legendary Siamese national anthem, *O, Wah Ta Na Siam*.

They should recall, when they read or hear that Jews, if they were only allowed, would do everything better than themselves, that in the two countries which fell into such decrepitude that the present war came about, Jewish politicians stood at many of the key posts during vital periods and, if they wished and were of such merit, should have been able to prevent it by arming in time. I speak of France and of England, of MM. Blum, Cot, Mandel, of Sir Philip Sassoon (who for no less

than thirteen years before 1937 was Under-Secretary of State for Air and has been quoted as speaking of the House of Commons as 'those seven hundred mugs to look at - ugh! worse than any prison'), and many others.

The dangerous thing, and the reason why I write this chapter, is that by the help of powerful Jewish organizations in this country, and of the widespread legend of Jewish superiority which I have described, a very large number of foreign Jews have been brought to this country, which, before this war suffered from unemployment and lack of opportunity more than from any other evil, and have here been established as a privileged class.

Consider the astonishing state of this affair. If, four or five years ago, a Tory Prime Minister had told the country: 'We are bringing to this country some scores or hundreds of thousands of Jews from Germany, Austria, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and other countries. If they do not find employment here, the British taxpayer will maintain them, but we shall presently open the labour market to them, although for many years millions of our own have been without work. If war comes, British citizens, of both sexes, will be conscribed, their families broken up, their shops and workshops compelled to close. These newcomers will not be so conscribed, their families will be left intact, and they will be allowed to take any employment vacated by British men or women called up. After the war, we hope that the returning British citizens will regain their employment, but we give no guarantee of this. Further, we do not guarantee that these newcomers will be made to yield up any posts they may have taken in the absence of British men or women at the war.'

Now, if a Tory Prime Minister had said that, in 1936 or 1937, I think even the population of this British island would have stirred sufficiently to throw him, neck and crop, out of office.

*Yet this has happened!*

I have described, in another book, the pledges which were given, in Parliament, while these 'friendly aliens', whose present privileged status means that the indigenous inhabitants have been reduced to the rank of enemy natives, were being brought to this country.

The first pledge was that they were not coming to stay in this country at all; they were 'transmigrants', who would move on somewhere else. With the advent of the plainly foreseeable war, this pledge lapsed, and was announced to be incapable of realization, as all could have foretold.

The second pledge was that they would not be allowed to become a charge on the British taxpayer, but would be supported by 'voluntary organizations', and 'private individuals', who guaranteed this. On November 27th, 1941, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary, announced in the Commons that £857,526 had been paid to the 'voluntary organizations' (£653,178 of this to the Central Council for Jewish Refugees) between January 1940 and October 1941 and that the cost of maintaining workless refugees was being fully borne, in most cases, from these Exchequer payments. On December 2nd, 1941, another Labour Minister, who was also Minister of Labour, Mr. Bevin, said there were 'no funds other than British funds available for the assistance of able-bodied foreigners who have been granted asylum in this country'.

The third pledge was that they should not be allowed to take employment in this country if this conflicted with the interests of British workers. This pledge was abandoned, under Mr. Bevin's regime, in January 1941, when employment of all kinds was thrown open to the friendly aliens, who were to enjoy full equality of rights and benefits with British workers, *but were not to share the burden of war service. No obligation was imposed on them to make way when British citizens returned from service; no statutory guarantee of reinstatement was given to British citizens.* The

*only* condition placed upon their employment by May of 1941, announced Mr. Bevin, was that wages and conditions should not be 'less favourable than those which would be paid to a British subject employed in a similar capacity and that the employment of the alien would not be detrimental to suitable unemployed British labour'.

This condition is eyewash. I cannot conceive how it could be enforced. The B.B.C. once broadcast an 'interview' with a Jewish actress from Central Europe, who with much vivacity told that she and her husband were brought to this country by 'a British producer' before they knew English, and that they learned their first parts parrot-wise, only learning from the laughter of the audience when they had said something funny!

Can this have been necessary or useful, and can it have been done without detriment to British players?

The number of these people now in Britain is a thing to guess at. The figure given by the Government, when questioned, is that of some 228,000 aliens 'registered with the police on May 25th, 1940', but I have given many instances, in another book, to show that this figure, grave enough though it would be in relation to the millions of unemployed we had each year before the war, cannot be seriously considered, because of the large number of others who in the past have contrived to enter this country surreptitiously, and to live here for many years, and pursue profitable occupations, without detection.<sup>[23]</sup>

The correct designation of most of these people, by that precedent and practice from which our Governments are otherwise so loath to depart, is 'enemy aliens'. This has been changed to 'friendly aliens', in order, as I believe, to facilitate their penetration into the labour market and to disarm very well-founded native suspicions. However, they were once referred to officially as enemy aliens by Mr. Bevin in the Commons - on an occasion when Sir R. Glyn asked whether they, too, should not be made liable to serve. On *that* occasion, Mr. Bevin said they were 'of enemy origin' and 'liability for compulsory military service will not be extended to them'. Thus they were relieved of the most onerous duty of citizenship. It would 'not be in the public interest', added Mr. Bevin, to say how many had volunteered. Their enemy origin, however, was not to prevent them from taking employment; Mr. Bevin even had 'powers' to direct them to do this. In that respect, clearly, they became at once friendly aliens.

Very many of these friendly aliens, in the event, were given comfortable and well-paid employment which well-qualified enemy natives could better have performed, so that an odour of something like anti-Gentilism began to spread. Government Departments or affiliated undertakings showed particular kindness towards them. They began to filter in, each hauling another after him, and to squeeze out the natives. Quite early on, the *Evening Standard* wrote jestingly:

Broadcasting House is so full of foreigners engaged for the expanding foreign-language services of the B.B.C. that even the Press Department has been moved to another building to make room for the invaders; it is now proposed, I am told, to put a notice outside the main entrance: 'English spoken here'.

About all this, the Government maintained a closely guarded silence. Mr. Duff Cooper, while yet Minister of Information, refused 'in the public interest' to state how many persons employed by the Ministry of Information and the B.B.C. changed their names during the last five years and to give their original names and nationality, when he was asked this on April 23rd, 1941, St. George's Day. On November 19th, 1941, Mr. Brendan Bracken, become Minister of Information, still did not give this information, but said 61 Germans and 303 other aliens were employed by the B.B.C. at salaries ranging from £3 10s. a week to £1,000 a year. By January 28th, 1942, Mr. Brendan Bracken, in

refusing 'in the public interest' to state the number of aliens or former aliens employed in the B.B.C.'s foreign services, said that 'British subjects with adequate qualifications are not obtainable in the numbers required, though preference is given to them when they are available' - two statements which I hereby challenge; they are at variance with the facts.

I have given some lines to the matter of the B.B.C. and its friendly aliens because this department of our 'national war effort' has shown most quickly and most clearly how injurious to our war effort is the employment of these people - sometimes, I may add, in *preference* to qualified British subjects. My ear, since the war began, has been repeatedly tormented by the B.B.C. broadcasts to Germany and Austria. They have shown a childish incomprehension of the German mind and, in my opinion, on balance have sensibly weakened our cause. Let British readers imagine for a moment that the Germans were in occupation of this island and that they themselves listened to a Free British station, broadcasting from New York. What would they think if many of the voices they heard, and the things these voices said, betrayed not British or English upbringing and thought, but those of Whitechapel? What confidence would they have in such broadcasts?

In this matter, I am as good a judge as any man in this country, though no use has been made of my knowledge and experience, but my view might be written off as an over-harsh one. I have given it, because we now have a mass of evidence from the other side to support it. We *know* now what the Germans think of the B.B.C. broadcasts, and I offer this to readers as a first clear proof of the folly of putting 'friendly aliens' in the forefront of our war effort.

In January 1942, the *Daily Mail* published an article from an impartial observer just come out of Germany. He said:

Only the more intelligent listen to the B.B.C. German broadcasts and their attitude is frankly critical. If the speaker from London is a German, or so I was told, they incline to switch off. They accept Goebbels's statements that all the Germans broadcasting from London are Jews or émigrés. But they are interested when the speaker is an Englishman....

This is a truth I tried vainly to hammer into certain heads at the beginning of this war.

Joseph C. Harsch, who left Germany for America after the first two years of the war, wrote in his *Pattern of Conquest*:

The average German lost his belief in the reliability of British war information after the B.B.C. claimed the destruction of the Potsdamer and Anhalter railway stations in Berlin. They could see with their own eyes that neither had been hit.

William Shirer, in his *Diary* of the first fifteen months of the war in Berlin, says:

Most amazing thing about this Ruhr district, the industrial heart of Germany, which Allied planes were to have (and could have, we thought) knocked out in a few days, is that, so far as I can see, the night bombings of the British have done very little damage. I thought the night bombings of western Germany, the deadly effects of which the B.B.C. has been boasting of since the big offensive began, would have affected the morale of the people ... We drove through many of the Ruhr centres which the Allies were supposed to have bombed so heavily the last few nights ... we saw several and nothing had happened to them ... At least three Germans to-day who heard the B.B.C. told me they felt a little disillusioned at the British radio's lack of veracity. The point is that it is bad propaganda for the British to broadcast in

German to the people here that a main station has been set on fire when it hadn't been touched.

Another American, Stephen Laird, who was in Berlin until June 1941, says in *Hitler's Reich and Churchill's Britain*:

The Germans do not listen so much to the B.B.C. broadcasts in German, as they do to the British home broadcasts in English, for they want to hear what the British people are being told about the war. When the German, the Berliner, hears on the British home radio that last night 10,000 incendiary bombs were rained down on Berlin, and he knows that only two planes were over Berlin, he distrusts the whole British broadcast and says, 'They're not as truthful as our own'.

These few quotations show how unsatisfactory have been the results of using the friendly aliens, instead of British citizens, in this department of our war effort.

It is wrong, injurious to the native interest, and a blatant breach of every pledge that was ever given, to give these people, who have also filtered in substantial numbers into the medical, musical, theatrical and journalistic professions, the unique and fantastic privilege of exemption from that obligation of service which lies so heavy on the back of all British citizens. They are not only exempt from military service; they are exempt even from the obligatory fire-watching duty imposed on townsmen during the air-assault. They need only to sit in deep shelters and let the native citizens do duty for them. The *Daily Sketch*, reporting on the difficulty of finding men to watch a large block of flats in a London borough, mentioned that fifteen of the tenants were foreigners 'who are not subject to compulsion, though why not, is difficult to understand'.

Thus a uniquely privileged status was given to the foreign Jews in England. When war broke out in the Pacific, and the danger approached Australia, that Dominion put compulsion to serve on *all*, including the many refugees, and I cannot see what other arrangement is just. When Japan attacked the United States, compulsory liability for military service was laid upon '*all* foreign nationals, resident in the United States, between the ages of 20 and 45', according to Mr. Richard Law, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and this measure appeared to give the British Government a headache on account of the large number of moneyed British citizens who went to America when the war broke out, and in respect of whose liability to serve the British Government refused, in the Commons, to take any steps.

So we have the extraordinary state of affairs that in this country alone are the friendly aliens, the foreign Jews, wrapped in cotton-wool during wartime, and relieved of all liability to serve! In one other country alone, to the best of my knowledge, are Jews exempt from military service.

That country is Germany!

For my part, I should have no objection to the reception of these people in this country if they shared our crushing burdens. But this regime of privilege, the full effects of which will only be seen when the British soldier, sailor or airman seeks to return to civilian life after the war, is monstrous.

The present position is that the friendly alien, the foreign Jew, is given actual preference in employment, because the employer feels sure of being able to keep him or her. Thus you may read that Walthamstow Borough Council has appointed three architectural assistants 'because British citizens could not be found to fill the posts'. 'Could not be found'! Do we not know why?



The B.B.C. advertises for production assistants; they 'need not be of British nationality'. Bristol Education Committee selects 'a number of refugee doctors and dentists'. This is supposed to be because no British citizens are available. But when these facts become known, a British general practitioner's wife writes to the *New Statesman* to say that her husband's practice has been ruined, because the rich have gone to safer districts and the poor have nowhere to live, that he cannot make a living, that his neighbour and colleague, decorated for bravery in an air raid, has had to file his petition for bankruptcy, that both are young men and have vainly tried either to join the Services or to obtain any medical work at all that would enable them to make ends meet!

In Surrey and Middlesex, these friendly aliens became teachers.

An especially vigorous campaign, strongly supported in Parliament and the Press, was made to have the British medical profession opened to friendly alien doctors. I watched this closely, because in several European countries I know foreign Jewish doctors, gaining a firm foothold during the last war, eventually squeezed others out, by one method or another, until they had locked up half or three-quarters of the profession for themselves. The present attempt, in this country, has had a successful beginning. Several hundred friendly alien doctors are now practising, and the number of friendly alien students of medicine is growing.

Here you see the things which led to so much despair and distress in other countries, after the 1914-1918 war, being reproduced in England. While powerful interests join forces to push these newcomers into the British professions and civil departments, and are able to mobilize strong support in the Press, the British citizen of advancing years and outstanding qualifications more often than not finds himself turned away. A thing called the Central Register was formed, when the war began, to list and place such men. Though it presumably still exists, and probably employs a large staff of people to do the 'vital war work' of sending out forms to be returned completed, its success in finding employment for those British citizens who are supposed to be so urgently needed has been negligible; of most of the patriotic people who went to it months and years ago, ardent to serve, *The Times* truly remarked that 'when the war is over, they will have one foot in the grave and one in the Central Register'. Its dithering story appeared on the same page of *The Times* as an article reporting that the Home Office had 'agreed to deal with 100 cases a week of friendly alien doctors anxious to serve ... the demand for doctors is so urgent that every obstacle to the employment of these friendly aliens should be removed'.

I should think the British public has seldom been so misled, and that is to say a great deal, as in this matter of the friendly aliens, who, if the eulogistic appeals of their friends in the British Parliament and the Press could be believed, are all persons of the highest character and skill. The unhappy British public, however, only receives carefully filleted reports, or none at all, about such cases as that heard at Thames Police Court in November 1941, when the magistrate asked 24 accused men, 'Is there any one of you who is not of alien extraction', and none answered! He then asked how many were under military age which at that time was 41, and 12 of the 24 put up their hands!

For such things, Britishers have to leave their homes, their families, their jobs, their shops, and fight!

In another similar case heard at the same court in November, nine of the defendants were 'friendly aliens', but Mr. Herbert Morrison, our working-class Home Secretary, airily dismissed a question about them with the remark that 'as aliens, they were not liable for registration'. If any British newspaper cared to print regular reports of the Metropolitan Police Court cases, the public might get a shock.

Instead of that, the newspapers continued to print, though at longer intervals than formerly, I admit, grossly misleading reports about atrocities committed on the Jews abroad. Here are two:

'The murder of 25,000 Jews, men, women and children, by Rumanian troops in Odessa, is reported in New York.' (Of this, I can say that no conscientious newspaper would print such an item of news - a story, from an unquoted source in New York, of something supposed to have happened thousands of miles away, in a country at war. New York, I believe, has the largest population of Jews of any city in the world; I am sure it would be possible to hear all sorts of similar reports there, but no editor of principle would print them.)

'A traveller who holds a semi-official position, but whose identity cannot be disclosed, estimated on returning to Istanbul from Bucharest that 8000 Jews had recently been executed in Rumania, mostly under German direction.' (Here, again, you have the anonymous informant who 'estimates' things.)

The enthusiasm of friends, in this country, of the friendly aliens prompted some of them at times even to utterances of an anti-British tenour, a thing which is likely to happen when a British Gentile, from whatever cause, identifies himself too much with the Jewish clamour, because British and Jewish interests are by no means identical. Among the warmest and most active friends of the friendly aliens, in Parliament and the Press, was Colonel Josiah, now Lord Wedgwood, of the famous Midlands family.

In the summer of 1941 he was reported to have gone to America to travel that country, 'speaking for the British cause in a private capacity'. Then he was reported to have told an audience at Boston, that America should take over responsibility for world peace and world leadership because 'England no longer wants it'. (I wonder whether this advice prompted the subsequent recommendation of the Special Committee of the House of Representatives, that the naval bases off the American coasts leased from this country should become permanent American military establishments.)

The next that was heard of Colonel Wedgwood was that he was taken ill as he was about to address the young men's and young women's Hebrew Association at Newark, New Jersey, where he was to have spoken on 'Zionism'. On his return to this country, he put a question in the Commons suggesting that '1451 Palestinians' were left in Greece unsundered and without arms; 'were British officers in command', asked Colonel Wedgwood meaningly, 'and did they stop with their men?' To this the Secretary of State for War answered that they *were* commanded by British officers, and these naturally remained with their men, and that he 'strongly deprecated' Colonel Wedgwood's suggestion, 'in this and other questions, that the conduct of British officers in this war has been in any way inconsistent with the high traditions of the Service'.

I have given a few examples of the bad habit of self-denigration, of decrying one's own kith and kin and belauding strangers, which has become common in our country, and which I described at the beginning of this chapter. Once you begin it you go, a foolish fellow, thinking yourself clever, along a path which leads you ultimately to the denial of your own kind. If you travel in Jewish company you inevitably begin to think anti-Gentile thoughts.

For my part, I think, and say this now for the third time, that grave harm has been done to the British people, by people who either had ulterior motives or were plain foolish, in introducing to this country a mass of foreign Jews, and in then releasing them from the burdens, while making them free of more than all the rights, of the native citizens. In the bad years that await us, after this war, that will be the source of more injustice and more embitterment than any other. By promoting

these people to the privileged status of 'friendly aliens', British politicians, Tory and Socialist, big business magnate and trades union boss alike, have shown contempt for their own people.

These, they reduce to the standing of 'enemy natives'.

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## Chapter Six

### HOW TO TAKE LIBERTIES

When this war began great placards proclaimed 'Freedom is in peril; defend it with all your might'.

As I go about the island of indifference, and hear people say 'This is a free country, ennit?' and other things they have heard in their youth, I think how like they are to a man who might strain at the bars of his prison cell and cry 'Look how free I am!' The thought, however, has occurred to others before me, for in a list of proverbs I find this: 'Men rattle their chains to show that they are free.'

If any freedom remains to the British people it is indeed only freedom to rattle their chains a little. For we have in this country now all the things we are told we fight against, in the name of freedom: imprisonment without trial, forced labour, dragooning and regimentation, censorship and the rest. We have them, as yet, in small measure; they are not, as yet, ruthlessly used; as yet, the bonds are still loose enough to rattle; but they all exist. They 'are' 'necessities of war'. How many of our liberties, surrendered during the last war, were given back after it? This time, too, they will be withheld after the war, unless the people have vigour enough to keep the politicians to their word.

Listen to one Mr. Attlee, speaking in 1937, when he was a Labour Leader:

In the necessities of modern warfare there is at once a great danger and a great opportunity. There is a danger lest under the excuse of organizing the nation for defence and security, liberty may be destroyed and the Corporate State introduced. The greater the danger, the greater the opportunity of persuading people to accept all kinds of restrictions.

How clearly they see the dangers, when they are in opposition! How gladly they profit from the opportunity, when they are in office! Mr. Attlee, and many another Labour leader who was in opposition with him when he spoke, to-day draw tighter and tighter the bonds which they have helped to put on the British people. Will they urge for them to be struck off, when 'the necessities of warfare' are past? They already speak of the need for the continuance of 'control', after the war. A Socialist miner forces miners down the pit. A Socialist docker jails them if they protest. A Socialist townsman sends people to prison without trial, and threatens to resign if he be thwarted. These men seem even more avid for autocratic power, to dragoon and cow their fellow-men, than Lord Hardface and Colonel Portgout.

But these are 'necessities of warfare'. Well, then, let that be the test. Mr. Attlee, before he was Lord Privy, or whatever the title is, perceived the danger, clearly enough, that such powers might be retained and misused. I commend vigilant citizens to watch how far politicians, of both parties, are ready to go, after the war, in fulfilling the promise to restore the liberties that were taken away. Unless some hundreds of Independent candidates stand at the next election, men pledged to press this matter, they will go a very little way, and that reluctantly.

We move towards the soulless and conscienceless, almighty State, and that is the haven where the politicians, being 'the State', fain would be. It would be the grave, not the temple of Freedom, and if this war should end in the burial of freedom, after we defended it with all our might, that would be in keeping with every development of the last thirty years. Flagrant errors of omission may daily occur in the prosecution of the war; we may forget to send enough men here or neglect to provide enough equipment there; but nothing is ever overlooked that can go to strengthen the bonds that

have been put on the British people, to whittle away their liberties and weaken their power of redress.

A tragic example of the state of servitude to which the British people are being reduced in the name of freedom, is that of a young miner, one Joseph Henry Wright of Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent. To be killed fighting in a war which would never have come about, if the politicians you elected did the things they promised to do, is bad, but the circumstances of this lad's end seem to me to have the elements of great tragedy.

He was killed, at the age of eighteen, in a pit explosion, on New Year's Day, 1942. His father was a miner, too, and when *he* was injured in a pit he advised his son at all costs to get out of coal-mining and seek other work. The youngster did this. In the spring of 1941 his father died, from injuries received down the pit. A few days before the end of 1941, the son was ordered to return to the pit. As he was getting ready for work, on New Year's Day, he asked his widowed mother who should let the New Year in, and she said he could do this when he left the house for the pit. So he opened the door to the New Year, and, calling out 'A Happy New Year' to his mother, started down the road. He never came back.

Here you have a father trying to rescue his son both from the living death and the actual death of labour in the pit, and the son then taken in the grip of officialdom and forced to return to it, and to his death.

'The necessities of warfare'? Then let the 615 pretty-sitters at Westminster, who are exempt from the duty to serve, who enjoy all the creature comforts of that comfortable club, who draw fat salaries and if they are but docile enough can look for all manner of other reward, let these men and women at least see to it that these things cease the moment 'the necessities of warfare' cease!

For I cannot think of a more detestable thing, in the country which is told to 'defend freedom' with all its might, than to take a dead miner's son, who has escaped from the pit, and force him down it, so that he should die there, too, all on a New Year's Day. What freedom is it, which by compulsion keeps a man in a deep hole in the earth ? It is forced labour.

In Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, forced labour in peacetime was reserved for political prisoners. I assume that in wartime it has been extended to the population, but the books published by American writers who have come out of Germany during the war show that, for miners and such, very great consideration is shown, in many forms, to compensate in some measure for the hardness of their lot. There is little trace of this in the allusions made, in the British Parliament and Press, to the miners. There is a glad readiness, on all hands, among comfortable people (I have one overfed lady in mind) to talk angrily about 'absenteeism', but I find little realization of the bitter lot of the miners or of the inestimable service they render to the community by yielding up this most elementary and undeniable of human rights - the freedom to get out of the mine if they can find a better lot elsewhere.

We could learn something from the enemy. Joseph Harsch, in his *Pattern of Conquest*, tells that in Germany, when the war began, the basic ration (varied from time to time, as with us) was fixed at 1lb. of meat, ¼lb. of butter, ¼lb. of lard, ¼lb. of margarine, and ½lb. of sugar, but that this was *doubled* for 'heavy labour', such as truck-driving, and *doubled again* for the miners. Would we not be both wise and just, if we did the like? Harsch says that a main reason for this measure was 'to prevent such obvious inequalities in class standards of living as might lead to resentment among the lower classes and a feeling that they were being unfairly treated'.

Under this regime of forced labour, 27,540 miners who left coal-mining were sent back to the pits between June and November of 1941, according to the Labour Ministry's statement in the Commons. Many were working in war industries and under the compulsory reversion to mining lost up to half of the weekly wage they were earning! The number of those who refused to return, were prosecuted and jailed, has not been stated. Some cases have been reported in the Press; for instance, that of the 39-year-old ex-miner of Burton-on-Trent who received three months hard labour for such a refusal.

As I say, the Government promise exists, to abolish such terrible encroachments as this upon the humblest rights of any two-legged human being, when 'the necessities of warfare' pass. But official pledges, as we should have learned in these past twenty-five years of tribulation, are no more to be built on than the snows of yesteryear, and I think they are often given with the tongue of anticipation in the cheek of non-accountability. The only guarantee for the fulfilment of any of them would be, an Opposition in Parliament, and we have no Opposition, and shall not have, unless and until one or two hundred Independent Members force their way in.

On the contrary, the Socialist watchdogs, once in office, seem even more avid for power over their fellow-beings than those who have grown old in that tradition. Mr. Morrison, for instance, has comfortably foretold 'a considerable increase in the scope of social control of our economic organizations' after the war. These are long words, of the kind Socialist politicians in all countries love to use. They mean, in English, 'more politicians, more officials, more departments, more restrictions, more paper forms, less and less and less and less freedom'.

They mean, an endless tea-party for officialdom, and I mean this literally. In February of 1942, at Cleveleys in far Lancashire, the Ministry of Pensions gave a tea-party and concert. What a detestable masterpiece of incongruity! It was to celebrate the 25th birthday of this Ministry, which was born in 1917, when England was bowed beneath a burden of blood, toil, tears and sweat that nearly broke England's back. The 25th birthday fell in another such period; the times were bad for England, but good for any Ministry, which saw before it a widening vista of more officials, more paper, more powers. Every hope offered that the 50th birthday would give still more cause for rejoicing; it might even fall in the third German war. So the tea-party and concert were arranged. Invitations were sent out to the Ministry's branch offices 'stretching from Exeter to Aberdeen'. The cost, of this admirable tea? Ah, The Treasury agreed that it should 'come out of public funds'.

The fierce measures of compulsion which were put on the miners most vividly illustrate the tragedy of our generation, and the callous bearing of Parliament, which from long immunity has come to feel itself the master, not the delegate, of the people.

I think this aloof irresponsibility of the Commons was most clearly shown in the debates of December 1941. When the Bill was passed to extend conscription to women and to men up to the age of fifty-one. The Parliament which passed this Bill was the same which was elected in 1935 to check aggression and a new war, and which, by repeatedly condoning aggression and neglecting to ensure our own rearmament, allowed this war, with all its burdens, to come upon the British people. The Bill it passed in December 1941 contained part of the back-breaking price to be paid for its own laziness and servility. For my part, having seen in other countries the final state of despair and embitterment to which a people can be brought by too much misgovernment and too much suffering, I dread the consequences of this Bill, particularly of the conscription of women; we shall first be able to appraise them after this war, and I recommend readers, when the year 1950 comes, to look back upon the conscription of women in 1941 and decide whether they can say, it was good.

Yet in this debate of December 1941, you will find in the speeches a note of fulsome self-flattery and smug complacency. Hardly a man or woman in that House seemed to know or care what they

did. Sitting comfortably upon the things people sit on, I mean, of course, be-cushioned seats, these people behaved once more like the members of a Mutual Admiration Society. The Socialist Minister of Labour, reported the newspapers, 'was anxious not to give the impression that there was a definite guarantee of reinstatement for women, after the war. Women would have the same rights as men - for what they were worth. The uncertainty of conditions after the war had to be taken into account'. (The 'friendly aliens', being in possession, could score nine points of the law!) The Socialist Minister of Labour, in due course, was congratulated by several other Members 'on the urbane way in which he has met the criticisms against this Bill'.

Oh, this urbanity! It is sad to think that the House of Keys, the tiny Parliament of the Isle of Man, shone by the contrast of its behaviour with that of the Commons; it refused to have its women taken.

In all this long debate I found only two speeches which showed any realization of the grave thing that was being done to the country, those of Mr. Maxton and Mr. MacLaren, of Burslem. Such speeches, in these days of our Parliamentary decay, are not reported, either in the Press or by the B.B.C., save sometimes in meaningless extracts. I give here a substantial part of Mr. MacLaren's speech:

Listening to the last speech, one almost feels the sense of unreality and lack of appreciation of the situation in which we find ourselves. Men are asking to be reinstated in a job when this war is over. Would to God I knew what a world this will be when it is over. On the last occasion when I intervened it was to ask the House whether it was too late to try to retrieve the situation in Europe before the youth of Europe rushed like gathering swine to their destruction ... To-night, there is passing out of this House a Bill for the conscription of the mankind of this country in a bloody enterprise all over the earth. Some hon. Members opposite are flattering their consciences to-night, as you can hear reiterated in the bouquets passed to the Minister, that they are fulfilling the function of loyal statesmen by perfecting this Measure. To-night we are seeing the fruits of the conduct that has been carried on upon that side of the House for the last twenty years. This thing that we are witnessing, the enchainment of our youth in military bondage, the conscription of our children, boys and girls, and our womenfolk, is the inevitable consequence of the political activities of those who have held power in this country for the last twenty years ... You may laugh. I see no laughter about this Bill tonight. You laughed when I used to warn you before; you laugh that our homes should be decimated; you laugh that the women of this country are entering this new era in the history of our country ... Scarcely an hon. Member in this House is not, in his heart, ashamed of the Bill and would rather a thousand times see us preparing for a new world than preparing for a holocaust. Yet, inevitably, they are driven by the economic forces which are making them complete this farce to-night. It is inevitable and I blame no man for it. It must be done. When once the undertaking had been entered into and we had to face the most efficient military machine in the world, many of you were innocent that it was as efficient as it proved to be. Not infrequently did I hear 'Call Hitler's bluff'. By heaven, you have got Hitler's bluff tonight when you have to enchain the youth and the age of both sexes in this military bond ... It is on the conscience of all of us in assenting to this Bill, openly to confess that some of us have fled in our duties, to make an open act of contrition and hope that, whatever comes out of it, one thing will be remembered ... because you have in this country a landless people, you have to conscript their bodies to defend it. If this land had belonged to the people of Great Britain, this Bill would not have become necessary. After this Bill becomes law there is left upon this

House an obligation. Now that we are conscripting the people of this country to defend it, we cannot escape the legal conclusion of our actions. If the common people of this country have been conscripted to defend the land of England against Hitler, it is the bounden duty of this House, by declaration or some other action, to restore the land to those who to-day are standing as a barrier between Hitler and that land and its present owners ... At least we can make a resolution that, if we survive, we do not intend to witness what we have had to witness in the past, namely, that those who had gone out to defend the centre of this mighty Empire gradually found their way on to the edges of the pavements, displaying their medals, playing instruments and begging for charity. I hope that, on the contrary, we shall act as honourable men, and take it upon ourselves to see to it that those who have gone through the perils of defending the bastions, against foreign invaders shall not be beggars after this, but that we shall make them in fact and not in fancy citizens in their own land and not landless beggars in their own country.

I wonder how many people realize the distance that we have travelled, away from freedom, in two wars. Before the last war, a Britisher could go out of his front door, buy a ticket, get on a ship, and go almost anywhere in the world he willed, without a scrap of paper or more money than a pound or two in his pocket. His own land did not attempt to prevent him from going, nor any other country, from coming. He needed no passport (save for Russia, Rumania and Turkey, countries where this device of civilization was already known, I think, because the great ones there lived in fear of assassination by returning exiles). If he decided, at breakfast time, that he would cross the world and start life anew there, he could by supper-time be on his way.

But now? Now we need not only a passport, but in addition an exit permit, and any who care to read the Parliamentary reports will find how easily these may be acquired by an influential or wealthy man, but how unattainable they are for others. Will the 'exit permit', which gives a few more hundreds or thousands of officials paper forms to play with, be taken off again, when the war is over? We must have 'identity cards', and when these were first issued simple souls, thinking that they were meant to thwart German spies, asked plaintively why they bore no photographs. They are not meant to hinder foreign spies; no document could be more easily forged. For that matter, the native lawbreaker or rogue can easily buy one. They only serve for the harassing of the law-abiding native citizen and for the employment of more officials. In the process of senseless regimentation, they are important; no other value have they. Does any man believe that the identity cards will be abolished, when the war is over? The Ministry of Identity Cards would fiercely fight against that. As to the innumerable other cards, books, certificates, coupons and papers we now have to carry - a chartered accountant would be needed to compute them - heaven knows how many of them we shall be able to rid ourselves of one fine day.

These are the lesser pinpricks of the system, of compulsion. They are the counterparts of the things which the State Almighty, in such countries as Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, batters on. But we have all the other things, too, though in lesser measure, as yet: forced labour, compulsion of every kind. One of Hitler's most attractive promises, before he came to power, was that the chain-store octopus should have its tentacles clipped, and the small trader receive support to ply his calling in his own small way. Exactly the opposite has happened, in Germany; Joseph Harsch reports that the great chain-stores are flourishing and the small trader languishing. In this country, in the name of 'the necessities of warfare', deadly blows have been dealt at the small trader, and you may see his closed, forlorn and deserted shop on all hands. The great chain-stores, however, flourish more than ever.

We have all the things we fight against. We even have, in one specimen at least, the man, whose fate we deplored so much in the ruthless dictatorships, 'killed while attempting to escape'. This man



(I do not think our Press reported his case) was a nineteen-year-old volunteer soldier, one James Grogan of Liverpool. He absented himself from his regiment without leave for several weeks, and then surrendered himself to the police. He was sent to a camp under military escort; he died. At the inquest, evidence was given of an altercation and exchange of blows with military policemen. The jury returned a verdict of 'justifiable homicide while attempting to escape'. A military court of inquiry said, more cautiously, 'The deceased died as a result of injuries received on attempting to escape'. The Director of Prosecutions decided there was no evidence to support a criminal charge.

'Powers' have seemingly been given, sometime, for 'bad farmers' to be deprived of their farms. Bodies called 'War Agricultural Committees' wield these powers, and early in 1941 a modest report in the newspapers said that these had expelled 30 farmers from 8000 acres in Essex, 50 farmers from 6000 acres in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and smaller or larger numbers of farmers from their farms in almost every county. Is this good? Is it bad? Who knows? There is no check, no redress, seemingly. The 'powers' have been yielded up, and the average citizen, having listlessly complied in this, must hope that what goes on is for the general good. But will these 'powers' be abolished, after the war?

So the octopus grows and grows, and spreads its tentacles farther and farther, invoking 'the necessities of warfare', as Mr. Attlee foretold in 1937. Newspapers are suppressed. The Ministry of Information orders the B.B.C. that no reference to a speech by a certain Member of Parliament shall be contained in the broadcast report. The Home Secretary is shown beforehand something that is to be said, in a broadcast, about his use of his powers of arrest and imprisonment, without trial. The Home Secretary, good Socialist and democrat, objects; his colleague, the Minister of Information, good Tory and democrat, forbids the broadcast. You scratch my back, cher collègue, and I'll scratch yours. The publication of books, the last remaining vehicle of independent thought, is professedly free from the octopus's interference,' but in practice another of the octopus's tentacles reaches out to curtail the supply of paper - save for official forms and publications, which increase and increase.

Thus are liberties taken! Stealthily, progressively, arrogantly, while the innumerable posters, that cost so much paper, clamour that 'freedom is in Peril, defend it with all your might'.

But all the things I have described, grave though they are, are but 'impairments and erosions', to quote a phrase of Professor Joad. They tamper with the edifice of freedom, already so much defaced that it looks as if a bomb had hit it, but they do not irreparably destroy it; this damage could be mended.

One liberty has been taken that strikes right at the cornerstone and foundation of our freedom. If that is not given back, we shall never know freedom again.

That is the power, wielded by the Government under the edict known as Regulation 18B, to arrest and imprison without the preferment of charges or trial. This was the lever by means of which the cornerstone of the structure of freedom was dislodged, and the whole edifice brought crashing down, in Italy and Germany. This is vital and mortal.

No British citizen who is better than an unthinking, uncaring forked radish should take his eye off Regulation 18B for an instant, until it has been, first amended, and then cancelled.

This is fundamental. This *was* a real right, this right of the Englishman to be told, within a stated space of time, of what he was accused; to be released if no charge were brought against him; and to be given an open trial if a charge *were* made. If this is taken away, stealthily at first, in the pretext that it must be taken so that 'freedom' may be defended, the Britisher is no longer a man; if it be

restored, he becomes a man again, no matter what his other troubles, for a' that. What nonsense, while, this most priceless thing, wrested from King John so long ago, is suspended, to boast that in this country 'a man is innocent until he is proved guilty'.

If this liberty be taken, we have no liberty left, no freedom to defend. Only a fool could be indifferent because he himself is not threatened to-day, because the people who now suffer seem to be, though he cannot know this, people whom he dislikes. This is the heart and blood of freedom. If it be once surrendered, or be filched from a nation become apathetic, the end of freedom is come, while we fight for freedom.

For each new jack-in-office, who comes to wield this power, will wield it with less conscience and more arrogance. The man who goes in search of escaping gas with a naked light, is not more foolish than the man who looks indifferently upon this thing, because, to-day, his neighbour suffers from it, and not himself. If it is not checked, he himself will feel its brutality to-morrow, or his children. To expect anything else, is to repeat the fond and fatuous error of those who thought Hitler would stop after annexing Austria. If *this* human right be regained, we can yet rebuild our edifice of freedom. If it is allowed to be pilfered from us, we never can.

'No freeman shall he taken or imprisoned or outlawed or exiled except by the legal judgment of his peers.' That was the essential clause of Magna Charta, to which King John put his seal at Runnymede in 1215. I have described in another book the stealthy ways in which this right was taken from us. One Tory Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, in 1939 first asked and received it from the Commons, *not* for use against the sympathizers with Nazi Germany, but against the Irish Republicans, who then threw bombs; and he most ominously advanced, to support his demand, a statement he said these Irish terrorists had made in some mysterious document, namely, that 'England could only ensure her strength by totalitarian methods'.

Another Tory Home Secretary, Sir John Anderson, when the war began, took still further powers, of arrest and imprisonment at his own will, invoking another mysterious document, issued by 'an anti-Semitic body' which he would not name, which ordered its members 'to turn themselves into rumour-mongers', 'to make fun of regulations for the public protection', and the like. Seldom, I think, was so grave a measure demanded in the name of so ludicrously trivial a pretext.

But now watch! Did not Mr. Attlee, good Socialist, long before the war point to the danger that 'under the excuse of organizing the nation for defence and security, liberty may be destroyed', that 'the greater the danger the greater the opportunity of persuading to accept all kinds of restrictions'? Now, this thing happened, as he most truly predicted. At his side in Opposition sat another Socialist leader, Mr. Herbert Morrison, who said these things about the power, thus given to anybody who might become Home Secretary, to arrest and imprison people without trial:

I am not going to use the argument, usually put forward as a matter of courtesy, that we do not believe the present Minister would be wicked, but we are afraid his successor might be ... I think that any Minister is capable of being wicked when he has a body of regulations like this to administer ... Therefore, let us put aside the cant in which we engage, that we are sure the present Home Secretary would not do wrong, but that we are not so sure of his successors. We believe that the present Home Secretary is capable of being wicked and, therefore, the House should be guarded and careful as to the powers which they give to him ... these regulations give really extraordinarily sweeping powers under which, it seems to me, anybody whom the Home Secretary did not like could be hung, drawn and quartered almost without any reasonable or proper means of defending himself.

*Mr. Morrison himself became the next Home Secretary, and is so as I write.* He has become 'the successor' of the Tory Home Secretary of whom he was distrustful and he has now wielded for more than a year those 'extraordinarily sweeping powers' of arrest and indefinite imprisonment, without the preferment of charges or trial, at his own unfettered will. In the spring of 1941, he had some 1800 unspecified citizens under lock and key. As I write, I believe their number is nearly 700, according to the last parliamentary information. About 1100, therefore, have seemingly been found guiltless of anything they may have been suspected of, and have been released, after unknown periods of detention.

The 670 who remain in durance are in exactly the same position as any occupant of a German concentration camp, arrested on suspicion or at the malice of some private enemy; they have had no trial, no opportunity to disprove anything that may be alleged against them, save in the private conclaves of something called an 'Advisory Committee', the opinions of which are sometimes adopted, sometimes rejected, by the Home Secretary. They count as guilty - unless they have the money and influence outside their prison to prove themselves innocent. Yet in June 1940 the highest star in our judicial firmament, the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Simon, said:

We live in a country where, if a policeman or any other official maltreat us or rush us into a camp, it would be no answer for him to say he was part of the Gestapo and that those were the authorized methods of the secret police. Such a person could be brought before a court and made to answer whether what he had done was within the law or not. How many people in Germany have ever brought an action against the Gestapo for damages?

The comparison, as I have shown, is unhappily untrue. People *can* be put away in this country, at the behest of one single man, and they have no redress.

As long as this power is vested in the Home Secretary, no difference in principle exists between this country and the tyrannous regime which, in the name of freedom, it fights to overthrow. As long as this power is not curbed and supervised, the danger of the most arbitrary misuse of it remains, and this country can make no claim to the name of democracy. Whether one man, six hundred men, or sixty thousand men, are put away, is not the point; once the principle is broken down, anything may happen. This matter goes to the deepest root of our order of life.

The Commons has retained enough of its erstwhile vigour to show spasmodic anxiety about Regulation 18B, to bring the matter to two or three debates, and to press fairly warmly for reform. This pressure was thwarted by Mr. Morrison's undertaking to resign, if his powers were checked! One single English judge has exercised the vaunted 'proud prerogative of the judiciary from interference by the executive', and protested. This was Lord Atkin, who in a House of Lords appeal said:

I view with apprehension the attitude of judges who, on the mere question of construction, when face to face with claims involving the liberty of the subject, show themselves more executive-minded than the executive ... It has always been one of the principles of liberty for which, on recent authority, we are now fighting, that the judges are no respecters of persons and stand between the subject and any attempted encroachment on his liberty by the Executive, alert to see that any coercive action is justified in law. In this case I have listened to arguments which might have been addressed acceptably to the Court of the King's Bench in the time of Charles I. I protest, even if I do it alone, against a strained construction put upon words with the effect of giving an uncontrolled power of imprisonment to the

Minister ... I am profoundly convinced that the Home Secretary was not given unconditional authority to detain....

Lord Atkin was overvoted by the four other Law Lords who heard this appeal!

The power originally given by Parliament to the Home Secretary was to detain persons connected with organizations 'subject to foreign influence or control' or under the leadership of others associated with hostile Governments.

That is, the power was given in cases where the Home Secretary 'had reasonable cause to believe' that this state of affairs existed, and an over-optimistic Commons thought this was a check. In practice, there is no means to confirm that the Home Secretary's belief rests on 'reasonable cause'; it may be just his idea. In this manner, any gap made in such an immemorial and inestimable human right, is apt to grow wider, to broaden down from Home Secretary to Home Secretary.

A most alarming instance of the grave dangers to this last remaining real liberty of a British subject, which are contained in the grant of such powers, is the case of a Mr. Ben Greene, of whom few people in this country knew until he was released from detention under Regulation 18B in January 1942, after nearly two years of confinement! (Incidentally, as a further example of the way this disease spreads, I may mention that, although Mr. Greene was never charged or found guilty of anything, his name was removed, on his detention, from the list of Justices of the Peace in Hertfordshire.)

Mr. Greene's wife was reported to have stated that he spent £1,500 in his efforts to prove his innocence and gain his freedom. Thus the unmoneyed captive would clearly have a poor chance. Mr. Greene himself, on his release, received a letter from Mr. Morrison stating that the requisite 'reasonable cause' to believe him a person of hostile associations existed, when Mr. Morrison's predecessor put him away in May of 1940. Among these allegations (which Mr. Greene succeeded, though without avail, in bringing before the High Court and the House of Lords!) were, that he tried after the war began to communicate with persons in Germany, that he wanted a National Socialist Government in Great Britain, to be brought about if necessary by German arms, that he associated with Germans known to him to be agents of the German Government and offered to help them evade detection in this country, and so on.

Mr. Morrison 'thought it right' that these allegations 'should be regarded as withdrawn'.

The phrase is curmudgeonly and likely to leave a stigma on the person concerned, rather than honourably to amend an imputation found false. 'Regarded as withdrawn'! Why not 'withdrawn'?

What actually happened is now known. The name of the secret informer against Mr. Greene, refused for many months, was given when Mr. Greene's solicitor said a question would be asked in the Commons. He proved to be a German subject, a 'friendly alien'! On confrontation with Mr. Greene's solicitor, he withdrew every charge he made, secretly, to the police fifteen months earlier. Mr. Morrison refused to take any action against him. Because his charges were not made on oath - though a Tory Home Secretary acted on them, and a Socialist Home Secretary upheld his action - no action for perjury could be brought against him!

The anonymous informer, a loathsome creature, always pops up when 'emergency powers' of arrest and imprisonment are given. He was most active, at his repulsive trade, in Germany, when Hitler came to power, and caused untold misery there. He often pursues a private grudge. Now we have this cowardly being, too!

Thus a British subject was arrested, either partly or wholly because of information laid by an alien, held for nearly two years, and released with the damning remark that the allegations might be 'regarded as withdrawn'! Most men would prefer a trial in open court, at the risk of a verdict of 'guilty', to a certificate of innocence so worded.

In defending his use of the powers vested in him in the Commons, Mr. Morrison once reproached those who claimed that these men should be charged and tried with clinging to the ideas of 'classic liberalism' (an unhappy phrase, from a Socialist and one often derisively used by Hitler) and said wars could not be won like that. But who are, then, the people thus imprisoned? They are not the people whom Hess came to see. He did not come thinking that he would be admitted to Brixton jail, for a little private conversation with these inmates.

None but their friends and relatives knows who these captive hundreds are. Mr. Loftus, in the Commons, told of one who was a member of the British Fascists 'until 1936', when he resigned, who owned a motor-boat and in it, under machine-gun fire, rescued 450 British soldiers from the beaches at Dunkirk, who on his return to England was arrested, but released after two months. Of another, Mr. Maxton related that he was arrested and held for twelve months before he was even allowed to state any case before the Advisory Committee, then being immediately released at their recommendation!

Such cases as these suggest that there is every need for the Commons to be anxious and watchful, and that some kind of impartial check upon the captures that are made, at the behest of a single man, is the very least reform that should be made. I cannot see why the charges against these people cannot be made public and why they cannot be tried. That was the English boast long before Shakespeare, who wrote:

What would you have me do? I am a subject  
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

Of these captives, only Sir Oswald Mosley and Captain Ramsay are at all known to the general public, and the second of these only since his arrest, because he was little heard of in the Commons. As a blindly enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Chamberlain, and they say he was that, he enjoys my deep personal resentment, because people of this mind brought about this war, and destroyed the work of the British journalists in Germany. But he cannot be imprisoned on that account, or three-quarters of the House of Commons, and nine-tenths of the House of Lords would be with him.

The case of Captain Ramsay seems to me the most ominous of all, because he is a member of the Commons, and the Commons, which is popularly supposed to be most jealous of its rights, has accepted his arrest with apathy. Here was the opportunity to stem the gap that was made in our most precious right, indeed our only remaining right of much account, and the Commons made no effort to fill it. In March 1941, many months after Captain Ramsay's arrest, a Member, Rear-Admiral Beamish, stated:

To this hour the House of Commons is unaware of what, if anything, the hon. and gallant Member has actually done!

That remains the case to-day! In the meanwhile Captain Ramsay has sued a newspaper which stated that he committed treason.

A sinister thing about Captain Ramsay's case is that even the law, that libel law which has so often been successfully invoked by men who thoroughly deserved exposure, in the public interest, was turned against him. The statement in question, in an American newspaper circulated in this country, was that he was 'charged with treason'. He was not. He should be, if he has committed it. The law, in this country, was always claimed to be, that a man was innocent until he was proven guilty. No charge has been brought against this man; he cannot obtain the trial he has pressed for. Ergo, it is libellous to say that he has been 'charged with treason'. If that charge is not made against him, if it is expressly disavowed in parliamentary statements, if he is given no trial, if all his requests to be tried for treason are refused, why should any man say that he was a traitor? If he is, the law exists to prove it and convict him.

That always *was* our English law. But in this case although no charge was laid against Captain Ramsay, although he thus was bound to win his case, although damages could not be denied him, the judge said he was 'convinced that Captain Ramsay's claim to loyalty is false', thus transforming the verdict into its opposite, and awarding him one farthing damages.

That seems a new thing in English law. By this means, you may not only imprison a man without trial, you may pillory him before the world as a man guilty of the thing the State refuses to charge him with!

The judge added that he was 'convinced Hitler would call Captain Ramsay friend'. He said this, to judge from the brief extracts from his summing-up which were published in the British Press, because of Captain Ramsay's anti-Jewish opinions. A British judge thus gave further currency to the current delusion that strong opinions about the Jews never existed before Hitler. He might as sensibly have said he was convinced that Hitler would have called Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dickens his friends, though any of these three men would have spurned Hitler's very hand.

His statement was approvingly quoted by several Jewish writers and by those newspapers which make the Jewish cause foremost among their purposes.

Thus this British judge put himself in the position of another famous judge, Balthazar, a young doctor of Rome, whose learning in the law caused Shylock to raise his hands and cry

Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge! How I do honour thee!

Well, well.

Thus liberties are taken from us, and justice, in its proud prerogative, approves.

The law allows it and the court awards it.

The importance of all this is not in the few hundred persons who lie in prison, or in their suffering. Millions suffer worse things to-day.

The importance of it lies in the overthrow of a principle which was a priceless gift to every Britisher born alive, in his cradle. As long as that principle is down, there is no firmness in the future, for such powers as these may be turned against any and every man, according to the day; they were not even given for the purpose for which they are now being used. They were to be used against Irish terrorists. They are being employed against Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen. They are the powers, of force and violence, on which Hitler founded his loathsome tyranny, which has brought us to this plight again. Until they are checked, we can never be sure how they will be used

against ourselves. The Commons has not stirred a finger to obtain a fair trial for one of its own. Would it move to help the people? What did Shakespeare say?

Little office  
The hateful Commons will perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

That is why the lot of the captives held under Regulation 18B directly strikes at the interest of every man in this country.

The issue is a simple one. Are they guilty? No, they are innocent, because they have not yet been found guilty; that was always our law. Then make known the charges against them, and try them, and find them guilty, if they are guilty.

That is not difficult. If there are secret reasons why this should not be done, then they are reasons injurious to the British people. The Commons, once again, has failed the people, in allowing these things to happen.

I have shown how liberties are taken. England will never be England again until they are regained.

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## Chapter Seven

### A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NEXT WAR

As I write, in 1980, I can hardly recall how the Second World War ended, and this cannot be due to any failure of my memory, though I have now reached the age when this befalls some men, for I find that those about me are as doubtful about it as I, and they are young. The fact is, as all now should know, that it never really ended at all. Like the 1914-1918 war, which few people now remember, it was taken off the fire when it had boiled a long time, and, seemingly by an arrangement between powerful groups behind the scenes, left to cool awhile. It was like a firework which people thought dead; actually, it still contained gunpowder, presently began to hiss and sizzle again, and then burst, once more, into loud explosions. It seemed important, in its day. How insignificant it appears now, over thirty years later, when a new and still greater war thrashes about in fury, like a high power cable broken loose.

The German dictator, Hitler, must have disappeared about 1943. To-day, as I turn the last pages of the book of my life, I find that most of those around me barely remember anything about him, and that many of the young ones know little more than his name, while I have found by questioning them that not one in twenty knows who that Kaiser William was whom we fought near the beginning of this century. (I remember even that that war was called 'the war to end war', and the next one, 'the war for freedom'; now, we have wars without end and no freedom at all. Indeed, men who preach this long-discredited theory of 'freedom' to-day are known as 'Freeists' or 'Freaks', and are liable, as 'Pacifists', 'Warmongers', 'Communists', 'Fascists', 'Defeatists', 'Victoryists', 'Criticists', and many others were at different periods during the last forty years made liable, to summary arrest on suspicion, lifelong imprisonment without trial, and even, in extreme cases of freeism, to death. These 'Freeists' were commonly held - or, at all events, the Ministry of Information pronounced them so, and the people no longer question anything the Ministry tells them - to be the worst enemies of our 'peace effort', to quote the official phrase, and the outbreak of the present war was laid at their door. They were generally said to be Godless, seditious, and in foreign pay.

But I digress. When the man Hitler disappeared from Germany, about 1943 (in 1960, he was discovered in Argentina, and interest in him briefly revived because of a series of articles about him in an American newspaper) there was a great hubbub of jubilation in this country, where the belief was held that the main aim of that war, 'to put an end to Hitlerism', was now achieved. Indeed, this delusion was sedulously fed to the British people by politicians intent only on remaining in office, and the British people were the more ready to believe it because they suffered great losses through Hitler's last attacks, in 1942 or 1943, and were very hungry; also, nervous disorders and bodily ailments, bred of the war and undernourishment, were increasing and threatened to claim as many victims as the machines of war themselves.

Thus, being told that 'the Nazi regime has collapsed', the British people, exhausted but rejoicing, rested, panting, on their oars. The war did not immediately end. Indeed, it dragged on a long time, while parleys went on behind the scenes with the new rulers of Germany, who were the military, but this was in fact but a harmless sparring, meant to keep up the semblance of warfare. Many reports came out of Germany, and were triumphantly emblazoned in the British Press, about the shooting of some second-rank Nazi leaders by the German army, about popular demonstrations in favour of peace, and the like, and the British people were thus led to believe that that country was in collapse.

Actually, it had suffered little, in comparison with the other countries. The German Army had overrun many of these other countries, laid waste their cities, plundered their countryside for food



for the Germans, robbed their banks and art galleries, and killed hundreds of thousands of non-combatants in cold blood. Germany, however, had suffered none of these things, and when the war fizzled out, had not received the sustained and overwhelming air attack which the British people were repeatedly promised by their leaders. The German people, in short, though they now began clamantly to complain of the cruelties practised against them, suffered much less than any of the others, while the German Army was still in very good condition.

Thus, when 'Hitler and his gang' were gone, and the private parleys with the wielders of power in Germany were sufficiently advanced, the Allied Armies which marched to Berlin were admitted, and did not force their way into the German fortress. The land they found within was almost untouched by war, save for a few bombed cities, and they were cordially welcomed by a large part of the German population - a thing which the British people, whose inherent talent for misunderstanding was fostered by the misinformation poured into their ears, misconstrued as an expression of the German acceptance of defeat, repentance, desire for lasting peace, and liking for themselves.

The British people, I remember, similarly misconstrued the ovation given to one Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in 1938, at his now long-forgotten visit to Munich; the Germans applauded him because they saw that he brought them the head of a small neighbour state on a salver, and the British people thought they cheered because peace was saved. Similarly on this occasion, the friendliness of the German population was the outward and visible sign of secret rejoicing that Germany, once again, was to be spared the miseries Germany had inflicted on others. The Allied Armies came from ravaged countries and at no time gained a decisive military victory over the Germans, who now let them in; the Germans, outwardly professing to accept complete defeat, in their hearts nursed the memory of military victories all over Europe and secretly despised the foreign soldiers they cheered.

Mine was at that time but one small voice drowned by the triumphant tumult of a million others, and I was much vilified when I said what I knew to be the truth. Now, when this new war rages around us, all know that I was right, but what does that serve me or any other? For the truth was that the new rulers of Germany, who were also before that the real rulers of Germany, the man Hitler being but their puppet, perceived in 1942 (or was it 1943?) as they perceived in 1918, that the great armed strength of the United States would in the end wear them down, and when the vanguard of these great American armies began to pour into Europe, they preferred once again to abandon the war in apparent despair, and to prepare secretly for the third attempt at world domination which we now witness, in 1980.

But the British people, become adept in the practice of self-delusion, could not see this, and, very old though I am, I well remember the mad orgy of rejoicing to which they gave themselves up when the Germans signed the provisional agreement for the entry of the Allied Armies into Germany. The Prime Minister of the day - I cannot quite remember, for recent events made those happenings of nearly forty years ago seem so insignificant, but I think it was a Mr. Churchill - was cheered for hours on end by crowds in Whitehall, as a Mr. Lloyd George, I think that was the name, was cheered thirty years earlier still.

For the life of me, which is now but little but is still the most that I have, I cannot remember when 'Peace' was signed, or whether peace was ever signed, for all thought of peace became foolish in the most belligerent tumult of argument that then arose about the conditions and penalties which were to be imposed on Germany.

For a time, a great controversy raged for and against the punishment of the 'guilty men' in Germany, which was ardently desired by the British people, who had suffered so much. But loud

outcry was raised against this by leaders of the Church and of politics, who claimed that, by casting out 'Hitler and his gang' the German people had done the utmost that could be wished, that the punishment of others would be 'vengeance' wreaked upon the blameless, and the like, so that this one of our 'war aims' was gradually abandoned and the British people were left to ask 'What's in an aim?'

(As a sop to public opinion, one of the most masterly tricks of delusion that I ever remember was played on the British people. An obscure Norwegian politician, called Twitling or something of the sort, who collaborated with the Germans during their occupation, was handed over to the populace by the Allied troops and lynched, and British politicians claimed that one of the 'guilty men' at least had met his deserts, though this man, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the planning and preparation of that war and was but a trivial local puppet of the real 'guilty men', who went unscathed, the British politicians crying that 'revenge' was an unchristian thing, that this was no time for looking back, and the like.)

Similarly, great opposition was raised to demands that Germany should be forced to make good the damage and the robberies Germany had committed. Germany had carried off gold worth many millions from the banks of the countries which Germany overran, during that war, apart from the destruction caused by the German Armies, but many economists and others now came forward to prove that Germany, having no gold, could not repay these thefts; that for the liberated countries to take compensation from the German art galleries and collections would be immoral; and that to take it in goods would 'lead to the collapse of international trade', and the like.

The fiercest quarrel was about the length of the occupation. The Russians, who alone among the Allies won military successes over the Germans during the fighting, wished to leave an occupying army in Berlin for fifty years at least, and in this were staunchly supported by the Poles, Czechs, Serbs and French, who claimed that they would not be able firmly to establish their States unless they were given at least this guarantee of a period of freedom from fear. But in this country, about 1955, high churchmen and political chiefs began to cry that the occupation was immoral, Germany being completely disarmed and incapable of making war again for a century at least, and should be ended.

At the same time, a great newspaper campaign was launched against the Russian and other Allied forces of occupation, who were accused of acting in cruel and overbearing ways towards the Germans. Only the British and Americans (this propaganda claimed), behaved themselves really well, in Germany, and they were for this reason popular with the Germans, who, after all, in many respects resembled the British, and might even be called 'cousins'.

As a result of this quarrel, British relations with that Ally, Russia, which had done more than any other to win the war, deteriorated to the point of open hostility. Two British Prime Ministers who upheld the justice of the Russian view were overthrown, these being Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Stafford Cripps, and with the elevation to the head of the Government of the Tory Party candidate from Birmingham, Mr. Godleigh Cant, whose slogan was 'Reconciliation and a lasting peace', the British troops followed the Americans out of Germany and the Russians, after staying there a while in stubborn isolation, likewise withdrew, fuming.

In the Polo-Czechoslovak State, the 'Victory' statesmen, General Sikorski and M. Benesh, resigned in protest, and in South Slavia an unsuccessful attempt, suspected to be of German instigation, was made on the life of the President, the former King Peter of Yugoslavia. (The Japanese war, I forgot to mention, fizzled out some time after the German surrender, Great Britain recovering some, though not all, of her lost positions in the Far East; the status of the others was left to be determined

at an unspecified future date, but the American occupation of these seemed like to become a permanent thing.)

I think it worth while to recall briefly these happenings after the Mid-Century War, because people so quickly forget, and I find that many of them have already passed from people's minds, a thing understandable enough in the light, or darkness, of the far worse things which have now befallen us.

In Germany, during these years, a series of generals and politicians held office - Herr Vögler, Dr. Schlecht, General Rommel, Dr. Grüning and Dr. Rasser. Having neither debt or tribute to pay, Germany was fundamentally in a far better way than most other countries, particularly Britain, which wallowed despondently in the doldrums of indebtedness to America, and although the high churchmen and the politicians and the newspapers liked to give the world a picture of a Germany living in the deepest misery, good observers who lived in that country knew that the real state of affairs was quite other.

The strange thing was that Germany alone gained from the war some measure of freedom, for, being forbidden a navy, an air force, and any but a very small army, the population was freed from all the shackles of regimentation, dragooning, and forced labour or compulsory military service. In Britain, however, conscription was prolonged until it seemed likely to become permanent, first because of the war in the East, then because of the needs of the armies of occupation in many places, and then, after the withdrawal from Germany, because of the very grave deterioration of relations with Russia. The Jews were very powerful in both countries, having escaped service in the war, for the most part, and anti-Gentile excesses were frequent.

In Germany, also, though the surface scene was for many years one of confusion, and partial Socialist and Communist experiments, and riots here and risings there, the traditional wielders of inherited power remained very strong, and stealthily active, behind the scenes. These were the great industrial magnates of the Ruhr and the Rhineland; the great landowners of what had been Prussia (before the reshaping of the German map); and the generals, who worked night and day to make the tiny German Army as perfect a nucleus of a future great one as could be, and in the privacy of their offices prepared the blue-prints for its future expansion and for the high-speed manufacture of the new machines of war.

The ambition of these groups was to restore the monarchy in Germany, and before Hitler disappeared they made him leave a political testament urging this. The monarchy they desired to revive was, of course, that which the world combined to overthrow in the first Twentieth Century War. Their creed, however, did not allow them to enthrone a monarch as long as the foreign troops remained in Germany, but their skilful attempt, by means of a military coup, to set up a Regency, during that period, to keep the throne warm until the occupation should end, was only just thwarted.

Soon after the Russians withdrew, the political crisis which broke out in Germany led to the election, as President, of Marshal Göring, who was generally regarded, during the Mid-Century War, as one of the guiltiest of Germany's guilty men, but now by the common consent of wealthy and influential people in this country, was called 'Germany's Grand Old Man'.

His virtues were now as generally admitted, in the British Press and Parliament, particularly in the House of Lords, as his vices had earlier been proclaimed. Many of the Commoners, and nearly all the Lords, announced that peace in our time, thanks to the wise leadership of Mr. Godleigh Cant, was now ensured. The long story of Marshal Göring's heroic service in war and of his achievements for Germany in peace, was told in a hundred British newspapers and by the B.B.C., and he was much photographed, walking arm in arm with Mr. Cant through St. James's Park, when he came to

London for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, some years before the present war. Though nearly eighty, he was most hale and very hearty.

About the time of his election, my grandson, who was become a British newspaper correspondent in Berlin, began to tell me in his letters of frantic, though secret rearmament in Germany, and of his conviction that this was not aimed, as Marshal Göring was known to have told Lord Weakwit, in the famous 'interview', against Russia, but against this country. Remembering my own far-distant years in Germany, I could only share his fears and tried to make them known, but in vain. The belief of this country in the goodwill of Marshal Göring, and its faith in Mr. Cant, were beyond belief. My grandson, indeed, was transferred to a post in Mexico, because his warnings were considered to be too 'anti-German', and I, in my advanced age, found myself even more unpopular than I ever was before.

The rest, I think, is too recent for people even with such short memories as those of my fellow-countrymen, to have forgotten. We all know how public feeling in this country was gradually brought round to the opinion that Germany was a much-wronged nation, and that Germany's neighbours were incorrigible trouble-makers, who would not desist from persecuting the German minorities in their countries. We can still hear Marshal Göring's terrible revelations of the case of the German in Posen who was forced to show the word, 'Hairdresser', not only in German but also *in Polish* over his shop-window, and the British people silently concurred with Mr. Cant's noble and unforgettable words in the Commons on that occasion, when he said, 'We cannot fail to begin to deplore and deprecate such harsh treatment of defenceless minorities', and with his subsequent statement, made after Marshal Göring annexed the Polo-Czechoslovak State, that it would be midsummer madness to know anything about Polo-Czechoslovakia, anyway, because it was a long way off.

Nevertheless, the speed and completeness of the German triumph gave the British public a shock. The German subterrines, burrowing quickly through the earth beneath the mortal State of Polo-Czechoslovakia, emerged in thousands on the farther border and struck at the rear of the garrison. The Polo-Czechoslovak Earth Force was weak and only brought up a few of these subterrines, and was soon overwhelmed. The annexation of South Slavia followed quickly, and Nederlandia, Scandinavia and Francia thereon dismantled the anti-earthcraft defences they had begun to prepare and proclaimed their association with the Earth-Axis group of Powers, headed by Germany.

I think we were only saved from immediate attack, at that moment, by the existence of the English Channel, our friend in ages past, and the fact that the subterrines could not operate at such depths as would allow them to pass beneath it, so that other means for the final blow, at this country, had to be devised and made ready.

Thus came that terrible summer of 1979, when we still could have saved ourselves, I believe, and would not. For Russia still remained aloof from the Earth-Axis group and nursed at once the old fear of Germany and the old suspicion of this country, which had been so fed by the episode of the premature withdrawal from Germany. Marshal Göring could not strike at Russia, for two reasons: first, because of his fear that we would attack him while he was thus engaged; second, because the subterrines could only operate at relatively short distances without coming up for fuel and the Russians had had time to prepare their anti-earthcraft defences.

So we were given a summer, in which to go to the Russians, admit our mistake, and remake the alliance with them. I am convinced that Göring would not have begun this war, if we had done that. He would then have allowed himself to be brought to the conference table, where he could have been forced to disgorge his booty; a few superficial concessions could have been made to him, and for that modest price we could have had peace in Europe for a century.

But Mr. Cant, and the anti-Russian clique, would not. True, they pretended to do something, and cast petrol on the smouldering embers of Russian suspicion by sending a junior Foreign Office official to Moscow. But their real hope and intention was too clear; they still believed Göring's bland assurances, given at so many tea-parties in London and house-parties in the English countryside, that his ambition was to attack and conquer Russia, and, with the half-wit's cunning, they waited for him to do that.

So came that direful August morning, when the startled world learned that Göring, in a special super-subterranean for which the Russians had granted right-of-way, had burrowed to Moscow and there had concluded a Pact of Non-Penetration with M. Dimitroff, the aged Russian President, whom he had threatened to have hanged at the Reichstag Fire Trial forty-six years before. The photographs showing Göring and Dimitroff as they clasped hands were published throughout the world.

The attack on this country followed within forty-eight hours. The tale of the early disasters is well known. The British people were not much alarmed, at first. They trusted implicitly in the broadcast declarations of the ageing Minister for Defence, Mr. Randolph Churchill, that no subterranean could operate deep enough to burrow beneath the English Channel, and that our navy and our enormous fleet of dive-bombers would annihilate any attempt to invade us by sea or air. But then came the awful awakening. While the dive-bombers watched the empty air and sea, the bomb-divers came, that great army of German soldiers, in terrifying garb, who calmly walked across the floor of the Channel, came up on our side, and with their machine-bombards in a few hours took the whole of our South Coast, with its many ports. Behind them, a few hours later, came the transports, with the subterranean, and although the British Navy and Air Force, at enormous cost, destroyed three-quarters of these, hundreds were safely landed and a few moments later were burrowing hard for London, Bristol, the Midlands and the North.

That day, all seemed lost. True, we were still vastly superior to Germany in space-power, and in theory it would have been possible for our Government to withdraw to one of our space-possession, Mars or Venus, and to carry on the war from there, gradually wearing the Germans down by the superiority of our resources in the celestial regions and by the space-blockade. But I for one did not deem this theoretical possibility a practical one, because I knew that the Germans, in such an event, would not stop from putting every inhabitant of this island to death, and what would its ultimate liberation have profited any of us, in that case?

Indeed, as all know, the Government, with Mr. Cant, who relinquished the leadership in favour of the oft-derided Mr. Predict when these events befell, did for a brief while, when the conquest of this island seemed certain, withdraw with large units of the Royal Space Force to the planet of Saturn. But I confess that I derived no comfort at all when, in my earth-raid shelter, I heard the voice of Mr. Predict exhorting us, from the Free British radio station there, to hold out until the day of liberation.

In the event, as everyone knows, we were saved - by the gallantry of the Royal Earth Force. In spite of all warnings by those best qualified to warn, this force was neglected for years, and when the German subterranean began their inroads and excursions it was tiny and weak. But its few machines were good, and the men better. Although the Germans so swiftly conquered the southern counties, the Royal Earth Force held them there. Again and again, with the aid of their listening machines, they detected the presence of the subterranean, and with their steel jaws reached unerringly into the earth to devour them. On some days, during this memorable Battle for London, our biters brought up as many as 150, 160 or even 185 subterranean. When the Government, brought back from Saturn by the Royal Space Force, returned to London, Mr. Predict's first devout words were, 'Never did so many owe so much to so few', and every British heart thankfully echoed them.

Thus the German assault failed, for though they sent over more and more bomb-divers and subterrines, they could never send enough to destroy the Royal Earth Force, and their losses on the crossing were very heavy, so that presently Marshal Göring announced that he had postponed Victory until the next year, and the German forces withdrew to the French coast to revise their plans and devise new ones.

But as I write this success, which we call 'The Miracle of Dungeness', from the place where our biters won their greatest victory over the subterrines, remains our one and only success in the war, which stretches drear and endless before us, so that I, putting these words on paper in 1980, can hazard no guess, when the war might be over. Everywhere else, our plans went agley, and everywhere the tale was the same one of old mistakes repeated by the same old politicians, many of them relics from the 1939 war, so that the British people might well say, 'Never did so many owe so much suffering to so few'. The British overair empire has already been bitten deeply into. Mars was lost for lack of spacecraft support, and a year later, Venus, too, for the same reason, and Jupiter, which we thought our friend, was so cowed by the demonstrative approach of a great fleet of German spacecraft that it proclaimed its allegiance to the Earth-Axis, and is now lost to us.

So, as I write, the future seems gloomy indeed. Since the war began, the sky has been darkened by day, as well as by night, and we are compelled, whenever the sirens stop sounding, this silence being the signal for the approach of bomb-divers, to stand bent double, with our heads in buckets of sand, until they start again, which means, waders passed. After the German assault was beaten off, all citizens, of all ages, were conscribed and are compelled to do vital war work. My task is, to write 'Cancelled' on shirt-button coupons which were issued and then withdrawn, because buttons are no longer allowed. When I have written 'Cancelled' on all of them, they will be pulped and made into coupons again, and I am glad that, at my great age, I am allowed to do this valuable bit for our cause.

For the rest, I have become perhaps too cynical. Perhaps, as is the way with very old men, my years speak louder than my reason, and I am wrong in making so much demur about the things I see. The English tongue has been banned from our great broadcasting machine, because this might give information to the enemy. The other day I read that the Ministry of Information was preparing to celebrate its fiftieth birthday with a great tea-party; I think this means that they expect the war still to go on in 1989, and I hoped it would end before then. After the anti-Gentile riots in London and other cities, the Government ordered that all high positions, save for a few Ministries, are to be reserved for foreign Jews. I dislike these things.

They tell us, frequently, that the machines of war are coming in ever greater pace and quantity from our factories, but we still do not make much progress. They talk a great deal of punishing the Germans after this war and of making sure that war can never come again. Since the Home Secretary ordered that we must all wear blinkers and handcuffs, they even talk a lot about the freedom we are to have when the war finishes. But I am so very old that I have heard all these things very many times, and I begin to doubt them. My grandson tells me that this war would never have come about if he and men like him, young in mind, had been allowed a word, but he says the politicians care only for office and will go to any lengths to keep the young, vigorous and patriotic down and out. I remember I used to say that, too, before and during the 1939 war.

How long ago that war seems, now! Ah me, I grow very old.

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## AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT

This book was written during the autumn and winter of 1941-1942, a very bad time for the British people. From much experience in countries where revolution lurked or invasion impended, I have developed a sixth sense, which informs me when people about me are moving towards a spiritual crisis either of dejection or exaltation. I felt this in January and February of 1942.

Many things combined to produce a perceptible sagging in the British spirit. The winter was bitter. The black-out might have been invented by a committee of our enemies to weaken stout hearts. Homes and families were being broken up and the day of reunion was remote. Short commons was giving way to shorter commons. Crushing taxes and tormenting official regulations made a tightening strait-jacket that squeezed the good-humour out of men. We had suffered one disaster after another, for nearly two-and-a-half years, and now new disasters accumulated - Hongkong, Penang, Singapore and Malaya, the looming threat to India and Australia, the loss of great ships of ours, the escape of great ships of the enemy.

These things were daunting, but they would not have daunted the British people, which is pitiable in its indifference to the state of its own household, but is superb in its capacity to take disaster on the chin. Because of this rare quality, the British people has gigantic resources of strength, and the reason for that momentary sagging of the spirit was a feeling of frustration. The British people felt as Gulliver felt when he was tethered by Lilliputians; the bonds were severally tiny, but together they rendered even this giant powerless.

The people was deafened by incessant exhortations to put every ounce into 'the war effort', but in practice, as all knew, neither patriotism nor ability counted very much, for in every walk of military and civilian life privilege still came first, and the efficiency of the 'war effort' a long way second. The regime thus produced was no more successful in its warlike undertakings than in its peacetime policies; the Somme and Passchendaele were joined by Dunkirk and Singapore; Munich was the counterpart, in the piping times, of those military fiascos.

The British people felt that the disasters it suffered were not the fair expression of its own strength or courage, that it was being prevented, by some unseen hand, from showing what it could do. It began to wonder even whether the serious intention to make war and win the war existed in those high quarters whence the cries of 'Serve' and 'Sacrifice' so loudly came, for opportunities to hit the enemy hard were missed, especially Italy (where a rare British air raid in April of 1942 found the black-out abolished; I suspect this was not because the accurate belief had gained ground that the black-out was useless, but because the Italians guessed that 'political' influences would save them from any heavy bombing). The British people noticed that all requests for inquiries into our many disasters were refused. They also remembered that most of their rulers were the same men who condoned German and Italian aggression to the last. For these reasons, suspicion about the sincerity of the 'war effort', which was invoked to deprive him of his all, began to worry John Citizen, and his spirit declined perceptibly during those months. He was not afraid of the enemy or doubtful of his own strength; he doubted his own leaders.

Spring, and the curtailment of the appalling blacked-out period, checked this momentary flagging, and it will not recur if the British people is allowed to fight, as it wishes to fight, if it is spared the embittering suspicion that the punches it sacrifices so much to prepare are being pulled, that behind the high scenes political moves go on which do not blend with the outward official picture of determined warfare against our enemies. If we hit the Germans hard, in 1942, the British spirit should soar to new heights. If we do not, next winter might be dangerous. After all, new afflictions are being prepared; behind their blacked-out windows, the people may not be able to keep warm or

to light their rooms; older and older men and women are being torn away; under-nourishment may begin to tug at our vitals; and epidemics lurk across the Channel.

But by then, victory should be in sight. Will it be? Not if the methods of Dunkirk and Singapore persist. Unhappily the signs are clear that the mentality of the last war, which lost us the last peace, still prevails in many high places. Indeed, if these signs are as true omens as were the signs of the ten years before this war, the foetus of the next war may already be discerned in the womb of the present. Not a single phrase is uttered by our political and religious leaders of to-day that you could not match, word for word, in the speeches of 1914-1918. Once again, there is perceptible sympathy in high places for our enemy, limited at present to attacks on 'Vansittartism' but ready to swell to a great political and newspaper campaign, when the war is over.

Two American writers who lived in the English countryside for a year, just before this war, wrote anxiously that the great question which these years would have to answer, was, not whether England could survive the impending war, but whether England could change. The signs have been that the leaders of England would rather England be vanquished than change, though they would prefer victory without change.

Our present rulers gained their great strength in Parliament by mobilizing the idealism of the country against Italy. Privily, they had already concerted the partitioning of Abyssinia, with Italy and with the much-lampooned 'traitor' of to-day, Laval; he was good enough for a shady deal then! To-day, when much-bombed Malta cries, 'Why do you not bomb Rome?', Malta gets a George Cross, but Rome is not bombed. In Libya and Abyssinia, the state of affairs brought about by the Italian invasions, annexations, and confiscations of native property is 'the status quo', the law! There have been strange inhibitions in our attitude towards Germany - and the only pledge we have is that 'Hitler and his party' must go. Why should that avail us any more than the going of Kaiser Wilhelm?

For *real* victory, the reinvigoration of England is essential. Mr. Churchill has set his face against that, and his lieutenants promise us that 'pre-war England will return' - the paralytic's England of 1919-1939. Our past tribulations were due more to the faults of our political system, of non-accountable privilege, than to the strength of the enemy. Mr. Churchill has taken over, unchanged, the system which for twenty years robbed the people of faith and hope. Thus even Victory, when we achieve it under a system so often proved rotten, may crumble to dust in our hands, as did the victory of 1918.

Recorded history can show few greater opportunities missed. Dunkirk proved that this system could not even safeguard our own island, which was snatched from destruction by the Royal Navy. Singapore showed that this system could not safeguard the Empire, learn a lesson, or rouse subject races to fight for it. In India, as the invader approached, we hurriedly wooed Indian patriotism in our cause by last-moment concessions, denied for decades. In Austria, in 1918, the young Emperor Karl, on the eve of the collapse, made similar fruitless efforts to save the Habsburg Empire by offering the subject nationalities the things obstinately withheld when the Empire was not in danger. We may yet save India, with the help of America; the resemblance between Sir Stafford Cripps's selfless but too-tardy effort and the Kaiser Karl's attempt is nevertheless ominously close.

Wartime difficulties have caused more time than usual to elapse between the writing of this book and its publication. But as it goes to press, in May 1942, I take advantage of a fortunate accident (a few blank pages at the end), to add this brief summing up:

Three important things have happened, since it was written, which strengthen its argument. Hitler has made a speech which shows that he is approaching his crisis; only punch-pulling on our part



could now save him beyond 1942. The Royal Air Force has begun the promised bombing offensive against Germany, and if some hidden hand does not intervene to weaken this again I personally would wager on a repudiation of Hitler by other groups in Germany, which are now queuing up for the succession to him, before the end of next winter. But Lord Beaverbrook, in a speech in New York, has let a most sinister cat out of the bag; he has bluntly revealed that, in spite of all the denials and semi-denials and equivocations, an ominous division of opinion *does* exist in the upper councils of our nation about the advisability of helping Russia - of helping ourselves.

I listened to Hitler's speech. It strongly recalled his speech of July 1934, at which I was present, when he justified the massacre of several hundreds of his chief supporters, at the behest of the Reichswehr. This speech of April 1942, means that he will before very long either carry out another purge of his party bosses, to obtain a further period of sufferance from the traditional power-wielding groups in Germany; or he will turn against and attack these, with the help of his well-armed SS troops; or he will be removed in favour of some new Prince Max of Baden, and the old power-groups will withdraw into the shadows to prepare the third war - if we allow them.

Only one thing can now delay this process. This one thing is the thing I call 'punch-pulling', on our part. If the Royal Air Force continues, during 1942, a really fierce bombing offensive *on Germany* (as distinct from 'sweeps' over occupied territory or the bombing of Paris), like the one it began in April, Hitler will disappear in 1942, or early in 1943. But although this long-delayed Royal Air Force offensive has only just begun, voices are already being raised in Parliament, the daily newspapers and the weekly journals, for it to be stopped.

*These* voices, not the voices of such as Haw-Haw, are our most deadly enemies. If their owners have their way, this war will be indefinitely prolonged, and any victory we may gain will be valueless, for the third German war would then be as certain as the sequence of the seasons. The air-bombing of Germany is not, for us, something secondary or optional. It is a vital, war-winning weapon. The air-bombing of this country produced serious effects and its effects might have been grave if Germany had been able, as Germany was not, to continue it on that scale; and yet we were buoyed up by the feeling that it was an ordeal beyond which victory would lie, if we could endure it.

Used against Germany, which is not so buoyed up, which is haunted by the memory of 1918, by the certainty that victory is now unattainable, and that the prolongation of the war cannot bring triumph, but only hardship and suffering, *air-bombing in 1942 is a war-winning weapon*. If we strike with all our strength, we can win this war and the peace. If, for ulterior motives suspected, though not comprehended, by the masses of the British people, we pull that punch, any 'victory' we may gain will be an even hollower sham than the victory of 1918, our future will be even darker than our past - and this is *certain*.

That is why Lord Beaverbrook's speech was important. He called for 'Attack in support of Russia'. The bulk of the British people know that this is the right thing to do, if our leaders really wish to win the war, and pine for it. Every responsible representative, in this country, of the European countries occupied by Germany hopes for it, sees the need for it, and distrusts the hidden hand, in the upper councils of our nation, which delays it, which might yet intervene to pinion our arm. American opinion is in favour of it.

Lord Beaverbrook revealed the source of our frustration, the powerful influence which, if it has its way, will yet delay or even jeopardize our victory. 'Ever since my journey to Russia in October 1941 I have been in favour of a second front ... Some short-sighted people complained that we did wrong to put weapons in the hands of Communists ... It is said by one of my neighbours, "Don't give any more supplies to the Russians lest they use their weapons against us the next time they

change side" ... Stalin is convinced that the best form of defence is attack ... I believe Britain should adopt his view by setting up, somewhere along the 2,000 miles of coastline now held by the Germans, a second front in Western Europe ... This is a chance to bring the war to an end here and now....'

This war came about because powerful groups in this country, though knowing perfectly well that Germany intended to make war, hoped that the German attack could be diverted to the destruction of 'Bolshevism'. The war could have been prevented by a military alliance with Russia, but because of this imbecile obsession with 'Bolshevism' they would not make one; and in the light of things we have since seen in many countries it is even probable that many of these people would have preferred German rule, in this country, to national survival obtained through an alliance with Russia.

Lord Beaverbrook's speech shows that this pernicious influence is still powerful in our country. Those ulterior motives, working busily behind the scenes, which brought the war upon us, and would not allow it to be averted, are still powerful and still busy. Such people cannot be expected to care how long the war lasts, with all the sufferings it brings for the people, or greatly to care whether we win it at all. If they continue to wield power behind the scenes, to indulge their maniac inhibitions about 'Bolshevism', and to pinion our striking arm, while they exhort us so loudly to strike, the loss of the peace is certain, the prolongation of the war probable.

Therefore I invite readers, in these coming vital months, to watch these things: our air-bombing offensive against Germany; the voices that are raised to hinder it, and the indulgence they receive; the strength or weakness of our Commando attacks (which have now nearly two years of preparation behind them and as yet have only produced very minor enterprises); and the attitude of Government speakers, of daily and Sunday newspapers known to be in the service of the Government, and of the B.B.C., towards the public wish for some weighty blow to be struck in support of Russia and for victory this year.

By these things they may measure how long the war may yet needlessly drag on, how sincere are the official protestations of resolve to press on towards victory, and how great or small are their own prospects that this victory, when tardily achieved, would yield them anything better in the next twenty years than the last.

IF we strike, we can win in 1942.

*May 1942*

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END

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## NOTES

1: Still Lord Chancellor to-day, after the massacre of Hongkong!

2: These men, if they insisted on reporting home the truth about German rearmament and warlike intentions risked dismissal and victimization, and are still victimized to-day. Joseph Harsch, in his *Pattern for Conquest*, tells how 'an exceptionally brilliant military attaché in Berlin was forced to leave his post because he reported factual truth about German strength to the Ministry of War in London'.

3: It is a most tragic thing for this country that not one of the men who knows *why* we were kept unarmed in those vital years has told what he knows. All have seemingly agreed to keep silence, which is the worst possible thing for the country and a guarantee of new disasters. In March 1942, Lord Chatfield, who was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1938, wrote: 'The true story of the causes of our lamentable defence position in 1938 is known to few. I am one of those few. I have written that story and one day it will be read; but it would not be altogether desirable for the nation to read it to-day.'

4: Compare with footnote 2.

5: Compare with references to Ebbutt in Ambassador Dodd's *Diary* and William Shirer's *Berlin Diary*.

6: This is equally true of Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, who was given a similar task at Singapore, where one of the greatest disasters in our history, *still* unexplained, befell the British forces. Seemingly there has been no inquiry, and if we ever learn anything about it, this will be months or years later. Lady Brooke-Popham, after her arrival in this country, in a newspaper statement gave an appalling picture of the 'deadly inertia' of the white population which could not be interested in anything else than tennis and cocktail parties. Yet an American correspondent, Cecil Brown, who reported about this 'deadly inertia' *before* the assault began, was banned by the British authorities.

7: In February 1942, Captain Margesson at length was released, and, inevitably, ennobled. The new war Minister was Sir James Grigg, who, as Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office, was co-responsible for Captain Margesson's policy and for that of three previous War Ministers. That is to say, that if the training and equipment of the British Army, before this war, and its fighting-spirit, leadership and performance during this war up to the present, have been perfect and above all criticism, Sir James Grigg, more than any other man, deserves the credit and the office. If by any chance this is not so, the appointment becomes as difficult to understand as Captain Margesson's.

8: In September 1941 the B.B.C. gave an evening to a broadcast of Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Seven months later, in March 1942, it announced that as a result of the success of this 'experiment' (to broadcast a play by Shaw counts as an experiment in this country!) Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* would be broadcast. Shakespeare was then poured into British ears for two and a half hours!

This is one possible way to make ordinary people feel that Shakespeare is incomprehensible to them and to cause them, as Mr. Rowntree reported, to switch off the radio when a Shakespeare play is broadcast. You cannot treat Shakespeare like obligatory churchgoing, or castor oil: 'Now, dear, this isn't very *nice*, you won't *like* it, but it's very *good* for you, so take a *big* spoonful, just to please Mummy.' To hurl two and a half hours of Shakespeare, once a year or so, at listeners who need to re-learn him, just as a blind man needs to re-learn the use of his hands, as a kind of formal

obeisance to our and the world's greatest poet, is the most unintelligent thing I ever heard of. I can picture the scene somewhere in Loudspeaker House: 'Oh lord, Shakespeare. I suppose we'll *have* to do something about him. I tell you what, let's give them a really big slab of Shakespeare, two hours or more, and get it over in one evening, so that we can forget about him for another year or two. Right? Good.'

9: Two books by American writers about Germany at war (Shirer's *Berlin Diary* and Harsch's *Pattern of Conquest*) state that *all* Shakespeare's and Shaw's plays have been performed there during the war! And listen to this description by H.D. Harrison (*The Soul of Yugoslavia*) of the musical and dramatic life, before the German invasion, of Belgrade, a Balkan capital!

'Life in this Belgrade was full of colour, form, music - beauty in all its manifestations - available to the whole people, even the very poorest. For fivepence - students half-price - you could see a first class opera, one of the best Russian ballets in Europe, drama which would put to shame the acting and the choice of plays of many a bigger capital. *Shaw, Galsworthy and Shakespeare figured weekly on the show bills of the State Theatre, but Shakespeare was played to crowded houses as thrilling modern drama or rollicking comedy, and not as a sacred relic from a distant past.*'

The italics are mine.

10: Ten weeks later, after suppressing the news for a long period, the Government allowed the British people to know what happened to British men and women in Hongkong on that day. The fears which filled my mind, that day, were true, and the broadcast I have referred to becomes, in retrospect, a masterpiece of callous and indecent incongruity.

11: The episode which gives the key to the understanding of this story has been deleted on official recommendation. D.R.

12: But the Government, questioned in the Commons, refused to give the numbers of fit men of military age sheltered in the Ministries, saying this would 'serve no useful purpose'.

13: From November 1941 to January 1942 (three months) I kept a note of the names of persons convicted in such Black Market cases as were reported in the Press. (Only very few of these cases, I should mention, *are* thus reported; some suppressive influence seems to intervene.) In more than 80 per cent of the *reported* cases, the persons convicted bore Jewish names.

The *Daily Mail* of February 28th, 1942, reported the introduction, for Jews in this country, of a system recalling extra-territoriality in China (by which Britishers, for instance, were tried by British, and not by Chinese courts)! This said that Jewish tribunals were set up in London, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow and Cardiff, and all Jews were instructed that if a fellow-Jew were suspected of Black Market operations, these suspicions should be reported to the Jewish tribunals (not to the police). If these tribunals 'decided' that legal evidence existed, the facts were given to the police, but if only 'reasonable suspicion' offered, the culprit was called before the tribunal! If the tribunal found that 'wilful racketeering' (a legal offence under British law) had occurred, 'moral suasion, business pressure and social pressure' were successively applied against the offender!

This is a clear manifestation of the theory that Jews should be a law unto themselves. In addition, strong efforts were made from Jewish quarters to have allusions to the Jewish share in Black Market operations suppressed. This, if it were achieved, would mean the definite establishment of a privileged place for Jews, over Gentiles, in the British scheme of things.

In this connection, Mr. Lipson, a Jewish member of Parliament, on February 18th, 1942, asked the Attorney-General to 'introduce legislation to provide legal protection to religious bodies and other similar communities against libels and slanders'. The Attorney-General declined to consider amending the law in such a way 'during the war'.

The kind of legislation indicated by Mr. Lipson's question would presumably prohibit any man or journal from drawing attention, as newspapers and members of Parliament have drawn attention, to such a matter of public interest as a striking prevalence of foreign Jewish names in Black market cases. (In Soviet Russia, under the first Bolshevik regime, which was predominantly Jewish, such public allusions were repressed by the threat of the death penalty.)

The number of naturalized aliens involved in these cases attracted the notice of several Members of Parliament. The Home Secretary, however, a Socialist who exercised his legal right conscientiously to object in the 1914 war, and who by the devious process of politics was in this one come to an office which enabled him to imprison, without charge or trial, men with records of gallant service against Germany in the other war, stated that his power to revoke naturalisation in such flagrant cases was small and hedged about with all kinds of restrictions. In a test case, the culprit was spared.

14: I commend those who are interested in the methods by which the British Army was brought to Dunkirk to read *Tinned Soldier*, by Alec Dixon.

15: On February 26th, 1942, Sir Roger Keyes said in the Commons: 'If the prime Minister would listen to me - and I assure Hon. Members that he has not done so during the war, and I hope my friends in the Navy will take note of this ...'

16: As Sir Patrick Dollan's statement was confirmed, after I finished this chapter, by Mr. Churchill himself, this incident throws a bright light on the conception of its duty to the public held by the costly Ministry of Information!

17: In March 1942, Litvinov, in Washington, emphatically repeated this Russian demand for a second front to be opened 'by the spring', and said the chance of victory in 1942 would be missed if this were not done.

18: Sir Stafford Cripps is now back with us and coming months should show whether he can resist and overcome the paralysing atmosphere of Westminster. But it seems ominous that, within a few days of becoming 'Leader of the House', with much beating of drums, he should vanish to India.

19: *The Times* wrote this in the autumn of 1941. Yet in march 1942 *The Times* again found itself compelled to write: 'Whether or not M. Stalin intended to express impatience' [with the laggardly and inadequate help given to Russia] 'there is beyond doubt a growing inclination among the Soviets leaders to feel that Russia has been called upon, with indirect and insufficient help from her allies, to bear the main brunt of Hitler's assault. Anything calculated to foster the belief, however ill-founded, that the allied countries are indifferent to Russian requirements and Russian aims would be disastrous. Both for great Britain and for the United States, both for winning the war and for making peace secure, relations with Russia are of paramount importance.'

The view thus stated by *The Times* - a view it steadfastly refused to adopt before the war, which could have been averted by an alliance with Russia, but to which it has now been converted - is correct in every syllable. That *The Times* should even find it necessary to say this, however, in March of 1942, shows that dangers still threaten us from *within our own camp*. The one way we

can lose this war still is, to let Russian distrust of us grow to such a size that Russia, once more, will begin to think of a deal with Hitler. If that should ever happen, the fault will lie in this country.

20: This letter was published in the *New Statesman*: 'A Swede said to me the other day, "You have two crimes in your country: (1) to be poor, (2) to be ill." Asked to explain the Swedish model, he said *all* hospitals were State controlled. Revenue was obtained from the State and Communal taxation. In the former all incomes are taxed at a fixed percentage, and therefore the stigma of charity does not exist. If a well-off person chose to live in a small house the assessment from the community (local rates) was in accordance with *income*. Hospital treatment was for all alike. Private rooms could be arranged, but only for accommodation alone, and not for any differentiation in treatment, and he gave as an instance the case of a boy about to have his tonsils out which would cost his parents, here, £14 15s., operation fee, plus his stay in hospital. The actual assessment in Sweden would, in this case, amount to 1s 6d. a day and the State doctor would do the operation. No wonder it is a crime to be poor and ill in England!'

21: I wonder whether readers will find themselves able to believe the following ludicrous but tragic incident. It seems like the joke of a professional lampooner, and yet it is true.

In March 1942, after Hongkong had surrendered and British soldiers had been bound and bayoneted and British women raped and slit open there, after Penang had fallen almost without resistance, after Singapore had capitulated with 100,000 British soldiers whose present lot appals imagination, after Rangoon had yielded and Java had been conquered, after all these things the wave of the Japanese assault approached Australia, which is imminently threatened as I write. Australia! I do not know whether I am quite alone in the things I feel, but the thought of a Japanese invasion of Australia maddens me. At this moment, when Australia faces such a threat, a department of our Dominions Office, has sent this telegram to the Australian Prime Minister's Office in Canberra:

At the moment the Empire team is batting on a sticky wicket, and the Axis fast bowlers have had some success. Our best bats are still to go in and the score will in time show that we can give as well as take punishment.

Now I know that this cricket talk is not just an obsession, as I thought, but an incurable form of infantile dementia, which grows worse with advancing years.

22: Just as this book goes to press, the Duke of Aosta has died, and this is what Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., wrote about him:

His death removes the last instrument from the hands of those who hoped for a negotiated peace with Italy ... Many people in this country thought he might have formed a moderately Conservative Government as soon as Mussolini was overthrown ... British policy towards Italy has hitherto been considerably influenced by this hope that a peace might be negotiated with a genteel and mildly democratic Government.

Is this why the attempt was not made, for which the soul of the British people longed, as it longed for a blow to be struck for Russia in the autumn of 1941, to knock Italy right through the ropes of this war, after Wavell's triumph in Libya?

23: The methods used to obtain admission to this country, from smuggling to naturalization, are many, and all impartial authorities who have investigated the problem for the last forty years have agreed that the alien element thus infused is gravely deleterious to the physical and spiritual standards of this country. One of the many methods used, by alien women, is to marry some

penurious or unprincipled Englishman, who gives himself to the transaction for payment. After a time, he then allows himself to be divorced for desertion. But to even my astonishment, I find that to marry an Englishman for the specific purpose of obtaining British nationality, which I should have thought a punishable offence, and possibly an invalidation of the marriage, now counts as a good ground for divorce, in an English court! For in February 1942, before the divorce Court, a German Jewess openly stated that she had married her husband for this purpose, and had never lived with him, and this was accepted as legal grounds for divorce. She was apparently left in possession of her British nationality!

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# Disgrace Abounding

by

Douglas Reed

published: March, 1939



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## Preface

All the fictions in this book are characteristic. None of the characters is fictitious, though some are disguised. A multitude of opinions is expressed. They may be poor things; in any case, they are mine own.

If the book were to have a dedication it would be, in the words of the furniture removal man, to you - from me.

While I was finishing the book, *Insanity Fair*, to which this is a sequel, events began to move so fast, and myself with them, that I never had time to go through the proofs with a microscope for the misprints of others and the mistakes of myself.

The first thirty-odd impressions thus contained a large but dwindling number of slips. That they dwindled was largely due - I hardly stopped running about in the subsequent nine months for long enough meticulously to examine a single chapter - to readers in many countries, who wrote to me, or even called on or telephoned to my publishers, to point them out. To them my most cordial thanks are due.

The same thing may happen, in a lesser degree, in this book. If it does, I tender thanks in advance.

Those spacious and leisurely days are gone when a writer, at any rate a writer in my field, might sit in a quiet house, looking over green English wealds, weigh and apportion his words in long and tranquil meditation, and with measured gesture dip his quill pen into the ink and transfer them to paper.

A writer of my type, in the mid-twentieth century, is always rushing off to catch a train or aeroplane, to keep abreast of the rush of events, and between journeys has quickly to tap his thoughts on paper.

He who runs may read. To write, you have to run still faster.

Possibly some of the things I have written about will begin to happen before the book is out. I shall not alter it if they do. I think, by leaving it as it was written, you get a more plastic view of the march of events.

The direct form of address, 'You', is intended in most cases for British readers.

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## Chapter One

### JOURNEY RESUMED

I wrote a book, *Insanity Fair*. This book begins where that one left off. I thought of calling this one *The Picnic Papers*. *Insanity Fair*, about Europe; *The Picnic Papers*, about England. It seemed to express the picture I had in my mind. There a lunatic fun-fair, a mad ride through the haunted house; here a crazy picnic of inertia and apathy, ignorance and arrogance. There ruthless dictators, marching armies, bright swords, glittering prizes; clear ideas, something men can understand. Here fear, irresolution, class prejudice, bewilderment, property mania, icy cynicism, fogged ideas - litter blowing about the land that once was green and pleasant, so they say. Storm over Europe. Litter over England.

*The Picnic Papers*, the book will remain for me. But others, good judges, tell me that the title is a bad one, that it does not convey the idea I have in mind; also, though I did not know this, it has been used before. So *The Picnic Papers* becomes, for you, *Disgrace Abounding*. I like that one, too, and think it better. But for me, this book is *The Picnic Papers*.

I wrote *Insanity Fair* as a member of a generation that was led out to fight for an ideal, and now sees that ideal being crucified while old politicians, who were old politicians when that war began which we now know has never been ended, cry 'Crucify it' and their Adam's apples run up and down like the car of a cable railway. But, being realists, they don't say 'Crucify it' nowadays; they say 'Non-intervention', or 'The sacred principle of self-extermination', no, I don't think I've got that one quite right, but you will probably remember the phrase I mean; anyway I am a member of that generation that finds no peace nor any brave new world, and I was sick of describing this daily parade of treachery and humbuggery in the anonymous shroud of 'Our own correspondent'.

I wanted, by book or by crook, to clear away some of that litter, and I don't know why I should have thought that I could do that, but I had to try or burst, so I wrote *Insanity Fair*, thinking that I would for this once speak freely and then sit back, close my mind to this Hogarthian pageant of brutality and covetousness and lust, don again the hooded shroud of 'Our own correspondent' and write eloquent summaries of trade statistics, emasculated descriptions of the daily scene in our contemporary Europe.

But book, God help me, leads to book. While the binders were glueing the covers on to *Insanity Fair*, making it ready for its appearance on All Fools' Day 1938, while the bells of St. Stephen's in Vienna were ticking off the last seconds of my forty-third birthday, March 11th, 1938, German armies had already begun to write the sequel in iron caterpillar-tracks that came down from the frontier to Vienna, crashed through the Ringstrasse, and turned off to the right where the road leads to Czechoslovakia, barely an hour away.

That self-same night or later, I knew, they would march on into Czechoslovakia, and England, producing from behind her back yet another wreath with the words 'We deplore the methods used', which means rather less than 'Yours very sincerely' at the end of a letter dismissing an employee of thirty years' standing just before he qualifies for a pension, England would sit back and read with relief letters in the newspapers from an archbishop, two retired ambassadors, an oriental potentate, four peers and five university professors, proving that England had in her magnanimity given Germany yet another Fair Deal, and we must at all costs continue in the path of collaboration with Germany, and God is on the side of the big Italians. Especially, we must continue 'to establish personal contact' with the dictators, this being the modern name for that process by which one party

supplies the pants and the other party the kick, the first party repeatedly practising the ancient Christian principle of turning the other cheek.

But I knew, on that night, that Austria meant Czechoslovakia, and that Czechoslovakia meant Hungary, Poland, Rumania; that these meant Bulgaria, Greece and Yugoslavia, the whole of Danubia and the Balkans, German invincibility - and, ultimately, you. I quickly wrote a few more chapters for *Insanity Fair* to say this, and six months later a Swiss newspaper, the *Basler Nachrichten*, took up the book, reviewed it, and said, 'It must be a bitter comfort to the author that his prophecies have been so far fulfilled.'

No. Bitter, not a comfort. Comfort there would have been if they had been proved wrong, or if they had found in England wide enough belief to get something done. To be a true prophet of woe is no satisfaction.

So *The Picnic Papers* (that is, *Disgrace Abounding*) became inevitable. I could not go on for ever writing new chapters for *Insanity Fair*. You have expanding bookshelves, but you can hardly have an expanding book. If you could, I would write one as long as a concertina. The little book might go on for ever. Perhaps a loose-leaf book will be the solution of the writer's problem in these galloping times, when he cannot dip his pen into the ink quickly enough, or tap the keys of his typewriter fast enough, or speak into the recording machine rapidly enough, to keep up with the rush of events, the hurtling advance of roaring mechanized armies, the flight of fugitives, the tears of women and the crying of children, the shattering of idols and the betrayal of ideals, the erosion of old and the limning of new frontiers.

Why write at all, for that matter? The old saw, that the typewriter is mightier than high explosive, is demonstrably absurd. But, somehow, I must, as long as the light holds, and that will not be very long. The twilight of our gods, the gods that stood for humanity and justice and the right of men to speak and write for these things, is thickening fast. Soon a right venerable gentleman, applauded by the overwhelming majority of a House elected to protect small nations against greedy great ones, may tell you that 'a national emergency' exists and present you with some noble-sounding Act, 'for the tranquillization of public opinion' or what not, and you may wake up to find that you are gagged and bound, that you may not criticize the latest Fair Deal that has been given to Germany, in Spain or lord knows where, that the voice of the people may be raised only in one grand sweet song of admiration for the achievements of the government.

Somebody wrote about *Insanity Fair*, 'There ought to be a law. There ought to be a law preventing foreign correspondents from writing any more now-it-can-be-told memoirs.'

There probably will be. Be of good cheer.

But for the nonce we may write, comic little men who go tailing about after lost causes, and the voice of *Insanity Fair* rings loud in my mind calling for its mate. *The Picnic Papers* (I mean, *Disgrace Abounding*). I hope time at least remains for that happy union to be consummated, and I even see in imagination the features of their first-born, A Tale of Three Cities, Vienna, Prague and Budapest, and how they all became German provincial towns, and after that The Decline and Fall of the British Empire - but you have heard that one before and you don't care for it, you are not bemused, and how right you are.

Before we start on this picnic I think you have a right to know something about your host. I wish I could tell you just who and what he is. I find that many different opinions exist about me. I am, as I read, no Red, an extreme anti-Fascist, a bitter critic of the British Left, a British Tory, a man who

will be called prejudiced more by persons belonging to the political Right than the Left, and other things.

I regret this diversity of views about me, because I don't like to think that you don't know where I am. An intelligent man should be born into this world alive either a little Liberal or a little Conservative, and having chosen his watertight compartment, he should stay there. All the good and noble ideas must obviously be in one of those compartments, the red one, or the true blue one, or the brown one, and then you have your label. When you have people gadding about who think they find something good and something bad in all the compartments, the time has come for stern action: hold them down and pin a label on them - Red, for preference.

But in this matter of political hue, I have decided to declare war. I have sought out the most repulsive colour I can find and have decided to give its name to anybody who disagrees with my opinions on any subject. The colour is puce. Any individual who disagrees with me is a Puce. Any body of individuals who disagree with me are Puces. I expect in time to found a national movement against Puces, who are the cause of all that is wrong in England. I even expect in time to find anti-Puce States banded together to save the world from Pucery.

So you know just what I am against. What I am, what I am for: these are more difficult things to state. I only knew one other man in my case, and he was the hero of an enthralling human drama that I found in a volume of German statistics, which are far stranger than truth. In the section devoted to the number of German strikes and Lockouts in a certain year (yes, that was before Hitler) I found, in a column headed 'Number of strikers', the numeral '1', and in the next column, headed 'Working days lost', the figure '187', and in the column headed 'Result', the words 'No agreement'.

I scarcely dared believe my eyes when I found '1'. Men had sought for centuries the secret of making gold, the Saragossa Sea, the stone of wisdom, the sunken city, and a cure for baldness, and had failed. I had found something rarer than them all - The One Man Strike. Somewhere in Germany a working man had struck, and struck for more than half the year. Spurning all inducements, braving all threats, picketing the works to keep himself from blacklegging, daily growing thinner and colder and hungrier, he had struck and struck and struck, and at the year's end he was still striking and 'No agreement' had been reached.

A stupendous, a Homeric, an immortal conflict! To my last day I shall regret that Hitler then came to power, abolished strikes, and prevented me from reading the next instalment of that enthralling tale in the next volume of statistics. But I looked back through earlier volumes, for previous years, and, believe it or not, '1' was always there. '1' had struck, for longer or shorter periods, for several years. He was unconquerable. Every year he was there, striking, striking, striking.

A kindred spirit. The One Man Striker, the incorrigible sales-resister, the professional rebel, the champion of a lost cause.

So now you know, approximately.

Let's get down to that picnic. Unpack your hamper, bring out the potted arrogance, the bottled ignorance, the tinned snobbery, the upper, middle, and lower class sandwiches; make yourselves comfortable on your patent inertia cushions; I hope you have brought the aspirin with you, in case those troublesome pains in your apathy come on; play something on the gramophone that tells of England and Englishmen and the things that England stood for and stands for. Strew the litter about.

Ladies and gentlemen, Puces and anti-Puces, *The Picnic Papers*.

Or rather, *Disgrace Abounding*.

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## Chapter Two

### ISLAND LAMENT

May 1933. I wandered about London champing with impatience to be back in Central Europe, where the moving finger was writing another act of the tragedy of faith betrayed along the banks of the Danube, railing savagely in my heart at England for this smug self-complacency, that nothing but high explosive seemingly can disturb, on the eve of disaster.

*Insanity Fair.* It was apt, that title that I hit on one sunny day at Montreux two years before. A colleague, one Shakespeare, had the same idea a few hundred years earlier - a mad world, my masters. Somebody else, soon after the War Called Great, put the same idea into American - this cockeyed world.

May 1938, in London. A mad and merry month, my masters. The buds were fighting their springtime battle against the coaldust-laden air. Everywhere the road-builder was at work; no avenues were being left unturned. Mr. Victor Gollancz had announced a Christian Book Club. As I wandered, seething, along the Edgware Road, a bareheaded woman with lilac hair and a long cigarette holder in her mouth passed in front of me, and by 1940 I expect they will be shaving their heads bald and painting them green with pink spots and chewing betel nut, and very decorative that ought to be, and very good for white prestige, and as long as we can keep it up the black man ought to be proud to carry the white man's burden.

At the Oval or Lord's or somewhere somebody had made hundreds or thousands of runs, I don't know which; he had been at the wicket for days and days, good old Thingummybob, and this put everybody in good humour, so that clerks and shop assistants and stockbrokers smoked their pipes with greater relish in the homeward train to Wimbledon and Brixton and Harrow and felt their hearts warm within them as they hosed the garden. Good old Thingummybob. We shall win the Ashes.

Ashes, ashes, thought I, what the devil are the Ashes, and who cares about them, anyway? How many Englishmen know where Asch is? - which is much more important now. The wind and the dust swirled round the corners and gave me headaches, which I cured by going to the enormous picture theatres, where every prospect was vile but the air was pure 'and dust-free, for it had been passed through some machine. This is not a joke: to get a breath of fresh air in our London, where I was born, you have to go to the pictures.

I went to the theatres. I saw that slick and amusing play *George and Margaret*, in which George and Margaret are always just about to appear but never do, and I loved Jane Baxter, her looks, her figure, her acting, her enunciation. I liked the other players, the clean finish of their performances, the way they played to each other. This was a merry evening, an oasis in the desert of London. But Joyce Barbour had played a scurvy trick on me, I felt. Only a few months before, as it seemed to me, just about the time that I began gadding about Europe, I had admired her as she led Mr. Cochran's young ladies on to the stage, and now here she was playing the matronly mother, and as I had not altered in the least, between these two occasions I was vaguely perturbed.

The vast changes that a world war and twenty-five years had brought to the English stage amused me. Not long before that war, I think, the word 'bloody' was spoken for the first time on a London stage, I believe in one of Mr. Shaw's plays. Now the word 'bloody' occurred at least once in all plays of this kind, as inevitably as the butler who brought in the letter. The new thing was that the leading young lady had to speak at least once about sleeping with a man, and at this point she either

dropped her eyes to the stage or fixed them glassily on a point in the auditorium just above the heads of the people in the last row of the pit. The procedure used apparently depended on the *Feingefühl*, on the nicety of feeling, of the producer. What, I wondered in awe, would we be hearing on the London stage after another generation?

I went to see a play of Noel Coward's and watched the stalls chuckling comfortably at the quartette that sang 'The Stately Homes of England'. This was the kind of satire, like that of Evelyn Waugh, that they liked. It did not hurt, and was properly respectful of the Old School Tie. And there on the stage, praise be, I saw Fritz Massary. Paris has its Mistinguett, and now London had its Massary, and I was glad that London would no longer be deprived of that which Berlin and Vienna had so long enjoyed.

For that matter, many of the theatres and picture theatres I went to in England seemed suddenly to have decided not to withhold from the public any longer talent of which Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and Prague had previously had the benefit.

This London. As I wandered around it, in my disgruntled way, in May 1938, I asked myself, 'Where are the Englishmen?'

Gradually I found them. A few of them are sitting in the clubs around Pall Mall, thinking that all is for the best in the best of all possible clubs and God's in his heaven and all's right with the world.' Some of the others you will also find in that Central London. They are selling newspapers, serving socks and ties, standing in lackey's uniform outside picture theatres, while inside, near the cash desk, hovers The Boss, a foreign-visaged man with a glistening white shirt-front. Many others are sitting, packed together, in the trains homeward bound for the packed-together houses in Walthamstow, Wembley, Pinner or Putney. The Slaves of The Job. Pipe-between-teeth; umbrella-hooked-over-wrist; evening-newspaper-between-the-hands; atop, the black hat that shows that all Englishmen are ultimately equal, even if they haven't an Old School Tie.

By the way, don't mind if I keep on about the Old School Tie. I see that somebody said he could not understand how or why I could squirm when I see one, but the explanation is simple. I don't squirm for myself, because I have had a break and shaken off the shackles. I squirm for England and the things that this system of privilege and protection and preference has done to England. Why abolish purchase and pocket boroughs if you are going to reintroduce them in another form - the Old School Tie?

If you don't believe me, about London and England, read what Kurt von Stutterheim of the *Berliner Tageblatt* says about it:

England's foundation ... is in worse case than France's. In England the early change-over to pasture, together with centuries of emigration of farmers overseas, has led to a thinning-out of the native peasant element, which every sensible Englishman regards with deep anxiety. In the South, particularly, a peasant family in the Continental sense has become a rarity. Instead of working on the family farm, the peasant girl is serving cakes and lemonade in a near-by tea-room, while her brother is occupied on a sports ground or at a filling station.

That is photographically accurate, but to get the whole of the picture you must look at the London scene, as I have shown it.

Central London, largely a cosmopolitan settlement of parasites who live by selling goods and services that London could well dispense with - expensive but inferior food and drink, betting



agencies, gambling machines, bottle parties, nude revues, lunatic advertising, and the whole process of selling nothing for something. Outer London, the wilderness where the Slaves of The Job live in houses that repeat themselves in endless monotony, like incurable hiccoughs. Beyond that, England, now given over to the cult of the thistle, the stately home, the ring-fenced park, the prosecution of trespassers, the tea-room, the filling station, the mushroom factory.

When I was last in London I went to a revue, one of the best and wittiest I have ever seen, at the Little Theatre, and there two players, a man and a woman, sang a song about England. The picture on the stage was a living reproduction of Ford Madox Brown's 'The Last of England'. They sat behind a circular opening in a dark drop-cloth, so that they looked like two figures in a miniature. Behind them you saw the rigging of a ship and the sea. They sat looking steadily and sadly before them, at England that they were leaving for ever, and only their lips moved as they sang. They sang well, and with feeling. They sang of English fields, of English friends, of the spring in English woods, of their youth in English lanes, of the smoke rising from English chimneys, of red English roofs, of their grief at leaving these things.

Ah, if only I, who have so often looked back at England, had a picture like that in my mind. Then this song could bring me back from the ends of the world, back from the grave itself. But am I, when I die of a bomb or a fever in some corner of a foreign land, to exclaim with my dwindling breath, 'Brondesbury, my Brondesbury', to summon before my glazing eyes a picture of Number 21 Streatley Road? If only England were like that song. If only London were like the Lambeth Walk. England could be like that, if you had men who cared for England, instead of men who only care for their own class. But drive along the coast road from Worthing to Eastbourne. Take a walk down the Lambeth High Street.

When I was last in London my friends reproached me for my views about England. 'You really go too far', they said. 'You take too gloomy a view. After all', they said, 'my country right or wrong, you know, don't you know.'

'Oh, yeah', said I, 'I know what you mean, I know that one. My country clean or dirty. My country slummy or unslummy.'

The English people are sound, I think. But what has been done to England in these last hundred years, and more especially in these last twenty years since the World War is mortal sin.

Yet the arguments of my friends gave me to think. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the jaundice was in my own eye, that Shoreditch and Shoreham and Bethnal Green and Bermondsey were in reality all bright and beautiful places filled with sturdily independent British workpeople? I determined to set out in search of 'This England' of the railway companies' and newspaper advertisements, ploughmen homeward plodding their weary way, sheep sleepily ambling through dappled sunlit lanes, cows lowing in the meadows, venerable piles, dignified debates in ancient halls, a race of men and women 'dauntlessly courageous and doggedly determined', as the good Simon said in putting across a rather bitter-tasting budget.

I drove about Sussex in a car, but these fair scenes eluded me. I saw, or thought I saw, a ravaged countryside, a land where every prospect displeases and only beans are bile. Bungalows. Thistles. Ye Olde this and that, with men standing outside them in uniforms apparently meant to recall that green and pleasant England which we all know from the coloured prints but which has now been spoiled and defaced, as I fear, beyond repair.

Villages where the children looked unhealthier than the town children, and believe it or not but I learned in these villages, with cows on all sides, that the children have to be reared on tinned milk

because all the fresh milk is bought by the cities, and that is a thing that couldn't happen in any other country I know. Little arty shops.

As for the lads and lasses of this England, I found them where Kurt von Stutterheim found them - working at filling stations and sports grounds, in tea-rooms and picture theatres.

The appearance of my countrypeople often surprised and perplexed me. So many of them had a hungry, caged and care-worn air which I attributed to sex repression until I learned, from diligent perusal of the advertisement columns in the newspapers, that it was due to night starvation. Why, I wondered, did so many of them go about looking as if they feared that they were about to be accosted by someone to whom they hadn't been introduced? Why did they laugh in an embarrassed fashion when you told them a joke, unless it was a smutty one, and then you all roared together in corners. Why did they begin every sentence with a deprecatory cough and 'Er - well ...'

Still in search of British Institutions, I visited the Mother of Parliaments and spoke, in a committee room, to two or three score Members, of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, of what was coming in Europe, of the things of which I understood a little. Left of me sat a General who was of progressive mind and broad and humane ideas. Over against me sat a Duchess, a woman of enlightenment and feeling. Right of me sat an Admiral, a die-hard of the truest deep-water blue. The others, predominantly Conservatives, were men of similar type. The great majority of them, as I judged from their questions and manner, were well-informed and intelligent people. But I felt despondent as I contemplated them. They seemed to be the prisoners of a party machine from which they could not or would not break away even when it dragged England, and therewith Europe, from one disaster to another. Elected by an enthusiastic country to enforce peace against peacebreakers, they were now docilely following the Government in the opposite direction, in the policy of taking steps - long ones - away from the peacebreakers every time they became truculent.

I went to Another Place, to the Museum at the Other End of the Passage, to the House of Lords. It was a great and historic occasion, perhaps the best possible occasion on which to study this British Institution.

A Bill had been introduced to transfer to public ownership the coal that lies beneath England's once fair countryside and to pay compensation to those great landlords beneath whose acres it is found. You all know, or possibly you don't, the part that the discovery and mining of coal has played in making England what it is, in disfiguring the face of England and undermining the stamina of the people in the last hundred years.

On the one hand, it made England prosperous as she was never prosperous before, and if you care to go and look at large areas of the coal country and the slum areas of London to-day you may murmur, 'If this be the price of prosperity, Lord God we have paid in full', and you will be right. Read any trustworthy account you like of housing conditions and the standards of living in those blackened wildernesses called Special Areas, and you will never feel quite the same again towards the lump of coal you pick up in the tongs and put on your drawing-room fire.

Anyway, this Bill hit the coalowners, some of whom are said never to have seen a coal-mine, because they lease the coal rights to the colliery owners, right in their principles and pockets. London, on this May day when I went to the House of Lords, was in the morning full of peers anxiously asking the way to Westminster. London at all times, if you stay in that little London of the clubs, seems full of titled people, a city of dreadful knights, but on this day there were more than at any time since the coronation. Not that I have anything against titled people. They fulfil a useful part in our economic life. What would our advertisers of face cream do without them?

The House of Lords was hushed and dim. At first I only saw rows of white blobs, the faces of England's peers, whose sombre garments merged indistinguishably into the surrounding gloom. They were all there, row on row, Lord Coalmine, Lord Whisky, Lord Blueblood, and Lord Beer; Lord Tobacco, Lord Purebred, Lord Coalmine, Lord Newspaper and Lord Bookstall; Lord Pedigree, Lord Battleaxe, Lord Motorcar, Lord Readymade, Lord Wholesale, Lord Party, and Lord Coalmine; Lord Abraham, Lord Israel and Lord Isaac.

Bald Heads in the gloaming; the stately domes of England. A solemn occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury had in resonant tones pronounced the word Expropriation. Ah, that dread word. I remembered it in Germany, when Brüning wished to foreclose on great estates hopelessly insolvent and indebted to the public exchequer and, in fulfilment of Hindenburg's promise, settle ex-servicemen smallholders on them. Bolshevism, the squires had called it there, and they overthrew Brüning and brought Hitler to power.

You couldn't call it Bolshevism here, because a Conservative Government had brought in the Bill, but Expropriation was enough. A dreadful word.

As I watched, a faint murmur broke the hush and I saw that the lips of one of the blobs were moving. The Primate had painted a pathetic picture of the loss which the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would suffer from this Bill, a thing which I hope my miner friend, Herbert Hoggins of Durham, sufficiently appreciates, and the debate was joined on this point. A noble lord gently intoned his regret that 'the poor clergy who are already not sufficiently well paid in this country are going to lose £120,000 by this Bill', and mentioned in passing that the royalty owners might lose £2,000,000 a year. Another noble lord, apparently an outsider who had gate-crashed, said he had never been a miner or a royalty owner but intervened 'to remind your Lordships of a side of this Bill which is in danger of being forgotten - the welfare of the miners themselves'. These cads, he said, were not unwilling that complete justice should be done to the royalty owner but they also wanted justice to be rendered to the coal hewer - you know, that little man down in the bowels of the earth who scratches and drags the lumps of coal out of the earth and has never been to the House of Lords.

Then another noble marquess rose and made a speech which, as a powerful and reasoned defence of the rights of property, was the most convincing thing I ever heard. It was unanswerable.

Nobody would deny, he said, that any man who owned land was entitled to quarry gravel or sand from it 'and there is no reason why coal should be treated differently from gravel or sand'. You dig a small hole in the ground, he said, and get something; you dig a little farther and get something else; you dig still farther and get something else again; 'how on earth can it be suggested that those commodities should be treated in a different way?'

How? On earth?

If the noble marquess had a fault it was, in my opinion, that he showed something of that reluctance boldly to claim the full measure of his rights which unfortunately marks so many Englishmen in our time. He did not go far enough. Australia belongs to him - if he only digs far enough. But why only that which lies below the earth, why not that which is above it? The moon, during its passage across the acres which belong to Lord Coalmine, is his.

His argument is irrefutable. The land and all that is on or under it belongs to you who own it. You try it, you who have a semi-detached house and an eighth of an acre in Brixton; dig down a mile and see what the local authorities say to you.

By the way, have you heard the one about the 'Access to Mountains Bill'? Do you know that there is an 'Access to Mountains Bill'? Men have been trying to make it law in one form or another for 50 years, and always it has been shelved by some manoeuvre. In England you have to pass a law to have 'Access to Mountains'. Somewhere in England there are derelict areas, there is a Black Country. Not far away are hills, to which the workers, the miners, the unemployed, the destitutes would fain repair on Sundays to get a little air into their clogged lungs. They cannot get there, because everywhere are keep-out notices, trespassers-will-be-prosecuted boards.

So you have an 'Access to Mountains Bill', which does not get to the Statute Book, and the mountains remain inaccessible.

But back to the House of Lords. The noble marquess laboured under such emotional strain, as he upheld his rights, that he twice nearly raised his voice. Telling of an experience almost too horrible to relate, he said he himself was a member of the Assembly of the Church of England, at a meeting of which a proposal was 'actually' (hold on to your seats) made that the Church should refuse to receive any more rents from coal because it was immoral to do so, and that, he said warmly, was not just. 'Either you believe in the sanctity of private property or you do not.' There were, he added, 'disadvantages in the democratic principle and one of these was apparent now'.

So now you know just what is wrong with the democratic principle - not the slums, not under-nutrition, not unemployment, not bad health, but irreverence for the sanctity of private property. Now you know just why you ought to have a dictatorship.

But try to uphold the sanctity of private property if you are a small property-owner, not a big one, and you may have very unpleasant experiences, like that Devonshire poultry farmer who twice asked the local fox-hunters to keep off his land and threatened to shoot the hounds if they did not. His complaint was treated as 'silly, futile and unreasonable', and when the hunt came across his poultry farm again and he shot a hound he was prosecuted, fined £5, and ordered to pay £6 8s. 6d. costs. You may put up 'keep-out' boards against unemployed, but not against fox-hunters. You may forbid English workers to have access to mountains, but you may not forbid English fox-hunters to have access to poultry farms.

Then another noble lord, who had inherited his coal from a long line of ancestors, defended 'private enterprise' in coal-mining. One of the best of all forms of private enterprise, in England is to inherit a coal-mine.

Somebody may say that in these quotations I have been 'tearing passages from their context'. The answer is, yes I have, and so what?

These men were all so rich, and their languid wrangling about whether they should debatably receive a little less or not seemed so stratospherically distant from the plane on which the millions live and work and have their being that I grew bored with it.

But I was irritated by their windy and paralytic English, that exasperatingly futile English of the after-dinner speaker, the bazaar-opener, the letter-writer-to-*The Times*.

'My Lords, I do not think that anybody who has listened to the debate on this Bill can fail to be impressed ...' How, for the sake of grammar, does a human being fail to be impressed?

'My Lords, I ask your Lordships' indulgence for a few moments' (three-quarters of an hour) 'in order to make certain observations ... I am not certain that the speech which we have just heard from the noble Marquess has not really disposed of any reasons for passing this Bill at all and has

not in fact shown that the same results which the Government may have in their minds would have been quite well achieved in another way.'

How many negatives, and how little affirmation!

'My Lords, in venturing to follow the two very powerful speeches to which we have just listened I feel I ought to apologize to the House for taking part in the debate ...'

'My Lords, this is the first time I have ever spoken in your Lordships' House and I crave that indulgence which is always so readily granted by your Lordships to those who are inexperienced in the art of debate' (nice young fellow, that).

'My Lords, as one of the oldest members of your Lordships' House I hope I may with great respect be allowed to congratulate my noble friend the Duke of Cumberland on his very effective maiden speech.'

'My Lords, before addressing your Lordships for a few minutes' (half an hour) 'on this Bill I should like to join my tribute of congratulation to those that have been made to the noble Duke who made his maiden speech to-night. I think it must be a matter of congratulation to your Lordships as well as to himself that in his case the principle of heredity is so finely maintained by nature and that there have descended to him the great qualities that from generation to generation have always distinguished his family.'

My aunt! My maiden aunt! My maiden speech! In 1938, with Mussolini in Abyssinia and Spain, Hitler in Austria and almost in Czechoslovakia! Can't you hear the simpering Regency dowagers in the Pump Room at Bath? Why, in the name of prose and prolix, all this begging and craving and venturing and apologizing and indulging and respecting. Why not say something? What is this blight that has come upon us? Why must we call derelict areas Special Areas, war a Possible Emergency, lavatories Cloakrooms? What are you afraid of?

Eventually the debate was adjourned. Before it was resumed 79 miners had been killed in an accident at Markham Colliery.

Continuing my study of British Institutions I went to the Tower of London. Teas. Beefeaters. The Crown Jewels. Sightseers goggling and giggling at a brass-plate where somebody had been beheaded; how long a time has to elapse before an execution becomes funny? In one of the towers some armour and uniforms. I could not capture here the feeling of community with the past, of history in stone, that I have had in ancient buildings in other countries.

I left the Tower of London, and walked across Tower Bridge, and a hundred yards down the road and turned to the left, and there I found a British Institution, at last. Bermondsey. Go and see it. Little narrow streets, little narrow alleys, little narrow courts. Dark and tiny rooms. Lavatories? Bathrooms? Find them if you can. Basement windows about a foot above pavement level, just enough to admit a very little light, and in the dungeons behind these windows men and women and children live, three and four and five in a room. On the outer walls decaying paper crowns, faded fragments of Union Jacks. The Coronation, for once in a generation, brought a little colour and merrymaking to Bermondsey, which had no representative, unless it was a member of parliament, in that berobed and becoroneted and bediademed throng. Round the corner you will find a tablet on the wall of the little Church, with many names on it, English names this time. They died - for Bermondsey. If you search for it you may find a Slum Clearance Scheme. In the course of the next five years they may contrive to pull down and rebuild a dozen of these streets; there are hundreds of them in Bermondsey.

I have seen their like in Bethnal Green and Shoreditch and Whitechapel and in a dozen other places. Go there some time. Instead of getting off the bus at Piccadilly or the Bank, go on to the end of the run. Take a look at London.

Consider Bethnal Green. I walked through the streets of Bethnal Green with my good friend. We compared impressions. She had never been there before. She knew the poorer districts of other great cities, Moabit and Ottakring and Ferencz Varos and Belleville, and she had, some years earlier, seen the West End of London, and now lamented the changes she found there: the tawdry and trashy little shops that are springing up there, the disappearance of the last remnants of the solid English characteristics that still lingered until a few years ago, the international gang of tricksters, smart guys, professional emigrants, cheap jacks, procurers, share pushers, pimps, confidence men, quack doctors, flashy dentists, cheats big and little, that now prowl round the happy hunting ground between Piccadilly and Oxford Street.

But she had never seen Bethnal Green, and we explored it together. It lies in the heart of the greatest and richest city in the world. It is monstrous.

In that same street we found one butcher's shop, one fishmonger's, one grocer's, one baker's, one greengrocer's next to another, and all packed from floor to ceiling with food. We had never seen so much food, and it was all relatively cheap and of excellent quality - good red meat, good bacon, butter and eggs, good fish, good fruit and vegetables. You cannot see so much food, such good food, such cheap food in the working-class districts of any big city that I know.

Somebody must buy this food. The sale of food must be immense, or the shops could not afford to carry such stocks, all fresh. Therefore, we argued, the people of Bethnal Green have enough to eat. They must have money for food, whatever else they lack. There were even dozens of catsmeat, and dogsmeat stalls, a thing you will see nowhere else, and the inhabitants of Bethnal Green must have food for themselves if a man can make a living by selling the meat they need for their household animals.

So the people were well fed. I had previously had the impression that, by and large, a man who meant to could earn enough money in England to buy enough food for himself and his dependants, and what I saw seemed to confirm this. Then why did the people look so haggard, so harassed, so drawn, so careworn, the children so unkempt and often so unhealthy?

We discussed this, my good friend and I, as we wandered through the side streets that lead off Bethnal Green Road, or for that matter any other High Street in any mean London quarter. We looked at these streets and thought we had found the answer.

The houses and the living conditions. These people have food, but they have nothing else. These miles and miles of dingy boxes that the jerrybuilder, in his blindness, has made of wood and stone. The fetid and smoke-laden air. These people are the prisoners of an era of indiscriminate building, on a low level of intelligence and forethought the like of which no other great city that I have seen can show. Beauty in their homes, beauty in their surroundings, is beyond their dreams, and what is the use of wages that will only buy food?

Even fresh air is beyond them. The city, sprawling ever farther and farther afield, cuts them off from the countryside save on rare bank holiday sorties by charabanc, and even when they get there it is all littered with random building and filling stations and golf clubs and keep-out-of-here notices and don't-go-there notices and big private parks, and at the end they fall out of the charabanc into a pub, from lack of any other place to go, and afterwards they fall out of the pub into the charabanc and go home, having had a jolly day in the country.

If you study the advertisement columns of The Times, from which you can learn a great deal, you will from time to time see a notice that reads something like this:

Bill and Lizzie calling. 5s. will send us to the seaside for a day.

I know of a charwoman in Germany who in the summer of 1938 made her second trip to Norway, not as the guest of Lady Bountiful, but in her own good right, under the auspices of the National Socialist leisure-time organization for workers, Kraft durch Freude.

You still could do something about Bethnal Green, and you could even do it under democratic government, if you could only oust the old men and the old idea that Power and Office are things to be kept circulating among a small group of people, all interconnected through marriage and Old School and University associations.

Not the merits of the man, his experience, his qualifications, his energy, his enterprise count, only that you knew him in this House at Eton or that College at Oxford and his niece, Flanella Prune, married your nephew, young Ian Hopscotch, and he has an embattled stronghold in the hierarchy of the Party which gives him an unanswerable claim to office. So you take this man, who may have started life as a lawyer or whatnot, and one day you make him Foreign Minister, and the next Minister for Air, and the next First Lord of the Admiralty, and after that Minister for Public Health, and apparently no specialized knowledge is needed for these posts, they just pass round, and that is why you have Bethnal Green, which, like Czechoslovakia, is one of those places you know nothing about.

Office for the sake of office, not for the good of the people.

Look at these Lordly Ones, as Peter Howard once wrote, in 1938. Of twenty-two Cabinet Ministers more than half were either lords, sons of lords, or married to lords' daughters. Two-thirds of the junior Ministers were Lordly Ones. One in ten of them might have become members of the Administration if they were commoners. Be in the peerage or marry into it is the golden rule. England seems to have been made safe for plutocracy.

Look at England. Is England a good advertisement for this system of the ruling class? The few men that break through to the top only do so by submitting to the golden chains of this class. What does Ramsay MacDonald look like to-day in retrospect? An elderly and bemused ex-Socialist standing between a white shirt and a diadem on the steps of Londonderry House. The same fate befell all those who went his way. But in doing so they destroyed the Labour Party, which might have reinvigorated England. There is no salvation from that party to-day, if I am any judge.

From Bethnal Green to Belgravia seems a long way, but actually a relationship exists between them - that of cause and effect. If you had some great specialist in municipal administration, in housing and health, as Minister for these things, Bethnal Green could never have happened. Bethnal Green has come about because in England family, class and party, rank and influence are the qualifications for office, not specialized knowledge or experience or energy, and the ultimate aim of this system is to keep the sweets of office rotating among a small inter-linked class. You may have, somewhere in England, a civic genius, a man who could build you cities to compare with those of Greece and Rome, who could give your workpeople sunshine and light and air and health and beauty. What means has he of reaching a post where he can do these things? If he has not an Old School Tie it is still remotely possible that he may induce some local Conservative Association, if they think him docile enough, to put him up as candidate at an election. Arrived in Parliament, he disappears among the crowd of back benchers, threatened with boycott if they vote against the Government on any issue.

So you have Bethnal Green, on which I rancorously turned my back that May day, when I had seen enough. I came back through the city and the newspaper placards told me, in great flaring letters, 'Czechs Mobilizing'. I forgot Bethnal Green and thought of Prague and Eger, of German armies thundering into and over Vienna. Now British bombers, heavy, cumbersome craft, laboured over the City. Men standing at a corner looked up at them. One said, 'What price war to-morrow?' and the others laughed. Typists were putting their heads out of windows and looking anxiously skyward. It was Friday, May 20th. I was due in a few days to go back to Central Europe. 'Will it come before I get back?' I asked myself. For the first time I felt in London, even in London, that leaden feeling of apprehension that had held me in the last months before the annexation of Austria, that had borne upon me with redoubled weight when I saw that lightning mechanized invasion.

The next day, as the first of my farewells to England, I went to see the Naval and Military Tournament at Olympia. I wanted to see how much that show had changed in twenty years, what sort of an impression England's armed forces made now that Germany, rearmed, was the mightiest military nation the world had ever seen.

It had not changed much. There was the unidentifiable Somebody in the Royal Box, taking the salute after each item. There were the sailors and stokers from Portsmouth and Chatham hurling themselves and their field-guns over bottomless chasms and back again. There was the officer of the day announcing each item through the microphone, and there, I swear, was the same joke about the Dear Old Lady who, being shown the gun used in this hair-raising performance, said, 'I knew there was a catch in it; it's hollow'. Ah, those Dear Old Ladies, those Elderly Parties, those Frenchmen who mispronounce their English and on their return from a shooting party announce, 'I have two braces to my bags', or something screamingly funny of the same kind, those plumbers' mates, those ill-bred self-made men! What a gallery of comic figures. Thank God for our sense of humour.

Then came the Scots Greys, cantering tinnily round to the music of American jazz, the Royal Inniskilling Dragoons waltzing and curvetting and prancing to 'The Lambeth Walk'. Have the English no sense of the congruous?, I asked myself. If they respect tradition so much, in uniform, why not in the musical accompaniment?

But for that matter, why those uniforms of fifty or more years ago? Why do soldiers cling so grimly to the past, but only to the recent past? Even the Germans, who cherish their military traditions just as much as you do, and perhaps more, have made no attempt to restore pre-war uniforms. They have fully accepted the implications of progress, of mechanization. Their soldiers look just as well in the modern uniforms. Why send the Scots Greys out looking like Lady Butler? If you love the past and its uniforms so much, then do the thing properly. Send them out in powdered wigs and three-cornered hats. Or in armour and battle axes. Or dress them in skins, paint them with woad, and give them clubs. But why these Crimean or Afghan or South African uniforms, or whatever they are?

Tin soldiers, trotting round the tan arena. Even the public that day felt the lack of reality; only two months before, roaring petrol-driven hordes had crashed into Vienna, outside the placards were telling how the Czechoslovaks were manning their frontier defences. Languid applause followed the red coats as they jingle-jangled out of the arena.

Then the big doors were flung open wide and with a zipp and a roar the motor-cyclists raced in. Goggles. Crash helmets. Screaming exhausts. Flying dust. The audience sat up as if it had had a dose of strychnine. Here was the spirit of our contemporary times, the man on the machine. This was real, this they understood. Speed, noise, the smell of petrol, dust-clouds. This was 1938. The



electric feeling which quickened pulses impart to the air, filled the great hall. A volley of cheering followed the riders as they sped out and the doors closed behind them.

A faint noise as of seagulls, swelling as the big doors opened again to a music that grew and grew until it filled every nook and cranny of the hall and the massed bands of the Scottish regiments marched in. Here were uniforms that had history woven into their tartans, music that told of battle and siege and victory and death and Scottish hills and valleys, men who looked straight bred and marched with a step and a swing that held and fascinated the eye.

How have the Scots contrived to keep their costume and their music and their traditions and their feeling of nationhood intact, while the English have lost all these things?

I can find no answer to the question, but as I came away I regretted that it should be so. Why does our England give her children none of these things? I did not know. But I set to packing my bags, and on a sunny morning started out once more for the places I knew and understood - the lands along the Danube, where the Czechoslovaks, and behind them the Hungarians, the Rumanians, the Yugoslavs all stood with their faces turned anxiously or expectantly towards Germany, implacable, resolute, mighty, urgent.

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## Chapter Three

### BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

I packed my grips, and tipped the Irish maid, and what ages of challenge lay in those dark eyes of hers, and left the bed-sitting-and breakfast-room, opposite the pretentious multi-storied Jew-and-emigrant-hive, that I had rented during my stay in London.

I went down the narrow stairs. I loaded myself and my bags into a taxi and in the early morning hours found myself for the umpteenth time, ah, how many times since back-to-the-front in the war, bowling through Hyde Park Europewards - and don't write and tell me that England is in Europe, because it isn't.

Somewhere in Westminster my bags were weighed, my tickets checked. A woman was there, crying, while her married sister, married in England, tried to cheer her. The tears of women, the theme song of our time. She was a Jewess and was going back to Prague and she didn't want to, and she envied her sister who was comfortably married in England, farther away from the bombs.

Then, in the airport bus, we drove and drove, for hours as it seemed. London was a dead city of shuttered and blinded shops, as if people with closed eyes lined the route; once again, by some chance, I was leaving England on a bank holiday. For those of you who don't know England I'll explain that in England they call public holidays bank holidays, and there's a moral somewhere in that, if you can find it.

On we went and on and on, and just as I saw a green field and rubbed my eyes the bus turned off to the right and I wandered through a draughty hall with a bookstall that said to me, 'Good morning, have you read *Insanity Fair?*' and then the engines were roaring in my ears and the smell of petrol was in my nostrils and I felt myself again a cub lieutenant in the Air Force in France and the next moment England lay beneath me.

England. I urged you to take a look at London with open eyes, to see what manner of men are having their hair oiled and their hands manicured in the marble basements of Piccadilly, what sort of people are expensively cultivating their dyspepsia in the foreign restaurants between Soho and the Green Park, what kind of citizens live around Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue and Leicester Square, what breed of human beings conduct your picture theatres, your nude revues, your bottle parties, your slot-machine orgies, your brothels, your poached-egg-on-chips palaces.

Now take a look at England from the air. Contemplate the leprous and scabrous landscape where once all was greensward and pleasaunce, if you can believe your poets, your painters and your prints.

London sprawled endlessly behind me, featureless, meaningless, random and unplanned. Even from the air you could not see the end of it. Beyond that turgid mass lay blobs, the 'estates' and 'parks' of the merchant adventurer of 1938, the jerrybuilder, as if the great splash that was London had cast a few drops farther afield. Everywhere were the scars of the builder, newly made or not yet healed. As we drew clear of the last outcrops I saw great footprints all over the countryside: a giant had been walking about England while England was wet. These were the bunkers of the golf courses.

Here and there were the rare signs of health, the good green and brown of growing crops and ploughed fields, but everywhere they were threatened by the nondescript grey of uncultivated land, of waste acres, of no-trespass areas, of unkempt woodland.

Trains seemed to be running along the roads; but as I peered closer I saw that they were motor-cars in endless procession, moving slowly towards the delights of Margate and Ramsgate, and as the great wing of the aeroplane slowly cleared the coast and a strip of blue appeared behind it, I saw thousands upon thousands of ants, all jumbled up together, crawling about those sands. London was making merry, London was having its day at the seaside.

I turned and looked out to starboard and saw with a feeling of wonderment that the wing of the aeroplane had hardly cleared Dover before the French coast appeared beneath it. The strip of water between the two was so narrow that there seemed barely room for the little steamer that was just passing between them. For the ants down there on the sands France and the French were things almost as far away and as foreign as the moon. From up here you felt that you could lean down and join them with a piece of stamp-paper.

Then I turned again and looked out to port and had another shock. The French and English coasts fell away so steeply that from this side I could see neither of them. Strange atmospheric conditions prevailed. A cloudless blue sky and a motionless blue sea were mated by a blue haze that raped the horizon. You could not see where sea left off and sky began, what was sky and what sea. They were all one. There was nothing, above, below, around, but a blue something. Nothing to measure height by. Nothing to measure movement by. Nothing but blue, and the roar of the engines to say that we were living beings still belonging to a world that had vanished. Nothing but that blue and a golden sparkle in it that you could not locate, but which told you that the sun, somewhere, was finding something in that blue emptiness and gilding it.

A man could go mad if he set himself to think about that endless emptiness, inexplicably coloured blue. Think of it as a coloured glass bowl, as most of you do, and you are all right; 'the blue vault of heaven' is a warm and comforting conception. Take away the glass bowl, try to apply your human understanding to the infinite, and you need to hold your scalp on. And why blue, anyway? Not what is to come after worries me, as it seems to worry so many people, but what was before. In the beginning was ... well, all right, if that satisfies you. But before the beginning, you had to have space, and who put space there?

As I hung there, an infinitesimal fly on an endless blue wall, I thought of these things until it hurt. On my left - this. On my right - Margate. Hurriedly I took a last look at that stupendous, beloved, terrifying blue and sought refuge in my morning paper. When I looked again the sun, groping through the haze, had picked up a faint white filament that was the sands of the Dutch coast, and I was glad.

Rotterdam. Ships in the trim and busy harbour. A fine green field. Bright and cheery citizens, come out to watch the air-liners come and go. A cup of coffee. The roar of engines again.

The wing of the machine slid slowly across the frontier and I was looking at Germany once more. Germany, that is always with us, the men of my generation, and seemingly will stay with us from the cradle to the grave. In my childhood all the talk had been of warlike Germany and her plans to destroy England. I had spent my younger manhood fighting against Germany for four years and had had a German bullet in my leg. In my later manhood I had spent seven years in Germany, and after that I had spent three years in the other Germany, Austria, and seen German armies come roaring in again. Now I was going to Czechoslovakia and soon, I knew, I should see the German armies there. After that, I also knew, I should see them in other places. As long as I lived they would give the

world no rest, unless the world chose to capitulate before them. I wondered whether, given the choice, I would choose another time to live in. I answered, No - I can't say why.

Slowly and smoothly an invisible hand drew a flat and lifeless map beneath me, a harmless, amusing thing of browns and greens and yellows, with towns and roads and railways hatched upon it, and after two and a half hours it was gone. Could this, I asked myself, be the country before which all the world quailed, this coloured inanimate sheet with its toylike towns and no sign of life save tiny puffs of smoke from stations and factories? This big field across which you could fly in an hour or two? Could this page out of an atlas be the thing that continually formed and reformed all my life, that repeatedly changed all my plans, that from my nineteenth to my forty-third year had always intervened when I thought to map out the route of my future, and seemed likely for the rest of my days to intrude between myself and the places where I wanted to live, the things I wanted to do?

From the height at which we flew - at which we had to fly, for Hitler was at work night and day on his concrete retort to the Maginot Line, and foreign air-liners had been warned to keep above 10,000 feet - all that ant-like activity had become invisible to the human eye. But I knew that down there, while France was busy with her eternal cabinet crises and England was languidly discussing whether she ought to make some kind of preparations for defence against air raids, down there Hitler could with a stroke of the pen take a million men overnight from their daily occupations and set them to work building fortifications, that those tiny puffs of smoke, in all that placid map the only signs of human activity that reached up to where I was, meant that a greater air fleet, mightier legions of tanks and artillery than the world has ever seen were being built.

The contrast with the face of England was immense. Here the ploughman, the sower of seed and the woodsman had etched the land in oblongs and squares and triangles of green and brown and gold. On every inch of it something grew to feed man or serve him, save where the towns lay, and they were orderly settlements, built to plan. Their suburban outgrowths picked their way cleanly and carefully into the surrounding countryside. No scars, no scabs, no blots and blobs. Everything tidied up and left trim and shipshape.

At last the aeroplane crossed the Czechoslovak frontier and I reflected, as I had often reflected before, that the German air fleets of 1938 needed about a quarter of an hour to reach Prague. While I was still thinking about this, Prague appeared beneath us, and a few minutes later I was bowling into the city in the airport bus, glad to be back and full of curiosity to learn how Benesh and his people, whom I had last seen in January, were bearing the strain now that Austria was gone and the battering ram of Germany's urge to expand had slewed round from Vienna and was pointing menacingly at Prague.

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## Chapter Four

### A COLOURED HANDKERCHIEF

I was astonished at what I saw in Prague. The people of this small, isolated and beleaguered country, surrounded by enemies, unable to count on any of their friends, living under the hourly threat of a danger before which even the imagination quailed, were unafraid, calm, in good spirits. They held their heads high. A few days before, on the night of May 20th-21st, Benesh and the Government, fearing a lightning German swoop on the Austrian model, had mobilized the army and manned the defences. Now, at least, Czechoslovakia could not be taken by surprise. If the Germans attacked they would find men waiting to resist them. Czechoslovakia, if she perished, would perish fighting.

I was astounded by the spirit and tranquil resolution of the Czechoslovaks in those early summer days. I admired them, but I feared for them. They thought that, outnumbered ten or twelve to one, they could resist for days or even weeks. After what I had seen in Austria I did not believe it. They thought France, England and Russia would come to their aid if they could hold out a little while. After what I had seen of British policy in the five years since Hitler came to power I did not believe it.

I thought they would be deserted at the last moment, and had said so in *Insanity Fair* and in articles I wrote many months before. Here was a little country faced by the imminent threat of brute force, and British policy all over the world in recent years, in China, in Abyssinia, in Spain, in Austria, had been to retreat before the aggressors, even to help them to their successes. I did not believe that this policy would be changed in the case of Czechoslovakia. On the contrary, I thought that it would be pursued even to the capitulation of England herself, and I think you will see this.

So, once more, I walked about a great city feeling like the one-eyed man in the country of the blind and with compassion in my heart for these people who so stoutly turned their faces to the future. If they had been despondent and overawed I should have found it easier to bear. But, in spite of all that had happened in the world, they still had their faith, they still believed in the victory of that cause for which the World War was said to have been fought - the right of small nations to live their own lives. The thought of the shock that this faith was going to receive overclouded those glorious June days, for me.

Just before I left London, in May, I had given a cocktail party and among the people who came to it was the managing director of a Prague newspaper. He asked me if I thought there would be war, and I said no, Czechoslovakia would disintegrate without war because she would be faced with the threat of overwhelming force and would be deserted by those who alone could help her to resist it. He thought this a wild opinion and said that, even if deserted, the Czechoslovak army would never retire without fighting; he had not seen, as I had, the growth of the new German army, and its first employment, in Austria. When he returned to Prague he looked up all the reference books and told me triumphantly, when I saw him there in June, that frontiers had never in history been substantially altered without war. When I saw him in October he said to me, 'You are a prophet.'

Who wants to be a prophet?

I was glad to have had those summer days in Prague. I felt that I should not often see that Prague again. The more I see of it the more I come to think that Prague is one of the loveliest of all the cities I know. It has not the incomparable surroundings of Vienna, it has not the peerless river front of Budapest. But the Hradschin, with St. Vitus's Cathedral, dominating the city; the Moldau curving

by beneath its ancient Charles Bridge; the lovely old winding streets and houses, still unspoiled; the narrow alley where the alchemists sought the secret of making gold; the ironworkers and woodworkers and leatherworkers and glassworkers, almost the last craftsmen in Europe; all these combine to make a city of inexhaustible beauty. I never take a walk in Prague without the pleasant feeling that I have a minor adventure before me.

The city was packed with young men and girls in the loveliest peasant costumes that Europe can show or in the dress of the Sokols. Long ago, about the middle of last century, when Czechoslovak independence seemed but a vain and distant dream, these Sokol gymnastic societies were founded to keep alive the idea of nationhood under the rule of the Austrian Emperors. When the World War came the young men who had trained and hardened their bodies in the ranks of the Sokols formed those fine Czechoslovak Legions which fought with the French, the Russian, the Italian armies against the Central Powers. After the war they came back and built the army of the Czechoslovak Republic, that army which now, in June 1938, was standing on guard at the frontiers.

The Sokol rallies, displays of gymnastics and physical exercises on a stupendous scale, were great events in liberated Czechoslovakia and united Yugoslavia after the war. They were held every six years and chance had ordained that the greatest of all was held in this fateful summer of 1938, in the big stadium outside Prague named after the President-Liberator, that Thomas Garrigue Masaryk behind whose coffin I had walked only a few months earlier.

It was an unforgettable pageant of Slav costume, colour, music and physical fitness, that mass rally in the Masaryk Stadium, with mortal danger overhanging the city. The young men and girls you saw in Prague in their red and grey uniforms, with the falcon's feather in their caps, were the living proofs of the progress that the free Czechoslovak Republic had made in nineteen years.

Its twentieth birthday, on October 28th, was at hand, and these people confidently looked forward to it. Prague might be in ruins, they knew, and they calmly accepted that thought. The one thing they did not foresee was that Prague might be a vassal city, reduced without a fight.

As I strolled down the Wenceslas Platz I saw an old lady in peasant costume with odds and ends of embroidery in her basket, lovely things among them. I had sometimes bought from her on earlier visits. Now I saw that she had in her basket printed coloured handkerchiefs, produced to commemorate the coming twentieth anniversary of Czechoslovakia's independence. There was a map of Czechoslovakia printed in bright colours on the silk; around the map pictures of Czechoslovak infantrymen and aircraft and cannon and tanks; beneath it Masaryk's motto, 'Truth prevails'; in the top left-hand corner '1918' and in the bottom right-hand corner '1938'.

This was June. Not quite five months until October 28th. If things were going the way I expected, Czechoslovakia would never celebrate that birthday, and this handkerchief would make a useful addition to the little collection of memory-laden things I have picked up on my travels and surround myself with whenever I have the luck to be able to make myself a home somewhere for a month or two.

I bought it. The old lady remembered me and smiled a greeting. I told her I should be frequently in Prague during the summer. But then I think she fell ill for a time and I did not see her any more. When I did encounter her again in the Wenceslas Platz my handkerchief had become a historical curiosity, and, although it was not yet October 28th, she had no more of them in her basket. She no longer smiled. She looked older and careworn.

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## Chapter Five

### DAVID UNDAUNTED

I sat with Count X in his mansion not far from Prague. A lovely old baroque house built around a courtyard. In front of it the village, which belonged to Count X. Behind it the park, which belonged to Count X. Beyond, as far as the eye could see, smiling in the June sunshine, fields which belonged to Count X.

Count X was tall, of good physique, easy-mannered. He sat among his pictures and treasures and acres and complained incessantly. He had all the wealth and land that a reasonable man could want, I thought, as I sipped the vermouth which an obsequious serving man brought at his master's call. But far away, beyond the reach of the naked eye from the great baroque mansion, were other fields that had been taken from him, against compensation, when the Czechoslovak Republic was formed, and given to the landless peasants, those serfs who had lived for centuries without rights or land or liberties under the rule of German or Hungarian noblemen until the War Called Great freed them.

Hewers of wood and drawers of water for the German and Magyar magnates they had been until then. They were not even the bondmen of tyrants of their own blood. The Czech nobles had been exterminated by the German armies at the Battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, three centuries before, when three-quarters of the Czechs were killed or driven from Bohemia, when Catholic nobles came in from Austria, and confiscated the lands of the dead Czech aristocrats.

Count X had never forgotten or forgiven the loss of his distant fields, never been able to look without loathing across to those distant acres where a few Czech peasants were now wringing a scanty living, as freemen, from their native soil. Until Austria collapsed he, like nearly all the other landed nobles in Czechoslovakia, had longed for the return of the Emperor to Vienna, hoped for Czechoslovakia's return to the fold of the Habsburg Empire. Now that Austria was no more, and the Reich had declared young Otto, vegetating in Steenockerzeel, to be an outcast and criminal, he had given up that hope and was for Hitler.

Bear in mind that the rich men in all countries are helpers of Hitler, and you will understand a good deal of what has happened in Europe. You never found rich and titled Englishmen, in any number, ostentatiously visiting Prague in the twenty years of that free Republic.

You did not find them rallying to the cause of Czechoslovakia when that little land of freemen was confronted with the threat of extermination. You will find their names at the foot of many documents signed, during these twenty years, to demand 'justice for Hungary' - where millions of peasants, to-day, are landless serfs. You could have seen them, in large numbers, at Hitler's dinner table, at the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg. You will see their names beneath letters in the newspapers appealing for 'a fair deal' for Germany, for 'magnanimity for German', for 'a better understanding with Germany'.

Bear in mind that the rich landed noblemen of East Prussia brought Hitler to power. Some people say they regret it now that they are being progressively squeezed out of their estates, deprived of their power, shorn of their lands. I am sceptical. The rich men in other countries would not so surely plump for Hitler, if it were so.

Count X languidly but incessantly complained, as he sat among his collections and books and looked out through the windows to his smiling acres, and the servile and slippered steward brought us vermouth. He had a new grievance. The Czechoslovak army was mobilized. The defences were

manned, from the inner ring round Prague to the first line at the frontier. The air squadrons, to throw enemy bombers off the scent, had left their home landing-grounds and were standing on open fields, ready at a moment's notice to take to the air.

One squadron of bombers and fighters was lying behind the tall trees that fringed his park. Some of the officers and men were billeted in a remote wing of his mansion. In the old clock tower on the roof two soldiers sat day and night and kept watch on the northern sky. This annoyed him.

Muttering complaints, he led me through a long corridor to that distant wing where he had had to give up a few unused rooms. He had had chests and cupboards built, barricade-like, across it to shut out the unwelcome sight of his visitors. We squeezed through, and visited the Czechoslovak soldiers. They saw Count X coming, jumped to their feet, saluted him, gave smiling answers to his genial questions. How genial he was, suddenly. One good Czechoslovak to another.

We went out through the park, saw through the foliage of the tall trees the aeroplanes hiding, bombs and machine-guns ready. Officers and soldiers, stripped to the waist, lay in the grass under the warm sun, lazily waiting. Their commander jumped up, clicked his heels in greeting, cordially but respectfully welcomed the German lord of this Czech manor. Big, blond, well-built, simple, honest fellows, ready, ardently ready, to go and fight Goliath. Count X was all smiles and geniality.

We went on. Count X grumbled. Behind some bushes the soldiers had built a field lavatory. In their visits to it they had trodden flat a narrow path through the rank grass, uncut these hundreds of years. Count X complained. A peacock screamed, stalked across the path in front of us. The sun blazed through the leaves and gnats danced in the dusty beams.

I left Count X to his complaints and drove over to his neighbour Count Y. On the way I talked with my chauffeur. A quiet fellow who weighed every word, who kept himself decent and worked hard for a frugal living. He was diligently learning English, the better to ply his trade. He had no complaints. He was filled with a quiet exaltation. He was partly German, but he was a loyal Czechoslovak to the core. He was a working man and knew what the free Republic meant. Count X had looked down on him with suspicion from one of the windows and said gloomily, 'I suppose your chauffeur will report in Prague that you have been to see me.'

As he drove me across that lovely countryside - the loveliest lands for me are those where good crops are growing, growing, and men and women work in the fields from dawn to dusk - Jan Czech, my chauffeur, spoke with quiet fervour of the mobilization. The world had not thought the Czechs had it in them, he said, but the Czechs had known. Late on that Friday night the postmen had gone racing round with the mobilization notices, he said, and by dawn on Saturday the frontier defences were manned, the men had gone with joy in their hearts to defend their country. He had not yet been called on, he said, but when the word came he and every man he knew would go by the quickest way they could find to fight for this State. Germany could not take them by surprise now, swallow them at one gulp as she had swallowed Austria. His mother was a German, and he had relatives up there in the German frontier districts. But he was a Czechoslovak and, he said quietly, his life was of no value. Czechoslovakia must live.

As we drove to Count Y, I saw the signs of that lightning mobilization, that astonished military experts the world over. Compare it with the utter confusion that reigned in England in that September week when war seemed at hand. Here I saw, hiding behind a farmhouse wall, the great tin ear-trumpets of the listening machines, behind another the glistening eyes of the searchlights, alongside a hedge the muzzles of the anti-aircraft guns, in fields the bombers and fighters waiting ready to spring, on bridges the newly dug holes with the dynamite fuses and soldiers lounging by them, ready to touch them off. All got ready in a night.



Count Y was sitting on his terrace and I had a late breakfast with him, drank coffee, ate toast and marmalade and listened to his tale. He, too, had lost some distant acres; he, too, had awakened that Saturday morning to find the aeroplanes squatting on his fields. But no soldiers had been billeted on him, so that he was feeling better than Count X. Count Y also had the misfortune to have a little Jewish blood in him, so that the course of his political allegiance lay less clearly before him than before Count X. But he shared with his neighbour the lack of feeling for the Czechoslovak state, a feeling that seemed to diminish as your property and wealth grew, unless you happened to be a Czech, and this was rare, because the relatively few very rich people in the Czechoslovak state were nearly all Germans or Hungarians or Jews.

I left him, and drove on to the German-populated districts and the frontier. The flat Czech plain, where the peasants worked so hard for a frugal return, where the Czechoslovak state had done such wonders in building roads and schools and hospitals in these twenty years, gave way to the lovely mountains where the Germans live. You only had to travel this road to see why the Czechoslovaks could not give up the Sudeten lands and remain independent. It was like a walled city; give up the walls, and how could you defend what lay within?

In Reichenberg, where once, only three-years before, I had seen Nadya dancing and found a quiet town full of contented people, were all the signs of things to come that I knew from the last days of Austria. Hitlerist uniforms and badges were forbidden, but the young Nazis knew the way to get round these bans. The young men wore white stockings and shorts, the girls Dirndl dresses, and all saluted each other with the upraised arm and 'Heil', leaving out the Hitler for the time being. The word had been passed round that 'He' was coming soon.

I sat on the balcony of the hotel in the market square and drank coffee with Jan Czech, who insisted on paying for his own. The waiter, the guests, looked askance at us. Here everybody knew everybody, there was a grape-vine system of unspoken inter-communication between the Germans that you could feel like a living thing. They knew that we did not belong, they had seen the Prague number plate on our car.

On the car, too, was a token from the Sokol Congress in Prague, and the Nazis hated the Sokols. Outwardly orderly, they were already working on the nerves of the Czech minority, in the manner they have perfected by practice in Germany and Austria, with dark hints of what was to come, of concentration camps and beatings and vengeance generally.

Jan Czech took no notice at all of these things. Unruffled, he looked down from the balcony, and seemed not to see the hostile and menacing glances, the muttered words exchanged. Only once did they succeed in stinging him. We were looking for the British Consulate and, stopping the car, he asked a woman politely and in perfect German if she could tell him the way. 'British Consulate?' she answered challengingly. 'No, but I can tell you where the German Consulate is if you like.'

Jan Czech slipped in the clutch and drove on, a little red in the face. 'Ach, ja, Deutsch,' he muttered, and then his lips closed again and his face regained its resolute serenity. I saw that same expression on the face of the Czech policeman, quietly directing the traffic, on the faces of the few Czech officers and soldiers, lonely men in a hostile town, who were in the streets.

Then we drove on, through one German village after another, to the frontier. The Nazis, who had been making trouble everywhere in order to give the pretext for German intervention, and had in the streets been spitting at Czech officers who had been ordered at all costs to avoid clashes, had been abruptly checked by the mobilization. They saw now that intervention would mean heavy fighting in their own country. They were perfectly orderly.

In all that drive I saw only a handful of troops, and yet the frontier defences were fully manned and ready. At a spot where the road fell steeply on one side and rose steeply on the other, so that tanks or mechanized divisions could not make a detour, the road was mined and through the trees you could see two or three soldiers, with a little tent, smoking and talking as they waited for the order. Near the frontier, concrete barriers had been built across the road, to check the progress of tanks. Sometimes, in a field of growing corn, you saw the humped back of a concrete machine-gun post, with a solitary Czech soldier watching your car through field-glasses to see if you were taking photographs. At the frontier itself two or three Czech gendarmes and customs officials, stranded out here in a hostile countryside, far from their fellows.

Down the road, a kilometre distant, I saw, for the first time since they marched into Austria, the Germans. Little toylike figures in the distance, standing about the customs barrier in the sunshine. All around, placid, abundant, sunlit fields, with peasants working in them. Beyond, rolling, well-tended hills, with not a hint of menace in them - Germany.

I drove back to Prague with Jan Czech. That evening I ate at Manes, on the wooden veranda, with its coloured lights, overhanging the Moldau. Music, and coloured spirals in the water. A crescent moon over the Hradschin. In all Europe that I have seen I know of no lovelier place to dine. All around me young and carefree people or quiet and solid elders enjoying an evening meal in this fresh air, at once cool and warm.

As I sat there white fingers stabbed into the sky and probed about and fastened together upon a glittering moth that came humming down along the Moldau. They held it and held it and then let go and it vanished into the night. Half an hour later it came again, and again they groped about for it and found it and followed it and let it go, and a third time, and a fourth.

It was the symbol of the menace that hung over Prague. I watched it and then turned and watched the people round me. They raised their heads from their conversation and looked at it, gravely, without fear or surprise, then turned back to each other, made some quiet remark, and began to eat again. They were unafraid and calm. I sat as long as I could, until the last of the guests had gone, watching the moon fall behind the Hradschin, the lights go out and the water darken.

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## Chapter Six

### PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

I walked across the Charles Bridge, up the hill, lost in my affection for these winding streets, these unspoiled squares, turning ever and anon to look back over Prague and the Moldau, and went past the sentries, in their French uniforms, into the Hradshin, to see Benesh for the last time - in Prague. I knew that it would be the last time. Did he? Right up to the end, to that last broadcast of his, he professed that unvarying optimism that I could never understand.

In the outer office I spoke again to the official who spoke perfect English. He had fought with the British armies, as the Legionaries outside had fought with the French, the Italian, the Russian armies.

Inside was Benesh, earnest, honest, hard-working, truthful as ever, the man who was to miss the good ship Success, that fine new liner in which all the best people travel nowadays, and stand forlornly on the quayside waiting for the old tub Honour, which has long since been laid up. He came to shake hands, with the silken and satin Habsburgs watching in the background, those Habsburgs who were Kings of Bohemia as well as Emperors of Austria and Kings of Hungary and this and that, until Masaryk and Benesh took their places in 1918, and we walked over to the windows to look at the city spread-below.

We turned and sat down, and as Benesh talked, laboriously picking out the phrases from the English he had taught himself, I looked back along the years and then into the future and felt my heart heavy for this man and his State. Not yet twenty years since Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, with his devoted American wife, and Eduard Benesh, exiles triumphant, had proclaimed Czechoslovakia an independent state, amid the thunderous plaudits of the Allies, at Washington and returned to Prague to take over the country that those allies had set free. Now Benesh sat before me, his eyes earnestly fixed on mine, and once more professed confidence in the future, against all the overwhelming odds of 1938.

I have just read a book by somebody who says it is a good thing for journalists that the things they wrote yesterday are soon forgotten, that their mistakes and their false forecasts are buried in the yellowing flies. I happen to know that if the forecasts, not only of experienced journalists but also of experienced diplomats and professional students of foreign affairs, had been believed, and the policies they advocated pursued, Europe and the world would not be in the plight they are to-day. Given the determination to amend just grievances, but also the determination to mobilize overwhelming force against any attempt to remedy these grievances or to subjugate small nations by force, you could have had peace in Europe now and for long to come, and your journalists, your diplomats and your students could in 1933 have told you, and did tell you, just what was coming in 1938 and what to do about it.

For my part, I like to read, with the eye of the craftsman, an article I wrote which was published in the *New York World* on May 28th, 1938. These are extracts from it:

Benesh holds the stage: the spotlight of history is full on him ... He is the next prey of the dictators ... Already the end of free Czechoslovakia is at hand. Isolated, remote from apprehensive allies and lukewarm friends, held like a nut in the grip of the mighty German nut-crackers - look at the map - Benesh has only the choice of two evils left to him twenty years after the liberation of his countrymen from German (Austro-German) rule. Either he may try and save something from the

wreck of Czechoslovak independence and capitulate to all the German demands, cancel his French and Soviet alliances, become completely subservient to German orders, make arms and munitions for Germany - and possibly be allowed to remain as vassal President of a little rump Czechoslovakia bound slavely to the chariot of the German conquerors. Or the Germans will march in, Czechoslovakia will disappear entirely, Czechs and Slovaks will form labour battalions for the German army in a new European war, the efficient Czech aircraft and armaments industry will be swallowed up by the already mighty German military machine. There is no other choice, in 1938. I saw the invasion of Austria and do not now believe that the Czechs, brave and efficient as they are, could resist this enormous might for long enough to shame France or England or Russia into intervention.

France has sworn to come to the aid of Czechoslovakia if she be attacked. But will France? Can France?

England longs to keep out, and only dreads that France may intervene. One of her junior Ministers, on the morrow of the German invasion, practically invited Hitler to take Czechoslovakia.

Benesh's tragic destiny is written in his face. His neighbour, Kurt von Schuschnigg, crying 'God Save Austria' into the radio as his last words to his countrymen, has disappeared into captivity. The spotlight relentlessly swivels from Vienna to Prague, probes the windows of the Hradshin, fixes on Benesh, as he sits at his desk among the painted Habsburgs ... His is the tragedy of the man who put all his eggs in one basket - that of loyalty. Europe is full of slick premiers who make up to the dictatorships while blandly professing that this in no way diminishes their loyalty to their old friends ... Benesh is impatient of such methods. They are dishonest, he says, and mean that in the long run everybody will be let down. His policy, and Masaryk's, was that of friendship and collaboration with the countries that had befriended Czechoslovakia and helped to liberate her: of collective resistance, with them, to aggression.

He will follow that policy, he has told me, to the end. If he is wanted. But if he is not wanted ... why, then, he would make terms with Germany and Czechoslovakia would go all the way with her. But he must know. He must know.

But they will never tell him. They will leave him there, caught in the jaws of the German pincers, to seek his own salvation, and if he can at this last moment save something by coming to terms with Germany, which I doubt, he would be wise to do it.

Of all sad things of tongue or pen, the saddest is this. I told you so. It is as comfortless as a bad cheque, as cheerless as an empty grate in winter. But as a last word on behalf of a hard-working class of men, the British newspaper correspondents who told you for years what was coming, I want to say it.

We shall probably not be allowed to tell you much longer. It was our job to study foreign countries, to inform you about them, to tell you what they meant to you, what their future actions would be. Doing our job, we have come to be people 'who foul their own nests', doubting Thomases, irritating scribblers who make relationships with the dictatorships difficult, and soon we may be suppressed.

The people who know better, not from knowledge but from intuition or divine revelation, will be freed from this encumbrance. Lord Halifax has spoken of the British distrust of people who claim to know too clearly what is going to happen.

Why have specialists? Why have experts? There is a post vacant in the cabinet, the Ministry of Antarctic Exploration. Give it to old Sebastian Broadacres, who has spent 'a lifetime in the service of his country'; he was at Eton and Balliol, he served a term as ensign in the guards and was honorary attaché for three years in the Legation at Sofia, he was a member of the Governor-General's staff in New Zealand and has sat for two decades as member for Oblivion-in-the-fields, he did awfully well as British Commissioner during that plebiscite in Bechuanaland and is now Chairman of the Artificial Ice Trust, the very man. And that reminds me, I must say a sharp word to the Editor of the *Antarctic Gazette* about that carping fellow who claims to have spent years in Antarctica and keeps on writing those annoyingly critical articles.

These were the kind of thoughts that kept fluttering round, bats-in-the-belfry-like, as I sat and listened to Benesh. Two unimportant little men, of rather similar origins, for we had both acquired our positions, in their vastly different spheres, by hard work and the laborious acquirement of knowledge, not by inheritance. This was especially bad for Benesh. He would have done better, in a class-ridden world, to be born Graf Benesh with an estate in Transylvania. For my part, if I were to have any regrets, they would be that I did not somehow contrive to become a painter or musician, a doctor or possibly an engineer, because you could then close your mind to our contemporary times and yet put your feelings for humanity on to paper or canvas, into your work for your patients or into a big bridge. But for a British journalist, dearly as I love my craft, the day seems to be drawing to its end.

I fixed a picture of Benesh in my mind, as I saw him that day, with the bewigged Habsburgs behind him. He showed his working-class and peasant origin. He was rather short, his features were commonplace, but his eyes and expression, his carefully chosen words and the manner of speaking them all told of an honest purpose and a clean character. I have seen many men in high positions, and know how to judge them. He was healthy, in mind and body, untheatrical, hard-working, full of energy. He had, unless I was deceived this time, faith. He still believed in the victory of justice, in Masaryk's motto, 'The truth prevails'. In spite of everything, he still believed.

Why did he not rat, in the age of the rat, when ratting is foreign policy, when everybody's doing it now? I am not even sure whether it would have been ratting. Perhaps he owed it to his country-people to change his policy, and not, in 1938, to continue steadfastly in pursuit of the mirage honour. For years he had been urged from many quarters - not from France and England - that he was on the wrong tack, that he would be let down, that he should make his terms with Germany. His Little Entente associates urged him repeatedly to do this. In Yugoslavia Prince Regent Paul and his Prime Minister, Milan Stoyadinovitch, had seen the red light two years earlier, when the French passively accepted the German seizure of the demilitarized Rhineland zone and therewith the closure of their only path of succour to Czechoslovakia. From that day on, anxious voices from Belgrade had continually urged him to make friends with Germany at all costs. 'Do it now,' they said, 'or France will let you down.'

Benesh would not. He thought that this was treachery, that these were untrustworthy allies who gave such advice. He anchored his hopes to France and England, to that magnificent principle of collective resistance to an aggressor that England had betrayed in Abyssinia. He could have hitched his Czechoslovak wagon to the German star on good terms, and would not. He was wrong, bitterly wrong. He should have done this.

I had seen him last in December 1937. For three and a half hours he had earnestly explained his motives and intentions in that painstaking English, and as he is now gone from the political scene I think I can repeat some of the things he said. This conversation seemed to me of such historical importance - I was already convinced that Czechoslovakia's fate was sealed - that I took a shorthand note of it and still have the account, word for word.

The whole burden of his tale was that he would not and could not change his policy unless France and England told him that they did not want him, that they regarded Czechoslovakia as a liability rather than an asset. Repeatedly he said, 'I must know, I must know.'

Read these words:

If Germany takes the question of minorities as a pretext for attacking Czechoslovakia, where they are better treated than in Poland, Hungary or Italy, for instance, British opinion must understand that this is done, *not* because the situation of the minorities is bad in this country, but because we have not been submissive to German foreign policy in general and have resisted.

I could also very easily make peace with Germany if I had cared to make the same equivocal policy as Monsieur X or Monsieur Y. I could make the same peace as Monsieur Z has made with Italy, if I wished to accept German influence in our general foreign policy.

All this German campaign against us - if only this could be understood in England - is not on account of the German minority and its treatment, but because Germany thinks she can force us to adopt a different foreign policy - to abandon France, England, collaboration with Western Europe, and to submit to German influence.

I put this question to every British citizen, especially to British politicians:

Do you think that we should continue to maintain this extremely important geographical position in Central Europe for a general European policy and for the maintenance of peace and democracy, or should we abandon it and yield to German pressure and accept German influence?

Yes or No?

Is that a matter of importance to Great Britain or not?

I don't ask the help of England or France against a German attack, because I can't ask for help on my own account. I understand that every country must defend its interests. I understand that Czechoslovakia is not imprinted on the hearts of British citizens. They do not know where Czechoslovakia is.

I understand that perfectly.

But I say, if to-morrow this position which we have here and are maintaining should have to be abandoned; if Germany 'becomes again the master of this country directly or indirectly - because we shall be probably independent but under German influence, as Austria will be, as Hungary will be - what will happen after that to the interests of England and France?

I say that the international position of this country is of the greatest importance for Western Europe. I know very well that England does not like to undertake commitments in a part of Central Europe which is not understood by the man in the street.

But I am convinced that if we abandon this position and if we do not resist the influence and pressure of Germany we shall in a few years have war again - not against us, but against France and England, as we did in 1914. Czechoslovakia would have to fight again for Germany, as in 1914 for Austria.

My conclusion from this is not that England must come to the help of Czechoslovakia, but that England has the greatest interest to maintain the *status quo* and the present situation in Central Europe. I have never asked for a treaty with England. I have never asked help from England. I always accepted the point of view of England, that we must proceed in such a general way that we should not give a pretext that would enable us to be accused of provoking a war.

But on the other hand I ask from England comprehension, understanding of the situation here, in the sense that if we are destroyed the history of 1914, in one form or another, will repeat itself.

Just as in 1914 Germany, through Austria and Turkey, menaced the Mediterranean and the route to India, so will it come again.

Therefore I say that Prague and Czechoslovakia form one of the most important geographical situations in Europe. If we are abandoned by Western Europe we can do nothing else than make an agreement with Germany.

England should understand that I do not wish to be hostile to Germany. We wish to agree with Germany. But we wish to do so together with France and England.

I wish not to abandon, in this fight for general peace in Europe, France and England. I wish to do it together with them because I think that peace can only be durable if made in this way.

If, on the other hand, I am obliged to make a bilateral treaty with Germany, entirely independent from England and France, that means that Germany is master of the whole of Central Europe.

The consequences of a British policy of disinterestedness in Central Europe would be really disastrous for Europe, in my opinion.

Germany wishes to force us to change our policy, to abandon Western Europe, and to bring the whole of Central Europe under German influence, in order to fight for the colonial question, in order to prepare its new world situation. Germany thinks that when she has broken completely the resistance of these small states, Austria and Czechoslovakia, everything will be at her mercy.

She does not wish to make war. When she has the whole of Central Europe under her influence she will be in a far better position towards the Great Powers and the same policy will begin again as in 1914 - Atlantic and Mediterranean, colonial question, rivalry of the Great Powers.

One object of the World War was to establish in Central Europe independent states in order to give them exactly the same position as Belgium and Holland, to prevent the small states from becoming the instruments of Germany. If England is not disinterested in Central Europe this means that England will help us to maintain our independence and to fulfil this mission of the little states in Central Europe, to help to maintain peace.

If we are put again under the direct or indirect influence of Germany we shall be exploited against the other Great Powers.

I repeat again - I am not anti-German. We do not wish to make an anti-German policy. I do not wish to be the instrument of another power against Germany. I wish to maintain my own independence and liberty. I wish to collaborate with Germany. I recognize that Germany, being in the neighbourhood of Central Europe, has great economic and other interests in Central Europe.

But I do say that Germany is not the *only* state which has interests in Central Europe, that other states like England and France have also interests, and therefore I wish that the negotiations of the states simply give to every great power in Central Europe its real place.

Germany has only one aim - to put Czechoslovakia in a position of complete neutrality in any European conflict. Germany would give us every imaginable guarantee to-morrow in exchange for that. I put the question - if this is so, what is the point of view of the French and British Cabinets?

In practice this would mean that in any war Czechoslovakia would be obliged, not to remain neutral, but to help Germany. I have told Hitler: 'I am prepared to make a treaty with you but if I negotiate with you I shall immediately inform the Cabinets of Paris and London.'

Germany is manoeuvring our German minority in order to force us to change our international policy. We are in our view contributing in an extraordinary degree to the general peace by resisting German pressure and maintaining democracy here and by preparing in collaboration with England and France to save all Europe.

But if the loyalty of Czechoslovakia to France and England is regarded by certain quarters in England as something that may be an obstacle to a general agreement, that is a complete misunderstanding of the whole Czechoslovak policy, and would have to be considered by Prague as a completely hopeless situation.

Czechoslovakia would be forced to realize that she is completely misunderstood, that Great Britain does not appreciate the contribution she is making to general peace, and that she is being pushed to a policy which would force her one day to go into the arms of Germany and against England.

It is a tragic misunderstanding.

Again I say, if you think that we are of no use in maintaining this extraordinarily important geographical position in Central Europe, on which all European peace



rests, that means that finally our interests will be to agree with Germany and to go with her in all German conquests.

We are at the crucial point in the negotiations of Europe. We must choose. I must know what France and England want. If France and England wish that Czechoslovakia, as the last democracy in Central Europe, should separate herself from them, they must tell us.

Then we shall know what to do.

That is the point.

So spoken by Benesh, and noted by me, on the evening of December 19th, 1937. Before, long before, the seizure of Austria.

As I went down the hill that night, into a damp and foggy Prague, I thought drearily to myself, 'They will never tell him. They will lead him to think that they stand with and for Czechoslovakia, that he is right in fighting for his democracy, right in resisting Germany, right in adhering staunchly to the system of collective resistance to aggression that they themselves devised. Then, when he is face to face with the German army, they will leave him to it.'

That was what I thought, that December evening, and that was why I wrote as much in an American newspaper in May 1938, and why I wrote, in *Insanity Fair*, 'Czechoslovakia is finished - for us. You will see this, and soon.'

I never had a heavier heart than when I wrote those words, for I saw in my mind's eye a prophetic picture - homeless refugees huddling in unheated huts, terror-stricken women and children trailing along wet roads, despairing people weeping in the streets of Prague. The reverse of that shining golden medal, peace with honour.

On this sunny June day I took leave of Benesh again, shook his firm hand, received the usual warm invitation to come again, any time. I knew I should never come again to see him in the Hradshin. I went down the hill and said good-bye to Prague. The streets were full of cheery and smiling people. At the frontiers stood their fathers, sons and brothers. They did not mind: they were prepared to perish, so that Czechoslovakia might survive, truth prevail.

When I next came to Prague Benesh was a broken man. A few days after my arrival I saw him, almost alone, driving to the airport to leave his country. As I write he lives in a villa in Putney.

I meant at first to call this chapter 'A man of no importance'. On second thoughts I altered it to 'Portrait of a Gentleman'. In our time these are coming to be interchangeable phrases.

Incidentally, the question whether Benesh 'was right or wrong', from the point of view of his own country, of Europe, and of a wider humanity, is one to which the answer cannot yet be given; in a year or two you will know it.

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## Chapter Seven

### HUNGARIAN SUMMER

With rancour in my heart I came in the dawn to Budapest, drove to a hotel, booked myself a room. I had left behind me Prague, where all the newspaper-men were gathering, where the next act in the European tragedy was being played. All my American and British friends were there. They had been jollying me about a book I had written in which I had said that Czechoslovakia was finished, for England, that England and France would deliver her up to Germany, that Czechoslovak hands would in coming years be making weapons for Germany and probably bearing them for her in the next war.

I was too sure in my forecast, they said. But I knew, I had watched this thing taking shape for nearly six long years, from that day in January 1933 when Hitler came to power, and I was certain I was right. England and France were firmly set on their Gadarene policy, nothing that one man could say would alter it.

Now I wanted to be in Prague and see it happen. I was Central European Correspondent of my paper, responsible for all the countries of the Danubian Basin, and all the other Central European Correspondents, after the end of Austria, had automatically moved to Prague. I had been ordered to go to Budapest, a news cemetery. 'Other arrangements' had been made in Prague. I was resentful, but not surprised. I had put down in black and white what I thought was going to happen to Czechoslovakia, and, if I was right it was logical that the description of the tragedy would not be wanted from a man who felt so strongly about it as I did. Raging, but held back by some inward pull from immediate resignation, I went to Budapest.

I am thankful now to that inner voice, for I would not have missed that Hungarian summer for anything. I was able, at my free week-ends, to make flying trips to Prague on my own behalf, to peep through the window at the progress of that historic siege and enforced capitulation, the most terrible thing, in my view, that has happened since the World War and the most disastrous in its results. You will see this, and soon.

But I thank my stars for those summer days and nights in Hungary. Here I found again, for a few brief weeks, the rest and happiness which I had just found when the German armies crashed into Vienna, when Insanity Fair shattered the tranquillity that, after so many years, I had found within the massive walls of the old house in Vienna where I had my rooms.

There is going to be no peace for us who only want to work and build a world where the poorest have a right to sufficient food, to light and air and sunshine in their homes, to dignity and beauty, where weak nations have the right to protection against predatory great ones and where a majority of nations is ready at any time to combine against the pirates and despoilers, the slave-traders and tyrants.

You could have had that world, but now we who think like that are on the run again, the darkness is thickening once more. I myself, a tiny unit in the mass of human beings whose lives had already been changed or ruined by the first raiding forays of the new hordes of Armageddon, had for months been constantly on the move, travelling thousands of miles by car and train and aeroplane, living in suit-cases in hotels and bed-sitting-rooms, trying, while the cyclone of events howled about my ears, to plan a new future. I had not expected to find any rest at all in this summer of 1938.

I was the more grateful to Hungary for those sun-laden days, those starlit nights, for that little sheltered dwelling among the trees that was mine for nearly three months, for the balcony where I sat and talked and drank wine while the twilight thickened and the lights came palely out on the Schwabenberg and the scent of the flowers came up from the garden where the janitor was hosing the grass and singing softly to himself haunting Hungarian songs.

Outside, the world was mad and lecherous, and brutality and the lust for conquest were once more on the march, and fear was flying before them, with its few goods and chattels, homeless, despairing, hungry. The four horsemen were on the prowl again. I looked into that world when I flew to Prague, when I flew to Geneva. It poked its foul head even into my dwelling when I touched a switch, and the radio blared into the room the raving, ranting voices of the new Caesars.

But when I came back from my flying excursions, or turned the knob and silenced that blasphemous box, there was a peace, in that little refuge in a green corner of Budapest, that came to you like a warm and fleecy blanket in a bitter cold night. I loved it. Always there was, far at the back of my mind, the thought of that outer world, the thought of the future, the rage that men of my vintage must feel, if they have any feelings, when they look at the wreck of their hopes, at the shambles that 1938 has made out of 1918, when they think of the men who have committed these things or those old, rich men, more guilty still, who have omitted to prevent them, or did not want to prevent them.

But on those afternoons and evenings in Budapest this cankerous anger was only like the faint and distant clangour of an alarm bell in a still night. Here was peace and beauty. I loved my books - not mine, but mine for the nonce - I loved those quiet and starry evenings on the balcony, when we threw a rope of hopes into the air and sent the cherub of our imagination skimming up it, when the lights spattered on the black bowl that was the Schwabenberg grew brighter and brighter, the wine better and better, when the cheery German landlady brought coffee and sandwiches and retailed the talk of the town, when the moon rose higher and higher and the barking of the dogs filled the night and then gradually dwindled and was hushed, the last omnibus clattered by at the bottom of the road, the yellow windows blackened one after another - when Budapest went to bed and we sat there, talking quietly of the things that had been and were to come.

Unforgettably tranquil days and nights, stolen from Babel.

I must make an honest man of myself about Hungary. In *Insanity Fair* I included a chapter about Hungary, too hurriedly strung together and filled with the irritation that Hungary often inspired in me, because I saw, or thought I saw, there a country in the van of those that, nose-led by a small and covetous clique, lead our Europe from war to war and simultaneously oppose, with relentless consistency, the betterment of the masses. Because this small group, that kept power in its hands in much the same way as the ruling class in England, was interlinked by blood or acquaintance or common class prejudice or mutual interest with people of the same type in other lands, and because it employed a feminine skill in the exploitation of these relationships abroad, Hungary - its little Hungary - enjoyed particular sympathy in some other countries, particularly among the ruling class in England, which was coldly denied to countries where more plebeian rulers had done much greater things.

In England, for instance, several score Conservative Members of Parliament had once signed a manifesto calling for justice for Hungary, a small country that most of them knew nothing about. When the question arose of justice being done to another small country that they knew nothing about they were as silent as the grave. I saw in these things the influence of that class-antagonism which knows no frontiers, which ultimately caused England to connive at the rape of Abyssinia, to favour the Fascist cause in Spain, to compel the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia to the

advantage of Germany and of Hungary, and which is now going to lead England to all sorts of queer places.

Bear this in mind, remember that Czechoslovakia took some of their acres from the great landlords and gave them to the landless peasants, that in Hungary agitation against 'the great estates' was an offence punishable by imprisonment up to 1936 or 1937, and that millions of peasants there own no land, bear in mind that Germany and Italy have both suppressed working-men's parties and organizations but have never encroached on the property either of the big industrialist or the big landowner, that the net result of the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia is to isolate Soviet Russia and give Germany a free hand in that direction, and you will begin to see the outline of things in Europe, the reason that events happen which continually take you by surprise, because you do not see this scarlet threat of cause and effect running through them.

In Hungary, as she was ruled, I could find no justification for the greater sympathy that was lavished on her by the class of people that rules England, and I suspected the motive. I knew that most of them, as I wrote in another book, did not know Hungary at all, though they might have been lavishly entertained in the restaurant of the Duna Palota Hotel, shown the excellent baths on the Margareten Island, taken round the night-clubs. The history of political entertainment in Hungary since the war, is one of those books which will unfortunately never be written.

But in the other Hungary that these people did not see, did not want to see, I found the peasants poorer, the workers worse off than in the other Danubian countries I knew, three of which had after the war gained territories previously under Hungarian rule. In Czechoslovakia I found insurance against unemployment and sickness and old age well rooted and thriving, roads, schools, hospitals being built, a country moving ahead fast and steadily raising the standard of the people's life. In Yugoslavia I found a movement, not yet so far advanced, but still firmly set on that path. Rumania was still farther behind, but still moving in that direction. In all these countries the peasants owned their land, and that is the priceless thing, that gives an entirely different look to the country, a different feeling to the very air you breathe.

In Hungary life seemed to have stood still since the war. It had stood still for decades and decades before that. Here you found, if you ventured out into the countryside, the still and lifeless atmosphere that springs from poverty and the peasant's land-hunger. With scarcely an effort, after the Rumanians had put an end to the brief, and predominantly Jewish, Communist regime of Aaron Cohen alias Béla Kun, the Hungarian ruling class had reimposed its iron grip on the country. Your charming Hungarian hosts often tried to discourage you if you told them you thought of spending a month or two deep in that uncharted countryside. If, nevertheless, you went, you found bitter poverty, primitive houses and roads, workers living in squalor, social institutions in their infancy, backwardness general.

Yet the Hungarians had lorded it for centuries over their neighbours, and the whole motive and keynote of Hungarian policy after the war was not to improve domestic conditions, but to regain those lost territories, where new rulers were making many improvements, and lord it over them again.

The Hungarians themselves have changed beyond recognition in the thousand years they have been sitting among the Carpathians and you will be a very clever man if, among the most interbred people in Europe, you can to-day put your finger on a Hungarian and say, 'This is a Magyar'. The aristocracy and middle classes, those very people who most delight your ear with their stories of the thousand-year-old Hungarian Kingdom and the close resemblance between Hungarian History and English History and between the Hungarian Constitution and the British Constitution, are in their

origins largely German, Jewish, Czech, Slovak, Croat, Italian, Serb, Rumanian, Greek, French, Irish, and Turkish.

It is extremely difficult for you, bless your innocent hearts, to realize this, because they all bear romantic Hungarian names, and successive governments for long enough have encouraged this process of name-changing, but you would have a shock if you knew that practically every Magyar or Arpad or Istvan you meet is Schmidt or Cohen or Popovitch.

One of the recent governments, that of M. Darányi, was popularly said to contain one minister who was a true Magyar. The tale is that when this story got round to M. Kánya, the long-standing Foreign Minister, who is by way of being a wit, he said, 'What? Who is it? Show him to me.'

I see nothing to object to in this, indeed, it is another of the points of resemblance between Hungary and England. I myself am half Irish and half English, the Irish being, as I think, the bigger half; my English Jekyll frequently shudders at the things that my Irish Hyde writes.

But the astonishing thing is the way this cosmopolitan people has, in one respect, retained the chief characteristic of those raiding Asiatic horsemen who came, killing and plundering, from the Don and the Volga to the Carpathian lands a thousand years ago. Hungary in 1939 is like an enlarged photograph of Vienna before 1938. The blood of a dozen races is inextricably mixed here. Go east from Budapest and you come to German and Rumanian settlements. Go west from Budapest and you come to German settlements. Go south from Budapest and you come to German and Serbian settlements. Go north from Budapest and you come to Slovak settlements. And in Budapest itself, a third of the population is Jewish and the rest is a compound of which the ingredients defy analysis.

Yet they retain, unfiltered, that main characteristic of the nomadic Magyar horseman so well described by an Arab trader of the ninth century:

The Magyars are a race of Turks and their leader rides out with 20,000 horsemen. They have a plain which is all dry herbage and a wide territory ... They have completely subjugated the Slavs and they always order them to provide food for them and consider them as their slaves ... These Magyars are a handsome people and of good appearance, and their clothes are of silk brocade, and their weapons of silver encrusted with gold. They constantly plunder the Slavs.

Leave out the silk brocade and the gold-encrusted daggers and there you have it after 1100 years, in 1939 - the proverbial predilection (I have taken this quotation from G. A. Macartney's *Hungary*) for plundering Slavs. In November 1938, as a pendant to the honourable peace of Munich, about 350,000 more Slavs were handed back to Hungarian rule.

Compare that old Arab's judgment with the genial description of his class given by the elder Count Andrassy about the middle of last century:

We Hungarians are noblemen, who make politics; for our labourers we need Slovaks and Germans, for our business affairs the Jews, who buy our wheat and wool, not to forget the gipsies, to make music for us.

The remarkable thing about the Hungarians is that, although the Magyar blood has thinned down to vanishing point and they have not in recent centuries been able to indulge their 'proverbial predilection' by means of conquest, as those ancient warriors did, they have been able repeatedly to maintain their privileged place among the Danubian peoples by the astute exploitation of favourable circumstances.

In 1867, for instance, they were able to exploit the defeat of Austria by Prussia to obtain from the Emperor Francis Joseph, who until then had consistently gainsaid their demands, and even called in Russian help to suppress them by arms, a privileged position within the Habsburg Empire, and became the Overlords of Slovakia and Croatia. Those cads the Czechs had even offered to help the Austrians against the Prussians and been rudely rebuffed with the words, 'This is a war of Germans against Germans'. The Hungarians sent a corps of volunteers to help Prussia. The Czechs had a foretaste, in 1867, of the bitter dose they were to be made to swallow in 1938. 'Those nationalities which support the Government suffer and those that oppose it prosper', wrote Count Lützow then. He was right. The demands of the Czechs that the ancient rights of their Bohemian Kingdom should be restored were ignored. The Hungarians were made full partners in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

So in 1938. 'Those nations that support the League and democracy and collective resistance to the threat of force suffer and those that oppose it prosper.' Czechoslovakia was dismembered: Hungary profited.

Even in 1867 Hungary might not have come so well out of the mix-up but for that uncannily astute exploitation of circumstances. The lovelorn Francis Joseph might even then not have been won over to make Hungary a full partner in the Habsburg concern but for the passionate appeals, from Hungary, of his Empress Elisabeth - who did not love him, and who had been won over by the handsome Count Andrassy.

That is how Hungary looks to me when I contemplate our Europe, and I shall watch with great interest to see if, once again, Hungary is going to grow great and strong in Europe by such strange chances and devices, and whether, while that goes on, her peasants will continue to hunger vainly for the land, and her workers for social progress.

But I still have to make an honest man of myself about Hungary. I admired and respected Germany, though I think that the present rulers of Germany have an obsession of self-aggrandizement and self-commiseration, and lust for conquest and contempt for the rights of those weaker than themselves, which is going to bring inconceivable suffering to our Europe in my generation. I loved Austria, although I felt that the extermination, by Italian-inspired Fascism and the Roman Catholic Church, of the free Republic there in 1934 was one of the first of the crimes that have implacably, inevitably, led Europe to the edge of a very steep place.

So with Hungary. The guilt is not all on one side. Too much was taken from her, and some of it should have been given back years ago, but only as the price of an armour-plated and indestructible arrangement, which you then could have had, to confront any violent peacebreaker with overwhelming force. That much being said, it is equally true that her rulers, belonging to a small and exclusive class, have consistently pursued a policy that puts her at the side of those opposed to domestic progress and international peace.

But these processes are spread over many years, and in between there are so many days to be lived, and I know few countries where you can live them better than in Hungary. A man of my mind and generation, who sees all the ideals of humanity and social progress and freedom that a million Britishers died for being tossed contemptuously away as each day passes, can only be exasperated when he finds a country, socially backward, that still aspires to rule over freemen of other races, that still occasionally talks in terms of *Extra Hungariam non est vita* - 'Outside Hungary there is no life, or if there is a life, it is not like ours.'

But it is nevertheless true, as Macartney wrote, and I cannot better this phrase, that there is, and probably always was, a peculiar beauty and abundance in Hungary. I do not agree with him that it

'removed the temptation to wander'; I know too many Hungarians who long to wander. But the peculiar beauty and abundance are there. The abundance lies in the land, although it often does not yield the men who till and plough it enough to eat. The beauty lies in those Hungarian suns and skies, in those endless plains, as featureless as the ocean itself, in the charm that the people can so effortlessly exert, when they will.

These things are always with you, when you are in Hungary. The others do not so consistently obtrude themselves on you, especially if you are a foreigner; you have the good things of Hungary and do not feel the bad ones.

I was glad that I had, for a little while, lived in Hungary, and that I was able to see and feel and do so much in that short time. It was long enough to get the feel of the water. I did not find the people incessantly thinking about their frontiers, hating Czechs. They wanted the great landlords to be forced to relax their grip on the land, the Jews to be forced to relax their grip on the cities. They wanted to live as freemen. But their ruling class, while paying a little lip-service to these longings, actually did next to nothing about them, and once again sought to divert the thoughts and emotions of the people from these things by an incessant campaign about the injustice of the frontiers and the iniquities of the Czechs. Once again, the great game of politics between the big powers seemed likely to bring in its trail success for the ruling class in Hungary, at any rate for a time.

Meanwhile, I lived in that quiet and secluded corner, watched the great conflict from my sheltered alcove, enjoyed to the full my Hungarian days and nights. This was only a respite, I knew, a noontide rest upon the grass, in my eventful journey through Insanity Fair, but a pleasant one, that I shall never forget.

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## Chapter Eight

### END OF A BARON

I sat on a café terrace in Budapest and read one of those Jewish emigré publications in which you find a great deal of Inside Information about Germany, much of which I advise you to read with a cold and critical eye, and a certain amount of actual news which you will not find anywhere else. As I read a paragraph leaped out of the page at me:

#### BARON VON KETTELER'S BODY FOUND

A body recovered from the Danube at Hainburg has been identified as that of Baron von Ketteler, the secretary of Herr von Papen, who has been missing since the German annexation of Austria. After Herren Bose and Jung, he is the third of Papen's collaborators to have met a tragic end.

I put the paper down, and leaned back in my chair and thought, and looked back along the years.

I saw a young man, outwardly calm but with the hunted look of the fugitive at the back of his eyes, standing in the Bendlerstrasse on June 30th, 1934, the day of the great killing in Germany. I saw the same young man, now in relative safety but still with the same curious, veiled look in his eyes, receiving me at Papen's Embassy in Vienna, moving in evening dress among the guests at Papen's receptions.

He always seemed to be looking for something, always made me feel as if he kept his nerves in a strait-jacket. He always seemed to be expecting the touch on his shoulder. I saw him sitting behind a newspaper in Meissl and Schaden's in Vienna. I had a glimpse of a motor car passing mine in the Kärntnerstrasse, and of Ketteler sitting in it.

Then I saw another picture - Hainburg, one of the many Danubian towns that I love. There I had sat, in a vine-clad courtyard, and drunk wine with my good friend, while strolling musicians played Austrian songs and through the open gateway I could see the Danube flowing past. There I had seen the relay runners bringing the torch that was lit at Olympia to Hitler's Olympiad in Berlin, and the Nazi demonstrations that I saw then first convinced me that the end of Austria was coming soon. I often went out to Hainburg on summer evenings, from Vienna. It lay at the gates of Czechoslovakia and Hungary and was picturesque. The Danube was lovely there. I liked the wine gardens.

Not quite four years, Ketteler's race had run, from that day in 1934. For nearly four years he had been travelling with the baying of the wolves behind him, looking over his shoulder for them. Now he had been pulled out of the Danube, at Hainburg.

A curious thing. I had hardly known this man, personally, and he had hardly known me, and yet for four years I had followed his fate with keen interest, understood what was passing in his mind, watched him as you might watch the electric hare, with the greyhounds straining after it.

It all began on that red day, June 30th, 1934, when Hitler had his bosom companion Röhm, and dozens of the Brown Army commanders, and General von Schleicher and his wife, and the Catholic leaders, and the reactionaries associated with von Papen, all put to death. In *Insanity Fair* I told how I drove past the Bendlerstrasse on that day and saw a friend, a Spanish Catholic journalist, talking on the pavement to a young man I recognized, a young diplomat who was a collaborator with Papen, how my Spanish friend came and told me that Bose and Jung had been shot and asked if I could take and hide the young man he was talking to.



My interest in Ketteler, the other man on the pavement, began that day. He was a member of Papen's 'Brain Trust', a group of brilliant young men whom he had gathered about him and who were all, save possibly one, a thought too brilliant, for they put all their money on Papen.

They devised those tortuous schemes, those fantastically ingenious intrigues, to bring Papen back to power which eventually gave Germany to Hitler, which later cost three of them their lives and brought Papen near to losing his. They, when Schleicher had overthrown his own protégé Papen and taken the Chancellorship on himself, worked for the revenge that is sweet and brought about the reconciliation between Hitler and Papen, in order to overthrow the traitor Schleicher; but their calculation, that Hitler would remain the prisoner of the President von Hindenburg and his Vice-Chancellor von Papen, miscarried.

They, when Hitler was hesitating whether to take office on these terms and risk disaster, prodded him to the decision by telephoning to a British newspaper correspondent that the villain Schleicher was again secretly negotiating with the other villain Gregor Strasser, Hitler's discredited chief lieutenant, who had earlier thought to split the National Socialist Party and lead half of it into a Schleicher-Strasser coalition. They advised the British newspaper correspondent to telephone to X, one of Hitler's closest confidants, and ask him if he had heard of this report, so that X on the telephone roared, 'WHAT? Hold on a minute', and then went away, and came back a minute later and said, 'The Führer thanks you', and that, if it had not already been prepared, was the death warrant of Kurt von Schleicher and Gregor Strasser.

They, sixteen months later, in May 1934, thought that the exasperated Army was about to turn on that band of loud and swaggering interlopers, the Brown Army, and rend them, and that was why they put Papen up to make that speech at Marburg on June 17th attacking the Brown Army commanders and the extremer spirits of the National Socialist Party, that speech calling for the removal of 'the wrong men who have been put in the wrong places'.

They thought that the Brown Party and its army were about to be crushed, and that Papen would be the next Chancellor. They expected to play the part of *der lachende Dritte*, the smart and smiling guy who stands aside until the free-fighters have wrecked the saloon and then steps in and clears the till. They were too clever. Hitler appeased the army by killing off the most objectionable Storm Troop commanders, but he struck at the same time at those who thought they were going to step into his shoes.

A bad day for the Brain Trust. Jung was taken from his dwelling and shot. Ketteler escaped across the frontier and, when the barely-escaped Papen a month later was made Minister in Vienna as 'a gesture of conciliation', much praised by the confiding outer world, he joined his chief there. Count Z was taken and had his head shorn and thought he was going to be shot, but they let him go, and he disappeared to some distant foreign clime. Bose was shot in his office in Papen's ministry.

Ulrichson - let us call him - heard the shots, put on his coat and withdrew to his ante-room, where he sat, hat in hand. SS men came in with revolvers in their hands and asked the old janitor, at his desk in the corner, 'Where's Ulrichson?' 'I don't know,' he said woodenly. 'I haven't seen him.' They turned to Ulrichson. 'What do you want here?' they said. 'I'm waiting for Herr Ulrichson,' he said, 'but I seem to have come on a bad day.' They went. Ulrichson went down the stairs. At the entrance SS men, with levelled revolvers, stopped him. 'This is the end' he thought. Behind him, down the stairs, came the first SS men. They looked at him and said, 'He's all right, he can go.' Ulrichson walked out into the sunny Wilhelmstrasse. A few days later, smoking a fat cigar, he walked across the Czechoslovak frontier in a misty dawn.

Not quite four years, I thought, as I looked unseeingly at the Andrassy Ut, and now they had caught up with Ketteler. Another ant crushed by the machine, that was devouring more and more lives every year as it moved, faster and faster, to its final orgy.

I had spoken to him twice, in Vienna, at receptions, just a few words. He never showed that he remembered me, never referred to that request that was made to me on his behalf on June 30th, 1934, to shelter him under my roof. Yet the circumstances in which I had first looked at him with an especial interest caused my thoughts even now to quicken whenever I saw him.

An inexplicable young man, moving doggedly, and yet with that hunted look in his eyes, to his doom. And why? This was the question that puzzled me and caused me to think about him so much. What loves, what loyalties, what convictions, what motives of self-interest prompted him? It was a question without an answer.

For Ketteler, now prompting his chief Papen in Vienna as he had done in Berlin, had not made his peace with the avengers who had been after him since June 30th, 1934.

I knew another German who had also fled to Vienna at that time, we'll call him Dettlevsohn, a good friend of Ketteler's, and he, in the course of the years, had somehow managed to reinstate himself. Now he no longer feared the advent of Hitler.

With this man I lunched the day after Schuschnigg had paid his fateful visit to Hitler at Berchtesgaden. The day when he agreed to hand over the Austrian police to Hitler's nominee, the day when the fate of Austria was sealed.

We lunched in the Italian restaurant in the Neuer Markt and it was part of my craft on such occasions to warm the innards and loosen the tongues of my guests with wine. Conversation is a flower that blooms best in a wine-wetted soil. The reluctant petals readily unfold and disclose within the honeyed secrets that the bee-journalist seeks. This harmless little device is not only used by those who write. Past masters in its employment, in my experience, are British military attachés in foreign countries. As the evening wears on, and the glasses fill and empty, fill and empty, nothing more than a rosebud flush mantles those well-shaven cheeks, nothing more than a certain fixity of the glance creeps into those genial blue eyes. Articulation remains perfect, bearing unconstrained, and when the evening ends and the other man is under the table or thereabouts you feel that a retentive mind has held a true impression of all that has been said, ready for transfer the next morning, in compressed form, to a diary.

On this day my plans went astray. I plied and plied my German with brandy and all went well up to a point; that is, he unfolded and we talked with complete frankness of the things that interested us, and I confirmed the view I had already formed two days before, that the end of Austria was at hand. But then I suddenly made an alarming discovery. I, and not my guest, was drunk, and drunker than I had ever been. I had sacrificed myself in the cause of duty. I had overdone it.

I do not know to this day how it happened. I had been working at enormous pressure, day and night, tearing round the town from government department to legation and from newspaper office to coffee house, and writing long dispatches, and snatching hurried meals, and racing against time betweenwhiles, sometimes until the dawn broke, to get a book finished that events were already overtaking, and all this under great nervous strain, and now, for once, I had overtaxed the engine.

Anyway, there I was, at five o'clock in the afternoon, with the evening's work ahead of me, completely out of control. I stepped out into the February air, which gave me the finishing touch, and found a high sea running in the Neuer Markt, so that the houses rose and fell and swivelled

round and I wondered desperately how I should get home, only to find the next moment, to my surprise, that I was on my landing, with the door in front of my nose, trying to find the keyhole, and then, by some miracle, I had all my clothes off and was lying in a bath full of ice-cold water thinking 'I must get my head clear, what day is this, is it night or morning, what was it that I was going to write about?' and fixedly resolved, for some mysterious reason, at all costs to go to the British Legation, and I did later arrive there and ask some questions and about eight o'clock I was back in my rooms with the keys of the typewriter swimming before me so that I missed them repeatedly and tapped away on the table and then I was in another room trying to read what I had written into the telephone in a voice full of swishing sounds, like the sea breaking on the shore.

Believe it or not, that dispatch was one of the best I ever wrote. In those uncharted moments, soaring on wine-dark clouds, I cast away most of the 'ifs' and 'buts' and 'well-informed circles incline to conjecture that' and 'in quarters where things are believed it is believed' and other lifebelts of contemporary journalism and wrote clearly and concisely what I believed. I wrote 'Austria is finished' and somehow the sub-editor at the other end let it through and it brought me three leading articles full of grave reproof from the Catholic *Reichspost*, which had another month to live before it was stripped of its black coat and forced into a brown one.

But the interesting thing about all this is that the next morning I had a perfectly clear impression of all that we had said in the Italian restaurant, and particularly remembered my German's references to Ketteler. Ketteler was in a bad fix, he said, and the evening before, when they had met, he had broken down completely, tough though he was. They were after him and now that the end of Austria was at hand they would get him. 'But why doesn't he clear out now?' I asked. No, Ketteler was tough and would stay.

In the weeks that followed, the picture of this man, whom I hardly knew, was always in my mind. I felt what he was feeling. I was working harder than I had ever worked, yet the thought of him recurred and recurred. The thing was a complete puzzle to me because I knew that Ketteler, the last of the Brain Trust, had helped to concoct that scheme, for luring Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden, which helped Hitler to his greatest success, up to that time, the bloodless capture of Austria. A friendly talk with Hitler, the amicable elimination of misunderstandings in a fireside chat at his comfortable Bavarian chalet: that was the picture that Papen dangled before Schuschnigg. Only in the train on the way there did Papen tell him that the generals and air marshals would be there behind Hitler, only when he got to Berchtesgaden did he discover that he was to be confronted with the threat of invasion.

The idea in Papen's and Ketteler's minds was the rehabilitation of Papen through this great coup, of Papen who had been coldly and summarily dismissed from his Ambassadorship a week before. Now the coup was about to succeed. Papen ought to be able to count on rehabilitation, I thought.<sup>[1]</sup> So should Ketteler. What was Ketteler afraid of. Why had he worked for this thing if he knew that it would cost him his life?

In the stormy month that followed I thought continually of Ketteler with the net closing around him. On Saturday, March 12th, when the German troops were already in Austria, Himmler and his secret police already in Vienna, Dettlevsohn telephoned to me. He was no longer the humble refugee of 1934, 1935 and 1936. He had made his peace with the Gestapo, was safe, and was already much broader round the chest. He was already tasting with gusto the sweetness of being a German in this age of Germany's might regained, when the world was quailing before Germany's arms once more.

'Well, how do you feel now?' he asked, and already the ring of the boaster was in that friendly voice. 'Fit, thanks,' I said, 'and, by the way, how is Ketteler feeling?' 'Ah, that's another story,' said Ketteler's bosom friend, and rang off.

The hours and days that followed were so filled with the howling of crowds, the roar of aeroplanes, the thunder of mechanized armies, the rush of events, that you would expect my mind to have been full of them to the exclusion of all else. Yet even in those days I thought repeatedly of Ketteler, the mystery of the little part he had played in this stupendous drama, the mystery of his fear, that lurked always at the back of his eyes, tough as he was said to be, and indeed seemed to be, for he had stayed and faced the wolves. Was he hiding somewhere? Had he escaped? Had they got him in prison, in a concentration camp?

I often asked myself these questions, when I was in Switzerland, in England, now that I was again in Central Europe.

Here, in the Andrassy Ut, I found the answer. The scene around me dissolved. I saw Hainburg, that pleasant garden, the Danube flowing by.

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## Chapter Nine

### HUNGARIAN IDYLL

We drove out of Budapest on a sunny Sunday in the early morning and followed the road to Belgrade for a while and then turned off and travelled between the rich nurseries of the Bulgarian gardeners, through a German and then through a Serbian village, deep into the heart of the Hungarian countryside until we came to, let us say, Dunapatay.

Janos and his wife Ilka were excited, because they hadn't been home for a long time and they looked forward to seeing their people, Janos's parents and Ilka's in-laws, and the little farm they hoped to inherit one day, only that Janos's mother, who rather disapproved of Ilka, seemed at seventy-five likely to live to be a hundred and Janos's grandmother, who was already ninety-nine and bedridden had been declared by the doctor to be good for another ten years, so that this business of inheritance moved slowly, and meanwhile Janos and Ilka lived frugally in Budapest and thought longingly of that little farm.

After an hour we turned off the rough road into a still rougher one, and drove for a few minutes through tall kukuruz fields, and then the view opened out again and there, remote and peaceful, was Dunapatay, with Janos's father waiting at the entrance to the village for the approaching cloud of dust that would bring his son with it. They seldom saw a motor car in Dunapatay and when I turned into the little farmyard, with the buildings standing round it, the village lads and girls came in afterwards and looked at it and touched it, and opened the door and sat in it, and when I began to take small parties for trips round the village there was great excitement and one octogenarian lady sprang in like a kitten and thoroughly enjoyed herself.

A great day. A wonderful tranquillity reigned in that farmyard, with the geese clucking about in one corner and the pigs snuffling in another and a patch of grass under an acacia tree where there was a table and wine. In the kitchen Janos's mother, who from behind looked like a girl of eighteen, so trim was her figure, so youthful her gait, prepared the midday meal, with the help of three or four other women, near or distant relatives, who had been pressed into service for the great occasion. The whole village was related, and cousins and uncles and nephews and aunts, all forewarned of the visit, kept coming in and drinking my health, and I theirs, until I realized that a test of my endurance lay before me.

I was glad to sit there at peace with the world and be proudly shown off and warm myself in the sun and drink that home-made wine, which we fetched from the cellar, with lust and gusto. Janos's father was not wearing so well as Janos's mother, and mortgages and foot-and-mouth disease and heavy labour were clouding his old age, but now he warmed up with the sun and the wine and his pleasure at seeing Janos and in having a guest, and when Ilka, a born tyrant, told him he ought not to drink so much wine, it only brought on those griping pains, he told her roundly to be still, to drink water gave him a frog in the stomach and he would drink wine as long as he lived and when he could no longer drink it he didn't want to live. Then he went and looked at the car, inspecting it with curiosity, chuckled, sat down on the grass and said this was a good day, he only wished his father were there to enjoy it.

I studied Ilka with much interest in these surroundings. She did not belong to this village, she was a German girl from one of the German settlements near Belgrade, and Janos had met her somewhere and married her, his second wife, and brought her home to his father's farm, which he waited to inherit.

But he had caught a tartar. In Budapest Ilka was a very humble person whom you would never have noticed. But in this village she was important. She spoke three languages, German, Serbian and Hungarian. Nobody else could speak anything but Hungarian, save the one Jew; he and Ilka could talk together without anybody else understanding what they said. She had seen the world, she knew Belgrade and Budapest. She soon felt herself powerful and important. She would be the queen of this little community.

But Janos's mother, though she had never been outside Dunapatay and spoke only Hungarian, was a woman of character. She thought Ilka a humbug, not a real peasant at all, and indeed she wasn't, for some strange reason, although she had been born and bred in a village: she was a typical town product. Janos's mother was determined to be mistress in her own household as long as she lived. That was why Ilka and Janos were living in Budapest.

Now I saw how swiftly Ilka, that working girl whom you would never have noticed in Budapest, put her spell on the women of this remote village. In deference to a tart remark of her mother-in-law she did bind a kerchief round her bare head. But she did not belong.

The midday meal was ready. With great ceremony we went into the house, into the cool room with the great open hearth and chimney that the hams used to be smoked in. But now they didn't use that splendid chimney any more. They had had a cheap iron stove put in. The factory-age has stamped its ugly and ruthless imprint on the remotest cot and hamlet in Hungary.

In the guest room stood the guest beds, piled high with mattresses and pillows. On the walls were photographs of Janos as a boy, Janos as a soldier, Janos as a young farmer, Janos at his wedding - his first wedding, but the figure of his bride, that wanton who had sullied Janos's good name and still lived somewhere in the village, had been scratched out, even to the hand on his arm, so that his arm seemed to have a hole below the elbow.

The meal began, served to the menfolk and to Ilka by Janos's mother and her host of helpers. That meal! My buttons protest when I think of it. First came soup, of which I partook amply, and then some stewed meat with potatoes, of which I also took my full share, for I thought this was the end and was hungry. But then plates full of roast chicken appeared, and the worst offence you could give was not to eat, so I had a good deal of that too, and they were followed by plates full of baked chicken, and after that an enormous apple tart, and I could only keep up at all by drinking lashings of wine and the room swam round me. That was followed by a large chocolate cake, Ilka's gift, brought from Budapest, a thing that brought all the women hurrying into the room, for stewed meat and chicken and apple tart were things they knew, but a town-made chocolate cake was a thing they tasted only once in six months, if then, and they ate it with zest and licking of the fingers. Ah, that was good.

Then I was shown the bedroom, with its three beds and I looked casually round and then had a shock for somebody was in one of them. 'Who's that?' I asked Ilka. 'Oh, that's the old one,' she answered, and went over to her and bent down and spoke loudly, and the figure stirred and laboured over and looked vacantly up and said something in a voice like that of a young child. It was the grandmother, ninety-nine years old and good for another ten, the doctor said.

Until she was ninety-seven she had done her daily chores. For two years she had been lying there. Her wits were failing her and she could not hold a spoon, so that her daughter had to feed her, but in wind and limb, the doctor said, she was as sound as a bell.

Now her daughter brought her a piece of that chocolate cake and fed it to her. That she could still understand. She ate it avidly. Afterwards she said, 'That's good, you can eat that.'

So even at ninety-nine, when your mind is clouded and you lie all day and all night in bed, and wake when the others are sleeping and complain fretfully about something, you know not what, in the darkness, even then there is still something you want, something that warms you, something that pleases you, I thought. Sweetmeats. And she was going to lie there ten more years like that, I thought, with nothing to live for but, at intervals of many months, a piece of chocolate cake. Perhaps, before she died, another world war would come and go. Its echoes would not reach to Dunapatay, at all events not to this room, with the old woman in the bed in the corner. If they told her about it she would not understand. But she would, until the last of those 3652 days understand chocolate cake.

When we sat again outside, at the table under the acacia tree, and drank more wine, my thoughts returned continually to her, in that chill room.

The evening came and we rose and went out through the village to the little inn, where there was music and dancing. Istvan, one of Janos's many cousins, came with us. In the course of the afternoon he had come into the farmyard, lifted his hat, bowed to me and smiled with a flash of white teeth. He attracted me at once. He was a man of about forty, but with the figure of a youth, plentiful white hair, a brown face, perfect teeth, an eager, friendly smile. He talked to me in Hungarian, I to him in German, neither of us understood the other, but we laughed and toasted each other, he was of those men whom you instinctively trust and like. I noticed that every time we drank, and I took a full-sized pull, he only sipped, and put his glass down. His wife was among those helpers in the kitchen, and I thought I noticed her eye on him. Perhaps that was why? Something had come loose in my car; smiling he went running off for tools, came back and mended it.

A thing that I noticed without thinking was that he had a curious fixed stare. He had fine grey eyes, but kept them wide open and seldom blinked, fixed them on you with a gaze full of fiddleness but strangely rigid.

We came to the open common land at the end of the village. It was twilight, and here was a picture like an old coloured print of England. A wide green expanse, with cows in the distance, poplars and elms against the evening sky, rooks tumbling round them, and in the middle a little inn, with lights and the sound of music. We went in. The young men sat all at one side, the girls at the other, all in cheap frocks that became them ill. Among them was a group of girls who had come in from the Serbian village, and the Hungarian girls kept apart from them and looked askance when the Hungarian lads asked them to dance.

The band struck up, the lads and girls stood up and danced the Czardas, drumming the feet, tilting the shoulders, faster and faster, the girls' hands on the men's shoulders, the men's hands on the girls' hips. I sat with Istvan and talked with him, through Ilka. Yes, he thought a new war was coming, but he would not go this time, he had had enough in the last one. And as for Hungary, the whole trouble was that the Kaiser was gone. The Kaiser must come back, then the good times would return and all would be well.

Alas, poor Istvan, I thought, anyone can see that you live at the back of beyond. There will be no Kaiser in your time.

The evening grew late, and I had to get back to Budapest. We rose and went out and my flagging spirit nearly failed when I found that before I started for home I had to pay a round of return visits to all those relatives who had called to be presented to me in the afternoon. Through the dark lanes we went and turned in at a house here, a house there, and in each one there was the obligatory table round, the menfolk sitting at the table, the womenfolk standing dutifully in the background, the

wine, the cold meat, the wine, the cold chicken, and the wine. I must have drunk between three and four litres of wine that day and went from strength to strength.

The last house was Istvan's. Again I drank with him, again he only sipped, while his wife stood in the background. I expressed interest in his wartime souvenirs, particularly some plates with the pictures of Kaiser Wilhelm and Kaiser Francis Joseph printed on them. Immediately he gave me two and would not be denied. His wife gave me a lovely old brocaded kerchief and would also not be denied; I certainly knew somebody who would care for it, she said, and they all laughed. For fear I should thirst on the homeward way Istvan gave me a bottle of wine to take with me.

I went and fetched my car, said good-bye to Janos's father and mother, promised to come again, Janos and Ilka climbed in and we started for Budapest. A marvellous day.

As we drove through the village the moon was up. At Istvan's house a figure stood in the garden waving, there was a flash of teeth. He had been waiting there to see the last of us. We waved back and I settled into my seat for the run to Budapest.

I thought a good deal, on the way, about the people I had been with. For the first time I had found real Hungarians, the people who ploughed and tilled this fertile land, and how good they had been to me. Particularly Istvan. He was a sympathetic and gallant looking fellow, and I was rather moved that he should wait in the garden to wave good-bye to a stranger. I often thought of him and the hard life he had, to wring a modest living from his few acres there in Dunapatay.

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## Chapter Ten

### SWASTIKA OVER HUNGARY

On August 20th, 1938, I stood on the hill in Budapest and watched the Regent, Admiral Horthy, lead the historic procession, bearing what is alleged to be the right hand of St. Stephen, to the Coronation Church. On August 20th, 1038, Saint Stephen died. He was that first crowned King of Hungary who received the title of King from the Pope himself, together with the Holy Crown which the crowds, in this anniversary year, had been flocking to see in the Palace at Budapest. In that Crown the whole tradition and ancient claim of Hungary, so long overrun by the Turks, so long ruled by the Habsburgs, to be an independent kingdom were vested.

Hungary, the land of St. Stephen's Crown, is a Crowndom rather than a Kingdom; that, at any rate, is the theory which the Hungarians expounded to you, and you always wondered, privately, just how far they believed in it.

Nevertheless, that Holy Crown, with the crooked cross atop of it, with the two venerable Hungarian noblemen who are its Keepers, with its own special Bodyguard, in gorgeous uniforms, is a bauble of some interest, as it lies in its special strongroom in the Royal Palace at Budapest, and if half the things that are told about it are true it must be one of the most famous jewels in the world, so I had better give you a brief account of its adventures.

The Holy Crown - not quite this crown, but half of it - was given to Stephen's emissaries in the year 1000 by Pope Sylvester II. When King Stephen died it lay, on his head, in his sarcophagus for forty-five years, and was then taken out again. King Bela fled with it before the Turks to Dalmatia. Only those crowned with it at Székesfehérvár by the Archbishop of Esztergom, Primate of Hungary, were rightful Kings of Hungary, and as kings are sticklers for the law, and liked to stand well with the Pope, this led to fierce competition for it.

Good King Wenceslas wore it, and took it to Prague, but, despairing of obtaining recognition for his claim, he sent it to his cousin Otto of Bavaria, who came riding down from Vienna, with the Holy Crown in a wooden casket fastened to his saddle to claim his Hungarian throne, only to find, when half-way, that he had lost it; riding back in haste, he found it in the mud at Fischamend, where on summer's evenings, when I was in Vienna, I used to drive out to eat fish suppers in the little inn by the Danube, with its leafy and flowery courtyard, and very good they were.

A bold and bad Transylvanian baron, Apor, king-maker by inclination, captured Otto and took the crown from him. The result was that the Pope's candidate for the Hungarian throne, Charles of Anjou, though he was crowned three times, was not accepted by the Magyars. Not even a Papal anathema on the stolen crown could shake their reverence for it, and ultimately a Papal Legate had to go to Transylvania and induce Apor, somehow, to give it up, so that Charles could be crowned a fourth and last time and made an honest king. Next Elisabeth, Queen of the first Habsburg King Albert, stole it to make sure that her newborn son, and not a rival Polish prince, should be crowned King of Hungary, as he duly was, whereafter his mother took the crown to Vienna.

When the Turks crushed the Hungarians at Mohács the Crown remained safely in the fortress at Vishegrád, about thirty miles from Budapest on the Danube, and was even shown to the Sultan when he came down from his bivouac near Buda to see it; in jocular mood he tried it on the head of some of his attendant pashas.

After many adventures in succeeding centuries Francis Joseph came to the throne in Vienna and was refused recognition by the Hungarian Government of Louis Kossuth, whereon Austria called Russia to her help and attacked Hungary and the crown was removed and buried in a wood near Orsova. Several years passed before Baron Kempen, Chief of Police in Vienna, found a man who knew where the crown was buried and was willing for a price to tell. Kempen's emissary met him in Trafalgar Square, paid the money and returned triumphant to Vienna. The crown was disinterred, and after Austria had been defeated by Prussia in 1866, Francis Joseph, urged on by his unloving Empress Elisabeth, who had fallen in love either with Hungary or with a Hungarian, made terms with Hungary and came to Budapest to be crowned with it. In 1919 came the Bolshevist regime of Béla Kun and an advertisement offering the crown for sale cheap was inserted in a German newspaper.

To-day you see the Holy Crown, in image, everywhere in Hungary - on the Royal Palace, on the coins, on the postage stamps, on the letter boxes, on uniform buttons and badges, everywhere. It is not to-day as it was when it was sent to Saint Stephen by Pope Sylvester. The lower part, they say, is a coronet sent by the Greek Emperor Michael Dukas to King Géza I, and the Holy Crown, which had suffered in the burial of Saint Stephen, was altered and superimposed in cupola shape on this. A golden cross was fixed on top of it, like that which surmounts many a cathedral dome, and this, apparently from faulty workmanship, later became loose and crooked. By last century, when none remembered ever to have seen it straight, it was fixed so. Thus are traditions born, and Hungary became the Kingdom of the Crown with the Crooked Cross.

This gives you a broad idea of the involved theory of Hungarian kingship. The Holy Crown, which has gone through so many adventures since Pope Sylvester sent it from Rome, has a mystical status superior to that of its wearer. The territory of the Hungarian Kingdom is formed by 'the lands of the Holy Crown'. The lands belong to the crown. The crown is more than the King.

It is fortunate that this should be so, because the wearer of the crown has sometimes been pretty roughly handled. The last wearer, that unhappy Emperor Charles who succeeded to the venerable Francis Joseph during the Great War and whose son Otto is the present claimant, was twice chased out of Hungary by the present Regent, Admiral Horthy, when he tried to return, and soon after died on the island of Madeira, whither he had been removed by the British Navy.

On that August morning, the nine hundredth anniversary of the death of King Stephen, the founder of the Hungarian Kingdom, I thought of these things as I watched Admiral Horthy and tried to sort out the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle. A Kingdom without a King, and little prospect of receiving one! A Holy Crown without a wearer. A Regent without a reason. An Admiral without a navy. It was all very difficult to understand. But in Insanity Fair not inappropriate.

I studied Horthy Miklós as he passed before me. Here was another of those remarkable men who, on the stage of our contemporary Europe, play so many parts. A Hungarian aristocrat, brought up on the broad Hungarian plain. Naval cadet at Fiume, on the blue Adriatic. Naval officer, world cruises, a command at Constantinople in the days when the sick man on the Bosphorus lay dying. Naval aide-de-camp at Schönbrunn to his Emperor Francis Joseph, whose successor he was to expel by force of arms from Hungary. Naval battles in the war. Last Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Navy. Embittered retirement, during the Károlyi and Béla Kun regimes, to his Hungarian estate. Entry into Budapest, at the head of the national forces, after the Rumanians had driven the Bolshevists out. Regent of Hungary.

And now, here he was, passing before me. Only a few months before, I had seen him in the old Imperial box of the Vienna Opera between Schuschnigg and Miklas. Now Schuschnigg was a prisoner, and Horthy's Austria, where he had seen such great events, was no more. On the evening

of this very day, the nine hundredth anniversary of King Stephen's death, he was due to leave on a State visit to the new arbiter of Hungary's destiny, Adolf Hitler, together with his Prime and Foreign Ministers, Béla de Imrédy and Coloman Kánya de Kánya.

I studied them, too. These three men were trying to do what Hindenburg and Papen had tried to do and failed in Germany, what Miklas and Schuschnigg had tried to do and failed in Austria, what Benesh and Hodza were trying and would fail to do in Czechoslovakia - to keep their country independent of Hitler in its foreign affairs and to repress Hungarian National Socialism, to retain power for the traditional governing classes. Would they succeed?

Imrédy was bald, thin, hatchet-faced. His admirers said he looked like Savonarola, the Nazis said he looked like a Jesuit. He was a devout Catholic, he had won many decorations in the war and was entitled to call himself *vitez*, or hero. His name, Imrédy, was the Magyarized form of Heinrich, which indicated Germanic origins. A curious trio: Horthy Hungarian and Protestant, Imrédy Germanic and Catholic, Kánya of mixed breeding and agnostic. Imrédy had been a successful banker and Finance Minister and early in 1938, when the annexation of Austria showed that National Socialism was at the door of Hungary, he had been called in as the last hope of the anti-Nazis.

Kánya, too, was an interesting figure to study. A wary, wily and aged diplomat, seasoned in the Ballhausplatz at Vienna before the war, in the period of tortuous Balkan intrigues and Balkan crises that led up to the Great War. He had been in the Press Department of the Vienna Foreign Office when that bloodcurdling story was put out, that afterwards proved to be untrue, about the Austrian Consul who had been castrated by the brutal Serbs. From the Legation in Mexico he had watched the collapse of the Empire he had served. As Hungarian Minister in Berlin he watched, from 1925 until 1933, the rise of Hitler and the re-entry of Germany, with steaming nostrils, into the European bull ring. Now he was Hungarian Foreign Minister. Silver hair. Wary eyes in a wrinkled brown face. Tightly clamped lips. The largest ears I ever saw on a man, but lying back close to his head, not protruding handle-like.

These three men, about to go to Germany, were the last hope of the monarchist aristocrats, the Catholics, the Jews, and any others in Hungary who dreaded the advent of National Socialism in any form. Would they succeed in their task? I asked myself, as I watched them on that August day. After the things I had seen in Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, I thought not.

When I went to Hungary, in June 1938, I had immediately noticed a vast change in the atmosphere. The air felt quite different. I had last been there in the preceding January, when Schuschnigg was there, the Roman Entente of Austria, Hungary and Italy was still in existence.

Since then Austria had been-annexed. Budapest looked just the same, to the casual visitor. But for me, who have a sensitive skin nowadays for political temperatures, all was different. I felt, in the air, the same suspense, the same foreboding, the same nervous expectation, compounded of hopes and fears, that I remembered in Vienna before the annexation.

The feeling of the air in Prague was quite different. There, too, was suspense, but without fear. The people knew that an ordeal was coming, but thought it was to be ordeal by fire, and were not afraid of it. In Budapest people knew intuitively that a change was coming in Czechoslovakia and that any change there meant changes in Hungary, but they could not foresee what these changes would be, or how quickly they would come; one part of the population hoped against hope that they would yet be avoided, the other part dreaded that they would not come; and thus you had, once more, that indescribable feeling, the chill that is thrown by the shadow of clouded coming events.

The annexation of Austria, and the appearance of German armies at the Hungarian frontier overnight, but an hour or two distant from Budapest, had sent an electric shock through the country and put the Jews in Budapest almost in panic. Now, in the summer, they were calmer again. Imrédy, they told themselves, was using a firm hand. The leader of the 'Hungarists' (the Hungarian National Socialists), Major Franz Szálási, was in prison with a three-year sentence before him, noisy demonstrations in the streets had been checked, perhaps all would yet be well.

For my part, I doubted it. Imrédy was trying to do just what Papen and Schuschnigg had tried to do - to take the wind out of the Hungarists' sails by doing a little of the things they demanded. The method had failed elsewhere and, with a new German success impending in Czechoslovakia, I could not believe that it would succeed here. Under the surface there was, I found, a very strong body of Hungarist feeling; was it conceivable that Germany, riding on the crest of a wave of success, would fail to foster it when she thought the moment ripe?

The Hungarists were campaigning among the people with three main cries: land for the landless peasant; out with the Jews and Jesuits; collaboration with Germany and Italy to recover Hungary's lost lands. These made great appeal in a country where the peasant is so poor and so much of the land held by the nobles and the Church, where the urban workman is so badly paid and the social services so backward, where the Jews are so numerous and so wealthy, where the real ruler, in large tracts of the countryside, is the gendarme with his heavy hand.

Would the Hungarists, if they achieved power, really take land from the great estate-owners and give it to the peasants? That was a question. The same thing had been promised in the parent country of National Socialism, but not carried out after the attainment of power. But the Hungarian peasant, if he knew that, did not bother about it; he was poor and landless and desperate and ready to grasp at any straw of hope.

The thing that surprised me was that many of the more extreme men of this mind were ready to think, not only in terms of Hungarian National Socialism in Hungary, but in terms of Hitler in Hungary, and this made me a little sceptical about the mystical power of St. Stephen's Holy Crown.

Had the national spirit of the Hungarians been watered down by cross-breeding and poverty to the point where masses of the people were indifferent about 'Hungary's independence', where all the talk about 'the thousand-year-old Kingdom of St. Stephen's Crown' was just a cliché of the better-to-do few, devoted to the God-of-things-as-they-are?

It almost looked like that. I found that large numbers of people wished for nothing better than for Hungary to go hand-in-hand with Germany in international affairs and to run her domestic household on the National Socialist system, and the more impatient ones simply clamoured for 'Hitler to come here and clean things up', by which they meant to put them in power and drive out the Jews.

They derided the minor cleaning-up measures which Imrédy took. His Bill to restrict the Jewish share in all business undertakings and in the professions to twenty per cent of the whole they dismissed as a bluff, prepared in concert with the Jews to delude the public into thinking that Jewish influence was to be restricted whereas in reality nothing would be done, and indeed the visible effects of this measure were hard to perceive, the visible preponderance of the Jews in Budapest remaining what it had been. With the same derision they received the announcement of land reform measures which, on paper, looked drastic; 'land for the landless', they said, had been promised times without number and nothing was ever done, nothing ever would be done until this reactionary, clerical, Jewish regime was removed.

It was extraordinary to me, who had watched National Socialism triumph in Germany and Austria and move to its triumph in the Sudeten-German lands now, to watch it at work among people of another blood and to find that not a word or a phrase had been altered. The barrier of racial independence, which I had expected to find, was not there. The Hungarists said the same things, word for word, as the Nazis in Germany, in Austria and in Bohemia. When I listened to their leaders I might have been listening to Hitler in 1930, to Seyss-Inquart in 1937, to Henlein in 1938. They threatened the same kind of vengeance on their opponents - 'We'll have them cleaning the streets yet'. Their badges and flags were almost copies of the Nazi emblems, their programme and organization were completely attuned to those of German National Socialism, their leaders from time to time visited Germany, were honoured guests at the annual Nazi Rally at Nuremberg.

These Hungarists, sitting round a table, were friendly and smiling people, just as the Austrian Nazis had been, they did not bark or thump the table or go red in the face. But I formed the opinion that if Hungarism comes to full power in Hungary, there will be at the beginning a period of explosive violence and vengeance probably worse than those that Germany and Austria experienced.

To make the parallel with the development of German National Socialism complete, the Hungarists had their martyr, their imprisoned leader, Major Franz Szálási, whose incarceration they were honouring by self-imposed abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, with occasional lapses. He and they, like the German, Austrian and Sudeten-German Nazis, always declared that ultimate victory was as inevitable as the rising of the sun, that their oppressors only strengthened their cause by oppressing them, and that they would in due course pay for it.

Major Szálási, a former staff officer with two brothers serving as officers in the Hungarian army, always professes a mystic faith in his mission that recalls Hitler's oratory and after being sentenced for seeking to overthrow Parliament and 'the thousand-year-old Hungarian Constitution' and establish a dictatorship, replied, 'you say my ideas are confused and incomprehensible, but God created the world out of chaos', and on another occasion he said that the progress of mankind towards God was achieved by stages, and if a new stage could only be reached by bloodshed, then this blood would be spilt in the cause of God.

Major Szálási's imprisonment did not seriously hinder the work, which I found busily in progress, of organizing the Hungarists. His deputy, Koloman Hubay (Hubay is the Magyarized form of Hübner, so that M. Hubay seems also to be of Germanic origins) was efficiently taking his place.

They had another breezy young leader in Count Louis Szechenyi, a member of a famous aristocratic family who was spoken of with much contempt by most people of his own class in Budapest, possibly because they thought that he was acting against the interests of that class. I found him by no means unintelligent and he may play a part yet. But if he were my political opponent I should know just how to disarm him: I should collect several of the best gipsy violinists I could find in Hungary, and send them to him, with instructions to play continually to him, because when he has them before him, playing the tunes he loves, he passes out completely and politics mean nothing to him.

Wandering about Hungary in the summer of 1938 I came to the conclusion that great changes impended here too and that if Czechoslovakia should disintegrate without war, as I expected, the ultimate victory of German influence, if not of the Hungarists, would be certain. Another patch on the map of Europe would need to be coloured brown, another small state would become the vassal of Germany.

One fine day, when the fate of Czechoslovakia was in the melting-pot, Admiral Horthy, Béla de Imrédy and Coloman de Kánya all dashed off to Germany to see Hitler. They wanted to make sure

that, if the German lion were going to have a meal, the Hungarian mouse should be given some crumbs. At night, with the lights flickering on the hills around and a searchlight blazing a white trail down the landing-field, they came back, Imrédy and Kánya in the special aeroplane that Hitler had sent for them. He was already the master of Danubian Europe; if you wanted anything you went to him. The aeroplane landed smoothly, Imrédy and Kánya stepped out of it. I saw that they were smiling happily.

'Hitler's promised them something,' I thought.

On the landing-field was a man I knew, assistant editor of a Hungarian National Socialist newspaper. I happened to look at him now, as he eagerly pressed forward to listen to Imrédy's announcement about his visit to Hitler. I was to see him again, not long afterwards, in very different circumstances.

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## Chapter Eleven

### BLUE-FACED VENUS

A dismal Douglas Reed, the very wraith of a journalist, wandered about that peerless Danubian riverfront in Budapest. I love that vista of the Danube from the Gellert Hill, I love every inch of the river from the source to the mouth, including many inches that I seem unlikely to see again, but particularly I love that superb stretch where the Danube runs beneath graceful bridges between old Buda and new Pesth. I can watch it for hours, animated by the changing light, from that hill, and I love to travel on it in the little river-steamers, and let it revolve around me, so that it seems that I am waltzing and Budapest is my buxom partner. I would like to build a one-roomed cottage for myself in a certain spot that I know on the hill from where the view is best and I would like to have a window running round three sides of the room and there to live and write and write.

But I pined and was disconsolate in Budapest, for all that I loved it and would love to live there, for it was just off the news map and I longed to be in Prague and see the end of the tragedy that was being played there. True, the suspense that hung over Prague was just as heavy in Budapest, for German domination in Czechoslovakia meant German domination in Hungary, but it was a reflex and not a direct suspense, and I wanted to be in the centre of the drama, in Prague. So, on that sweltering summer day, I dragged forlornly about and wondered how I could take destiny by the ears and shape any future as I wanted it.

The bookshops were selling *Insanity Fair*, but as I passed by them, and paused to look at it in the windows, and re-read the reviewers' commendations on the cover, I felt somehow that it had nothing to do with me, that it must have been written by somebody else. I was getting letters about it, from all manner of people and places, but these communications seemed to me like voices from some remote world that I once had known, having no direct relationship with this dejected journalist who traped around Budapest and wanted to be in Prague.

It was blisteringly hot. I sat down at a café terrace facing the Danube, read the papers, drank my coffee, wiped my streaming forehead, and was bored. On the other side of the road people who came and went were stopping to lean over the railings and look at something in the river. I always go the other way when I see crowds looking at something, but I was bored. Listlessly I got up and went across.

The dead woman, tethered to the quayside like a boat, lay face downward in the water. She wore something green, an undergarment, and her swollen shoulders strained against the straps; she had been some time in the water. Black hair streamed about her head and the Danube as it passed rocked her at the end of the rope, so that her head lolled to and fro and knocked on the stones of the sloping quayside wall.

The river, that had taken her life, mocked her by giving movement to her stiff limbs. Her body, grotesquely sprawling, seemed to express the feelings with which she had gone into the water: despair and hopelessness and grief and impotence. A living woman, come to the end of her hopes and dreams, might have lain so and beat her head on the stones, oblivious of all around her. She seemed, in inconsolable sorrow, to be rocking herself to and fro, her head upon her outstretched arms.

Somebody had found her and made her fast to the quayside until the police and the mortuary car should come. Now she lay, a scrap of green in the sandy yellow Danube, that swept by in a broad and stately curve. A flaming sun hung over the city, burnishing the turrets of the Parliament

building as they stabbed the cloudless sky. The great royal palace, with St. Stephen's Crown atop of it and the inexplicably crooked cross atop of the crown, lay heavy in the heat on the heights of Buda, sleepy behind the lowered blinds of its unpeopled rooms.

The pleasure boats plied to and fro. The motor cars of the foreign tourists stood parked before the great hotel, each with a different number-plate - GB for England, F for France, D for Germany, CH for Switzerland, I for Italy. These pleasure-makers from near and far were splashing about in the baths, that outdid Caligula, behind the hotel.

To the right Mount Gellert climbed up to the fortress, and on its green slopes men were hosing the flowerbeds and lawns, so that flashing silver jets of spray rose and fell. Half-way up the hill was a chapel built in a grotto, a palace of mumbo-jumbo with cunningly contrived niches for illuminated saints and virgins, and from this came the sound of voices singing. On a projecting crag above it stood a great cross, sharply silhouetted against the sky. From where I stood I could see among the people in the chapel a very dirty beggar in a kind of monkish dress. He was always there, praying and praying, and when he knelt to pray you saw the blackened and gravelly soles of his bare feet.

On the edge of the quay, their legs dangling over the sloping wall, sat children. They had got there first and waited expectantly. Behind them stood young lads and girls, men and women, workmen, clerks, soldiers, officers. There was a policeman, his little shako set rakishly askew, his trousers tightish, his hands in white gloves, the sword of authority at his side. He looked at the woman at the end of the rope sternly, as who should say, 'Now then, you, what's all this 'ere about', but suffered the crowd to stand and gaze at her until the mortuary car should come.

Above, where the roadway ran, a second crowd of people, young and old, leaned on the railings and watched her as she lay, her head knocking on the stones, her haunches bobbing in and out of the water. Twenty yards from her a fisherman sat and intently watched his float, an old man with a battered brown hat, and braces suspending his ancient pants. His mind was given entirely to his fishing and he alone of all the people there did not turn his head to look at the drowned woman. Probably the sight had no interest for him; if he often fished at that spot he would have seen enough corpses fished out of the Danube.

In her lifetime the woman in the green slip, I thought, had never had so much attention bestowed on her. About two hundred people stood looking at her. In their tones I heard neither horror nor pity, and in their faces I saw no compassion, but only curiosity, and even something like contempt. Women said something to each other and smiled and chatted. A man near me made a jest and others laughed. What had he said?, I wondered. Perhaps that the woman was lucky to be dead, such jests come easily to the lips of men in crowds. Then came a man selling newspapers and he looked casually over the railings and said something facetious and others laughed, but one man turned angrily on him and objected loudly, and there was a noisy altercation with the two of them swearing at each other, and then he went away and everybody turned to look again at the woman in green, who went on bobbing about.

For fifteen minutes, for half an hour we watched, and from time to time the people craned over the railings to look upstream at the bridge and I guessed they were looking for the mortuary car. This was nothing new to them; they knew the direction whence it must come. Presently there was a stir and a pointing of fingers and a nodding of heads and I saw a black closed car come across the bridge, disappear, and then reappear beneath us, driving along the quayside wall.

Now the policeman, with his white gloves, bestirred himself and started moving the crowd, so that it split into two parts, drifted off right and left, and reassembled fifty yards away on either flank, and into the space thus cleared the mortuary car drove up and two men got out. They wore overalls



and the inevitable shako of State employment. One was young and talkative; the other old, with a bloated red face and the manner of a man whom nothing can disturb or hurry.

They gave a professional look at the woman at the foot of the steps, the kind of look a prizefighter runs over his opponent or a farmer over the cow he thinks to buy. In that cursory glance they sized her up, how long she had been in the water, how heavy she would be, and all the rest that they needed to know. Then they turned their backs on her and lit cigarettes and chatted to the policeman and the driver, and the woman in the water seemed to go on lamenting and the crowd watched.

For another fifteen minutes she jiggled at the end of her rope and then another car drove up and the Police Commissioner got out, pulling his well-fitting tunic down with one white-gloved hand and managing his sword with the other, and after him two plain clothes officials and there was saluting and hat raising all round at the head of the steps. The two mortuary attendants sprang to life and prepared for action. The Police Commissioner and his two colleagues and the policeman who had been first on the scene took out pocket-books and pencils. All was ready for that sacred rite, the taking of the protocol. Not life, not death, matters, but the protocol.

The Commissioner gave a sign. The two mortuary men, rubber gloves on their hands, ran down the steps, turned the woman over, took her under the arms, and laboured backwards with her up the steps. Her stiff legs bumped from step to step. At the top they laid her down, moved back for the Commissioner and his colleagues to look at her. I saw her face.

It was blue-black and the size of a football. No passing sculptor would have tarried to take a death mask of this unknown woman from the Danube, no poet to weave about her as she lay on her slab in the mortuary a melancholy tale of loving and losing. A few days more or less in the water make a deal of difference. Yet she was not much older than that other unknown woman who was taken from the Seine. Her face and shoulders were swollen and discoloured, but her body and her legs had not yet suffered, and they were those of a young and beautiful woman.

So she lay on the quayside, with the sun sweltering down on her, and she was dressed in her green shift, green knickers, cheap silk stockings and one red shoe. The fish or the river had had the other red shoe, I supposed, but I wondered about the rest of her clothing. Would a woman who meant to commit suicide take off her dress first? Could she have been murdered?

The Commissioner made notes in his pocket book and then said something to the two mortuary men, pointing with his pencil at the woman. Briskly they stripped her of her shift, examined it for markings, found none, and told him so. He made a note, they put the shift in the black box which was waiting for her, he gave another order, and they quickly tore off her knickers, examined them with like result, and put them down. Another order, and off came one stocking. The Commissioner made his notes and bent down to examine her and spoke to his two colleagues and they nodded sagely and all three wrote something else in their pocket books. The protocol was growing.

So there she lay with one stocking and one red shoe, and then he gave another order and off came the shoe and the stocking, and she was naked and lay there with her legs astraddle and her stiff arms outstretched and her purple and swollen face upturned, on the quayside by the Danube, with the trams clanging by and the fisherman stolidly fishing and the crowd watching, and on the other side of the street the expensive foreign motor cars coming and going before the great hotel. Behind me a woman said something: I turned and saw that she was asking me to make a little room for her child, who could not see. In the chapel on the hillside they were singing.

Sing, I thought savagely, sing for her immortal soul, you, corpulent priest, and you, dirty monklike beggar, praying and singing is your trade, but isn't there any man jack of you to spare her mortal

body this final indignity. Because she was poor and desperate and jumped into the Danube, or was thrown, must she lie there like that, naked, obscene, helpless, having her bits of clothes torn off her. If they had found a coronet embroidered on her shift they would not have let her lie there like that.

The devil take your ranting about humility and charity and immortal souls, I thought, if you can treat even the carcass of another human being like that.

Then they slumped her over, looking for marks or injuries, and with a shock that was like a stab I saw the Rokeby Venus lying there on the quayside before me. The pose was exact, the small waist, well turned legs, good hips; a young and shapely woman. Then they slumped her back again, and one of her legs fell across the other as if she were alive, and her blackberry pudding of a face came into view, with its distended and staring eyes.

They dumped her in the black box and drove her away.

That night I sat on the terrace of a villa high up on the Schwabenberg, behind Buda. A terraced garden, with tall trees dressed back on either side to make a frame, fell away beneath us and between the trees lay the lovely night scene of Budapest, with the Danube shining between the bridges and the lights flickering like fireflies. I sat and talked to compatriots, English people who were making a leisurely way by motor car about the Continent and had for the first time come to Budapest. One of them, a woman, said to me, 'Do you know, I think Budapest is even lovelier than Venice.'

I looked contemplatively down at the picture spread between the trees. It was indeed a lovely city.

Later I drove homeward and stopped on the way to go to a bar, a place, that is, where you drink and dance and watch girls dancing. Perhaps I had a glass of wine too many, for I seldom go to bars, night-clubs, bottle-parties, or any other of those exasperatingly dull places where girls try to make the men buy them champagne in the interest of the proprietor and the men comply in the hope of favours to follow and comes the dawn and the men find themselves, much poorer than they were, waiting in the grey street outside while the girl has left by another entrance with the gigolo, whom she is keeping.

I can understand a straightforward brothel, like those you see in Marseilles or Port Said, but I don't understand these places where the intention is to mulct the inebriated male by flashing before him the picture of that which he expects to find in a brothel and then playing the three-card trick on him. Also, I don't much care to see young girls of anything from sixteen years upwards posturing nearly naked before more or less drunken males. This always seems to me like the shop window of a brothel and if these places were avowedly brothels, with specimens of the wares on display, I should have no objection to them, but as they pretend to be something quite different I loathe them.

This particular bar, which would have called you out if you called it a brothel, paraded the female form unclothed on a scale and at a pace that staggered even me. Mechanically the place was a marvel of perfection, and it was more like the conventional conception of hell than anything I have seen. The performance was on a circular stage, raised about two feet from the ground and round this, their faces upturned like animals waiting to be fed, sat the guests. Leggy women with lots of bust came up through the floor and down through the ceiling and appeared in alcoves in the walls or in miniature reproduction on tiny moving-picture screens incessantly, while the lights changed from red to green and blue and yellow and back to red and the smoke rose and drifted about. They danced, these grinning girls, they floated overhead, they disappeared into unexpected apertures in the walls and reappeared through others, they performed acrobatic feats, they were whirled round by the rotating stage, they vanished into the depths and were shot into the heights, they tied

themselves into knots on trapezes, they posed in suggestive, red-illuminated tableaux with almost naked male partners, and finally they flew round overhead on a kind of merry-go-round, so that you should see the only thing you had as yet missed, the soles of their feet.

For me, each of them had a blackberry pudding for a face. Somehow, I was sure that the woman I had seen was one of these, that the answer to the questions I had been asking myself about her was to be found in such a place as this. But she was beautiful.

I went, swearing never to come to one of these exasperatingly stupid places again. The next morning I sat again on the little café terrace over against the Danube, the same terrace from which I had seen the people across the street craning their heads over the railings as I drank my coffee. Now I drank coffee again, and read the *Pester Lloyd*. In an obscure corner I found a little item, headed, 'Three bodies recovered from the Danube'. It began like this:

Yesterday afternoon the body of a female person aged from 20 to 25 years was seen near the quayside before the Technical High School and was recovered. The body was partly clothed, but no clue to its identity could be found.

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## Chapter Twelve

### HALF A LEAGUE

I had to lecture at Geneva, so I stepped into the evening express at Budapest and travelled uncomfortably through the night, for I had malaria on me and sweated incessantly, and the next morning I stepped into the aeroplane at Prague and held my breath, as I always do from old force of habit, until the wheels were well off the ground.

I now fly frequently but I don't suppose I shall ever, after those wartime crashes, be able to step into an aeroplane with the blissful unconcern of the normal traveller.

This day the flying weather was perfect; if this had been an open machine - I detest the closed-in air-liner - it would have been an exhilarating flight, I should have recaptured the feeling of keen enjoyment that I had sometimes had, in similar weather, in the open cockpit of an RE8. Now, from boredom, I began to study my fellow-passengers. They were nearly all Jews.

Insanity Fair has brought with it a new aerial game - playing leapfrog across Germany. Before the little men down there started making history again all the trans-European air-liners, as a matter of course, landed somewhere in Germany. Now, many travellers do not care to land in Germany, the air companies have opened all kinds of new services that hop across the Reich - Strasbourg-Prague, Rotterdam-Prague, Prague-Zürich, and so on.

Slowly, from that great height, I saw Vienna and all Austria pass beneath me and then the Lake of Zürich glittered in the distance and came nearer and I could even identify the Bahnhofstrasse, where we had bought red tulips, and the Hotel Eden au Lac, where we had found such peace after tumult, and I thought of that other journey that I had made, along this very route, but down below, so long ago. How long was it? Years, I thought. I reckoned backward. Five months.

Just as the aeroplane is changing all our ideas of distance, so does the rush of events alter our sense of time. We crowd into a few weeks, in this helter-skelter age, the experiences and emotions of a normal lifetime. Hopes and fears, laughter and tears, follow after and tumble over each other so quickly that you never get them sorted out. You are always running a race with time - or at any rate, I am - always trying to make plans for the future and execute them before the next surprise bursts upon you and you have to pack your grips again, leave everything, abandon your plans and hurriedly make others, keep just one move ahead of the four horsemen.

I thought a great deal that day, as I looked down on the same scene from above, of that March journey that I had made from Vienna to Zürich, of that transition from pandemonium to perfect tranquillity. It gives a picture in little of the lives of many men in our time, save that the unlucky ones do not reach that longed-for peace; just as they are within sight of it the pursuer spurts and touches them on the shoulder.

Now I spent half an hour at Zürich airport, one of the pleasantest in Europe, and then we were off again and soon the great Lake of Geneva lay beneath us.

I would have liked to take a parachute and jump out. Here, below me, lay another station in that race with time, and one that I had failed to make. Ever since that summer in 1936 I had been planning to come back here, where I had first been able to satisfy the longing that had been in me ever since the war - to get really fit. I had planned to come in 1937, and then I had felt that irresistible impulse to write a book about the things I knew and foresaw, and had had no holiday at

all, but had worked night and day in my rooms in Vienna and used up a deal of those reserves of sun and air that I had stored within me at Montreux. I had consoled myself with the thought that I would at all costs go there in 1938 and drink some more of that marvellous wine from the Château Chatelard, row to and fro across the lake, wander about the lovely old castle of Chillon, laze on the bathing beach at Villeneuve, eat in utter peace of mind at the little hotel there, rest my eyes on the serene and reassuring Dent du Midi, climb the hills ...

Then came March 1938, and the invasion of Austria, and now the summer was already waning and I was dashing to and fro and working harder than ever and this was the only glimpse I should get of Montreux this year. Would I at last contrive to get there in 1939? I saw the places I knew and loved loom faintly out of the blue-gold haze below, and then recede into the haze again.

As the airport bus rolled into Geneva I saw that it passed over a place in the road where fresh concrete had been laid, with metal slots in it. Anti-tank obstacles! Even here, in this farthest corner of Switzerland, the hoofbeats of the four horsemen had been heard.

Again the peace of a Swiss town. But not for me. An hour or two to spare, just long enough to prepare that lecture, tip-tap in a hotel bedroom, quinine tablets. In the back of my mind, always, that angry question, why cannot I, who in all conscience have worked hard enough in my life, stay here awhile, in this peaceful place? - why must I gad about? neither myself nor anybody else is the better for it, who on earth wants to hear this fatuous lecture? is there anything else, save space, so limitless as sweating - how am I going to lecture, with a head like this?

Then a garden, familiar faces, cocktails - one, two, three. The fighting spirit revives, time passes quickly, I find myself on a platform in the old League building, with some hundreds of seekers after knowledge, of many nationalities, before me. They want the best forecasts, I have them. I tell them what is going to happen to Czechoslovakia. Does this do any good? Any harm? Who knows? We go on and on, as a great man once said. The cocktail is the friend of man, in such a moment. I am as full of spirit as a fighting cock. When it wears off I shall try the tail of the cock that bit me. It was a good lecture, as lectures go, and if people like listening to lectures, then why not? I avoid them, for my part. I have often wondered whether the world would not be better without lectures, even without newspapers. I have tried to picture a universe in which the *Observer* would cease observing and the Garvin garve no more. Why can't I stop sweating?

Applause. Questions. An emptying hall. I look around me. I am almost alone.

This place is full of ghosts. Austen Chamberlain, good-looking, clear-minded, well-informed, stalks past; why the Neville hasn't his half-brother his personal knowledge of European problems at this juncture? Briand, brilliant in senility, dodders by. Stresemann, clear-minded, unhealthy in the flesh, swollen-necked, with his small eyes flickering to and fro. Benesh, earnest, diligent, bond-slave of an optimism that does not show at the back of his eyes. Laval, saturnine, inscrutable. Titulescu, monstrous, flamboyant, gesticulating, fluent.

The Negus, cloaked and bearded, moving with the dignity of a panther. Stephen Lux, the Jew, putting the muzzle of a revolver to his head. At the end of that spectral procession, doing the goose-step, comes Greiser, the Nazi from Danzig, with his fingers to his nose, cocking a snook.

A tragedy? A comedy? A harlequinade?

History will give the answer, say the letter-writers to *The Times*. History is a nitwit, that never learns anything from history. If history is our hope in years to come, good Lord deliver us.

The night air is cool. I go to the bar where all the caricatures are of those men who used to come to Geneva and try peacefully to settle the quarrels of the world. How meaningless they are to-day, those pictures, like studio portraits of Victorian grandfathers and grandmothers, with their necks and limbs in iron rests, with the aspidistra in the background.

A bad night, more quinine than sleep. The next morning I have four or five hours before I catch the aeroplane for Prague, start gadding about again. I take a look at the League.

The offices of the permanent foreign delegations are forlorn and lifeless. The great League building itself is an empty marble hall, full of despondent echoes. The permanent officials are writing their resignations, looking about for new jobs. They, too, are packing their grips, trying to plan new futures that will keep them ahead of the pursuers. There was once - my hat, there still is! - a Disarmament Section, with a numerous staff. For years old Arthur Henderson presided over it. Agnides, the new head, is resigning, Zilliacus, one of Henderson's secretaries, too. About fifty senior officials, in all, are going. The lesser lights, the interpreters, the archivists, the librarians, the girl typists, who once thought they would perhaps end their days in Geneva, are all getting ready to go.

I look back from the aeroplane on the white mass of the League building, framed among green trees. The tomb of so many hopes. There you should bury your unknown soldiers, together with their hopes. Dig them up, in Paris, in London, in Rome. They don't belong there anyway, now. Transplant them to Geneva.

The League was killed by England on that day in 1935 when the world was summoned to give combat to a predatory Great Power that had attacked a weak one - its own protégée in the League - without any intention really to lead the nations in resistance to that power, Italy. The intention already existed to allow Italy to dismember Abyssinia. It was merely electioneering policy. As soon as the election had been won, and the back benches of the House filled for years to come with an overwhelming majority of docile followers who would support the government in the surrender of one small state after another to brute force, the pretence was dropped that England meant to lead the world against the aggressor.

To win an election! Show me, in the pages of your precious history, an act as cynical, as infamous, as disastrous in its consequences as this. The great majority of the states of the world were ready to respond to that inspiring call, after so many centuries, to confront brute force with overwhelming force. Even within the countries that were outside the League hundreds of thousands of men would voluntarily have offered themselves for this cause. You could then have mobilized a force, in the cause of humanity, of justice, of idealism, the like of which the world has never seen. Since that day the hopes of these men, of the men in all countries who stood in that camp, have been humbled and humbled, until to-day they lie in the dust. To-day you can no longer mobilize that shining army.

Men, like myself, who have seen this tragedy take shape from day to day, seen the men who acted in it, seen the places where its acts were played, feel this more bitterly than those who were distant lookers on. To us it is more plastic.

To win an election! It is blood guilt that England has taken on herself in these three years.

I looked back once more at the white roofs of the great building among the trees. Not even half a League!

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## Chapter Thirteen

### BETTER THE DEVIL ...

I walked with an American friend through a street in Prague and we saw, in a passing motor car, Lord Runciman. My American, an embittered democrat and a staunch friend of the Czechoslovaks, looked lugubriously after him and shook his head. 'I don't like this Runciman business,' he said. 'I think it means that the Czechs are going to be urged in a gentlemanly way down the steep slope of concession and given a sharp push when they are near the bottom. They are too naive to see the catch in this. The military danger they understood and, since they mobilized on May 20th, they have been ready to meet it and, if need be, to perish fighting. This, in my view, is a greater danger to them. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know.'

'I saw neither horns nor tail,' said I.

Lord Runciman, his golf clubs atop of his ample baggage, an English milor called in his seventieth year from a yachting cruise on some sunny sea to produce a rabbit from the Czechoslovak hat, to make a nice cup of tea out of the devil's brew that was boiling in Danubia, had reached Prague a day or two before. My American friend was not quite right. Some of the Czechs did see what this meant for them. 'Are we now to commit suicide?' asked one paper. 'Must we sacrifice our democracy to make Germany master of Danubian Europe?' asked another.

That was exactly what they were required to do.

The few weeks that Lord Runciman spent in Prague, studying a question that has kept Europe at loggerheads for centuries, now seem as remote as Queen Victoria's jubilee, but as his report was seemingly taken as the basis for the surgical operation performed at Munich on a small country that we know nothing about, and as this is going to have incalculable results for the British Empire, the Runciman mission deserves a little space in this book.

My Czech acquaintances complained that Lord Runciman spent too much of his time in aristocratic households, a thing they disliked because the aristocracy of Czechoslovakia is almost entirely German, and in its sympathies is either for Hitler or for Habsburg, and Habsburg is a dream that has faded. Their attitude towards the Czechoslovak state was also unfavourably influenced, apart from these old allegiances, by the fact that it took from them, against compensation, part of their land and gave it to the landless peasants, the serfs of the past.

The Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* published on September 13th, a few days before the surgeons met and decided on the operation, a photograph of Lord Runciman giving what appeared to be the Hitler salute at a march-past of Hitlerist Sudeten Germans. Was some fortuitous movement of Lord Runciman's right arm caught by the Nazi photographer? Who knows? It looked bad for an honest broker. You need to keep your right arm down on such occasions, if you wish to count as impartial.

Lord Runciman's report was taken as the bible which Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, Lord Halifax and others invoked, after the dismemberment, to make many statements, two of which are particularly important as examples of the muddled mis-information which is given to the great British public on these occasions, of the lullabies with which its conscience is put to sleep.

The first is the Lord Chancellor's statement that Czechoslovakia was 'a state which should never have been created'. If this was meant to make the public, with its blissfully short memory, believe that the boundaries of this state were set at Versailles it may have been successful; it is also absurd.

These boundaries were mostly settled in the early Middle Ages. You cannot have an independent Bohemian state without these boundaries; it is like razing the walls of a walled city. The Germans who live inside them came after the Czechs.

The second was the statement of Lord Halifax and Lord Runciman that these areas would never have been given back to Czechoslovakia even after the most victorious of wars. What? After a victorious war you would take from one of the victors land that had formed the historic frontiers of her state, in independence and in subjugation, for many hundreds of years? Even within the German-ruled Habsburg Empire these were the frontiers of the Bohemian Kingdom.

Then there was the statement that the principle of 'self-determination' demanded the surrender of these areas. But areas containing only fifty per cent of Germans were handed over, and if only one of these fifty Germans desired to remain outside the Reich 'self-determination' demanded that this district should not be transferred. Not self-determination for the Germans, but the principal of German racial unity prevailed, and that meant self-extermination for Czech independence. Areas predominantly Czech were handed over. What has this to do with self-determination? The principle is that Germany must have what she wants. It need not, will not, stop there. On this principle you must hand over the rest of Bohemia, because a few more thousands of Germans live there, you must hand over Hungary because 600,000 Germans live there, Rumania ...

But the most striking and most important thing of all in Lord Runciman's report was that part to which Lord Davies called attention in the House of Lords on October 4th:

... that those parties and persons in Czechoslovakia that have intentionally encouraged a policy antagonistic to the neighbours of Czechoslovakia should be forbidden by the Czechoslovak Government to continue their agitation, and if necessary legal measures should be taken to put an end to their agitation.

If you want to know what is likely to come to you in England, read these words of a Liberal politician in the year of democracy 1938. Read Lord Davies's comment on them:

As far as I can understand, this means that all free speech in Czechoslovakia should be suppressed, that no Czechoslovak should in future be allowed to criticize the policy of other countries which happen to be the neighbours of Czechoslovakia, or even to comment on it. That appears to me to be the quintessence of totalitarianism. It is synonymous with the denial of all democratic ideas, and it is by far the most unfortunate idea put forward in this report ...

The things that Lord Runciman advocated have happened. He and those who think like him need not fear. All parties antagonistic to Germany have been suppressed in Czechoslovakia, all criticism stilled. Czechoslovakia will go with Germany in peace and in war. Those carping critics in Czechoslovakia, who to the last man would have gone with a song in their hearts to fight for England if England had been attacked, are silenced.

I have before me a letter of Lord Runciman, written after Munich to the Federal Council of the Protestant Churches in Czechoslovakia. 'Be of good cheer' is its general tenor. In one place he says, 'I believe that, if peace prevails, a happy and free Czech nation can live in the centre of Europe - faithful to its old traditions and its best ideals. That this may be so is my most earnest prayer.'

Well, well. Prayer, I fancy, will not now avail much. 'If peace prevails.' Well, perhaps it will: I see no reason why war should come as long as the supply of small states lasts. But 'a happy and free Czech nation, faithful to its old traditions and its best ideals'. How can that Czech nation be happy



and free if it has to submit its whole life to the totalitarian doctrine of the mighty Hitlerist Reich? And how can it be faithful to its old traditions and best ideals if an alien system is thus imposed by force upon it?

Lord Runciman may know the answers. Anyway, there he went, all on a summer's day. My American friend and I looked after him and then resumed our stroll. The sun was shining. The streets were full of people who were not only unafraid, but who seemed even to find an uplifting of the spirit in the thought of the fearful ordeal they expected soon to undergo. They thought their friends would be at their side and that was the only thing they really cared about.

The Sokol Rally had sent their spirits soaring to the highest altitudes of self-faith and patriotic fervour. The Association of Czech Officers, fearing the new development, issued a manifesto:

We officers, standing in the front rank of those consecrated to death, in full responsibility claim the right to raise our warning voice. The authority of the State must not be diminished or degraded, neither by one deed more nor by one word more. There must be no retreat from this position. Within it we can live and work, defend ourselves and fight. We can die, but we cannot yield, not a single step.

Do you know that these men would have fought the whole German Reich, without a single friend at their sides, but for that final blow that broke their spirit - the knowledge that the Poles and Hungarians would be against them too. 120,000,000 against 14,000,000. It was too much.

But on that sunny day the Czechs, blind to their fate, still believed in their star, and Lord Runciman drove by to his hotel.

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## Chapter Fourteen

### HUNGARIAN TRAGEDY

Three horsemen rode slowly along the road past the house, their horses' hooves stirring little puffs of dust. Three horsemen out of a fairy-tale, with close-fitting red boleros and long, flowing white sleeves, embroidered white skirts beneath which their tall boots showed, green, white and red ribbons round their broad-brimmed hats, and plumes of puszta grass waving from them.

Three gallant mounted figures, moving with the peculiar grace that a good seat on a horse gives a young man. Behind them came farm wagons, bedecked with flowers and foliage, and sitting in them the village girls, in tight red bodices and white embroidered skirts with red aprons, and red diadem-like headdresses framing their faces.

Behind them, again at a little distance, came the clowns, macabre figures with black stockings pulled over their faces, performing clown-like antics in the dusty road, and behind them again, at a respectful distance, came all the little village boys, running after the clowns. Every now and again the clowns turned round, pretended angrily to discover the little boys and ran menacingly towards them, and then the whole cloud of little boys, looking fearfully over their shoulders, turned round and ran away, until the clowns gave up the chase and went after the procession again, and then all the little boys turned again and ran after the clowns.

Bringing up the rear, as if drawn by an invisible string of curiosity, came platoons of geese, waddling, squawking, their necks elongated, their beaks open.

I stood in the garden of Istvan's house with him, and watched the pageant go by. This was the festival of the wine harvest, and I had come by special invitation to see it. As I watched it I envied Hungary the customs and costumes, the unspoiled village life that she had kept. Yet I knew that this was in reality only a museum-piece.

All those young men and girls had their lovely costumes, that they automatically put on once or twice in a year, for such occasions as this. But they always put them off again with relief. The young men, who made such gallant figures in this dress, were always glad to get into their cheap suits and look like corner boys. The girls pined for the tawdry pink and blue frocks, from the Jewish shops in Budapest, that so little became them. They were already beginning to conform to the mass-produced type of woman, sleek as a balloon and as empty, all with the same eyebrows and mouths and smiles and hair, that Hollywood showed them in the little hall that was a cinema once a week.

When they had gone, Istvan, with the pride of a father, showed me his farm. The mare had foaled, and with flashing white teeth and real affection he showed me the baby, that looked shyly and yet trustfully as he came in, suffered him to stroke its shining neck and flanks. His dog lay basking in the sunshine, among the noisy geese; suddenly, like a policeman who feels that the crowd is getting above itself, he raised himself to his feet and hurtled round the farmyard like a rocket, scattering them in all directions, pretending to snap at them with vicious jaws that really held no malice, only the determination to assert his authority. Satisfied to have shown off before us, he returned to his place and lay down again, looked about him, laid his head on his paws.

In a corner of the farmyard sat Istvan's wife and his daughter, feeding the geese. They sat with their legs across the bird's body and held its neck, just below the head, in one hand, so that the beak opened, and with the other hand they stuffed it continually with maize. Forcible feeding, an

unpleasant custom, is the thing that makes the geese vicious, so that when somebody approaches them they stretch out their necks like battering rams and waddle at him, squawking angrily.

But it makes their livers big and they fetch a better price and the peasant longs, more than anything, for a little cash. His life is labour, labour, labour, always with the earth, his friend and his enemy, beneath his eyes. In good times he has enough to eat, he can kill half a dozen chickens for his Sunday meal if he has a guest coming and think nothing of it, he makes his own wine from the grapes he grows, and often this is his only consolation, but money, coins, those metal disks and pieces of paper, these are hard to come by, in Hungary, in these times, and when he gets them he usually has to hand them over to the Jewish banker in the market town, who holds his mortgage, or the tax-collector, who leaves him little rest.

Then we went to the little inn again. It had been transformed for this festival of the wine harvest. The walls and ceiling had been strung with vine-leaves, so that it was a bower, and among the leaves, put there by the girls, giggling together, were many little packets, containing a sweet or a cake or some small gift. The young men continually tried to secure one of these packets without being seen, but they would have been annoyed if they hadn't been detected, because that meant arrest by the girl, or girls, who saw them, and indictment before the judge of the festival and his wife, who sat in a corner, and payment of a fine - and a dance with the girl.

Then there was the rite of the dance with the judge's wife, who was only his wife for the purpose of the festival. The young men continually presented themselves for a dance with her, and the judge, by tradition, became very angry, and sent them about their business and warned her to mind hers, and then in the end she told him saucily that she meant to have a dance anyway and he, with his false nose and whiskers, pretended to be furious, but she was off and away, stamping her feet in the Czardas, her arms on the shoulders of a stalwart young man and everybody very jolly, with the music playing faster and faster, and the couples dancing quicker and quicker, and the wine flowing freely and smoke rising to the ceiling.

A merry evening. Round about, while those lads and girls danced and danced, the very picture of what a village festival should be, what village festivals perhaps once were in England, if that merry England ever existed, sat the older men, with their wives sitting dutifully a little behind them. I talked and drank with Istvan, while Ilka translated. Again, I noticed, he only sipped, but a little more freely this time, and suddenly he began to sing, his strangely staring eyes full of friendliness and merriment, and again I noticed that his wife's eye was on him, and that he remarked it and didn't care.

Afterwards we walked through the quiet village, where one of those gaily dressed and gallant couples sometimes passed us in the darkness, the man's white sleeve just discernible about the girl's waist, to Istvan's house. As I sat at the table I heard Istvan's wife, in the next room, say something to him, heard him answer angrily back, heard her retort more fiercely still. There was an altercation, I guessed that she was telling him not to drink any more, then silence, and she came into the room, composing her features into a smile, followed by her daughter.

I did not care for her. I saw that she had the worst of all feminine wickednesses, that she was a scold. I had seen that Istvan, after a very little wine, became very wild, a completely different man, but why not? He laboured like a slave in his vineyard and was obviously a *herzensguter Kerl*, a man with a heart of gold, industrious, who was devoted to his home and family, loved his horses and his land, had very little reward for all his pains, and why should he not, once in a long while, drink a little wine.

Constraint fell upon us, in spite of the pleasant smiles, the wine, the cold meat, Ilka's fluent stream of conversation. Istvan did not come in. We talked and talked. Still he did not come. I was puzzled, for I would have staked my life that Istvan, in or out of wine, was a man who would never forget his guest. I asked Ilka where he was, she spoke rapidly with Istvan's wife, and to me, 'She says he has probably gone back to the inn'.

I was very much surprised. At last Istvan's wife got up and went into the other rooms, looking for him. He was not there. She looked into the outbuildings, went into the farmyard, called. No Istvan. Ilka suggested that we go and fetch him from the inn. Again we went through the dark village towards the little pool of light on the common, where the band was still playing, the boys and girls still dancing. No, said the innkeeper, Istvan had not been back there. We made a round of calls on neighbours. He was not there. Istvan's wife was getting worried.

At last we went home again. The house was empty, as we had left it, with the wine and meat on the table, but without Istvan. We sat down again. Suddenly Istvan's wife told her daughter to go upstairs and see if her father was in the loft. We heard the girl mounting the stairs, heard a scream. We rushed up after her.

Istvan was hanging from a rafter, his head on one side, his booted legs stupidly dangling, his eyes staring. I understood that stare now. With the help of his wife, who was as strong as an ox, we got him down. He was long past our help, this friendly and merry Istvan. He would not fight in the next war, never see the Kaiser come back. Somewhere, in another house in the village, the old grandmother was lying awake, staring into the darkness, muttering plaintively, thinking confused thoughts, listening to the clock tick out the seconds of her hundredth year. At the inn the boys and girls were still dancing.

I left Dunapatay in the darkness and drove soberly to Budapest. I had spent very happy hours there, hoped to come again often, even to live there for a little while, sometime. Now I knew that I should never come back again.

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## Chapter Fifteen

### WAR IN THE AIR

I sat with a glass of wine and a book in my quiet retreat in Budapest. The windows were wide open. The September night was warm. Faint footfalls sounded in the street: I raised my head and looked, and a couple, the man's arm round the girl's waist, passed beneath the street lamp and were gone, the footfalls dwindled. Moths flew in and out. The dark hillside opposite was spangled with lights, among them one that moved - a motor car, too far away for me to hear its engine.

On such a night as this ...

Reluctantly, I bent down and turned the knob of the radio, searched among the stations as it came to life. Immediately the stillness was shattered. Hoarse, raving, choking, a maniac voice broke crashing in, the peace was gone, the darkened room was full of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, beating the air with their foul pinions like carrion crows.

Wir haben vierzehn Jahre gekämpft ... Der Oberlügner Benesh und seine Mordbanditen ... Unsere deutschen Volksgenossen, diese armen und gequälten Kreaturen ... Die feige tschechische Soldateska begeht Meuchelmord an unseren Volksgenossen ... Wir wollen den Frieden, aber ...

Hitler. Henlein. Some Sudeten German speaker at Dresden. No matter who, they were all one, they all raved in that same obscene voice, all used the same obscene threats.

When we get hold of them we'll lock them up until they turn black ... And take good note of this, you Czechs who are listening now at the loudspeaker, shaking with fear, for every slight and injury that you have done us in these twenty years we will take vengeance tenfold ...

A roar, a howl of cheering, like ten thousand hyaenas on the trail. Bared fangs, slobbering jaws. This was the stuff they liked, this they understood, this warmed their hearts and hit the bull's-eye of their emotions. Overwhelming might; a weak and helpless adversary; brutality without fear of retribution; hit him, he's got no friends.

So it went on, day by day, week by week, in that September, in a rising crescendo of lust and hatred. It inflamed the mind, the nerves, the imagination to bursting point. I thought back to the World War, its atrocities, its propaganda; what an affair of gentlemen was that compared with this. This new instrument of warfare was, to me, worse than all the others, worse than high explosive, bullets or poison gas. Hard words can never hurt you? Perhaps not, but this animal exhibition of human baseness could destroy your last vestige of faith in the race.

Then I turned the knob, and another voice, grating and guttural, took up the tale. 'Achtung, hier Moskau. In der Tschechoslovakei haben heute die braunen Morbdanditen ...' Then a woman's voice, announcing another item of anti-Fascist news: 'Achtung, hier Moskau. In Spanien haben die Franco-Fascisten ...' On and on it went, first the man's voice and then the woman's, venom alternating between bass and falsetto, telling how the murdering Fascist thugs were blowing women and children to bits in Spain, putting anti-Fascists in concentration camps in Austria ...

I turned the knob again and another hate-laden voice filled the room. It spoke Czech. 'Pravda vitezi.' 'Truth prevails.' Now we shall hear the Czech version, I thought. But the voice took up the

chorus of Czech iniquities, how the terrified German population of the Sudeten lands was being pursued from village to village by Czechs painted red and with horns and tails and cloven hoofs and all the other drivel.

Vienna, broadcasting in Czech. With satanic ingenuity they had borrowed Masaryk's own motto, *Pravda vitezi*, for this hymn of hate. Ye Gods, I thought, if only Ernst Lissauer had been alive to-day, and hadn't had the misfortune to be a Jew, how he would have enjoyed himself shouting into the microphone:

We will never forgo our hate  
We have all, but a single hate  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe, and one alone -  
CZECHOSLOVAKIA!

Once more I turned the knob and got Moscow in English, an extraordinary performance. Again a man and a woman. The man spoke East Side American with some kind of additional accent, the woman Wigan English with adenoids and a sniff. The blood-curdling anti-Fascist items sounded ludicrous in these tones.

A turn of the knob, and a cultured voice saying reasonable things in good clean English came on the air. What now, I thought? It can't be England; the English is too good. It wasn't. It was Prague broadcasting in English. I don't know who prepared the material, but it was the only thing worth listening to, a reasoned refutation of anti-Czech propaganda, chapter and verse given, delivered in an unemotional but sympathetic voice.

Again the knob, and some of the most extraordinary English I have ever heard filled the room. After listening for some time I decided that it must be English, and after considering the announcements, which were all about the sins of the Chinese and the prowess of the Japanese, I decided that it must be Tokyo's English Hour.

Then another loud voice speaking in German, but giving a version of German events which had clearly not been passed by Dr. Goebbels. Who could this be? The list of stations gave no clue; my radio was like that. At length I decided for Radio Strasbourg.

Then an English voice which promised light entertainment but infuriatingly broke into an advertisement for some purgative; a ranting voice in bad French which was telling the French-speaking world about the murderous Czechs from Berlin; the English Speaker, oh so refaned, cursing the Czechs from Rome; Republican Spain defending the Czechs from Barcelona or somewhere in weird German; America putting in a terse and colourful (poidon me, colorful) word about both sides from New York; and finally back to Dresden, where the tumult and shouting was still going on and that Henleinist speaker was shouting at the top pitch of a voice grown hoarse but still willing about the things he was going to do to the Czechs.

In a new war, or at any rate in the first stages of it, until the population gets inured to these things, I think all governments will have to do what the Czechoslovaks did during the crisis and impound radio sets. No human nerves can, without a transition period, stand this infernal cacophony of lies and hatred, beating about the ears at all times of the day and from all parts of the earth.

Listening to it, I had an idea which seems to me to have the seeds of great things in it. Why has no military genius employed noise as an instrument of warfare? just noise, amplified and amplified and amplified, growing louder and louder and louder until everything cracks and quails before it.

Try it for yourself sometime. Get Hitler on the radio and then make it as loud as you can. Imagine that noise amplified a hundred or a thousand times.

I hope somebody will try this out, I think there is something in it.

On this night, physically and emotionally exhausted by this devil's concert, I tried to get London. It was the most difficult of all stations to reach, on my radio. But I diligently sought and sought. Here, I thought, I should find something restful.

At last I found it.

All the little pansy voices.

I'm in love with my dear wife, are you?, yes eye-yam.

I do like er little bit er snuff.

Good naight.

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*Good* naight.

My God!

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## Chapter Sixteen

### AND THOU

I halted my car at a place, on the road from Budapest to Belgrade, where tall acacias stood round a green and shady wayside grove, an ideal place for the midday meal, sheltered from the noon-tide heat. The sun was high and burning, a vast blue Hungarian sky spread over a green plain where the gooseherds and goat herds, little boys and girls barefooted and in reds and blues, tended their flocks, where occasional white farmhouses stood, each with its frame of trees and its well.

Again I had pulled up for a moment on that mad ride through the Haunted House which is the lot of our generation, a thing of shrieks and surprises and explosions and glimpses of skeletons and being flung hither and thither, and found myself utterly at peace, the sun above me, the grass under my back, the leaves making patterns on the sky.

This was that very September day when men were digging trenches in London parks and sending trainloads of children away from Paris and in Prague the people walked the streets with their gas-masks at their side and in Germany the great war-machine was lumbering into its gigantic stride, the day when all seemed lost, when in the afternoon the House of Commons became a bedlam of cheering and laughing men, because Mr. Chamberlain was about to fly, fly, fly again.

My heart was in Prague, but I had had an imperative order to go to Belgrade, and here I was, while men and women in so many countries trembled for the morrow, while an intolerable nervous tension lay on all the cities I knew, lotus-eating on the Belgrade road.

A jug of wine? We had that, and very good it was, drunk from those Hungarian drinking cups that we loved so well. A loaf of bread? We had that too, and meat and cheese to savour it, and those meals, beneath the bough, are the ones you remember longest; I would not trade them for magnums of champagne and pounds of caviare, in marble halls. A book of verse? For that we had our thoughts, our talk, our hopes, the things we had seen, the times we lived in, the best of all books.

A wilderness? This was no wilderness, but a green and pleasant land, but you made it so. Singing? Your voice, as I often told you, was a thing between Marlene Dietrich and the croaking of a bullfrog, when you sang, but I liked to hear it nevertheless, this was only the kind of joke that we were wont to make, in our good companionship. There was music in your voice, for me, whether you sang or talked, and staunchness and truth and loyalty and courage and loving care, all the things that are so rare in our time, that men strive after and so seldom reach on their journey towards the gold-mine in the sky. You were as good as gold, and as blonde, and what could be fairer than that?

Beside me? That was the best thing of all. Unafraid, smiling, always at pains to make life more pleasant for me, always laughing at the setbacks, rejoicing with me in the victories, never desiring more than that good companionship. I always knew that we should only go a short part of the way together. Something tells me these things.

I knew it, somehow, at the beginning of that companionship, one day when we stood on a hilltop, a glorious March day, as warm as June, and I chanced to look at you with your native Danubian hills and fields behind you, with the Danube curving by below, and the invigorating call of spring was in all the air, and yet my heart was sad, for in that moment I knew that the road along which we should go together was short.



You asked me what I had - *Was hast du denn?* - and I said nothing, and I never told you that, you who will never read this story of our noonday rest beneath the bough. You sometimes asked me afterwards what had ailed me in that moment, and I never told you. Why should I? Why fret about them? ... But fret I did, on this day too, on the Belgrade road. I thought then of that other day.

On that other day, as I looked at you, I saw all that Danubian landscape, that I loved so much, in your eyes. What colour were they? Now, I do not know, for that landscape was blue for the sky, and brown and green for the hills, and grey for the Danube, and yet your eyes seemed to match it all. I know that I found them beautiful.

You were a child of the storm, as I am. Your earliest recollection was of your uncle, in his sky-blue uniform and on his horse, riding off to war through the marketplace, and how gallant and handsome he was, and how you admired him, and after that all your life, like mine, was shaped and moulded by the war and the things that came after it. No brave new world, no tranquillity.

You, when you dreamed, had only modest dreams, as I had, of the things to which other generations were able to aspire: a white house with a green vine by blue water, a little air and sunshine, if possible the mountains near at hand and the rustle of the fir-woods like the music of the sea, hard work from dawn to dusk.

Instead of that, a Europe where men are hunted like rats, where the free man is on the run, where the nepotist, the sycophant, the cheat and the brute grow fat, where the tyrant has again come into his own and there don't seem to be any lampreys to-day, or if there are they don't eat them, and there is practically nothing to hope for from a surfeit of spinach.

We were companions on the way long enough for you to teach me again that truth and faith do exist and cannot be quite exterminated even in an age of treachery and lies. You sometimes gave me things, worth much more in the thought behind them than in themselves, but you never gave me anything so precious as this. You saw that I frequently lost my papers, and you gave me a leather wallet for them, so that I never lost any more. One time, when I had a contract to sign that might mean much or little for me, you gave me a golden fountain pen, with orders to use it first only to sign that contract and it would bring me luck. Another time, when I had a succession of letters all bringing bad news and all the other letters that I hoped for didn't arrive, so that I hated the sight of the postman, I found on my table a tiny golden envelope with a tiny golden missive inside it - 'Keep smiling'. Soon, the post did change its tone, and golden news came. But your other gift was the best of all.

These were the thoughts that played in my mind that day, as we lay beneath the acacias. I was completely happy save for that tiny regret that never quite left me, the regret that we could not put this peace in a cage and keep it by us, that we could never stay more than an hour in the oases we found, that no white house but only an endless open road lay before us, that a turning in the road would soon come where our ideal companionship would end.

The sun had made a long stride towards the west, the shadows were already lengthening a little. Reluctantly we packed the drinking cups, left the acacia grove. A long, long journey lay before us. I looked at you again, silently, and thought of that other day on Danubian hills. You caught my glance and asked again, 'Was hast du denn?'

'Nothing,' said I, 'come on, let's go.'

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## Chapter Seventeen

### BOY KING

I came over the Danube bridge to Belgrade, and another car, leaving the city behind it, passed me, with a bareheaded young man sitting beside the chauffeur. I looked and saw that it was young King Peter.

What changes, in him and in Yugoslavia, since I had seen him last, four years earlier almost to a day. Then, a bewildered and shy-looking child, glancing with big eyes and a nervous smile at the wailing and weeping crowds that lined the streets, accompanied by a tall woman shrouded from head to foot in black, his mother, he walked through this same city behind the coffin of his murdered father, Alexander, shot at Marseilles with the French Foreign Minister Barthou by the Macedonian assassin Vlada Gheorghieff.

*Punch* at that time published one of its solemn pictorial comments. It showed little King Peter being fondled by a large and motherly woman in flowing robes and, probably, a helmet, I don't quite remember, who said to him, 'You will need all your father's courage, my boy. You have the sympathy of the world'. I think the allegorical matron symbolized Europe, but this is just force of habit; if I were to create an allegorical figure, 'Europe', to-day it would be that of a man in a top-hat, with a Hitler moustache on his gas-mask, an upraised Mussolini arm, a red shirt, a tricolour sash and an umbrella.

Anyway, in October 1934, from Bouverie Street, it looked like that. In October 1938, when I met young King Peter crossing the bridge, many things had changed. He had changed a great deal. At the age of fifteen he was already very tall and mature. He is going to be the tallest king in Europe, taller, I should expect, than the tennis-playing Mr. G. But when another three years have passed, and he enters into his kingdom, many more great changes will have occurred, the outlines of which you are only just beginning to see before you.

How quickly the fortunes of a country can alter, in this mid-twentieth-century Europe of ours, when the politicians have thrown away every opportunity of ensuring peace beyond the frontiers and goodwill towards the men who live within them.

In 1934, when Alexander was murdered, Yugoslavia was, indeed, in desperate plight. At home there was the bitter strife, which had led to the murder of the Croat leader Stephen Raditch in the Belgrade Parliament and after that had only been hidden by the iron safety-curtain of the King's dictatorship, between the Serb unionists, who wanted Yugoslavia to be a centralized kingdom firmly ruled from Belgrade, and the Croat federalists, who clamoured that they had not thrown off Hungarian rule and joined the Yugoslav Kingdom only to be ruled by Serbs and demanded home-rule for their Croatia.

The young state, thus weak within, was surrounded by enemies. Hungary and Bulgaria both claimed the return of territory she had taken from them. Italy claimed to be rightful owner of a strip of the Yugoslav Dalmatian coast (promised to her by generous Allies in the war, when many promises were being made). On the southern Adriatic coast Albania, under complete Italian tutelage, was a pistol thrust permanently into the Yugoslav side. Astraddle the Adriatic, Italy could at any moment close it and prevent French or British naval succour reaching Yugoslavia.

Yugoslavia at that time was in the position of Czechoslovakia in 1938 - isolated, surrounded by hostile neighbours, remote from lukewarm friends. She, like Czechoslovakia later, tried to obtain

from them binding promises of support if some new predatory peacebreaker in Europe should attack her. She failed. England, who in 1935 was to summon the world to combine against the Italian aggressor, was telling France, 'Make your peace with Italy'. France told Yugoslavia, when she asked for the conclusion of a pact of immediate and automatic mutual help against aggression, 'Make your peace with Italy'.

Alexander, far-sighted king, unluckiest of men, probably meant to court the friendship of the great dictatorships when the thickset gunman, Vlada the Chauffeur, sprang on to the running-board of his motor car in Marseilles and shot him, just in the place where his shirt of mail would have protected him if he had not omitted to put it on that Tuesday. Already in 1934, long before the Abyssinian fiasco and the later fiascoes, he seems to have foreseen that the great democracies did not really mean the things they were so loudly saying, that they lacked either the determination or the will to compel peacebreakers to keep the peace, that their mutual-aid, collective-security, all-together-boys-against-the-aggressor structure was a house of cards, erected to delude their domestic opinion, that would collapse at the first puff of a war wind.

He had indicated so much to Barthou, when Barthou was in Yugoslavia, and the good Barthou, who himself may have believed that the ring-a-ring-a-roses game of the peace-loving powers around the tigers would end without their all falling down, received a severe jolt. It gave him furiously to think, and he invited Alexander to come to France and talk things over.

Before he went Alexander had had a secret meeting with Hitler. He was the first of Europe's rulers to make that modern pilgrimage, and when you consider that this was in 1934 you will realize how very far ahead he saw. He had made up his mind that the game of pretending to bind with silken chains of peace great powers which were being allowed to rearm faster than anybody had ever armed before was farcical and dangerous for his country, and, as he could not count on the eloquent but empty promises of his friends, he was out to get on good terms with the others.

Perhaps he could have convinced the French, who knows? But just at that moment all the enemies of Yugoslavia joined hands and struck him down. The gunman was a Macedonian, he and his Croat terrorist accomplices received training in a camp on Hungarian territory and some of them travelled with Hungarian passports, others came from and afterwards fled to Italy, whence they were not extradited. France did everything she could to kill the remaining affection that she enjoyed in Yugoslavia by her dilatory fashion of bringing the murderers to trial. If you ask ardent Serb patriots, they will swear that international Jewish Freemasonry, centred in Paris, had a hand in the game too, having learned of Alexander's secret meeting with Hitler and of the innermost reason of his visit to France.

Another year, and Alexander would have been safe, because by that time the line-up had entirely changed and all those enmities were on the run or putting on the masks of friendship. Italy, scared by the combination against her of a sanctionist world, and especially by the naval alliance against her in the Mediterranean formed by England and the small Mediterranean states, preoccupied by her Abyssinian conquest, disturbed by the new threat of a German advance southwards towards the Adriatic and the Balkans, threw her policy into reverse and courted Yugoslav friendship. The Bulgarian and Hungarian hounds were called off. Germany, bent on the subjugation of Yugoslavia's ally, Czechoslovakia, assiduously courted Yugoslavia too.

Thus young Peter, when I saw him for the second time on that September day crossing the bridge below Belgrade, Peter who had succeeded his murdered father on the throne of a country that had lived for years in mortal fear, with enemies on all its frontiers, was king of a country that had nothing but friends.

A few days before - the day when the hilarious House of Commons roared its applause of the news of the third visit to Hitler - I had come through Novi Sad, and there the Yugoslavs were demonstrating in the streets against Hitler and Mussolini, against aggression, for England, France, the League, Czechoslovakia and democracy.

The Government, which ever since Alexander's death had consistently pursued the policy of making friends all round, shook in its shoes that evening. If England and France had stood by Czechoslovakia and resisted the threat of force its whole policy would have been discredited. It would have been swept away, for the hearts of the Yugoslavs were still with their wartime allies, all the blood in them rose against the thought of a new age of military oppression of small states in Europe, they longed for democracy.

How silly they looked, these people, a day later, when, Czechoslovakia was humbled in the dust, when the Great Powers were all handing each other posies at Munich, when their own Government was able to say, 'We told you so'. The Government, thankfully reassured and sure of its triumph, quickly ordered a snap election.

In Belgrade there was an exhibition. 'Three years of Dr. Stoyadinovitch's Government'. In pictures and diagrams and graphs it showed you all the progress that had been made in those three years, the building of roads, the rise in foreign trade, the increase in savings, the conversion of foreign enemies into friends. Among the legends on the walls you did not see one reading: 'If we had hitched our foreign policy to England and France, if we had done what France, who rebuffed us when we wanted the promise of succour in 1932, wanted us to do in 1937, if we had made a pact of mutual aid against aggression with France and Czechoslovakia, we should have been in Czechoslovakia's plight to-day, or at any rate next in the dentist's waiting room.' But that was the unwritten moral of the tale.

The best possible recipe for a Balkan Prime Minister's success is for him to take office at a moment when events in the outer world are causing the foreign foes of his country to revise their policy and court its friendship, astutely to calculate the relative armed strength and moral determination of the groups of Great Powers, and to hold office during a succession of good harvests.

Lucky Milan Stoyadinovitch did all these things. Working in full understanding with the Regent, Prince Paul (pedantically I ought to call him The First Regent, but nobody ever hears anything of the other two, so he is actually The Regent), he had increased the strategic security and the trade of his country.

An interesting figure. Herculean, virile, smiling, with the constitution of an ox. Extremely pro-Stoyadinovitch. A good lusty Serb 'he understands men like Goering, can outsit them at table, knows their minds, knows his own. He has to keep his end up among the politicians of Belgrade, and that is a hard school of experience. They shot at him once in the Skupshtina, as I wrote before, but they didn't rattle him. I have a treasured photograph of the Government leaving the Skupshtina that day; all you can see is a row of behinds above the desks, they couldn't bend down quite far enough. But Stoyadinovitch didn't go out bending, he remained unconcerned and walked out afterwards, cool outwardly, inwardly raging, but fearless.

Foreign friends have been trying to get him up to Belgrade golf course - the construction of this course is one of the few triumphs of western diplomacy in the Balkans - but I don't think they have had much success. The Serbs have not yet reached this Himalayan peak of civilization. Anything more ridiculous than a real he-man of a Serb fiddling about with a stick and a little white ball I can't imagine. In Serbia they work hard, eat hard, drink hard, live hard.

In Stoyadinovitch you see again a man whose career is a panorama of our times. Do not imagine that he likes the policy he has had to pursue - the memory of centuries of Turkish and Germanic oppression is in all Serb blood. Do not imagine that he does not see the danger of vassalage for Yugoslavia. He had to pursue this policy - because the Great Powers with whom Yugoslavia would have preferred to pursue a better one were too weak, too irresolute, too confused, too untrustworthy. Small Balkan states have to pick their steps carefully. They cannot pursue an independent policy, they are too small, they have to watch the big shots, and take care not to offend the biggest.

On the one side they see strength in arms and strength in intention; on the other they see weakness in arms, and intentions proclaimed but actions constantly belying them. They draw their inferences, and act on them. That is why the rulers of every Danubian and Balkan state have been, this year of 1938, to see Hitler. You have not always learned of this - but they have visited him.

Stoyadinovitch, a successful business man and Finance Minister, was chosen by Prince Paul for Prime Minister in the summer of 1935, just when all these things were in the lap of the gods. He came to office a democrat and a friend of what are misnamed the great democracies. He hoped to restore democracy in Yugoslavia, to keep Yugoslavia in the happy family of the democratic nations, all united in the determination to keep out or kill the burglar.

He soon found that he was wrong. Prince Paul had been appointed First Regent by the will of murdered Alexander. At the time, many people wondered why. Prince Paul was little known, he had always been kept in the background, in the army he had never been given a higher rank than major. You will know him well, now, in appearance, because his wife is the sister of your Marina, your lovely Duchess of Kent; otherwise he would be little more than a name to you.

Prince Paul was even slightly unsympathetic to the Serbs, because he had been educated abroad, at Oxford, because he had not fought at the front, like Alexander, because he had an aristocratic mother.

Soon Milan Stoyadinovitch came to realize why Alexander had chosen Paul for Regent. The dead King, who had seen so far ahead, had imparted his views to Paul, who fully shared them. In the spring of 1936 Germany marched into the demilitarized Rhineland zone, took back without a by-your-leave the last pledge for her future peaceful behaviour. A year before, at Stresa, after the proclamation of German conscription, France had told England and Italy of her fears that this would be the next German swoop, never mind Hitler's solemn obligation that he would always keep the pledges of the Locarno Treaty, and what about it? England and Italy had answered, publicly, that 'we formally reaffirm all our obligations under the Locarno Treaty and declare our intention, should need arise, to fulfil them'. That meant, to help France if France tried to throw the Germans out.

Now the Germans marched in, England and Italy were at loggerheads, France remained silent and passive. This date was decisive for Paul, trustee for the dead King and his son, and for Stoyadinovitch, watching from Belgrade. France and England, they argued, would never oppose anything that Germany did. They might always say they would, but they would never do it. If they meant to, this was the best, the ideal opportunity, the last opportunity offering hope of quick and relatively cheap success.

They shaped their course accordingly. They wrote Austria off, they felt sure that they would have to write Czechoslovakia off. In September 1938, for a day or two, they kept a breathless watch on Paris, London, Berchtesgaden, Godesberg. Had they been wrong after all? Even if they had, Yugoslavia was still free to come in with the stronger coalition.

Then came Munich. They nodded. They had been right. They had done the best thing for Yugoslavia. She stood outside the storm area, the friend of all, the enemy of none; she had broken no word, offended nobody, betrayed nobody, incurred the hatred of no mighty raider.

So young King Peter, now three years from his majority, drove over the bridge at Belgrade, two days after Munich, with a clear sky before him, a clear sky but for one distant cloud, much bigger than a man's hand, but still distant.

The policy had been right - for the present. A few years gained are a few years gained; so much may happen before they have run their course.

But on the horizon was that distant cloud - the unsolved quarrel with the Croats in the north, who claimed that as long as they were denied their home rule the very word Yugoslav, or South Slav, was a fiction, that there were only Serbs and Slovenes and Mohammedans and Croats, and dissatisfied Croats at that, within the boundaries of a state which at its birth had been called the state of the Serbs. Croats and Slovenes, but which King Alexander, the Unifier, had re-named South Slavia, to give it the appearance of a united empire of the Southern Slays. They were not South Slavs, said the Croats, or at any rate not as long as they were ruled from Belgrade instead of their own capital Zagreb; they were oppressed Croats.

The Serbs in Belgrade used to accuse them of treachery, of an unconfessed longing to see the Kaiser back on his throne in Vienna, to return to his fold. The Croats, they said, had always been called *kaisertreu*, Kaiser-true, in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and some of these Catholics wanted nothing better than to fawn again before a Catholic Emperor.

But now Austria was gone, and the Kaiser could never come back to Vienna, and where Austria had been was Germany. What now?, thought the Serbs, as they contemplated the Croats.

Here is the distant cloud. About the time that young King Peter was driving over the bridge a German map-maker, one Dr. Friedrich Lange, was publishing, with official National Socialist patronage, a new map of 'Middle Europe'. It now hangs in all German schools, universities and barracks. Red islands, of German-speaking inhabitants for whom the right of self-determination might be claimed one day, are spattered over Croatia and Slovenia, Zagreb is given its old German name of Agram, and the accompanying text remarks that 'Serbs and Croats are regarded by many people, in spite of their common literary language, as distinct races'.

After Munich, a German-Italian award at Vienna gave a large slice of Czechoslovakia to Hungary, a country that long proclaimed its territorial claims against Rumania - and Yugoslavia. About that time Milan Stoyadinovitch, electioneering in the countryside, declared, in allusion to this development, that Yugoslavia 'would never yield a foot of territory'. In respect of Hungary Yugoslavia can with ease make good that statement. But Germany?

I am convinced that the Reich will one day advance to the Adriatic. Nobody who has not been there can understand the pull that the call of the sea exercises on a nation that feels itself so strong, the magnetic attraction of the thought that there, only a few miles away, are great new harbours for your mercantile marine, new bases for your warships, so that they can reach the Mediterranean in a quick spring, without having to steam all round the coasts of Europe.

So this cloud, of the suppressed but unsettled dispute with the Croats and of the pressure from the mighty Reich in the north, hangs in the distance over the blue sky of peaceful and thriving Yugoslavia.

This domestic quarrel is a sad thing for those who love, and who cannot love, Serbia and Yugoslavia. While it lasts the country is kept in stern subjection by the police.

The police intrude upon your gaze more in Yugoslavia than in most countries, and this fact means something if you know the situation. When the population of Belgrade takes its daily promenade along the main street, the throngs pass between two lines of policemen, stationed at intervals of about twenty yards, who carry a bayoneted rifle slung over one shoulder, wear a revolver at their belt, and suggestively finger a truncheon with their free hand. In the environs of Belgrade, where the road passes the extensive grounds of the Royal Palace, already inhabited by the heavily armed Royal Guard, police are seen at all times of the day and night standing behind trees and bushes.

The hunger for power of politicians who have now been for years in the wilderness, the dispute with the Croats, and the controversy about the right foreign policy for Yugoslavia have led to the most extraordinary political mix-up that I have ever encountered. You never read anything about it, even in the country itself, with its Press censorship and rigid police control; it is largely a thing of whispers and handbills, and I am not sure that it means much more than the bitter rivalry for power of various groups, but it is there, and it may produce unexpected results some day, so that it is worth watching.

In Croatia you have, unchallenged spokesman of the Croat claims, Dr. Matchek, who succeeded the murdered Raditch and would in normal times be the voluble leader of the Croats in Parliament in Belgrade. But the Croats to-day say there is no good in taking their seats in Parliament, they might be shot at again. So they stay away.

Matchek always wears a collarless shirt, apparently to stamp himself as a man of the people, likes riding on a white horse, and has organized an army of Croat Storm Troops. His claims resemble those which the Slovaks have succeeded in realizing through the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia - loyalty to the Karageorgevitch dynasty, a united Yugoslav foreign policy, but beyond that full home-rule for the Croats in Croatia, with a parliament in Zagreb. The Belgrade Unionists always reply that this would mean changing King Alexander's Unionist Constitution, and that the only man who can do that will be the new king, young Peter, when he comes of age. They really mean that, in their opinion, the state can only be held together by firm rule from Serb, Nationalist, Orthodox Belgrade, and that they are not going to weaken it.

In Belgrade, arrayed against Matchek and his Croats, you have at the head of the Government Milan Stoyadinovitch, the confidant of Prince Regent Paul, who in his turn is the executor of King Alexander's strong-hand unionist policy. Minister of the Interior, Milan Achimovitch, was formerly Police Chief of Belgrade, so that the police may be counted on to rule the country with a firm hand. Also in the Government is Mehmed Spaho, portly and red-fezzed, the prosperous modern representative of the simple Mohammedans, who mostly live in Bosnia. Until recently the Minister of the Interior was also the representative of Slovenia, Anton Koroshetz, a stout clerical politician, Habsburg-bred, who was to Slovenia what Seipel, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg were to Austria, Brüning to Germany, Hlinka to Slovakia. When Austria was annexed he expressed loud-voiced fears for his Slovenia, which lies on the Austrian border and has many Germans and some German towns; and these misgivings, which did not accord with the complete confidence that Belgrade expresses in Berlin, may explain why he was dropped.

Thus the Government is a Serb-Slovene-Mohammedan ring to contain the fourth major element in the State, the disgruntled Croats. Or it would be if Stoyadinovitch represented Serbia. But there's the rub. Stoyadinovitch is a man of giant physique, iron nerve, keen brain; he has been to America, knows the western world, knows his Germans and Italians too. But he is no orator, is little known to the masses, is detested by the politicians in Belgrade because he has been in office and they out

of office too long, and he is pursuing a policy which, in view of the weakness of France and England, is the only one for Yugoslavia but which strikes no responsive note in the mind of the people.

It is the policy of collaboration with Germany and Italy. In January 1939 I watched the arrival in Belgrade of Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, and marvelled at the changes that four years can bring in European politics. About four years before I had watched the coffin of King Alexander arrive at this same station.

Some of his murderers had been trained and paid in Italy, and after the crime the leaders fled to Italy, who refused to extradite them. The highest personages in Italy must have known what impended in Marseilles on that October day in 1934.

Now, Count Ciano travelled through Yugoslavia in his special train, the same peasants who then came weeping to watch the dead king pass came smiling to offer bread and salt to the honoured guest. Dr. Stoyadinovitch's green shirts and blue shirts cried 'Long live the Duce' and 'Long live Ciano'.

In politics memories are sometimes very long and sometimes very short.

The mind of the people is not for Germany and Italy. Yugoslavs have not forgotten Austrian domination, German occupation, the murder of the King, the Italian claims to Dalmatia. But reasons of State produce curious changes and, since the day when France passively accepted the German reoccupation of the Rhineland, the rulers of Yugoslavia have seen the best hope of safety in friendship with Germany and Italy. Tactically, the position is a fairly good one, because the points of weakness in the Berlin-Rome partnership lie in Yugoslavia. As long as the partnership pays the partners such good dividends, it is in their interest to keep it strong - and not to push their ambitions in Yugoslavia to the point where they could clash. Germany, undoubtedly, feels drawn towards the Adriatic, and when she appears there Italy will begin to tremble before her partner. Italy, undoubtedly, has only shelved, and not forgotten, her claims to Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast. But as long as the partnership remains valuable to Berlin and Rome, that coveted coast is likely to remain neutral ground, and Yugoslavia may deftly play off the partners against each other. It is her only hope.

So Prince Paul and Milan Stoyadinovitch pursue an unpopular policy, hoping against hope to keep the country intact against dangers from without and within until the young King comes of age, until some unlooked-for event occurs to change the European line-up to Yugoslavia's advantage.

But the future is full of menace. The Croats are well organized and solid behind Matchek. They see frontiers changing all round them, they see Slovaks and Ruthenians gaining 'home-rule' at the command of Germany. The murder at Marseilles showed what results can spring from such a centre of disaffection, if a foreign power chooses to lend a hand. At the moment, no foreign power does this, for reasons of greater international policy, but the situation might change at any moment. The Croats have been setting up their own 'National Assembly' at Zagreb, threatening to refuse payment of taxes, threatening that no Croat would obey a mobilization order.

After Munich, Milan Stoyadinovitch held a snap election, his message to the electors being 'Look at Benesh - and look at me. Look at Czechoslovakia - and look at Yugoslavia'.

The Government obtained its majority - the electoral law strongly favours the government - but the election showed a very strong body of opposition in the country, in spite of the triumphant vindication that Munich gave to the policy which the Government has pursued.



There you have young King Peter's kingdom, a going concern, that foresaw bad times, cut its overheads, reduced its stocks, improved its sales, and can show a good balance sheet. Difficult times still lie ahead of it, but times less difficult, perhaps, than those that await some of the rest of us.

In three years King Peter will be ready to ascend his throne. He is a rather shy and delicate-looking lad, who has been kept closely cloistered, has had less opportunity of seeing the outer world than cousin Michael in Rumania. He was at school in England when his father was murdered; now his English tutor, Mr. Parratt, schools him and has a villa near the Royal Palace. His father, Alexander, grew up in a rough school. King Peter has grown up in a sheltered one. In three years he should mount the throne. A formidable and almost awe-inspiring task lies before this young man, if at the age of eighteen he is to be pitchforked into the world of Serbo-Croat politics, of Belgrade intrigue.

The Europe we know to-day is very different from the one we knew three years ago. Another three years will bring far greater changes. 'A king must learn each change and turn if he means to keep his crown.'

I wondered, as he passed me on the bridge, in what sort of Europe he and I would live three years later, when the time came for him to receive that crown.

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## Chapter Eighteen

### FLY, FLY, FLY AGAIN

I sat in a room of a British Legation in a foreign capital, one September day, and told the man I was with, 'I've just heard on the radio that Chamberlain is flying to Berchtesgaden to-morrow to see Hitler.'

'WHAT?' he said.

That was what everybody said then. It was a new idea, for a British Prime Minister to fly to that Bavarian mountain retreat. It set a fashion. Everybody's doing it now.

Personally I have nothing against it. Lord Baldwin's subsequent effort in the House of Lords - 'When people talk as if there were something unclean in having face-to-face discussions with a dictator I wonder if they realize that one of the greatest difficulties throughout the last five years has been to get into contact with the dictators' - was just one of those phrases by means of which the dear old British public is continually thrown off the trail. I have no objection, and I do not believe any Englishman objects, if British Prime Ministers visit dictators every week-end, if more or less strong men, though they come from the ends of the earth, stand face to face every day. But what they do when they meet - that is a very different matter. I would give Mr. Chamberlain the fullest marks for the flight. But the outcome of it? That is the point at issue, and don't let yourself be bluffed.

Now my acquaintance in that British Legation said, 'WHAT?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'just that.'

'I must tell the Minister,' he said hurriedly. He lifted the receiver, touched a button, repeated the news - and a noise like a Mills bomb bursting far away rang through the room.

It was the Minister, at the other end of the telephone, saying, 'WHAT?'

As I write, the list of Herr Hitler's most important visitors since that day, when the fashion was set, is: the British Prime Minister (three times), the French Prime Minister, the Italian Dictator, the King of Bulgaria, the King of Rumania, the ruler of a Balkan country which shall be nameless, as the news of the visit was not made known, the Polish Ambassador in Berlin, the Hungarian Regent, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, the Slovak Premier, the Ruthenian (or Carpatho-Ukrainian, or Carpatho-Russian, this rather depends on Herr Hitler) Premier, the South African Minister of Defence, and many other minor lights.

But on that day the British Minister in that distant capital said, 'WHAT?'

The atmosphere in that city was laden with fear. Men who did not want to go to war were being called up: sitting in a little café in a town on the Danube I saw them, unsoldierly in their unaccustomed uniforms, leaving by bus for the regimental depot, their womenfolk crying as they went. Those tears! The porters of apartment houses were being supplied with brass gongs, with a few sacks of sand, and this, for some reason hidden from me, was supposed to be a precautionary measure against aerial attack. There was an air raid rehearsal one night, and a treasured memory of these days, to me, is of the other inhabitants of the house, who were without exception Jews, going down to take shelter in a cellar to which the smallest bomb would have penetrated; they were not

quite sure if that rehearsal was only a rehearsal, and not the real thing. I have a vivid mental picture of one gentleman prepared for the ordeal; he had a hamper of provisions, a large thermos flask, a gas mask, a raincoat and a cap, and he sat in the cellar until dawn broke.

The next day I sat, in the early evening, in the room of a British friend and listened to the radio. The papers had been telling us that Mr. Chamberlain was expected to stay at Berchtesgaden for several days, for a nice, long, quiet talk with Hitler. Now, we did not believe that. Most of the people in that room knew Germany, knew Hitler, knew Hitler's method. The one thing we could not conceive was that he would sit in an arm-chair for days on end, talking to Mr. Chamberlain and being sweetly reasonable. His method, as we knew, was to demand a quick signature on the dotted line, or else ...

While we waited we discussed Sir Horace Wilson. Most of us had never heard his name before. Why, we wondered, had he been chosen to accompany Mr. Chamberlain, who himself had no personal experience whatever of foreign affairs, of foreign countries, of foreign dictators, on a mission which 'might decide the fate of Europe? We asked one of our number who was an official in British service. 'Don't ask me,' he said rather bitterly, 'I hardly know his name. I believe his official capacity is that of "Chief Economic Adviser to the Cabinet".'

'But what are his qualifications for foreign affairs?' we asked.

'This is the new diplomacy', he answered.

While we waited, the radio announced that Mr. Chamberlain, after a few hours, was already on his way back to London. We smiled, 'I told you so', at each other. A little while later, and we heard the landing at Heston, Mr. Chamberlain saying into the microphone, 'I have come back rather quicker than I expected ...'

'Oh yeah?' we said, but not quicker than we expected.

At Berchtesgaden Mr. Chamberlain, who had expected several days of quiet conversation, in his own subsequent words 'very soon became aware', when he was closeted with Herr Hitler and the indispensable interpreter, 'that the position was much more acute and much more urgent than I had realized', that Hitler, if he did not get his way immediately, 'would be prepared to risk a world war'. Yet for six years British journalists abroad had been foretelling this. But Mr. Chamberlain was taken by surprise.

Now with relief, we heard, 'I am going to have another talk with Herr Hitler, perhaps in a few days.'

That at least was a respite. We were all in the same boat, should war break out; we should be lucky if we managed to get out before the frontiers closed, lucky if we ever got back to England.

Then we heard the concluding sentence: 'But this time Herr Hitler has told me that it is his intention to come half-way to meet me; that he is to spare an old man such another long journey' (cheers.)

Again I heard with despondent discomfort the voice of a man who did not know the man with whom he had to deal. If Hitler was going to meet Chamberlain half-way next time, I told my companions, it was certainly not from compassion for his age. It was to speed up the drama.

Four years earlier, on a June night in 1934, in a little Rhineland town - it may interest you to know the name of that town, Godesberg - Hitler had given the order for the mass execution of hundreds of political enemies of all ages and in all camps, and among them was a certain General von Kahr,

who was seventy-eight years old and whose only crime was that in 1923, eleven years before that, he had suppressed Hitler's first attempt to march on Berlin.

At the age of seventy-eight General von Kahr, who had long been living in retirement, was taken out and shot. Hitler did not spare him that journey, on account of his age.

Mr. Chamberlain was always taken by surprise. I don't know what analysis of the situation Sir Horace Wilson had given him, or anybody else. I can say this, quite certainly. Any experienced member of the British diplomatic service, any experienced foreign correspondent, could have told Mr. Chamberlain, months and years before, exactly what Hitler wanted, exactly what he would threaten.

For my part I wrote it in a book which was published six months before that day, and in dispatches and private reports years before. I was one of scores who had been saying this for years. Then why did Mr. Chamberlain not know what was coming, why was he always surprised? I have already given the answer. If you are a tailor you cannot expect to make boots, you must order them from a bootmaker. If you want to deal in foreign affairs you must learn them.

But, for that matter, read what Chamberlain said - Chamberlain! - more than two years earlier, on April 1st, 1936:

What attitude shall we take if Austrian independence be threatened or destroyed, whether by an attack from outside or by a revolution fostered and supported from outside, like that which caused the death of Dollfuss? If we mean anything at all by the declaration that our policy is founded on the League and that we shall fulfil our obligations, possibilities of this kind must give food for thought to every British citizen. For we may have to intervene at any moment. The independence of Austria is a key position. If Austria perishes, Czechoslovakia becomes indefensible. Then the whole of the Balkans will be submitted to a gigantic new influence. Then the old German dream of a Central Europe ruled by and subject to Berlin will become reality from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, with incalculable consequences not only for our country but for our whole Empire.

Could you have clearer foresight than that? Is there any possible justification for being unready, for being taken by surprise, when you see things so clearly and so far in advance?

Not Neville Chamberlain said that, but Austen, his half-brother, who had studied in Germany in his youth, knew the Germans, knew Germany, knew foreign affairs, warned his father Joseph what to expect. Did he not warn Neville? Did Neville think he knew better? Or was it his opinion that Czechoslovakia was not worth saving? If so, why was Benesh not told, Benesh who had asked often enough for a clear lead, Benesh who could have made honourable terms with Germany.

Read what that other Chamberlain, who knew Germany, said on July 27th, 1936:

I know of no parallel case of a government which expresses the wish for peace and friendly relations with another government and nevertheless displays so complete a contempt for friendly relations. That is a bad omen for these new negotiations. The more conciliatory we are the more does Germany bluster. The more we show our readiness to give, the greater become her demands. Is it not better, especially when you have to do with a government with such a past, clearly to say what you mean? I venture to put it to the House and the Government thus: negotiations cannot be brought to success by the encouragement of vague, elastic, expansive hopes. The

point is this: to know yourself how far you are ready to go, and to let the other man know that you are ready to do everything possible within these limits, but not to overstep them ... It has never been my experience that negotiations are promoted by the encouragement of unrealizable hopes and for my part I am not only of the opinion that we have no right to give our mandated territories to any other than their inhabitants, so soon as they are capable of defending and governing themselves. I go further and say that I could not take it on myself to place other human beings under a Government which in its own country refuses the rights of citizenship to its own people and makes slaves of them.

But now Mr. Chamberlain, surprised, flew back to London to confer, as he said, with his colleagues, and especially with Lord Runciman.

The annals of foreign affairs make relatively few references to Lord Runciman in the twenty-five years before he appeared in Prague, there to recommend, after studying for some weeks one of the most ancient problems in Europe, the cession of the Sudeten German territory, and therewith of Czechoslovakia's ability to maintain her real independence, to Germany. But such references as I find suggest that Lord Runciman was one of the earliest members of the Fair Dealers.

Lord D'Abernon in his memoirs describes an interview with W. Lloyd George at Genoa in 1921, in which he reports Mr. Lloyd George as saying that he had during the World War found nearly all economic theories to be wrong, that Lord Cunliffe had rightly said, 'It was a blessing for England that during the war two men were responsible for English finances who understood nothing of finance, Lloyd George and myself', that Mr. McKenna repeatedly produced proofs that England could not financially stand more than three years of war, that Mr. Runciman agreed with Mr. McKenna, but Mr. Lloyd George and the others, who understood nothing of finance, believed him to be wrong and proved it.

In 1916, when Mr. Asquith's Government was overthrown, Mr. Runciman went with his chief into opposition and joined the 'Lansdowne Group', which was for early negotiations to end the war.

In February 1918, says Prince Max of Baden, 'Mr. Runciman again advocated negotiations during the debate', and the then German Chancellor, Count Hertling, speaking in the Reichstag on February 25th, 1918, also approvingly quoted 'a Liberal member of the English House of Commons and former Minister, Mr. Walter Runciman', as expressing the opinion that 'we should be nearer to peace if accredited and responsible representatives of the belligerent powers would get together in a small circle for a mutual exchange of views ... For the present it does not appear that this suggestion of the English parliamentarian has prospect of realization'.

You know what happened when Mr. Chamberlain returned to London. Lord Runciman reported his proposal that the Sudeten German areas should be ceded to Germany; the French Government agreed on condition that the new frontier should be fixed by an international body and guaranteed by France and Britain; Czechoslovakia was presented with these proposals, by France and England, and told that neither her sworn ally nor the ally of her sworn ally would help her if she refused; in Prague Dr. Hodza's Government accepted under 'unbelievable pressure' and resigned. The British Government had presented to Prague, in imperative form, on September 19th, the proposals which it had officially disowned when they were first ventilated by *The Times* on September 7th. On September 22nd Mr. Chamberlain was again with Hitler - at Godesberg of sinister renown.

In Prague, in the early hours of that day, men and women were laughing and weeping in the streets. The laughter was hysterical. 'Look at this,' cried a man, waving in the air a copy of a special edition

with the flaring headline 'Absolutely Forsaken', 'now we're all alone, with the Germans, Poles and Hungarians against us, and not a soul with us.' A roar of laughter went up.

In a club two Czech women sat with an Englishman. When the news came, of the Franco-British ultimatum and its acceptance, they exchanged comments about faithless friends and began to laugh, and laugh, and went on laughing, they couldn't stop, until the tears ran down. The Englishman squirmed in his chair. These had been the happiest people in Europe until a few hours before.

In the streets, in the houses, others were weeping. An old woman, a flower-seller, wept at her stall as *The Times* correspondent passed her: 'I had two sons killed in Italy fighting for Czechoslovakia,' she said. 'I don't know what it all means, but I am sure we didn't deserve this. What have we done?' Everywhere you saw crowds, laughing, shouting, arguing, crying, gesticulating.

'Our allies and friends have dictated to us sacrifices without parallel in history,' said the Propaganda Minister, Vavrečka, into the microphone. The crowds surged through the streets, bewildered, shouting, 'Long live Benesh', 'Down with Benesh', 'Long live the army', 'Down with the Jews', 'No, no, don't sacrifice Czechoslovakia'. In all history there was nothing to compare with such a transfer of territory from a country not defeated in war. Far into the small hours the tumult of despair and faith betrayed resounded over the city that with a calm spirit had faced its great ordeal.

The agony of Prague was still at its height when Mr. Chamberlain, at midday, reached Cologne. He had expected a shorter journey. Actually, by the time he had travelled by car to the Petersberg, hurriedly lunched there, then travelled by car to the Rhine, and then by ferry to the hotel where Hitler had been comfortably resting, it was as hard a journey as the first one.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose chief companion was again the Chief Economic Adviser, was again surprised. What he found, once more, was entirely different from his expectations.

I do not want honourable members to think Herr Hitler was deliberately deceiving me. I do not think so for one moment, but, for my part, I expected that when I got back to Godesberg I had only to discuss quietly with him the proposals that I had brought with me and it was a profound shock to me when I was told at the beginning of the conversation that these proposals were not acceptable and that they were to be replaced by other proposals of a kind which I had not contemplated at all ... Honourable members will realize the perplexity in which I found myself faced with this totally unexpected situation.

Ah me, these surprises, these expectations, these 'profound shocks', this perplexity. Not even the Chief Economic Adviser could foresee them. We foresaw them, the little group of Englishmen who had lived abroad and heard that one about 'sparing an old man' on the radio. We knew that the British Prime Minister was due to get a severe jolt when he paid his second visit. We knew the method - don't give your opponent a second's rest, get him groggy, pile blow on blow, bewilder him, drive him into his corner so that he can't duck under your arm. Any one of your specialists, any single Englishman who has lived for a number of years in Germany, could have told you what to expect. But you will not listen, you know better.

So Mr. Chamberlain found, instead of a quiet chat about the manner of carrying out the surrender of territory which had already been forced on Prague, 'an ultimatum' going far beyond those proposals, demanding the evacuation and occupation of the whole area forthwith. He thought it would 'profoundly shock public opinion in neutral countries', he 'bitterly reproached the Chancellor for his failure to respond in any way to the efforts I had made to secure peace'. On the other hand, he was informed 'with great earnestness that this was the last of Herr Hitler's territorial ambitions in

Europe, and that he had no wish to include in the Reich people of other races than Germans'. He had 'no hesitation' in saying that 'after the personal contact I established with Herr Hitler' - through an interpreter - 'I believe he means what he says when he states that'.

Is it worth while repeating, once again, all the things that have been said, all the things that have been without hesitation believed? Perhaps it is. Here goes.

On May 21st, 1935, Hitler said:

The German Government will scrupulously respect every treaty voluntarily signed, even if concluded before its entry into power. It will therefore in particular respect and fulfil all obligations arising from the Locarno Pact so long as the other signatories are ready to stand by this pact.

The Locarno Treaty was torn up on March 7th, 1936.

On May 21st, 1935, Hitler said:

The German Government will unconditionally respect all other clauses of the Versailles Treaty affecting the mutual relations of the nations, including the territorial clauses ...

On March 7th, 1936, Hitler said:

We have no territorial claims in Europe.

On January 30th, 1934, Hitler said:

The assertion that the German Reich intends to overpower the Austrian state is absurd and can by no means be proved or substantiated ... I must most sharply refute the further assertion of the Austrian Government that any attack against the Austrian state will be undertaken or is even contemplated.

On May 21st, 1935, Hitler said:

Germany has neither the intention nor the will to interfere in domestic Austrian affairs, to annex Austria, or to unite Austria with the Reich.

On March 11th, 1936, Hitler said:

My offer of non-aggression pacts in the east and west was made without any exceptions. It holds good therefore for Austria also.

On May 1st, 1936, Hitler said:

Once again lies are being spread about, that Germany will fall upon Austria to-morrow or the day after to-morrow.

On July 11th, 1936, Hitler signed the German-Austrian treaty acknowledging:

the full sovereignty of the Federal Austrian State [and declaring that] the question of Austrian National Socialism is a domestic Austrian affair which the German Government will neither directly nor indirectly seek to influence.

On March 7th and March 11th, 1936, Hitler stated that he was ready to conclude a pact of non-aggression with Czechoslovakia.

On March 14th, 1938, in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain stated that, among a number of other cockle-warming assurances:

the German Government has assured the Czechoslovak Minister in Berlin that Germany considers herself bound by the German-Czechoslovak arbitration treaty of October 25th.

(When the Czechoslovak Government in September, confronted by the Franco-British ultimatum, said, 'What about the German-Czechoslovak arbitration treaty?', its question fell on deaf ears.)

As a result of the unpleasant surprise at Godesberg, not completely sweetened by the assurances, the British and French Ministers in Prague were instructed to inform the Czechoslovak Government that their countries could no longer take the responsibility for advising Czechoslovakia not to mobilize, and on Friday night, September 24th, 1938, the mobilization order of President Benesh was broadcast to the nation, in Czech, German, Hungarian, Slovak, Ruthenian, Polish and Finnish.

Citizens [it said] the decisive moment has arrived. Keep calm, be brave and faithful. Your struggle is for justice and your Fatherland. Long live free Czechoslovakia.

This was the most inspiring moment in post-war history, even more inspiring than England's call, so soon denied, to the world to rally against the aggressor in Abyssinia. The Czechs were born again. At the last moment, they thought they were going to be allowed to fight, that they would have good friends at their side. They knew that half of them would perish, but thought that the remnant of the nation would rise again, free men in a free world.

The world never heard the full story of that magnificent mobilization, of a small nation doomed to the sacrifice and exulting in its fate. Czechoslovakia was already isolated, the telephones and cables and posts and trains had already ceased to function, and, for that matter, a good many newspapers in the outer world were already censoring anything that could arouse too much sympathy for the Czechs.

Europe has probably never seen the like of that midnight mobilization. As the radio broadcast the order waiters in the cafés and restaurants calmly peeled off their white jackets, put on their street clothes, shook hands with the guests and went. Men who were already in bed got up and quickly dressed, and their womenfolk and elder male relatives accompanied them in pyjamas and dressing-gowns to the stations and tramcars.

Guests in the wineshops called gleefully for a bottle of champagne to celebrate this great occasion, toasted each other quickly and hastened off to report. The great crowds in the streets melted away as the men dashed home to collect their belongings. Taxi-cabs and motor cars, requisitioned, disappeared as if by magic. In no time at all lorries full of soldiers in uniform or civilians bound for the depots were careering through the streets, wildly cheered. Even the weeping women were



proud, happy in the regained gladness of their men. 'Better die than decay,' said one group of soldiers to *The Times* correspondent, 'but we shall win. We shall not be left alone.'

For many, many years to come Czechs, when they meet together, will speak of that night. When they speak to you about it to-day the bitter gloom leaves their eyes, their faces light up. 'We've only had one happy day in two months,' said one of them to me, weeks afterwards, 'and that was the day of the mobilization.'

Another, a Legionary, a homeless and destitute refugee when I saw him, was like a man re-born when he told me of that night. 'We only wanted to fight', he said, 'we only wanted to fight', and then the light left his eyes, and he looked round him at the bare room, with the palliasses, in which he was existing, and his shoulders slumped and he closed his mouth and shrugged, bitterly.

As far as I can remember there is no example in history of a small nation that was not only ready, but clamorously eager, to fight one far mightier than itself for an ideal going beyond frontiers, deliberately to sacrifice itself in the greater cause of a greater humanity. The Czechoslovak army was, in proportion to its size, the finest in Europe, its morale far better than that even of the German army. To have cast away this ally is worse than a crime - the crime, if any, was a French crime - it was a gigantic mistake.

So Mr. Chamberlain and the Chief Economic Adviser flew back to London, with the unpleasant surprise in Mr. Chamberlain's pocket, and the world prepared for war.

By this time I was sure that we were not going to have war, for I happened to be listening to the radio on that Saturday, September 24th, and heard that Signor Mussolini in a speech had stated that Herr Hitler had given until October 1st for his terms to be accepted. Now that was a full week, in which the Czechs might improve their defences, and as soon as I heard that I felt convinced that the fate of Czechoslovakia was already in the bag and that an enormous bluff was in progress. For Hitler, if and when he makes war, will strike like lightning. He will not declare it eight days in advance. He may give you six hours, not more.

Therefore I watched the great world crisis of the following days with a certain scepticism, which I still retain. It was increased by two passages in that national broadcast of Mr. Chamberlain's on the evening on Tuesday, September 27th, a broadcast calculated so to wring the withers of the British people that they could only be the more hilarious and grateful the next day, when they heard that Mr. Chamberlain was to fly yet again.

... a quarrel in a far away country between people of whom we know nothing.  
I would not hesitate to pay even a third visit to Germany if I thought it would do any good.

Comparing these two significant utterances with Signor Mussolini's announcement that Herr Hitler had given eight days for the matter to be arranged, I felt strongly of opinion that Czechoslovakia was doomed, that there would be no war, and that the real aim of the manoeuvring, in the minds of Hitler and Mussolini, already assured of victory, was that it should be achieved with the maximum of triumph for themselves, with the maximum of humiliation for the others, and, beyond all possible doubt, as the result of the threat of war, and not as the fruit of friendly negotiation.

Meanwhile England was getting ready for another world war and another class war. Trenches were being dug in the parks, and children were being sent away from London, and the people to whom they were being sent were writing to Whitehall, as Sir Samuel Hoare later stated, to complain about 'dirty little children from the London schools being billeted in our houses'.

Everybody was trying to get hold of a gas mask, and this is the most lunatic thing of all, and inexplicable to me when I think how many men must be alive in England to-day who were in the last war and who know that if you take the numeral I as your chance of being gassed in an air raid your chance of being hit by a bomb is 1000.

Give me a bomb-proof shelter and you may keep your gas mask. But in England there were only gas masks, and not many of those, but no bomb-proof shelters, though in your underground railways you have the finest raw material for bomb-proof shelters, if anybody would take the trouble to have them adapted for that purpose, of any city in the world. You could put hundreds of thousands of people in them in perfect safety, you could have food and water and everything you needed down there, if you ever could be moved to do anything about anything, but muddling through is awfully jolly and British, and how too British we British are, aren't we?

What an incredible scene of confusion and chaos that was, after six years of constant warnings. On the outskirts of London, Aircraftmen struggling to get a few balloons into the air, many of which broke away, as who should say, 'Include me out of this farce, will you?', and drifted off into the blue. Somebody making a deal of money from transactions in sandbags. In the parks, anti-aircraft guns from the last war - the last war! - being brought into position. Gas masks being distributed that lacked essential parts.

In the city with the most money and the most people in the world, after six years of warnings!

We are not prepared; we have hardly begun to prepare; we do not know how all the failures that occurred during the crisis can be avoided next time.

What do you think of that, after six years of warnings? Mr. Eady, of the Home Office, speaking, about those passive measures of defence against air-raids (as distinct from air-fighting), default in which means, according to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, that '2 000,000 or 3,000,000 people will be blown to pieces in London alone'. These passive measures comprise gas masks, trenches, bomb-proof shelters, evacuation.

The more important measures are the active ones - anti-aircraft guns, fighting aircraft. Do you think we were readier in these things? On November 4th your Secretary of State for War confirmed some of the worst fears that had been expressed about useless anti-aircraft guns, deficient transport, wrong ammunition. But not the Government was at fault, the culprits were the people who had been crying for years to have these things remedied, for the Government to fulfil its own promises. His anxiety had been 'not lest the full equipment should come, but about those who kept stressing the lack of full equipment'.

Indeed, these people, who only pressed for the Government to do what it had declared to be necessary, courted unpopularity and even persecution. Duncan Sandys, M.P., from the day he joined the Anti-Aircraft Brigade in April 1937 'never ceased to hear complaints and expressions of alarm and anxiety at the shortage of guns of any type and of reliable up-to-date instruments'. He was dismayed when a speech of the War Minister seemed to indicate that Mr. Hore-Belisha was under the impression that the anti-aircraft units had their full recruitment of guns, his fellow officers and their men 'were astonished at the War Minister's speeches and parliamentary answers to questions'. When Duncan Sandys, M.P., prepared a question to put to the War Minister he was threatened with a court martial.

You see how democracy works, under such leaders. Three and a half years had passed since the Government announced its resolution to make the country's armaments adequate for its own protection and for the fulfilment of its obligations. This was no sudden, new, unexpected

emergency. Ever since 1936 the nation had been called on for 'sacrifices', for 'intensive efforts'. There had been shadow factories, recruiting drives, a huge air programme, a Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, income tax at 5s. and 5s. 6d. in the pound. For years and years before 1936 we had spent more than £100,000,000 a year on armaments.

What happened in all those months and years? Where did the money go? What waste, and what undue profit, was there on contracts? Why were Ministers who allowed this chaos to develop not dismissed? Why were Ministers who were responsible for this appalling mess allowed to rise, serene and unruffled, in their places, and indict as the villains of the piece those who had called for these evils and abuses to be remedied? They were the cause of all our troubles, of all the Gadarene deterioration in the state of world affairs, of the standards of humanity, justice and decency; they left a red trail behind them leading from Manchuria and Abyssinia to Spain and Czechoslovakia.

In 1933 all its experts in Europe had warned the Government what was coming. In 1936, on paper, British rearmament at last got under way. Is it really under way now, in 1939? Why was it not begun in 1933, in 1934? Stanley Baldwin, answering this charge that the Government failed to make preparations in 1934, said in November 1936 that 'from my point of view' it would have made 'the loss of the election certain to tell the country "Germany is rearming and we must rearm"'. By waiting until 1935, 'We won the election with a large majority'.

Now you know the stuff that elections are made of. In 1935 you were told, again by Baldwin, that Germany was not approaching equality with you in the air, that in 1936 you would still be twice as strong as Germany in the air, in Europe. In 1936 You were told, again by Baldwin, that the aim of British air policy was to maintain an air force as strong as the strongest within jumping distance of British shores. In November 1938 your Air Minister gave figures in Parliament which mean that the relative strength of the British and German air forces is as one to three. You cannot make good this gap; simultaneously you have sacrificed allies who would have helped to make it good.

Germany at this September crisis, when you thought that war was coming in a few days, had an enormous air force, perfectly equipped, an air raid defence organization without its like in the world, which only needs the pressing of a button for every man, woman and child in the country to go to an appointed place, she had the biggest and best-equipped army in the world.

In England, to quote a good judge, Lieutenant Commander R. Fletcher, M.P., writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, you had the advantage only in one arm - the Navy. The Navy was our stay in ages past. Perhaps it will be again. You cannot bank on this. It is a thing that has not been tried out since the development of gigantic modern air navies.

In everything else - in the mechanization of the Army, in air raid precautions, in anti-aircraft defence, in fighting aircraft, in your balloon barrage, in food storage, in merchant shipping, in arrangements for the switch-over of industry from peace to war production, you were so far behind that you were barely perceptible.

You now have only two possibilities of saving yourself, and as these were very well put by Commander Fletcher, I quote him:

A national effort can be made by orders imposed from above upon a nation deprived of all freedom, i.e. upon a slave population.

We do not want this in England; it is not necessary; and I am not sure that Hitler would now permit it, he may already be strong enough to veto it.

Or [the second alternative] a national effort can be made under the guidance of a Government truly interpreting the national will, especially in foreign policy, caring equally for all sections of the population, demanding proportionate sacrifices from all in the attainment of security and attacking our internal discontents - bad housing, under-nutrition, unemployment, social insecurity, derelict areas - as resolutely as our external dangers.

That is what you want. But your Governments will not do it. They do not 'care equally for all sections of the population', they are inspired by feelings of class antagonism and in the last analysis their actions, both in home and in foreign policy, can only be explained by the grim resolve to perpetuate class barriers and the evils they bring. They have announced as many programmes to mend bad housing, under-nutrition, unemployment, social insecurity, and derelict areas as they have announced programmes for rearmament - and they have lagged as far behind in the one as in the other.

Now you must be constantly on the watch for a new attempt to misuse your longing, the longing of the masses of English people, for these things to be remedied. You must be on the watch for a new, inspiring call for a 'national effort' - as in the case of Abyssinia - which will be used to storm your humane feelings and your patriotic sentiments, snap an overwhelming majority at a quick election - and then institute some form of class dictatorship or semi-dictatorship the real aim of which would be to restrict your liberties, muzzle criticism of past mistakes and prolong those very evils which you would, in your millions, vote to abolish.

For my part, the exposed plight of my native city, London, to air attack in 1938, in spite of repeated warnings since 1933, made me shudder when I was there in the spring of 1938. In my case, too, I found that, for some reason which I begin to find sinister, I only courted unpopularity and rebuffs by telling people in high places in London of the mortal danger that overlay London and urging that drastic measures be taken, at long last, to put our defences in order.

After the invasion of Austria, where I saw the new German army and air force in actual movement for the first time, I wrote from Zürich three urgent letters, one to the editor of a London newspaper, one to a man socially well placed whom I thought possibly able to bring influence to bear, one to a high Government official, telling them: 'Now you must at all costs do two things, and you only have a very little time left to do them: get your factories at work day and night on the production of aircraft, anti-aircraft guns, and munitions; get your anti-air-raid organization, especially your bomb-proof shelter and evacuation arrangements, into perfect order.' I had one answer, which urged me to go into the country and take a long rest.

So that was the picture of England when Mr. Chamberlain, Monsieur j'aime Berlin, the man with the umbrella, flew for the third time, to swastika-bedecked Munich, to the meeting of the Four Just Men at the Sign of the Double Cross, to the surgical operation on the small country far away where people quarrel about whom we know nothing.

What a gathering. I don't know what the moron history will say about it, but I know what I think about it. Adolf Hitler; Benito Mussolini; Edouard Daladier; Neville Chamberlain. It was perfectly true, none of them knew anything about Czechoslovakia - none of them had ever been there. Czechoslovakia, which had rejected the Godesberg demands, which Chamberlain himself had found impossible of acceptance, was not present; Czechoslovak 'observers' had asked if they might, please, attend, and were waiting somewhere, ignored, in an ante-room. Of the four men round the table three represented countries for whom and with whom the Czechs, now jubilantly preparing to go into battle, had fought. One, France, had declared four days before that if Czechoslovakia were

attacked France would come to her aid; England had simultaneously declared that she would support France if hostilities broke out.

Among the men gathered to dismember the small country they knew nothing about was one, Benito Mussolini, who had been making speech after speech in Italy about Czechoslovakia, always with the text 'Crucify Czechoslovakia'.

Benito Mussolini possibly did know just a little about Czechoslovakia, and about the crucifixion of Czechs. For in the year 1918 an Englishman, one Oliffe Richmond, who afterwards described this experience in *The Times*, was 'shown, by Italian officers, through binoculars from a mountain above Lake Garda, a crucifix in a field within the Austrian lines, on which the body of a Czech soldier had been left to hang'. Italy, added Mr. Richmond, 'was as deeply interested then as were any of the other Allies in the birth of a free Republic and had as much responsibility as the rest for the drawing of a natural frontier for it'.

The Czechoslovak Republic, Mr. Richmond proceeded, with truth, 'has not used coercion upon its minorities in any degree so harsh as that practised by Italy upon the Tirolese Germans and the Slovenes', and he asked 'all Italians who may chance to read this to recall that symbolic morning at Padua not yet twenty years ago and to ask themselves by what conceivable right they can condone action which is designed to go beyond all claims of self-determination to the crucifixion once again of the whole Czech nation that they helped to free'. The symbolic morning at Padua to which he referred was one in December 1918, when he saw 'two divisions of the new-born Czech Army parade before King Victor Emanuel and his generals in the Piazza dell' Arena at Padua'.

But since Czechoslovakia is, or was, a small country that you know nothing about, I should like to tell you something of it, as it was until September 1938.

It was the last free Republic, the last people's state, the last country where democracy had any meaning, in Europe east of the Rhine. In twenty years, after centuries of alien dominations they had accomplished marvellous things. They did not want to leave the Austro-Hungarian Empire, they did not 'break up' the Austro-Hungarian Empire, as you are so often told, it broke up within itself, and when they saw it collapse they formed their own state.

They took part of the land, against compensation, from the great and wealthy nobles, and gave it to the peasants. They built roads and schools and hospitals and sanatoriums, and children's homes. They created the finest army, and the best-equipped, of any small state in Europe; militarily, they were a Great Power. This was the only army in Europe in which the fiery ideal of 1918 still burned, it panted to be at an enemy that ten times outnumbered it.

In this state every field was farmed to the last inch; a thriving industry grew and prospered. The ditches, the hedges, the trees, the woods were tended to the last blade and twig; here there were no keep-out boards, the land was the people's and you could go where you liked. The bulk of the population clung to that state with a burning love; an English Minister, seeking to vindicate Munich, said that when the state was dismembered it was already breaking up from within. He, too, knew nothing about this small country - and he never said a more arrantly foolish thing in his life. The people in this state felt that it was theirs, they had not much money, but they had a small-holding or a small job, and felt themselves freemen in a free land, after centuries of serfdom.

You can see the things they did to-day. Drive from Prague to Brünn, from Prague to Reichenberg, from Prague to Saaz, compare these rich fields, these tidy factories, these well-tended towns with your own land. When a part of this land was surrendered to Hungary, an immediate crisis broke out there, because in the regained lands men owned their farms and had been cared for by the state,

while in Hungary the peasant was poverty-stricken and landless, gendarme-fodder. In this land all minorities had seats in Parliament - members in the Government, if they wished - in exact proportion to their numbers; budget expenditure was apportioned on the same plan. The Sudeten Germans had a free press and could say what they liked about the Government.

The people felt that this state belonged to them, not they to the state. This was the land that was destroyed, cast once more in chains.

You know what was done at Munich. Peace with honour. Peace in our time. The peace that passeth my understanding.

You were bluffed again. You were told that, when a strip of Czechoslovakia, containing the defences, had been torn off, as you might tear the perforated counterfoil from a cheque, a right little, tight little Czechoslovakia would remain, guaranteed by England and France. What's wrong with that? you thought. What could be fairer than that? Mr. Chamberlain explained in the House that this guarantee was one of the respects in which Munich was so much better than Godesberg. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the other place, said the guarantee 'made an immense difference'.

You were told that four safeguards for Czechoslovakia were gained at Munich, and it was probably because of these four 'pledges' or 'guarantees' or 'assurances' or whatever you like to call them - none of them meant a thing - that you were so stupendously relieved, that you mafficked in Whitehall, that you believed a real peace with honour had been achieved.

I have been living in Czechoslovakia, a country I know something about, since the dismemberment. I can tell you that the guarantee means nothing at all, that it is an illusion, that it cannot be enforced. I do not believe it was ever seriously meant. I cannot conceive that any politician could be so ill-informed as to believe that it could be made effective.

Indeed, by November 1st you learned that it was no guarantee, for Mr. Chamberlain said:

In speaking of a guaranteed frontier the right honourable gentleman is mistaken. We never guaranteed the frontiers as they existed. What we did was to guarantee against unprovoked aggression - quite a different thing. That did not mean that we gave our seal to the existence of frontiers as they were then or at any other time. Our guarantee was against unprovoked aggression and not the crystallization of frontiers. The right honourable gentleman alternates between violent indignation and insuppressible amusement, but I do not think my answer could give rise to either of those expressions.

Moderate your indignation. Suppress your amusement. If you know what has been guaranteed, write and tell me, because I should like to know that one. As I write, in a Prague hotel bedroom, the German frontier is within an hour of Prague, by road, two or three minutes by aeroplane. What would you do if Germany suddenly pocketed Prague, pocketed what remains of Czechoslovakia? Debate whether the aggression had been provoked? Marvellous.

But it will not be necessary for Hitler, unless he is less clever than he seems, to do this. For, a few weeks after Munich, the Czechs were required to sign on the dotted line the gift-deed of a strip of territory, forty miles long and eighty yards wide, running clean across Czechoslovakia, for a great strategic and trade thorough-fare, German-built, German-owned, German-operated, German-controlled. It is a strip of Germany laid across Czechoslovakia, reducing Czechoslovakia to a German-guarded compound. It is completely extra-territorial. If a German commits any crime or offence in that zone he has to be tried by German, not by Czechoslovak, courts.

Czech labour is building it. It is a Great Wall of China running across Czechoslovakia. There are no Czechoslovak frontiers to crystallize, to guarantee. The Czech lands are part of the Reich. I wrote in *Insanity Fair* that the Czechs would soon be subjects of the Reich, that they would be making arms for Germany in peace, and in war either bearing them for Germany or digging trenches for her - at all events, helping in some form to prosecute that war. In constructing that great road, clean across their own land, they are already labour-soldiers of the Reich. The most they can hope for is home-rule in their own lands. Hitler has said that he does not want Czechs to be conscribed for military service, and this is a very astute move, if he abides by his word. It means that, though they will have to perform every manner of other task for Germany, they will not be required actually to fight in the front line.

So much for the guaranteed frontiers. Then you were told of a plebiscite. That is a word that always makes appeal to Englishmen. You saw the British Legion, in their blue suits and peaked caps, marching in the roads about Olympia. They, you thought, would see fair play.

There was, of course, no plebiscite. But that is not the point. The point is that any plebiscite would have been a farce. What do you expect from a plebiscite, from a British Legion who go to see fair play? It is not the fear of being assaulted at the polling-booths that makes people vote this way or that, it is the fear of what is going to happen to them afterwards, of losing their jobs, of being marked men. A million men of the British Legion cannot protect them against that.

But nevertheless I regret that the British Legion did not come to Czechoslovakia. They might have found time to come on to Prague and visit the British Legion there. It had about sixty members, Private Czech of the Essex and Lieutenant Czech of the Anzacs, Corporal Czech of the Buffs and Sergeant Czech of the R.A.S.C., and they have been meeting once a month for some years, at a little inn, and singing the old songs: 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag', 'It's a long way to Tipperary', and the like. In a drawer at the British Legation you might of late even have seen some British war medals, some Distinguished Conduct Medals and Military Medals, returned to sender.

Then there was the third achievement of Munich, that Hitler, instead of occupying all the territory he claimed by October 1st, took it in stages between October 1st and 10th. You probably know what came of that. The last zone was taken on November 24th, the total territory occupied was much larger than that even demanded at Godesberg, and about a million Czechs, in the name of self-extermination, now live under German rule. The other achievement of Munich was the 'right of option', for Czechs left in the German areas, for Germans left in rump Czechoslovakia. By the time you read this book you will probably have been able to decide for yourself how this has worked out. There is a 'right' for the Czechs, at whatever loss to themselves, to migrate to the Czech territory, nothing else.

So Munich came to its triumphant end, with the bells pealing in Berlin, Paris, London and Rome, with weeping and dumbfounded crowds in Prague. I do not need to describe this in my own words. I will let a man speak who was there, waiting in an ante-room for the sentence, one of the two Czechoslovak 'observers' who had been allowed to come and learn the fate of their country, Dr. Hubert Masarjik, of the Foreign Office in Prague.

Dr. Masarjik reached Munich soon after 4 o'clock in the afternoon of September 29th - when Hitler's eight days had nearly run their course - went to the Regina-Palast Hotel, 'had difficulty in establishing contact with the British and French delegations', but at 7 p.m. did contrive to see Mr. Gwatkin, a member of the British delegation.

Mr. Gwatkin was 'agitated and very silent' but from his reluctant indications Dr. Masarjik 'gathered that a plan was already prepared in broad outline and was much worse than the Franco-British

proposals'. Dr. Masarjik directed Mr. Gwatkin's attention to the 'domestic, economic and financial consequences of such a plan'. Mr. Gwatkin thought that Dr. Masarjik did not realize 'the difficult position of the Western Powers' and the difficulties of negotiating with Hitler. He then returned to the conference.

At 10 p.m. Dr. Masarjik and his companion, the Czechoslovak Minister in Berlin, Dr. Mastny, were led to the room occupied by the Chief Economic Adviser. There, 'in the presence of Mr. Gwatkin and at the wish of Mr. Chamberlain', Sir Horace Wilson handed them a map on which the areas were outlined which were immediately to be occupied. To Dr. Masarjik's objections 'he replied twice, formally, that he had nothing to add to his statements. He paid no attention to our remarks about towns and districts that were important for us. He then left the room.'

Dr. Masarjik and Dr. Mastny continued to plead and argue with Mr. Gwatkin.

As he again began to speak of the difficulties which had revealed themselves in negotiating with Hitler I said that all depended on the readiness of the Western Powers. Mr. Gwatkin answered in a solemn tone: 'If you do not accept you will have to settle your affairs with Germany quite alone. Perhaps the French will tell you this in a pleasanter form, but believe me they share our wish ... they disinterest themselves.'

At 1.30 a.m., Dr. Masarjik and Dr. Mastny were led into the conference room, where Chamberlain, Daladier, Wilson, Léger and Gwatkin awaited them.

The atmosphere was oppressive. The verdict was to be pronounced. The Frenchmen, visibly agitated, seemed to be thinking about the effect on French prestige. Mr. Chamberlain, in a long introduction, mentioned the agreement that was to be reached and handed Dr. Mastny the text, so that he might read it aloud ... Mr. Chamberlain showed that he expected the execution of the proposals to be accepted by us. While Dr. Mastny discussed secondary matters with Mr. Chamberlain (who yawned uninterruptedly and without embarrassment) I asked MM. Daladier and Léger if they expected an utterance about or an answer to the agreement from our Government. Daladier, visibly agitated, did not answer. Léger on the other hand answered that the four statesmen had not much time. He added hurriedly that no answer on our part was expected, as they regarded the plan as having been accepted, and that our Government on the same day, and at the latest by 5 p.m., must send its representative to Berlin to the sitting of the International Commission ... He spoke to us in a sufficiently ruthless manner; this was a Frenchman who delivered a verdict without the right of appeal or possibility of alteration. Mr. Chamberlain no longer concealed his fatigue. After the perusal of the text we were given a second map, with small corrections. The Czechoslovak Republic, as defined by the treaties of 1918, had ceased to exist. They were finished with us and we might go.

To add any word of mine to that would be time wasted.

The Dictators and Prime Ministers departed, after posing for the photographers, the tumult and the shouting of rejoicing rose in Berlin, Rome, London and Paris. Prague? Let us draw a veil over Prague.

I can understand that pandemonium of relief in Paris and London. In both countries inefficient governments had for years failed to put the defences of their countries in such a state that this crisis



could have been faced with calm and confidence, this monstrous crime prevented. Now, the populations knew that they were delivered up to massacre. They had been ready for it, they would have fought and triumphed, but now the relief, after that nervous strain, was too great. They thought it was an honourable peace, perhaps, and they mafficked.

I have those pictures by me now, of the crowds in Downing Street and Whitehall, their faces big with smiles, their mouths big with cheering. Obscene, when you compare it with the truth, but still, understandable. In one of those pictures, taken in Downing Street, is a figure that interests me very much. The Prime Minister is leaning out of the window, smiling and waving. Ministers are climbing on the railings of Number Ten the better to see the fun. All around hysterical people. In the centre, near the doorway of Number Ten, stands a single man apart from the tumult, his hat on his head, his face set and grim, his eyes turned without emotion on the Prime Minister, his hands in his pockets, unmoved, unresponsive, critical. He looks like a man of about my age. Perhaps he was in the war. Perhaps he saw this thing clearly even on that hilarious night, the maddest and merriest night that London had known since Mafeking or the Armistice. Look back on Mafeking and the Armistice now.

Prayers of thanksgiving were offered, as prayers had been offered for peace.

You do not need to pray for peace if you are prepared, at the eleventh hour, to force a small and gallant country to its knees, compel it to surrender. You can have peace. You cannot have allies, when your turn comes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury called Mr. Chamberlain the Happy Warrior. The Poet Laureate compared him with Priam, King of Troy. Mr. Burgin, immoderate in his transports, called him 'the greatest character in the world'. From The Hague a large floral tribute was sent by air. A correspondent of *The Times* suggested that 2,000,000 souvenir stamps should be printed and the proceeds, £50,000, presented to him. General Smuts said, 'We are grateful to the four leaders of Europe ... A great champion has appeared in the lists, God bless him'. In France a subscription was opened to buy Mr. Chamberlain a château. Somebody suggested that the Nobel Peace Prize, which consists of I don't know how many pieces of silver, should be divided among the Four Men of Munich. The Swiss Canton of Neuchâtel decided to send a gold chronometer. A Lisbon newspaper opened a subscription for a monument to commemorate Mr. Chamberlain's 'heroic action in defence of peace'. *The Times* said, 'No conqueror returning from the battlefield has ever come back with nobler laurels'. Herr Hitler, eloquently thanking Germany's 'only real friend', that great man Benito Mussolini, casually threw in a word of appreciation for 'the other two statesmen' who made this agreement possible. Mr. Chamberlain received over 20,000 telegrams of thanks, wagonloads of flowers.

*The Times* also said that at Munich Mr. Chamberlain had given the first example of the Führerprinzip - the theory of personal leadership, untrammelled by popular control - as applied to British policy.

The first example in history of the Führerprinzip was on a famous Gadarene occasion, when one ran before and many others ran after. I found it sinister that during this crisis people in England were served out with besnouted masks.

This was not the first occasion on which the Führerprinzip had been put into practice in England. In your alleged democracy, where the people are supposed to exercise, by free discussion and the vote, control over the major actions of the State, action has actually been taken in every crisis either without reference to the people or in the opposite direction to the course of action which the people had approved. In the Abyssinian crisis your Government, having one intention in mind, obtained an

overwhelming vote from the country in support of the opposite course, and then followed the one it had predetermined. After a brief tempest of protest the people lethargically concurred; all that happened was that one Minister resigned, for a short while; he is likely to be your next Prime Minister. The abdication of a King was effected without any consultation of the people; the people subsequently approved it. In the Czechoslovak crisis the country solidly supported the Government in the course it had proclaimed; when, without any reference to the people, it took a completely different course in the summit of the crisis, the country, bamboozled by the manner in which the thing was presented to it, fell into line behind.

Your Government has repeatedly rallied the country on the cry of resisting the grab-dictatorships, and has consistently yielded to them. The signs that your Government privately sympathized with them are becoming too many to resist. Your Government has repeatedly appealed to the country for support in vast programmes of rearmament to enable it to withstand the grab-dictatorships; they have obtained the support, they have not rearmed, the grab-dictatorships have always had their way.

What is the answer?

On this Munich occasion, a few still small voices, in small countries, were raised on a note disharmonious in that great chorus of rejoicing.

In Yugoslavia, *Samouprava* said that 'the small countries had had a cruel lesson'.

In Denmark, which was beginning to thank its stars that it had at least abstained from the vote in that League of Nations Council meeting at Geneva in 1935 when Germany was condemned as a treaty-breaker, the *National Tidende* said:

That state which England and France formed and drew the borders of is now learning from the same powers that they have signed its death warrant without even asking it - in order to save peace. But it is difficult to imagine a more effective appeal to lesser states to seek safety in agreement with Germany than the acquiescence of France and England to Herr Hitler's ultimatum.

In Norway the Speaker of the Storting, C. J. Hambro, said:

A British Foreign Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, did more than any other man to consolidate the political prestige of the League of Nations and to create confidence in the goodwill of the Great Powers. His brother Neville Chamberlain has done more than any other to undermine that prestige and destroy that goodwill.

His policy in the last month has dismayed the small democratic states and aroused the worst fears for their future. Not the solution of the Czechoslovak question, but the manner of its solving must be described as an act of violence without its like in civilized history. England and France created Czechoslovakia, Benesh was the pioneer of their policy; they urged him on and praised him at every opportunity - and now they sacrifice his country by selling it behind his back. It is comprehensible that during the last League Assembly in Geneva people were saying, 'There will be no war as long as a small state remains that the Great Powers can sacrifice'.

Now we know where we stand. My country is so small that England would not even waste the cost of an aeroplane passage on a flight to Berlin to save us. Among all

the small powers the fear is now growing that they will one day be dismembered, without being asked, if this suits the book of the Great Powers. A certain progress, however, is perceptible: Poland was partitioned in the eighteenth century by its worst enemies, Czechoslovakia in the twentieth century by its best friends.

Which is right? Was it noble, heroic, splendid? Was it contemptible, craven, base?

Why was that noble and good on September 29th which was disclaimed on September 8th? If this action was noble and heroic, why was it not taken long before? Why was not Benesh told? I have shown you earlier in this book the question he asked for months and years: tell me, if you don't want me, if you will not support me, if you want me to make terms with Germany. Why was it noble and heroic to leave him in doubt and then at the last moment to dismember his country, under the ruthless threat of desertion, without even asking him?

To me it seems that at that table in Munich there sat on the one side a cold cynicism, on the other a ruthless ferocity, that make men lose their last vestige of faith in their contemporary world. Hodza received in May 1937, through the mediation of Yugoslavia, which had long foreseen the worst and had no faith in France, an invitation to discuss matters with Hitler. If Benesh had accepted this invitation, if he had done what Poland did, the entire French Press would have been at him like a pack of hounds, yelping 'Traitor'. In complete loyalty he informed his ally, and the friend of his ally, of the offer and of its refusal.

Why was it heroic and noble on September 29th to force this small state to its knees, which on September 23rd you had promised to succour?

*The Times* on October 1st, the day after the triumph, said:

The loss of the Sudeten territories had long been unavoidable, nor was it desirable that it should be avoided.

This, apparently, was the view of the British Government, since the British Government acted in this spirit. Then why was the suggestion officially repudiated on September 7th, when it was first launched by *The Times*? Why was Benesh persistently misled?

If you search for motives, after all that has happened, you are driven to suspect depths of callous cynicism hitherto beyond imagination.

I am not proud of Munich, nor of the part that England played there. But France! France, who was strictly bound by treaty, whose darling child was Czechoslovakia, who would have foamed at the mouth if Czechoslovakia had made a bid for Hitler's favour!

No words can fit the betrayal. When I lived in Prague, in that grey and discontented winter that followed Munich, I saw Czech playgoers break into loud applause when, on the stage, a German peasant in one of Romain Rolland's plays called his French captors 'You swine'. I heard Czech soldiers singing bitter songs about the trollop, Francie, who betrayed them when they marched off to war. The officers of the French Military Mission, which had been in Czechoslovakia for twenty years, since the birth of the Republic, were folding their tents and stealing away as silently as any Arabs. The French Legation was receiving sackfuls of trinkets with green-red and green-yellow ribbons - Croix de Guerre, Medailles Militaires.

Where is your French tact? [wrote Pavel Vilémský in *Přítomnost*] Keep your hollow compliments. We Czechs are no bushmen. We do not need your polite

confirmation of the fact that we behaved as civilized people. Not one French Minister resigned, not one French patriot rose in Parliament to speak for us save de Kerillis. Your Paris *Soir*, a newspaper with a circulation of 2,000,000 copies, has opened a subscription for 'a national gift to the creator of the peace'. Our 'holy sacrifice' has not been worth 250,000 francs to France. There is only intoxicated enthusiasm for the gentleman with the umbrella. From England we expect such things. 'Quiet breakfast, quiet lunch and quiet sleep' - that is England's programme, as one of Chamberlain's newspapers wrote in the first days of October. But France!

As for England, the bitter resentment of the Czechs was tempered by the fact that one British Minister resigned, and he a man who had never particularly pleaded the cause of Czechoslovakia, a man from whom Czechoslovakia had no reason to expect anything. They remembered, too, that England had no treaty with them. They put it to England's credit that England contributed towards a large tip for Czechoslovakia, before proceeding to business as usual.

For England the thing was finished, as I wrote some months before that it would be, with a debate in the House, enlivened with jolly little pieces of repartee here and Shakespearean quotations there. Mr. Chamberlain spoke of plucking the flower safely from the nettle danger; Mr. Greenwood retaliated with another quotation from the same speech in which the excruciating words 'Ho, Chamberlain!' occurred; Mr. Butler, as a promising junior Minister, came back with one about 'Under the Greenwood tree', and it was all very matey.

The best one of all came from Mr. Burgin, who they say is Minister of Transport, and who found a perfectly delightful metaphor, on October 5th, for Czechoslovakia, ordered to be dismembered on September 29th. 'If there had been a war,' he said, 'and Czechoslovakia had been overrun, you could never have put humpty-dumpty up again.'

I think that's awfully funny, don't you?, and I do hope. Mr. Burgin will remember that one when England's turn comes to be confronted with the threat of overwhelming force, because I always think that a really good one stands telling just twice.

For my part, I was in Belgrade when the news of Munich came through, in a gathering of Serbs, who had all long since foreseen it and said things about France and England that made my ears sting, and laughed and said, 'Our turn next'. But one of them said a thing that shook all my ideas to their roots and that has been disturbing me ever since. I have continually thought of it, and never found an answer.

He was a stout fellow, a patriotic Serb, which means a very great deal; he had fought in the war and left his health there, had been partly educated in England, retained much affection for England and did his best to promote feeling for England among Serbs, detested France because French soldiers, when he was a young Serb soldier flying through Albania from the enemy, found him hidden in a lifeboat, in which he hoped to stow away as far as Marseilles and then fight for France, lifted him out, and dropped him in a barge, so that he nearly broke a leg.

'If you ask me,' he said, 'I would sell any country, even this country, for peace.'

I looked at him speechless. You have to know Serbs to understand just what that means, from a Serb. I am still not sure if he really meant it. He seemed to. I have been puzzling over it ever since.

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## Chapter Nineteen

### BLOCKMARKS AND BALKAN MARKETS

I climbed one day to the top of Mount Avala, which lies about ten miles from Belgrade, and on the summit the Serb conscripts were finishing Ivan Mestrovitch's black marble tomb for the Yugoslav Unknown Soldier. In the grandeur of its design and in its situation, this is the finest of all the war monuments I have ever seen, and one of the finest of all monuments that I know.

Reflect that you have to come to the Balkans to see it and you will revise your ideas about the Balkans, if you still think of them as lands hopelessly backward, the home of the analphabetic peasant, the haunt of the friendly flea. They are putting that behind them fast.

They have a lot of ground to make up. You still will not find in all Belgrade a moving picture temple in the style of ancient Babylon, a milk bar, a greyhound racecourse, a dirt track, a public house that closes during the morning, the afternoon, and the late evening, a queue waiting for theatre seats, a coronet at the opening of parliament, a case of night starvation, a publication given to the humour of the double bed and the double meaning, a family that has found wealth and happiness in the use of Soapo, a woman with purple hair, a title, or an old school tie.

I suppose these things will come, but for the nonce Belgrade is backward. Yet you have to come to Belgrade to see Ivan Mestrovitch's monument to the Yugoslav Unknown Soldier.

The site was there, but the choice of it, and the design of the temple to surmount it, where the bare summit rises from the tree-clad slopes, were genius. In immeasurable vista Serbia lies spread before you, with the roofs of Belgrade in the middle distance. Here, in this lofty loneliness that somehow is not lonely, a soldier who knew that he was going to die so that his country might be free would be glad to rest. A remarkable thing about this remarkable monument is that conscript soldiers hewed every block of stone, save for those that came from Ivan Mestrovitch's own workshop, assembled them, built the steps, wired the torches, planted the groves of young firs round about. Mestrovitch himself, incidentally, is a Croat, and a most Croat-conscious Croat at that.

I love that hilltop and that tomb, and only hope that it will retain its meaning, that Yugoslavia will continue free and peaceful and become a land where all its citizens will happily live, so that the grave on Mount Avala can become a place of glad pilgrimage for all Yugoslavs. I should be sorry if this lovely temple, which in some way contrives to express the courage of men and the sorrow of women and sacrifice and triumph, were ever to become an empty symbol, like the grave of the Czechoslovak Unknown Warrior, like the grave of another unknown warrior I know, like the Palace of the League of Nations at Geneva, shells from which the soul has fled.

On November 11th, 1938, when I was once more far away from England, I thought of the ceremony at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. In 1937 I had been in London on that day and, with the knowledge in my mind of the things I knew to be coming in Europe, I could feel no response in my heart whatever to that ceremony that once had moved me, nothing but cynicism. In 1938, when some of those things had already begun to happen, I found it almost blasphemous. I was glad to see that some English newspapers had begun to give voice to this feeling, that the blah about the fluttering of pigeons' wings in the silence and the muffled sobbing of women was giving way to a more honest and less humbugging kind of account, in which the suggestion peeped through that, as conditions are in 1938, we should best express respect to the million British dead by abolishing this commemoration of 1918.

In the early summer of 1938 there was an earthquake somewhere in Belgium, I believe. In my opinion it was caused by those British dead, all turning in their graves.

Back to Avala. When I had finished with the monument and the view I went down to the little hotel and on to the terrace, for it was a warm early autumn day, and there you could sit in the sun and take your midday meal and still divide your gaze between the temple on the summit and the great panorama below.

At the hotel the German flag was flying. Nowadays I met it everywhere - on Danubian barges, on the rudders of aeroplanes flying over Balkan cities, on hotels where German envoys were staying.

That strangely disquieting, Asiatic-looking swastika flag! I thought of my early days in Germany, when it was forbidden, of later days when it was permitted but scarcely ever seen; it was then the emblem of an insignificant group of adventurers, and then later still, during elections in Berlin, you saw one here or there among the masses of Republican and Monarchist tricolours, and then there were more and more, and one day there were only these swastika flags, a few in every street, and large gaps where the Republican and Monarchist colours had formerly flown, and then these gaps were filled and every house, every hut, every flat, every villa and mansion and palace and museum and ministry in Germany flew that flag, and now I saw it everywhere I went in Danubian and Balkan countries, more and more and more swastika flags, and in the course of the next year or two that flag is going to be planted in places which you thought yesterday, perhaps still think to-day, to be far beyond its reach.

Now I found it on Mount Avala, and wondered in whose honour it was flying, as I ordered my meal and turned to enjoy the view. To find it here, at this tomb of a man who twenty years before had fought with British and French comrades to put an end to militarism and despotism in Europe, was disturbing; its fluttering ruffled the silence of that eyrie, its angry red broke up the peaceful harmony of the sky, the autumn foliage, the hushed black temple on the hilltop, the warm brown plain below.

Up the hill, tramp, tramp, tramp, came the sound of marching men, and a company of Serb soldiers emerged from the trees, halted in the car-park beneath the terrace where I sat, and stood at ease. Some of the finest fighting-men in Europe. I thought sadly, as I looked at them, that no more would these men fight with and for us. 'To Hell with Serbia', shouted the obese swindler Bottomley in 1914. 'To Hell with Czechoslovakia', shouted men of the same fry in 1938. Well, they were having their way, these prophets. The Czechs were finished - for us. The Serbs were finished - for us.

Ten years before, an Englishman, at this spot, would have been an honoured and fated guest. To-day, the red carpet was run out for the Germans. How many Englishmen have been to Mount Avala, to pay their respect to the Yugoslav Unknown Soldier?

Leaning against the wall, near me, was an enormous wreath, beribboned with the German colours and the swastika.

Down on the plain, far away, I saw a long procession of motor cars, like tiny insects, creeping along the road from Belgrade. They passed out of sight behind the shoulder of the hill. A few minutes more of waiting, and you heard them approach. The Serb officer called his men to attention. One after another the sleek and shining limousines, flying the German and Yugoslav colours, came out of the trees. They stopped. The Serb officer shouted a command, the bayonets flashed in the sun as the soldiers presented arms. A man in a morning coat got out of the leading car, raised his arm in the Hitler salute, passed along the ranks. Behind him a deferential morning-coated and top-hatted throng, German diplomats, Yugoslav Ministers, officials, officers.

He was a bejeweled man of a fair corpulence. Walther Funk, Hitler's Minister of Economics. I had first known him six years before, when he was a little-known journalist on the staff of a Berlin financial newspaper strongly Nationalist in politics. When Hitler came to power he was suddenly a big man, head of the Reich Government's Press Department. Rundfunk, we had been wont to call him, in honour of his contours, as we had called Sahm, the gigantic Mayor of Berlin, Langsahm, in honour of his height.

Now he was a very great man. Everywhere he went in the Balkans, at Belgrade, at Sofia, at Athens, at Ankara, they turned out the guard for him, paid him the honour due to the representative of the mighty Reich that was daily extending its domains and its power.

Trade follows the flag? No, that one is old. The flag, the swastika flag, follows trade. In Germany they have found an entirely new system of doing business, a system which makes German foreign trade the handmaiden of German foreign policy, trained to promote its aim of expanding the German Empire. First make the small states dependent on you for their livelihoods, and their political dependence follows, stage by stage, as you tighten your hold.

He was a buyer and seller on a colossal scale, this Walther Funk. He could buy up a whole harvest, a whole series of harvests, and give you in exchange - cash? No. Squadrons of aeroplanes, battalions of tanks, a factory, a strategic road. You always had the uneasy feeling, at the back of your mind, that there was a catch in this somewhere, that in the last analysis you were promoting German interests more than your own, mortgaging your house to your supplier. And you were right.

The magnitude of German aims, and the way in which political policy, economic policy and strategic policy are all co-ordinated, like the several parts of a gigantic but smoothly-running machine, to serve this dominant purpose, is magnificent and terrifying. You cannot understand it by taking up your newspaper at the breakfast table and reading, one day, that Germany has pocketed more territory, the next, that she has made a trade agreement with a Balkan state, the next, that she is going to build a road through one of these states. You have to study it as a whole, with a big map before you, some understanding for military strategy, and some information about German needs and trade. Then you will gain a picture of men who are thinking in terms of continents and who, by perfect planning and timing, are realizing their aims with meticulous precision.

Take the military and strategic position of Germany first. Eight years ago the outline of Germany was that of a ruined fortress, with great breaches in the walls through which the enemy could at any time give battle to the garrison. The largest breach was in the west; a foreign army of occupation stood on German soil in the Rhineland, where a part of German territory was by treaty debarred from fortification. Another breach in the western wall was the Saar, which was under League of Nations administration. In the south was a great breach where Austria, a land inhabited predominantly by men of German blood, lay under a Government potentially hostile to the Reich. In the south-east, a very big breach, the western half of Czechoslovakia bit deep into the fortress.

By 1938 every one of those breaches had been repaired. The Rhineland had been evacuated, the demilitarized Rhineland zone had been reoccupied, the Saar had been regained, Austria had been annexed, the German fringe of Czechoslovakia seized, the western front had been made impregnable by great fortifications, built by men working day and night whom you just took from their normal occupations and used to serve your paramount aims; there great rows of concrete teeth ran from northern to southern frontier, ready to rip open the bellies of tanks, deep marshy pits, covered with a layer of innocent-looking grass, waited to drown them.

One breach remained. The western half even of rump Czechoslovakia still bit deep into the fortress. By agreement with the now submissive Czechoslovak Government, whose part in the agreement was to sign on the dotted line, you began to build a German road clean across Czechoslovakia from Breslau to Vienna. You calmly prolonged the frontier of the Reich across the country whose frontiers you had undertaken to guarantee, making the western half of that country a province within the Reich. You remember how Germany wailed for years about the 'Polish Corridor', the bleeding wound in Germany's side? Consider the German corridor through Czechoslovakia.

Now look at your map, after the last of those operations, and see how the first part of the great strategic scheme has been completed, with time-table punctuality. Your Reich is now a fortress without any gaps, its frontiers - its walls - are practically square at all points of the compass. The last chink in her armour has been closed, she is impregnable within those mended, four-square walls.

The time for the sortie approaches, for the conquest of the land lying outside those invulnerable walls. The countries around fear that sortie. Especially the small countries lying to the east, who know that they have all the things Germany cannot grow within her fortress walls, the things she needs to be in certain possession of before she approaches the greatest aim of all, the subjugation of her greater rivals, the paramount powers in the world.

Hungary and Poland, while she was carving up the western half of Czechoslovakia, tried to close ranks, to divide the eastern half between them, to put a barrier against her eastward drive. They failed. She kept a narrow corridor of land open there, pointing south-eastward. There is the sally port, from which she may reduce Poland, Hungary and Rumania to submission, and Rumania has the thing she wants most of all - oil. Motor fuel for her tanks, her aeroplanes, her mechanized batteries, her lorries. Relatively few are the Germans in Rumania; she can hardly invoke the call of the blood, the need to liberate them. But oil is thicker than blood, a quite especial juice.

Consider this brief outline of events, with a map, and you will see history taking shape before you, not as a thing of sudden and baffling and recurrent surprises in your morning newspaper, but as the organic development of a great plan, stupendous in its conception and as yet superb in its execution. You can do a great deal when you have the power, by pressing a button, to take a million men from their daily occupations and put them to building fortifications, when you can press another button and have thousands of newspapers, thousands, of radio speakers, thousands of picture-theatres, all shouting the same thing, when you can by pressing a third button divert millions of pounds of trade to some particular country which you wish to make dependent on you.

Yet it is entirely wrong to think that you can only do these things under a dictatorship, and not under a democracy. The greatness of Hitler is not his own greatness, it is the sum of the littleness of the men who have opposed him.

In England, under democracy, you do not put experts in charge of your affairs, but distribute your favours among men of a small class without especial qualification for the posts they receive. This is the misuse of democracy in the interest of a class, the betrayal of democracy, and it is the cause of our woes, past, present and to come. The enthusiasm, the energy and the ability are there, but you do not use them, you delude and misuse them.

Dictatorship is not necessary to choose for urgent national tasks men who are especially competent to achieve them. In Germany every major post is occupied by an expert. Goering knows a great deal about soldiering and aeroplanes; he was perfectly equipped to fulfil Hitler's order to 'build me the greatest air force of all time'.



Todt, the Reich Inspector-General for Road-Construction, is the Vauban of National Socialist Germany; as a great expert he was perfectly qualified to build the great network of motor-roads which are the arteries of Germany's strategic plans, to supervise and carry out that stupendous operation of 1938, the building of the western fortifications.

Goebbels knows more about propaganda than any man living; he believes that Germany lost the last war through maladroitness propaganda, is determined this time to outshout the others in the accusations of atrocities, of women-rape and nigger-beating, of Hunnishness and Vandalism. He has already achieved this: that British journalists are working under censorship while German journalists can write the most scurrilous things they choose about England, that the German Press at this moment is carrying on the most violent, campaign of vilification against England that has ever been known, while British Ministers try little niggling dodges to placate him, like telephoning to the American Minister to have Wickham Steed and A. J. Cummings deleted from a newsreel film.

Robert Ley was a workman and knows the mind of workmen perfectly; what Conservative Minister ever came from Shoreditch or worked in a factory?, what old-school-tie politician could have built up anything to compare with that great leisure-time and holiday organization for workers, Kraft durch Freude, which is the achievement of Ley?

You do not need dictatorship to do these things. That is the politician's get-out, and the get-out of the politician who fears public resentment of the mistakes that have been made, but has no will to mend them.

You need the will, and a feeling for the poorest of your fellow-men, and determination to improve their lot. How can you ever get anything done if the primary qualification for office is membership of the peerage, education at this school or that university, inter-relationship and the established privileges of a small class?

This system is the rape of democracy, not its honouring.

But now consider the third handmaiden of German policy. The first two are military strength and foreign policy. The third is economic policy, and another expert, Walther Funk, is in charge of it.

The Reich, shorn of gold, shunned by foreign lenders and investors, cannot earn enough foreign money through the sale of its goods and services abroad to pay cash for the things it needs abroad, and has in great part gone over from cash-trading to barter. That, at least, is the theory of the economists, and for all I know it may be true.

The inference is that the process was not intentional, but unavoidable, and I wonder, in view of the vast political importance for the Reich of this barter system, whether this is so. I am certain that the Reich has a gold reserve somewhere, 'for an emergency', as they say in England, and in Germany, however distressing the state of the country to a distant economist buried in columns of statistics, money seems to flow more freely for urgently necessary things than in many other countries.

'Sound finance', as I have seen it operate in England, Austria, Hungary and other countries, is a thing to be regarded with the deepest distrust. Wherever I have seen it, it meant a beautiful paper budget, with a balance that warmed your heart, stacks of gold buried deep in the vaults of the national bank, cash passing freely to and fro across the frontiers (especially in 'emergencies', when some of it passes backwards and forwards between London and New York and Zürich and Paris and Amsterdam with the speed of a hunted fox seeking safety), millions of unemployed, beggars in the streets, and slums.

The finances of the Reich, I believe, are deplorably unsound; they can't even afford the beggars, the slums and the unemployed.

This again is not the fault or virtue of democracy or dictatorship. It lies with the men who rule, who have grown up in a tradition that they are too old, too indolent or too callous to change. In Switzerland and Holland, in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, under democracy, you have well-ordered and well-balanced communities, a decent standard of living, good housing and public health organizations.

Do you really imagine that democratic and parliamentary England would rise as one man and rush to the barricades to overthrow a Government that asked for authority to take gigantic measures against unemployment, undernourishment, lack of air and sunshine, the slums and derelict areas, public ill-health, bad teeth, adenoids, the disfigurement of the countryside, and British institutions generally?

But I mean gigantic measures. Not, for God's sake, another committee.

The economic policy of the Reich is to make certain that Germany, in a future war, cannot be defeated on her home front, that is, by inability to obtain the essential things she needs to prosecute the war. The theory of Hitler, the theory that has now found acceptance in Germany, is that the Reich was not defeated in the field in the last war, but through starvation in foodstuffs and raw materials which she could only get from abroad and which were intercepted from reaching her by the British naval blockade. She is determined that that shall not happen again. She began, immediately after that war, to increase the area under grain, and has become almost self-supporting in some of the things she needs.

But she can never produce, within those fortress walls, all the things she needs if she is not to be starved out. The countries east and south-east of her have them nearly all - oil, grain, animal fats, livestock, ores, raw materials. That is why German foreign, military and economic policy all bear, for the present, towards Danubian and Balkan Europe.

Early in the process of transition from cash to barter she turned towards these countries, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey. She began to buy vast quantities of their products. She did not pay cash for them, or for more than a small part of them. The purchase price remained in Berlin, in blocked marks which could only be used to buy German manufactures.

Finance Ministers in all these countries grew nervous as the frozen balances in Berlin swelled and swelled. They introduced import licence systems. Their importers might import nothing from abroad without a licence, and the licence, more and more, was granted only for German manufactures, so that the Finance Minister might have a respite from the thought of that alarmingly large balance of blocked marks in Berlin. But Germany increased and increased her purchases. The Finance Ministers had to increase and increase the number of licences for imports from Germany which they distributed, and correspondingly to reduce and reduce the number of licences for imports from other countries.

The Danubian and Balkan countries did not much care for this system. They would have preferred to receive cash, which they could use as they wished - for instance, to finance new industries, for all these countries pine to catch up with the West, get away from field-tilling and make their own machines, their own bathtubs, their own bicycles, their own silk stockings.

But they had no choice. They were already the prisoners of a most astute economic scheme. They were being forced to remain peasant countries, to grow food for Germany and to take from

Germany, in exchange, the things that German workmen made. They were already moving again on the road to alien domination, to political dependence, to vassalage. Their lands were to serve as granaries and larders and fuel-tanks for the mighty militarist Reich, their sons as hewers of wood and drawers of water for her. The Treaty of Bucharest, which would have given the Rumanians that status in perpetuity, but that Germany was afterwards defeated, loomed up again on the horizon.

Thus began that beautiful process which you can see in operation to-day anywhere you choose to go on the Danube - at Vienna, at Budapest, at Belgrade, anywhere. Upstream labour the barge convoys, laden to the waterline with grain for Germany, the swastika flag fluttering at the mast. Downstream come more swiftly the other barge convoys, laden with German tractors and machinery for the Danubian and Balkan states. On the quayside you will see the German motor cars and lorries and manufactures of all kinds, unloaded from the barges, waiting to be delivered to the German agent.

It is, say the Germans, the most natural and perfect process in the world. Germany is one of the greatest manufacturing countries in the world, the Danubian and Balkan states are predominantly agricultural, the blue Danube links them all on its journey between the Black Forest and the Black Sea, each can supply what the other needs, each wants what the other can supply. It is the reconstruction of that almost perfect economic unit, the Austro-Hungarian Empire - save that Austria is now Germany.

A difficult argument to refute! But at the end of the process lies, once more, political dependence, the loss of national freedom, for the small states, the destruction of the last gain of the World War.

When I saw Walther Funk that day, followed by the obsequious throng, Yugoslavia was taking about fifty per cent of all her imports from Germany and sending about thirty-five per cent of all her exports to Germany. Approximately similar figures, with a small margin either way, hold good for Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey; Rumania has lagged a little but will soon be brought into line.

These proportions will increase until Germany holds almost a monopoly of Danubian and Balkan trade. A great give-and-take economic unit is being built within which customs barriers, ultimately, will inevitably fall. You will have your great German Customs Empire, and this will become a Political and Military Empire. The power of applying pressure that Germany has is becoming irresistible.

Soon the whole Danube will be under German rule. At present it is an international river, navigation on it controlled by an International Commission which is one of the last wan children of the Peace Treaty. Before the subjugation of Czechoslovakia Germany proposed to the Danubian states - Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania - that they should leave the International Commission and form, with her, a 'purely Danubian Commission'. This meant that England and France would have their seats on it deftly taken from beneath them, that in effect a 'purely German Commission' would reign on the Danube, since the small Danubian states, with Germany at the head of the table, would have no other function than to sign their names on the dotted line. At that time Czechoslovakia, besieged but unsubdued, refused, and that let out the other Danubian states, which much preferred the International Commission. Came Munich, and they can refuse no longer.

In the background looms that other gigantic scheme, which defeated Charlemagne and Napoleon but which the Hitlerist Reich is quickly accomplishing - the Rhine-Danube canal. Germany will be master of a great waterway reaching from the North Sea to the Black Sea.

Already the note of authority may be heard in Germany's injunctions to the Danubian states. In the summer of 1938 England, in the usual belated effort to catch the disappearing bus, set up the usual committee to study means of increasing trade with the Danubian and Balkan states. In all the Danubian and Balkan capitals German Ministers appeared at the Foreign Offices and stated trenchantly that any ostentatious diversion of trade to England would be considered an unfriendly act towards Germany. Nothing more was heard of the committee. In London, by the autumn, the official voice was proclaiming benignly that England had no wish to bolt the door against German trade in Danubian Europe.

Bolt the door? Just you try bolting that door. Of all the fatuous phrases. This is the kind of talk with which the great British public is continually and continually bamboozled. How can you bolt the Danubian door against a country which already holds half or more than half of Danubian trade in its hands? The point is, that you should try to prevent the door from being bolted against yourself, that you should try and keep what little trade you have there, that you should not allow yourself to be quite squeezed out. What, in the name of import and export, does your Prime Minister mean when he says, 'We have no wish to exclude Germany from these countries or economically to encircle her'.

This is as if the man who owns the little sweet-shop near Selfridge's were to say to Mr. Gordori Selfridge, 'Sir, be of good cheer, I have no wish to exclude you or economically to encircle you'.

The point is that British traders cannot compete in the Danubian and Balkan countries, can no longer get the small share of trade they used to have, because the methods used by Germany make competition impossible. Not German trade, but British trade, is being squeezed out. It is not very big, but it all tells. Just as the British newspaper correspondents are having to give up the contest, so are British business men in these countries wondering where they can move to next, so are the Commercial Secretaries at British Legations shaking despondent heads and making despondent reports, so are the British representatives on international commissions casting about for a new career, like the League officials at Geneva. These are all Englishmen, and this is only the beginning of a process.

One day, in the House of Commons, Mr. R. S. Hudson, of your Department of Overseas Trade, said:

Germany was not discriminating against British goods in Germany. Our complaint was that Germany was by her methods destroying trade throughout the world.

That is much nearer to the truth than:

We have no wish to bolt the door against German trade.

Proceeding, Mr. Hudson said:

It is difficult to get exact information of the way things are done, but in Central and South-Eastern Europe the basis of Germany's hold is that they pay to the producer much more than the world price. They obviously do that at the expense of their own people. It is a matter for the German Government how they treat their own people, but it does affect us.

Germans, in their country, are not less well cared for than English people in theirs, but better.

The Germans, said Mr. Hudson, were paying over £10 a ton for wheat at a time when Manitoba wheat, No. 1, was selling at £7 on the London market. The same thing applied to barley, eggs, wool, cotton, hides meat, poultry, oilseeds and cereals. Owing to this action the exports of mohair from Turkey to England had decreased from £190,000 to £24,000. The Rumanian or Bulgarian peasant received more for his sales to Germany than he would receive as a result of his sales on the world market.

That is true, and the Rumanian or Bulgarian peasant is indifferent whether he receives his ley or levas direct from the foreign buyer or from his own Government, whether the ultimate result is that his Government becomes politically subordinate to Germany. He has more cash in his pocket.

Germany, said Mr. Hudson, had contracted to buy Polish harvests 'for *nine years*' - for nine years, in advance - at well above world prices. Poland obtained her goods on credit and paid a low rate of interest.

By these methods Germany is obtaining an economic stranglehold on these various countries at the cost of her own people, raising the cost of living of her own people, and exporting her goods at less than cost price.

'An economic stranglehold over these countries.'

That is true. The remainder of the sentence is of debatable truth. It depends on your basis of comparison. Germany has few unemployed, no slums in our understanding of the word, no need for an 'Access to Mountains Bill', no chronic under-nutrition of children. Germany may be raising the cost of living' for her people by 'these methods', but what of the standard of living, in the things that really matter? That is the point.

Not the price that the people have to pay for a suit of clothes or a joint of meat is decisive, or not alone that. Can they have health, and good houses, and sunshine and light and air, and access to the countryside? These are the essential things.

Then, Mr. Hudson asked, what was the solution, what should England do about it?

No one wants to introduce similar methods. We do not want to see the cost of bread increased in England because we buy in competition with Germany wheat from Rumania at over the world price. But clearly we have to meet this competition in the case of Poland, and the Government has made a survey of all the possible methods. The only way the Government sees is by organizing our industries in such a way that they will be able to speak as units with their opposite numbers in Germany and say, 'Unless you are prepared to put an end to this form of competition and come to an agreement on market prices which represent a reasonable return, then we will fight you and beat you at your own game'.

That is not an answer, unless you improve the conditions of your workpeople. It is not enough to say that you will at all costs defend the profits of your manufacturers - unless you are simultaneously prepared to raise the standard of living of your workpeople.

Clearly [said Mr. Hudson] this country is infinitely stronger than, I was going to say, any country, but certainly Germany. Therefore we have a great advantage, which would result in our winning the fight.

At last, at long last, and after so many years of warnings, the danger seems to have been realized. But you will have to gird your loins as you never did before, if you are really going to win this fight. You are faced with a country immensely strong in arms and immensely strong in real wealth - not gold bars in the vault of the national bank, but industry, agriculture, the thrift and energy of the workpeople, and the conditions of life they enjoy.

In Germany now they have a mighty organization, equipped with full powers, for improving the lot of the workpeople in factories and workshops. Their engineers and social workers and artists go into the factories and see what needs to be done. They say that a shower-room, a recreation room, a restaurant, a medical clinic, a dental clinic, is needed - and these are provided. They have a civic sense, a social conscience, a feeling of the community of German mankind - in spite of their bestial concentration camps - which you lack.

I have just been reading how Dr. Goebbels one November day made a tour of the meanest streets in Berlin, those streets in East Berlin which lie round what used to be called the Bülow Platz and is now the Horst Wessel Platz. Here you have the nearest approach to an English slum or derelict area, mean houses with two or three courtyards, and the dwellings become progressively dirtier and darker as you go from courtyard to courtyard.

Here he went from one poor home to another. In one he found damp and mildewed walls and said things about house owners which will set the house owners in that district painting and repairing as quickly as they can. In another he ordered that a new dwelling should immediately be provided for a man, his wife, and three children who were living in three rooms, and so on.

It is propaganda. Dr. Goebbels is not beloved in Germany. But this is good propaganda. You do not even need a dictatorship to do it. Any British Minister with energy could do it, could direct public attention to housing conditions in a manner that would compel bad landlords to make the places they let habitable for man.

The note of authority was distinct to hear in some remarks of Walther Funk at that time in Belgrade.

It is important that the strengthening of German-Yugoslav economic relations should allow the increase of Yugoslav production, especially when Yugoslavia has completed the construction of her network of modern roads. Our economic relations will make possible not only the construction of these modern roads but the intensive exploitation of your mineral riches.

That means:

I came down here by car and your roads are really terrible and it's about time that our Inspector General of Road-Construction, Todt, who has a clear strategic mind, was called in to give you some tips about road-building - he's going to build one in Czechoslovakia soon - and after that we shall be glad to mine your ores for you.

My visit to Yugoslavia [said Walther Funk that day] has no political ends. But one thing is clear - that economic policy cannot be separated from general policy. On the contrary, economic policy must adapt itself to general policy. Our economic programme comprises the augmentation of Yugoslav production and of that of all the countries of south-eastern Europe. These countries constitute the best market for German products. The economic structure of Germany and of these countries complement each other ... We can guarantee good prices for the agricultural

products of these countries. What is the use of *devisen* - [cash in payment, instead of blocked marks] - what is the use of buying power if the peasant cannot place his products? ... We do not wish to force our ideas on the world, but we wish to give it a useful example. I am convinced that other countries will apply our methods and that general pacification in this part of Europe will thus be facilitated ... World crises do not affect our commerce. We have freed ourselves from the influence of world economy, we are independent. We don't take much account of *devisen*, money and credit. If labour and production are well organized, the prosperity of the people is assured.

Your job is to increase your agricultural production. We will take it from you, build roads for you in exchange, exploit your mineral resources. Don't pine after cash, you know your peasant only wants dinars, and doesn't mind whether he gets them from his own Government or from Germany, if only the price is good. It is your job to make your importers take as many of our manufactures as possible, so that you can quickly and smoothly pay your peasant exporters. Your best course would be to introduce our methods. Then you will have tranquillity in these parts and all will be well. We are your biggest customers, and the biggest customer always has a word to say in the running of the concern.

The note of authority!

Walther Funk went down the hill again, while the soldiers presented arms. A few days later I went to seek solitude on Mount Avala once more. Again the German flag was flying there. Again the beribboned wreath lay waiting. Again the procession of motor-cars.

Robert Ley got out, greeted and saluted, went up the steps, with the deferential throng behind him, to pay homage to the Yugoslav Unknown Soldier. He had a large staff of specialists with him: he was on his way to Sofia to tell the Bulgars all about Kraft durch Freude.

I went down the hill pining for somebody in authority in England to awaken to the existence of the Balkans. But here, too, I fear we have lost too much ground.

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## Chapter Twenty

### NATURE OF THE BEAST

One day, just before the annexation of Austria, I walked through the Minoritenplatz in Vienna and saw Dettlevsohn, of whom I have already spoken, standing on the pavement. He did not see me and I did not attract his attention. I wanted to study him, quietly.

He seemed bigger, broader, burlier, as if he had been puffed out with a bicycle pump. He had, indeed, put on weight, but that was not the only reason for the change. His inner man had grown in girth and stature. He felt himself, Dettlevsohn the German, to belong to the strong, who inherit the earth. His chest was expanding, his manner becoming more arrogant, his voice louder. As a German, in Vienna, soon to welcome Hitler, he was lord of all he surveyed, and his whole bearing proclaimed this.

This change of spirit has been general among Germans in the last two or three years, but Dettlevsohn is a particularly interesting example of it and I have chosen him because, in contemplating him, you will see and understand that inner transformation, which is so important for yourself, more clearly.

Dettlevsohn had known many ups and downs in his life; not long before, he had even been a fugitive, always looking over his shoulder; he had never expected in 1938 to find himself back on the summit of German self-esteem and self-confidence, filling his lungs with the good air that is there. I marvelled as I watched him standing there in the Minoritenplatz in his new overcoat and hat, broad-chested, prosperous, pugnacious, restored, at peace with the world.

He is a very witty and intelligent fellow, and I had always liked him for these qualities, but when the Potsdam tone began to appear again in his careful English, the boastful and arrogant note, I felt a gulf widening between us.

Before the World War Dettlevsohn had lived for many years in the East, say in India, among Englishmen, and had prospered exceedingly. He had learned to speak English perfectly and could pass as an Englishman. He seemed, when I first knew him, even to have acquired the ways and manners of Englishmen; only later did I perceive that he had not acquired them but only put them on.

When the war broke out he was interned, his property confiscated. After the war he returned to a chaotic Germany. He got into politics, and on June 30th, 1934, the day of the great clean-up, was just on the wrong side, so that he narrowly escaped with his life, and for long enough lived in Vienna, looking always over his shoulder. Then, somehow, he made his peace with the pursuers. Now he was able to await the coming of Hitler to Austria with a quiet mind and the triumphant feelings of an average German.

Just before Austria fell he described to me, in words that I shall never forget, the changes that had taken place in him in those twenty-five years. 'Before the war, in India,' he said, 'I used to wonder whether I wouldn't become a naturalized Englishman. After the war, when Germany was defeated and I had lost everything, I bitterly regretted that I hadn't done this. Now, I'm proud to be a German, proud to be a German.'

And well he might be, I thought, and what would an Englishman say to himself, if he looked back along those twenty-five years?



This same transformation I meet to-day everywhere, among Germans whom I knew in Berlin or elsewhere between 1928 and 1935. Men who then were friendly, modest and plaintive, envious but respectful towards England and Englishmen, are to-day cock-a-hoop, self-confident, brisker and louder-voiced, contemptuous of England. They may still be friendly, but already patronage is in their bearing. So it was true after all, they think, what Hitler always told us and what we never dared to believe, that strength is the one argument that England understands. Still almost incredulous, they contemplate the muddle and social backwardness in England, victorious, mighty and rich, and the thought grows in their minds: 'And this country thinks it can rule the world?' Their chests expand.

In the Danubian and Balkan countries, in Prague and Budapest and Belgrade and Bucharest and Sofia and Athens, the change is astonishing. The German Legation, the German Travel Bureau, are the suns around which the social life of these cities revolves, the sources from which all blessings flow. Packed with councillors and secretaries and military attachés and air attachés and naval attachés, they are hives of bee-like activity.

They spend money like water on entertainment, on exhibitions, on lectures, on propaganda in all its forms. German business men throng the hotels. The local Führer, the head of the Nazi organization, is one of the biggest men in the place. German Ministers, German specialists, continually come and go. The native officials spend half their time at or telephoning to the German Legation. The local Fascist parties regard it as their spiritual home. Support is always available for local friends of National Socialism.

The British Legations, and the French, have become quiet and cloistered retreats with few visitors and little to do. Kings and Prime Ministers used to go to them for advice, they used to be better informed than any other. Now they often hunger vainly for information, they have to learn from the radio or the newspapers that the Prime Minister has suddenly gone by aeroplane to discuss affairs of State with Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden, the Bavarian chalet from which Danubian Europe is ruled to-day.

The numbers of British business men and the volume of business they do continually diminish. They will diminish still further. The German method, of buying ever-increasing quantities of foodstuffs and minerals from these states and liberating the Reichsmarks they earn only for the purchase of German manufactures, freezes the British exporter out. The process will continue.

For British trade, in my view, this is an injury far greater than on paper it appears to be when the relatively small volume of British business with these countries is considered, for these are young and rapidly growing markets, hungry for foreign manufactures, and in a freely trading world their appetite for British goods would be very great.

My own profession, which I know best, gives a good example of the trend. In all the Balkan countries there are not more than two or three professional British newspaper correspondents. They cannot work there. There should be several of these men in each capital, but they cannot work. If they wish to stay, they must transmit only official hand-outs. The slightest attempt freely to depict for-and-against currents in the domestic or foreign policy of that particular country brings expulsion. They can count on no support from the British Government or any other quarter.

Without any specific charge whatever, their livelihoods can be wrecked, their homes broken up at a moment's notice. Just 'out you go, within forty-eight hours', and that's that. They may be given an official report which describes a protest meeting of bishops, priests and churchgoers as 'a Communist demonstration'. If they suggest, in their dispatches, that this is a wrong description, out they go.

This process began in Germany, under National Socialism, and has now extended to many other countries. In all these years, if I remember rightly, while one British correspondent after another was being expelled from Germany, only one real German correspondent, the London representative of the Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter*, was expelled from England, and unless the initials that appear under some of the London messages in that newspaper to-day are misleading, he has been allowed to return.

But in each of the Balkan capitals there are ten, twenty or thirty professional German newspaper correspondents. They are well-paid and well-situated men, closely organized in their local association, which in its turn works in the closest collaboration with the German Legation; they write freely and do not hesitate to criticize the local government if tendencies unsympathetic to Germany reveal themselves. None of the Balkan Governments would dare, save in some very serious case, to expel any of these German newspaper correspondents. The German Minister would be at the local Foreign Office in five minutes if they did.

British newspaper correspondents, lacking all support from home, are in effect coming to feel themselves, as I wrote once before, in the position of spies - people you must have, but from whom you turn your face if they are in trouble.

You cannot expect men to go out to remote countries, as Englishmen used to do, to establish themselves there and apply themselves for years to the study of the country, its people, its policy, its customs and its language, for meagre pay in such conditions.

A classic instance was the expulsion from Belgrade of Hubert Harrison, after many years of residence there and after the recent award of a Yugoslav order, on the general ground that his reporting was unsympathetic to the government of the day.

Here you have some of the reasons for the decline of British prestige in these distant countries, which may be small and poor but are strategically, politically and economically of importance.

But while John Smith packs his bags, gives up his flat, and casts about for a new livelihood somewhere else, Johann Schmidt, busy, efficient, important, with the whole might of the Reich at his back, arrives at the station and takes possession.

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## Chapter Twenty One

### OUT OF JOINT

Suddenly, one day, I cabled my resignation to *The Times*. I had been slowly forming this intention for long enough, but sometimes my mind delays in making itself up, and in this case a big decision was at stake and extraneous things happened to complicate the issue.

When I was writing *Insanity Fair* in 1937 I foresaw that it might alter my future, that instead of sitting tight on a comfortable post, acquired by many years of hard work, and looking forward to a pension, I might have to start again. On the other hand, a small possibility existed that the book would bring me substantial earnings which would partly compensate me for this risk.

I wrote the book, which I felt I had to write, and the things I said in it came true, and it was read by many people and seemed to stir some. A clergyman, as one reader wrote to tell me, enjoined his congregation from the pulpit to read it, and that left me thinking *que diable fais-je dans cette galère?* As a warning it was either too late, or no warning can avail, or no warning is needed. A policy of ostrichism continued to be pursued which left London, in the autumn of 1938, an almost defenceless city of eight million people faced with the greatest catastrophe in European history; on the Continental mainland a vitally important small nation was thrown to the wolves; the process of deterioration in the standards of justice and humanity and decency continued at an accelerated pace, and England herself moved nearer to the loss of territory, probably under humiliating conditions.

From that point of view, I might as well not have written the book. But, from the other point of view, that of earning enough money to keep me going for some little time if I had to start again from scratch, it promised well, when a stroke of bad luck befell me, something outside all the risk-calculations I had made. In America, where it was also finding favour, the publisher went bankrupt, and it seemed that, while my earnings receded into the distance, I was still bound to him for future books.

Eventually that tangle was cleared up, but it took a long time, and this delayed me from doing what I wanted to do. As soon as I could see my way a little clear I took the plunge.

It was a plunge, for I had been seventeen years with *The Times*, fourteen of them a member of the editorial staff, eleven years a correspondent in many parts of Europe. I had to live. There was even, for those who set store by such things, the consideration of pension rights.

It was all one to me. The review of *Insanity Fair* in *The Times* treated a correspondent of long experience in Continental Europe as an overwrought babbler, found truth in the statement, in another book, that the idea of Hitler's annexation of Austria was 'a boggy of the English imagination', and recommended me to retire to the country and read it, and from that moment I felt that I ought to leave *The Times* and was determined at the first opportunity to do so. That bankruptcy delayed me.

Now, when I took from the hotel porter in Belgrade the letter containing the acceptance of my resignation, I felt like a man reborn. I was free to start again. With the hilarious feeling that new adventures and new struggles lay before me I went out and spent a happy evening in the restaurants and cafés of Belgrade.

Don't be the slave of that Job. When you feel it to be an intolerable servitude, give it up. The future will be full of disasters, but they will never happen. You will be the better for a change. You will be

better still if you break free from jobs altogether and work for yourself. Far too many Englishmen work for other people and not for themselves. The strength of the Jews is that they realize that you can never find riches by working for other people. There are other things, more valuable than riches, that you can only find when you work for yourself.

You ought at all costs to set up on your own, somehow. I was slow enough to realize this, and see now that I missed many earlier opportunities. I cannot regret it, because I contrived nevertheless to have a great time, but I do see how vitally important it is. It is appalling to think of the millions of slaves confined in the great galley London, all pulling monotonously on the oars of the job, coming into town each day to make entries in books that are the counterparts of other entries that other men make in other books, working long hours for a pittance which could not be much less, however bad the luck, if they were to try something on their own.

A man feels quite different when he's his own master; if he could only be his own mistress as well, life would be quite perfect.

This dependence on the job saps men's self-esteem. It would be different if you had rigid laws of employment, of dismissal, of pension, fixed by the State and binding for the employer. It is intolerable in the free-fox-in-the-free-henroost system, which binds men in servitude to the detested job from fear of that awful thing, the Sack. I can't imagine why we set such store on the Empire, and don't want anyone else to have it, when we are apparently incapable of curing these conditions in England.

But these are random ruminations, marginal notes. I was speaking of *The Times*.

Before the Great War *The Times* did what really seems, in the light of subsequent events, to have been a national service by continually focusing English attention on the war spirit that was being fostered in Germany and by calling for the necessary measures of self-defence to be taken in England. The then Berlin correspondent of *The Times*, Valentine Chirol, and his assistant Saunders, were men of great experience and knowledge and saw what was coming with a clear eye. After the war Chirol had the satisfaction of finding in a book of official German documents, I think, a pre-war memorandum saying that the men who were dangerous to Germany were the men 'who really know us, like Chirol'.

The moles were always at work against Chirol, just as twenty-five years later they worked against Norman Ebbutt. Kaiser Wilhelm, if I remember rightly, hinted to King Edward VII that Chirol's removal from Berlin would be welcome. In those days British Governments protected British citizens abroad. Twenty-five years later the Berlin correspondent of *The Times*, Ebbutt, could be thrown out like a dog, without any charge being made against him, and all that happened was that 'a deplorable impression' was said to have been made on the British Government.

Since then British Governments have spent much time deploring this and that, especially in deploring 'the methods used' in Abyssinia and China and Spain and Austria and Czechoslovakia, indeed so much deploring is done that I should think a Wailing Wall might be built for the purpose in Whitehall, but all this deploring doesn't help either British correspondents abroad or small nations, and if these tears are inevitable I should think you might employ a tame crocodile to shed them.

The consistency of *The Times*, before the last war, in calling attention to the danger that threatened England from Germany possibly did not do a great deal of good, for England was as unready as she could be when the war broke out and only survived destruction in it by the skin of her teeth. But this, as it seems to me, was due to the system of government in England, by which the sweets of

office continually circulate among a very small class of people who have no outstanding qualifications but have a claim to high employment through membership of a sort of intangible but exclusive club, the conditions for admittance to which are not merit, but birth, money, inter-relationship, common interest, titles, and education at one of a few ring-fenced schools and universities.

You cannot exclude the masses of the people from the government of the country and still have government in the interests of all; you cannot expect from such a system energy and a social conscience, but only indolence and decay, and the English scene to-day, with nearly two millions of unemployed, with slums and derelict areas that for soul-killing squalor have hardly their like in the world, is the proof of this.

The lessons of the war, of the Somme and Passchendaele, have been forgotten. The opening of Parliament, to judge from your picture papers is a kind of mannequin parade of diademed dowagers; where, in these weird pageants, are the masses of England? Now that a new world war seems to be threatening, you are beginning it with a class war. The Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, one of those home-front formations which you are organizing 'for an emergency', is to be officered almost exclusively by women from the exclusive club, on the principle that 'the right type of girl will more readily enlist under a woman of social position than one, however capable, of middle class or working-class origin'.

Do you hear it? Do you remember its forerunner: 'The British soldier will follow a Public School Man into hell, but not a ranker wallah'. Do you remember Raymond Asquith, writing from the trenches in the last war: 'If you look at the honours lists it is always the same story: the Dukes have proved to be the bravest men of all, and after them the Marquesses'.

'However capable!' Out upon your capable middle-class women, your capable working-class women. Gangway for the Duchesses! Of the sixty County Commandants of your Women Territorials, the petticoat generals, twenty-six are titled, many others are from titled families. You can imagine where this force will stand if Fascism is coming in England.

But back to *The Times*. Before the last war *The Times* did this great service of informing its readers about the motives and aims of Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany. In those days it was owned by the John Walters, the family of professional newspaper publishers which had founded the paper nearly 150 years before and had built its unique renown. During a period of financial stress the majority of the shares passed into the hands of Lord Northcliffe and *The Times* became, with nearly all other English newspapers, the mouthpiece of a millionaire. Afterwards the controlling interest passed to Major J. J. Astor, whose brother, Lord Astor, controls the leading Sunday political organ, the *Observer*.

The power of the Press is a most debatable quality. I myself am in doubt about the power it wields. Its power in Germany is very great, not because of what it reveals, but because of what it conceals. In England, apart from the deification of the white tie, the diadem, the Mayfair wedding, the debutante, and the studious overlooking of the slums, which seem to be common to nearly all newspapers, you get every point of view presented to you, and I should imagine the clamour for and against cancels itself out and leaves the average man free to make up his own mind.

But *The Times* is an exception. Relatively little read in England, it holds a unique position among the newspapers of the world. It is more attentively studied in foreign countries than any other newspaper. It is, in its own assertion, an independent Conservative organ. This means that it is not the submissive mouthpiece of Conservative Governments.

It is not that. In my experience, it is something more important. In the last six years, since Hitler came to power, the foreign policy it has advocated has often been different from the official foreign policy of Conservative (or, if you take the word seriously, National) Governments.

But in the event the Conservative Government has always done the things *The Times* advocated. Either Conservative Governments deliberately mislead you about foreign policy, feeling that you will not give them support if you are openly told what the real intention is and that in a moment of crisis you can, by playing the three card trick with your nerves, your fears and your emotions, be induced thankfully to accept some major action in international affairs entirely contrary to that professed, official foreign policy. Or *The Times* sees farther than the Government and knows that when the crisis comes the Government will be forced to do the things *The Times* has advocated.

So read *The Times* if you wish to know what is actually going to happen, what a Conservative Government will do when the crisis comes.

I can give you two good examples, in recent history, affecting the fate of Austria and of Czechoslovakia.

In November 1937 Lord Halifax, British Foreign Minister, went to Berlin to see Hitler. Official British foreign policy, as stated in the House of Commons, was that 'the continued independence and integrity of Austria' were 'an interest of British foreign policy'.

On November 29th *The Times* published a leading article which, in reference to the relationship between Germany and Austria, then looming up as the next crisis-point in European affairs, carefully launched the suggestion that Austria's destiny lay in union with Germany.

At that moment, this was completely contrary to official British foreign policy. The article caused a minor panic in the Ballhausplatz, and a despondent official said to me, 'After this I can't imagine why Germany doesn't march in'. Schuschnigg, a few days later, told me that the official news he had had from London about the Hitler-Halifax meeting was that 'there had been no change in British policy about Central Europe' and that England 'would not permit any change in the *status quo* in these parts'. The Ballhausplatz officials became a little calmer after receipt of this news from London. When Schuschnigg, in February, went to Berchtesgaden, Hitler told him that Lord Halifax was in full agreement with anything he, Hitler, might do about Austria or Czechoslovakia. On March 11th Hitler marched in. Official British policy 'deplored the methods used'.

In this case the policy indicated by *The Times* was followed, not 'official British policy'. But what was official British policy? If it had made up its mind that nothing could prevent Hitler's annexation of Austria, why was Schuschnigg not told? He could have made good terms. He would not be at this moment, as I write, a nervous wreck in captivity in the Hotel Metropole in Vienna. The Negus of Abyssinia has a right to ask the same question.

I have before me as I write a book giving an authoritative Czechoslovak opinion of the Hitler-Halifax meeting, at the time it happened.

Lord Halifax's visit to Berlin [says this book] was the subject of much speculation in the world Press, but no authoritative statement of results was published in Berlin or London. Observers saw two possible outcomes: one, an arrangement on the question of colonies, and the other a side-tracking of the demand for colonies by giving a free hand to Germany in Central and South-Eastern Europe. The latter seemed an utterly preposterous suggestion as coming from England, who had reason enough to beware of Pan-Germanism in a push to the south-east of Europe;

yet it was known to have some support in the Cabinet itself and in not unimportant English newspapers.

'Utterly preposterous'! But if Schuschnigg had assumed the utterly preposterous to be the truth he would be a free man to-day. If Benesh had accepted the utterly preposterous as the actual fact he might to-day be the honoured ally of Hitler, sitting in Prague instead of Putney.

Was Benesh misinformed about official British foreign policy? I find that I wrote in January 1937, fourteen months before the annexation of Austria and twenty months before the subjugation of Czechoslovakia, after a talk with him in Prague:

He puts, or claims to put, entire faith in the determination of France, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Russia (of which countries only one seems to have even the physical possibility of rendering quick help, even if the will to help were present) to come to the aid of Czechoslovakia against an attack and is confident that England would do the same. This is the point where he seems to me, and most other people, to be almost unintelligibly optimistic, but this is his calculation.

But was not Benesh, too, justified in his misjudgment, was he not persistently misled about the intentions of official British policy? He would have been wiser, if he wished to know what British foreign policy would actually do, to read *The Times*. This brings me to my second example.

The official British foreign policy in respect of Czechoslovakia was that the 'integrity and independence' of this state must not be sacrificed to aggression or the threat of it. When that memorable Czechoslovak mobilization was carried out, against this very threat, in May 1938, the British Ambassador in Berlin, as Prague was officially informed and as official Prague informed me, was instructed most solemnly to tell the German Foreign Minister that England could not guarantee in all circumstances to remain neutral in a European conflict arising from the Czechoslovak dispute. The French Government declared its unequivocal determination to rally to the aid of Czechoslovakia against aggression, and Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons announced that full agreement to collaborate in all emergencies existed between the French and British Governments.

What could Benesh think, as the head of the one small nation in Europe which was prepared to impale itself to the last man on German bayonets rather than yield its historic frontiers, if only its sworn friends remained at its side? When Lord Runciman was sent to Prague his mission, officially, was still to seek a solution of the German-Czech dispute which would leave the integrity of those frontiers and the independence of the nation within them undiminished.

Yet the German Foreign Minister on August 31st, a month before the Munich meeting, was able to tell the British Ambassador through his Secretary of State, that he was absolutely certain that neither England nor France would raise a finger to succour Czechoslovakia.

Herr von Ribbentrop was right. At that moment official British foreign policy, as expounded to the British masses, was quite different. Even well-informed men in the British diplomatic service thought that Herr von Ribbentrop was completely off the rails, that he was a dangerous man who from misunderstanding of British foreign policy and the British people was leading Europe into war.

But he was triumphantly right. His advice to Herr Hitler was the best that any Foreign Minister could have given. Being 'absolutely certain', he was able to prepare and execute a vigorous and triumphant *coup*.

On September 7th, three weeks before Munich, *The Times* in a leading article, launched a proposal for the cession of the 'fringe of alien populations' in Czechoslovakia to the Reich. More cautious suggestions in the same direction, but without mention of the actual word 'cession' or 'secession', had been made on August 29th and August 31st.

British opinion, on September 7th, was not ready for the deed of September 19th. The suggestion produced a flood of protests. More important still, it produced in London the next day 'the official statement that the suggestion in *The Times* leading article yesterday that the Czechoslovak Government might consider, as an alternative to their present proposals, the secession of the fringe of alien populations in their territory in no way represents the views of the British Government'.

On September 8th! What could Benesh think? After all, it was his duty to believe what he was officially told to be the views and intentions of the British Government. Was information available to Herr von Ribbentrop that was not available to him?

On September 18th a British ultimatum was presented to Prague in the sense of *The Times* suggestion of September 7th.

If there are any more Beneshes and Schuschniggs in Europe they would do well to read *The Times*. It is not the organ of official British foreign policy, but it seems to tell you what will actually happen.

I do not know where or how the foreign policy of *The Times* is born. I did not serve that paper before the war, but always gathered, from men I talked to, that its foreign policy in those days was the sum of the knowledge and experience of its correspondents abroad, as collated in London, and attuned to the paramount aim of British interests, by a Foreign Editor of even greater personal knowledge and experience of European problems.

Such a man was Harold Williams, who died some eight or nine years ago. Since his death there has been no Foreign Editor. Correspondents abroad have in many cases, as I know from experience, felt the lack of one, of a man who personally knew Continental Europe, its peoples, its problems and its languages. They would have felt happier to have in London a man with whom they could discuss these things on the common ground of intimate knowledge.

Foreign affairs, in my view, are a trade, just like making boots. You need to know your leather, how to cut and stitch it; you may order a pair of boots from your grocer, but he won't make good ones. The idea, so prevalent in England, that any man can be an expert about foreign affairs seems to me to be fallacious. The consequences of some action in the field of foreign affairs may affect the lives and happiness of millions of people. It seemed to me extraordinary that at the Munich Meeting, the scene of a most momentous and remarkable piece of map-making, England should be represented by a Prime Minister who has no personal knowledge or experience at all of the manifold problems of Central Europe and who at his dissection of a country 'which we know nothing about' was supported by - the 'Chief Economic Adviser' to his Cabinet!

I think the foreign policy of *The Times* is one which has been wrong in the past and must continue to be wrong if pursued in the future. The devil of it is that to put England's foreign policy right now is a thing of almost superhuman difficulty. My own feeling is, though I am not quite sure of this, that it is too late, and that we shall pay the bill.

If *The Times*, with its enormous authority, had insisted from the day, at the beginning of 1933, when this became indispensable for England's safety that England must not allow Germany to outarm her, all would have been well.



To say, as successive Governments have said, as *The Times* has said, that there must be no yielding to force when force is repeatedly yielded to, while that superior force grows continually stronger, seems to me to be vain. In 1933 I would have been for putting our former German colonies into a common pool of appeasement. Only on that basis would we have had the moral right to demand the sacrifice of territory from Czechoslovakia. But even that should only have been done within the framework of a completely watertight organization for mutual action against any peacebreaker, backed by the firm intention to rearm, gun for gun and aeroplane for aeroplane, as fast as the mightiest of the potential peacebreakers. Then you would have had no armaments race, no sudden realization, in 1938, that you have been so far outstripped in arms that you cannot pursue a foreign policy at all, even if you now have the determination.

Always to plead for conciliation when you are being rapidly outarmed, when others openly express their contempt for conciliation and their belief in force, is vain, and leads to one humiliation after another, to an appallingly rapid deterioration on the European mainland in all the standards of decency and humanity to which men must cling if they are to retain any faith in their world at all.

Why were these things done? Is the 'utterly preposterous' the real truth? Has the real intention of British policy - not the proclaimed official foreign policy - been the coldly cynical desire to divert the dynamic energy of the clamant militarist Reich southeastward, at the cost of no matter how many small states in between, and ultimately to let Germany use up her strength in a conflict with Russia?

If that was the calculation, I do not think the sum will tot up like that. England, not Russia, is the real enemy. Is the statement true, which appeared in the *Montreal Daily Star*, which Sir Archibald Sinclair asserted in the House of Commons to be the gist of one made by Mr. Chamberlain in May to twelve or fourteen American and Canadian journalists, that the real aim of British policy is a Four Power Pact, a working arrangement between England, Germany, France and Italy 'to keep the peace of Europe' to the exclusion of Soviet Russia? What was Munich but that? But if that is the truth, why was the British public misled? Why were the Negus and Schuschnigg and Benesh misled?

This seems to be the actual policy which a small group of very rich and influential people have been pursuing ever since 1933. It has never been the admitted aim of British foreign policy; indeed, official British foreign policy has been consistently proclaimed to be quite different. But actually the wishes of this group have, in the event, always prevailed.

The League lies dying, Austria and Czechoslovakia are finished, the other Danubian and Balkan countries are becoming German vassals, the road to the golden Ukraine - and the hoped-for antagonism with Russia - lies open to Germany. I do not know what are the motives of these people. I think ultimately they are moved by fear of social unrest, a reawakening clamour for social reforms, the dread that one day they might only have one million pounds instead of two, and the wish, for these reasons, to see the zone of Fascist doctrine and methods spread as wide as possible, even to England.

This foreign policy, actually pursued though never admitted, seems to me to have one mortal weakness - it is not foreign policy. For what is foreign policy? It is the adjustment of your relations with other states in such a way as to ensure the prosperity of your state in peace and its safety in war.

But the policy that has, in actual practice, been pursued seems to me not to be dictated by those paramount British interests - but by class antagonism and property sense.

There is, somewhere in the world, a state that has tampered with the laws of class and property. There is another state, there are two or three other states, which are or appear to be antagonistic to that state. Therefore you support them and do everything you can to make them great and weaken that third, outcast state.

That is not foreign policy, but an old and familiar domestic policy. But where does it lead if you happen to be much weaker in arms than those states that you are supporting, and if you happen to possess the very things they want - pride of place in the world, colonies and dominions, control of the seas?

It leads you to the point where, as you have abandoned your potential allies to them, you will not be strong enough to resist their demand for these things, when you must surrender these possessions to them, and co-ordinate your home politics with their wishes. Then you will have reached your heart's desire, you will have been able to suppress all those people in your own country by whom you fear to be disturbed in your own private possession of wealth and privilege, in your game of shut-eye to housing and health conditions in England. But that is not foreign policy; it is home policy. In the outer world you will have sacrificed your plate and your territory to your hatred and fear of any awakening of the social conscience at home. You will have made England safe for slums, derelict areas, two million unemployed. But other people will be managing your overseas possessions for you.

These are the things I feared from the foreign policy which British Governments have actually pursued, though never admitted, in the six years since Hitler came to power. I fear them still if this policy is further pursued - and why should it not be further pursued? Spain is next on the list, Czechoslovakia, by the time you read this book, will be in complete vassalage, new patients, Hungary, Rumania, Poland, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, will be assembling in the dentist's waiting-room.

In England the same group of people who have fathered this policy seem to be preparing the way for its inevitable child - some form of disguised Fascism in England. They will be telling you that 'democracy has failed'. It has not failed. They have let you down. They have failed you.

If England had been told the facts, a national response to any summons would have been forthcoming. You saw this - in the Abyssinian episode. There the call was uttered, the nation-wide response came, immediately. A few days later the whole thing proved to have been an election-winning trick, and the spirit of England collapsed like a pricked balloon.

The same trick has been played again and again. First, for years, you were never told the truth about German and Italian rearmament. The truth 'might have lost an election'. Then you were told of gigantic rearmament programmes, given stratospheric figures of their cost. When the crisis came there were no armaments. What has happened to that money?

Repeatedly you were told that the British Government held this view on that particular issue of foreign policy. When the crisis came a diametrically opposed course was taken, the particular issue was written off in the foreign policy ledger with the entry, 'We deplore the methods used'. Spain - 'strict impartiality', 'non-intervention' and the like. Now you are told 'Signor Mussolini has always made it clear that he is not prepared to tolerate the defeat of General Franco', and, in the same breath, 'Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini assured us at Munich that they had no intention of setting up a Fascist state in Spain'.

Do you believe even this one?

The Labour Party, since its leaders, in another of those bluff-crises, went over to The Old Firm, has been in an inextricable tangle and cannot rally the public opinion of England to that effort which would have compelled governments to change these methods.

The only other force which could have achieved this was *The Times*, with the great power that it wields. As one of its correspondents abroad I felt for long that it was a disaster for England that *The Times* did not make a strong stand against this policy. Europe to-day would offer quite a different spectacle if it had.

In the years before Hitler came to power *The Times*, as you will find if you look through its files, published a steady stream of articles, in the right-hand column of its leader page, from its correspondents in the main Continental capitals. These articles were regarded in all countries as the best and most authoritative accounts of what was happening and forecasts of what would happen that were to be found anywhere. They were always accurate and politicians everywhere used to read them for guidance.

In recent years the number of these articles from its own correspondents in the main European capitals which *The Times* publishes in that 'turnover' column has steadily diminished, until nowadays they are relatively rare. But in the correspondence columns of *The Times* masses of letters about foreign policy are published from all sorts of people - bishops, professors, retired ambassadors, peers, and so on.

The bulk of these people are not experts on foreign affairs, and some of those letters, read in retrospect, give a comic picture of their qualifications to express an opinion or advocate a policy. In the famous 'turnover' column the place of the article contributed by the newspaper's own correspondent is now increasingly taken by articles from a variety of authors whose views seem to be presented as authoritative, but whose qualifications are open to many questions. Probably very few newspaper readers realize the difference between the article written by the man who knows the country thoroughly and the other kind - but it is a very big and important difference.

For instance, on the morrow of the most important event in foreign affairs in recent times - the Munich meeting - *The Times* published, on October 3rd and 4th, two articles, entitled 'A Picture of Germany', from a correspondent who was not named but who was described as 'A detached and experienced observer who was travelling throughout Germany during the recent crisis'. The anonymous author claimed 'to consider the present currents of German feeling and the conditions, on either side, of a permanent understanding'.

These articles contained statements about Germany which an experienced resident correspondent, in my view, would not have made, for either in their content or the way they were put they were bound to lead the poor old British public up the same old garden path - only be nice to Germany, be understanding, be magnanimous (why did no Englishman ever plead for magnanimity towards a small and defenceless state?), and all will be well. For instance, this statement:

A plebiscite for or against going to war to succour the Sudeten Germans would have resulted in a crushing defeat for war-makers.

I suppose this was meant to make readers believe that Germany would never have gone to war; I can't find any other meaning in it. In any case it is wrong, it is misleading, it is fatuous. If Hitler ever intends to make war, in any cause, he will not hold a plebiscite about it. If he were to, the result would be 99.9 per cent for war. There would be no other possibility. The question would be put in approximately this form:

Are you in favour of going to war to save your oppressed German brothers in the Sudeten lands, who are being mown down in swathes by the most inhuman brutes of all time, or are you in favour of going to war?

Take this statement:

The contrast in physique between Englishmen and Germans between the ages of 15 and 25 is amazingly in Germany's favour and will continue until there spreads again through England that spirit of willing personal discipline in pursuit of an ideal which is planted and cultivated with such supreme adroitness by Nazi propagandists.

Do you see the serpent's head? The first half of that sentence is completely true; the poison is in the second half. Not the rulers of England, not the ruling class, not the little exclusive governing coterie, are to blame for the slums, for two million unemployed, for derelict areas, for under-nourishment. No. NO! The unemployed, the under-nourished, the slum-livers, the derelicts are to blame - because they are not Nazi. Then do not pursue an adroitly planted ideal - oh queen of metaphors - in a spirit of willing personal discipline. Adroitly plant your ideal, get them pursuing it, and all will be well. You just put brown shirts on to the present ruling class, make labour conscripts of your derelicts. They, pursuing that stationary ideal, will presumably be where they were and you will be where you were.

Not we have failed, but the rulers. Let's kennel the under-dogs, in case they get snappy. The slums may stay, awful examples of the faults of democracy; it wasn't disciplined enough to make us do anything about unemployment.

But the writer is on his guard. It occurs to him that you might see through that one, so he produces another one:

It is well to remember [I always distrust phrases beginning like that and wonder whether 'it' really is 'well'] that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Baldwin and men like them, had they been Germans, would have been excluded from public life since 1933, for they could not thinkably have acquiesced in Nazi morality.

Oh yeah? And just what does that one mean? I am ready to agree that in all probability Hitler would not have made either Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Baldwin, had they been Germans, Foreign Minister or War Minister in his Government. Nothing more unpleasant need have happened to them. As for that 'acquiescence in Nazi morality', did we acquiesce at Munich, or is there visions about?

Here are two more which I should like you to store up in your minds and re-examine in a few years' time:

So long as the German people believe that Britain's greatest interest in Europe is to see justice done, her moral power beneath the surface in Germany is immeasurable.

Does that mean that we ought to do a Munich on somebody every six months?

Herr Hitler knows his people well when he says that Alsace and Lorraine are not coveted.

What does Herr Hitler himself think about Alsace and Lorraine? That is the important thing; whether his people covet them or not is less important.

Provided Britain will demonstrate a more continuous and intelligent interest in European difficulties and show that she is equally prepared to rebuke any of Germany's neighbours for wrongdoing as she is to rebuke Germany, she need not fear for her prestige in that country if she sets her moral and material strength against the methods of the bully; and in that way realization is likeliest to come that there are conditions to be fulfilled on the German side also if the two countries are fully to understand each other.

This sentence formed the conclusion of the two articles. It was the summing-up, the definition of policy to be pursued after the facts for and against Germany had been set down on paper and duly considered, the pointer showing the way you should go. Written, apparently, with the ink on the Munich agreement still wet. Read it again, and see if you now know what you ought to do about Germany. 'Set your moral and material strength against the methods of the bully'? On the morning after Munich, which the articles seemed fully to approve, that is an exceptionally good one.

A few days later *The Times* published two more pronouncements on foreign policy, one a letter and one a full-dress article, from the Aga Khan, who as far as I know is an oriental potentate, is indescribably rich, leads in Derby winners, and has a French consort, all very good things, but do they help in European affairs?

The Aga Khan, whose article was headed 'Peace or Truce: A look into the future; The bases for world security', began like this:

Peace prevails, thanks to the wisdom of the Prime Minister, and those who loyally supported him in the Cabinet and the country. What about the future? The foundation of world peace is an Anglo-French alliance by which all the resources of Great Britain would be placed at the disposal of France in the event of an unprovoked attack on that country and vice versa. One bears two opinions whether or not Germany and her Chancellor can be trusted to keep the peace. The question of trust is irrelevant ...

I think one might hear two opinions about that one, if one listened hard. But I, with my doubting mind, wondered whether the Aga Khan's voice in European affairs was one of the first authority, whether he really knew his Germany and his Germans, whether he had plumbed and knew to their depths the minds of the men who live in Shoreditch and Hoxton, in Jarrow and Durham, in Wapping, Wimbledon and Wandsworth. Because they, as it seemed to me, ought to have something to say, sometime, in the shaping of England's destiny.

I ought to quote briefly from a letter headed 'Blessings of the Aeroplane' which was published in *The Times* about this same period. It said:

May it not be that the sun rose upon a new era when Mr. Chamberlain took off from Heston? Thanks to the aeroplane, war has become so humanly intolerable that the hatred of it is everywhere becoming more powerful than the forces which promote it and all humanity is beginning to rise in revolt against its continuance. May it not be, again, that war has begun to commit suicide?

May it not? 'Alas,' added the writer, 'the bombs are still dropping in China and in Spain.'

Yes, the blessed aeroplane doesn't seem to have done much towards making war commit suicide there.

*The Times*. A good newspaper, because in its foreign news columns - as distinct from the article, correspondence and leader columns, which I have previously discussed - it gives adequate and well-apportioned space to the reporting of events, a thing due to the long tradition that has come down to those real arbiters of a newspaper's fate, the sub-editors.

I was for many years happy to write for *The Times* because I felt that on that particular paper you could more than earn a living, you could render your countrymen valuable service by outlining for them the shape of things to come in Europe. In the course of time I lost some of this feeling, and with it much of the pleasure in my work, and for these reasons I was in the end glad to get that letter in Belgrade, accepting my resignation, and to start out on a new career.

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## Chapter Twenty Two

### THE LITTLE ROCKET

It came into my life in the summer of 1933, that eventful first summer of Hitler's reign over Germany. I stood waiting on the pavement of the Halmstrasse with the first car I had ever had, an ancient Fiat which I had bought second-hand and in which I had travelled long distances (most of them at the end of a tow rope), and it came round the corner with two young men in it and they got out and shook hands and took over the ancient Fiat and drove it away and I was left alone with The Little Rocket.

I looked at it with disfavour, at first, and after the ancient Fiat with sadness in my heart, for it was my first car and, bad as it was, I loved it. I did not like this little new thing, with its funny gear, like the handle of a door, and its two puny cylinders. I wondered why I had bought it. Well, it had only cost £100, and £20 off that for the old Fiat.

I little knew then what places we should visit and what things we should do together: 40,000 miles, in five years, I travelled in that car, in Germany, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Hungary, in Yugoslavia. I drove it into deep snowdrifts on Thuringian mountain tops and had to be hauled out by a woodman and his patient horse. I drove it into deep sand in Mecklenburg, while trying one day to follow up the local volunteer fire brigade, a fine but weirdly dressed body of men, to a lonely farm that had been struck by lightning, and thence I had to be hauled out by about fifty hilarious village boys.

I drove it, having a little drink taken, into the back of an omnibus in the Kurfürstendamm, and it looked like a concertina. You would have thought that car had finished its career, but no, I had it hauled to the workshop and there two strong men took hold of it and pulled and it came out straight again, almost as good as new. It was one of those cars you put on, instead of getting into.

I hated it and loved it by turns. For years I did not know what the initials on its bonnet stood for. One day I asked. They meant The Little Rocket.

From that day on it was The Little Rocket for me. Sometimes, when it sputtered and hissed and slowed down on a Balkan road fifty miles from anywhere, I called it a little something else, but sooner or later, somehow or other, I always managed to get it moving again, and when I felt it pulling I relented and thought of it affectionately as my Little Rocket.

If anything is indispensable in this world, a car of some sort is indispensable to a foreign newspaper correspondent. Without it he is just a resident of a foreign city, and never gets below the skin of the country he lives in at all. To get outside the city, to get to know the people, mean long time-wasting and energy-consuming journeys by bus or tram or train, and in the end he gives it up and just jogs to and fro between Unter den Linden and his flat in Berlin West.

But if he has a car he can use every free half-hour to get outside the city, to explore in an ever-widening circle the countryside around it, to visit the distant cities and provinces, the hills and valleys. By that means he can in three months learn more of the country than in three years without a car.

So, through The Little Rocket, I came to know, not only Berlin and Vienna and Prague and Budapest, but Germany and Austria and Czechoslovakia and Hungary. It was the ideal car for town use, quick as a whippet and almost as small. I could rush in where Rolls-Royces hadn't a chance. I

saved, I should think, months of time in the innumerable daily journeys a newspaper man has to make in a town, from office to legation, from ministry to coffee house, from dwelling to office.

On longer journeys The Little Rocket was not so good. It was not made for some of those roads, and I, though I had a good seat and hands, never had the least idea of what went on beneath the bonnet of The Little Rocket. I never knew what was in its mind. I had scraped through my examination for a German driver's licence because I had learned, parrot-wise, the answers to the few routine questions on the guts of a motor car that the examiner was wont to ask. Also, I never had any tools. I frequently had no spare wheel. I drove off into the blue with an airy nonchalance that I can no longer understand, and I am amazed when I think how often I got through, how seldom I was irretrievably stuck.

When The Little Rocket began to hiccough and stagger I changed the plugs. If that didn't work I was done. This was the limit of my mechanical knowledge. After four years, and on the advice of a friend, I did buy a spanner and a pump to clear petrol stoppages; I had thrice been left sitting on a country road through the sudden failure of the petrol supply.

But The Little Rocket had a chronic complaint that was beyond me. When I had two or three hundred miles before me and had already travelled too far to turn back, it would begin to cough. The needle would waver, the coughing would stop, the needle would steady up, then the coughing would begin again, more violently, the needle would go back, the coughing would get worse, the needle would sink to twenty and fifteen and ten kilometres an hour, and eventually I would labour up to a blacksmith-mechanic in some remote village and he would look at The Little Rocket and shake his head, and I always knew what he was going to say. Ach, die IGNITION!

A dread word. Pronounce it Ig-nits-ee-yone. My heart always sank when The Little Rocket had one of its attacks of Ig-nits-ee-yone. I never could learn what you did about that, and mechanics who knew how to cure it were rare too. Many of them put it right for long enough to get me another twenty kilometres, and then it began again. There was one man, and one only, a marvellous mechanic in a mean street somewhere in Vienna, who once put it right for a whole year, when I came back from that nightmare ride to Budapest that I told about in *Insanity Fair*, but as soon as I left Vienna it began again and I never found another man who could cure it for long.

Yet, somehow, I travelled over large areas of Europe with The Little Rocket. An extraordinary car. I grew to think of it as a living being, as a queer sort of friend, whom you couldn't help liking in spite of, or perhaps because of, his strange ways.

There was the time, for instance, when The Little Rocket would only start when it was cold, not when it was warm. I left it standing in the street every night of the winter of 1936-37, and some of those nights were pretty cold in Vienna, but when I came down the next morning I had only to tread lightly on the starter and The Little Rocket was off like a greyhound. But if I then drove ten miles and by mischance stopped the engine The Little Rocket wouldn't start again and I had to wait an hour until it froze, then it started at once.

Then there was the time, on top of the Semmering, when the wheels wouldn't go round and I had to stay the night there, and I don't to this day know what on earth was the cause of that. By this time I had begun to suspect The Little Rocket of human intelligence and was careful what I said when it was within hearing. I think it wanted to stay on the Semmering that night. I was glad, afterwards, that it did, because that was the loveliest night I ever saw, with the moon rising into a crystal sky above the sawlike edges of the firs.



But the next day, haring down the hill to get quickly to Vienna, two urchins with a sledge shot across the road just in front of me, and I trod on the brake with all my weight and felt the wheels slithering on the icy road and thought, 'This is the end', and the next thing I knew was a great bump and The Little Rocket, with me in it, was lying on its side in a field.

I climbed out, like a sailor climbing through the conning tower of a submarine, felt myself all over and found I was all there, and prepared to say a last farewell to The Little Rocket. But then two lads on bicycles came by and dismounted, and we all gave a heave and the next moment The Little Rocket was back on the road and I trod, without hope, on the starter and the engine responded and I drove carefully a few yards and that was all right and eventually I found that the only damage was to the tail-light, the glass of which was smashed. A foot of snow in that field had saved us.

I treated that car badly and it was right to get its own back on me. I see that now. But I did resent, and still resent, the period when the horn began to go off on its own at odd moments and nobody could find what caused it. Waiting in a traffic block at a crossing, with the red lights holding us back, it would suddenly start, and policemen would look sternly round and taxi-drivers would make the remarks that taxi-drivers make and lady drivers would get hysterical and go into reverse when they wanted to go forward, and altogether it was most unpleasant.

There is a limit, and this was a scurvy trick of The Little Rocket. But even worse was when it did this in the middle of the night, as I was driving home, and policemen would stop me and ask what I meant by it, and I would try to explain that I couldn't prevent it and at that a knowing look would come over their faces and they would say, 'Oh yes, I've heard that tale before', and would produce a large book from some hind pocket.

In Vienna, too, I had to learn to drive The Little Rocket again. For two years I drove it with an international licence that had expired, and this was the sort of thing you could do in that easy-going Vienna, but one day the authorities remonstrated and said, look here, you really must take out an Austrian driving licence now. The next few days I spent going from this department to that department, and filling in forms, and then one morning, about the crack of dawn, I had to present myself for a medical examination.

This was another strange experience which I owed to The Little Rocket. I was ushered into a cubicle, told to strip naked, and given a glass vase. I thought for a moment that I had got into the wrong medical examination. Perhaps I should emerge from this room, I thought, a soldier in the Austrian Army, or something of that sort, one of those historical figures the mystery of whose disappearance is never really cleared up, like Kitchener or Gustav Hamel or Johann Orth. Afterwards I re-entered the room to find myself one of a large company of gentlemen all naked and all holding glass vases. However, it was all right, I passed easily, they seemed to think I had the stuff in me to make a motorist of the first water.

Then came the awful ordeal - the technical examination. This time I was stumped; I had not learned the answers parrot-wise. As soon as the examiner began I saw there was only one thing for it - to pretend ignorance of German. Once he got me pinned down to differentials and carburettors I was done. So I looked blank and wrinkled my forehead and shook my head and in the end he gave it up and said, 'Let's go out and drive a bit', and then all was well, because in actual driving I understood The Little Rocket perfectly, and I got my ticket.

The Little Rocket and I, we had our great moments, when we held the public gaze. We appeared in print and in pictures, on the occasion when the brakes failed and I rammed another car from behind. But even more public notoriety came our way one unforgettable, day in the Ringstrasse, Vienna's main thoroughfare.

A day or two before, while I was driving a friend about, I backed into a parking place without noticing that a lamp-post was there and hit it a fairly good thwack. But I thought no more about it and did not notice that the trunk built on The Little Rocket behind was badly damaged.

Then, driving down the Ringstrasse that famous day, I heard strange noises and saw grinning faces and gesticulating people and turned round to find that the trunk had fallen off and had strewn its contents along the Ringstrasse for about a hundred yards. It was midday, when the Ringstrasse is most crowded.

The contents of that trunk were, on a large scale, like the contents of a schoolboy's pocket. There were odd tools, old newspapers, an empty petrol can, an ancient raincoat, two candles, rusty snow-chains which I had once bought but never used, some long-forgotten sandwiches, and a bottle, now broken. They lay in a long line along the Ringstrasse, with the oncoming traffic playing in-and-out with them, policemen putting on their what's-all-this-'ere-about faces. The collection of these things was one of the most unpleasant tasks I ever had.

The Little Rocket now looked in a very bad way. It had a fabric-covered body, and this is not good for a car that has to go through what The Little Rocket had been through. The covering had long since begun to come off and reveal the skeletons in The Little Rocket's cupboards. With increasing wear and tear more and more of it came away, until The Little Rocket looked like a half-peeled banana. Now, with that ragged and yawning hole behind where the trunk used to be, it was the shabbiest hobbledehoy of a car you ever saw. The evil day could be put off no longer. I realized that I should have to buy The Little Rocket a new suit.

So we drove out on a day to a pleasant yard somewhere in the backwoods of Vienna, a yard where men once had made broughams and victories for the daily parade in the Prater and where there was now a good honest smell of shavings and petrol.

When The Little Rocket came back I hardly recognized it.

It was better than new. It was green and glistened. I used to stand at the window of my room and admire it, waiting for me there in the street outside. A new and better time began. I now honoured all my responsibilities to The Little Rocket, kept it clean and warm, and it was duly grateful and behaved perfectly. This was a happy time, good to look back on, a part of that almost ideally happy period in my life that was so short. A new relationship arose between us, one based on mutual affection and esteem. The three of us, we explored all the Wienerwald. We seemed likely to live happily ever after.

Alas. In Insanity Fair neither I nor The Little Rocket were to find that peace we craved for. Hitler came marching into Austria and I, for the reason which I have not yet told and which nobody else knows, went marching out of Austria. The Little Rocket, by a tragic mischance, was having a massage and manicure and I had to leave it behind.

That was in March. All through the spring and summer, when I was in Zürich and London and Bognor and Prague, I thought sadly of my Little Rocket. At last I was able to make arrangements to have it sent to me. I came home one hot day in Budapest and there, its honest face shining with the joy of reunion, stood The Little Rocket.

But it was never the same again, after the Anschluss. Who knows what it had been through, during those few months? Any odd cars that were going were wont in those days to be confiscated by young men in jackboots. The Little Rocket had a few thousand more miles under its bonnet than when I saw it last. One door handle had been torn off. There was a hole in the roof, which looked to

me as if somebody with a bayonet had been sitting on it. Worst of all, The Little Rocket was seriously ill with its old complaint, Ig-nits-ee-yone. The doctors doubted whether they could save it.

I did what I could for it. The covering of the seats was mouldy and gangrened, and small mushrooms were trying to sprout in the cracks. I cleaned them and had new green covers made, to match the bodywork. The Little Rocket looked almost young again. But its constitution had been undermined beyond hope by the strain of those four months in Austria after the Anschluss. Its Ig-nits-ee-yone got worse and worse. But it had the heart of a lion and bore up bravely. Panting and puffing, it took me all over Hungary. When I had to go to Belgrade I thought compassionately of having it put out of its misery, but it looked at me so reproachfully that my heart failed me. It carried me there, it carried me for many miles into the Serbian countryside, over roads that made my heart ache for it. Then came the day when I set my face again towards Budapest and Prague. Would The Little Rocket stay the course?

I looked at it. It looked gamely back at me. I put it on.

I had not gone fifty miles when I knew that I must expect the worst. I had two hundred and fifty miles of some of the worst roads in Europe before me and The Little Rocket was mortally ill. It was coughing its life out. Ig-nits-ee-yone was claiming its prey.

I staggered into Novi Sad and found a doctor who shook his head gravely but thought he could physic The Little Rocket, laden down with luggage, so that it would reach Budapest. He did what he could. In the late afternoon, nursing The Little Rocket as best I could, sparing it as far as was possible, I reached the frontier, breathing thanks, for beyond it the road was better. Perhaps, I thought, The Little Rocket would make it.

We passed through Szeged and fate dealt us another blow. That nice level main road was closed, a man with a red flag directed us along a miserable by-pass, little more than a field track. I had travelled the main road not long before and knew that it was perfectly good; this meant, not road repairs, but fortification-building, which was the fashion on all frontiers at the moment. But for my Little Rocket it meant toiling along a rutty and unmade track for twenty kilometres.

When we reached the good main road again The Little Rocket was coughing once more. The needle went back and back, to forty, to thirty, to twenty, to fifteen kilometres an hour. Would we at least reach Kecskemet, I thought desperately, where I should have a chance of getting The Little Rocket doped again?

It was dark. We coughed and coughed along. Suddenly an enormous sow lumbered out of the roadside ditch and waddled across the road dead before us. The Little Rocket hit her broadside on. With a shriek she fell over, scrambled to her feet, and lumbered off into the night, unhurt. I breathed again.

But the Little Rocket was finished. It lay there all lopsided. This last blow was too much. That axle had gone at last.

To die there like that, on the Budapest road, in the dark night, I thought, as I looked at it. It gave me a last look of recognition and devotion and then its lights went out.

Perhaps it was better so, I thought. Better this sudden end than to cough and cough and peter out miserably, coughing. With a heavy heart I turned and went in search of a peasant.

## Chapter Twenty Three

### HOW ODD OF GOD<sup>[2]</sup>

When I was in London in the Spring of 1938 I went one day to see a high official in Whitehall. As I arrived half an hour too soon I went into a teashop, the only thing you can do in London when you arrive anywhere half an hour too soon, and ordered a cup of the wet, brown and warm stuff which they call coffee, and then I heard a voice call 'Reed' and turned round, and corpulent as ever, in a corner, was my acquaintance whom we will call Blumenlevy.

I knew him first in Berlin, some years before Hitler came to power. Then he was well-to-do and important, and nobody, least of all himself, seemed to recall he was not a German. He was part of Berlin and looked likely to end his days there. But then came Hitler, and Blumenlevy moved to Vienna and suddenly he was Austrian-born and a great Austrian patriot and was all for defending Austrian independence to the last drop of anybody else's blood and fervently admired Mussolini, a dictator, true, but not then an anti-Semitic one, because he had mobilized troops on the Brenner when Dollfuss was murdered and had declared he would not tolerate the rape of Austria. 'Why do you English quarrel with this great man?' Blumenlevy asked me. 'It is madness.'

But then Mussolini became Hitler's friend and Blumenlevy, all at once, was a red-hot Austrian monarchist and was for bringing young Otto back to Vienna forthwith, for only so could Austrian patriots count on the continued independence of Austria.

A few days before Hitler marched into Austria, and sent his telegram to Rome, 'Mussolini, I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day', I ran into Blumenlevy in a coffee house. He had been to see an Austrian monarchist leader, A, he said, and had urged him to arm the monarchists, but A was a feeble fellow and hadn't felt equal to it. 'I would do it,' said Blumenlevy, 'Ich bin ein Draufgänger - I'm a stick-at-nothing chap.'

I looked at him, fat, wheezy, and aged. Oh yeah, I thought.

Now Austria was finished, and here he was in London, already waiting on an appointment with somebody in a high place, already half-way to becoming an Englishman, naturalization papers looming ahead, and soon he would be urging the British to go and fight Germany. We shall probably have to do it anyway, but I thought, as I contemplated Blumenlevy, that the Jews, if they want to fight Germany, should urge others less and enlist more.

That is one picture, painted without malice. Look at this one.

I stood, in the heat of that September crisis, in a newspaper office in Budapest and talked with a young Jewish journalist. 'I am for war,' he said loudly, 'this is the moment to stop Germany.' 'You,' I said, 'but what would you do in this war?' 'Oh,' he said airily, 'I intend to survive it.' 'Then why call for war, if you are not going to fight?' I asked. 'What can I do?' he said, 'I am a Hungarian subject, that would mean fighting for Germany.' 'Why not go to Republican Spain and fight there,' I answered, 'or to Czechoslovakia, and fight with the Czechs?' 'That would be difficult,' he said, fidgeting. He too was thinking of a war between Gentiles for the purpose of exterminating anti-Semitism.

Look at this picture.

I sat, during that eventful and fear-laden summer, in a coffee-house in Prague, and a Jewess came in whom I had known in Vienna. She had always laid stress on her Austrian patriotism, on her love for Vienna. She was the daughter, she repeatedly told you, of an officer in the old Imperial Austrian Army, and she longed to see the Kaiser back.

Now she came and sat by me. 'Are you homesick for Austria?' she said. 'Yes, I am,' I answered, 'and I shall always be.' 'I'm not,' she said gleefully, 'not a little bit. I hate it. I have no feeling left for it at all. I feel myself reborn to be away.'

I considered her. I could understand perfectly what she felt. Yet I knew that if I, an Englishman and a Gentile, had been born an Austrian and a Gentile and had had to fly from Austria, when Hitler came, for this reason or that, I should nevertheless have loved and longed for Austria until my last day.

There was a difference, deep, eternal, ineradicable.

These are three portraits from the gallery of 1938. I could show you a hundred others.

I belong to those cads who put loyalty among the human virtues, and I have not forgotten Jews whom I knew in the British Army during the war. Those Jews, long-established in England, were all right; but the great mass of new Jewish immigrants that we are getting now are mortally dangerous to us.

I, with all the horror I have of National Socialism and the dread I have of Germany under National Socialism, shall say some hard things about the Jews. I have watched and studied them now, all over Europe, for many years and know my subject.

In England the fashion is to profess complete incomprehension of the movements in progress in Europe to restrict the influence of the Jews. This attitude towards the Jews is the sheet anchor, in their continual claim to be humane, of those English people who put a screen of self-complacency between themselves and everything that is wrong or needs changing: how can the foreigner be right in saying we are perfidious or arrogant or class-ridden or inhumane when we have this tolerant and magnanimous feeling about the Jews? We feel 'a generous indignation' about the treatment of the Jews. We may not care a fig about Spanish women and children being blown to bits by German and Italian bombs. But our British love of fair play is revolted by the treatment of the Jews.

For us, these people say, there is no Jewish problem. For them, the favoured followers of the God-of-things-as-they-are, on whose own corns the Jewish problem does not tread, there is similarly no slum problem. There are, somewhere, slums, about which you occasionally feel a generous indignation. Is there a Derelict Areas problem? No, there are Derelict Areas. Is there a German problem? No, there is Germany.

There is a Jewish problem. Like the slum problem and the German problem you will leave it until it devours you.

I wrote various incidental passages about Jews in *Insanity Fair*. Because many people either could not understand or did not accept the things I said, I am going to make myself crystal clear this time.

One British newspaper and two American ones spoke reproachfully of my anti-Semitism. If you discuss this question at all the welkin immediately rings with the yelping of 'Anti-Semite', often from people who have nothing more than a languid indifference about it, but like using phrases of this sort because Englishmen always play cricket, don't you know, and hang it, play the game, sir.

I had a letter from a reader in Palestine who said, 'You have written a good book, save for your appallingly ignorant and callous attitude towards the Jews'. This did not convince me, because many people said similar things about *Insanity Fair*. The Communists thought it was good save for the part about Soviet Russia, the Fascists liked it apart from its references to Germany and Italy, the Old School Tie Brigade thought it would have been a good book but for its allusions to the public school system in England, and these, as the literary critic of a journal mainly devoted to pushing the sale of women's underclothes wrote, indicated 'a regrettable tendency towards Left ideas'. The close connection between the manufacture and sale of camisoles and true-blue, die-in-the-last-ditch, backs-up and chins-to-the-wall, down-with-the-Reds, up-with-the-good-old-flag-Blimpery is a thing I shall investigate one day.

I had two letters which made me think, long and carefully, which made me take out my knowledge and feelings and convictions about the Jews, put them under the microscope, scrutinize them meticulously for the microbes of prejudice or ignorance. After that long examination I was satisfied. I decided to take these letters as my text when I came to write again about the Jews.

The first was from a young American Jew, an earnest request for information. He had read *Insanity Fair* twice, with great interest, he said, and it had left his mind simmering with questions about the Jews, to which he could not find the answer himself, so that, rather pathetically, he wanted it from me. What did I really think about them? I seemed to think their troubles to some extent were of their own making. Did I believe that? He thought the Jews were just buffeted about. For his own part he had lost all feeling of Jewish cohesion.

I do think this. But I do not believe there is any Jew, anywhere, who has lost all feeling of Jewish cohesion. Many wish they could, but none do.

The second letter came from a Jewess in South Africa. She wrote in deep distress about events in *Insanity Fair*. Up to the last, she wrote, she believed that England had something up her sleeve, but now, 'the strong arm that England used to wield lay withered beneath the poppies in Flanders fields'. But the book had been a comfort to her in this mental agony that so many people are experiencing in our time: it was, she said, in a shell-burst of superlatives, magnificent, gallant, terrible. Then she asked, 'You write repeatedly of your Jewish "acquaintances". Have you never had a Jewish friend? What have you in your heart for the Jews? Is it pity?'

Stimulating sentences, that acted on me like the cue that prompts an actor to his lines.

The word 'acquaintances' was carefully chosen. I have never had a Jewish friend. I never shall. I could, if Jews were Jews, subjects of a Jew state, avowedly foreigners in other lands, not professedly Germans, Englishmen, Hungarians, Austrians, Poles.

I have sharpened my wits on the conversation of Jews, I admire their quick-wittedness. If there were a Jewish nation I would make it an ally of England because I believe that, for their own cause, the Jews would fight like lions. I know that many of them fought in the armies of Germany and France and England, I know that each of these Jews wanted his side to win. But I also know that they had less to fear if their side lost, that they prosper in defeat and chaos. I saw this in Germany and Austria and Hungary.

I distrust the fiction that these Jews are Germans or Frenchmen or Englishmen, when I know that they are in all countries closely welded communities working, first and foremost, for the Jewish cause. Walk any Saturday evening along Oxford Street or Regent Street, contemplate those thousands of hatless young men, of carefully dressed and arm-linked young women coming up

from the east to go to the great film theatres round Piccadilly and Marble Arch, to invade the chocolate-sundae corner palaces. Do you believe these are English people? Do they?

Will they help us to re-make England into a sturdy and well-found land of craftsmen and farmers and sailors? Do they not rather stand for cheap and tawdry frocks, and their corollary, sweated labour (if you have the energy, go down into the East End and visit the people who cut and sew those frocks), for gaudy Babylonian film temples, for your blasted Glamour Girls, for trashy imitation jewellery, for spurious marble halls at the sign of the fish-and-chip?

But that is another question. No penny-in-the-slot machine could produce its response more quickly than that question brings the answer from me. I know the answer.

'What have you in your heart for the Jews? Is it pity?'

The answer is: 'What have you in your heart for Gentiles?'

That brings you at a stroke to the root of the matter. Not anti-Semitism was first, but anti-Gentilism. You have heard a lot in recent years about Hitler's Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws, with their ban on intermarriage, which the Germans call race-defilement.

A most intelligent and cultured and open-minded Jew in Budapest said to me, 'After all, the Nuremberg laws are only the translation into German of our own Mosaic laws, with their ban on intermarriage with Gentiles'.

Race-antagonism began, not with the Gentiles, but with the Jews. Their religion is based on it. This racial lunacy which you detest in the Germans has possessed the Jews for thousands of years. When they become powerful, they practise it; as they consolidate their position in one trade after another, in one profession or another, the squeeze-out of Gentiles begins. That was why you found, in Berlin and Vienna and Budapest and Prague and Bucharest, newspapers with hardly a Gentile on the editorial staff, theatres owned and managed by Jews presenting Jewish actors and actresses in Jewish plays praised by the Jewish critics of Jewish newspapers, whole streets with hardly a non-Jewish shop in them, whole branches of retail trade monopolized by Jews.

Jews, if you know them well enough and understand these things enough for them to talk openly with you, will admit this. They cannot deny it.

In the beginning was anti-Gentilism. This, not the perfidy of the Gentiles, prevents the assimilation of the Jews. This prevents them from ever becoming Germans or Poles or Italians. This keeps them welded together as alien communities in foreign lands, communities ultimately hostile to the Gentile.

It is their religion? Good, but it is the reason why they cannot be assimilated.

In the defeated countries the Jews did not use the great power they achieved to promote and accelerate assimilation. They used it to increase the power and wealth of the Jews, and their intensive mutual collaboration, in that era to oust non-Jews from professions, trades and callings, was the outward and visible sign that anti-Gentilism remained within them. The race barriers that had existed against the Jews were broken down, every path was open; but the race-barrier within themselves still existed, and thus you had the misuse of this freedom and those grave signs of its abuse, the exploitation of cheap labour and of young non-Jewish womanhood, which were so repugnant a feature of life in Berlin and Vienna, and still are seen to-day, as I write, in Budapest and Prague.

These are grave things, which need to be understood.

The inner knowledge of this seemingly unbridgable gulf causes many Jews to take on protective colouring, to change their names, to outdo their Gentile neighbours in vocal patriotism, to obscure the fact that they are Jews. Some, a few, marry Gentiles; to the main body of Jews they are renegades who have 'married outside the faith'. Some, a few, have themselves baptized; but they remain Jews.

In three Central European capitals that I know the baptism of Jews, since the annexation of Austria, has become an industry. The step is taken in all cynicism, as a business proposition, a means of getting into countries which have banned the admission of Jews, a device to tide over the years until the anti-Semitic wave subsides again. The Jews joke about it among themselves, and the Jews I know, who talk frankly with me because they know that I understand the racket, joke about it with me. One Jew, discussing it with me, told me of an acquaintance who, to his annoyance, found that he had to pass through a period of instruction in the faith he was about to acquire before he received the coveted baptismal certificate, and how he cut short the priest's explanation of the immaculate conception with the words, 'Schaun S', ich glaube Ihnen sämtliche Sachen' (Look here, I believe everything). This was thought very funny and sent a roar of laughter round the table. In one of the capitals I speak of, several hundred Jews were baptized as Church of England Christians in the summer of 1938, and by a trick they succeeded in predating the baptismal certificates, so that the reason for the conversion should not be 'too apparent. The convert is usually re-converted to the Hebraic faith when the anti-Semitic period passes.

These baptized Jews, who have no belief whatever in Christianity, join the community of 'non-Aryan Christians' for whom your Church leaders constantly appeal.

An industry has also grown up around the very distress of the Jews, namely, the industry of marriages bought and sold. All English readers have seen reports of cases where foreign Jewesses have paid foreigners to marry them in order to acquire another nationality and be beyond the reach of immigration bans and business hindrances. The most coveted of all passports - the passport, not the nationality or the husband, is the coveted thing - is the British. I was told by a Jew in Prague, 'Any young Englishman could earn a million Kronen by marrying a Jewess from here'. His table neighbour commented, 'He wouldn't need to be young', and much laughter followed.

As I write, the Prague newspaper which makes a speciality of brothel advertisements is earning a large revenue each day by publishing the announcements of emigrant Jews who have their papers in order and offer to take a wife with them, if she has a sufficient dowry; of Jewesses who seek a foreigner or a passage-booked emigrant as a husband and offer large financial inducements; and of foreigners who offer to marry Jewesses, and give them the benefits of another nationality, at a high price. These are some of the advertisements in current issues: 'American is prepared to marry Jewess'; 'I seek, for my brother, who is about to emigrate to South America, a wife, Jewess; not over 24, dowry essential'; 'Marriage of convenience offered by respectable Yugoslav'; 'Distinguished Englishman offers name-marriage to Jewess'.

No Jew ever mistakes the man he is dealing with. He knows at once whether the other man is a Jew or a Gentile; it is the first question he asks himself.

How many Gentiles know when they have to do with a Jew? How often have you heard, 'Is he really a Jew? The thought never occurred to me. He doesn't look like one'.



The feeling towards Gentiles that is given the Jew when he comes into the world and is fostered in him within his family circle, is that the Gentiles are people, more stupid than the Jews, who can be used to bring profit and advantage to the Jews.

It is a fundamentally hostile attitude, the strength of which is that the Gentiles, by and large, do not realize its existence. All the means of protective colouring are used to further it. Outside that family circle the Jew is a matey, hail-fellow-well-met brother citizen. That is not in his heart, nor in his eyes, if you look into them. You are a man against whom he has to pit his wits, to outdo his potential enemy. The basis of it lies in his religion. It is all very good if both sides realize what is afoot. But it makes assimilation impossible.

There are two bitterly antagonistic schools of Jewish thought. One is for assimilation, for ignoring that unbridgeable gulf fixed by the Jewish faith, for settling in the midst of the Christian communities and the various nations, and taking on their forms of life and characteristics.

If you have a young and sturdy race and set a low limit on the number of the Jews, this works fairly well - as for instance, in Serbia. The Serbs were too virile for the Jews to reach disproportionate influence among them - and there were not many Jews. But when a new influx of Jews begins, under the influence of wars or an anti-Semitic movement elsewhere, the trouble starts.

The other Jewish school of thought is for boldly accepting the truth, that Jews are Jews and unassimilable, for setting up a National Jewish state somewhere of which all Jews should be subjects.

It is, in my view, the solution and ought at all cost to be done. Then the native citizen of other countries would know with whom he had to deal and what motives he might expect in that citizen of a foreign state. It would put an end to the Jew who constantly steps across the frontiers and repeatedly changes his language, his nationality, and his professed allegiance, who is a German to-day, an Austrian to-morrow, a Hungarian the day after, and next week an Englishman, who claims a privileged place in the world that is open to no other race or faith, who, in the name of love for that particular country in which he happens at the moment to be, works bee-like for war against the anti-Semitic state that he has left.

Here you have the ruling idea of the *dummer Christ* again, the stupid Gentile who can be egged on to fight the other Gentiles in order to exterminate anti-Semitism. Organized international Jewry ought, in the name of dignity alone, to put a stop to this. Protest and fight against anti-Semitism as much as you like, but do not expect the nations to go to war about it.

I spent many years in Germany, both before and after Hitler came to power, and there had the opportunity to study the Jews in the heyday of their power. They were still almost debarred from the army, but apart from that might attain to any post in Germany. The period of opening freedom and opportunity which began in the eighteen hundreds had reached its golden climax. Every door was open.

How did they use this freedom? To work for Germany? From what I saw, I do not think so. No man's hand was against them, but they used it to increase and fortify Jewish power and wealth to the detriment of the non-Jewish community.

The Jews are not cleverer than the Gentiles, if by clever you mean good at their jobs. They ruthlessly exploit the common feeling of Jews, first to get a foothold in a particular trade or calling, then to squeeze the non-Jews out of it. I have chosen journalism for my first example, because I know a deal about it.

It is not true that Jews are better journalists than Gentiles. They held all the posts on these Berlin newspapers because the proprietors and editors were Jewish. The opinions of these newspapers were quoted abroad as samples of German opinion. They represented the Jewish interest exclusively, in their attitude to both foreign and domestic affairs. If another country was friendly towards Jews, they were friendly towards that country: if it was anti-Jewish they attacked it.

I remember a case, when a Lord Mayor of Berlin was detected taking bribes from a Jewish contractor. His wife had received an expensive fur coat, of *Nerz*, which I think is mink, and the scandal stank to heaven, so that the street boys were singing a parody of a then popular song, 'Wenn du einmal dein Herz verschenkst, dann schenk' es mir'. They sang: 'Wenn du mal einen Nerz verschenkst, dann schenk' ihn mir'. I remember how the Jewish newspapers tried to whitewash that scandal, to divert attention from the fact that the firm of contractors was a Jewish one. I observed this same attitude, on the part of Jewish newspapers, towards an endless series of financial scandals and criminal trials in which Jews were concerned, in Berlin and in Vienna.

In Berlin, in those days, Jewish newspapers, which had their exact counterparts in Vienna, Budapest and Prague, gave daily space in their small advertisement columns to brothel announcements, blatant and unashamed, with address and telephone number. In Berlin and Vienna this has now been stopped. About Budapest I am not sure. In Prague one of them continues to do this to the very hour in which I write. I have to-day's issue before me. It has a dozen announcements of this kind:

Charming young Frenchwoman desires to let a beautifully furnished room to a well-to-do gentleman visiting Prague.

An attractive young lady has comfortably furnished rooms to let.

Body culture. A strict young lady imparts instruction in the new crawling-gymnastics.

And so on, through the whole alphabet of procuration.

What journalism is this? Is this 'being cleverer than we are'? Of course you can make money like that, by publishing advertisements that other newspapers will not accept, but are you a better publisher, a better newspaper man for it? Or a less scrupulous one?

In Vienna, in 1937, it was even possible to read in one of these newspapers an advertisement for a virgin, the price offered being a holiday by the sea. The advertisement read:

Young man seeks the acquaintance, as the first friend [*Freund*, in this sense, means accepted lover] of her life of an attractive young girl, for a holiday in Italy together. He will pay all expenses. Three weeks in fairyland! Afterwards, loving friendship.

The only comment which this advertisement aroused, in the Vienna of that time, was a mild reproof, 'This is really going a bit far', from the Catholic *Reichspost*.

In the Berlin of yesteryear most of the theatres were Jewish-owned or Jewish-leased, most of the leading film and stage actors were Jews, the plays performed were often by German, Austrian or Hungarian Jews and were staged by Jewish producers, applauded by Jewish dramatic critics in Jewish newspapers.

Was superior talent the explanation for this Jewish predominance? In my view, it was not. It was due to *Protektion*, a word that opens every Jewish door between Hamburg and Constanza.

This is the system. You are a Jew, you encounter another Jew. He does you a small service or you do him one, usually something a little irregular by strict standards. On that basis an enormous superstructure of *Protektion*, of ramificatory and interlocking acquaintanceships and recommendations, is built up which reaches across all frontiers and unites the whole Jewish world.

Do you think superior talent enables a Jewish actor or actress smoothly to step from leading parts in Berlin to leading parts in Vienna, when Hitler appears, and again from leading parts in Vienna, when Hitler appears there, to leading parts in London? Do you think non-Jewish talent would find the same open-armed reception from film and theatrical and operatic producers in London, in Paris and New York? Do you think it is a whim of nature that Jews from Poland, Russia, Galicia or Central Europe are needed to put English history on the screen, to portray famous figures of English history, a British officer, a Tudor prince? Do you imagine no Englishmen are available?

Some of these cases are simply fantastic. The Jew, in such a plight, has a long lead on the non-Jewish fugitive, who faces a world in which he has no single friend, in which he must begin again from scratch, in which his chances of even getting across the frontiers are infinitely worse than those of the Jew, because he has not that *Protektion* in the outer world.

In Berlin, one day, there was a Jewish journalist, a member of the staff of one of those snappy, sensational, bedtime-story sheets. Came Hitler, and he retired to Vienna, and joined a newspaper of the same sort there. Came Hitler, and he retired to Prague. Came Hitler, to the Sudeten German lands.

This man could by no stretch of imagination be called a German, an Austrian, or a Czech. He was a Jew, born in some place that once was Russia and now was Poland or Lithuania or Estonia or heaven knows what. He had supplied 'the German view' from Berlin, 'the Austrian view' from Vienna, 'the Czechoslovak view' from Prague.

Now I saw him, day by day, in hotel lounges, deep in conference with well-meaning but ill-informed English people who had come to 'help the Czechs'. He poured a heart-rending tale into their ears, threatened to commit suicide. This was no destitute fugitive, but a slick fellow who was always well-fed and well-dressed and stepped smoothly across the frontier into another land every time that anything happened to make him move on.

By these means, he was one of the first to get away. I don't think this was what English people meant by 'helping the Czechs'. But within a few weeks he was in London. A week or two later he wrote to another Jew in Prague in this sense: 'I am having a wonderful time. I am staying in the household of an English lord, who is most kind to me. If you wish to send your wife to England, just let me know; I can arrange it immediately. I have good prospects of getting on to the English Press.'

Soon this man will be giving the world 'the English view', writing about the intense indignation that English people feel at the things that Germany does. It is fantastic. If England encourages this sort of thing, England is a lunatic asylum.

I was present when the contents of that letter were read out. Another Jew who was present said: 'The next letter you get will tell you that he is now the English lord, and that the English lord has been pushed out in the cold.' Followed a roar of laughter.

The admission of these people to England is a thing in the free gift of the Government, save for such checks as, for the nonce, public discussion, and such part of the Press as remains immune to Jewish influence, may put on it. Already a barrage of intimidation is touched off against any man who tries to expose the danger to England of this new Jewish immigration.

I have seen this same system at work in Berlin, in Vienna, in Prague, in Budapest. As soon as a man's name gets the label of anti-Semitism tagged on to it, the grape-vine gets to work, the moles get busy. Yet this is not anti-Semitism, but self-protection.

Mr. Herbert Metcalfe, the Old Street magistrate, who through the particular scope of his court has a great deal to do with Jewish immigrants, in dealing with a particularly bad case, said the way stateless Jews were pouring into England was an outrage, that the right policy would be to punish them sternly, not merely take them by the scruff of the neck and throw them out, and gave three of them six months hard labour apiece for having got into the country without permits.

I know this type of Jew, and in my view Mr. Metcalfe was about right. But immediately a drumfire of invective and recrimination against Mr. Metcalfe opened.

Do you believe this campaign sprang from the Englishman's innate humanity, sympathy for the under-dog, love of fair play? No, it was partly the balm with which the Englishman of to-day soothes his conscience, mainly the result of Jewish instigation. How many Englishmen to-day would be prepared to admit five thousand non-Jewish, anti-Hitler Germans, skilled workers, men of peace and goodwill and democrats, with their wives and families, to England or the Dominions? No, they are Reds. They are not 'Germans' or 'Austrians', they are 'Reds'.

You Englishmen, who know how hard it is for an Englishman, without family influence, without money, without the Old School Tie to break through the iron ring of privilege, of preference, of nepotism, of wealth, of class-hatred, consider these things. Look at your Englishmen, in Durham, in Jarrow, in Shoreditch, in Hoxton. Do something about them first.

When I was last in London I saw many faces I knew, many people of a type that I knew, and was not cheered by what I saw, in the streets, in the picture pages of the Press, in the reports of criminal trials.

If you have eyes to see, take a look at this London of yours, the greatest city of the world, in 1939. Go, with open eyes, from Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, along Piccadilly to Leicester Square, down the Strand to Fleet Street and St. Paul's, from there to Holborn Viaduct and back along Oxford Street. It is as if a drag-net had been cast over Berlin and Vienna and Budapest and Prague and Naples and Paris and Warsaw and Cracow, and the catch dumped down here in this paradise of gilt, chromium, plush and neon-lighting, where Shakespeare once mustered his players, where Milton and Chaucer walked, whence Drake and Raleigh sailed in search of new worlds, where English craftsmen once, long ago, made gates of good wrought iron and chests of good oak, where Englishmen once served Englishmen with beef and beer, and where Englishmen now sit in imitation marble halls eating poached eggs and drinking coffee.

Put your heads through the doors of the restaurants, Petit Paris, Klein Berlin, Mañana's, Hoggstein's, Posenovitch's, Umpsky's, and all the others, and see who is eating, who is serving, there. Stroll through the lounges, accursed word, of the cheap but splendiferous hotels round Piccadilly, the Strand and Marble Arch, and see what manner of people are reclining in those cushioned depths.

Take up your newspaper and read the small advertisements on the front page:

This is to certify that Ignacio François Wienerwaldski has applied for naturalization and that if any know just cause or impediment ...

Or:

I, Aloysius Ibrahim Espagnolovitch, hereby give notice that I have changed my name to Arthur Etonharrow ...

Turn over the page and look at the 'Situations Required'.

Three Viennese sisters (Jewish), who do not wish to be separated, seek positions in an English household.

Young German (refugee) seeks post as tutor.

If you have any acquaintances who have engaged such applicants, ask them how long they remained in their employment after reaching England, how soon they left to set up a little business, whether they found a way to bring their sisters and brothers, sons and daughters to England too.

Your newspapers, if you read them diligently and with discernment, carefully study the names and the pictures, give you a good picture of your London. Consider the following items collected from *The Times*:

First, these, about two young Englishmen:

Albert Smith, a van boy, 18, of Forest Gate, was sent to prison for a month at West Ham Police Court yesterday when he was charged with stealing 1s. from a cash till of a shop in Forest Gate.

At Thames Police Court yesterday John Brown, 19, pleaded guilty to stealing ten shillings from his employer and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Now look at these items, all taken from *The Times* in that same month:

A Financial Shark. Bankrupt Dutchman sent to prison. Before Mr. Dummett, at Bow Street Police Court yesterday, ----, a Dutch subject, was charged that he, being an undischarged bankrupt, was concerned in the management of a company without the leave of the Court by which he was adjudged bankrupt ... In 1935 he was adjudicated bankrupt, with liabilities amounting to £3,549 and assets 10s. 11d. Mr. Dummett sentenced ---- to four months imprisonment. Notice of appeal was given.

Woman's Wanderings through Europe. Smuggled into Britain in Ship's Bunker. At Bow Street yesterday ---- ... After the advent of Hitler, said defendant, she fled to Poland, then went to Antwerp, where a sailor said he would help her to get to England for £10 ... On the third day the sailor came and said, 'You are safe now, you are in London' ... The magistrate said this was one of those distressing cases. He would make a recommendation for deportation, but the chances were that nothing would be done ... A nominal fine of 10s. was imposed.

Foreign Criminals Imprisoned. Three aliens, two men and a woman, were charged at Bow Street yesterday with landing in this country without the consent of the Immigration Officer. [I ought to explain to you that this means that they were smuggled in, against payment, and that only a few of those who do it are caught.] They were ----, a Russian; ----, a Russian; ----, a Peruvian. Detective-Inspector Muscle, of the Flying Squad, said he saw and arrested the accused in Limehouse. The woman ----, told him she had arrived in London an hour before, having landed in England at a port she did not know. She had paid a Greek sailor £5 and was put on board a boat she did not know. ---- had been convicted twice in this country and recommended for deportation, while in 1934 he was convicted in Detroit, U.S.A. --- had no recorded convictions against her in this country, but the Berlin police stated that she was known to the Paris Police under another name. ---- had convictions against him dating from 1911 in Dresden, Vienna, Warsaw, Milan, Copenhagen and Zürich; he had been expelled from Denmark and Italy and deported from this country. Detective-Inspector Muscle described the accused as 'a gang of dangerous international criminals'. Sentence was passed. Detective-Inspector Muscle then stated that he had just received a telegram from the Paris police, who had identified ---- by fingerprints as a woman named ----, who was sentenced for theft in Paris in 1934.

These in a few weeks. The drag-net has caught a few small fish from the shoals that are swimming about in London. Now go through the West End, for your edification, with an open eye, and see what you have in London. When I was there I sometimes thought I was back in the Kurfürstendamm, the Kärntnerstrasse, the Andrassy Ut, the Wenceslas Platz. Here they were, neither toiling nor spinning, but flashing the diamond ring on their little fingers, occupying all the most prominent seats in the lounges of the cheap hotels, reading the papers in half a dozen languages, that pestiferous gang, with their well-manicured hands, their ever-roving eyes, their oiled hair, their natty suits, their aggressive manners, that I had seen in the main streets and cafés of half a dozen capitals.

I first had my attention called to these things when I came back to London after the annexation of Austria. I had not been there for many years, save for a day or two, and now I was staggered by the change for the worse. London seemed to have taken over the human bad debts of half Europe. I began then closely to study the publications on the bookstalls, the people in the cheap but gaudy hotels, in the restaurants around Piccadilly, in the film-theatres, in the bottle-parties, in the massage-and-manicure halls, the newspapers, the brass plates, for the things I knew I should find.

These people are the dregs of the emigration. Our police, as far as I can judge, cannot keep them out. They come in again and again, and when they are arrested in Whitechapel High Street they blandly protest that they have only just that moment arrived there, really don't know how they got there, have none but the best of intentions, are sentenced to a few weeks' imprisonment and deportation - and six months later they are there again. They have found a Greek sailor, a convict without a penny in his pockets.

Almost every day now in your newspapers you may read items like these:

German Refugee in Terror. A German dentist, ----, who was smuggled into England by motor-boat from France, stated yesterday that he had been living in terror and pleaded not to be sent back to Germany. Constable Smith, of the Aliens Department, said, ---- paid a man in France 500 francs to bring him to England.

Refugee Imprisoned; Appeal to Press not to Publish Name. A watch dealer, ----, described as of no nationality, was charged at Bow Street yesterday with having landed without the leave of an immigration officer. Police Constable Brown, of the Aliens Department, said the man arrived on Monday, having stowed away on a boat.

If you closely follow these items, which you will generally find in obscure corners of your newspapers, you will see that the names of defending counsel in them are generally Jewish. Jewish welfare officials attend the courts. Any magistrate who expresses concern about the evil is liable to be pilloried in the Press and in Parliament. What eventually happens to these people, no man knows. You usually read that 'the question of deportation will be carefully considered by the authorities' or 'a recommendation for deportation was made'. My own belief is that the majority of these people stay; you only have to look about you to see them.

As long as you have a stable number of Jews, restricted by law from attaining undue power, in any particular land you can in course of time make those Jews so nearly natives of that land that the difference doesn't matter.

But as soon as you take the restrictions off, open every door to them, keep no safeguards for yourself, allow unlimited immigration, the trouble begins.

You nearly had that state of affairs before the war; after the war you did have it; and that is the reason for all the trouble now. If you could stabilize the Jews in the world within the frontiers where they now live, and still build barriers against their disproportionate acquisition of wealth and power - for the Jews in prosperity are as ruthless as the Germans - all would be well. But you can't, because of that great flood of migration, surging hither and thither, and in England you should as quickly as possible build barriers against the formation of yet another privileged class.

That is what the Jews become, if they have full freedom. Held together by that cement of fellow-feeling, they are a compact and well-organized minority within the community, working with the co-ordinated rhythm of a great machine. I don't mean that it is a plot; that depends on what you understand by a plot. It is possibly just a feeling of common belonging-together, that the surest way of reaching the desired end is by close mutual collaboration.

But don't forget that the acquisition of wealth and worldly goods and the power they bring is for the Jew a sign of divine favour, a thing that entitles him to the respect of his fellow-Jews. For most of us, the rich man is, in our hearts, rather a creature of contempt. He, too, by his closed guilds, keeps us enslaved; we work for him, pay him tribute - but not respect. The very rich Jew is for the poor Jew an object of esteem and admiration.

I wrote that the Jews, when you give them full equality, use it to become a privileged group, not to become equals. A small example of the system at work was that case of the Jew newly arrived in Harley Street, who got his fellow-Jew in Berlin to write to a prospective English patient and warn her against the English doctors. That is how it begins - the squeeze-out. Imagine that in 1938, with one of the greatest countries in the world suppressing the Jews, with England taking its place as the haven where they fain would be! Imagine how it would work in a time when no anti-Semitic feeling existed, how it worked in Germany before anti-Semitism boiled up. Where is the feeling of gratitude to the country that has given you sanctuary?

I know a newspaper in a Central European capital where the entire editorial staff - the printers and packers and typists and porters and drivers and runabout-boys were mostly Gentiles - were Jews. When anti-Semitism began to loom nearer, a new editor was appointed - a Gentile. He was one of

those charming Hungarians, that is to say, he was a Croat or Slovene or a Ruthene or a German or something by origin, but he was a great Hungarian patriot, and a Christian. He knew Jews perfectly, he said: all non-Jewish Hungarians think that, and that is why the Jews are stronger in Hungary than almost anywhere.

With a charming smile he told me that he knew exactly why he had been appointed and what his position was to be - the *Auslage Goy*, or shop-window Gentile. When the sun shines and you redress the window, you take that particular dummy away; it is old-fashioned. But why did that Jewish newspaper engage only Jewish journalists? Was this chance? Or was it anti-Gentilism?

In Berlin, in Vienna, as I knew them, this system of the squeeze-out was always at work, relentlessly. In the main shopping thoroughfares a non-Jewish shop was a rarity. Do you know that in the Regent Street of Berlin, the Kurfürstendamm, Jewish shops were in the riots of November 1938 in the overwhelming majority, that on that day you could count the unwrecked, that is, the non-Jewish shops, on the fingers of your hand? In some trades - the clothing trade, the leather trade, the fur trade, the gold and jewellery trade, the coal trade - a Jewish monopoly prevailed, in Vienna, and a Christian who tried to set foot in them would have had about as much chance as General Ludendorff at a Freemasons' meeting.

When times become bad that extraordinary grape-vine system of inter-recommendation continues. It is not confined, in so far as favours are asked, to Jews. The machine of Jewish wits is set to work to foster the sympathy, to enlist the help, of the Christians. The smallest service rendered is the soil in which that seed of *Protektion* is planted, and once it takes root a beanstalk of betterment starts climbing to the skies, with Jack Jew shinning up it.

Hungary is a particularly good example of the country which produces the Jew who is a good Hungarian to-day, good Englishman to-morrow, good German next week, good Chinese next month, and which in my view still affords the best example to-day of a country where the Jew, by this method of squeeze-out collaboration, rises to heights of influence and affluence far beyond his deserts and his numbers.

Hungary produced the classic example of that kind of Jew - Trebitsch Lincoln. Consider Trebitsch Lincoln. He was born a Jew, in Hungary. His parents came from Poland or Russia or Lord knows where - from 'behind God's back', as the Magyar proverb says. You, if you had been writing a paragraph for your English newspapers, would in your objective, fair's-fair way have written 'A Hungarian has been born'.

In his early manhood, if I remember rightly, he was a priest of one of the Christian confessions, in Canada, I think! Here was your 'non-Aryan Christian'! A little later he was making a deep impression on those loving souls, the Quakers, in England. A little later still he was a good British patriot, a Member of the House of Commons.

A few more years passed, the World War broke out, and Trebitsch Lincoln proved to have been a spy - for Germany, a country to which he owed no allegiance. But to what country did he owe allegiance? If any, then, I should say, to England. But allegiance was not in him.

Oblivion for a few years, and then came the Kapp Putsch in Germany, the first of the Nationalist conspiracies to overthrow the democratic liberal regime that was so kind to the Jews, and reinstate the big business men, big landlords, monarchists, militarists, in the seats of the mighty in Germany. Who was a leading figure in this short-lived seizure of power? Trebitsch Lincoln, now a German die-hard. Among the other sympathizers was a relatively unknown man, one Adolf Hitler. Trebitsch Lincoln on the side of the anti-Semites? Of course, he was a Christian.



Let me here interrupt my story of Trebitsch Lincoln for a moment to say that when the discomfited Kapp troops, after their brief reign, withdrew through the Brandenburger Tor at the top of Unter den Linden they fired, just from exuberant geniality, on the crowd, many people being killed and wounded, while others ran, and I saw a photograph of this incident which has never left my memory.

In the foreground, with the running, crouched or prostrate figures for a background, is an old woman with a child. The child huddles into her skirts. She holds it, her body between it and the bullets. When you look at that picture you can almost hear the rat-tat-tat of the machine-guns, the frightened crying of the child, the beating of the old woman's heart. Madonna, child and machine-gun, a pleasant symbolic picture for our post-war Europe. But nobody has bothered to paint it.

Back to Trebitsch Lincoln. Again a few years of oblivion and you heard of him in China, where men were fighting. By now he was either a good Russian Bolshevik or a good Chinese Nationalist, I forget which. Then, again, a few years of silence. Then, again, news that Trebitsch Lincoln was a Buddhist monk, and the tardy post brought pictures of him in his little silken cap, his silken tunic, his funny pants.

A man without truth, without honour, without faith, without loyalty? No, you are wrong. Now something happened that touched the one spot in Trebitsch Lincoln where you could find loyalty. In England he had a son, and this son was a soldier in the British Army, and if you can beat that one please write and tell me, because I should like to know. The son was convicted of murder, the date of execution set. In far Tibet, or wherever he was, Trebitsch Lincoln heard the news. He came speeding across the world to see his son before he died. Here was his one loyalty, the loyalty of the Jewish family. He arrived, at Southampton, I think, a few hours before the execution. He was not allowed to land. He steamed away again, resumed that endless journey ...

What a figure. I wish sometimes that I had another medium than words, those pale and empty sounds and symbols. I would like to tell a tale in acid, in poison, in vitriol, in fire and brimstone, a tale that would scar and singe and scorch and curl up the pages as you read them.

If you open wide the doors of opportunity to this kind of Jew you are asking for your house to be despoiled. Remember that he uses all the methods of protective colouring. Baptism. Me a Jew? No, I am a Christian, even a Christian priest. Language. What, Mr. Lincoln a foreigner? But he speaks perfect English. Name-changing. What, Mr. Lincoln a foreigner and a Jew? But he has a good English name, is a Member of Parliament, and his sentiments are irreproachable. You are mad. Out upon you.

There is no limit for this kind of Jew. If you doubt me, think of Trebitsch Lincoln leading the anti-Semites down the Wilhelmstrasse to the seat of power. But I can show you the modern counterpart of Trebitsch Lincoln, and I don't mean those pro-Hitler Jews who were said by rumour to have marched round Berlin in the early Nazi days carrying a banner with the legend 'Hinaus mit uns!' - 'Chuck us out!'

In Budapest, while Hitler, the Jew-killer, was conducting his siege of Czechoslovakia, was a newspaper conducted almost entirely by Jews. All the Jews on that newspaper were hoping that Hitler would fail, that Czechoslovakia, which had given liberal shelter to Jews from Germany and Austria, would survive, that Germany would be discomfited in peace or crushed in war. Otherwise the anti-Semitic Reich would advance a step-nearer Hungary, the day of anti-Semitism in Hungary would loom nearer.

But rather than forfeit their posts or risk the suspension of their paper by the Government, which was anti-Czech, the Jews on that newspaper wrote the bitterest things about Czechoslovakia each day, called the Czechs tyrants and rogues and scum, applauded Germany's resolve to bring Czechoslovakia to her knees.

The problem is not simple.

Hungary is the most instructive country in Europe for the study of the Jews, because they are there more powerful than in any other country I know, and yet the innocent abroad never even suspects this when he spends his pleasant days and nights in Budapest and thinks he is getting to know the Magyars.

I once sat on a café terrace overlooking Budapest with a Jew, an exceptionally intelligent one. He looked reflectively over the city. 'Isn't it lovely?' he said. 'You know, this, and not Vienna, was the Jews' paradise.' I had never thought it out quite as far as that, but as soon as he said it I knew that he was right.

In Hungary you had, as that old Magyar nobleman said who I quoted to you earlier, a ruling class, the nobles and magnates, who chose to pretend that business was beneath them and used the Jews for all matters of buying and selling, banking and moneylending, accounting and manufacturing. By doing this, as they went out hunting or sat by the fireside and in a lordly way commanded the gipsies to make music for them, they delivered the country to the Jews and surrendered their own mastery of it to the Jews.

The Hungarians, the masses, the people who lived on and from the land, noticed little difference. It was a change of bond-masters. They remained plough-fodder and factory-fodder, but it was an age when the number of factories and chimneys, of which the noblemen understood nothing, was daily increasing, and the number of shops, fed by the factories, was increasing in like ratio, and the power of the Jews grew and grew, and even on the land, as the indolent noblemen, with their flashy phrases and their stupid acts, went bankrupt or signed more and more bills, the number of acres in Jewish ownership grew and grew likewise.

It was the age of the machine, and the Jews slipped slickly into that gap between the lords of the manor and the serfs and soon monopolized all the functions that neither understood: the one class because it was too arrogant and lazy, the other because it was too downtrodden and kept in ignorance and serfdom. It was a golden age for the Jews, and Hungary in that half century before the World War became, as my Jewish acquaintance said, the Jews' paradise.

Then came a thing you should remember when you read that lamentable outcry: What, oh what on earth is to become of the Jews, in ten years, at this rate? They will all have been exterminated.

There came a Communist regime, almost exclusively Jewish: a reactionary regime with a brief but fierce anti-Jewish period; and then - another period of glorious Jewish prosperity. This is what makes Hungary so very instructive, in studying the Jewish problem: it is the only country in Europe, save Germany, where you have had violent anti-Semitism since the war, and within a few months that was all forgotten and the Jews were as powerful and as comfortable as ever, and have remained so to this day, when the clouds are gathering again in the north-west.

This is the story. In 1919 a Red Republic was proclaimed in the land of the Magyars. Of the Government, of the twenty-six People's Commissars, eighteen were Jews! The Jews had untrammelled power in Hungary, and they packed the administration, so that the Jews, in that period, were not a powerful though camouflaged class, but overtly the ruling class.

They had a straw man, an *Auslage Goy*, as President, the good master-bricklayer Alexander Garbai, but he had nothing to say. Theirs was the Hungarian Kingdom, the power and the glory. Aaron Cohen (Béla Kun), Josef Pogany, Tibor Szamuely (Samuels) and the others reigned unchallenged, and did some very unpleasant things. Their fingers were no whit less quick on the trigger than those of Ad Hitler or Al Capone.

Many people are puzzled by the leading part that the Jews play in Communism. How can the Jews, who love money, be for a doctrine which denies the right of private property, the right to amass wealth?, they ask their little selves. The answer is that there is always money at the top, and at the top is a thing that attracts Jews more than money - power. Hungary had given the Jews everything they could desire. One Jew, Ludwig Hatvány, wrote:

The old Hungary gave me everything: wellbeing, security, rank and title. The university and the academy stood open to me.

He was of those who supported the Bolshevik regime and afterwards fled into exile.

The Rumanians chased Béla Kun out of Hungary. He failed to do the one thing which could have given him any hold on the people - take land from the big landowners and give it to the landless peasants. Instead, he nationalized all the land. But to give land to the peasants was a thing not in the hearts of these men; they were as ruthless as any other tyrants. Hard on his heels came Admiral Horthy; quickly the old regime reinstated itself in power; Hungary after a world war was exactly as she had been before it.

Inevitably, there was a rabid anti-Jewish outbreak. Officers, with improvised detachments, rampaged the land and hanged some Jews, and were not always careful to choose the right ones.

That was in 1919. By 1920 anti-Jewish feeling was already dwindling, by 1921 it was dead, and the Jews were moving to another period of increasing influence and prosperity. A remarkable thing, when you think of the want that stalked Hungary, of the passions that had been aroused.

At first, to dissociate themselves from the Red regime and to escape the vengeance that seemed likely to follow it, masses of Jews had themselves baptized: in 1919, 7146; in 1920, 1925; in 1921 only 827, thereafter a very small number annually. The need for protective colouring was diminishing. The number of re-conversions, from Christianity to the Mosaic religion, rose steeply.

Seventeen years later, in 1938, the Jews in Hungary were richer and more powerfully established than ever before. The memory of the Béla Kun regime seemed completely to have faded; anti-Semitism, but for the ominous rumblings from the north-west, would have been a dead letter. On paper, as always, the proportion of the Jews to the population was very small - about 600,000, or 6.5 per cent of the total, including confessing Jews, baptized Jews, and half-Jews.

In this matter of the Jews, figures are great prevaricators, for the actual picture that Hungary presented to the human eye was a completely different one. It was a picture of Jewish predominance, in very many walks of life, out of all proportion to their numbers, even assuming that these were much greater than the statistics showed. They were - they are, as I write - a group with a standard of wellbeing and power far above any other in the country.

They owned 46 per cent of all industrial undertakings. They manned 70 per cent of the boards of all companies representing big business. On the boards of the leading banking houses their share was between 75 and 80 per cent; 67.2 per cent of private brokers and 36 per cent of banking clerks were

Jews. They had even gained possession of 11.7 per cent of all land in Hungary - against the urgent warnings of a Zionist leader, who many years before had told them:

You are making a fatal mistake in acquiring landed property. You already own more than half of the immovable property in this land. The people cannot in the long run tolerate such a conquest. Only by force of arms can a minority, which is alien to the people and is not historically renowned like the old aristocracy, maintain its hold on such possessions.

Of the bigger estates, 17.6 per cent were in Jewish hands; 34.4 per cent of all doctors were Jews, 49.2 per cent of all lawyers, 31.6 per cent of all journalists. In Budapest, the capital, where between a quarter and a third of the entire population is Jewish, the proportion was much higher. The publishing and printing trades were almost exclusively Jewish, all privately-owned theatres were Jewish, and 40.5 per cent of film theatres.

To get a clearer picture of this almost monopolistic control take the boards of the twenty leading industrial undertakings in Hungary in 1934-35. Of 336 names 235 were Jewish; 290 of the biggest industrial concerns in Hungary were under the control of the ten biggest banks. Of 319 names on the boards 223 were Jewish.

In 1936, 19 newspapers in Budapest employed 418 editors, journalists and contributors; 306 were Jewish.

Now leave the figures and look at Budapest, at the retail trade, the mightiest of all the Jewish strongholds. Here the Jewish preponderance is clearest to the naked eye, because it is behind the counter, not upstairs in the board-room. In Budapest there are miles of streets where you may search vainly for a non-Jewish shop. It is very difficult, if you wish to buy anything, not to buy it from a Jew.

The contrast between this strongly entrenched Jewish community, all its units earning a good living, and the poverty of the workers in outer Budapest, of the peasants in many parts of the country, is striking and depressing. Most of the workers work for Jews and, when they get their meagre pay envelope, hand it to their wives, who trot along to the Jewish shopkeeper and give it back, and so the money, like the music, goes round and round and comes out - where? Nowhere where the worker or the peasant can get at it.

It is, in its way, a new tyranny, comparable with that of the nobles and the Church in the Middle Ages, the tyranny of money-power instead of the tyranny of inherited privilege, and it needs remedying just as much as those other tyrannies, which still linger on.

This is the problem that has to be solved, as it seems to me: that the Jews, given full equality of opportunity, use it to oust the others and acquire the status of a privileged class.

Come with me on a few journeys through the Hungarian countryside and watch the system at work there.

Come to Mezökövesd, where the tourists are taken on Sundays in charabancs, because on Sundays the peasants put on their pretty costumes and all go to church, and this delights the tourists, who feel they are really getting to know Hungary, lunch well at the restaurant round the corner, which is decorated in the Hungarian-operetta style and is especially put there for tourists and has about as much relation to life in Mezökövesd as the Berkeley Buttery has to the good old English life of Bethnal Green, and are whisked back to Budapest in their charabancs.

But we will go to Mezökövesd not on Sunday, but on Saturday afternoon. The peasants and villagers are at work; they are not wearing those picturesque costumes. They are at their daily grind, which lasts from dawn to dusk. They are bitterly poor. Money is a rare thing to them, even small coins. They think themselves lucky if they have enough to eat.

On all sides of you you will see these faces lined and wrinkled by toil and care and weather, these figures warped by heavy labour. But go a little farther and you come to the village square, a place where the church stands and the road widens and there are a few shops and women sit by piles of pumpkins - the village meeting-place. If Mezökövesd were London this would be Piccadilly Circus.

All those shops, every one of them, has a Jewish name above it. It is Saturday afternoon, and the owners are not working. They, too, stand about the market-place, or at any rate, the young men; the older men and the women sit in the shops, talking.

If you close your eyes to the market-place and only look at those young men, this *is* London, this *is* Piccadilly Circus. They are just the same Jews that you see there. They wear natty suits, close-fitting shoes, new hats on carefully-barbered heads. They are well-to-do. They are the lords of this remote little town, with its dusty and rutty road, with the geese running about, with oxen-hauled wagons passing to and fro.

The rest, the church, the lean and hungry peasants, the mean cottages, is just backcloth. On the long winter evenings those peasant women spend hours, by the dim light of a paraffin lamp, stitching and embroidering, stitching and embroidering, stitching and embroidering. Round the corner is a shop, where a well-dressed Jewish gentleman sits reading the *Pesti Naplo*. From him you may buy those attractive hand-worked bedspreads and tablecloths, the products of so many midwinter nights' work - at a price, a high one. The peasants sell them to him - at a low one. In Budapest there are many of these shops, all Jewish-owned, where the arts and crafts of Hungary fill the windows and the foreign tourists pause with little cries of pleasure at the pretty things they see.

Next time you pass one of those shops think of the people who make these things. Try and get someone to take you to the homes of the people who make them, watch them at work.

In Czechoslovakia the peasants sell these things direct to the buyer - in the market-place, in the street. Why not in Hungary? Is it forbidden? By whom, and for whom?

Come to Esztergom, the cradle of Hungary, where the first Hungarian kings had their palace on that craggy eminence overlooking the Danube and the bridge which, until recently, took you into Czechoslovakia, but now the land on the other side is Hungarian again. Come there, too, on a Saturday afternoon, see exactly the same thing happen there in the tiny market-place. Perhaps in a hundred years Esztergom will be a great and rich and populous and important town. That little market-place will be growing into a local Piccadilly Circus. Sites there will be the most valuable in all Esztergom. They are all owned by Jews. All the shops bear Jewish names, first modest ventures in gilt, chromium, nickel and neon-lighting are being made. The young Jews, in their town clothes, stand about, talking. The town lads run about barefoot, beg watermelon-rinds from the greengrocer, gnaw them till the light shows through the husk.

Come to Kecskemet. This is a town, quite a big one. Here they make that excellent apricot brandy which the Prince of Wales discovered for the Hungarians - so the Hungarians say. Here is a big square. One of the biggest buildings in it is the synagogue. A deal of money, such a synagogue costs. All round the square are the glittering Jewish, shop signs. The countryside around is poor, the peasants harassed by want. Out of the synagogue come the Jews of Kecskemet, important, well-dressed, talking in gesticulating groups - a people apart.

Go where you will in Hungary, in every town and every larger village you will find the synagogue among the most prominent buildings, the banks, the shops, the picture theatres, the filling stations, owned by the Jews.

Go where you will in Hungary and you will find that the native craftsman and handworker is almost extinct. Where he still exists he makes lovely things, but he is almost impossible to find. The few shops in the village market-place are a replica in miniature of Budapest - cheap china, shoddy and ready-made, trashy jewellery, artificial silk stockings, tawdry frocks, the harvest of a young Jewish-controlled industry working to the lowest possible level of taste and material.

I once went to a great fair on the outskirts of Budapest and was staggered by the nightmare assortment of cheap machine-made goods that I saw there, that the peasants, come in from the countryside, were avidly buying. At one stall a Jew was selling the most hideous collection of cheap oleographs of the Christian God and His prophets that I ever saw, all in gilt frames. I ransacked that fair for something that I wanted to buy, something that, when I was in other lands, would give me pleasure to look at and remind me of Hungary, that lovely Hungary of the abundant fields and the peasants working in them, not this Hungary of inferior machine-made wares.

At last I found a man who sold jugs and vases and cups that he had moulded and baked and painted himself. At last, something *echt*, something genuine, something Hungarian. He had a few drinking-cups, bottoms-up cups that you have either to hold in your hand or empty and put down, you can't stand them on the table and sip. They were lovely. I bought four, and only wish I had bought the other two that he had. I never look at them without delight. They cost sixpence each. To me they were beyond price.

'The Jews' paradise', my Jewish acquaintance had called Hungary. I had taken a good look at it and agreed with him. I was not convinced that the Jews had been good for Hungary. If you want to study this question, which is playing so large a part in our time, Hungary is a good place to begin.

I was impressed in Hungary, as I had been in Vienna up to the very moment when Hitler marched in, as I was later in Prague, by the apparent unconcern of the Jews. England, France, America and the whole of the outer world were ringing with the tale of Jewish persecution, yet in these cities, with Hitler at their very door, they went their way seemingly unperturbed, made no change in their mode of life or their way of enjoying it, predominated, just as they had always done, in the showier cafés and restaurants and hotels and bars and night-clubs. This continues at this moment, as I write, in Prague, in November 1938. Only a few miles away, at this very moment, synagogues are burning. Thousands of Jews have been turned out, neck and crop, from Germany into Poland; hundreds into Czechoslovakia. Here in Prague the Jews are eating, laughing, dancing as if they had no cares. Of all the prevalent misconceptions about the Jews the worst is that they are cowardly. They are most courageous - for a cause that is their own. They are also irrepressible.

Many people were puzzled by something I once wrote about the Jews - that when Hitler had passed away they would still be trading in the Kurfürstendamm, in the Kärntnerstrasse. You seem to be right about some things, they said, but you are clearly nuts about this. The Jews are being exterminated. Soon they will be no more.

Don't believe it. You are fooling yourself if you do. Try and realize that the great majority of the Jews who were in Germany when Hitler came to power are there now, that the majority of the shops in such main shopping thoroughfares as the Kurfürstendamm are Jewish - I write this in the knowledge that they were wrecked yesterday, and I wonder how those British insurance companies are feeling about it - and this mass of Jews will stay there.

Of course they will go through bad times, but they will stay there and survive them. Hitler should live, say, another twenty years, or thereabouts. From Vienna the Jews were banished 'for all time' - a favourite phrase of the Führer - in 1422, and subsequent clearances were made in 1554, 1567, 1573, 1575, 1600, 1614 and 1624. In 1670 they were banished for all time again. All through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in spite of periodic banishments, their influence increased. In 1879 the last strongholds - State service and university chairs - fell to them. In 1937 Vienna had more Jews than ever before and they prospered exceedingly.

I don't think the Jews made good or fair use, on the whole, of the flinging-open of all doors to them, and they are now descending somewhat from the peak of power and affluence to which the World War brought them. A new period of restriction has begun. No one can foresee at this moment how long it will last or how much damage it will do them. That it will relax again, sometime, is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow.

For my part, I am convinced of one thing, and I know that many Jews in their hearts agree with me about this: that the relaxation, when it comes, should not be used, for instance, to make Berlin again at some future time what Berlin was before 1933. For this reason I find some of the things that I see in London to-day sinister and ominous.

The Jews have a part to play if anti-Semitism is to be killed. In London to-day they are doing just what they did in Berlin. They are deserting the East, flooding the West, flooding Hampstead and Maida Vale, squeezing-out, flaunting.

There are nearly two million unemployed in England, millions of English people are living in conditions that disgrace the richest country in the world, and it isn't good enough. The theory of the free fox in the free henroost has got to be exploded.

Why have I written all these things, at such length? First, because I know something about the matter and because I, who have helped many Jews by word and deed, like to say just what I think when somebody yelps 'anti-Semite' at me.

Secondly, because I believe the only way to settle this eternal wrangle to everybody's satisfaction, including the Jews, since the Jews will not change their anti-Gentile religion, would be to found a National Jew State for them, and if I were Hitler I would do that: what a sweet revenge, to be the man who solved the Jewish problem and put an end to anti-Semitism!

Thirdly, because I believe that if you cannot have your Jewish state, then you must resolutely close your frontiers to any more Jews and apply yourself diligently to assimilating those that you have, but in this case you must safeguard yourself against their rise to disproportionate power and affluence through methods which, in our code, amount to unfair competition.

At a railway station in Prague I watched a trainload of refugees move out into an unknown future. They were all men. They were all Germans, from the Sudeten German lands that Hitler has annexed. These were Socialists and Communists, men whose lives were in peril. They were bound for England and, after that, somewhither, none knew.

Their womenfolk and children stood on the platform weeping, not knowing when they would see their husbands and fathers again. The men, good, sturdy German working men, stood at the windows and watched them. They said hardly a word. Their faces showed resignation and dejection. They just stood and looked at their wives and children on the platform.

Among them was one Jew. On the platform stood his mother and sister, different from the working-class women around, better dressed. The Jew, alone of all those men, had something to say. 'Wir kommen wieda', he announced loudly, to the waiting crowd at large, 'We'll be back'. The other men remained silent and expressionless; they knew that they would not be coming back. The Jew spoke again, to his sister. 'Trachte, dass du bald nachkommst', he said. 'Try and get out soon.' Why, I wondered, if he thought he would be back.

The train moved out. The men at the windows looked silently at their people on the platform, nodded sadly with their heads, made no other movement. The Jew leaned out of the window, cried, loudly, 'Wir kommen wieda!' The crowd gazed after him, made no response. The other men still stood silently at their windows, nodding their heads in farewell. The Jew raised his arm, fist clenched, in the workers' greeting. On the little finger a diamond flashed in the light of the lamps.

Now, why? I asked myself, as I came away. He simply is not of those men, those working men, neither he nor his ring nor his rather theatrical cry nor his mother nor his sister. They are all quite different, they belong somewhere else. Then why was he there, and what were his innermost motives?

I could find no answer. He was just different.

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## Chapter Twenty Four

### LONG, LONG TRAIL

Chance had it that when I came to write about the Jews, as I meant to after the criticisms that had been made of *Insanity Fair* in this respect, I spent much time in places where the wave of anti-Semitism was approaching, and I had opportunity to study them in adversity. I have been in countries on the borders of the anti-Jewish Reich where the Jewish fugitives were gathering, where the native Jews were preparing for the new dispersal. I have seen them in no-man's-land. I have seen them, in thousands, conferring together in hotels and cafés, thronging airline and steamship offices, besieging influential foreigners, newspaper offices and consulates under the banner of *Protektion*.

I have just read the statement of one of these Jewish emigrants, now comfortably situated in London and writing for anti-Nazi newspapers in several countries, 'Wir Juden sind Stehaufmenschen'.

You know those toys that children play with, the little men with the rounded and weighted base whom you cannot knock over, they always bob up smiling? It is an exact description. While people in England are lamenting the fate of the Jews in Germany, they do not notice that the Jews in England are becoming more powerful than ever before.

Everything I have seen has confirmed the opinions I had formed during eleven years of wandering about the Continent, and I have had these opinions confirmed to me by Jews themselves. Now all these Jews are making plans to go to England, to the British Dominions, to America.

It is not a solution; this new emigration will bring with it the same deterioration of standards in those countries, the same disproportionate and unjustifiable rise in the level of prosperity in the Jews above that of the native population, the same conditions that have played their large part in bringing about the present outburst of anti-Semitism throughout the territories of the German Reich and of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. These were the promised lands of the Jew, especially Germany, for which all Jews who have lived there hunger to-day. They cannot think to-day of Berlin and Vienna, Frankfurt and Mannheim, without longing and regret creeping into their voices for the countries in which those cities are situated. Were they not largely to blame if they threw away, by immoderate lust for display and wealth and power, the things those lands promised them?

Listen to Benno Israelovitchsky, a rich man who was born in Russia, who lived for ten years in Berlin, for three in Vienna, for eight in Trautenau in the Sudeten German lands, for five in The Hague, for two in Paris, and who, when I talked with him a few hours before writing this, was still a rich man in Prague, preparing now to set out again on the long, long trail of Ahasver and pitch his tent for a while in Reval. Incidentally, he has the passport of a South American Republic, though he has never been there, and this gives him the *Protektion* of the Legation and Consulate of that state whenever anti-Semitism gets too near him.

Benno Israelovitchsky is one of the few Jews I have ever met who drinks a good deal; ninety-five Jews out of a hundred never drink more than a glass or two, because they think, 'If I get drunk my soberer neighbour will be astuter than I, and in any case why drink beyond the point where I know just how much stimulation and wittiness and good humour I am getting for my money?'

Benno Israelovitchsky, in wine, became expansive beyond his wont. He spoke of Berlin after the war, with me and with a second Jew, also Russian-born, who had made the familiar life's journey

from Kieff to Berlin, from Hitlerist Berlin to Vienna, from Hitlerist Vienna to Prague, and was now preparing to quit Prague, before the approach of Hitler, for Paris.

'Ah,' said Benno Israelovitchsky, in the lamenting tone which the Jews to-day use when they talk of the spread of anti-Semitism, the diminishing circle of their activities, 'I am an anti-Semite. Berlin after the war! Ah, what a time, what a life that was! And who was to blame for what happened? Think back' - he was addressing his fellow-Jew - 'think back and recall how our young people behaved then. If they had conducted themselves differently we should never have had Hitler. That is what makes me an anti-Semite.'

The other Jew nodded noncommittally. 'Perhaps you are right,' he said.

Benno Israelovitchsky was right. I knew that Berlin, and he was right. I knew Vienna of those earlier days too, and he would have been right to say the same thing about that city.

The major issue, for Englishmen, of our contemporary times needs to be made clear in a vital point. If we are, one day, to fight Germany again, it must not be to put the Jews back on their cushioned pasha's thrones there. If we want to help the Jews we cannot do it by letting the least valuable of them into England, so that they can make London in 1939 look like Berlin in 1929. If we want to help the Jews the only way is to help them to their National Jewish State - but not by giving them machine-guns to kill Arabs.

I contemplated Benno Israelovitchsky. He was a man nearing sixty. In the offing sat his twenty-three-year-old *amie*, the usual blonde harem-piece in a fur-coat, discovered somewhere in the provinces of Belgium or France or Germany or Austria. I wondered why he had taken such pains to discover that I was in Prague, to make my acquaintance. From curiosity I had agreed to meet him. I had asked him, why? He said he had read something about me and some forecasts I had made in a Czechoslovak newspaper, admired their accuracy. That, I knew, was not all of the truth. A deeper reason existed, somewhere.

As the evening wore on, and the fourth bottle of champagne (gold foil and a popping cork are wonderful things, and Czech champagne costs little more than nothing, so, well, I mean to say) had gone, headless, to join the dead men, I found out. I had saved Benno Israelovitchsky his fortune. I had written my book from very different motives, but this had been one of its results.

Back in the early days of 1938 he was a worried man. Was Hitler about to swallow Austria?, he asked himself day and night. What would happen to the Jews there, and their belongings? What would happen after that, to Czechoslovakia, to the Jews there, to their belongings?

He read newspapers, listened to the radio, asked friends and acquaintances what they thought. But he could not make up his mind. Then, one day, soon after the end of Austria, he read in a Prague Jewish newspaper that I had in *Insanity Fair* foretold the end of Austria and foresaw a similar fate for Czechoslovakia.

Benno Israelovitchsky began to convert his holdings into cash, to export them and get them tucked away safely in small neutral countries, to sell his immovable property and withdraw his movable property from the German-speaking districts of Czechoslovakia. Before the autumn crisis came he was all set, his house and furniture sold, his affairs in order, his financial lifebelts waiting in Amsterdam and Zürich and New York; he and *amie* were living in an hotel, passports visaed and everything regulated.

Around him Jews who had been slower on the draw were wringing their hands. Direktor (as he always called himself) Benno Israelovitchsky walked the streets of Prague, the model of a man who had seen the storm coming and made everything shipshape. 'The only thing I have lost,' he said to me that night, 'is an old typewriter. Hitler can slide down my back.'

The German language only knows one expression more contemptuous than that. It is snook-cocking in words, an invitation one degree less derisive than that habitually proffered by Götz von Berlichingen.

Benno Israelovitchsky, with the fondness of such men for Latin tags, during the evening used more than once the phrase *in vino veritas*. Now, in wine, he had told me the truth. As he did this I looked at the other Jew, who listened with veiled, expressionless eyes. He never drank. He said that none of the men of his family had drunk since the day, centuries before, when a remote ancestor, a Rabbi, in liquor cursed his wife and, being told of it afterwards, put into his will a clause commanding his male descendants in all perpetuity to shun alcohol, which had for three hundred years been strictly obeyed by them. I don't know if this was true; from my experience of the force of Jewish family laws and relationships I think it may have been.

As I listened to Benno Israelovitchsky, and heard his bitter comments on the young Jews of post-war Berlin, I looked around me and thought, 'If he thinks that, and knows that, and sees that, why does he come here?'

We were in the most expensive dance-bar in Prague. On this Saturday night it was packed. Nine out of ten of the males present were young, expensively dressed Jews. Perhaps three out of ten of the women were Jewesses. The others were harem-pieces, useless, stupid-faced, bleached bedtime accessories of the kind that you could in earlier years see in thousands in the dance-bars of Berlin and Vienna. The only woman in the place who was doing a job for her living was the singer, and she was called Princess Capulet, or something equally romantic, but she was a Jewess from Warsaw, and she sang a curious song, the words of which I could not understand; put down phonetically it sounded like this, 'Doo in te Lambet Vork', and as she sang it all the young Jews and their Partners laughed and did a kind of strut round the room and clapped their hands and patted their knees and cocked their thumbs over their shoulders and shouted 'Oi'.

An hour from Prague lay the new German frontier. The glow of burning synagogues in the sky, a few nights before, could almost have been seen from Prague. Jews were being driven across the frontier. The outer world was receiving every day a withers-wringing tale of Jewish misery. Here, in Prague, I saw once again the picture that I had seen so often before - in Berlin even for some time after Hitler came to power, in Vienna until a day or two before he arrived there, in Budapest, in Bucharest, in Belgrade.

In the weeks that followed, my English newspapers, every day, were filled with outraged cries about the maltreatment of the Jews, with appeals to help them. You would have thought, to read these papers, that Jews everywhere were on the run, being beaten up, robbed, murdered. Here in Prague, an hour from Hitler, I saw them every day and every night, dancing in the more expensive bars, lolling in the arm-chairs of the more expensive hotels, thronging the cafés, enjoying life, no wit less aggressive, monopolistic, loudly self-important, than they had ever been. Is London different? It was not when I was there.

The contrast between these two pictures, the one I saw with my own eyes and the one my newspapers gave me, was very great. My English newspapers hardly spared a crumb of compassion for the Czech and German refugees from the Sudeten lands, whose numbers were twenty times as

great as those of the Jews, and showed little concern for the continued murder of women and children in Spain and China.

I began to suspect the motives for the outcry about the Jews. Here, it seemed to me, was the fellow-feeling of privileged classes at work again. I was glad when, as one still small voice in all this deafening chorus of generous but ill-apportioned indignation, *The Times* published a letter from a man who had been its Special Correspondent in China under the heading 'Brutality and Suffering - The Inconsistencies of Compassion'.

This letter said that the German Government's measures against the Jews had 'revolted the world'. This time, added the letter, the world, so often revolted, had expressed its feelings in action - for once. The British Government was finding territorial asylum for refugees, the American Government had recalled its Ambassador from Berlin, and so on and so on.

But, said the letter, this made it difficult for people who looked farther afield than Europe to keep a sense of proportion. The sufferings which Hitler had inflicted on half a million people were terrible; but they were negligible compared with the sufferings which the Japanese army was inflicting on the Chinese people. In China nearly a million men had been killed or disabled - *killed or disabled, nearly a million men* - and the Japanese had butchered *several tens of thousands of civilians*, and had rendered destitute and homeless *some 30,000,000 more*. It would be surprising if *2,000,000 or 3,000,000*, mostly old people and children, did not *die* in the winter of 1938-39. The cases of rape and beating were *scarcely worth mentioning* in this holocaust.

The obligations of the British Government, by the written word and in the name of humanity, were the same in the one case as the other, said the writer, and he found the world's conscience 'a puzzling organism'.

Does it regard [he asked] 100 dead or destitute Chinese as equivalent to one persecuted Jew, and may we then expect, when Japan's victims top the 50,000,000 mark, to see Ambassadors withdrawn from Tokyo and international action taken to make life possible for the refugees? Or is it simply that the Jews are near at hand and the Chinese far off and yellow at that?

That is the question asked by this man, who knew his subject, on behalf of millions of Chinese, and it is the question I ask on behalf of hundreds of thousands of Czechs, Germans, and Spaniards.

Just as the Jews tend to monopolize the callings and professions into which they penetrate, when there is no anti-Semitism, so did I find them monopolizing compassion and succour when there was anti-Semitism, and as their numbers are small compared with the great mass of non-Jews who are suffering from brutality and persecution in our times, I thought this to be the old evil, the squeeze-out of non-Jews, breaking out in a new place.

The organized Jewish communities in the countries where anti-Semitism exists, or which it is approaching, have complete command of the technique of enlisting foreign help and sympathy. They understand it; this looking across the frontiers is in their blood. If a group of twenty Jews is put into no-man's-land, the British and American Legations and Consulates in the nearest capital are stormed, the British newspaper offices too, the next day the entire British and American Press rings with the story, photographs appear, bishops write letters, committees get busy, soon the Jews are released and are on their way to a new land.

Not far away 300 or 400 non-Jewish refugees may be starving in a hut. They have no organized community to care for them, to raid the Legations and newspaper offices on their behalf, nobody visits them, nobody knows that they are there or cares about them. They may rot.

I have seen a great deal of the 250,000 refugees in Czechoslovakia, of whom about 15,000 are Jews, and have been dismayed by the way the small Jewish group, containing a fair proportion of comfortably situated people, contrived almost to monopolize foreign attention, while the outer world never heard a word about the young non-Jews, skilled workers and craftsmen, whom I would have paid to go to our colonies, but who were stagnating in hopeless desperation, without any prospect of emigration to a new country or chance of beginning a new life.

I thought of these things on the evening I spent with Benno Israelovitchsky, in that dance-bar where all the young Jews were enjoying themselves. A very strange thing happened there. These young men were of the type which, as Benno Israelovitchsky had said, had helped to cause anti-Semitism in Berlin. Because he had said that, I wondered that he himself spent so much time and money in these places, behaved so ostentatiously. Was he any different, I thought?

By chance I was able to answer that question. Benno Israelovitchsky, having a little drink taken, was in high good humour, danced with his friend, and, as he passed the violinist, slipped into his hand what seemed to be money, a twenty or fifty kronen note. The man bowed his thanks, unrolled it - and found a blank piece of paper. It was Benno Israelovitchsky's little joke. As he came waltzing round again the young man said quietly to him, 'Only a Jew would do that'.

Immediately there was a fierce altercation. The manager came and separated the two men. Benno Israelovitchsky went off with him to his office. When he returned he said triumphantly, 'I'll show him. His contract is going to be terminated at the end of the month. "Only a Jew would do that." And how often have I given that fiddler fifty crowns?'

With the synagogues burning an hour away!

Benno Israelovitchsky often telephoned to me after that. I was never at home. He may have wondered why.

A few days later I went to L., a Czechoslovak town hard against the new German frontier, to see the refugees from the area seized by Germany. On my many expeditions to the refugees, most miserable of human beings, I always noticed the same thing. As you approached the area an implacable funnel took hold of you and led you straight to the Jewish refugees.

On this occasion I was led at once to the Jewish refugees. There were thirteen of them. They were in a miserable plight, but their number was thirteen. In that same town were thousands of Czech, hundreds of German refugees. Their plight was in many cases worse, because nobody cared about them. Nobody ever went to see them. No foreign newspapers raised a clamour of protest and appeal in their behalf. No bishops prayed for them. They and their children were left to almost-starvation, to tuberculosis and scrofula, to death. Only with diligence and perseverance did I succeed in finding them.

Listen to my talk with Pan Julius Malychek, the head of the Jewish community in the district.

Julius Malychek told me of the lot of the Jewish emigrants. On the evening of the synagogue-burning day a group of twenty had been dumped down in no-man's-land, between the provisional new frontiers, that peace-time no-man's-land, with its hunted and fear-haunted human beings,

which is the achievement of peace-with-honour at Munich and of our shining contemporary civilization.

As soon as word came that they were there, the Jewish organization in the neighbouring town sprang to life like a well-tended motor when you step on the starter. Tents, straw, blankets and provisions were sent out to them and Julius Malychek spent every moment of his waking day in his efforts on their behalf. He contrived to gain German permission for their return to their homes and relatives. A few days later a second group of about twenty was dumped down at the frontier. The Germans were implacable and would not take them back. Julius Malychek, tireless in his efforts, succeeded in gaining the permission of the Czechoslovak authorities for them to be brought in across the frontier and be given a few days' asylum in Czechoslovakia until Germany allowed them readmittance or they could be sent to some other country. When the term of their asylum was up, and no solution had been found, they suddenly disappeared one night, and are now somewhere in Czechoslovakia, unnoticed aliens. 'Am I a policeman?' asked Julius Malychek of me, spreading his hands.

Then came the third group. This time the Czechoslovak authorities - the local Police Commissioner, whose humanity had been invoked to get the second group that temporary respite, was about to lose his post and pension because of the disappearance of the second group - refused to let them in. Julius Malychek was bitter about this inhumanity.

This is the background of Julius Malychek's reflections about the Jewish problem, which are the really important thing. After he had described these events to me I saw on his table an illustrated booklet about the progress made by the Jews in building a modern Jewish settlement at Tel Aviv, in Palestine. I turned the leaves over, admired the pictures of healthy and happy young Jews hard at work building a brave new world, and asked him, 'What do you think about that?'

At once he was all enthusiasm. 'Ah', he said, 'if only the men who have the power to solve the problem would realize that this is the only solution. We could settle from seven to eight million Jews there, if a way could be found to placate the Arabs, satisfy their grievances, open the land to us. There are at the outside twenty million Jews in the world' - this is the figure he gave; I think it an under-estimate - 'and the problem would exist no longer. Those who wanted to stay in the countries where they then were might be allowed to, on condition that they took its citizenship and the full duties of citizens.

'Their number would then be too small for the evil to rise again. Such a number would be assimilable. Those who felt the pull of Jewish cohesion strong within them and preferred to become avowed citizens of the Jewish National State, Judea, or whatever you like to call it, could go there. The wealthy Jews of the world should be made to help in financing this.

'But the present position is impossible. The Jew is neither assimilable, nor can he go anywhere that belongs to him. His family may live for centuries in this country or that, but suddenly one day he wakes up and finds that he is not a Czech or a Slovak or a German or an Austrian or a Pole - but a Jew, and a Jew with no home. Assimilation is impossible, for all the Jews. What you are doing today, once more, is only to plaster over a wound that needs a surgical operation. I myself assert that I am a Czech' - he did not say 'I am a Czech', as I noticed - 'for my family has lived here for a hundred and fifty years, I fought in the war first with the Austro-Hungarian armies, then with the Czech Legions in Russia against Germany and Austro-Hungary, for the freedom of the Czech nation. I can understand now that anti-Jewish feeling is rising among the Czechs. How could it not, after all that they have been through? As long as they were free they gave us everything. Now they are no longer free themselves, hatred and bitterness against everything is fomenting within them.'

This was a cry from the heart. On this basis I could have given my hand to Julius Malychek and said 'Sir, you are my friend and brother, go and live peacefully within the borders of your Jewish state and I should like to think that you would be among the allies of my own country, to fight as a volunteer in your army if some predatory successor of the Turk attacks you. But here, at this moment, you are doing everything you can to monopolize the compassion and contributions and help of the Christian outer world in the interest of your fellow-Jews while a far larger number of non-Jews, within the confines of this your home-town, are in far worse plight. You say you have nowhere to go, but this is not quite true, because the Jew in adversity can always count on the immediate and abundant help of Jews in a neighbouring country, as you yourself are proving at this moment. The non-Jew, in like case, is the most pitiable of creatures, hunted from concentration camp to prison and to destitutes' home, and with not one single soul in all that outer world who cares the faintest damn about him, and I have just been seeing this with my own eyes.'

I did ask Julius Malychek about the non-Jewish refugees in that town, but he immediately lost interest, said he now had to go and renew his efforts to melt the hearts of the local authorities, and looked after me with some irritation as he saw that I went away, to visit some more of those destitute Czechs and Germans, in the company of a widow, a most Christian soul, who gave all her time to them. Yet he had asserted that he was a Czech.

Alas and alack, I see no man or men great enough to realize, accept and boldly state these truths and put an end to what Julius Malychek, in his little Czech town, in a despairing cry, called 'dieses Ahasvertum' - the wandering of the Jews, and the destruction of Gentile ideals which it brings with it.

Hitler could do it, and become the idol of the Jews and turn the tables on those muddle-headed and not really compassionate people in the world who feed their self-esteem, varnish their tarnished reputations for humanity, with loud outcry about the persecution of the Jews. But I don't think he is great enough to see the opportunity or grasp it. His present greatness, as it seems to me, is only the sum of the littleness of the men who, in many countries, happened to be cast for the other leading parts when he advanced to the front of the world stage.

Meanwhile the new dispersal is in progress. The Jews are straining every nerve to get from the countries where anti-Semitism is rising to those where it does not now exist or is only latent. Do not think that they have any greater love in their hearts for those countries, or that they will love them when they get there.

Czechoslovakia, as long as it was free, gave them the most liberal sanctuary. I have not found among them feelings of love or thankfulness for Czechoslovakia. They feel that the time is now come to leave Czechoslovakia and go somewhere else, but somewhere else lies in a world which in its entirety is potentially anti-Jewish, where the same things may happen one day that happened in friendly and lovely and tolerant Germany and Austria. To make hay in those other countries as long as the sun of tolerance shines, but never to forget that the night of anti-Jewish repression will follow, that your hosts of to-day are your potential foes of to-morrow, is the innermost feeling of men who have years and generations of wander, wander, wander in their blood. The one place where they could go, when tired of wandering, and settle for ever, and know certainly that they were at home there and that no enmity to them would ever arise - this one place is denied them.

All kinds are needed to make a world, but the English world, as it seems to me, has too many of one kind - the under-nourished, unemployed, underpaid, under-housed, unfit and uncared-for - and is for these reasons lopsided. You will not improve this world by allowing hordes of people from abroad to come in, without any safeguard against their activities in your country. If you are really humane and compassionate, as you pretend, mend these conditions first, of which I have nothing

further to say for the moment save that they are monstrous, criminal, revolting, and, in the richest country in the world, a bloodstained scandal.

Or perhaps, as my own language is apt to be timid, colourless and inadequate, I may borrow the words of a correspondent of Hitler's paper, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, who said, in writing about England:

In this country the contrasts between inconceivable wealth and appalling poverty are greater than in any other European land, with the single exception of Spain.

That is the truth about the richest country in the world.

I would complete the picture by saying: 'In England the contrasts between vociferous protestations of humane feeling and cold-blooded inhumanity are greater than in any other European land, without exception.'

If you want to check that, look at any mid-December issue of *The Times*, read in one column the tearful appeals for the Jews, in another the appeals of the 'genuine humanitarians' for the Spanish war to be quickly ended by starving out the Spanish Republicans, who have fought against two Great Powers and an army of Moors for nearly three years, and by compelling their submission to the Generalissimo who has threatened mass reprisals when he has them in his power.

Is it wrong, is it anti-Semitism, for an Englishman, in these times, to think these things? Decide for yourself.

This inhumanity of Englishmen to Englishmen makes me perplexed when I look at England and see the great outburst of indignation, the mass meetings of protest, against the treatment of the Jews in Germany, the appeals for money to succour them, the opening of our doors to their children.

What is the missing link in this chain of humanity? Why are English people being led once more up the same old garden path? We were told that we must sacrifice Abyssinia, to appease Italy; no compassion for Abyssinians. We were told that we must sacrifice Czechoslovakia, to placate Germany; no compassion for Czechs. We are receiving broad hints that we must sacrifice Spain, to satisfy Germany and Italy; no compassion for Spaniards.

Then why compassion for Jews? After the anti-Jewish outbreak in Germany that followed the murder of vom Rath in Paris by the young Grynspan four members of the British Cabinet, of that same Cabinet which had abandoned Abyssinia and Czechoslovakia and had implicitly accepted Mussolini's warning 'that he will not allow the defeat of General Franco in Spain', these four British Ministers spoke in a quite different tone. One, Lord De La Warr, said, 'There is a deep and growing feeling that there is nothing we can do that can satisfy the Germans'. Sir John Simon said, 'the world has been deeply shocked and stirred'. Lord Zetland said he had cherished the hope - inexplicable to anyone with knowledge of foreign affairs - 'that the conference of Munich marked the opening of a new chapter in human history, but now I am obliged to confess that my hope has been rudely shaken by the events in Germany of the past week'. Sir Thomas Inskip said, 'The Prime Minister's effort has undoubtedly met with a sad check ... I find it difficult to believe that the German people approve the appalling treatment of innocent persons.'

Why? What of the appalling treatment of innocent persons in Spain, who are hundreds of miles from Germany, who have never done anything to Germany? Why does that not 'deeply shock and stir the world'? Why, if we are to placate the grab-dictatorships by delivering up to them the



Abyssinians, the Czechs and the Spaniards, all for the sake of peace, why are we not to placate them by ignoring what they do to the Jews? Why not make a gentleman's agreement about it?

I think that English people have a right to know the answer to this question.

Especially at this time, for at this very moment, when England is ringing with the cry of compassion for the Jews and their children, England, as it seems to me, may be moving towards another piece of inhumanity so monstrous, so discordant with this chorus of humane indignation, that the whole picture of England, contemplated from afar, again becomes blurred and inexplicable, save by the basest of motives.

The democratic Governments, unless their public opinion at last bestirs itself, will unite to deprive the Spanish children of their last hope of life. No compassion for Juanito. No compassion for the hundreds of thousands of Spanish children in like case. No compassion for the two-weeks-old baby that I saw in a Czechoslovak refugee camp. No compassion for English children in the slums. Starve the Spaniards into submission. Another peace with honour.

But 'save the Jewish children'. While this maddening tragedy of inhumanity was going on in Spain your Press was monopolized by the clamour for compassion for the Jews. No great British leader arose to plead the cause of those children in Spain. They are Reds. Let them rot, like the children in your own slums. Once some Spanish children were brought to England, away from that Spanish hell, by a committee of English people. Immediately another committee was formed, to get them sent back. An endless and infuriating wrangle arose. What eventually happened to them, I don't know.

But now arrangements were made to bring '50,000 Jewish children' to England. 50,000! Lord Baldwin, in a national broadcast, said that those 50,000 Jewish children must be got to England. The first hundreds or thousands have already arrived. You saw their pictures, in the newspapers. These were no starving orphans, with months of bomb-explosions ringing in their ears. These were the children of well-to-do parents, well-fed, well-tended.

These children will in the next few years grow to manhood and womanhood. If a new war comes, they will not be liable for military service. They will get jobs, open businesses, in England, while Englishmen are at the front. When the Englishmen come back the Jews will be as paramount in England as they were in Germany after the last war. The squeeze-out will be on. They will not be living in the English slums.

Some Jews themselves recognize that if they make room in their offices and businesses for foreign Jewish refugees by dismissing English employees, they will in the long run be raising a wave of Anti-Semitism in England against themselves and the very people they are trying to assist.

To get a seat in an aeroplane going from Prague to London you had to book weeks in advance: even there, the squeeze-out was on. They had no feeling for England, they had no hope or wish to become 'Englishmen'; they wanted, above all things on this earth, 'a British passport'. You have to travel about Europe a great deal to realize the enormous importance of this piece of pasteboard and paper; the passport is much more important than the man. A waster with a British passport has the whole world open to him, all countries are free for him, he may go where he will, trade as he wishes, call on the protection of the British Embassy if he be in trouble. An honest, hard-working, useful citizen without a passport is the lowest creature on God's earth, hunted from frontier to frontier, dragged from prison to prison, denied any legal existence; he is not a human being. How often have I heard, from despairing refugees, this cry: 'We are no longer human beings, we are less than dogs.'

That England, which will not care for its own people, which in the last six years has with fair and holy words betrayed the cause of humanity and justice in one foreign country after another, should now throw open wide her gates to this one particular class of suffering humanity, and only to this one, is sinister and menacing.

Among the people I have seen leaving Czechoslovakia for England since the dismemberment the majority were Jews, a large minority Germans, hardly any were Czechs. They carry with them grave dangers, for England and English people.

The Jewish question, misunderstood as it is in England, clouds what would otherwise be a fairly clear issue for English people. The great influence that organized Jewish communities in England, France and America have over the Press in those countries helps further to cloud it. You must not forget that when you read in your newspapers outbursts of indignation about the treatment of Jews you are sometimes, and not infrequently, reading material inspired by Jews, whose innermost thought is that you should fight Germany, not for your own sake, but to exterminate anti-Semitism. This is an intolerable muddling of issues and you need to be awake to it.

I was in Budapest during the great September crisis of 1938 and I do not forget how the Jews there bought up foodstuffs so that some of the shops in the districts where I was living looked as if a cloud of locusts had passed through them. I myself saw one woman spend over 200 pengös, which is a large sum for a Budapest suburb, with my local grocer, who happened to be a Jew. My humble and hard-working charwoman could not get butter or sugar for her husband's supper. I heard similar accounts from an acquaintance who lives in Ireland and travelled at that time in a ship going to Ireland which had many Jews among its passengers, all of them laden with provisions.

During that September crisis I knew several Jews who were elated at the thought that war was coming, though they themselves would not have fought in it. They intended, as my Jewish acquaintance in Budapest told me, 'to survive', to reap the subsequent harvest of a peace planted on the grave of anti-Semitism. This, to me, was a very grave and disturbing thought. It makes me read with the greatest scepticism all comment on the international dog-fight which I know or suspect to come from Jewish sources.

You should bear this in mind when you read books on the contemporary struggle in Europe, and not forget that those authors who are presented to you as Germans, Austrians, Swiss, Americans or what-not are in the majority of cases Jews, who are arguing the case, though this fact is concealed from you, from their own standpoint and not from yours. There is no limit to the methods they use to whip up international opinion against anti-Semitic Fascism, but if you want to fight anti-Semitic Fascism you should do so for your own sake, in your own interest, not for theirs.

The question of to-day is, are you going to let this thing drag on, from waves of Jewish oppression to waves of Jewish domination, or are you going to solve it? If you choose the second way you ought to found the Jewish National State, though not at the cost of Arab suffering, and strictly limit the number of Jews who live outside it. The Jews themselves know it. 'Polish Jew' was the term of supreme contempt and dislike in the mouth of a German Jew whose family had long been established in Germany. But the successive waves of migration wash out all the good that the long-established communities of resident Jews have done.

Soon you are going to see anti-Semitism in Czechoslovakia, in Hungary, in Rumania, possibly farther field. The problem grows, it does not get smaller. The pressure of Jewish immigration in England will increase and increase. And these are, in the majority, just the people you don't want, and cannot afford to have. Everywhere I have seen them they have been the presagers of bad times for the native population.

'Anti-Semitism is one of the things that have rather upset the balance of his judgment', said, of me, a writer who knew nothing of this subject.

This was valuable to me as showing how the standards of literary criticism remain stable through the ages. I believe a contemporary of Chaucer reproached that Englishman with anti-Semitism after the publication of 'The Prioress's Tale'. By a rare chance, also, I have among my treasures a fragment of parchment on which is inscribed the opinion of a dramatic critic who attended the first performance of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, and he, antagonized by the portrayal of Shylock, wrote, 'Master Wm. Shakespeare hath suffered his judgments to be warped by His unlove off the Jews'. Then again, I have a yellow clipping from a number of the *Morning Mercury*, published many years ago, in which a critic wrote of Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, 'We much regret that Mr. Dickens, in conjuring from the gallery of his imagination the repulsive character of Fagin, has allowed his distaste for the Jews to tilt the scales of that nice judgment which in all other respects, we confide, will find universal commendation.'

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens. Reds, anti-Semites, all three of them, unbalanced and biased scribblers, men without 'judgment', men whose hearts were filled with inhumanity. Thank God we don't produce Englishmen of that kind any longer. To-day we are full of the Christian virtue of toleration. We tolerate everything, but particularly slums, derelict areas, starvation, the use of coloured troops against Spanish working people, China, Czechoslovakia - everything.

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## Chapter Twenty Five

### IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

I am an enthusiastic Bummler. I love, after a day's work, to go into the town and stroll about and taste its pleasures, to wander here and there, and presently to stop at an inn or a garden and refresh myself with wine and music and then to go on again until I feel that I want to sit awhile in another tavern, another garden, drink some more wine, hear some more music.

To *bummeln* - a word untranslatable in English, unless you care for pub-crawl. A lunatic idea used to prevail that the French language had no word for home, and this was supposed to be most significant, like the other national delusion that in England you are innocent until you are proved guilty and in other countries you are guilty until proved innocent. But in English, as far as I know, and I have racked my brains, there is no equivalent for *bummeln*, no one word to describe that delightful and elegant manner of closing the day.

It means the aimless pursuit of pleasure, without a definite destination; in most countries that I know you do not need to have a definite destination, for the wayside is full of places where you may fall. In my native London, lackaday, that is not so. You may only do that which is described by the word pub-crawl. *Bummeln*. Pub-crawl. Now that, I think, is really significant.

When I consider all the cities that I know I think that Vienna, even the Vienna of decline and decay that I knew, was the most delightful to *bummeln*. You had two things there that you can find nowhere else: the wine-gardens on the surrounding hills, and the Viennese songs, those incomparable songs of the *Heurigen*, all variations on a common theme - wine, and the reflections, sad or tender, melancholy or gay, that it inspires.

The best companionship in the world you found at those rough tables beneath the fruit trees. The stranger at your side was your friend, for as long as you stayed. The boy and the girl across the table loved and laughed and kissed and sang as naturally as children playing in a meadow.

If I had a regret it would be that I did not live in Vienna and in Austria in the time of their greatness, in a time of tranquillity, when a man could make his plans for the future without the ever-present fear of the morrow, could look forward to a long series of tomorrows all filled with work and leisure and the people and books and pictures and pleasures that he loved. But perhaps the very uncertainty of our Insanity Fair lends zest to the pleasures one has during the short time that one may enjoy them.

I seem to have lost all my loves - England, Brenda Mary, Austria, and faith. *Bummeln* I still may. But I can never go on a *Bummel* without thinking of Vienna. Those incomparable songs, under the walnut trees, 'Ich weiss, auf der Wieden, ein kleines Hotel'; 'Wien, Wien, nur du allein'; 'Lass dir Zeit, wenn du ein Mädel frei'st.'

And best of all that one about women and wine and the changing places they hold in a man's affections as he grows older:

Fein, fein, schmeckt uns der Wein  
Wenn man zwanzig ist - und auch die Liebe  
Fein, fein schmeckt uns der Wein  
Wenn man dreissig ist - und auch die Liebe  
Wenn man vierzig wird, man noch gerne küsst

Besonders wenn man einst sparsam gewesen ist  
Wenn man älter wird, ein wenig kälter wird  
Bleibt allein - nur der Wein.

Which you may approximately translate, in order to keep the lilt of the music, like this:

Fine, fine and warming is wine,  
And so is love - when you're twenty years old;  
Fine, fine and warming is wine,  
And so is love - when you're thirty years old;  
When you're forty years old, in love still you're bold:  
Especially if you've been thrifty of old,  
But the older you grow, the colder you grow,  
To warm your heart - you've only wine.

A great song, sung in a garden with lanterns around and the wine flowing, and the gnats dancing in the beams. But don't, if you go to Vienna, call for the *Fiakerlied*, the Coachman's song, as so many tourists do. The Viennese dislike it, they think it smarmy and Jewish and un-genuine and un-Viennese, a typical product of the Vienna of the Hungarian operetta and the Hollywood film, and when they hear it they raise their heads and look round to see the foreigner who has ordered it.

The Austrian marches, too, are the best marches in the world, just as the pre-war Austrian uniforms were the best uniforms in the world. I sat once, just before Hitler seized Austria, in a hall where a German-Austrian fraternization festival was in progress; the people present were all Nazis, and Germans and Austrians sat all mixed together and wondered what to say to each other. Then an Austrian regimental band struck up the Deutschmeister March, and an Austrian next to me leaned over and said confidentially in my ear, 'The Germans may conquer the world, but they can't match that'.

He was right. I have not been back to Austria and am unlikely to go, but I am prepared to wager that Hitler, though he paint the whole country brown, can never abolish, emulate or outdo those Austrian songs. The Austrians have them in their blood, and only they can sing them. It is painful to listen to a German who tries. One day in Budapest, on the radio, I heard a German military choir singing the Austrian Kaiserjaeger March, and it was excruciating. As the Austrians used to sing that, it was a lovely lifting tune to which a man might march but which did not drum, drum, drum footbeats into your ear:

Mir san' die Kaiserjaeger  
vom alten Regiment.

This is how the Germans sang it:

Wir sind  
die Kai  
ser jae  
ger  
vom al  
ten Re  
giment.

One-two, one-two, left-right, left-right, pick up your feet there, get into step that man, left-right, left-right, left-right. It was awful. That tune was meant for marching, not goose-stepping. As the Germans sang it you could see the sergeant-major.

Another time, in Budapest, I dined in a little restaurant where, in one room, there was a gipsy orchestra, and in another a *Schrammelmusik*, an Austrian band of violin, zither and concertina. and a woman singer. I went into that room.

The only other guest was a Hungarian who had once been an officer in one of the Kaiser's cavalry regiments, and longed with all his heart for those great days in Vienna before the war. There was myself, an English journalist who had lived in Vienna in the bad days after the war and loved it just as much as he. There was the singer, who had never seen Vienna, whose mother was Viennese and whose father was a Serb, but at her mother's knee she had learned those songs and sang them like any Viennese. We were, you might say, three typical Viennese.

She began with the Erzherzog Johann Lied, that lovely song of Styrian hills and valleys, of yodels and trills, and sang it as if she had spent her whole youth there. The Hungarian ex-officer and the English journalist both began to get sentimental, and to cheer themselves up with wine. She went on from one song to another, from 'My mother was a Viennese' to 'In the Prater the chestnuts are blooming' and from that to 'I want to see Grinzing once more', and we all became more and more homesick, the three of us who had no homes in Vienna, and the wine flowed more and more freely, and then she sang:

Draussen im Schönbrunner Park  
Draussen im Schönbrunner Park  
Sitzt ein alter Herr, sorgenschwer.

Out there in Schönbrunn  
Out there in Schönbrunn  
Sits an old man, bowed with care.

It is the song the Viennese made about Francis Joseph, against whom few of the older ones will hear a word even to-day.

In it you can hear the whole tragedy of Austria, for his life was the tragedy of Austria, and the Viennese, in singing to him and about him, were really singing of their own fears and cares. All his battles lost, all his kinsmen and kinswomen dead by their own or another's hand or by some tragic act of God, his lovely and beloved but unloving Empress always globe-trotting until the assassin's stiletto put an end to her journeying, his Empire cracking and crumbling around him from the first day of his long reign to the last, he was a figure of tragedy, the living embodiment of Austria's decline, but the Viennese loved him:

Lieber, guter, alter Herr  
Mach' dir doch das Herz nicht schwer.

It is almost untranslatable. Say, roughly:

Dear, good and trusted friend,  
Bear up, don't be downcast.

It is as if the Viennese stood beneath his window at Schönbrunn and sang it to him.

The sound of it now, in that little Budapest restaurant, completed our vinous self-commiseration. The Hungarian thought of himself, a subaltern in a gay blue coat, strolling with lovely ladies in the Prater. The singer thought of the Vienna of which her mother had painted such golden pictures. I thought of the Vienna I had known, how I had found a brief happiness there and had worked in my quiet rooms and hoped and hoped and desperately hoped that, somehow, Vienna and Austria could find salvation without being swallowed up and how I had always known, in my heart, that this would not be, that Austria would fall, and that, in the interest of the majority, it deserved to fall, for there were conditions that needed to be changed and which the old rulers would never have changed.

It was, indeed, the last chapter in a period of decline and fall that had begun a hundred years before and moved to its inevitable end because of the very things that you see in England to-day - appalling conditions which clamour to be changed, power in the hands of a small class which will not change them because its own nest is well-feathered. Inertia, selfish interest, indolence, the stubborn refusal of the aristocracy, the Church, and the Jews to accept anything less than the status of a favoured and privileged class, to improve the conditions of the poorest classes, killed Austria.

As the song finished we, the three exiled Viennese of whom one had never seen Vienna and none had been born in Vienna, felt that we had sung a mass for that old Austria that we all loved so well, though only the officer had known it.

Here in Budapest, for a rosy hour, I found Vienna again. Budapest, too, is a great city for a *Bummel*. I think, of all the capital cities I know, I would put Vienna first, then Budapest, then Belgrade, then Prague, then Berlin, Paris and London, in that order, for a *Bummel*.

In Budapest, in summer, you have an almost inexhaustible choice of good little restaurants with terraces outside, of gardens where you may drink your wine. I don't include those high-kick-and-splits palaces on the Margaret Island, but if your soul yearns for that kind of *Bummel* you have a large choice in Budapest; they have there several of these establishments, including a dance-bar built in some ruins four hundred years old, and this is perhaps worth visiting once, as a curiosity, because the ruins you usually find in these places are not more than forty years old at the utmost and pass for twenty-five in a subdued light. But if you only want to spend four or five pounds on champagne and legs why go to Budapest? why go anywhere? stay in London, you have them in quantities there.

But that is not my idea of a *Bummel*, and I ought to make this clear, because the kind of *Bummel* I am describing only costs five or ten shillings and would not appeal to you in the least, it only sounds attractive when I tell you about it.

What can the poor man do in London? Go to the pictures. Go to the pub. Go to the dogs. To visit a bottle-party and study the cultural life of the moneyed classes is beyond his purse. But *bummeln* he cannot, like the man of his type in other countries.

A garden where he may find music, good food and wine cheaply in summer, an inn where he may find the same things cheaply in winter: these are things he has never heard of. In all German and Austrian and Hungarian and Czechoslovak and Yugoslav cities the restaurants and cafés have terraces where you may sit in the open air and drink your cup of coffee; in the outskirts of all these cities are innumerable gardens where you may go in your leisure hours. In many of these places you may take your own food with you: you only pay for what you drink. In Germany, until recent years, I don't know how it is now, you used to find in these garden and woodland cafés and restaurants a sign 'Hier können Familien Kaffee kochen'. For a penny or two they would even give you boiling water and crockery for the coffee you had brought with you.

Belgrade is one of the dullest of cities by day, I know few places where the streets less repay a stroll. For a daylight *Bummel* Prague is quite different. To wander through those winding alleyways of stout and well-built old houses, over the river and up the hill to the Hradschin is an experience that, for me, never palls; the houses are grouped together in the friendly way that you see in medieval prints, the towers beneath which you pass remind you that once all this was enclosed by a stout wall, the view of clustering roofs changes with every yard that you ascend, the shops are full of things you want to buy. Belgrade has practically no native industry or handicrafts, the shops sell only the cheap foreign manufactures for which the heart of the peasant, and the heart of his son the official, and the heart of his grandson the minister all crave. The streets in this architectural Bedlam are boring, the views have been spoiled.

But at night Belgrade is a very good place for a *Bummel*. Every third house seems to be a café or restaurant, with chairs and tables on the pavement in front where you drink little cups of sweet Turkish coffee or little glasses of rakia, and in the windows three sucking-pigs are rotating on a spit over a tray containing red-hot charcoal, turned by an unshaven menial with a cigarette hanging from his mouth who sits inside and continually gives the wooden spit a twist. Next door three or four chickens are turning on another spit.

I am not very fond of sucking-pig, but the sight of that crackling skin growing browner and browner does induce hunger, and once I went into such a little restaurant to try some. It was empty and the waiter said that the sucking-pigs were not yet ready, I should have to wait half an hour. So I waited, and as I waited all the other chairs and tables in the place filled.

The people were curiously silent, and I wondered why. A hush hung over the room. We waited and waited, and at last the proprietor went over, looked with an expert eye at the sucking-pigs, decided that they were ready, had them off the spit, took up a large chopper - and you never saw three sucking-pigs disappear so quickly. In a moment they were gone, the waiters rushing hither and thither with the plates and the diners setting-to with gusto, and all at once the room was filled with talk and I realized why that silence had been.

Then you can go on from café to café and listen to Serb and Bulgar and Greek gipsy girls and Turkish girls singing, always with the tambourine held near one ear as if this amplified the sound, and you will have to become used to this singing, it is mostly a sort of wailing that rises and falls through half and quarter tones, and it is impossible for a foreigner to guess whether the song is about love or war, whether it is gay or sad, because they all sound the same, but in course of time your ear begins to like them.

If you want music that you can understand there is a Russian dance-bar, where you sit among carpeted divans and slender-waisted, high-booted, bedaggered ex-Grand Dukes, sez you, and listen to the Russian émigré girls singing, and they are lovely. How lovely they are, these Russian girls, fiery and yet feminine, alluring, invigorating, slender, with well-shaped heads; it makes you dislike the Bolshevik Revolution and the ring-fence that has been put round Russia.

Or, if you prefer it, you can go to the very low dives, where four or five women, real relics of the Balkans, sit in chairs against the wall on a raised stage, and from time to time get up and sing a song about Mustapha Kemal, now no more, for the benefit of the Turks in the audience. Or they stretch their arms above their heads, snapping their fingers like pistol shots, and allow their stomachs to go round like wheels, and this is called the stomach dance and is extremely popular with the bawdy Turks, who hope for a heaven just like that.



From too much of this kind of dancing, I suppose, they become over-developed in the part of their anatomy which performs the dance, and for my part I prefer the feminine figure to go in there, but I suppose they can't avoid it.

In one of these places I saw two peasants, probably prosperous cattle dealers or something of the sort - there is a boom in Yugoslavia at this moment - sitting at a table in the corner, completely deaf to the music and blind to the stomachs and all else that went on around them. Each keeping a corner of his eye on the other, they counted wads of hundred-dinar bills which they brought out from successive pockets. Collarless, wearing the rough clothes of the Balkan peasant, hats tipped on the back of their heads, scrubby, cunning-eyed, these two men each drew out from a breast pocket a packet of notes about as thick as he could hold, and they counted them bill for bill against each other and at the end each put a figure down on a piece of paper. This surprised me very much, because of late years, in the countries I have been in, cash has been very scarce, particularly among the peasants. In Austria or Hungary, for instance, you would provoke a riot if you displayed such amounts of money in public, among poor people. A hundred-schilling or hundred-pengö note, in a mean street or a humble tavern, is already provocation.

I was flabbergasted when these two men, after they had counted their wads, put them back, produced from another pocket wads just as thick, counted them, put them back, produced other wads from other pockets, counted these, and repeated the process four times. They must have been carrying on them about 200,000 dinars, which in Yugoslavia means very much more than the eight hundred-odd pounds sterling which it is worth in English money. The sight confirmed my previous impression, that the astute are to-day making a deal of money in Yugoslavia, but there is nevertheless a mass of wretched and scabrous poverty there and it was staggering to me to see men openly display so much money.

I am always glad when the evening comes in Belgrade and I can *bummeln*. With ten shillings in my pocket the night is mine, I can eat and drink as much as I want, listen to music, enjoy myself. I wouldn't recommend you to try it, because I think you would be disappointed; time is needed to adjust your ideas of enjoyment.

But be of good cheer; if your way ever happens to lie through Belgrade I think there are at least two dives there where you can buy your drinks much more expensively, sit on plush, watch the Split Sisters, who first made each other's acquaintance in Favoriten six months ago, display their curves, and listen to ododeodo.

Berlin? Ah, Berlin. There a *Bummel*, in the earlier years of my stay, meant a tour through haunts of depravity and sexual perversion that vied with the brothels of old Herculaneum or modern Port Said. They've cleaned that up now, and thank any gods that exist for it. It is revolting to think of the lot that awaited young girls and boys from the German provinces, too ignorant to know anything of these things, when they came to that Berlin. It is revolting to think that men and women of the type that did these things, sometimes the selfsame men and women, are at large in London to-day, to read in my English newspapers the tale of their activities, which to you who live in England means little, but to me who have seen these things means a great deal. Read this, from your daily paper of November 23rd, 1938:

London County Council has decided to tighten regulations on employment agencies for theatrical and other artists to prevent the possibility of their being used to cover White Slave operations. Mr. C. W. Gibson, a member of the council, said, 'We have proof up to the hilt that a large number of women enticed into accepting situations abroad by agencies licensed by the L.C.C. have found themselves in the worst possible position a woman could find herself in ... The Public Control Committee, is

seeking means to tighten the regulations, particularly by raising the age limit from sixteen to eighteen, below which age permission to send girls abroad will not be granted without strict supervision. This country is almost the only first class country where strict control over private employment agencies is not exercised. The Government have been asked to inquire into private employment agencies but they have thrown the ball back to us.

I wish I could draw aside a curtain and show you the picture behind that paragraph. Anyway it means that nothing will be done: the Committee 'is seeking means' to raise the age at which these girls can be dealt in like joints of meat 'from sixteen to eighteen'. 'Are you over eighteen?' 'Yes.' 'Righto, then, here's your passport.'

How can you call any country 'first class' which does not exercise 'strict control' over brothel touts, for that is what the men and women are to whom this paragraph alludes. The general trend of life in London is appallingly reminiscent of Berlin, Vienna and Budapest in recent years.

For the kind of *Bummel* that I like Berlin was always dull. There are too many enormous beery Edens, too few small and friendly wine-gardens.

Prague. That is a good town for a *Bummel*, especially in summer, when you may begin it by dinner at the riverside restaurant, and then go on, from little tavern to little tavern, under ancient archways, through quaint streets, up to the little, French restaurant on the hilltop for a final coffee.

London. Well, well. What can you do? What *can* you do? You may dine, early and expensively, go to a theatre, expensively, come out and sup, expensively, with just enough time to have a drink before night closes down as relentlessly as the black cap on a judge's head. Unless you go to the one place which, for some reason unknown to God or man, has been allowed on that particular night to stay open an hour longer. Unless you dive into a mildewed cellar, distribute largesse lavishly among the hordes of foreigners there, and go through the grotesque farce of ordering a bottle from a neighbouring wine-merchant. Unless our palate pines for the poached egg and you care to go to one of the establishments, usually Jewish, which have the privilege of remaining open all night. You hardly do any of these things without transferring your British money to men of alien blood.

But if you cannot afford those things you drift, as surely as a river to the sea, to the pictures. I never in my life saw so many pictures in a few weeks as during the time that I spent in London.

I tried desperately hard to *bummeln* in London. I found it impossible to *bummeln* without spending a pound or two, which spoiled the evening anyway, because I don't think I got value for the money. I dined at the Ecuadorian Restaurant, the Liberian Restaurant, the Albanian Restaurant, the Indo-Chinese Restaurant, the Sumatran Restaurant, the Lappland Restaurant, the Nicaraguan Restaurant and all the other weird places where the people who live in London - I didn't see many English people - alone seem to find enjoyment and recreation. I paid large sums and ate exotic dishes which I didn't like, but the only alternative seemed to be the poached egg, for the food at the one good, sturdy, roast-beef-of-old-England restaurant which I tried was foul. Believe it or not, and I know you won't, it is not to be believed after all the millions of words which have been written on this subject, but they offered me a triangular piece of compressed seaweed, with the water still dripping from it, when I ordered GREENS!

In the end I found one small haven, an Austrian restaurant, where, as in the Viennese restaurants I used to frequent, I was about the only Englishman in the place. But there they played, occasionally, a Viennese waltz, and played it well, and I was able to dance again the dance I liked most.

I like nights that are filled with music, but in London they are difficult to find and too expensive. I was glad, when I was once more far from my native city, to be able, at the end of the day, to go out without any particular plans, without changing my clothes, without filling my wallet with money, and stroll along, knowing that when I had had my fill of walking I could just step aside and sit awhile, with a glass of wine, listen to music, pay my modest bill like any other average citizen, and then go on and drink another glass of wine or go to bed, just as I chose.

As long as I wanted to go on, inns and gardens waited to entertain me at a price I could pay without irritation; when I had had enough I could stroll quietly home and had not far to go - for only in London are distances so great that you are always the prisoner of the underground train, the bus, or the taxi-driver.

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## Chapter Twenty Six

### LITTLE GIRL FROM NOWHERE

An agitated and tearful voice from Czechville said to me over the telephone, 'Do please come down here to-morrow and see for yourself. The plight of these people, stranded out there in no-man's-land between the German and the Czechoslovak frontier guards, camping in the open fields in this October weather, not allowed to go forward or back, is beyond description. Do please come and write something about it. We are taking supplies out to them to-morrow at 1 o'clock. Please come to Czechville by then and visit them with us.'

'Yes, but how?' I asked, 'It's already 10 p.m., and there's no train to Czechville to-night or even to-morrow morning that will get me there in time to come out with you.'

'Perhaps you can take an aeroplane,' said the voice.

'Well, I don't know about that,' I said, 'aeroplanes cost money, you know. But I'll see what I can do.'

'But you must come,' said the tearful voice. 'Hire a motor car. The world must know what is happening here. These people will die if something isn't done soon.'

At the time of this conversation I was already a little sceptical about Jewish appeals for help. The lot of the Jewish fugitives was pitiful, but not more pitiful than that of non-Jewish fugitives; they could always look for immediate help from the organized Jewish communities; and yet their campaign to enlist foreign sympathy and help tended to monopolize the attention of the world, to the exclusion of the non-Jewish fugitives.

Apart from that, I had found that the Jewish organizations, in their eagerness to promote their cause, were sometimes ready to paint the picture blacker than it was, to give out false statements, and to misuse conscientious foreign correspondents, who accepted them in good faith, for the dissemination of these reports. I had already had my humane instincts misused in this way once or twice and was feeling very sore about it.

For this reason I listened with some mental reserve to the voice from Czechville. The vision of those Jews marooned in no-man's-land was a terrible one, but, I asked myself, was it by any chance exaggerated?

Now the voice became more urgent. 'Listen,' it said, 'I have just heard that to-day one of those women out there in the fields has given birth to a child, a baby girl, beneath the open sky, without medical help.'

'WHAT?' I said. My humane feelings had in recent years been outraged so often that they had become a little numb, but this stung them to new life. I had a glimpse of that woman, sitting by the roadside, crouched and rocking with pain, a cold October wind blowing, a grey and rain-laden sky, in the distance well-wrapped German guards, their hands deep in their greatcoat pockets, their rifles slung over their shoulders. I heard the whimpering of a newborn child ...

'I'll come at all costs, somehow,' I said hurriedly. 'Count on me, I'll be with you at one o'clock and drive out with you.'

Now accompany me during the thirty-six hours that followed and see something of the conditions under which the men work who try, in these times, to collect accurate news for your breakfast-table and, in doing this, their job, to help as far as they can to reduce the mass of human suffering which they find in Insanity Fair.

I quickly telephoned to London a brief report of that monstrous event in no-man's-land, and a few hours later it was humming over the cables of half the world. I cannot think of it even to-day without exasperation, for this was one of the very few incorrect messages I ever sent in many years of reporting. The news of that birth was grossly exaggerated. But this is anticipation.

By the time I had telephoned and run round the town looking for means of transport to Czechville and learned that a bus would leave Prague for that city at five o'clock in the morning, midnight had long since struck. At five, cold and breakfastless, I climbed into the bus. At nine we were stranded on an icy-cold hilltop, shrouded in cloud, while the driver tried to mend his engine. At ten we were stranded again, a little farther on. At midday we had travelled a little farther and the bus was broken down again, in a small town. Czechville was still seventy kilometres distant.

I saw that, in spite of all my efforts, I should reach Czechville too late to join the party that was going to the frontier, too late to help that woman and her baby. I thought continually of this child. I was determined not to return without bringing at least the mother and the baby back with me.

What an extraordinary infant this was, I thought, as rare as the Dionne quintuplets. Miss 1938, the manger-child of our times. Little Miss No-man's-land. The little girl from nowhere, nowhere at all, without a birthplace, without a nationality, without any legal existence. Born in the mile-wide strip of land that the Ambassadors at their table in Berlin, on the orders of the Four Just Men of Munich, had put between the vanguard of the German army and the Czechs.

Cold and hungry, but determined to reach Czechville somehow, I scoured that little town for a car. I found one. The driver made a hard bargain, but I contrived to reach Czechville at about 1.30 and at the offices of the Jewish organization found the rescue-party waiting for me.

Harrowing tales of Czech implacability. Tears. Another long, long drive. Negotiations with Czech officials in a market town. Yes, we might go to the frontier, visit the marooned Jews. Yet another drive. The afternoon was well advanced. At last, two Czech frontier guards. Behind them, on the open road, an amazing encampment.

About eighty Jews were there, men, women, and children of all ages. Behind them, again, farther down that bleak road, was a bridge, and on it half a dozen German soldiers and customs officers, watching. Behind them, again, the roofs and spires of the town where these Jews had their homes, from which they had been driven out.

An extraordinary scene, in Europe in 1938, twenty years after the war to save civilization. They had been drummed together one day, some of their furniture loaded into lorries, and then they and their furniture had been taken out of the town and put down on the open road, a few yards from the Czechoslovak frontier. They had stacked the furniture together, beds and wardrobes and chests-of-drawers, in a series of three-sided compartments, and then the Jews from Czechville, having heard of their plight, sent out supplies of tarpaulin and they had made rough tents and were living there like that. Picture to yourself that you are dumped down on the Brighton road with a bed, a wardrobe, one or two chairs and chests, and that you then roof and wall-in the whole with tarpaulin, and you will have the scene before you.

They were in a cruel plight, the Germans behind crying forward and the Czechs in front crying back. But the Jews in Czechville had come magnificently to their help, they had sent out bedding and fuel and cookers and clothing and ample supplies of food and by the time I saw them, when they had already been there several days, they had the worst of their immediate cares behind them - save for their tragic and extraordinary plight, stuck there between the frontiers. But that, as I knew, could not last long (later the Czech authorities allowed them in and a grant from a foreign refugee fund was made to put rough quarters for them in a habitable condition) and their bodily welfare was being cared for. They were in no danger of starvation or epidemics.

I talked to them all and promised to do everything I could to make their plight known and get them quickly freed from it. They were, as you can imagine, full of bitterness and hatred, not only for the Germans, but, as I thought, for a Christian world in which they saw only enemies. Their attitude to me, who had taken a deal of trouble in their behalf, interested me. One elderly woman, after inquiring who I was, said contemptuously, 'Oh, a journalist. What can you do to help us? Write an article, I suppose.'

In the event, I think the things I wrote helped to get them out of no-man's-land quicker than they would otherwise have escaped from it, but let it pass.

I asked several of them, 'Where is the woman with the baby?' and they all looked vacant and said they knew of none. I had already asked my woman companion from Czechville, she who had given me this harrowing story on the telephone, where was the woman with the baby and noticed that she gave evasive answers. I now asked her again, direct, 'Where is the woman who, as you told me last night, gave birth to a baby here in no-man's-land?' 'Oh, she's not here,' she said, 'she must be at some other place on the frontier. But just look at these people. Isn't it terrible? What will become of them?'

'Look here,' I said, 'where is that woman with the baby?'

'Well, there's another group some miles from here,' she said, 'perhaps she's there.'

'Then lead me to her,' said I.

Another long drive, in the deepening dusk. At last we found the second group, of about twelve people. They, too, had been dumped down in no-man's-land. Their furniture was still there, stacked beneath tarpaulins in a little wood. But they were living in relative comfort. A Czech railwayman had a cottage at this spot and he, one of the greatest heroes of peace-in-our-time, of whom I had been told nothing, had taken them all into his house. They were there, packed close together in two rooms, but safe from wind and weather, warm, well-fed.

'Where is the woman with the baby?' I asked.

'The woman with the baby?' they said, 'We've no baby here. Perhaps you mean this woman, she's going to have a baby some time.'

I looked at the woman they indicated. The room was dark, I could not see her well. She did not look to be anywhere near her time.

'Why do you do this sort of thing?' I asked the woman from Czechville. 'The plight of these people is bad enough, you don't need to exaggerate it. You know perfectly well that the Germans are always accusing you of spreading *Greuelmeldungen*, atrocity stories. Why do you play into their

hands? And what is more important, why do you use me, a hard-working newspaper man with a carefully acquired reputation for accuracy, to put a story about that isn't true?"

A flood of excuses. I was tired and sore and listened to them impatiently. It is extremely difficult to put misinformation over on me, but if anybody wants to make an enemy of me for life he only has to do it, successfully, once. Now it was already dark, and I wanted to get back to Prague, at least six hours away, in time to telephone an account of what I had seen. 'Come on, let's go,' I said, 'but as you induced me, by appealing to my compassion, to make this long and arduous journey, at least find me, in Czechville, a car that will take me quickly and cheaply back to Prague in time to telephone to London.'

Oh yes, she said, of course, of course. The very car in which we travelled, which belonged to a member of the Jewish community, would take me back, and his son would drive it.

Two hours more on the road, and we were in Czechville. If we had a clear run, I thought, we could make Prague by midnight. But suddenly there was a hitch. The young driver asked me to wait in a coffee house; he must go and ask father. After half an hour he reappeared. He was sorry, but father had forbidden him to drive to Prague. But he had a friend, who would do it. Here was the friend.

Another young man presented himself, bowing. He was not sure whether he could do it, he said. First, the cost. It would cost 700 crowns. Good, said I, let's go. But no, he must first go and ask father. He went. Then came the first father. I would understand that he could not allow his son, a young man who had an exhausting day behind him, at this hour to drive to Prague. But he would certainly arrange for a car to take me. It would be expensive, but after all I was travelling not at my own cost; my firm would pay.

'Sir,' said I, 'who pays is my business. I came here at the urgent appeal of the Jewish community in Czechville to see Jewish fugitives and to do what I could to make their sufferings known and get them alleviated. Now all I want is a car that will take me at a reasonable price and quickly to Prague, so that I can telephone my message. I do not want to go to the first taxi-driver, because he would exploit the situation and charge more than the journey is worth.'

'Ach, so, so,' he said quickly. 'Yes, of course, I can arrange that. Let me see,' he turned to his son, 'telephone to Oozy Goldschmidt and ask him if he can lend his car and chauffeur. Of course,' he resumed, turning again to me, 'a taxi would cost you more than 700 crowns. There is the petrol, and the return journey, and the chauffeur's time, and his lodging in Prague, and ...'

I looked at the clock. It was already nearly nine, and I saw that there was no longer any hope of reaching Prague in time to telephone.

'Let's leave it at that,' I said. 'I am now going, to an hotel, where I hope to be able to get a call through to London and to snatch a few hours' sleep and in the morning, at five o'clock, there is a bus to Prague which I intend to catch. Good night.'

I did get a few hours' sleep, making a total of six or seven hours in the two nights, and at one o'clock the next day rolled again into Prague, with thirty-three hours of almost uninterrupted travel behind me, a sadder and, once more, a wiser man. I had had a non-existent baby planted on me, and was very sore.

A few weeks later, however, I did find Miss No-man's-land, or a baby very nearly deserving that description.

She was two weeks old. She had been born, with the help of a midwife, no doctor, in a hall where 293 Czech and German refugees were living. They all ate, lived and slept in that one hall - men and women, boys and girls, children down to the age of the two-weeks-old baby. I don't know whether you can imagine at all what it was like, but try.

She had been born a little before her time, because the Storm Troopers had pushed the pregnant mother about when they paid a call on the family. Five German soldiers had interfered and the family had managed to escape into Czechoslovak territory: the father, a young German working man, his wife, her two children of six and four years, and the child she was about to bear, which was afterwards born in that refugee camp.

The father, the two brothers, and the brother-in-law of that young German had all been caught and put in a concentration camp. His only surviving relative in the Sudeten town which he had left behind him was his mother, who had one arm and was ailing. He could look forward to no future at all. Nobody visited him, nobody found a place in an emigrant transport for him, nobody paid his passage to England or the colonies, he was living in fear that he, his wife and three children would have German nationality automatically and inescapably bestowed on them under the Peace of Munich and that they would all be shunted back across the frontier.

The baby was two weeks old. It was not getting much milk. Other children in the hall were coughing, were ill.

Later, several of these non-Jewish children died, one, a year old, on Christmas day. Nobody cared about that.

In view of these things, which I saw in October, I was sorry to read in November Sir Samuel Hoare's statement in the House of Commons that Jewish children would be admitted to England in any number, without any limit whatever, 'if they were sponsored by responsible bodies and individuals'.

'Without any limit.' Ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand Jewish children. Not a word about the non-Jewish children, so much more numerous.

When I read this it seemed to me, who had seen those non-Jewish children, a clamant iniquity.

Hardly a week after that speech the first transport of those Jewish children - 208 - arrived in England. They were the vanguard of thousands of others. A *Daily Express* reporter, Mr. O. D. Gallagher, was sent to report their arrival. He had seen other refugee children - 2000 Spanish, non-Jewish ones, with whom he had travelled from Bilbao to France. They had 'blank faces, dead eyes, drooping mouths'. These Jewish children, when he saw them in 'Dovercourt's £60,000 holiday camp', were in good condition, physically and spiritually, well fed and full of play. 'A rich London Jew' had sent to Dovercourt 300 pairs of shoes, 300 raincoats, 300 woollen jerseys for the 208, but the new clothes 'were still in the boxes; they are not needed'. Those 2000 Spanish children, when he travelled with them, could only talk of one thing - *pan blanco*, white bread, and the joy of eating it again. When he told 'black-haired Reuben, aged thirteen', 'There is a good breakfast waiting for you when you leave the ship and arrive at the camp, porridge, bread and butter, and ...', Reuben 'held his tummy, smiled', and said, 'We cannot eat now. We have eaten too much.'

This foreign-compassion-emigration-and-foreign-succour business is being worked by the Jews in exactly the same spirit as, in the times of their power and prosperity, they use their position in business and the professions - to squeeze out the non-Jews. Even in adversity, the spirit of racial antagonism drives them. They cannot help it, it is in them, they work like bees to get the best for



their own people. If the non-Jews allow it, they are to blame. But it is monstrously unjust to the non-Jews who are in want and distress.

I was depressed, when I was in Czechoslovakia after the dismemberment, by the way this process worked. There was only one fair method to distribute foreign compassion, emigration facilities and financial help - to apportion it among the refugees in proportion to their numbers, the degree of their want, and the danger in which they stood. That did not happen. The intensive collaboration of the Jews, the unremitting siege which they began of all men who might in any way conceivably promote their cause - foreign diplomats, foreign newspaper men, benevolent foreign visitors, foreign philanthropic and relief organizations - and the manner in which they painted the picture blacker than it was and succeeded in monopolizing the foreign Press for their side of the problem, all enabled them to gain for themselves far too large a share of foreign compassion, of facilities for emigrating abroad, of foreign financial help.

In Prague a young non-Jewish refugee, who saw no hope of ever getting away, said bitterly to me: 'If I were a Jew I should have been out of this long ago.' I could not challenge him. I knew this to be true in very many cases.

I had seen far larger numbers of non-Jewish than of Jewish children, in a worse plight, uncared for, with no organized community of sympathizers in the nearest town, with no one to enlist foreign sympathy on their behalf, coughing, breaking out in scrofulous sores, developing tuberculosis. The only hope they had was a far distant one of being admitted to some British colony or dominion, but this hope was so remote that it was hardly perceptible. By the time this book appears we shall be able to see what has happened to them. I knew English people who carried the banner of humanity about with them but seemed unmoved by the lot of these non-Jewish children, who were so much more numerous and no less deserving than the Jewish ones. Their active compassion seemed only capable of being awakened for Jews.

With the thought of that two-weeks-old baby in my mind, I found it incomprehensible. I could explain it only by hypocrisy or by muddle-headedness beyond cure.

For my part, knowing how these things are done, I was glad that the *Sunday Express* on December 11th exposed 'the myth of the branded Jewish baby refugee'. This 'extraordinary story that a Jewish child refugee from Germany had arrived with the swastika branded on its back', said the paper, 'was being whispered from one end of Britain to the other'. By diligent inquiry, by questioning hundreds of people, the *Sunday Express* was able 'after a fortnight of searching investigation to assure the many thousands of people who have been horrified by this story that there is no vestige of truth in it whatever.'

I know. Next time you read a story of that kind, think of the little girl from nowhere, and be frugal with your credulity.

#### POSTSCRIPT

I am glad to add, as this book is about to appear, that the German, non-Jewish refugees in Czechoslovakia, thanks to the untiring efforts of a few people who knew the facts of their appalling plight and to an arrangement which the British Government eventually agreed to make, were at last, many months after Munich, allowed to emigrate and were thus saved from being sent back to Germany. Among them was the Little Girl from Nowhere, for whom public sympathy was aroused in England by an article of mine, Manger Child 1938, that the *News-Chronicle* most kindly published about Christmastide of that year.

I had the pleasure of seeing her, with her parents and her brothers and sisters leave by air for England, and I was particularly glad that at long last a helping hand was held out to these, the most deserving and the most useful, as they had been the most neglected, of all the refugees.

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## Chapter Twenty Seven

### ONE-EYED OUTCAST

He came rather doubtfully out of the fragile summer-house in the allotment where he was living, the allotment where the wet brown leaves were already rotting into the mud beneath a cold November sky, where the decaying skeletons of flowery plants straggled dankly about, where the black and weeping trees stood around like mourners at a funeral, and he looked at me with his right eye.

It was alive, could still mirror hope and fear and cold and hunger; the other was dead, an ill-matched glass thing, ill-fitting in the distended socket, that stared in another direction while the live eye looked at you. His wife came out after him and stood behind him, silent, hopeless, downcast. They stood together in the flimsy porch of the matchwood box in which they lived; to them it was a warm and lovely haven; their dread, day and night, was that they would have to leave it, take to their heels again, have to sleep again on damp straw in icy schoolrooms, be arrested, expelled ...

A criminal type, you would casually have thought, if you, warm and well-fed, had on your way to some important destination passed this man in the street. Hatless, and his dwindling grey hair unkempt. His clothes in tatters, muddled all over, his collarless and only shirt dirty. That distorted gaze, half-dead, half-alive. That bruised and broken mouth, full of unnaturally white and gleaming teeth. That scarred forehead.

But if you looked at him in profile, on the side with the live eye, you saw the remains of a fine-looking man. A good forehead, nose and jaw. He was now starved, but his thews and muscles, though marred by the branding iron, were still like the trunks of young trees.

You have seen, often enough, those heads of 'The New Germany', those fine, fit, blond and smiling young men, with the wind playing in their hair. The flappers love them, the do-be-nice-to-Germany aunties point approvingly to them.

You should take a picture of this man's head and put it in the gallery of 'New Germany' types. It is also representative. Death in the one eye, the fear of the hunt in the other, the scars, the false teeth that have taken the place of the ones that were knocked out. For background, the hut in the allotment, a winter sky, a foreign land.

I found him by accident. I had been wandering round the outskirts of Czechville, a town within a stone's throw of the German lines. You couldn't speak of a frontier, in November 1938; when you looked out of your bedroom window in this town one morning and saw the familiar hill a mile away, and the next morning you looked again and in the night the Germans had quietly taken it, and it was Germany, and you hoped and hoped that they would leave your town, your Czech town where barely a single German lived, and you looked at the little river between yourself and the hill and gradually that river came to mean Land's End, World's End, for you, and you thought each morning, each night, desperately, 'If they will only stay on the other side of the river, if they will only stay the other side of the river, once they cross the river our town, too, will be in Germany'.

This was a town of 12,000 people, and there were 8000 refugees in it. Think of that. Or rather, don't think of that. It is a billion miles to the moon, we are spending a million pounds on armaments, a hundred thousand Chinese have been killed in China, a thousand Czechs have fled before the advancing Germans, a hundred Jews have been driven into no-man's-land - what do all these noughts mean to you? Nothing.

See and talk to one man in all these thousands and millions and you will begin to understand; multiply a hundredfold all that he tells you, tag a string of noughts on to that tale of human misery, and your brain will reel. So come with me to Czechville.

Here, in the company of the widow lady, who had lost her husband in the spring and now spent all her waking hours in the single-handed effort to mitigate, a mite here and a mite there, this mountainous mass of suffering, I visited the refugees, Czech and German.

In empty schoolrooms, in barracks, in barns and outbuildings and cattle trucks, I found them, the Czechs, and Slovaks, a few of the hundred thousand that had fled before the Germans, the Poles and the Hungarians. There they were, the Legionaries, the men who had fought with the Russian and French and Italian armies against the Germans, who had battled and shot their way right across Siberia to Vladivostok, there to take ship and travel all round the world to France, so that they could fight again with the Allies, men who wore British and French and Italian decorations. A few weeks before they had been school-teachers, officials, postmen, workmen in steady employment. Now they lay, three men, three women, two boys, in one small room, each with his or her pallet. No work, no money, hardly anything to eat. Beaten up by the Germans, expelled by the Germans, fled from the Germans - a Legionary was a marked man. The future? A labour battalion, stone-breaking on the roads, perhaps. Perhaps a job - A Job! - one day, when the rump Czechoslovak state had succeeded in reducing chaos to order.

'The Lord Mayor's Fund?' 'What's that?' they said, 'we never heard of it, you are the first foreigner that's been to visit us. We need fuel, and underclothes, and food, and a little money.'

Then, with the widow, I went out to the allotments, each with its ramshackle hut. Here the Germans were living, the German working men who had given their allegiance to the Czechoslovak state because they hated Hitlerism, because they felt freer and better [ed: better?] men in the free Republic.

Now they lived in these huts, that belonged to Czech working men - 'The poor people are the only ones who help,' said the widow - and counted themselves lucky to be there. Three men, two women and three children, in a hut the size of a toolshed. Take a look at the toolshed at the bottom of your garden. November. Cold. Wet. December coming, January, February ... A mile away - you can see them from the bottom of the allotment - the Germans. Perhaps they will be here to-morrow.

Damp in the hut. Potatoes cooking on the stove. The widow, indefatigable, has begged and borrowed some potatoes, but the neighbours are already beginning to shake their heads and say they can't give any more.

The children - three, four and six years old. Merry and laughing; it's great fun camping-out in the allotment. Their faces are breaking out in sores - scrofula. Lack of meat, of vegetables, of milk, damp surroundings. These children will never be quite sound again. They will be rachitic and tuberculous.

The widow is the only friend these people see. Nobody comes to bring them coal and wood and clothing and meat and vegetables. Nobody puts their names down on emigration lists for England, the British Dominions, America. They are Germans; not even the Czechs, in their bitterness, feel kindly towards them. They rot. Two working men, one dental mechanic, two wives, three children - Reds.

As we went away, the widow and I, we passed a little cottage, with an old woman leaning out of an upper window. She spoke to the widow. 'Can't you get some milk for those children?' she said, 'I

gave them all I could this morning.' 'How can I? Where can I?' said the widow. 'We have no money. We have had one grant of 3000 crowns' (say £21) 'but we used all that for medicines. I don't know where to turn.' They talked, and as they talked tears trickled from the eyes of the old woman at the window. The widow saw them and said to me, 'Look, she's crying,' and then tears came from her own eyes and she called to the old woman, 'Yes, we are all crying now,' and we went on.

We went down the rutty, muddy path to the corner, where a car waited for me, and as I was about to get in I saw another woman come out of a hut and stand at the gate, looking at us. She looked without expression and made no sign, but I felt that she was looking to us with some faint hope stirring in her heart and asked the widow, 'Is she a refugee, too?'

'Yes,' said the widow, 'all these huts are full of them.'

'I'd like to talk to her,' I said, and we went across.

She said she would fetch her husband and went in and he came out, with her following him. He looked at the widow, and his one live eye was grateful, and then at me, and it was questioning and scared and doubtful.

I looked at that eye, at the scar on the forehead, at the misshapen mouth full of glistening false teeth, and considered his general demeanour. I knew the symptoms. KZ. is the name of this disease. Pronounce it Kah-Tsett. It means Konzentrationslager. Concentration camp.

'What happened to your eye?' I asked.

'Oh, they knocked it out,' he said, reluctantly, looking from the widow to me, only half-reassured.

'And your teeth?'

'My teeth, too,' he said, 'but I am in a very difficult situation and don't want to make things worse for myself. If they get me again I am lost.'

His wife reassured him and told him to show his arm and when he did not she herself pulled up the sleeve and showed the brown stripes of hot irons, like those that you see on your grilled sole, and on the other arm a deep scar from a boot heel.

'What were you - a Communist?' I asked.

'I was in the Party until 1924,' he said, hesitatingly, 'and played a leading part in it then, in our district, but in 1924 I lost faith in it and left it and then in 1933, one day, I was working in my plot and the SA came and took me -'

'After nine years?' I asked.

'After nine years,' he answered, 'they hadn't forgotten, and then they took me off to an SA home and got me in the cellar there and beat me up with steel bars and truncheons, and that's how I got this' - he touched his eye and his misshapen mouth - 'and they kept on telling me to reveal the names of Communists in the district and I kept on saying I didn't know them and each time they set about me again, and then they brought the hot irons, and at the end they left me nearly dead, and when I came to I couldn't pass water, but they wouldn't let me have a doctor, and my stomach swelled and swelled and I tried to open my artery with a fork' - his wife silently turned up the sleeve again and showed a red scar - 'but they noticed it and brought a doctor and now I only have one kidney and

am always ailing, and then they put me in a concentration camp and I was there for two and a half years ...'

As he told this story his wife stood silently by him, her eyes on the ground, and I saw the tears creep out of them and run down. She did not wipe them away. The women I have seen weeping in Europe of late never do. They just let them run. How many women have I seen weeping, and how many more shall I see weeping in these years to come, more and more and more, like a river in the rainy season, a trickle, a stream, a river, a torrent, a flood, and no hope of stopping it, that I can see, in these coming years, but only more and more tears.

'And then I got across the frontier into Czechoslovakia,' he went on, 'and I got another little plot of land and I've been working that for a year or more and then came the Germans and I had to clear out again and here I am.'

He looked, with his one eye, over my shoulder, through the branches of the leafless trees to the hill beyond, a mile away, that the Germans had occupied one night, while he lay there, trying to keep warm in the summer-house.

'Have you anyone at all to interest himself in your case?' I asked.

'Me?' he said. 'No one. That's the joke of it. I left the Party in 1924, fourteen years ago. If I had stayed in it I should be on the books now, I should be able to apply for help, possibly to get my name on to some emigration list. Now I belong nowhere, to no country, to no nation, to no organization. What I'm afraid of is that they will make me shift from this shanty. I can keep warm here, but if they put me in another schoolroom, on the bare boards, in the icy cold, me with my one kidney, I'm finished.'

As I left him, this humble working man, this member of the ever-growing Legion of the Lost, I felt a rage and misery in me greater than ever before and that is saying very much.

A few days before I had read in my English newspaper of a London magistrate who said to the two contestants in a case that came before him that he would like to put them in concentration camps.

I don't know what sort of picture this name, Concentration Camp, conjures up to anybody who hears it in a London club, but I will say that any man who should ever introduce them in England would be a conscienceless traitor and a sadistic black-guard and less than the scum of the earth, for there is no crime that you can commit worse than this. The soul of the man who murders his grandmother for half a crown is white and shining compared with that of the man who puts his countrymen in these places.

Hitler and National Socialism have done magnificent things for Germany. They have done many things that I would like to have done in England, that ought to be done in England. They care for the health of their people, for the housing of their people, they see to it that the countryside is not ruined and ravaged by self-seeking manufacturers, speculative builders and dog-in-the-manger landowners, they make sunshine and air available to the masses, they fight unemployment and under-nourishment and slums. To attain such ends, even rigorous methods against political opponents might be justified.

But the bestial brutality of the concentration camps, practised not in the white heat of revolutionary fanaticism but in the coldest of blood, upon helpless people, is a thing awful beyond the power of description.

It is not even necessary. The times in which such things were formerly done, we have always been taught to think of as The Dark Ages. Even to talk of establishing such places in England, at a time when the country enjoys the completest civic peace, when English people have even become apathetic to the social crimes that they see around them every day, unemployment, under-nourishment, unfitness and ill-housing, when they make no more than faint protests against the obscene wealth and luxury that flaunt and parade in the midst of so much misery, even to talk, from a comfortable place, of establishing concentration camps in England at such a time ought to be a penal offence.

Is the crime of being poor, of being unemployed, of being under-fed, of being ill-housed, not to be punished by incarceration in concentration camps? Is that the argument? There are no revolutionary mobs in Whitehall. Among all those millions of poor people none seeks to interfere with the few who live in cushioned ease. They are too apathetic, too leaderless, even to raise their heads above their own squalor, even to hope for an end to it. And on top of all that, you would put them in concentration camps? Or are the concentration camps to be reserved for the wealthy, the leisured, the lapped-in-luxury?

Only one thing can be worse than the thought that such things are possible in Germany - the thought that there are people in England who would like to make them possible there.

With these thoughts raging like a tempest in my mind, I came away from that leaky hut on the edge of Czechville and turned, as I went, for a last look at the man I had left. He was standing, looking after me with his one good eye. Behind him, in the middle distance, I saw the misty outline of the hill that the Germans had occupied in the darkness, a night or two before.

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## Chapter Twenty Eight

### MAKE THEE MIGHTIER YET<sup>[3]</sup>

Don't leave it to God to do that. He won't. If you want to make England mightier you must do it yourself. God didn't make the Peace of Munich, for all you prayed for it and gave thanks for it. You made it, and sacrificed Czechoslovakia to make it. Perhaps it was worth it. I don't think so.

Personally, I don't want to see England mightier, or her bounds set wider. I would like to see, within those bounds, a cleaner, decenter, more humane, less class-ridden England. But as we are talking about bounds and England's might, let's talk about bounds and England's might.

Since I wrote *Insanity Fair*, which foretold the end of Austria and of Czechoslovakia, I have gained a reputation for second sight. People ask me, by word or by letter: how did you know?, what is going to happen to us now?

This is nonsense. I only wrote what all men knew who had lived long in Europe and studied the Germans. You could find the same story hundreds of times in the private files of newspaper offices and of Whitehall, if they were open to you. Your Government was informed of what was coming years in advance, but either wouldn't believe it, or wouldn't act on the knowledge, or wanted things this way. Perhaps you wanted things this way - or were you just bamboozled? This is one of the answers that I don't know.

You will have no respite in coming years. Every year since 1933 has been filled with more and more alarums and excursions, more and more wars, more and more crises, more and more territorial swoops, more and more sudden surprises - which should not and would not surprise you if you were informed.

This process will not slow down or stop. It will continue, at an accelerated pace, in 1939 and 1940 and 1941, unless your big war comes in those years, the war of which no man can foretell the outcome. Whether that war will come or not I cannot tell you, because it depends on you, because I no longer understand my countrypeople enough to know which of their only two alternatives - war or capitulation - they will choose, or at what point they will choose it.

These are your only two alternatives - war or capitulation. Capitulation means for you just what it meant for Czechoslovakia - the surrender of territory, the surrender of your domestic liberties, an alien race in occupation of strategic points on your soil.

There is a case to be made out for the surrender of your overseas territory and the surrender of your domestic liberties, for the reasons I indicated in broad outline in *Insanity Fair* and will explain in more detail here: that you do not use your overseas territory, and that in England a small and selfish group has now learned so to manipulate your domestic liberties that the result is not to safeguard your liberty, but to perpetuate a form of slavery - slums, derelict areas, ill-health, bad-housing, under-nutrition. But these things could be altered, if you had an awakening of the public mind in England and enough men of enough energy to lead the movement, under a democratic system. If there is no energy in you, somebody else will do it for you.

In Europe you will see the frontiers of the German Reich expand and expand. If you believe that stuff about 'Germany has no further territorial ambitions in Europe' you are beyond hope.



For some reason, a number of your governing politicians pretend that they believe it. You will see, very soon, Hungary pass completely into German vassalage. This means that the living and working conditions of the workers will be improved and some land found for the peasants, that the hold on the land of the Church and the Jews will be loosened, that the Hungarian army will become part of the German fighting-machine.

As there are 600,000 Germans in Hungary, and many of these live in the western part, along the banks of the Danube, I expect to see at least a strip of Hungary along the Danube pass, in some form, into the actual possession of Germany. This may happen in disguised form at first - for instance, by the building of a German-owned road to Budapest, then to be connected by another German-owned road across Czechoslovakia to Breslau. But it will happen.

This will not be a mortal blow for Hungary, as it was for Czechoslovakia. In Czechoslovakia the masses of the people felt that they owned the state, the workers had good working conditions, a free vote, their own parties, their own Press, trades unions; the peasants owned their land; the result was a nation of freemen which burned to fight for its land and its liberties.

In Hungary the position is quite different. There the masses have never had this feeling. When a part of Czechoslovakia was given to Hungary, at the order of Germany and Italy, the result was an immediate political crisis in Hungary, because in those recovered areas the peasants owned their land and the few workers had known freedom, so that the entrenched ruling classes in Budapest felt this to be an attack on their privileges, while the suppressed Hungarian National Socialists hailed it as the coming of the dawn.

They wanted to raise the rest of Hungary to the level of the newly won areas; the embattlemented ruling class wanted to bring the new areas down to the level of the rest of Hungary. The masses in that Hungary have never known freedom. The only changes in their conditions of life for centuries have been a change of masters - from Turk to German, from nobleman to the lesser gentry, the Church and the Jews. If the new master is to be called Hungarian National Socialism, and this master is to be the lieutenant of German National Socialism, they do not greatly mind, if only their conditions of life are improved at long last.

For you, the importance of this is that the Hungarian army will become part of the German fighting-machine and that all the foodstuff wealth of Hungary will be at the disposal of Germany.

In Czechoslovakia, as you will see if you look at the map, the easternmost part of the Rump Republic, after the German road has been built across the waist of the land, remains outside the frontiers of the Reich - a tongue reaching out towards Rumania, Poland, and the Ukraine. Within the German wall are the Czech lands, Bohemia and Moravia; outside it remain Slovakia and the easternmost province of Czechoslovakia, that little backward, seldom-heard-of country which was called Ruthenia.

Inside the wall Czechia, as I write, is in complete subjugation to the Reich. It is a German-guarded compound, a concentration camp on the colossal scale, but its domestic regime still retains (as I write) the traces of its love for democracy, parliamentary politics and constitutionalism. The love of the Czechs for these things is so great, that they will be difficult to root out, though they will grow less and less, and some form of Fascism will take shape. Knowing that Czechia is in any case securely in its hands, the Reich may let them play with these things.

Slovakia is already Fascist, with a monopolistic party, Storm Troopers, beatings-up, a concentration camp for Marxists, and the like. The Catholic lands always yield more readily to this system than those with a Protestant tradition; the Catholic Church has often been among the cruellest and most

ruthless of the oppressors, and Catholic parties, in all such countries, avidly grasp at the chance of a strong-hand regime when one offers.

It is an illusion to think that the antagonism between National Socialism, Fascism or whatever you like to call it and the Catholic Church, in those countries where clericalism is a major political force, is based on a clash between the ideal of humanity and the doctrine of inhumanity. It is a clash between self-interested groups each avid for political power. In Slovakia, incidentally, where there is a fairly strong and well-organized German National-Socialist minority, particularly in the capital Bratislava, the two are at present working hand-in-hand, reconciled for the nonce in the division of the spoil.

Remains that tiny, easternmost tongue of land called, in the old Czechoslovak state, 'Ruthenia'. At the moment it is called either 'Carpathian Russia' or 'Carpathian Ukraine', which, is not quite clear, though the difference is important. The difference is, broadly, that some of the inhabitants consider themselves, culturally, part of the great Russian family beyond the Carpathians, and want their own little Republic within the Czechoslovak state. The others feel that they belong to the Ukrainian race of 40,000,000 People, now lying partly under Polish and partly under Russian rule, and they dream of a great Ukrainian state under German tutelage. The respective strength of these groups - the 'Great Russians' would sooner belong to Hungary than to Ukraine - and what they want does not matter much, because the aims and interests of Germany will decide the issue.

This is why the remote Carpathian Ukraine, let us say, with its half a million marooned mountaineers, is one of the most important strips of land in Europe to-day. It is the springboard for Germany's future eastward jump. When Czechoslovakia was being dismembered, Poland and Hungary both demanded, clamorously, that Carpathian Ukraine should be divided between them, so that they should have a common frontier.

This was an anti-German move. It meant that the ruling classes in both countries saw the German eastward drive coming and wanted to join hands and put up a barrier against it, in their own interest. When Czechoslovakia appealed to Italy and Germany to arbitrate, Italy, the friend of Hungary and Poland, did succeed in forcing Germany to give Hungary a substantial slice of Carpathian Ukraine, namely, all the arable land in the south, the big towns to which the plain peasants in the south used to bring their foodstuffs, geese and pigs to market, and the east-to-west railway connecting them all. Remained half a million woodsmen and mountaineers in valleys separated by a chain of north-to-south mountains, like the ribs of a spine with no inter-communications, no markets, no rail connection and only the scantiest road connection with the rest of Czechoslovakia.

Economically, as these people would have starved unless kept alive by artificial feeding, they might as well have been given to Hungary too. It was not Herr von Ribbentrop's wish, at Vienna, to give those big Carpathian-Ukrainian towns and railway centres to Hungary. He showed the Carpathian-Ukrainian envoys a map on which they were marked as remaining with Carpathian Ukraine. The pressure of Italy, trying to assert her position as the protector of Catholic-Fascist Hungary and the friend of Catholic-Fascist Poland, was too great. He had, for the nonce, to give way. But Germany was determined, at all costs, to keep that tiny corridor to the east open, and she succeeded.

A village of 20,000 people, Chust, suddenly found itself the capital of Carpathian Ukraine, with the spotlight of world publicity beating on it. You will hear a good deal about Chust in coming times. It was the remotest place. It had a shoe-factory, a pork-butcher's shop where you could buy for three-halfpence a pair of smoking hot and remarkably good sausages, a barber's with Tussaud-like busts smirking behind the dusty window, a few gipsy taverns with gipsy girls, the friend of man in Chust,

and wailing music, a main street where the inhabitants surged languidly to and fro during the afternoon promenade.

The only sign of our modern times in Chust were the great foursquare concrete schools and public buildings which the progressive Czechoslovak Government, in the twenty years of Czechoslovak independence, had built, and in front of them geese quackled to and fro, ox-drawn peasant wagons slowly passed. Where the Premier of Carpatho-Ukraine has his office a brown bear was shot in the winter of 1918.

Suddenly, with raiding Polish and Hungarian bands still infesting the northern and southern frontiers, which you could almost span with your hand, German envoys arrived in Chust, a German Consul, half a dozen German newspaper men, Ukrainian émigré patriots who had lived for ten years in Berlin and seemed well supplied with funds.

The Great Power game had found a new field - the village of Chust.

Now look at your map and see how the game works out. Through that tongue of land, joined up with the great trans-Czechoslovak German motor-road, which in its turn leads to the great inner-German network of strategic roads, called Autobahnen, will soon come another road, built under German supervision, German-controlled.

By it Germany will dominate Southern Poland - the Polish Ukraine - and Rumania. Will her might alone be sufficient to detach that rich and golden land and form an independent Ukrainian state, ruled by those Berlin-trained émigré patriots, of which Germany will be the master? Will war be needed? Will Poland fight?

Poland will be in a bad jam. Poland, as I think, is a misjudged country. Contemptible treachery, it seemed, when Poland, partitioned three times by predatory great Powers, jumped on Czechoslovakia's back during the September crisis and took her little bit. But if everybody had joined hands to resist Germany Poland would have come in against her too.

In 1933 Marshal Pilsudski told the Western Powers, 'You must stop Germany now or never. You can do it now with a minimum loss of life and time and treasure. You can do it in five minutes. Later will be too late.' When they turned a deaf ear to him he made his ten-year pact with Germany. Now that pact, too, is going to prove a double-edged sword, that wounds its wielder. But what could Poland have done? The source of all evil is the feebleness of the Western Powers, afraid of their own victory in a world war. Now Poland, too, is in danger of losing territory.

Down there in Carpathian Ukraine Germany will be at the door of Rumania too, Rumania who holds the one thing she craves after above all others - oil. You can put a match to oil, to prevent your advancing enemy from having it. They did it in the World War. Do you think Germany will take that chance again?

You will see Germany at least in domination, probably in physical possession, of these invaluable, resources of foodstuffs and fuel - the only thing so mighty a military power needs to make her invincible in Europe for long to come.

Now comes the greatest question of all, the vital question for you and your Empire, the question whose answer will decide your and your children's lives.

If I guess the mind of our rulers rightly, the calculation has been that at this point Germany will come into conflict with Russia. She will try to do the impossible, to accomplish that which has

defeated every bold adventurer in history. She will spend her time, her men, her strength, her treasure, in fighting the colossus Russia - in fighting nature. Nazi dog, that you fear but sneakily like, would eat Bolshie dog, that you detest, or both would die. You would be left in peace. Social unrest, and the hateful necessity for curing social evils, would be banished for a century. You would with an easy mind go back to your golf.

Will Hitler do this? I cannot tell you. If he does, the old men may have been right, I and the others wrong.

It all depends whether you believe that Hitler means what he says - that Bolshevik Russia is his mortal enemy. It is not true. Russia has never done anything to Germany, Russia was beaten to her knees by Germany, a peace treaty far transcending Versailles in vindictive cruelty was imposed on Russia, Bolshevism was sent to Russia by Germany, in a sealed railway compartment.

The mortal enemy is England. Not Bolshevik Russia has what Germany wants - world power and overseas possessions - but England. Germany has an enormously long bill against England, no single item of which has been forgotten. They are all stored up in the minds of men whose memories are as long as their thirst for revenge is insatiable. If they have their way, and they are near to attaining it, they will make you repay every penny of reparations, recoup to the last farthing and more the value of the German property you confiscated in the war you won - and then lost - they will take all their former colonies and more.

Do you want proof? Think of the tone of Hitler's references, of Goering's references, of Goebbels's references to England after Munich. Already they are within an ace of sending you a six-hour ultimatum if you choose for Prime Minister a man they do not like. They are not quite so far, but a few more riots in France, a few changes in Russia, and they will be so far. You are in mortal danger.

I am writing less than two months after Munich, when men shouted, 'Three cheers for Germany' in Whitehall and a man shouted, 'Heil Chamberlain' Unter den Linden. Do you really imagine that these cheers were for peace? Would you not cheer a man who enabled you without war to conquer another country? If you wish to know what Hitler thinks of Mr. Chamberlain read his contemptuous reference, in Berlin on November 6th, five weeks after Munich, to 'umbrella-carrying bourgeois types'.

As I write, less than two months after Munich, there is in Germany a deadly campaign to inculcate hatred of England, the like of which has never been seen. It is kept out of your newspapers, save for scanty references which mean nothing to you. There has never been anything so sustained, so laden with hatred, in the world. In almost every newspaper he picks up, in almost every newsreel he sees, in almost every radio programme he hears, the German has this hatred dinned into his soul. It is done at the order of a single man. He has pressed the button, and the whole gigantic machine has sprung into life. Why, if there is eternal peace and goodwill between us?

Why? They mean to be first this time with the 'atrocities propaganda', with the baby-killing stories. They are doing it on a scale we never dreamed of, even in the worst days of the war.

Listen to Goebbels, speaking in Berlin on November 23rd, 1938. He first quoted a letter written by a German author, Max Halbe, to German Imperial Headquarters during the war. Halbe expressed grave anxiety about the superiority of the enemy in propaganda. The strength of Germany's enemies, he said, was that they were prosecuting the war as a moral crusade; why did not Germany use this weapon of the appeal to the spirit? He received, a non-committal answer.

Said Goebbels: 'Now you know why we lost the war. And you can also imagine why the propagandist side of National Socialist policy is a thorn in the eyes of the other Powers. The others are gradually beginning to see that Germany is also taking a hand in the game. We, too, have mastered the technique of propaganda, and we have men who are clever enough to exploit it.'

Now look at some of the results of this campaign and remember that no German, man or woman, young or old, can read a paper without seeing this sort of thing sooner or later:

The *Völkischer Beobachter*, the leading and official National Socialist organ, on its front page on November 24th, 1938. A long article from one of its own correspondents in Jerusalem, whose name is given, about 'The Shame of England'. It is about British methods in Palestine. The shame of England is the concentration camp. The article says that about 2000 beings are confined in these concentration camps, that the Law of Suspect suffices 'for English justice in Palestine to deprive the citizens of the mandated territory of their freedom for months'. The sanitary conditions in these camps 'are beyond description'. A prisoner told the correspondent that in Akko 'there are three closets for 500 prisoners', no means of washing. The closets 'are closed from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.' In the room in which the prisoners are kept during these twelve hours 'there is no possibility of relieving natural necessities'. 'Frightful conditions prevail.' 'Thrashings are daily occurrences, although the English deny this.' One case, concerning the son of a respected family, 'has been established by documentary evidence'. But the main attack of the 'mandatory lords' is directed against the civilian population. 'Revolting details' of the methods by which the population is terrorized will be given in the next report.

The next number of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, for November 25th, 1938, contains the second article about 'The Shame of England'. It says the chief weapon of British terrorism against the civilian population consists in domiciliary visitations. 'Domiciliary visitations mean destruction'. A town or village is surrounded by British troops in the dawn, suspected persons are taken off to concentration camps, cases have been established where persons desired to be incriminated have had weapons 'planted' on them, 'during the raids thefts by British soldiers are daily occurrences', but 'not only gold and jewellery' are stolen. In the old town of Jerusalem two hundred horses were stolen, an Arab journalist had four pounds stolen from his pocket. The poor possessions of the people, a few sticks of furniture or stocks of food, are destroyed, 'for the British military authorities are obviously resolved to break the resistance of the civilian population by starvation'. The want and distress of the people 'is terrible'. More and more cases are occurring where 'captured and fettered Arabs are shot during transport'. There was such a case in Jaffa, 'where a suspect Arab, who was handcuffed, was made to run the gauntlet between English soldiers and was finished off by revolver shots'.

In this British-ruled territory, too, says the correspondent, the fiendish trick of pretending that a dead prisoner was shot 'while trying to escape' has been introduced - together with concentration camps. 'A second case was established on the Haifa-Djenin road, where two captured Arabs, who had been put in handcuffs, and were to be removed by a motor car, were shot, allegedly because they had tried to wrest the rifles from the three British soldiers escorting them.' 'Just imagine', says the correspondent, 'two handcuffed prisoners try to overpower three fully-armed guards and are shot. In the official communiqués these cases are reported as "shot while trying to escape".'

The ruthlessness of the British soldiery, he proceeds, is shown by the repeated cases of Arab women being raped. 'In the village of Silluan, where two Englishmen had been shot, seven Arab women were raped.' Such occurrences, says the correspondent, 'are daily events, but are hushed up by the Arabs concerned in the interest of their family honour'. During the operations in the old town of Jerusalem the number of 'old men, women and children allegedly killed by stray bullets' was just

as great as that of the Arab irregulars. 'England' the correspondent concludes his report 'is making of the Arab population of Palestine in truth a people of martyrs.'

Take the *Völkischer Beobachter* of November 26th, 1938. A whole page about England, reproducing from French newspapers of 1898 pictures of British atrocities in South Africa. There is a quotation from a report of Lord Roberts, containing the words, 'it is touching to see with what consideration and care the Boer women are treated'. Above this is a picture of a British soldier kicking a pregnant Boer woman in the stomach.

Another quotation, from an official report of the British War Ministry during the Boer War: 'The traffic communications have been restored and the railway is operating normally; the accidents so frequent a few months ago have ceased.' Above this is a picture of a British armoured train with a Boer woman and two children lashed to it to deter train-wreckers and sharpshooters.

At the foot of the page an article entitled 'The bloodbath of Amritsar'. It begins: 'We are by no means of the opinion that General Dyer, who on an April day in Amritsar mowed down two thousand human beings with machine-guns and without warning, was a bloodthirsty man. We should speak no ill of the dead, and in any case a colonial officer must be regarded in the first place as the product of a long line of teachers and predecessors whom he had before his eyes during his whole life. Dyer of Amritsar seems to us to be the type of Anglo-Indian officer, not better and not worse than the average ...' And so on, and so on.

This is not in wartime, but in what passes for peace in our time. It is not sporadic, or confined to a small section of the Press as in Wilhelmian days, or accidental. It is the result of an order, to which the entire German publicity machine, press, radio and film, immediately responds. At a given moment the man in command may choose, for this reason or that, to take his finger off the button. At another given moment, he will press it again. This particular outburst comes less than two months after Munich. If you had stood firm at Munich you would not have had this, you would have had a respectful German Press to-day, you would have had a large body of grateful opinion in Germany, you would have had the thanks and support of the world. The more you give, the worse it will get. While this is going on your Government privately approaches the American Ambassador and begs him to have the contributions of Wickham Steed and A. J. Cummings cut from a newsreel, for fear that it might annoy Germany.

Any British newspaper correspondent in Germany who wrote a fraction of the things about German concentration camps and the rest that that German correspondent in Jerusalem wrote about England would be thrown out like a dog, and he would have no support at all from his Government.

This is what I mean when I say that, by 1939, the process has gone so far that British newspaper correspondents are working under censorship while German newspaper correspondents may say what they like. The British Press to-day, with only two or three last exceptions, suppresses or obscures things you should know, either from class-feeling or from pressure.

The days are gone when the *Völkischer Beobachter* was the dullest paper in Europe. Now its foreign news is most instructive. Its correspondents already feel themselves proconsuls in the countries they inhabit and I strongly advise you, particularly if you want to know what is going to happen in the Danubian and Balkan countries, or if you want to know what feeling towards England Hitler wishes to imbue in his people, how much respect he wants them to have for England, whether he wishes them to think that England is a contemptible and decadent country, unworthy to occupy the top place in the world and easy to overthrow, to read it every day.

To come back to the great question of our times - Russia, and what Hitler will do about Russia. Nobody can tell you this, because only he knows. The great game of European chess is approaching the decisive gambit - and I think you will know the result in 1939, a year which is going to give you no respite from suspense and uncertainty.

In the answer to this question lies his fate, I think. If he goes against Russia his doom may be sealed - ultimately. At the end he might lose all he has gained. If he goes against Russia he will make possible the one combination still strong enough to beat him - England, France, Russia and America. He will give you time to pull yourself together, to recover your wits, at last to get on with rearmament, to find leaders who have feelings and understanding.

Will he? The answer will be found here, where I am writing, in Danubian Europe, and that is why it is so enthrallingly interesting.

His obvious move now, his master move that would give him game and make him world champion, would be to join hands with Russia. There is nothing in the Russian people to prevent it, no deep-rooted German-Russian hatred, no irreconcilable territorial quarrel. Together, the world would be theirs. National Socialism and Bolshevism are not worlds apart, but close together.

There is one great obstacle. Stalin had or has - I am not sure how matters stand at the moment - a Jewish wife. The Jews are powerful in Russia, numerous in the Bolshevik administration. I can perfectly well imagine an alliance between National Socialist Germany and Bolshevik Russia, and people who say this is inconceivable are vapouring. I cannot imagine an alliance between National-Socialist Germany and the present regime in Soviet Russia. If you see signs of a change of regime in Russia, of the exclusion of the Jewish element, you may book that passage for the Bahamas, for all is lost.

If that does not happen, there will still be plenty of trouble coming, but I should think in the very long run Hitler would lose. In the meantime he would overrun large areas of Europe, and for ten or twenty years would rule the Continent, but at the end, probably, he would succumb to a European coalition.

That is the vital question, which everybody understands so well in Europe and hardly anybody in England. The French and the Czechoslovaks saw it nearly four years ago, when Germany began to tear up treaties and proclaimed her intention to rearm. If jungle law is again to rule in Europe, they thought, if tooth-and-claw are again to decide, we will get in with the strongest pack. First inviting Germany, who refused, to come into an all-in non-aggression-and-joint-action-against-an-aggressor pact, they made their pacts with Russia.

Now you have compelled Czechoslovakia to withdraw from that combination, to go with Germany. France? Is France still the ally of Soviet Russia? You may search me, but you won't find the answer.

That leaves Russia in the air, a German-Russian alliance, the greatest menace to European peace that you could devise in a century of hard thought, a possibility. Immediately after the fall of Czechoslovakia the rude references to Soviet Russia began to disappear from Nazi speeches. Polite references to 'the Russian people' - not that Jewy regime, but 'the people' - began to appear.

Now the great game is on. Can Hitler find a way, as he found a way with Czechoslovakia, to compel the submission of Poland and detach Poland from Russia, or can he bring about changes in Russia which will enable him to detach Russia from her, partition Poland, and turn his face to - the West?

These are the questions to which you will soon see the answers. Already Germany is well on her way to complete mastery of the south-east, the Balkans. She has to find some way of cutting that eastern deadlock. Then she is ready.

The Eastern problem - unless Hitler commits the unimaginable folly of attacking Russia - is only one, for Germany, of covering her rear. The things she wants are in the west - the gateway to the oceans of the world, to overseas possessions, to world power.

For your part, I expect to see you give back the former German colonies, and without fighting. During the debate on Czechoslovakia I read that a Conservative member of Parliament stated that he would oppose this until his last breath. I expect nevertheless to see those colonies given back and to find him still breathing.

Hitler told Chamberlain that this question of the colonies 'remained', 'was awkward', but was 'not a question to be settled by war'. I think he is absolutely right. He will very probably get them without war; he is strong enough. A few years ago, and in return for real pledges, reclaimable at a moment's notice, not for 'assurances', I would have voted for giving them back. I was sorry, then, that we had ever taken them.

The spectacle of England handing over Czechoslovakia to Germany and then protesting about 'defenceless natives' being handed to Germany does not appeal to me. Do not think that the German demand for colonies can be fobbed off with a small piece of malarian Central African jungle called Bungaloo, or something like that. It means Tanganyika, and nothing less - the most cherished of all German colonies. Do not think, either, that it can be stilled by giving Germany somebody else's colonies - those of Belgium, Holland or Portugal. She would take them, of course - and use them as bases for the recovery of her own colonies.

There is no hope, and you can believe this, of a bargain about the colonies: 'We give you the colonies, and in return you give us that watertight arrangement about keeping the peace that we long for.'

If you hope for this you are deluding yourself or being deluded. The same old carrot is being dangled before your nose. You can never get your teeth into it.

Hitler will not 'negotiate' about the colonies. He has, times beyond number, before and after Munich, said that there is nothing to negotiate about. I am using the word 'negotiate' in the sense in which you understand it. Of course, Hitler is prepared to 'negotiate' in the Munich sense - that you go to him, he tells you what he wants and means to have, under the threat of a world war, and you give it to him. If that is what you understand by 'negotiation' you can have it. You cannot have anything more.

Hitler has publicly stated that he does not understand what British politicians mean when they speak of an 'understanding' about the colonies. He wants the colonies. The only basis on which he will negotiate is that they shall be given to him, without any counter-service. They rightfully belong to Germany. 'If we do not demand our rights by negotiation we demand them and obtain them in other ways.'

Lord Hailey, addressing the English Speaking Union in December 1938 about 'the German claim for colonies', said: 'There are two conditions for any return of the German colonies. First, the certainty that by returning them we can avoid a war on which our resources at the time will not permit us to enter. Secondly, the assurance that we can by this means, and this means alone, secure



an agreement of which we can believe, on solid and substantial grounds, that it will make a radical change in securing peaceful relations in Europe.'

Still that mirage!

You can return the German colonies, unconditionally. How on Saturn can you, by returning them, make certain that you can avoid a war on which your resources will not permit you to enter? If Hitler knows that you are not equal to making war, why should he give you the certainty that you will be spared it? He would only do that if he knew that you were strong. As to 'assurances', 'solid and substantial grounds', 'radical changes in securing peaceful relations in Europe', it is almost past belief that these phrases should still be current coin in political discussion.

In my view, you will return those colonies unconditionally, without any certainty that this will save you a war, without any 'assurance' that it will give peaceful relations in Europe.

I imagine that when this question of the colonies becomes acute it will develop approximately in this manner. The propagandist campaign will be released, the first rumblings of the distant thunder will disturb your tranquillity, it will swell to its tempestuous climax. Suddenly, Germany will not be able to exist a moment longer without colonies, no German will be able to sleep at night for thinking of the intolerable injustice that was done to Germany when they were taken from her.

In England a great outburst of public resentment will follow, and men will say, 'We've had enough of this, let's stop this guy, we'll fight'. At the peak of the crisis, when you are all keyed up to fight and nevertheless dreading war, a still, small voice, probably in a newspaper, will venture a gentle suggestion: 'After all, is it worth the lives of millions of men? Why not give the colonies back to Germany, whose Führer, who means what he says, has solemnly assured us that after this Germany will have no further claims of any kind, anywhere, anytime, anyhow, anyway, if we can in return have some binding pledge - say the return of Germany to the League of Nations, a pact of mutual admiration, and the limitation of armadillos under international control?'

The proposal would be officially disavowed, your statesmen would gravely but fearlessly avow that they were almost beginning to commence to fear whether there might not be a spirit abroad in Germany which was not conducive etc. etc. etc., and England, though at the table of international and amicable discussion she might be prepared to consider the transfer of mandates over certain territories to Germany, would never submit to the threat of force etc. etc. etc., and we don't want to fight but by jingo if we do etc. etc. etc., and we should be prepared to pay even a third visit to Helsingfors if we thought it would do any good etc. etc. etc.

Then one day the bells of Helsingfors would peal out the glad news of peace with honour and you would wake up to find that you had transferred your Colonies to Germany, rather more colonies than you had ever expected and under rather worse conditions, but in return you had a brand new pact of Mutual Admiration, and Germany would consider, under certain conditions and at an unspecified later date, a return to the League of Nations, and universal limitation of armadillos was to be introduced - (News item from Berlin, From our own Correspondent, it is reported from Essen that 1,000,000 armadillos escaped last night and have not yet been traced) - and the natives were to have the right of option, and you would frolic and rollick in Whitehall,' or perhaps you wouldn't next time, I'm not sure.

The trouble is that you - no, not you, your politicians - have allowed Germany to get too strong for you, and your only hope of curing that mortal ill now, if they have at last learned, is that Germany will get into a tangle with Russia and her Eastern policy in general which will give you time to close the gap a little.

That reminds me of something I have been meaning to say, and continually forgotten, since the beginning of this book.

That phrase about 'war is inevitable'. Your politicians, who have brought you to this pass, are always getting up in the House of Commons and saying, 'I strongly deprecate the view, so often expressed to-day by the professional pessimists, that war is inevitable'. This phrase is a sure winner, and invariably brings down the House. For cool cheek, it is unsurpassable.

Who ever said that war is inevitable? All men who knew something about foreign affairs said that war would be inevitable if we failed to rearm when Germany rearmed, that this policy which has been pursued for six years, against all the warnings of men who knew, would make war inevitable. Perhaps we were wrong; after all, there is always capitulation, but at the time we didn't think of that one.

War is never inevitable, unless you make it so by allowing those who want what you have to become overwhelmingly stronger than yourself. I would never admit to myself that it was inevitable - even now. There is always time - until it breaks out. Is the time being used, even now, after six years, after all that has happened?

You must try and understand the men with whom you have to deal, how inflated they are with success, how ruthless, how strong, how resolved to take what you have.

Read this:

It does not often happen that the earth is divided up anew; that is a historical rarity. When this fact becomes perceptible, that the hour is ripe for the goddess of history to come down to earth and sweep mankind with the hem of her garment, the responsible men must have the courage to grasp the hem of her garment and not to let go of it again. I have the impression that we are living in such an historical hour.

Goebbels speaking, on November 20th, 1938. 'Divide up the earth anew' you notice.

Listen to this:

Slowly but surely the old world is sinking. No agitation, no calumny, no terror ... can arrest the course of Germany. What will come one day out of the collapse of the old social order in the other countries, what will arise on the ruins of this old, crumbling world? We do not know.

Ribbentrop, speaking on November 17th, 1938.

What they say is very nearly true. The people of England are instinctively awake, they see the evils in their own land that need changing, they see the foreign dangers that threaten them. But they are in the iron grip of a small class which will not mend the one and seems to foster the other, from motives which can only be either criminal inertia or class antagonism.

Consider the state of England after seven years of Ramsay (On-and-up) MacDonald, Stanley (Trust-me) Baldwin, Neville (Eat-my-hat) Chamberlain, potentially to be followed by a further period of Samuel (Hoare-Laval) Hoare.

Before those seven years you had a rising Socialist Party in England, a party, built up in years of struggle from small beginnings, which might have come to power and made England safe in

foreign affairs while mending the social evils at home. When it was within grasping distance of power, there was the usual swift and slick manoeuvre. 'A national emergency' you were told, which demanded that all good men, without regard for party, should come to the aid of their country. The good men, without regard for their party, went to the aid of their country.

That is to say, the Socialist leaders went over to the Tories and formed a 'National Government'. You may have forgotten it, but that 'National Government' rules you to-day, so that you can assess the results. They were the façade, these Socialist leaders, for a new decade of rule by class antagonism. Class antagonism, you thought, how can anybody talk of class antagonism when the foremost Socialist leaders are in the Government?

These men were the tools of the ruling class. One of them went to the House of Lords and died. Another was long Prime Minister, without power, a figure-head, and resigned eventually after his speeches in the House had long become incoherent and incomprehensible, so that his colleague, who had gone to the House of Lords, spoke of his 'constitutional inability to make any clear and understandable statement on any question' and advised the Cabinet 'to look into the case of the Prime Minister not only in his own interest but in that of the country, for it is a positive danger to the country that its affairs should be in the hands of a man who every time he speaks exposes his ignorance or incapacity.'

I met that Prime Minister myself, once, at Stresa, and talked to him alone. I was amazed and depressed beyond description. His speeches are still available to anybody who cares to read them and form his own picture of the man.

The third of these foremost Socialist leaders left the House in circumstances which are in most people's memory.

That tragedy of 1931 wrecked the great Socialist Party, which might have reinvigorated England, made England a land belonging to all its people, not only to a few, which might have made it invincible within its frontiers, humane and happy at home.

There is no hope in that party now. The health has gone out of it. It has been out-manoeuvred at every turn, it flounders about this way and that, always out of its depth in foreign policy, impotent to get anything done in England about slums, unemployment, under-nutrition, bad housing, and ill-health.

There are many men on the other side of the House who keenly feel these things, who see the dangers and the evils, but apparently the iron clutch of the Party Machine, which relentlessly rends any man who votes against The Party on any major class issue, intimidates them.

Those events of 1931 represent a major tragedy in British history, and if England returns to the Dark Ages they will mark the beginning of the process.

Now see what happens to a man who tries to enlighten you. For eight years L. MacNeill Weir was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the man who, tragically, was at the head of the Socialist Party in that historic hour, Ramsay MacDonald. In nearly every country this tragedy was repeated - the great Socialist Parties that forced their way through oppression and victimization to within reach of power in the second half of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century, threw up leaders unworthy of themselves.

Mr. MacNeill Weir tried for three years to publish a book giving the history of that momentous crisis. Here are his words:

I had thought that if one had a case to put before the British public it would be possible to put that case. I had thought that the freedom of the Press and of publication had been won. I was mistaken. I found that the publication of such a book was a difficult and even dangerous adventure. The character of the book became known to several people interested, and they recognized that it was an exposure of the 'National Government' and that its publication must be prevented. Persuasion was first tried. Certain friends of mine were approached with the object of persuading me not to publish the book. Later, persuasion developed into coercion. Although there is nothing in the book that comes even remotely within the scope of the Official Secrets Act, my ignorance of the Act was presumed and I was warned that I would be prosecuted under this statute. They could not prevent the author writing such a book but they could set about to prevent its being printed and published. A publisher or a printer could be intimidated by threats of legal action. This bane of publishers and editors, the law of libel, was invoked. Even subsidiary characters in the story were approached, shown the chapters and pages where references to them occurred, and urged to threaten the publishers with legal proceedings if the allusions were not deleted. Several interesting communications resulted. One came from a famous member of Parliament not even mentioned by name and not otherwise readily identifiable, who was persuaded to write a letter threatening proceedings unless a certain paragraph were deleted. A London editor, inquiring why there was so long delay in publication of the book, was told that the publication had been abandoned.<sup>[4]</sup>

Now do you see how the machine works? There is no censorship in England. Oh no. There is an Official Secrets Act, which you thought was meant for spies. There is a law of libel, the most ferocious in the world, which you thought was for the safeguarding of honest citizens against dishonest slurs on their character. If you criticize the Government, with affairs in their present mess, you are 'fouling your own nest'. An unwritten law says that you must not ask questions about a Permanent Official. Another unwritten law protects the dead.

These are the reasons why you are where you are.

Let me give you four instances of the way the machine works, under your free-speaking democracy:

(1) A London magistrate, addressing a Fascist accused and two witnesses who seem to have been more or less Red, said: 'I should like to see you get a dose of your own medicine and all of you put into concentration camps for five years and made to study history.'

The charge was a trivial one ('being found in an enclosed yard for unlawful purposes', which meant that the accused man had smeared Fascist slogans on walls). The magistrate may not have meant what he said but, to anyone who has seen a concentration camp and men who have been in ones this was a disgraceful statement. It seems to me a matter of great public interest. A question was asked in Parliament. The answer returned was the usual stereotyped one that 'No public interest would be served by discussing, and so on and so on ...'

I once lunched with a Junior Minister who, when asked what he would drink, said primly, 'Please, either water or a very small whisky. This afternoon we have questions, and I need to be alert.'

I should have thought alertness was the last quality needed for the kind of answer they give in the House of Commons. 'I am unable to add anything to the statement made by my right honourable friend on the Umpteenth of Bumbleberry.' 'I must have notice of that question.' 'The answer is in

the negative.' 'I have no knowledge of the incident to which the honourable member refers and shall be glad to have any information in his possession.' 'It is well known that foreign help is being used by both sides in Spain.'

(2) Mr. Mander, I think, once asked a question about an interview alleged to have been given to twelve or fourteen Canadian and American journalists by a British Prime Minister which gave an entirely different picture of British foreign policy from that officially proclaimed and officially presented to the dear old British public. The answer, if I remember rightly, was that he was 'a mischief maker'. Yet this seems to me a matter of the most vital interest to every Englishman.

(3) During the height of the crisis about Czechoslovakia a British Minister, Lord Winterton, that is to say, he is Chancellor of the Duchy, and if you have any earthly meaning what duties are described by that title I hope you will write and tell me, made an ironic statement about Soviet Russia, suggesting that she either did not offer or would not have given help to Czechoslovakia if that country had been attacked. Soviet Russia's treaty obligation, which she had categorically stated that she would fulfil, was to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia if France did so.

Now, it seems to me to be a matter of the most vital interest for every Englishman, in such a crisis, to know what other Great Powers would do. The Soviet Ambassador in London, M. Maisky, immediately called on Lord Halifax to protest that Lord Winterton's statement was in flat contradiction to the public and official declaration made, a few days before it, by the Soviet delegate to the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva. Lord Halifax told M. Maisky that 'it was inevitable at a time of crisis that many rumours should be in circulation and there was little profit in recriminations'.

What on Mars does this mean? Soviet Russia made an official statement of her intentions, Lord Winterton told the British public something quite different. When the Soviet Ambassador protested he was told, 'Why recriminate?'

What was the truth? That the British Government wanted its public to believe that Russia was backing out too?

The dear old British public, however, still did not know the facts. About six weeks afterwards a question was asked in the House, to elicit them. The questioner was rebuked by Mr. Chamberlain for 'trying to make trouble between two friendly Governments'. Not Lord Winterton, but the questioner. Pressed, Lord Winterton himself got up and said the Russian Ambassador had been good enough to say that the incident was closed 'and he could not think it would be in the public interest to add or subtract anything from the statement made by the Prime Minister'.

So now you know what the public interest is - to know nothing, to be told something that is not true, and then not to be told that it was wrong because that is not in the public interest.

(4) A question was asked in the House about Sir Horace Wilson. He, as you know, accompanied Mr. Chamberlain on his three journeys to Herr Hitler, he made a fourth journey in between as Mr. Chamberlain's emissary, he was Chief Economic Adviser to the Cabinet, he read the ultimatum to the Czechoslovak 'observers' 'stating formally that he had nothing to add', and, as it seems to me, it would have been a matter of the most enormous public interest to know what Sir Horace Wilson's qualifications were in foreign affairs, for assisting at the carve-up of Czechoslovakia, and for a leading part in the process of altering the map of Europe.

The answer given was that it was the practice of the House not to mention the name of any permanent official and we deprecate any departure from the usual practice.

We deprecate. We deplore. The usual practice. Mischief-making. Not in the public interest. Fouling your own nest.

Do you see how you are fobbed off and bamboozled and have dust thrown in your eyes and are duped? What in the name of Demosthenes is the advantage of a democracy manipulated like this one?

*Insanity Fair* brought me a letter from an American reader. This is an extract from it:

I have come to the reluctant conclusion that England is in fact no friend of democracy and while in fact pretending to be such a friend is in fact a friend of the Fascist countries, Germany, Italy and Japan, and would destroy the power and prestige of democracies rather than have these Fascist countries defeated and discredited. It seems to me that, notwithstanding that the English people are democratic at heart, they are actually ruled by a small group of Tories who would sacrifice democracy and the whole British Empire rather than see real democracy and liberalism supreme. They seem to fear that if the radical and democratic countries become more powerful, it will encourage radicalism in their own country with the inevitable conclusion that their own power and wealth will be diminished. The evidence that England is dominated by such a group who would sacrifice the interest and principles, even the life of the British Empire, for their own selfish interests seems to me to be borne out by a plethora of evidence that is conclusive and overwhelming. It is manifest that Hitler could have been curbed long ago when he had no armaments and army and it was just as obvious then, when he first got in power, that if he were not curbed he would do exactly what he has been doing; increase his military strength with a view to doing exactly the things that he has been doing. Even a child with the most rudimentary understanding of the motives, purposes and objectives of the present German Government knew that Hitler would do exactly what he has been doing if given the chance. The impression seems to prevail that England, no matter what the provocation, does not wish to take any serious action against the Fascist countries under any circumstances. While the rulers of England make a great pretence at being shocked at the violations of international law and decency on the part of the Fascist countries, this pretence is done only for home consumption and perhaps for the benefit of other democratic countries of the world, but is entirely insincere. No one takes seriously the thesis of the ruling class of England that they have done what they have done to prevent being involved in war; in fact the evidence is quite persuasive that they have been doing the only thing that will make a war inevitable ... I would certainly welcome any information from England that would have a tendency to convince me that the rulers of England are more democratic and less Fascist than I think they are, and that they would not destroy the British Empire and democracy the world over merely to save or protect the holdings of a few of the wealthier Tories in England.

I have studied and studied that letter from that American and cannot find any hole to pick in it. I cannot find any evidence that would have 'a tendency to convince' him that his opinion is wrong. I think it is right. On the eve of 1939, after all that has happened, with all that is about to happen, the evidence in favour of his opinion is overwhelming. Nevertheless, it is most unfortunate that what would otherwise be a clear-cut issue for Englishmen is clouded and obscured by a third issue - that of the Jews. Englishmen would fight again to make their country and the world free and happy. They do not want to fight to make Berlin safe for the Jews.

Consider the facts. The Duchess of Atholl Conservative member for fifteen years for Kinross and West Perth, thinks that our foreign policy is leading us to disaster. She disagrees with the Government. Not even a Duchess may do that with impunity. Immediately the Party Machine gets to work, she is disowned by her local Conservative Association. Not even a Duchess - not even a King - may challenge the little coterie that rules us.

Duff Cooper resigns. Immediately a letter appears in *The Times* castigating him as a renegade. He was elected to support the National Government. How dare he oppose it?

Do you remember on what appeal this Government was elected? To succour a small country against a mighty aggressor? As soon as the election was won the small country - which could have made good terms, as Benesh could have made good terms, if it had been told in advance - was left completely alone, face to face with one of the strongest military powers in the world. Then the same thing happens to another small country. A Minister resigns. He is the traitor, not the Government elected on that very issue.

It is impossible to believe that the people who have done these things did not know what they were doing. The long, long trail from China and Abyssinia to Spain and Austria and Czechoslovakia was plain to see in advance, and they were told about it long in advance. Immediately after the Peace of Munich the way was cleared for the ruthless subjugation of another small State - Spain.

For nearly three years Republican Spain has held out. Do you think a government could have done that, against 80,000 Moors and 80,000 Italians and masses of German and Italian aeroplanes and artillery and tanks, if it hadn't the people behind it? Your Lord Chancellor speaks contemptuously of the 'so-called Government of Spain'. Does this not show you the trend of the wind, the real state of your Government's mind? Immediately after the Peace of Munich the latest Gentleman's Agreement with Italy, *cherchez le gentilhomme*, was brought into force, by the docile Conservative majority of the House of Commons. Nothing has changed, to justify its honouring. Italy has not withdrawn her troops. They are bombing Spanish women and children every day. We need to be 'realist' about it.

Ah, if I could be a realist. Life is real, life is earnest and things are not what they seem. To me, a dead child in a Madrid street, killed by an Italian or German bomb, seems to be a dead child in a Madrid Street, killed by an Italian or German bomb, killed by men from a country which, in the name of sanity, if there is such a thing, cannot have any right to kill children in Spain, to be in Spain at all. What has Spain ever done to them?

But to a realist that child is a Red, deservedly done to death by Franco's gallant Christian soldiers, the Moors, the Germans, the Italians. The rich men in all countries, the Church, the Royalists, all applaud.

Nothing has changed in Spain to justify the ratification of that agreement. Mr. Chamberlain said one thing had changed, the thing that had prevented him from ratifying it sooner - 'the Spanish war is no longer a danger to European peace'.

How is it less or more a danger to European peace now than then? Because you are going to increase your support of Franco, help to starve out the Republicans? But look out for yourselves. Not long ago, on the east coast of England, you saw the flashes of gunfire - off the east coast of England! They came from a Franco ship that was shelling a Republican ship. Look out! A little while, if you go on like this, and you will be seeing those flashes again, but the shells will be falling on English soil.

Lord Halifax has told you that 'Signor Mussolini has always made it plain from the time of the last conversations with the British Government that, for reasons known to us all, whether we approve of them or not, he is not prepared to see General Franco defeated'.

There you have it. There you have the definition of 'non-intervention'. Franco must win. You have sanctioned the victory in advance. The Non-Intervention Committee, that grisly and ghastly tribunal, may still be sitting for all I know. It should have a coat of arms - the three monkeys, see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing. But even that wouldn't be honest, because it does see, does hear, does know. It knew all along what it was for - to let Franco win. Only one monkey: say nothing.

What will become of Spain, if Franco wins, and what will it mean to you? Listen to Mr. Chamberlain, and read his words again after Franco has won:

Some honourable members with that eternal tendency to suspicion which I am afraid only breeds corresponding suspicion on the other side (loud cheers) persist in the view that Germany and Italy have a design of somehow permanently establishing themselves in Spain and that Spain itself would presently be setting up a Fascist state. I believe both these views to be entirely unfounded. When I was at Munich I spoke on the subject of the future of Spain with both Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini and both of them assured me most definitely that they had no territorial ambitions in Spain ... I am perfectly clear in my own mind that the Spanish question is no longer a menace to the peace of Europe.

If you are prepared to hold Republican Spain down, as you held Czechoslovakia down, of course it is not a menace to the peace of Europe, it never was, and Columbus alone knows what such words mean.

But consider the rest of that passage. If Mr. Chamberlain believes that you are in more than mortal danger, you are lost. Under such leadership you must be lost.

What is this war in Spain about, why are the Germans and Italians helping, why is Franco using 80,000 Moors, 80,000 Italians and 13,000 Germans to kill his own countrymen, if not to set up a Fascist state? I will eat my steel helmet and gasmask if Franco, providing that he wins, does not set up a Fascist state - by which I mean a state with concentration camps for Spanish workpeople (Marxists), beatings-up, one monopolistic political party, storm troopers, no freedom of the spoken or written word, no trades unions, and in foreign policy an alliance with Italy and Germany if those two countries are then still allies. Franco himself has declared that he will take vengeance on two million people - TWO MILLION PEOPLE - when he wins. There will be a reign of terror far worse than Germany ever knew.

It is almost beyond belief that such things should be told the British Public by Ministers of the Crown.

'No territorial ambitions in Spain.' What are you meant to believe by this? That as soon as Franco wins all the Germans and Italians will retire to Germany and Italy? It is not true. That they won't be there in fifty years I can believe, but what English people presumably want to know is whether they will be there after Franco's victory and what this might mean to England.

The facts are these. Big German guns, in large numbers, have been mounted on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar since 1936. If war breaks out they can at the worst keep your navy out of the Mediterranean altogether; at the best cause you the loss of many costly ships and valuable lives.



These guns will not be dismantled if Franco wins. They will stay there, German-manned, a deadly menace to you. A most important piece in the war game has already passed out of your hands.

In the Mediterranean itself Italy has established air bases in the Balearic Islands. These islands intercept the communications of France with her African colonies, Algeria and Tunis, on which she counts for large numbers of coloured troops in case of war. These troops will not be able to pass. Italy will not withdraw from these bases if Franco wins. Franco cannot refuse the countries that have helped him to power the use of these bases'

In Spain, especially in the north, nearly all the aerodromes are in German hands. German artillery and German fortifications are there. France is just across the border. Is France still your ally? The Germans will not give up these aerodromes, these guns and forts if Franco wins.

Such is the picture of your position in the world. And still that docile majority in Parliament troops into the lobby and says Aye to everything that is done, still those completely misleading speeches come from the Government benches, still the great British public flounders about in a quicksand of misinformation. Since I wrote last, a year ago, the position has changed so much to your disadvantage that I hardly see now how it can be saved.

Now look at the picture at home. This is from *The Times*, under the heading 'Growing up in Shoreditch - squalor and ill-health - five in a bed'.

The facts are taken from a report of the Shoreditch Housing Association. They reveal, says *The Times*, 'conditions of almost unbelievable squalor, overcrowding, insanitation, lack of open spaces, ill-health, and poverty in the East End of London', and this total picture, says *The Times*, is 'disquieting'.

Ah, that disquiet. It keeps you awake at nights.

The report is based on the examination of 400 children. It says that about 75 per cent of the houses in which they lived are bug-infested, and many of them are very damp, causing among other things a high incidence of rheumatism, which affects children as well as adults. One child in six suffers from one or more of the following diseases: rheumatism, anaemia, weak heart, bronchitis, otorrhea, and chorea. During school age these diseases are noted and treated; after leaving school these Londoners, citizens of the richest city in the world, 'receive the minimum of medical attention'. 'Very few children get a holiday away from home, except perhaps for a week-end trip ... The whole picture is one of drab monotony.' The report gave ten sample cases. In one, five children slept in one bed in a back-room, in which cooking, washing and eating also took place. In another case an entire family slept in one small room, except the eldest girl, who used two chairs in the living room. Mrs. X, one of the samples, was 'very bitter'. None of her children had what she considered a decent job though three were working. The eldest boy had a tumour on the brain and was rapidly going blind. One girl, was bedridden, crippled and hopelessly misshapen, with rheumatoid arthritis in arms, legs and body. The youngest girl had a tubercular hip.

The lack of privacy, the constant noise and the inability to rest peacefully drive many growing boys and girls to spend their leisure hours away from home, often walking the streets at a loose end and an easy prey to undesirable habits. The children have nowhere indoors to play, for the congestion of people is always accompanied by a terrifying congestion of furniture ... They are also forced into constant contact with their elders and generally acquire at an early age habits such as swearing and gambling. Two-thirds of the school-children normally play in the streets. The borough of Shoreditch, one square mile in area, contains only nine

acres of open spaces and nearly half this area is churchyards. The insanitary state of many of the homes is demonstrated by the frequency with which lavatories are shared by several families and even more by the appalling lack of washing facilities. The only tap is out-of-doors in one-third of the cases, in over a quarter every drop of water has to be carried upstairs from the tap to the rooms in which the family lives, and in two-thirds there is neither a bath nor any suitable substitute for it.

I mix these two things up - the plight of England in the world and the plight of people in England - because they seem to me to hang together. I can only explain the behaviour of England in world affairs, and the pass she has come to, by contemplating Shoreditch. Then I think, either the people who rule us are so inferior and callous that they cannot even abolish Shoreditch (the equivalent of which you could not find in a certain small country you know nothing about, Czechoslovakia) and their inefficiency explains the mess we have got to in the outer world; or they know about Shoreditch and are determined to keep Shoreditch like that and are pursuing a foreign policy deliberately calculated to bring about Fascism - and immunity from criticism - in England.

One of these two explanations is right. Both are frightful.

What are you going to do about it? I don't see any hope from Fascism if Fascism in England is going to be run by the very same people who have allowed Shoreditch, Hoxton, Stepney, Bethnal Green, Bermondsey, Jarrow and hundreds of other like places. That simply means the same people - and no criticism. Not that criticism seems to have achieved much yet. But I don't see why they should be spared it.

That is the awful thing - if you have a war, and Hitler wins, that means Fascism in England, probably in the hands of the same people. If you have a war and Hitler loses, the same people remain in power in England. If you don't have a war the same people remain in power in England.

What *can* you do about it? Neither the Conservative nor the Labour Party offers any hope. There is only one hope - a new party. Not a Churchill-Eden-Duff Cooper party, because that simply means the same class of man once again. They happen to have been right about foreign policy, but they are no nearer to the people than the others. You want a new party with some men like that in it but also with the younger men from the Socialist Party in it, with young men from all classes in it, and at least half from the working classes. But not doctrinaire trades unionists - I have seen these bureaucrats at work in half a dozen countries and they never get anywhere. You want young men who will at last mend these intolerable evils in England, clear away these intolerable slums, put an end, at once, to these intolerable housing and health conditions, see that every English child, somehow, has a right to good health and enough food and light and air, get that intolerable unemployment figure down somehow.

If you could take care of the people, foreign policy would take care of itself. If you cannot make England safe for the people, then England deserves what it gets.

I was criticized, when I wrote *Insanity Fair*, for seeing only despair and never saying what ought to be done about it. I don't think the criticism was right. At the end of the war I thought we should have inflicted a complete military defeat on Germany, but I was only a young officer and couldn't give orders to Lloyd George or Foch. Later, when I went to Germany, I was confirmed in my view; I couldn't see the use of sacrificing a million Britishers if you were afraid to consolidate your victory. When Germany began rearming, I felt, desperately, that we ought to rearm so fast that she couldn't outarm us and rob us of the fruits of victory. I wrote this, as far as I was allowed, in my

dispatches, as did most of my colleagues, and in private reports and letters, and when I was in England hammered away at every important man I could find, but nobody would take any notice.

Mr. Chamberlain, after Munich, said there had been a spiritual revival in England. I cannot see one. A spiritual revival must have some source, and from what source does this one spring? From the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia? From the thought that Franco is going to win in Spain? From the thought that Shoreditch is still Shoreditch?

If you want a spiritual revival you will have to stop throwing small countries to the wolves and do something about Shoreditch.

So there it is. You will see, soon, further German expansion in Europe. You will, in my opinion, return your colonies to her. Not your bounds will be set wider, but Germany's. At the end lies - war or capitulation. But if you go to war, it should be, not for the Jews, but to make the masses free and healthy in England and in other countries. You cannot be expected to dethrone one system of racial antagonism in order to enthrone another.

Now, the first tenet of your foreign policy must still be rearm, rearm, rearm, but I fear that it is already too late, that you have been too far outarmed. Also, the events of recent years have given good ground for suspicion that those arms might be used, not to defend democracy but to defeat it. We should have been better off if Germany had won the war in 1914. The world to-day would have been groaning under the German yoke - but that is coming anyway, and we should have saved millions of lives.

So long as Shoreditch is like that it's nonsense to talk about mother of the free, anyway.

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## Chapter Twenty Nine

### CHRISTMASTIDE IN PRAGUE

On a December day I watched the third President of Czecho-Slovakia - spelt with a hyphen now - drive from the Parliament building, after his election, across the Moldau and up the hill to the Hradschin, the castle of the Kings of Bohemia on the hilltop. A few minutes later the Presidential standard ran up the mast, bare for two months, and fluttered again at the top. After the crowds had cleared away, the Hradschin, loveliest of palaces, looked exactly the same as it had looked a month, a year, ten years before, save that the Czech Legionaries, doing sentry in the courtyard, now wore Czech uniform: they could not be induced any longer to wear the French uniforms they had earned in the war and worn ever since, and the Italian and Serbo-Russian uniforms had been simultaneously withdrawn.

A picturesque little *cortège* trotted up that most picturesque of hills before the car of the new President, Dr. Emil Hacha. In front cantered Czech dragoons, their red breeches vividly slashing the white horses on which they were mounted, the soldiers of one of the finest armies in Europe, though a small one, beaten without a battle, subdued by an array of overwhelming force.

But the little *cortège* went up the hill between silent crowds. Dr. Hacha, as they knew, as he knew, was the President of their vassaldom, of a new era of tutelage. All he could do was to do his best. He would never be President of a nation of freemen. His not to reason why; his but to sign on the dotted line. Only a patriot would have accepted so thankless a task.

Up this hill Masaryk and Benesh had driven, amid thunderous cheers. Down this hill I had followed Masaryk's coffin, between silent and weeping crowds, that felt in foreboding, if they did not foresee, what was to befall them. Now Dr. Hacha drove up the hill. 'History', as the morons say, 'was being made.'

This was the last spadeful of earth on the grave of the free Czechoslovak Republic. In the present lay submission to a foreign race that for a thousand years had repeatedly overrun the Czechs. In the future, near or distant, but probably remote, lay only the hope that the Czechs would one day experience a glorious national resurrection. After centuries of battle and struggle, after the loss of untold millions of lives, a nation of freemen had at last been planted here in the Bohemian lands, in the heart of Europe, where the tyranny of kings, the tyranny of dynasties, the tyranny of nobles had long held sway. That one achievement made the whole World War worth while. Now this too was gone, and the dragoons cantered up the hill. Another twenty years, another half century, another century, more centuries of alien domination and class antagonism lay before Europe. For this, a million Britishers had died. This, England had helped to bring about.

I was glad to spend a great part of the winter in Czecho-Slovakia, because I wanted to watch the decline and death of this isolated democracy. Death, in the sense of the loss of freedom, which is death. A tiny spark of life remains, a faint pulse-beat survives, in the unquenchable longing of men to be free again, if not themselves, then their sons, or their sons' sons.

These Czechs were free in a sense that Englishmen are not free. They owned their land, or could own it if they wished. If they had leisure, the whole land was open to them. They were not the serfs of a plutocracy, the minions of millionaires. You nowhere saw a keep-out notice; if you wished to climb a mountain you might do so. There was no ruling class, entitled to rule by position and not by merit; the politicians sprang from the people. There was no officer caste; the officers, too, were of

the people, travelled in tramcars with them, sat at the next table to them in modest restaurants. This was a people's state.

Take a brief glance at the history of the lands which the Czechs inhabit, which we may call Bohemia and Moravia. Just about a thousand years before Dr. Emil Hacha drove up the hill, in the year 925, Prince Wenceslas, finding the superiority of the Germans in numbers and arms too great to resist, made an agreement with them. He said, 'I will become part of your realm, as an independent Czech Prince, and I will pay you yearly 120 oxen and 300 talents of silver'. This tribute was, indeed, paid for centuries. For Prince Wenceslas, as for the Czechs in 1938, there were two possibilities: war or peace. He made peace. He was killed a few years afterwards by Czech patriots - by his own brother, for that matter.

Prince Wenceslas surrendered the liberties of the free Czech nation as the lesser of two evils, and with the thought in his mind, 'One day the nation may become free again; if I do not make peace now, it may perish altogether'.

Dr. Emil Hacha, before he drove up the hill, was presented by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Prague, on the steps of Parliament, with the skull of that Wenceslas, which he kissed. A symbolic gesture, meaning, 'I herewith absorb the wisdom and inherit the tradition of Wenceslas'.

But after that submission an interminable quarrel began between Germans and Czechs about the measure of that 'Czech independence' which had been guaranteed. Guarantees, in 938 as in 1938, were things as difficult to hold fast as a soaped eel. The Czech seditionists (do you know this word, it is often used by Anglo-Indian colonels about Indians?) always had their own ideas about the way to govern their country and about foreign policy. The successors of Wenceslas made alliances with Poland and Hungary - 'the barrier against the German drive to the east'.

However, the Czechs asserted themselves, and by 1212 the Princes of Bohemia were Kings of Bohemia and by 1348 the King of Bohemia was Holy Roman Emperor and ruled over the Germans from Prague. In Prague, indeed, was the Central Chancery of the German Empire, and from it the development of the modern German language began. Here Martin Luther found his inspiration for the translation into German of the Bible. Perhaps this is what the Germans mean when they say that Prague is a German city. Charles IV was Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and his son Wenceslas IV - your Good King Wenceslas - was also Kaiser.

Then for a time the Czech kings were completely independent of Germany until Czech independence perished at the Battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1618, which was a victory for the German nation and the Catholic Church over the Czech nation and Protestantism.

Incidentally, James I of England was at that time the ally of the Czechs and had promised help in such an emergency. There were even two Runcimans sitting in the Castle at Prague and telling the King of Bohemia that their King was his father and mother and would help him, and that was how the Czechs lost their independence, and you see that everything then was very much as it is now save that umbrellas had not been invented.

Bohemia remained a Kingdom, but without the braking power of the Czech nobles, who in feudal times represented a democratic element against the autocratic authority of the king. The Czech nobles were killed in the battle or driven out, and their lands and privileges given to Catholic German nobles. Nevertheless, those historic frontiers of the Kingdom of Bohemia remained as they always had been. In 1938, when they were a thousand years old, 'an eminent English jurist' discovered that even after a victorious war it would be impossible to put them together again. The

Emperor in Vienna was for centuries 'King of Bohemia', of the lands contained within those immemorial frontiers, which the Czechs had first inhabited and fought so tenaciously to retain.

Within those historic frontiers, the oldest in Europe, three waves of Germanization followed each other in the course of the thousand years:

(1) During the glorious period of Bohemian history, German handicraftsmen were brought in and settled by the invitation of the Czechs in the border districts. This was a friendly proceeding.

(2) After the Battle of the White Mountain, the lands of the Czech nobles were given to the Catholic German nobles; this was aggressive and violent Germanization.

(3) In the mechanical and industrial age of the nineteenth century, industries were deliberately settled in the northern part of Bohemia. There was a reason for this. After 1866, when Prussia defeated Austria, a prospect of eternal peace stretched ahead between the Emperor in Vienna and the King (subsequently Emperor) in Berlin. It was the age of the Berlin-Vienna axis, in the eloquent language of our time. This being so, Northern Bohemia, midway between Berlin and Vienna, was the safest place for Austria-Hungary to put its industries. The Polish, Italian and Hungarian provinces were much too exposed to the danger of war. Moreover, Northern Bohemia was especially well suited for industry; it had the timber and coal and water-power that industry needs. From these two ruling ideas, strategic and geological suitability, the industries of Austria-Hungary were planted in Northern Bohemia. A very large proportion of this industry was Jewish, and financed with Jewish money. The Jews, who prefer the big battalions, were all heart and soul for the Emperor in Berlin or the Emperor in Vienna; what chance had a Czech Jew of becoming a General or Hofrat? They compelled their Czech workmen to send their children to German schools.

Thus Bohemia lost millions of its Czechs. In the areas handed to Hitler, as a result of Munich, were towns where the population was preponderantly for Germany, but the names on the stones in the churchyard were all Czech. Henlein himself had a Czech mother. Czech peasants were transformed into German workmen and miners. The peak of this period of Germanization was reached with the famous Austro-Hungarian census of 1910 - used by the Four Just Men of Munich as the chart for their amputations. At that time the Governor and the whole administration of Czech Bohemia were German. High native-born Czech officials had to speak German with other officials senior or junior to them. The Czechs retained nevertheless their longing for freedom, but even their Parliament was dissolved in 1908, and remained dissolved until the World War, because the Czechs, from democratic conviction and fellow-feeling for the Slavs in the South, opposed the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Even then they saw the coming war. The dissolution of their Parliament was part of the preparation for it. Another part of it was the memorable census of 1910, when men were asked, not 'What is your mother tongue?' but 'What language do you customarily use?', and as they were compelled anyway to speak German they answered 'German' and were inscribed as Germans, and this census was used, twenty-eight years later, and after a world war, at Munich.

On this basis, of knowledge and justice, the ancient Czech frontiers were destroyed.

These were the three waves of Germanization which successively broke upon this small but unconquerable nation in the heart of Europe. In 1938 Dr. Emil Hacha, kissing the skull of Saint Wenceslas, resumed perforce the 'policy of fulfilment' practised by that Bohemian Prince. The 'policy of fulfilment', as you may not remember, was a phrase used much by Germany after the war, until the shackles had been broken.

I came to Czecho-Slovakia to watch the fourth wave of Germanization, for history shows that, when the Germans have the Czechs in their hands, they generally seek to Germanize them. And Bohemia is now the bird in the German hand; close the fingers and it is crushed. Hitler has said, 'We do not want any Czechs'. He took over territory containing nearly a million. He is building a wall round the rest.

Now come with me and watch Germanization in practice.

At Munich four things were supposed to have been saved for the Czechs, four safeguards which justified the Franco-British ultimatum to them and the desertion of them, which entitled Mr. Chamberlain to claim that he had brought back 'Peace with honour'. They were (1) International guarantee of the new frontiers; (2) plebiscite; (3) right of option; (4) orderly and progressive occupation by stages between October 1st and October 10th.

There has been no international guarantee. As I write, the Czechs are pressing for it, not because they have any illusions about its effectiveness, they know that they are held in the hollow of Hitler's hand, but because they think the Great Powers which ordered their dismemberment should at least make good their promises. Whether an international guarantee will be given or not, I do not know. It would be the greatest hypocrisy. Only Germany can guarantee the frontiers-now.

There was no plebiscite. Any plebiscite would have been a farce.

There is no right of option for Germans to become Czechoslovaks. All Germans in the occupied areas become automatically Germans. For those who do not want that, there is only a right of flight, which every man has without a Treaty of Munich.

Now we come to the occupation, which continued by a creeping process - the Czechs had been ordered by the Ambassadors in Berlin always to fall back - until the middle of November, when much more territory had been taken than the British public was ever led to expect, including large areas almost entirely Czech. I saw some of the last slices being carved off, and this is where you may watch Germanization at work with me.

In the extreme west of Czecho-Slovakia is a small frontier district which arouses in the heart of every Czech the same feelings that the thought of Waterloo or Trafalgar cause to an Englishman. Or even deeper feelings. Those battles gave us another century of freedom from invasion. This little frontier district is the cradle of the Czech nation, it symbolizes for the Czechs a thousand years of struggle against foreign invaders, the survival of the Czech people and the Czech language against all odds. There is not a German in this area. About half of it now lies in Germany. This is the story.

About the year 1100 Prince Bratislav settled peasants in the neighbourhood of the town of Domadzlidze, the centre of the district which I am describing. Either they had inhabited that part of the country from the beginning of history as we reckon it, or they were imported Eastern Slavs from the Polish or Russian frontiers; their dialect has points of resemblance with Ukrainian.

These few men had an especial task and especial privileges which have made them renowned in Czech history. They were the Guardians of the Frontier, of that historic frontier, where magnificent forests run over romantic Bohemian hills. They were exempted from all taxes, given the right to bear arms, they owed labour to no lord. They were freemen in the noblest sense of the word. Their emblem, the dog's head, you may see everywhere to-day in that district; they themselves were known as the Dogs' Heads.

In return for these rare privileges, their duty was, like that of the Cossacks, to watch and guard the south-western frontier of Bohemia, where the Golden Road led in that brought the salt from Salzburg. They had to guard half of the Böhmerwald, the Bohemian Forest, and the passes leading into it.

Fourteen villages round the town of Domadzlidze, the Dogs' Heads built, and all through the centuries they lived in them and kept their breed pure. The district is called Chodsko, from a word meaning to walk or patrol, and the people are the Choden. Their duty was to patrol the frontiers and keep a look-out for the raiding Germans, and when they saw them to light a beacon, which was repeated by other watchers on the next hilltop and the next, so that the alarm spread like quickfire, and the peasants from all the villages hastened to Domadzlidze, where the King's Captain organized the defence until the King's soldiers should come to their aid.

The rights and privileges of the Choden were respected by every dynasty and every king until the Battle of the White Mountain. Then the villages were given by the German Emperor to a German noble, who built a castle and imposed his laws on these freemen. There was a peasant rising against him, and the Choden sent deputations to Prague and Vienna with the parchment charters of their ancient rights - 300 years later, when I was in Domadzlidze, the Mayor had just made an equally vain journey in the same cause to Berlin, to try and see Hitler - and many of the baron's soldiers were killed, but in the end numbers prevailed, the Choden leader Kosina was captured and hanged at Pilsen.

From that time, the Choden lost their privileges. But the centuries of proud tradition were deep in their bones, the instinct of the frontiersmen strong in their blood, and when everything was Germanized this, somehow, remained a purely Czech country, pure in breed, pure in spirit, pure in patriotism.

Here, in this little corner of Bohemia, you could see, in the flesh, what it means to have the blood of freemen in you. These fourteen villages produced the finest stock in all Bohemia, the best poets, the best doctors, the best teachers and professors and priests. This was the cradle of the moral strength of Czechoslovakia. It is the one corner of Bohemia where the lovely old costumes are still in daily wear. The physique of the people is splendid, here you see young men and girls of rare beauty.

This district was more than entirely Czech. It was Bohemia. To take this district was to spill vitriol on an open wound. Of the fourteen villages, freed again in 1918, the Germans in 1938 took seven. Why? That is another interesting story.

The German nobleman who was given these Choden villages after the Battle of the White Mountain bequeathed them to his son and in course of time they passed, apparently by inheritance, to an Italian nobleman, and then, I suppose again by inheritance, to a German noble family which owned them when the World War ended. Then the Czechoslovak state was founded, the Choden found themselves again under Czech rule and freemen - and a part of the German nobleman's land was taken from him, against compensation, to provide land for those peasants who had been there for a thousand years.

The German nobleman still had vast possessions, but they did not satisfy him. Now you know why those seven villages were taken by Germany in 1938. Now you have perhaps some idea how Germanization works, how Germans may be made. You only need another census in 1940, another Munich in 1950, and more 'predominantly German areas' will be ready for handing over. I have described this incident for the particular benefit of those fair's-fair people who during the Czechoslovak crisis threw up their hands in perplexity and just couldn't understand why 'the German areas' were not given to Germany and all would be well.



This particular incident seems to me to be most important, because it indicates the real motives that are behind some actions in international politics - not 'self-determination', not patriotism, but the very old motive of personal greed and grab, of class antagonism. In this case German National Socialism, with its proclaimed respect for race, its professed belief in the system of the land-owning peasant and the inalienable family farm, was the friend of the great German landowner and the enemy of the small Czech peasant, the friend of the bondmaster and the enemy of the freeman.

An episode, but a highly significant one. Consider everything that has happened and is happening in Europe, not as a clash between country and country but as a clash between class and class, not as an inter-state war but as a class war, and much becomes clear that previously seemed inexplicable.

I first became convinced, in 1936, that Czechoslovakia would be thrown to the wolves because of the hostility to that state which I observed among certain British representatives. At that time I thought they were biased or ill-informed. Looking back I feel convinced that their unfriendly feeling to that state was a thing rooted in class antagonism, and that the feeling was shared, from the same motives, by influential people in England who at the decisive moment pulled a deal of weight. That taking of land from the big landowners was the thing they couldn't forget. The liberation of the masses meant nothing to them. There were foreign millionaires among those great landowners who lost some of their acres to furnish peasants with farms.

In my view, then, the hostile spirit that I observed among certain British representatives was but the reflection of a hostile spirit that prevailed among some people in high places at home. I mentioned this spirit in a chapter of *Insanity Fair*, written long before the fall of Czechoslovakia and said that it showed which way the wind was blowing. The people I had in mind allowed themselves an outspoken unfriendliness about the state in which they dwelled, which would have brought them immediate recall in any neighbouring state, and their attitude was implicitly friendly to the neighbouring, anti-democratic state which was besieging Czechoslovakia.

Thus I was not surprised when, immediately after the annexation of Austria, a junior British Minister made a speech which was tantamount to an invitation to Hitler to go ahead with Czechoslovakia. Afterwards he made a bashful withdrawal, saying he couldn't think why he had done it, he was just a simple sort of chap and didn't understand these things at all, really, actually. To me, that didn't seem to help much. First, I had the feeling that in his big, clumsy, bless-the-lad way he had blurted out the truth; and secondly I gathered that not to know anything about anything was a great qualification for Ministerial office in England anyway, so why apologize?

Assume this motive of class antagonism to be present among those who rule us, assume them to be possessed by the idea that the Fascist dictatorships are the enemies of the working-class masses and the friends of the wealthy classes, and must therefore not be destroyed, and you can understand everything that has happened in Europe. No other explanation fits.

Take that one, and the right-about-turn, immediately the 1935 election was won, in the Abyssinian affair becomes explicable. Mussolini must be allowed to win. Apply that explication to the Spanish affair, and it becomes comprehensible. Franco, the protégé of Mussolini and Hitler, must be allowed to win. Apply it again to Czechoslovakia, and it fits again. Hitler must be allowed to win. The Fascist dictators have never tampered with private property; if they were discomfited you might get peasant and working-class movements springing up here and there.

Apply another test. Among the ruling classes in England there is, as far as I can discern no compassion for Abyssinians, none for Spanish women and children machine-gunned as they wait in a bread queue, none for destitute and hopeless Czech and German refugees. Express a word of compassion for such people and a dozen bishops, peers, baronets and colonels will write to the

newspapers to prove that they are 'Reds'. After a letter, to which I have already alluded, appeared in *The Times* pleading that 50,000 dead Chinese ought to be worth more compassion than one persecuted Jew a colonel replied that 'the Chinese after all can capitulate'. My daily newspaper, as I write, tells me that Franco has announced his intention to bomb 200 defenceless towns, has been machine-gunning those women in the bread queues; in another corner I read of an air raid which has killed dozens of Spanish children, and the newspaper comments, 'Our moral faculties are becoming numbed by the long-drawn-out horrors of war ... We are no longer shocked in our souls when we read of inoffensive civilians being slaughtered'.

Then why, if England has become indifferent to 'the slaughter of inoffensive civilians', why is there a nation-wide outburst of indignation and compassion when Hitler persecutes a Jew? He has not been slaughtering Jews. He has been depriving them of some of their property. When he does that the archbishops, the bishops, the ministers, the baronets and the colonels burst into a furious chorus of protest. Ministers who can see in Abyssinia, in Spain, in Czechoslovakia, in the German concentration camps, nothing to impede friendship with Germany, begin to say, 'It is hopeless, we shall have to give up trying and prepare for war.'

Why? These people do not protest about the concentration camps, which are primarily for Germans, not Jews, or about the things that go on there: it took about five years to kill Ossietzky. They do not protest about atrocities in Abyssinia. They do not protest about the bombing, that has been going on now for nearly three years, of women and children in Spain, in China. They are as silent as the grave about tens of thousands of homeless Czech and German refugees, who have lost every farthing they ever had.

But touch a Jew, take some of his possessions, put him into no-man's-land, and the whole British Press is filled with the clamour of angry protest.

And this is compassion, generous indignation? In my opinion, it is the voice of money talking. The Jews belong to the wealthy classes in England, an attack on them is an attack on The Rights of Property. Persecute a Jew, and your bishops will call for prayers, write letters to the newspapers, get up on the platform at protest meetings. Try to get these people to call for prayers the next time a hundred women and children are killed by bombs in some Spanish town, urge them to write to the Press about it, invite them to raise their voices on public platforms - and see what answer you get.

These were some of the thoughts that filled my mind when I watched those seven Choden villages being taken over by the Germans, thought of the great landowner again becoming overlord of these Czech peasants.

In Domadzlidze I saw those peasants, the descendants of the Dogs' Heads, streaming in from the fourteen villages, just before the annexation of seven of them, to protest against the thing that they knew was impending. A perfect picture of an unspoiled medieval Bohemian town, is Domadzlidze. The market place is a page out of a fairy-tale. On both sides stretch long rows of houses with arcaded fronts and walls a yard thick, some of them many hundreds of years old.

They gathered round the old fountain in the middle of the square, some two thousand of them, and one of their number harangued them. The mayor was sent for, and came in a car. This was he who had been to Berlin, as his predecessor three hundred years earlier to Prague and Vienna, to try and save the Chodenland. He too was hoisted on to the fountain, spoke to the crowd. 'We are doing everything we can', he said, 'we here, and the Government in Prague. But if Germany wants this land, we can do nothing. We can only hope.'

The crowd listened silently, and then sang the national anthem. A few days later the Germans took the seven villages. The German nobleman was able to re-enter into possession of those freed farms. Once more the Choden in them were bondmen.

I shall never forget that scene in Domadzlidze - the looks and physique of the people, the beauty of their costumes, the loveliness of their town, all the products of a thousand years of noble tradition, in freedom and in bondage.

In England no archbishop or peer, no retired diplomat or minister wrote to the newspapers about them. This didn't count as persecution. This was all perfectly normal and natural; honour had been done to The Rights of Property, The Right of Self-Determination. Set a debate about this subject in the House of Lords, and one noble lord after another would warmly argue that no free Englishman's conscience need be in the least disturbed by what happened in the Choden district, this is a small country far away that we know nothing about and we should mind our own business.

But let the Germans put twenty Jews into no-man's-land anywhere near the Choden district - indeed, this actually happened - and the compassion of the wealthier classes immediately boils over, your newspaper men are sent rushing to the spot to describe the scene, the back pages of your newspapers are filled with photographs of them, the letter columns are full of the clamour of generous indignation, telephone and telegraph cables hum as the appeals for help flash to and fro, emissaries constantly appear with provisions and fuel, disused factories are hurriedly and expensively converted into habitable quarters.

The same motive shows through every time. It raises a very big question for Englishmen, the biggest possible question. They fought one war to save their own skins and, at the same time, to liberate enslaved masses in other countries, and they succeeded. Now, everything that they helped to gain has been lost, their rulers do not oppose but connive in the process, but nevertheless they are told every day that they must rearm and rearm again, that another war may come.

What is that next war to be for, if it comes? Is a false ideal again to be dangled, carrotwise, before the nose of the men who go out to fight? Will the rulers of England have in their hearts a motive directly opposite to the one in whose name the idealism and energy of the nation is kindled - as in the case of Italy and sanctions, as in the case of Spain and non-intervention, as in the case of Czecho-Slovakia and self-determination?

Will that next war, if it comes, be fought to put the Choden back again, twenty years after, under alien rule, to have them deprived of their farms? Will it be fought to enable the poverty-stricken masses of Spain once more to be bloodily reduced to serfdom by Moors, Germans and Italians? Will it be fought to make England safe for non-access-to-mountains, for Shoreditch and Bermondsey, for under-nutrition and unemployment and jerrybuilding, for white shirts and tiaras, for imported smut on the stage and the bookstalls, for the sacred rights of property reaching down even to the bowels of the earth, for the Jews in England and to put the Jews back where they were in Berlin?

If that is to be the issue I should hope that Englishmen would not fight. And that seems to be the issue, as things are going now. Try to pin your rulers down to another issue, a clear issue, and they will wriggle away, they will fog you with indignant protestations and resounding but meaningless phrases.

While I was in Czecho-Slovakia in that winter the Poles and Hungarians each received their crumbs from the rich table of Munich. The Poles took theirs. The Hungarians were given their piece at the order of Germany and Italy. The award of large areas of Slovakia and Carpathian-Russia to

Hungary was a particularly bitter pill for the Czechs, because in a straight fight with Hungary they would have won in about five minutes, and now they had to hand over areas in which they had spent millions on development works to a country renowned for its dogged backwardness in social works. By doing so, they probably hastened the end of the reactionary regime in Hungary, but that was small comfort to them.

For the last time their bitterness flared up. 'They've taken nearly everything', said a Czech friend to me, 'the richest towns and the richest lands and the most valuable factories. Let them take everything. Let them take our trousers. What does it matter now?'

I went down to Slovakia about that time, and there, in a prison dormitory, I met my Hungarian acquaintance, the patriot-journalist, whom I had last seen waiting on the aerodrome for Imrédy and Kánya to return from seeing Hitler.

A strange encounter. In that prison were over 300 Hungarians, in raincoats and plus-fours and rough clothes, with a fortnight's growth of beard on their chins; you never saw such a crowd of hobbledehoys. They looked like tramps. But these were Hungarian officers and soldiers, put into plain clothes and sent over the frontier, with arms in their hands and their pockets stuffed full of bribe-money, to try and bring about such chaos in the coveted area that Poland and Hungary could nip in and share it out between them.

Never was there such a fiasco. My acquaintance X was the commander of that band. Led across the frontier in the night by a local guide, he penetrated without difficulty deep into Slovak territory. It did not occur to him that that was just what the Czechoslovak troops meant him to do; his knowledge of tactics seemed to be elementary. The next morning the Czechoslovaks sent troops and armoured cars, as they did every morning, along the frontier, to close it. X was in the net. As the grey and chilly dawn broke, X and his men, bivouacked in a wood on a hilltop, found they were hungry and cold, and X paid a peasant, whom he took to be a good Hungarian, 500 crowns for grapes and wine. The peasant gratefully pocketed the money and went off to tell the Czechoslovak troops what he had seen. A little later X, peering out of the trees, saw tanks circling round and round the hill. A little later he and his 300 men, minus a few who had been caught by tank bullets when they tried to make a dash for freedom, but without firing a shot themselves, were in that prison.

Seldom have I seen such aggrieved men, such artless dupes. They would never have harmed a kitten, said the gigantic X to me with eloquent gestures and a charming Hungarian smile. They had just been told that revolution had already broken out across the border and that they were to go in and restore order; the surrender of the area had already been agreed. Then why did they go in the dead of night, in civilian clothes, with rifles and bombs, with their pockets full of money?

X charmingly confessed his simplicity. None of these things had struck him at the time as being sinister. He kill a man? 'I am a journalist like you,' said X, 'I am a colleague and a gentleman and an officer. I would never harm anybody. I was an officer in the Great War, too, but do you think I would ever have killed a man? No. Now, do try your best to get us out of here. It is too bad that we are kept cooped up here and treated as common felons.'

The Hungarians have the most elegant manners and can turn on charm like a tap. They could disarm Satan himself with that friendly smile. But I should be reluctant to fall into their hands if I were a Slovak or a Croat. Indeed, some very unpleasant things happened in the first days of their occupation of the ceded territory.

At last it was all over, and Dr. Hacha drove up the hill and Dr. Franz Chvalkovsky, who had been Czechoslovak Minister at the three corners of the anti-Comintern triangle, Berlin, Rome and Tokyo, and had long warned against implicit reliance on France and England, became Foreign Minister, and the new Prime Minister, Rudolf Beran, an old enemy of Benesh, in his first national broadcast stated that, after Munich, Germany was obviously dominant in Europe, that it would be foolish and disastrous to ignore this, and that Czecho-Slovakia, for the sake of her present and future generations, would plump for 'open collaboration with our mightiest neighbour'. Beran's newspaper, *Venkov*, stoutly supported Germany's claim for colonies - those colonies which free Czechoslovakia would have fought to help England retain.

Czecho-Slovakia returned, perforce, and after a thousand years, to the policy of Prince Wenceslas.

Here let me give you a glimpse of the enormously superior position, in tactics and strategy, that Hitler held during the Great Power manoeuvres that led to the subjugation of Czechoslovakia.

When the crisis was approaching its climax Benesh was in frequent telephonic communication with his Ministers in London and Paris, Masaryk and Osusky. It is now known for certain that every word he said was recorded on gramophone records in Germany. The international cable was tapped on German territory. Later Hitler, thanking German journalists at Munich for their collaboration in the great crisis, lifted a corner of the veil. He knew, he told them, everything that passed between Benesh and London, Benesh and Paris. When he heard Benesh one day express misgivings about the French attitude, he gave the order for the German Press 'to turn on the drumfire'. When he heard Benesh, on another day, express still greater misgivings about the attitude of the French, he ordered 'the drumfire to be increased'.

This gives you an instructive glimpse behind the scenes of the vociferous, deafening, eardrum-bursting German Press and radio campaign that played so great a part in the Czechoslovak crisis.

Do not make any mistake about the feeling in the hearts of the Czechs. They long to be free, because they know, from a thousand years of experience, that German domination means servitude, that Germany will encroach and encroach upon their home rule, until it is a tattered shroud, until Prague is avowedly 'a German city', until a German governor sits in Prague.

But they will faithfully pursue 'the policy of fulfilment', they will go with Germany in peace and war, because no other course is open to them; they are harnessed to the German juggernaut and you have forged their chains. Many of them will loyally pursue this policy. Many of them fought loyally for Austria-Hungary, in spite of everything, in the last war. Few of them wanted the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They only wanted home rule, equality of status with the Hungarians, the coronation of the Emperor in Prague as King of Bohemia, a Czech administration in the Czech lands. They did not want to break up the Austro-Hungarian Empire; they did not break it up. It broke up from within, in those stormy autumn days of 1918, and they took the only possible course - they formed their own state.

Now you come to a very interesting thing - the pledge for their vassaldom. This is the great German road across Czecho-Slovakia.

It is a strange thing that the meaning of this road seemed to escape the understanding of the outer world. It is the belt of the strait-jacket into which the Czechs have been forced. It is of the utmost strategic, military and political importance.

In those November days, before the Germans would agree to a fixed frontier with rump Czecho-Slovakia - the 'creeping' process was then going on daily - the Czechs were made to sign on the

dotted line the gift deed of a belt of territory, eighty yards wide and forty miles long, running across Czecho-Slovakia at the narrowest point from Breslau, by way of Brünn, to Vienna. On this is to be built a German road, linked up with the great inner-German network of Autobahnen.

The track of the road is sovereign German territory, a strip of Germany laid across Czecho-Slovakia just where the hyphen comes. It means the prolongation of the German frontiers across Czecho-Slovakia, the enclosure of the Czechs within the Reich. If a German commits any crime or offence on that road he is not subject to the penalties of Czecho-Slovak law; he may be judged only by German courts.

I think this is an entirely new device in map-making, in the Great Power game. Do you see what it means? It means that the Czech lands are a concentration camp. Formerly you had concentration camps in Germany for political opponents of the regime. Now you have concentration camps on the colossal scale, but on to the frontiers of the Reich, for the internment of foreign neighbours whose good behaviour is not quite sure.

Strategically it is genius. Germany has not interfered with the national independence of the Czechs; they may rule themselves, in their own lands. But they are contained in a German compound; their territory can be occupied within an hour or two if need arise.

By this extraordinarily astute device of the innocent-looking 'motor-road', the whole problem of ensuring the subjugation of the Czechs was solved at a stroke of the pen. When, a year ago, I was writing about the subjugation of Czecho-Slovakia, I wondered how this complete security could be achieved without the actual occupation of the whole country. I could not find the answer. I knew that Czecho-Slovakia would be reduced to servitude; I also knew that nothing less than complete security about this would satisfy the Germans. Only military occupation of the country seemed to offer that entire security. That was why I wrote, 'I think - I hope I am wrong about this - that the Germans will sit in Prague'.

Now the Germans have found that method, that I could not guess, of interning the Czechs without a military occupation. They do sit in Prague in the spirit, of course, and will appear there more and more in the flesh. But, given that road, they do not need to occupy the country. The bird is in the hand.

The bold and gigantic strategic conceptions of the Germans command admiration.

Read what Arthur Seyss-Inquart, electioneering in the Sudeten lands, says about the Czechs, Seyss-Inquart who, as I remember, before he appeared on the stage told me that in his opinion the frontiers of his native Bohemia should remain as they had always been:

National Socialism, which derives all its strength from the nation, does not wish to oppress foreign nations. But the Czechs must bear in mind that it is impossible for them to be enclosed in the Germanic territories and nevertheless to act against the laws of these territories.

I have discussed at length this new idea of the strategic road through foreign territory, because it is capable of indefinite extension. It is a marvellous means of bringing small neighbour peoples within your frontiers and under your domination by sleight of hand.

Soon a great road will run eastward from the north to south Breslau-Vienna road through narrow Carpathian-Ukraine to Rumania. If Germany demands from Hungary the right to build a road from there to Budapest, Hungary cannot refuse. In Yugoslavia, as I wrote earlier in this book, Walther

Funk, German Minister of Economics, has been laying emphasis on the need for good roads, on the German talent for building them. You may get a road from Budapest to Belgrade, from Belgrade to Zagreb, from Zagreb to the Adriatic. The areas contained by those roads would be under German domination. The land within them would be 'enclosed in the Germanic territories'. In all these areas there are large and well-organized German minorities.

What does it mean to live under German domination? I spent winter months in Czecho-Slovakia to find out. We are too much the prisoners of phrases, and too seldom take the trouble to think out just what they mean. They sound magnificent or terrible, but we take them too much for granted.

I remember once, at the Montreux Conference, somebody gravely said to me that if Soviet Russia's claims were granted this would destroy the 'balance of power in the Mediterranean'. For days I went about feeling that something precious to me was in imminent and mortal danger. I had a gloomy feeling that something I loved was to be done to death. Suddenly, sitting out on the calm lake and contemplating the Dent du Midi, I realized that I hadn't the faintest idea what the balance of power in the Mediterranean was and that for all I knew it might not matter a hoot to me if it were knocked head over heels.

Since that day I never allow myself either to be lulled to sleep or to be stirred to anger by a phrase - 'non-intervention', 'the sacred right of self-determination', 'loyalty to the League and the principle of collective action against aggression', or what not. I tear them asunder and try to get at the truth, which is often revolting and nearly always quite different.

What does it mean to live under German domination? I studied it in Czecho-Slovakia, where the domination is only beginning.

First of all, it means practically no difference at all for a nation that would or could, for a man who would or could, put all thoughts of nationhood out of its or his mind and accept the idea of a peaceful and possibly prosperous existence on one immutable condition - submission to German wishes, the abandonment of all opposition to German aims. Peace and happiness in the concentration camp. The Pax Germanica.

Take an individual case, a Czech who is, let us say, a butcher, a baker or candlestick-maker. If he has no feelings about national freedom, he may have just as good a life under German as under Czech rule. If he is an egoist, if he only wants to live well and earn as much as he can and find a pretty wife and go for week-end excursions into the countryside, why should he not? There always were Czech butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers; there always will be. To such a man it does not matter very much whether a German Governor sits in the Palace, whether somewhere, fifty miles away, a German road runs across his country.

Is not this, perhaps, the better philosophy, for a nation as well as for an individual man?

I watched Prague preparing for Christmas. Gaily decorated and illuminated Christmas trees in the main squares, with collection boxes beneath them for the poor. The shops full of Christmastide wares. Surging crowds of parcel-laden people. The children watching with big eyes the Christ Child, in electric lights, coming to Prague. A picturesque and happy Christmastide scene, a far prettier one than London offers at that season. Peace on earth and goodwill towards Hitler. Good King Wenceslas might look out on a Prague under German domination.

As I watched, I thought, but for Munich this might all have been smashed up. Surely this is better.

But, somehow, men will not accept this, possibly better, philosophy. The Czechs did not want this Christmas at this price. Even now, when the portraits of Masaryk and Benesh were being removed from public offices and schoolrooms, when the stamps with Benesh's head were being withdrawn, most of them only made the reproach against him that he did not fight, against no matter what odds.

You cannot root out that feeling in the hearts of men who want to be free, they will not, strange as this is, look upon life solely as a material undertaking, from which each man must extract the maximum of monetary profit and physical well-being for himself. They yearn for things of the spirit, and you cannot stop them. Imprison their spirits, and their Christmastide may look the same to you, but it is not the same to them.

Nevertheless, a great possibility of the near future is that large areas of Europe and large numbers of its people will have to submit to this German peace, this Pax Germanica, for long to come. That being so, I could not help but rejoice for the Czechs, even though they did not rejoice for themselves, as I watched them prepare for Christmas. Tens of thousands of refugees were huddled in cattle-trucks and camps, others were in the uniform of labour conscripts, making roads, prices were rising, their currency was slumping, their country was at the mercy of Germany. But they have withstood the shock marvellously well. They had passed from agonized despair to indifference, with bitterness hidden deep within themselves.

I now felt that, in the long run, Munich might be good for them. When the storm broke, they would be outside its fury; others would bear the full brunt of it. They had not wanted it like that; the others had compelled them. But because of that they would survive the storm and one day, in the far future, they, who deserved to be freemen, because they used their freedom well, might be free again. They had found such troubled peace as lies at the centre of the storm.

What was even a century to people who had fought for more than a thousand years? They had ardently desired, as their officers said, to be 'in the front rank of those condemned to death'. They, with a spirit now almost impossible to find in Europe, had rushed to impale themselves, in a common cause, on the sword of a Goliath adversary. With a cynicism cold enough to freeze boiling oil, they had been left alone at the last moment, or not even left alone, but held down by their friends.

In the storms that are coming the great Czechoslovak crisis will soon seem like a tea-cup tempest. A remote speck in the receding distance. But it was the decisive test. Your real troubles date from it. Here you had the last chance to stop aggression, to ensure peace in our time. Possibly, I do not know this for certain, you had not even that chance because you were too far behind with your armaments; but after six years of warnings, that is your look-out. Now you have the briefest of breathing-spaces and no more. You were told that all would be well - as you have for six years been told that all would be well - if Germany were given just this one positively final satisfaction. If it were not so, your rulers would eat their hats.

In Czecho-Slovakia you missed the last bus.

In a Czech family gathering I celebrated the festival of Saint Nicholas and his knave Rupprecht, alias Krampus, alias the devil. Czech children are luckier than English children in that they have a foretaste of Christmas on December 6th. Saint Nicholas is the equivalent of our Father Christmas; at Christmastide the chief part is played by the Christ Child.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the things that had happened in October and November, the Czechs celebrated this feast with great honour. For days beforehand the children were as good as



gold; they washed their hands and necks, kept their nails clean, did their homework, remembered to say their prayers.

I watched them that evening, with eyes like saucers, waiting for Saint Nicholas, with his rosy cheeks and kindly eyes and mitre and long white beard and sack of gifts over his shoulder, to knock at the door. Frontiers meant nothing to them, nor motor-corridors; Nicholas meant a great deal. I was thankful in my heart that they could, in 1938, again greet their Nicholas as if nothing had happened.

Came the knock at the door, its opening, and the appearance of the good Nicholas; behind him, awe-inspiring, red-clad, horned Krampus, with his birch. Then began the questions to the children before the distribution of gifts: had they been good? The meddling Krampus put in his word: 'It's not true, Herr Bishop, that child blotted its copybook only last Tuesday', and then terrible wieldings of the birch, but Nicholas always placated Krampus in the end and the child got its gift.

I loved it, though I thought a great deal about the refugee children in the huts, especially about that two-weeks-old baby. No Nicholas for them.

A great deal of money was subscribed in England for those refugees. I saw little, in Czecho-Slovakia, of the results of that subscription. I often asked, when I visited the refugees, if anyone had been to see them and at one place they said yes, some time before the British Consul had been there, and at another place they said yes, the Lord had been there several weeks earlier and measured them for clothes, but none had arrived yet, and in both cases I found, on closer inquiry, that the visitor had been one of the few representatives of The Lord Mayor's Fund.

I believe blankets and things had been provided, but the condition of those refugees was nearly as miserable as it could be, nevertheless, and by Christmastide the realization of the one hope on which they lived - that they would be enabled to emigrate to a new land and start a new life - seemed very far off. I most sincerely hope that by the time this book appears their lot will have been alleviated and that I shall be able to write a postscript in that sense.

As I came away from that Festival of Saint Nicholas and the crowds of excited children I walked along the street of the 28th October. This was the day on which the free Czecho-Slovak Republic was born. On October 28th, 1938, it would have celebrated its twentieth birthday. By October 28th, 1938, the name of the street had lost its meaning.

But I was glad, as I walked along it, to see those Christmas crowds, to see the moon rising into a clear sky above towers and turrets and spires and steeples still intact, to see the children eagerly dragging their elders to the shop windows.

I walked across the Charles Bridge, the loveliest bridge in Europe, as I always do when I have a few minutes to spare in Prague, looked over the side at the Moldau flowing beneath, up the hill at the peerless silhouette of the Hradschin. At the farther end of the bridge, in a little open place, was a Christmas market of peasant china and earthenware. Gaily lit booths in the dark little square. Figures hurrying to and fro, bargaining.

I went down and walked around. Some of the loveliest and cheapest things in Europe, the Czech and Slovak peasants make. The Slovak pottery is exceptionally attractive. I bought, for a few shillings, a great hand-painted platter, a really beautiful thing, the sort of article you only find in countries where the peasants are free and sturdy and are able to practise, even in the age of clockwork and tin, the native handicrafts that have been handed down to them from generation to generation.

It came from the Choden district, from one of those seven villages which now lay behind the German frontier. Again, by chance, I had picked up one of those memory-laden things with which I fill my room when I have one. When I look at them I see all Insanity Fair, with its brassy bellowings, its tricksters, its showmen, its strong men, its dazzling lights, its mazed and surging throngs.

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## Chapter Thirty

### REDS!!!

I have a file, swollen and bursting, of cuttings about 'The Reds' collected from many newspapers in many countries during the past ten years. Hundreds of newspapers - some already defunct, like the *Morning Post*, or the Prussian Diehard *Kreuzzeitung*, or else *gleichgeschaltet*, like the Catholic *Reichspost* of Vienna - supplied these thousands of cuttings, with their millions of words, in which vigilant writers of a dozen nations exposed the plottings of the Reds.

You certainly were warned! No detail of Boishivist devilry was so small that it escaped the infra-red vigilance of the anti-Red writers. In all that vast collection of yellowing clippings, slowly moving to its next incarnation - dust to dust and wood-pulp to wood-pulp - my choicest piece, which I shall never destroy, is this report from General Franco's lines in Spain, published one day by the *Reichspost*:

During an attack on the right flank of the Franco troops near Villavent, the Red Militia used large wild wolfhounds, trained to attack men, as fighters. These dogs crept noiselessly up to the Nationalist sentries and sprang at their throats, and in many cases succeeded in injuring their victims and putting them *hors de combat*. The attack itself was repulsed, but through the use of these wolfhounds the militiamen were able temporarily to push forward to the Franco front line. The majority of the dogs were killed in the battle; the few survivors noiselessly retired at a gesture from their commanders and trainers, who were apparently Russians.

No other story of the Spanish conflict so vividly portrayed the horrors of a modern civil war as this one of the noiseless Red dogs, trained to do or die in a silence uncanny and uncanine by their apparently Russian instructors.

Hundreds killed in Almeria by shells from a German cruiser, hundreds killed by German bombs in Guernica, hundreds killed in air raids on Alicante or Barcelona, the Catholic Basques conquered by Moors, Italians and Germans: these things were slightly disturbing, but did not deeply offend the world's sense of propriety.

But those companies of wild dogs, recently arrived from Moscow! Could devilry go further?

Another cutting from my collection about The Reds tells of a statement once made at the annual meeting in Glasgow of the Scottish Liberal National Association by a Chief Whip, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Kerr, about a Red Plot to overthrow the Government. Colonel Kerr had inside information about the plot. He was present at a meeting of the conspirators 'at a private house in London, where three men were present who had been working in Communist organizations in the country'. He went there to watch their activities.

I can express nothing but horror at what I was told at that meeting. You would hardly credit the terrible, low-down, wicked efforts that are being made to undermine everything we hold dear. There are people in a very big way in this country who support Communism, though not outwardly. There is a lot of money behind this, and I regret to say that a great bulk of the people working in that direction are of the Jewish race.

'But why,' asked Colonel Kerr, 'is this plot not exposed?'

In my mind an echo answered, why? Why did not Colonel Kerr expose it, since he knew all about it?

It was puzzling. It made me think of an acquaintance of mine, a cynical man called Marmaduke de Bunker, who has lost many friends in the society he frequents by arguing, in a surly manner, that there is no Red Plot, but that Red Plots have become an indispensable part of their emotional diet to many people in England. The same instinct that drives the Lower Classes to the switchback railways at the fun fairs - a titillating fear of breaking their necks - drives the Upper Classes, he says, to their little daily dose of Red Plottery - a titillating fear of losing their property.

Perhaps he is wrong. Perhaps the Zinovieff plot to overthrow the British Empire was concocted by Zinovieff, now mouldering in his grave with a Bolshevik bullet in his brain, if I remember rightly, and was not a trick to win an election. Perhaps those rabid Red wolfhounds led the attack on Franco's patriots. Perhaps Colonel Kerr saw the Red Plotters. Perhaps the rabbit-trapper was right who wrote to the newspapers to complain that Red money was behind the agitation against the kind of trap he used in his profession.

But the facts seem to me to speak against Red Plots. The Bolshevik Revolution is now twenty-one years old and in that time, as far as I know, nobody outside Russia has suffered any harm from the hands of Russia. In those twenty-one years Communism has not succeeded in bringing about a major revolt, far less a revolution, in any country, and in the European countries where I have travelled in the last eleven years it has never given serious anxiety to the police. It never had any hope of attaining power by the ballot-box; and police forces in all countries were well able to deal with it if it tried violence. The parent country of Communism, Russia, invaded no foreign country in support of its doctrines.

On the other side of the ledger, the Fascist dictatorships have by force of arms annexed Abyssinia and Austria, reduced Czecho-Slovakia to servitude, and at great cost of life and money are trying to enforce a Franco victory in Spain.

So if you look at this thing from the point of view of British national interests alone, without any ulterior thought in your mind, you have, on the one side, the Red Plot, including the Red wolfhounds in Spain.

On the other side, German-manned and German-mounted guns on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar, German air forces on the southern frontier of your ally France, Italian air forces in the Balearics, athwart the sea-routes of your ally France.

The balance of this sum seems to me to be a direct menace to the unity of the British Empire and to the security and independence of England. I do not see any direct Russian or Red menace.

Nevertheless, the bulk of feeling among the rulers of England seems to be favourable to Franco and to approve all that he, the Moors, the Germans and the Italians have done, on the ground that they are fighting The Reds. What is the motive, since The Reds do not threaten us? That The Reds have no proper respect for private property? But in that case, let us take the thing to its logical conclusion. Are these same people prepared to bring foreign and coloured troops to England to suppress The Reds there? You may not see any Reds. But they do - everywhere.

What is the answer to all this? That if the Red Plot is rubbish, if Germany is the country we fear and against whose menace we are rearming, then we ought to look about for the most valuable kind of armaments - allies - and enlist the help of the European king-piece, Russia.

It is too late for that, now. It would have been a good move until recently, because by it you could have prevented war, and therewith you could have banished the only danger of Communism. You could have given Germany her Fair Deal, but at the same time, by confronting her with superior

force, you could have made her keep the peace. In peace Communism cannot come; you could have used Russia to defeat Communism. The lesson of the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the Bolshevik Revolution is that, in peace, Communism cannot spread, that in its parent country it was likely to broaden down to some bourgeois form of life comparable with the development in France after the revolution there. But in any protracted war, which brings misery and suffering to the civilian population, you will get, in large areas of Europe, the very thing you feared: Communism, anarchism or some indescribable mass upheaval. You would probably have in Germany an efficient, well-organized, successful and imperialist Communism that would be far more deadly than Russian Communism.

If the avoidance of war was really the paramount aim, as your rulers always tell you, it could have been achieved by combining with Russia to confront Germany with overwhelming force if she threatened war. This was the only way. Now, it is too late. The development has passed that stage. Now the only question is whether Hitler will attack Russia or make terms with Russia, before attacking the west. England, by supreme maladroitness, has so closely associated herself with the organized campaign of international Jewry against Germany that collaboration with Russia to-day would mean asking Englishmen to march under the Semitic flag and make Berlin safe again for the Jews - after the Chinese, Abyssinians, Spaniards and Czechs have all been sold without a word or a blush.

That would not be good enough. So do problems grow bigger and more complicated if you have not the courage to grasp the nettle safely [ed: safely?] in time - or am I mixing this quotation?

Fear of The Reds, of a threat to private property, brought us to this plight, and prevented the people who had power from taking the one course that could have banished any reason to fear them. This fear is so deep in some of our rulers that it blinds them to England's danger, to the desire to know the truth. It produces even noble lords who, in defiance of facts that can be ascertained by any man who cares to look for them, state in the House that 'it has been proved to my satisfaction that Russia began the war in Spain'.

I think I express the feeling of many Englishmen of my generation when I say that I am embittered by the way English people of high position, condone and approve the daily massacre of Spaniards by airmen and artillerymen of alien races, apparently because a starving and tormented revolutionary mob, whose sons and brothers and fathers had died for and with us, seized power in Russia twenty-one years ago, under a leader sent to them from Germany. We never foresaw this and would never have believed it. If we had known we would most conscientiously have objected - as did some of the men who to-day are applauding these things.

But now we know. The people of Almeria, of Guernica, of Alicante were not Bolsheviks. The Abyssinians were not Bolsheviks. The Cantonese were not Bolsheviks. The Czechs were not Bolsheviks. But the Red Herring has been drawn across the trail of straight thinking in England, the country that once took up the cudgels for oppressed Armenians and Greeks and persecuted Magyars and crippled cobblers and the underdog everywhere.

Now, because of a few old ladies who see a Red under every bed, we are in a devil of a mess. The German guns covering the Straits are real. The Red wolfhounds are not. We have been told for years that the Red Plot is real, that the Germans guns are not.

What are we to be asked to do now?

Now the moving finger is writing, and you can no longer dictate what it shall write, only watch it.

## Chapter Thirty One

### CHRISTMAS DAY IN CHUST

Pronounce it Hoost, the H guttural like the ch in Loch. Who would ever have expected to be bothered with the name of this remote Ruthenian village? But Great Power politics lead to the strangest results.

I made my way to Chust by way of Slovakia, the second of the three provinces of Czecho-Slovakia. Under German tutelage Slovakia, since Munich, has become a home-ruled Fascist statelet. It has its Slovak Storm Troopers, the Hlinka Guards, who wear a black uniform akin to that of the Italian Fascists. Only the Germans, in Slovakia, enjoy full political liberty. When the Hlinka Guards parade, a detachment of German Nazi Storm Troopers appears at their side. The pledge for the good conduct of the Czechs is the German road which is being built across their territory. The pledge for the good conduct of the Slovaks is the fact that the Danube bridge alone separates their capital, Bratislava, from Germany. In the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Bratislava - Pressburg, to the Germans - was to Vienna approximately what Windsor is to London. Soon after Munich Herr Hitler appeared at the other end of the bridge and cast a look full of meaning at Bratislava. If the people of Bratislava had any doubt what that look meant it was probably removed by the enormous notice, plain for them to read, which soon afterwards appeared on the German side:

'Heil Hitler! We will fetch you home. Heil victory! Pressburg was, is, and will always be German. One realm, freedom and bread. Death to the Jews! Brothers, hold out. We shall come and liberate you! Heil Hitler!

So the Slovaks, with only the bridge between them and the Germans, are likely to be well behaved.

With memories of Vienna, a few miles up the Danube, in my mind, I took a last look at Bratislava and then went on to Preshov, in East Slovakia, and there, on Christmas Eve, I set out by the only means of transport - an antiquated bus - over the long, mountain road for Chust, the capital of rump Ruthenia, the tiny home-ruled state now called Carpathian Ukraine.

In the luggage-hold of that bus I had, of all unlikely things, a miniature Christmas tree. My mind was full of memories of Christmas 1937 in Vienna, which was the happiest time of the brief period of tranquil happiness which I found, within the four thick walls of my quiet rooms there, in the months before the annexation. Then I had had a Christmas tree decked all in silver and white, a vision lifted straight from a snowbound forest, and that tree was the last thing I saw, through the double doors of my sitting-room, when I went to bed at night and the first thing I saw when I awoke in the morning, and so lovely was it that I could not bring myself to dismantle it on Twelfth Night but kept it for nearly three weeks. I should have been a happy man if I could have looked forward to a succession of such Christmases, but they were not for me, in Insanity Fair, and now, on Christmas Eve, 1938, I was bumping and rattling over the Carpathians by the only road that led to Chust with a miniature Christmas tree, two feet high, an artificial but pretty thing, ready-decorated, that I had bought in Prague to remind me of that other tree.

Late at night, after an eight-hour journey, while the bus and my fellow-passengers disappeared into the night, I found myself dumped with my bags and my Christmas tree in the muddy cobbled square of a small village - Chust. In the light of two or three flickering street lamps I could see the faint outlines of houses, and in one corner was a primitive electric sign which, on close inspection, I found to spell the name of the hotel I had been told about.

I have slept in many strange places, but in few so strange as this little hostelry, where accommodation was sold by the bed, and not by the room, so that a deal of bargaining was needed to obtain a very bare room, with a single electric bulb that did not give enough light to read a paper, for myself. I undressed, contemplated my muddy shoes, asked the first man I could find if it was safe to put them out for cleaning, and he answered cheerfully, oh yes, of course, and then, tired out, I lay down and went to sleep.

When I awoke, on Christmas Day, heavy snow was falling and I blessed it, because it hid the dreariness of Chust. I contrived to shave and wash with a small jugful of cold water, dressed, and opened the door to look for my shoes. They were not there. I had half expected this. So I went in search of someone in authority and found a sleepy and half-dressed youth who, questioned about my shoes, answered 'Well, after all, if you leave your property about like that, what can you expect?'

So then I tried an old trick. I stood with him in the corridor and stormed at the top of my voice and presently two other menials appeared and then a waiter and a cook and a frowsy chambermaid and they all stood around, understanding nothing that I said, and I stormed louder and louder until they all began scurrying about and looking in other rooms and registering great indignation and sympathy and interrogating other guests, and suddenly my shoes were there, having been found tucked away behind the closet.

Then I went out and looked at Chust, mercifully cloaked in white, and took train for the two show villages of Carpathian Ukraine, Rachoff and Jassina, about three hours away, and you have to travel through Rumania to reach them, so complicated are communications in this remote and truncated statelet. In Rachoff I had my Christmas dinner and by chance it was turkey, and very good, and here I found the only moderately prosperous people in all this miserably poor region, peasants with attractive costumes living among lovely wooded hills on the banks of the Tisza, a good place for winter sports if it were not so remote, and in the evening I took train back to Chust and lit the candies on my Christmas tree, and sat, and thought of Vienna.

Plague take this demented Europe and these demented times, I thought, as I compared this Christmas with that and thought that, if the map continued to be remade at the present rate, I should spend my next Christmas in Baghdad or somewhere, and then I thought I would see if a bottle of wine were to be had in this benighted village, which lived in a permanent black-out, and I rang and a new chambermaid answered, and by great good fortune she was a remarkably good-looking one, a Hungarian girl who spoke German, and she made saucer-eyes at my Christmas tree and helped me to eat the things that were on it, and to my astonishment there were about eighty of them, though they looked like twenty, and then she fetched a bottle of wine and bashfully drank a sip of it and gradually conversation began to flow and she told me about herself and I told her about myself and so this intolerable Christmas evening, an evening on which the most hardened of nomads cannot shut out thoughts and memories, passed, and I bade her good-night and went to sleep, saying thank Mahomet that this day is over, anyhow.

The next day I began to study Carpathian-Russia, alias Carpathian-Ukraine. When Czechoslovakia was dismembered, as I wrote earlier, the best thing for this easternmost province, if the welfare of its inhabitants alone were considered, would have been to divide it between Hungary and Poland, since otherwise the few marooned mountaineers who were left could hope for little better than starvation. But this did not happen. Italy did succeed in getting for her protégé, Hungary, the fertile plains to the south and the only two towns of any size, Ungvar and Munkacs, together with the railway. But Germany insisted that a narrow strip, consisting mainly of mountains and intervening valleys running, rib-like, north and south, should remain independent; and this became the home-ruled statelet of Carpathian-Russia. This is the official name for it, but actually the members of the

two-man Government are both Ukrainians, and the little state is currently spoken of as Carpathian-Ukraine.

Why? Why were these few hundred thousand half-starved mountaineers cut off from their only chance of making even a meagre living - the Hungarian plain - and given an unwelcome independence?

In order that the name 'Ukraine' should be printed on the European map. Poland, which has between 4,500,000 and 7,000,000 Ukrainians, Russia, which has from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 Ukrainians, both deny that there is a great Ukrainian nation pining to be liberated. But the champion of the principle of self-determination, Germany, has put the word 'Ukraine' on the map. The sight of this little self-governed Ukrainian state is supposed to fill the Ukrainians in Poland, Russia and Rumania with longing.

When Germany, after Munich, enforced the creation of Carpathian-Ukraine it did look very much as if the 'Great Ukraine' would be the object of the next German coup, and that was why I made that dreary journey, over the one remaining road, to Chust. Germany had already liberated the Ukraine once, during the World War, and put in a Hetman there, and the idea of the German-controlled Ukraine, with its great mineral and agricultural wealth, was a pet one of many German expansionists.

For the last twenty years Berlin has been the home of emigrant Ukrainian leaders. The present claimant to the Hetman's throne lives in Germany, and is said to keep his crown there; he is even a colonel in the German army. Immediately after Munich masses of propaganda about the 'Great Ukraine', printed in Berlin, London and New York, began to be distributed. I have even seen a map showing that in the seventeenth century a Great Ukrainian state did exist, comprising the territory, now in Polish, Russian and Rumanian possession, that the Ukrainian patriots of to-day claim for it. But, for that matter, in the seventeenth century nobody questioned the historic frontiers of Bohemia. These were mutilated for the first time in history by the Men of Munich; it would be strange if an indirect result of their work were to be the restoration of the original frontiers of Ukraina as they existed in that same century.

So everything, after Munich, seemed to point to the Great Ukraine as the direction of Germany's next great coup. But when I went to Carpathian-Ukraine I became rather doubtful about this, or at any rate about the possibility of using Carpathian-Ukraine as a suitable basis for the erection of the Great Ukraine, or as a springboard for the great Ukrainian swoop.

For one thing, there is only the one road, at present, leading to Carpathian-Ukraine. It goes up hill and down dale for some hundreds of miles, and would need a deal of improvement before it could be used for major military operations. For another, the population of this remote statelet only amounts to about half a million people. The evidence of the eye would suggest that about half of these are Jews; actually a sixth is probably nearer the truth. The remainder comprise some of the most miserably poor and racially mixed people in Europe; most of them do not themselves know what they are, but they do know that they have nothing to eat. Many of them speak two, three, four or five languages or dialects, and have been successively told in the last twenty-five years that they are Hungarians, Ruthenians, and, now, Ukrainians. The proportion of them who have any knowledge of what a Ukrainian is is very small. This is not very important; the only thing that is important for these people is that they should be lifted out of the misery in which they live, and if anything happens to achieve that, whether it be called the Great Ukraine or what not, it will be welcome.



Never have I seen such poverty as reigns in Carpathian-Ukraine, although I believe rather similar conditions existed in Ireland, before the war, before the Irish took their affairs into their own hands, in the days when the land was at the mercy of the absentee landlord. Here, in these remote Carpathian hills and valleys, the peasant has a house without a chimney, without flooring. He builds his fire on the stamped-earth floor and the smoke just rises and filters through the roof. Geese, pigs and goats, if he is lucky enough to have any, share the one room with him and his family. For food, he has insufficient quantities of maize bread, which is only just edible. If he has half an acre of land he may pull a rudely-fashioned plough across it himself, or turn it over with a spade.

Money he never sees. He thinks with regret of the great days when he could at harvest time at least go down into Hungary and work on the big estates and bring back, as his wage, a side of bacon for the winter. That was wealth, to him.

These peasants, their wives and children, live like animals. Even that is an under-statement. In many districts they are animals. I can see hardly any difference between their life and that of an animal. In one district, round the villages of Svalava and Verezky, where there are a few small factories, inter-marriage and the drinking of methylated spirits has produced a stunted race of deformed and mentally inferior people. Their life is so hard and their wages so small that their only solace is drinking spirits, and as they cannot afford pure Schnapps, at 36 kronen a litre, they buy methylated spirits from unscrupulous dealers at 5 kronen a litre. It brings intoxication and forgetfulness of hunger in half an hour.

Carpathian-Ukraine is a good place to study the persecution of a non-Jewish community by the Jewish one. Here, for the first time, I saw the Eastern Jews in their native habitat. By the time they reach Budapest, Vienna, Berlin or Prague they are already Westernized. Here, as in Poland, you have the raw material of your Hollywood film producers and screen stars, your international bankers, your slick Jewish journalists - for here, in Carpathian-Ukraine, they are learning English, too.

Here you have a peasant population that has been plundered and bled white in centuries of exploitation, that has passed from one tyranny to another, Czars, kings, nobles, the Church, Russia, Poland, Hungary, and is now completely in the thrall of the Jewish community, which according to statistics only comprises about 15 per cent of the whole, but which controls all the money-power, the trade, commerce and banking. It is a grip far more subtle but as vice-like as that of any dictators. There is no escape for the peasant.

In Carpathian-Ukraine you are far more acutely aware of the Jews than in other countries, because they wear the uniform of black hat, caftan, ringlets and beard. In every town and village you enter they thus thrust themselves on your gaze, and your first impression is that they must be numerically predominant, that there must be more Jews than non-Jews in the place. This is not the fact. The reason is that they own all the shops and house-property in the main square and in the centre of the town generally. The non-Jews live in the meaner streets and remoter quarters.

The way to test this is to go through one of these towns on Friday evening, when the Jewish Sabbath begins. Nearly all the shops in the place are closed; it is difficult for the non-Jewish population to buy anything on Friday evening or Saturday morning. The squeeze-out of the non-Jews is complete. Only large and financially powerful concerns, like Bata, can hope to compete with the Jewish traders, and perhaps a non-Jewish shopkeeper here and there who keeps going chiefly on what he earns on Friday evening and Saturday morning. The non-Jewish small trader, with little capital, almost invariably goes bankrupt before very long. The Jews quarrel a good deal, and violently, among themselves, but at the approach of a non-Jew they close their ranks with a

solidarity impossible to find among any other people in the world, unless it be some remote race in Tibet.

The wholesale trade is almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews, and the downfall of the non-Jewish interloper is achieved by supplying his Jewish competitors with goods at prices which enable them to undersell him. If any Jew fails to fall into line the services of the rabbi are enlisted and heavy punishments may be enforced against him; he may be refused access to the ritual bath, or the Jewish slaughterer may be ordered not to kill his chickens for him.

The peasant is entirely in the hands of the Jews. If he has any money and wishes to buy anything, he must buy it from a Jew. If he has no money, and needs to borrow some for his taxes or his mortgage, he must borrow it from a Jew. If he has something to sell, he can only sell it to the Jewish dealers. If he wishes to hire a plough, he must hire it, at a high rate, from a Jew. Most sinister of all, if he wants a drink - and spirits form his only solace - he must go to a Jew for it, for the great majority of the alcohol licences are in the hands of Jews. If he goes to law, he puts money into the pocket of the Jewish lawyer - for in Carpathian-Ukraine only 19 of the 160 lawyers are non-Jews. To litigate against a Jew, in these conditions, is for him an almost hopeless proceeding.

It is an iron ring, from which there is no escape. It is often said that there are many poor Jews in this region. The non-Jews are all poor. There are many Jews who look poor, very few who are poor in the sense that the peasant is poor.

All in all, I came to feel dubious, after looking at Carpathian-Ukraine, about the imminence of the Great Ukrainian coup, under German leadership. Carpathian-Ukraine did not seem to me a good basis either for major military or for major political operations.

Only a few score people, in the little Government and administration, feel Ukrainian and pine for the Great Ukrainian state. The real Ukrainians, the potential Ukrainian nation, live under Polish and Russian rule, and how are you to get at them, without war? After Munich, Poland and Russia seemed to be moving together, against this threat, but after that again came Franco's progress in Spain, and suddenly you found Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, at Berchtesgaden, and Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, in Warsaw, and it looked to me very much as if Germany found the prospects in the West and in the Mediterranean improving so much that she was turning her eyes in that direction and shelving the Ukrainian project for the present, as if she were telling Poland, 'Now, just behave well if anything explodes in Western Europe and nothing will happen to you'.

The only signs of the Great Ukrainian movement that I could find in Chust were the German-backed Government, headed by a cleric, Mgr. Voloshin, and his one Minister, M. Revay, who both count as Ukrainians, and the Ukrainian Storm Troops, the Karpatska Sitch, of whom I saw a few here and there in their grey-green uniforms. A German officer or two had passed that way, a German geologist or two, a German road-surveyor or two. But on the whole, the signs were that Germany was not signalling full-steam-ahead in the Ukraine, for the present.

The Great Ukrainian iron is a good one to have in the fire, and with the creation of this little state the iron is there, ready for use one day. But I fancy the fire will need a good deal of stoking, the iron a good deal of heating. In any case, one Great Power, Russia, and one almost Great Power, Poland, are involved, and I cannot see how Germany can for the present get over that.

For the moment, Hungary and Rumania seem to offer less certain prospects of resistance to German expansionism, I thought, after looking at Carpathian-Ukraine. So I burned the remains of my Christmas tree in the little iron stove, packed my bag, and boarded the ancient bus again.

The Carpathians were already deep in snow, as we rattled, hour after hour, along the winding and sometimes precipitous road to Preshov. In the omnibus it was bitterly cold. I had 'flu, and shivered. Soon ice formed on the windows, so that the countryside was hidden. Then darkness fell and I could hardly see the figures of my fellow-passengers, fifty of them packed into an omni- bus made for twenty.

Darker and darker it grew, as the rattling box on wheels lurched and bumped along. Of the outer world I could see nothing, of the interior of the omnibus hardly anything. A crash, in that black and crowded box, on that lonely and snowbound mountain road, would have been hell itself. I felt like Jonah in the belly of the whale, so dark was it and so violent were the movements. To heighten the vividness of this illusion, the only things I could see were the ribs in the roof of the omnibus, just perceptible in the gloom. Hour after hour we rattled on. At last the bus stopped; exhausted, frozen and stiff, I got out, found myself in Preshov, found an hotel where I could get a decent bed, and fell immediately asleep.

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## Chapter Thirty Two

### CAROL AND CODREANU

The train travelled slowly through Rumania towards Bucharest, a long journey, and I sat at the window, train-sick, and watched the snowbound countryside move dawdling by. As I watched, the clean white snow took on a faint tinge of pink, that deepened and deepened until the land was covered with lurid red snow, and at the back appeared a core of fire, blazing and painting the land and the heaven crimson, a strange and arresting spectacle. It was not sundown, because the sky was covered with clouds that were still dropping powdery snow. Was it, I thought, a house burning. I asked. It was oil, an oil well, or some stray deposit of oil, that had long been burning, and they could not put it out.

Oil, I thought, as I watched. Oil, the juice that made Rumania an important piece in the European game. The Skoda Works, the great arsenal inherited from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, predestined Czecho-Slovakia, in vassal-dom, to become a gunsmith's shop for the Reich, once more on conquest bound. Czech workmen, among the best in Europe, were marked down as a labour-reserve for Germany. Hungary, with her abundant fields, similarly destined after the fall of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia to pass inevitably under German domination, was to be the granary and poultry-farm. Rumania, next door, was the only European country that had enough oil to feed the mechanized armies of a great Power set on achieving European supremacy either by the use of her armed might or through the fear of it.

I had watched Austria fall and Czecho-Slovakia in subjugation and had seen the process beginning in Hungary, and now I contemplated, with thoughts of the past and the future in my mind, this blood-coloured glow that suffused the Rumanian countryside. Burning oil. I have heard of a man, a technical expert, who was once employed to extinguish a burning oil well. For two years, I think, he fought that blazing and roaring monster. He lost several of his best men in the battle. At the end he was unnerved by the days and weeks and months of combat, by the noise and glare and strength of this fire-spitting dragon, laired in the bowels of the earth. When I heard this story I wished I had been there to write it; it seemed to me as well worth telling as that of any seaman's fight with the storm, any peasant's fight with famine, or any explorer's fight with the eternal snows.

Slowly, as the train lumbered on its way, the crimson world paled again into pink and then into white and once more the silent snowfields lay beside the line, with the sagging grey clouds above them. But I was glad that we had passed through that zone of reddened snow. As long as we were in it the wheels of the train said oil, oil, oil, oil, oil, and that, I knew, was the appropriate refrain, for a student of our contemporary times, in Rumania.

A little while later, on the Orthodox Christmas Day, I stood in a Bucharest street and watched King Carol go to the ceremony of blessing the waters. A heavy hussar's busby almost hid his eyes. The voluminous white cloak of the Order of St. Michael the Brave, with its black cross, fell about his shoulders. In his hand, a field marshal's baton. At his side, as always, his son Michael, who has already once been king and yielded the throne to his father when King Carol made that spectacular return to Rumania.

Another strange scene, for the album of our contemporary Europe. In the streets through which King Carol passed, the civilian population had been drained off as if by a pump. No Bucharesters cheered him as he went; a few of them could be seen, in the far distance, down the cordoned-off side streets. The windows of the houses were closed, by order, and, I suppose by order, no faces appeared at them. The cafés and restaurants on the route were closed, and no-one was allowed to

enter them. After the religious ceremony in the little church, the King and the Prince, followed by the little group of priests and ministers and officers and officials passed through troop-lined but otherwise empty streets to the little river Dambavitz, a trickle like the Fleet River, that has already disappeared beneath the roadway for a great part of its journey through the city.

The King, in his long white cloak, went down the steps and threw the traditional wooden cross into the muddy stream, and four men in long white smocks jumped in it up to their knees and recovered the cross and kissed it and brought it back to the King, who gave it back to the Patriarch, and the waters had been blessed, and the white cloak went up the steps again and the king looked upstream to where, several hundred yards away, behind lines of soldiers, his Bucharesters stood, and raised his field marshal's baton in salute. No responsive cheer came. Perhaps they were too far away to see the gesture. So he saluted again and still there was silence, all round, and he climbed the rest of the steps and went down the roadway to a spot where a little dais had been built and there he took his stand, with the few score military attachés and ministers and officials grouped behind him, and reviewed his troops, who came marching by.

If you can imagine King George reviewing the Guards in a Piccadilly from which the civilian population has vanished, you will have some idea of the scene. The only sounds that broke the silence were the music of the bands and the tramp of soldiers. In their strangely varied uniforms they marched past. King Carol has a Hohenzollern-like weakness for uniforms, and all the armies of the world seemed to have contributed something to this little pageant, in a still and deserted city. There were soldiers who looked like pre-war German cavalymen and infantrymen. Others who looked something like French Chasseurs Alpins. Others who resembled the Italian Bersaglieri, with their feathered bonnets. Others who, with little knobbed shakos, seemed like 1870 French infantrymen. Others, with peaked caps and broad-striped trousers, who came somewhere between American Marines and West Point Cadets. Others whose furry hats recalled Crimean Grenadiers. Others, again, khaki-clad, who looked like war-time British infantrymen.

I don't know what the state of Rumanian armaments is - it is said to be backward - but the raw material inside these uniforms, I thought, was first class. I saw straight features, well-built bodies. In an all-together-against-an-aggressor war the Rumanian army, I think, could have played a very useful part. That dream has faded. Now any odds that Rumania might have to face would be too big for this little army to achieve much.

When the last companies had gone, the King stepped into his car and was whizzed away, through those deserted streets, to his palace, with motor-cyclist outriders flanking him and police cars before and behind. Half an hour later Bucharest came to life again, the inhabitants surged forward into the main streets, faces appeared at the windows, the cafés and restaurants opened, the normal city scene returned.

The tide of events, having passed over Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, is lapping at Rumania. Hence this little parade-in-a-vacuum, the closely-guarded King, the segregated population. Those empty streets, those closed windows, those deserted cafés and restaurants, those legions of police and plain-clothes men meant - Corneliu Codreanu, The Iron Guard, Germany.

I told in *Insanity Fair* how the kings of Rumania reigned with the problem of Germany ever peering from behind their throne; how the first king, Carol's great-uncle, saw the best hope for Rumania in alliance with Germany, the country from which he had come and whose triumphs in 1864, 1866 and 1871 he had never forgotten; how he failed, in 1914, to induce Rumania to follow him in that course and how his successor, Ferdinand, brought Rumania in with the Allies so that, after disaster in the spring of 1918, she rose triumphant from her ashes in November 1918, doubled in territory and population.

Now, twenty years after, King Carol is coming face to face with this same eternal problem. But for him it is no longer a straight choice - with Germany or against Germany. For Rumania it may be that. But for King Carol the issue has been complicated. Between him and it stand two figures, one spectral and one flesh-and-blood - Corneliu Codreanu, the dead Fascist leader, and Madame Lupescu, a Jewess, for many years his companion and confidante.

I wrote in *Insanity Fair* that anti-Semitism in Rumania was highly dangerous for Gentiles. Many people thought that this was just a smart crack. It was written in all seriousness, and it is true. There have been no pogroms in Rumania, but for several years now Gentiles have been killing each other there in the dispute for and against the Jews. The Rumanians are a gentle-natured people, averse to violence, and political murder had not been known in the country for seventy years before these killings started.

This will show you how bitter are the feelings that have been aroused. Do not think that they are entirely unreasonable, or you will be wrong. In at least three European countries there is, beyond all dispute, a Jewish problem - in Poland, Hungary and Rumania. That is to say, in these countries there are too many Jews and they have too much of the money. Their wealth and influence in these countries is far greater than it ever was in Germany. When the wealth and power of the Jews passes a certain point - and this nearly always happens in countries where there is widespread and wretched poverty among the native population - a bitter and surging resentment begins to form among the non-Jewish inhabitants which may long be repressed but must ultimately break through. It is the age-old instinct of self-preservation.

Now, Rumania is to me one of the most interesting countries in Europe, because here two smashing blows have been dealt against anti-Semitism; the first blow was felt as a setback and the second as a deliberate affront by Germany; and the King's companion is Madame Lupescu. This is a situation which, as I think, is one day likely to produce dramatic consequences.

The first blow, as I wrote in *Insanity Fair*, was dealt against Octavian Goga, the Prime Minister whom King Carol put in power, in response to the rapidly growing strength of the Iron Guard and the clamant public desire, to introduce moderate restrictive measures against the Jews.

M. Goga's moderate anti-Semitism was disastrous, as always in Rumania, to himself. What a Great Power might do, a small power might not. America, France and England formed a diplomatic battle-front against Goga.

Octavian Goga was the first man to feel the full weight of the international Jewish counter-offensive. He was overthrown with effortless ease. Put into office by the King to do certain things, he was dropped cold after six weeks of doing them, and went, saying bitterly, 'Judah has won'. A few weeks later he died, on the Riviera.

Germany regarded that event as a political setback. Just as she considered Czecho-Slovakia, in alliance with France and Soviet Russia, to be a potential military danger to her, so did she consider Rumania, after the Goga episode, as a Balkan stronghold of the Jewish front against Germany, the main centres of which, as she thought, lay in France, England and America.

But worse was to come.

At this point, you need to consider Madame Lupescu and Corneliu Codreanu. In *Insanity Fair* I deliberately abstained from discussing Madame Lupescu. Men's private lives are their own, and I had neither any personal interest in this matter nor did I think it politically important enough to

demand mention. But now things have changed, and you cannot discuss the European line-up, from the Rumanian angle, without mentioning Madame Lupescu.

I have never seen Madame Lupescu. Few Rumanians have seen her. All know about her. I cannot make any categorical statements about her. What is known about her, for certain, is that she has for many years been the King's confidante, that she is the only person with whom he completely relaxes - and that she is a Jewess. The agitation of the Iron Guard, and of many politicians outside the Iron Guard, was directed against her. I cannot say from personal knowledge what influence she wields. People in Rumania who should know say that if a Rumanian official wishes to advance quickly in his career, or a business man in his undertakings, he is more likely to do so if Madame Lupescu is well disposed towards him. If you ask them about her political influence, they either say that they do not know or that they doubt whether she has any (this with the exception of the opposition politicians).

But even this, as it seems to me, is not of paramount importance. The decisive thing is that Madame Lupescu is a Jewess, that she stands at the King's side, that the King's major problem is to keep his relations sweet with a fanatically anti-Jewish Reich - and that only in Rumania has an anti-Jewish pro-German leader been killed. Bear in mind that the Reich does not believe in the theory of unpremeditated and sporadic acts of Jewish vengeance, but believes that every Jew throughout the world is working to bring about war between the anti-Jewish Reich and the Powers that are not anti-Jewish, and you will begin to see the great difficulties that lie ahead of King Carol.

This brings us to Corneliu Codreanu, son of a Polish father and a German mother, leader of the Iron Guard, a dark and fanatical figure, whose followers throughout Rumania looked to him with the same mystic adoration that many Germans have for Hitler. Up to the time of Goga's Government the Iron Guard was gaining ground day and night. At the polls, it might in the end have swept the country. When King Carol dismissed Goga and suppressed political parties, Codreanu seemed to think the game was up, or he thought his life to be in danger, or he decided on a bluff.

He announced that he would retire from politics and withdraw to Italy. He was not allowed to leave the country. Instead, he was arrested and put on trial for treason. Evidence was produced that he was in German pay. A man who was present at the trial - a Jew, incidentally - told me that he was dubious about that evidence. It consisted of an incriminating document said to have been found on Codreanu's desk - and such men do not leave treaties with foreign powers lying about. No doubt exists about Codreanu's sympathy for Hitlerist National Socialism, about his wish to introduce a Rumanian form of it in his own country.

He was sentenced to ten years penal servitude, which, as such rigorous confinement goes in Rumania, he was not expected to survive. He disappeared into prison.

Now came the dramatic sequel, a thing unlooked-for and extraordinary, that overclouds all German-Rumanian relations and will yet bear sinister fruit - the killing of Codreanu. This infuriated Hitler and was regarded by National Socialist Germany as the second great victory for the international Jewish counter-offensive, as a Jewish-inspired blow at Germany and the friends of Germany. Nothing will ever make those German leaders believe, if I know anything of them, that this was just a domestic Rumanian episode, a thing done in the sole interests of inner-Rumanian law and order. That may be the truth, who knows? But they will not believe it, and that is the important thing.

When a Gustloff is killed in Switzerland, a vom Rath in Paris, a Codreanu in Rumania, they feel themselves directly menaced - and it makes them furious. Behind the revolver they do not see a

half-crazed Jewish youth, or a Rumanian king determined to be master in his own house: they see the Jews of the world, working unremittingly for the downfall of the anti-Jewish Reich.

You will remember how King Carol came to London just before Christmas 1938. You will remember that Guildhall banquet, the great reception at the Rumanian Legation.

Then King Carol went on to Germany, visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden. The pictures showed a most affable Führer welcoming the King on the steps of that historic Bavarian chalet. Rumania was then thought to stand high in the good graces of Berchtesgaden because, while the jackals were busy with Czecho-Slovakia, King Carol had refused to listen to Polish and Hungarian proposals for the complete partitioning of Ruthenia, a small strip of which Germany wished to remain between Poland and Hungary.

Who knows what passed at that interview? Only two or three men. Did Hitler say to King Carol, as he said to Schuschnigg, 'The domestic conditions of Rumania, your Majesty, are no concern of mine'? For just at that moment the domestic conditions of Rumania were boiling up. With the obvious intention of embarrassing the King while he was in London and Berchtesgaden, the Iron Guard, to show that they still lived and were strong, had been burning synagogues, breaking shop windows. At Corneliu Codreanu's trial the evidence had been produced which purported to show that he was in German pay. Shadows overhung the Berchtesgaden interview.

If Hitler did say that, he meant, 'I shall not say what your Majesty is or is not to do about the Iron Guard. That is your Majesty's own affair, and I should never dream of interfering in the domestic affairs of another country. Of course, if your Majesty wishes for my friendship, your Majesty will know what not to do.'

King Carol returned to Rumania. He was met, with full reports about the Iron Guard's exploits, by his Minister of the Interior, Armand Calinescu.

What did the King say, at this second interview? 'Take what measures you think fit,' perhaps. Again, only two or three men know.

Codreanu and his men were shot. While trying to escape. In all the circumstances, a staggering thing. They could have been condemned to death by a court martial, earlier, and shot, after trial. But now? Immediately after Berchtesgaden? For a few days the German press was non-committal. You could almost hear, in that silence, the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin asking itself 'What on earth? What can have happened at Berchtesgaden? Is it possible that - no, perish the thought. What shall we tell the papers to say?'

Then the storm broke, an outburst of furious anger against the King, against Madame Lupescu, against the Jews.

There you have the background of that parade in a vacuum, the closely guarded streets, the shuttered windows.

The Iron Guard is crushed. For the first time, resolute men had shown that a Fascist leader, with his halo of infallibility and almost immortality, was but a man like other men. It was a knock-out blow. Codreanu, as he told in his book, had shot the Police Chief of Jassy, whom he held to favour the Jews. He was shot. Three of his followers had been sentenced to lifelong imprisonment for murdering the Liberal Prime Minister Duca, whom they held to favour the Jews. They were shot. Ten of his henchmen had been sentenced to imprisonment for murdering one of his own former chief lieutenants, Stelescu, whom they held to have turned traitor to the cause. They were shot.



Only oxygen administered from outside the frontier can revive the Iron Guard. Will it be given?

King Carol means to be master in his own house. The whole lesson of what has happened is that if any Great Power wishes to negotiate with Rumania, it must negotiate with him, not with this or that Leader of the people. All things are possible in politics, and it may be just possible that, if Rumania falls into line, the shooting of Codreanu will be forgotten. But, from what I know of the German leaders, I think it doubtful in this particular case. They felt it too much as a direct challenge to themselves.

If anyone still thinks of Rumanians as weaklings, he is wrong. Consider Armand Calinescu. Theorists say that very small men try by great energy to prove themselves greater than their stature. They may be right, I don't know; I am small myself. Armand Calinescu's story goes to support their theory.

He is very small, always smiles, and for some reason wears a dark monocle over his left eye. It is very difficult to know what a man is thinking who always smiles and of whose eyes you can see only one. But he has certainly given many proofs of resolution. He smashed Communism, what there was of it, in Rumania. He sent troops, in 1932, against sit-down-striking Bucharest railwaymen, and made them sit up; about thirty, if I remember rightly, were killed. At the trials of Iron Guard leaders, when other politicians were hedging and risk-covering by pleading for understanding and talking of patriotic motives, he, a lawyer in his beginnings, delivered a smashing attack on them. He spoke openly, as none other dared to do, of help being given to the Iron Guard by foreign powers.

And now? Now, a camel might as easily pass through the eye of a needle as an unauthorized visitor into the building where the Minister of the Interior sits, guarded by police and soldiers and plain-clothes men.

Great decisions, great changes loom ahead for Rumania, and King Carol approaches his most difficult times. As his latest attempt to weld the State together, he has introduced a semi-Fascist system - as Schuschnigg did, as Hungary is doing - with one monopolistic party, uniforms, Fascist salutes, greetings, and all the rest. But these systems, to function successfully, have to grow out of the people, they cannot be grafted on from above. If King 'Carol's problems were only domestic, the future would be clear; but his problem is external, and it is called Germany.

Germany is angry, about Codreanu. She has many means of squeezing Rumania, if Rumania does not fall into line. She could support Hungary's claim to Transylvania, Bulgaria's claim to the Dobrudja. She could work through the large German minority in Rumania, which has already claimed and obtained a privileged place, under its local Henlein, the former Austro-Hungarian officer, Fritz Fabritius. She might, but whisper this, administer oxygen to the Iron Guard. If Germany decided to embark on the Great Ukrainian project, this would threaten Rumania too, because a small part of that phantom state now belongs to Rumania. German domination inevitably lies ahead. What is King Carol's place in it to be?

The Jews have seen the red light and are learning English, transferring their money to England, preparing in a hundred ways to try and get to England. As yet, nothing has happened to them, apart from insignificant local measures which have made practically no impression on the major problem. The King and his Government are seeking to solve the problem by humane and reasonable measures, by bringing about the emigration of one or two hundred thousand Jews and thus redressing the balance to some extent. Strangely, the Jews will not help in such measures as these. While I was in Bucharest a meeting was called of about thirty of the richest Jews in Rumania, under the chairmanship of a Jewish banker, to discuss means of collaborating with the

Government in this aim. The basis of the discussion was that restrictive measures were sooner or later inevitable and that the best thing, in the common interest, would be for the Jewish community to work with the Government in devising, financing and organizing the emigration of a substantial number of Jews. To this end, the banker proposed that the wealthy Jews should contribute ten per cent of their fortunes. If they did not, he said, anti-Jewish measures would ultimately come anyway, and it would be better to take the edge off them by collaborating with the Government and getting the thing done in a creditable and efficient manner.

The proposal was turned down flat. None of his hearers would consider it.

Unlike Czecho-Slovakia, which since Munich has come to despise France, unlike Yugoslavia, which distrusted France years ago and acted accordingly, the heart of Rumania is still with France. Still, French newspapers and periodicals outnumber all others, still the Galeries Lafayette and Hachette's and the Arc de Triomphe and the Haussmann-like boulevards and the miniature Bois tell of distant Paris, still the little society of Bucharest speaks French when it goes to dine in the evening at Capsa's.

But how little relationship has this life of Bucharest to that of outer Rumania, where the peasant masses live in poverty often abject. Of them, the world never hears. Their lot, like that of the English slum-dwellers, the English unemployed, the derelicts in the English distressed areas, the peasant masses in Hungary and Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, the peasants and workers in Spain, the submerged masses in France, this is the thing you should shout about every day and seek to alter. Instead of that, you waste your substance on the irrelevant and infuriating yap for or against the Jews, that goes on and on for ever.

It is a transition period in Rumania, with the shadow of Germany looming ever larger and nearer. When I left Bucharest I travelled by night. The snow was nearly gone, in the darkness the countryside, dazzlingly white when I came, was now black. But as I watched, a faint pink glow spread over it, and this deepened and deepened until a flaming red glow lay over it all, with a ball of fire at the back, and the wheels of the train said oil, oil, oil, oil.

#### POSTSCRIPT

Since I wrote this chapter, the war between Gentiles about anti-Semitism has produced further casualties. Codreanu's chief lieutenant and successor, the university professor Vasile Cristescu, who escaped from transport to a concentration camp during the summer of 1938 and for months afterwards conducted the Iron Guard's campaign from hiding, was located in a house in Bucharest and shot by police, after killing one and wounding two police officers. His deputy and potential successor, the lawyer David Mircea, also died, and was stated to have committed suicide. A Rumanian army lieutenant, Nicolaus Dumitrescu, who was serving at the Military Chemical Institute, was arrested with seventeen Iron Guards, on a charge of manufacturing flame-throwers for use in civil warfare, and he too was said to have died by his own hand.

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## Chapter Thirty Three

### MAGYARLAND AGAIN

On a January day I sat in a train bound for Budapest and my eyes wandered at random about the carriage I was in. It was an unusually comfortable and pleasant one and the seats were upholstered, not in the dreary and nondescript browns and reds and greens that usually exhaust the resources of the railway-carriage decorator, but in a pleasant grey stuff with a flowered pattern on it. Something in that pattern fixed my attention. Where had I seen it before? It was a pattern of three flowers, red, blue and white. Suddenly I remembered. It was the national device of Austria, something far more fitting as a national emblem for that country than the red-white-red flag which it was wont to hoist on high days and holidays. Gentian, edelweiss, almenrausch. Everywhere in Austria you had seen that motif, on china and glass and textiles, and everywhere you went in Austria you saw those three flowers. I well remember the joy with which I first found them growing, in Austria.

Then I looked about the carriage and saw, on the white cushion-covers, the letters O.B.B. - Oesterreichische Bundesbahnen, or Austrian State Railways. Here, by chance, I had found a little piece of old Austria on wheels.

Old memories sprang to life. I thought of Vienna, of my rooms, of my office, of Linz, of the Wienerwald, of the Salzkammergut. With a shock, I remembered that a year before, almost to the day, I had been in Budapest, and Schuschnigg had then been there too, still as Austrian Chancellor. Schuschnigg! The name now seemed like a dim echo from a remote past.

I thought, as I looked at those three flowers, how much had happened in less than a year. Germany, with a sword in one hand and *Mein Kampf* in the other, was going ahead fast, too fast for the old men in other countries who would not listen to warnings, who thought they knew better. England, with an umbrella in one hand and *Mein Kampf* in the other, was moving as fast to disaster.

Never, I thought, as I contemplated the gentian, the edelweiss and the almenrausch, had a great empire been put in jeopardy with such levity and irresponsibility. The plight of England, at the beginning of 1939, reminded me of that of the drowning Frenchman, who could not master his English tenses, and cried 'I *will* drown, nobody *shall* save me'. England, or at all events England's leaders, seemed implacably bent on self-destruction.

Thinking this, I took up my paper, which told me that Franco was at the gates of Barcelona. It seemed - though in Spain you could never be certain - that nothing could now prevent Franco's victory. With a feeling of hopelessness, I reflected that England's influence, from the beginning of that war, had been exerted to bring about his victory.

In the name of 'sanctions', arms had been withheld from the Abyssinians. In the name of 'non-intervention', arms and food had been withheld from the Spanish Republicans. In the name of 'self-determination', the Czechs had been forced to capitulate. England's leaders said every day that England was in danger, that she must rearm and rearm, and yet they forced ally after ally to capitulate.

It was beyond rhyme or reason. I gave it up, and turned my thoughts to the three flowers, and to days in Austria. I thought of myself, bare-kneed, bare-headed and bare-throated, wandering through Austrian woods, climbing Austrian hills, tobogganing with wild halloo down the run on the Semmering, lying anchored to a boulder in a shallow but swift-running mountain stream, singing in a wine-garden heavy with the scent of flowers. If I had been born in another age, I might have

known many years of that. But now, I sat in a railway carriage, with only those three flowers, woven into the cloth, to remind me of all that, and travelled towards a future that held little cheer for any Englishman.

I was glad, at the next halt on that journey, to dip my spirit for a few days into the beauty of Budapest, so that it revived a little. Vienna; Prague; Budapest. These are, for me, the three best cities in Europe. The old Austrian Empire was the only one that ever made a success, for long, of governing large areas of Europe, of reconciling peoples of a dozen races and tongues. The wrong empire was broken up, or broke itself up, after the World War, but its legacy still lives on.

What started that process of decay which began with the coming of Napoleon and ended with the coming of Hitler, and why was it inevitable, or was it inevitable? I don't suppose it was inevitable. The war or the humiliation to which England seems to be moving is not inevitable; only the irresolution, the apathy, the obstinacy, the class-obsession, the dogged refusal to do anything about anything, of England's leaders make them inevitable. It was the same with Austria. The condition of England and the Empire to-day are appallingly reminiscent of Austria before the war, as I wrote in *Insanity Fair*. But history teaches no lessons, the old men, armoured in their conceit, go their way and mistake the plaudits of a packed House, the praise of autograph-hunting letter-writers, the hear-hear of a well-wined Guildhall audience, for the verdict of the world that they are right - until disaster proves them wrong, and even then they don't admit it.

What stirring of the emotions, what fluttering of the doves, I found in the Budapest to which I returned. I wrote in *Insanity Fair* that if Czechoslovakia went, Hungary would go too, and earlier in this book I wrote of the feeling of suspense, akin to that I knew in Vienna, which I found in Hungary after the fall of Austria and before the fall of Czecho-Slovakia.

Now Munich lay far behind and in Hungary, although the placid and lovely outer scene remained unchanged, hopes and fears and passions were beating against each other below the surface. Germany was at the gates.

At the dictate of Germany and Italy, Hungary had recovered a large area of territory from Czecho-Slovakia, and you might have expected that this would have strengthened affection for Germany in Hungarian hearts. You would be wrong. I never found in Hungary so much anti-German feeling. Why? Well, the Hungarians, if they have a fault, tend to give too little and ask too much, and they were very angry that Germany had not given them the whole of Ruthenia, and therewith the common (and anti-German) frontier with Poland, and that Germany had occupied two Hungarian villages on the outskirts of Bratislava, the Slovak capital and the only Czecho-Slovak Danubian port, which before the war had been under Hungarian overlordship.

The clear meaning of this move was that if Bratislava were in future to pass from Slovak into foreign ownership, the new owner would be Germany, and not Hungary, and this made many Hungarians very angry. For Hungary, though not unprepared to be swallowed by Germany, counted on occupying a privileged place in the stomach of the Reich, as she had in that of the Habsburg Empire, with rights of overlordship over Slovaks, Croats and others, and now this expectation seemed likely to be disappointed.

So Hungary, though she had obtained a large piece of territory free, gratis and for nothing and without any personal effort at all, was feeling disgruntled with Germany, and as the first mark of this feeling the veteran Foreign Minister, Kánya, had to go, one of the trio, Horthy, Imrédy and Kánya, of whom I told you earlier, and to whom the aristocrats and the church and the Jews looked to save them from Hitler. He was succeeded by Count Stephen Csáky, a dapper little ex-naval officer with a bristling moustache and a genial smile, who immediately paid the orthodox visit to

Herr Hitler. There he was placed in that familiar, rather uncomfortable chair in the middle of the room, while around him, in deep and comfortable chairs, rather like a board of examiners, sat Hitler and Hitler's advisers, and they turned on the beat, as the saying is, and Count Csáky came back to Budapest, and Hungary joined the Anti-Comintern Pact.

To sit in that chair in the middle of the room, with the third-degree men around you, is an experience that I don't envy any Foreign Minister of a small state. Soon after, Dr. Emil Chvalkovsky, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, went through it. You feel rather like the lemon in the lemon-squeezer; the pressure increases and increases, and the pips squeak and squeak. Eventually, what Germany wants from these states is a full military, political and customs alliance, and she will get it. That means that they must fight for Germany in war, work for Germany in peace, and support all German policy.

With that adherence to the Anti-Comintern Pact, Hungary has already taken a decisive step. Politically and militarily, she is already in the position of a German province. But in her home politics, her domestic affairs, the German influence has as yet hardly begun to make itself felt, and this is a thing that interests me very much. I am quite clear that Germany will insist on and obtain full control over these countries; that is, she will have a monopoly of their products and markets, if she wants it, and the use of their armies. But how far will she insist on the application of National Socialist political doctrine and methods within these countries? Will she leave them a certain freedom in this matter, or will she demand the rigorous introduction of the anti-Jewish laws, the abolition of all political parties but one, and the like?

That is not yet clear. In Czecho-Slovakia, Germany has been pressing in this direction, and the slowness of the Czechs in yielding was the cause for several delays in Dr. Chvalkovsky's visit to Berlin. In Austria, the Germans seem to have made all the traditional German mistakes. They have never flattered the Austrian tradition or the great achievements of Austria, never admitted that the Austrians were a separate Germanic people, done none of the things that would have appealed to the Austrian heart. The whole burden of the German song was that the Austrians were indolent and inefficient, that they were Germans, not Austrians, and must learn to be exactly like the Germans in the Reich. The iron hand! With these methods the Germans may breed a mass of subterranean antagonism to themselves which in the long run - but only in the long run - will be dangerous to them.

While Hungary waited to see what Germany would demand in these directions, a remarkable thing happened in Hungary. Béla de Imrédy, the Prime Minister, another of the trio I have just mentioned, came out with a Hungarian patriotic and racial movement. He called it 'Hungarian Life', as far as the title can be translated, and the inaugural meeting was just like a Hitlerist meeting translated into Hungarian. There were the banners, the Hungarian national colours with the sacred stag of old Hungarian mythology superimposed. There were the Storm Troops, with befrogged jackets and gold-betasselled black ties and white shirts and knee boots and feathered hats. There was the newfangled salute - the hand on the heart, rather a good one this, it's at least a change from the upraised arm.

And there, on the platform, was The Leader, Béla de Imrédy, with a programme of land for the landless, and work for the workless, and social betterment for the poor, and the cultivation of the military spirit and Hungarian patriotism and anti-Semitism. Beside him was Andor Jaross, the leader of the Hungarians from recovered Upper Hungary. He, too, was a thorn in the side of the Old Regime in Budapest. In Upper Hungary, under the Czechs, the peasants had been given land, the workers social insurance. Jaross himself, in his campaign against the Czechs, had been the ally of the Henleinists, of Hitler's Nazis. He bluntly intimated, when he came to Budapest, that the liberated Upper Hungarians did not want to be depressed to the level of the masses in Trianon

Hungary; they wanted the masses in Trianon Hungary to be brought up to the level of the liberated Upper Hungarians.

A shiver and a shock went through the embattled Old Regime in Budapest, which had so effortlessly re-established its hold on Hungary after the World War. Their bitterness vented itself particularly on Imrédy, who had been called to power as the last hope of saving Hungary from Hitler, and was now coming all over Hitler, and was beginning to have a very good press in Germany. Six months before, they had said 'We put our money on Imrédy', and in reference to his rather aquiline features said that he looked like Savonarola. Now, they went about saying that he was a Jew!

This led to a most interesting development. I wrote earlier in this book that Imrédy is the Magyarised form of Heinrich, and that this indicated Germanic origins. Accused of having Jewish blood, Béla de Imrédy, on the public platform, produced wedding and baptismal certificates for three generations back, which showed that his origins were indeed predominantly Germanic. His paternal grandfather was a Heinrich, his maternal grandfather was a Zenger from the Palatinate, his maternal grandmother was a Nepomuk from Herr Hitler's home country, and so on, and, a comic touch, the baptismal certificate of his maternal grandfather, made out in Vienna more than a century ago, bore the remark 'Valid only as proof of Aryan origin'.

So you see that some of Hitler's ideas are not so newfangled.

Hungary is a strangely remote country, in some ways, and I found some amusement, in a grim world, in the stupefaction with which the Old Regime in Budapest regarded this new venture of the man who was to save them from Hitler. Imrédy, they now said venomously, was feeling the call of his German blood. But actually Imrédy was trying to do only what Papen had tried to do in Germany, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg in Austria, what Goga had failed to do in Rumania and what King Carol was now trying to do there - to steal the thunder of the extremists, and retain his hold on power, by doing some things they clamoured for, by making some concession to the undoubted public desire for these things.

It is a device that has always failed until now, but who knows? In Hungary the 'Hungarist' movement (National Socialism on a Hungarian basis) is strong. Its Leader, the ex-officer Major Franz Szalasi, still lies in prison, and since I had left Budapest Count Louis Szechenyi, detested of his class, had gone to join him there. If the fight remained a purely domestic Hungarian one, if the ring were kept, 'Hungarism' was crushed, as the Iron Guard was crushed in Rumania. Oxygen administered from beyond the frontier alone could revive it. Would this be given? There, again, you have the question, how far will Germany go in insisting on the co-ordination of domestic political life, in the countries she dominates, with her own? Coming months will give the answer.

Meanwhile the Old Regime - doughty foes, who have kept their hold on Hungary through thick and thin since Hungary was born, with comparatively recent reinforcement by the Jews - were girding their loins to meet the new challenge to their rule. The main opposition to Imrédy came from the Jews, but they did not appear in the open. The visible champions were aristocrats and big landowners, like Count Stephen Bethlen, and clerical publicists. With one accord they raised the cry that racial theories must not be introduced in the land of the Holy Crown and in the thousand-year-old-Kingdom and in Liberal Hungary and this and that. What did the landless peasants in the countryside and the poverty-stricken workers in the towns think about it? Ah, echo answers, what? Surveying the affluence and influence of the Jews, and their monopolistic hold on the trade and commerce of the land, they might have thought, if they thought at all, that theories of racial exclusiveness had already been introduced in Hungary. But their voice is never heard. The battle was joined in Budapest.

When I went back to Budapest, in January 1939, the second anti-Jewish law had been introduced. The first, as I wrote earlier in this book, on paper restricted the share of the Jews in business and commercial undertakings, and in the professions, to twenty per cent. The second purported to reduce it to six per cent, but, when I was in Budapest, seemed likely to be vetoed by the Regent, Admiral Horthy. In practice, nothing had happened to the Jews, who continued to dominate the scene. The power of the Jews is so great that when some mild anti-Jewish law, of little practical effect, is passed in this or that country, the entire world press starts shouting at the top of its voice about 'Anti-Semitism in Hungary', 'Anti-Semitism in Rumania', or the like. In this exasperating and misleading din, the things that ought to be discussed and need to be remedied, like the lot of the poverty-stricken masses in these countries, are completely lost sight of.

I have told you earlier in this book that the pity-the-poor-Jew cry is becoming a dangerous racket. Hungary provides the best possible illustration that I can give you of this. The first anti-Semitic law was introduced in the spring of 1938. It had many loopholes, which you would hardly have noticed at all unless you were a student of these things, and it was in any case due to take effect only after four years. Immediately a worldwide shriek of 'Anti-Semitism in Hungary' went up to heaven.

Nothing at all happened to the Jews, and long before the first anti-Semitic bill could take effect, long before it was possible to see whether it was meant to have any effect (for I may tell you, in strict confidence, that it was actually prepared in collaboration between the Government and the Jews), it was cancelled by the second anti-Semitic bill. Immediately a worldwide shriek of 'Even more terrible anti-Semitism in Hungary' arose to heaven. Nothing happened to the Jews. As I write, the bill has not even got through its committee stage and when it reaches parliament seems certain to be emasculated, if not vetoed, by the Regent, Admiral Horthy, himself.

Whether anything ever really happens to the Jews in Hungary depends entirely on Germany, and whether she demands it. Left to herself, Hungary will pass ten anti-Semitic bills, and nothing will happen to the Jews, though the world, instructed by the Jewish press, will grow hoarse in shrieking 'Anti-Semitism in Hungary'.

The fact that the new anti-Jewish bill in Hungary was the second caused the Jews to make preparations to leave. If this was the second bill, they argued, a third bill may come, and a fourth, and at the fifth or sixth something may happen to us. So they were besieging the foreign legations and consulates, and getting acquaintances in England to write them letters inviting them to England for 'a month's visit', and the pengo had slumped on the black bourse from 30 to 60, 65 and 70 and more.

You may not understand this last cryptic remark. Let me explain. The Jews in all these countries have been transferring their money abroad, particularly to England, in recent months. They think that Hitler is coming and they are getting ready to go. But the transfer of their money abroad is illegal; all these countries have introduced legislation against it. A way has to be found. A foreigner is sought, say an Englishman, who has payments to make in Budapest, or Bucharest, or Prague. He is given for his sterling, say, 35 pengoes, instead of the official rate of 26. In return, he credits the sterling equivalent to his Jewish acquaintance's account in London. But the competition is great, another Jew offers more, and so the rate rises and rises. In Budapest, as I write, pounds can be sold for 70 pengoes instead of 26, in Bucharest for 1700 lei instead of 850, in Prague for 450 kronen instead of 140, in Belgrade for 310 dinars instead of 250, and so on, and so on.

By this means, you may lose some of your fortune, but you pave a golden road to England, where you may quickly make good the loss.

I sat in Budapest and talked about these things with a Hungarian nobleman, a charming and cultivated man who was in the van of the opposition to Imrédy, who hated the thought of a Hungary in vassaldom to Germany. Under the new law, which provided that Jews and half-Jews should hold a separate miniature election and return six per cent of the members of Parliament, bishops and priests would have to vote, he said, as half-breeds at the Jewish election. The priest of his own parish, he added, was a full-blooded Jew. How could you introduce racial theories in Hungary, he asked? In the aristocracy the blood of a score of races was inextricably mingled. His own family was an example. 'I don't care much about Jews', he said, 'but all my humane instincts revolt at the thought of this discrimination. Where could you find a pure-blooded Hungarian, a pure Magyar? Only in the villages, if at all.'

Now that is absolutely true, and I have written something of the sort earlier in this book. The Hungarians have become inextricably crossbred. As far as pure-bred Hungarians exist, they are among the poor peasantry. But it seems to me that the original inhabitants of the land ought to be the first, not the last, to have a claim on compassion and consideration. Nobody ever thought of protesting when discrimination was exercised against them. Serfdom and bondage were things which revolted nobody's humane feelings - and they are still scarcely free of them.

A restless, surging, bewildered Hungary, that I came back to in January 1939. The shape of things to come was not yet clear. German domination? Yes, that much was clear. But the Hungarian household itself, the landless peasants, the poverty-stricken workers, the rich Jews, the entrenched landlords, the powerful Church - what was going to happen about them? Were changes, improvements, better times coming at long last for the submerged masses? Or would the ruling class, as in England, by some deft trick keep power in its hands, smother the distress of the masses for another decade, another fifty years, another century?

The answer lies in the hands of Germany, and will soon be clear to see.

With much regret, I came away. If I may not live in Austria, I would like to live in Hungary, at some little Danube-side town, between Budapest and Esztergom. I love those Hungarian skies, those Hungarian fields, now that I know them.

But in Insanity Fair you never can stop anywhere long enough to pitch your tent. The four horsemen, war, famine, pestilence and death, are already on the prowl, accompanied by their girl friends, the four horsewomen, envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Not more tranquil, but more turbulent years lie ahead. At the end of them-what? As far as I can see, some quite different order of society from that we have known. But in the near future, quite certainly, turmoil, turbulence, tumult - Insanity Fair at its craziest. No time for Danubian dreams, Danubian idylls, a white house with a green vine.

#### POSTSCRIPT

As this book approaches publication, one of the strangest things has happened that I have ever seen, even in Insanity Fair - the resignation of Béla de Imrédy from the Hungarian Premiership because of his discovery that he has Jewish blood. I have told in this book how Imrédy, a man of predominantly German descent, was called to power by the aristocratic-landowning-clerical-Jewish regime as the last hope of saving Hungary from some form of National Socialism; how in course of time he himself came to feel strongly that land-for-the-landless, work-for-the-workless, and restriction of the Jewish influence were essential for Hungary; how he then attempted to call into being a movement, 'Hungarian Life', to bring about these things; and how the Old Regime in Budapest, which had effortlessly reimposed its rule on Hungary after a world war, turned on and prepared to rend him.



One of the weapons they used against him was the suggestion that he himself had Jewish blood, and I have also told in this book how he disproved this by producing birth and baptismal certificates for his parents and grandparents. The rumours, however, were not stilled, and a month later Imrédy announced that he had made further researches and had discovered that his maternal great-great-grandparents were actually Jewish and had been baptized Christians with their son, his maternal great-grandfather, in the year 1814. Imrédy stated that he still firmly believed the policy he had advocated to be essential for Hungary. But in these circumstances he would not pursue it further himself, and he resigned. His overthrow, like that of Octavian Goga in Rumania a year earlier, was the result of the powerful Jewish opposition, in Hungary and abroad, and was another setback, for how long cannot yet be foretold, to the German desire to see restrictive measures against the Jews adopted in other countries. By a strange freak of chance, the first man who ever tried seriously to tackle the Jewish problem in Hungary had himself Jewish blood, three generations back.

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## Chapter Thirty Four

### BELGRADE BURLESQUE

I stood in a little pavilion in the Kalimegdan Park, in Belgrade, and watched Count Ciano, the son-in-law of Mussolini and incidentally the Foreign Minister of Italy, the man who had acquired a reputation for military valour by bombing Abyssinians, the man who, with his wife, Edda Mussolini, was regarded by the diplomats as the mainspring of the stand-or-fall-with-Germany group in Italy. Young, ruddy-cheeked, energetic, with an artificial strut and an artificial glower, as becomes the son-in-law of a dictator and the representative of a successful Fascist state.

Prince Regent Paul and Milan Stoyadinovitch were there too. They were all smiles and affability as they greeted Mussolini's son-in-law. The little pavilion in the Kalimegdan Park, where Ciano was to open an exhibition of Italian literature, was completely cut off from the population of Belgrade by cordons of police and gendarmes and plain-clothes men, and not one Belgrader in ten thousand saw his country's honoured guest. But within the little pavilion itself all was most bonhomous and genial. Somebody had had a brilliantly original idea: a little girl with a bouquet ('How sweet!') greeted Count Ciano and said a piece in her childish lisp, and he in his deep and manly tones said 'Grazie', and all the stern, we-are-the-men-who-count ministers and officials standing round broke into friendly mankind-loving smiles, and Count Ciano transferred the flowers to one of his bodyguard, and the Fascist babies, of both sexes, saluted and hailed him, and Prince Paul and Milan Stoyadinovitch accompanied him into the hall to open the exhibition.

A few yards away from the pavilion, in the same Kalimegdan Park, was another building, and in this you could see the motor car, an ancient and unprepossessing vehicle, in which King Alexander of Yugoslavia was murdered at Marseilles just four years earlier. Normally used, before that time, for bringing the higher-grade swindlers and more expensive trollops of Marseilles to police headquarters, it was apparently the best the French were able to find for their royal guest on that October day in 1934, and as its highest speed was twenty miles an hour and the chauffeur had been instructed to keep it in first gear anyway, and it had a convenient running board, Vlada the Chauffeur, the gunman, who had been waiting among the crowd with his pockets bulging with bombs and revolvers, had no difficulty in carrying out his mission, and now that old motor car rusts in the museum in the Kalimegdan Park and you can see the bloodstains.

A fitting sideshow in Insanity Fair, I think, the two buildings in the Kalimegdan Park, with the murdered King's car in the one, and Count Ciano, Prince Regent Paul, Milan Stoyadinovitch, Italo-Yugoslav friendship, in the other.

For some of the assassins, as I have already suggested, were trained and sheltered in Italy, and the chief of them retired to his villa there after the murder, and the request for his extradition was refused. When an outraged Yugoslavia brought her case before the League Council at Geneva, she was browbeaten by England and France into keeping out of it the name of Italy, whose foremost leaders must have known what was afoot, and the matter was written off with a rebuke to Hungary, who had played a comparatively minor part in the affair. For England and France were then determined that nothing should come between them and their efforts to placate Italy and keep her out of the German orbit, and the rights or grievances of a small state like Yugoslavia meant just as little to them then as the fate of Czechoslovakia meant to them four years later. The good Laval sidetracked the demands for justice of the outraged Boshko Yeftitch, the Foreign Minister who accompanied King Alexander to Marseilles, with the same effortless cynicism that was subsequently shown at Munich.

'Make friends with Italy,' was the urgent advice to Yugoslavia.

Well, four years have passed, and what have you now? Italy is not with France and England, but solidly in partnership with Germany. Yugoslavia, having tasted isolation, having tasted desertion, is the friend of Italy and Germany. She has followed the advice that was given her. She could do nothing else. During the sanctions period she made her last effort to keep in with England and France. At English invitation she joined the group of Mediterranean Powers pledged jointly to resist Italian aggression. Mussolini never forgot that, either, and when Abyssinia was conquered he set about to win the friendship of Yugoslavia, to ensure that he should never again be ringed about with foes in the Mediterranean.

He has succeeded. Do not think that Prince Regent Paul, Milan Stoyadinovitch, or anyone else in Yugoslavia likes the policy which Yugoslavia is now forced to pursue. She can hope for no succour from the west, she is isolated between two great martial dictatorships, her only hope of survival is to be their friend. Thus does the Gadarene Gallop go on, that inexplicable sequence of blunder leading to blunder that has brought England to her present plight.

Italy is now sure of the neutrality, at least, of her eastern neighbour, once the ally of France, in any European conflict. Simultaneously, she is helping Franco, her western neighbour, nearer and nearer to his victory in Spain. If and when that happens, the Mediterranean will probably be closed, in war, to England and France. I cannot see how France, if that happens, can make good her bold undertaking to keep Tunis, which Italy wants, by arms. She will be exposed to attack on three sides, instead of one as in the World War. Italy will sit athwart her troopship routes to and from Africa. The stage, if Franco wins, will be set for a joint Italo-German onslaught, by bluff or by arms, on France and England, which France and England may be too weak to resist.

This favourable development in the Mediterranean may be the reason why, as I write in the early weeks of 1939, Germany seems to be soft-peddalling on her Eastern policy and turning towards the West.

As I came out of the pavilion, the Kalimegdan Park was dark and empty, peopled only by the lurking figures of police and plain-clothes men. The adjoining streets were empty, too. The rulers of Yugoslavia, perforce, were making friends with Italy, because they had no choice. The people of Yugoslavia still had no affection for that policy, and did not see the causes which made it necessary. The police were taking no chances with their distinguished visitor, and the population was kept at a distance. Count Ciano, who told a little hand-picked audience that he had come to Yugoslavia to speak to the whole Yugoslav nation, saw very few Yugoslavs as he was escorted through the country inside a ring of police.

But that was not important. The Kalimegdan Park might be empty, the neighbouring streets too, but Reasons of State were making policy inside the little pavilion among the trees, and the Reasons of State were the weakness of France and England and the strength of Germany and Italy.

As this book goes to press Milan Stoyadinovitch has been overthrown by a group of his own Ministers, who resigned on the ground that he had not solved the Croat dispute, which I have discussed in Chapter 17 and which potentially threatens the existence of Yugoslavia. Their action is in itself an admission that the Croat crisis is serious, a thing they have always denied, but whether they will do anything about it is quite another question. For Stoyadinovitch became Prime Minister by exactly the same method: he overthrew his then chief, Boshko Yeftitch, by leading a group of Ministers who resigned on the ground that Yeftitch had not solved the Croat dispute. But in the event they themselves did nothing to solve it. Whether Belgrade now really sees the red light in Croatia, or whether this is just another redistribution of the sweets of office in Belgrade, is the question which the future will answer.

## Chapter Thirty Five

### BOHEMIA IN BONDAGE

I drove out of Budapest, in my hired car, on a foul winter's day, with the roads oozing mud and the rain trying to turn into snow, and set my course for liberated Upper Hungary, for Bratislava, Brunn and Prague, a long, long run, and I was shivering with half-cured influenza, and the fields which had looked so warm and friendly in the summer were now black and brown and bare and hostile, the horizon beckoned no invitation, beshawled peasants trudged along, bent before the wind and rain, the long, straight road lay before me like a muddy canal.

I came to Komarom. The little town lies athwart the Danube, a bridge joining its two halves, and here, until the map-makers of Munich got to work, the frontier had run, the northern half of Komarom had been Czecho-Slovakia, and the southern half Hungary.

I drove across the bridge and looked at liberated Komarom and found myself asking the old question, who whom? Who has liberated whom? Here was no free and laughing town. Here were the familiar signs of keep-your-mouth-shut, of gendarme-rule. In the little dining-room where I lunched, a large portrait of Admiral Horthy had been hung, I suppose in the place where Masaryk's picture had formerly been. I asked the waiter, what languages are spoken here? He looked at me with suspicion at the back of his eyes ('Is this a spy?') and said non-committally, 'We used to speak Slovak, Czech or German; now we speak Hungarian', and hurried away; he had no wish to be questioned.

In the streets the shopkeeper Alexander Klein, good Magyar, had changed the name over his windows to Kiss Sándor. Oh yeah, I thought. The shops of Bata, the great Czech shoemaker, had changed their name to Citka, and I wondered casually whether they had just been expropriated or bought out. A heavy and oppressive atmosphere lay over the town. The people, if you asked them a question in German, replied that they only spoke Hungarian, and needed a deal of friendly suasion to admit that they understood you. I thought of Czecho-Slovakia, before Munich, where there were dozens of German-language newspapers, where the Germans had their own German schools in every German district, where the Germans had their own party, were able to demonstrate and meet and discuss. I looked at Hungary, where no German-language newspapers were allowed, though some 600,000 Germans lived in the country, where there were hardly any German schools, no German political party, no political liberty for the Germans.

Yet Hitler had crushed that Czechoslovakia, made this Hungary greater, restored large areas of Slovakia and Ruthenia to Hungarian rule! A strange world.

I drove on, through one of the most desolate countrysides I have ever seen. True, it was a flat and barren land, a despondent winter's day, with the dusk already lurking behind the surly clouds. But apart from all that, the place had a graveyard look. Suppression, oppression, repression, it said to me, as I bumped through it, my car rattling over the potholes, jets of mud spurting from beneath the wheels. The villages were few and far between, you hardly saw a soul. The Hungarians had taken down the Czech name-plates at the approaches to each village and had not yet replaced them with Hungarian ones. They had also taken down the Czech signposts. Presumably they would in time put up new ones, but for the nonce you drove through a nameless countryside. In the villages you saw shuttered shops, and I suppose they were those of Czechs, of Slovaks, or of Jews who had come to these districts from Czecho-Slovakia; the Jews from Hungary had been left alone.

In the villages, too, groups of youths and men stood about, unprepossessing, muttering. I asked the Jew who filled my petrol tank why they were there, if some meeting or demonstration were afoot. He answered briefly 'No work', and busied himself with the pump to avoid further questions.

With relief, as the dusk fell, I came to the frontier. I did not know at first that it was the frontier. It looked like a military outpost in Siberia, or something of that sort. The frontiers of Munich and Vienna are not being given much dignity; men do not seem to think they will last long.

The figure of a Hungarian soldier, calling me to stop, loomed up on a long stretch of featureless road flanked by bare fields. I looked at him questioningly, wondering whether some new frontier brawl was in progress. Then he told me that he was the frontier. He had another soldier with him, they lived in a mud-and-log-cabin beside the road, and they were the frontier.

I came then to the Slovak frontier, a real one, with an orthodox customs house, and beyond that, with much relief, I found another world, tidy and prosperous villages, clean and well-built houses, people bustling about, children skating and sliding and tobogganing, lights. This was Czecho-Slovakia, that had been destroyed in the name of 'self-determination'; how much respect, I thought, have our rulers for phrases like 'non-intervention' and 'self-determination' when they advance the cause of great and predatory militarist states, and how little respect they have for other phrases, like 'the League of Nations', 'collective resistance to aggression', 'loyalty and honour', when these threaten to stay the prowess of the grab-dictatorships.

But as I drove on, hoping to reach Bratislava, the Slovak capital, in another half hour, I began to wonder whether I was dreaming, or whether I had by some mischance crossed the wrong frontier. I asked myself if it was possible that I had come to Germany, for I drove through a village called Mischdorf and then through two or three others with German names, and the swastika flag flew from every second or third house in them; Germany was celebrating some Hitlerist festival on that day, and these people were honouring it too.

I was, to all effect, in Germany. I did, in another fifteen minutes, come to Bratislava, but these villages on the outskirts, where many Austrians live, as I subsequently learned, were in effect Reich colonies on Slovak soil. Imagine Italian flags flying from every house in Clerkenwell, or Palestinian flags flying from every second house in Hampstead, and you will have a picture of that scene - with the important difference that the parent state, Germany, is here only a mile or two away.

By the occupation of the Danube bridgehead, and by the presence of these German villages on the further side of Bratislava, between the Slovak capital and Hungary, the Germans hold Bratislava in the hollow of their hand, just as they hold Bohemia and Moravia through the construction of the trans-Czecho-Slovakian road. Bratislava is the next downstream key-position on the Danube after Vienna, and the Hungarians hoped to get it after Munich. That dream has faded. It was ludicrous to me, after seeing those staunch German colonies around Bratislava, to think that the Hungarians should seriously hope to obtain it.

I could not help but think, as I drove through those German settlements, independent Hitlerist islands in a foreign land, how good it must be to be a German to-day, to feel that your country watches over you, wherever you may be, that you have at your back a rock of granite.

So I slept for a few hours and started out again, before dawn, for that long overland journey to Prague, and as I went I again felt admiration rising and rising in me for all that the Czechs had achieved in the brief twenty years of national freedom, after so many centuries of struggle, that was vouchsafed them. The best road, to Brünn, had been partly taken by the Germans, and I travelled

over the second-best, but even at that it was a marvellous road, perfectly maintained and marked. It ran between vast fertile fields and well-tended forests, nowhere a keep-out-of-here board to be seen, through hamlets and villages and towns and cities each one of which vied with the other in the signs of prosperity and tidiness and thrift and progress. Hodonin, Slavkov, Brünn, Iglau (a German island), Kolin - nowhere in Europe, outside Germany, have I seen towns so well-found and well-stocked and well-built, and even in Germany I have not seen better.

That this state, of all states, should have been sold into bondage by France and England is a crime beyond repair. These people had earned and deserved their liberty, in twenty years they had done more to vindicate it than England in centuries. Here men *were* free, as men are not free in England, because freedom was used for and not against the people, and still the good air of that freedom lingered on. Given another twenty or thirty years the small states of Danubian Europe, with Czechoslovakia in the van, would have been so firmly founded that the age-old rivalry of the predatory great powers to possess them would have ceased, we should have had our brave new Europe, for which so many millions died. Now they are to be reduced to the status of Central American republics, more decades, more centuries of darkness lie ahead, at Munich the light was put out.

I came into Prague, and to the Wenceslas Platz in the dusk, and again my senses quickened in response to the beauty of that cityscape, the noble lines of the Platz - how well the Czechs built and build - the lights, the throngs of people, the teeming traffic.

Again I found that strange paradox - a nation with bitterness buried deep in its heart, a city busier and more prosperous than any other in Europe east of the Rhine. The hotels were full, the shops packed, the streets filled with people. As yet, I cannot tell whether this is a passing phase, a clearance-sale boom, or whether Czecho-Slovakia, by some strange working of the unfathomable laws of trade and commerce, is going to wrest material prosperity from spiritual prostration.

It is, as I write, a mystery, the solution of which will later be seen. Czecho-Slovakia was before Munich, and still is, one of the most abundant countries in Europe. In no other east of the Rhine have I seen, since the creeping paralysis of dictatorship and self-sufficient economies began to spread over Europe, shops so full of good and cheap food, poultry, the pig in all its posthumous forms, cheese, butter, milk, eggs. Slovak liquor is among the best and cheapest in Europe. In quite small towns you could - and as yet you still can - buy English cigarettes, French wines and brandy, Scotch whisky, things long since unprocurable in the neighbouring states, great and small, save in a few luxury shops mainly supported by foreigners. In no other country that I know were clothing, boots, furniture, glass and china so cheap and good. The Czech workman is one of the best in the world, and his needs are modest.

It seemed to me that Czecho-Slovakia, under German domination, was due to be plundered, that in course of time the same blight would fall upon the shops that I had seen in other countries, and this still may happen. Butter in Czecho-Slovakia costs twelve crowns and in Germany six marks, which is equivalent to seventy-two crowns - and Germany is very short of butter. The same holds good for other foodstuffs of which Czecho-Slovakia has an abundance. Already substantial supplies, payable only in block marks, had been virtually commandeered for the Reich, German troops had casually crossed the border from neighbouring garrison towns to buy supplies of things they could not obtain at home, and this process was likely to continue. But as yet it had left no mark, as yet there was no lack of butter and foodstuffs in Czecho-Slovakia, no great rise in prices.

For the nonce, business was thriving in Prague. One reason was that Prague had become a clearing-house for the Jewish emigration. Jews from all parts of Czecho-Slovakia and from other countries were coming to Prague, as the first stage of their journey to England, America, the British

Dominions, or South America. They had even begun to publish, and this is a remarkable instance of their insuppressible energy, a newspaper, *Overseas*, devoted entirely to questions of emigration, and in one of the first numbers of this I found the sinister statement that the British Home Office had 'loyally' refused to publish figures of the number of immigrant Jews in England, 'probably because the immigration is far from finished'.

Loyalty? To whom? To the population of Britain? I do not think so.

These Jews, as a means of exporting some of their capital, were buying everything they could lay hands on in Prague - a dozen suits, twenty pairs of shoes, fur coats, jewellery, everything. This, as far as I could find, was the main reason for that hectic business activity.

When I came to Prague again, 1939 had got well into its stride, Munich already lay months behind, and the process of squeezing Czecho-Slovakia into complete serfdom, at the unspoken threat of open annexation, had progressed further. Indeed, it had gone so far that the German technique for reducing these countries is now clear to see, and you may make a fair picture of what will happen throughout Danubian Europe. It is a skilful process of always asking for more, of relentless pressure relentlessly maintained, of squeezing until the pips squeak.

I think you can find the definition of this process in Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf* - not in the English edition, perhaps, but in the edition the Germans read. I read in an English newspaper that a London bookseller, at Christmas 1938, said that *Mein Kampf* was to-day the best-selling book in England. This means, I suppose, that the English are seeking after knowledge, and rightly so.

In the German edition you will find these lines: 'A clever victor will always impose his demands on the conquered in parts ... He can then reckon that a people will feel no sufficient cause in each of these single oppressions for seizing arms again.'

This theory was being applied to the Czechs. Every day was bringing them more and more demands, without any return. After Munich, they thought that they would, as the price of their capitulation, at least be left to live in peace within their frontiers. They were wrong. The first demand was for the cession of a strip of territory for the building of the German Corridor through Czecho-Slovakia. They resisted, they did not want to sign on the dotted line. They were told that the Germans had desired to prove their friendliness by giving them the opportunity to sign an agreement about the road; whether they signed or not, the road would be built. So they signed.

Incidentally, I see that you are once more being led up that dreary garden path in the matter of this road. I suppose it is a waste of time to state the facts, but I will do so once again.

'Sir John Simon stated that the new road would remain part of the territory of Czecho-Slovakia, but he had no doubt that the road itself would be the property of some German company.'

The road will not remain part of the territory of Czecho-Slovakia, it is a strip of territory formally ceded to Germany. The road will not become the property of 'some German company', but of the German Autobahn Company, which is the German State, which is Hitler.

The road will be a strip of sovereign German territory laid across Czecho-Slovakia, whether Czecho-Slovakia likes it or not, and by it the Czech lands are brought within the frontiers of the Reich.

After signing that agreement, the Czechs thought that they would now at least be given the guarantee of their frontiers - not the English and French guarantee, which they knew to be an

absurdity in the circumstances, a thing never sincerely intended because it could never have been fulfilled, but the German guarantee; Herr Hitler's undertaking to give this was another of Mr. Chamberlain's achievements at Munich.

The Czechs were wrong again. They had expected to send their Foreign Minister to Berlin, to bring home that German guarantee, but now they found that his visit was repeatedly postponed, that new demands rained on them day by day. They must give the Germans in Bohemia full liberty to organize their National Socialist Party, their Storm Troops, their Hitler Youth, and the like - but they must speed up the abolition of all other political parties. They must ban all foreign and home newspapers of an anti-German or anti-Nazi complexion. They ought to hurry along with the reduction of the Jewish influence.

The Czechs fought every inch of the way, but they had to yield, and gradually the land came under the German thrall. At last the Foreign Minister, Chvalkovsky, was permitted to go to Berlin. He was coldly received, and was made to understand, at once, that he was not there to 'negotiate', but to receive orders. Why had not Czecho-Slovakia given notice to terminate her alliances with France and Russia? (after Munich, these had become meaningless scraps of paper, but the Prague Government had not formally denounced them). Why had not Czecho-Slovakia joined the anti-Comintern Pact?

Chvalkovsky answered that Czecho-Slovakia would do these things if Germany would guarantee those frontiers. He was out to save the last thing the Czechs had in the world - to preserve Bohemia from a German occupation.

He was immediately made to understand, by that ring of grim-faced men about him, that the part of Czecho-Slovakia was not to make conditions, but to do what she was told.

By the time you read this, I suppose, Czecho-Slovakia will have done the things demanded of her. I doubt whether she will get anything at all in return. More and more will be demanded from her, the iron grip will close ever more tightly on this small, brave, hard-working people, their reduction to serfdom will be made complete.

In Prague the German-language university has already been transformed into a Hitlerist citadel. Every day brings some new German move, some new German order, to show that Czecho-Slovakia is a German colony. Hitler is 'imposing his demands on the conquered people in parts'. One day an order is issued that German motor cars crossing into Czecho-Slovakia no longer need to carry the international papers necessary to enter the territory of a sovereign state. The next day an agreement is signed giving German troops right of way on railways passing through Czecho-Slovak territory.

Czecho-Slovakia is a German province. The older generation of Czechs will never become accustomed to that, never overcome the bitterness that is in their hearts. But the younger generation, contemplating with relentless logic the way Czecho-Slovakia was sold into bondage by her friends, are beginning to think differently. They say that the Czech destiny, the only hope of Czech happiness, lies in full acceptance of German domination. In a few years they will come to rule the state. Many of them will work with Germany in peace and fight for Germany in war, not from compulsion, but from conviction. They have seen that the words 'freedom', 'democracy', 'honour', were lies, invented to dupe them. They have seen the fiasco of the states that claimed to stand for these things, they have seen the rise of the dictatorships, they have seen their own desertion.

At this point I should like to interpose one last word on behalf of truth and reason.



Mr. Chamberlain, speaking in the House on February 1st, 1939, uttered his familiar rebuke to the doubting souls who do not believe the promises of the grab-dictatorships.

The same Mr. Chamberlain, speaking on March 14th, 1938, told the House that the German Government had given 'assurances' that it considered itself, in its relations with Czechoslovakia, bound by the German-Czechoslovak arbitration treaty.

On January 30th, 1939, the day before Mr. Chamberlain rebuked the doubters, Hitler himself stated that he gave, on May 28th, 1938, the order to prepare a military invasion of Czechoslovakia on October 2nd, 1938.

The Germans may yet sit in Prague. In Austria, the Austrian-born Nazi leader for Vienna, Globocnik, has been dismissed, the German-born Commissioner, Bürckel, put in his place. A German Governor in Vienna! As I know them, the Germans will find it hard to resist the temptation to sit in Prague. They call it 'a German city'. Have they changed? Is Hitler cleverer than his predecessors? Is the lack of resistance to him so complete that he does not even need to do these things? This may be.

Now the rulers of England have awakened to the fact that something is moving in the world. They are telling English people, as if a divine revelation had been granted them, that all is not well, that they may be attacked 'suddenly and continuously', that they must rearm, rearm, rearm.

You may double and quadruple your armament factories, set them working day and night for ever - but you cannot make good the loss of your most valuable armaments, allies. Czecho-Slovakia and Spain. Why, if England is in danger, have these two small nations been sacrificed, why are Englishmen to be sent to be killed in the most unfavourable circumstances possible in any new war, why has everything been done in advance to reduce the chances of victory and of life itself for this new generation of Englishmen that is being told to prepare for the slaughter.

An obscene farce. In the meantime, watch Prague.

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## Chapter Thirty Six

### LOOKING AT ENGLAND

I sat in the dingy station restaurant at Budapest and read my English newspaper, and as I did so the lights suddenly went out and in the darkness somebody banged twelve times tinnily on a tea-tray, and then the lights went on again and the white-capped cook came in, holding under his arm a squealing sucking-pig, and he took this animal from one guest to another for each to pluck a bristle from it and pull its tail, and pocketed his tip at each table, and I realized that 1938 had died and 1939 was born. It was a lugubrious imitation of a merry New Year's eve, for but half a dozen guests sat in that ill-lit restaurant, and they were only there because the express from Germany, for which they were waiting, was late - for some mysterious reason trains from Germany are getting more and more unpunctual - and they were champing with impatience to leave this dreary place and be gone.

So that was 1938, I thought, as the squeals died away, and I took my mind back to the previous New Year's eve, and thought how happy I had then been, in Vienna, and how my good friend and I had seen the New Year in beneath the tall arches of St. Stephen's Cathedral, and then all the events of 1933 passed in review before me, Hitler's swoop on Austria, the publication of my book, idyllic weeks in Budapest, Bedlam once more, fly, fly, fly again, that noontide rest beneath the bough on the Belgrade road, Prague in vassalage. Well, I thought, 1938 had brought the things I feared in *Insanity Fair*, and now, here I was in a station restaurant in Budapest, with 1939 before me, and small promise of good cheer it held, and I wondered, where should I be when 1939 died?

There is small profit in such wanderings, nowadays, so I took up my English paper again and began to look at England, where the British Empire was in course of being lost on the playing fields of Eton. My paper showed me a reproduction of Mr. Chamberlain's Christmas card - just a simple picture of that aeroplane and the proud words 'Munich, September, 1938'.

Well, well. Perhaps it was a famous victory. Mr. Chamberlain seems in danger of ultimate ennoblement as Lord Chamberlain of Munich. But I fancy that English people will before long look back with little affection on that famous flight.

For eleven years before that New Year's Eve in Budapest, and during the weeks that have since elapsed, I have been looking at England from some remote corner of a foreign land, from towns in Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, Switzerland, Hungary. I would have liked to carry the British flag everywhere, but it is difficult. Everywhere I go people long to hear about England, to have some sort of contact with England; centuries of looking to England lie in their blood, as love of England, that England which treats its own people so scurvily, lies in mine. But England becomes ever remoter from them. They no longer understand England. England no longer fits into the picture they formed in their youth, at their parents' knees.

They regard me, because I speak some of their language, understand their problems, like to sit and eat and drink and talk with them, as a strange creature. 'You don't seem like an Englishman', they always say. They are right: I do not feel like the kind of Englishman they know, who usually approaches them with a transparent raincoat of *bonhomie* over an impenetrable hide of repression, whose smiles never have any real nourishment in them (as one of George Belcher's charwomen said), who always looks as if he fears that you might ask him for some favour or bore him with your troubles. Their troubles enthralled me. If I had been an important Englishman, I would have spent much time among these peoples; there would have been none that I knew quite nothing about. If I had been a German or Italian I should have gone to these people with my colours flying, as the representative of my nation, with the whole weight of my Embassy and Press behind me. As an

Englishman, I am a lonely wanderer, playing a lone hand. My zest in this life grows and grows; I am not so old as I used to be, and I enjoy it. But I am never more, to the people I go among, than a stray Englishman. When they ask 'What does England stand for, what does England think of us, what will England do for us?' I tell them that I don't know, or refer them to Munich, of which England seems to be proud. I can only tell them what I stand for, what I think of them, what I would do if I could.

Yet, how much we could learn from them, how much they could do for us.

To look at England from abroad you must do so through English or foreign newspapers. The foreign newspapers which are now most widely read abroad are the German ones, which constantly draw attention to the worst side of English life, and their circulations are steadily increasing. But even the few English newspapers, to the critical eye of a foreign reader, give an appalling picture of wealth, inhumanity and cant on the one side, and of poverty, hopelessness and destitution on the other.

The picture of England has never been so revolting and incomprehensible as in these recent months. Day by day my English and foreign newspapers have shown me British unemployed lying down in Oxford Circus - removed by the police; unemployed in Downing Street - removed by the police; unemployed at the Palace - turned away by the police; unemployed at the Monument - removed by the police; unemployed at the Labour Minister's home - removed by the police and charged 'with insulting words and behaviour'; unemployed at the Ritz for tea - turned out by the police; unemployed at Victoria Station - removed by the police.

Always the police, the police, the police. I have before me a picture of an unemployed man who took part in a demonstration at Victoria when Mr. Chamberlain went to Rome. He is being 'led away' by the police. That is to say, two policemen have hold of him, as if he were a criminal maniac, three others are all round him, and behind rides a mounted policeman. He is hatless, ill-clad and underfed; but his thin raincoat has been torn to ribbons by the police.

Then I turn to my German newspapers and read mocking and contemptuous articles about the way England treats her own people. 'According to official statistics England has about 1,800,000 unemployed, who with their families form approximately a fifth of the population of Great Britain', begins one such article.

When these men try, by spectacular but still orderly methods, to draw attention to their lot, the police are set at them.

I have been collecting cases from English newspapers during two or three weeks. I have hundreds of them and meant to print some here, but now, in writing, I have myself grown sick and cannot go on. How is England to get out of this slough of despond? The people themselves, after centuries of it, seem to have lost the will or the wish to lift themselves above it. The forces against them are too strong. But minds are stirring and surging in the whole world, and because of these things, which you would not mend, you are soon going to see a volcanic movement of anger and despair in England.

What will happen then? I think I can tell you that too. The same people who have sold the Czechs into serfdom, who are trying to do the same with the Spaniards, who are allowing the Jews to enter England in thousands, who find money and compassion and sanctuary for the Jews, will send soldiers with machine-guns against their own kin. This is the inevitable inference of all they have done in foreign policy. Why, if we are so gravely behind in armaments, if we are in mortal danger

from some great power, did they sacrifice so valuable an ally as Czecho-Slovakia? Why are they sacrificing Spain?

Class-antagonism is the only possible answer, and these people will be just as ruthless towards their own countrymen.

As I write, the Spanish tragedy seems at last to be finishing. Perhaps this is wrong, perhaps Barcelona will prove to be another Madrid, but it seems unlikely. After nearly three years the Spanish people seem to have been forced to their knees by the Italians, the Germans, the Moors. Franco now seems within reach of victory. Soon you will see what Non-Intervention meant - that Franco must win. Before Mr. Chamberlain went to Rome it seemed that England and France, to ensure his victory, would at last grant him belligerent rights, enable him to starve out the Republicans. As in the cases of Austria and Czechoslovakia, this was contrary to official British foreign policy, but on the eve of the journey to Rome *The Times* launched the usual cautious suggestion that this should be done. That it was not done seems to be due to the fact that it was not necessary; apparently Franco can now win without belligerent rights, unless another miracle intervenes.

As in the cases of Abyssinia and Czechoslovakia, the British influence has been decisive. The French, seeing the deadly danger to themselves of a Franco victory, might at the last moment have opened their frontier and allowed arms to reach the beleaguered Republicans. England prevented this. Mr. Chamberlain deterred the French by informing them of his latest 'assurances' from Signor Mussolini - that Italian troops would not remain in Spain 'after the victory'.

So you see what non-intervention meant. After the victory - and you can believe this - Franco's Spain will become the docile ally of Germany and Italy, in peace and war. Franco Spain will be an entirely Fascist State - in spite of former 'assurances'. You have seen what happened in Czecho-Slovakia: the Skoda Works have passed under German control, they are making arms and munitions for Germany, the Czech army will fight for Germany in any new war. Exactly the same thing will happen in Spain, if Franco wins. Italy will not give up those Balearic Islands.

When Franco wins, your strategic position will be desperate. After Munich, after that unblushing French repudiation of a written pledge, you can no longer count on your French ally. Even if you could, your strategic position would still be desperate. You will be without friends, you will be soon confronted with an imperative demand for the surrender of territory on the most humiliating terms.

I have just seen in a newspaper a picture of Spanish children, each of whom had lost a limb, in flight before Franco over the mountains to France.

In flight? I have used the wrong term. They only had one leg apiece, and a crutch in place of the other. Each was led by a grown man. There was a little girl, about the age of my daughter, with one leg. A little boy, about the age of my son, with one leg. Behind them other children, each with one leg, each with one crutch, hobbling over the mountains, hurrying to get to France.

Suffer little children! Oh yeah? Not these little children. These little children are insufferable. They are the children of peasant-class, working-class parents, Reds. Blow their remaining legs off. Send the Moors, the Germans, the Italians, to do it. Applaud Franco. Onward Christian soldiers.

Suffer little children? Not these little children. If they were the well-fed and well-clad children of well-to-do German Jews, you would turn out your mayor and his corporation, his gold chain and his band to welcome them, press reporters and photographers in scores would describe and depict

their daily doings for you, your warmhearted women welfare workers would hasten to them, your love-your-fellow-man students from Oxford would take train to Dovercourt to pet and pamper them and tuck them up.

But these other little children, with one leg apiece, hobbling over the mountains? Oh no. No primates or prelates burst into protest about this. No Elder Politicians, no peers gathered on platforms to appeal to the conscience of the world about this. No newspapers opened their columns to subscriptions for this cause.

No, this is what the England of 1939 likes to see, this procession of one-legged children, hobbling over the wintry hills to France. These are Reds. Out upon them. Franco, Hitler and Mussolini are saving us from Bolshevism.

At Munich the greatest victory in history was converted into the greatest defeat. We English people of to-day either fought in a war in which a million Britishers were killed or we are the sons and daughters of those men. We did not win that war: it is not finished, as we now see. We granted our enemy an Armistice, and now, twenty years later, he is stronger than we are; either hostilities will be resumed in conditions more unfavourable to ourselves than those of 1914 or we must capitulate.

This was not necessary. We could have had the victory. We could have outarmed the rearming adversary, or we could have found allies with whom we should have been stronger than he. We gave our million British lives to save the nation, but also for a wider ideal - the right of poor men to live as freemen, and of small nations to live as free nations.

One after another, all these things have been cast away. We neither have our brave new England nor our brave new world. We have an England more class-ridden and with more slums than ever. We have a world again at the mercy of military adventurers. We have governments that tell us they stand for the old ideals, but in moments of crisis they always betray these ideals. They tell us for years that we have nothing to fear when mortal danger is approaching our door.

For what are we to live, for what to die? We have been sold and betrayed.

You might think there was something foul in the state of England. But no, all is well. We still have an Upper Class, and that is all that matters. Lady Londonderry, the political hostess, writes in a book, 'There is still, what shall we call it, an Upper Class, its ranks diminished and impoverished by the war. They still wield a certain influence behind the scenes and in times of crisis their presence will still be felt, something solid and very British.'

In the countries I know, politicians have attached much importance to that little coterie behind-the-scenes which is so solid and British in moments of crisis. But any attempt to identify its members, to reveal how they work, is sternly repressed, produces loud cries of indignation.

For years I have followed the activities of that little group, of whose impoverishment I have seen little trace. For years I have known that they favoured the relinquishment of Austria and Czechoslovakia and the other Danubian countries to Germany, the victory of Franco in Spain, and although official British policy, as proclaimed in Parliament, has always been against these things, they have always had their way in the end.

For long enough, this powerful group was known to foreign newspapers and foreign legations and foreign governments as the Something Clique. But this was apparently an illusion, because one day a non-member of this non-existent Clique wrote to a British newspaper to say that it never had existed. It was just a Communist Plot. Until then the belief was widely held in foreign countries

that it did exist and was powerful enough, in moments of crisis, always to tip the scales in favour of Germany and Italy.

This was important, because the responsibility for the bewilderment and spiritual despair of English people to-day would have been borne by the Something Clique - if only it had existed. It would have been responsible, for instance, for the change in British policy between the eve and the morrow of Munich - the eve, on which the Prime Minister said, 'If I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by fear of its force I should feel that it should be resisted', and the morrow, on which Lord Halifax said, 'The German claim was in fact advanced and pressed under an overwhelming show of force, which was impossible to reconcile with the spirit of what we believe must be the basis of international relations', the morrow on which Dr. Goebbels said, 'We were ready to fight had we not got what we wanted', the morrow on which Herr Hitler said, 'This success was only possible because we were armed and determined to use our might if necessary'.

I think this shows you how the little group works. Its members, as far as I know them, are rich, not impoverished, and if disaster falls on England I expect to find that they have vanished to estates in America, South America, the Riviera, or Lord knows where. The logical end of the policy they have pursued would be the submission of England to Germany - and why should they not succeed? They seem to achieve much in foreign affairs. I do not perceive that they achieve much in improving our defences or in improving the lot of our under-dogs. In the matter of defences, you will remember the last-minute spade, bucket and sandbag chaos in September. In the matter of our under-dogs, you have but to read your daily newspaper with a discerning eye to see how much is done to better their lot.

While England was moving to that gloomiest of all festivals, the British Christmastide, Mr. Chamberlain told some five hundred odd, no, not odd, I mean more than five hundred guests at a Foreign Press banquet once more what he intended to do in foreign affairs. As some sign of appreciation for his services at Munich, the German Press, in a body, boycotted the banquet. The Germans had been provoked into remaining away by the following brutal passage in Mr. Chamberlain's speech:

I must deplore the present attitude of the German Press which in one case has not scrupled to pour out its vituperation against our most respected statesman, himself only recently the Prime Minister, of this country, and in few cases has shown much desire to understand our point of view.

There we are, deploring again. Would you believe it? It's just political hay fever.

Once more  
We deplore  
We deplore  
And abhor  
The German attacks on our worth.  
It is cheek  
But the meek  
Turn the cheek  
Ev'ry week  
And hope to inherit the earth.

But nowadays we may not even deplore. Could German barbarity go further? Soon our last occupation will be gone. What is left to us if we may neither deplore nor deprecate? A world without a wailing wall.

Mr. Chamberlain also said that the year 1938 had been one of progress in the direction of peace-making and that he was astonished at the pessimism of some critics of the Government.

The destiny of Mr. Chamberlain is to be astonished. He further said that he had chosen his own course and that if he were ultimately to fail 'it would be no consolation to myself or anybody else to be able to say that I had followed the advice of others instead of relying on my own judgment'.

That can be put another way. If Mr. Chamberlain fails, the 'responsibility will be his, all his, and nobody's but his. When he took office time still remained to stop the rot. He had no personal knowledge or experience of foreign affairs. Did he lend ear to those who had? Seemingly not. Following 'his own judgment', he took on his own responsibility decisions, in great international crises, of incalculable importance to the world and to his countrymen. The result of these decisions will show itself very soon now. The bulk of expert and experienced opinion in foreign affairs was against them. The professional makers of garments did not approve the way this cloth was being cut and stitched. Mr. Chamberlain followed his own ideas. They were also those of the small but influential inner circle, inexperienced in foreign affairs but obsessed by fear of The Reds, that pulls so much weight in England.

If Mr. Chamberlain succeeds all the glory is his. If he fails the whole responsibility is his, but that will not help England.

But anyway, the brain reels before a claim that a policy of peace-making achieved progress in 1938. Look at your world, now. You have arrayed against you three of the greatest, if not the three greatest, military nations in the world, threatening you and your empire from every point of the compass. Peace? Peace-making? Eradicating the causes of war? In China a tragedy is in progress the like of which our world, since we began to keep a record of it, has hardly ever seen, something almost as far beyond human understanding as space itself. Nobody knows how many Chinese have died, but already more than those who died in the whole four years of the World War! Try to imagine the entire population of England, Scotland and Wales scrambling for the Hebrides, and you have a faint idea of what is happening in China. After two thousand years of slow progress towards humanity you have that gigantic catastrophe in China. In Europe you have minor tragedies, major ones impending.

In London, on the same day that Mr. Chamberlain deplored, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald told, the Constitutional Club, 'Of course, one has to look at the possibility that in our own lifetime this great Empire will crumble and go to pieces'.

You will have to look for that very soon, unless you change your methods, unless your politicians stop playing golf and going to those ridiculous banquets, unless you can compel them to get to work, put your defences in order, mend your social conditions, stop fobbing you off with red-herring statements. Time still is left. Time always is left, until the clock strikes too late. But if no will exists, if prejudice and privilege and preconceived opinions and property-obsession are to outweigh experience and enthusiasm and energy and knowledge and patriotism, then it is too late before the clock strikes.

Where are you now? Italy is demanding territory from France, Germany will soon be demanding territory from England. How do we stand with France? France has declared that she will 'yield no inch of land to Italy, even if the refusal means war'. Then why, in the name of offence and defence,

did France sacrifice Czechoslovakia, with its magnificent army. But where does this leave us, the English? Will we, won't we, go to the aid of France, if France is attacked? Will France, won't France, come to our aid, if we are attacked? Who knows, to-day?"

What does Mr. Chamberlain think about it?

On a Monday he said England was bound by no pact or treaty to go to the aid of France if she became involved in hostilities with Italy.

On a Tuesday he said that England's relations with France were so close as to pass beyond mere legal obligations, since they were founded on identity of interest.

On a Wednesday he said an Italian attack on Tunis 'could not count on the disinterestedness of England', that the dear old Anglo-Italian Gentleman's Agreement, the ratification of which was one of the rare and refreshing fruits of Munich, and by which Italy undertook to respect the present territorial arrangement in the Mediterranean, 'self-evidently applied to Tunis also', and that 'any action which might be undertaken against the agreement would naturally cause the greatest anxiety to the British Government'.

Which means, I suppose, that we should deplore and deprecate it. But do you now know what you would do if France were attacked? Do you know what France would do if we were attacked? The Germans and Italians have largely succeeded in their greatest operation of political strategy: to weaken Anglo-French collaboration to a point of paralysing uncertainty, so that in a great crisis one of the partners is likely to desert the other, and to shake domestic confidence in France and England to the foundations.

This England. We have travelled a long way from Chaucer, Milton and Bunyan, from Shakespeare and Bacon, from Raleigh and Drake and Nelson, from Dickens and Florence Nightingale, from our once green and pleasant and staunch and sturdy land to the country of ring-fenced mountains, slums, keep-out-of-here and don't-go-there, two million unemployed, under-nourishment, and the new Jewish immigration - to the England of 1939, the land of a bewildered, leaderless, alarmed and cynical people. The spirit of the English is to-day capable of greater things than ever before, but with this leadership - we are finished.

To find consolation in the picture of England to-day you must either have strange standards of judgment or be very comfortably situated yourself, with your nest-egg safely tucked away somewhere and your little house all ready far from the madding bomb.

How are we to get out of this rat-trap into which we have been led, always to a chorus of solemn reproof to the people who doubted the wisdom of the way? This is the question I ask myself when I look at England from afar. Distance lends no enchantment to this view. Do you know that in foreign countries politicians and diplomats already openly discuss the possibility of the transference of the Court to Canada, envisage a rump of British Empire grafted on to the United States by some strange process of political surgery?

I doubt whether it will long continue possible for an Englishman who knows something of these matters to write and tell his countrymen about them. Everywhere I see the threat of the suppression of free speech and free writing lurking between the lines of the British Press. Lord Castlerosse, a peer who happens also to be a brilliant journalist, impassionedly wrote against this and implored his 'fellow craftsmen to remember that "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake ..."'



But this, though sincerely meant, is not true, in England to-day. We are not free in England, or our freedom is being misused to destroy us. You have only to stand back a little and look at England to lose your belief in this freedom. If freedom is a synonym for slums, the under-nourishment of the under-dog, the repression of unemployed demonstrations by the police and sanctuary for foreign Jews, it is not worth preserving. What is the virtue of freedom to write against these things, as Englishmen have written for centuries, if they are never mended, but always get worse?

But the great danger is that even this freedom will be taken away from us only in order to perpetuate these age-old evils in England and to prevent any public discussion of them. Even then, suppression and censorship, if they come in England, will come at foreign dictation, they will be the pledges of our servitude to alien domination.

England! How much that name stood for, how little does it stand for to-day!

To-day, England and France look to me like the babes in a very dark wood, and I dimly perceive the figures of the wicked uncles. The babes go on, willy-nilly, clinging to the hands that guide them. What was the end of that tale? If I remember rightly, winged creatures in the sky dropped things on them as they lay.

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## Chapter Thirty Seven

### THE TWILIGHT THICKENS

We've had our picnic, with thunderstorms rumbling in the distance and sometimes drawing near and almost bursting overhead and then receding a little, so that always a little blue remained overhead, and you looked up and said there was probably still enough to make a Dutchman a pair of trousers, but somebody, somewhere, was certainly getting wet, and over there, in the distance, the lightning seemed to have struck, something was burning, but you were still dry and picnicking.

Now the clouds, heavy, black and threatening, are all around. That thunderstorm just will not withdraw, for all your wishing. Everywhere about is the picnic litter. You don't know whether to stay and clear it up or make a dash for shelter.

It's getting dark. Salvoes of approaching thunder. Lightning stabbing from a darkening sky.

The twilight thickens.

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## Postscript

### DEATH OF A NATION

As my forty-fourth birthday approached, I felt restlessness and apprehension growing in me, and thought continually of that other birthday, my forty-third, which I told about in *Insanity Fair*, the birthday that began with red tulips and ended with German armies roaring into Austria, with the destruction of the short-lived tranquillity and happiness that I had found there after many years of wandering and many hopes disappointed, with the packing of my bags and the resumption of a nomad's life.

Ever since that forty-third birthday I had looked forward uneasily, for some reason, to my forty-fourth. When we, my good friend and I, toasted 'the coming year' in my rooms in Vienna I wondered, as I wrote in *Insanity Fair*, 'where I should be at the end of it'. Now that the day was drawing near again, I wondered more than ever, for once more the pandemonium of *Insanity Fair* was rising around me. I hoped against hope that I should be able in peace and quiet at least to celebrate that particular day, which held such exceptional memories for me. But, as the time shortened, I knew that this would not be so. I was living in Prague, and my inward voice told me that the Germans were soon going to make their next jump, that this would take them to Prague. So I wrote in the *News Chronicle* on March 8th that the coming week would show whether what Munich had left of Czecho-Slovakia was about to split at the hyphen, or whether it would continue to enjoy a vassal independence by the grace of Hitler, and that Germany would decide. And on March 11th I wrote in the same paper that Germany had weeks before threatened the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, Dr. Chvalkovsky, 'to be in Prague not in forty-eight but in eight hours' if Czecho-Slovakia did not hasten her complete and abject submission to the Reich in all matters of her national life, and I added that Prague now feared the moment to be imminent when that threat would be made good.

For my part, I am convinced that the decision to annex Czechia was made months and years before. I was convinced of it when I wrote *Insanity Fair*, and for that reason said 'I hope I am wrong in this, but I think the Germans will sit in Prague'. When I was writing this book, in the autumn of 1938, I wrote 'The Germans will yet sit in Prague. Watch Prague'. When the proofs came to me I altered 'will' to 'may' in a moment of weakness, thinking 'Well, perhaps I, who know, am wrong, and perhaps these morons, who do not know, are right with their blather about The Policy of Appeasement and We Deplore That Eternal Tendency To Distrust The Dictators Which Only Breeds Counter-Suspicion and Hush A-Bye Baby On The Treetop and Don't Listen To The Jitterbugs.'

But I was always certain that the Germans would do this, and possibly Hitler, in some future speech, will admit that he gave orders to occupy Prague six months before, about the time he was saying 'We don't want any Czechs', just as he revealed after Munich that he had given orders for the invasion of Czechoslovakia in May 1938. The only reason that Prague and the rest of the Czech lands were not taken at the time of Munich was that it was better strategy to wait. At Munich the Czech defences were handed over to Germany, so that the annexation could be carried out in an hour or two at any time, anyway. The five months of life which were permitted to rump Czecho-Slovakia gave time for the preparation of the total annexation, and as yet Hitler's superlatively skilful method has been never to take too much at once.

Being convinced that Germany would do this thing, and wishing to test my theory, I sought and found an opportunity to live and work in Bohemia after Munich. When I hear British politicians or diplomatic representatives say, or hear that they have said, that they did not expect the annexation, I

know that they are either stating an untruth or they are culpably unsuited to their jobs and are a danger to their people, for their own best experts told them from the moment Hitler came to power, six years ago, that this would happen, and no man with an ounce of brain and personal experience of Germany in recent years could have doubted it. If you could look into the files of the Foreign Office and of newspaper offices, you would find exact forecasts by the score of what has happened.

But the men who have been the leaders of England in this time, unwise in their degeneration, seem determined to get you into those besnouted masks and line you up for the Gadarene Gallop. You are now witnessing the far-retching consequences of The Policy of Abasement - sorry, that's a slip, I am transcribing these notes from shorthand and the outlines for Appeasement and Abasement are very much alike.

But that is by the way; I was talking about my birthday. As March 11th approached, and from the tingling of my political skin I knew that another major crisis was at hand, I became anxious about my birthday celebration and wondered irritably whether somebody had told Hitler about the Ides of March and he had developed an obsession about this particular season of the year. I was determined not to be cheated of my birthday a second time, and at last, feeling that the sands, if you have not heard this one, were running out, I decided to anticipate it and to hold the feast on Monday, March 6th, which, in the light of events, I think was pretty close budgeting.

So in my hotel bedroom in Prague on that Monday I reconstructed my little festival of March 11th, 1938, in Vienna. If I waited, I thought, I might be too late, and the rush of German armies might cut short the hour I wanted for myself. I had, once more, the great cake, with one more candle this year, the circlet of flowers, the tulips, and the bottle of champagne, from which, on the last stroke of midnight, I drank to absent friends, and then I sat and thought of the year that had passed and of all the things that had happened during it. That hour, at all events, I had in peace, but I had to take time by the forelock to achieve it.

For on Saturday, March 11th, I knew at last the answer to the question I had been asking myself ever since March 11th, 1938, 'Where shall I be at the end of the coming year?', and to all the other questions I had asked. I was in the train bound for Bratislava, the cauldron was boiling up again, I felt in my bones that the end of Czecho-Slovakia was at hand, that I would soon see yet another German invasion, that Hitler was now irrevocably launched on the Napoleonic period of conquest, and that for my own country the choice I had so long foreseen - war or capitulation - was drawing very, very near.

Now that this great question has been answered - the question, would Hitler stop at the German racial boundaries, as our good leaders always professed to believe, or would he go on and enslave foreign peoples - I ought to interpolate here a brief sketch of the methods which were used, in those five months, to prepare the first annexation of foreign lands. You need to remember one thing before you read it: that you now have for the first time a clear picture of the methods that will be used to enslave other peoples and that will be employed against yourselves.

After Munich, as I wrote earlier in this book, the dope with which you were spoon-fed was that a right little, tight little Czecho-Slovakia now existed, which had satisfied all the grievances of neighbour powers and would be allowed to live in peace, its defenceless frontiers guaranteed by the four Great Powers which had dismembered it.

This new Czecho-Slovakia was a Federation of three home-ruled States or Statelets - the Czech lands, Bohemia and Moravia, with the capital in Prague; Slovakia, with the capital in Bratislava; Carpathian Ukraine, with the capital, save the word, in the hamlet of Chust. Each of the three had

full home-rule except that the army, foreign policy and finance remained the province of the joint central Czecho-Slovak Government in Prague, in which all three were represented.

As the Czechs were by far the most powerful of the three partners and predominant in the army, and as the Federal capital remained in Prague, the Czech influence continued to be paramount in the State, and after Munich the Czech politicians set to work to adjust their relationships with Germany.

In the months that followed, the Germans never allowed them to get to grips. They continually warned the Czech Prime Minister, Rudolf Beran, and the Foreign Minister, Franz Chvalkovsky, that they were going neither far enough nor fast enough in their domestic rearrangements for the German liking, but they would never say exactly what Germany wanted. When Chvalkovsky went to Berlin, after his visit had been several times pointedly postponed, he was shown a Czech newspaper that expressed some regret for what had happened to Czecho-Slovakia and some hope that the disaster was not final, and told that if 'this sort of thing continues' the Germans would be in Prague in eight hours.

Broadly speaking, the things that the Germans demanded, without ever going into specific detail, were political subservency, military submission, and tribute. As pledges of these things they demanded that the Czechs should denounce their treaties with France and Russia, which had become scraps of paper but had not been formally torn up. They demanded that the rest of the Czech army should be 'reduced'. They demanded that the Czechs should hand over part of their carefully husbanded gold reserve, though they did not say how much, to cover the Czech notes taken over in the Sudeten German areas; in Germany the Reichsbank notes have practically no gold cover.

The Germans never said exactly what they wanted - because they meant to have everything. When Beran and Chvalkovsky asked for the fulfilment of the promised frontier guarantee, in return for the new sacrifices they were required to make, the German answer was 'First put your house in order'. Hitler in his speech on January 30th made a similar allusion; he hoped for better relations with Czecho-Slovakia, he said, when that State had readjusted its domestic arrangements in accordance with the spirit of the times.

But the Germans simultaneously did everything they could to disrupt the Czecho-Slovak house. I can testify that Czecho-Slovakia survived with extraordinary resilience the shock of Munich and within a few weeks was busily at work organizing the new State. This new State was just as orderly and well ordered as the old one; during the few months that it endured I was continually surprised at the way it had emerged from the terrible ordeal of Munich, at the way the people buried their bitterness deep in their hearts and sturdily set themselves to make the best of their lot.

There was nothing to put in order in Czecho-Slovakia. After and in spite of Munich, it continued to be what it had always been, one of the best-found and best-ordered States in Europe, diligent, thrifty, clean, the living vindication, and about the last living vindication, of the principles for which the World War was fought, and of the Treaty of Versailles. Its merits were so clear that for long I wondered whether Munich might not have been good after all. If only these people could be left alone within their reduced boundaries, I thought, left alone in this little State that they had made with such love and care, then perhaps even Munich would be justified. But I always knew in my heart that they would not be left alone, and that is why Munich, which deprived them even of the chance of fighting, was so contemptible an act.

By January the thing that impended was clear to foresee. The Germans had stopped the work of the commission they had appointed to fix the new frontiers. They gave no reason. They claimed, in

addition to the trans-Czech corridor, right-of-way for all German motor traffic on five main trans-Czech roads. The Czechs could only sign on the dotted line. The Germans demanded the Czech gold, and the Czechs agreed to hand over about a third of it. The Germans kept on complaining about the Czech army, and the Czechs began to reduce it from twenty peacetime divisions to ten.

Nothing availed. The Germans would say neither what they wanted nor whether what was done satisfied them. They refused all discussion of the frontier guarantee and continued to demand that the Czechs 'put their house in order'. Then they disrupted the house through the German minority and through some of the more purchasable Slovak politicians.

The Slovaks, after Munich, had signed the new Czecho-Slovak Constitution, which left the army, foreign affairs and finance in the hands of the Central Government in Prague. Hardly was the ink dry before they were agitating for a separate Slovak army, for a separate Slovak National Bank and finance. Their Ministers paid visits to Berlin without troubling to inform the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister in Prague. The German Press, which desired the Czechs to put their house in order, supported the vendetta of these Slovak leaders against Prague. In Slovakia, which had received home-rule from the hands of Hitler, all parties other than the Slovak Nationalist Party, founded by the late Father Hlinka and now led by another priest, Father Josef Tiso, had been abolished. Hitler had in effect put into power there a little Catholic-Fascist regime strongly reminiscent of the Dollfuss and Schuschnigg regimes in Austria, or even of Brüning's Centre Party in Germany. But he only used these Slovak priest-politicians; they will not last any more than independent Slovakia will last.

When the crisis broke, the flight of these Slovak politicians to Germany, their appeal to Hitler to liberate them, showed who was behind the Slovak separatist campaign and who wanted the Czecho-Slovak house to disrupt.

Meanwhile, Germany accompanied her support of the Slovak politicians by continual demands and complaints, demands and complaints, in Prague. Why had no restrictive measures been taken against the Jews? Why was this or that newspaper allowed to write favourably about Benesh? The Germans remaining in Czecho-Slovakia had not enough rights; why were they not allowed to wear Nazi uniforms, organize their own Nazi Party, demonstrate and so on? The Leader of the few score thousand Germans in the rump Republic, Herr Ernst Kundt, made menacing speeches, threatening the mutilated State with some new but unspecified fate. In the small German-speaking islands in Czechia and Slovakia, such as the Iglau and Zips districts, little organized Nazi communities began a vendetta against the Czechs.

Desperately the Czech leaders tried to keep pace with demands and intrigues that were only meant to be unacceptable and to destroy them. Beran and Chvalkovsky made speeches imploring the Czechs not to nourish hopes of a return to their past freedom or 'a second disaster' might befall them. They knew, these two Ministers, of the German threat to be in Prague within eight hours. The people did not. They preserved until the end an almost childish faith and hope that the worst would be spared them, that they would be left to live in peace in their own Czech lands now that everything else had been taken from them.

Then the storm broke, on the eve of the birthday which I had fortunately anticipated. On Friday, March 10th, President Emil Hacha and his Prime Minister Beran in Prague, knowing that the Slovak politicians were planning imminently to declare Slovakia independent, to disrupt the house which Hitler said he wished to be put in order, acted swiftly in the night to avert the danger. The Slovak priest-premier, Father Tiso, was dismissed, and Karel Sidor, commandant of the Hlinka Guard, who had previously counted as a leading separatist but now enjoyed the confidence of Prague, was put in his place. Professor Bela Tuka, the chief separatist, who had spent many years in

prison in old Czecho-Slovakia for conspiring with Hungary, was arrested, together with many other separatist leaders. Czech troops and gendarmerie were sent into Slovakia to maintain order. There was little need for them. Once the separatist leaders were out of the way, Slovakia was a picture of calm and order.

The news was telephoned to me in the early morning of Friday, March 10th, and I felt at once that this was the end of Czecho-Slovakia. My paper had suggested that the best place for me to watch events would be Bratislava, and I answered that I doubted this, because if Germany wanted the Czecho-Slovak house put in order and refrained from interference, the crisis was already over, but if Hitler meant to march in, as I thought, Prague was the place for me. But as Saturday was technically a free day, with no evening telephone to worry about and no next day's paper to prepare, I seized the opportunity to dash down to Bratislava on that day, and that is how I came to be in the train on my birthday, filled with thoughts of the past and the coming year.

When I got to Bratislava, my last doubts vanished. It looked just as Linz had looked a week before Hitler marched into Vienna. There were all the signs of the period immediately preceding a Hitlerist triumph. The Czechs were not to be allowed to put their house in order. One of the dismissed Ministers, Durbachsky, was already in Vienna, and from the radio station there was broadcasting incitements in Slovak to the population to refuse obedience to the new Government. Now it was clear who was behind the crisis. The German newspaper in Bratislava, the *Grenzbote*, was publishing fantastic tales of a Slovak countryside that was being laid waste by Czechs horned and cloven-hoofed - that same placid countryside through which I had travelled. Not only that, the Prague Government's action was being described by this newspaper, and at mass meetings by Herr Karmashin, the Nazi Leader of the Germans in Slovakia, as one directed as much against the German minority as against the Slovaks.

From Bratislava I could see that the death-agony of the Czechs was at hand. I walked down to the Danube and looked across at the other bank, where a great illuminated swastika stood. Germany! You could almost have tossed a stone across. You could cross the bridge there in a minute. On the bank young men, Germans and Slovaks, were shouting in chorus 'Come and liberate us! Help us! Give us weapons'.

I walked through the town and found, once more, that indescribable feeling in the air, compounded of fear and excitement and animal passion, that precedes a Hitlerist triumph. There were the young men of the Hlinka Guard, in uniforms resembling those of the Italian Fascists, marching about with rifles and bayonets, entitled to arrest and maltreat. The police, with Hlinka armbands on their sleeves, were no longer the guardians of law and order. Like the Vienna police a year before, they now contented themselves with directing the traffic and looked the other way when the armed Storm Troopers went by. There were German Storm Troopers, too. Their headquarters, the German House, facing the Danube, was full of armed men, and they, not the Slovak Hlinka Guard, were the real rulers of the city. The Hlinka Guard were a kind of auxiliary formation, the apprentices of the Storm Troopers.

In the Carlton Hotel, where the Little Entente had once locked me in the lavatory, where a few weeks before I had found in the dining-room a strong clerical fragrance and seen the Slovak politicians who were now acting as Germany's instruments, affably chatting with their acquaintances among the richer Jews of Bratislava, in the Carlton Hotel I found the old, familiar picture of secret police agents, of closed lips and covert glances, of apprehensive people standing about and waiting, waiting. I walked through the ghetto and saw the synagogues barricaded, the Jews whispering together at their doors. Then in the town I saw the Storm Troopers, German and Slovak, marching about and singing, heard the crash of breaking glass, and saw a street of Jewish shops wrecked.

At nine o'clock there was curfew and everything was closed; none might go out save at the risk of being chased by some lunatic youth with a bayoneted rifle. So we sat in a bedroom of the hotel, myself and some colleagues whom I had known in Berlin and Vienna and Budapest, and talked of times past, present and to come, and outside the town was still save for the occasional tramp, tramp, tramp of the Storm Troopers and for mysterious shots and explosions.

We heard that Father Tiso had appealed to Hitler, and the next day he went to Berlin, telephoned from Hitler's office to Karel Sidor in Bratislava instructing him to call the Slovak Diet for the proclamation of Slovak independence and, with the might of Germany behind him, returned, together with the other Ministers who had fled to Germany, to become President of a Slovak Statelet under German protection.

Many men in our time play one part - that of the appellant to Hitler - and the good Father Tiso, with his comfortable corpulence, takes his place among them. I don't know how high he stands in the favour of the Vatican, nor does it concern me, nor is it of any importance, in my estimation. He has passed from the scene, to all effect, and his Slovakia was never more captive than it became in the moment when he liberated it. The people of Slovakia, who are far more important than Father Tiso, knew twenty good years and are now about to experience some lean ones, and it was all very glorious, and Father Tiso will occupy his little place in the Slovak hall of fame.

So, for the last time, and feeling that it would be the last time, I travelled through Czecho-Slovakia from Bratislava to Prague, to see the end of the Czechs, and when I got there I wrote 'It is now clear beyond further doubt that some new German territorial aggrandisement immediately impends, at the expense of the Czechs'.

I was glad afterwards that I made that journey, because it enabled me to form my own impression of Czecho-Slovakia on that day, and I never saw a more peaceful countryside. The only unusual thing about it was that the Germans living in it were enjoying a special status unknown to any other minority in any other country, and as the annexation of Austria was in process of commemoration - I sometimes think our only hope of peace is for Hitler to annex a large number of other countries, because then the German calendar will be composed entirely of national holidays - the Germans had all beflagged their houses. Thus a stranger coming into Brunn might almost have thought he was in a German city, and in isolated villages and hamlets too I saw lonely German settlers gaily flying the swastika. But when I got to Prague and read the German newspapers, I learned that Germans were being chased about all over the country and put to the torture by mixed bands of Czechs and Jews, that a 'Benesh Putsch' impended, and so on.

Once again, Prague staggered me by its calm. Only two days of life remained to it, and yet I believe the majority of the population only realized the awful thing that had happened to them when they saw the first German soldiers pass along the street before them. A dying city that did not know it was dying!

Yet all the signs, those old familiar signs, that a new change in the map of Europe was at hand were there, plain to read, for those who know how to read them. In the London office of *The Times*, for instance, somebody was writing, for publication on Monday morning, March 13th, some thirty-six hours before the invasion, 'If anything distinguishes this year from its predecessor it is the knowledge that Germany has completed those demands upon her neighbours which, by their own professions, they were unable conscientiously to contest ... In that respect alone there may be said to be a fresh starting-point in foreign affairs. Mr. Chamberlain's policy stands and deserves support from its critics ...'



In the editorial office of *Punch*, a cartoon was being printed, ready for publication on March 15th, the day of the invasion, that showed John Bull waking upon the morning of March 15th and yawningly exclaiming 'Thank goodness that's over'. Just to make sure that you didn't miss the point of this one, which I think was extremely subtle, almost bad enough for - well never mind about that; anyway, *Punch* published an explanatory footnote: 'Pessimists predicted "another major crisis" in the middle of this month.'

In the editorial office of the *Daily Couéist*, a little piece was being prepared on these lines: 'There will be no crisis and no war this year, next year, some time, ever, and don't listen to the jitterbugs.'

In the Prime Minister's office, about five days before the invasion, an 'authoritative statement' was prepared and issued to my dearly beloved old British public, to the effect that, thanks to Munich, Europe was approaching a new dawn, that the Government was in good hopes of getting an agreement for general arms-limitation from Hitler, and that in general the world had seldom looked more promising than it did that day. This statement (which, as I may tell you, in confidence, nearly induced apoplexy in the Foreign Office) led the *Evening Soother* to the following paroxysm: 'Bursting optimism breaks through the clouds. It comes direct from the Foreign Office and it is founded on a solid array of facts.'

So you see that, for anybody who knows how to read such British periodicals, that is by holding them upside down and looking at them in a mirror, the signs that something awful was about to happen in Europe were plain enough. When things founded on solid arrays of facts come bursting through optimistic clouds, the time has come to inquire about your ticket for the Hebrides.

But few Czechs read the British Press, and those that do and those that do not are alike of a strangely childlike and confiding nature and tend to believe what they are told, and that is the reason for their troubles.

On these two days, Monday and Tuesday, March 13th and 14th, 1939, when Prague was dying and did not know it, I spent a deal of time in the hall of my hotel, which was on the first floor and had a glass wall on the street side. From there I was able to watch the final act in this tragedy of an unsuspecting people.

It was fantastic. All day long the Pragers went busily about their normal occupations as if nothing untoward were afoot. The trams clanged unconcernedly to and fro before the hotel, at a spot that I never passed without thinking of a morning when the waiter brought me my breakfast and said 'There's a man without a head lying in the street', and I looked out of the window and actually a headless man lay there; one moment he had been one of those thousands of busy Pragers, running for a tram, and his foot slipped and the next moment he lay in the Wenceslas Platz without a head. As the tragedies of individuals, for some reason, register more deeply upon our limited human emotions than those of massacred masses, I carried with me always a picture of that decapitated man and thought of him every time I passed the spot, just as I thought of the blue-faced Venus whenever I passed the Gellert Bridge in Budapest.

Now I sat at my window and watched the busy daytime scene give way to the afternoon promenade. Between what we call tea-time and supper-time, the Wenceslas Platz fills with quietly strolling crowds, mainly of young people; the lads try to pull and crush their cheap hats into the shape of those worn by Robert Taylor, and the girls come fresh from the hairdresser with their hair in the strangest shapes, and they stroll up and down, up and down, and a camel might pass more easily through the eye of a needle than a guest from the hotel who wishes to reach the roadway through this turgid stream of chattering, laughing, ogling pedestrians.

Sitting in my elevated observation post, I marvelled as I watched these strolling crowds and thought how different Vienna had been the night before the annexation, how different Bratislava a few days before. Either the Czechs are the most unsuspecting people on earth, or they have nerves of iron. On the Monday night I could detect hardly a sign of anything unusual. The German papers were climbing to their familiar crescendo of complaint about Czech terrorism and German suffering; here before me lay one of the brightest and most peaceful cities in Europe. Only one small sign of what was coming caught my eye. Here and there in the crowd I saw the German Nazis, young men with waterproofs over their kneebreeches and topboots, or wearing the white stockings and Austrian hats that betold the Nazi. By their demeanour I could tell that they had been given the order to be truculent; they were in *ständiger Bereitschaft*, in a state of permanent readiness.

But the confiding Czechs did not realize what the appearance in their midst of those glowering young men meant. They still thought, on that Monday and Tuesday, that, the whole trouble was only about Slovakia, that the worst that could happen was Slovakia's secession, and that was the least of their worries. The Catholic-Fascist Slovak politicians in Bratislava, a town on which the Czechs had spent millions, had treated them so badly since Munich, by inciting the people against the Czechs and classing the Czechs with the Jews, that many Czechs would have welcomed the loss of Slovakia.

On Tuesday afternoon - when the German mechanized armies across the frontier were already filling their tanks and massing - the Czechs' who were kept in ignorance to the last moment by their press and radio, first gained an inkling that something was afoot. They were not told that Germany was already demanding the complete disbandment of the army, the withdrawal of all Czech troops from Slovakia, the surrender of more gold, and so on, but they were told, by special editions of the newspapers issued in the afternoon, that their President, Emil Hacha, had gone with his Foreign Minister, Franz Chvalkovsky, to see Hitler in Berlin.

I watched, from my vantage post, the crowds tearing the wet sheets from the hands of the newsvendors. They ran their eyes over the news, discussed it with each other for a few moments, and resumed their strolling.

But on this Tuesday evening their stroll was interrupted. From my window I was able to see just how 'bloody Czech terrorism' is manufactured by the shrieking German propaganda-machine.

Suddenly, among the strolling crowds, appeared those young Nazis, in groups of ten or twelve. I saw them, moving along with the rest, just like any other Pragers taking their evening walk. Suddenly, I saw one of them knock a man's hat off. The man looked round, bewildered, not sure whether the thing was an accident or an affront. He opened his mouth to expostulate, and was smacked in the face. Immediately he hit back; immediately the ten were all round him, piling blows on him. Another instant, and they had vanished into the crowd, leaving a flabbergasted Prager to complain to a policeman. The policeman listened non-committally, shrugged his shoulders, moved away. The police had been told at all costs to avoid any kind of friction with the Germans which could be used by the German Press to bolster up stories about 'Czech terrorism'. All over the Wenceslas Platz I saw similar groups of struggling, shouting, gesticulating men, little groups that formed and dissolved, formed and dissolved. After half an hour, the Germans vanished like driven snow. They had carried out their orders.

Prague is a city of a million people. It contains a few thousand Germans. For the first time I saw, in Prague, the terrorism of the million by the few thousand. You can do so much when you have behind you a Reich of eighty millions with the greatest army and air force in the world.

In the hotel, in contrast to the city outside, the atmosphere was insupportable. The residents, other than myself, were almost exclusively Jews, many of them Jews from Slovakia, who had fled to Prague. My most unpleasant recollection of the last months of Prague is of the way the Jews, right up to this very night, flaunted their money everywhere, monopolized all the expensive hotels and cafés and restaurants, talked louder than everybody else, went everywhere with the most conspicuous blondes they could find, and generally led a parasitic and provocative existence at a time when their Press throughout the world was filling the heavens with the clamour of complaint about Jewish persecution.

Now, at the very last moment, they began to panic. All over the hotel lounge they stood about in whispering and gesticulating groups, they came and went on mysterious errands and with mysterious mien, they brought in rumours and exchanged information, so that the place became a chattering and fear-laden talk-mart where you could not sit quietly in a chair or read a newspaper or get to the telephone or have a word with the Czech hotel porter without a dozen pairs of ears being cocked all round you.

It was revolting and exasperating. When I reached London a fortnight later, the first letter I received was from one of these pests, of whom I had never heard but who had apparently been staying in that same hotel; in the meantime he, like most of the others, I suppose, had also reached London, and he calmly wrote to me to say that he had deposited with the hotel porter a substantial sum in pounds, dollars and Swiss francs, which he was not allowed to take out of the country, in order that I might bring it out with me for him. To do so would have been a legal offence, for me as for him. His line of thought was apparently that it would be better for me, a complete stranger to him, to commit the offence, on behalf of a man I had never heard of and had no wish to know, than for him. He now proposed blandly that he should call on me and collect the money. I don't think he will, after the letter I wrote him, and I only hope the police, to whom I forwarded his letter, have their eye on this new addition to England's population. The Jews share with the Germans one foremost characteristic; they are as ruthless in prosperity as they are abject in adversity. Their behaviour in Prague during the last months of that city's life diminished my already dwindling sympathy for them.

Now, sick of this buzzing cage, I went out into the streets. I went round to the office of a Jewish newspaper. There panic had come too. Yet until the last moment anti-Gentilism had been pursued in the office of this newspaper to such an extent that it was staffed exclusively by Jews. Just before the door closed they brought in half a dozen shop-window Gentiles. Now, on this night, the shop-window Gentiles, who knew what was coming, had walked out, ostensibly in protest against some Marxist publication in the paper, actually because they knew Hitler would be in Prague soon and that they would take over the paper. They did; a complete shadow staff proved to be in existence, and on the day of Hitler's arrival the paper appeared without a hitch and without any alterations other than the complete change of its political colour and the elimination from the back page of those brothel advertisements of which I have spoken earlier in this book.

Now panic reigned in the offices of the paper. The Jews there were worried to death about the brawls in the Wenceslas Platz. This, they thought, would give Hitler an excuse to march in. I told them they were wrong. If he meant to march in, as I told them that he did, he would march in anyway, and these organized street affrays were just part of the familiar technique. If he did not mean to march in, they were unimportant.

I went back to the hotel and on the way bought another special edition that told me the Germans had occupied Mährisch-Ostrau. Midnight had not yet struck. Hacha could not have been in Berlin by the time the invasion began. On this occasion not even the pretence of negotiation was to be observed. This was annexation naked and unabashed.

I noticed this time again, as I had noticed in Berlin and Vienna, how people on such occasions alternate between laughing optimism and deepest pessimism, between hope and despair. This is some curious action of overstrained nerves. One moment men hear a report that promises hope and in a trice they are full of optimism and say 'It's not going to be so bad, he won't occupy Prague', and the next moment they overhear a stranger say something and are scurrying to their rooms, burning letters, packing trunks, telephoning to friends, racking their brains for a way of escape.

On this night I found myself falling into this very trap, when I heard that the Germans had crossed the frontier and occupied Mährisch-Ostrau. Perhaps, I caught myself thinking, Hitler is just throwing a screen of troops across Slovakia, south of Poland, to deter the Poles from attempting to seize part of Slovakia. Perhaps he will yet stay out of Bohemia, leave the Czechs at least their own lands. Then I suddenly realized that I was trying to fool myself, that I knew perfectly well what was coming, that the German troops would be in Prague in the morning, and I mentally kicked myself for being dishonest with myself.

Prague went placidly to bed. Only the initiated few suspected the worst. The masses of the people thought that the good Hacha was gently discussing matters in Berlin. An appalling night.

From the hotel window I looked down on the emptying streets, on the boys and girls going home from the pictures, arm-in-arm and laughing, on the great snack-restaurants, beloved of the Prager, where the waitresses were beginning to put the cakes away. For long hours I had been waiting for a telephone call to London and could not get it. At three o'clock I went to bed. I even slept, that same troubled sleep, in which you seem to retain consciousness of what is happening, that I had known in Vienna a year before.

But this was far worse than Vienna. The Austrians were of German stock; many of them wanted Hitler; many evils needed remedying in Austria, which a lethargic vested-interest regime, monarchists, clericals and Jews, would never have altered. But here? Here in Czecho-Slovakia, in Prague? In this orderly and well-conducted country of thrifty and hardworking people, who harmed nobody and wanted only to be left in peace?

At four o'clock I shot out of bed and out of that troubled sleep as the telephone rang. It was my belated call to London. Too late for me to give any news, but at any rate I could learn something. What I heard confirmed all that I feared. The Germans were on the move in all directions. It was not yet quite clear that they were going to seize the whole country, but who could doubt it?

At five o'clock I shot out of bed again. Another voice, speaking from Prague, told me 'The Germans are now occupying the country from all sides. The radio is giving out the news every few minutes and telling the population that there must be no resistance'.

'Thanks', I said, and got up and dressed, with the grey not yet gone from the dawn on that morning of March 15th, 1939. I went out. Heavy snow was falling. It was a dreary day.

The first trams were plying. The first workers were afoot, going to their occupations. The first charwomen were getting the cafés ready for the day. Still, as I believe, the vast majority of the Czech people did not know what the day was to bring. Was there ever such a tragedy as this? Three days later it was no longer front-page news in the world's Press. Now, as I write this chapter, a fortnight later, Bohemia is already a news-cemetery, a sealed news-box; you will never again know what the Czechs are thinking, suffering, hoping. The new technique of tyranny enables the lid to be clamped down on a conquered people with appalling finality.

Many times in the past ten years I have been tempted to wish to be a German. I have been sickened more and more by the contrast between the revolting and criminal social conditions in England, which in such places as Shoreditch would disgrace the negro republic of Liberia, and the well-kept, well-ordered and well-found condition of Germany. After all, I have often thought, the Germans at least care for their own people, they give them health and food and houses and sun and light and air, they do not permit these monstrous mass crimes against the community, perpetrated in the interest of the slum landlord. They have a sense of belonging-together, they do not fill the pages of their illustrated papers with pictures of a few grotesquely uniformed popinjays and bejewelled dowagers going from ball to banquet while the people rot and starve.

If Hitler had not done this, I think my respect for that side of Germany would have hardened into an immutable conviction, for it is at least arguable that what Germans have done to Germans is their own affair and may be justified if Germany is in the end better for it. But after the invasion of Bohemia and Moravia on March 15th, 1939, which confirmed all my fears, I would sooner be an Indian untouchable, a South African poor white, or an American negro, than a German.

I wrote in *Insanity Fair* that the new German Army would be impatient to blazon on its maiden standards some honour worthy to rank with those won by its sister services, the new German Navy and the new German Air Force - namely, the massacre of Spanish fisherfolk at Almeria and the massacre of Spanish peasants at Guernica.

Now the new German Army has won its shining spurs. A noble and heroic exploit, a glorious victory, a triumph of martial valour, this conquest of a small and defenceless nation, this invasion of a small and helpless country. God, what a farce, and for this a World War was fought, for this we have listened for years to the babbling of our leaders, tried to confide in their cockle-warming Assurances, bowed our heads as they reproved our Tendency To Suspicion, cowered when they called us Jitterbugs. The great, big, brave, German soldiers clanked about Prague in their heavy boots. Not one of them was ashamed to be put to such a use as this.

But let me describe that entry into Prague. Czecho-Slovakia was a country, the Czechs are a people, of which you know nothing. Now listen, and you will know something about them.

The Czechs, as I have told you, only began to realize the full measure of their disaster when the first German soldiers were already in Prague. Relatively few of them had heard those radio injunctions - The German troops are approaching; there must be no resistance; the population must maintain order; send your children to school, send your children to school, send your children to school.

But the Wenceslas Platz soon filled when the first German troops appeared and passed through, on their motor-cycles, in their tanks, in their lorries. And as they came the Czechs whistled. That shrill, ear-piercing whistle is the traditional sign of hatred or disapproval on the Continent; it is the equivalent of the hiss in England. When thousands of people do it all at once the sound is like the howl of a cyclone, it strains the ear-drums, wrenches at the nerves, pierces the brain. Then the Czechs shook their fists at the valorous petrol-driven conquerors, pointed their fingers in the direction from whence they came and told them to go back, for they had not been invited, pelted the tanks with snowballs, shouted 'Wir werden es Euch noch geben'-'We'll give it to you yet.'

'We'll give it to you yet!' With this mighty army riding into Prague. Defenceless men and women, with the rifles of the motorcyclists and the machine-guns of the tanks bearing on them. You will see on which side was the valour.

Men sprang forward from the crowd and tried to tear the Germans from the seats of their motorcycles. The Czech police, acting under the orders of President Hacha from Berlin, drove them back. The soldiers drove on with wooden faces. Women sprang forward and spat in their faces. The police drove them back. They disappeared into the crowd and sprang forward again at another point, spitting. A German soldier went riding through the Wenceslas Platz, looking straight ahead of him, with spittle streaming down his face.

Somebody should paint that picture too. That young, fresh-faced German soldier, with the heavy steel-helmet almost covering his eyes, hands gripping the handle-bars, rifle slung across his back - and the spittle streaming down his cheek. A symbolical figure of the Reich reborn, the Reich of might and chivalry.

In the crowd a German gave the Hitler salute. In a moment the crowd was milling round him, in another he would have been lynched. His face was slapped and slapped until it bled. The Czech police drove into the crowd and hauled him out. He ran for his life across the Wenceslas Platz, and on the other side the crowd waited for him and got him again. Again the police extricated him. Then the crowd suddenly began to sing the Czech national anthem, 'My homeland, where art thou?' and the sound rose dirge-like into the air and drowned the roar of the German machines.

They had no chance to fight, the Czechs, even if to fight against such odds were conceivable. From what I have seen of their spirit, I think they might possibly have done even this. But they were without arms. Two hours before the Germans marched in, the army had been ordered to lay down its weapons - by the Head of the State and Commander-in-Chief, by President Emil Hacha, telephoning from Berlin. That is what a Czech staff colonel told me at six o'clock that morning.

An interesting figure, Hacha. Seyss-Inquart and Henlein, after all, were Hitler's men, covertly or overtly, and Father Tiso of Slovakia - well, he doesn't count anyway.

But President Hacha! He was a Czech. I told you earlier in this book how he went riding up the hill behind the red-breeched Czech dragoons to take Benesh's place in the Hradschin, the vassal president of rump Czecho-Slovakia. He had some of the physical characteristics of a dwarf and some of those of a hunchback, and he was some kind of attorney. I thought, when he accepted the Presidency, that he must be a great patriot, for none other, I thought, would have taken that thankless task.

Who knows what he went through in Berlin? He must have known what he had to expect there, with Hitler before him, and von Ribbentrop scowling in the background, and the grim-faced generals all round. They say he collapsed and had to be revived by injections and this and that. I have not yet been able to confirm whether this is true, but I can well imagine how the Nazi third-degree men turned on the heat.

Anyway, he did all they told him, did the inconspicuous Emil Hacha, telephoned to Prague all the orders he was ordered to give, issued statements referring with gratification to 'the military honours' that were paid to him in Berlin, issued other statements, denying that he had been put under 'any kind of pressure' there, and came back to Prague to resume his place in the Hradschin over which Hitler's flag was now flying beside his own, in another room of which Hitler was proclaiming himself *Schirmherr* of Bohemia and Moravia. *Schirmherr*, incidentally, means patron or protector, but literally it might be translated umbrella-man, so that if ever Prague regains its freedom I expect it will hold a public bonfire of all umbrellas in the city.

Emil Hacha! Write him off, and form your opinion of him. He was an old man, anyway, and an ill one, by the look of him. I only mention him because of the part he played that day and the way he

played it, and in order to give myself an excuse for inviting you to consider what man in England might on a day play the same part as Emil Hacha. You may have as many guesses as you wish. I, for my part, can think of several likely candidates.

I ought to interpolate here a brief discussion of a once famous phrase, 'Do you want to fight for Czecho-Slovakia?' One of the first letters I found awaiting me on my return to England was from a reader of this book who said 'I simply cannot understand how you can work yourself into such a flap about a little tinpot country like Czecho-Slovakia. No one is more ready to fight than myself but not for a country I know nothing about and care less. This country would be a great deal happier if it would keep its fingers out of other countries' pies.'

Well, well. Once more, but I promise it is the last time, I must try and explain. In *Insanity Fair* I wrote 'Czecho-Slovakia means you. If Czecho-Slovakia goes, that means more men and more munitions to be used against you, more aeroplanes one day over the south-east of England.'

It is a simple sum in arithmetic, and nevertheless, as the letter I have quoted shows, people in England cannot add it up.

England is rearming to meet some imminent and deadly danger. What danger? Germany. We are not strong enough to withstand her alone; we can only withstand her if we have allies. Our War Minister has stated that in a European war in which we take part we shall send nineteen divisions to the Continental mainland. Presumably to ensure the victory of the Policy of Appeasement by Non-Intervention in the Sacred Right of Self-Extinction.

The Czecho-Slovak army had forty-two divisions. If we had let Czecho-Slovakia fight for us, we should presumably not have needed to send the flower of a new British generation abroad to die in the most unfavourable circumstances, for what we can send is less than half what Czecho-Slovakia had.

Is that a simple sum in addition and subtraction?

Our most deadly peril is the inferiority in which our leaders have allowed Germany to place us in the air, and the danger arising from this - that, in face of a German ultimatum demanding colonies, the fleet, Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, or something of that sort, and threatening in default the immediate bombardment of London, still a relatively unprotected city of eight million people, we should have to capitulate.

The Germans, according to the best information I can obtain, have between 10,000 and 12,000 aeroplanes, the Italians between 5000 and 8000; we have somewhere about 5000, and the French 2500. Goering, who created this gigantic German Air Force, has publicly stated that the lead must be still further increased, that Germany must have aircraft 'in numbers normally inconceivable but attainable for National Socialist Germany'.

On this one day, March 15th, 1939, between 1000 and 1500 Czech military aeroplanes passed into German possession between dawn and noon. 'Czecho-Slovakia means you, means more aeroplanes to be used against you ...' These aeroplanes could have been fighting for you.

Vast quantities of artillery, tanks, small-arms and military equipment of all kinds passed into German hands.

The Skoda Munition Works, one of the greatest and most efficient weapon-making concerns in Europe, passed into German hands.

For the second time in twelve months your potential enemy, Germany, gained a large amount of gold.

The Czech army, which could have put forty-two divisions into the field for you, is being disbanded. Officers and non-commissioned officers may, under certain conditions, join the German army. Many will, because they must live. Others will because they want to. One Czech soldier, though I think he was an exception, told a colleague of mine, 'If Germany fights England now, she can have two million Czech volunteers'.

The rank-and-file of the Czech army are being transferred to labour camps under German control. In *Insanity Fair* I wrote that if Czecho-Slovakia were abandoned, 'Czech hands will be forging weapons for Germany in peace and bearing those weapons for Germany in war', 'the Czechs will be digging reserve trenches for the German armies in any future major war', 'Czech aeroplanes will go to swell the air fleets of Germany', 'Germany will be within grasping distance of the greatest prize of all - the oilfields and wheatfields of Rumania, which would give her at long last everything that an army bent on European domination needs; she would be invincible'.

Within a few days of the annexation of Bohemia, Rumania signed a trade treaty with Germany which lets Germany into the oilfields. Germany will never be satisfied with anything less than physical possession of them, but by this partial capitulation Rumania averted the immediate danger which was threatening - that Germany would support a Hungarian attack upon her.

One last word on this subject. I have been told that I diagnose correctly what is going to happen, but do not say what to do about it. That is not my job, which is to write, but for that matter I believe I can tell you exactly what you ought to do.

The answer is not conscription, for reasons which I cannot explain here; conscription now would be dangerous and would not greatly help. You need large numbers of men, but not for the infantry, and you can get them without conscription.

The answer is now, as it was after the annexation of Austria, when I wrote to this effect to prominent people in England and received either no reply at all or a pooh-pooh reply, that you should with a speed surpassing anything you have ever imagined before increase the number of your aeroplanes and of your anti-aircraft guns to a point where an air-attack on London would be so expensive as to deter Germany from attacking London, with or without an ultimatum.

That is what you should do. That is what you could do. Your Government's powers and influence, if it had the energy, are great enough to effect that. It should be done as secretly as possible and more quickly than is possible. You should do in days and weeks what you would otherwise do in months and years. Do that, and you can still avert a war. But every second counts - and is there any proof, any sign, any hope that our defences, active and passive, against air-attack are being improved at even a fraction of the speed that is necessary? I see none, in spite of all warnings. The latest farce, the delivery by public authorities to the masses of pieces of corrugated iron to build air-raid shelters, pieces of corrugated iron which are already being used as chicken-runs or to float paper boats in, is something so staggering in its gigantic futility that the reason quails before it. But even that episode in our Air Raid Precautions has a sinister side, namely, that somebody has presumably made a great deal of money out of those useless and derelict pieces of corrugated iron. Prophets may be without honour in England, but profiteers can usually count on appearing in the honours list.

Back to Prague, with the snow falling and the German armies moving in. I, as the writer of *Insanity Fair*, counted as a man in some danger. I don't know whether this was true. I rather doubt it now,



but I acted on a suggestion that I should take shelter in the British Legation, an action which I soon regretted but could not then alter.

I have had the best of relations with British official representatives in many capitals, and deeply respect the knowledge and cool judgment of the Ministers, Councillors, Secretaries and Attachés I have met. Most of them were most creditable representatives of their country. Most of them foresaw precisely to what end British policy was leading and, I think, privately distrusted it and were fearful for Britain. Among others who were kind to me, in Berlin and Prague, was the last British Minister in Prague, the knighted but as yet unaccoladed Mr. Basil Newton. Nothing that I say reflects in any way on him.

But the British Legation in Prague as an entity, the big green house standing on the hillside just below the Hradshin itself, somehow came to symbolize, for all British journalists and other students of the scene, the policy which led to the Runciman Mission and to Munich and to the annexation of March 1939, and which will, as I and others think, lead to even worse things. Years ago the outspokenly critical attitude towards the Czechs of one or two of its young inhabitants puzzled me, because I well knew that British diplomatic representatives abroad are expected to be completely impartial and, if anything, to show sympathy and understanding for the country they are in.

This was one of the things that first convinced me that, in the emergency, Czecho-Slovakia would have little to hope for from England, and I was convinced then, as I am convinced now, that the only hope of averting war is a solid combination of the peace-loving countries against aggression. During the crises of 1938 the feeling gained further ground among British journalists that, by and large, the big green house looked on them with disfavour as people who made too much noise about something that should be done as quietly as possible.

So I was not surprised when, in this hour of need, I found myself in an uncongenial atmosphere, when the Submarine Attaché referred contemptuously to myself and my British fellow guests of the Legation as 'refugees', when junior officials put difficulties in the way of our communicating with the outer world, and studiously ignored us when they saw us. Legations, although their inhabitants change, come to have a character and soul, and the green house was like that. What was happening outside in Prague seemed to make relatively little impression within its walls, where life continued on its placid way. I remember that on the day before Hitler marched in I telephoned to one official, asking whether, in view of the situation, any advice was being given to British residents, and he answered composedly, 'If you are registered here and any occasion arises, you will be informed by post'.

I was not alone in my sojourn. These overnight invasions put you in the strangest dilemmas. With me, for instance, was G. E. R. Gedye, who had been expelled from Austria after the Anschluss and forbidden to re-enter Reich territory; he now found himself annexed between supper and breakfast. With me, too, was Noël Panter, one of the most talented and most shabbily treated British journalists I know. Imprisoned in and then expelled from Germany for no reason at all many years ago, the British Government of the day eventually succeeded in extracting from the German Government an admission that the whole affair had been a mistake, that he had not been expelled and was at liberty to return to Germany whenever he liked, but when he took this statement in the House of Commons at its face value and went to Germany, the British Embassy in Berlin nearly had apoplexy and sent him out again at once, so that he too, finding himself annexed overnight, had no earthly idea what his present status was.

One of the most boring and humiliating weeks I have ever spent in my life was only made tolerable through his presence there. Gedye, he and I could count as endangered men, but others were there

who seemed to me to have little need to be there and not to appreciate the respect they owed to the British sanctuary they enjoyed, and I regretted being put among them and wished I had not come.

We came in while the German armies were still pouring into Prague, and lunched with the Minister, in his room looking out over the city. I shall never forget that lunch. Inside that room was a cathedral hush; not a sound reached up to it from the dying city below. But the thought of what was happening outside was in all our minds, and try as we would oppressive silences fell upon the table, which Mr. Newton valorously tried to banish by asking me, 'Well, Reed, have you been playing any golf lately?'

Then we took up our quarters in some disused rooms on the fourth floor of the Legation. That is, on the one side it is the fourth floor, but on the other side, so strangely does the green house lie, is a garden, and here we paced and paced for hours, between intervals of staring down into Prague from the windows on the other side, and hoped for our liberation.

Those hours at the window, looking down into the courtyard and over the city! In the Legation below, secretaries and attachés came and went, called merry quips to each other, went out to lunch, returned, went out to dine, and night closed relentlessly on our loneliness. The even tenor of their days and ways seemed little ruffled. But the courtyard itself was a vale of tears and sighs. Here, every morning early, gathered hundreds of men-on-the-run, men who had already fled before Hitler once, or even twice, and now found themselves in the rat-trap again.

A tragic fate, theirs, for in any other invasion there would at least have been a back-door open for a lightning getaway. At the invasion of Austria those who thought quickly enough were able to run into Czechoslovakia or Hungary before the gates closed. But at the invasion of Bohemia the Germans came in from all sides. There was no loophole of escape.

Have you ever stood by a pond full of minnows and made a sudden movement? One moment hundreds or thousands of those little things are there, basking below the surface; the next, they are gone. You do not see them go, only a flash, and an empty pond.

That is what happened in Prague. In a flash thousands of men-on-the-run went underground. One moment you had a friendly and talkative city; the next, no man trusted his neighbour; the girl at the telephone exchange, the man behind the desk, the amiable porter, all turned out to have been German secret police spies, or if they were not they were thought to be. The city became a rabbit-warren of hunted men.

Among them were pitiful cases. There were a good many German refugees from the Sudetenland, for whose 'safety' the British Government had admitted a moral responsibility but had delayed in granting the visas. Two or three days before the invasion, London suddenly saw the red light and gave orders for their journey to be facilitated. But it was too late, no time remained, they were caught in the trap. So were the wives and families of many who had already gone to England and Canada.

One of the few things I remember with real pleasure from this time is the courage of three English girls, Miss Warriner, Miss Rowntree and Miss Dougan, and of some of their helpers. They had gone out to Prague to help in getting these refugees away, and now went on with their work coolly, through all those anxious days, rushing about all over the city, interceding with the Germans, getting passports and visas and tickets. We were all worried that war was coming soon, but they were set to remain and go on with their work even if war broke out.

Slowly the days went by and we sat up there and looked down on Prague. A chipped and ancient enamelled jug of coffee, a rusty old pan full of meat, sometimes appeared as by magic and were left on the central heating for us to discover. We sent inquiries downstairs to know how our cause was faring, and the reply came back that 'everything is being done', but successive mishaps undid everything. One day special aeroplanes stood by in London to come and fetch us, but the Germans would not have it. The next, a fleet of motor cars pulled into the courtyard to drive us to the frontier, but were sent away again.

Our only news of the outer world came through a radio set that a friendly attaché later lent us. We turned the knob and, cooped up there, we heard Birmingham, well fed and secure, singing 'He's a jolly good fellow' for Mr. Chamberlain. Then we heard Mr. Chamberlain himself, proclaiming how good and noble Munich had been and how surprised and disappointed he was that Hitler had not kept faith. If Hitler was not very careful, we gathered, Mr. Chamberlain might soon even *brandish* that umbrella.

At last, after an anxious week, the Germans sent back our passports with a secret police permit to leave the country by the Polish frontier. I went down into the city to get tickets and visas and to look for the last time at Prague.

It was much worse than Vienna. In Vienna the interminable noise was the nerve-racking thing. In Prague the silence was even more depressing and nerve-consuming. Now and again German bombers came roaring over the city, looking like wicked sharks as they swam about the sky with their wheels tucked up into their sleek bellies. The metallic voice of the conqueror's loud speakers from time to time blared his orders to the people. But apart from these and kindred noises Prague was a silent and lifeless city. The people were crushed. At the monument to the Unknown Soldier they were still standing, a week after the invasion, with tears streaming down their faces. But then the Germans put sentries before the memorial and deprived them even of this melancholy pilgrimage. Not even their tears were left to them.

Think what it means - never again to be able to take a walk in your native city without seeing German troops, never again to be able to take any major decision in your life without German permission, never again freely to breathe your own air, never again to read a newspaper or a book that has not passed the German censor. I walked past the bookseller's, Topic, where for a few days after the invasion *Insanity Fair* and *Disgrace Abounding* were still to be had. Already the German secret police had cleared the shelves of all books unfavourable to Germany, already *Mein Kampf* was enthroned in the windows.

After four or five hours of it I could stand no more and came back across the lovely Charles Bridge to the Legation, from the windows of which I took my last farewell of Prague. It lay, with a brooding silence over it, in a chilly March sunset. I turned and went through the disused rooms to the garden at the back and looked up at the Hradschin towering above me. The lights were just going on in the rooms where I had talked to Benesh, where Hitler had proclaimed himself Overlord of Bohemia.

We travelled through the night, wondering whether some little local Hitler might refuse to honour that Gestapo pass, but none interfered with us and at noon next day we were in Warsaw. We had hoped for rest, after a week of suspense, but found none there. Everywhere were men with gas-masks, motor-cars with masked lights, anti-aircraft guns. Soon the sirens began to sound. Warsaw was rehearsing for an air-attack. We heard that Hitler had already annexed Memel. The Policy of Appeasement was moving fast. We heard too that Rumania had half-capitulated to a German semi-ultimatum for oil concessions. The Poles and Rumanians were mobilizing. The Hungarians had seized little Carpathian Ukraine, where I had spent Christmas, and this was a most interesting

episode, for the Hungarians would never have dared to do this without German approval, and it thus meant that Germany was supporting Hungary, at any rate for the moment, in order to use her as a lever against the Rumanians.

Everywhere the fear of war hung in the air, and the fear of Hitler. The Poles, who in the Munich crisis had fallen upon the kindred Czecho-Slovaks, now felt the ring closing relentlessly round themselves. Danzig and the Corridor would soon be lost; was Poland herself lost, due for a fourth partitioning? The atmosphere in Warsaw was oppressive. In the Hotel Europejski, where in the World War German officers had feasted and wined, where I had stayed four years earlier when I followed Anthony Eden on his journey to Moscow, the windows were black-curtained. Before the British Embassy a frying-pan hung from the branch of a tree.

In Warsaw, too, men whom I knew were thinking about giving up their flats, storing or shipping their furniture, selling their effects, making a getaway. Other acquaintances of mine, in Vienna and Prague, had had such thoughts, but had left action until it was too late, and I knew that these men would also wait too long. It is very difficult to nerve yourself to a major decision, to alter your whole life, before the danger actually appears, stark and threatening, at your threshold.

At midnight I groped my way into the darkened street and into a taxi and was driven to the blacked-out station and with relief said good-bye to Warsaw, for there, too, I could feel the gathering shadows of fear, of enslavement. We travelled through the night and in the dawn passed through Danzig, so that once again I marvelled at the gift of the Germans for building noble cities, and a few minutes after that we were in Gdynia.

Poor Poland. At the Peace Conference she succeeded in gaining that lane, leading between two pieces of Germany to the distant longed-for sea, that they call the Polish Corridor, and at the place where it reaches the sea, where there was only a tiny fishing village, she built this great modern port, Gdynia. A State of 35,000,000 people, said the Poles, deserves a port of its own, through which the world's wares can reach its people; why should such a State be cut off from the sea by a narrow neck of land and be compelled to pay port and harbour and landing and other dues on everything it imports to the Germans at Danzig?

So the Poles built Gdynia, port and city. They made a poor job of the city. Here was a marvellous opportunity - a virgin site, on the clean Baltic, on which to build a well-planned modern town that would convince the world of the Polish title to national freedom. Instead, they built a poorly-planned and ugly place reminiscent of an American city just emerging from its wild-west period. But the port is good. Here the ships, great and small, can dock and unload and send their cargoes into the heart of Poland, and in these twenty years the traffic of Gdynia has grown until she ranks among the great ports of the world.

The Poles have spent millions on Gdynia - as the Czechs spent millions on Slovakia. The Germans, though they have soft-pedalled on this theme for the last five years, wishing to keep Poland sweet until they could attend to her separately, have always detested Gdynia. They claim that Danzig, as it has grown in the centuries, is the natural port for the Eastern Baltic and its hinterland, and that Gdynia is an unnatural excrescence on the Baltic coast produced to gratify Polish nationalism.

In the main street of Gdynia is an ancient oak, which the Poles, in the days before the World War when they were under German rule, used to regard as the symbol of their hopes of freedom. The tree was there before the Germans came, they said, and would be there after they had gone. To-day the tree, guarded by a protective low wall of brick, stands plumb in the middle of the traffic thoroughfare and chauffeurs have to drive round it.

Like the Tree of Guernica, which symbolized their national freedom for the Basques, this tree is likely soon to have only a melancholy interest for the Poles. Their pathway to the sea, the port they built at the end of it, will soon be lost to them. The most they can hope for is a restricted measure of independence in their own lands. Will Hitler even allow them that? Look at Bohemia.

But perhaps the Poles, people say, will fight. Ah, if they did that, much might be different, but Hitler seems not to do business that way. He is showing, as yet, the most extraordinary skill in carrying out that doctrine which he expounds in *Mein Kampf*. 'A wise conqueror will always, if this be possible, impose his demands on the conquered in instalments. In the case of a decadent people - and all peoples are decadent that passively submit - he may be sure that it will never see in each new act of oppression a sufficient ground for recourse to arms.'

The first nation that summons up the courage - and more than courage is needed in face of such a threat as 'Sign on the dotted line or I'll blow Prague to pieces in the next eight hours' - to impale itself on the proffered sword may alter the course of European events.

But for the present the future looks very dark for Poland. Watch Poland.

A dismal, snowy day in Gdynia, made more dismal by the thought of three days on a tiny ship full of emigrant Jews, and by the general feeling of oppression that had spread to this Polish town. But, *Glück im Unglück*, an excellent lunch. We had had little appetite for ten days past, and on the rare occasions when we were hungry the food was not exhilarating. But now, in Gdynia of all places, we found a meal worthy of Paris at its best, Noël Panter and I, and some marvellous vodka, and then we went to the ss. *Warszawa*, contemplated this little 2000-ton craft and our fellow passengers with deep disfavour, and climbed on board, for the last stage of our little odyssey.

I was never more completely deceived than in the matter of the ss. *Warszawa*. It was an incomprehensible vessel, a wonder ship. If I had stayed long on board I should have developed the same feeling of personal affection for it that I had for my Little Rocket. It was tiny, and I expected when I embarked to spend three days on a rattling box that would plunge and tear and eat its heart out and shake its plates and roar with its engines. My fears were increased when somebody told me that it was due to be broken up in a few months' time.

To my astonishment, the little Sunderland-built *Warszawa* was the smoothest ship I ever travelled in. The only other ships I know, it is true, are a couple of ocean-going liners and all the Channel steamers, but of them I know none that was not a roaring monster compared with the *Warszawa*. I suppose she was being driven at the most economical speed, but at all events she got along very nicely and I never heard the engines once, nor could detect more than the very slightest tremble of the decks from them. Not only that, but she rode the sea like a queen. We ran into a gale and saw ships to port and starboard burying their noses deep in white seas and indelicately exposing their hindquarters high in the air and taking quantities of water amidships, but the little *Warszawa*, with a stately and composed air, picked her way nicely between the rollers with nothing more than a lullaby-like side-to-side motion too gentle to harm anybody.

I believe she was an old ship, and for all I know the members of her crew may have known other sides to her character and have entertained quite different feelings about her, but I came to have a deep respect for her during this voyage. The other surprising thing about her was the food. I had expected some pretty rough ship's tack, but the stewards put a succession of meals before us that I should have had difficulty in buying in London.

The comfort of the *Warszawa* had one great drawback for me and a few others. Some two hundred people were travelling in the ship, steerage and passenger class. Six or seven of them, perhaps,

were British and non-Jewish. The rest were all Jewish emigrants. Below, in the steerage, were the poor ones, and I have a picture in my mind of a mother sitting there and talking to a lady-friend while her two children deloused her hair, a process which she seemed not to notice.

In our part of the ship travelled the bespectacled better-class Jews, who were going, with a song in their hearts, to England. From the beginning of the voyage they manifested their incurable habits. They turned the little saloon into a Kärntnerstrasse coffee-house with their interminable loud chatter and jargon-jokes about Hitler, their exasperating political yap about the mistake the Czechs had made in not fighting Hitler, and about the war that would come but in which they would not fight. As soon as they got up in the morning they were shouting about in the gangways so that nobody else might sleep. They sought to monopolize the best seats in the saloon, and a concerted effort of the tiny, suffering non-Jewish minority was needed to secure a little corner where it could eat in peace. The deck, the only place for stretching your legs, was very short - thirty-seven paces - but they lay about in deck-chairs all over it, so that even that was curtailed.

We had only one hope - a gale - and we prayed for one. When that did not avail we prayed for a tempest, a blizzard, a cyclone, a tornado. No use. We had a brief respite when we came to the Kiel Canal, which meant eight hours' slow steaming through Germany. Then the tumult and the shouting died a little, and I leaned over the rail in peace and looked at the lights of Kiel and thought of the launch of the *Deutschland*, which was bombed in Spanish waters, of Hindenburg trying to grab the champagne bottle as the ship ran away, of Hindenburg reviewing the remnant of Germany's naval might. Only eight years ago, and already Germany was again the most feared nation in the world.

When we emerged from the Kiel Canal into the North Sea we ran into a gale and for six hours the chatter was stilled, the saloon was empty save for ourselves, blanket-swathed forms lay about the deck, all was peaceful. Our prayers seemed to have been answered. We could enjoy the white-capped rolling seas and the wind. I felt the gale blowing alcohol and nicotine and politics and fears and petty misgivings out of my system every moment, wished I could travel for weeks in the *Warszawa* with a few good friends, watched with wonder the seagulls, that hung motionless in the air and yet kept pace with the ship, as if they were attached to it by invisible threads.

I must make another discursion. Every day these little ships are coming across the sea to England, bearing these hundreds of Jews with them. Every day the aeroplanes bring scores - I have just read in the *Daily Express* that a hundred landed in one day at Croydon. Every day the trains from Warsaw and Bucharest and Vienna and Prague and Cracow and Riga are leaving Englandward, full of them. Scores of thousands of these people must have entered England in recent years and months. In this ship I saw them as I have always seen them since the tale of Jewish persecution and suffering began to fill the newspapers of the world every day - cock-a-hoop, loud, monopolistic, implacably set on muscling-in and squeezing-out. They will not be modest and moderate, thankful for asylum in England. They will not fight for England, though they will cry day and night that England ought to fight.

They have no feeling for England in their hearts. If you can talk with them in some foreign language well enough to disguise your nationality, you will hear them, already, talking patronizingly of the English as they talked of the Germans, the Austrians, the Czechs, 'Na ja, es ist ein braves Volk, aber organisieren können die Engländer natürlich nicht' - 'Oh yes, they're all right, but of course they can't organize.' The old story; the Jews must run the country because the natives are too stupid.

These people should never be allowed into England, except under the most rigid control. Not one of them should be allowed into England except under an inescapable obligation to fight in the British Army in any new war - but to fight, not to serve as a canteen orderly in Aldershot or a medical

corps sergeant at John o'Groats, or a quartermaster's clerk at Portsmouth, or something of that sort. They are potentially as dangerous for us as the Germans themselves, because their only wish is that we should fight Germany for them. Before Hitler came to power, we had just as many Jews as we can assimilate, and these Jews understood us and our ways and fitted in.

This new influx is the worst thing that can happen for England and for the long-established English Jews.

Chance, and possibly my own sense of timing, enabled me to write additional chapters for *Insanity Fair* immediately after publication, and this time the same thing has happened again. But on this occasion chance has enabled me, in the additional chapter, to give you the best possible example of the way organized world-Jewry works and of the immense power it wields in goading world-opinion against Germany. I imagine anybody who has read these two books will realize that I hold Germany to be a menace to England, but that I do not identify the cause of England with that of the foreign Jews.

After I wrote *Insanity Fair* I was swamped by offers from American publishers for my next book. I signed a contract with one firm. When I began *Disgrace Abounding* I did not know that it would be an anti-Semitic book. The anti-Semitic part is the result of my observation of the Jews in the last year and of my conviction that the mass influx of Jews to England is a political mistake and a national misfortune.

The American publisher, after reading *Disgrace Abounding*, declined to publish on the ground that the Semitic part was 'slanderous and libellous'. Read the Jewish part for yourself and see if this is true. I, for my part, declined to have the book published anywhere without the Jewish chapters. The real meaning of that decision is that, in America, you may 'slander and libel' Germany as much as you like, and be paid for it, but you must not discuss the Jewish problem, you must not assert that there is a Jewish problem. Other American publishers declined the book on the grounds that they could not publish the Jewish chapters. One of them, not a Jew, said that an American publisher would court misfortune by publishing it, because 90 per cent of the American newspapers are Jewish, and the Jewish influence extends in similar proportion throughout the whole ring of trades connected with publishing.

I see very little difference between the Jewish and the Hitlerist method, in this matter of free speech and free discussion. The Jews are for free attacks on Germany, nothing else. The same thing happened in some of the Scandinavian countries, where *Insanity Fair* had great success and where publishers were clamouring for the next book - until they saw the Jewish chapters. They asked to be allowed to publish the book without them. I refused. The same thing happened in France even with *Insanity Fair*, where a publisher contracted for the book who apparently could not read English and only realized when he saw the French translation that there was a few passages in it which he did not consider sufficiently favourable to the Jews. He demanded their excision, I refused, and he sold the contract to another firm.

So only in England, as yet, and possibly in France - although I do not yet know whether this book will appear in France - may a non-Jew openly discuss the for and against of the Jewish question.

The importance of this, for you, is that you should realize that what is presented to you as 'American approval' or 'American disapproval' of this or that action of British policy is not American but Jewish opinion, and that this puts quite another face on the matter. If you are to fight Germany again, you must do it for England's sake. You must not allow yourselves to be egged on by Jews masquerading to-day as 'German public opinion', to-morrow as 'Czechoslovak public opinion', the day after as 'English public opinion', and the next day as 'American public opinion'. If

England suffers disaster in coming years, the Jews who have come to England in these latter years will not suffer that misfortune in like measure; they will not feel it as Englishmen will feel it, they will prosper in chaos, and when they feel that a lean time is coming for them they will make up their minds to sail away.

As I came up the Thames I wondered what my own future would be. I had promised myself to decide within a very few days whether I would continue to write about the daily European scene or whether I would cut loose [ed: altogether?] together, go to Polynesia, Patagonia or Peking, write about other things than Hitler's eternal invasions.

I wondered whether, the next time I left England, I should go in one of those steamers white and gold to some far distant foreign clime. The decision lay before me. I had a few days' time. While I was locked up in the Legation at Prague, *Disgrace Abounding* was published - the most curious things happen to my books. After my departure from Prague I read the first reviews of it. Somebody spoke compassionately of my inferiority complex. I never knew, until I wrote *Insanity Fair*, what an inferiority complex was, or that I had one. To understand these things you have to sit at the feet of some venerable Jewish professor in Vienna, who soothes you by telling you that your faults are not your own but the products of your ancestors' hereditary alcoholism, or something of that sort, and this wise counsel gives you new strength. The sins of the fathers. - Kraft durch Freud.

I have no inferiority complex, but only the most normal longings for England to be better. I have a heavy foreboding for England, whose rulers have made every mistake they could. I want to see England safe at home and abroad. Safe at home for the British Derelict Areas, not for the Foreign Non-Aryans. Safe abroad from Germany.

Neither of these things is being done. The danger of a German ultimatum has been drawing daily nearer. What shall it profit Britain if she lose her whole Empire and gain only the Jews? Now, at the last moment, a faint hope offers that a stand will be made - over Poland. Then why not for Czecho-Slovakia? Why have we handed over the Czech Army, the Czech Air Force, the Skoda Works, the Czech gold, to Germany? If we were from the beginning prepared to make this stand, we should have made it years ago. Then you would have had none of this trouble. You could have satisfied Germany's just grievances - but you could have compelled her to keep the peace.

But, in point of fact, I do not believe in that firm stand which the British public thinks it is making in the case of Poland. On the contrary, all the signs are that Germany will increase her territory at the cost of Poland, that Poland will either be reduced in area or disappear altogether, that the rulers of England will facilitate this process, and that they will once more help Germany to territorial aggrandizement, make her stronger for her final reckoning with England.

Consider the facts, so that you may not once more be duped and taken by surprise.

Mr. Chamberlain gave the Poles, on March 31st, an Assurance that if, 'during the period of negotiation' there should be 'any action which clearly threatens Polish independence and which the Polish Government considers it vital to resist with their Rational forces, His Majesty's Government would feel themselves bound at once to lend the Polish Government all support in their power'.

Do you see what it means? That Poland should yield, by negotiation. No more unpleasant overnight invasions. It goes only a little farther than the solemn warning given to Germany in May 1938 about Czecho-Slovakia - and where is Czecho-Slovakia to-day?

Once again, as in the case of Austria, as in the case of Czecho-Slovakia, as in the case of Spain, the real intentions of Mr. Chamberlain's Government were revealed, on the very morning after that



Assurance, by *The Times*. 'The new obligation which this country yesterday assumed', it said, 'does not bind Great Britain to defend every inch of the present frontiers of Poland. The key word in the declaration is not "integrity" but "independence".'

So there you have it. The Assurance meant nothing at all, and the Poles will presumably go the way of the Czecho-Slovaks. The same old bluff for the dear old British public.

Unless the Poles fight. That might alter everything. The Poles, too, mean you. They, too, have a large army. They, too, have an air force.

Because I had these forebodings for England, I turned away in distaste from my chattering and gesticulating and joking fellow-passengers that day as we came up the Thames estuary, and leaned on the rail, watching the rain drive over the marshes, heavy at heart. Ships, docks, factories. Gravesend and Greenwich. Water grey and clouds grey, and yet of quite different hues. White ribbons of smoke streaming across this greyness from black factory chimneys. A rare patch of colour here and there - the brown sail of a barge, the red funnel of a steamer.

Have you ever been welcomed to London with open arms? I have. Let me be clear: I am not at all sure that my native city feels like that about me, it is just the whimsical way my mind works. But it certainly looked like that. The little Polish steamer came through the Port of London, the ship's siren screeched importantly to announce the return of the wanderer - and London opened its arms. Tower Bridge performed that gesture of welcome. I passed through those open arms and was folded to the bosom of London. It was damp, and bore the name of Somebody's Wharf.

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## Appendix

### MORT DE BOHÈME

I like this word Appendix. All fashionable people used to have their appendixes out, and all fashionable books have their appendixes in. So here goes.

The repetition of history in the case of England and the Czechs, who lost their independence to the Germans by force of arms in 1620 regained it in 1918, and lost it again, under the threat of war, in 1938, is extremely interesting. It shows, to quote Mr. Chamberlain, 'the continuity of English political thought'.

I owe thanks for the details of the 'Czech crisis in the autumn of 1620' to Count Pavel Skala de Zhore, a Bohemian nobleman who, as an *émigré* in Paris, wrote a *History of Bohemia 1602-1623* which was published in 1680.

The Czech crisis of 1620 developed in the spring (as did the 1938 crisis). The German Emperor Ferdinand sought allies, in Protestant as well as Catholic countries, against the Czech King Frederick of Bohemia. Frederick also sought allies but was less fortunate; he received 'assurances' but, in the moment of crisis, no help. He hoped, especially, for help from France and England. Frederick's forebears had given help, in money and men, to Henry, the father of King Louis of France (as Czech Legions fought with the French in the World War) and Frederick hoped that Louis would now do as much for him, and not allow him to be crushed by a mighty enemy.

His hopes were vain. His second prospective ally was his own father-in-law King James of England, whose daughter he had married (in 1938 no blood relationship existed between London and Prague, but France and England were the godparents of the free Czech State) - James, however, dissuaded Louis from active intervention (in 1938 British counsel to the same effect was given to France).

James of England was in a quandary. On the one hand, the Czech King was his son-in-law and the husband of his daughter. On the other hand, the formidable might of the German Emperor and the King of Spain were arrayed against Frederick. James had no particular wish to abandon his son-in-law, but he stood in much awe of the ruler of Germany. He therefore tried to solve the problem by giving protestations of friendship and counsels of peace. In this course he was advised by the agents and Ambassador of Spain, who were always round him and who urged him not to have recourse to arms or to send help to his son-in-law. The nobles and the masses in England were friendly towards the Czechs and were prepared to help them, but the King, though he had no umbrella, stood in the way. He had never since his youth fought a war and had always relied on a policy of appeasement. This was the reason why, when a state of emergency came, he could not decide to take up the sword, as he was advised to do by other counsellors. At that time, according to my Czech historian, it would have sufficed for him to say that he would succour the Czechs - and there would have been no war. He had only to let it be believed in Europe that he was prepared to go to war and Bohemia would have been saved, instead of falling into three hundred years of serfdom. Events, indeed, had already moved so far that the coastal inhabitants of Flanders, then under the Emperor Ferdinand's rule, had in fear of the coming of the English king begun to move their goods and chattels inland and to prepare for flight (evacuation of the civilian population).

The mere threat of England's might would then have been enough to avert the war and save Bohemia.

The Lords of Oxford and Essex (Duff Cooper), distrusting the policy of their King, formed at their own expense a troop of infantry and sent it to the Continent. King James did not sanction this, but looked the other way.

On October 20th, 1620, in the afternoon, there arrived in Prague from Dresden an English mission (Lord Runciman) of eight coaches and twenty persons, headed by Milors Weston and Conway. They were met (as was Lord Runciman) by the highest nobles and officials of the State and by two squadrons of cavalry and escorted with all honour (as was Lord Runciman) to a hostelry. The next morning they had an audience of the Queen and on Sunday, after Mass, they saw King Frederick (Benesh) who had come in from the camp of his army, pitched outside Prague, to meet them. His plans for offering an armed resistance to the aggressor did not meet with the approval of King James, who in letters to Frederick, and now through the mouths of his emissaries, urged him 'to go to the extreme limit of concession'. 'Peace and negotiation', counselled Milors Weston and Conway in letters which they sent to the King, at his camp, on October 26th and November 3rd. If he could not find a peaceful solution to the quarrel, they intimated, King James might yet be able to help him, though he must always bear in mind that King James was above all concerned for 'universal peace and the commonweal'. While they were still counselling him, the Germans attacked, the Battle of the White Mountain was fought, on November 8th, and that was how King Frederick lost his throne and the Czechs their independence, until 1918.

[END] - prepared by Truth Seeker - [www.douglasreed.co.uk](http://www.douglasreed.co.uk)

## NOTES

1: The coup and the part he had played in it did not rehabilitate Papen. After it his dismissal took effect and he disappeared at last, after six years, from the stage on which he had appeared so unexpectedly in 1932, when Hindenburg made him Chancellor, and on which, between then and 1938, he had played so strange a variety of parts. He is said to be living on his estate in Westphalia.

2: to choose the Jews. (*W. N. Ewer*)

3: For ignorant foreigners: The title of this chapter is taken from a song called 'Land of Hope and Glory', one verse of which runs:

Wider still and wider  
Shall thy bounds be set;  
God who made thee mighty  
Make thee mightier yet.

4: *The Tragedy of Ramsay MacDonald* by L. McNeill Weir (Martin Secker and Warburg).

# FAR AND WIDE

by

Douglas Reed

published: 1951

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#### POSTSCRIPT

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P.P.S., JULY 1951

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## Foreword

### ALL ABOARD FOR ALABAM'

I took ship one day for Alabama, and this is the tale of that far journey across wide seas and lands. It took me from Africa to, and through, America and back and was much longer than the earth's girth. The calling of political explorer, which chance bestowed on me some twenty years ago, becomes ever fussier, but I seem to be its only practitioner now and enjoy it.

My heart never urgently called me Americaward because it belongs to our cradle-land, Europe, and in serener times I would have stayed there. Today Europe is cut in two and, I believe, will either be wholly crushed into a servile oblivion at one more move in the great game, or rise again. The remaining years of our century should decide that stupendous issue of our age (or, as you like it, that petty incident in time and space).

Much power to sway the decision, either way, has passed from Europe to America, so that I felt an urgent need of the mind to go there. The balance of money-power and manufacture-power has greatly shifted thither; and if 'the world is governed by very different persons from what those believe who are not behind the scenes' (Disraeli's words) then America is today the land which they will chiefly seek to divide, rule and use for the completion of their plan.

The plan, I think, is the old one of world dominion in a new form. It is not merely that of one more Wicked Man, like the Hitler who, in Mr. Chaplin's film *The Great Dictator*, dreamily played with our planet. The political explorer early finds that other men than these spotlighted, evanescent, public figures also play with the globe.

It is, in my belief, the plan of a conspiratorial sect, the members of which wield much power in *all* countries, seldom openly appear, hold sway over the visible public figures, and are able so to direct the acts of governments, friendly or hostile, peaceable or warring, that these in the end all promote their prompters' own destructive ambition.

This ambition (and today I think it is apparent) is to set up a World State to which all nations, having ruined each other, shall be enserfed. The League of Nations was to my mind a first experiment in that direction and the United Nations is a second one, much more advanced.

A wandering journalist, I have gone through the thick of these events for many years and have no doubt left that this is the shape of things intended to come. Two groups, alien in all lands and powerful in all lands, chiefly promote that great design. The political explorer finds Soviet Communism and Zionist Nationalism in all countries to be forces powerful behind the scenes, and in sum their separate efforts serve a converging ambition.

It is, as I judge, to crush the nations into a flat, brazen servitude between the hammer of revolution and the anvil of gold. The founder of Zionist Nationalism, Theodor Herzl, openly described the method: 'The power of our purse ... the terrible power of the revolutionary proletariat.' It reveals the secret, the great discovery, of politics in our times. Politicians can ever be brought to yield either to the glitter of material reward (perhaps in the shape of votes), or, if that fails, to the threat of agitation and overthrow. Such is the conspirator's road to power, on high and higher to the highest levels.

Today the scene is set for the third act, intended to complete the process. The money-power and the revolutionary-power have been set up and given sham but symbolic shapes ('Capitalism' or

'Communism') and sharply-defined citadels ('America' or 'Russia'). Suitably to alarm the mass-mind, the picture offered is that of bleak and hopeless enmity and confrontation: Black Knight and White Knight. One *must* destroy the other.

Such is the spectacle publicly staged for the masses. But what if similar men, with a common aim, secretly rule in both camps and propose to achieve their ambition through the clash between those masses? I believe any diligent student of our times will discover that this is the case. He will find that in all countries essential to the plan invisible or half-seen men, whose names are publicly little known, are powerful enough to dictate the major acts of governments at vital moments (President Roosevelt's near-deathbed admission that he signed the fatal order to bisect Germany 'at the request of an old and valued friend', who remained nameless, is a recent case in point).

In the United States, particularly, these powerful men behind-the-scenes have in the last thirty years been able to give such a slant to governmental actions that these went to promote the ends of Soviet Communism and Zionist Nationalism; at least, it looked like that to me from afar and when I went closer the same picture grew only clearer.

Thus I think that out of the smoke and smother of any new war, begun on the one side to 'destroy Capitalism' and on the other to 'destroy Communism', will at the end be produced (if this situation continues) what those managers really want: the Communist-Capitalist Super-State with all the Capitalist-Communist power over people and gold, and all the nations submerged. For the Second War proved beyond further doubt what the First War began to make probable: that aims and causes tossed to the masses at the start of these great conflicts have no relation to the ultimate plans in truth pursued.

In that matter another incident from the Roosevelt era is convincing. At one point during the Second War the British Government found that Mr. Roosevelt entertained massive ideas about reshaping the globe, and these affected British territories, among many others. The British Foreign Minister, courteously mentioning that they included no American (he might have added, or Russian) sacrifices, gently asked about the President's constitutional powers for redistributing the world while it was still at war.

President Roosevelt then inquired of his legal advisers and was reassuringly told that he could do anything he liked 'without Congressional action in the first instance' and 'the handling of the military forces of the United States could be so managed as to foster any purpose he pursued'.

The last sentence supplies the key to the mysteries of these wars. They are not for the ends publicly announced when The Boys set out. The important thing, apparently, is to get The Boys started; then their military operations may be 'handled' to foster 'any purpose' their rulers may pursue. But *who* are their rulers, today? In the most vital matters, 'old and valued friends', who never emerge from anonymity!

I think the method has become clear, and expect to see it pursued, and any further wars 'handled', until the purpose of setting up the World Servile State is accomplished, or finally fails. Long observation in Europe and Africa brought me to and confirmed these views. America was the essential last stage on my journey of political exploration. I knew all the rest, from Moscow through Berlin to London and Paris, and believed I had a good notion of what went on in America; but the personal experience lacked.

So I went to see for myself, with memories of the two wars and of twenty years of politics in twenty countries in my mind's eye. All those fragments now fitted into the picture of a continuing process, guided by master hands unseen, and I set out to learn how far the American one dovetailed



into it. At the end I thought that America, like my own country, was in the business unwittingly but up to the neck. Matters have gone too far for the last great coup, The World State, not now to be tried; only the result, I think, now remains in doubt.

The first part of this book contains the visual picture of America as I saw it at the fateful mid-century during a very long overland journey; my experience is that you need to travel a country far and wide before you try to understand it. The second part contains, for what they are worth, the conclusions which I brought away.

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# **PART ONE**

## **AMERICAN SCENE**

## Chapter One

### WAY DOWN IN DIXIE

The ship crept up the dun-coloured river and Mobile took growing shape, clustered round tall buildings that wore air-conditioning plants like hats atop. Much later, at my journey's end, I was glad to have begun it at Mobile. I doubt if the stranger who descends from the *Queen Mary* straight into the turmoil of New York ever fully recovers from that impact or thereafter gains a fair perspective of America. The better way is to start in Alabama or Maine and see the South and New England first. Having traced the root and stem of America, the traveller will study with more understanding the exotic fruit that has been grafted on at the top, an alien growth on an American stalk. He who arrives first in New York will continue his journey with senses benumbed and confused.

The things which captivate the innocent abroad at the outset are those which are new to him and in America these are, foremost, the gadgets. Already in the taxicab from the docks I wondered what sharp, staccato entertainment the car's radio emitted until I realized that its and other drivers were informing some central command-post of their whereabouts and receiving orders, like tank-commanders in Normandy. My driver took a hand microphone and joined in this brisk exchange. 'Seventy-five heah,' he said, 'coming in from the docks, and the commander's voice crisply returned, 'Okay, seventy-five, we want yuh for the deepoh.' 'Okay,' he said, and the operation orders continued: sixty-six was heah, forty-nine was at Bienville Square awaiting instructions, thirty-two was sought and twenty-one reported.

Awed at the start, I came to an hotel where the great glass door opened at my approach, without human help. Later I came to know this door well enough to have fun with it. I would stop as I drew near and it opened, and retreat a step; with smooth courtesy it halted and closed. It was the perfect dancing partner, and late one night, when I saw none about, I tried it with a rumba, which it performed perfectly. I was enjoying this dance (it is my favourite) when I felt that I was observed. Looking round I saw a negro porter watching me, not with disdain but with smiling sympathy.

The lifts, too, were playful. Two served my upper floor and faced each other across a wide landing. They were operated by regresses and were noiseless to the point of stealth. When I rang for and awaited the one I would hear a voice behind me say, in accents of suffering, 'Going down', and would spin round to find the other lift-girl looking at me, with some contempt added to the ageless sorrow of her liquid brown eyes. I tried ringing for one and quickly crossing the landing to the other, but then the one originally summoned would silently arrive and behind my back the deep, accusing voice would say, 'Going down'. At the bottom I said, 'Thank you', and she answered, 'You're welcome'; thus, when I finally left the hotel through the unattended door the last words I heard were those which used to greet the coming guest.

From the hotel into the town I followed the trail of such wonders. With a companion I visited the bank, which in America is often placed high among the seeworthy-things (as the Germans say). It seemed full of telephones, iced-water machines, and busy men in large hats from whose mouths cigars pointed like anti-aircraft guns. They incessantly picked up telephones and spoke into them at once, as if the instrument automatically connected them with the folk they wanted, and between calls they visited the iced-water machines. I thought I caught them sometimes telephoning into an iced-water machine or trying to drink from a telephone, but may have been confused. They greeted all, including me, with a cheery wave of the arm, two outstretched fingers at its end, and 'Howdy, pardner. How're yuh t'daye Nice t'see yer.' I at once became the partner of several leading Mobilians and also an officer in some unknown service ('Howdy, cap'n').

These amiable forms are not general in America, I found in time. The slow, unhurried courtesy which was once the accepted manner of an American, of whatever station, widely survives in the South, but gives way to an impersonal brusqueness in other places, particularly those under the spiritual influence of New York, where hurly-burly seems to have been rewritten surly-burly. There a pleasant mien is apparently held a sign of weakness and its wearer 'a smoothy'. 'How strange that it should be a sign of affectation, and even of degeneracy, to be well-mannered and well-dressed, to speak English with correctness and live with a certain elegance;' (wrote Mr. Somerset Maugham in *A Writer's Notebook*), 'a man who has been to a good boarding-school and to Harvard or Yale must walk very warily if he wants to avoid the antagonism of those who have not enjoyed these advantages. It is pitiful often to see a man of culture assume a heartiness of manner and use a style of language that are foreign to him in the vain hope that he will not be thought a stuffed-shirt.' Once, slumped over hot-cakes in a chilly dawn, I saw before me a notice: 'Don't ask us for information; if we knew anything we shouldn't be here.' I wanted to inquire the way somewither, but forbore, wondering nevertheless why people should deny themselves the ancient pleasure of setting a wayfarer on his road.

The South is still unafraid of civility, or even a little blarney. I felt happier to be told by a waitress here, 'Yes sah, Ah'll gladly bring you that', or by a hotel manager there (when I asked for the bill), 'We hate ter do it, but if you must go ...'; and by a museum custodian, who had to deny some small request, 'Ah'm jest as sorry as Ah could be, but that's not allowed'. In Mobile the more elegant quality of the earlier time still showed through the shape of the later one. The America of Main Street does not yet compare to advantage with that which first grew out of the wilderness and the fortified settlements.

Mobile was French first, and France bequeathed to these parts an immortal name, that of the dix-dollar notes, or dixies. Its pleasant old houses, now diminishing, with their lacey metalwork balconies, offer a challenge to Main Street which I found repeated all over America, not only in the South and New England. In a thousand small towns of the interior the pleasant white houses of the 'homes section' were projections of those which the early colonists built along the coast, using the timber of the new continent and the best models of the old. In the same thousand small towns the 'business section' was the projection of something different, incongruous and of poorer intrinsic quality. Mobile's Main Street contained a profusion of moneylenders; they were even more plentiful than pawnshops used to be in Camden High Street.

Exploring the town I first came on those suburbs of delightful white houses which continued to charm me all over America. Then I found the districts where the poor whites lived, and those of the negroes. The poor white trash (the name may first have been given them by the sugarfields darkies, for the residue from cane-crushing is 'trash') earned fifty pounds a month but remained an affront to the other white folk. The negroes lived in cheerful slovenry and their girls spent much time with their own beauty specialists, probably having their hair done.

Hair becomes a major problem for the young negress when she lives among white communities. Her own hair is much longer than it looks but clings so tightly to her scalp that white women's hats, which she admires, are too big for her. She cannot stretch it to its full length by plaiting or beading, as the Zulu warrior or baby sometimes does, but achieves this end by heavy grease. This enables her to attain something like the hair-do of her favourite white film-actress. Another method is to wear a wig, and these are manufactured for a lively market.

Down on the levees I found the darkies dreamily angling. They still looked as if they might have known Uncle Tom or Tom Sawyer, and still the ancient conflict racked their souls: whether to do a chore or go fishing. I believe this is for many of them life's major issue. It still is in the Africa from which their forefathers came. Though cast among white men, they do not fully accept the white

man's philosophy. The Red Indian (who is neither Indian nor red) seems to reject it completely; prevented from warring and hunting, he huddles together in small reservations and impassively awaits extinction or unforeseeable revival. The negro prefers a compromise; he will work within limits, to gain leisure for fishing or dreaming. He survives and multiplies.

I landed in the Deep South and, therewith, in the middle of 'the colour problem', and was glad Southern Africa had taught me some rudiments of the matter. The question has four distinct aspects. The first, what the black man truly wants, is ignored by all parties to the great debate. The second and third are the conflicting opinions, between white men who live among black men, about what is good for him within the limits of what is good for them. The division is in my experience not very wide, but is broadened by the parties of the fourth aspect, the political groups far from negro-populated areas who use it to set white man against white man as a means of achieving votes and power. This is the chief aspect. The past hundred years have shown that white folk in New England and Old England may be violently incited against each other and against white folk in warmer latitudes by this means, to the point of civil wars. The American Civil War was the first of these.

The contemplation of sin in others is an ancient human enjoyment, particularly when the beholder is remote from temptation. It is a pleasure much enjoyed by unoccupied ladies at lace-curtained windows in suburban streets. Seated at her New England casement Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe grew wrathful about the goings-on of Simon Legree and the plight of Topsy, far, far away, to such effect that she similarly infuriated millions of other window-sitters and became (as President Lincoln said) 'the little lady who started the big war'. Later, when she *saw* the ruined South and Uncle Tom, free but bewildered, she wrote in alarm: 'Corrupt politicians are already beginning to speculate on the negroes as possible capital for their schemes and to fill their poor souls with all sorts of vagaries ... It is unwise and impolitic to endeavour to force negro suffrage on the South at the point of the bayonet.'

However, the thing was so enforced, with dire results; Mrs. Beecher Stowe, had she but known, was herself used by corrupt politicians for the furtherance of schemes; and *Uncle Tom* could not be unwritten when she saw the light. At this mid-century the book is used for new incitement in a land where pale-skinned folk, if not white ones in the true sense, endure a harsher slavery than her characters knew; time, the jester, dances on. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as a play, is a favourite medium of the present rulers in Moscow for teaching their herded masses to hate the Western white man. Moreover, Mrs. Stowe founded a school of writers, now innumerable. Her success led one Anna E. Dickinson to delight New York, in 1868, with a novel, *What Answer?* depicting the marriage of a rich young white man with a negress and since that day the theme has never been let drop. Its true importance seems to be fractional.

Because of this I found life and talk in the South much like those of South Africa; the same note of unease about the future ran through them. The clamour from outside paid little heed to people who were actually worse off than the negroes, namely, the original inhabitants, the Red Indians (so called by Columbus because he thought America was India, reached by a new route; they appear to be of Asiatic origin and to have reached America in remote ages by some icy trek from Siberia, across frozen seas, to Alaska). Mrs. Stowe never wrote the story of Sitting Bull's wigwam, though her own house may have stood on its site. The surviving American Indians are too few for the 'corrupt politicians' elsewhere to bother with.

With a companion I began to discover America, ranging round the Mobile countryside from the luxurious country clubs and fine Gulf-side houses to the poorer farmers' shacks and the coloured quarters. I felt at once the great wealth and energy of the country, also its disquiet and resentments,

from which no moving frontier now offers escape. I was fortunate to meet at the outset a companion who gave me a deep insight into many things, at first puzzling.

He was a remarkable man. Born to a hard lot, he had been all over America, afoot or by thumb-ride. America was his life and being; he felt it as an enormous experience, the shape of which, nevertheless, he could not comprehend. He was full of its lore and in my room sang to me epic poems of the legendary giants of the wood-axe and the trail, Mike Fisk, Paul Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed and the others, the men who boasted they could outfight, outshoot, outjump and outrun all others. In them you could hear the crash of falling timber, the arrow's hiss, the song of the flatboats floating down-stream and of the conquering steamboats churning upriver. He felt himself the child of titans in a stupendous world and knew not which way to turn. He had made himself, from the raw, into an artist and sculptor of talent and found no field or market. He did not feel boundless freedom but an eroding frustration. What could an artist do in America, how could he even live? He sought an answer in a little room among tall buildings. He saw beauty in the great freight train, with its mile of box-cars, that with clanging bell rumbled straight through the middle of the town. These annihilators of space and distance mean to Americans of his kind something of what ships mean to Englishmen. With him I wandered along the quays, past the darkies daydreamily watching their lines. He knew their soul, too, and put it into his songs. 'Howdy, pardner,' he said to each, 'What you caught?' A sheepish backward grin and 'Nuthin'!' 'What, nuthin'! Gorn, Ah thought you caught a big catfish or somep'n.'

I said goodbye with regret one night and climbed aboard a train. When the midnight choo-choo leaves for Alabam', I hummed as its wheels began to turn. Then I tried to sleep but could not. I had fallen into a trap when a charming Mobilian at the booking-office asked me, 'Upper or lower berth? Upper's cheaper.' Grateful for the hint, I said, 'Upper'.

The sleeping-car was that which England knows as a saloon-car, with a central aisle and sets of seats on either side, facing each other in pairs. By some miracle these were transformed into beds at night, an upper and a lower for each four seats; the aisle remained free, between curtains. The occupant of the lower bed could dress or undress sitting on its edge with his feet on the floor; look out of the windows, sit upright, or even stand by bulging the curtains a little. The upper berth was a windowless cell, only reached or left by a ladder, which was procurable only by ringing for the attendant. The roof of the car was about two feet above the berth itself, so that I found myself undressing and dressing flat on my back in a dark horizontal cubicle, a surprising and difficult predicament. I was glad when, somewhat crumpled, I came to my next abiding-place, a little town in the heart of South Carolina.

\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

### WHITE PILLARS, GREEN PASTURES

It was a quiet, withdrawn place of white houses in a green setting, the relic of a way of life violently interrupted eighty years ago. The houses of the South (and of New England, I later found) share a cool, white dignity and charm. Wood, being abundant, was from the start more used than brick, but design closely followed English models remembered by the early colonists. More shade, however, was needed; and as the classic tradition was then respected and ready-made columns grew in the earth Athenian porticoes were added; the result, in all its variations, is delightful. A few great plantation houses remain in the hands of the original families, who for all their English names still chuckle over the discomfiture of the redcoats as much as they mourn the disastrous sequel of the blue ones. The majority of those that survive have been acquired by rich men of the later time who cherish them, thus using wealth beneficently in a country where great fortunes often go destructive ways in the hands of juniors striving indiscriminately to atone for affluence. While taste and elegance seem to have fled from Broadway and Main Street, the furniture and furnishings of such Southern and New England houses are on the highest level.

These houses were framed in trees that stood like giants; they seemed to grow twice as tall and full as elsewhere. Beneath these overhanging green masses, where blue jays and red admirals sported, and between the pillared, verandaed white houses I wandered, looking at America. Broad roadway, broad sidewalk and broad lawns, all were filled with a tangible hush that seemed not quite peace. The motor car has emptied such residential parts of the walking folk who once enlivened them. To English taste, which might be right or wrong, something else lacked. Americans, from the equalitarian idea or ideal which ever defeats itself, dislike hedges or fences, so that houses rub porches and walls without any line of domain between. That works against the life of gardens, of fathers tending flowers or children playing and the general animation which these pleasant scenes give.

American homes, therefore, somewhat bleakly confront the outer world, usually without any outer, private keep to soften the impact. Later, on Long Island, I saw a private builder's estate of ten thousand small houses where dividing fences were forbidden as a condition of sale. I believe this may cause a spiritual overcrowding, in a huge land, which discomforts many Americans. In a short story about an American girl who sought out her old nurse in England I found the words: 'Frances came upon Ainsty Street and stopped ... What was life here like? These were pleasant cottages ... they were not the facile, blank little homes that American developers grind out all over the landscape. The pride and the privacy of each was contained within walls and behind individual wooden gates.' Similarly a wise *Texan in England*, Professor J. Frank Dobie (Hammond, Hammond & Co., London, 1946) wrote, 'As for freedom and pleasance, I'll take a hedged-in cottage and its plot anywhere in England rather than many thousands of acres from which the grass that the buffaloes once grazed has all been destroyed and nothing but dollar wheat planted.'

This may be one cause of the lack of a pleasant domestic vivacity in American residential areas generally, but the South, where other things than buffalo lands were destroyed, is a special case and I ascribed also to its particular memories some of the brooding melancholy which I felt in these green avenues. This sadness, as of a dying strain of music, was caught by the title of Miss Mitchell's book, *Gone with the Wind*. I thought of it as I strolled past quiet white houses and remembered the long queues of people waiting, in London, to see the film that was made from it. They were there before France fell and still there, I believe, when France was freed. It was 'good entertainment' and few of those picturegoers saw anything else in it.

For the South, for the present American Republic, and possibly for the entire white family the Civil War (its true name, I judge) remains of present significance. More Americans were killed in it than in both twentieth-century wars together. Not only for that reason is it a living American reality, whereas the others were more quickly forgotten. Brother fought against brother in it and never knew for what. Few now believe it was fought to free slaves, from whose importation Northern traders once grew rich. The fury of partisanship, on either side, was used to different ends.

It was the first war in which the lot of a third party (and not the aboriginal population) was employed to divide white men against each other in the new worlds they thought to have conquered, and to promote a worldwide revolutionary design. The real aim was to break the political power of the rural South and transfer it to the expanding, industrial North, where the revolutionary forces were strongest. It led to a weakening of the Union, which plainly showed in the Republic of 1950. When that war began America was a country of a homogeneous people, predominantly English, Scottish, Ulster-Irish, German and Scandinavian in origins and recognizably 'American'. In its aftermath, which opened the floodgates of immigration from Eastern Europe, this composition of the population was radically changed. Power passed, not to Northern Americans of the old stock, but more and more into the hands of newcomers. They brought with them schemes for a new Union; that of the world, with America and all other countries servient to it. Like the Republic's tombstone (it has that shape) their headquarters building was rising in New York when I went there; it was called the house of 'The United Nations'.

I think the road to the American Civil War, and beyond, clearly ran from the French Revolution. Today the war against the South continues. It is indispensable to the politics of New York and of the tombstone-building. Crushed in 1865, the South is still too strong. With that obduracy which attends God's processes, it has remained homogeneous, a surviving obstacle to the consolidation of the new power in America and the world.

Travelling in the South Mr. John Gunther (himself of more recent American vintage) remarked in *Inside U.S.A.*: 'The foreign-born and sons of foreign-born, who have been travelling with us for most of the course of this book, now leave our story to all practical purposes. The South is overwhelmingly of native-born Anglo-Saxon origin ... I might add, "predominantly of Scots-Irish, Ulster or Celtic stock". There are towns in North Carolina almost as Scottish as Aberdeen; there are backwoods in Tennessee and Arkansas as implacably Celtic as anything in Wales ... In every state except Florida and Louisiana 90 per cent or more of the white citizens come of parents who were both American born. The figure reaches 98.7 per cent in Arkansas ... That Arkansas should be one of the most unquestionably backward of American states naturally gives the observer slight pause and makes one wonder what peculiar characteristics the Celts and Gaels, when transported, contribute to a civilization.' (However, this writer recorded a notable contribution of the South to what in their day were presented as wars 'for civilization': 'The South from the beginning and most vividly took the Allied side in both World Wars ... The proportion of volunteer enlistments to conscripts was 85.3 for South Carolina, 92.6 for Georgia, 98.6 for Texas and 123.4 for Kentucky ... One factor in this is obviously the Anglo-Saxon origin of most Southerners ... Still another is the peculiar and ineffaceable persistence of the martial tradition, the fighting impulse.')

Mr. Gunther calls the South 'The Problem Child of the Nation'. This characteristically New York conception that the parent is the child and the child now the parent, is unremittingly suggested into the American mind by newspapers, books, plays, films and radio. Any demur is rebuked as racial discrimination. A reviewer in a New York newspaper, discussing a book called *Our English Heritage* said: 'One school of thought insists that the immense influx of people from central Europe makes the future of America belong to them. This reviewer does not agree.' Such words verge on punishable heresy in America today, and are rare to see in print.



The transference of power to a newly-arrived minority is, however, possible if the original stock can be kept fairly equally divided by the wedge of some exterior issue. For this purpose the negroes of the South continue to be used. The matter is explained by Mr. Robert. E. Sherwood, one of President Roosevelt's ghost-writers, in *Roosevelt and Hopkins*: 'Roosevelt said to me' (during the fourth-term election campaign) 'that, if there were some fifty million people who would actually vote on election day, you could figure roughly that some twenty million of them were determined to vote Democratic and another twenty million Republican (give or take a few million either way) regardless of the issues or candidates. This left ten, million or more uncommitted independents who were subject to persuasion during the course of the campaign, and it was to these that the strongest appeals must be made ... A substantial number of negroes was included in the independent minority, as Roosevelt reckoned it. It was obvious that anyone with his exceptionally positive social views would be implacably opposed to racial discrimination.'

The Southern negro thus plays in the 1950s, as in the 1860s, the part of stalking horse in the pursuit of political power. The cry of 'racial discrimination' is not genuinely raised on his behalf, the real meaning is that it would be 'racial discrimination' to oppose the new immigration from taking over the American future, as the intrepid reviewer remarked. The ambition, aspirants and method are not peculiar to America; they occur in England, South Africa and all countries known to me.

In England, for instance, the native masses equate two main parties with their beliefs and hopes. They vote Conservative to ensure the liberty of each man and the survival of the nation, and Socialist if they wish individual men to yield their liberty to the State and the State, then, to merge the nation in some international directorate. In fact they get the same thing either way, merely at a different pace, and in America the position is similar, only the labels being different: Republican for Conservative and Democratic for Socialist. Both parties, in both countries, appear to regard the small, indeterminate mass of votes, between the two main parties, as being in the gift of third groups and they court this support by surrender to the aims of those separate forces, which work for the supreme State, first, and the supreme World State, next.

In America, under this masterly manipulation, the two parties have even changed places, or faces. At the Civil War the Republicans, who cried 'Abolish slavery' (or 'down with racial discrimination') as a means to power were the party of the revolutionaries. The Democratic Party was that of the conservative South, and eventually resurrected it. The Republicans then enjoyed seventy years of power, almost unbroken, a period long enough to turn any party conservative. Seeing that, the revolutionary element transferred to the Democratic Party and proved, when President Roosevelt came to power, to be very strong in it; the last seventeen years have been filled again with the specious clamour of 'down with racial discrimination' and the atmosphere of pre-Civil War days has been reproduced. So strong is the memory of what the Republicans did after that war that Southerners still automatically vote Democratic. The most their representatives can do, when they reach Congress, is somewhat to retard the new campaign against the South; on the whole they promote the aim of the new immigration to 'take over the future of America'. The Republican Party, which now professes to stand for the traditional American Republic, in its turn feels ever forced by the thought of coming elections to court the graces of this overriding group. For the present no escape from the blind road offers to the voter, either in England or America.

The clear trail leading from the Civil War to the present was the first of my surprises in America. Like most Europeans, probably, I was ignorant of that war and when I studied it felt like an archaeologist who finds the original of the Communist Manifesto in Greek ruins. What went with that wind was more than the political power of the South; what came with the new one was the enslavement of white men by Soviet methods. Only the peculiar spirit of the South prevented that condition from becoming permanent. I read the records with growing amazement, because I recognized in them a continuing process of today. 'That the Southern people were put to the torture

is vaguely understood' (wrote Mr. Claude G. Bowers in 1929 in *The Tragic Era*), 'but even historians have shrunk from the unhappy task of showing us the torture chambers ... it is impossible to grasp the real significance of the revolutionary proceedings of the rugged conspirators working out the policies of Thaddeus Stevens without making many journeys among the Southern people and seeing with our own eyes the indignities to which they were subjected.'

The key-words are 'revolutionary' and 'conspirators' and they fit today's situation like a glove. That the North, with its newly-discovered gold, growing industry, command of the sea and increasing population would win that war was plain to clear heads in the South from the start, and did not deter them from a war which, they believed, had to be fought. Just as it ended President Lincoln, whose continued presidency would have meant reconciliation, was murdered. The way to the South was opened to persons recognizable today as the revolutionary conspirators we know as Communists.

Of the twelve years that followed, the miracle is that the South survived. Mr. John Gunther, who seems to have been startled by what he learned when he saw the South, says, 'If you read the history of those days you must inevitably be reminded of contemporary analogies. Atlanta in the 1870s must have startlingly resembled Warsaw or Budapest under the Nazis in the 1940s ... Chopping up the South and ruling it by an absolute dictatorship of the military, while every kind of economic and social depredation was not only allowed but encouraged, is so strikingly like what is going on in Germany at present that the imagination staggers.'

Slightly different comparisons might be more correct. The sufferings of the South compare more closely with those of Budapest, Warsaw and all of Eastern Europe under the Communists after the 1939-45 war ended than even under the Nazis in 1940. It is perfectly true, however, that things happened in the American zone of occupation of Germany after 1945 which strongly recall the years from 1865 to 1877 in the American South. They were chiefly due to the influence, inside the American Army, of the immigration from Eastern Europe and of them Mr. Bowers might today write that 'even historians have shrunk from the unhappy task of showing us the torture chambers'. The American public has not been told much of what went on, nor has the English, though to a lesser extent similar things happened in the British zone. The tale of mock-trials before a black altar, of brutal beatings and confessions extorted in the pretence that sentence of death was already passed, was told by an American Army board of inquiry, headed by a justice, but was not allowed to reach the conscious mind of the American masses. More was revealed in Mr. Montgomery Belgion's *Victors' Justice*, a book to which reviewers in America turned a strangely blind eye.

The close resemblance between the torture of the South in the years after 1865 and that of Europe in those after 1945 proved, to me, the existence of a permanent revolutionary organization, trained to intervene at such junctures in human affairs and give them a satanic twist. The day after Lincoln's death Ben Butler was appointed Secretary of State. That was a clear omen; he was the Northern general who ordered his troops at New Orleans in 1862 to treat as common prostitutes any white woman there who 'by word, gesture or movement insulted or showed contempt' for them. Outside the government, real power in the Republican Party passed to Thaddeus Stevens, a dying and malignant man. Club-footed, bald but bewigged, of indeterminate origins, clamant for blood and ruin, he was of the type of Marat, Goebbels, Dzherzhinsky or Szamuely. He lived with a mulatto woman at Lancaster, in Quaker Pennsylvania, and this private factor may have helped inflame his violent public demand for 'absolute equality, socially and politically, between the races'.

Stevens pointed the way: 'Hang the leaders, crush the South, arm the negroes, confiscate the land.' He wanted chaos in the negro-populated area as an essential step towards revolution in the North; the same idea was being taught to American Communists (as an apostate once testified) at the Lenin Institute in Moscow in 1930, and is the ruling aim of American Communists in 1951. The

negroes were 'better qualified to establish and maintain a republican government than the whites'. The vote should be taken from the whites and given to the negroes. Attacking 'racial discrimination' he forced through Congress a bill 'establishing for the security of the coloured races safeguards which went infinitely beyond what the government has ever provided for the white race' (President Lincoln's successor, Mr. Johnson, vetoed this bill and narrowly escaped arrest at General Butler's demand).

From the negroless North these white men raved for the extermination of the Southern whites. They tried to suspend trial by jury and, when the Supreme Court resisted, to pack this with compliant judges (President Roosevelt was the next to try that). When the victorious General Grant became president the military commander in Louisiana, General Sheridan, telegraphed asking him to declare the whites there 'banditti', saying 'no further action need be taken except that which would devolve on me'. The real aim of all this was, as Stevens said, 'to secure perpetual ascendancy to the Republican Party'. This continuing attempt to transfer power in the Republic to a more recently arrived section of the community is the reality of all politics there today, though it is now pursued by the other party.

Those fantastic years in the South, I found when I went over the ground, are illuminating for the understanding of the present. The mass of liberated slaves, utterly bewildered, returned to the plantations; chronicles of the day record the gratified surprise of the whites at their general behaviour. Some of them, however, received arms and joined with poor whites of the South and 'carpet-baggers' from the North in a twelve-year orgy of ruin and corruption. The carpet-baggers were men of the kind whom the Western Powers in 1945 forced on the countries of Eastern Europe, thus abandoning them to the Communist Empire. They descended on the South like flies on cadaver, making themselves leaders of the negroes and exerting every means to keep the freed men from returning to their former masters or befriending themselves with the whites.

These carpet-baggers offered the negroes the white man's lands, womenfolk and money, and incited them to take those. The moon looked down on wild festivals of drunken intermingling in the idle cottonfields. Negro superstition was exploited and at black masses (a recognisable feature of any such regime) fearful fates were depicted to any who voted the wrong way. On the ruins of State governments macabre Conventions met and carpet-bagger orators, inciting black audiences, disfranchised masses of the whites. In mock parliaments the people's representatives laughed and yelled, passed bills with their feet on the backs of chairs, sent out for cases of liquor and boxes of cigars, and ran up enormous debts; in Louisiana alone one of these sessions cost nearly \$1,000,000 as against \$100,000 before, some of the largest items being for champagne and other entertainment. One observer wrote, 'It is a monkeyhouse, with guffaws, disgusting interpolations, amendments offered that are too obscene to print, followed by shouts of glee. Members stagger from the basement bar to their seats; the Speaker in righteous mood sternly forbids the introduction of liquor on the floor. A curious old planter stands in the galleries a moment looking down on the scene and with an exclamation, "My God!" he turns and runs, as from a pestilence, into the street.'

Such corruption at the river's mouth could not come from a source less corrupt. Mr. Bowers wrote in 1929 that 'never have American public men in responsible positions, directing the destiny of the nation, been so brutal, hypocritical and corrupt'. Mr. Truslow Adams, in 1931, spoke of 'the most shameful decade in our entire national history' and of 'a moral collapse without precedent and, let us hope, without successor'. Since President Roosevelt reintroduced the 'racial discrimination' issue into the forefront of American political controversy these comments have become apt to the living present.

The wonder is that the South ever lifted itself from that prostration, and by its own bootstraps. During the worst years the minority of misguided negroes was held in check by the Ku-Klux-Klan,

which effectively played on superstitious fears. It was in truth a resistance movement, and only when I saw the South did I understand something that formerly puzzled me; why the Communists in 1950 still rail so much about the Ku-Klux-Klan. They fear future resistance movements, not the one of 1865-77. The negro also played a part in the recovery. He was unable, at little more than one remove from the Congo, to look after himself and turned to the white folks. His natural virtues also contributed. To me he seems, in Africa or America, an innately conservative man in the mass. He is not good revolutionary material, save possibly in the moment of ecstatic excitement to which he is prone, and he is often deeply religious. It was a Negro Senator who wrote in 1876: 'A great portion of our people have learned that they were being used as mere tools and determined, by casting their ballots against these unprincipled adventurers, to overthrow them.' That precisely describes the relationship between the negroes and the white politicians who use the racial-discrimination issue today. Mr. Truslow Adams says of the twelve years, 'There is no parallel for the situation in the history of modern civilized nations, and it is almost incredible that it occurred within our own country.' American politics of today, however, are moving parallel with those of 1860 and again, not for the good of the negro but to divide white people.

I was perhaps better equipped than most, by long experience, to relate the story of those years to our today. I was also in a good town and a good house to study them. The town knew the full brunt of the tragedy and by wonder escaped General Sherman's burning. The house once watched the young men go gaily off to fight, but saw few of them return; it knew also the anguished prayer meetings of 1865, when it was filled with weeping women, the South was in ruins, and no future offered. It had survived to know again the presence of a large and happy family in its fine rooms. Yet the -memory of many tears was in it, and all around. I paid a call on neighbours who, I was told, were rich people 'before the war' but now somewhat reduced. I expressed surprise, saying I thought America was richer, not poorer, through the war. 'Ah, I mean the Civil War,' said my companion, and I remembered that in South Africa too 'the war' means the old one, not either of the world wars.

The South has never fully recovered, though it is advancing quickly now. It still has people who have never been able to adjust themselves to the changed order and who live amid furniture and hangings which seem to have 1865 imprinted on them, ancestral portraits then discontinued, and the remnant of family silver, possibly saved by a faithful negro. Like Irish squireens, impoverished but unbowed, they live as in a vacuum suspended in time. Deliberately but without posturing they reject compromise with a time they feel inferior to the one that the wind destroyed. If neighbours arrive from afar these remain 'Northerners, but nice'.

In such a Southern town the America which grew out of 1865 has but one outpost: Main Street, with its drugstore, red-and-gilt five-and-ten-cent stores, movie theatre, hamburgeria, jukeboxes and all. Where hitching-posts may once have stood are now slot-machines which sell the parking motorist time for a dime and with moving finger record the length of his absence. The thought of this mechanical conscience is unnerving; you may see a behelmeted and beshrouded lady rush from a hairdresser's in mid-perm to propitiate the machine. These dime-boxes are often the consolation of American policemen; fearing that their superiors may not wish them to interfere with other forms of evildoing, they apply themselves to watching the red needle and the laggard motorist.

In this Main Street, having let my hair grow for a month at sea rather than submit it to an engine-room hand who claimed he could cut it, I sought a barber's shop. It was like a tonsorial church where barber's masses were celebrated. It had rows of high seats for those who only wanted their shoes polished. If it lacked censers with sweet-smelling herbs, it had brazen pots for another purpose, and music, broken only by announcements that it came by courtesy of Cosmic Cosmetics. While your hair was cut a kneeling black acolyte shone your shoes, and if you spread your hands, as in benediction, another, white and female, at once polished the nails. The barber seemed to be

invested with some inner authority; as he pressed a lever and tilted me into a prostrate and helpless position I reflected that he had in fact power of life and death.

I asked for 'a light trim' and received a ruthless shearing; when I returned to the vertical I wondered if the old scalping tradition yet fingered. Not long ago a man could earn good money by bringing in a scalp; in 1800 old Thomas Armit of Pittsburgh lamented that his son legally married a squaw whereas in his own day 'ye could have drawed fifty dollars good money for her skelp'; perhaps my barber had scalping-blood in his veins? He said my hair would look nice next time it was cut, then hurriedly added, 'It looks pretty nice now'. 'I heard you the first time,' I said. 'It sure needed cutting badly,' he said. 'It needed cutting well,' I said, 'I've just made a long sea voyage.' 'You don't say!' he said, 'I was at sea until last fall.' 'An engine-room hand?' I asked. 'Sure,' he said, 'how did you know?' 'I wondered,' I said, 'thank you.' 'You bet,' he said.

I usually try to learn what people read. The Main Street American often says, 'I don't read as much as you could put in your eye'; this self-imposed outlawry from the thought of the ages seemed a lonely thing to me. However, I did not then know this and looked about until I found The Little Bookshop (America has given way to the Quainte and the Olde, a vogue now outlived in England, and I even saw a Gifte Shoppe). The Little Bookshop's large window contained a big stuffed horse; any books must have been in hidden recesses. The main source of literary supply, I later learned, is often the drugstore, which displays racks of paper-covered volumes. These may be classics or shockers, but impartially wear a cover-picture of a girl in a low dress, revealing pumpkin-like contents; I never elsewhere saw books sold exclusively on cleavage-appeal. This seems part of the New America; many planters of the old South had standing orders with booksellers in London and Paris and rare editions are to be found in their houses.

In these early days everything was new, different, delightful, surprising or strange, especially days spent in an American home among young people, all approaching marriage, and their parents. Life moved at speed; the young men came and went by car or aeroplane and the girls rode high-voltage horses, the sight of which made my cracked backbone wince. Had I known, this was to be the last chance of pleasant conversation for some while. In America as a whole time does not suffice for talk.

One girl came, from broadcasting work, late to a meal because she had to deputize for an announcer stricken with hiccups. I thought this was a chance missed, for everybody has heard an announcer *without* hiccups; he should have been introduced to listeners in suitable words, 'We bring you something you have never heard before, the hiccuping announcer.' Then the hiccuper: 'This programme comes to you, hup pardon, by courtesy of Pepper's Anti-Dyspeptic Pepsin, hup sorry.

(I was glad this amused, for the wayfarer in the Republic, if he is of jesting bent, will leave his ewe-lambs scattered behind him, unrecognized and unwanted. Even my good companion in Mobile was unresponsive to a joke. He first introduced me to the cafeteria, and as he sat down with food and drink asked the negro attendant for a straw. 'No straw, sah,' said the man. 'You don't have a *straw*!' exclaimed my friend in irritable surprise. 'Perhaps they've used it to break the camel's back,' I said. 'I guess so,' he said, looking at me gravely.)

Now the girl who broadcast told the story of the radio-announcement of the executions at Nuremberg. All the 'ace' American broadcasters strained themselves to outdo each other in dramatic effect, and one fell headfirst over the uttermost brink of hyperbole by crying hoarsely into the microphone, 'Goering cheated death tonight by committing suicide!' This reminded me of a wartime headline in London's *Evening Standard* when the boxer Joe Louis was enlisted in the American Army: 'My fighting days are over, says Joe Louis.'

There was a bright moment, too, when a son of the house used the word desultory, pronouncing it desultory. He checked himself and asked me if that were right. I said humbly that, for what it was worth, the word was spoken *desultory* in England; we had been so much intimidated about the word Tory that we instinctively slurred it now. In the South that point immediately took.

One night the negro singers gathered in the music-room, four women and three men. Their faces were still the African ones I knew, though Africa was but a legend to them, like Saxony to an Anglo-Saxon. I often heard negro spirituals before, but found that to be really 'heard' (in the sense the African negro himself uses the word) they need to be sang in an old plantation house of the South which once had its own slaves. In it the most poignant memories of both races mingle; those of the grey-coated young men tightly setting out and the women waiting in fading hope; those of black folk transplanted from their original continent. Perhaps the white man and the black one come nearest together in these songs.

Song was the solitary way in which these people could express their souls when they were slaves and sat in the evenings by their huts, among the cottonfields. A typical figure, at once sorrowful and reassuring, of the American scene today, Mr. Whittaker Chambers, once described the negro spiritual in inspired words: 'It was the religious voice of a whole religious people ... One simple fact is clear: the spirituals were created in direct answer to the psalmist's question, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" ... Grief, like a tuning-fork, gave the tone, and the Sorrow Songs were uttered.'

That is the arresting truth; these people sang, on a note of abiding faith, to and of the Christian God. They no longer knew what gods, or idols, their forefathers had. Listening, I wondered whither music has fled from many Christian churches. If passers-by heard singing like this come from a spired building in any mean street of London or New York the churches would be ever full, and that croaking raven of our day, the communist cleric, would flap dismally away from their belfries.

I listened in enchantment to the blending of voices, the harmony and variations, the subtle repetitions and interventions:

Nobody knows what trouble I've seen,  
Nobody knows but Jesus ...  
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,  
Sometimes I'm right to the groun'.  
Glory Hallelujah!

There was one with a tremendous, infectious beat and rhythm, in which I clearly heard the native dances of Africa. The corpuscle is still in the blood and gives the same itch to feet and shoulders:

I went to the rock to hide my face,  
The rock cried out, 'No hiding place,  
There's no hiding place down there!'  
The sinner man, he gambled and fell,  
Wanted to go to heaven but had to go to hell,  
There's no hiding place down there!

And then one which rolled and dwindled like a peal of distant thunder echoing down the ages:

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?  
Sometimes it causes me to tremble ...

tremble ...

tremble ...

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

The grandchildren of freed slaves sang it to the grandchildren of Southern planters and a harmony filled the pleasant room.

Reluctantly, one day, I left this green and white retreat and set out on my further way, along roads marked to commemorate the battles of the colonists against the King's men and then those of the South against the North. They lead eventually, like signposts, to the different America which emerged from them.

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## Chapter Three

### WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

The car slid along the road like a ring on silken ribbon as I went through the Carolinas towards Virginia. I wondered if all American roads were as excellent. I found they are; if all human life were suddenly removed from earth, later visitors from other planets might find these roads among the most remarkable works left behind by its dwellers.

On the wayside tablets famous names showed and were gone: Washington and Cornwallis, Grant and Lee. The countryside was much like England in its contours and spring colouring; the white houses, large and small, continued familiar in shape to an English traveller despite the clapboard walls. The names too: I came to Raleigh, so called after that Sir Walter who had named the first colony for his unmarried queen. Not far away was Roanoke Island where at the third attempt in 1587 he landed 150 men, women and children from Devon. The supply ships, four years later, found only empty huts and a mysterious word, 'Croatoan', carved on a tree (today the Roanoke islanders, in the manner of Passion Play villagers in Germany, re-enact the mystery of those vanished colonists each year). When the next colonists came, in 1607, James was king and they established Jamestown on the James River, a little farther north.

So it all began. Had Drake not sunk the Armada in 1588 the Spaniards might have pushed their civilization northward along this coast from Mexico; had Wolfe not taken Quebec in 1759 the French might have come southward from Canada and clinched their hold on the innerlands. Instead the English spread north, south and west and founded the American Republic.

Raleigh in 1949, was far from all that. Hunger drove me to a drugstore there and I asked for a sandwich. The girl took one readymade out of its wrapping, thrust it into a toaster, and in a recognizable trice a hot sandwich lay before me. I was only starting to learn the stool-and-counter way of eating, the quickfire service, the staccato vocabulary. Soon I knew the 'short stack' and the 'cheeseburger', but never fully accustomed myself to the impersonal haste of it all.

The quieter South fell behind and I met the busy roadside life of the teeming central region. The gaps grew ever smaller between filling-stations, drive-in theatres, diners, cafés, roadhouses, trailer-courts and tourist-camps, stalls and booths. The first entry into a city of size, Richmond, was bewildering. Awed by innumerable signs forbidding the traveller to stop, pause or turn, I was swept along in a traffic-stream from which I could conceive no escape. However, these problems of the newcomer do solve themselves and at nightfall I found myself in an hotel bedroom. Tired out, I put my shoes in the passage and fell asleep. At two in the morning I was wakened by loud knocking and shouts of 'Bellboy, sah, yoh shoes is outside the door'. I opened the door to a smiling negro whose grin plainly said, 'Lawdy, how drunk you musta bin!' Too sleepy to be intelligent, I said the shoes were there to be cleaned. 'Ah never heard of that,' he said in patent disbelief, and waited expectantly. I saw he thought he had saved my shoes from theft and remembered a remote inn in the Carpathians where I suffered such loss.

These are all minor frustrations, for the stranger. Later I realized that shoeshine parlours would complain if shoes were cleaned in hotels, and that hat-blocking parlours might fail if hats were brushed in them. The charm about people is that they are different; Americans seem to feel the day ill begun if they have not had a hat blocked, while I have spent my adult years trying to reduce mine to a devil-may-care shabbiness, always being defied by their obstinate selfwill. Once I rescued one from the debris of a bombed cleaner's in London, thinking its dents would now stay in and its brim remain down, but it was more arrogant than ever. I put three intolerable hats on a rose



bush in a Sussex garden during a drenching rainstorm once, hoping to break their spirits. The vicar, calling on a new resident, saw them there and was curious, so that I explained; his visit seemed brief, even for a duty call.

Presumably Richmond-on-James was named from Richmond-on-Thames, a royal town. Had the South won the Civil War it might be the American capital today. Had the war ended in reconciliation under a living Lincoln, its spirit and influence, with those of an earlier Washington, might have been greater in the shaping of the new America, which is its opposite. The line of the violent break is clear in the picture of America today.

It is particularly plain in Richmond. I looked at Capitol Square with sensations of recognition and pleasure. Thomas Jefferson took the Maison Carrée at Nîmes as model for the Capitol itself, while fine old English-type houses surround it. Here is dignity and, what puzzled me at first, the feeling of age. Later I realized that New England and the South are older than their buildings, because these, through their models, include the best of former centuries. The earlier Americans turned their faces towards, not from, the two thousand years of European civilization; they meant to improve on and not to deny it. This attitude towards life was expressed also in the lives of Americans of that time. The break came with the end of the nineteenth century and the United Nations building in New York is the symbol of the new philosophy.

Washington's statue prompts a question: were men better then, or merely sculptors? What could any sculptor make of Lenin, Stalin, Hitler or Mussolini? Does that which is bred in the bone come out in the bronze? This statue is as near truth as can be, for it is a portrait, to measurement, of a man of fifty-two, over six feet tall, of noble appearance, who saw it when Houdon finished it. The one in Trafalgar Square is a cast from it. Another, in Grosvenor Square, shows an American president erect who in fact could not stand alone. The subject of truth in statuary is of some interest.

From old Richmond I turned to new; Main Street. This was the biggest Main Street yet, though smaller than many yet to come. I found in time that they all reproduce each other; Henry James, who did not like Main Street and its intersections, wrote of 'the dreadful multiplied numberings which seem to reduce the whole place to some vast ledger-page, overgrown, fantastic, of ruled and crisscrossed lines and figures'. Their variety of merchandise is immense, and the personal touch is now that of a vanished hand.

In Capitol Square, Richmond, I felt as I would feel in the Place de la Concorde or Pall Mall. In Main Street, Richmond, though it is but a corner's turn away, I felt as if I were in an Eastern bazaar; and indeed Main Street is an Eastern bazaar that runs from New York to Los Angeles, and puts out branches left and right. There I first felt the speed of life in today's America, that philosophy of pace at any price which the people adopt, either to reach or escape from something. The South has effectively resisted it, and Richmond is very much the South; but its Main Street, like all the others, belongs to New York. In the roadway State Troopers whizzed past on screaming motor-bicycles and as they went talked by microphone with some equally audible Chief, no doubt steely-eyed and iron-jawed, at police headquarters. On the sidewalks a tomboyish vogue reigned for the moment and the young girls set out to look as if they came straight from a shakedown, not from a make-up; they wore tousled and tumbled hair, a tough air, and crumpled shirts loose outside rolled-up and stained blue jeans, the ensemble being called 'Sloppy Joe'. They looked for the nonce like orphans of the Bolshevik Revolution but soon were to change, at the Garment Centre's next dictate, to the opposite cult of perfect neatness. The men remained recognizably Southerners, the young ones personable and deferential, the older ones quiet and easy-mannered.

By chance I was in Richmond on Army Day and saw a military parade which, to me, vividly symbolized the story of the Republic. It was led by detachments of two famous regiments, the

Richmond Grays and Richmond Blues, in their historic shakoes and tailcoats. They fought, in their time, under Washington, with the British against the French and Indians and next, still under him, against the British; then for the South against the North, and later wherever opportunity offered. They were fine lads in the spotlights and marched across Capitol Square towards a question mark: the future. If they and their kind had the making of it the answer would be reassuring, but that was the doubtful point. Next to me a lady watched them with love in her eyes and chatted about them. Though of great age she was in the first fine careless rapture. She put in fourteen hundred hours of war work in the first war, she said, and in the second taught four hundred people how to knit; her simple faith seemed to be impaired by no misgivings about the *results* of those two wars, and in it she was plainly ready to spring to her knitting needle again at any alarm.

I remember Richmond for a quite different spectacle, too, that offered by a Human Cannonball. I was interested in Human Cannonballs because, many years ago, I met a pretty one in Berlin who said her painful profession frustrated all maternal hopes, so that I asked why she didn't get herself fired. That left me with an idea, never pursued but never quite abandoned, for a novel about a Human Cannonball. I saw it as a story of frustrated love and motherhood, of a feminine Pagliacci flying ever above the gaping crowd with aching heart behind the goggles and crash helmet, as it were; how could a girl aspire to settle down to conjugal joys, with all those bruises! Now I went to watch Richmond's Human Cannonball. A lover of fireworks, I was enthralled by the great howitzer, the fine explosion, the smoke and the white figure flying over the wheel to the net. Best of all, I found that my unwritten comedy had a happy ending. Despite the bruises (which are the least injuries to be feared in the calling) this Human Cannonball was the mother of two fine children; I hoped my earlier acquaintance, who by now must have put her projectile days behind her, similarly found her fears empty and her arms full.

Within a few jumps of Richmond are the still older places from which it, Virginia, the group of English colonies, the American Republic and today's heterogeneous Union all sprang. This region, even more than New England to the north, is the cradle of the giant who has now reached adolescence and, on that brink, looks uncertainly into what lies beyond. First comes Williamsburg, the colonial centre before Richmond rose. Its historic Colonial Capitol and Sir Christopher Wren's College of William and Mary have been restored to complete beauty by Rockefeller money, and stand monuments to the quality of the early pioneers and a challenge to the present. Next door to it is Jamestown, where all began, with the ivy-covered ruin of an English church. A little farther on is Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington and the second stage in the American odyssey began; the fortifications of that siege remain.

This is the perfect route for the understanding of America. Richmond, Washington and New York are the successive tiers of the edifice. Richmond was the capital-city of the thirteen Colonies; Washington was that of the Republic of thirty States which grew out of them and pushed inland from the eastern seaboard; New York is the real capital of today's transcontinental empire of forty-nine States. Whose is the inheritance? Were the War of Independence and the Civil War but two wars of the succession, which new pretenders are following with a third, possibly unarmed one, in the twentieth century?

The process looked to have that shape. A new struggle for power in the Republic was in progress. I set out for Washington, through a hundred miles of history as momentous as Napoleon's hundred days.

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## Chapter Four

### CAPITAL OF THE CONTINUATION

A great city gleamed softly ahead in the haze and roads curved towards it between green expanses. In that dulcet early morning light it might have been Camelot but for the clamant throng of four-wheeled traffic, which gave it the look of an anthill and made me halt while afar off, like a foraying commander in a strange land, to consider how I might best enter. Once in the main torrent, I knew, I would be swept on, the helpless captive of stop-signs, traffic-lights and policemen's whistles. Carefully I studied the lie of the land, saw a roadside advertisement offering cheap rooms, went into a filling-station and telephoned. Yes, I might have a room; when would I arrive? 'That, I said, like King Harry's soldier before Agincourt, 'is more than I know.'

Bracing myself against the shock, I plunged into the maelstrom. To travel in America with sleeping berths, rooms and air-liner seats fore-booked is one thing; to explore it alone and humbly is another. I was carried through and out of Washington, then back and out again, and at the third attempt, like an unwelcome guest repeatedly re-entering swing-doors from which he has been thrown, contrived to turn quickly into a parking-lot with one vacant place. Then, blessing the three Rs, I set out afoot to unravel the lettered or numbered streets and find a particular conjunction. Arrived, breathless, I fell into a seat and ordered a coffee. A pleasant young man at once appeared and asked if I would try a camel. While I still wondered how one could help me, in Washington, he handed me a packet, said 'It's a mild smoke, sir', and vanished.

These initial encounters with American cities are major experiences. The traveller's feeling of hopeless homelessness changes to triumph when he succeeds in dodging the hooting pursuers, doubling up and down side streets, sighting a lodging, and being accepted. It deepens into a fugitive's misery when he enters a crowded convention city at dusk, is whirled along by a Mississippi of motor cars, and finds any door he can reach closed against him.

From this furious chase I took brief, happy refuge in Washington. Standing, like Belgrade, where two rivers meet, it is of the world's fine cities, and plainly a cousin of the European ones. Here the era of the Colonies merged, without violent change, into that of the Republic just as the Corinthian columns grew on to the Southern mansions. These splendid white buildings and memorials descend from Greece and Rome, like those of Munich. The formal gardens and vistas speak of Fontainebleau and Versailles. Likewise, the surrounding countryside, and Washington's house there, reflect the firm dignity of domestic architecture in seventeenth-century England. In Washington the symbols of the Republic's unexampled rise run to and from each other across shining river and green parkland in a straight line, itself symbolic: the Capitol, Washington's obelisk, Lincoln's temple, Lee's house. With them the straight line fades into an enigmatic future. If it is to be prolonged to the tombstone building in New York, that is a sharp turn to the left and a leap into obscurity.

Of Athens, Cicero said that its glories in stone delighted him less than the thought of the great men who lived, worked, debated, disputed, died and were buried there. In Washington the feeling of a group of great men, Washington, Jefferson, Lee and Lincoln, is tangible and the buildings express their quality. The question mark at the end of them is equally palpable. Great presidents may make a great republic, but what happens if the noble breed gives out? The four-yearly election is not merely that of a prime minister, but of a head of State. Henry Adams thought 'the succession of Presidents from Washington to Grant is almost enough in itself to upset the whole Darwinian theory' and Mr. Albert Jay Nock in 1943 added: 'Had Adams lived to see the succession extended

to the present time he would perhaps say it was quite enough.' Mr. Nock did not see the events of 1944-50; he died calling himself *A Superfluous Man* in an American era which alarmed him.

Despite the still living echo of Northern armies tramping along Pennsylvania Avenue to crush the South, Washington remains a Southern city; the memory of great Southerners and their works fills it. It owes much of its beauty to the original plan, which was the child of L'Enfant, a French military engineer. Urbane charm often grows better in towns laid out for defence than in those conceived on draught-boards by civic planners. L'Enfant designed long, broad boulevards, similar to those of Haussmann, which intersected each other at circular junctions; from these round-points the military could mow down invaders or rioters from all directions.

Time plays its pranks. The result is a delightful place to live but one indefensible against today's infiltrators, who may arrive at Capitols and government departments, in Washington or Westminster, by limousine, and be saluted by janitors as they enter. L'Enfant's roundabouts today impede only the American motorist, and tunnels are being made beneath them so that he may gain the world a few seconds quicker. The beauty of Washington cannot be impaired in its basic quality, but is much blurred or masked by the enormous mass of traffic, moving and standing. I could see no final answer to the parking problem, unless by some new device of claws or grappling hooks, cars become enabled to scale tall houses and hang themselves from the window-sills.

The human scene of the city, at this mid-century, was not congruous to the classic dignity of its inanimate shape. The effort to dethrone Washington, with all other national capitals, in favour of the super-national committee in New York gave the tone to life in it and all the political intrigues of the world seemed to have moved into it. Congress, when I looked down on it, was a pleasant place, but in its lobbies prowled the 'fixers' and priority-pedlars, who courted politically influential men with flattery and gifts, usually small. In Washington, as in London, committees inquired into such practices and, again in both capitals, missed the important point, which was not that of petty venality or of 'priority' gained for 'a project' of the fixer's friends. Politicians, once caught in such toils, may later find themselves under pressures, then less easily resisted, in major affairs of State, especially foreign ones. The political affiliations of well-known 'fixers', in Washington and London, might be instructive if they were more publicly known, but this aspect of the matter is never examined by the commissions which, in both capitals, are periodically charged to investigate the evil.

Congressmen and Senators seemed unaware of the fish that might be fried at barbecues and cocktail parties given for them by newcomers to the capital. Political Zionists, Communists, Irish Republicans and others wooed the powerful by flattery or covert intimidation. At the top level Political Zionism looked like a ruling power; to express doubt about its undertakings was like confessing heresy before an inquisition. Beneath the surface, the Communists rose by permeation to ever higher levels. Always denying their real allegiance, they had in twelve years come to infest the capital. Partial disclosures were recurrently made of this fermenting mass at the Republic's centre and each time some master hand pulled down a blind between the matter and the public gaze. Washington was become rather like the medieval courts of Naples, on a greater scale. I later learned, from one of these fragmentary exposures, that a drugstore where I sometimes drank coffee was a clearing-centre between Washington's Communists and Moscow, where papers purloined from official files were handled.

This corrosive influence displayed itself in curious ways, alien to the Christian principles on which the Republic was founded. In a busy street I saw a large covered vehicle from which a loud, mechanical voice invited all to 'come in and see Goering's treasures', and as admission-fee to make a donation to the United States Marine Corps League. The United States Marines (like the Royal Marines) are an elite corps of the highest tradition, whose recruiting posters say:

First to fight for right and glory  
And to keep our honour clean,  
We are proud to bear the title  
Of United States Marines.

They may have had little to do with this exhibition, which redounded to nobody's honour. The truck contained wedding-gifts (presumably looted) made to Goering when he married his second wife, the actress Emmy Sonnemann, in Berlin about 1934: a silver dinner-set from Hitler, a silver inkstand from the City of Berlin, a vanity-set from the German Air Force and so on. The mechanical voice roared into the streets of Washington that this or that gift was made to Goering on his wedding-night 'by his mistress, Karin'. Karin Goering married him just after the first war, when he was a penniless and out-of-work young ex-officer, and died long before Hitler even came to power. This was the first word I ever heard uttered against a woman twenty years dead; the owner of the mechanical voice apparently knew and cared nothing about the facts of Goering's life.

Washington was filled with a kind of whispered, muttered tumult, that of the world's conflicting political ambitions, nearly all pursued behind the cloak of other purposes. In this conspiratorial hubbub a quiet spot held me most absorbed. I liked to eat in a restaurant facing Ford's Theatre, where Lincoln was murdered. From my table I looked across at the door through which he was carried, to a house adjoining the restaurant, where he died. I went into the theatre and saw the door of the box in which he was shot. I began to study the event itself and soon felt again like a man who finds unexpectedly familiar things in an old tomb. This was not something that merely happened seventy-five years ago, but part of something that continued today. I drove to the Anacostia Bridge, over which the murderer fled, and followed the line of his flight to the Potomac River. Then I read the accounts of the crime and the evidence.

Here was something I recognized ...

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## Chapter Five

### OF MURDER AND MOTIVE

... This mystery has four chief parts: the man, the moment, the murderers and the motive.

The man, like the victims of other comparable crimes, was a unifier and reconciler. He fought the South to preserve the Union, *not* to abolish slavery: 'My paramount object is not to save or destroy slavery ... If all earthly powers were given me I should not know what to do with the existing institution' (of slavery). Though he unwillingly issued the slave-freeing Proclamation he never departed in conviction from the original, declared aim of the war: 'It is not for any purpose ... of interfering with the rights or established institutions of the Secession States but to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired.' He intended to defeat only the claimed right to secede;<sup>[1]</sup> then to restore the Union and leave the legal institution of slavery to be gradually modified into abolition by judicial courts.

In that policy the Leftist Republicans around him saw the danger of the conservative Democrats returning to power. They introduced the false issue of slavery into the war to perpetuate the Republican Party in power by taking the vote from the Southern States and the Southern whites and giving it to the negroes, of whom not one in a hundred could then read. (Similarly the aims of the Second World War, when it was half run, were changed from the liberation of countries overrun and the restoration of parliamentary governments to 'the defeat of Fascism', which meant their surrender to Soviet Communism.)

Lincoln's Republican Party contained the mass of Leftists, who were near to dominating it. Lincoln knew that they raised the bogus issue to inflame passions and prolong the war; his own Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton (who with Thaddeus Stevens headed this group), said so: 'The great aim of the war is to abolish slavery. To end the war before the nation is ready for that would be a failure. The war must be prolonged and conducted so as to achieve that.' (The Second World War was similarly prolonged, through wasteful detours, to achieve 'the defeat of Fascism', but *not* the original aim.) Lincoln was an obstacle to the forces of destruction in his own party.

Such was the *man*. The *moment* of his murder was that at which he was about to fulfil his policy of reconciliation and accomplish the declared aim of the war. Two days before Lee at last surrendered and Washington was lit up. At the very moment Lincoln's emissary, General Sherman, was negotiating with the Southern leaders a truce following Lincoln's constant line: no confiscation or political disablement, recognition of the Southern States governments if they took the oath to the Constitution, reunion, conciliation. (That was as if President Roosevelt, at Yalta, had upheld the war aims originally understood by the Western peoples, instead of surrendering half of Europe to a regime resembling that endured by the South after Lincoln's death.) At Lincoln's last cabinet meeting, on the day he was killed, he said he was glad Congress was adjourned; the extremists in it would not be able to hinder the work of reviving State governments in orderly fashion. 'There must be no bloody work', he would have no part in hangings or killings; the task was 'to extinguish resentments'.

At that moment the man was killed. In the choice of time and victim the crime startlingly resembles four others, which also struck down unifiers and conciliators just when they seemed likely to impede the process of universal revolutionary destruction. Alexander II of Russia emancipated twenty million serfs in 1861 and pursued his work of reconciliation until he was murdered in 1881; of that crime Soviet Communism and Political Zionism were born. In 1913 the Archduke was killed at Serajevo; he had the reputation of a unifier and conciliator who might have saved the

Austro-Hungarian Empire from war and disintegration, *had he lived*. In 1934 Alexander of Yugoslavia was killed at Marseilles; he was a unifier who could not have been turned from his throne by an ally, as his little-known eighteen-year-old son Peter was in effect in 1945 by Mr. Churchill, and a Communist dictator set in his place. In 1948 Count Bernadotte was murdered as he completed a plan of truce and pacification in Palestine.

Each of these events changed the course of history for the worse. Together with the wars and annexations to which they led and the revolutionary movements which profited by them, they produced the state of affairs with which the Western world finds itself faced at this mid-century. In each case the men marked for death were ones who stood for reconciliation, unity, orderly judicial reforms and 'the extinguishing of resentments', as Lincoln said. In each instance (save that of Count Bernadotte, where no pretence of justice was done), nondescript individuals were publicly presented as the culprits. On each occasion a powerful organization obviously stood behind those puppets and each time all was done to prevent its exposure.

None can doubt today that Lincoln was removed to prevent the reconciliation of North and South and the consolidation of the Union. Though the wound did seem later to heal, the events of today show it still to be raw, so that the conspirators' aim of 1865 cannot yet be said, in 1950, to have failed. Time has yet to show this result, with all others.

The culprits displayed to the populace were the usual group of obscure individuals, who clearly could not have carried out the deed unaided. Lincoln's killer, the actor John Wilkes Booth, escaped for a while. A benchful of generals promptly executed one Lewis Paine,<sup>[2]</sup> a youth called David Herold who accompanied Booth in his flight, a mysterious German, George Atzerodt, and a woman boarding-housekeeper, Mrs. Suratt. Pending trial, the prisoners were kept in solitary cells, with empty cells on either side, and made to wear thick padded hoods, with small holes for nose and mouth, over head and shoulders. The only plausible explanation is that communication with any other person whatsoever was to be prevented. These four, and four men sent to a remote island, all *knew* Booth and his associates. Men who helped him escape, but did not know him before, were not even charged.

That looks as if the capital offence was to be in possession of information about Booth's movements and acquaintances in Washington. For that the State prosecutor seems to have demanded death and the four men sent to an island only escaped it because the generals shied at wholesale hangings without evidence of complicity. Studying this aspect of the matter, I recalled van der Lubbe, the vagrant found in the burning Reichstag. I believe he was kept drugged during his trial and until his beheading; he alone could have said who put him in the Reichstag. The demeanour of Rudolf Hess, at the Nuremberg Trial, was similar to that of van der Lubbe; none but he could publicly explain the wartime mission on which he was sent to England.

The circumstances of Lincoln's murder speak for themselves. Booth fired the shot into his neck as he watched the play. The door of the box was unlocked, but on the inner side of it someone had placed a wooden bar and a mortice, so that Booth could ensure that none entered it *after* himself ! At the door should have been Lincoln's armed bodyguard, a Washington policeman, recently enlisted, called John F. Parker. Only his empty chair was there and no word survives in the records to say why he was not in it ! This collapse of protective vigilance was a feature of the Serajevo, Marseilles and Jerusalem murders. President Lincoln's danger was well known. That very afternoon he asked his Secretary of War if Stanton's stalwart aide, a Major Eckert, could accompany him to the theatre for his protection. Stanton refused and Eckert, asked by the President himself, also declined (on the next day Stanton telegraphed to General Sherman that he too was in danger 'and I beseech you to be more heedful than Mr. Lincoln was of such knowledge').

The missing bodyguard, Parker, was appointed less than a fortnight before the murder, during Lincoln's absence from Washington, so that the usual presidential confirmation of his appointment was never obtained. In three years service serious complaints of 'neglect of duty' were several times made against him and in April 1864 he was dismissed. In December 1864 he was reinstated and in April 1865, immediately before the deed, allotted to the President's personal protection ! After the murder he was again charged with 'neglect of duty'; the trial was secret, the complaint was dismissed and the records of the hearing have vanished from the files. Three years later he was once again charged with dereliction, dismissed, and at that point vanishes from history !

Thus Booth walked into an unguarded box, shot the President, jumped on to the stage, ran through unguarded wings to the back door, jumped on a waiting horse and rode away. He caught his spurred boot on some bunting as he jumped, fell awkwardly and broke a small bone in his leg.

This alone seems to have prevented him from getting clean away. He rode across the Anacostia bridge and along the well-known route to Virginia which the Southerners, throughout the war, used for spies and communications with the North. Behind him galloping cavalymen were sent to scour the country, north and west, which he obviously would avoid. This one southward route, which a flying Southerner would clearly take, was left open long enough for him to escape. His unforeseeable injury prevented that; unable to go on the actor went into hiding.

If his escape was desired, this naturally threw up a new problem. After a few days his whereabouts became known and the chase was converging on him when the military Provost Marshal, who led it, was suddenly recalled to Washington and the pursuit entrusted to the head of the secret service, one Colonel Lafayette C. Baker. He was given 'twenty-six cavalymen' commanded by 'a reliable and discreet commissioned officer', Lieutenant Doherty. This officer, however, was placed under the orders of two of Colonel Baker's detectives, his cousin, ex-Lieutenant Luther B. Baker, and an ex-Colonel Conger, who 'by courtesy was conceded the command'. Whose courtesy is not recorded, though Lieutenant Doherty's chagrin is. This force eventually surrounded the barn where Booth lay hidden, with strict orders to take him alive. Of the twenty-nine men none could clearly say later who fired the shot which killed him. Baker thought Conger did; Conger denied it.

Clearly Booth would have escaped but for his damaged foot. With his death none remained who could tell the whole truth; those who knew most were quickly hanged or exiled.

Thus the *man*, the *moment*, and the *apparent murderers*. The *motive* today seems as clear as the organization behind it remained, and remains, obscure. It was to remove Lincoln because he was an obstacle to the destruction of the South. The student from afar, who finds Lincoln honoured equally with Washington, on deeper study learns how lonely he was when he died. To the collapsing South he was the destroyer; to the North he was the enemy of further destruction. Today's traveller may perceive a great flaw in the array of memorials erected to Lincoln in his country. Suggestively, they commemorate his [ed: him ?] as the slayer of slavery, first and foremost. It is the continuation of a falsehood; that was not his primary aim, he was against violent demagogic actions, preferred judicial gradualness, and had at heart only the unity of the Union. Thus his memory is misused today in the further pursuit of ulterior schemes; the false issue, the falsity of which he saw, is raised in his name and his words and monuments are presented as its also.

In the South the news was received as a last unaccountable blow of destiny. In the North different feelings were expressed. Clerics, frequently thirsty for a vengeance claimed by God, avowed that the deed must be a divine act, albeit mysteriously performed. A Republican Congressman, Mr. George Julian, later recalled that his party met the day after the murder 'to consider a line of policy less conciliatory than that of Mr. Lincoln'; while everybody was shocked the feeling of the meeting was overwhelmingly that the accession of a new President 'would prove a Godsend to the country'.



Mr. Truslow Adams's *Epic* dismisses 'the conspiracy of a handful, led by a half-madman, which destroyed the one man who stood between his country and the powers of evil and plunged us all into a sea of infamy and misery'. The description of the deed and its effects is accurate, but the theory of the recurrent madman grows thin. Coincidence did not drop Gavril Princep at the spot where he could kill the Archduke, Vlada the Chauffeur into a Marseilles street as King Alexander went by, and the deadbeat van der Lubbe into the Reichstag (I saw him and his trial and can vouch for that). Even if coincidence's arm were so long, it could not always reach to the suppression of inquiry in these cases.

This is a chapter by itself in our times, and in my opinion the most important. I remember how governments combined, at the League of Nations in 1935, to shelve the inquiry into the complicity of other governments in the murder of King Alexander. The same thing happened in the case of Count Bernadotte; the United Nations dropped the matter of its own emissary's murder as if it were a hot coal. The truth is not, as American writers put it, that 'history shrinks' from exposing these things. Politicians recurrently cover them up and conceal the continuing process. The study of Lincoln's murder did more than anything hitherto to convince me that it is a continuing process, with an enduring organization behind it. It shares identical and recognizable features with the later series of murders, which all led to the spread of the area of destruction. These conspiracies cannot be improvised; obviously the experience of generations, or centuries, lies in the choice of moment, method, line of retreat and concealment. The little folk who are trotted out after each such deed may be 'the handful', but the hand is never seen. Particularly in this matter of covering-up is Lincoln's murder of present-day significance in America. The same resolute and efficient methods are used to defeat public curiosity about Communist infiltration into government departments, the public services and high places. In America (and for that matter in England and Canada), a cat sometimes slips out of the bag, a Dr. May, a Dr. Fuchs, a Mr. Alger Hiss. But then the bag is tied more tightly than before, and the public mind forgets.

Booth was not a madman. He kept a diary and the entries he made while he lay hidden show a sane man, even though pages were apparently removed before its existence became known, two years after it was taken from his body ! He wrote among other things, 'I have almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do' (the anonymous bullet effectively prevented his return to Washington). A Congressman asked, 'How clear himself ? By disclosing his accomplices ?' A parliamentary commission also set about to find who were the persons 'many of them holding high positions of power and authority ... who acted through inferior persons who were their tools and accomplices'. Nothing much came of that in 1865, or of similar efforts in 1950.

Among high persons of that time the eye of today's curiosity falls chiefly on Edwin Stanton. As Secretary of War in a country at war he was almost supremely powerful. All communications were under his personal censorship. All acts tending to deflect Booth's pursuit, or after Booth's death to obscure the trail, seem trace-able to him and the Leftists around him. Within a few hours of the murder he wrote to the American Minister in London of 'evidence obtained' to show that the murder was 'deliberately planned and set on foot by rebels, under pretence of avenging the South'. Just so did Goering claim to have proof that Communists fired the Reichstag, while it still burned. Stanton may have pictured himself as dictator; he nearly achieved such status in the sequel of events. He forced through Congress a Reconstruction Bill to dissolve the Southern States and degrade them to military districts, and a Tenure of Office Bill framed to deprive the new President of the constitutional power to dismiss himself, Stanton. When President Johnson did dismiss him he refused to resign and only failed by one Senator's vote to secure the President's impeachment. Andrew Johnson proved a stauncher man than the Leftists expected when he succeeded Lincoln. Among the most arresting questions of American history is, what would have ensued had Johnson's

impeachment succeeded by one vote, not failed. Since President Roosevelt revived the political issues of Reconstruction days the conundrum has gained new and current interest.

Sitting at my restaurant window I pictured Booth riding away from Ford's Theatre. 'There you go,' I thought, 'Wilkes Booth, Gavril Princep, Marinus van der Lubbe, Vlada the Chauffeur: whatever your name, your unimportant shape is clear, but the darkness around you hides your masters ...'

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## Chapter Six

### STRICKEN FIELD

Early rising is proverbially profitable and to this habit I owe the sight of a man who came out of Blair House one morning and strode briskly towards Fourteenth Street. While I would not turn a corner merely to 'see' either Naples or Napoleon, I have always welcomed accidental encounters with notable men in the flesh. It adds another dimension to the subjects about which I write. Having seen most of the leading figures of our time, I have a kind of collector's interest for such glimpses; I do not go out of my way to increase the collection but contentedly add to it when chance insists. This was such an occasion; not every day, even in these times, can you see a man who took on himself the burden of ordering the death by atom bomb of some scores of thousands of civilians.

Therefore I looked with much interest at this other early riser. The White House was falling down and being shored up for repair, so that he used Blair House for a time. He was of medium build, energetic, and when saluted by those he met responded with the beaming smile which party-managers like prominent party-men to wear; they believe it to reassure the populace about the state of the world. The weight of his formidable decision seemed to lie lightly on him. American newspapers said that the four years following it had left him 'four pounds heavier and a good deal more confident'. They added, however, that the decision 'was still on his mind', and he himself, about that time, said at a social gathering, 'I had to make that decision on the basis of the welfare of not only this country but of our enemy country. And I made that decision because I thought 200 thousand of our young men and some 300 or 400 thousands of the enemy would be saved ... Now I believe that we are in a position where we will never have to make that decision again, but if it has to be made for the welfare of the United States, and the democracies of the world are at stake, I wouldn't hesitate to make it again.'

I thought, four years later, that the area of what might by any stretch be called democracy was much diminished in the sequel to that event. The argument seemed dubious, but the tone of the words was arresting. American presidents seemed truly much more confident than in a day when one, Thomas Jefferson, said, 'I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just'. So much faith appeared nowadays to be invested in the personal pronoun, the leanest letter of the alphabet, where it stands like a weak sapling among robust growths.

The day after I saw the confident man I drove out of Washington, with regret, on my further way. I crossed a river and saw people waiting for a great river-steamer, with tall chimney and many, windowed decks, that moved towards them. It was called the *Robert E. Lee*, and I found myself humming, 'Waiting on the levee, waiting for the *Robert E. Lee*'. A little later I ran into Maryland. 'Maryland, my Maryland,' I thought, and suddenly realized how much Englishmen of my age have grown up with songs of the American South. They accompanied me all the way from Mobile, and made me think of leave from the trenches and shows in London, for I was of the generation that first began to sing of coal-black mammy down in Alabama, of peaches down in Georgia, of Carolina where nuthn' could be finer, of Virginia and the loveliness that's in yer. This was a musical ride back through my own lifetime, and I wondered how these Southern songs, with their negro rhythm and their attendant, jungle-born dances, gained such appeal for the youthful British mind. Mainly it was the result of the mass-production of songs in New York during this century and their dissemination through paid 'song-plugging'. However, the original appeal of primitive folk to ones less primitive was genuine.

I made a detour in order to visit Gettysburg, a hallowed place where a gentle peace intervenes in the hurried American scene. It must be unique, this battlefield stricken, as it were, at the combat's

height. Breast-works and gunpits remain; every gun is in place; homestead walls show bullet holes; the famous peach orchard has been replanted as it was in 1863 and bloomed before me in Arcadian tranquillity. Nothing but the soldiers and the din are absent, and eight hundred memorials mark the position of every company, troop, battalion, brigade, division and corps.

I looked down on the scene of Pickett's charge from Cemetery Ridge, where the Southern tide reached its high-water mark and then fell back. The unanswerable questions of history! What if Blucher had not come in time; if the sea had not been calm at Dunkirk; if the South had won at Gettysburg? The South would not then have won the war, for the Southern leaders never expected to and only fought because they felt they must; but there might have been an earlier and better peace, with all that would have meant for today. Instead the war was prolonged, the false issue inserted, and the Leftists at Washington were enabled to pursue their aim of exterminating and depopulating the South, almost to success. The Civil War was America's real revolutionary war, not the one Washington fought. When brother fought brother at Gettysburg, and father even son, they comprehended nothing of the destructive conspiracy in Washington.

I went on through Lancaster and York, ever nearer to the central throng and tumult of America, and felt more and more the awesome, almost distressful energy of the land. The mind can hardly picture an immense further multiplication of the road-traffic and when it asks whither that road finally leads, echo only answers 'Where?' The American devotion to machine-driven progress baulks at no such imaginings, but drives on. Mountains, ravines and torrents are there to be tunnelled, surpassed, by-passed or bridged, no matter what their size. This process, without an apparent spiritual goal, alarms some, like the American-born poet, Mr. T. S. Eliot. Living in Chelsea rooms over those once inhabited by an earlier fugitive who was filled with similar misgivings, Mr. Henry James, he wrote:

... The rabbit shall burrow and the thorn revisit,  
The nettle shall flourish on the gravel court,  
And the wind shall say: 'Here were decent godless people:  
Their only monument the asphalt road  
And a thousand lost golf balls ...'

For Americans, however, the process is its own spiritual goal; God is in the machine. A different view of it was offered by an Englishman of much American experience, Mr. Bertrand Russell: 'In America the hopefulness and enterprise that circumstances permit increase the success that is achieved beyond what would be possible for men of a different temperament. Obstacles, it is felt, exist to be overcome, and therefore they are overcome. All this is admirable. It existed in Elizabethan England, and to a lesser degree in Victorian England. A little more of the American spirit would do us far more good than any amount of austerity unrelieved by hope.' That seems reasonable, for austerity unrelieved by hope is also a road without a spiritual destination; between the two might lie one with a goal.

These reflections are for poets and philosophers. The Americans in bulk do not delay with them but drive with quickening materialistic gusto along the asphalt road. I thought, as I whirled over huge bridges that bestrode wide rivers, 'They do these things like shelling peanuts'. The Americans have much enriched the English language. They picture a thing in two or three vivid words by reflecting it in some dazzling glimpse of the American yesterday or today. 'Shelling peanuts' is perfect. 'The horse-and-buggy age' and 'climbing aboard the band wagon' depict a whole era. 'We must hang together or we shall hang separately' and 'a necktie party' put a matter in terms plain to any child who ever read Zane Grey or saw a Western. 'The calm confidence of a Christian with four aces' sharply conveys truth through a sudden peep into a gambling-saloon. When the long-levered gaming-machine is called 'a one-armed bandit' the last word has been said (not that it has been

heard, for Americans adore to hand cash to these. If they once feared the hold-up man, they love this mechanical one, and in many parts well-advised sheriffs leave him alone).

Thinking on these things I found myself off to Philadelphia one morning, or at all events through it, on my way to New York.

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## Chapter Seven

### SPEED THE COMING GUEST

I felt myself within the aura of New York long before I saw it. Its effluence filled the air, which contained a sense of quickening, nervous haste. The traffic thickened, and the specklessness of town and countryside deteriorated a little; I saw more litter and lumber and even a few inferior houses. Through it all ran the superb road, so marked that the traveller was drawn along as by invisible strings. A child could find its way all over America; I only once went astray, through a missing detour-sign.

It was like sleep-walking, and then sleep-sprinting. Ten miles away, at length, I saw the city's mountainous shape and the race began. I was drawn by the hypnotic force of the signs on to a motor-road where all life ceased but that of the wheeled traveller. It led straight towards Manhattan, the core of New York. Manhattan is an island, long and narrow from north to south, in a loop of two rivers. It can only be reached by bridge or tunnel, or from the east by ocean liner.

I became a fly on a wheel. Signs commanded a low speed but the traffic moved at some forty miles an hour and, tightly contained in it, I was carried along. Wayside notices forbade all further stopping to think or looking before leaping. For the initiated exits offered, but not for me. The road became a bridge, miles long. It did not merely span a river, though I fleetingly saw one or more beneath; on huge stilts it strode over water, fields, houses, factories and sped the newcomer towards Manhattan, while the concrete mountains loomed nearer. My ears were filled with an unaccustomed noise, the unbroken whoosh-whoosh of wheels. I sought the Lincoln Tunnel, having been told to use it, not the Holland Tunnel. Signs flashed by announcing the Holland Tunnel. Suddenly, when I was nearly past it, one said 'Lincoln Tunnel, turn left.' A quick turn at forty miles an hour, a dizzy roundabout, a run downhill, a brief pause to make payment at a turnstile, and I was in the Lincoln Tunnel beneath the Hudson River.

It was about two miles long, but felt much longer. It seemed dark, though it was bathed in a ghostly fluorescent lighting. The whooshing noise was amplified in this cylinder and speed seemed greater; it was not low, at that, but I felt as if I hurtled to some whirling destiny, pursued by furies. Placarded orders flashed by, and from a narrow platform policemen watched on their observance; they looked like the saints of some strange religion as they stood in niches in the curved walls. 'Unlawful to cross the line, said a sudden proclamation, immediately gone; I strained to keep my side of the line of glittering, mesmeric metal knobs. 'Stop at the red lights,' said another; seeing none, I assumed these appeared when some mishap piled up all the traffic in this vault. 'Keep intervals of 75 feet,' abruptly ordered a third; in the mirror I guiltily saw a car treading on my heels and accelerated to sixty to overtake the one in front, which was a quarter-mile ahead, fearing that some unwitting transgression would bring out all the red lights and down on me, like dark avenging angels, all those sentinels. Whoosh-whoosh went the scourging refrain of the tunnel; it stretched ahead like the corridor of doom; dazed but dogged I gripped the wheel. Then the dark pin-point at its end brightened and, like a mariner on a spar, I was thrown ashore, bruised and breathless, into daylight and Manhattan.

A rare but fortunate impulse of caution led me to attempt this first invasion of Manhattan on Sunday; had I emerged into an exitless stream of work-a-day traffic I should have had to circulate until night fell or fuel failed. Now the streets were empty and I was able to seek a lodging. I found, on a sixteenth floor, a small but astonishingly complete room, with cupboards that concealed a cooker, pantry, refrigerator, bath and lavatory. Hunger then led me to an automatic restaurant. I knew the *Automat* from Berlin, but this was a later model, where a hot-dish slot impersonally

presented me with macaroni-cheese and a hot-coffee slot aloofly poured me a cup, adding milk from another tap just as I feared this was forgotten. I took these to a table where a man talked to himself in Viennese German; he seemed filled with *Weltschmerz* and twice told himself not to talk nonsense: 'Red'n S' do' ka' Unsinn.'

Feeling smaller and lonelier than ever before, I went out, always the busy worker, to look at New York. Making the most of Sunday, I contemplated it afoot and awheel, from subway and elevated, from the Brooklyn Bridge and from a Hudson River ferryboat. It is easy to unravel, for the short and narrow east-west thoroughfares are called streets and are numbered and the long and broad north-south ones are called avenues (save for one, called Broadway, which is narrower). Thus the newest newcomer can at once find 'Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fifth East', or any other conjunction.

I wandered with apprehensive curiosity through the empty canyons on this springtide Sunday, and compared this marvel of the twentieth century with older ones of Europe and of America. Most of all my mind's eye compared it with Richmond and Washington, the capitals of the first and second phases. This was the third tier in the edifice. The violent break in the tradition was plain even at first sight. It looked rather like a pagan banner planted on a Christian rampart.

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## Chapter Eight

### VIA COLOROSA

A distant glow at the end of a rather sombre street between dark, high walls led me that Sunday evening, when I wanted a late breath of air, to Broadway. It was more than I expected. Checked by the first impact, I blinked and then saw that the Great White Way was not white but multi-coloured, and the dominant hue was red. Around me were more lights than I ever saw in one place, red, green, yellow, orange, mauve and blue, all twinkling, coruscating, scintillating, revolving, jumping and jerking. Had all human sound and movement suddenly ceased, the effect would still have been that of pandemonium; there was even less room for one more bulb than in the tulip-fields of Holland.

Among the lesser lights rose great setpieces of salesmanship-by-night. From a huge face, with O-shaped mouth, came putts of smoke (to advertise a cigarette), that mingled with clouds of steam from manholes in the roadway, below which I supposed the subway trains ran. A neon waterfall played, fifty feet above the pavement. Above a beer-restaurant a train ran through Bavarian mountains, eternally vanishing into and reappearing from Alpine tunnels. Two enormous nude figures, a man and a woman, dazzlingly surmounted a clothing store; their meaning alone was veiled. Between crammed and glittering shops, packed with buyers at this eleven o'clock of the Christian Sabbath, surged thick, human masses. Loud-speakers blared, pin-tables rattled, barkers hoarsely praised the girls within their dancehalls and night-clubs, a man without legs propelled himself on a truck, playing a kind of hurdy-gurdy in this street of dollars and of dolours. Sirens wailed as riot-car or ambulance screamed past, with warning red lights tumbling like a juggler's clubs. Confusedly I scribbled in my mind the song of the Innocent on Broadway:

A roseate, roaring, coruscating roadway  
(and rather narrow, too; it isn't broad).  
I wonder, did they only call it Broadway  
To obfuscate the innocent abroad?

From manhole covers, steamy clouds ascending  
(Are dragons down below, or demon's fires?)  
'Walk in, walk in, and see The Happy Ending!'  
(The screech of brakes on rims, and tortured tires).

Polychromatic taxicabs a-honking,  
(Here's Swingland, come on in, we've Lovely Girls!)  
Bright honky-tonks all brazenly a-tonking,  
Kaleidoscopic lights, all whirls and twirls.

Strident strains cacophonously clashing,  
A legless beggar grinding out a tune,  
The great white moon beholds a great red Fasching.  
(O mon amour, comme elle est blanche - la lune!)

The change of pace, like one of altitude, is merely a matter of adjustment. The body and soul quickly key themselves to the speed of life in New York. When I went to bed that first night the attunement was not complete; my senses hurt, like the ears of an air traveller who quickly descends from 10,000 feet to land. I could not sleep and lay listening to the sirens. I found in time that all urgent public services in American cities carry these frenzied warnings; whether the call be one of



fire or sickness, burglary or riot, the missionaries' clamour is the same. It was like London during the air-bombardment and, as I lay awake and read, I received a jolt of surprise from some words of Mrs. Angela Thirkell's latest novel:

'Suddenly the air' (of tranquil Barsetshire) 'was rent by the hideous wail of a siren, rising and falling, rising and falling. The war was long over ... "The only Aubrey," said Jessica, "he had that siren fitted to his car to show Americans the horrors of war, but I think it's stopped being funny."'

Aubrey was deluded. Far from showing Americans the horrors of war, his siren probably made them homesick (for I do not imagine American sirens were copied from war-time London; assuredly they were first in the field. They belong essentially to the pursuit strenuous and are the tantivy of the machine age).

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## Chapter Nine

### NEW BABYLON

I spent some time in New York at various visits and set down here my final feeling about it, not the surface impression of a first encounter. Whatever it may be, it is unlike anything in America or the world as far as I know them, save that a group of American cities, Chicago and Los Angeles chief among them, and Johannesburg in South Africa are in their nature its satellites, while Tel Aviv, I am told, visibly relates to it. If a new force is rising in the world, which aspires to transcend and rule all nations, these cities may be its citadels.

Its chief characteristic is a nervous unease, palpably felt in an island where millions of people pursue each other between tall buildings, each of which at morn and eve absorbs and releases the population of a small European town. In midsummer the high walls make the streets steam-baths from which the citizen may only find refuge in an air-conditioned store; midwinter gales, hurtling through them, may drive him to that same shelter, then warmed. New York is without repose. The traffic moves at speed, for all the congestion, and furious clamour assails any driver who dares pause. 'The bus-drivers must collect fares and count takings while braking and accelerating between the frequent stops and such tension arises between them and their passengers that one of them once set his whole cargo on the street, then driving off empty to the garage with the remark that he had wanted to do this for years. There are boulevards and bouleversements, but no boulevardiers; here is no time for strollers. The New Yorkers themselves fear the strange thrall and their journals mourn 'the lost art of doing nothing' and 'the sad cult of going nowhere quickly'.

The outer world formerly thought of the average American as an unhurried, deliberate and imperturbable being. Is today's strained impatience a new thing, and is it now an American trait in general, or a symptom of New York? Mr. Truslow Adam's *Epic* attributes it to Americans in mass, and even to pre-American Americans (the Red Indians), for he says, 'For the most part the climate throughout the continent seems to have been one which tended to produce a high nervous tension in the living beings subjected to it, even the savages, not only from its sudden changes, but from some quality which we do not know ... The Red Indians' nervous systems were unstable and they were of a markedly hysterical make-up, peculiarly susceptible to suggestion.'

Mr. Jay Nock, who thought the haste aimless, wrote of his own New York boyhood in the 'nineties, 'Our people had resources in themselves which enabled them to get on with few mechanical aids to amusement'. He quoted Edison's words, 'I am not acquainted with anyone who is happy', and Stendhal's, 'The springs of happiness seem to have dried up'. Once I stood in Fifth Avenue with a well-known American writer much hounded for his opinions. He watched the throng with apprehensive interest and said, 'No people in history were ever clothed or fed like these. But where are they going, and why are they so unhappy?'

The tortured unease of New York seemed to me a separate thing, distinct from any native 'nervous tension', born of climate and geography, which may inhabit the mass of Americans. So many folk are squeezed into the central island, all hastening, in the steam-bath or the wind-tunnel, as if from some pursuant fate. The galley-slaves used to call for the lash, when the uttermost was demanded of them; so do New Yorkers seem to scourge themselves. The reasons why 'Manhattan had to be that way' are oft proclaimed; because the island was small the buildings had to be tall, and so on. Anyway, it is that way, and is as different from Richmond and Washington as cloudy from clear; here the shape of things American was abruptly changed.

It is in effect the city of the later immigration, which followed the Civil War. While the landings, the settlements, the War of Independence and the conquest of the wilderness went on the population remained homogeneous; it was predominantly of British, German and Scandinavian stock, continually renewed, which merged smoothly into the 'American' whom the world then knew. When all those clearances were finished the new and different immigration began, from Eastern and Southern Europe, which today (as the reviewer remarked) claims to take over the future. 'Between 1860 and 1880,' (says the *Epic*) 'less than 250,000 Eastern and Southern Europeans came to us; between 1890 and 1910 they numbered over 8,000,000 ... These people were much more 'foreign' in their background and outlook than those who had come previously, and less easily assimilable to our social life and institutions ... They kept themselves from the desire to assimilate themselves to American social life, to learn English and to adapt themselves to American ways. They thought adaptation should come from the reverse direction and with much success pursued that belief.' 'Before 1882' (says *The American People*), 'most of the immigrants were from Germany, the British isles and the Scandinavian peninsula; after 1882 they came from Southern and Eastern Europe ... By 1900 one-third of all white people in the country were either themselves foreign-born or had parents one or both of whom were foreigners.'

New York today is the monument to that sudden change in the American course. It is the city of the later corners, whose resolve to remain apart may have been obscured by a misleading phrase, 'The Melting Pot'. The new immigration did not melt into the mass and this mid-century has shown that it aspires to rule America and the world, through American strength. It set out to make New York a state within the State, and then a super-State; the United Nations building is the signpost of that ambition. The charter of this new, transcendent body omitted the name of God, as its flag, if all nations submitted to fly it, would banish the cross from any national banners that still display it. That was logical, for in such a universal directorate the Christian peoples would be far outnumbered and reduced to correspondingly inferior status. In this body the long American trail might find a strange end.

From these things springs the peculiar feeling of New York. Soil and climate may generate a 'nervous tension' in Texas and Oregon as well as Brooklyn and the Bronx, yet the 'nervous tension' of New York is different. It is in its temper and passion recognizably Asiatic or Eurasian to any man who knows those parts. New York was once New Amsterdam, the foreordained capital of the New Netherlands. It became New York, pendant to New England. Today it may be New Minsk, New Pinsk or even New Naples; it is distinctly not *New York* or *New Amsterdam*. Mr. John Gunther quoted a friend 'who always says that Manhattan is like Constantinople ... He means not merely the trite fact that New York is polyglot, but that it is full of people, like the Levantines, who are interested basically in only two things, living well and making money.'

The words where opinions differ are 'living well'. The new masses changed New York from a place where 'there were values other than the beastly rent values' to one where 'there are no reasons but of dollars', as Henry James, returned to New York in middle age, wrote when he looked back on his New York youth. The New Yorkers I knew did not feel they lived well, save in material things not conclusively material. They lived to get out of New York, and that was a criticism. Its thrall was all-possessing while they were in it; it is without quiet backwaters, secluded places and the rustic corners which seem essential to urbanity. Its people eat well but often in discomfort; the stool, food-machine and self-service counter make for speed but not for content. They may drink what they please, without the bans and adulterations of other lands, and in doing so sit in rows in a dim light, all gazing one way; they seem to await some coming but in fact watch the television screen.

Eating and drinking can hardly count among the day's amenities in New York now. Once, with an American friend, I went to the Pierpoint Morgan Library, a quiet corner in the tumult where early printed books were on display. From the open page of a very early one, John Lydgate's *The Horse*,

*the Sheep and the Goose*, printed by William Caxton in 1477, words sprang out at us. 'Atte thy mele be glad in contenance. In mete and drynke be thou mesurable. Beware of surfite and misgovernance. They cause men oft to be Unresonable. Suffre nothing be said at thy table that ony may hurte or displese.'

'Sound rules for living well,' I said. 'Not in New York,' he said, 'we must have slipped back a long way if those standards were generally accepted in 1477.' 'They weren't,' I said, 'but the idea of a standard was accepted, if not the standard itself' 'The only standard here is that of the quick-lunch counter,' he said, 'sit, eat, pay, git. I guess the guy was right who said American society is the only one which has passed directly from barbarism into decadence without once knowing civilization.' 'Who said it?' I asked. 'Some Frenchman,' he said. 'It sounded smoothly Gallic,' I said, 'sparkling but paste. It might fit New York. It isn't true of America. A clear line of civilization shows in the South' (and later, after travelling farther, I would have added 'and New England'), 'New York seems to be a bogus façade, subsequently imposed.'

Here and there, in this city of mountains and canyons, were remains of that earlier period so plainly to be seen north and south of it. They needed search, the pleasant streets in the East Fifties, the Little Church Round The Corner, Gramercy Square, Wanamaker's Store left downtown by the uptown tide, the Battery, a few nooks and corners by the East River. Each time I found such relics I had a mental picture of the city that might have been. It is a vision that haunted Henry James. His last story, *The Jolly Corner*, shows an American expatriate (obviously himself) returning to the old New York house of his boyhood and finding it haunted by the ghost of the self he would have become, had he remained in America. The spectre reveals a face 'evil, odious, blatant, vulgar', from which he recoils.

Henry James's whole life was shaped by a prescient fear of what was coming over America, and it drove him to take his body abroad, though not his heart. But for an injury he would have fought for the North against the South, like his brothers; nevertheless some revelation disclosed to him the changed shape which that war was to give his country and some of his novels seem to me allegorical treatments of this theme. The corrupted characters (usually Americans, as are the innocent ones) impart a sinister feeling of possession by an evil spirit; the later New York made that same effect on him, whereas his boyhood memories of it were filled with grace, charm and happiness. He wrote with more foreknowledge than knowledge and New York today is the full reality of his presentiment.

It is polyglot, but one of its breeds is paramount. 'New York is a Jewish city' (wrote the *Zionist Record* of Johannesburg), 'when you have got over the first terrific impact which New York makes on you, you wake up to discover that New York is a Jewish city.' That is true and to my mind is the secret of New York's especial tension; it is that of Jewry in ferment. Any man who knew the Jewish quarters of Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna, Prague and Budapest in this age of Political Zionism recognizes the condition, and it is tauter and more vibrant in New York than it ever was anywhere. It has more Jews than any city in the world and is the stronghold of Political Zionism, which now grasps all of Jewry, Zionist and anti-Zionist, as firmly as the Nazis held all Germans and the Communists hold all Russians.

The unease which this causes among Jews would alone be enough to fill it with unrest. It stirs them, for or against, to the depths of their natures, for they (if not the Gentiles) know what it portends: that though the world has made peace with the Jews the Jews refuse to make their peace with the world (as Mr. Shaw, by report, once said). They are anew to be torn between the teaching of Jeremiah, 'Seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive', and that of the nameless psalmist, 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?'

If Mr. Shaw did use those words, however, they were wrong; not 'the Jews' but Political Zionism refuses peace and scourges Jewry towards new wanderings. From New York the Political Zionists persist, so far with success, that the American Republic must hitch its wagon to the star of David. The same claim has been made with success in England, but the strength of America is apparently considered decisive for the final ambitions; the expansion of the Zionist State and the setting-up of a world one. This seems to me the chief cause for the uncanny sense of a sinister destiny which overhangs the nervous tumult of New York. I met many Americans, including native New Yorkers, and foreigners who felt it. Mr. Priestley (who would presumably not agree about its cause) described the condition in words which fit my own sensations:

'... I would be visited, after the first enchantment of landing in New York had vanished, by a growing feeling of spiritual desolation. ... In this mood, which has never missed me yet in New York, I feel a strange apprehension, unknown to me in any other place. The city assumes a queer, menacing aspect, not only to me, I feel, but to all the people I know there ... When Americans say that New York does not represent America, they are leaving much unsaid ... My deep uneasiness remains, grows, even accompanying me into the houses of friends there, calm, smiling, hospitable friends. Outside those houses, it begins to take on a nightmare quality. I feel like a midget character moving in an early scene of some immense tragedy, as if I had had a glimpse in some dream, years ago, of the final desolation of this city, of seabirds mewing and nesting in these ruined avenues. Familiar figures of the streets begin to move in some dance of death. That barker outside the Broadway burlesque show, whose voice has almost rusted away from inviting you day and night to step inside and see the girls, now seems a sad demon croaking in hell. The traffic's din sounds like the drums in the March to the Gallows of a Symphonie Fantastique infinitely greater, wilder, more despairing than Berlioz's. Yes, this is all very fanciful, of course, the literary mind playing with images; yet the mood behind it, that feeling of spiritual desolation, that deepening despair, are real enough. And nowhere else in America do I catch a glimpse of this Doomsday Eve. Only New York does that to me ... Has something been seen, some faint glimmer of writing on one of these walls, some echo of the voice that was suddenly heard, pronouncing judgment, at Babel?' (*Midnight on the Desert*.)

So it is, precisely. It is what I and many whom I know feel. It is the same spectre that Henry James saw. I often went by day and night to look at this astonishing city from the Staten Island ferryboat. The ferryboats offer the one easy way of brief withdrawal from a town where the only other form of relaxation is the seventh-inning-stretch (also, I heard cricket was played somewhere in Staten island and wanted to see so strange an affair, but I never found it). My chief reason was that New York can only be seen as a whole from the ferryboats. When you are deep in the canyons it is incomprehensible; when you look at its shape from afar you may hope to find a meaning. Also, the excursion is pleasant. It still costs but five cents, and hardly anything at that price is now offered in the five-cent store. You may see the *Queen Mary*, coming in or going out, and refresh your spirit in the ocean breeze. You pass the Statue of Liberty, with the curious lines on its base:

Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore ...

The goddess wears a strange, spiked coronet, rather like a crown of thorns. At night the ferryboats afford New York's one romantic retreat to lovers, who fill them. These busy craft have their own histories, sometimes eventful. Even in their brief voyages mates have delivered babies and men have jumped overboard. I often used a ferry-boat with a macabre story to tell. A passenger came aboard with a bundle containing the head of a man killed by him and in midstream elbowed it off the broad rail; another passenger caught it as it fell and restored it to him with a friendly smile.

From these decks I looked in spellbound conjecture at New York's silhouette. If it is beautiful, it may be New York's one beauty. It is arresting, bizarre, exotic, wonderful as Babylon was wonderful. It rises like a mountain range without foothills. Its huge but impotent fingers point at or appeal to heaven.

The name Babylon is no cliché; it jumps unbeckoned to the beholder's mind. The drawbacks of the hundred-story buildings having been learned, new 'baby-scrappers' are going up. The regulations demand that the upper stories of these shall be set back, so that they taper towards the top and are crowned with blockhouses containing the elevator-and-air-conditioning equipment. In this form they are replicas of the step-storied *ziggurats* of Babylon, surmounted by block-houses. Remarking that, an American pastor wrote, 'The ziggurat was none other than the Tower of Babel, a culture centre for men intent on creating a world unified without God; alas, alas, that great city!' (To point his comment, the United Nations building was at that moment rising alongside the East River.)

A Soviet newspaper recently compared New York to disadvantage with Moscow (that is, the Moscow yet to be, not the present one, where anything of beauty is the work of pre-Communist Czars). 'The new skyline,' it said, 'will bear no resemblance to the chaotic and unharmonious New York skyline, in which ugly stalagmites rear between streets that are dark gloomy cracks into which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate.' The Soviet architects would avoid the mistakes made in such buildings as the Empire State one in New York. The new Moscow buildings would be limited to thirty-two stories. From this vision, and the details of New York's 'baby-scrappers', it seems that New Moscow (which will also be as un-Russian as New York is un-American), will in fact closely resemble New York; another Babylon arises.

One day, with an American friend, I looked from a high window of the huge Empire State Building (presumably by some perverse mis-chance, its hundred stories are crowned by what looks like the phallic symbol, limned in red at night). On a misty day some years ago he looked from this window and saw a bomber flying towards him. It hit two stories higher, destroying itself but not deeply denting the edifice. With native celerity he telephoned the radio authorities and immediately broadcast an eye-witness account of the affair.

Another American, gazing down at the scene far below, said 'I sometimes think I am looking at something that will be vanished to-morrow, never to return.' He added, 'Is this not great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?'

'How does that go on?' I asked. He continued. 'While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from Heaven, saying "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the Kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will. The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar; and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of Heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws.'"

'Is that what you feel about New York?' I said. 'Well, it fits,' he said, 'there's some menace in this fevered air.'

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## Chapter Ten

### STREET SCENE

My mind's eye retains a thousand pictures of the street scene of New York as it stood, in 1949, on the verge of something, yet to be revealed; some decision possibly fateful for the entire white family. I see, near my hotel, the early morning breadline outside the Franciscan monastery. An industrious man cannot easily stay workless in America today, yet a residue of human beings remains, unable or unwilling to earn a livelihood: the bums and deadbeats. After the monk came with the sandwiches they would disperse to pick up cigarette ends, beg a nickel for a cup of coffee, mooch around, lie down somewhere at night and join the breadline again next morning. Farther on I see two prosperous and well-fed men, one gesticulating and the other listening. 'How'd I do it? Why, I gotta hardship-priority, see!' says the voluble one as I pass.

Still farther away was the Garment Centre, the preserve of the suit-and-cloak trade. I will risk a massive generalization and say the world has nothing like it. Here, block on block, clothing factories and warehouses stand, inhabited by Eastern European and Italian tailors and seamstresses. The narrow streets are choked with great trucks, the narrow pavements with heavy, wheeled racks of clothing, pushed about by negro, Puerto Rican and other labourers. During working hours the Garment Centre is congested enough; at mealtimes, when the cutters and sewers surge into the streets and remain there, shouting, jostling and gesticulating, it is almost impassable. The Garment Centre belongs to them and this ownership is demonstrated in a 'Keep out if you don't like it' spirit. This is the new immigration showing that 'the future of America belongs to it'.

The Garment Centre decides what America shall wear tomorrow and spreads its influence through all the Main Streets. Soon after Christmastide those myriad shop-windows fill with the attire of spring; long before spring ends the gossamer clothing of summer invades them; while New York wilts in the heat the autumn fashions supplant that; and before the leaves are red furs and topcoats are there. Each clearance is early and ruthless, and the window-shopper who liked a beach-frock in May will vainly ask for it when the sun fries the skyscrapers; by then the Garment Centre is reaping the fall harvest. The pace is terrific.

All this energy does not end with apparel. The garment industry is politically organized, for political ends. The vote of New York is held to be of decisive importance in elections and the Garment Centre controls a large section of this, so that party-managers urge aspiring mayors, governors and even presidents to court it, and Garment Centre leaders have the entry to the highest places. 'The two garment industry unions (in New York and Chicago) have as yet always been led by men from the revolutionary areas of Russia or Russian-Poland where Soviet Communism and Political Zionism were born. Together their membership forms an inconsiderable fraction of the American population but their political claims are imperious. In 1950 the Chicago union 'demanded' that the State Department should 'consult American labour on foreign policy' and 'draw on the labour movement for its personnel'. Zionist newspapers state that the influence of these bodies 'has long since gone beyond mere matters of wages and hours and entered wider political, national and even international spheres of influence', which is clearly true. In 1949 and 1950 the two unions supplied two million dollars to the Zionist State. These contributions were 'suggested' to the branches, but 'imposed an obligation on members'; if members objected their union benefits, such as holiday pay, were stopped. The two unions claim at present to be 'anti-Communist', but the description might resemble one of their own reversible garments, which may be turned according to vogue.

In any case, the Garment Centre is powerful in American politics, openly supports one of the two foreign adventures into which the Republic has been drawn, and may not wear its heart on its sleeve in the other case. It is the most striking example of the progress of that new immigration which began when all conquests were completed. 'The old immigration' (says the *Short History*), 'spread out pretty evenly throughout the North and West, and went in about equal numbers into farming and industry ... The new immigrants congregated in the industrial centres of the East and Middle West.' The political results are now being seen.

The Garment Centre, the symbol of this new power in America, stands at the leftmost extreme of the New York street scene. At the other end (though not far away) stands the Rockefeller Centre, the symbol of the carter civilization and its puzzled striving to maintain and build up the old tradition and virtues. The amassing of money produces a problem: what to do with it when acquired. In America (said John Adams) wealth became an end in itself; 'the conception of work as a moral virtue' (says the *Epic*), changed into 'the further conception of moneymaking as both a personal virtue and a patriotic duty'. The giants of gain came by this road to a signpostless land; they may not have had more money than they knew what to do with, but often did not know what to do with the money they had.

Some of it began to devour its begetters. In early days the tradition was followed which bore good fruits in Europe, where rich men endowed almshouses or schools for poor scholars, founded universities, became the patrons of poets and painters; money fructified life. In the Republic, when music, reading and all culture came to be scorned as things effeminate, best left to women's clubs, rich men often lost the instinct of direction. Their huge but unmeditated generosity sometimes had unforeseen effects, for money, unskilfully employed, may take on the nature of a cur, biting the giving hand. Great libraries, passing into the care of committees, often became propaganda centres for subversion, or, in farming and cattle states, the resting-places of deadbeats. The juniors, too, often played havoc. The inheritors of great fortunes, cast into the stormy twentieth century without spiritual goal or the need to toil, sometimes sought a facile popularity by showering money into Communist coffers, especially if they bore the label, Liberal. Much money found this level and famous grandsires in the shades may have wept like anything to see it. The instinct of nursery rebellion against parental restraints often produced this effect in affluent adolescents. The titans of money in the last century, who publicly declared that gain was its own self-blessed goal, bear much responsibility for the spiritual anchorlessness and adriftness of American youth today, for by elevating this puny creed to the standard of a national ideal they deprived the next generation of all others, such as God and country. Their descendants found that this patrimony was not enough. In their spasmodic striving to rediscover faith they are the prey of worse misleaders than the dollar Colossi, and this is one explanation of the doubts and confusions which beset America today.

The Rockefeller Centre is a case of money wisely spent and improving itself. It is a lonely example, in Fifth Avenue, of what New York might be, were not Henry James's 'beastly rent-values' the general rule. It is the proof that light, air, trees, flowers and fountains may survive between high buildings; for a few blocks New York becomes an urbane metropolis. Even here the good purpose was turned aspishly against itself. A painter living in Mexico was invited to do the murals for its great entrance hall. The contractual theme was 'Man at the Crossroads looking with uncertainty but with Hope and High Vision to the choosing of a course leading to a New and Better Future'. His murals showed this choice in the form of a group of Rockefeller Americans drinking, gambling and wantoning, on the one hand; and a benevolent Lenin presiding over happily united workers on the other. The painting was rejected and now, aptly, adorns the lounge of the garment-workers' holiday home in the Pennsylvania mountains.

In the street scene of New York the Communist (or Political Zionist) picket-line, too, was a constant feature. I met it first when, looking in a restaurant window, a voice behind me cried,



'Passa-them by, passa-them by, they are no good, passa-them by.' I turned, saw a lonely striker, and resumed my reading of notices in the window, which proved to be the proprietor's answer to him. 'Do notta-reada them,' cried the voice to my back, 'it issa alla-lies, passa-them by.' From then on voices soft or hoarse, wheedling or intimidating, repeatedly told me not to enter this shop or store, and the thing went on all over New York. People on twentieth floors were suddenly left without elevators, and the liftmen traipsed up and down the sidewalk crying 'Unfair!' while milkless breakfasts were eaten far above and unemptied ashcans overflowed. When peace was made in one sector the war at once broke out in another, ten blocks away.

A major picket-line, of Communists, Zionists and a negro or two, revolved slowly and endlessly before a small German exhibition, crying 'How much for human lampshades?' 'What price Belsen!' and 'Who said Ilse Koch?' To me a repugnant sequel to the Second War was the persecution of the womenfolk of defeated enemies, apparently for their wifeness alone. Neither the British nor the American people ever associated themselves with such barbaric things before. I recalled the horror with which, in 1933, I saw a Socialist woman in Berlin who was thrashed by Nazis. My report of that, to *The Times*, went over the world; I would not then have believed that the American or British name could ever be linked with anything similar.

This Ilse Koch was the wife of the commandant of Buchenwald concentration camp, and her name was strung to a story about the making of lampshades from human flesh. In every war this story recurs, in such similar form as to suggest a continuing source of fabrication. In the American Civil War Northern tales were spread of Union soldiers' bones being crushed to make fertilizer for the South and of their skulls being fashioned into drinking-cups. In the First World War Allied propaganda unhappily produced the story of soldiers' bodies being made into German soap. The truth of it later came out, yet in 1945 at Danzig, after the Second War, an American ambassador was again persuaded that he saw 'the remains of human bodies, still lying in vats of alcohol, the fats from which were to be converted into soap', while 'dried human skin was still stretched out in the laboratory for the manufacture of lampshades'.

Some unknown hand appears to direct an especial malignity at this particular woman, Ilse Koch. An American occupation-zone court sent her to life imprisonment for 'participating in the management of a concentration camp', which is a bad but much lesser thing. Mr. Montgomery Belmont later disclosed something of the methods of these courts (in the British zone as well) and in 1949 the sentence was reduced to four years 'for lack of evidence' (which was once ground for acquittal or possibly redress). At that clamour broke out in New York and her release (sentence, on lacking evidence, served) was prevented; she was handed over to some 'German court' which arranged to try her for 'twenty-nine murders', and presumably the world will learn as little of what transpires as it did before. These things make talk of an Iron Curtain illusory; one can only be said to exist if different principles prevail on either side.

The purpose of the picket-lines seemed to be that of fanning hatreds of race, class and creed in the pretence of combating them. They piled unrest on unrest in the restless street scene of New York:

Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poison'd entrails throw ...  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

Soviet Communism and Political Zionism stirred the brew and sometimes the Irish Republicans helped. Their pickets, around a building which contained the British Consulate, thrust at me leaflets

bearing the names of Zionist rabbis, whose words were used to portray Southern Ireland as a happy sanctuary for Jews, harassed by 'religious discrimination in the British island and Ulster! However, Irish Republicans are not without native humour. 'You have new allies against Partition!' I said, 'are you for or against Partition in Palestine?' The picketer grinned and said, 'That's a long way away'.

New York seldom knows a respite from such incitements. I came to a small riot around the New York High School. Students milled to and fro, yelling and waving placards; a few policemen uneasily tried to keep order. These demonstrations went on for some days and I learned they were directed against two professors; one was supposed to be anteye-semidick and the other to have put white and negro students in separate dormitories. The besieged Rector issued deprecatory bulletins, intimating that he could hardly dismiss his two colleagues, though they were rather naughty and the salary of one had been reduced. Beyond that (he implied) he could not go unless pushed very hard.

Then in Madison Square Park I found the President of Israel, Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, other speakers and a fair crowd gathered to celebrate the anniversary of Israel. Angry applause followed attacks on Britain and 'Bevinism' and glad tumult greeted references to 'our beloved America'. Having heard similar voices speak earlier of 'our beloved Germany', 'our beloved Austria' and 'our beloved England', I felt that Americans were like folk in the Political Zionist barber's shop, waiting for the words, 'Next, please!'

As the permanent United Nations building in New York was not ready, I took train to a place outside, that looked like wasteland, where a lonely sign said 'United Nations'. The temporary headquarters was a repellent place, like some remote base in wartime, where only the bar seemed busy, butterfly-ladies sat about in club-chairs, and the members of the new bureaucracy, immunized from taxation and other discomforts of life, lounged aimlessly around. It had also the distinctive atmosphere, recognizable to any experienced visitor, of a Communist cell. Its first Secretary-General, who also helped draft its Charter, was a Communist who betrayed his country's secrets to the Soviet Empire, and when it was founded, in the confusion of 1945, its organization was wide open to the Communist technique of infiltration. Today it runs a kind of shop in Fifth Avenue which distributes to all-comers literature full of the teachings of subversion. If this body should become supreme above nations the future would be bleak indeed.

As to that, the temporary home sufficed for the first ill-omened deed, in Palestine. Count Bernadotte was dead and in New York the Mayor turned out a police band to welcome a leader of the organization which claimed his death. Americans, and most others, do not know what that first act may imply for them; if the partition of Palestine can be ordered, so can that of the United States or any other country. While I was in America an appeal judge in California set aside a judgment, involving property ownership, on the ground that it 'conflicted with United Nations law'. The Charter of the United Nations, he declared, was not only 'the supreme law of the land' but also 'paramount to every law of every State in conflict with it'. If that should become true, every law born in the history of America or any other land will have been swept aside without a question put to the peoples concerned. Fitting is the tombstone shape of the new United Nations building in New York.

In a city where such huge ambitions gather and hatreds are unremittingly incensed, the nervous tension must needs be great. It was never small; before all this began New York and its 'cold, dreary streets' moved the negro singer Daniel Emmett yearningly to compose that rollicking national anthem of the South, 'Way down south in Dixie'. Today it has an added excitement, a kind of suppressed frenzy. Once a suicide stood for many hours on a sixteenth-story window-ledge, contemplating the jump. The policeman who vainly tried, while time ticked by, to lure him back said afterwards that his nerves suffered most from the screaming of women in the street far below; it never ceased.

From the ordeal of uncomprehended suspense few escapes offer, save by wheel to the distant country. To my own surprise I often sought respite and repose in various hospitable and friendly New York clubs. In my London youth I thought clubs the resorts of a selfish affluence, fortified against the unemployed young man. Experience has taught me to prefer Colonel Blimp to Commissar Blimp, on the Kremlin walls or in the United Nations Assembly. The New York clubman was being lampooned as Colonel Blimp was in England twenty years ago, or ten. He was 'Mr. Groton', the butt of the party-line comedians (Groton is a leading New England school). 'Have you selected your chair for the winter, Mr. Groton?' asks the club servant, or, 'I think you should wake up now, Mr. Groton; spring is here and the Socialists have taken over.' Alternatively he appears as 'Senator Claghorn of the Deep South' ('I'm so anti-North, sir, I won't wear a union suit').

The New York clubs, anyway, were places of peace among an instigated turbulence. One of them awoke in me memories of an affair which gratified the sensation lovers many years ago, for I learned it was designed by Stanford White, who was shot by Harry Thaw at Madison Square Garden. That had a sequel, to me amusing. Years later Marie Lloyd was denied entry to America for 'moral turpitude'. Many years after that again, Harry Thaw, now free, was refused admission to England. An American newspaper said this was a neat tit-for-tat; I doubt if it was ever so meant, but the point was well taken.

The little matters that mutually irritate related peoples are often diverting. Unthinking travellers in either direction tread in the footsteps of old clichés; Americans complain of warm beer and cold coffee in England and Englishmen feel superior about flatulent beverages drunk from the bottle. Americans are often made uneasy by small things about Englishmen, and sometimes are affronted when, his attention being drawn to them, he admits their unreason and smilingly continues in error. I have known Americans almost indignant because Englishmen draw shirts over their heads instead of buttoning them like jackets. They dislike English affectations of speech, for instance, the pronunciation of clerk as clark or Berkley as Barkley. They think words should be pronounced as spelt, like P'ke'psy. The long 'a' frets their ears and 'tomarto' seems to them an intolerable quirk implicitly admitted by 'potehto'; 'a' should be spoken short as in Kansas (not long, as in Arkansas).

They will forgive an Englishman much if he can strike the right note. Once I found myself the only guest at a dinner in New York of former students of the University of California, and knew no soul save my host, who was seated far from me. Everybody else was on Al-and-Ed terms and between the excellent courses, and after, speeches continued until I realized, with alarm, that everyone present would be called on to say something. All spoke lovingly of distant California, to me unknown. I did not want to appear stupid or give offence, but I thought several highballs had gone to my eyeballs and my mind would not work. When the inexorable moment came I said, on the moment's spur, that in a company of Californians I could only offer the slightest of pretexts for being present; I believed, on my mother's authority, that as a child I had on several occasions made passing acquaintance with California Syrup of Figs. A dead pause of about five seconds followed, in which I heard the dwindling tinkle of lost ewe-lambs' bells. Then a crash of laughter filled the room and honour was saved.

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One morning I left New York; it was Friday and the 13th. I did not look forward to a second acquaintance with the tunnel, but did not then know New York well enough to try and find one of the bridges. I thought of taking the second tunnel, the Holland one; from my map it looked better for my purpose. However, better the tunnel I know, I thought, and went out through the Lincoln Tunnel. At that moment a 16-ton trailer truck carrying four thousand gallons of inflammable carbon disulphide blew up in the Holland Tunnel. It held, the river did not come through, and none was killed, by wonder, but sixty-six people were injured or half-asphyxiated, while a-long line of trucks,

jammed hard against each other at the moment of halting, was destroyed; their drivers escaped miraculously by running from the blaze through falling tiles and chunks of concrete. At the entrance to the tunnel thousands of cars piled up and all their drivers honked in a fury of frustrated haste.

However, I only learned about that later. I ran blithely through the Lincoln Tunnel on Friday the 13th and found it much less alarming at the second experience.

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## Chapter Eleven

### IN YANKEELAND

From the old South, through New Babylon, to the old North, then on to the newer West: that is the best way to understand America, if it can be understood. It baffled an eminent American, Walt Whitman:

How can I pierce the impenetrable blank of the future?  
I feel thy Ominous greatness, evil as well as good;  
I watch thee, advancing, absorbing the present, transcending the past  
I see thy light lighting and thy shadow shadowing, as if the entire globe.  
But I do not undertake to define thee - hardly to comprehend thee.

After the political witches' cauldron of New York the cool beauty of Connecticut and all New England was like a benison. The differences from the South were mainly those of latitude. The South has low-lying, sandy pine barrens, swamps, mud-brown rivers, even snakes and alligators (I once saw a snake bigger than any personally met in Africa); the Gulf and the tropics are not far away. The North has green downlands, 'rolling hills, low mountains covered with forest, sparkling streams and innumerable lakes; here you think of trout, salmon and hushed winter snows. The longitudinal line of the same civilization, however, runs clear from South to North along this seaboard, and is broken only by New York. It springs from a common Christian and European root.

I began this journey in a quiet, white village of fine houses set around a green. Only in New England and a few places in the South do you find villages and village greens, and they reveal the continuing Saxon tradition, carried into these American lands. The colonists, remembering disputed commonages, laid out a common ground where all men's rights were equal. Thus many New England villages remain homogeneous communities clustered round the green, and Main Street has to step aside.

This village was almost deserted. It waited for Decoration Day at the end of May (when flags are placed on American war graves) to bring the brief summer season and the holidaymakers. Mist, rain and snow fill the other nine months and often, on western highways, you may meet New Englanders migrating towards Arizona's or California's sun (or encounter them returning to the damp green lands, which they find they prefer when they go away).

From this first Connecticut village I explored New England, travelling always along green aisles beneath green arches and being ever astonished by what the earlier colonists built. The feeling of a mellow culture accompanied me through Litchfield, Sharon and Salisbury, on to Stockbridge and Williamstown in Massachusetts; again, these places seemed older than they were because they contained so much of a parent civilization. The early colonists, when they took home names and clapped 'New' on to them, must have meant 'another', not 'different'. It was a confession, not an apostasy. They meant to build another place on foundations they knew, not a 'new' one, the newness of which would be a denial of the old. They used the old models for their houses, for the excellent inns, for their schools and above all for their exquisite churches. Architects or master-builders from England built many Southern mansions. New England was harder and poorer soil and men fended for themselves, but with equally fine results. Taste was good and many valuable builders' manuals were available, especially one, the *Country Builder's Assistant*, published by an enterprising Jew, Asher Benjamin. All contained drawings after Wren and to them and the skill of local craftsmen New England owes these delightful white churches.

I found one of the loveliest in Vermont, the Old First Church at Bennington, a little town still lively with the memory of battles against the redcoats (near it was the old First Meeting House where the Vermonters 'met in prayer for assistance against the oppressive measures of New York and the overwhelming power of King George', a prayer, the first part of which might not be inapt today). The model is Wren's, but the tall columns from foundations to roof are single white pine trees. The inner dome is held in the arms of a cross, 'the cross triumphant over the world'; the UNO building in New York is today's answer to that.

Bennington interested me also because of its part in a very strange affair; here, in the early 1800s, two men were sentenced to death because their uncle dreamed they had murdered someone. Two toenails were all that could be produced of the *corpus delicti*, and fortunately for them the victim appeared while they were awaiting execution.

The mass and speed of motor traffic blur this countryside of endless delight to today's traveller. I wished I could explore it by bicycle, or in a surrey. Either method is theoretically possible, but in practice a wanderer afoot, a-cycle or driving something horsedrawn is almost as inconceivable as a woad-painted caveman in Piccadilly Circus. New England calls for time and leisure, to enjoy it, but that style of travel is dead in America. A trace of it remains only in the New England inns, which are survivals of the colonial past.

The rich men or companies that now operate them maintain them with care, furnish them with taste and serve excellent food, so that they combine the best of old and new. I stayed at one, at Wallingford in Vermont, which was a model in both respects. It was a fine house, aged in the wood and full of good furniture, which took thought of everything a modern guest could possibly need. Hotels in America are not all of this standard, and as the wayfarer delves into the West, seeking humble lodgings, he may fare pretty roughly. A novelty to me, in those parts, was the cutaway lavatory door, which saved the proprietor the cost of a lock and some wood, for the newcomer needed merely to look for a pair of feet. At one, quite large though modest hotel in Colorado, economy was carried farther still; no doors were provided.

I went on through New Hampshire to Maine, pondering on the immense quiet of New England, beneath the surface noises of the road. Norwich and Hanover, Orford and Haverhill, Bethlehem and Bethel: English, Royal Georgian and Biblical names marked the way. Save for Bethlehem, which was much overrun by New Babylonians, as if to spite its name, they breathed the spirit of the early colonists and a deep respect for these grew in me. This was all bitter wilderness when they came. Their remoteness from civilization was daunting to think of even now, yet they seemed to have remained nearer to its heart, as they built these white towns in green groves, than the masses of people are today.

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## Chapter Twelve

### LIFE OF A SALESMAN

Through the woods of Maine I came, in quest of a night's lodging, to a little place called Skowhegan, and stopped at a modest-looking inn where a very fat, wheezy and jovial landlord rocked himself on the stoop. To my surprise he took my heavy bags one in either hand and sped lightly upstairs with them; I never knew a man's appearance so deceptive. He surprised me again by showing me a cheap room and saying he had one cheaper and just as good, if I cared to use a public bathroom. Such probity may once have been general among inn-keepers but is rare now. I was tired and hungry and asked where I could eat. This is often a major problem for the stranger in America; the stool and hamburger pall in time and his being calls for a solid meal, a chair beneath him and a table before him.

'Down by the river,' he said, 'half a mile away.' I went and found a log-cabin restaurant and a table by a window. Outside, logs were floating gently downstream and the senses were restored after the rush of the road by their reassuring movement. In a smooth partnership of man and nature, they were cut in the mountains, slid down the slopes, and then the river did the rest; it brought them to some distant boom which fed them to the mill where they were pulped for paper. It was an enchantingly primitive arrangement, slow, but surer than speed. Of course, there were libertarians among them and these sought to gather in any corner where they might escape the stream; then they set up log-jams, another American expression which has enriched the English language. It is the perfect image for any obstructive congestion in industry, traffic or aught else. English politicians, liking the mixed metaphor, usually prefer 'bottle-neck', which is the opposite of what they mean; the neck of a bottle ensures smooth, uncongested efflux, neither rudely swift nor obdurately slow.

While I mused on these things a good-looking and engaging young man asked to share my table. 'Gladly,' I said, and either this one word or my look told him I was English, so that he invited me pleasantly to be his guest, adding a word about friendliness received in England. He suggested, from the menu, 'Chicken in the rough'. 'I'd like that,' I said, 'what *is* chicken in the rough?' It proved to be all the most tooth-some parts of the fowl, served to be eaten with the fingers, and restored me after hard travel.

Forthwith he told me all about himself. He was training to be a salesman of refrigerator parts and expected to spend five years learning the craft. That showed me graphically the place which salesmanship holds in the respect of Americans. Five years seemed to me a long probation. From casual reading and hearsay I thought until then that salesmanship was a natural gift, quickly tested by practical success or failure. I saw it was a high science demanding long novitiate; a talent acquired, not inborn.

To him I owe much lore of the road. When he began his five-year travels, he said, he stayed at hotels and ate regular meals, but soon found this used up both his expenses allowance and his salary. He systematically applied himself to economy. He stayed only at the cheapest tourist-camps, lived during the day on a carton of milk and a packet of crackers, and allowed himself one good meal, at night (thereafter a lone rider, one D. Reed, travelled America with carton and packet beside him). He never drove faster than forty miles, because his fuel bill was lowest at that speed. He put his laundry in a machine which washed, rinsed and dried it all for twenty-five cents; to press these things he ran a little travelling-iron from the electric light in his quarters. Thus his salary remained intact and he saved something from his expenses allowance too.

His life, perfectly organized, lay before him like a smooth, straight road, with a desirable haven five years away. It seemed an excellent plan, the exact opposite of that of the young American in the days when he set out for the uncharted West. 'You are not married?' I said.

'No,' he said, and spoke of a turning missed on life's road, to which, I thought, he would have liked to return. Like many other youngsters whom I met, his thoughts were much in Europe, wither his military service led him; it holds an appeal for which they cannot account. He lived in memory in days spent with an Italian girl, and talked with a romantic nostalgia of 'three beautiful months' spent in her company. For two years after leaving her, he said, he was utterly miserable.

'Two years!' I said, 'then it was no fleeting fancy. Why didn't you marry her?'

'I couldn't ever make up my mind whether she loved me or my food,' he said.

I knew what he meant. The American soldier was thrown among hungry people in strange lands in wartime, with a cornucopia in his hands. Nevertheless, if he was so happy with her, I thought he might have dismissed his doubt about what attracted her in the first place and have set himself to ensure what should hold her in the last. I felt that a shadow of regret darkened his straight, secure road. 'Yeah, she married another guy in my regiment,' he continued, 'he stayed on in Italy and married her. I guess my ideas were in a jam.'

He fell silent and we both watched the floating logs. The movement of those endless, unformed battalions, drifting, drifting downstream was impressive; it looked like destiny at work.

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## Chapter Thirteen

### MAINE TO MASSACHUSETTS

After the verdancy of New Hampshire and Vermont, Maine was higher and wilder; towns grew fewer and farmland rarer. I went through this country of mountain and forest, lake and river, which the French and English disputed until Wolfe prevailed at Quebec, on my way to Bar Harbour and the sea. New England now is a holidaymaker's land and it was sleepy and empty between the two high seasons of winter and summer sports. Nevertheless, the sun was already hot and rain was needed, so that lonely dwellers in the immense woodlands, though barely freed from snow and ice, were beginning to worry about forest fires.

Bar Harbour, which is almost on the edge of Canada, was the northernmost point on my route, and is one of the world's lovely places. All down this coast the mountain's footlands fall away into islands and islets as if the earth shed hard tears at the ocean's victory. It is a scalloped battleline, where green promontories and peninsulas resist the amethystine siege of coves and bays and the endless combat joins in a smoke of white spume and spray; where the scents of firs and newly-sawn wood meet salt breezes. No road could follow these convolutions, which are like those of an uncompleted jigsaw puzzle, so that, although you continually see landlocked water, the ocean remains distant. This is the coast which gave the Republic most of its ships, fisherfolk and seamen.

Having seen the inner countryside of New England I set off southward along its coast for New York again. The day was astonishingly hot and I pulled up at a place which seemed to offer food and shade. There was a mile of beach, the smell of mussels and cockles which pleases English nostrils, a few tables beneath striped umbrellas, and two sheds, which promised 'Lovely Food' and 'Lobster Picnic Plate'. I saw visions of a succulent trifle nestling in crisp green leaves, and of a cooling plunge. On closer view I forewent the bathe; the beach was rockier than Brighton's. I entered one shed and ordered Lobster Picnic Plate.

The counter-hand looked hot and troubled and was too busy, over some sizzling dish, to serve me at once. He turned from his cooker to a box, touched a switch, and spoke to 'Joe' (in the other shed, I supposed). 'Joe,' he said, 'Al here, how's about you coming over and giving a hand with this hamburger?' (a child waited, presumably for the hamburger). Joe's answer was inaudible, but he did not come, and Al turned wearily to me, leaving hamburger and child to fate. He looked happier when I asked for Lobster Picnic Plate and said, 'Sure'.

He took a deep papier mâché dish and filled it with clam-shells, damp from the sea. Then he lifted the lid from an urn, releasing hot clouds of vapour, and with tongs extracted a huge scarlet lobster, intact and steaming like a locomotive, which he laid on the clam-shell bed and proffered to me. I pictured myself rending a boiling lobster with my hands and recoiled. 'You don't wannit?' he said; he was of few words. 'No,' I said. 'Okay,' he said, and put it in the urn. I ate some ice-cream, which, like chop-suey, I find inflating at the moment of intake and lowering later. A little farther along the road I was hungry again and stopped at one of the string of ice-cream palaces which you encounter all over America; in mid-desert and on rocky mountainside alike these excellent resorts offer 'twenty-eight kinds of ice-cream'.

I could not believe, until I made this test, that ice-cream could be made in twenty-eight separate flavours. Now I counted them and they added up to thirty-three, all with names as fine as those of jewels or apples: Orange Pineapple, Peppermint Stick, Butterscotch, Butter Crunch, Black Raspberry, Walnut Brittle, Pistachio, Butter Pecan, Chocolate Chip, Grapenut, Fruit Salad and so on. Yet though this be heresy I found (or imagined) a sameness in flavour and texture. In Vienna

formerly, and I suppose nevermore, Italians came from Italy each summer and opened ice-cream shops. One such was beneath my lodging there and each morning, even before shaving, I visited it. I can still taste that confection of *Hazelnuss* und *Citron*, which cost but fifteen groeschen. Never since have I looked on its like.

As you come southward the roadside life thickens again, so that the coastal country of New England disappears, or the senses cannot comprehend it. Everybody appears to sell something. Scarcely a house but is ready to receive Overnite Guests, Nite Crawlers or Tourists, or to sell eggs, fruit, puppies, Persian kittens, curios, antiques, maple candy, cider, icecold pop or sizzling steaks. All around and between the townships are the Dew Drop Inn and Dusty's Clams, Joe's Place and Aunt Martha's Home Cooking, the Dine-a-Mite Diner and the Hot Dog Shack. Any spaces that remain are filled with filling-stations and cabin-courts, and between them the combustion engine ceaselessly roars.

The traveller who is not native to this furious pace may yearn for a little bucolic quiet and I found it for a few miles when I left the clamant highway to seek a little seaport called Gloucester. In green lanes signposts pointed to Essex, Andover or Newbury, and here still beat the heart of the folk who colonized New England. I came over an old stone bridge that spanned a dreamy stream into Ipswich; Elizabethan houses, built of wood and untouched, stood around a village green where militiamen once trained to fight King Philip long before their grandsons threw off the English king. Here the names of the earliest settlers survive and some families still inhabit houses built by their forebears three centuries ago.

Ipswich was a cloistered survival, aside from the life of U.S. Route 1 and Main Street. Gloucester proved as pretty as Polperro, but was invaded by the mechanized times and by new colonists, those of Art. Its old-world streets were full of Art Shops, Art Schools, Art Training Institutes, Lessons in Watercolour, Painting Lessons, Art Exhibitions, and in many windows were the results of this activity; pictures of Ships in The Harbour. Regretfully I abandoned thoughts of a sleepy inn and of a peaceful hour leaning on a quayside wall by lapping tidewater. I turned about and drove to Salem.

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## Chapter Fourteen

### OF WITCHCRAFT AND DELUSIONS

Salem, whatever it may be to its inhabitants, was to this wanderer a place of repose and revelation. The roots of the Republic's story are in it and Salem remains small enough for them to be studied in peace. It resisted or was shunned by the industrial age and thus retains much of urbanity and charm. It is of the towns that grow quickly and stop abruptly. In 1650 it was hardly begun; by 1750 it was a thriving seaport; by 1850, when the great sailing-ships came no more and the trade went to Boston and New York, it was arrested and sleepy. It has stayed much like that and seems unlikely to change.

By the water, near to its busiest streets and yet strangely remote, is the most fascinating memorial in America. This is the Pioneers' Village, a faithful reconstruction, not a bogus one, of the first habitations of the colonists from England. The site is genuine, for Salem was one of the earliest settlements, preceded only by those of Jamestown in Virginia and of the Pilgrim Fathers from Plymouth who landed from the *Mayflower* to found Plymouth, Massachusetts (not far away) in 1621.

Here in the twentieth century you may see what it meant to land on a rocky shore in 1626 and set about to colonize a wilderness. The ocean lay behind and England three months away; in front was a barren shore and something, boundless, hostile and savage, which had to be made into New England. The settlers were fifty men with a handful of tools. Here are the bark-covered wigwams and sod-roofed dugouts, in which they first sheltered, while they felled and hewed timber for something better; the thatched pine cottages, with catted chimneys of logs and clay and deep fireplaces, which they next built in the shape of humble homesteads remembered in England; the first rough-hewn stools and tables and the cleared patches where they grew only edible or medicinal plants. Here is the first crude Governor's House (the governor's lady, however, soon died in it), and, moored alongside, a scale model of the wooden ship, the *Lady Arabella*, which the settlers watched sail over the horizon after it landed them. From such hard and tiny beginnings grew all the rest. Today's beholder feels the huge and oppressive isolation still.

In New England and in the South the struggle and achievement were the same and the men who performed them were of the same blood. How came the violent breach? The antagonism, skilfully exploited by third parties in 1861, was the projection into new lands of the one which caused a king's beheading and a brief dictatorship in England. The colonists of the South and of New England may in fact be roughly divided into Roundheads and Cavaliers. They were men of all classes, from labourers to squires, but of different minds. The Puritans and Pilgrims founded New England. The Southern settlers were men of more conservative feeling. Differences of soil and climate may have sharpened innate differences. The South with its cotton and tobacco became a land of big estates and plantations. The colder and less fertile North was a place for merchants and manufacturers.

'For the most part the New England immigrants' (says the *Epic*) 'came from the extreme Left Wing and were Puritans of the Puritans, as far as their leaders were concerned. A large part of the general mass was not, but from the first the colony, with a good bit of rebelling now and then, was forced to take the impress of the clerical and lay Left Wing leaders ... The type of life which evolved in the South was in many ways the most delightful America has known and that section has become in retrospect our land of romance.'

In terms of today, then, the North was Leftist and the South Conservative. In the North the Puritan spirit kept much of its cold, hard shape, self-righteous and abhorrent of sin in others. At Salem this distinctive spirit led to events which the New Englanders of today like to call the Witchcraft Delusion. The suggestion of a passing error, now realized, might be another error. The age of delusions does not seem dead. People in the mass love their terrors; they hug themselves in a titillating fear of sorcerers one day and of flying saucers the next. Between the last wars American radio-listeners turned out in masses to repel a Martian attack; after the second war an Ecuadorean mob, similarly panicked, burned seventeen people alive in a broadcasting headquarters.

Thus Salem's outburst of 1692 was not so old-fashioned as New England now likes to think. It began when a clergyman saw children performing 'strange antics' and, in consultation with a colleague, diagnosed witchcraft, so that twenty persons, men, women and a clergyman, were executed (and also two dogs, which gave passing folk nasty looks, an error to which dogs still are prone).

Witchcraft in Salem ended suddenly when the townsfolk, excessively zealous, put word about that the Governor's wife was a witch. At that the thing was declared A Delusion. The witch-destroying judge in time publicly confessed his error and became Chief Justice; confession was good for Judge Sewall. The times, and their delusions, do not change much.

Salem was Nathaniel Hawthorne's town. In life it did not like him, or he it; now he has the proverbial statue and other commemorations. The old colonial Custom House where he worked stands exactly as he described it in *The Scarlet Letter*. He claims to have found in an unused room there the papers of a long-dead official and the scarlet emblem of an adulteress which Hester Prynne was made to wear. That symbol, 'A', is equally typical of the New England conscience and of the parts of Old England whence its roots sprang.

Treading his haunts, I became deeply interested in Hawthorne's writing life. He wrote for years before he came by his Surveyor's post in the Custom House. Presumably he desired it, but it killed the creative impulse in him; he could not write. The decision to cast away a sure livelihood, as many later writers know, was hard. He was helped to it by a political custom of his country. A president died, a new one was elected, and offices throughout the land were redistributed to the friends of the new president's party. Hawthorne, already contemplating resignation, was dismissed and wrote that he was thus like a man who, having decided he ought to commit suicide, was fortunate enough to be murdered. This started him writing again and he became famous. It also led him to quit Salem. Before that he felt it 'almost as a destiny' to remain where his folks settled and lived for two hundred years. Afterwards he realized that 'human nature will not flourish, anymore than a potato, if it be planted and replanted, for too long a series of generations, in the same worn-out soil'.

Hawthorne is part of an American conundrum: why did a group of great writers, Emerson, Whittier, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Thoreau and others, spring up at one time in this neighbourhood, in or around Boston? For a few decades a prolific literary growth flowered in America, only then and only there. These writers all believed in God, life and their country. At the same time, and also in New England, appeared the first prophets of the Civil War and of the pessimism which was to supplant the immense optimism of that day: William Lloyd Garrison and Mrs. Beecher Stowe. When the literary descent reached Mark Twain that writer saw the American Republic perishing, like republics before it, through baseness and corruption.

From then until today the literary inheritance has gone through a rake's progress towards an all-denying pessimism. Writers must exist in America today who see positive values in life, faith, tradition, the family and art. They are drowned in the clamour of the literary slummers. Jack

London seems unwittingly to have given impetus to the trend. His earlier writing was virile and he wrote of slums because he grew up in them; personal experience is the raw material of any writer's trade. He then suffered the mischance of becoming typed, which sometimes befalls actors. He grew into a slum-writer and *sought* slums; he was invited to write a book about the London ones and dressed as a slumsman for the task. The approach may contain the seeds of degeneration in itself; towards the end he came to glorify suicide.

His countless imitators saw that dirt was pay-dirt. They were seldom of his type, hard-hitting buckos of the waterside, forecastle and gold-fields, but sedentary men who exploited a vogue. For them America became one great slum, from Main Street to Tobacco Road in the South and the San Joaquin Valley in the Far West. They descended from physical slums to the slums of the soul. The First World War brought in America (as in England and Germany) a large literature of incoherent disillusionment, like the mouthings of a drunken man sprawled on a bar-room floor. On the stage life as pictured by Mr. Eugene O'Neill appeared (one American journal said), 'a Freudian nightmare', while the Hemingway heroes (wrote another), 'wallowed in self-pity'. Jack London, jailed for vagrancy at Niagara Falls in 1894, wrote that the things he saw in prison were 'unprintable, unthinkable to me until I saw them, and I was no spring chicken in the ways of the world and the awful abysses of human degradation'. In the American fiction of the nineteen-thirties and forties no degradation seemed too abysmal for print, and the abysses were often depicted as the common level.

The thing became a literary infection. The Second War produced many books even more anarchic than those which followed the first one (in England, for some reason, this repetition did not occur; balance returned). In America some of the Boys Who Went Through Hell burst into the wildest fulminations. To judge by such books (said an American newspaper), 'Americans have only two diversions, liquor and sex. And when they aren't a-drinkin' and a-hellin' around they are talking about it with an obscenity that is utterly and hopelessly unimaginative and monotonous.' These books surprised me when I read them. In former times a man who fought in a war took that as part of his life and described his experience soberly, if he wrote about it. Such books remain good to read, from Sergeant Bourgogne's account of the retreat from Moscow, through Colonel Denys Reitz's story of the South African War, to Colonel Spencer Chapman's *The Jungle is Neutral*. If young men wrote of war before they reached it, they just said, 'If I should die, think only this of me ...' or, had they the gift of a Julian Grenfell, in simplicity of spirit composed an 'Into Battle'. There was no whining, before or after. But at this mid-century the episode of war unaccountably brought back youngsters who saw only pollution and depravity in life.

When I was in America fiction fell into three main groups. The writers of the first, abandoning the present, pursued full-bosomed heroines in period costume from bed to worse through seven hundred pages. The second group contained the son-of-a-bitchin' G.I.s, discussing fornication from fortification to fortification. The third comprised the race-problem novels, in which villainous mobs persecuted harmless Jews or negroes; in translation to stage or screen the Jewish hero often became a negro or the reverse. Of ten novels discussed in one week by a leading New York literary review seven were on this theme; it was the fission-propaganda of the Civil War, renewed.

I sometimes seek a novel about any strange city where I may be, for these often give a quicker insight to its nature than any handbook. In one such city I bought such a book, which, if it was at all a picture of American life, was horrific. On page 1 the hero 'called for a drink; on page 2 he said 'fix me a drink'; on page 5 he said 'I want a drink, would you like a drink?'; on page 6 'drinks came in'; on page 7 he 'poured himself a bourbon with trembling hand'; on page 8 he told his negro servant, 'pour yourself a drink'. This went on for three hundred pages, during which his friend married a prostitute, 'queers' betrayed each other with other 'queers' and alcoholic lechery ran riot. In its middle the story was interrupted for a page or two by the reflections of the hero, on a high

moral tone, about his sister. He hated her; she had an aversion to Jews and an aloofness from negroes; she was unclean, undemocratic and anti-social.

I sometimes wondered about the sum effect of a mass of writing of this kind, over forty or fifty years, on successive generations. It might not be so great as its producers would like, for the thing in time breeds a revulsion. I read in 1950 that American book-sales steeply declined, and this may be a reason. Turning from such thoughts, I went to see Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables.

I shall promptly revisit it if ever I go to America again. The house was delightful, with a secret staircase most suitable for escape when witch-hunters were at the door. True, I wondered vaguely if it could be so old; however, it was there. So were Hawthorne's picture, his desk and chair. Above all, the house *had* seven gables.

The American attitude to historical things is sometimes unusual, by our reckoning. They are used for what the traffic will carry, as Mark Twain said. Thus when I bought a copy of the book at the very house, I was slightly shaken to read, in the erudite introduction, that no such house authentically existed. Subsequently I heard rumour that a gable or two might have been added, for verisimilitude.

I later decided that this was of no importance. The house was undeniably lovely, whether it was the one Hawthorne wrote of or not. It lay by the waterside, in a pleasant garden. It was not run commercially in a narrow sense. Having been acquired by a woman of good works, the proceeds from visitors and the sale of this or that were devoted to some worthy purpose. I surmised, therefore, that the young women who guided me around and then served my meal were performing voluntary duty. This meal, eaten in the garden, made me feel that the loss was Hawthorne's, if this was not *his* House of Seven Gables. I could not recall one like it since a dinner at Le Perouse in Paris just before the Germans broke through. Salmon mousse with cucumber mayonnaise, a salad of the crispest lettuce and a subtle dressing, pear-jelly mould, grape-jam and succotash, muffins and butter, pô-t-au-chocolat with whipped cream, and coffee; we eat so many meals in a lifetime and so few are perfect. I shall never forget that one.

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## Chapter Fifteen

### A BOAT IN BOSTON

Boston is but a corkpop from Salem and in its harbour lay a friend's boat, with cook and steward aboard. This was a brief haven for me from the motor-roads and cities, the harried search for food and lodgings, and the moving finger of the parking-machine, hastening to name me 'Violator!' while I looked for these things. The hardest thing to do in America is to sit back and look at it, to collect thoughts in peace. Now, suddenly, haste and distraction ceased. Boston lay spread before me and islands behind me. I lay on a sheltered after-deck and listened to wavelets lapping the boat's sides, or watched, in the pale-green paint of the awning, the reflection of moving water, like a grey curtain, softly stirred by the wind. The boat swayed soothingly; although I do not like rocking-chairs I think I would build a rocking-house, if I could. When I went into Boston I had no cares of bed or board and returned to peace; it was the perfect respite for a way-worn traveller.

It is the capital city of New England, and to the North what Richmond is to the South. Here the Republic began, for the Boston riots of 1770 and 1773 were the first thunder of the War of independence and the first battle was fought at Bunker Hill. From my deck-chair I could see Bunker Hill and the spire of the Old North Church, where the sexton flashed signals to Paul Revere below that the British were moving to attack, so that Revere galloped round the countryside rousing the farmers to resist.

Today Boston and New England have been much invaded by the new immigration. In that the North is different from the South, which has remained homogeneous; Mr. Gunther mentions this, approvingly of the North and reprovably of the South. The explanation lies in the different character. Puritans and friends, in all countries, ever saw virtue in a stranger and sin in a friend. Nevertheless, much of the earlier spirit and stock remain. To the political columnists and comedians of New York, driving the wedge ever deeper, Boston's Backbay is a target for derision (rather as 'Bayswater' once was in London).

Boston grew up before the chequerboard pattern became general for American cities, and its streets are mazy, winding and narrow. They would be delightful, too, but for the press of traffic; to that problem the wit of men can perceive no outcome. It is a good-humoured place, where the large Irish population rids itself of native gall on those days of the year when some redcoat defeat is remembered; then uproarious festival is held. Once, needing to separate myself from a car, I was told by an Irish policeman, 'Sure, leave it there. Nobody will bother you if it's an out-of-State car. Even if they do fine you, they don't fine you the first time.' This fine Irish distinction pleased me as much as the spirit in which it was made.

Boston also has large Italian and Eastern European communities. I asked a stranger the way to the post office and he affably said he was going that way. As we went along he asked what I was and I said 'a foreigner'. 'Well, aren't we all!' he said. 'I mean that I don't live here, I'm a visitor,' I explained, 'where are you from?' 'I'm from the other side of Germany - Jewish,' he said. 'That would be Poland, wouldn't it?' I said. 'Yes, ' he said, 'but I've been a long time here.' 'And how do you find it?' I asked.

'Oh, there's nothing like it, but I'm afraid they're going to spoil it,' he said. 'How so?' I asked. 'By a new war,' he said, 'none of us will gain from a new war.' 'I see,' I said, 'and who is going to make the new war?' 'Well,' he said, 'it's the Catholics and their feud against Communism. People have got so worked up about it you don't dare to talk about Communism or they call you a Red. But you can't keep it down like that.' 'But who is going to *make* this new war?' I repeated gently. 'It's the

Catholics,' he said again, 'now in Boston there are 75,000 Irish. They came here to escape English persecution, but it's funny, people who have been persecuted, once they're free they want to start persecuting other people.' 'I've noticed that,' I said, 'in Palestine particularly, it's very odd.'

He ignored that. Well,' he went on, if we have a new war that's the end. If the atomic bomb is used we can kiss the world goodbye. What we want is a world government.' 'I differ there,' I said, 'the world government would persecute somebody, and with the latest firework. But I don't think even a world government could destroy all mankind. Some would remain and start again and build something new, possibly better. That's happened before on this planet.' 'Say,' he said, 'where you from?' 'I came here from Africa, I said. 'But ... but ... we're all in this,' he said, 'you don't think you'll be out of it in Africa.' 'I don't expect to be out of it anywhere,' I said, 'I'm just not worried. I think it's all going to be for the good in the long run. I don't suppose you or I will see the turn for the better, but if some people are going to make another war in order to set up a world government we'd better see who they are ...' He sputtered in some agitation. 'That's not what I said,' he said, 'say, I just remembered, I gotta call on a friend here,' and he was gone, leaving me to find the post office.

The historical places of Boston seem to show the new time to even more disadvantage than those of the South, possibly because there is more of the new to accentuate the contrast. King's Chapel and the Old South Meeting House, where the Tea Party was organized, still stand. The Old State House, with the balcony from which the Declaration of Independence was read, survives among towering office buildings, and the Lion and Unicorn still support its pediment. The Old North Church and Paul Revere's wooden house are quiet islands, almost lost in a seething Italian quarter lively with the sounds and smells of Italy.

In the delightful little garden outside I found a tablet to one 'John Childs, who here on September 13, 1757 had given public notice of his intention to fly from the steeple and performed it to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators.' That, I thought, must have been even before the Flying Tailor of Ulm on his bench-sewn wings floundered into the Danube. If in 1757 a man truly flew from this steeple, surely everyone would want to know how he did it! But I met incuriosity and could only learn from an old record that 'as his performance led many people from their Business, he is forbid flying any more in this town'. I wondered what our times might have been, had such a ban been made universal for human flight, or even for the combustion engine. In South Africa there is an ancient Xosa tribesman who believes all the world's woes derive from it and he might be largely right. Where lies truth, between the man who deliberately chooses to remain primitive, if he is allowed, and the one who devises, first a metal blade for his plough, then a wheel, and so on ... and on ...?

I spent pleasant days in old Boston, among friendly folk, and deeply contented ones afloat, watching the sun rise or go down, the lights wax or wane, and the water gently heave. There was only one distraction, a peculiarly American one which might have surprised Mrs. Thirkell's Aubrey. At the harbour-mouth was an automatic foghorn, in its sound exactly like a London air-raid warning. It apparently responded to a certain degree of moisture in the air, not to visible fog, and continued without cease for three days and two nights, during most of which time the weather to my landsman's eye seemed perfectly clear.

Too soon the respite ended. I packed my bags, was rowed ashore and went my way, through Rhode Island, the smallest but most crowded state, to the Connecticut coast. One day soon after that I was on the grandiose Merritt Parkway, running through enchanting country towards ...

The name need not be said. As it is approached a hypnotic spell comes down and you become a leg of a human centipede. You are part of a machine which moves, like a horizontal escalator, into New York. You watch the back of the car in front and the front of the car behind and become



possessed by the shimmer of light on their enamel, the whoosh-whoosh of cars passing, overhauling, approaching. The speed-limit signs drop by degrees from fifty to fifteen and at forty miles you whoosh-whoosh into New York while other cars still pass at sixty. Over a bridge this time, and whoosh-whoosh along Riverside Drive until you can dive into a side-street, pause, take breath and begin the battle anew.

I made a badly planned entry, after dark, when I was very tired. To find a lodging at such an hour is no easy thing, and I was more than jaded when I secured one. An elderly lift-girl took me and my bags to a high floor and a most uncomfortable room. I heard a familiar accent. 'Yes, Ah'm from Man-chester', she said. 'You must have been here a long time,' I said. 'Forty-faive years,' she said, 'boot Ah've never lost mah accent. They all think Ah'm Scotch here. Ah was over theer last year. Mah son's theer.' 'How did you find it?' I asked. 'Ee, awful,' she said, 'woorse than ever. Ah wish he'd coom hoam. Ee, England's 'ad its daay. It's finished now.' 'It always is,' I said, 'but it doesn't lie down, does it?' 'No, it doosn't, doos it,' she said, 'it's foonny, izzntit?'

I left this gloomy New Yorker to her calling, went to bed and read Jack London's life. I came on a letter of his written to a friend in 1899: 'You say, "This is the beginning of the end - you'll see, within ten years the British Empire will have followed its predecessors, the Greek, Roman, French." Well, well, well! I'd like to talk with you for a few moments. It's simply impossible to take it up on paper. The day England goes under, that day sees sealed the doom of the United States. ... When England falls the United States will be shaken to its foundations, and the chances are one hundred to one that it never recovers again ... But England is not going to fall. It is not possible. To court such a possibility is to court destruction for the English-speaking people.'

Among thinking Americans I found a lively awareness that their Republic and the British island are in fact in the same boat, threatened by the same forces of destruction. I never found there, or in England, anyone who wanted the two countries 'mixed up' as Mr. Churchill said in one of his curious war-time speeches. Their whole genius is separate, if their destiny is linked. The disappearance of the separate outline, in fact, is desired only by the super-national planners of today, who aspire to be the World Governors of tomorrow. Jack London divined that fifty years ago. 'You mistake,' he added, 'I do not believe in the universal brotherhood of man. I believe my race' (he meant the Anglo-Saxon one) 'the salt of the earth. I am a scientific socialist, not a utopian.' Had he lived another thirty years he would by now have discarded 'socialist', I fancy. He was conservative to his marrow, and wanted to improve, not to destroy, which is the difference. He felt heavy on him the prescience of the perils now gathering round his country.

I was tired enough that night to be irritated by a gossip in an elevator. In the next room a man coughed and rasped incessantly. Mine was airless and dingy. I thought longingly of Boston Harbour.

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## Chapter Sixteen

### ON GOING WEST

I was going West, and spent a farewell evening with friends whose apartment overlooked the Hudson River. They were young people, friendly as Americans are when you come to them introduced; then you are passed pleasantly along from helping hand to helping hand. The nicest member of their circle was Joan Brent, whose loveliness and charm needed to be seen; but somehow we never reached her.

They were filled with the unquiet of New York. I enjoyed myself and wondered why the question so oft recurred, 'What shall we do now?' What we were doing seemed good enough, but 'We mustn't let Joan Brent down,' said Anne, 'I know she'll expect us. She's so lovely.' I expected a move, but the talk returned to the pace of life in America. Ben said he could only take one week's vacation this year and he would spend it at a Yogi camp, that way he'd get a week with peace and if he went to friends he'd get a week with drink, and he really needed a rest; at the present tension of business he wouldn't be any good in five years. We must go on to Joan Brent, said Betty, she was perfectly lovely. Anne said John was always telling her she'd better make the most of him for another five years and then find somebody else. Well, said John, it was true enough, look how young men were dying these days; the obituary pages showed that they were dying younger and younger and the dental decay rate in the United States was the highest in the world.

'Are things that bad?' I asked Betty. Well, she said, you've seen New York and you know what life is here, and I said, yes, but I supposed that was New York, I meant, it wouldn't be like that all over America. Ben said he guessed we ought to go on to Joan Brent, she was lovely. Well, I don't know, said Betty, you see our men have to work so hard to keep ahead of other men and of course their wives keep prodding them to get ahead and make more money. What should we do now, said Anne. John said he hoped I'd have an interesting trip but I'd find America much the same everywhere, it was all small-townish now. 'Something's gone out of this country,' said Ben, 'in the old days a man could say, I don't like this place and I don't like my neighbours, I'm going to move on somewheres else.' 'Now you see American life, this is how it is,' said Betty. 'What do you say we go over to Joan Brent?' said Ben. 'I'm hungry,' said John, 'what do we have in the ice-box, Anne?' Anne said she would soon fix something and quickly produced an excellent meal. 'What shall we do after?' said Betty while we ate it. Ten dollars a day for an odd job man, said John, and forty dollars a week for the least little bit of a girl to do your letters, it was murder. 'Shall we make ourselves fancy and go over to Joan Brent?' said Anne. 'Yes, do that,' said John. But we did not.

These glimpses of the American mind were much in my mind when I started westward next day. I had seen old America from the deep South to New England, with New York thrust into it like the later comers' bridgehead; now everything that lay before me was new. In the original seaboard, about three hundred miles broad, between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies, something that seemed permanent was begun in 1607 and by 1750 was a strong and vigorous civilization. Beyond those westward mountains lay a huge wilderness, claimed by France but containing only a fistful of French priests, trappers and voyageurs. Then in 1763 France ceded to England all the land between those mountains and the Mississippi, but simultaneously England forbade the colonists to cross the mountain barrier; the Indians were to be left their forests, plains and buffalo. After the War of Independence the Americans cancelled the Royal Proclamation of 1763 and began to move over the mountains to the Mississippi. Then in 1803 Napoleon, hoping to embarrass the English, sold the rest of the huge valley, westward from the Mississippi to the Rockies, to the Republic for 15 million dollars. 'Happy Austria, while others make war, you marry!' America grew in a different manner, acquiring Old Man River's huge domains for the price of songs.

Thus began that overland migration which history cannot match. At the start, around 1750, eighty thousand Germans and fifty thousand Scottish-Irish added themselves to the English population, so that, although they were smoothly absorbed, a distinctively 'American' personality began to form. It continued in that shape for a hundred years, until the westward-moving frontier halted in 1890. Into the subdued half-continent then poured the masses of the new immigration, quite different in character, and the future of the Republic, not its population, was cast into the melting-pot.

That is the shape of the American enigma today. There is no more escape to open spaces. Escape, from social, economic or religious barriers, was always a motive in all emigrations, to America, or across America. The first colonists resented the King and the Church and built up a fine civilization with a powerful upper class. Then, within it, groups took shape which resented those successful ones and simply moved out, seeking freedom in the West. That vent is closed now. The social and political conflict is a static one. Later newcomers press against men who cannot any longer say, 'I don't like this place or my neighbours, I'll go somewheres else.'

The young American today has to stand and fight, or stand and yield, in New York or Los Angeles, Saint Louis or Detroit. If he is of the older stock he is hard pressed by the later claimants to the American inheritance. A new America is rising round him, nowhere much more than a hundred years old. Eager to see it, I went West.

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## Chapter Seventeen

### CHASING THE SUN

I set out on the road to Baltimore, turned westward across the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, and even saw a lonesome pine; the musical ride continued. This range is part of the high wall which was the inland limit of Colonial America for 150 years. Like the Pioneers' Village at Salem, it plainly tells the tale of immense obstacles overcome; the transmontane adventure must have been nearly as hard as the initial coastal landing. It is a country of wild grandeur now tamed; wooded mountainside, rolling downland and splendid farmland; streams cascading into green or steel-blue lakes; rivers muddy, sandy or red as rust. The swelling green breakers of the forests stretch endlessly and the soil looks good enough to eat.

Even today, in a car, the endless ups-and-downs and hairpin-bends are exhausting. To pioneers afoot this trail through almost impenetrable forests, where only wild men and beasts lived, must have been hard indeed. Beyond these mountains French and Indian names appear among the English ones, for the Jesuits and the French earlier penetrated these fastnesses by water from the north. Like the Spanish, they interbred cheerfully, and the Indians later mourned the French: 'They called us children and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge, and we had always wherewithal to clothe us. Seven generations of men have passed away, and we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they towards us.'

The Anglo-Saxons when they came did not, and still do not interbreed in the rule. These deep instincts in peoples are beyond easy understanding, and interbreeding and aloofness alike should be above criticism by any who have not lived with such matters. A curious thing in America is that, although the 'squaw man' was despised, Indian blood today is proudly owned by its possessors, whereas negro blood is not, any more than white man's blood is by the prouder negroes.

In these lands the stranger begins to feel the immensity of America, and never again loses the accompanying sense of it. By way of complete contrast, between America of the wilderness and America tamed, I listened as I went along to soap-opera in the car-radio. Soap-opera (to which the housewife listens while she works, unless she can find a coloured girl to come in daily for twenty dollars a week) is in the line of Lyceum melodrama and continues like *The Perils of Pauline*; all seems lost at the end of each instalment, but the next instalment brings salvation and if the story ever ends it ends well, after true love has run through a haunted house of mishap, where villains, heroes, spies and jealous rivals pop up incessantly.

In this episode Gloria, in a motor car, confided her troubles to a sympathetic girl friend. She was to have been married the day before to Jim when a telegram announced the arrival of Jim's wife Helen, thought to be dead, and daughter Jane. The sympathetic friend said, 'All will come right for Jim loves you,' and Gloria said, 'No, no, it cannot be, I cannot come between a man and his wife and child'; tears. Then, as the car drove on, Gloria suddenly said, 'Molly, you didn't ... you didn't bring me here on purpose?' Molly, all unwitting, had driven past the Home where Gloria now would be honeymooning with Jim, but for yesterday's mischance. Then the microphone switched to Jim, at an airport, awaiting lost Helen. He, too, had a sympathetic friend, who said, 'All will come right, Jim,' but Jim said, 'No, no, Will, it cannot be, I love Gloria but Helen will never set me free.' The scene switched again to the incoming aeroplane, where Helen sat in front of a Mysterious Male Passenger, who had The Papers; Helen, clearly, was a grand girl after all and only pretended to be dead in order to trail this spy and get The Papers. The machine landed, Helen rose, the Mysterious Male Passenger produced a revolver, and this thrilling serial, which comes to you by courtesy of Consolidated Popcorn, will be continued tomorrow ...

Absorbed, I ran into Columbus, Ohio, while I listened and was so much intimidated by the mass of life, lights and traffic that I went on through, hoping to find a tourist-camp. The traveller on this road continually outruns the sun and has to adjust his watch, and I was glad of these gained hours in the nightly struggle for a lodging. The roadside was thick with pretty settlements of one-room cabins, cottages and chalets, and innumerable bright signs beckoned me to this Motel or that Tourist Park. My reception at each, however, was cool. I soon learned another lesson of the American highway. These comfortable little places are usually made for two; the price is 'per person'; and the proprietors do not like single guests unless they will pay the double price. Americans told me later that their function is primarily romantic, if that is the word. Thus the lot of the lone traveller is hard and only at a rather inferior camp far out of town could I get a cabin.

Then, needing food, I walked back some distance between the luminous encampments, looking for a place with chairs and tables. I found one called La Rumba, which sparkingly advertised cheap meals. Inside two mature ladies leaned against a long bar and chatted to an elderly barman whom they called Pop. Another man in shirt-sleeves wandered about and I asked him if I could eat. He seemed taken aback but a negress, aged but with skirts above her knees and frizzed hair, scampered up and said, 'Oh, yas, yas, yas, oh shoh you kin eat, oh yas, die gempmun kin eat' and vanished, whereon the shirt-sleeved man said, 'I guess she's crazy', and vanished too. I asked Pop for some fried chicken, which seemed to perplex him, and then saw that one of the ladies at the bar, fiftyish and buxom, looked at me with a curious, leery, half-compassionate smile. 'I'll get it for you,' she suddenly said and also disappeared.

I sat down to wait, wondering whether I ought to stick some of the drinking-straws in my hair. A really enormous woman in red sweater and red slacks passed through, followed by the negress carrying a wastepaper basket, and called to Pop, 'Give Mary a bottle of beer'. Then she turned, saw the negress, and cried furiously. 'Gorn out of it, Mary, follering me round with that dirty old basket, gorn out of it, will yer, gorn,' whereon Mary scampered crazily out to regions unknown and Pop tried to climb into the cash register. Then the buxom woman brought my meal, calling into empty space, 'Mary, go and find the show girl, her dinner's ready'; she put it on my table with a strange, significant simper.

I felt an uneasy curiosity invade me, as in a troubled dream, about what might happen next; it all reminded me of the *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Then, as at a wand's touch, the empty place filled with buxom, bustling waitresses, all of the forty-fifty generation, who busied themselves with the vacant tables as if these were crowded with guests. At the next table appeared a beautiful woman in a backless and strapless gown, and then Mary re-emerged from some depths, leading a massive creature whom I supposed to be the show girl; I could not guess what she was to show but if by chance it were herself, it would be much. She joined the other beauty and they talked volubly in some tongue unknown to me while they ate quantities of spring onions. Meanwhile my plump attendant watched me from a doorway, still with a meaning smile, as if she knew something unknown to me.

I may have been overtired; I could not get the feel of the place and my hair showed a tendency to rise. Why were all the waitresses like retired *Floradora* girls? Who were the two women next to me? Had I been in Berlin in 1930 I should have said *Animierdamen*, ladies whose duty is to remind gentlemen guests of their duty to the house. But all those spring onions!

It was unaccountable. What high revelry would follow in this strange Place? I asked the motherly but enigmatic woman as she took my plate. 'What goes on here?' I said, in the vernacular, 'do you have a floor show or somep'n?' 'Sure,' she said, again with that odd look, 'it gets pretty busy here later. Stick around!' She went away and at the door turned with the most baffling leer of all. 'Stick around!' she said.

Who knows what I might have seen had I stuck around! I never knew a more unusual start to a night's entertainment. But I went, while mysterious glances followed me, and paused only at the door to watch a newcomer drop many coins in a gaming-machine. I have sometimes found profit in inserting just one coin after such an optimist has filled the machine. He achieved three pineapples, or something stated to pay a good return. The machine welshed. He called Pop, who came over and said, 'oh, izzatso, h'm, well if that ain't the darndest thing, I guess that's funny too, because these machines had a card on 'em last night saying they wuz for amusement only.' Without demur the guest humbly departed.

Evidently life went new ways on these highways, I thought. I strolled back to my cabin and bed. 'R.R.noises' woke me several times, but between them I slept soundly and woke fresh as the lark.

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## Chapter Eighteen

### MIDDLE EMPIRE

I ran with the sun deep into the Middle West, the third section of the Republic. First were the South and the North; then the white men conquered the Middle West; and last of all the Far West. This green central empire includes Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan, and its verdant tide laps also into the eastern parts of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas; then the arid lands begin. Through it, north to south, goes Ol' Man River, who knows at least one thing; that he makes these the most abundant foodlands of the earth.

Behind me lay places called Winchester, Romney, London, Brighton and Richmond. I came to other names: Athens, Troy, South Vienna, New Lisbon. Here the mellow civilization of the South and New England dwindled away. All the towns were new, and only in their residential quarters was the older influence still visible. The white wooden houses, and the farms, retained the English shape of the earlier coastal ones. The people of the countryside, too, kept the character of the earlier Americans, for their forefathers, who tamed this land, were of the old stock. The cities belonged to New York; the new immigration concentrated in these rising industrial centres and gave them its imprint. In 1920 three-fourths of the Americans born outside America lived in the cities, and these great population-centres, stretching westward from New York, now dominate American politics.

On this road were no more villages or slowly-ripened towns, only the small town, repetitive and alike, set in country that awed me by its sheer vegetable gusto. I never saw anything like it in size or fertility, an endless expanse of superb farm country with the young corn growing like a green velvet carpet in thirty- and forty-acre and bigger fields, fringes of great trees around, and fine farm-buildings, freshly-painted and well maintained. Through it all went the massive trans-continental highway, which from end to end spans a distance nearly as great as that which separated the original settlers from America itself. The going is easy now; the worst remaining peril is engine trouble, not Injun trouble; the high road of Manifest Destiny is clear, though not yet its destination.

From this great food-bowl half the planet might be fed, but for governments. The whole story of the human race seems to be that of the continuing struggle of men to arrest the disease of power in those who govern them. The constant tendency, always and everywhere, is towards more government, or despotism. The founders of the Republic knew that. Jefferson was 'not a friend to a very energetic government'; he favoured 'a wise and frugal government' which should preserve order among the inhabitants 'but shall otherwise leave them free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned'. In 1950, in America as in England, this prudent principle was being forgotten. For eighteen years, since President Roosevelt's inception, the steady trend was towards more government, higher taxes, less freedom. The first colonists fled from and the early Republic abhorred that process; Englishmen in England fought it until it was dressed in the sheepskin of 'Social security', when they forgot its wolfish inhabitant.

This farm belt was heavy with riches, natural and acquired. The corn was the real gold of America, a lode which cannot peter out while the Mississippi flows. The wealth of two wars also flowed into it and its farmers must be the richest in the world. They have fine homesteads, silos and fences, the best cars, the latest farm equipment, and fortunes in the banks. Many of them were 'busted' in 1913 and deserve good times.

They are at present protected against bad ones; seasons, markets, crop failures, glut are all one to them. Though they naturally make hay while the sun shines they distrust this unique security. It

began with President Roosevelt, whose advisers discovered the theory of deficit-spending. Public debt, they said, was owed by the public to itself; the length of the string of noughts was immaterial because they all amounted to nothing. The theory has yet to be tested to the sweet or bitter end. The political motive for it is to anchor the farm and labour vote to one party, leaving only a decisive floating vote, which is to be had by anyone who declaims against racial discrimination. The cost of government now takes about a quarter of all income (in England, about forty per cent).

For the present the Middle West farmers live in an Alician wonderland. The government buys all products at a guaranteed price. If the farmer can get a better one he merely returns the public money, on which he pays no interest. One farmer sold the government 160,000 pounds of potatoes at \$1.46 a hundredweight; it had already accumulated fifty million bushels of potatoes which it could not sell or give away and he bought back the same quantity, for cattle feed, at one cent a hundredweight. A governmental order to reduce the potato acreage merely moved farmers to shift the rows closer together. Meanwhile brokers imported millions of bushels of Canadian potatoes which, after paying duty, were still cheaper than the subsidized homegrown ones, which continued to pour into government stores. Billions of dried eggs were laid away in caves and warehouses until the government was forced to give them away, with twenty-one million dollars' worth of dried milk, to schools and welfare institutions. Twenty-five million pounds of cheese and a million pounds of butter, which the law forbade from cheap sale, remained to be got rid of. The problem of storing all this food became greater than that of producing it. The government announced that if its hoard were divided among a million people each would receive a daily egg for seven years, two pounds of potatoes a day for over three years, and a quart of skim milk every day for more than two years. The bill for all this was contained in the string of noughts, said to be worthless. However, the consumer paid, twice over, once in taxation and once in high prices.

When I was in America the government was spending about one million dollars daily to keep dairy products off the market and their prices up.

This was Socialist planning on horseback, paradoxically pursued by a president who was a Mid-Westerner and bred to dislike the very word, Socialism. The Middle West farmer did not complain, but flew to the beaches of Hawaii or transported his Cadillac to Europe for a tour there. Nevertheless, 'I don't think this is good business for the government', said one, 'but a man's foolish not to take advantage of it. My advice to the people in Washington is to stop spending so much money. They don't spend it; they squander it. The farmers figure if they squander for everybody we might as well get our share because we'll all have to make it up one of these days. I've been looking for something to happen before. It won't happen this year but it will come - it always has.'

I went through Indianapolis, chaotic with railroad tracks, and came at dusk into Saint Louis. Here, in the heart of the green empire, was the new America of the new cities and the new immigration. Presumably Lord Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, meant these new cities when he said the city was the one conspicuous failure of American democracy (for the older ones of the South and New England hardly deserve the criticism). In these later cities, says the *Short History*, 'corruption was most unashamed', 'rings' and 'halls' 'fatted on the public treasury, seeing public franchises, exploiting crime and vice. Here the saloon and the house of ill-fame were protected and encouraged by the politician and the interests who profited by them, while criminal gangs went their way undisturbed by police interference'. That referred to the turn of the century but is still apt.

I came into Saint Louis by a long skyway, a stilted road which marched over slums, allotments, rivers and factories. All around cars heeded or choo-choos puffed along other skyways. The mass of signs alone had the effect of constant noise; they clamoured at the traveller 'No parking at any time', '15 minutes parking during the day', 'No left turn', 'No right turn', 'No U-turn', 'Stop-sign ahead', and innumerable other orders, one or more to each lamp-post. Rush-hour seems to continue



all day, but if you come or go in the morning or evening you find that even this pace can be doubled and trebled. At night all the flickering, winking, jig-a-jigging, zig-zagging signs spring out.

Many people say they can gain no picture of America unless they go there. I found that these new cities made no clear impression on my mind which I could transfer to paper, partly because they are so much alike in their criss-cross design, and partly because their physical shape swims and their chief trait is a frenetic human unease, something unportrayable.

Yet with all this hurrying they repeatedly put me in mind of a slower movement, the old lockstep, which men once performed in prison yards, each man's arm on the shoulder of him in front. They reminded me, too, of a German film of the nineteen-twenties, called *Metropolis*. It was (I then thought) a morbid and stupid glimpse of some future world, where beings in the shape of men were brought up from dungeons to perform their toil and brought back when it was done; and these masses of faceless serfs moved, hundreds together, with a slow tramp-tramp, shoulders bent and heads bowed, to and from their task. For some unaccountable reason free men hastening about their business now recalled to me those pictured companies of slaves in the toils, dragging their feet towards a labour without reward or end.

Even Ol' Man River, the tireless and bountiful, looked weary and drab at Saint Louis, as if he were tired of living and scared of dying. I sought another cabin for the night. This is a strangely impersonal business. A neon sign in the darkness says 'Office'. Through a window you make payment, receive a key, and learn which little cottage is yours. That is your only meeting with your host. You sleep, usually, in a clean and comfortable little house; linen and towels are spotless; the water in the shower is hot. On the wall may be a notice saying the proprietor 'reserves the right to have the State Police take you off the highway' if anything is missing after you depart. When you go you leave the key in the door and the transaction is complete; you drive away, a shadow following earlier shadows, preceding later ones. The calling of mine host has changed.

Once more I looked for food, up and down the glittering road, and found a filling-station with a café. The pleasant attendant had served a year with the occupation army in Germany. When I said I knew Germany his eyes filled with reminiscent affection. 'I wish I could see Germany again,' he said, 'I wish I could live there. It's the prettiest little country in the world.'

He only knew two countries, and America has, somewhere or other, every conceivable beauty of nature, but I thought I understood him. He felt some lack in his own land. In Germany, and other European countries, men built up during a thousand years and more a culture that cannot be mass-produced or quickly reproduced. It is like wood or marble; put them in the hands of fine craftsmen and let the centuries mellow their work, and beauty emerges. Europe was like that; the American South and New England saw the beginnings of the same process; everywhere else in America are the raw materials but they are still raw. The secret which was brought to the coastal colonies was mislaid and has not until now been found again. This young man, I judge, missed that inheritance, and I met several like him.

He was from California. Though no open spaces remain to conquer, America is full of people moving around, to try something new somewhere else. I said I thought people lucky enough to be born in California stayed there. Oh, he said, his wife was from this small place near Saint Louis and pined for it, so he sold his place in California, rented his 'veteran's house', and bought this place. Did he like it? Oh, well enough; anyways, he'd give it a chance. He told me of his 'kid sister'. She was in films, a child star. Oh, I said, would I know her? He guessed not; she had outgrown childhood and with it stardom, but she was going to get back in. At that she came in. I thought her about eighteen.

She was a lovely girl, very much in command of herself, and her every movement and gesture were clearly studied for 'angle' and effect. As her only film experience was in babyhood, I guessed that she kept in training for the come-back. She liked talking about herself, she said she was in love and was being thwarted by the young man's mother, who was rich and a Quaker. 'She won't have me because I'm not a Quaker and I haven't a million dollars,' she said, but 'I'm going to get what I want, anyway.' 'What do you mainly want?' I said. 'I want a contract, a swell house, a convertible and a million bucks,' she said, 'I'll make it, I've plenty time.'

'How old are you?' I said. 'Thirteen,' she said. She had the dawn freshness of the *jeune fille en fleur* and the spirit of the time.

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## Chapter Nineteen

### ON OIL AND TWISTERS

The flint-coloured skies opened and hurled thunder, lightning and rain on the land. This early-morning storm was of American dimensions and I drove through it for two hours. The road was like a river and the huge transcontinental trucks sped along it like seagoing craft, throwing up great wings of water. American motor car manufacturers deliver their vehicles by road, four to a truck, two on the engine-level and two on an upper story. These monsters commonly travel at fifty or sixty miles an hour and a wreck of one of them, or of a Greyhound bus, is a formidable affair.

I was nearly half-way across the continent and until now the busy roadside life accompanied me; I was never long out of sight of filling-stations, cabin-camps and trailer-camps. Some Americans dislike both the cabin-camps, which are built to stay, and the trailer-camps, which are on wheels. They think rootless communities are growing in them. The trailer-camps (England has nothing more comparable than the caravan-camps of transient holiday-makers) tend to become fixed settlements of homeless folk. For young people about to found a family the life may be easy, but has disadvantages. It appeals to retired couples, of whom about a hundred thousand live in these wheeled homes. They take them to the mountains in the summer heat and to Florida in the winter; at the journey's end they merely drive into a trailer-camp, plug in to water and electricity and are at home. If a cottage and garden have peculiar joys, they seem not to miss these.

Along the road, so far, continued the countless signs of something for sale, especially 'Antiques', 'Curios' and 'Hookwork rugs'. The American adores antiques. In the nature of things they are not plentiful, and those chiefly displayed are old cartwheels, sledded baby-carriages, wheelback chairs. As for hookwork, this was something genuine when the farmer's wife occupied herself with various kinds of work during long winter evenings. Today the bedspreads and rugs are everywhere alike and similarly priced, to the odd cent, so that some enterprising mass-production factory in New York may have moved into the business.

The conventions of courtesy changed as I went along. In the South I liked 'Mah frend' and 'You bet', and hereabouts I liked 'Hullo' as a greeting and 'Sure' in reply to 'Thank you'. 'You're welcome' rang rather bogus, like 'Don't mention it'. 'Come again' and 'Hurry back', at leavetaking, depended on the way they were said. They can be somewhat hollow forms. I stopped at a lonely roadside shack for a cold drink. It was served by a young girl who seemed to have lost the power of speech; some sorrow weighed on her. However, as I went out a mournful voice behind me said, 'Hurry back!'

I travelled across Missouri, along roads where masses of small tortoises stood bewildered, their heads thrust out as who should say, 'What next?' I wondered if this were the origin of the phrase 'sticking your neck out'; anyway, many of them did not live to learn why a tortoise crosses a road. I avoided them tenderly, but the highway was littered with the remains of unluckier ones, over which the crows fought. The population began to thin out and the land to deteriorate. I ran into Kansas, and for the first time in America came to a stretch of inferior country. There was a place called Joplin that looked like a half-ruined film-set, originally put up for a Western. In the background were pithead machinery and dumps that reminded me of Durham, and in the forlorn Main Street I breakfasted among tired and taciturn truckers slumped over their food; their lives seem hard and wearing for all the high pay.

In Oklahoma at last the roadside life ceased, and the green belt fell behind. Oklahoma has little farmland. It is part of the High Plains, wide and flat. If you raise your arms they touch the sky and

if you spread them they reach the ends of the earth; I love this kind of country. As I ran into Oklahoma the clouds cleared, too; it was a beautiful morning. I was glad of that because twisters were about. I saw great trees overthrown, fields gashed as if by a gigantic bulldozer, and townships where wooden houses were flattened or unroofed.

I was coming at last to spaces still open, where whirlwinds (here called twisters) are at home. They seem to need great, flat expanses like these to develop their full force. It is like swinging a cat by its tail; you must have room. Hills and mountains frustrate the wind, so that it cannot get into its swing. But if it finds a place which is high and flat for several hundred miles it whips itself into a mad, swirling frenzy, like a dancing dervish, and pirouettes along until it falls in a foaming fit. At the height of its madness it twists the clouds into the shape of a top and spins along with tremendous power, destroying or sucking up what lies in its path.

After a little while, when I saw heavy, low-lying clouds beginning to curl into ominous tails, I wondered what steps a lonely traveller might take if he met a twister. I decided the best ones would be towards the nearest ditch. In one a man would be least likely to be plucked up and dropped several miles away (and the twister probably would not even be going in my direction). I drove along with dotted lines leading from my eyes to the roadside. I realized that relatively few roads have ditches; also the vastness and want of cover of Oklahoma were borne in on me.

Happily the twisting-tailed clouds dispersed. I ran into dingy country where the fields were weedy, bethistled and fallow, and among sorry-looking houses, shacks and shanties beings of the Pore Jed type listlessly glanced at a passing car. This was the kind of rural slum which recent writers have presented as typical of America. Not far beyond it was a delightful little city, crisp, clean and bright beside a broad blue river and beneath a wide blue sky: Tulsa. Here, at the end of the green empire, were the beginnings of another one. Oil: seldom have three letters said so much, in mundane things. If this land is poor, greater wealth lies beneath it than any farmer could grow or breed. Here the derricks went marching over the land and thrust aside all that stood in their way; at their feet the pumps, with a slow, rhythmic movement that again reminded me of the dehumanized masses in that nightmare Metropolis, sucked up the oil for all the cars, locomotives, ships and aircraft.

Fifty miles farther on my way a woman stood at the wayside by a dilapidated, heavily-laden and broken down car, and signalled to me. The wise rule in America is not to stop; the wayfarer who needs help suffers for many hold-up men who have used this ruse. However, she was not young and I stopped; an elderly man crawled out from under the car and asked me to drive his wife to town for a tire.

'Haven't you a spare wheel?' I asked as I drove her off. 'Oh yes,' she said, 'but we're moving and we have the car fully loaded and the spare is so old it just collapsed when we put it on and I told him before we started to get a good spare but he always knows best and said it will hold until we make Las Vegas and now we're stuck.' She paused for breath. 'Ah, husbands!' I said. 'Are you from Boston or England?' she said immediately. 'England,' I said, 'where are you from?' 'From Michigan,' she said, 'we heard Las Vegas was good so we just packed everything and came away.' 'You have everything in that car?' I said. 'Yes,' she said, 'and aren't these roads awful?' (they seemed excellent to me). 'And aren't the people dumb I asked a man on the-road how far the next town was and he said he didn't know and I found a signpost with the mileage just round the next corner there seems to be a find-out-for-yourself spirit in these parts I hope New Mexico will be better I guess we'll have to go back to Michigan here's a filling-station perhaps they have a tire.'

They had. Afterwards I met many people moving in this sudden, casual way. The reason is apparently the vastness of the country; it offers changes of scene, climate and existence, at a road journey's end, comparable with those which an Englishman could only find oversea.

I came to Oklahoma City, sounded my horn outside a window marked 'Office' and arranged with a male head which emerged from it to inhabit a cabin. I carried my bags across, took a shower and was draped in a towel when an equally pleasant woman put her head in the door and said, 'Are you all right?' 'Fine,' I said. 'That's good,' she said, 'did you take the cabin from my husband?' 'Well, from someone male,' I said. 'That's him,' she said with a friendly smile, 'I wonder where that bugger is now,' and she withdrew.

I wandered into the thickening habitations until I found a restaurant which was separated only by a roadway from the State Capitol, the typical domed building of a State parliament. All round the restaurant King Oil held court; his derricks and pumps invaded the gardens of small houses, the yards of filling-stations and cabin-camps - everything. Outside the window where I ate men were actually drilling; I could have leaned out and touched the great steel needle as it revolved, and I learned from them that they were already a mile deep. No oil-towers stood in the actual roadway, but they were in the lawns of the Capitol building and right up to its walls; at one more stride these long-legged monsters would mount its very steps. I tried to picture oil-derricks on Parliament Green and pumps at work in the courtyard of the House of Commons. The supremacy of oil was made vividly clear here. I watched the pumps slowly see-sawing in the garden, perhaps an eighth of an acre, of a little house. Its owner counted as a lucky man, for to strike oil, or have it found under your lawn, is about the only honest way remaining to a great fortune, by American standards.

In the dusk I sat on a bench outside my cabin, on a high bank by the high road. The roaring trucks dashed by, each with its array of red and yellow lights. This traffic never ceases, night or day. During a lull in it a single tiny light flitted round me and came to rest on the seat. I thought of a garden in Durban and fireflies there; it was fun to catch them and put them in the children's hands.

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## Chapter Twenty

### THE ROAD TO SANTA FÉ

On my way out of Oklahoma City one morning I stopped at a supermarket by a bridge emblazoned with the name 'Santa Fé' and as I bought my daily carton of milk and packet of biscuits pictured cuirassed and helmeted Spanish conquerors making this trail, 350 years ago, as they sought to fortify their far-stretched northern frontier line. The Spaniards honoured God where they encamped, and bequeathed to the American Republic a host of names, Las Cruces, San Antonio, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Fé and others, which chime down the centuries like mission bells.

I went on through Oklahoma, once Indian land. American friends, when they heard I was going that way (my route was chosen by chance) seemed puzzled and almost disapproving, as if they thought I could do better. Their picture of Oklahoma was not the golden one of the musical comedy and I thought it weighed on them a little. In these Oklahoman lands was written what seemed, but that God finally disposes, to be the end of the Red Man's story. Pressed back ever farther westward and crowded ever closer together, after the young Republic revoked the King's protective order of 1763, the Red Indians seemed to find a last place which they could call their own here, between Texas and Kansas. In 1835 President Jackson said a barrier had at length been raised behind which the Indian would be protected and that 'the pledge of the United States has been given by Congress that the country destined for the residence of this people shall be for ever "secured and guaranteed to them"'. Time showed that the white rancher or homesteader could no more be stopped from taking the whole country, from coast to coast, than today's oil-man can be prevented from drilling where he thinks profitable. In 1899 the last safeguards collapsed; the whole territory was opened for settlement and the flood poured in, over all Indian claims or rights.

The Americans, as they completed a unique piece of empire-making, retained a fierce dislike of 'imperialism', especially 'British Imperialism' (which would have protected the Indian). Through the whole process, too, continued 'the American dream', of which Americans frequently speak. The *Epic* explains it in the words of Samuel Adams: 'The natural liberty of man is to be set free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will of any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will or legislative authority of man, but only to have the law of nature for his rule.' Yet part of 'the dream', the *Epic* also says, is 'a remarkable feeling of sympathy for the "underdog" of any sort, economic, political, social'. It is an emotional thing 'which cannot be counted upon when in conflict with other emotions or desires' as has been exemplified in the case of our treatment of our own Indians; the plight of the Red Man, for instance, left the Slavery Abolitionists cold, though they were willing to pull down the whole fabric of America, if need be, to free the black man'.

These contrarities (which continue in the Republic today) are not peculiar to Americans. History appears to be a crazy mosaic of such paradoxes, of which the Palestine Arabs are the latest victims. However, Manifest Destiny has not yet had the last word. For nearly three centuries the Red Indian was driven out or herded together in lands too small or arid to support him, and his numbers dwindled. He appeared to have chosen the primitive way of life he knew, and extinction, rather than the white man's civilization. Could he have argued the matter, he might have claimed that the real values of civilization may be as well upheld in a primitive system as in an advanced one, and that a mechanical civilization which abandoned those values would be as barbaric as any primitive one; today, he might adduce the Nuremberg Trials and the atom bomb in support. Anyway, he would not yield, and was dying out. Then, as this century began, he started to multiply again and now his numbers, in his cramped and barren lands, are increasing, while he has kept intact his tribal languages, rites and customs. Meanwhile, the white man's overgrazing and overcropping have

weakened the prairie the Indian left behind, and the land might be desolate now but for the discovery of oil; the vanished herds of buffalo may have taken with them much fertility. These are the lands of the 'dust-bowl', where the swirling wind wolfishly tears away earth's flesh, the topsoil, and drives it along in a gritty storm that darkens the sky, thus intimating that, as in the South African Karoo, the desert is not far away and is ready to invade, if allowed.

The road ran through a countryside different from any I had met. Sometimes I saw no human being or habitation for fifty miles and drove that far without changing gear, speed or steering. I was often surprised by the Powerlessness of America until I read, in the *Epic*, 'The first few years of any settlement are years of grinding toil, and while the very foundations are being laid there is no thought or energy to be devoted to such amenities as flower gardens, trees, or even mere neatness and cleanliness out of doors. Such things have to come later; and little by little, as people got used to moving on, to devoting themselves to the quickest exploitation of every settlement and neighbourhood, they came to care less and less about general appearances. Like intellectual culture, such things came to be considered foolish ornament for those who were effeminate in taste and not up to a real man's work.'

Now, as I approached Texas, I saw a great mass of roadside flowers, all craning their necks towards me as if to say, 'Look who's coming!' In fact they saluted the rising sun, over my shoulder, but I liked to think of them as a dainty reception committee, for I recognized these old friends at once, though I never saw them before. My musical education overtook me again; I could not mistake that dark, intent glance. I remembered the leave days in London in 1918 when I first heard of them (I think Beatrice Lillie sang the song). More vividly I recalled evenings in 1940 and a girl at my side in the blue car who, as we turned towards London in time to beat the first air-raid warning, sang 'I'm going back to the shack where the black-eyed Susans grow'. I stopped and picked one for her. Then, suddenly, a roadside notice said 'Texas'; it brought a sudden interlude of brilliant green pastures and wheatlands, and then wide prairie again, with the road clear to see for a dozen miles ahead. It was like riding on the roof of the world. I saw hardly any cattle, no cowhands and no man on a horse, though a lad or two in high-heeled boots and, about the lonely homesteads, women in scuttle-bonnets.

I came at length to Amarillo, a little shambles of a place, half-way between a Wild West township and the typical American small town, with quantities of the old one-storied saloons, stores and shacks. No horses were tethered there, but the men, as they drove their cars, looked like cowpunchers, lean, lithe and lanky. They moved with a slow, equine grace, and their legs, in tight blue jeans, were like used drinking-straws.

The twister just beat me to Amarillo. Twenty great box-cars lay where they were blown from the railroad tracks and some fifty houses were destroyed or damaged. I posted my Black-eyed Susan to my companion of those London evenings in 1940, then found a cabin and tilted myself on a chair outside it to watch night fall over this little town in the heart of Texas. A red-golden flame burned upward into the still air, and lent its ragged silhouette beauty at this hour. It commemorated no unknown warrior. The townsfolk had been complaining of the smell given off by the waste-gases from oil refineries; now these were pumped into a slender vertical rod and burned off in it, so that from its tip a spearlike beacon flamed into the Texan night.

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## Chapter Twenty-One

### WHITE SANDS

On a grey and chilly morning I drove towards the Old South West, once wild and perhaps not much tamed now; for here twentieth-century man has done wilder things than the Wild West ever imagined; and despite the superb roads and stupendous Boulder Dam nature gives out an oppressive feeling of stored reserves of wrath. When the American Republic acquired this enormous region, where little grew, it was like a gambler who cannot fail at any throw; hence the immense optimism of last century. In the 1840s Mexico was invaded, President Polk using words later to become celebrated: 'Our patience is exhausted.' In 1848 Texas to the Rio Grande, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, California and much of Colorado were gained for fifteen million dollars! 'Even the plunder of Cortez paled in comparison,' says the *Epic*; and almost at once the arid soil of the third empire yielded a crop of gold that dazzled the world.

To the coastal civilization and the fertile Middle West was added this new realm of gold, silver and, later, oil.

The rising road ran on through sandy soil and scrub. What would the story of this new empire have been, but for gold and oil? It looked good for little that grows or grazes, but had the especial beauty of vastness below a great sweep of sky; in such places the earth is merely background, a flat platter on which the blue mould of heaven lies heaped, with a few dabs of white cloud for cream. The free and boundless prairie no longer exists; somebody owns or has enclosed it all and beside the road runs the inescapable wire. Neither man nor beast moved until I came suddenly on a little post-office-filling-station on the top of nowhere. A big, genial man conducted it, a former State Trooper from green and populous Illinois. This was the life, he said; he loved this high solitude.

Then vegetation and soil ceased and I rode up bare mountains, not expecting to see green things again until I reached California. Surprisingly, when I topped the range I came down into an enchanted bowl between the mountains, verdant, thick with orchards and fields. Here were Mexican Indians in adobe houses, who grew fruit, and all along the winding valley road their booths offered Cherry Cider or Mountain Apple Cider. As I climbed out of the green bowl again orchards gave way to fir-forests, which reached to the topmost peak of the enclosing wall; between the firs I saw a jagged snowcap. This was like Austria, and was a reservation of the Apache Indians, a tribe once so noted for ferocity that the criminals of Paris took their name. Now the remnant of them lived in their 400,000-acre reservation, hidden in mountains, with their dreams of bygone freedom. A few moved about between the firs and looked like kraalsmen in Africa.

I came to the top of the green wall and another startling transformation: suddenly everything that lay beyond was bare and lifeless again. The mountains fell to a plain and beyond it rose more mountains, with huge snowdrifts, glistening in the sun, at their feet. I drove towards them; they looked about five miles away. Ninety minutes later I still drove towards them. Slowly I came towards that gleaming, undulating sea of what seemed to be the purest driven snow. I knew it could not be that. When I reached it I found it was an enormous stretch of crystallized gypsum, called White Sands.

I realized where I was. Hereabouts the first atom bomb was exploded; a hundred years after acquiring these wild wastes the Republic found a use for them. Here the scientists continued their mole-like burrowing into the mountain of God's mysteries, and threw up a small hump. (Arizona, next door, contains the enormous crater made by a meteor in dark ages past and Russia is said to contain a much bigger one, made in 1916. Until now the universe, in its desultory bombardment of



the planet earth, has chosen waste places for targets. Should it ever select a populous one, that might restore proportion to the current debate about atomic annihilation.)

These wastes are 'the most important spot in the world today', according to a Mr. David Lilienthal, who supervised atomic affairs when I was in America. The statement is debatable (Rome, Canterbury or Mecca might yet prove important) but is typical of the day in America, where public men for many years have tended to discount the notion of any power higher than man's, whereas the Founding Fathers of the Republic emphatically acknowledged another authority. Benjamin Franklin urged at an early Convention of the Republic that each session begin with prayer: 'I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth - that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it possible that an empire can rise without His aid?'

The first atomic bombs, dropped on the Japanese, were made here in New Mexico. The military leaders vindicated the calling of arms by opposing the deed, which was ordered by political leaders surrounded by mysterious advisers. Admiral William D. Leahy (who was personal Chief of Staff to the two presidents concerned, Messrs. Roosevelt and Truman) said in his book published in 1950 that when the bomb was used against Japanese civilians the Japanese armies were already defeated and ready to surrender (the British commander, Lord Louis Mountbatten, earlier said the same), and declared that by using it in that way the Republic adopted the ethical standard common to barbarians of the dark ages. The bomb in truth harmed the Americans and British more than the Japanese, for it robbed them of their heritage, their hitherto valid faith that they were peoples on a higher level of humanity, which they fought to preserve.

The true reason for its use emerged when that war ended; it was intended to blackmail the peoples who produced it into surrender. An organized clamour was raised in America (and England) that the atom bomb was demonstrably the unanswerable weapon (in military use, it was but one more explosive projectile); that America and the remnant of Europe were only safe while America alone 'had it'; and that when 'the others had it' annihilation awaited all. Salvation could only be had through 'a world government'; in other words, national survival, gained through two wars, must at once be surrendered.

This intimidation-to-an-end was carried to great lengths. Ten, twenty, a hundred million Americans would be killed at one blow! American public resistance to such incitements and excitements is weakened by long immunity from explosives on American soil (the unknown devil is always worse than the known one) and by the native tendency towards violent emotional extremes. Commercial concerns began to build atom-bomb retreats, provendered for siege; uneasy folk sought homes in Arizona; small-town boosters sold shelter in the Ozarks or caves in the Dakotas. One young man, proudly calling himself the first atom-bomb refugee, built a stone house in a Rocky mountainside, which he called Atom Haven.

All this was foolish for three reasons. First, the Republic remained militarily invulnerable between two oceans, save conceivably for an odd bomb or two. Second, the danger to it was from within, not without; from underground, not from overhead. Thirdly, 'the others' (that is in effect, the Communist Empire) already 'had' the bomb.

Clear heads knew that if the Republic were destroyed it would not be by atom-bombing; that kind of destruction was more likely to fall on what remained of Europe and on the British Island. General Leslie Groves (who was in charge of atomic development until it was entrusted to civilian hands) said, 'As far as the two larger antagonists would be concerned, I cannot see that they would come to grips ... Both sides would probably avoid it of necessity. It would be difficult, anyway, and

more effort than it would be worth for us. We should have to rely on heavy bombing, or the atomic bomb, for our defences.'

This forecast, of a war in which 'the two larger antagonists' (General Groves means America and the Communist Empire) would 'not come to grips' might prove the true one. It would mean that they would compete against each other with atom or other bombs in that part of Europe still relatively free and relatively undestroyed. That the Third War, or more accurately the third instalment of the Twentieth-Century War, would take this shape was certain, saving some intervention by God, from the moment President Roosevelt unaccountably agreed that the Communist Empire should advance to the middle of Europe and the American and British armies in the other half of it were dispersed. It would continue what plainly emerges as the secret pattern of the First and Second Wars: that of destroying Christian Europe, reducing it to serfdom, and setting up a pagan World State on its ruins. It is impossible to believe that a Third War would reverse that process; the change for the better can only come when a new and different generation of political leaders grows up and of that no sign yet offers.

Final salvation only lies in such different leaders, for ones of the present stamp could continue to convert military victory into defeat. England's physical survival in such a third conflict would again depend more on a few men at the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry than on any politicians, and if it were achieved could be endangered again at the fighting's end by the political leaders. However, it is the first thing to work and hope for. A heroic figure of the Second War who did not deeply impinge on the public mind was Lord Dowding. If he had yielded to enormous pressure and sent the last twenty-five British fighter squadrons to France in May 1940 the British island would have been lost without a Battle of Britain. This saving act (Mr. Churchill calls it 'an example of genius in the art of war') was the culminating one of patient, unknown labour spread over many years; the quality of the surviving British fighters proved as decisive as their disposition. On such men in the Services future survival would again turn; the atom bomb is not unanswerable.

In America, although the facts were known in competent places, the oracles of annihilation for years continued the cult of doom in their efforts to install a world directorate. That the Communist Empire already 'had the bomb' can hardly have been in doubt from the moment of the Canadian Prime Minister's disclosures to Mr. Truman (and Mr. Attlee) in 1945. In America recurrent, though episodic, exposures revealed the delivery of atomic materials to the Communist Empire, or the theft of such by its agents, planted in these New Mexican establishments, and the presence of its spies in all public departments. As in England, the whole process was never revealed to the public; each separate disclosure was the work of individuals who delved into a morass.

Then, in 1949, the seismographs recorded an atomic explosion in inner Russia, and President Truman announced that the Communist Empire 'had the bomb'. Mr. Molotoff and Marshal Voroshiloff publicly confirmed this, remarking contemptuously that they were not alarmed by others' atomic weapons. The 'secrets', thus lost, were American and British. The initial research work was British; after America entered the war Mr. Churchill agreed that its results should be passed to America and further development of the bomb be left to it. From that point (at which the wastes through which I now travelled became, in the opinion I have quoted, 'the most important spot in the world') the 'secrets' seem to have been more accessible to the Soviet Empire than to their British initiators. British observers were not allowed to visit the newer American plants, but these, as events have shown, were permeated by Communist agents, so that the 'secrets' began to travel towards the Soviet State and behind the Urals another 'important spot' took shape. For years all warnings about this state of affairs were ignored. General Groves, the first military chief of atomic development, testified that espionage was conducted on a great scale, but said a presidential order debarred him from particularizing about it. Thus some doubt seemed to attach to Mr. Churchill's continued opinion (in March 1950) that 'We have no other overall effective shield at the present

time from mortal danger than the atom bomb in the possession, thank God, of the United States of America'. Many American writers refer to the 'strange power' which constantly hindered investigation and exposure; whatever it is, it continues powerful today.

Mr. Churchill's statement was made some months after President Truman's announcement that the Communist Empire 'had the bomb'. Americans in the mass still had no true idea of the extent of Communist penetration in their affairs. That began with the changes made in established usage by highly-powered politicians during wartime. In America, as in England, the wartime status of 'enemy alien' was cancelled by stroke of pen, and all safeguards with it. Any who claimed to be 'friendly aliens' or 'refugees from Hitlerist oppression' could, on that mere assertion, be admitted to any place at all. The whole apparatus of security was riddled like a target by a sudden burst of machine-gun fire. In America, a still more perilous sequel was the transference of all atomic matters from military to civilian control.

After the belated announcement that the Communist Empire 'had the bomb', the prophets of extermination in America were left voiceless for an instant, but quickly discovered an even more unanswerable weapon. The hydrogen bomb would not only destroy mankind but the very planet - unless the planet submitted to universal government. Professor Einstein appeared on a television screen to declare that this bomb would bring 'annihilation of any life on earth within the range of technical possibilities'; an American scientist told Americans that it would be twenty thousand times more destructive than any atom bomb so far exploded; and a Canadian authority announced that it might cause the world to disintegrate in less than one minute. At this flying-saucers were seen on all hands and one American observer saw one land, and begoggled hobgoblins get out of it, Martian dwarfs two feet high.

A soberer evaluation, broadcast by a leading British scientist, was that the hydrogen bomb might make the world uninhabitable by creating a radio-active cloud covering the whole surface of the world. I find a certain charm in the picture of Martians asking each other what the cloud around Earth might be (as we do about 'canals' on Mars) and never guessing that it was just the end of man. However, I doubt if our brief human experiment of trial and error is ended. Wars have never annihilated yet; during the decade which included the last one the earth's population increased by about 150 million people.

I noticed in America a certain revulsion against the oracles of doom. The scare technique is only effective up to a point; then horror palls and the delusion gives way to questions. Americans began to see that their Republic was threatened more from within than from above. Not a great foreign war, but a great domestic disintegration, was their chief danger. However, many still confused the issues, which Daniel Webster separated in his eulogy of George Washington: 'If disastrous wars should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it should exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall ... All these may be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty?'

Had he lived in 1950 he would have included the atom and hydrogen bombs among the lesser dangers, and again have pointed to the greater one. In the last twenty years no American leader has spoken thus. They have put the threat of physical damage first, and have attacked 'the fabric of government' and 'constitutional liberties' in the plea that this would bring salvation.

Not far away from White Sands, at Los Alamos to the north, the atomic experimentation went on, then under Mr. Lilienthal. He was earlier in charge of an enterprise known as the Tennessee Valley

Authority, begun under President Roosevelt. It was depicted as a grandiose scheme for enriching poor lands and poor farmers through the control of irrigating waters and the production of cheap power. Its actual achievements are vehemently contested. It has, however, an aspect of *political* power which was not publicly perceived when it was begun. It is an undertaking of the central government, but cuts across the territory of seven separate States. The American States always had a large measure of self-governing authority. While they retain that, a political coup in Washington would leave forty-eight organized State governments capable of opposition or resistance.

The Tennessee Valley Authority overrode State power in various ways. Schemes for nine other similar 'Authorities', covering other areas, lie on Washington desks. The picture of the future, if they were completed, would be one of political power passing from the elected parliaments and officers of the various States to regional 'Authorities', transcending State boundaries, superseding State authority, administered by directors appointed by the president. Mr. Lilienthal described this process as 'democracy on the march'; it might also be called democracy in retreat. His association with the Tennessee Valley Authority caused many Americans to dislike his entrustment with atomic affairs.

No atomic explosions attended my journey through this important spot, but White Sands were the testing-grounds for rocket-weapons, and a day or two before an improved example of the German rocket which London knew, fired from here, rose 100 miles at a speed of about 5000 miles an hour; or so the newspapers said. Obeying warning notices not to tarry, I sped on my way, came to the Rocky Mountains and began another stiff climb until at last I reached the summit and ran downhill into Las Cruces.

It was a lively little town, just north of the border but unmistakably down Mexico way, where dark-skinned policemen and postmen spoke broken English and folk of many colours strolled about between pleasant Spanish-type houses or adobe ones. Behind it mountains reached sharklike teeth into a brilliant sky. I wanted to see some cliff-dwellings in these parts but found the boasting habit an impediment. I went, in search of information about their whereabouts, to a Tourist Information Office, where a handsome executive spoke into a telephone. Why yes, he said, didn't his listener know the tourist industry was the second biggest in the country? Last year it grossed five (or fifty) billion dollars and we hadn't skimmed the cream yet; why, in Las Cruces alone last year it grossed ten (or twenty) million dollars and this year it would gross fifty (or a hundred) million dollars and next year two (or three) hundred million dollars, it was the biggest thing ever if it was organized properly, why in three or four years ...

This went on a long time and then he turned to me. He was startled that, with fine hotels and motels all around, I should inquire about cliff-dwellings and could not bring his mind to such trifles, so that I had to find my own way, and well worth while it was.

In Old Mexico, to the south, the Indians built a civilization of a barbaric magnificence. The king's palace was too big for one man to explore; the nobles wore golden cuirasses, jewels and feathered robes; in one grave 480 ounces of gold were found buried with their owner; those people read, wrote, and left manuscripts behind them. Away to the north, on the Great Plains, the Indians remained utterly primitive; they grew only what they needed to eat; and for the rest went hunting and fishing just like the highly civilized white folk. In the space between, in these and lands of New Mexico and Arizona, a third community took shape which was neither primitive nor advanced, and vanished when it was in the midway-stage. These people learned to build houses of several stories containing many rooms; they knew the secrets of pottery and weaving. What was peculiar to them, they built their settlements in pockets made by weather erosion in the precipitous walls of the canyons. There, between heaven and earth, they were safe from hell, high water, weather and foe.

These cliffside townships are fascinating relics of a civilization, begun and gone. Looking at one, I felt the same startled amazement which seized two old-timers, one day in 1888. They were searching for stray cattle on the mesa when they came to the rim of a canyon and saw, a hundred yards across it, under an overhanging cliff, what looked to them like a miniature city, with many ruined towers and castles. An American scholar, Dr. Andrew E. Douglass, later reconstructed the brief story of these cliff-dwellers from the rings of trees used in their buildings. They were erected between 1066 and 1274 and were in use for some two hundred years. No man surely knows why the vanished townsfolk abandoned them.

Just out of Las Cruces I passed a filling-station with the sign, 'Last stop before the desert'. It was eroded, rock-desert, scrub-covered and bleak enough. The road was flat and blistering and when I reached more mountains the heat-needle began to move towards the red. I coaxed the car up torrid slopes, with several stops, and thought all trouble over when I passed 'The Continental Divide', for I assumed that would be the highest point. It marks the line by which you might walk dryfoot from Mexico to Canada; on the eastern side of it all rivers drain to the Atlantic and on the western to the Pacific. However, more mountains loomed ahead and at high noon the car stopped in a desolate region where the barren rock was covered with great boulders and a notice said, 'National Park: defacing or writing on the rocks forbidden'. In that deserted, unparklike place of a million boulders, I thought, the white man might have been left to indulge his love of scribbling.

The blazing sun would not let the engine cool and I spent an hour in that shadeless place before the car would start, but then the road ran downhill at last. Driving into the declining sun that evening, I was still ten miles from my day's destination when I passed a man lying by the roadside, with a bowler hat beside him. As I went on conscience troubled me. This was desert country and he must be far from any home. What was he doing there? Was he perhaps dead? Above all, why the crowning derby? You never see them in America.

After a mile I turned back and looked at him. He breathed, but might be ill. I wondered what to do. He might be drunk, but then, how came he so far from human habitation? I did not want to meddle if he were drunk, having learned a lesson in that matter. Once I lived near Paddington Station and in those purlieus plied a lady known to all as Marie. One day, chancing along, I saw her seated on the pavement, propped against the wall of the underground station. Her eyes were closed as in sleep and all around knew why. A young man, a stranger, came springing lithely up the stairs and into the street. His eyes fell on her and filled with indignation, for people passed her incompassionately by. He ran and lifted her tenderly in his arms; that is, he tried to. Marie was not light and he could not raise her to her feet (on which she could not have remained anyway). Thus burdened, he looked about, and saw a policeman, watching, chewing his chin-strap. He detached one arm from Marie and beckoned imperiously. The policeman, who knew Marie, continued to chew his chinstrap like a Muslim playing with his amber beads. The young man beckoned again, and called. Life went its way, a stream that divided around him, rejoined and flowed on. Anger gave way to perplexity in his eyes, and that to despair. He looked round like a hunted animal, then dumped Marie and fled back into the station, never again to succour damsel in distress.

I watched the man by the roadside, with the unaccountable derby. 'Be British, Reed,' I told myself, 'he *might* be ill.' A fly settled on his nose. Without opening his eyes he brushed it off, addressing it in terms that plainly proved his condition. I went on, and as the Arizona, dusk came down ran into bejewelled Tucson.

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## Chapter Twenty-Two

### WHERE BAD MEN WERE

Arizona, in the arid but invigorating West, is better known to distant peoples than their native lands; an American episode which lasted fifty years is often more familiar to them than their own history and inheritance. The mind's eye of all mankind contains a sharper image than any books could give of the mountains, canyons and prairie; the stage-coach with its sacks of gold-dust, the waiting outlaws and the galloping posse; the saloons, boardwalks and hitchracks; the prospectors, cowhands, cattle rustlers and bad men. The reasons are simple: the moving-picture was invented as the Wild West episode ended, the story offered abundant material for good melodramatic entertainment, and the climate is ideal for photography. The picture which emerged was in part genuine, not wholly falsified by the spurious glamour which the dictates of 'box office', the cushioned seat, the amatory handclasp and the crunch of popcorn combine to add.

This country was to have been New Castile, a Spanish colonial empire of great ranches in the gift of the Spanish crown. That short-lived dream left behind a few relics, notably the lovely white missions where peace seems to have taken sanctuary. When Manifest Destiny swept over it, rootin', shootin', tootin', the gold, silver and copper were found and any fertile land was taken by homesteaders. Also, men who formerly exterminated the buffalo turned to stealing cattle and gold; the bad men had their day. Law and order could not be improvised in lands where the frontier continually shifted westward and new townships sprang up overnight, fifty or a hundred miles apart. For nearly fifty years men were a law unto themselves, and then an episode ended.

What is it all now? The answer varies. I wandered about the bad men's citadels, Tombstone, Bisbee, Cochise and other places, where the names of Jesse James and Billy the Kid still ring, like the echo of gunshots. Some are ghost towns now, crumbling away. Tumbleweed blows through the deserted streets and in the graveyards the stones lie scattered, among them one to a Tom Smith 'hanged by mistake' and another to '269 unknown victims' of the gunplay days. Others of these places have taken new root in modern America and the bones of their wild past lie buried beneath Main Street's banks and stores.

Of these is Tucson, as likeable a little city as you will find in a desert. It was as tough a place as its neighbours, not long ago, and a surviving old-timer or two there can still tell many tales. It is white, bright and lively, full of big hotels, banks, fine shops, pleasant homes. Its roofline is low, which gives blessed relief in America; a man's head is in the air, and instead of canyonesque cliffs it has the wide desert sky for roof and dark, distant mountains for background. In the lemon-coloured dusk and velvet night its myriad twinkling lights, in pink and violet and mauve and rose, take on a quality of enchantment which the same hues quite lack in the sombre abysses of Broadway or Madison Street. It is a little Montmartre in the desert, with its night-clubs, open-air dancing restaurants, filling-stations, cabin-camps and used-car lots, all strung with vari-coloured illuminations.

I found it abundantly prosperous and wondered, why do some places become ghost towns and others bloom like this? Tucson is remote; all around is desert; the gold and silver days are waning or gone; people I met thought little of a current project to grow cotton in those infertile parts. I deduced that Tucson's wellbeing, and that of other places in Arizona, derived from boosting, which up to a point is only making the most of assets. The climate makes you feel you could walk on eggshells without breaking them. Its fame has been spread abroad and I soon found that the family man I met near White Sands, with his household in a truck, was but one of many trekkers to Arizona. Tucson's very remoteness recommended it, also, to people who sought immunity from the

illusory atom bomb menace. Thus it has become a town of wealthy people who can go where they list and chose it for such reasons; retired folk with a modest but assured income; and confirmed invalids. The prosperity attendant on this immigration also brought masses of people seeking work.

The drawback of boosting is that 'the place everybody is making for' is not always what they hope. From my cabin I saw in the desert distance a long, curious shape and asked a man, who mowed the grass, what it might be. He said it was 'eight hundred big bombers being serviced for dispatch to the European Democracies under the Marshall Plan' (he had the patter pat; later I saw in other parts great fleets of laid-up war-vessels or wartime freighters, and hoped they would come to a better end than the American and British equipment which was lavished on the Communist Empire during the Second War). This man then told me he had followed the 'Come to Arizona, State of Enchantment' signs from New Jersey, but 'this place isn't what they say; I'm only paid twenty-five dollars a week for doing all the work of the camp and I'm going to Pennsylvania next week'.

This rich country, like poorer and more harassed ones, seemed full of people just arrived from, or anxious to be somewhere else. That is in America partly a survival of a tradition. The old-time prospectors were ever restless to seek gold in new hills, but when they reached them yarned affectionately about the *last* place they were in, just as old sailors commonly say the last ship they were in was wonderful, curse their present one and dream of a better. However, indiscriminate boosting seemed sometimes at fault. I talked to a filling-station lad who said the health-giving properties of 'this place' were, in his case, seriously misadvertised. 'I sold everything to come here,' he said, 'on account of asthma in my family, but the children are all ill. It's a bad spot for respiratory troubles because of the fine, invisible desert dust. Of course, the dry heat is good for rheumatism or arthritis, but me, I'm off next week.'

To me Tucson was friendly and delightful. The dark-skinned folk, Mexicans or Mexican Indians, pleasantly slowed down the American pace; they lounged or sat around in shady corners, dreamily gazing into space. Tucson was all ringed about with cabin-courts and trailer-camps and the settled community disliked these, as dens of loose-mating or unanchored folk. Plenty of houses stood empty, they said, but their owners would not let them because of rent-control (a professedly benevolent thing which in fact keeps people homeless), and the young folk could or would not buy houses, so that they drifted into trailer-camps. I found much misgiving about the future among sober heads, generally on the ground that 'this is not a united country'. They feared the ceaseless incitement which, cloaked as a campaign against racial discrimination, divided the 150 million Americans into sections and boosted the claims of the smallest sections to be paramount in American affairs.

I met a significant example of what they meant. I took a cabin and found its proprietor unusually talkative. Recognizing a foreigner, he began to speak about America, saying he, too, was not American-born. 'I came here from Russia with my parents in 1906', he said, 'without a cent, when I was eighteen.' 'Oh, then if you now own this place you have done well,' I said. He shrugged; 'Oh, all right,' he said, 'my son is a State Attorney now.' I thought of the Statue of Liberty and the lines about 'send me your poor'; this was clearly a good American story. 'You *have* done well,' I said, 'that's no small thing, for your son to have risen to such a post.' He made no comment but began to 'sell' Communism to me, little guessing how much I knew about it. 'I've still got relatives in Russia,' he said, 'they've asked me not to send them any more money because they have enough. I wish I could say that here.' 'Hey!' I said, 'I know why people in Russia ask friends abroad not to send them money; they are not allowed to receive it.' He looked at me sharply and said, 'Well, yes, I guess perhaps that's so. What they want me to send is clothing.' 'I know, they're allowed to have that,' I said. He grinned, sized me up and strolled away. He, and the man at Boston, personified America's great problem, and the world's.

Still trying to beat the heat, and hot engine, I left Tucson one day before dawn. At its outskirts pale roadside statues loomed in my headlights, with thumbs pointing towards California. The thumbers are now so distrusted in America that I wondered to see such numbers of them. (Once I saw two young men with a suitcase thumbing by the roadside in the early morning; when I returned eight hours later they were still there, sitting each at one end of the suitcase and playing cards on it.) I drove on while the great golden sun climbed over the mountains behind me and fell on other spectral shapes in the desert: the great Sahuaro cactus. It is like a giant cucumber propped on end, sometimes with arms, and recalls a Bushman painting of a human being. It puts forth a little posy of white flowers which it wears at an angle atop, like an Easter bonnet copied from Fifth Avenue. I reached Yuma before the sun was full and breakfasted beside a trucker from Los Angeles. His truck was a refrigerating one and carried ice-cream to Tucson and beyond, five hundred miles and more. In America that is a cat's jump, but the picture of these great overland vehicles, carrying ice-cream to roadside cafés deep in the desert, seemed most typical of this energetic country.

Yuma was a different place again, neither ghost town nor boom town. Its Main Street was true to type save at one end, where it reverted to Wild West mining-camp. Dark-skinned men, who only needed tomahawks and a few scalps to step straight into a Western, lounged against the old wooden saloons. Then, at the next turn of the road, was the old prison of the bad-man days. It looked like a Moroccan fortress, though less white, with its huge barred doors, and was set on a hillock overlooking town, desert and the Colorado River. In its graveyard many notorious gunmen found their six feet of earth. I waited for a long freight train to rumble past between me and it; out of a box-car popped the heads of two hoboes who looked like illustrations to *Huckleberry Finn*; unkempt, unshaven and red-eyed, they looked shiftily at Yuma and bobbed down again.

Yuma, too, seemed to have survived by devising new attractions, fitted to the times. It appeared to specialize in elopements; perhaps the proximity of the California State line and variations in State laws made it especially suitable for them. Anyway, the traveller from California was greeted with huge placards: 'Welcome to Yuma; Gretna Green Marriages; Marriages performed at any hour of the day or night in Special Wedding Chapel; Minister in Attendance.' The number and size of these signs suggested that the elopement industry flourished.

My cabin at Yuma faced a drive-in theatre. This is a new mushroom growth among the clustering encampments of food, drink, rest, fuel and entertainment which surround American towns. The first drive-in theatres were cheap and simple things, merely a large screen set in fenced, open ground. Now over a thousand of them exist and they are becoming ever larger enterprises, with their own by-products of swings, roundabouts, skittle alleys, dance floors, cafés, night-clubs and floodlit golf-practice ranges. The traffic seems able to carry all that and more; either the air or the romantic atmosphere whets appetites, so that four times as many hot-dogs, hamburgers and packets of popcorn are eaten in them as in the indoor theatres. They claim, too, to have produced quite new classes of picturegoers: parents who bring the baby in the car, old and infirm folk, heavy labourers who do not want to change from work-a-day clothes. Rain does not matter, and soon spectators are to be supplied with heaters or coolers, according to the night. In these Western expanses the devotees often drive a hundred miles or more to see a new film.

This theatre showed *Bad Men of Tombstone* and was the perfect place to watch a Western, for this was the very country of the miners, bandits, rustlers and the two-fisted gunmen. The scene of the picture, Tombstone, was genuine, not a film-set, and I knew that now ghostly town. The people around me watched their own recent past, in a present vastly different. Tilted in their limousines beneath the Western sky, they ate candy and looked at the shadows of yesterday; they were hitched to a loud-speaker post as their fathers' horses were hitched to a rail. I loved *Bad Men of Tombstone*, in this setting, but forgot to unhitch myself as I made to drive out, so that a loud wailing and



screeching accompanied me. When I found the cause I restored the loudspeaker to its post, cautiously made my way among the guests' cars scattered on the ground, and went to bed.

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## Chapter Twenty-Three

### ON DATES AND DESERTS

Outside Yuma the last State boundary confronted me and I changed my tune from Ragtime Cowboy Joe, that son of a gun from Arizona, to California, here I come! A unique frontier-post stands here; the boosters once enticed so many people to California that the state tried to regulate the torrent by requiring that incomers should show a sum of money. Public protest reduced that barrier and the fruit-pickers rolled in again, also the political novelists who were to depict their life in tones of sexual promiscuity and squalor unrelieved. The sole remaining ban is on vegetable pests; travellers must show bags innocent of diseased potato plants and the like.

I was myself the boosters' victim for I thought California a blessedly abundant land where fruits grew huge from sheer joy of the soil and sun (in fact the southern part of it is desert and only constant irrigation can produce those luscious harvests). Thus I thought the name, Desert Edge, of the first place I came to meant the end of the desert I came from and indeed it seemed a green paradise after the thousand arid miles behind me, for the road ran between citrus groves, orchards, vineyards and grainlands. Then masses of date-palms appeared, rearing tall stems from thick old-leaf bases towards green pinnate crowns. I was hungry and stopped at a delightful oasis where the date was sold in a hundred different confections, date-jam, date-candy, date-cake and so on, and the tallest palm was marked, 'Old Father Solomon, imported from Arabia in 1912; it weighs five tons and gives enough pollen to pollinate 400 female date-palms'. What a palm, I thought! I ate a large date-ice-cream and a pound of dates in the shade of Old Father Solomon and for the rest of the day felt strangely gloomy, as if iron had entered into my soul. Arab tribesmen fortify themselves with dates, just as the Chinese work and fight on rice and the African native thrives on bread or mealies. Those who come of meat-eating stock must be differently made. All my life I loved dates, after the Christmas crackers. Now I shall never eat one again, and for my part Old Father Solomon may rest from his labours.

This Eden continued for fifty miles and then reverted to desert. This was no longer the stony desert of the high lands behind me, but the picturegoer's sandy desert, where Beau Geste fought his battles over again before a movie-camera. A cold wind blew sand-drifts on to the road and notices warned of sand-storms; not long ago this was a bitter place but now the shining road insulated travellers, in their enamelled capsules, against hunger, thirst or loss of way. I saw a distant opalescent gleam and, I thought, the shimmer of mirages, and drove towards them. I was right; this was a dead sea fifty miles long.

The Salton Sea seems to be a huge saltpan, left inland at some incalculable time by the receding waters of the Gulf of California and recently flooded by the Colorado River. It lies well below sea-level and the hush of utter lifelessness encloses it. The earthmen wonder whether other worlds are peopled; here in California was a specimen of an uninhabited world, where nothing walked, ran, crept, crawled, flew or grew, where the spark of life had gone out or never been lit.

The geography of America is a morality play in itself, a graphic natural symbolization of the cross-roads to which man seems ever to come afresh, at which the white man now stands. On the eastern sea-board is the civilization so painfully built up, now arrested and imperilled; that was a God-fearing conquest of the wilderness. Then comes the reward for that first venture, the bountiful central valley, eternal abundance. Then again comes the arid West, the picture of what might lie at the end of any false road: emptiness and death. North of Salton Sea lies the terrible place called Death Valley, which the map-makers have marked 'National Monument'.

Here the traveller feels, not the youth of the Republic, but the age of America. The little roadside habitations and the signs, 'Gas', 'Eats' or 'Mixed Drinks' lend emphasis to it. Here antiquity is recent; you are thrust hard against the savage mien of nature in times now hardly imaginable and feel acutely the presence of monstrous forces held in leash. This picture of pent vengefulness makes the current babble about governing the earth seem petty nonsense. The words about wrath to come were meant, I suppose, to apply to human error, not to promise a senseless retribution for all human effort, good or bad. Here, however, you may see what the wrath might be like if it were called down. The wildness of the Wild West, in the sense of short human incident, was nothing compared with the natural wildness of these lands. In this bloodless earth, in the gaping wounds which drained off its life, in the writhing rock, you may see the picture of a past immeasurably distant and a future not tightly to be challenged by the fool who said ... Such places are not so much National Monuments as natural monuments, and warnings to man.

The desert continued for a hundred miles and then gave way to the groves and orchards, and soon to Los Angeles, the presence of which made itself felt afar off, like New York. Forty or fifty miles were filled with an indescribable human activity. The come-and-go spirit quickened the air. Everywhere houses, bungalows and shops were being built or offered for sale. A substantial home lay on its side in a ditch; it was on wheels and suffered this mishap in transit. A large green gap contained only a placard, 'A City in the Building', and a shack, where the real-estate man sold lots for yet another city, which I expected to find standing if I returned that way next day.

Once more a fly on the wheel, I was drawn into Los Angeles and after Houdini-like exertions extricated myself, found a cabin, and set out afoot in search of food. I lost myself in a Chinese quarter where young men played pool in front rooms and others probably smoked opium in back ones; so I thought, anyway, from the look of the elderly, mandarin-like Chinese who stood guard between. One of them, though he could not pronounce the letter 's', directed me in English towards a good meal. When it was inside me my date-born melancholy suddenly disappeared and I went happily to see the town.

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## Chapter Twenty-Four

### ... AND MINISTERS OF GRACE ...

Los Angeles stands on the opposite coast from the first settlements and is the opposite of all the earlier American Republic meant. Thirty-five years ago it was but a name on the map, and now it is [ed: one?] of the world's biggest cities. What it yet may become, the mid-century traveller might ask in borrowed words:

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable?  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

It is a sprawling mass of loosely-rooted townships grown together without form. It is New York's suburb and Hollywood is its suburb, unless it is a suburb of Hollywood: that might be truer. It is more polyglot than New York, having additional Chinese, Japanese, Mexican and other infusions. By day it is deafening and by night dazzling. Nowhere else will the beholder see so many lights of so many colours. Surveying it from the enclosing hills he feels, or imagines, a tinselled impermanence in this city built on the irrigated sands. It has the all-denying spiritual desolation of New York.

I drove round and about it looking for the sea, the breath of which my being needed after the long land journey. My map seemed to show Los Angeles-on-Sea but I could not find the Pacific. Following the sun, I drove and drove through crowded districts served by street cars. The overhead cables were strung from tall, black poles with cross-pieces atop; it was an endless vista of calvaries against the sunset, with three thousand times three crosses. I saw distant hills and thought, the sea must lie beyond them. I made for them and found Martian regiments marching over them, with the oil-pumps sucking away between their feet, but no way across the hills offered and I was about to give the Pacific up for lost when I saw a signpost pointing to 'Venice'. This, as night approached, brought me to a seething place which combined features of Margate, Blackpool and Peacehaven. I caught glimpses of dark waves between houses and then a young man asked for a lift to Los Angeles. I was glad to give him one for I doubted if I would find my way back through the maze.

'I thought Los Angeles was by the sea,' I said. 'Oh no, fourteen miles away,' he said. 'I guess you're an Englishman?' 'Yes,' I said. 'My people came from Birmingham,' he said, 'I'm from New York, I like L.A., it's fine and healthy for my daughter, I'm going to work now.' 'At this hour!' I said, 'have I met another writer?' 'No, a barman,' he said. 'Ah, then you can tell me something,' I said. 'What are these All-Nite Theatres I see, one even advertising "two dazzling features"? Who would want to be dazzled at dawn?' 'Oh, L.A. has a lot of them,' he said, 'you'd be surprised how many people throw down a quarter because they haven't anywheres to sleep; they get drunk and don't want to go home, so they sleep in the all-nite theatres.' 'But your two reasons are contradictory,' I said, 'which is it: they haven't enough money for a lodging, or they are so drunk they don't want to go home?' 'About haff-and-haff,' he said, 'you'd be surprised how many bums there are in this city without the money for a bed.'

I pondered this new type of doss-house, where the homeless snored among plush while Gloria Glamor wasted her insubstantial charms on them. Yes, L.A. will be the biggest city in the world in a few years, he said reverently. 'As it isn't a seaport and hasn't much industry,' I said, 'how did it get so big?' 'Oh, lots of rich farmers like to move into a city,' he said, 'and then there are the films, and

thousands of veterans who were stationed here in the war stayed on, and industry is moving in now, and this is where I get out, I appreciate the ride.'

I found, however, that these causes did not wholly explain the growth of population in Los Angeles, and California generally. The earlier inflow, from the gold rush to the Goldwyn rush, was spontaneous, but the recent immigration has to some extent been politically instigated. Growing population means growing political power, in the capitol at Washington, in the United Nations building at New York, and thus in the world. A careful study of the American electoral system has clearly been made by interested parties, and the points found where power may be obtained. Of the 150 million Americans in forty-nine states, about 60 millions live in seven states, the thickly-populated industrial ones of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts and California. Each state, large or small, sends two senators to Congress, but the number of Representatives (in the lower house) rises or falls according to state-population. The concentration of population in these seven states gives them the balance of power in presidential elections. The political control of these states, therefore, is a major prize in the contest for power. Into these states the new immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe, after the Civil War, mainly flowed. It is fairly clear today that this movement was largely directed, in the case of the Jewish immigration, by the Political Zionists. In 1940, according to Jewish reference books, more than half of all Jewish immigrants went to California.

Simultaneously an increasing number of negroes is being drawn from the South into these seven states by Communist-dominated unions. The powerful waterside union in California chiefly instigates this movement. It has long been a state within the Californian State (the flag of which, curiously, carries a Bear and a Star, both of suggestive implication). These unions are under the control of leaders of Eastern European origins. The polyglot population, which would get along well enough if the impact of the races were left to regulate itself in amity, is subjected to an unrelenting propaganda of racial antagonism. Newspapers, literature, radio-programmes and plays constantly harp on the theme. The words 'white man' or 'gentile' are never used but the insinuation is that the white gentile population consists of bigots, gaiters, mongers and 'Fascists', and that any decent ones must prove themselves by voting the way the propagandists wish. For such token of moral virtue the material rewards of the Welfare State are offered; the Republic, like England, if it is to go down, will go down with free dentures gleaming and half-price toupets waving in the breeze.

By these means the vote of the seven key states has been mobilized for Democratic or Communist candidates, as a recent rule. At the last presidential election the only one of these states lost by the Democratic nominee was New York, where the large Communist vote split the Leftist block, and let in a Republican. By then, however, the Republicans were so intimidated by the bigot-and-baiter campaign that (like the Conservatives in England), they were leaning over backward to appease Political Zionism and Communism, so that their supporters would have been little cheered had their man won.

This is one reason, then, for the increase in California's population, which, with the number of its seats in Congress, is growing fast, while those of the older, non-industrialized states decline or remain stationary. Mr. John Gunther records that California's vote tipped the scale for President Wilson in 1916, and that in 1932 'a series of delicate and intricate manoeuvres within the California delegation enabled Franklyn D. Roosevelt to win the Democratic nomination for President'. Without those two events the Communist Empire might not have risen, first, and spread second, or the Zionist State been set up.

Thus L.A. and California are important. Los Angeles is growing into a political stronghold of the new immigration on the Pacific, as New York is already its chief one on the Atlantic and in the world.

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## Chapter Twenty-Five

### VALLEY OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

I did not tarry in central Los Angeles but took a cabin off the Hollywood Boulevard, where the road strikes uphill towards the Hollywood Bowl and the hills, and contemplated the metropolis of the moving-picture. If the whole human conglomeration called Los Angeles seems like an incandescent bubble, reflecting shapes and lights and tints but with only frail substance of its own, Hollywood is its glittering inner filament. The place seemed as shadowy and impermanent as its own plays. Hollywood was built in a day, as Holyrood (say Scotsmen of that ancient abbey) was not; the two places are symbols of opposed philosophies, the faith that endures and the temporal schemes that fade. Hollywood peculiarly belongs to the group of consanguineous cities, New York, Chicago, Johannesburg, Tel Aviv. Once, in a visitors' book at Johannesburg, I found above a Hollywood signature the comment: 'Magnificent; only equalled by Hollywood.' The remark was apt: like draws to like the whole world o'er.

The encampments which cluster beneath the name Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Pacific Palisades and the rest, sprawl over countryside of great natural beauty which reminded me of the Valley of a Thousand Hills in Natal, save that the ocean lay on one side, whereas that valley is landlocked. From my cabin I could see these humps, hillocks and hills rising to mountains, their sides covered with houses, or half-settled, or yet unbuilt. Among them, clamant with placards by day and neon by night, rose Tap-Dancing Schools, Hearing Improvement Institutes, Song-Writing Studios, Music-Teaching Institutes, Ballet Schools, Eye-Education Institutes, Reducing Institutes, Psycho-Analysis Institutes; it was like the Charing Cross Road and the quack quarter of Soho, deified. On all hands guides waited to show the traveller the way, not to the stars, but to the Homes of the Stars. A great placard on a vacant lot announced that 'an extraordinary hotel' was to be built there. The greenest places were the domains of the Burial Parks (the notice outside, 'Free Parking', refers to motor cars; interment is expensive); though these will never move a Gray to compose an Elegy, they prompted Mr. Evelyn Waugh to his 'tragedy of Anglo-American manners' and I met many Americans who see an alarming symptom of the times in their frankly pagan and commercial approach to the disposal of human remains.

Against this evanescent background the human beings I met, too, seemed shadowy, fleeting figures. Alone among them my host seemed glad to be in Hollywood; he sought relief from a muscular atrophy and the sun benefited it. My neighbour and his wife, come two months before from far away in search of the good life, had both found good jobs but were going back to the firm soil, the green dampness and the hard winters of Connecticut. This being a populous place, I sometimes took thumbers aboard. One was a young man of exceptional good looks whom I guessed to be a film aspirant. He resolutely kept a remarkable profile turned to me until he found that I could be of no help in that ambition, when he relaxed and said he guessed he was through with Hollywood, he was going back to bit parts on Broadway. Another was an Englishman, originally of the North Country comic type, who was also stranded and asked for a small loan, and he was hardly gone before a negro appeared at my car window, saying he was a good cook-butler from the British West Indies, could I help him to [ed: get?] a job?

I spent my most pleasant hours with film folk, chatting and looking down on the Aladdin's Cave which is Hollywood by night. They were some of the nicest people I met anywhere and a newspaper candidly written by them would be an exceptionally interesting publication. They complained that in Hollywood you 'died intellectually', though I thought they meant spiritually. About this time an English actor left Hollywood with audible distaste, saying it was 'an awful place, run by a few moronic old columnists'. He survived to win great success on Broadway, but most of

the performers do submit to the thrall of some elderly ladies who enjoy the confidence of the rajahs of film-making and hold the choice between 'good' or 'bad' publicity over the players. When I passed through the studios one of the tragi-comic star-and-studio tiffs was in progress. A row of mobile make-up vans, used 'on location', bore each the name of a star, among them that of the one who had 'walked off the set', a Miss Garland. Some rival or small-part player had scribbled with chalk across her name, as who should say, 'You're out, see!' That tiff was composed, the star returned, and the columnist aunts pronounced a blessing (but it broke out again later).

Hollywood, built on the irrigated sands, looks and feels as unsubstantial as a house of cards, but that is not the truth of its importance in the world today. It contains the most potent machine, of this or any time, for forming or warping the mass-mind. No temporal power of emperors or popes ever reached areas or multitudes so great. Its industry is in name one of entertainment. In fact it gives huge opportunities for propaganda, that is, the implanting of a certain set of ideas in the mass-mind by suggestion. This has become a major aspect of its activity. Hollywood has become a projector of subversive suggestion. It acts as the agent of New York in this. 'Hollywood is nothing more than a suburb of the Bronx, both financially and from the point of view of talent,' says Mr. John Gunther, '... to be accepted in this nation, New York acceptance must come first. I do not assert that this is necessarily a good thing, I say merely that it is true.'

The Americans I met agreed that it was true, and thought it bad. The picturegoer who sees a Hollywood film generally sees something that has passed the tests of acceptance by New York; the exceptions are rare and producers who rebel against the thrall meet much antagonism in many ways. The propagandist insinuation which runs through most pictures, in varying degree, is roughly on these lines: that the English-speaking peoples and white gentiles generally are an inferior mass, prone to base dislikes which must be combated; that their own faith, history and tradition are unimportant; that their womenfolk are in the main shallow or worse; that they cruelly oppress beings of different hue or belief. It is the fission-propaganda, for dividing Christian or white folk among themselves, which proved effective before the Civil War. That incitement (says Mr. Dale Carnegie in his biography of Lincoln) raged for thirty years, and poisoned the minds of people who know nothing of the South or of slaves with tales of boiling water, red-hot irons, burnings at the stake, blood hounds and licentiousness ('the South,' said Wendell Phillips, 'is one great brothel where half a million women are flogged to prostitution').

The suggestion of Hollywood films today follows a similar line but is devised on a broader front for a worldwide audience. It is that the white folk in the mass, not now merely the American Southerners, are innate haters and baiters, who can only be reformed, or prove conversion, by embracing Communism and Political Zionism. The permeation of the film-output by this subtle suggestion takes two forms, one positive and the other negative. A few films are wholly devoted to the propagandist purpose. These, which give the point to the whole, revive Mrs. Beecher Stowe's attack on 'racial prejudice' and in them Simon Legree is reborn as the oppressor of Jews (or still of negroes if audiences tire of the first version). The remaining films conform to the negative rule that they should contain nothing *contrary* to the suggestion of the positive ones. Thus three-fourths of a 'production programme' may consist of Westerns, gangster or thriller pictures, and musicals. The Westerns are 'good box office', and as Indian voters are few redskins may be freely hated or baited in them. The gunman-pictures are also remunerative and follow the slumming tradition of recent American literature. The musicals draw well and their prevalent tendency was described by Mr. Jay Nock as 'the filthy vulgarization of woman's beauty'.

The broad inference of the whole 'production programme' is that people as evil as those of the gangster films or as empty as those of the musicals would naturally be given to the foul aversions depicted in the 'racial prejudice' pictures. The finer aspects of American life, history or tradition are almost completely ignored in the Hollywood output. It is an illusion that 'box office' is Hollywood's



only and golden rule; the purpose of political suggestion overrides all else. I found players and lesser production specialists aware of this paramount policy and repelled by it. It is the true reason why the great pictures have so seldom come from Hollywood; art cannot thrive among such inhibitions. Once leading performers and other prominent people in the industry gave evidence before a parliamentary committee which tried to trace the thing to its subversive roots. They received 'the treatment' in press and radio and found work hard to obtain thereafter. The actor, like other artists, acts to live and does not live to act and the majority knuckle under; but they are not happy in Hollywood. 'Foreign players who arrive with a great reputation, particularly, often blur into oblivion like a fading negative after a few years there. When I talked with great players of the past or present I was often reminded of my own experiences in journalism, which underlies a similar thrall today. As good Americans, they feared the corrupting influence which they felt around them.

The extent of the bondage was much greater than I realized before I went to America. In earlier days each new mining-camp or rising township built a theatre, and the greatest players and singers of the world came to those remote places. Today 'theatre' means picture-theatre and outside New York, with a few exceptions, the living theatre has been destroyed. That means more than is at first apparent; it means that the play, as well as the players, must pass the over-riding test before Americans can see it. In former days none could tell Irving or Booth or Otis Skinner what to accept or reject and they made their choice by the old canons; playwrights all over the English-speaking world wrote plays and actor-managers or producers selected from them; the best came to the top. Now all the world's a screen and the plays are 'screened' before they are screened, by the central authority. Scripts for film-plays must measure to the supreme standard of acceptance; if a book or stage-play is selected it usually undergoes revision, often beyond recognition, before it is filmed.

Good films from other countries, or ones which conflict with the Hollywood tenets, are excluded by the same machine, which controls the theatres as well as production. Americans are cut off from the best of the world's pictures, almost as if they lived on a desert island. *Oliver Twist* was long banned, in the American zone of Germany as well as in the Republic, because the lesser of two villains is a Jew. *Hamlet* was in effect long excluded, save for the Little Theatre Round the Corner in one or two big cities. One of the few American producers outside the occult circle said such a film as the Italian *Bicycle Thieves* 'would not stand a chance of being shown in the average American small town theatre; Hollywood would not permit it'.

This mental air-conditioning covers the whole territory of the Republic. Having studied mass-mind-control in Communist Moscow and Nazi Berlin, I felt in Hollywood that I had seen everything. Oddly, the most reassuring spot I found in this ephemeral but despotic place was the one which I might have expected to be the most impermanent of all. In a corner of the littered grounds of one big picture-making concern was a little pleasance, come into being by the accident of this industry. Where all else vanished with the end of a picture, here a few relics of famous shadow plays remained, and by some chance the living truth of people and events survived among the debris of makebelieve. On one side was Tara, the white Southern house where Scarlett O'Hara flirted with her beaux, and on another the millstream cottage and old stone bridge where Mrs. Miniver composedly battled with the war. Around were other survivals, and in between were fragments of lawns and gardens; overhead, birds sang. This was all plaster front and façade, propped up behind by planks and beams, and yet the story of the South and of England was real and poignant in this unfrequented patch, where only a gardener worked or a studio hand came to eat his sandwiches. These deserted sets were genuine in the metropolis of the bogus; somehow, enduring values and verities flowered in a green corner between white pillars and a lichened roof.

The time came to go and I drove out to Santa Monica to prospect the route. It lay in a bay as wide and lovely as Durban's, with mountains running sheer to the sand's edge. In the distance, ahead of

me, I saw the coastal road running below the mountains and eagerly imagined that stage of the long journey to which I looked forward with particular zest: the run northward, beside the Pacific, to San Francisco.

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## Chapter Twenty-Six

### CASTLE OF DREAMS

I left Hollywood early and half-awake and only after twenty miles realized that I had missed the coastal road and was travelling inland, though in the right direction. Grass and vegetation were brown, and I recalled what a famous woman player in Hollywood said to me: 'This is really desert, and if we didn't keep on watering it, it would go back to desert.' The feeling of living in a place innately hostile to man combines with the spiritual oppression to make people uneasy and restless. Southern California lies on the latitude of the Sahara, fruit-growing and other farming is really oasis-cultivation, and in the background lurks unfriendly nature.

I turned towards the coastal road, through the old Spanish country, never truly settled but dotted with small settlements and missions, and came to one of the loveliest of these, Saint Bonaventura, founded in 1770. Now the typical small town has grown up around it and it stands on the main highway, with filling-stations, five-and-ten-cent stores and all the commotion of Main Street for neighbours. Yet the church and its cool garden were filled with a deep tranquillity; the peace that passeth understanding indeed, for I could think of no mortal explanation for the sudden hush that lay beyond a white wall. It sent me on my way refreshed, and I came at length to the ocean road and, after a small place or two, to a long, unpeopled stretch and a lonely roadside signpost with a name. No habitation was to be seen, and a few days before the name would have meant nothing to me; I should have run past it. Now it attached itself in my mind to fragments of a story heard in Hollywood. It was one peculiarly American.

I turned off the highway and in a few moments a place came into view, unlike anything I saw anywhere else in America. It was less than a village and lay asleep, or dying, by a blue lagoon, with the ocean in the distance. A few houses hid themselves among trees and birds sang. There was a church, closed, and a post office, open but deserted. Only one thing moved; a girl in a glittering, kingfisher-blue swimsuit came out of a house, drove away and was gone. No shops, stores, filling-stations or any of the usual things; either they were kept out or stayed away. Then, where the road curved towards the lagoon, I found a big warehouse, shut, and a pier leading to the water; a notice said, 'Wharfage operations discontinued, trespassing strictly forbidden'. As I looked round this abandoned place I pictured a busy wharf and warehouse, cargoes landing, people bustling about; and now, this ...

There was a man of wealth and renown. He married, unhappily. Then he met a woman whom he loved. Divorce was precluded, and they began an unwedded partnership which became too permanent for the world to begrudge them it, even if the world were wont to reproach rich men. Yet rich men may find happiness especially hard to reach, and perhaps this one was aggrieved that he could not have the one thing he wanted.

I invented this explanation, anyway, for the palace he built at the loneliest part of this Pacific coast, and filled with fantastic treasures from the ends of the earth. To this wharf they came and were carried to the high mansion where he thought to capture peace and cage love in a castle among the clouds. The marble halls were packed with costly things, the great grounds stocked with strange beasts, and from high solitude he looked down on the vast Pacific. He owned the little village, too, and its decline or demise was part of the natural end of the story.

He was not only rich but powerful. Had the cards of chance fallen a little differently he might have become president. But he committed a cardinal sin. He opposed American entry into the Second

War and thus crossed the path of those forces which stood to gain by it. He was vulnerable. Barely disguised, a moving-picture was made of his life, love and citadel.

He had thought to enclose his love and his disappointment in a place where no eye could reach. The picture tore down every wall, curtain and veil. I recalled that film, seen many years before; only now did I understand all the circumstances.

I drove back to the main road and on, and soon passed a drive, where great gates stood wide open but a notice said, 'Trespassing strictly forbidden; no sightseeing allowed; please do not ask for passes, because they will not be given'. A mile farther on I stopped and looked back. There it was on the tallest mountain-top, a huge white place of turrets, towers and terraces, wings and countless windows. Now, when it all did not matter much any more, someone still tried by 'No sightseeing' notices to shut out the prying world, which from a million picture-theatres had long since looked into every corner of this high fastness.

Only when I went on my way did I realize how lonely was the spot chosen for that astonishing mansion. All at once the entire roadside apparatus of food, drink, fuel and lodging, which followed me from New York, even through the desert, faded away. I ran through splendid country which changed from aridity into one of grassland and grainland, apparently devoid of human life. I saw that if any mishap should befall me I should spend a lonely night. The road returned to the sea and suddenly became a narrow shelf running along mountain-sides, which fell steeply down to it and as steeply again to the ocean. Notices said, 'Curves and gradients for the next 64 miles'; hairpin bends for such a distance were new even in my experience. Other notices repeatedly warned, 'Slide area; watch for rocks on pavement' (that is, boulders on the roadway); I pondered the chances of dodging a descending boulder and divided my eyes anxiously between road and mountainside.

I doubt if the world can surpass the beauty of this road. It ran across innumerable great bridges, thrown over gulches and canyons. Each must have cost a fortune; in such American undertakings cost seems of no account. The road twined and twisted up and down the rock face for about a hundred miles, and at every yard the huge vista of ocean and mountain changed its shape. It was exhausting driving and I saw I should have to go much farther than I expected before I could hope to find a lodging. The whole cabin-camp organization, on which by now I relied, suddenly fell away.

I came to a deep, dark cleft in the rocky walls where huge sentinels stood: 'The first of the famous Redwood Trees, which are only to be found in one narrow belt of California.' Some of these trees reach 350 feet and are 2000 years old; they were there 'when they crucified my Lord'. Among them I had again the feeling, which followed me through the West, that America is old in a way no other great populated country can be called old. Nowhere else does man hurtle in such sublime, or vainglorious, indifference along peerless roads through such grim places, dark with the anger of nature disturbed for the first time since time began. The road turned inland, ran through fragrant mimosa banks and carpets of purple hedgehog, and suddenly fell down dark, precipitous declines, thickly clad with the huge redwood trees. The bare rock, above the vegetation line, looked as if it were the place where creation began in agony; in the contorted, writhing groins and loins of those mountainsides you could see the pains of that primeval labour.

Midnight struck before I reached Monterey and found a cabin. As I fell into bed a pandemonium of sirens and alarms broke out and I went to sleep expecting the next morning to find the place ruined by earthquake or fire. Instead I found it unscathed and wonder to this day what event can have caused that appalling clamour.

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## Chapter Twenty-Seven

### '... ENJOYMENT OF PARADISE'

Significantly, the pleasantest parts of the twentieth-century Republic are often those where colonial memories linger on; English ones in the East, French and Spanish in the deep South and South-West, and here in the far West Spanish ones again. These traces are few, for the Spanish, and later the Mexican, occupation only amounted to a few missions and notary posts, scattered over a huge area, but their influence still pervades the air. Monterey was such a fragment, in a great blue bay. It has a few surviving houses built by Don This and Don That, and even one made from the timbers of the *Natalia*, in which Napoleon escaped from Elba to begin his Hundred Days and meet his Waterloo; the ship was wrecked at Monterey in 1834.

I began the last leg of the Pacific run and soon came again to oil derricks. The irrepressible search for oil is impressive. The day before, not far north of Los Angeles, I saw derricks marching out into the very sea, where the water was shallow. The oil-men had drilled down through sea and sand and on the end of little piers the strangely human pumps worked away by themselves, in their slow, unpausing rhythm. I sometimes wondered what would happen if the prospectors one day learned that oil lay below the lost continent of Atlantis, or in the stratosphere; no doubt they would get at it, somehow.

The marvellous road climbed along the sides of mountains high above the sea and after fifty miles I came, suddenly, into San Francisco. It is a fabulous city, the finest new one I saw in America; though it is polyglot it does not bear the Babylonian stamp of the new immigration, but is recognizably and attractively American. Its situation is exquisite. New York shows that a fine natural setting is not enough, and may be spoiled; San Francisco has improved on its native advantages. It is built on hills around a great, islet-studded bay, which is shaped like a 'C' reversed and facing the ocean. Across the gap in the 'C' runs the Golden Gate Bridge, the middle span of which, over a mile in length, is suspended in air by cables; the weight of the bridge, and the mass of traffic which uses it, makes this even today a marvel. Far below, great liners look like small craft and sailing-boats like tiny birds.

On the slopes around rises the white city. I do not know if the lesson of the earthquake preserved it from the fate of New York; anyway, the highest building is not much more than twenty stories. It is full of green parks and squares, of streets with little, clipped trees, and pleasant homes, all as bright as new paint. A hundred years ago all that stood here was a Franciscan Mission, a Mexican fortified post, and a few primitive habitations containing less than a thousand people. Then, as the Americans took over, gold was found in California, and the last stage of the American conquest was a two-way, tidal surge which flooded the remaining empty lands. The miners, 'Forty-Niners', rushed overland from the East, but many more came round by sea to this remote bay, landed and pushed eastward to meet the others. Behind them San Francisco rose from the ground like a conjuror's tree.

The gold was found, of which Columbus, seeking the new route to the Indies, wrote, 'It is the most precious of all commodities; it constitutes treasure, and he who possesses it has all he needs in this world, as also the means of securing souls from purgatory, and restoring them to the enjoyment of paradise.' His Most Catholic Majesty's opinion about this pronouncement is not on record, but it throws light on the being called Columbus, who appears to have been of a pagan nature. Gold never yet bought health or happiness and its story until today, when most of it is buried in Kentucky or Russia, might rather suggest that it carries some inherent malison.

It would not stay with those who found it. The first was one Captain John Sutter, who ten years earlier swore fealty to the Mexican government and was granted huge lands in the Sacramento Valley, some sixty miles from San Francisco. He called his realm New Helvetia, in the tradition of New England, New Netherland, New France and New Spain. In 1848 he and his partner found the gold and before the year's end the gold-rush was on. Sutter's claims, like the Indians', were brushed aside by the swarming gold-seekers and he ended his days in Washington, vainly seeking to assert his title. Most of the miners fared no better. Many were seamen who deserted the gold-rush ships in San Francisco and rowed upriver to the goldfields, leaving the hulks to rot, sink, or be used as saloons and boarding-houses; at one time five hundred derelict vessels were stranded there.

Almost overnight a city appeared. The wily ones did not go to the goldfields, but waited in San Francisco for the miners to bring the gold to them, and soon the nuggets and gold-dust accumulated on the gaming-tables, the saloon-counters and in the borders. San Francisco passed through a phase of lawlessness hardly equalled in the history of white men. It was ruled by gangs of escaped convicts or ticket-of-leave men, many of them from the British penal settlement at Sydney, so that they were called Sydney Coves and their quarter Sydney Town (later, the Barbary Coast). In two years the town was six times fired for pillage, but the culprits, if brought to trial at all, were freed by venal judges prompted by purchasable politicians. The contemporary *Annals of San Francisco* remark, 'The police were few in number and poorly as well as irregularly paid. Some of them were in league with the criminals themselves and assisted these at all times to elude justice. ... Seldom could a conviction be obtained ... Not one criminal had been executed. Yet it was notorious that, at this period, at least one hundred murders had been committed within the space of a few months.'

This was the beginning of something which remains today a major problem in American cities; the corruption of justice. One authority, Mr. Herbert Asbury, wrote of the passage quoted, 'It is interesting to note how aptly this describes present-day conditions in many American cities', and this is a typical American comment. The period of lawlessness in San Francisco was, if not ended, at least checked by two remarkable interventions, of a kind which have occurred only in America, as far as I know. They were uprisings of exasperated townsfolk, who took the law into their hands to establish some sort of law.

The student of the Republic's story very soon finds that 'lynching' was not a form of infamous racial prejudice. It was nearly always the desperate performance of a duty which police, public prosecutors and judges refused to do, and was aimed against white malefactors. This is the reason why Communist propaganda today incessantly attacks the memory of something that happened many yesterdays ago; the new wreckers fear its reappearance tomorrow. In San Francisco the Vigilance Committee spontaneously took shape and stamped out the worst dangers to individual life and property by public executions, dissolving when order was established. While highway violence thus decreased, the subversion of public officials by criminals became rife again later and is as serious as it has ever been in Los Angeles today. When I was in America a leading journal, speaking of that city, wrote, 'California politics is shot through with graft, bribery and corruption; the dividing line between the underworld and those sworn to defend society against gangsters and murderers has been worn tissue-thin.'

San Francisco gradually struggled clear of the worst of these things. In 1920 the Barbary Coast was at last subdued, and when I saw it it survived as a night-life district rather similar to Sankt Pauli, in Hamburg. Chinatown, risen from the ashes of the fire which destroyed its fetid dens, was a placid place of narrow streets and shops full of jade, ivory, embroideries and Chinese food. Either dead or dormant were the bloody tong wars between the Hop Sings and Suey Sings, Sum Yops and Suey Yops; a demure respectability prevailed where once Chinese girls, brought across the ocean, were put to prostitution; however, if Chinese girls were no longer 'sold down the river' at this mid-century, China itself could be, and was. The tong wars were ended by the last Manchu Emperor,

Kwang Hsu. Appealed to from San Francisco, he called in his statesman, Li Hung-chang, who said, 'The matter has been attended to; I have cast into prison all relatives of the Suey Yops in China and have cabled to California that their heads will be chopped off if another Sum Yop is killed in San Francisco.' At that time no man foresaw that the oriental torture of holding relatives as hostages would be introduced into Europe by the Communist Empire.

Life in San Francisco, I thought, should be good. I liked to dine at leisure in the restaurants of Fisherman's Wharf and then drive to my distant cabin across the Golden Gate Bridge, looking for the dazzling night picture of the city. I seldom saw it because the bridge was often wrapped in a black fog, so that only the next two or three lights along the bridge itself were visible. This ride through a black tunnel, hundreds of feet above the bay, was at first an experience as startling as the under-river one in New York. The town behind was hot; up here the air was chilly and dank and the fog swirled and eddied round like black cotton wool, through which vehicles suddenly loomed, whoosh-whooshed past and were gone. I found that fog on this bridge is a habitual and unwelcome visitor. The townsfolk were clearly used to it, for all traffic continued at unabated speed. I was glad to clear it and the hill beyond and run downhill into a crystal-clear night, sparkling with lights.

One Sunday night I sat outside my cabin and watched the weekend traffic, returning to the city by a road which ran before my eyes straight for many miles into the country. I could see the headlights of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of cars, all pressing hard on each other's wheels and racing for bridge and city. That unbroken stream must have stretched for twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty miles, and did not cease or slacken; it was as if a gigantic horde of beetles, three abreast, came thronging out of the night with blazing eyes.

I can picture almost any earthly event or calamity, and even a trip to the moon. My mind could not envisage the day when America has twice as many motor vehicles. Would the whole land become one great conveyor-belt, filled with things on wheels? Would they all take wings and fly? The stray wayfarer may wonder, but such problems bother no American; he will fix that, or it will fix itself.

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## Chapter Twenty-Eight

### SNAKE-TEMPO IN SACRAMENTO

Turning my back to the ocean and my face towards the long overland journey again, I drove round the shores of San Francisco Bay. Behind me the fog-blanket still lay over the mountains but I rode beneath clear skies into a great fertile plain that stretched far inland. Sparkling creeks invaded it and once, when I thought deep water far behind, I came to one where half the American Navy seemed moored or laid up. Between commercial announcements and soap opera the car radio called on young men to volunteer for various services. Thinking of Western arms supplied to the Communist Empire and the Zionist State, I reflected that ample weapons should be at hand, in all camps, to begin any new affray, and that 'private arms manufacturers' could never again be blamed for this. If it happened, American and British fighting-men would again find themselves opposed by arms bearing the marks of their own factories, or made by their own machines, 'lease-lent'; much of the gold, too, which the 'Forty-Niners wrested from this Californian soil, had gone that way.

I ran through these historical gold-rush lands to Sacramento, which contains all that remains of 'New Helvetia': the fort John Sutter built in 1839 against the Indians; it is now a quiet and lovely place of lawns and hedges and loop-holed walls hung with wisteria. Sacramento, beneath the curious bear-and-star flag, is the State capital of California, an enchanting white town of flowers and blossom, parks and fountains, trees and palms, set beside a broad blue river in a verdant plain. It has the charm which some cities seem to be given at birth and others never acquire. I went to its post office and was arrested by the sight of a young man who stood statuesquely at its door.

His hair fell to his waist and his beard to his chest. He wore a square of green material draped over his shoulders and fastened at the neck, and two other squares joined to make breeches, so that his chest, lower legs and feet were bare. He held a staff and a toy snake, of the kind sold in the five-and-ten-cent stores, and a rough leather satchel with a sheet of paper protruding from it, on which I read, 'Sundog'. People stopped, stared, murmured and giggled. A man said audibly, 'Why is that guy standing there? Who does he think he is, John the Baptist?' A woman sniggered.

I disliked the mockers. Clearly he served his faith, whatever it might be, in this strange way; if this was his manner of upholding his God, he might at least be left alone. But of what religion, old or new, could he be the prophet, this lonely man of Sacramento? I went towards him and saw he might be blind. 'Why are you here?' I said. 'This is part of a publicity campaign to popularize my new dance-music,' he said. Illusions fell from me. I should have known, I thought.

'Oh, is this music, and are you selling it?' I said, drawing out the sheet marked 'Sundog'. 'Yes,' he said, 'anything from [ed: for?] a penny.' 'So you are doing this for publicity,' I said, 'is that why you are dressed so? Your appearance suggested a religious motive.' 'I always dress like this,' he said, 'it isn't much of a compliment to compare me with John the Baptist, I'm not a Christian.' 'I didn't compare you with John the Baptist,' I said, 'that was a compatriot of yours.' 'But I've been expecting you to, everybody does,' he said. 'Not everybody,' I said. 'No doubt you observe,' he said changing the subject, 'that all my clothing and appurtenances are in the form of squares?' I saw that a small leather-pouch, for money, was also square. 'Ah, yes, so they are,' I said, 'is that good?' 'My earrings, too,' he said, proudly touching leather pendants from his lobes, 'I had them made by Indians.'

I looked at the music. 'What does Sundog mean?' I said. 'I am Sundog,' he said simply, as if that told all. 'And is this really dance-music,' I said, looking at the sheet, 'has it a dance-rhythm?' 'Well, I don't know what you understand by dance-rhythm,' he said. 'I'm just quoting Sundog,' I said, 'it says here, "a new song in a new dance-rhythm".' 'Well, I call it snake-time,' he said and then I saw that,



to clinch the matter, he carried two five-and-ten-cent snakes, 'as a matter of fact my ambition is to conduct, like Toscanini.' 'How is your sight?' I said, gently. 'There isn't any,' he said. 'But then, how would you conduct?' I said. 'Oh, I would not attempt to conduct any music but my own, which I know by heart.' 'Are you always here?' I said. 'No, I arrived last night and go on tomorrow,' he said. 'How do you travel?' I asked. 'By overland bus, he said, 'I'm going to Denver from here.'

I felt I had started something I could not finish. There ought to be a graceful way of ending this, I thought; perhaps a sinuous *pas-de-deux* performed by Sundog and myself on the steps of Sacramento post office; but I could not find the right note and somewhat abruptly left him, a half-naked man draped in green, blind and with hair to his waist, to popularize his snake-rhythm in the sun. I drove away and on the road was puzzled by the presence of new thumbers, many of them, in couples, male and female, with suit cases. Then I remembered that this was the road to Reno, to quick divorce and immediate re-marriage. As nearly everybody in America owns at least one car I wondered why they did not transport themselves. I could only guess an answer: they thought it more romantic to thumb a ride. However, I gave them none, but put green Sacramento behind me and continued along towards the arid lands again.

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## Chapter Twenty-Nine

### WIDE OPEN TOWN

Leaving cornfields, ricefields and orchards behind, I began to climb the Sierra Nevada, through sweet-smelling firs; I was not to see much else that grew green for many hundreds of miles. Suddenly a roadside sign said, 'Snow conditions on this route'. I disbelieved it and thought it must remain there from winter to winter; I was sweating and the engine showed familiar signs of overheating. Then, peering ahead, I saw a great blanket of greyblack cloud, immobile, which looked like the permanent cloud-cap of snow mountains, and wondered. I passed altitude signs that said three, four and five thousand feet and before I reached six thousand the car just struggled over a crest and stopped; the map showed two thousand feet yet to climb. So much for smartypants in Hollywood, I thought, who blew a pound or two of winged insects out of the radiator and said I should have no more hot engine.

Cars seem even more sensitive than human beings to changes of temperature and altitude. This excellent one (a friend's) disliked heat and height and I wondered how I should surmount the pass. While I waited lightning jaggedly cleft the black mass of motionless cloud ahead; clearly storms raged there. At last the engine cooled and I went on. To my surprise the heat-needle went back and back; the car, recognizing familiar New England temperatures, was enjoying itself. I passed log cabins and lumber camps among the firs, and clearings where the grass was of a green I never saw before, and ran into the sleety storm. 'Slippery when wet', said the roadside notices; round a bend were a great truck, wrecked, and a car wrapped round a tree, and skidmarks everywhere, and men gazing lugubriously at the mess; mountainside crashes in America are awe-inspiring affairs. I went on again, now shivering, a few miles from the wilting heat of the plain. Suddenly I came to snow and a high road where I seemed to ride along the tips of fir trees. Then, all at once, I was over the summit and far below a great turquoise lake lay among silent conifers. I had climbed eight thousand feet in fifty miles; now I lost two thousand feet in a few moments, serpentineing down a nearly vertical corkscrew road with the gear in first, towards lonely, unfriendly country, the Nevada State line, and Reno.

Nevada, between the Sierra Nevada and the Rockies, is the least habitable and least inhabited State. The settlers shunned its cold barrenness. The miners rushed to it for gold, silver and copper, but the lodes grew weary and gave out. It might have reverted to wilderness, but the American spirit does not brook that. Substitutes for natural fertility and mineral wealth were devised. Nevada calls itself 'The Cyclone Cellar of the Tax-Weary'. Notices at the State boundary offer new inducements to settlers; the State levies no taxes on income, inheritance, death, sales, gift or anything else. Nevada is solvent, for revenue is gained in other ways. One famous one is simplified divorce and marriage. Another is company-formation; directors and shareholders need not live in, ever see or own any initial capital in Nevada, to form a company there. A third is the wide-open regime for drinking and gaming.

'Wide open' is a term of the first importance in America. It means the saloon that never shuts, the swing-doors that only remain closed until they are pushed. Nevada is wide open and if it were bigger and more populous the bonanza kings of the underworld might all retire to it. They need a bigger field and operate all over the Republic, especially in the great cities, which have populations many times that of the whole of Nevada. Great untaxed fortunes are today only to be made through drink, drugs, gambling and prostitution (or a lucky oil-strike) and in the main centres of population the vice-rings concentrate all energy on getting and keeping all those doors 'wide open', through the bribery of officials. The rewards they can offer are large, for the sky (and the openness of the doors) seem the only limits to the traffic. The clutch of the underworld thus closes round party-

machines and reaches high into the control of politics. It is a tumour in the body politic and civic of which all are aware but which none dares to remove.

Reno is a small fish in that murky pond. The big prizes, of money and political control, are in such places as Chicago and Saint Louis. Reno gives, in miniature, the picture of what a *lawfully* wide-open city would be. Most of the big ones pretend to forbid or regulate drink, gaming and prostitution, then tacitly tolerating them through subverted officials. In Reno wide-openness is the law; all is open as the day and open all night. No need exists to build a saloon athwart the county line and shift all the tables across it until a new sheriff has been 'taken care of' (this happens elsewhere). In Reno the thing is a tourist-attraction and source of revenue, in an infertile land.

In glittering streets the saloons stand side by side as they stood in the wild days, the trophies and relics of which cover their walls. They are filled, night and day, with newlyweds and newly-unweds, tourists, and a few persistent natives, drinking and gaming. The calling of gambler is a lawful one. These eye-shaded men, who operate the tables of roulette, poker, faro and many other games, still wear the tight-lipped, expressionless face of their trade. Some of the gamblers are women, dressed as dude-ranch cowgirls, who carry their names on brooches: Bessie, Anne or Jean. Many women play, too, among a unique, continuous noise like the clicking of countless typewriters. It is that of the slot-machines; I counted three hundred in one saloon. The gamblers no longer carry guns; they do not need to, for the players only too eagerly stand and deliver to the one-armed bandits. That delightful cartwheel, the silver dollar, is now illegal in America, I believe, but in Nevada is the common currency; Nevada has silver-mines still and no gaming-machine will respond to the insertion of a paper note.

The profits of the traffic are beyond accountancy. An institution which surveyed it reported that fifty million Americans (one in three) gamble regularly. Each year they pay eight milliard dollars to bookmakers, another milliard to the gaming-machines, and one more milliard to the 'numbers racket' (similar in essentials to the English football pools, which similarly appeared not long ago in an affair involving the subversion of officials). A substantial share of the proceeds goes to undermine the law.

A New York judge who collaborated in this investigation saw no clear remedy, saying that the root of the trouble lay in the people themselves. Few knew that the dice were loaded against them, he said, but even if they knew did not care; they were like the man who was warned that a game was crooked and replied, 'I know, but it's the only game in town'. That is another way of saying 'There's nothing else to do and, to be understood, needs to be considered against the whole background of American life as it has come to be shaped by the aversion from literature and music, the disappearance of the theatre, the lack of small gardens and private domains, and the common feeling that the cultivation of the mind is effeminate. In Nevada you may come at midnight to some tiny, remote place and find the dealers shuffling and the machines click-clacking in a dozen saloons. To reach the only game in town Americans will come from towns very far away. In the Nevada desert is a place of twenty-five thousand people, Las Vegas. In 1950 a new 'gambling joint' was opened there which had a large swimming-pool, a coloured fountain thirty-five feet high, a floor-show costing several thousand pounds weekly, the kind of chef who uses a sword and a super doll's-house for guests' babies. It cost about a million pounds to build and on the opening night about £250,000, at current rates, changed hands.

Reno, glittering beneath wild mountains, was an experience indeed. My evenings there, however, were spent more profitably than with the one-armed bandits. My cabin-proprietor's daughter was a Western film star, a remarkable girl who carried on a regular broadcast programme; in this way her father had come by a collection of sound-effect records, used in radio work, with which he entertained and instructed me. The old sound-effects man (glass of water, peas in a tray, coco-nut

shells) has clearly passed on. There seemed no imaginable noise which was not somewhere on these disks, from a cat having its tail twisted to a dogfight, a baby crying, the screech of brakes, horses snickering, whinnying and neighing. Applause there was, too, in every possible degree. I already knew how the cheers in the Red Square at Moscow are made; but now I shall never again believe even in the plaudits of a twentieth-century studio audience.

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## Chapter Thirty

### THE GHOST OF GOLD

In another dawn I set out from Reno across mountain meadows and climbed to six thousand feet in the Sierras, bound for Virginia City. Not long ago this road was a rough track down which the swaying, four-horsed stage-coaches came, bullion bars beneath the seats, sparks flashing from the tortured tires, drivers straining on the great brakes, passengers clinging to the sides; here, sometimes, one rolled over the edge into the canyon below, or masked bandits waited. Now, when Virginia City was dead, it was a superb modern highway and the changing picture of the angry ranges was magnificent in the early light.

I came over a summit and into the gold camp. Half-ruined, lifeless, it lay in the rising sun. My footsteps rang loud and hollow on the plank sidewalks, like those of some spectral visitant to a haunted manse. The boards were worn by departed miners' boots so that knots in the wood stuck up like thumbs. Behind their awnings the sagging saloons leaned against each other; the Bucket of Blood, the Bonanza, the Brass Rail, the Gold Nugget and many more. It was as if miners, sheriffs, saloon-keepers and sporting girls had been spirited away not long before. In the dusty, broken windows of tumbledown shops lay odds and ends of old stock, women's hats of the 1890s and the like. From decaying walls peeled brave posters of the Christy Minstrels marching into town.

The impatient American spirit marches roughly over the past. What do you do with an old automobile, or a played-out mining-camp? Why, junk them! Ghost towns are numerous in the West. Some have vanished, some are deserted ruins, some are 'coming back'. Always a few people remained who would not or could not leave. In those which have not 'come back' their lot is as lonely as that of hermits. Others discovered the sightseers' value of their townships, collected the relics, cleaned the place a little, reopened the bars, and created a simulacrum of the Old West. The tourists came agape and roads were made to help them. A little life returned, of a new kind.

Virginia City is one of the most successful in making the best of its abandonment. Here, in 1864, the Comstock Lode was struck, and the news went round the earth. The Californian miners flocked to Nevada when they heard it, and San Francisco grew faster still. The Bonanza Kings were the lords of this 'good earth' ('borrasca', the Spanish-Mexicans called the goldless kind). In Virginia City and adjoining camps were sixty thousand people. It was another windfall for the North, though the Virginia Citizens were deeply divided about the Civil War far away and hung opposing flags from poles which now bear bullet marks; one woman saloon-keeper, who climbed a mast to lower the Union and hoist the Confederate flag, was shot as she came down.

Here Mark Twain edited the *Territorial Enterprise*. Virginia City, like all new towns of that American day, built a theatre, Piper's Opera House, which still stands. When Ghost Town was Gold Town the best singers and players and the great professional beauties came to this remote place; Edwin Booth, Caruso, Lily Langtry, Maxine Elliott, Harry Lauder, Charles Wyndham, Patti, Paderewski, Lottie Collins and Dion Boucicault with his *Lights of London*. The theatre still has the window where gentlemen parked their guns, and the playbills of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (those yellowing posters remain more exciting than the most lurid placards of today's picturemakers). As the auditorium was flat the stage was tilted upward from footlights to backcloth, so that the rearmost miner could see all of Lily in a long gown or Lottie in a short skirt. A temperamental barnstormer or emotional actress would have needed to avoid any over-impetuous movement (hands uplifted to heaven and eyes upturned to the gallery) on this stage, or they might have broken into a trot and been unable to pull up before they fell among the musicians.

While I wandered round Virginia City awoke. The saloons opened and men strewed sawdust on their floors. Once this absorbed more than dregs; in one saloon Suicide Table is preserved, where three successive proprietors shot themselves after losing all at a dice-throw. The miners are gone and minors are not served; at breakfast-time, however, I saw a man reel through a swing-door who looked as if he stepped out of the 1890s. Possibly he too was there for verisimilitude; if he was, he seemed happy in his work for later, when I imagined him snoring in bed, I saw him stagger through another swing-door.

Lost in the mountains, Virginia City too has the stuff of a morality' play (a picture-play was made about it once, but elsewhere, though the place itself is a perfect Western film-set, ready-made). Here the gold-seekers impoverished the earth. In California gold was got by washing gravel but the Comstock Lode wove its glittering way deep through mountains, and underground-timbering began, six hundred miles of workings. For sixty miles around every tree was taken and now the mountainsides are bare. Perhaps £200,000,000 worth of gold and silver were taken, then the lode ran out, the miners dispersed, fires and weather ruined the town, until it struggled back to its present ghostly state. The morality play ends with a riddle: what purpose is the gold serving now?

I drove back through Reno, past 'Desert ahead' signs, towards more arduous journeys. At long intervals in the stony, scrubby desert fingerposts pointed to remote, invisible habitations, This Ranch or That Ranch. The loneliness of the open range survives, without its freedom, for the wire was everywhere. I came to the first of the salt lakes. From one the wind swirled the salt-dust into a constant, vertical shape; until I drew near I thought it was a geyser blowing. The Bible says that Lot's wife, when she turned to look at the ruin of Sodom, was turned into 'a pillar of salt'. I wondered if this eerie white column in the desert was that which the words meant. Did Lot's wife vanish in a Salt-storm, pillar-like in shape? Much might be clearer in the Bible if we comprehended its allusions better.

Here small places were fifty or a hundred miles between. This is a trap for the solitary traveller, who is ever tempted to try and reach one more township and may find himself struggling through the night in fading hope of bed or food. I passed glittering, miniature Reno's, called Winnemucca and Elko, where the cabin-camps were full, and at midnight was still pressing on through a black, empty land where the rare names on the map proved to be but filling-stations (each full of gaming-machines). I was resigned to a cold night in the car when I came suddenly on a place called Wells, which I found next day to have but 1400 inhabitants. It blazed with light in the desert and at one o'clock in the morning twenty saloons were wide open. None had more than three or four guests, but in each the banker dealt cards to these few inveterates, and clearly no establishment would close while one player or tippler remained in it.

I found a room, but not sleep. In the next one a curious company, a man, woman and dog, kept up a weird chorus of talk, laughter and yelping through the night, so that I needed no alarm to start again before dawn. At four the sun, like a light suddenly switched on, burst over a mountaintop and not long afterwards I came over another one and saw an amazing sight: the Great Salt Lake, lifeless, unwrinkled and opalescent, about a hundred miles of it. The mountains mirrored in it were duplicates more than reflections; it had a dazzling shimmer and sheen. The road ran straight into and across its few inches of water, with a railway beside it laid on banked earth. Then the water ceased and only the hard, glittering salt remained, where the speed-contestants have driven racing cars at three hundred miles an hour. A river, named the Jordan, flows into the Great Salt Lake and disappears, in theory by evaporation. No living thing, save a little shrimp, can exist in it.

In the middle of it I had my first flat tire. The night before I shivered and saw the faint luminosity of snowcaps in the darkness; now I was drenched with sweat before I changed the wheel. In the

West you alternate between Saharan and Alpine conditions suddenly and recurrently. At last the job was done and I ran on into Salt Lake City, in time for breakfast.

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## Chapter Thirty-One

### IN HONEYBEELAND

Salt Lake City, the capital of 'Friendly Utah' (as the State-line notices truly say), differed astonishingly from all else in America. In spirit, this seemed another world.

Utah lies deep in the barren West, with gold-rush or cattle States on all sides. The pioneers who founded those neighbouring States went there to get gold or land. Another motive drew the pioneers to Utah; the one which brought many of the first settlers to America. The Puritans and Pilgrims called it flight from religious persecution. To Utah, when it was wilderness, men came for religious freedom, and for its sake settled in the bleakest place they could find. When a Mormon leader, dazzled by California, hurried back from San Francisco to entice the main body of Mormons thither, his superior, Brigham Young, refused to move. The Mormons, he said, would decline in a competitive community and perish in trying to colonize a seaport. These pioneers alone resisted the lure of gold or rich lands and stayed to struggle with a desert. From that beginning grew a State dissimilar from today's forty-seven others. Were it surrounded by deep water it might now be the independent State of Deseret (Mormon for 'Honeybeeland'); fantastic realms grew in these parts a century ago.

The story is amazing. On September 21st, 1823, Joseph Smith, an obscure 17-year old youth, at his village home in New York State was visited by an angel of the Lord, Moroni, who told him of a book, written on golden plates, that was buried in a hill there. It contained 'the fulness of the everlasting Gospel', and two stones were buried with it which contained the keys to its translation 'from the ancient 'Egyptian'. Four years later the same heavenly messenger delivered these to Joseph Smith, and received them back when the translation was done. It was 'The Book of Mormon', on which The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was founded. Its lesson was to the effect, among much more, that the North American Indians were a lost people of Israel and that the American lands would see a Second Coming.

Who would believe that? The time was one when men and women, in a new country, eagerly flocked to new sects; these were often profitable to the leaders; Shakers and Holy Rollers flourished. However, all religions were born in happenings inexplicable by scientific analysis, and their prophets all claimed to have received revelations and tables of laws. The Mormons believe in the message to Joseph Smith as others believe in the visions of Buddha, the appearance of God to Abraham, the visions of Saul on the road to Damascus and the revelations made to Mohammed.

Anyway, Joseph Smith was martyred for his faith or killed for his presumption, whichever may fit. He founded his church in New York State; was driven into Ohio (where the first temple was built); driven out again to Illinois, where the Mormons built a city, Nauvoo, and their numbers grew. Then Joseph Smith and his brother were imprisoned and, while awaiting trial, taken out by an armed mob and shot. Once more the Mormons, under their new leader, Brigham Young, trekked; this time over the Rockies to Utah. They stopped where Salt Lake City now is, built a city, temple and State, and made a desert blossom like the rose.

Joseph Smith was hated because he introduced plural marriage, claiming that this too was a divine command. Moral opinions about polygamy vary in different religions and countries. In America, where Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Abolitionists were whipping up hatred of the South by depicting Simon Legree surrounded by black concubines, polygamy in the West was politically embarrassing to New England and the North. Mormon records say it was popular with Mormon women; however, the dead cannot testify. In the 1890s the Mormons repudiated polygamy, not from



conviction but to gain membership of the United States, as a State. It is outlawed today and a small obdurate group, which tries to persist, is sternly repressed; however, Mormons are not deeply persuaded against it.

The story of Utah under Brigham Young is as remarkable as the man. A Christian potentate with many wives, he truly kinged it over Honeybeeland. His official residence, the Beehive House, and his private residence, the Lion House, remain, the one with the beehive atop and the other with the lion over the door, and both emblems are apt to this strong and busy man, for the two houses are connected by a passage and each of the gables of the Lion House marks a wife's bedroom. In the roadway near them stands his statue; Mormons and non-Mormons both like to point out with a smile that his back is turned towards the Mormon Temple while his face, and outstretched arm with open hand upturned, are directed towards the Zion Savings Bank (a Mormon institution).

The persecuted often become persecutors and Brigham Young followed precedent. His gunmen, the 'Destroying Angels', were feared by rebels and apostates. They could not subdue the exile leader in far San Francisco, Samuel Brannan (who kept his own bodyguard and left the Church) but they dealt harshly with a small dissident group which broke away in 1862, declaring that Brigham Young was not the divinity he claimed to be. Their leader, one Joseph Morris, said *he* had seen visions, conversed with God and was the Lord's anointed. These Morrisites did what the Mormons had done; they packed, trekked and settled some forty miles away. Brigham Young sent five hundred men with artillery after them and mowed them down.

However Joseph Smith and Brigham Young may appear at the final balance, the fact emerges that Mormonism has achieved something exceptional in this place, since 1847. Possibly God bestows His blessing on those who seek, whatever their leaders, the merit being in the search; the Mormon faith is *Christian*. Many parts of the West speak of the malevolence of nature or the decay of human schemes; in this desert spot is peace, confidence, sober living and the feeling of civilization.

Salt Lake City, though small, is more of a city than many bigger ones; it has urbanity, a gentler way of life, and the belief that God is more than gold. These things show themselves in the kindlier manner of people, the unhurried traffic, the drinking fountains at every corner and the rills of clear mountain water that constantly freshen the gutters, in the appearance of streets and homes, and in temperate habits. The Mormons control Utah, though they are not in the majority. Accordingly the State is not 'wide open'; drinking and gaming are restricted; across the State's borders stand 'Last Chance' saloons for those who wish to pay a last forfeit to the one-armed bandit before entering Utah, or to provide against thirstiness inside it. The Mormons do not drink liquor, eat moderately, and pay a tithe of their earnings to their church; Utah heads the health and longevity tables.

Mormon legend says that Brigham Young, when he emerged from the mountains with his first exhausted band after their long trek and saw this dead land between him and a dead sea, struck his staff on it like the prophet and said, 'Here we will build a temple to our Lord!' That is legend; but anyway, the solitary place was glad, the desert has blossomed, and the temple was built within forty years. It is to this city what another temple was to Jerusalem; all streets are built to and from it; 'First South' and 'Fifteenth West' mean 'from the Temple' (which only Mormon initiates may enter). The Tabernacle, behind it, is a huge oval building with a dome twelve feet thick entirely supported by great buttresses around its sides; that might not be a simple architectural problem today, but the Mormon pioneers built it with their own hands soon after they reached this barren spot. Legend, again, says that the Salt Lake City seagulls came in answer to Mormon prayer and ate the locusts which destroyed their first efforts at cultivation. The seagulls are certainly there, and unexpected to see by the dead sea into which a river called the Jordan vanishes. It is all very strange.

Whatever its past or future, Salt Lake City today is a pleasantly reposeful island in America's unease. What has been built here was built on faith and is strong. In the gentler spirit of the place the traffic frenzy and the parking terror fall away. People move in measured time and the air is not rent with clamour. Prices are lower, and hands do not grasp. A spacious place has been set aside for 'out of State' cars, so that the traveller comes to a haven.

What Utah may become, who knows? The stranger soon meets the resident who dislikes the Mormons, and the man who says 'The only good thing about this place is the climate'. The critics complain that the poor man cannot buy beer by the glass but the rich one can drink what he likes in the great, Mormon-owned hotel. The non-Mormon population is growing and might in time swamp Salt Lake City as it has swamped other places. Nevertheless, the organization founded by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young has proved very strong and supple and has kept civic control for a hundred years. I doubt if the world has anything quite like it.

I went to bathe in the Great Salt Lake, where dawn and sunset paint lurid hues on a lustrous ivory palette. You cannot sink, but cannot swim with comfort; notices warn you not to get the briny water in eyes, nose or throat. Also, in this one place where depth does not matter, you can hardly get out of your depth; after a mile of plodding the water only reached my waist. It was wonderful for sun-bathing, and oddly, the sun did not burn. The first Spanish explorers were told by Indians, 'It is a very harmful lake; any part of the body bathed in it becomes inflamed at once'. Expecting to be quickly scorched, I emerged, not even pink, but covered with white salt, which brushed off in masses. Medicinally, this bathing might be fine; after it, and some days in and around pleasant Salt Lake City, I was more than restored from a long and wearing journey, and went on to Colorado fighting fit.

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## Chapter Thirty-Two

### COLORADO: EL DORADO

Colorado was bleak. As in Nevada, the soil here is hostile to man; Utah stands between the two as a human victory unique in these parts, one of faith. In Colorado the ranchers and homesteaders often had to give up after their flocks and herds had eaten the soil dry so that it reverted to sagebrush, thirty-five acres of which will feed but one cow. What brought it fame and population lay beneath the soil. At the period when the Republic drew an ace every time it cut the pack, Colorado saw a third strike like those of Sutter in California and the Comstock Lode in Nevada. In those days, when Pizarro's mythical City of Gold between the Amazon and Orinoco still gleamed brightly in the legends of Spanish-speaking men, it was El Dorado come true. In 1859 the gold-seekers rushed towards the Rockies and the gold, chalking 'Pike's Peak or bust' on their covered wagons or hand-carts. The westward-moving frontier jumped 700 miles at a bound towards the glitter of gold in those bitter ranges.

The day was very hot when I reached the Rockies. The engine stalled again and before me lay a pass 11,500 feet high. I longed to be over the great north-south spine and on my way towards green lands. Soon after I started afresh, however, I was more in danger of frostbite than heatstroke. I went up and up, through alpine water-meadows where streams and rivulets bubbled, through the deep and sorrowful silence of forests on high slopes, up to bare rock blanketed with snow where ski-ers sported and into mournful grey cloud; then down through a long ravine, describing the letter 'S' until I was dizzy, into desert-heat again and Denver. I stopped at the first place I saw to have a broken cable repaired, and while I waited was kept in talk by an old gentleman who stood around.

Age may be solitary, amid the pace that passeth understanding. Wherever I went I saw these old folk. The vestibules of cheap hotels, particularly, were always full of them, big-hatted, shirt-sleeved, suspended; waiting, watching, thinking. They were there from dawn to dusk, seldom speaking save to ask a stranger whence he came, whither he was bound, what he did. They seemed cast on some sandbank of life's estuary where they awaited its submerging tide with passive rancour. Mr. Somerset Maugham observed them: 'When I have travelled through America I have often asked myself what sort of men those were whom I saw in the parlour-cars of trains or in the lounge of an hotel, in rocking-chairs, a spittoon by their sides, looking out of a large plate-glass window at the street. I have wondered what their lives were, what they thought of and how they looked upon existence ... With a soft hat on the back of their heads, chewing a cigar, they were as strange to me as the Chinese and more impenetrable. Often I have tried to speak with them, but I have found no common language in which I could converse with them. They have filled me with timidity.'

Inscrutable they are, and they have a fixed place in the hurried American scene. The absence of seats in public places might be part of this mystery of the old folk, as of the hard lot of the bums. (I once asked a man about this and he said, 'If you put seats in the parks bums sit on them. I said that seemed the natural destiny of seats and bums. He said you couldn't encourage bums. I said I didn't see how they could be discouraged and what should we do without them? He looked worried, as if he thought me a subversive.) In a small Western town, in 1922, a druggist put a bench outside his store. At once it became 'a loafing headquarters for the local gaffers', men between sixty and a hundred who sat there year in, year out, 'looking like a jury of irritable terrapins, whittling, spitting and passing judgment on everything that passed' (an American newspaper description; these old gentlemen do load the air with a verdict of censorious spite). By 1949, after a quarter-century of this daily condemnation, the housewives were so unnerved that they asked the druggist to remove the bench, saying, 'Why, they must spit two or three gallons a day! They ain't died fast enough,

these old men.' The bench was removed, but the aged men made such a fuss that it was soon put back, and they are on it now.

This old gentleman of Denver was loquacious, and gave me an acid commentary on the times. Aw hell, he said, when he was married before the Spanish-American war (1898) he and his wife lived a year in a box-car; he was 'on the railroad and she was game'. Then she found a one-room apartment and wanted her own furniture. Hell, she got it all for 42 dollars, secondhand; 'after all, once you got furniture it's secondhand anyway, ain't it?' He let that apartment, furnished, for 59 dollars a month in 1918; ten years later he was glad to get 15 dollars for it. He paid 399 dollars for his first automobile; now 399 dollars was just the down-payment. Hell, the young folks today thought the down-payment was the end; they didn't trouble to think about the payments to come. When they bought furniture they had to have everything of the best, hell, 400 dollars for the bedroom suite, 300 for the dining-room suite, hell, they'd do better putting 3000 or 4000 dollars away for the hard times ahead. Business was slowing down but, hell, the punks who drew big money from the government thought it ought to go on like that for ever. What would happen to all the production in a few years time when money was tight and the European countries were recovering and sending their goods across? The punks would see, aw hell.

He gave me some insight into the minds of these old folks who sit around. I drove on into Denver, settled myself and looked about me. Denver, like Reno and all the mining-camps, sprang up overnight, but it has taken firm root, flourished, and is now the biggest city of the West, until you reach the Pacific. Like Haw Tabor, who chiefly built it, many bonanza kings died in penury, but others reached Pike's Peak and were not later 'busted'; they founded families still wealthy and powerful in Denver today. Around the real-gold-leafed dome of its Capitol spreads a town of great contrasts; its main streets are as fine and its mean ones as squalid as any in America.

My lodging was in the poorer part, among tumbledown brick and adobe houses, intersected with dark alleyways and inhabited by a diversified breed, of many colours. Larimer Street was near and gave me my first close view of a thoroughfare as distinctively American, at its level, as Main Street. Here, where the variegated throng surges to and fro, slop-shops, pop-shops and junk-shops, bars, saloons and snooker-pool rooms neighbour each other, with the neon cross of an occasional Rescue Mission between, and the whole pot boils day and night; the hard-drinkers perch on their stools before breakfast and at almost every hour.

With memories of Edna May, I went into one mission room, where seven little coloured children, seven elderly men (two of whom slept), and two young men confronted a preacher and a young woman who told the seven children the parable of the Lost Sheep. Mission work must be hard in these wide-open surroundings. The traveller who talks with Americans soon comes to some understanding of the Prohibition experiment. It failed because moral attitudes cannot be enforced by legislation. Not much effort has been made, by taxation or other means, to temper the abundance or potency of liquor, and possibly none is feasible (in ghostly Virginia City, when I was there, the few citizens voted unanimously against reducing the number of saloons on the ground that this was an attack on the American Constitution). Thus the trade, and any effects it may have, continue almost unregulated, with local exceptions. Many Americans dislike this unrestrictedness.

In Larimer Street every third establishment seemed to be a pawnshop. Once it was the centre of fashion in growing Denver; now Denver has moved away from it and the elegance of the large hotel there, which was once 'the last word in luxury', is hard to picture today. I found its entrance hall full of the usual veterans, waiting in judgment, and its bar empty save for one woman, who sang. She might have weighed seventeen stone and had the remains either of beauty or of what Wilde called really remarkable ugliness. She had a very strong stage personality and a more powerful voice than I ever heard in a woman. In London, perhaps, she might not have needed to

spend her days serenading bygone triumphs at a decaying bar, for London loves its Kate Carneys and Florrie Fordes to the end. None but myself heeded her or her song, which shook the rafters, and also dated her; it was, 'Teasing, teasing, I was only teasing you'.

I went back to my hotel and tarried among the ancients who sat there because one, in loud tones, told a strange tale. Things overheard often defy explanation and, as I missed the beginning, I was left without the clue to an astonishing human experience. What I heard was, oft- repeated in accents of reverent emphasis, 'The doctor made me drink a pint of whisky a day for ninety days to drive the stuff out of my system. A pint of whisky a day for ninety days! I was drunk for ninety days! And I don't drink! I don't touch whisky. I told him I'd never taste it again. But he made me drink a pint of whisky a day for ninety days!'

I wonder still what ailment was cured by this treatment. The evening of this man's days was plainly to be cheered by the recounting of his ninety days and life had left him little else to tell; that was made clear when, having exhausted even this theme, he buttonholed a newcomer and urged him to see this or that picture, then showing in town. The stranger, disappointing man, was a commercial traveller who spent every evening watching pictures and had already seen them all. To that the elderly man replied, 'Then you cain't do nuthin' here. There's nuthin' else to do. I go to 'em all. The pictures is my only pleasure.'

At that I went upstairs, pondering the consolations of age.

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## Chapter Thirty-Three

### MYSTERIOUS WAY

I saw another aspect of the American scene in Denver: revivalism. Apparently Denver is a centre of it and it has several permanent 'revival churches'. Their advertisements stirred my curiosity. These offered faith-healing to the music of accordions and steel guitars, and an evangelist who was to take a piano apart and play upon the strings of a piano with accompaniment of another piano. I wondered if that added up to two pianos or three, and went to see.

I found a large, barnlike building in a humble district. Strange sounds, as of sorrow or illness, came from it and inside I discovered about a thousand men, women and children, who emitted them. On the platform a man made various announcements and between them threw up his arms and cried 'Praise the Lord!'; then the people threw up their arms too, and waved them, while the men groaned, the women keened, and all puckered their faces, while many wept. The sounds and gestures were familiar to me. Around Durban is a sect of Christianized Natives who wear long blue robes with a white cross on the back. They have mingled Christian with pagan things and drive out devils in the manner of a tribal war-dance, prancing round the possessed ones, trampling and kicking them, with movements and noises akin to those I now heard.

Between the groaning and keening men and women stood up and held forth in incoherent words, sometimes in gibberish. Then the folk on the platform stood with bowed heads and when it ended they said 'That is marvellous, praise the Lord!' and the oohs and aahs began again. At the announcement of a hymn-tune the tempo abruptly changed; the puckered faces cleared, the lamentations ceased, and the people sang with terrific gusto. Next a handsome young man with a strong personality spoke; I could not judge if he genuinely wished to spread the Gospel but he could have sold snowshoes in the Congo. By turns he took off his coat, undid his tie, unbuttoned his collar, wiped his brow and spoke of the strain of his work. The church, he said, needed men; unfortunately (he tried to skate back over that 'unfortunately') two-thirds of its members were women. I looked about me; four-fifths of the congregation were women, all sharing a mien of unfulfilment, and usually women were the ones who sprang up and babbled. Next the young man spoke of miracles. A gentleman ('present today, I believe') had been cured of cancer by attending these meetings and had the X-ray plate to prove it.

Then he played a banjo and sang a song, 'Baby Gloves', about an old dad and mum left all alone with these tiny mementoes of children grown and gone away. After that an older man said that Brother Jones had often been offered 'thousands of dollars without charge' but had 'just brushed the money aside', and he admired Brother Jones for that. However, he implied, Brother Jones would like some money and he would now take 'a love offering for Brother Jones'. Thereon women sprang up to 'bear witness' in jumbled words to Brother Jones's merit; 'Give till it hurts!' cried one. With great clamour of brass, wind and rub-a-dub the collection was taken and brought in much money, the figure being greeted with the loudest groans of all.

Next I went to a finer hall in a better district. I could not tell whether these revival churches belonged to some parent body having the form of a properly constituted church; I rather guessed that anybody could open a revival church, anywhere. The second one was packed, too, but with sober folk of the middle-class, lads and girls, young couples with babies in carry-cots, substantial people of mature age. They looked as good a section of the community as any body of selectors would choose, and were of the quiet, prudent type which usually rejects a spurious emotionalism, especially in religion. The drill, however, was the same; a frenzy was whipped up, culminating in a deft collection. A song-leader with a squeeze-box led a hymn (which a young man next to me

whistled piercingly and melodiously) and mentioned casually that he had been miraculously cured of warts. Then The Gospel Four sang 'I wanna be God's friend 'n a liddle bit more' in swing-time. Prayers followed, with the moaning and shrilling and tears, the shimmying and shaking; then more talk of miracles, and the collection. To thwart the reluctant giver and small gift, the plate was put below the preacher and men and women were made separately to march up to it. Thus the human ambition to keep up with the Jones's was exploited and large sums were gathered (apparently several times a week).

The people obviously liked the giving, the fluorescent crosses, the pretty girls at the electric organs, the two xylophones and the piano, the personable Gospel Four, the lusty singing and the frenetic self-abasement. All this satisfied some spiritual void in them and they were not people in whom an easy response to the bogus might have been expected. Clearly the yearning to attach faith to something is a motive; this is a form of reaction against the life of 'materialistic gusto', though it may be exploited by materialists. I thought of the man who joined the crooked game because it was the only one in town, and the other whose only pleasure was going to the pictures.

Revivalism clearly has a continuing market value, and American susceptibility to it goes back to the beginning of the Republic's story. This is a native form of emotionalism, not the imported, exotic one of New York. It was there before the admixture of blood began. The records show that people of unmixed Anglo-Saxon stock behaved differently, in America, from the way they would have behaved at home. Revivalism today is the old Camp Meeting in a new form.

Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke of the 'monstrous absurdities of the Methodists at their Camp Meetings', having been told of an instance 'of several of these fanatics jumping about on all fours, imitating the barking of dogs and surrounding a tree in which they pretended they had "treed Jesus"'. Prince Achille Murat was an eye-witness and left fantastic pictures of orgies in the woods. Mr. James Truslow Adams's *Epic* says that one, in 1801, was attended by some thirty thousand people, while seventeen preachers and many volunteer orators preached continuously from a Friday to the following Thursday. At one time three thousand people lay unconscious, while hundreds 'jerked' and 'barked' in unison. 'Just as human nature, dammed in one direction, finds outlets in another, so the emptiness of life on the frontier led the emotions to find relief in wild orgies ... The almost incredible Camp Meetings catered both to the settler's desire for company and to his need for expression in emotional life. The inhibitions of his starved social and emotional life were suddenly removed by the mass psychology of these vast gatherings, at which thousands would exhibit pathological symptoms in unison.'

That is a fair description of revivalism one hundred and fifty years later. The land is no longer so empty in the physical sense, and places like Denver are full, but a spiritual emptiness has remained, or returned, and the emotions find relief in these modern Camp Meetings, the revival churches. Of the earlier times, Mr. Adams wrote: 'Man craves an outlet for his emotions and these had been completely starved in the monotonous, hard-working, lonely, drab existence of the outer settlements and frontier.'

In today's America of the one hundred and fifty millions, the movies, radio, television and the ball-game, man apparently still craves an outlet for emotions which all these do not satisfy. In the Republic of forty-nine States there seems still one empty state; that of the spirit and the mind. Clearly there is something different, incalculable, in the American soil and air; or so I thought, in the revival churches.

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## Chapter Thirty-Four

### SILVER SPOON

Denver has two or three theatres, that is, places which were built for living players. Hollywood has long since driven out the flesh and blood performers, and of them and their plays remain only a few photographs, programmes and playbills. Yet the largest of them, the Tabor Grand Opera House, still contains the living stuff of the eternal human comedy in such measure that the shadow-plays there seem more than usually unsubstantial; the reality of life is in the place itself. It saw the start and end of a farcical-tragical-melodrama of sin and retribution, so much overdone that the very boards of the Lyceum might have groaned in protest against it. Nevertheless, it all truly happened; this theatre was the scene of a play stranger than any its footlights ever lit.

Even the names of the characters ring as if they were chosen to burlesque Lyceum melodrama, but are genuine: Haw (H. A. W.) Tabor, the moustachioed gallant; Baby Doe, the golden-haired; and Silver Dollar, the innocent cheeild. Tabor came with the gold-rushers to these parts a hundred years ago. He was an unsuccessful miner, and opened a store at Oro (which he later renamed Leadville). There, in 1875, the gold-miners' discarded dirt was found to be silver-bearing lead carbonate of high value, and another rush began, the silver-rush. Tabor's store prospered and in 1878 he let two penniless Germans have sixty-five dollars' worth of food against a one-third share in anything they might strike. A few months later he sold his share for a million dollars and within a few years could no longer count his millions. He became king of Leadville (which he hoped to make the capital of Colorado), formed his own Tabor Fire Brigade and Tabor Light Cavalry to fight flames or disorder, and built an hotel and theatre. When Denver was chosen for capital he plunged into great schemes there.

At Central City, another mining-camp some seventy miles away, was a Mrs. Elizabeth Doe, brought from afar by a gold-seeking husband. The miners called her Baby Doe: what melodramatist could contrive a name more expressive of gentle and helpless femininity She was young, pretty, unhappy. The fabulous mining-camps then had the same appeal for ambitious young ladies that Hollywood holds today. Tabor's name rang over the mountains. Baby Doe went over the Rockies to Leadville and caught his eye. Divorces were obtained and they married. Tabor's renown was so great that the President attended the wedding in Washington, and Tabor was enabled by political wirepulling to achieve his supreme ambition, a United States Senatorship (albeit, only for thirty days). He took with him for this brief senatorship a silk nightshirt with flounces and inserts of rose-point lace, and four inches of lace at the wrists of the episcopal sleeves.

During this time he built, among other edifices in Denver, the Tabor Grand Opera House, sending architects to study the theatres of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and emissaries to Brussels, Paris and Japan for carpets, tapestries and timber. From his box hung a two-foot block of silver with 'Tabor' on it in letters of gold. Above the proscenium arch was a painting of Shakespeare; Tabor, inquiring who it might depict, said 'What did he ever do for Denver?' and supplanted it with his own portrait. In this theatre (and the one at Leadville) appeared Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Duse, Bernhardt and many other famous ones.

I saw the curtain which fell on the grand opening. It shows the sun setting on the ruins of some fanciful temple, where wild beasts roam among broken pillars and crumbling pomp; the obscure German artist, whom Tabor paid fifteen thousand dollars for it, added at the foot two lines by Charles Kingsley:



So fleet the works of man, back to the earth again  
Ancient and holy things fade like a dream.

Presumably this pointed allegory held no personal warning for Tabor, who for a few years looked down on this splendid house from his flower-filled box, with Baby Doe and her two baby daughters at his side. The invisible god-mothers of morality attended the second daughter's christening. She was named Rosemary Silver Dollar Echo Honeymoon Tabor (the sins of the parents!) but was ever known as Silver Dollar, Tabor's favourite symbol. This period was the peak of what today's picturemakers would call The Tabor Story. A hundred peacocks stalked the lawns of his Denver mansion. He was a rajah; at his wedding he sent agents to Spain and Portugal to search for the legendary crown jewels of Queen Isabella, so that Baby Doe might wear them. The men returned with some jewels, of whatever authenticity, and a rope of pearls, which she wore.

In 1893 all fell into the ruin pictured on the dropcloth. Silver was too abundant. The twentieth century, and the closing grip of gold on the world, lay ahead; Tabor may have been an early victim of that process. The gold-kings forced the repeal of the act which authorized the purchase of silver bullion and its coinage into dollars. Silver was suddenly not much more valuable than nickel. Almost overnight Tabor's fortune dissolved; the mansions, theatres and hotels went, the furnishings and Baby Doe's jewels; Silver Dollar's inheritance vanished. Tabor, who had given the land on which Denver post office stood, was saved from utter destitution by the gift of the postmastership and died in 1899, leaving Baby Doe, now forty-five years old, with her two daughters. He bequeathed one worthless silver-mine in Leadville, telling her 'Whatever happens, hold on to the Matchless; it will give you back all I have lost'.

Baby Doe, strange woman, held on to the Matchless Mine. I went to Leadville, a hard journey even in good weather, and saw the wooden shack, only habitable at the last extremity, where for thirty-six years she held off all comers with a shotgun. A more desolate spot is hardly to be imagined outside Arctic regions. Leadville, where she had found the famous Tabor, died around her (of late years a little life has returned there) but she stayed on, a ghost in a ghost-camp. Few mortals since Saint Simeon Stylites can have imposed on themselves a more horrific self-martyrdom. The elder daughter soon went away. Silver Dollar stayed on until she was nearly twenty, when she too fled; she became a salesgirl, danced in night clubs, drifted around. The mother thought her in a Chicago convent until, after ten years, Silver Dollar died. She was in the Chicago depths by then and died by boiling water poured or spilt over her. She left a photograph with the message, 'If I am killed arrest this man'. A coroner's jury was 'unable to determine whether said occurrence was accidental or otherwise'.

The elder sister, being informed, said 'I never approved of my sister; she looked at life so differently. I can see no more reason now why she should be more to me than just a dead woman down in Chicago. Why should I, who have pride and position, and like only quiet and nice things, have to claim her now in this kind of death?'

Baby Doe lived ten more years in the shack, utterly alone, and then was found frozen, wearing newspapers for warmth and with sacking round her feet. She was eighty-one; when she died Hitler was dictator of Germany. That seemed strange to me, as if the melodrama covered centuries. She puzzled me. Was this Baby Doe a cornered tigress, defending in her own way the memory of a man, against all corners? One detail made me think she tenderly loved her Haw. Among his relics at Denver are some pyjamas from the great days. Pyjamas in 1885 were not elegant and Haw, who in his portrait looks like Groucho Marx half-eaten by wolves, must have cut as odd a figure in them as in the rose-pink nightshirt and golden sleeping-cap. But Baby Doe's hand worked an intricate pattern of silken white flowers on these pyjamas; the task must have taken months.

There was yet a sequel; a picture was made of Silver Dollar's story, and the world premiere was at the Tabor Grand Opera House, where Baby Doe, blazing with jewels, and her babies once sat in the Tabor box. A Miss Daniels played Silver Dollar. From Baby Doe to Bebe Daniels; such was the story of this theatre.

I went also to Baby Doe's Central City, a ghost-town now half-rematerialized (Colorado has seventeen official ghost-towns; others, not much less spectral, vigorously repudiate ghosthood and remain officially mortal). I drove for nine miles along an alarming ledge of mountainside, and understood why an earlier English traveller, the Rev. F. Barham Zincke in 1868, asked at Central City if anyone had been killed lately on the approaches to the town. No, replied the landlord, he was glad to say no one had been killed for two or three years, but every year several persons had died of accidents on the hill.

As I reached Central City I saw that the more tumbledown places had been boarded up and freshened; the inhabited houses were cared for; and a deserted mine, with its buildings, shone silver in a new coat of aluminium paint. All this was background to the Opera House, which has been made the scene of an annual play festival; it is a forced growth in this remote place, but so is opera at Glyndebourne, and it has been successful. Americans are in the mood for such things at present and come in thousands for the three summer weeks of drama or opera, leaving revenues behind which ensure ghostly Central City mortal life for another year.

When I was there the festival was at hand. There was a gentle fragrance of show-business in the air and in the street strolled sopranos and contraltos, tenors and baritones who, but for Hitler, might have been wearing dirndls or leather shorts and drinking coffee in the Café Bazar at Salzburg. In a few weeks they would all vanish and wraith-like Central City would await the next year's annual migration of Art to the Rockies.

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## Chapter Thirty-Five

### FROM WYOMING TO ARMAGEDDON

On my way to Wyoming I drove across a plain, running parallel with the Rockies; stopped to look at a stockaded fort of the Indian days; and as I started again switched on the car radio. In America this instrument is a valuable guide to the nature of the countryside. Within the radius of such places as New York, Chicago or Los Angeles it fills the air with the alien dirges of a spunkless miserabilism, 'I'm so blue, boo-hoo boo-hoo ...' In New Mexico or Southern California it gives out Spanish songs and music. In Kentucky, Tennessee and the Middle West you often hear the pleasant hillbilly numbers, which are like musical soliloquies of a man who leans against a barn-door and whittles a stick. In Texas, Arizona, Wyoming and other states of the horse-and-cattle tradition come the entrancing jingle-jangle, clip-clop, yippee-i-ay melodies which contain the very swing and rhythm of a horse's shoulders and haunches.

This day was Sunday and, by way of complete contrast, a radio preacher spoke of Armageddon to any who listened on the wide plains. That is to say, he examined the prophecy of Revelation and tried soberly to interpret it in the light of today. Wisely, he said that he gave only 'the best explanations known to us and ones that do no violence to any other parts of the Bible'. The matter deeply interested me, because if any prophecy of the Bible has a clear reference to this time it is the one about Armageddon. So many prophecies are vague or capable of interpretation by any man who fathers a wish on to a thought; this one seems to be proving itself day by day now and ought to be completely tested soon.

The radio preacher examined the famous allusion to the great battle of the lords of the earth, and their gathering in 'a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon'; the great destruction which follows, and 'the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath' then given to 'great Babylon'. He thought this battle of Armageddon would be or already was an earthly one, but not 'a battle' in our sense of one clash of arms of limited duration and immediate, visible result. He interpreted it as a gigantic ideological conflict which might include several wars of arms and the periods between them. He believed that both the twentieth-century wars might be contained in that continuing struggle, but neither they nor another was in itself and alone 'Armageddon'. They were parts of the whole, yet to be completed.

As to that outcome, he turned to the second great prophecy of Revelation, which tells of the binding of 'that old serpent, which is the devil' for a thousand years, so that he 'shall deceive the nations no more' until the thousand years be fulfilled. That, said the radio preacher, in his judgment meant that Armageddon would be followed by a spiritual resurrection, a renaissance, lasting a thousand years. After that, once more but only for a brief while, 'Satan shall be loosed out of his prison and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth ... to gather them to battle'.

If his interpretations are right, we are in Armageddon now and have been for at least thirty-seven years, probably much longer. We might continue in it for another five or fifty. I look at these things with a trained journalist's eye, which fastens on any major fact, or anything, non-factual but evidential enough to enforce belief. In this matter of the prophecies of Revelation two points are formidable enough to impress any man, believer or unbeliever.

The first is that the two twentieth-century wars have both, at their ends, proved to be mainly concerned with 'the place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon', that is, with the Palestinian land containing the valley of Megiddo, though this place was not mentioned at their beginning. I feel sure, and hope I may see proof or confutation of this, that any third war will at its end similarly

prove to be mainly concerned with the conquest and ownership of that territory, wherever or under whatsoever pretext it starts.

To my mind that is almost conclusive proof that this is Armageddon, and the final evidence is not far off. The second arresting piece of evidence that those prophecies do relate to this time is the repeated reference to 'the deception of nations' and 'that old serpent, the devil'. 'The deception of nations' describes better than any other four words could do, written so many centuries ago, the methods by which the Christian nations have been brought today, unseeingly, to fight each other for a cause of conquest in Arabia which they neither perceived nor could understand. As to that old serpent, the devil, I see him in Soviet Communism and Political Zionism, the two-headed serpent hatched in a Russian lair which now holds the masses of Gentiles and Jews alike in its coils.

Thus I was glad to hear that a man who studied the thing with the eye of faith came to the same conclusion as one who looks at it with that of a political observer. He, too, saw the old devil defeated at the end, according to prophecy, though after many more tribulations for the Christian nations, and that also was my belief. In this matter today's journalist has a hard task. Living in the time of the old serpent's success, and seeing more of his victories ahead before he is enchained, he pictures the world as it goes and foretells the tale of new deceptions. But 'By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust ensuing danger', and

The first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remembered knolling a departed friend.

Yet Shakespeare had the golden rule for a journalist in the 1950s, as for all others and all else:

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out,

and that applies to Armageddon and the prophecies of Revelation. The old serpent and the deception of nations *will* yet be chained and defeated, and the Christian nations, if by way of further suffering, *will* come to the spiritual resurrection they need. If our time is the long, dark one of Armageddon, the bright upward road nevertheless resumes at the end of it.

That was my own belief as a political writer and seemed to agree with a cleric's reading of the most renowned prophecy of all. Glad to have switched on my radio by chance, I ran across another state line and came to Cheyenne.

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## Chapter Thirty-Six

### ON DUDE RANCHES AND DINOSAURS

Cheyenne shone like a new pin by day and shimmered in neon by night, in the midst of nowhere. It was once the capital of the cattle kingdom; the round-up, the branding and the long drive led to Cheyenne, or Abilene. It lives largely on the memory of the Cattle West (as Gallup, in New Mexico, on that of the Indian West, and Central City, in Colorado, on that of the Golden West), and capitalizes the legend in its annual Frontier Days Show. Buffalo Bill was the State's benefactor, for he invented the Wild West Show, which has now become the rodeo or stampede. The dude-ranch thrives in Wyoming, and Cheyenne is full of dude-Western clothing-stores, from which obvious New Yorkers totter out on the cowman's high heels (even the Garment Centre cannot provide bow legs) and beneath ten-gallon hats; they reminded me of the good Viennese who wore the Viennese garment centre's idea of Styrian peasant's dress to drink coffee in Bad Ischl. The genuine cowman may still be seen. The great days of the cattle kings are gone, leaving a few relics like the perforated painting of a cow in the Cheyenne Museum. It was originally presented to the Cattlemen's Club and promptly received the contents of a six-shooter; art was outcast in communities where 'Anyone who dressed better than his neighbours, who put on airs, who flaunted domestic help, was looked on with suspicion.'

Wyoming, on the High Plains, is the size of England and contains as many people as Leicester. This population may not grow much as the State's resources of farmland, pasture, oil, dude-ranches and tourists cannot greatly increase. Substantial areas are uninhabitable, the fertile parts are small, and the sheep and cattle that followed the buffalo thinned down the grazing. Wyoming's people do not claim any summer, saying that spring lasts just long enough to merge into autumn, and in winter it knows blizzards in which nothing can live. It is the state of storms and even in the clement season I was often caught in these, as they prowled around the vast plains. As no natural obstacles impede them there they swell and rage and you see monstrous, many-uddered shapes with pouring teats many miles away. In these great spaces you perceive the entire size and form of such a storm; its central core of deluge, its trailing, weeping fringe and its dark envelope.

Thinking the open range vanished everywhere, I came unexpectedly on roadside notices, 'Open range; be careful of stock', and sometimes passed antelope standing with big, benignant eyes by the highway. 'Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play'; the musical ride continued. Once, while the car radio played 'Tumbling along like the tumbling tumbleweed', I saw masses of this rootless plant, like stacked cannonballs among the sagebrush. I thought I would leave Wyoming quickly because the green lands called me urgently and I had far to go, but found myself repeatedly delayed by marvels which it made no effort to display, but of which I learned. Quite near Cheyenne was Como Bluff, where in 1876 the bones of the incredible dinosaurs were found.

I found a lonely, sullen hump beside the great road, with nothing but a small house, privately built and containing some fossils and literature, to mark the place of so great an event. Here lived the monstrous reptiles, Brontosaurus, Diplodocus and the rest, the skeletons of which were reassembled and set up in various museums of the world; some were eighty feet long, seventeen feet high and weighed several tons. They may have lived 150 million years and have died 60 million years ago, and none knows why they died. Once great herds of buffalo roamed these lands and we know why they disappeared, though future excavators might wonder; but the times of the dinosaurs knew no men or bullets. Their decaying carcasses, if theory is right, formed the earth's oil deposits.

But why did those enormous brutes die out? Were tiny mammals, on four legs, too clever for them? I often thought, in such parts, that America is a place to study the ends of worlds rather than the beginnings of new ones. Nowhere else that I know does present time seem so small or past time so huge, like a dark wall so high that you cannot see its top. I looked at Como Bluff and pictured stupendous scaly things creeping, crawling and hopping about, then lying down to die in caves, or being buried by some convulsive eruption, here where the great motor highway runs. Behind the Bluff lurked a storm, black and scowling; golden beanstalks of lightning climbed up tall black cliffs of rain. A yellow light fell on Como Bluff so that it stood out, above the grey land and beneath the stormclouds, like one of those monsters, with long, spiked and curving back.

I drove through the storm and, turning aside at a signpost, came again on something typical of this great restless country. Wyoming has, not ghost towns, but ghosts of towns. It knew yet another kind of rush, the coal-rush. The railway, as it spanned the continent, needed coal; here coal was found and a town grew up in 1868, called Carbon. In 1900, when the best coal was exhausted, the railroad company just took up the rails and went away. 'The majority of the population were unable to sell their houses and were compelled to leave them standing; they were destroyed by thieves and vandals.' That was forty years ago, and all I found of Carbon was a cemetery. The same thing happened at Cambria quite recently, in 1928. The town, which even had the traditional Opera House, died overnight when the tracks were taken up. I read that it was a 'ghost town' but in fact every vestige of it has disappeared in twenty years! Thus the urgent American spirit moves on. The Indians and the bison were driven from their fertile plains; the plains grew bare and the newcomers could not do much with them; it is all a puzzle of time, man, beast and soil, yet to be resolved.

This emptiest-but-one of the states, where the wind rode on a broomstick over flat bleakness or lurid, sweltering canyons, fit settings for the gorgeous Indian sun-dance, held a spell for me. I found its empty landscape often more dramatic than any animated human scene. It is a place to visit with a self-supporting expedition, or at least a caravan, so that you may be freed from all preoccupations of time, food or weather, for it is full of wonders. One of these caused me, when I was impatient to press on to green country, to make a detour of many hundred miles back to the north-west. Having no great interest in scenic beauties or tourists I did not intend to go to the Yellowstone Park, but could not resist when I heard of the petrified forests there.

These are different from the petrified forests of Arizona, which many playgoers know. There the logs of great trees, turned to stone, lie about the stony desert, a thing remarkable enough. But in the Yellowstone whole forests of these trees, still standing, rise above each other in the heart of a mountain, each one buried by lava which in time has become fertile enough to grow another forest, then similarly submerged. The Yellowstone River, like a knife cutting through cheese, made a gorge two thousand feet deep through this region and exposed the standing stumps at successive levels, among them those of giant redwoods. That I had to see.

It meant another start at dawn and a long and lonely ride, first through green plains, then across prairie drying into desert. It went, also, through a place called Rawlins, notable only, in this age of the human-lampshade stories, because a man was authentically skinned there. He was one Big Nose George, who incurred dislike in the 1850s and was lynched. A local doctor (later governor of the state) sawed off the top of his skull for a gift to a girl medical student (the bones and truncated skull were recently disinterred and placed in the local museum), and then skinned the body, tanned the hide and made a medicine case and some shoes from it. The shoes are still to be seen at the bank. The Wild West *was* wild.

Where the country looked too and for human life I saw the Indian reservation; the Indians made their last stand in Wyoming and a small remnant of Shoshoni and Arapahoe Indians now exist here. Then I came to one of those Western regions where the agony of creation shows in the contorted

and distorted land. At some time the earth, visibly, had moved like the sea in storm, tossing and rolling, and been petrified in its last convulsion; you could see the breakers. Mounds and hummocks of volcanic rock lay where they were spewed; the lips of dead volcanoes were still pursed, as if they might yet emit fire and brimstone again one day. Through all this, in superb disdain, ran the splendid American road, and brought me suddenly into a narrow gorge between high, rocky walls through which a leaden river flowed towards a blood-red mountain, which at the last moment it and the road encircled, so that I came to a dun-coloured desert where blood-red hills and hummocks diminished into flatness.

After this menacing place little Cody, on the edge of the Yellowstone, was reassuring; bright, busy and typically American. It is named after the great showman who was called Buffalo Bill because he killed five thousand buffalo in eighteen months to feed the men who laid the transcontinental railroad, and lives on his legend, on the Cody Museum, and on its annual, lifegiving Cody Stampede. The show goes on, under its new name. I wandered round Cody with memories of a bright arena at Southend-on-Sea, about 1900, I think. I can still see magnificent Buffalo Bill firing at glass balls thrown into the air by another horseman. How marvellous that was! I know now that concussion or small shot will shiver a glass ball, but have learned also that good showmanship is made up of pardonable deceptions and remain for ever grateful to Buffalo Bill. The Cody Stampede was in progress, but *without Indians*! To me that was a sinister sign of a bogus time. Buffalo Bill might have faked marksmanship or even palmed an ace, for all I cared; he would never have omitted real Indians from the Wild West Show. This was a stampede from Cody! I could not learn why the Indians were excluded. Great debate went on about it in the little town, but all behind the glove; strangers were not welcome to these secrets and even familiars watched their words. I felt that truth was lost to the world if Indians were lost to Buffalo Bill's show; this was a blow at the roots of my being.

In another fifty miles I entered the Yellowstone and once more climbed the Rockies, up and up and up, through sad and silent fir forests, beneath heavy clouds, in cold, driving rain. Then I burst out of the fir-tops upon a lake, almost an inland sea. On its shores campers huddled in tents and trailers beneath weeping trees; dry weather may be needed for a successful holiday here. I went on for another hundred miles, through fantastic places, enormous canyons with swift little rivers hurrying through them far below and their upper faces made by nature in the shape of cathedrals or fortresses. At nightfall I came to a most genteel, Cheltenham-like hotel and fell into bed, exhausted.

Next morning, as I could not hope to find the fossil forests unaided, I went with an impressive letter of recommendation to seek the Rangers' help. The Rangers, who are knights of woodcraft, do not ecstatically admire tourists. The tourists like to photograph themselves feeding the bears and if they get a quick cuff on the car the Rangers have to shoot that bear, which they dislike. The tourists also cause forest fires, which break woodsmen's hearts. I was not that kind of traveller, but the Rangers did not know; my cordial missive found no ready response. However, I persisted and at length a Ranger was detailed to guide me. In his company I spent a memorable day, which I had earned, too, by that arduous journey.

But for him I would have needed a week to find the fossil forests. They are not marked on the tourists' maps, probably because the tourists, as they would say, could not care less. We set off in his track and came at once on three bears, mother and two cubs, standing like hitch-hikers at the roadside; they wanted cake, however, not transport. The bears are very kind to human beings and sometimes, when these seem in playful mood and put children on their backs or dangle buns before them, join in the fun with a little pat or short-arm jab (these are the little black bears; the few surviving grizzlies are seldom seen).

My Ranger ran his truck off the road and drove it about half a mile, over rough, rising ground towards the firbelt of the mountains. Then we left it and I saw before me a climb of some fifteen hundred feet, through the trees, to bare summits. I guessed that my companion might expect a little entertainment. My back contained, unknown to him, a cracked spine and this was hard going over places evidently avoided by man as a rule, for we clambered round a shoulder of rock and saw before us a mountain sheep with two lambs, tranquilly sunning themselves on a ledge. We were quite near before they winded us and then they went off in amazingly sure-footed bounds, from crag to crag, into the forest below. They looked like small antelopes and moved with superb grace.

I survived to the top of Specimen Hill, where there was the stump of a huge tree, enmarbled. The lava covering must have been gradually worn or washed away by wind or melting snow until it reappeared, after inconceivable ages. Then, slipping and sliding down the loose mountainside, we came again and again to the trunks of standing trees at lower levels, which once grew in earlier and ever earlier forests, each in turn buried by lava. The place gave a man a sense of proportion about time, life and space. From the forests around rose the vapours of the boiling, bubbling, steaming, spouting geysers and mudholes in which the Yellowstone abounds. Far below, beneath the tourist-camps, the curio shops, the ice-cream and hot-cake cafés, the machinery which caused this tremendous process still worked away.

Going down was quicker but harder than going up. I achieved some thirty feet of the descent in one slide on my back, among the slipping debris of petrified trees, and was glad to stand again with only a bruise or two. As we drove back the Ranger asked me about Socialism in England. I said I thought it was of that old serpent, the devil, anywhere at all, Liberalism, Socialism and Communism being the successive coils; however, I thought England might yet extricate itself from this embrace. He said he felt that way too (men who live with woodcraft are seldom far from truth) but he guessed the thing was coming in America and he didn't know how to stop it. I often met this feeling of helplessness in America, and elsewhere. It is produced by 'the deception of nations', but I fancy that another mood, of self-saving action, follows at a later stage.

I spent an evening with the Ranger, his wife and four children, in one of the pleasantest homes I saw in America; it contained a happy and united family. Then I boiled my bruises in a hot bath and prepared, once more, to resume the overland journey.

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## Chapter Thirty-Seven

### ART AND THE MOUNTAIN

I turned eastward again from the Yellowstone, with its obsidian fortresses and silent mystery, its boiling mudholes and pent wrath. The fine roads and tourist camps convince no reflective traveller that man has yet arrived to stay in this volcanic place, where the last few buffalo graze in immunity. Even vegetable life seems to shrink from his coming for here the firs die in masses of some unaccountable blight, which is strange, because the fir is the hardiest of trees and seeks out high places, where nothing else can live, serene to fulfil its lonely destiny.

Fantastic climatic changes awaited me. The Yellowstone, at nine thousand feet, was chilly. Four thousand feet below I ran through Cody into stifling desert-heat again, and soon after that into the Big Horn National Park, an exquisite place of flower-carpeted Alpine meadows, little blue lakes and dancing mountain streams, with none of the menace of the Yellowstone. Then came arid ranchland again, a cold night in the car on the edge of Wyoming, and a dawn ride into South Dakota, where a filling-station lad once more undid my plans. He told me of another marvel near at hand, the sculptured mountain, and I made one more detour, to see it. It took me through another lovely National Park, the Mount Rushmore one, up an almost vertical spiral road through the firbelt, to the peak itself.

It is impressively American. If a mountain is to be sculptured, the Sculptor must go to it, and mountains usually stand in inaccessible places. South Dakota is one of the emptiest and remotest states, if anything can be called remote in a land of such unrivalled highways. The brow of lonely Mount Rushmore has been fashioned into the likeness of four American presidents. This is described as 'the greatest sculptural feat ever attempted by mankind'. The late Mr. Gutzon Borglum used a steeplejack's cradle and a roadmender's electric drill, or something like it. I could not imagine how he kept the sense of line and proportion, suspended in space and carving the mountainside with something less than a high-precision tool. Unkind falls of rock may have forced him to rearrange the group of the four huge granite heads, six thousand feet above sea-level. They have a somewhat compressed appearance and Theodore Roosevelt looks rather like a man who tries to see what goes on between the heads of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

Mr. Borglum thought the American philosophy was too much obsessed with 'business and bellies' and that 'the creative longing' was starved. Thus he ardently approved President Franklin Roosevelt's programme of public spending, which began in 1933 as one of welfare projects and soon expanded to include Art. The 'Federal Arts Projects' became the subject of much controversy, but Mr. Borglum thought they 'opened the door to the world of creative impulse, without which people perish ... All there is of God in creation is what man has in lonely martyrdom wrung from nowhere and everywhere ... Have we in gold, the worship of Aaron's calf, made our final bow in the hall of world fame, to be remembered with Rome for our abuse of wealth?' He complained of the indifference of earlier presidents to such matters of art and welcomed the better Rooseveltian time. During many years, in lonely elevation, he wrung the four imperishable heads from the hard mountainside; when he died his son completed the work.

From this unique mountain top spectacle I drove downhill again towards the hottest wilderness of all; the Badlands. Along the roadside signs began to tell me of the remarkable things I might see, learn, eat, drink or buy at 'Wall Drug'. I was not at first interested but with the passing leagues these invitations to gaze on rare beasts, be photographed with a grizzly, study Indians, buy Mexican jewellery, obtain a free history of The Badlands, and much more, began to exercise a compulsion

on me. What *was* 'Wall Drug'? I found myself driving faster and more eagerly as the signs flashed by.

As I sped into Rapid City I guessed the answer; Wall Drug must mean Wall's Drugstore in this town. I raced round looking for the ever-helpful Chamber of Commerce, but this was still early and it was not open, so I went to see the plaster dinosaurs in its park (possibly a Federal Arts Project?) and returned later, breathless, to ask where Wall's Drugstore might be. The pleasant girl was puzzled; then a light dawned and she said, 'Oh, you mean *the* drugstore at Wall, two hours away, on the edge of the Badlands.'

By now I only wanted to get to Wall Drug. I left Rapid City (no slow place; it was quick to boost its advantages as an atom-bomb retreat) and, ever faster, followed the signs, some five hundred miles of which already lay behind me. I realized that I was in the grip of a sales-machine of hypnotic appeal, which I ought to resist, but I could not stop. At last, with screech of brakes and sigh of anticipation relieved, I came to Wall, a tiny place which in winter is sometimes buried in snow; now it was buried in tourists, all allured from the several points of the compass by those signs. How easily might a druggist, in so minute a township, fall into the rut of merely running a drugstore! The owner of this one was a genius. That radial array of signs must have cost a small fortune, but I saw that the outlay was all worth while.

Having seen all wonders I went on with mind at rest but apparently still clouded, for ten miles farther on I realized that I was on the wrong road, going away from The Badlands. I was then flat on my back, striving with a flat tire. Once in my life I owned a car with a hydraulic jack; you just worked a small lever, beer-handlewise, and it dropped four small legs which lifted all four wheels from the ground. That was the only truly happy time I have known with cars. Ever since I have had jacks which refused to jack, or let the car suddenly down on the toe of my shoe, happily missing the toe inside. I was in that hopeless plight when a voice said, 'Got a flat?' Crawling out I saw a friendly road-patrolman and said, 'Yes, got a jack?' Not only had he, but this friend in need did the job.

So I drove back to the Badlands, which look as you might expect the moon to look, if it were hot, a parched picture of the earth in eroding wrath. It is as if it were the devil's own bit of the planet and he had stabbed and slashed with some great knife until all fertility drained away from yawning wounds. South Dakota, finding the unwelcome name of 'Badlands' wished on the place by the early French Canadian trapper who saw it first of white men, has skilfully turned it into a tourist attraction, thus making the best of a badlands job. It is another 'National Monument'; the boosters call attention to its strange beauty (it has a rancorous grandeur), and built a fine road through it for the tourists.

When I emerged from the Badlands the arid West at last lay behind me and I ran right across Nebraska to its capital, Omaha, on the fringe of the prolific Middle West. At two the next morning, after the hardest day's journey I ever made, I was picking my way carefully through the dead, dark streets of Fremont, still fifty miles from Omaha, when furious clamour sounded behind me. It should have awakened every sleeper in Fremont, but Americans seem inured to sirens at any hour (I sometimes saw bridal processions of twenty or thirty cars circulating slowly in town streets with every driver's finger pressed hard on the horn; this form of wedding celebration is common).

As no other was abroad at that hour I guessed the pandemonium to be directed at me, and stopped. Two threatening blue figures appeared from another car, halted behind me. 'You was swaying about all over the road,' they said, 'get out, will yer!' The tone was that of films I had seen, and until then supposed to be overdone. I got out and was told I was drunk. The next move, in the film tradition, would have been for me to reply: 'You can't do this to me,' and then to be led away crying, 'It's a

frame-up, I tell yer, it's a frame-up.' Instead, as a night in jail, though in later retrospect it might be amusing, looked disagreeable now, I temporized.

American friends advised me before I began these travels to beware of small-town traps, set for out-of-state drivers. These are good for municipal revenues and also for policemen, who need seldom fear that a stray motorist will enjoy the protection in superior places that local lawbreakers sometimes invoke. I think this was such a case. My good interlocutors were distinctly hostile; moreover, what they said was untrue and they knew it; I had been driving with especial care because I was very tired. I said so, with an air of smiling English surprise. They brushed the objection aside, but less certainly; something about me puzzled them. They rattled off catch-questions and then said suddenly, 'Where have you been drinking?' 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I never touch it' (I do not, when driving). They calmed down and, scratching their heads, looked at me with the air of anglers contemplating the one that got away, and decided to lay off. However, they did a curious thing. They said I was on the wrong road for Omaha and put me on a false one, so that it was past four in the morning and dawn was breaking again when, after twenty-five hours of mountain, desert, plain, cold and heat, I drove into sleeping Omaha. It seemed packed to the seams and by the time I found a room sleep was wasteful; I scrubbed the thick dust of travel out of my pores, breakfasted in an early cafeteria, and set out to see life in Nebraska.

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## Chapter Thirty-Eight

### ON MEALS AND MEALIES

The return to populous places and fertile lands was a relief. In the arid West I often thought of Mr. Patrick MacGill's lines, 'The nearer you are to nature, the further you are from God', especially in those empty parts where once the monstrous reptiles moved and volcanoes spewed. The name Great American Desert, if unpopular now, is still true. Omaha, on the edge of the green belt, was reassuring, for here the real and eternal wealth of America began; there can never be ghost-towns in the Middle West, for people must eat, the corn-standard cannot be abolished, and the vein is inexhaustible.

It was a small city much like others of the later Republic, with its domed capitol, its Main Street all neon-and-nylon, farmers ruminating in the hotel vestibules, workmen driving their cars towards pork-packing factories, and the Missouri running through. In it I first met a problem which continued to plague me; that of the heat. As I came from Africa, where it never incommoded me much, I had given it no thought; now I found it a major encumbrance. Not all American, hotels are air-conditioned; indeed, of the kind I used few were. The humid temperature achieved something which nothing but physical mishap ever did before; it immobilized me. I could not go about, drenched, among happier beings whose dryness I envied. When I pondered the thing I realized that in African heat I was never confined between concrete cliffs; this immurement changed life into a ludicrous conundrum, to me insoluble.

This comic predicament made even the search for food a hardship. It is often a problem for the stranger in America and his experiences vary greatly. In Salt Lake City I ate well and cheaply, in other places poorly. In Omaha the wish to avoid exertion drove me to the cafeteria nearest my lodging and it proved a haven. To the industry of meals applies the golden rule of an American song: it ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it. In principle the cafeteria seemed to me all wrong, for good service is essentially part of a good meal. I remembered a chophouse in London where the old waiter once brought potatoes in their jackets and, holding them in a spotless napkin, crumbled them flourily on the plate; I knew little *Wirtschaften* on the Rhine where the serving-girl's smile added zest to appetite. By contrast, it seemed a disconsolate thing to take a tray, shuffle along a counter, collect your food and utensils and carry them to a table. I tested this theory in New York and other places and thought I was right; self-service reduced eating to a gloomy occasion, the orphaned child of bodily necessity.

This place in Omaha (and sister-houses later found in Des Moines, Mobile and New Orleans) showed me that at the highest level the cafeteria may have some advantages even over good restaurants. For one thing it saves the buying of pork in a poke ('I'll have the gammon if it's good'); you see what you choose, and if the food is good that is important. In this establishment it was excellent, and the march past the dishes was exciting; deft young men advised as you went along and pleasant girls kept your coffee cup filled when you were seated. The process was well thought out and run, and I would have liked to open just such a place in England.

Near my lodging was a street of bars, dingy shops and missions, similar to Larimer Street in Denver (and I met its like again in other cities). The biggest and toughest-looking bar was a brick building painted blood-red. Within it, bodies went through the rye; outside it usually stood a young man with an off-note cornet, an elderly man with a big drum, and three women, who sang 'I was glad when Jesus entered my heart' in different keys. A few habitués of the bar always stopped to listen, either on the way in or out. Then the young man said, 'If you gentlemen will take off your hats Mrs. Smith will say a prayer', and the tipplers uncovered. One of them, finding the vertical

tiresome, propped himself obliquely against a parking-machine-post, sometimes looked at his hat as if he wondered why it was in his hand, and sank back into his devotions. When the prayer ended the habitués paid money (a kind of forfeit, I supposed) and entered the bar, while the youngest woman, following them to its threshold, fervently addressed their backs about the evil of drink; the face at the bar-room door. It seemed a well-organized proceeding.

I packed once more and went on to Des Moines in Iowa, happy in green, domesticated country, neither arid nothingness nor mountain wild, but a land of good growing crops and farmhouses. This was the Fourth of July, when the mealies should be knee-high; in many places they were nearly shoulder high. Next to sugar I know no crop so splendid to watch as healthy maize. It grows in great green banks on strong stems with big, shining leaves that look as if they were polished with dew each morning early. Des Moines stands in the heart of this green and gold empire. It is a town of trees, but the sun was so vertical that they only cast a little puddle of shade around their feet. The humidity, I was told, was ninety-seven. A draught through a car window seemed more desirable than anything else in life and after two days I went on, for the sake of that breeze, through a rural countryside more prosperous, I suppose, than any in the world. Here the towns became more frequent and bigger and the population denser as the road returned towards the teeming states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania; the world was one of green avenues converging on the great industrial regions.

For a few miles I travelled with a passenger, an old lady who thumbed me with appealing smile. She lived in a village eight miles from Iowa City and went there each day to work, she said. She was a kitchen-worker at an hotel, and until a few months earlier was a dormitory-maid at Iowa City University, at 125 dollars a month, 'but after seventy the State won't employ you, they reckon you ought to go on benefit'. Here, in the lengthening shadow of the Welfare State, was a woman who would rather work until she dropped than go on benefit; until she said this I thought her nearer eighty than seventy for, though vigorous, her face was gnarled and wrinkled. 'You like to work?' I asked. Oh yes, she said, she liked to have something to do and the doctors said it was the best thing for you, so she took the kitchen job 'at 100 dollars, but I get my food'. I thought it must be pleasant, even at seventy, to be fit for a good day's work, to travel eight miles daily to and from it, and to earn a hundred dollars and your food.

After I set her down I stayed awhile in Iowa City, which was as unexpected in its nature and atmosphere as Salt Lake City. For some reason the turbulent waters of American life divide and flow around it, leaving a quiet and reassuring islet in their midst. Then I went on into Illinois, which looked even richer and more abundant than Iowa and there I found again what I had almost forgotten in the West: the quick succession of busy small towns, with humming Main Street in the middle and pleasant residential quarters around, where wide streets ran between great shady trees that overhung cool, white houses. This was the thickly-populated central region of the Republic once more. For forty miles I drove through a countryside which surpassed anything yet in its look of wealth. Yet its air contained a restless something, and suddenly I was in the grip of a maelstrom I knew. Through tunnels, over bridges, beneath the straddled legs of elevated railways, I was whizzed and whirled along, dived into a parking-lot, climbed dizzily out of the car and gazed around, blinking.

This was Chicago!

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## Chapter Thirty-Nine

### OF BACON AND A BEACON

I looked down from another lodging on a riotous and chaotic city, the cousin of New York. On one side lay some traces of a quieter Old Chicago, where trees grew in the little gardens of declining town mansions. On another was a mass and mess of slums and empty lots left by slum-demolishers. From a dingy wall a large notice asked, 'Are you buggy? Fumigate yourself for \$1.50 a room'. in the background rose the Babylonian towers of office buildings, one of which contained twenty-five thousand people by day; on top of another, twenty-storied one was a spired church. In narrow streets between, street-cars ran below elevated and above underground railways, and beneath these last, again, ran a merchandise-subway. Accidents, when they occurred, were bigger than anywhere else. Behind the mountainous buildings lay a lake like a small ocean, Lake Michigan.

Chicago has often meant hogs to visiting writers, American or foreign. The city's proud insistence on the annually rising figures of mortality in the stock-pens has largely caused this. A man who enjoys a rasher should not blench at the thought of pigs dying (Mr. Rabindranath Tagore averred that vegetables feel pain but no tears were ever shed for the agony of countless onions); yet the subject has a macabre appeal to literary minds. In 1882 in Chicago Oscar Wilde, reclining on a buffalo robe in velvet doublet, knee-breeches and silk stockings, 'closed his eyes at the mention of the stockyards and looked sick'. In 1906 Mr. Upton Sinclair stirred the Republic with *The Jungle*, an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the hog-pens. In 1919 Mr. Somerset Maugham, though not critical, was gruesomely impressed by the struggling, squealing, knives and gore of what he saw as 'a caricature of the Dance of Death'.

I saw no bacon, but looked long at a beacon, flashing from a Babylonian tower, which seemed more significant. Newspapers may be read by its light in ships or aircraft miles away. What piqued my curiosity more than that (I once read print in Saint John's Wood by the light of burning Saint Paul's Churchyard) was its name. It was originally called 'The Lindbergh Beacon'. I suppose people who are now thirty years old do not remember that fantastic furore of 1927. No young man ever sprang at one bound to such peaks of fame. No mortal rewards need have been beyond Lindbergh. He could certainly have 'aspired to the presidency, had he accepted certain bonds, for the mass-newspapers frenziedly played M'Bongo to him (M'Bongo is the African praisemaker who stalks before a chief calling him Great Elephant, Earth Shaker, Stabber of Heaven and the like).

His humiliation was as complete as that of T. E. Lawrence a decade earlier. The condition of M'Bongo's praise was submission to M'Bongo's dogmas. Lindbergh became suspect before the Second War began and intolerable when he opposed American part in it. He seems to have been, not so much against American recourse to arms in any case at all, as against the shape he saw behind that particular war (the use of American and British arms to expand the Communist Empire and set up the Zionist State proved him right in the event). This opposition was mortal sin and brought on him a vengeance recognizably tribal. He was 'smeared' into oblivion, the trappings of adulation were torn off, and, among many other things, the beacon was given another name.

Thus Chicago's re-named beacon is a symbol of something supremely important in the Republic: 'smearing', which is M'Bongo's alternative weapon. 'Smearing' is known in England but is deadlier in America. It is an organized thing, with long experience behind it, and its effects are great. It springs into action there against any who genuinely oppose Soviet Communism, Political Zionism or The World State.

The might of this hidden machine is fascinating to study on the spot. I know an American writer who was nationally famous and earned some forty thousand dollars a year until 1941; he then expressed doubts about the outcome of America's entry into the war and his income collapsed overnight, to nothing. He is now slowly fighting his way back. Against an army of newspaper-writers and broadcasters who serve the three causes I have enumerated, a handful stubbornly fight for native American interests, defying the smears and threats and succeeding by sheer strength of conviction in forcing their views into print. One of them, whom I also know, has a lonely house, the grounds of which he has to keep floodlit at night, for protection.

Thus the former 'Lindbergh Beacon' seemed to me possibly more significant than anything which incoming passengers might read by its light five miles away; that literature was more likely to darken them. It shines over a city that boils and bubbles with the yet unanswered riddles of America. One hundred and seventy years ago Chicago was a log-fort. Today it is a towered and turreted enigma, of many millions. Behind its grandiose lake front, it is a crammed, seething place, like a building of an early Western mining-camp; all barn behind and pretentious 'front' opposed to the street. The 'native-born American', in the old sense, is greatly outnumbered in its population. The Germans and Irish predominate and from motives of circulation among them its newspapers are lustily anti-British.

I found that one newspaper building contained an atom-bomb shelter provisioned for three thousand people. I said to my friend there, 'What, you expect atom-bombs on *Chicago*!' (the thing seemed somewhat fanciful to me). 'Not on Chicago,' he said, 'on *this institution*!' Yet he was an enlightened man, and had every reason to know that his institution was more in danger of subtle permeation than of destruction from above. However, the Cult of Doom has had amazing effects of delusion. In 1950 an explosion of some dynamite at a small port in New Jersey sent panic-stricken mobs rushing through the streets with the cry of 'Atom bomb!' and a few months later, at Devonport in England, the same cry arose when barges of explosives blew up in the harbour. In the second case what should have been generally clear (and could have been prevented) was soon admitted; that this was sabotage; and that probably applied to the American incident too.

The population of Chicago is probably as mixed as that of any place on earth. In Halstead Street, which is twenty-five miles long, almost every nation in the world seems to have its little colony, Italians, Mexicans, Greeks, Swedes and others, and mixed-breeds of every variety. Maxwell Street, which appeared to be a mixed Jewish and gypsy quarter, contained more and noisier folk than I ever saw in one place before, all pushing, shouting, quarrelling, laughing, buying and selling in the narrow roadway between lines of booths. Chinatown was sedate and tranquil by comparison. The Chinese today succeed in living as a closed community among other peoples without harsh impact. Chicago's seven thousand Chinese have their own proper quarter and small, self-called Town Hall, with a Chinese court where they try minor Chinese malefactors, sometimes sending the judgments to be rubber-stamped by American magistrates round the corner.

Wandering in these places I came by chance on West Madison Street, which might have been designed, built and peopled, as I saw it, by Hogarth. It is but the prolongation of Madison -Street, which is a great central thoroughfare, and at first I thought it just a mean quarter, filled with dirt, din, joy, misery, darkness and light like any other. Then I saw men lying in the street, and said to my companion, 'That's a funny place to sleep'. 'Yeah,' he said, 'they're asleep all right; knockout drops.' He nodded towards lines of men who leaned against walls. 'Those men haven't a dime,' he said, 'if they had they'd be inside.'

In bright daylight, I needed a few seconds to comprehend. Then I saw what he meant. The prostrate men were unconscious, those sitting on the kerbside were only half so, and the ones on their feet presumably waited to borrow that dime. They leaned against the walls of liquor-shops which

displayed large notices, 'Whisky, full ounce, 20 cents; double-shot, 35 cents'. The results were plain to see, stretched on the pavements. At all hours of the day, I found, the scene was similar, and recumbent forms lay in the refuse-filled alleyways. In the early morning, when thirst needed encouragement, the double-shot ('Our Morning Special') cost but 18 cents!

I remembered hard drinking in London forty years ago but professional drinking on this scale (for these men had no other professions) was new to me. A hundred years ago London may have known something comparable; the Borough High Street then was described as 'a continued ale-house, not a shop to be seen between red-lattice and red-lattice; no workers but all drinkers.' What I now saw seemed a great waste of lovers, husbands, fathers, homes, crafts and careers. Prohibition is vain and appears wrong. Regulation of quantity by taxation and of quality by supervision might be an answer.

Chicago, however, is a wide-open city in the broadest sense, by order of the vice-syndicates, and this is one aspect of the effects. The city took brief cognisance of West Madison Street just after I discovered it. One morning a newspaper-editor 'picked his way to work through Skid Row's reeking garbage and broken bottles, stepping past the bodies of sleeping derelicts on the sidewalks', and thought this would 'make a good story'. In his sense, it did; his newspaper's circulation rose by twenty thousand copies daily while it continued. He sent two reporters to live as bums in Skid Row for a week; one became violently ill from the double-shot but the narrative was produced. There were eighty-two saloons in three-quarters of a mile of street, all openly breaking the liquor and health laws, and forty-six doss-houses with a nightly population of twelve thousand men, formerly of all classes from the managerial and professional to the manual-labour.

The report for a time closed down fifty-six saloons. However, even during this brief alarm thirty-two unconscious men were counted on the sidewalk during a ten-minute walk. The interests engaged in keeping the city wide-open are the most powerful in Chicago and the Police Commissioner 'threw up his hands', asking, 'what can we do?' Soon the good story was forgotten. Chicago has always been so.

Yet Chicago was also the scene of a scintillating glimpse of that beautiful and elusive thing, the American Dream. The oft-used words denote a genuine and admirable longing for something noble if unclear; visions are commonly vague in outline but contain great power to inspire. The World Fair of 1893, white and shining, was a sudden, brief realization of that peculiarly American yearning; in 1925 Sir Charles Cochran remembered it as 'the most impressive thing of its kind that I have seen'. Its swift creation and abrupt dissolution reveal two sides of the American character, which between them make up the whole enigma.

The idea of a World Fair to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America took shape in 1890. In a land where the cities vie for live conventions as Roman ones fought for Homer dead, this was a glittering prize, and Chicago won it. In January 1891, with opening-day but two years ahead, a few architects gathered on a lake shore then not much less desolate than the Atlantic coast where the first settlers landed in 1600. In May 1893 the Fair was opened.

In those two years seven hundred acres of sand or waterlogged ground were reclaimed and a dozen palaces built, together with hundreds of smaller buildings, canals, basins, lagoons and islets. For once 'American architects were freed from the demon of rent-values and the building-envelope'. All the buildings were white and of a uniform cornice-height. Meanwhile Chicago itself was still paved with cobblestones or cedar blocks, the uneven sidewalks were largely of wood, the slums were far-spread and foul. Mr. Walter Crane wrote of it, 'Long straight roads break off short on the prairie, to be continued when this pays. Along these straight roads are planted at regular intervals excessively



irregular houses, the genius of the American architect breaking out in weird, conical towers, vast verandas, mansard roofs; the main roads are bordered with huge telegraph poles.'

That is still a picture of large areas of Chicago today. In 1893 something entirely different sprang up on the lake-shore, almost in a night. 'For the first time in American history a complete city, equipped with all the public utilities caring for a temporary population of thousands, was built as a unit on a single architectural scale. Unique in being an epitome of what we had done and a prophecy of what we could do if content with nothing but the best, it was a miniature of an ideal city; a symbol of regeneration. A new epoch began in American architecture, the epoch of the classical. It endured for a few months. A vision was ordered to appear and then ordered to disappear.'

The huge, swift achievement; the warning touch of disintegrating doom; these two familiar apparitions of the American landscape reappear in the story of the World Fair. It was scarcely open when a Chicago bank, with a branch in its grounds, failed; wealthy Chicagoans indemnified foreign exhibitors. A warehouse caught fire and seventeen firemen were killed. As the Exhibition closed the Mayor of Chicago was assassinated. The white city remained, silent and deserted, as winter approached, and businessmen spoke of white elephants. What to do with a white city, its purpose served? Why, junk it! Fire solved the problem. The great palaces were burned down. Only the Art Palace survived and stands today, as the Field Museum, a monument to an astonishing feat.

The World Fair left Chicago with what it might otherwise have missed, the splendid lake front which is its one beauty, with fine parks and buildings, Planetarium and fountain. Only there, in Chicago, may you hope to find a quiet spot or restful moment, particularly in the Planetarium, where the most marvellous of all man-made machines projects on to a domed roof the entire picture of the day or night sky at any moment of the past or future; the contemplation of time and space is spiritually reinvigorating in a place so given to the passing instant. The fountain too is a joy. All cities ought to have fountains, constantly playing. They had them when drinking-water had to be fetched from fountains, but these should not be stilled now that water is laid on, for beauty contains a utility, and perhaps the greatest.

When I have forgotten much else I shall remember the fountains of the Schwarzenberg Place in Vienna. Hidden lights of many colours played on them, and shafts and plumes and columns of water, ever-changing in shape and hue and lovely as flowers, rose and fell in the summer night while I sat with my coffee and watched. Men knew how to live, once. This fountain in Chicago recalled that other in the city now in pawn to doom; it was a soft and delightful thing in the hard, angular brightness of Chicago at night.

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## Chapter Forty

### CITIES FULL OF VIOLENCE

Chicago is full of the showplaces of gangsterdom; something pestilential surrounds them still, as if their doors bore a red cross. The tourist guides lead their flocks to the café where Big Jim Colosimo was shot (whose throne passed to Johnny Torrio, who faded out so that Al Capone succeeded, who went to prison so that it descended to other, present kinsmen); another café once owned by Diamond Joe Esposito, who was shot between his bodyguards; the garage where seven Moran gangsters were machine-gunned by rivals, two dressed as policemen; the spot where a 'hanging prosecutor' was killed; the nightclub of one Ginsberg who died of fright while awaiting electrocution (he was a pessimist; in the last 639 gang murders thirteen persons were convicted, but not all executed); and other X-marked spots.

I went to America believing that the gangster days began and ended with Prohibition, which gave a galvanic impetus to illicit brewing, distillation and purvey. This was a major error, born in the perusal of the mass-newspapers; in truth, gangsterdom is more powerful than ever before, because organized crime is now firmly allied with politics. The masses of American people seem held in a clutch from which they cannot break free. The general attitude towards organized crime is (as Mark Twain said about the weather), 'Everybody complains of it but nobody does anything about it'.

Mr. James Kem, a Senator from Missouri, expressed common public feeling in scriptural words: 'Mr. President, the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence.' Organized subversion of law today is a quite different thing from the Wild Western lawlessness of earlier times. That was a hot-blooded condition of the open spaces where the forces of law were weak, some men took what they wanted, and other men lynched them to enforce some security. This is a cold-blooded thing of the teeming cities, the systematic corruption of an established order of law and justice for gain and power. It is of the snake, not the man-eater. It is (wrote Mr. Priestley) 'not a tropical underworld of hot blood and passion, of people too barbaric for the bourgeois virtues; it is a chilly, grey, cellar-like, fungus world, of greed, calculated violence and a cold sensuality'.

Gangsterdom in the 1920s and 1930s seemed just a sudden outbreak of violent crime. Rival gangs fought merely for spoils, hijacked each other's liquor, muscled-in on each other's precincts, killed each other, and that was that. The kidnapping of Colonel Lindbergh's son in 1932, (when the father was a national idol yet unsmeared) forced Congress to act. The gunmen publicly most notorious were hunted down and by 1938 Mr. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (America's Scotland Yard) thought the gangsters' day was over. Now the hidden organization proves stronger than ever. Organized crime is one of the three most powerful forces in the Republic and its coils reach round the entire edifice of political and civic administration.

The centres of the organization are the great polyglot cities, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Cleveland, Saint Louis, Miami and New Orleans. From these its tentacles spread over the land into small and smaller towns (in 1950 a quiet place of 15,000 people in Kentucky had its entire police force and 160 other people under indictment for vote frauds, illicit gambling and neglect of duty). The aim is to make the whole Republic 'wide open' for gambling, drinking (against which regulative laws exist in nearly all States), drugs and prostitution. The method used is the purchase of politicians and officials at all levels; it is facilitated by the American system of redistributing public offices after elections. The following quotations (a few from a large mass) show how the matter is constantly discussed, though as yet without any effect:

In Kansas City the alliance between politics and crime exploded in the killing of Charley Binnaggio and his gunman Charley Gargotta ... It is the duty and responsibility of the President to enforce the laws but obviously this is not being done ... It is little wonder that respect and confidence of the people for the laws have dropped to an all-time low; the unholy alliance between politics and crime is responsible for this ... No gambler can operate without crooked friends at city hall and in police headquarters.

The real crime menace is the huge gambling syndicate which has a grip on politics ... The Mafia is the super-government of a nation-wide and world-wide crime organization which now has tentacles reaching into the Cabinet and White House itself and almost every State capital ... The link between the new-style gangster and the shady politician is the biggest story in America today and its surface has only been pricked by the reporters' pens ... A share of the gangster's profits, as crime investigation committees during the last few years have revealed in Detroit, Chicago and elsewhere, is laid aside to buy local politicians who have the power to select police, prosecutors, judges and legislators ... The syndicate operates by subterfuge in every big city except Chicago, where an open alliance between politics and the underworld has brought about conditions that are a disgrace to civilization.

Politicians need money, racketeers need immunity (a Police Chief from Ohio).

The reason the Police Department takes things on the side is because they don't make enough to live on. If you offer them a gift they don't take it; they grab it and tear your arm off with it (a gangster).

The recurrent allusion, in all such complaints, is to the 'alliance between crime and politics'. This is universally known and individual Americans speak of it with detestation, fear and impotence. They overlook its larger aspect, which students of recent inquiries in England may also ignore. It is that officials, once suborned, must toe the line for ever, and the higher they are, the more important the line. Corruption may reach at last into major actions of State policy and endanger the life of a nation; more than gaming-machines, drinking-hours or numbers rackets are at stake. Forgetting that, many Americans tell themselves the Republic will in time, somehow, get the thing out of its system. A book about Chicago expresses this feeling: 'It is difficult to get indignant at Chicago. So much is so open and law-breaking is so obvious that it comes to appear normal.'

Organized crime in its present form is a product of the later immigration which started with the Civil War. The big names in it are Italian, with some Russian-Jewish ones, and it can only be understood by considering those origins. The great waves of immigration from Italy and Eastern Europe came from places where the secret society was indigenous and membership descended from generation to generation of the same families. The tradition of enmity to law and long experience in conspiratorial methods were brought to the new land. Signs of connection between Soviet Communism, Political Zionism and the crime-syndicate have often shown. One leading operator was prominent in the money-raising campaign for the Zionist adventure in Palestine. Gangsters are frequently defended by lawyers representing the American Civil Liberties Union, which was described by a Californian Senatorial Committee as 'expending at least ninety per cent of its efforts on behalf of Communists who come into conflict with the law ... Its main function is to protect Communists in their activities of force and violence in their programme to overthrow the government'.

The Italian organization is at least ninety years old and goes back to the Sicilian Mafia, which is centuries old. The Italian Government tried to root out the Mafia between 1860 and 1880, so that 'at least a hundred of its members' arrived illegally in New Orleans' (according to the Italian Consul there). These men committed some seventy murders in twenty years, most of them with the 'Mafia

gun', a forerunner of the deadly weapon still preferred by gangsters in the 1930s (it was a shot gun with the barrels sawn off to about eighteen inches, the stock sawn through near the trigger and hollowed to fit the shoulder; the stock was also fitted with hinges so that the gun folded like a jack-knife).

About 1880 one Giuseppi Esposito (possibly a forebear of Chicago's Diamond Joe) fled to New Orleans from Sicily (where Italian troops sought him for cutting off the ears of an English clergyman, Mr. Rose, and sending these to the family to accelerate ransom) and organized the Mafia there. He was captured and sent back to Italy, but his men killed the detective who arrested him in New Orleans. Eleven Italians were charged with this murder but New Orleans saw that prosecutors, jurymen and judges could not be trusted; the Italians were acquitted and the Mafia held high festival. Then occurred one of those spontaneous American uprisings against the corruption of justice; some hundreds of townsmen went to the jail and shot the men.

This setback seemed final, but in fact the Mafia proved to have remained in being and grown stronger. Al Capone's cousin is a leader of the organization today and the *Unione Siciliano* is freely mentioned in the continuing, but impotent, public debate. The editor of a leading American newspaper in a current book states that the crime syndicate has drawn such revenues from gambling, drugs and prostitution that it has invested the proceeds in legitimate trading in a large way and now owns a chain of great hotels, hundreds of night-clubs, restaurants, stores, skyscraper buildings and a steamship line! The general staff has plainly suffered little from the loss of the Pretty Boy Floyds and the Baby Face Nelsons.

Of fifty 'public enemies' proclaimed by the Chicago Crime Commission in 1931 none was convicted and several operate happily there now. In New York Irving Bitz (once of the 'Lepke Mob') popped up for an instant in some new affair and proved to be employed in the office of a leading newspaper, where advance information useful to the bookmaking ring was to be had. Dandy Parisi, formerly of 'Murder, Inc.', long sought for the murder of one Irving Penn in 1939, was found in New York in 1950; he belched loud disdain as the judge dismissed the charge for lack of corroborating evidence (Irving Penn was unlucky; Big Albert Anastasia, Kid Twist Reles, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss and Mendy Weiss planned the death of one Philip Orlofsky,' but Dandy Jack, working to a description, shot the wrong man!).

Those are the smaller men. The big ones bloom unseen, and each knowing writer puts a different name to the head of the octopus. Frankie Costello in New York is the great chief; Charlie Fischetti in Chicago is the biggest shot; Tony Goebels in Brooklyn is 'The King'; opinions vary, but nobody *knows*. The rival gangs no longer engage in pitched street-battles, or steal each other's liquor, or throw pineapple bombs into shops which have refused to pay for protection. The method has changed. Possibly there are no rival gangs now, but all have merged to besiege the politicians and through them to pursue bigger game: power in the land.

The killings which continue are picturesque, internecine and infinitely mysterious. Arrest, charge and conviction are at the moment obsolete words; enigmatic disputes are summarily settled between gentlemen who seem above all law but their own, and that's the end. Benny the Meatball (supposedly 'the big shot around Los Angeles') 'runs screaming into the night with five bullet holes in him'. He is succeeded (they say) by Bugsy Siegel, also once of 'Murder, Inc.', who is then shot on a divan in a lady friend's home. He is followed (men think) by Micky Cohen, who formerly killed Maxie Shaman, but in self-defence, and was acquitted. Allen Smiley, who sat beside Bugsy on the fatal night, becomes Micky Cohen's colleague. Pauley Gibbons, a rival (so people guess), 'falls under a hail of bullets'. Hooky Rothman is shot in Micky Cohen's chair in Micky Cohen's clothing shop. Micky Cohen, emerging from a Los Angeles restaurant, is greeted by shotgun-fire from behind a hoarding opposite (bad luck for a man who rides in a bullet-proof motor car from which

he can turn floodlights on to his whole domain while still afar off, and who, in his home, can watch all that approaches on a radar screen). Mr. Cohen is only scratched, but his bodyguard, Neddie Herbert, is killed, and a police companion badly wounded.

Nothing ever becomes known. The crime reporters each time produce a dozen theories. The dead man was shot by a rival for his place or because he had 'squealed'; the murderer was a 'squealer' and feared vengeance; the police killed him because they couldn't get him any other way, or because he had 'squealed' about payments to officials; or he was killed in revenge for another killing. The coils of conjecture are endless, but conjecture is the end. It is like peering into a nest of vipers where there are many hissing heads but apparently only one, writhing body. The crime syndicate does not extirpate itself in this way, but grows stronger. These casualties must amount merely to a fractional inconvenience within it; they resemble Stalinesque purges.

I was around those parts when the attempt on Mr. Cohen briefly excited public opinion. The story, which illustrates the subject as well as any, began with the arrest of seven men in a car for driving the wrong way in a one-way street (the prudent Los Angeles policeman devotes himself to traffic transgressions but even then may go wrong). The seven men had just finished beating a shopkeeper 'until he looked like the end-product of a meat-grinder', so that the policemen found on them revolvers, loaded canes, tire-irons and the like. At the police-station, however, the desk-sergeants, after one look at the captives, refused to charge them and restored their belongings. The matter would have ended there but that, by chance, an amateur photographer took a picture of the seven men, while they were being searched; he sold it to a newspaper-editor who recognized them as associates of Mr. Cohen and printed it with adverse comments about the police.

Public curiosity, thus stirred, was further stimulated when another colleague of Mr. Cohen was arrested for carrying firearms. Mr. Cohen complained that this was a false charge, only brought because he had refused a donation to the Mayor's electoral fund. He added that one of the police officers concerned took payments from a woman brothel-keeper and that this could be proved by the disks of tapped telephone conversations (apparently a local specialist was tapping such communications for Mr. Cohen, and also Mr. Cohen's for the police). The lady involved was in jail, having arrived there through another police officer, who sent a policewoman to gain incriminating evidence by offering her services in The Madam's establishment. At Mr. Cohen's intervention The Madam was brought from prison and testified that she had indeed paid money to the police officer who arrested Mr. Cohen's associate, and also to the one whose charges sent her to prison. At that the corroborative witness, the policewoman, said she had perjured herself for love of her superior. Thus The Madam made good her words to the officers who arrested her, 'I'll have your jobs, you're only a couple of peanuts in the bottom of the bag'.

Whatever the truth or untruth, the moral seems clear; that a policeman who interferes with the vice-trade incurs deadly risk. For the rest, a Police Chief resigned and another was appointed, and the newspapers closed the matter with allusions to 'the pattern of police bribery and police protection under which the rackets operate'.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation appears to labour in vain against these conditions. The case of Al Capone remains the proof of its difficulties; he was only brought to book, at last, for income-tax frauds! So it still is. A coroner's jury may say 'Murder', but the State or District Attorney's office may append, 'No evidence', 'Stricken off' or 'Dismissed for want of prosecution'. The devices of delay also are infinite in the hands of smart lawyers (an American judge once said 'Litigation at some point must come to an end', but that point is hard to reach), and the statute of limitations is short. One much-sought leader was arrested, as a last hope, for swearing at the police. Admitting to 'bastards', he said the President once called a reporter a son-of-a-bitch, and acquittal upheld his constitutional rights.

One peculiarly American factor also works against the repression of organized crime. 'The lynching mob exists in America in two forms' (writes Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson in *Studies in Murder*), 'the mob which hunts down and kills some wretch of a malefactor, or alleged malefactor; and the mob which rails against legal officers who are engaged in protecting the community against crime ... Ten thousand tears are shed in America for persons accused of murder, and even for persons convicted of murder, to every word of regret spoken for the victims of the murders. And that, according to thoughtful investigators, is one of the reasons why America leads the world in its shameful record for the unlawful taking of human life.' Moral indignation about *organized* crime is difficult to match with an emotional sympathy towards *individual* crime, and this might explain the failure of general opinion to rise effectively against the gambling, drink, drugs and prostitution ring. The crime-ring killings very seldom come to court, but the scenes which sometimes attend individual murder-trials have something of the delirium of the Camp Meetings.

Individual crime exists everywhere and would not deserve especial notice in a book about America. Organized crime is different and appears in America in a degree unknown elsewhere. The alliance with politics lifts it from the size of a fungus to that of a redwood in the American scene, and its effects might be as great as those of a civil or foreign war. The crime-ring, through its agents all over the land, sets out to suborn officials and politicians with money or the promise of *votes*. The service demanded is the wide-open regime, in the form of tacit non-interference with the gambling, liquor, narcotics and prostitution traffic. Once a party organization has been so subverted, however, its political policies are bound to come under similar pressure. The ultimate aim appears to be the subversion of the Republic itself, not merely profit. If a State is to be ruined before it is taken over, this poisoning of its life at the source must be in the interest of political ambitions, not merely of dope-barons.

One of the ring's practices is to bribe revenue officials and then blackmail businessmen and others through the threat of high assessments. A grand jury reported that in President Truman's home county 'one arrogant racketeer, feeling that a prominent businessman had not been polite to him, had this man's real-estate assessment tripled. When the victim apologized and opened a credit account for the racketeer the original assessment was restored'. This jury was shocked into making an interim report which spoke of 'terrible lawlessness, utter disregard of our States as well as our municipal laws'.

The deepest root of the evil, however, is the crime-ring's delivery of votes, or forgery of them if they cannot otherwise be obtained. Because of this factor, the results of American elections cannot always be accepted as genuine. The hidden process was illumined by an event in President Truman's constituency in Kansas City in 1950, when two men were found shot in the headquarters of the First District Democratic Club in Truman Road. They were Charley Binnaggio, who claimed to be the 'boss of the Democratic Party machine' in that place, and his 'bodyguard and enforcer', Charley Gargotta. Every day (at the club where they were killed) 'boon-seekers ran a gauntlet of stony-faced hoodlums' ('gimlet-eyed gorillas' is another favourite description) who dispensed patronage to the purchasable. Binnaggio was 'a political big shot'; he had 'thirty thousand votes in his pocket' and 'boasted that he controlled thirty State legislators and had elected the current Governor'. Some of the votes he thus 'delivered' were the subject of inquiry by a grand jury, which indicted sixty-seven of his helpers for forging them. The evidence was put in a safe in the county courthouse; someone blew it open and made off with the incriminating ballot-papers. The inquiry then collapsed.

The public will never know why Binnaggio was killed. The picture was the familiar one; the two men seemed to have died before they knew that anything threatened, and thus did not suspect their visitors, whoever they were. They had squealed or might squeal; the usual theories were discussed. The leading newspapers remarked, without excitement, that 'the alliance continues between the

underworld and many of the big-city Democratic machines that piled up the votes for the Fair Deal' (the Roosevelt-Truman regime), and that 'these bullets echoed in the White House'. The upshot of it all was that for a while a few Senators and Congressmen vainly sought to drag the matter into the open and 'the chances of effective action to enforce the law remained remote' (to quote one of many newspaper comments).

Chicago more than any other place makes the traveller wonder what America's future is to be. That is not to predict by dark insinuation that it will come to no good end; the huge latent strength of that great majority of Americans who want a Christian and decent life is obviously enough, if it can assert itself, to expel toxic matter from its system. It is merely a confession of ignorance. Today's traveller in Chicago simply has no past experience by which he can measure future possibilities, for the white man's world has never known anything like Chicago; I think that is plainly true and demonstrable. It is something quite new, at least in degree, and the results can only be judged when they appear. The second city of America is undeniably ruled by forces organized to stimulate and exploit the baser weaknesses of human nature, and to that end to subvert what white men have always in the mass held to be the Christian order of law and decency. Their law is today the only law in it. Such conspiracies have often been known in the European parentlands of America but never had more than local and temporary success. I feel sure modern history can show no other case of a great city being in effect conquered, occupied and ruled by them.

The only comparisons that can be made, as far as the conspiratorial method goes, are with the Mafia in Italy and the Communist and Political Zionist secret societies in Czarist Russia. As for the outer results, the Casbah of Casablanca, Port Said and the waterfront of Marseilles alone offer some possibility of comparison. Those were special cases, however; seaports and the sharpset appetites of seafaring men from the ends of the earth have always combined to produce small centres of human degradation. Chicago is not a seaport, so that those factors are absent, yet it far outdoes the Casbah, Port Said, Marseilles and all other such places put together in the open, commercialized display of prostitution, sexual perversion, the narcotics trade, drunkenness and gambling. Madison Street West offers but a small sample of its contents; the nude-show bars, the 'call girls', the dope-peddlars and the panders are innumerable. I thought Berlin between the wars was the ultimate in these things. Compared with Chicago today it was as a peanut to a pumpkin. The wayworn writer feels, or should feel, no call to moralize about such things. The more important aspect is that the whole is organized and operated by a single, central organization, The Big Mob, for purposes of political power and that now, according to all qualified observers, it has gained great power in the highest places.

A foremost authority in the subject, Mr. Jack Lait in *Chicago Confidential*, says this state of affairs has been brought about by 'our immigrant hordes' and study of it shows this to be the fact. The two traditional countries of the secret society, Russia and Italy, provided most of the immigrants of the last seventy years, and in the new country the secret societies were able to gain more power than even in their homelands; the masses of Jews and of Italians suffered under this equally with all others when the native-born American politician fell under the unaccustomed thrall. The Big Mob in America today is clearly the Sicilian Mafia of old, with organization intact, rules and methods unchanged. A current encyclopaedia says it was in Sicily 'a secret society which in the latter part of the nineteenth century aimed at superseding the law and ruling the island. Its chief weapon was the boycott; violence was resorted to only for vengeance; funds were raised by blackmail. Popular support enabled it to control elections, avoid legal proceedings and influence industrial questions'.<sup>[3]</sup>

These are precisely the methods used by The Big Mob in America, on a grander scale than ever before, and the internecine killings in the average lead to an increasing predominance of the Italian over all other elements. Mr. Lait says that operations are still conducted from Italy, by Charles ('Lucky') Luciano, one of the few leading gangsters with whom American justice caught up, at least

to the point of expulsion. He says that the American headquarters is in New York but that the real centre is Chicago, where The Big Mob under Colosimo, Capone and Torrio experienced its first great growth in strength and wealth during Prohibition, and where alone it completely controls affairs (twice during the last ten or fifteen years its sway was challenged even in New York!). Through the investment of its booty from narcotics, liquor and prostitution in open enterprises like real-estate, hotels and stores, and shipping it has become, he says, a kind of corporation or cartel equalling, or transcending, in wealth and power such licit concerns as the Standard Oil Company. One gangster, briefly held for murder, protested, 'I've got more cash than Rockefeller and there's twenty of us with more than I have; no one's going to push us around'. A Treasury Department official said this particular man was 'inclined to boast' but certainly had 'as much as \$150,000,000 in currency in Chicago safe deposit vaults'.

The heyday of The Big Mob did not end with the ending of the thirteen-year period of Prohibition, during which the foundations of its empire were laid on the proceeds from bootlegging and hijacking. On the contrary, it began then. The dwindling news of gangsterdom from America gave the outer world the impression that it was in decline, but the real reason for this was, not that gangsterdom was broken, but exactly the opposite: that the prosecution of gangsters ceased! This started, like permeation by Communism and Political Zionism, in 1933, the year of President Roosevelt's inauguration. The president before him, Mr. Hoover, was a vigorous enemy of the racketeers and his efforts to crush them now look like a main reason for the vendetta since pursued against him.

Before 1933 The Big Mob operated in a relatively small way through the subversion of local bosses. After 1933, Mr. Lait says, it broke out from Chicago to take over 'the entire state and the entire nation, to break through directly to the top, by-passing the whole succession of intermediaries'. Mr. Lait says that a *quid pro quo* arrangement of 'votes for favours' was made directly with Washington. He repeats the statement in various forms several times and adduces what appears to be proof positive: since 1933 'there have been few Federal prosecutions of Syndicate gangsters - and in Chicago none'. This was why The Big Mob disappeared from the news, while its power increased; 'from that time on major prosecutions of important underworld leaders practically ceased'.

This state of affairs received an impressive mark of official approval in 1947. In that year two Chicago police officers of long service arrested one Jack Guzik (who made the statement I quoted earlier) in connection with the murder of a man who challenged the authority of The Big Mob, refusing to surrender his racing news service to it. Guzik was released within two hours. The two police officers were charged with depriving the arrested man of his civil rights (apparently by searching him for arms). Two eyewitnesses of the murder retracted their evidence and a third was killed. Charges, changed to 'conspiring to obtain a fraudulent indictment', were then laid against the two police officers, but dropped. They were next brought before a Civil Service Commission which dismissed them from the force. They appealed and two courts ordered their reinstatement. A third upheld 'the wholesome decision of the Civil Service Commission' (a Supreme Court appeal still pends) and, says Mr. Lait, 'That was notice to Chicago's seven thousand policemen that the racketeers and their assassins must not be disturbed; none has been since, not up to now'. In fact the warning was a clear one to police officers far beyond Chicago, in all cities where The Big Mob is strong.

The root reason for the strength of The Big Mob's hold on American politics is that it is successful in subverting both main parties. Although it promises 'votes for favours', it includes in its calculations the possibility that the opposition party *might* somehow come to power, and with forethought infests it too. In England the Conservative Party is prevented by some occult grip from truly opposing Soviet Communism or Political Zionism and therewith deprives its followers of



genuine ability to choose. In America the Republican Party similarly submits to those two thralls and to the third one as well, that of The Big Mob. Mr. Lait says, 'The unique, baffling Chicago situation is that there is no "opposition". In every other machine-manipulated municipality there is an aggressive minority party, an active "reform" movement of some proportions. In Chicago there is none. The Republicans, who long owned the county and state, now depend for sustenance on reciprocal deals; mustn't offend our foes, because we'll need them, so we'll keep it peaceful; no mud now, boys, or we get nothing.'

I do not think that situation is 'unique' to Chicago, even in America. In the larger picture it exists throughout America and England and the remaining Western countries. The whole shape of it has only been perceived and publicly exposed by Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor, the former President Hoover, who in 1950 said the issue in America was clear; the two major parties should become opposites, and the Republicans should become a frankly conservative party. He told the Republicans, 'There is no room for you on the left', and the Democrats, 'Your die is cast, you are the party of the left'. Then he said to some members of both parties, 'You are not in your proper spiritual homes ... If there cannot be a reasonably cohesive body of opinion in each major party, you are on a blind road where there is no authority in the ballot box.' That is an exact description of the blurred and confused situation to which permeation has brought the Conservative party in England too, and England with it.

In addition to the corruption of politics and the bargain-counter display of human merchandise at its lowest levels of degradation, the rule of The Big Mob has produced a third effect in Chicago, the ultimate working of which is equally hard to foresee. The Negro population there is now by all appearance (trustworthy figures cannot be obtained) the biggest single group. Formerly, when it was much smaller, excellent relations existed between the white and coloured folk. Today there are large and growing Negro quarters through which white folk hurry by day, reluctantly stopping even at red traffic lights, and hardly venture at all by night, and white women should not go there unescorted ever. The figures for murder, rape and all other violence in Chicago's Fifth District are beyond anything ever known in white countries.

This great Negro influx was by no means wholly a spontaneous one. The novelist Anthony Trollope, as he travelled in South Africa about the time the American Negroes were being liberated, foretold the danger that 'unscrupulous white politicians' would make use of black men, given the vote before they were ready to understand it, and Chicago today is the picture of what he foresaw. Very many Negroes were induced to go to Chicago and Los Angeles (as the Puerto Ricans to New York) by cheap fares and other enticements. The object was to tip the voting-scale, and this was achieved; Chicago the city and Illinois the State were by such means captured by the Roosevelt-Truman administrations from the Republicans.

In this way Negroes from the remoter parts of the South, who seldom handled five pounds at one time in their lives before, were in masses brought to Chicago, where during the war they could earn fifty pounds a week. If there was ever a true economic need for them there it passed with the war, but they were kept there after it, employers being moved by threats from the white politicians to employ them, and relief being lavishly distributed if they remained unemployed. Racial resentments were created where none existed before, as they always must be when large and sudden population-movements are instigated for political ends.

The result so far has been that a law-abiding, established, slowly-growing and amiable Negro community has been swamped by a great host of imported newcomers who have been dazed and dazzled by the entirely new way of life into which they were plunged. For The Big Mob, they are as clay to the potter, and Bronzeville (which contains the Fifth District) is the result, a place where drunkenness, drug addiction and all depravity run riot against a background of dirt and human

congestion. This was once a better district of good houses and pleasant streets. The raw Afro-Americans brought their still semi-tribal way of life into it, turned mansions into antheaps and apartment buildings into tenements, and pushed out in all directions. In Chicago they are in fact driving out the white population from substantial areas. Friendly mingling of the races on the old level has almost stopped while the lowest of both races flock together, especially the degenerates. The state of affairs in the South during the Reconstruction years has been brought to Chicago and reproduced in large parts of it.

This is the work of The Big Mob and of the white politicians who have allied themselves with it. The city is firmly in its grip. Mr. Lait says, 'There just is no recourse against injustice. There is no place, no person to whom the helpless who would appeal can go. The blind alley of politics-gangdom-graft ends in a solid wall which none may crack or vault.'<sup>[4]</sup>

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## Chapter Forty-One

### SMALL TOWN

On my way out of Chicago I passed again through West Madison Street, where lay the men shot and doubly-shot. The tourist-buses go up and down there and the drivers tell their passengers through hand-microphones that this is 'The Land of Forgotten Men'; a misuse of words, for though these prostrate ones may for periods succeed in forgetting the world, by the sightseeing industry they are not forgotten. Then I toiled out of the city by the eastward road, a slow job, for Halstead Street does in a manner continue for the renowned twenty-five miles. When it ceases genuinely to be the name goes on and throws off ghostly side-streets, 125th, 150th, 175th and so on. The signs for 1000th and 10,000th Streets are not yet there but will come, in this country of 150 million people and 35 million motor cars.

At last I ran out of Chicago and Illinois and into Ohio and by way of complete change stayed awhile at Bryan, a small town of a few thousand souls. Readers of *Main Street* know Gopher Prairie, the raw small town of unlovely homes and stores sprung up in the fields where neighbours know no seclusion, private life is wide open to Mrs. Next-door's prurient curiosity, gentler souls yearn for Art and boosters cry Our City. The Gopher Prairies are numerous and account for the tone in which many Americans say the words, Small Town. A city-bred American friend of mine dreams of retreating to one from his exhausting surroundings. His wife, who grew up in a Gopher Prairie, merely answers. 'You don't know the small town; I do,' therewith saying a last word clearly unanswerable.

In these parts, however, I saw many small towns much pleasanter in appearance, whatever the real content of life in them, than Gopher Prairie, which was a farming-camp. They were like New England over again; outside Main Street, at all events, their homes were in green aisles of elms and the white wooden churches abounded. In time I learned the reason for this transplantation. New England soil is poor and when the frontier began to move westward many Yankees flocked after it, lured by tales of better earth. Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire were to some extent depopulated, and those States of The Beginning are among the emptiest today; the ghost-school-house, ghost-farm and ghost-barn are not uncommon there. The New England spinster became a familiar figure and one man tried to meet two crying needs by transporting her in hundreds towards the lonely bachelor in the West.

Thus the mushrooming new towns often grew up like the old New England ones, with the white houses, gleaming Wren-style churches, and, sometimes, village greens. Bryan had a large open green place, a bandstand and a band. It reminded me in this of an old-time German garrison town; however, no visible sign of German population offered and such things are not quickly ascertained, in an American small town. It was all very pleasant, with children romping round the bandstand. In America such simple enjoyments as a band in a green place, cool with trees, are rare and a certain resentment against them is constant. I felt it even in Bryan. The band was good and obviously one of volunteer musicians. When I went to a drugstore, wishing to sit down while I listened, I found a gang of lads feeding nickels into a jukebox to drown the sound of music outside.

I went on from Bryan, through Sandusky, and ran along beside another great inland sea, Lake Erie, to Cleveland, where the car broke down for the first time, by what seemed happy chance outside a large sales-and-service branch of the firm which made it, in the middle of the city. I left it in the loudly protesting traffic stream and dashed across. They were sorry, but the entire mechanical staff of their huge organization had been on strike for three months! It is sad to be stranded in the midst of a central thoroughfare; all America becomes one great accusing face and anathematizing horn; I

felt like a Lilliputian in Gulliverland. At this crisis a complete stranger with a truck appeared, without a word wasted began pushing me through the traffic, and after a mile or two taciturnly steered me aside into a repair-workshop, then departing before I could even thank him.

For a day or two I idled among friends and explored Cleveland, a fine city by the lake, with an abundance of trees and parks, and many great industries. Here Mike Polopski, the best-paid artisan in history, earns one hundred dollars a week (sensibly diminished by his union dues), owns a limousine, and lives in a somewhat inferior house, with a wife, television set, large refrigerator and a machine which washes, rinses, wrings and dries. Save for the house itself, and what that might connote, he lives well. He already earns more than the \$4000 a year which President Truman has foretold as the average income of an American family by 1966. The only cloud in his material sky, if it is one, is the unanswered question: will deficit-spending by his government lead to a 'bust' (as it does for private persons) and what is to be done with the apparently inexhaustible production of American industry?

As to the first, the currently unfashionable school of 'sound finance' holds that the ultimate 'bust' is inevitable. As to the second, only God, by the look of things, can provide the solution. When the small British island (which does not grow all the food or contain all the raw materials it needs) was wealthy, it bought food and raw materials abroad and largely paid for these with manufactures; and the world prospered with it. The Republic has all the food it needs and almost all the raw materials, and must somehow dispose of an apparently boundless surplus of manufactures. The conundrum is not now acute because a large proportion of these are in effect dumped in foreign countries in the benevolent manner known as Marshall Aid. If other countries recover and build up their industries again, their intake of American manufactures will decrease while American industry continues to grow. At the end it would be thrown on its own market, which is great but could hardly keep pace with such expansion. At that point the system of deficit-spending, to keep up prices and standards, might logically lead to cars, refrigerators and television-sets being stored in caves and warehouses, like grain and potatoes. Alternatively, the deficit-school of politics might declare another 'emergency', leading through the seizure of 'emergency powers' to 'control', impoverishment and the loss of individual liberty.

Thus Mike Polopski, at present flush, wanders along an enshadowed road trodden by the British working-man twenty years ahead of him. If his house is inferior to its gadgets, that is only because he has never thought much about houses. If he wanted a better one he could today still have it, of any kind he chose and could pay for. The stage at which that may be denied him, in the name of an 'emergency', lies farther down the road, about where the British working-man now is.

Cleveland was suffering from an outbreak of robbery with violence and sexual assault, the effect of two current causes. The visible immunity of the great crime-rings has weakened public respect for the law, so that unorganized, individual ill-doers now set out to break it in their own way; and that is made easier for them because the love of mechanical things has led to the disappearance of the neighbourhood cop (or policeman on his beat). Modern cities all felt that their policemen ought to rush about in zone-cars with screaming sirens. Constabulary duty was mechanized and became a thing of loud exhausts, corners taken on one wheel, and microphones ('Calling all cars, calling all cars ...'). This might be useful if the mobsters still fought each other in the streets, but today, for higher efficiency in the organization, they kill each other privately and without fuss. Thus the mechanized police have been left like an armoured division in guerrilla country, and the small local criminal gladly watches them whizz by before he goes to work. The man he feared has gone; that was the foot patrolman, who knew every honest citizen, bad character and doorway on his beat and was near at hand when anything went wrong. The man in the zone-car has no such local knowledge or eye for detail. Unorganized but violent crime has thus become a major problem of the day and the people of Cleveland were thinking of self-help in the form of Vigilance Committees.

Having come so far, I could not return to New York without saying at least good day to Canada; I followed the long lakeside road to Buffalo and crossed the frontier. It was as if the wind abruptly fell. The nervous tension which fills even the empty spaces in the Republic is suddenly relaxed, on the farther side of a river. This is an inexplicable thing, but palpable. The easier pace of life communicates itself to the very air, even of woods and fields.

I ran for ten miles along a picturesque riverside, towards a distant, stationary cloud in the clear sky: the spray from Niagara, suspended in air as eternally, I suppose, as the snow lies on high mountains. It was good to break the long journey for a little while at Niagara, and to spend the time planning the route for a future Canadian one. This was a long-cherished ambition, for I had good Canadian friends in both the wars. I remembered one of them, Eric Read, spinning down to death below me at Lens on Boxing Day of 1917 and, as I looked at Niagara, thought how little he and others of his Canadian generation could have suspected the strange things that would happen in the next thirty years. Their Canada, like the American Republic and the British island, was caught in the web of the grand design and, with the rest of us, would not know the shape of the future until Armageddon was complete. I went to Normandy in 1944 with Canadian troops and among Canadian press correspondents, as among British and American ones, saw some of those new figures of our time, men in khaki battledress who were not truly Canadians, or British or American, but quickly-naturalized Communists from Eastern Europe, thus enabled to obtain all manner of information. The Canadian spy affair of 1945-46 was but the partial exposure of something then obvious to any trained eye.

The temptation to go on to Toronto was strong but for that moment had to be resisted. I recrossed the frontier to Buffalo and began the long ride across New York State, breaking the journey only for a few days at another small town, Le Roy, one of the new-New England Places. It had a little white church which, like many others, was the loveliest I ever saw, pretty white houses in the homes-section, green lawns and sidewalks, and trees that grew, in relation to the trees I grew up with, as if each was the apostle Jesus loved. The delightful, pedimented and porticoed houses closely rubbed porches and seemed to me to deserve more space between, but that, whether fault or virtue, is universal in America and belongs to the general fear of uppityness and stuffed-shirtiness. In comfortable, softly-lit interiors elderly men read newspapers or women played bridge; on stoops, mothers and fathers rocked themselves; at the Firemen's Fair the children ate ice-cream, or rode on the roundabouts and the firemen, in clownish dress, made lusty music. It was all as jolly as could be. On to this little white-and-green place red-and-gilt Main Street of the hot dogs and ham burgers was abruptly stitched, a discordant levantine bazaar where a village green would be harmonious.

I went on from Le Roy and found New York State, lush and long-settled, a demi-paradise. Marks of poverty are rare in this country of fine farmland, substantial homesteads and townships which grow ever closer together. There were many lakes, not great inland seas like those which accompanied me for many days, but little, blue, domestic ones, just big enough for fun in a small boat. The roads are good all over the Republic, but here the double- and treble-tracked highways, with their overpasses and underpasses and cleverly-contrived intersections, reach perfection. I turned southward at Albany and was going hard for New York, resolved to resist any new temptations to tarry, so that I might get there betimes, when I saw a sign, 'To Catskill, by ferry'. Who could withstand that? At once I turned aside.

I soon understood why that idle old Dutchman chose this countryside for his twenty-year sleep. Here, on the edge of turmoil, was a mysterious, empty land of rolling, wooded hills, lonely and slumbrous. A notice said, 'Live on the Rip Van Winkle Ridge, lots for sale', but few seemed to have come there to live, unless they were asleep in the meadows. I came to a crossroads where the trail vanished; no new fingerpost pointed to the Catskill Ferry and no human being stirred. I chose a road at random and plunged ever deeper into country from which life seemed gone. Then I passed

an old, old man, and a little farther an old, old woman, both asleep under trees and both with baskets of cherries for sale. To whom could they hope to sell cherries on this unfrequented road, or had they perhaps been asleep for twenty years? It was an eerie place. At last I came to another unsignposted crossroads where another old man sat beneath a tree. I called to him, 'Which way to the ferry?'

'The ferry?' he said after some instants, sleepily, 'the ferry hasn't bin working for two years' (or did he say twenty?). 'But there's a sign, way back, pointing to it,' I said. 'The ferry,' he repeated dreamily, 'hasn't bin working for twenty years' (or perhaps he said two hundred). I felt as if I had passed from the mortal world into some dreamland peopled only by male and female Van Winkles. In America a sign that points to a long-vanished ferry is almost inconceivable; on the brink of New York it is incredible. I looked at the old man and decided he had just awakened after twenty years. I wondered if he found the world greatly changed, and decided he would not. Here in Rip Van Winkleland it looked as if it might not have altered since time began. What did the other differences amount to, anyway? Wheels turned faster, motor cars multiplied, the gadgets increased; but the world was essentially the same, the grass and the oak grew, the Hudson River flowed, faith, hope and charity contested eternally with envy, malice and hatred. Why, there must still be even a road to New York!

I roused the old man (he was asleep again) and with shaking finger he pointed the way and closed his eyes. I went off and once more, in the late evening, was carried by the conveyer-band into New York. I had a journey behind me which, as I looked back, seemed like one round the earth, so varied was the alteration of sun and snow, farmland and desert, plain and sea, mountain and prairie, populousness and emptiness, tumult and quiet.

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## Chapter Forty-Two

### HOT SPOT

I chose the hottest season on record to return to New York and but for arrears of reading and writing, which I could overtake indoors, should have added a completely wasted fortnight to the book of a life usually full, for I could not go out by day. I gained much respect for New Yorkers, who must have some especial reserve of endurance to support life during their midsummer beat. This steam-bath atmosphere puzzled me and I could only account for it by the structure of the city, with its tall canyons and lack of trees. It lies on the latitude of Madrid, but nowhere else along that line, or in Africa, have I met heat of this peculiar kind. Durban or Cape Town in January, when their inhabitants believe themselves sorely tried, are by comparison airy and cool.

The New York winter, though also renowned, must be relatively a minor affliction; clothing can be donned endlessly, but not so shed. The summer-tide heat adds one more element to the tensions of New York, from which large masses of the population can only escape to the unimaginably thronged beaches of Coney Island (where several *millions* of people gather on holidays!). The bus-drivers, who have to take fares and give tickets while they manhandle heavy vehicles along crowded streets, struggle with a loathing of their passengers, who have to suppress a seething resentment of surly answers or sudden, jerking starts which they think intentional. The jealousies of lovers, the quarrels of women, the rivalries of taxi-cabmen, the disputes of labourers flare into sudden outbursts and the newspapers are full of violent assaults, all plainly born of the heat. Everyone is a little mad, say the gossips, and they still add, as if this ancient commonplace were novel and remedial, that it isn't the heat, it's the humidity.

I think my big toe alone saved me from prostration. Only repeated shower-baths gave relief; my bathtub lacked a shower, and mere immersion in a tubful of tepid water refreshed not at all. I found by experiment that by lying in the empty tub, turning on the cold water full jet and sticking my toe up the tap I could produce a fair substitute for a shower. It was not easy for taps are not quite the shape of big toes, which fill them at the sides but leave gaps fore and aft, so that the jets come where the pressure is greatest, at the sides. This caused an excellent lateral shower, which drenched the walls and floor but left me dry. However, with practice I was able to regulate that and to direct a revivifying shower upon myself.

The only other relief was that given by a small swimming-bath beneath a club, of which I was hospitably made a temporary guest, and when I learned of it I hastened there. It was a place of cubicles, couches and well-muscled attendants in singlets and shorts, one of whom said, 'Do you want to take a swim, sir?' Yes, I said. 'That's fine,' he said, and pointed to a doorless cubicle towards which I started when, in the manner of a parliamentary custodian relieving visitors of their guns, he said, 'You won't need those, sir', and took my swimming-trunks. Evidently an old New York custom, I thought.

I felt September-mornish, but no doubt looked charming, when I came out of my cubicle. A pink gentleman stood on a weighing-machine, the hand of which registered 210 lbs; he looked so alarmed that I wanted to comfort him by telling him it might be fast. I sought the bath, keeping my eyes before me, and thus found that I repeatedly encountered myself; the place seemed to be a hall of mirrors, perhaps suitable for a gathering of goddesses. I never saw myself in the mass before and was about to dive away from the spectacle when another voice said firmly, 'The showers are in that corner, sir', and I had to make a long walk around the bath, accompanied by all my other selves, an unnerving promenade which caused me to hurry into the first shower-cubicle and turn on the first tap I saw, so that fierce jets of boiling water made me jump like a scalded cat. Then at last I

plunged in. The water was warm and highly chlorinated. After that I kept to my room and made do with my big toe, only emerging at night to take the air along Riverside Drive or the Hudson Parkway, where the *Queen Elizabeth*, all lit, poked her nose over into the town.

I made one exception, when I went by day to see the funeral of Mr. Cohen's colleague, slain on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. I was cautious about this, recalling the mishap suffered by Mr. Linklater's Don Juan, the Limey who was the only man shot at a gangster funeral. I cased the job (as the saying is, I believe) before I approached too close. However, the days of ten thousand dollar caskets, five thousand dollars' worth of flowers, and a dutiful procession of mayors, judges, prosecutors, politicians and aldermen following the hearse, seem to have gone. This was a decorous occasion, without display or gunfire. Numbers of citizens watched it noncommittally from balconies, windows and street-corners. Among the mourners, for all I know, may have been many stony-eyed hoodlums or gimlet-eyed gorillas. They certainly looked grim, but were resplendent in clothes of the latest style and respectfully stood around the rabbis as the cortege formed and drove away.

I had one other experience in New York which I shall ever remember because it seemed somehow typical of that strange city. I went with a friend to his bank, where he presented a cheque, and the cashier, with swift, next-please efficiency, paid him five hundred dollars too much; no mean sum. He discovered this on the pavement outside, and said, 'I'm going to buy my wife a large diamond.' 'You wouldn't do that!' I said, awed. 'You watch me,' he said. 'But think of the principle of the thing,' I said. 'This is a matter of principle,' he said, 'I cannot bring myself to return money to a bank, banks are the natural enemy of man.' 'But,' I protested, 'the widows and children ...' 'A bank,' he insisted, 'has no widows or children, it's just a great, big, beastly, soulless, grasping, impersonal bank, stuffed with money; it's morally wrong to give money back to a bank, it would be like compounding a felony.' He plainly felt strongly about the thing as he stood there in Wall Street, gazing at the Little Church Around The Corner. 'Think of that cashier,' I said, 'he'll be fired and he probably has two wives and twenty children.' 'He deserves to be fired,' he said, and went in and repaid the money. The cashier said casually, 'Ah yes, I remember now, I miscounted the serial numbers, thanks a lot.'

'He didn't seem much bothered,' I said as we came away. 'Of course not,' he said, 'five hundred dollars wouldn't have been noticed in that bank, it's cigar money.' 'How times have changed,' I said. 'How so?' he asked. 'I was thinking of my own early days as a bank clerk in London,' I said, 'once the half-yearly audit was held up dead by an errant penny. We juniors all longed to find that mistake of one penny piece, somewhere in the books; it would have meant a good mark for the young man who detected it.' 'Did you find it?' he asked. 'No,' I said, 'the Chief Cashier found it, he was already about as high up as he could get.' 'Tough!' he said.

I made ready to leave and went to Washington to say adieu to good friends there. Hitler's yacht lay in the river (its new owner was wondering why he bought it and what he should do with it). I leaned on a railing, looked at it and let my mind run back along the years to 1933. Odd, I thought; but for all that I might still be a newspaper correspondent in Berlin, it seems such worlds away. I wondered if a secure and placid life would have been better than the years full of roaming and danger, beneath a sky ever more uncertain. Well, for my part I was glad to have lived in this way and at this time; at least the lot of my generation never contained a dull moment, and I accepted it thankfully. I turned about, went to New York to collect two sacks of books and another crammed with papers, and began the last leg of an American journey, back to the South and a ship.

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## Chapter Forty-Three

### LAST LAP

I left New York a much more seasoned traveller than the awed and dazed one who was whirled into it one spring morning months before. I now knew its measure and meaning, and its true place in the great country I had explored. As to the remaining journey, I had picked up many tricks of the road, of food and lodging, and no longer felt a learner, lost among knowing initiates. After I crossed the Hudson River by bridge only two thousand road-miles and three large pieces of water (the Delaware River, Chesapeake Bay and Atlantic Ocean) lay between me and relaxation; it was a cinch.

I came southward through New Jersey and at pleasant New Castle crossed the Delaware (if the famous family whose name it bears earlier brought that name with it from Normandy, in William's conquering army, it has indeed travelled far and wide). On the farther shore I was once more in the land of American beginnings; placards announced 'The Kent and Sussex Fair' and the next town ahead was Dover. My road by-passed Dover, but for old time's sake I turned aside to pay homage to its name and memory. In 1940 the other Dover was the chin of England, sturdily stuck out against a threatening knockout blow. A good companion of mine was booked to sing there (a little-sought engagement then) and in the blue car, with some last dregs of petrol, I drove her to Dover. We should have had various permits, but in the heat of that day such things were still unorganized; Dover liked us and let us in. That gay adventure among the shells, bombs and dog-fights returned to me vividly now.

This Dover was a country place, a small town of the earlier Republic. Its earlier village green was now a broad, verdant expanse surrounded by fine public buildings, schools and the like. The modern American school-building is the apotheosis of the humble schoolhouse of old. Expense appears not to count and good models are followed, so that even in tiny, remote places a great edifice stands apart that looks like a small university for a thousand scholars. The actual content of education in these places, however, is a matter of controversy often bitter among Americans.

Mr. Albert Jay Nock, a great authority, says the theory of education in America has been turned upside down. Formerly it was that of teaching people how to live, and now it is that of training them to do things. He traces the revolution to the visit of a Harvard president to Germany, where he discovered and brought back the elective system of subjects. From that beginning it spread from universities to colleges, secondary schools, primary schools and even (says Mr. Nock) to *Kindergaerten*. The ruling idea was that everybody should go to school, college and university and there study what he, not a pedagogic elite, thought best for him.

Subsidies and endowments were inexhaustible and thus the American educational system 'took on the aspect of a huge bargain-counter or modern drugstore', whence begowned and behooded graduates emerged carrying academicians' diplomas for 'business administration, retail shoe-merchandising, bricklaying and the like' (the mortuary heroine of Mr. Waugh's tragedy of Anglo-American manners graduated in 'Beauticraft', having briefly studied Art, Psychology and Chinese as ancillary subjects). This revolution, Mr. Nock writes, 'began with a drastic purge, a thorough guillotining of the classical curriculum, wherever found; such Greek and Latin as escaped the Reign of Terror was left to die of inanition in dens and caves of the earth', that is, in the rare schools or colleges which by some chance survived it.

Mr. Nock thought American education deteriorated greatly through this upheaval, and I heard constant complaint about it. One of the currently fashionable polls was held in 1949 and announced

that the percentage of people who read books (for what that may be worth) is 21 in America, 33 in Sweden, 35 in Australia, 40 in Canada, 43 in Norway and 55 in Britain. The survey stated that in America 53 per cent of people continue schoolgoing beyond elementary school and in Britain only 13 per cent, but that the group of highest-educated Americans, nevertheless, was well below the British average. Another matter which disquiets American parents is the permeation of State education, through prescribed text books, by Communist doctrine. In New York State, in 1949, the Regents' examinations in all schools were based on a list of pamphlets, about half of which were issued by Communist 'front' organizations. Thus, while the American school-house of today might be the envy of teachers and scholars in less wealthy lands, what goes on inside it is a matter of much concern to large masses of the population.

Dover was a pleasant place, and so was Salisbury, the next township. Though New York and Philadelphia were not far behind, this Del-Mar-Va Peninsula (so-called because the State-lines of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia all cut across it) already said, 'This is the South'; it was once plantation country and here the negro population began. I came to Cape Charles, ran the car into a fat-bellied Chesapeake Bay ferrysteamer, and after an hour was set ashore near Cape Henry, where those very first settlers of all landed on a shore as bleak as that which the Pilgrim Fathers named Plymouth Rock in 1621.

A few miles later I ran into the happy, squalorous negro quarter of Norfolk, Virginia. When I first reached America I did not much notice this contented slovenry of the coloured districts, probably because I came from Africa and was familiar with it. Now that I had seen the rest of America, where the white folk on the whole maintain their own standards of improving hygiene and cleanliness, it caught my eye more. I saw that American negroes in the mass tend to live not very differently from negroes in the white man's cities of Africa.

The American negro has been a freeman for seventy years, votes in increasing numbers, can earn sums which might make many palefaces paler with envy, and may aspire to a house. Those things are beyond most natives in Johannesburg or Cape Town. Yet the American negro does not live on a much higher scale; apparently his instinct is not to improve his abiding-place.

That might or might not come in time; the real puzzle is whether he wants the white man's way of life. He was prised away from a quite diverse one, where a man was warrior, hunter and idler, under his Chief, and his wives did what fieldwork was necessary to support life. He believed in that theory of existence, and any debating society might argue its merits. His tribe made war on other tribes for women, cattle or land, but he did not know the notion of free men freely competing, acquiring goods, improving their lot. Does he like it now that he has seen it, in America? That is all uncertain, though it is the claim which white inciters make for him in their feuds with other white men; he is a pawn in this game.

The spiritual family of Mrs. Beecher Stowe never consider what the negro *wants*. What he truly yearns for, as far as I know him, is a separate life from the white man, even if the twain must live side by side. If there is a 'colour bar' it is God's, and he believes devoutly in it. While I was in America a thing happened which is much to the point. Four schoolboys (from white New England, inevitably) were sent 'to see the South' and find out the facts of 'racial discrimination'; clearly they were expected to return full of the usual virtuous indignation. They were primed at the start and polished at the finish by leading foes of 'racial discrimination' in New York. In the South they talked to as many negroes as they could find, particularly at a coloured university in Tennessee.

On their return to the furious, negroless North they reported 'what constituted, perhaps, our greatest surprise', namely, 'that the Southern Negroes did not always seem to desire the abolition of racial segregation' (this might indeed be a shock to anyone bred in the atmosphere of New England,

Manchester or Bloomsbury). They found this view prevalent among negro students at the Fisk University. Their report produced an uproar of reproach from *white* expostulants, a Dean and others. Eighty years after *Uncle Tom's Cabin* it is still heresy to speak truth about the negro (and has become so to say it about Political Zionism). My own observation in the American South was that the negro's lot there slowly but steadily improves (as in Africa) by white men's standards, but I remained as uncertain in America as in Africa whether that is the way the negro wants it to go. His loud friends, the Liberals, Socialists and Communists, are his real enemies, for they would deny him his true ambition: a separate being within the white man's kraals. They wish to bring him to a darker bourne, from which no fellow-traveller returns.

Norfolk was a rip-roaring dockyard town such as Plymouth or Portsmouth may earlier have been (there *is* a Portsmouth here, too, which seems virtually part of Norfolk), and if not wide open, then much more than ajar. The men, establishments and ships of the American Navy abounded; at sea America seemed armed to the teeth, as England now, one gathers, to the dentures; however, its barques might still bite and Devon outlast Bevan. I found a room next to one booked the moment before by two jolly sailormen who sent up a bottle of whisky to occupy it while they went out. I foresaw revelry by night next door. My window looked on the flat roof of an adjacent building and when I glanced at it my expectations increased; it bore some hundreds of bottles, clearly tossed overboard by earlier jolly sailormen in my hotel, who forgot they were not at sea.

Mysteriously, hardly one of these bottles was broken, though they clearly had travelled twenty or thirty yards. I saw that I should not be awakened by the noise of *breaking* glass, and wondered if some enterprising manufacturer could have produced an unbreakable sort for this especial purpose. That cannot have been the explanation, however, for among the bottles lay many jugs, toothwater-decanter and tumblers, the duplicates of those in my own room, which surely could not have been made of fortified glass by even the most thoughtful hotel keeper. Resisting the temptation to try a decanter or two, I gave up the puzzle. Perhaps we approach a time when the recognizable qualities of glass will be that it is unbreakable, non-transparent and will cut diamonds? The trim little shoregoing launch of the boat in Boston Harbour was made of glass, but looked like anything else.

With a curiosity stimulated by those bottles I went out to look at Main Street; Norfolk promised to be lively. It was thronged with sailors in neat white suits, this Sunday evening. Nickelodeons, juke-boxes and radios clamoured against each other from bars, restaurants, cafés, movie-theatres and Pin-table rooms, all glittering and click-clacking. The sailors rolled in and out of them and of the shops which sailors love, the windows of which were full of especially smart uniforms, badges, medal-ribbons, trinkets, gifts and much more. Between them, equally bright and busy, were the tattooists' shops, which showed pictures of ladies tattooed in intimate places and men illustrated from head to foot. There was one of a man with a tattooed face, like an African witch-doctor's mask. I wondered what sort of life he had. Not every woman would love that face on a pillow beside her (though I suppose the odd one might, if she were odd enough). If he made a livelihood by displaying this frightful face, in booths or circuses, how did he set about buying a meal or a shirt? There are weak hearts in the world. I wondered (as Noel Coward might say) what happened to him.

The tattooists prospered, this Sabbath eve. Their overheads are small; they only need a needle, ink and bright shop-window and the sailorman, vaingloriously offering himself for patterning in it, provides the free advertisement and custom-attracting display. These lads were well-developed and clearly liked to show it. One was being tattooed by a woman, happily only on a bicep; a male artist in the next window was busy on a thigh.

I slept well, being wakened but once by the crash of old-fashioned, breakable glass, and went my way, pausing to seek out Old Saint Paul's Church, the wall of which still contains an indignant

cannon-ball fired at the rebellious colonists by the last English governor, Lord Dunmore, from a ship in the river. Having become used to the parallelograms of American cities I lost myself in Norfolk, which is a pleasantly rambling place, and long drove round districts of naval homes, attractive white ones embowered in masses of a pink-flowering shrub, welcome to the eye. At last I emerged and went on from Norfolk to Suffolk, from Williamston to Windsor and a lesser Washington. Now that I knew the populous central region where the farmland, the industry and the newer immigration are concentrated, I realized how sparsely peopled the South is. These were lonely roads; the wayside life of the car-and-tourist industry fell away and townships were far between. The great farmhouses of the Middle West are unknown here, for their counterparts, the plantation houses, are gone and the country is one of small farms and smallholders. The places where crops grow look like forest-clearings and as you go along the clearings become fewer and the forests greater.

Sometimes marsh and swamp mark the approach to tropic climes. Immensely long bridges go over broad rivers swelling to the sea; the water looks oily and ancient and the trees and undergrowth grow right down into it, a sure sign of jungle. The bridges are not the great, disdainful, stone-and-metal structures of the newer parts but low, wooden ones with drawbridges in the middle for any craft that might wish to pass, and they bear notices, 'Don't use when in operation' (I thought that any man who tried to cross an open drawbridge would hardly be in a condition to read the notice). Here were great tracts of land, either never cleared by man or reverted to nature after the ruin of the plantations, yet even there the lonely road bore the signs, 'Encroachments are strictly prohibited', which are the American equivalent of 'Trespassers will be prosecuted'.

Suddenly, running down this deeply-indented coast, I came to Albemarle Sound and tiny, lovely, astonishing Edenton in North Carolina. This is a lonely and formidable countryside now and the reader's eye, moving back, perhaps can picture what it was three hundred years ago. Yet here the colonists settled and built as if they had six hundred years of island security behind them, the English Channel and British Navy all around, and nothing to fear ahead. Here is a perfect Georgian courthouse, facing the Sound across a broad greensward that runs between fine white mansions and huge, spreading trees.

In the 1770s the ladies of Edenton held a famous tea-party in the Boston sense (though they did not throw the tea in the sea but drank it). The time was come to show King George who was who, and the Edenton ladies were violently belligerent. They were as warlike then as the ladies of New England were later. In both cases, colonists against king, or North against South, the ladies' cry was 'Up boys and at 'em'. The idea that men tear themselves from gentle, restraining arms when they take up arms seems an ancient fallacy; often their womenfolk are as martial as themselves. For that matter, in the most recent war women were nearer to the fighting than ever since Boadicea and apparently will be in the thick of any next one. At the foot of Court House Green in Edenton now the iron cannon still point sturdily across the Sound at ghostly British ships and around the sculptured teapot on the greensward, perhaps, gather the shades of pretty ladies who may discuss the unforeseen sequel to the war they knew.

I spent a few lazy days in Wilmington and felt again the lingering fragrance of the Old South, the much-mocked one of magnolia and moonlight. From Wilmington Rhett Butler ran cargoes of Southern cotton through- the Northern blockade to Liverpool, to earn a little money for the impoverished South and more for himself; and to Wilmington he returned, through the blockade, with things the South needed. Here a few old plantation houses still stand and the beards of the Spanish Moss hang grey and sad from the live oaks around them; it is as if Don Quixote passed that way, collided with a bough, and escaped with his head but left his beard, which then took root and multiplied.

In the South such relics of the dead past impressed me less than living differences which endure. They are intangible yet positive things which derive from the old days and the distinctive way of life in the South then. The comparison first forced itself on me in Wilmington because by that time I had seen the North, Middle West and West. I felt a gentler spirit; people were courteous and unhurried and gave smile for smile; the noise and pace of traffic were less. Food was good and pleasantly served; there I found the best and cheapest lodging I had in America. There was no wide-openness. By ten o'clock nearly everything was closed and I doubt, but am not sure, if even an all-night drugstore was open; evening was a quiet hour in Wilmington. The term 'a civilized way of life', may convey too much or too little, but I believe most travellers from afar would concur that the civilized way of life in America is now chiefly to be found in the South, which is speciously presented to the outer world as the enemy of civilized ways.

The feeling of jungle increased as I went on to Charleston in South Carolina (it was easy to picture alligators farther south, in the Floridan Everglades, a name graphically expressive of dark, swampy, secretive, impenetrable, eternal haunts). The men, apparently anarchist in motive, who destroyed the plantations without preparing something better to take their place, dealt an almost mortal blow at this part of the Republic. Here the shack-and-share-cropper country began. Listless-looking white folk, caught between their own and the dark man's philosophy of life, hung about or rocked themselves on the porches of dilapidated homesteads, and idle darkies lolled around the rare filling-stations and stores ('Lazy-bones, lyin' in the hay, you'll never earn a dime that way, lyin' in the new mown hay'; the musical ride continued).

Charleston seemed half dead (because, I found, its people were fled to the beaches from the overpowering heat). This welcome emptiness enabled me to find a good, cheap room at an hotel where a fountain plashed in a green courtyard and to wander round the lovely streets at leisure. They retain something of the charm and elegance of the Old South, which Manhattan derides, and life in them is on the softer note which I previously met only in Wilmington, Salem and Salt Lake City. Had the South won (which was never possible) Charleston would be a leading port, and city. Instead it is small and quiet and Northerners call the elderly Southern ladies who seclude themselves in it 'Charleston freaks'. With Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, it is a monument to the war of brothers and the sadness of calamity is still in its air, for here the war began, when the Southerners fired on Fort Sumter, occupied by Union troops.

Several old plantation houses survive round Charleston. Near one was a thicket of trees killed by the hanging moss, so that only bare, rotting bones remained, with the pendant beards. The decay of the roots had rotted the soil too, and slimy, stagnant, scum-covered water had gathered, so that the bearded skeletons rose from a fetid, primeval swamp. I remembered the stone forests and spouting vapours of the Yellowstone, with their constant hint of volcanic action, and the feeling of desert-held-in-check that fills Southern California. Looking at these murdered trees, behung with the assassin's beards, and the green mire at their feet, I thought how quickly it might all revert to creeping, steaming jungle if man lost his hold.

Between Charleston and Savannah, in Georgia, was more forest and share-cropper country, haunted by the ghosts of tobacco- and cotton-crops once abundant. Broadway playgoers for seven years thronged to see the human desolation of this countryside, depicted on the basest level of degradation. I turned aside to see two places of the earliest settlement, Beaufort and Port Royal. Beaufort was delightful and contained the usual house from which the Marquis de Lafayette harangued the colonists about the evils of aristocratic rule. Port Royal, sleeping by a sound beneath the multitudinous beards, was like world's end. A railroad track ended at a wooden shed where a forlorn porter sat and gazed into nothing; behind mosquito-netting on the porches of wooden houses elderly people sat as if turned to stone. I seldom saw a place so remote from the pulsations of life and to revive myself had my hair cut in Beaufort.

'Good morning, sir,' said the barber, 'I've just been having a word with a friend who's father just died from a stroke; he's better gone.' From that beginning he talked of many things. He did not like Beaufort at first, he said, thirty years ago, but his son was born there and so he stayed. 'It was good for him?' I said. 'Oh, he's done well,' he said, 'I sent him to a military school.' I never clearly understood the function of those schools, the announcements of which, showing boys in uniform, fill the advertisement pages of the better periodicals, so I encouraged him to expand. I gathered they appeal chiefly to parents who distrust the State-education system. 'Boys usually get sent to the military academies to get disciplint,' he said, 'my boy, he wasn't attending to anything but foolishness while he was at school there so I sent him to the Wilston Military Academy to get disciplint. They get disciplint there and they never lose it. The boys there always call you Sir when they talk to you, the others never do. They put 'em in the bullring if they don't do what they're told. That means they have to keep walking round and round, for two or three hours sometimes. They'll do anything to keep out of the bullring. That gives 'em disciplint. It cost me four or five hundred dollars a year for him, with board, but it was worth it and if I'd another boy I'd send him there.'

I left him, a contented man who had found the answer to that mortal danger, social security, and came soon to Savannah. It was a sudden surprise, as delightful as the rainbow you meet at sea, without any rain to account for it, for it was the best-favoured and proportioned place I saw in America, remarkable for having developed so much grace and charm in a very short time. The colonists under General James Oglethorpe only landed here in 1733, to fortify the King's other colonies against the Spanish threat from the South; by 1865 the South was prostrate. Thus in 130 years a mellow little city grew, with all the lineaments of taste that its kind, in Europe, acquired only in the course of centuries.

Like Washington, Savannah proves the curious proposition that a city laid out for defence gains a long start towards civic beauty. Savannah shows, too, that the parallelogram-plan, of straight streets intersecting straight streets, need not be ugly; all depends on the execution. General Oglethorpe and a Colonel Bull worked to a good plan. Each settler was given a town lot, or plot, separated by broad streets which at their intersections, however, widened into large squares, where stockades were built so that they made a series of forts in which the townsfolk could quickly assemble and command all approaches from successive vantage points. The result today is that at every corner a vista opens of wide, shady streets leading into shady, open places, from which other leafy streets lead again into other leafy squares. This pleasant setting produced buildings equally delightful. The churches follow Wren, and many houses are of English Georgian style, designed by architects who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose; among them was William Jay, whose native taste, acquired in Bath, has left several fine legacies.

The successive squares of Bull Street relate the paradoxical story of the Republic in their monuments. First comes the statue of the King's governor himself, Oglethorpe. Then follow the memorials to the colonists who threw off the kingly yoke and the proletarians who helped; the Marquis de Lafayette, the Comte d'Estaing, the Polish Count Pulaski (the German Baron von Steuben's statue is somewhere else). The last one is to the liberated republicans who then fought each other; Bull Street tells in stone the tale of history's little jokes.

As I went farther south the heat became a daily torment. These temperatures are something for a white man to reckon with, and I wondered about his life in Florida as I entered its gates (other State-lines have mere notice-boards, but the State of Flowers, characteristically has Gates).

Florida awaited the traveller with the beaming 'front' of a real-estate man. An especially trim and shining stretch of road, with a manicured look, ran between 'Welcome to Florida' signs, through The Gates and past a palatial Information Pavilion ('We are here to help you; nothing to sell') which was padlocked and empty. The outstretched glad hand took the apt shape of an avenue of extended

palms. At Chesapeake Bay, far behind, roadside notices told me I was going 'From Pines to Palms', that is, leaving the chilly North for the exotic South, but I saw no abundance of palms thereafter. Now Florida resolutely made good this boosters' boast. The palms looked wistful, as if they knew their place but did not really want to be there, and where they ended great pinewoods began and accompanied me for two days; not even in Pomerania have I seen pines in such profusion. The soil of Northern Florida is poor and sandy and pines, almost alone among growing things, like that kind of earth. However, the booster can do no wrong and 'From Pines to Palms' was the alluring slogan. Where the brief display of palms ended human beings awaited me and thrust into the car handfuls of leaflets offering me suites in the finest hotels, all down the coast, at prices so low that I would have liked to settle there, until I remembered that this was the off-season (people like to go to Florida in winter).

I came to Jacksonville, a bustling, sweltering little New York packed with people, noise, traffic and merchandise beneath the blazing sun. Florida, the southernmost State, is not truly of The South. It was never really colonized by the English or Spanish, though Spanish forts, here and there implanted in it, marked the northernmost reach of the Spanish conquest. Rather as a territorial claim than an actual possession, it was bandied between England and Spain during the century of the American War of Independence and passed to the rising Republic in 1821, but it remained empty and played no great part in the Civil War. Its development and inhabitation began with this century and the boosters. During the 1920s the real-estate men proclaimed it an earthly paradise, and fantastic cities, like Miami, grew on the edge of primeval swamps through which fine roads were driven. Like Southern California, Florida is very much a colony of New York. The spirit of Manhattan jumped over the distasteful Old South, with its courtly tradition, and landed in these sub-tropical parts. In Floridan cities life reassumes the tone of New York and Chicago; muted motor-horns and after-you drivers give way to the pressing throng and the loud, imperative toot. Miami is a stronghold of the organized gambling-ring, with its associated trades. Life in Florida has a forced, transplanted air, as in Southern California; again the traveller wonders, how enduring and deep are these roots?

Jacksonville, glitteringly new, was in sharp contrast with Saint Augustine not far away, the first white man's town ever founded in what is now the United States. The Spaniards built a fort there in 1565, forty years before the English colonists set up Jamestown, and this fort remains, a thing of age, strength and beauty (preserved in it is a letter written to George Washington by his friend Chris Gadsden, who was held prisoner there by the British during the War of Independence; he wrote: 'All of them behaved with decency to me and I have not had the least insult offered to me.' The chivalry of war two hundred years ago shames the barbaric vengeance of today).

This fort and a shrine near to it are the earliest monuments the Republic has, and possibly significant, because the acknowledgment of God remains tangible in the air, and is absent from more recent encampments. The first colonists, English, French or Spanish, all came with faith in their hearts. The Spaniards here, when they first anchored off a shore then savage, waited for the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin to go ashore and begin their work, and called the fort they then made the Citadel of Saint Mark. They named the town that was to be built for the saint whose feast-day was nearest, Saint Augustine. The chaplain of their fleet at once founded the first Mission (the Name of God Mission) and on its site the little shrine of Our Lady of Milk and Happy Delivery stands today. In the mirage-like scene of Florida these two places, the formidable fort and the tiny shrine, equally give out an effluence of enduring strength and peace.

By way of another American contrast, Saint Augustine has a curious museum of ephemera, apparently brought together by someone who collected other men's collections of odds and ends; matchboxes, souvenir buttons ('Good old Dewey' or 'Vote for Franklyn D. Roosevelt'), the heraldic spoons beloved of holidaymakers ('A Gift from Gopher Prairie'), glass pickle-jars, old watches,

tintypes, dance-programmes, alabaster busts of last-century ladies and the like. The disposal of such a miscellany, once amassed, must be a major problem, unless you buy land for a great bonfire or charter a ship to sink it at sea. By some means, this one found its way to Saint Augustine, of all places!

However, it included a pleasing thing, a painting of one Pero, cast into prison by the Spaniards when they conquered the Netherlands, centuries ago. He was starved into making confession of heresy, but was allowed the visits of his daughter who, being with milk, was the means of his happy delivery. The picture shows him receiving that life-giving nourishment. The Spaniards thought his continued health and rosiness a sign that God was in him, as may have been the case indeed, and set him free. The legend was then new to me but since that day, in the manner of these things, I have come across it in various other forms; de Maupassant uses it in his own fashion.

I turned eastwards across Florida, towards the Mexican Gulf, and passed through enormous pine forests (I read in the newspapers, without surprise, that forestry officers from all over America came to Florida to study, not the palm, but pineology). I lazed awhile by a slow, sleepy, brown stream called the Swanee River. Its dreamy, unhurried movement is more in tune with the negro's soul, as far as I can judge it, than the dizzy rush of Main Street is. A white man wrote the song, but it seems to catch the dark man's philosophy. Then I took refuge from the heat for a day at a cool, shady and friendly little place called Madison, went on and came out at last on the Gulf Coast at Panama City.

All was arranged (unless the programme is constant) for me to observe the extremes of human and natural activity in America, and at this moment a hurricane was prowling about the Gulf Coast. It was a rogue-hurricane, or as Americans expressively say, 'a bad actor hurricane', on the exits and entrances of which the stage-manager (or weather-forecaster) cannot count. It blew where it listed and none knew, though all wondered, where it might pop up next. In Saint Augustine, two days before, I thought the bad actor was about to do his turn, for black clouds suddenly gathered out of the blue and blazing sky, the trees on the bar at the mouth of the bay became agitated, as if they wrang anxious hands, and I heard the distant sougning of a big wind; but it passed.

I sneakingly hoped to meet the hurricane, because I read that the great hurricanes of 1926 and 1927 brought sudden tumblings of the barometer to 27 or 28 degrees. I did not know just what the temperature now was, but it felt like 127, and I would have settled without haggling for 30 or even 35. When I left Madison the morning was much cooler, as if the bad actor were not far away. There were sudden gusts and the beginnings of rotary movements in the clouds; it was as if a rabid dog, tied by a fraying rope, yelped and strained to break loose. I made some speed through the remaining pine stems, which hurricanes use like matchsticks, and gladly emerged on the open Gulf coast. About here, the morning papers said, the hurricane might strike during the day, unless it were an even worse actor than any supposed. Safe now from pulverization by tree-trunks, and not caring much about burial by sand in my hopes of icy blasts, I went happily along the unsheltered coastal road, now melting in the heat again.

I came to a lovely place where sands purely white and firm stretched, unpeopled, as far as I could see. The sky held a kind of frown, not enough wholly to obscure the sun, and the water lay still and unbreathing, like a great cat about to pounce, lapping the sands without creamy edge or murmur. It was of a strange, luminous pale-green inshore, of a leaden grey a little way out, and of an iridescent, butterfly-wing-like blue beyond, where a little sun filtered through the frown. I could not resist it; only once, at Lake Erie, had I used those swimming-trunks; two or three miles ahead dunes rose beside the road and if the bad actor appeared I might quickly reach that cover, for what it was worth. I drove off the road on to the firm-looking sands; promptly the wheels sank to the axles.



I thought I would not after all welcome a hurricane. In the far distance I saw something fluttering from a lonely mast and remembered newspaper allusions to hurricane-signals. The sky's frown contained a hint of rotation and sudden gusts came. I noticed, without gladness, that it was *much* cooler. I wondered if I would be better inside a car bowling along like tumbleweed or lying flat on the ground, or trying to. I scooped out sand from under the wheels and scrabbled about for pieces of jetsam. I found nothing bigger than kindling, but forced bunches of this under the wheels which, when I started, ground them to powder and into the sand.

Then my guardian angel appeared, who wears skins of different hues but never failed me yet. A car came at speed along the empty road. I did not try to stop it; drivers are reluctant to stop in America, and I thought I could not fairly ask this one to delay, as he might dislike hurricanes. However, he stopped unasked and was a young man of strength and ingenuity. Like beachcombers we ranged those sandy plains for tindery twigs and twiglets, jammed them all round the wheels, and he rocked the car forward, backward and sideways while I accelerated and the smell of scorching rubber rose and at last one wheel was on the road and then another, and with a final, convulsive, screeching and malodorous heave the rear ones followed and I was free. May blessings attend him ever.

The devil was in, the devil a saint would be. I drove fast; more speed, less hurricane, I thought; but a few miles beyond the hurricane-signal I came to a silver strand lonelier and lovelier yet, and fell into error again. Thinking sand the only peril, I carefully pulled well into the side of the hard road by a high dune, and undressed in the car. Then I found I had left my trunks where I stuck before. I looked around. For miles either way road, sands and sea lay empty, as before life's creation. I jumped out, ran round the high dune and to the water. It was the most glorious bathe of my life. However, the sky grew uneasy, so I came out, ran tightly up the sands and round the dune to the car; parked behind it was another in which two elderly ladies ate sandwiches.

Like Lord Tom Noddy, I felt that nought was to be said, but, unlike him, that something must be done, and quickly. I leaped like a gazelle at one bound into the driving seat and on to the accelerator and pulled up, still breathless, about three miles away to get into shirt, trousers and shoes. A good actor would have handled the episode with more aplomb, perhaps. Cured now of all interest in hurricanes I went on and came at nightfall to my starting-point, Mobile, an innocent in America returning as a fairly seasoned explorer. Little time remained; I continued through Mississippi to New Orleans in Louisiana and to my homeward ship.

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## Chapter Forty-Four

### WAITIN' ON THE LEVEE

The vessel, however, was late and I thus gained welcome days in New Orleans, where Old Man River runs broad-mouthed and many-tongued into the Gulf after his long journey between banks which have seen more startling changes in a century than most rivers know in five hundred years or more. The countryside far around New Orleans is estuary and the city's soil is so permeable that the cemeteries stand above ground and the dead are put in storied vaults built on it. Given this marshy character and the temperature of those latitudes at the season when I was there, the moist heat of New Orleans was a new chapter in a book I thought to have read to the end.

The contrast between the beginnings and the continuation of the Republic is sharply shown on either side of Canal Street, a thoroughfare (so broad that four parallel street-car tracks are hardly noticed in the middle) which runs through the city to the curving Mississippi like an arrow to a stretched bow. On one side is old New Orleans, the square mile called the Vieux Carré, and on the other new New Orleans, the American city. The Vieux Carré was first French, then for a space Spanish, then briefly French again, a colonial city of Imperial France and Imperial Spain. Its physiognomy is Spanish because the older French town was burned down; its nature is predominantly French. In 1803 Napoleon held title to the million square miles then known as Louisiana, and President Jefferson said that if Napoleon took actual possession of it 'we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation'. Napoleon averted that by selling Louisiana for fifteen million dollars. The New Orleans French liked this new bequeathment no more than their earlier abandonment to the King of Spain and, entrenched in the Vieux Carré, indignantly watched the 'foreign invaders' arrive and encamp across the moat where Canal Street now runs. They refused social mingling and the street urchins followed the newcomers about, crying:

'Méricain coquin,  
'billé en nanquin,  
voleur di pain ...

The urgent American spirit soon marched over all that and racial outlines have been obliterated, or new ones superimposed, in New Orleans now. Italians are most numerous among the population; next come the Germans and then the French. The Negro and mixed-breed element is large. The city is now more kin of New York than of the Old South, save in some of its residential parts. It is a citadel of the gaming-syndicate and is wide-open; drinking is hard and dubious entertainments are prolific. New Orleans, too, produces a good deal of the drama and literature of depravity which mar the American scene at this passing moment. Even hard-bitten New York reviewers sometimes recoil from these emanations 'righteously indignant in one breath and droolingly prurient in the next, like the notes of a small-town peeper on the broom closet of hell'.

The new way of life has flowed over old town and new alike, but the Vieux Carré in its physical shape remains the monument of a different one. Its narrow streets are blocked with tourist-buses and loud with the cries of guides, but on either side are graceful houses with balconies and galleries of delicately-wrought ironwork and open doorways which reveal pleasant inner courtyards, with trees and flowers, where family privacy once ruled; the change in note and tempo is that between a bebop band and a spinet. Here people lived who went at nights to the opera, theatre or ball, things which Hollywood denies to the mass of Americans today. They lived so when the country was a wilderness of beast and forest; now that the wilderness has been tamed the graceful way of urbane life has been almost lost; it is as if the wild took revenge on the city.

The people who lived in this pleasant place, built round a cathedral, called themselves Creoles, thus claiming to be of pure white blood, chiefly French and partly Spanish, and hoped to found a new nation. The first shipload of Frenchwomen brought to the lonely bachelors of New Orleans seems to have carried ladies who, though white, were more readily wedded than they were later included in family-trees, but the next one contained girls escorted by Ursuline nuns whose blood later Creoles gladly claimed. Even so, however, bachelors far outnumbered marriageable girls and this disproportion produced a new, brief-lived race, the famed Quadroons of New Orleans.

The Quadroons must obviously have been of both sexes, but survive in history only as lovely females (the offspring of half-breed women and white men). All travellers of that day, including Harriet Martineau, agree about the great beauty of the Quadroons; a puzzling thing because, in my observation of today, the mere mingling of colour by no means infallibly produces beauty. Anyway, the young Creole gentlemen traditionally chose a mate at one of the Quadroon Balls and installed her in a tiny house on the Ramparts until he should marry. Her ambition was to be so selected, and her dream, to be wed. That seldom happened, but she was cared for while the alliance lasted and when it ended retained the little house; she preferred this lot to marriage with a Quadroon. The Creole ladies detested the Quadroon girls.

Of all that, remains only the Quadroon Ballroom, now the home of an order of negro nuns. Above the stairway where the Creole gallants and the Quadroon beauties went to chose and be chosen, and the foreign visitors to marvel, is the inscription, 'I have chosen rather to be an abject in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the temple with the sinners'. New Orleans must have Quadroons still, for it has folk of every imaginable hue and countenance, but as a delineated group the Quadroons have vanished, and so have the Creoles. The girl who sells you a tie or handles your telegram may be a Creole or may not. The American way of life has dispersed them or impressed them into the mass and they may only be studied still in such books as Mr. George W. Cable's *Old Creole Days*, where 'Tite Poulette, Jean-ah Poquelin and Madame Delphine live shadow-like again while they wait for destiny to absorb them.

The Vieux Carré remains a pleasant place at a quiet hour and it shows how drastically the trappings of life there have changed in a short time. I liked an inscription on a marble slab in the cathedral which, like a troubadour out of his century, lyrically commemorates 'Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, native of Mayrena in the Kingdom of Andalusia, Chevalier of the Royal and Distinguished Spanish Order of Charles III, Royal Regidor and Alferez of the Cabildo ...', and much more. (It reminded me of a noble Spaniard once portrayed by Charles Hawtrey, who at each new introduction recited all his grandeeships and ever ended with, 'I 'ave ze right to wear my 'at in ze presence of ze King - but as 'e is not 'ere I take it off!')

The Place d'Armes (now called Jackson Square, a topical and typical renaming) by contrast contains the rusty remnant of what must surely be the first submarine (unless another, recovered from the Yellowstone Lake, was earlier; I never could learn by what fantastic means it came there). No man who has seen this one will ever marvel again at the midget submarines of today. It was built to contain two men who propelled it just beneath the surface by turning a handle; if they wished to reverse they turned the handle the other way. It carried a spear with a detachable point, to which a time-fused explosive float was attached. The theory of its use was to run the spear into the side of a wooden ship and then withdraw, leaving the spearhead in the hull and the charge near enough to blow a hole in it. I believe the Civil War ended before this Southern craft could be tested.

Lost or curious communities abound in the New Orleans countryside. There are backwoods communities of Holy Rollers, Sabines said to have come first as sailors from the Barbary Coast, Walloons whose ancestors served in Napoleon's armies and emigrated to America after his fall, and Acadians. The 'Cajuns (the name has been shortened, like soldier to sojer) are as mysterious as any.

Their legends give them Armenian origins; they are supposed to have been a dispersed Christian sect which wandered over Europe, settled in Normandy in the Middle Ages, and migrated about 1750 to Nova Scotia. Their expulsion from there by the British and their flight to New Orleans is the theme of Longfellow's poem, 'Evangeline'.

Voodooism, with its attendant spells, charms, evil-eyeing and smelling-out, survives among the negroes, who brought it from Africa. In Durban once I knew a woman who could not keep native servants and found they fled from some chalk marks which her little boy had scribbled on the door of their quarters; they thought themselves 'tigati'd'. This same thing continues in darker corners of New Orleans today. The countryside around is that of the bayous, well suited to superstitions. It is a mysterious, secretive region, half land and half water, where countless creeks, rivulets and streams wander tortuously through swamp and marsh, and a smuggler or slave-runner who knew his business could paddle his boat to New Orleans and back by a hundred different ways. Today great motor-roads run through it to the lair of the famous pirate Jean Lafitte, at Grand Isle.

Something strange and fierce still invests the Louisiana air. Here arose a politico named Huey Long who in the 1930s bade fair to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in his promises of milk-and-honey. He gained a great following and did not vainly boast when, soon after President Roosevelt's election, he wrote a remarkable book called *My First Days in the White House*, the text and illustrations of which showed Mr. Roosevelt as his subordinate. He might well have reached that house; his 'Share Our Wealth' programme titillated mass-nostrils even more than the Roosevelt 'New Deal' and he held out such Socialist-Communist promises as Full Employment, the Redistribution of Wealth and Social Security. However, M'Bongo was in the other camp, and Mr. Long was an embarrassing rival. He was shot (presumably by 'a madman') in the midst of his bodyguards.

I thought I had organized my journey very well when I reached its end, New Orleans, hale and hearty. I knew I had gone too far and too fast, slept and rested too little in great heat, and neglected meals; I had to, having so much to do in a short time. I counted on the sea-trip to make good anything that needed restoration and thought I had calculated the matter to a fraction. I was wrong, for Nemesis beat me at the post. A few days before I was to sail the old malarial affliction smote me, and brought dysentery with it. I was not very well housed, having reached New Orleans at the same time as a convention of some befezzed organization, so that rooms were hard to get. However, I had a bed and took my fever into it, hoping I should be able to struggle to the ship later.

Whatever else I might waste, I thought, I would not waste time. Sweating and almost disembowelled, I propped myself against pillows and began in quavering notes to sum up what I had seen and learned in America....

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# **PART TWO**

## **BEHIND THE SCENE**

## Chapter One

### THREE SERVITUDES

My experience is that a man may have many countries and one that he loves: his own. I found much to respect and admire everywhere I have been: the diligence, thrift and virility of Germans, the poetry and patriotism of Poles, the taste and urbanity of Frenchmen, the charm and friendliness of Austrians, the happy energy of Belgians, the dour industriousness of Hollanders, the mellow peasant culture of Croats and Slovaks, the indomitable nationhood of Serbs and Bulgars, the brilliant valour of Greeks. I felt all these things as part of a common Christian inheritance in which I equally shared. Cracow Cathedral, the Cologne Dom, Saint Stephen's at Vienna and Saint Peter's at Rome all meant as much to me as Saint Paul's and Canterbury, and they meant the same thing, like the Saxon and Norman citadels of England, Carcassonne and Avignon, and the Baltic castles of the Teutonic knights. Europe's many wars did not alter that; out of the quarrels of kings, popes and barons emerged ever a clear purpose and an improving way of life, commonly Christian. The century of Armageddon, I believe, is to show whether all that is to be destroyed, and the American Republic might have the greatest part in deciding the issue.

In America, again, I felt this underlying kinship of Christian purpose, but overlain now by much confusion. Its huge strength and energy are as admirable as the good nature of the masses of its people, once reached, and the beauty (and especially in the South, the charm) of its women. Americans are filled with an urgent longing to fulfil the American Dream and a deep perplexity about its shape. A great quantity of idealism, faith, hope and charity is stored up in a younger generation, particularly, which feels spiritually lost and is the easy prey of misleaders. The great question, which may decide the outcome of Armageddon, is whether this stored energy will be put to continuing the 2000-year process, the splendid results of which are clear to see in Europe, or to destroying it, and therewith the American Republic too. The sharp visible contrast between the earlier Republic of Richmond, Washington and Boston and the later one of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles shows that the decision may be balanced on a razor edge.

In America a period of spiritual pessimism has followed on the century of optimism. This is not disproved by monetary wealth or the wearing of buttons with the words, 'I am proud to be an American'. It is not a native thing either, though the tendency towards violent emotional oscillations, which wise leadership could arrest, partly derives from the experience of the frontier period when 'mind and emotion became ingrowing and nature took its revenge in the form of occasional outbursts of violent excitement'; the *Epic*, speaking of a hundred years ago, says: 'The Camp Meeting is a key to much that we shall find even in present-day life, in a nation even yet emotionally starving.' This emotional unfulfilment, a product of the excessive concentration on material things, leaves a mass of unused spiritual energy drifting about in the Republic, like loose ballast in a ship. If the ballast can be moved to one side, the ship will list and possibly founder; for twenty years, at least, an organized effort has been made to achieve that effect. Two hundred and fifty years ago William Penn said, 'Either nations will be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants.' The Republic has been brought to the brink of that choice by the stealthy indoctrination of the unstable body of pent-up emotionalism with the teaching that it must destroy Christian nationhood and set up a pagan world tyranny, obliterating nations.

Thus the Manifest Destiny of 1850 has changed to a destiny non-manifest in 1950. A hundred years ago the course seemed clear; westward the course of empire took its way. When the western limit was reached the vernacular question posed itself, 'Where do we go from here?' For some time past America has produced no William Penns to restate eternal truths. The leaderless mass stands irresolute, not yet quite a firmly welded nation, while many voices cry that America's manifest

destiny now is to destroy all nations and Christianity with them; the thing is more subtly said but that is the purpose.

Hatreds, passions and prejudices are to some extent innate in man and may be reduced by wise leadership or inflamed by bad. As I have gone along I have seen that they are incited, in all countries, by organized forces from outside for the purpose of setting up the World State on the ruins of Christian nations. That key once found, the dark origins of our twentieth-century wars and the strange doublings their courses took are alike plain to understand. The parent organization goes back at least to the French Revolution; all European and American wars since then seem to some extent to have been deflected by it; the second war of this century clearly was brought almost completely under its control and so directed that its outcome left but one more stage of the grand design to be completed.

This is 'the deception of nations' mentioned in Revelation as an integral part of the process of Armageddon, if Biblical prophecy be true at all. The deception of the American nation was very great, despite the outer panoply of free nationhood which it retained for the nonce at the war's end. It was promised four freedoms, but in truth was surrendered to three servitudes.

The first of these is the now visible supremacy in its affairs of a new, foreign ambition: Political Zionism. No American politician of rank today dares challenge it, and this submission has apparently been brought about by what the founder of Political Zionism, Theodor Herzl, called 'the awful power of our purse'.

The second servitude is the permeation of American public life at all levels by a second foreign ambition, Soviet Communism. This is the other prong of the pincers described by Herzl: 'When we sink we become a revolutionary proletariat.' The edifice of State is weakened at the top by the power of the purse and at the middle by the infiltration of revolutionaries. This second process began in full force with the inauguration of President Roosevelt nearly twenty years ago. Demonstrably it led to the warping of major courses of State policy and has not yet been stopped, merely a little impeded. These two foreign ambitions, ostensibly separate but born in the same place, appear to meet in the central ambition of a World State, dominated by them. Plainly they intend, if they can, to bend the strength of America to that end.

The third servitude, which helps the other two by corrupting political life at its foundations, as distinct from the higher citadels and departmental levels of power, is organized crime. The grasp of these three forces on the body politic and civic of the Republic, and their influence over the leaderless mass of spiritually starved opinion, are great enough to make America's destiny doubtful, no longer manifest, today.

This three-coiled captivity is not merely an American plight. It occurs in all the remaining nations of the Christian West and caused the ruin of those now submerged. It is greatest in America because, by all evidential signs, the emigration from Eastern Europe was mainly and deliberately directed thither, for the purposes of power. In England the visible, though unadvertised, power of Political Zionism is as great; no leading politician of any party (with one possible exception) now resists it. The deflection of major acts of State policy has been clear to see since the Balfour Declaration. Permeation of public life by Soviet Communism is considerable and official resistance to exposure as constant as in America. Organized crime, in the gaming, liquor and prostitution sense, is much less, though Eastern European figures often appear in the occasional revelations of attempted political corruption.

Essentially, the mass of Americans and of British are in the same boat now. I never in either country found any mass of people, outside the immigrant sections involved and those natives whom

they suborn, who wanted American or British nationhood destroyed, or even merged. The broad legions of people wanted to retain their own national identity under the government of God, not to disappear serf-like into a shapeless mass under an Asiatic supremacy. The question whether either nation will be able to keep its individuality, now that the occult servitudes are so strong, is the one which the rest of this century of Armageddon will answer. The course and outcome of the Second War were portents as ominous as they could be for the result of any third one. Nevertheless, I found in both countries that widening masses of opinion were becoming alert to the shape and purpose of the grand design, and as to the final upshot, Saint Mark has a word for it: 'And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. See that ye be not troubled, for all these things must come to pass but the end is not yet.'

Clearly the revolution of destruction will go on awhile, like a dancing dervish pirouetting towards his foaming collapse. After seeing America I felt sure that every effort would be made to use American and British strength a third time to complete the ruin of the Christian area, and even to set these peoples against each other if the purpose could be better served that way. I felt equally sure that the grand design would fail at the last and that the end of the Christian two thousand years is not yet.

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## Chapter Two

### ZIONISM PARAMOUNT

The three forces which weaken the whole structure of American public life in effect serve the strongest among themselves, Political Zionism, which stands behind the seats of the mighty while the others work in lesser places, if to similar ends of power-over-politicians. The proof of this supremacy is to be found by a simple test: the extent to which public discussion is permitted.

It is entirely free in the matter of organized crime. No day passes but this is publicly debated somewhere in the Republic, in the tone that it is loathsome but normal, and not to be put down. Huey Long once said he could buy politicians 'like sacks of potatoes' and the daily talk in America is always full of such allusions to purchaseable men. The great argument, however, overlooks possible effects on national policy and treats the matter merely as one of local 'wide-openness' and parochial effects; possibly for that reason it is so free. That wireworm at the roots may imperil the whole plant is an aspect ignored.

The case of Communist permeation at the middle level is different. Public discussion is nominally free, so much so that the outer world receives an impression of 'a witch hunt' in constant progress. In truth public anxiety to know what goes on is combated, and powerful opposition is offered, from the highest places down, to the general demand for knowledge and action. The chorus of 'hysteria', 'Red-baiting' and 'anti-Semitism' reaches a higher crescendo each time some startling disclosure is achieved by persistent investigators. The great bulk of Americans have in fact been thwarted for seventeen years in their wish to have the stables cleansed (this is the case in England, too).

At the topmost level, a virtual ban on public discussion of Political Zionism proves the paramouncy of its sway in American affairs. As in England, the open expression of doubt about this territorial ambition, and support for it, has been almost driven underground in recent years. An imperial thrall has been laid on America in this matter. Traditional Americans, whose forebears detested laws of lese-majesty and the genuflections of courts, now find their leaders performing an even humbler obeisance in this direction; like foremost politicians in England, they thus emulate those Rumanian nobles who long bowed to the Sultan's rule, vainly hoping to keep rank and possessions. The Soviet ban on 'anti-Semitism' (which was in effect a veto on public discussion of the origins of Communism) has in practice been extended to the British island and the American Republic in the matter of Political Zionism. It is lese-majesty in a new form and because of it present-day Americans and Englishmen do not as a rule see the grave future courses and penalties to which support of Political Zionism has committed them.

The way in which this overlordship has been imposed on the Christian West is wonderful and fascinating to study. It has all been done so quickly and with such sure skill (and if it is evil, as I think, may be to the good in the end, for the catfish in the tank reinvigorates other fish grown lazy). Political Zionism and Soviet Communism both grew up side by side in the Jewish areas of Czarist Russia, within Jewish families living beneath the same roof-tree. The golden age was then dawning for Jews everywhere. When Napoleon convened their Grand Sanhedrin in Paris in 1807 the Rabbis declared that Israel existed only as a religion and aspired to no national resurrection. All over the world even Orthodox Jews, clamant for civic equalities, strenuously denied that Israel was a nation within the nations; Reform Judaism echoed this avowal. In England Jewry vowed that if England should emancipate the Jew it would fill his heart with consciousness of country; he would think, feel, fear and hope as an Englishman. America was opening to Jews and the same pledge was made on their behalf there.

It was true, too. Jews in those countries did lose much of the sense of being different which accompanied them, like a curse, down the centuries and caused them (not the Gentiles) to build ghettos for themselves. They became good and happy Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans. They seemed to confound those opponents of the Jewish Disability Bill in the English Parliament who argued that the Jews looked forward to the coming of a great deliverer, to their return to Palestine, to the rebuilding of their temple, to the revival of their ancient faith in its tribal form, and therefore would always consider England not as their country, but merely as their place of exile. Similarly, those events disproved for ever the lie that men inherently hate Jews.

Yet the English objectors, and Americans who raised warning voices against the new immigration, were made true prophets by the event. All that was gained was swept away by one section of the community of Russian Jews. They revived and imposed on Jews everywhere the old teaching, 'Do not cultivate strange lands, soon you will cultivate your own; do not attach yourself to any land, for thus you will be unfaithful to the memory of your native land; do not submit to any king, for you have no master but the Lord of the Holy Land, Jehovah; do not scatter among the nations, you will forfeit your salvation and you will not see the light of the day of resurrection; remain such as you left your house; the hour will come and you will see again the hills of your ancestors, and those hills will then be the centre of the world, which will be subject to your power.

The destructive achievement, in both the Zionist and Communist aspect, came from the Jews in the Russia of the Romanoffs; that is the key to understanding of the present and future. The Jews who made those two great movements were not Semites; on that point all qualified authorities agree; *their* ancestors never knew 'the hills of your ancestors'. They were the descendants of a Russian, Mongol-Tartar race converted to Judaism in the seventh century whose remote forebears never trod Palestinian soil. Their two destructive exploits are astounding, considered as feats, like those of weightlifters, but still are less extraordinary than the submission to them of leading Gentile politicians in the Christian West during the last forty years.

The tale, more fantastic than any of the Arabian Nights, is most plainly told in Dr. Chaim Weizmann's *Trial and Error*. It shows the soil where the two destructive movements grew, to their present fiery bloom, in the last decades of the past century. There was a little White Russian village 'within the Pale', with 400 or 500 Russian families and under 200 Jewish ones. The Jews kept to their own streets of their own wish, so that Jews and Gentiles were strangers to each other's ways of thought, dreams, religions, festivals and even languages. All buildings were of wood save two of brick, the church and 'the house of the richest Jew'. The Pale of Settlement was 'a prison house for Jews'; yet the typical Jewish family depicted had a house of seven rooms and a garden and some acres of land, the father employed fifty or sixty Russians in the season. There was no starvation or any pogroms in the place though pogroms were heard of elsewhere (the student of these things will often come across such statements). Russian servants were employed and the matriarch of the family went each summer to distant Bohemia or Bavaria.

It does not look too dire a picture. Yet within this Jewish household, in the 1880s, was ferment. The 'Return' was in the air, 'a vague deep-rooted Messianism, a hope which would not die'. Such families were deeply divided among themselves, so that brothers and sisters often would not speak to each other. The line of dispute was between those young Jews who wanted to overthrow the Czarism and gain power inside Russia (the later Communists) and those who wanted to recreate a Jewish nation in Palestine (the later Zionists). The matriarch said, well, if the revolutionary son were right they would all be happy in Russia, and if the Zionist one were correct she would go to Palestine, so all would be well either way.

It is a vivid picture of the beginnings of the things we now experience. It is given as one of Jewish misery, but the Russians seem to have been much worse off. In *From Pharaoh to Hitler* Mr.

Bernard J. Brown, writing as a Jew, says, 'When the Jews talk about oppression they are mistaken in assuming that they have been the only oppressed people on earth. As late as 1860 there were over 23,000,000 Christian peasants in Russia in abject slavery, while the Jews of that period in Russia followed their trades and professions, enjoying reasonable freedom and prosperity consistent with the form of government and general economic conditions prevalent at that time.' This Russia, nevertheless, the younger Jews, to judge from Dr. Weizmann, wished to destroy. True, a third body of Jewish opinion existed, that of the Jews who wished to 'assimilate' themselves, like Jews in the West. Throughout Dr. Weizmann's book these Jews appear as more detestable than Gentile 'anti-Semites'.

At that time the victory of those Jews, who wished to 'keep the peace of the city' in whatever land they dwelt, seemed certain. The whole history of the world for eighteen hundred years had been one of gradually improving humanity and enlightenment, broken only by what seemed the passing nightmare of the French Revolution, and in this upward process Czar Alexander II was a typical figure. It was he who in 1861 liberated the 23,000,000 Russian serfs, so that a new dawn broke for the innumerable races and faiths of Russia. A reconciler and unifier, he was killed at the decisive moment, like Lincoln, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Alexander of Yugoslavia and Count Bernadotte.

Repressive measures followed against the population generally, including Jews. The masses were resentful and, says Dr. Weizmann, 'among the Jews this first folk awakening had two facets, the revolutionary, mingling with the general Russian revolt, and the Zionist nationalist'. This, then, was the actual birth of twins long in gestation, Soviet Communism and Political Zionism. (At the Communist revolution of 1917, however, Jewish revolutionaries did not 'mingle with the general Russian revolt'; they led it exclusively, and from that day to this the leadership of Soviet Communism has continued to be predominantly Russian-Jewish, while that of Political Zionism has been almost exclusively so, though it is represented as a movement of *all* Jews throughout the world.)<sup>[5]</sup>

In the decade following Czar Alexander's murder Dr. Weizmann went to school at Pinsk. He did not personally experience pogroms but 'did not need to live in the midst of pogroms' to know that 'the Gentile world was poisoned'; indeed, he knew little of Gentiles but from the first they were to him 'the symbols of menacing forces'. The frame of mind seems clearly innate, not the result of thought or experience; it might fairly be called 'anti-Gentilism', an emotional antipathy and not a reasoned antagonism. It coloured his approach to school-going: 'The acquisition of knowledge was not for us so much a normal process of education as the storing up of weapons in an arsenal by means of which we hoped later to be able to hold our own in a hostile world.'

The world, however, was not hostile to Jews. All doors were open to them, and that seems to have disquietened Dr. Weizmann more than anything. At Pinsk (where he had 'no social contact with Gentiles', who were a minority of the population) he found many assimilationist Jews. The Zionists were becoming compact and began to fight 'assimilation'. Thus Dr. Weizmann locates the actual sources of the thing which overclouds the world today; he says the foundation layers of the Zionist State are Pinsk and Vilna, Odessa and Warsaw, and many lesser-known Jewish communities of those Eastern European stretches; that is Russian Jewry.

Dr. Weizmann disliked Czarist Russia so much that, graduated at Pinsk, he crossed the German frontier clandestinely and went to Pfungstadt. He found there something previously unrealized by him; that German Jewry was exerting itself to be German (he calls this 'a queer chapter in Jewish history'). He obtained a post at a Jewish boarding school and decided that its principal, who held such views, was an intellectual coward and a toady. The sight of Jews entirely free seems to have appalled him. He was 'lonely and desperately homesick' for Pinsk, for the little village in the

prison-like Pale! 'It was better in Pinsk, though Pinsk was Russia.' He longed for the separate, ghetto-like life of the Jews there, and returned. Pinsk seems indeed to have been a good place for Jews, because his four years of military service were due 'but I managed to talk my way out of the army in a special interview with the local military commander, a decent and cultured Russian who thought it a pity to have my education interrupted!'

Later he went to Berlin, Freiburg, Geneva and other places, where he found Jewish students from Russia increasing in number and revolutionary fervour. They were militant cells engaged in fighting 'the assimilationist revolutionary movement, not on its revolutionary but on its assimilationist side'. This means that they worked *for* revolution and *against* the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile, which they saw as an obstacle to revolution. Nevertheless, the 'assimilationist' Jews remained aloof. 'I cannot say that anything resembling real intimacy ever grew up between the Russian-Jewish student colony and the Jewish community of Berlin; the gap between the two worlds was almost unbridgable.'

This great gulf was in time to be bridged by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, later British leaders, President Wilson, President Roosevelt and President Truman, and the Jews who were happy in those Western countries were to be driven back across the bridge into the clutch of a tribal nationalism which they did not desire.

In the next ten years, as student and then teacher at those Christian universities, Dr. Weizmann learned 'the technique of propaganda and the approach to the masses'. Meanwhile a westernized Jew, Dr. Theodor Herzl, emerged as the visible leader of the conspiracy now grown into an open movement; by publishing *The Jewish State* he first proclaimed the *territorial* ambition. Not one Gentile in a million, probably, even noticed it. World Jewry, which knew what it would mean, was put in the condition of a dovecote invaded by a cat. This was the reversal of all that Orthodox and Reform Jewry alike had promised; in the end it would mean the ruin of the achievements of centuries.

In Dr. Herzl first appeared the phenomenon of this century, the Zionist operator on whose knee Gentile politicians sat as puppets. Rabbi Elmer Berger says, 'With Herzl that group of Jews which committed itself to Zionism and acknowledged him as its leader entered a peripatetic kind of diplomacy, which took it into many chancelleries and parliaments, exploring the labyrinthine and devious ways of international politics in a part of the world where political intrigue and secret deals were a byword.' Dr. Herzl began successfully to court what Mr. Bernard J. Brown describes as 'the false praise of those Christians who, for one reason or another, seek Jewish favour'.

Herzl used words which seemed of the most foolish pretension at the time, but were modest in comparison with what Political Zionism later achieved. When his first important Jewish backer died, Baron de Hirsch, Herzl wrote, 'Hirsch dies and I enter on negotiations with princes.'<sup>[6]</sup> He hoped to buy for twenty million pounds a charter for Palestine from the Sultan of Turkey, who ever needed money, but that fell through. Seeking an interview with the Kaiser, he promised 'the diminution of radical' (that is, revolutionary) 'propaganda in Europe, in proportion to the development of national effort among Jews', but when the Kaiser delayed in procuring Palestine for him Herzl wrote threateningly to him, 'If our work miscarries, hundreds of revolutionaries will at a single bound join the revolutionary parties'. He told one of the Rothschilds, who feared Political Zionism, 'I will start a great agitation in which it will be difficult to maintain order ... You think it is a misfortune to operate with masses; consider well, would it not be a greater misfortune if I set the masses in motion by a tumultuous agitation?'

Herzl in such words precisely foretells, as if by divine or demoniac revelation, the working of the machine he built; the crushing of Gentile nations between the power of the purse and the

revolutionary masses, both controlled from the same source. He used the famous phrase about 'England being the point where the Archimedean lever must be applied', and England was so used (though not by him) to prise open the oyster. After Herzl's death his threats became realities. He failed, or did not succeed quickly enough for those whose passions he aroused; he seems at the end to have become terrified of the thing he began. When he called the First Zionist Congress he found he was no longer master of his machine. 'There rose before our eyes', he wrote, 'a Russian Jewry the strength of which we had not even suspected ... They represented the views and sentiments of the five million Jews of that country ... What a humiliation for us, who had taken our superiority for granted!'

Russian Jewry took over, as Russian Jewry took over Soviet Communism, and Russian Jewry remains the master-force today. Herzl became a discredited Messiah. In 1903 he produced at last an offer of Uganda, from the British Government. I cannot recall any comparable donation in history, but it was derisively rejected by the Russian Jews, who now controlled a project which was gathering momentum like a wheel rolling downhill. Herzl relieved his extremists of further annoyance by dying the next year, at forty-four, an opportune death, for by sponsoring the Uganda scheme he made himself, if not quite a reconciler and peacemaker, then a 'deviationist' (in the modern idiom). Much worse than that, during a visit to Moscow he warned the Political Zionists against harbouring revolutionaries in their ranks! His death occurred at the decisive moment.

At that time Dr. Weizmann, now thirty, poor, little known outside Zionist circles, was on his way to England, which he chose as a country in which 'at least theoretically' a Jew might be allowed to live and work without let or hindrance (the words 'at least theoretically', published in 1949, seem mildly amusing in the light of all he was able to achieve; in this case practice more than vindicated theory). He went to Manchester with but a letter of introduction to a professor at the University there. He was 'very warmly received', given the use of a laboratory at a nominal rent, access to 'the Holy of Holies' (the store room where fine chemicals were kept), 'consistent kindheartedness' from workmen 'who spared no effort to produce any piece of apparatus or furniture that I asked for'. Soon the services of two research men were added and, within the year, the offer of a research scholarship and a weekly lectureship. This seems fairly sympathetic treatment and was but the beginning of much warmer friendliness. However, in 1932 Dr. Weizmann, contemplating the wild beasts of the Kruger National Park in South Africa, observed, 'It must be a wonderful thing to be an animal in the South African game reserve; much better than being a Jew in Warsaw - or even in London.'

Manchester produces in its natives a moral outlook akin to the New England Conscience, or to the warm humanity of Bloomsbury and Greenwich Village. Its corporate soul responds like a harpstring to the cries of oppressed beings far away, and the farther away the better. In Manchester the newborn babe's first cry is not of pain, but already of righteous indignation about the lot of Thailanders, Vietnamese, Louisiana Negroes and Durban Indians; and the first words it says are probably 'Hands off Liberia'. If the world has a conscience (and *The Times* has said so), Manchester is its guardian. What Manchester thinks today the world thinks tomorrow and regrets the day after; the best way to foresee the tribulations of the future is to read a Manchester newspaper. Manchester adores strange causes and exotic visitors; they must be good, they've come so far, and the things they complain about are also delightfully distant. Manchester succumbs to such blandishments as charmingly as a mid-Western farmer's daughter of the 'nineties to a Chicago salesman.

Dr. Weizmann says he went to Manchester to keep out of Zionist politics for a time; but he landed in a most propitious place for their pursuit. He had what he himself calls an astounding experience of Manchester's illusions soon after he arrived. He shared his laboratory with a Japanese student and the two read with delight newspaper reports of Russian defeats in the war with Japan, then in progress; the Japanese because he was Japanese, Dr. Weizmann because he longed for his native

Russia's defeat. Later he read in the Annual Report of the Director of Laboratories a proud eulogy of the international nature of the Manchester Chemical School and of the unifying influence of science, which made it possible for two mortal foes, 'a Japanese and a Russian, to work side by side there during the war!'

If the mere desire to do good in some vague way at someone else's expense qualifies for a place in heaven, the spirit of Manchester will one day be highly enthroned there; if the scrutiny of facts and right or wrong also belongs to the qualifying process, it will meet grave trouble at the turnstiles. At Manchester in 1906 the notion of transferring masses of East Europeans to Palestine made immediate appeal. The little matter of the Arabs there did not worry the Manchester Conscience, for the Arabs had not studied the technique of propaganda and the approach to masses or sent anyone to Manchester. The Chairman of the Conservative Party there was a Zionist (this is something which still bedevils both the large political parties in England and America). Before he was two years in England or had much command of English Dr. Weizmann found himself closeted with the lately defeated Prime Minister (and leader of the Conservative Opposition), Mr. Arthur Balfour, in an hotel room!

Does history show a more fateful meeting? A mysterious foreign ambition began to entwine itself round British policy. Dr. Weizmann, an obscure newcomer, found that Mr. Balfour had only 'the most naive and rudimentary notion of the movement' (a description which, remained good twenty years later when Lord Balfour first saw the Arabian land where, in the meantime, he had undertaken to set up a National Home for the Zionists. Being warmly welcomed in Jewish parts of it, he said it reminded him of a general election tour, but with everybody on the same side. Against the wishes of his Zionist hosts, who wished 'to spare him as much as possible', he went on to Arab Damascus and had to be smuggled away from an infuriated mob and to a ship. He may thus at the last have suspected another side to the question; he had but a few years to live).

In 1911, after seven years, Dr. Weizmann's position at the University was worth £600 and his wife's, as medical officer for several city clinics, £350, so that the joint income, as he says, was considerable for those days and possibly vindicated England's comportment towards newcomers, Jewish or Gentile. On this account, perhaps, the German Jews in Manchester were contentedly assimilated. Dr. Weizmann, however, felt most at home with the Russian Jews there; the old English-Jewish families 'might just as well have belonged to another world'. Russian Jews predominated in the Jewish community and a strong Political Zionist group took shape around Dr. Weizmann in Manchester. In 1907 he first saw the country of his ambitions; he found it a dolorous one where 80,000 Jews lived, in poverty and amity, with some 550,000 Arabs. All that was to be changed.

The First War began in 1914; long-memored readers may recall that it appeared to be concerned with such matters as the rape of Belgium, ending Prussian Militarism, and making the world safe for democracy. At its start Baron Edmond de Rothschild told Dr. Weizmann that it would spread to the Middle East, where things of great significance to Political Zionism would occur. The first few months saw another fateful meeting; Dr. Weizmann, by chance he says, was presented to Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Scott, whose ideas about the matter may have been as rudimentary as Mr. Balfour's, asked typically Mancunian questions ('Are you a Pole?') and was told of Dr. Weizmann's hatred of Russia, then England's powerful ally. This did not deter him from immediate enthusiasm. Thereafter when he went to London Dr. Weizmann habitually met him at the station, Mr. Scott's usual greeting being, 'Now, Dr. Weizmann, tell me what you want me to do for you'.

This led to a third fateful meeting. When the war was still four months young Mr. Scott took Dr. Weizmann to breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George (Mr. Asquith was then Prime Minister and, learning

of a scheme to transplant Eastern Europeans to Palestine, said it was fantastic). Mr. Lloyd George told Dr. Weizmann that a leading English Jew, Mr. Edwin Montagu, would bitterly oppose the project. Indeed, the mass of Jews everywhere, other than those from Russia, were firmly against it. At this time the curious process began; wherever established Jews resisted an enterprise which they thought perilous to Jewry, Gentile leaders turned against them. The little-known Dr. Weizmann from Russia was more kindly heard than the eminent spokesmen of Jewish communities established in England for centuries.

Mr. Lloyd George sent Dr. Weizmann again to Mr. Balfour, who apparently first asked an obvious question: how a friend of England could be so anti-Russian when Russia fought on our side? Dr. Weizmann spoke of pogroms and expulsions which made 'every Russian victory a horror for the Jews' and this seems to have satisfied Mr. Balfour, who said, 'It is a great cause you are working for. You must come again and again'. Such are the things which secretly go on in war-time. This was in 1914, when the Russian offensive saved Paris. I remember the enormous casualties the Russians suffered; without that effort the Allies might have been lost.

Whilst Czarist Russia in the east took the brunt off bowed French and British shoulders in the west, Dr. Weizmann told British leaders of his hatred for Russia. The very name of Political Zionism was unknown to the fighting-men or the watching masses, but behind the scenes this new ambition took root and stem in London. Dr. Weizmann says his meetings with Mr. Scott, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour were but 'the beginnings of our discoveries of friends'. The thing, unless one looks for baser motives, seems today only explicable as an infatuation among public men. Political Zionism in the next few years made immense strides, and if they were not even greater this was due to the opposition of Jews, the mass of whom stood everywhere as firm as they could behind Gentile politicians who went down like ninepins.

After two years of war English Jewry still refused to demand more than 'equal rights' with the Arabs and 'reasonable facilities for immigration and colonization' in the event that the war should put Palestine in the hands of England or France. At the Foreign Office Mr. Lucien Wolf (until then accepted as the secular spokesman of British Jewry) protested that Political Zionism was a purely East European movement. He and his kind fought vainly against Gentile politicians who seem to have been possessed. When Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister, and prepared for the fatal deed, he told Dr. Weizmann, 'I know that with the issuance of this Declaration I shall please one group of Jews and displease another. I have decided to please your group because you stand for a great idea.' These words will first be fully tested when the great idea reaches its full consummation and I think that may not now be long.

Dr. Weizmann, curiously, wrote: 'We hate equally anti-Semitism and philo-Semitism; both are degrading.' If he meant by this anti-Zionism and pro-Zionism he ought to have hated Messrs. Scott, Balfour and Lloyd George. The circle of these champions widened and its multiplying members remained 'completely baffled' by the opposition of British Jews. The then editor of *The Times*, says Dr. Weizmann, expressed intense annoyance because anti-Zionists wrote letters of protest to his paper (in later years such expostulations were rebuked as 'anti-Semitism'). Lord Milner publicly reproved those who thought Palestine should remain what it was, Arab. Mr. Philip Kerr (later Lord Lothian and an Ambassador to America), wrote contemptuously to Dr. Weizmann, from Russia, of 'so-called British Jewry' and said no amount of talk by Mr. Edwin Montagu 'or people like him' would stem the tide.

This gestation of the thing now accomplished is fantastic to contemplate. Dr. Weizmann went to the Admiralty and found that his Zionist work thrust itself insistently into his labours there. He converted Sir Mark Sykes (Chief Secretary to the War Cabinet), Mr. Leopold Amery (later to be Colonial Secretary; Mr. Amery was 'incensed when leading Jews attacked the scheme openly'), Mr.

Ormsby-Gore, Lord Robert Cecil; the slip became a landslide. He found his work easy then because it was in the realm of the abstract; he says, in memorable words, that 'the great difficulties, like the Arab problem, had not yet come to the fore'. In the later events the Arabs, and pledges made to them, never came much to the fore.

America, too, was now being roped in. The Jewish Question having been solved by the centuries, a new Jewish Question was thrown up there, the Political Zionist one, and the Zionist leader, Mr. Brandeis, was appointed Adviser to President Wilson on the Jewish Question; the era of The Advisers began. Then General Smuts, from South Africa, appeared in London and heartily assured Dr. Weizmann that something would be done about Palestine and the Jewish people. By this time a growing family of powerful men, freed from the peace-time checks of public debate, accepted the Russian Jews, the Political Zionists from Eastern Europe, as 'the Jewish people'.

Thus Political Zionism, which in 1880 was but a matter of violent inter-family dispute between Jewish-revolutionary and Jewish- nationalist sons in Jewish homes in Russia, by 1917 was imperiously presented to the British and American governments as the demand of the entire Jewish people. Still the great masses knew nothing of it and thought the war they fought was for the liberty of men and nations. They could not dream that one of its primary purposes was to drive a small, harmless and allied people out of its native land and install East Europeans in their place.

They were never consulted about that, though their leaders secretly vied in fervour for this cause. Dr. Weizmann says, 'Our difficulties were not connected with the first rank statesmen. These had, for by far the greatest part, always understood our aspirations, and their statements in favour of the Jewish National Home really constitute a literature. It was always behind the scenes, and on the lower levels, that we encountered an obstinate, devious and secretive opposition.' The words 'behind the scenes' and 'secretive' are notable, for the masses knew very little of the methods by which 'first rank statesmen' were won. However, Dr. Weizmann did not invariably find first rank statesmen so admirable. In a much later connection (the Czechoslovak crisis of 1938) he refers to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's 'profound ignorance' and says he does not know if it was 'typical for the British ruling class, but judging from its behaviour at that time it either did not know, or else it did not wish to know because the knowledge was inconvenient, disturbing and dangerous'. The three adjectives might equally apply to the first rank statesmen in England and America who took up Political Zionism; either they did not know or did not wish to know whither that would lead, and their uninstructed peoples were dragged along with them.

Of those 'first rank statesmen' who in 1917 prepared the first triumph of Political Zionism Lord Robert Cecil (Assistant Secretary for Foreign Affairs) is exceptionally important because he alone (Dr. Weizmann says), 'saw it in its true perspective as an integral part of world stabilization. To him the re-establishment of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine and the organization of the world in a great federation were complementary features of the next step in the management of human affairs.'

I do not know, but doubt, if Lord Robert Cecil ever explained the matter to his own people like that, but in these words a much bigger nigger pops out of the woodpile. In them the 'National Home' no longer appears as an all-satisfying end in itself, as it was first presented to be; or even as the basis of a future Zionist State, which it was denied to be. The words contain the true shape of the whole ambition, as I believe it to be, for they speak of *world* stabilization, of a *world* federation, and of *managing mankind*. If this future world federation is to surmount nations, why had it to begin with the creation of a new nation, the Zionist one, unless the 'management of human affairs' is to be assumed by that one?

In 1917, with the First War in its fourth year and the masses still all oblivious of such large schemes for their future, the secret process suddenly accelerated and cleared, as if a developing



fluid abruptly brought out the outlines of a negative. Either all the fates conspired, or the Political Zionists were then strong enough, to displace any front rank statesmen who still resisted and to supplant them with men obedient to their will. Mr. Asquith, the only important objector remaining, had been overthrown, and one may now doubt whether deficiencies of leadership were the cause. The real reason may have been certain secret Anglo-French treaties about Palestine which might have preserved the Arabs from their approaching fate. President Wilson was prompted sternly to denounce 'secret treaties' (Americans retained a holy horror of these two words until President Roosevelt, in 1944-45, made secret treaties on a really stupendous scale) and Mr. Asquith went. The new government was made up of men to whom, apparently, Political Zionism was by now a foremost issue of the war (I recall with humility the importance I then attached to the French front, above which I flew). Mr. Lloyd George was Prime Minister, Mr. Philip Kerr his secretary, Mr. Balfour Foreign Secretary, Lord Robert Cecil Assistant Foreign Secretary, and so on. Lord Robert Cecil had been assured that 'a Jewish Palestine would be a safeguard to Palestine, in particular in respect to the Suez Canal'. This put the matter on a plane below mere righteousness, but even at that the final test has yet to be made and might be interesting to watch.

Another significant thing happened while the fateful issue was in the balance. General Smuts, arrived in London, was acclaimed as the symbolic figure of Boer-British reconciliation. The public masses in South Africa and England knew nothing of his admiration for Political Zionism, and hardly its name. He was invited to join the British War Cabinet, a proceeding without precedent in the Commonwealth which his Boers greatly resented. He did join it, in a status never clearly defined, and was offered the command in Palestine by Mr. Lloyd George who (General Smuts says) 'was very anxious that a determined offensive should be made in Palestine ... He was strongly under the impression that *Palestine should be made a decisive feature of the war*' (my italics). Learning from the military authorities that they counted the enterprise of little *military* value General Smuts refused the command, but in the Cabinet presented his plan for such a campaign, which was eventually undertaken. Thus as the First War drew to its end Palestine was made 'a decisive feature' and British Commonwealth troops, not for military reasons, were used to conquer the territory of the future Zionist State.

The great moment thus approached. To the last British Jewry repudiated Political Zionism, to the 'downright annoyance' of the editor of *The Times*, who spent 'a good hour' discussing with Dr. Weizmann 'the kind of leader which was likely to make the best appeal to the British public' and produced 'a magnificent presentation of the Zionist case'. In such circumstances may leading articles about major issues sometimes be written. By August 1917 Dr. Weizmann was able to inform Mr. Felix Frankfurter (later esteemed as an adviser by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman) that the only remaining obstacle was 'outside interference - *entirely from Jews!*' (these delightful words about outside interference by Jews in Political Zionism are Dr. Weizmann's). Before the decisive Cabinet meeting Dr. Weizmann wrote to the Foreign Office to protest against the anti-Zionist view being urged at it by 'a prominent Englishman of the Jewish faith'. At the last moment President Wilson cabled support for the Zionist cause and the British and American Jews were finally undone.

The overt, fatal deed followed; the Balfour Declaration fathered a 'Jewish National Home' in Palestine and, as I think, tethered the British and American peoples to the ambition of a Zionist-controlled world federation which lay behind it. The Declaration hardly indented the consciousness of the British and American masses and they still do not see its full consequences for themselves. Its immediate meaning was only clear to the Arabs and to British officials and soldiers in Palestine. It led to thirty years of Arab risings and then to an Arab war against aggression, broken by overwhelming force. During that period Commissions were repeatedly sent to Palestine to find the reason for so much trouble and each in turn reported the blindingly obvious; that the native population objected to enforced displacement by Eastern European newcomers. Similarly (as Dr.

Weizmann records) administrators who went to Palestine favourably inclined towards Political Zionism 'as an almost universal rule ... turned against us in a few months'.

The front rank statesmen, who thus prepared their peoples' future tribulations, were happy. Lord Balfour thought the Declaration the great achievement of his life. Lord Robert Cecil (one of the founders of the League of Nations) thought the National Homeland of equal importance with the League (soon to die). President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George announced that the National Home would be the foundation of a Jewish Commonwealth, so that, the war being over, the broad masses were at length able to perceive this object of it. General Smuts said, 'One of the great objects we fought for in the war was to provide a national home for the Jewish people'. The people concerned, however, were never told that this was an object, let alone a great object, of the war they went into. Nor was a similar objective ever announced as the aim of the Second War; but events show that this was the fact and the peoples might logically assume that a primary object of any third war, though cloaked at the start, would be the expansion of the Zionist State, and the imposition of a world federation' and a new 'management' on mankind. In the aftermath of the Second War such aims, earlier concealed, were much more openly admitted by leading politicians, and little room for doubt remains about their future attitude.

The last day of the First War saw Dr. Weizmann, the unknown immigrant of twelve years before, lunching with Mr. Lloyd George while delirious joy filled the streets outside. After lunch the Prime Minister (now almost forgotten) was borne from Number Ten on the crowd's shoulders, watched from the window by Dr. Weizmann, whom the crowd would not have recognized, if it saw him. That strange scene appears to me still to have topical significance. The leading men of the Christian West had identified Political Zionism, a movement of the revolutionary Russian Jews, with World Jewry everywhere and forced the rising generation of Jews into this grasp. They undid the work of centuries and renewed the ferment in Jewry just when it was allayed. In doing this they scouted and affronted their own established Jewish communities. If any statesmen survive, or are growing up now, their task will be to undo what was done, and they will need the help of God and the prayers of men for that.

In that first stage of the great plan leading British politicians, editors, soldiers seem to have succumbed as if to hypnosis, and lost even patriotic prudence during the greatest war in history. Vainly did the British Jews point out that the Political Zionists were 'an international organization which included different, even enemy, elements' and refuse all truck with them. No such objections, Dr. Weizmann recalls, 'ever occurred to the many Englishmen who were encouraging us so generously in those days'.

The explanations which leading men later gave for their submission to the Russian Zionists were casual or misleading. Mr. Lloyd George gave contradictory accounts of motive. One was that the promise of a National Home was expected to rally Jewish opinion throughout the world to the Allied cause; in fact the bulk of British, American and German Jews were opposed to Political Zionism, and this remains true today to an extent only lessened by the fact that new Jewish generations have been told by British and American leaders that they consider Political Zionism to be The Jewish People; their situation is analogous to that of the Eastern European countries which had Communist governments forced on them by the Christian West. Another Lloyd Georgian version is that he promised the National Home to Dr. Weizmann, in the manner of Napoleon bestowing a kingdom, in gratitude for a new method of producing acetone, a substance much needed during that war. Dr. Weizmann (who received the cash payment customary for such services, in this case ten thousand pounds) refers to this statement with gentle irony, saying that 'history does not deal in Aladdin's lamps'. He also mentions that Mr. Lloyd George, in memoirs designed for the masses, said he first met Dr. Weizmann and became interested in Political Zionism in 1917 (the year of the Declaration); whereas, says Dr. Weizmann, they met long before that and

Mr. Lloyd George's 'advocacy of the Jewish Homeland long predated his accession to the Premiership'.

Slowly truth emerges, with the passing of the years. A vital, or lethal, twist was given to the declared aims and purposes of the First War and this distortion continued, with ever graver effects, through the intervening years and into the Second War. Even on the low level of material advantage the thing proved a curse to the British. The politicians and editors had been told, and so informed the masses, that, the National Home once established, 'England would have in the Jews the best possible friends'. Of Jews that might have been true, but the Political Zionists proved inveterate enemies, ever crying that England should enforce their rule in Palestine by arms and killing British soldiers and officials for twenty-five years because this was not done. No such murderer ever received the penalty for murder; in no land ever occupied by the British, for periods short or long, has that ever occurred before. During the twenty years of peace and six of war the authorities in London who sent men to do duty in Palestine intervened to protect their assailants if they were killed doing it. Nothing was allowed to stop the transplantation of Eastern Europeans to Palestine. The Arabs breed fast, however, and maintained superior numbers. Clearly a Zionist majority could never be achieved unless in the confusion of another world war (which the masses thought inconceivable). Hitler arrived opportunely.

When he began to do things obviously planned to make another great war certain the Palestine adventure had broken down. Without open war the National Home could not be converted into a Zionist State. One of the last administrators, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald (the son of a Socialist Prime Minister) inherited the illusions about Political Zionism fashionable in political quarters but as Colonial Secretary, when he had to handle the actual substance of this dream, was quickly undeceived, like all others. His term of office produced the White Paper in 1939 which was a British Government's confession, after twenty-one years, of an earlier one's error; it was to restrict Zionist immigration and set up an Arab State in Arab Palestine within five years. Thereon the Second War broke out.

Just before that Mr. Churchill first appears in Dr. Weizmann's narrative as a champion of Political Zionism (his predecessor, Mr. Chamberlain, is criticized by Dr. Weizmann for speaking of Czechoslovakia as 'a little country far away of which we know very little'; however, the British supporters of Political Zionism harshly handled a little country still farther away of which they knew even less). By this time Dr. Weizmann was in touch with a new generation of first rank statesmen, most of the earlier ones being dead. The day of the great debate in Parliament, for and against the White Paper, found him lunching with Mr. Churchill, who was to speak, 'of course', against it. Mr. Churchill read his speech to his guests and asked if Dr. Weizmann had any changes to suggest.

Then the Second War began. Initially it was supposed to be about Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries, which in the event were treated as if they were the culprits, not the victims, with the connivance of the Western leaders. The British Island survived, and also the western half of Europe, which was left in such plight that it might at any time be overrun. In the Second War as in the First the twin causes born in Czarist Russia were served; the Communist Empire was aggrandized and the Zionist State set up, with the help of American and British arms. This phenomenon having appeared in two wars, its recurrence in larger form in any third one plainly could only be prevented by the exposure and disentanglement of Soviet Communist and Political Zionist influence from British and American State policy. Possibly this is not even feasible during the present generation of first rank statesmen, who seem to accept the thrall as a normal thing. However, new generations arise and tomorrow is also a day, as the Germans say.

During the Second War the weight of Political Zionist pressure gradually was transferred from London to Washington and applied there with practised skill, again at the decisive moment; America was drawn into the fatal coils. There was a sound reason for this. As Dr. Weizmann wrote, front rank politicians are easily won for Political Zionism, but greater resistance is met on lower levels, where public servants seem to be of stouter timber and hold tenaciously to their conceptions of duty and principle. As the Second War began he met these hindrances in England.

He records that, very early in that war, he saw Mr. Churchill (not yet Prime Minister) at the Admiralty. He said he 'hoped Mr. Churchill would see the enterprise through' and the Political Zionists would want after the war to build up a State of three or four million Jews in Palestine; Mr. Churchill replied, 'Yes, indeed, I quite agree with that'. I do not think the British islanders, at that dire moment, ever knew that Mr. Churchill conceived this among the aims of the war; if he publicly said so I must have missed it. I knew he attacked the White Paper, but also recalled that in 1922, when he was Colonial Secretary, he officially announced that the National Home would *not* mean the 'imposition of a Jewish nationality upon the inhabitants of Palestine as a whole'; any expectations that it was to be made 'as Jewish as England is English' were impracticable and His Majesty's Government had no such aim, nor did they contemplate the disappearance or subordination of the Arabic population, language or culture in Palestine; the Balfour Declaration contained nothing that need cause alarm to the Arab population of Palestine.

Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister and in August 1940 (while the Battle of Britain yet impended) Dr. Weizmann wrote to him, urging that the Zionists in Palestine be accorded their 'elementary human right to bear arms' (a matter which involved the elementary human right of the Arabs to remain in Palestine). Much later the Zionists amassed many arms, in secret ways, and used them against the British to such effect that the responsible Minister recorded a serious interference with the British war effort. At this moment, however, authorities at lower levels proved resistant and Dr. Weizmann refers to 'the frustrations we encountered'.

Mr. Churchill's memoirs are unexpectedly illuminating at this point. Without much comment he reproduces his own documents which show that long before August 1940 he urgently wanted to arm the Zionists. These papers appear in the volume called *Their Finest Hour* and perusal of them made me wonder whose finest hour that was. Mr. Churchill took office on May 10th, 1940, and says he was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last he had the authority to give directions over the whole scene; 'I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and this trial.' I remember that hour very well and doubt if any of the cornered and almost defenceless British Islanders, save possibly a few initiates, thought the man who took on the burden could have room in his heart or mind for anything but the island's survival or fall. Nevertheless, Mr. Churchill, at such a moment, diligently strove to further the Political Zionist cause, so far away.

He acquired 'the chief-power in the State' on May 10th, as France disintegrated. By May 23rd, as disasters accumulated, he was instructing his Colonial Secretary that 'The main and almost the sole aim in Palestine at the present time is to liberate the eleven battalions of excellent regular troops who are now tethered there; for this purpose the Jews should be armed in their own defence and properly organized as speedily as possible'. On May 29th, while the evacuation from Dunkirk was at its height, he repeated the order more urgently. That seemed fair enough at a moment when the British Army looked likely to be lost in France. He reiterated the order on June 2nd, by which time the salvation of the British Army had changed the situation. On June 6th he complained of military opposition to this order, saying eight battalions were needed to build up a new expeditionary force and he had only agreed to wait for eight Indian battalions to relieve them if these were sent at once. At the end of June he complained of 'difficulties' with two Ministers, particularly Lord Lloyd, the

Colonial Secretary responsible, 'who was a convinced anti-Zionist and pro-Arab. I wished to arm the Jewish colonists'.

I may be odd, but when I look back on those tense days of Dunkirk I still find it hard to understand that, at such a moment, a British Government could find time to think about arming the Political Zionists in Palestine. On June 28th Mr. Churchill sent a memorandum to Lord Lloyd in terms which must be rare between a Prime Minister and a responsible colleague. He said the large number of troops in Palestine were 'the price we have to pay for the anti-Jewish policy which has been persisted in for some years' (the policy was that enunciated in the statement of a Colonial Secretary, Mr. Churchill, in 1922). If the Jews were properly armed, he said, those troops would become available 'and there would be no danger of the Jews attacking the Arabs' (in 1950 this observation appears sanguine). He thought it was 'little less than a scandal that a time when we are fighting for our lives these very large forces should be immobilized in support of a policy which commends itself only to a section of the Conservative Party'. He had hoped, added Mr. Churchill, that Lord Lloyd 'would take a broad view of the Palestine situation ... I could certainly not associate myself with such an answer as you have drawn up for me' (presumably a Zionist spokesman in parliament had been prompted to put down a Question asking why the British troops were not withdrawn and the Zionists armed, or some such thing).

In July again (while the British Islander thought presumably his lonely plight to be an all-exclusive preoccupation), Mr. Churchill 'wished to arm the Jews at Tel Aviv, who with proper weapons would have made a good fight against all comers. Here I encountered every kind of resistance.' Clearly, 'difficulties at lower levels' arose; men responsible or on the spot, with a sense of duty, are not easily to be convinced that such a course as the one now proposed is right. Apart from that, the reference to 'proper weapons' is striking. At that moment the weapons of the British Army had been lost in France and the British Island was almost unarmed (I well remember the long search I had to find a forty-year-old pistol, which none other would buy, in a second-hand shop in Exeter). Mr. Churchill records that our armies were unarmed except for rifles, that the whole country contained barely 500 field guns and 200 tanks of any type or condition. Even at the end of September he was urgently appealing to the American President for 250,000 rifles 'as I have 250,000 trained and uniformed men into whose hands they can be put'. In these circumstances the urgency shown in July to give arms to the Zionists in Palestine seems at least premature; no doubt the Arabs would have held it to offend against 'the hitherto accepted dictates of humanity', to quote a phrase fired by Mr. Churchill against one Hermann Goering.

In August and September, as England's ordeal began, Mr. Churchill repeated his exhortations, and later volumes of his memoirs than I have may continue the narrative. I feel sure the beleaguered British people at that time were unaware that the arming of the Zionists, which in effect would mean the transfer of Arab Palestine to new owners, was so important in their affairs; they fancied their own plight to be a total and paramount-preoccupation. Anyway, Political Zionism did not at that moment succeed in its next objective. Responsible men at lower levels or at the scene delayed the downhill process for a while (the further services of Lord Lloyd might have been beneficial to all concerned, including the mass of Jews, but he died in 1941). By the war's end, however, the thrall was upon first rank politicians in America and the second fatal deed was perpetrated.

Dr. Weizmann went to America in 1940, 1941 and 1942. He found among 'the top political leaders' real sympathy for Political Zionism, but, once more, had trouble with 'the experts in the State Department' (professionals are often troublesome; they know something of the subject). Before his third visit, he says, Mr. Churchill told him, 'I would like to see Ibn Saud made lord of the Middle East -- the boss of the bosses -- provided he settles with you ... You might talk it over with Roosevelt when you get to America. There's nothing he and I cannot do if we set our minds to it.' Dr. Weizmann found powerful friends for Zionism, including particularly Mr. Henry Morgenthau,

Junior, whose name attaches to the Plan for Germany which, in effect, bisected Europe and made a third war as certain as any human event can be. President Roosevelt was (in 1942) 'completely affirmative' about the Zionist ambition in Palestine (though Dr. Weizmann does not clearly record whether he definitely accepted the proposition that 'the consent of the Arabs' should *not* be sought). By this time politicians everywhere were competing for Zionist favour like men struggling for the last seat on a band wagon and the British working man's Socialist Party issued its admirable pronouncement: 'Let the Arabs be encouraged to move out as the Jews move in. Let them be handsomely compensated for their land, and their settlement elsewhere be carefully organized and generously financed' (seldom have a few words so precisely described the opposite of the subsequent event, when the Arabs were encouraged with bombs to move into destitution).

In September 1943 Mr. Churchill again gave 'friendly reassurances' to his visitor and in November 1944 was 'very specific', speaking of partition and of the inclusion of the invaluable Negev in the Zionist State now generally, though privily, proposed. Mr. Churchill also urged Dr. Weizmann, who was going to Palestine, to stop in Cairo and see Lord Moyne, one of Mr. Churchill's colleagues who was showing improved comprehension of Political Zionism (Dr. Weizmann was unable to comply because the news of Lord Moyne's better behaviour apparently was not known in Palestine, so that he was killed by Political Zionists in Cairo only two days later).

Then the Second War ended and the real trouble began. Just before it closed President Roosevelt, on his homeward way from Yalta, received Ibn Saud on his cruiser. What he said is astounding, if his words are rightly quoted by the *New York Times* of October 19th, 'No decision will be taken with regard to the basic situation in 1945: Palestine without full consultation with both Arabs and Jews' and 'I would take no action in my capacity as Chief of the Executive Branch of our government which might prove hostile to the Arab people'.

He died immediately after saying this. The fascinating question is, did he say it? If he did, it was in the nature of a deathbed conversion, return to grace, or perception of truth by revelation; the remainder of this century would look very different if 'top line politicians' habitually spoke so and acted accordingly. He died, but had he lived his political health might never have been the same again, those words once spoken. His confidant, Mr. Harry Hopkins, gives a different version, much more in keeping with the present pattern of politicianship. He says President Roosevelt demanded that Ibn Saud admit more Jews into Palestine and was 'wholly committed publicly and privately and by conviction' to his demand.

In the private commitments, at least, one may believe in these times, and whether Mr. Roosevelt underwent a last-moment illumination or not is but a collector's item, for his successor accepted those commitments. At the decisive moment American strength was used to set up the Zionist State, as British strength was used exactly thirty years before to proclaim the National Home. The war's last shot was scarcely fired before Mr. Truman requested Mr. Attlee to infuse another hundred thousand Zionists into Palestine (which thus became the first culprit to be punished for Hitler's acts!) The British Government recoiled like an executioner appalled. It was politically impossible for the first Socialist Government to begin its rule by an attack on Arabs, and thus blatantly to demonstrate that the war-against-aggression was one for aggression and against defenceless small peoples (even though support of Political Zionism and readiness to drive Arabs from Palestine was by this time the final test of a good British Socialist, too! In 1939 a Socialist leader, Mr. Herbert Morrison, wagged his finger at an errant Socialist, Mr. Malcom Macdonald, who sought in his responsible office to avert the catastrophe in Palestine, and mournfully reminded him that he was *once* a Socialist!)

The deed demanded was just too crude and in practice infeasible. Thereon, with the case of a neat change of gear, the American Republic was used to supply the desired acceleration. In this matter

the junior Mr. Henry Morgenthau was 'of particular assistance', Dr. Weizmann says (the father was resolutely anti-Zionist; this is an instance of the way in which Political Zionism, once fathered on all Jews by Gentile politicians, widened its influence among Jews of the rising generation). The son gave his name to the disastrous Plan for Germany which both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill initialled and then publicly regretted; however, Mr. Truman followed his counsel in this matter. In Palestine the Political Zionists increased their attacks on the British until only two alternatives remained; to suppress them or get out. The British Government got out.

In New York the body called The United Nations was set up. As individual politicians nearly all had shown submission to Political Zionism, equal subservience was to be expected from any corporate body. On November 19th, 1947, just thirty years after the issuance of the Balfour Declaration (when Dr. Weizmann waited at the Prime Minister's Secretary's office in case the British Cabinet at its decisive meeting should need him), President Truman received Dr. Weizmann 'with the utmost cordiality'.<sup>[7]</sup> That same afternoon the American delegation at the United Nations received telephonic instructions from the President to support Political Zionist claims.

Ten days later the United Nations, at American insistence but on legal or moral authority unknown, announced that a Zionist State would be set up in Palestine after the British withdrawal. At the last the American and British Foreign Ministers sought to avert the deed. The resignation of Mr. George Marshall (who told American Senators it would be like touching off the powder keg of a new world war) was not long delayed. Mr. Bevin as I write still politically survives a fierce campaign of vengeance, waged in newspapers throughout the world as well as the couloirs of politics. (He has since died.)

This event gave the lie to every moral principle ever stated by Western politicians as the issue of the two wars. The Arabs were inoffensive people who harmed none, had no part in causing either war, were not connected with the events in Europe which were supposed to have caused those wars, were themselves oppressed, and as the direct result of each war had their land thrown open to an invasion, mockingly sanctified in the second case by a self-elected body claiming to represent The World. The Arabs may be as good or bad as most or worse than any; that is not the point. The moral principle was publicly derided and crowned with thorns on each occasion and the lesson for the future is plain. If it is not clear enough, the utterances of top line politicians unmistakably point to a continuance of the process. They were even more enthusiastic than those of the First War about the National Home.

Mr. Truman (whose presidency was undreamed of by Americans when the Second War began), said in 1949 that the day when he recognized the Zionist State, in reality his creation, was the proudest of his life; how many Americans could have imagined that in 1941? Mr. Churchill, having accused Mr. Bevin of 'prejudice against the Jews in Palestine', described himself in 1950, in a message to the Friends of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, as 'an unfaltering Zionist who always had the interest of the Jewish people at heart'; how many British Islanders realized that in 1939 or 1940 or understood what it implied? Mr. Anthony Eden (in whom Mr. Churchill sees the next Conservative leader in England) told Jewish ex-service men (according to the Jewish Agency) that the emergence of the Jewish State was the most memorable event in the recent history of the world; what would British folk have thought had the matter been foretold to them in that form in 1939? General Smuts told a Zionist gathering in 1950, 'I bracket the Battle of Britain and the resurrection of Israel as among the human highlights of our epoch'; yet the one was resistance to invasion, the other invasion of a small and helpless land.

Obviously the future will not improve while this exotic ambition keeps its hold on leading men in Western countries. Only increasing public alertness and a new breed of politicians could bring a change for the better. The affairs of nations are passing out of the hands of nations and entering (as

Rabbi Elmer Berger wrote) 'the labyrinthine and devious ways of international politics in a part of the world where political intrigue and secret deals are a byword'. One has the feeling of being in a dark room where tentacles delicately wave and grope, and with sure grasp fix on a man, another man, and another man ...

General Smuts seems to me especially representative of a type now universal in all English-speaking countries. He, Mr. Churchill and Dr. Weizmann were all born about the same time. His life shows a line undeviatingly Christian, patriotic, conservative and reasonable save for the inexplicable championship of Political Zionism. He fought with his South African Boers against the British (Mr. Churchill was in the opposing ranks) and afterwards led the cause of Anglo-Boer reconciliation. The Boers did not want so quick a friendship with England and resented him; the British South Africans were glad to live under Boer leadership if the great family were preserved. Neither group knew that the Zionist cause (then unknown to the masses) was deep in his heart. His purpose in entering Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet in the First War was to plan a campaign in Palestine and, if he could, to command it! His approved biography says he later regretted refusing it and wonders 'whether he would not prefer, to the memories he has, the thought that he entered Jerusalem'. In 1948 he said the Zionist triumph had been the one highlight in an era of tragedy and failure and 'I am proud of the fact that the last important act while I was Prime Minister was the recognition of the State of Israel'. In 1949, to a Zionist audience, he said 'I am happy to have been associated with at least one thing in my life which has been successful, and I am glad that South Africa has had a small share in the realization of the great vision'.

South Africans, like the Americans and British, never knew that *this* was 'the great vision'. General Smuts, like American presidents and British prime ministers, became caught up in paradoxes. He told his obdurate Boers that 'hankering after the past can lead in the wrong direction' but supported Political Zionism, which invoked a past two thousand years older and beyond all proof. A Boer politician, when General Smuts visited London for a Zionist gathering, said, 'He flew six thousand miles for the purpose of honouring Jewish nationalism and then he flew back six thousand miles to continue undermining South African nationalism'; this applied equally to almost any leading American or British politician. (Nor was General Smuts always so good a counsellor as British people thought; during the collapse of France he urged that those last few fighter squadrons should be sent there, which in the event saved the British Island and what else was saved by the Second War.)

When all has been examined the workings of General Smuts's mind, and that of all such leaders, remain in this, matter incomprehensible. He said, 'There never was such nonsense as this idea the Jews have that they are an exclusive, pure race. They are the most impure race on earth. I doubt if they are even Semites.' Yet he joined in the clamour against 'anti-Semitism' and called it 'the manifestation of a canker which eats into the very heart of Christianity'. If such a thing as an anti-Semite exists he might be one, for if the Jews are not Semites the Arabs undoubtedly are and he disliked them; his approved biography attributes 'racial predilections' to him and he said: 'I never saw any romance in the Arabs ... They are a bitter, recalcitrant little people.' (A curious incident in his career occurred in 1920 when a sect of African Natives, who adopted the Jewish ritual and called themselves Israelites, encamped to celebrate the Passover at a place called Bullhoek and refused to leave it; these Israelites stood fast when troops sent by General Smuts's government advanced against them, nearly three hundred of them, and one white trooper, being killed.)

General Smuts appears to be more closely identified with Political Zionism than even any other Gentile politician of these four decades. When he was made a Freeman of the City of London in 1917 (while the Balfour Declaration was in incubation) he publicly recommended the 'interesting military and political possibilities' of a Palestine campaign and spoke of 'silent, invisible forces'. He habitually used words of mystic fervour about Political Zionism and once said, 'Nothing in the



whole bloody history of the human race compares with the history of the Jewish people'. Today the bloody expulsion of the Arabs from their native Palestine may be compared with another bloody expulsion in antique and barbaric times. However, he thought what has been done is just: 'It is not because I love the Jews better than other people that I support them; I love justice.' He became, as a Zionist writer said, 'the Jews' leading and accepted, perhaps their only active and consistent friend among the statesmen of the world' (in both these quotations 'Jews' should apparently be read as meaning 'Political Zionists').

Today these beliefs of General Smuts are clearly held by leading politicians in all English-speaking countries, and this will not quickly change because they have established successions loyal to this supreme, if mystic, theory. General Smuts's political heir was a Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, who told Zionists, 'Hold fast to that Zionist ideal whatever happens, for it alone can save Jewry and the world'. Mr. Hofmeyr died but the succession passed to another Zionist champion. The same situation exists in America and Britain. President Truman upheld Political Zionism like Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson. Mr. Churchill, when he became Prime Minister, supported it like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Eden has avowed his respect for it. The thrall has spread to all other English-speaking lands. During the struggle at the United Nations Assembly to give a mock-legality to the partition of Palestine the Canadian, Australian and New Zealand delegations suddenly joined with General Smuts's South African one in ardent support for Political Zionism and in opposition to hard-pressed Britain; this was the first great dissension between Commonwealth nations, which in physical danger always immediately united.

The overriding allegiance spreads to all parties in all these countries, too, so that in this matter the English-speaking voter in America, Britain or throughout the Commonwealth countries has no choice. At the last American presidential election the Democratic candidate, Mr. Truman, displayed the Zionist State as a trump card, but the Republican one, Mr. Dewey, appeared to think Zionist favour equally essential and at a Jewish ceremony 'donned a skull cap for the first time ... since he sang in a synagogue choir as a young man'. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, a leading Democratic personality, became vice-chairman of the 'National Christian Committee of the United Jewish Appeal' (which collects funds for Political Zionism); Senator Robert Taft, leader of the Republican Party, became another vice-chairman.

Both parties appear to believe the approval of Political Zionism so important that they will do anything to court it. If they win an election, they think they have won through a mass of votes 'delivered' by the Zionist interest; if they lose, they increase their efforts to gain that vote at the next election. Exactly the same situation exists in England. When the Second War ended (during which the Socialists spoke of 'encouraging the Arabs to move out and the Jews to move in') the masses of Jewry swung at once to Socialism. Suddenly Jews vanished from the Conservative benches; more Jews than ever before appeared on the Socialist ones and in the government (so that certain measures which cut deeply into the ancient British traditions of liberty and property were associated with the names of Ministers of Russian-Jewish origins).

Immediately the other party, the Conservative, redoubled its efforts, not to overthrow Socialism, but to gain Zionist support. It said it would support the Socialist Government's *foreign* policy, but when the Palestine dispute arose it moved a vote of censure on the Foreign Minister (Mr. Bevin) and Mr. Churchill's followers received the imperative three-line admonition to vote for it; in this matter *alone* was the government's foreign policy opposed (and a Conservative emissary appeared in Palestine). In 1950 a new election came and was fiercely fought in a neck-and-neck contest which brought the Socialist majority down from 140 to 6 seats.

Yet that Isomeric struggle, so eagerly watched by the world, was essentially bogus; I believe the Conservative Party management would risk losing an election rather than put up one candidate

anywhere who does not accept Political Zionist supremacy and may have lost this election for that sake. The proof, I hold, is the case of Mr. Andrew Fountaine.

The deadliest word of our generation is 'Adviser'. 'Advisers' are now innumerable in British and American public affairs and where they appear power usually passes from the responsible figures to irresponsible ones whose motives cannot be scrutinized. The Conservative and Socialist Parties both have 'advisory committees' at headquarters which approve or reject candidates (again, the situation is similar in America). If voters ever learn of and become curious about these bodies they are briefly told that 'the best man' to represent them is thus selected; the mysterious advisers know better than the voter what he wants. (I first noticed during the war that the Conservative Party was sending avowed Political Zionist supporters as candidates to by-elections. Often the constituencies resented this foisting of strangers on them but were overborne; I knew a resident Conservative working-man of the highest record and quality who was thrust aside in this way.)

In 1950 one candidate, who was highly thought of by the voters of Chorley, fought without official Conservative approval, which was firmly denied him. This was Mr. Fountaine. In 1946, when the Conservative Party was in very low water, he was a delegate to the annual party conference at Brighton, and demanded that the party should 'root out' subversive influences in British public life. As at the touch of a button the reproach of 'anti-Semitism' came from the platform (I told the beginnings of this story in *From Smoke to Smother*, 1948) but the feeling of the meeting was strongly with Mr. Fountaine and the party-management agreed to 'an inquiry'. The promised report (at the next conference, in 1947) ignored the demand for action to 'root out' and blandly said the party-management 'should take certain steps to ensure that the conspiracy is closely studied'.

That was the familiar end of that, but not of the vendetta against Mr. Fountaine, on whom a taboo was laid. The 'advisory committee' implacably rejected him in 1950, though what he proposed was 'Conservative policy', so that he fought alone, receiving some 22,700 votes and losing the seat only by 361. With the backing of the party-machine he would obviously have won it, which would have reduced the Socialist majority to 4. If there were 10 other such cases (I should think there might have been more) the Conservatives threw away the election in this manner. If Mr. Fountaine stands again he will presumably have to fight the party-machine anew. However, immediately after his sensational feat at Chorley vigorous moves were begun from party-headquarters to have a Political Zionist put up as official Conservative candidate at the next election. The one good sign in all this was the extent of the voters' revolt.

In about seventy years Political Zionism, a movement of Russian Jews, has established its power over the masses of Jews everywhere and, through Gentile politicians, over the English-speaking nations, the major policies of which are clearly conditioned by it now. It was a thing born of an innate hostility to Gentiles which no act of Gentile mankind could alter. The success achieved can only be understood by considering the conspiratorial beginnings, among several million Russian Jews who lived self-secluded among Gentiles, who at school, university and in their careers pursued the Zionist ambition parallel with and through their education and professional activities. There is a science of mind-control and these men proved masters of it. They achieved dominance over Gentile politicians and split world Jewry as by atomic fission, reviving in it the doctrine of a peculiar people with a Messianic mission overriding other loyalties, overruling native interests, overlording public affairs.

The propagandist approach to the masses has worked wonders. The minds of men in the mass seem like screens, on which headlines produce an impression. In America, Mr. Albert Jay Nock thought that the increase in literacy (that is, the ability to read words) went parallel with a decrease in comprehension of what was read or what went on. In evidence he compared the American periodicals of today with the much superior ones of forty years ago (a comparison apt in England,

too). For a decade at least the majority of Americans were as fearful of the words 'anti-Semitism' as an Alabama darkie might be of the evil eye; at that point, thought, reason and discrimination failed. Particularly, the words 'six million Jewish dead' seemed to atrophy the power to think. (A relevant reminiscence: at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, after the First War, Dr. Weizmann maintained that 'as a group the Jews had been hit harder by the war than any other'. People still living may recall the huge casualties on all sides, the ruin in France, the massacres in Russia, the inflation-years in Germany and compare their sum with this statement.)

Mr. Nock may be right; a bench of Kentucky farmhands or Sussex gaffers, before they could read, probably would caustically have dismissed such rhetorical extravagances as this one of the six millions. During the Second War I noticed that the figures of Jewish losses, in places where war made verification impossible, were being irresponsibly inflated, and said so in a book. The process continued until the war's end when the figure of six millions was produced (and the Arabs were immediately chastised). A transparently worthless estimate was not only used for mass-delusion through newspapers, but even given official status! If by any turn of chance the American and British representatives who bandied it about at Nuremberg were ever called to answer for it, they might be hard pressed for a defence, for any impartial tribunal might tear it to pieces.

No proof can be given that six million Jews 'perished'; proof can be adduced that so many could *not* have perished. *Some* casualties in war can be precisely ascertained. Thus in six years the huge expenditure of human and mechanical effort by the Germans, Italians, Japanese and lesser foes killed 824,928 British, Commonwealth and American fighting-men, merchant sailors and civilians (Mr. Churchill's and General Eisenhower's figures). The reader may calculate how much more effort would have been needed to kill seven-and-a-half times as many people, separately. He might consider, too, the output of energy entailed, in the form of desk-work, detectives, constables, vehicles and the like, in the capture of one wanted man, say a felon or one who has lost his memory, and multiply that by six millions. Certain mathematical rules govern destruction on such a scale; you need pursuers, jailers, prisons, camps, transport, executioners in numbers inconceivable. The Germans would have needed, behind the fronts, armies perhaps ten times as great as all they disposed of, for such butchery.

In a matter where nothing is verifiable, one thing seems sure: that six million Jews were never even contained in German-occupied territories. Many Jews left Europe before the war began and the only large communities which remained were in Poland and Russia, countries from which trustworthy statistics are not to be expected. Many of those in Poland apparently welcomed the Communist invasion of 1939 and went into the Communist zone. A Jewish observer, Mr. Levine, returning to America from Russia in 1946, said. 'At the outset of the war, as we all know, Jews were among the first evacuated from the western regions threatened by the Hitlerite invaders and shipped to safety east of the Urals.' He said these privileged ones amounted to two millions.

Yet this massive assertion about the six millions was used by politicians in the highest places, by prosecutors at Nuremberg, and habitually by mass-newspapers which in lesser matters would print no statement unverified! In truth nobody outside Political Zionism knows how many Jews the world contains, partly because Jewry has always included a section which avoids prominence in statistics, partly because the numbers in the Soviet areas cannot be ascertained, partly because Political Zionism has been able to obscure population-movements. Rabbi Elmer Berger wrote in 1946, of the Jews in Poland and Russia, that he did not know how many had survived 'and no one knows'. Since President Roosevelt's time track has been lost of the increase of Jewish population in America; good observers believe it now to approach eight millions. In England the figure is similarly unknown; 'It is impossible in the absence of official statistics to do more than make an intelligent guess ... The exact number of Jews in Britain remains a mystery' (the *Zionist Record*).

In my judgment the figure of six millions was a grotesque exaggeration which an unintimidated press would never have published, save to expose. In this matter the charges brought against the German leaders at Nuremberg cannot be substantiated, yet they were apparently presented as 'the crux of the case' (Captain Liddell Hart, alluding to the trial of Field Marshal von Manstein) and the men condemned were executed on the Jewish Day of Atonement.

If ever freedom of debate returns to the world, a board of impartial accountants might be set to study this matter of the six millions, stated by leading politicians of the West, and their representatives at Nuremberg, to have perished. Until then, all the student of the times can do is to try and trace their fate in such figures as are available to him. Figures, however, are curious things; though inanimate, they have a kind of life of their own, and if stretched too far may, like elastic, inflict painful stings and surprises.

Thus the seeker after truth today can only turn to those publications which, for many decades, have built up a reputation for supplying the most authentic and carefully scrutinized statistics in all important matters of the day. The chief of these, in the United States and Britain respectively, are the *World Almanac* and *Whitaker's Almanac*. In a question so shrouded in mystery as that of the number of Jews in the world they, with all others, are thrown on Jewish statistics, and they both state that the ones they present are supplied by Jewish sources, which thus are responsible for them.

Thus the *World Almanac* for 1947 (two years after the war's end) printed such Jewish-supplied 'estimates', which gave the world's population of Jews *in* 1939, when the war began, as 15,688,259. The population *after* 1945 was not then given. The *World Almanac* for 1950 and 1951, however, still quoting these Jewish estimates, gave the Jewish population of the world *in* 1939 as 16,643,120. The Jewish estimators gave no reason why they then found the Jewish population *before* the war to have *increased* by a million; it is a large difference in a relatively small figure. In the 1950 and 1951 editions figures for the Jewish population of the World *after* the war *were* given: according to these estimates they were 11,373,000 (1950 edition), or 11,303,350 (1951 edition).

If those estimates were correct, that would show the disappearance, if not of *six* million Jews, then of something over *five* million (assuming that the amended figure for 1939 is correct, and not the earlier one; in the second case, something over *four* million Jews disappeared, in these estimates).

*Whitaker's Almanac* for 1949 and 1950 gives total estimates, from similar Jewish sources, which approximately correspond with those printed in the *World Almanac* for 1950 and 1951. These state that the Jewish population of the world in 1939 was 16,838,000 and in 1948 11,385,200, a reduction of nearly *five and a half* millions.

But when the detailed estimates given in both almanacs are more closely compared a large discrepancy becomes apparent. The estimate of the Jewish populations of *separate countries*, given in *Whitaker's*, for 1949 and 1950, adds up to much more (13,120,000) than the total figure (11,385,200) given for the world! If this were correct, and if the larger figure for 1939 is also the right one, the decline in Jewish population would be something over *three and a half* millions, or *two and a half* if by any chance the lower estimate for 1939 were nearer the truth.

Where the real truth is, no man can ascertain, for the truth lies buried in those parts of the world where (as such careful publications wisely state in other sections) no trustworthy statistics can be obtained: Soviet Russia and the Eastern European countries forced into the Soviet area in 1945.

Thus the perspiring student will at length find, when he examines the figures for separate countries, the main reason for the large difference between the estimates published by the *World Almanac* and by *Whitaker's*. In the Jewish estimates for separate countries supplied to these publications, the

Jewish population of the Soviet Union after the war is given at 2,000,000 (in the *World Almanac*, 1950 and 1951) and 5,300,000 (in *Whitaker's*, 1949 and 1950)! The first figure makes the sum, of vanished Jews, work out; in the second one, most of them reappear! That the second one is, in fact, the truer one is suggested by the fact that *Whitaker's* breaks down the Soviet population of Jews into *cities*, giving very large Jewish communities to such traditionally Jewish cities as Odessa and Kieff.

If these figures, as I believe, come much nearer to the truth, the figure of six millions, on the strength or weakness of which such grave things were done, was one which would not bear any scrutiny by independent investigators. It can never be so examined unless and until the Iron Curtain lifts or is smashed. However, if the estimates supplied to the *World Almanac* for its 1950 and 1951 editions were correct, they mean that only 2,600,000 Jews now exist in all Soviet Russia and the three traditional countries of large Jewish population in Eastern Europe (Poland, Hungary and Rumania) which at Yalta were forced into the Soviet area. Before the war this area contained between nine and ten million Jews, as far as can be estimated. According to the Jewish authority I quoted above Jews in it were removed from the regions threatened by Hitler in 1939 and 'shipped to safety east of the Urals'. He gave a figure of two millions, apparently for the Eastern European countries alone, without reference to Jews already in Soviet Russia.

Finally, as an illustrative footnote to this excursion into statistics, in 1948 the *New York Times* (a Jewish-owned newspaper) published what was offered as an authoritative, statistical article, which stated that the figure of the Jewish world population for the year 1948 was between 15,700,000 and 18,600,000.

In a time of such propagandist darkness the lot of the uneasy patriot is hard, in America as in England. Political Zionism openly shows its power, in ways wounding to native pride, in New York. Crowds of New Yorkers, flocking to hear a famous German pianist, were rudely thrust back by Zionist and Communist pickets who said he once played for Hitler; two hours before the concert was due to begin the Department of Justice (given untrammelled powers in such matters by the President) ordered him to leave the country. A Jewish magistrate refused to try young Zionists who threw refuse at a visiting Foreign Minister (Mr. Bevin). A rabbi, marrying a young woman twice found guilty by twelve jurors of Communist espionage (and at liberty pending appeal) wished her happiness with the words: 'Beyond mere conjecture there is neither proof nor certainty as to any act of disloyalty on your part.'

Literature and the drama come under the Zionist ban, which pauses at no name. *The Merchant of Venice* is in practice banned in New York (as by law in Moscow). The film of *Oliver Twist* was long taboo because the lesser of two rogues is a Jew and in this case the veto extended also to the American and British occupation zones of Germany; what Germans may see, hear or read is also coming under the spell of New York. The Gentile Americans number over 140 millions, but have no free choice from the mind's menu; the dishes are first tasted by the court official, as it were, and only those approved by him appear on it.

The press for years was almost closed to any reasoned criticism of Political Zionism, in editorial, news or letter columns. (In London, too, analogous conditions obtain. When a Zionist film about Palestine was shown there, and taken off at public protest, three leading London newspapers reported the matter at length without once mentioning the words Palestine, Zionists or Zionism.)

For nearly a decade there was in daily reality a very powerful censorship in this one matter. It produced widespread symptoms of mental claustrophobia among the American population and in 1949 began to relax a little under the stress of public exasperation, intuitive if not reasoned. It remains strong and produces a kind of mental twilight which is either that of dusk or dawn and

must get better or get worse. Either the politicians of America (and Britain) will enact laws of lese-majesty in some form, to crush public discussion of the origins and aims of Soviet Communism and Political Zionism, or a more reasonable regime will return and the two great countries will take their destinies in their own hands again. I believe most Jews would welcome that, but at present they are all classed as Political Zionists by the leading Gentile politicians (rather as Mr. Churchill lumped all Germans together as '65 millions of these malignant Huns').

In this twilight period an important part is played by numerous semi-secret organizations which play on the fear of 'anti-Semitism'. They have public names and offices but are semi-secret in their methods of intimidation. A chief one is the Anti-Defamation League, originally a fraternal Jewish lodge but now a body of vast resources and endless activities. Its own description of its work is that it 'sends literature to various groups, works through the radio, the motion-picture industry and other media; subsidizes speakers' bureaus and publishes periodicals, pamphlets and books (from comic strips to literature), fostering goodwill and condemning discrimination, whether social, political or economic, encourages movements, meetings, programmes of all kinds, and uses every advertising media from newspaper advertisements to billboards'. This, it says, 'amounts to a highpowered educational programme geared to reach every man, woman and child every day of the year'. The Anti-Defamation League reported that in one recent year it transmitted 216 broadcasts a day, that it influenced 1900 daily newspapers with a circulation of 43,000,000, apart from rural, foreign language, negro and labour publications, that it placed 330,000 books in public libraries, as well as 9,000,000 pamphlets 'tailored to fit the audience', and distributed 40,000,000 comic-strip books to children and servicemen. Through approved lecture bureaus it presented approved lecturers to 30,000,000 people, and much more.

This is the public side of its work, and plainly represents the indoctrination of public opinion on a scale greater than any commonly practised by regular political parties. The lesser-known aspect of its activities is the keeping of dossiers and black lists. Its spokesmen (some years ago it claimed 150 public relations committees in as many cities and 2000 key men in a thousand more) have been known to call on editors and publishers to persuade them against publishing material displeasing to it. The fear of losing advertising revenue is strong in America (as in England and the Commonwealth countries). This League for some years employed a man of many aliases who published a book 'smearing' thousands of people with the words 'Fascist', 'Anti-Semite' and the like. Three American courts convicted him of libel and one judge said, 'He would do anything for a dollar'. Under the complicated State laws the book continues widely to circulate.

Similar organizations, open in name but semi-clandestine in method, exist in other countries. Signs of their activity in England have been such things as the sudden deletion (until protest was made) of the term 'Christian name' from British registration forms in favour of 'forename' ('Christmas' and 'Xmas' might be analogous cases), and the servile and superfluous announcement of twenty-one East End candidates at the last British election that they 'pledged themselves to combat racial and religious prejudice' (the creation of the non-existent thing).

In France, again, a body called The Centre of Jewish Contemporary Documentation has been formed. The title suggests dossiers and black lists and inevitably awakens memories of Ochrana and Gestapo practices. A reception was held in London in 1950 to enlist the help of Anglo-Jewry in its work, so that its activities may now be spreading through England. It was first formed in France during the German occupation 'to gather documents and information'. This collection (the speakers said) 'now contained 75,000 documents of great importance' and 'valuable use' was being made of these; the French delegation at Nuremberg 'depended entirely' on these documents and if the Centre had not existed 'the Nuremberg Trials would not have had the same result'. Thus the source of such charges as that about the six million dead is seen; the reputes of American, British and French justice is involved.

All this gives the picture of a growing mechanism of power and indirect control. I said that for a decade at least the result has been almost to eliminate public discussion of Political Zionism, but that statement has one important exception. The ban runs for Gentiles only. Discussion is boundlessly free in the Zionist press. The perusal of this is somewhat humiliating to the Gentile reader who fears the hold which Political Zionism has gained over his leaders, for he finds in it all the arguments he would himself advance and would like to hear from his own representatives. The Zionist argument dominates, of course, but prudence, doubt, common humanity and reason all come to the word. The Zionist press contains all that is disallowed, in daily practice, in the Gentile mass-circulation sheets. It gives the true picture of world Jewry in renewed ferment, seeking the truth and its own soul.

The Zionist newspapers reminded me of a Jewish village in Ruthenia in 1938, where a man said to me, 'These Jews are the most disputatious people in the world among themselves, but at the approach of a stranger they close together like a sea urchin at the touch of a human finger'. In these publications I found the Jew who felt guilt because of the treatment of the Arabs; to whom the ruination of these poor peoples' homes and homeland by those who complained of homelessness was an awful thing. Next to him was the Jew who was tormented by the revived curse of dual loyalties; he did not want to become an Israeli or a Zionist-in-exile, but to remain a good American, Britisher, Frenchman or German. Next came the Jew who wanted it both ways, that is, to remain in the Dispersion and be a good Israeli; and the Jew who said, 'I supported Zionism as a Jewish Nationalist but now the Zionist State is here, for any who want to go to it, I am done with it; I propose to live as a Frenchman'. There was the Jew who wanted the new State to be one of a tribal religion, more exclusive than Hitler's, the Jew who wanted intermarriage with Gentiles, and the Jew who wanted it to be atheist and communist. There was a Berlin Jew who said five thousand of his fellow Jews there were saved by Germans and he would live nowhere else; Jews who longed to return to Europe and could not; Jews who hated Europe and adored the Communist destroyers of it. There were replies to all these opinions; the debate was open and endless.

Again, I found in the Zionist newspapers the open truth about the cry of 'anti-Semitism'. I knew it was a transferable label, moved about by the Political Zionists from one country to another in order to keep the Jewish masses on the rack; no Gentile newspaper would print that, but here it was candidly avowed. A leading Yiddish writer said the Political Zionists were keeping up the clamour of 'anti-Semitism' in order to undermine the morale, faith and hope of Jews in their American home. He said the Zionist intention was to keep Jews constantly on edge with the scare of anti-Semitism, not to let them forget the Hitler horrors, and to spread doubts, fear and despair about the future of Jews in America. Every manifestation of anti-Semitism, he wrote, was seized on and exaggerated to create an impression that American Jews stand on the brink of a catastrophe and that, sooner or later, they will have to run for safety.

He proved this by quoting a Hebrew writer in Jerusalem, who said, 'Upon us, Zionists, now lies the old responsibility of constantly raising the hair of the Jewish people, not to let them rest; to keep them for ever on the edge of a precipice and make them aware of dangers facing them' ('raising the hair' means 'making the flesh creep'). This method was explained again by a Zionist publication in Paris, which said that, while American Jews lived in a fool's paradise, they would never agree to regard that country as a place of transit for Israel, so that they must be 'propagandized'. By this means they would in time be brought to the Zionist State (where, as another Zionist writer recorded, a 'pronounced anti-Goyism' was emerging). As a companion piece to these candid Zionist statements, the Gentile mass-circulation sheets in 1948 and 1949 began to inform their readers that 'anti-Semitism' was rearing its head in the Soviet Empire (a quaint conceit). The Zionist newspapers quietly instructed their better-informed readers not to take these Gentile babblings too seriously; the Soviet remained the Jews' best friend in the world.

These quotations show that if the Jews of the world are not to be allowed peace, it is not the Gentile masses who will disturb them, though perhaps the top-line Gentile politicians in their submission to Political Zionism and its falsely Messianic aim of ruling the world from Jerusalem. As to that, the student of these things, as he goes along, may make astonishing discoveries about the age of the ambition and the strange Gentile places where it has earlier shown itself. In Salt Lake City, for instance, I found a Proclamation of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church issued in 1845. This, in a chapter headed Armageddon, spoke of a battle in Palestine and of a victory of the Jews, attended with 'the personal advent of Messiah', which will 'change the whole order of things in Europe and Asia ... The Jews as a nation become holy from that day forward, and their city and sanctuary become holy. There also the Messiah establishes his throne and seat of government. Jerusalem then becomes the seat of empire, and the great centre and capital of the world.'

I could not ascertain if this is still part of Mormon belief or why; however, it is Political Zionism. Then I learned that President Lincoln, two years before his murder, received a mysterious visitor, said to have been a Canadian and a Gentile, who told him that, though the freeing of slaves was a good deed, 'There could be no peace in the world until the Jews were emancipated' (they were then as much emancipated as those among whom they lived). This visitor also canvassed the Political Zionist ambition. Mr. Lincoln, who had the Civil War on his hands, turned the matter aside (later generations of politicians found time to listen to such callers amid even greater preoccupations). Relevantly, one of the American Communist leaders tried in 1949 said Mr. Lincoln's election in 1860 was 'supported by American Marxists and international Marxists', thus placing the Civil War in the planned sequence of revolutionary and destructive ones of these 160 years, as I do; that strengthens the belief that Mr. Lincoln's conciliatory attitude towards the South at the war's end led to his murder by Marxist forces.

Then at the revivalist meetings in Denver, held under the sign of the cross, if in a rather unorthodox spirit, I was given a pamphlet which said, 'Just as God's earthly people, having finished their wilderness journeys, were about to enter the land of Canaan, a prophecy was uttered which has been fulfilled ever since and will have a fulfilment until Gentile dominion is overthrown and the Lord establishes His Millennial Kingdom, with the Jews at the head of the nations'.

The thing is aged, many-headed, many-coiled and has many lairs. What does it all amount to now? The dream of ruling the world from Jerusalem cannot seem too audacious today to men who have already achieved so much. The Zionist State has been formed. It has about as many inhabitants as Albania or Honduras and less than Haiti, yet Napoleon in all his glory was not treated much more deferentially. Clearly its size and might cannot make the world quail, yet no politician in any English-speaking country seems willing to take office or mount the hustings without salaaming towards it and, by symbolically washing his hands of 'racial discrimination', undertaking to obey its will. Some now even openly confess themselves 'Zionists'. The strength of this new State, so tiny in size, plainly lies in the English-speaking countries themselves, which are still the strongest in the world; in the power of the purse, which it wields in them; and in the ability to control masses through the control of politicians and parties. In peace this new State fills the people with unease and in war, begun no matter where, it will clearly form the core of conflict.

It was established by violence and can only expand by violence. As to that, the past is a signpost to the future. In 1919 Dr. Weizmann said, 'We do not aspire to found a Zionist State ... We cannot hope to rule in a country in which only one-seventh of the population at present are Jews.' The Zionist State was set up in 1947 and a Zionist majority imposed by arms. In 1948 the first Zionist Premier said the new State contained barely ten per cent of the world's Jews and the ingathering of the exiles represented 'the real content of Zionism'. In 1950 the Zionist Foreign Minister said, 'A State has risen. It seems to be the crowning piece of our historic edifice ... No, my friends, that crowning piece of the edifice must be turned into a new foundation for the still greater structure of



the future' (and another speaker in reply said 'Let us bind ourselves this evening, not only to the people of Israel, but to the whole of world Jewry, whose aim is a greater State of Israel').

Politicians of the English-speaking countries have often demonstrated, implicitly or explicitly, that they will accept any expansion of the Zionist State, if it is presented to them as an accomplished fact, or help such expansion with arms in future. The United Nations dictate of November 29th, 1947, which set up the Zionist State, assigned Jaffa, Acre, Ramleh, Lydda, Western Galilee, Beersheba and other areas to the native Arabs. The Zionists *took* these areas and when Count Bernadotte was sent to redress the matter he was almost casually murdered. The United Nations paid little heed to this killing of its emissary. While these violent annexations were in progress Dr. James MacDonald (later to become the first American Ambassador to the Zionist State) went to South Africa and there told a Zionist audience he did not think Israel was bound by the Partition limits (typically, the only protest against this, seen by me, came from a Jewish objector, who demurred that, deeply grateful as he was for Dr. MacDonald's friendship for Zionism, 'such statements at this juncture do not make it easier to reach a settlement in Palestine with the Arabs; and this must remain our considered policy, if disaster is not to overtake us').

Two years later, in September 1949, the American Foreign Minister, Mr. Dean Acheson, asked the United Nations to place at least Jerusalem, the Holy City, under international control, and this body agreed. The Zionist Premier forthwith announced that Jerusalem would be made the capital of the Zionist State and a mild request from the United Nations to revoke this decision was answered by the establishment of the Zionist Government in it and its proclamation as the Zionist capital. To Dr. James MacDonald, now American Ambassador, fell the paradoxical part of declining to attend, as the official representative of his country, the meeting of the Jewish Community Council in Jerusalem at which the United Nations request was derisively rejected, the Zionist Premier remarking that 'The fate of the Holy City was settled three thousand years ago, when it was made the Jewish capital'. In June 1950 the United Nations agreed that 'it was impracticable at this time to proceed with the statute for the internationalization of Jerusalem'.

In March 1950 the Zionist press reported that the Zionist army was larger than ever before and included a small army, navy, air force, paratroopers 'and other surprises' (this for a State of a million beings). They announced that 'impartial American aid, followed by a substantial American development plan under President Truman's Fourth Point, would avert further trouble'. At that time British and American arms were not supplied to the new State and the junior Mr. Franklyn Roosevelt, at a Zionist gathering, demanded that none should be given to the neighbouring Arabs, while in New York also a Zionist rabbi accused the American Government of 'helping to keep the Jewish State weak in face of the mounting threat of the rearmament of the surrounding Arab countries'.

In April 1950 Mr. Dean Acheson stated that the arms embargo was lifted for the Zionist and Arab States alike though only for 'weapons of self-defence'. In June a spokesman of the British Foreign Office said Israel was 'the dominant military power in the Middle East and had greater air-fighter strength and tank-power than all the Arab States put together'. Also in June a high American Government official announced that Israel was being furnished 'with arms of American manufacture which the Arabs do not possess'. Simultaneously both great countries declared that no country in that area would receive arms if it displayed 'any aggressive intentions'. Aggressive intentions usually appear at the moment of aggression and the past history of this matter seems to make it improbable that the Zionist State would be declared an aggressor, or an Arab one the victim of aggression, in any imaginable circumstances.

All this, in my reading, plainly adds up the continued submission of American and British governments to the Political Zionist ambition, and to the preparation of Armageddon, leading to the

Millennial Kingdom. However, in which sense the Millennial Kingdom will dawn events have yet to show, and I do not believe this strangling servitude of the English-speaking peoples, through their political leaders, can last much longer.

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## Chapter Three

### COMMUNISM PENETRANT

Soviet Communism penetrated into the edifice of the American Republic like the woodworm into furniture (which if unchecked will cause a massive sideboard to collapse). This happened also in England and the Commonwealth countries, that is, throughout the English-speaking area which is the world's last barrier against Asiatic rule. The extent of the rot is best shown by comparison with an event: of thirty-seven years ago.

On March 2nd, 1913, the Austrian Military Intelligence opened two suspicious looking packets addressed to General Delivery (Poste Restante) at the Vienna Central Post Office from Eydtkuhnen on the Russo-German frontier. They contained banknotes worth \$2700 (then about £540). They were re-sealed and detectives were set to watch who should call for them. Eighty-three days later, on May 24th, the postal clerk's alarm buzzer called the waiting detectives and they hurried to the post office, just in time to see a taxicab disappear. The trail was thus lost at the start but by chance they found the taxicab later and learned that its passenger had been taken to a café; in the cab they found the small leather sheath of a pocket knife. The trail faded again at the café, which was empty, but by a third chance they heard that a gentleman had recently been driven from it to an hotel. There the porter told them of four newly-arrived guests. They gave him the sheath and he asked each of these, as they came downstairs, if it were his. One claimed it.

He was Colonel Alfred Redl, Chief-of-Staff of the Eighth Austrian Corps at Prague. The detective rang the Political Police, who called Military Intelligence, of which Colonel Redl earlier (from 1900 to 1905) was Director. His successor, Captain Ronge, went to the post office and obtained the form which had to be filled in by persons collecting mail. He then returned to Military Intelligence and compared the writing with that of a notebook, containing the department's most secret information, bequeathed to him by Redl on transfer to Prague eight years before. The handwriting was the same: Redl's.

Meanwhile Redl was being shadowed by detectives. Apparently suspicious, he tore up and threw away some papers. A detective collected and joined the pieces and took them to Captain Ronge, who found they were postal receipts for a money-packet sent to an officer of Uhlans and for letters to addresses in Brussels, Warsaw and Lausanne. These addresses appeared in a black list of foreign espionage agents prepared by Redl when he was in charge of Military Intelligence. The Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Secret Service, von Ostromiecz, was informed and at once went to the Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorff.

Redl was visited at midnight in his room by von Ostromiecz and three officers. He bowed and said, 'I know why you have come. I have spoiled my life. I am writing letters of farewell.' He was given a revolver and left alone. He wrote, 'Levity and passion have destroyed me. Pray for me. I pay with my life for my sins. 1.15 a.m.; I will die now,' and shot himself.

When this happened the First War was but a few weeks distant. He may have changed its entire course or even have caused it. His rooms in Prague yielded proof that he was a spy for Russia for ten or eleven years. For a fortune, he sold the most secret Austro-Hungarian plans and also betrayed Austrian agents in Russia to the Russians; to strengthen his position the Russians arranged for him to 'capture' a Russian spy and expose a faked organization of espionage. Above all, he sold von Hoetzendorff's vital Plan Three to the Russians, who passed it to the Serbs. Time was too short to improvise entirely different plans and the Austro-Hungarian setbacks in the first campaigns were heavy, against an enemy apparently much inferior. Further, by substituting false papers for genuine

ones procured by Austrian agents he misled both the Austro-Hungarian and the German general staffs about the number of new Russian army corps. Count Albert Apponyi, the Hungarian statesman, said long afterwards that, had the Austro-Hungarian and German general staffs known of those new Russian armies, they could have prevented their politicians from driving them into the First War.

Thus espionage and treason may have the direst results for nations. The vital comparison for today, however, is that *only a few hours* elapsed between Colonel Redl's call for his mail and his death. Once found out, no courts or judges were needed then; a man caught in such a deed did not wish to live. The same standard prevailed, pretty well, in all countries west of Asia. The case is different in 1950, and this difference seems to me the measure of what has happened to the English-speaking family since Communism emerged in Asia (inside the Communist Empire espionage and treason remain summarily punishable by death in peace or war).

This is what might happen if someone like Colonel Redl were detected in America, for instance, today. First, his responsible superiors might refuse to listen to evidence against him and he would remain at his post. If challenged he would not ask for a revolver but deny everything pointblank. He might rise in rank and gain greater access to national secrets. After five, or ten years uneasy patriots or penitent fellow-transgressors might force some public attention to the case. He would repeat all denials and his superiors would angrily rebuke his accusers as hysterical witch-hunters and Red-baiters. The investigators, thus finding themselves the accused, might produce *proof*! Would the culprit then collapse and the stable be cleansed? By no means; leaders of the party-in-power, judges, churchmen, newspapers and broadcasters would raise even louder clamour that he was a martyr. At last a trial might become unavoidable, and, proof brought, the verdict be of guilty. Would even that be the end? No; pending the final, supreme court utterance the chorus of 'witch-hunt' would become louder yet. The whole process might occupy more years than the hours that passed between Colonel Redl's detection and his death.

That points to an immense spiritual weakening of the West, more dangerous for the future than even the geographical changes which its leaders connived to bring about. If it continued the outcome of Armageddon would clearly be the victory of the old serpent.

Before the First War a traitor was, if not unknown in America or England, then rare enough to be the exception that proved a golden rule. Faith and loyalty were, both by inherent instinct and long teaching, matters of each man's private pride. Even reason preferred a candid allegiance to a secret disloyalty, which makes life an unhappy falsehood. In the 1920s, however, young people found themselves in a world where this suddenly changed. A method was found to corrupt them without their even being conscious of the gradual process, to the truth of which they only awoke in middle age, if at all, when they often could not retreat. They made no deliberate choice between loyalty and treachery; caught first in the outer strands of a web they felt then but a gentle constraint, and only later the lethal clutch. Their leaders were at fault; they were entrapped in 'the deception of nations'.

In America Communist penetration began at the end of the First War and continued after it. Misleadership at the top took the form of official encouragement, and the stealthy process continued step by step. In 1925 Congress, at some prompting, refused grants to the Department of Justice for investigative work. In 1931 a Congressional Report stated, 'The attitude of the War Department up to now has been that, Communism being a political question, it was not the function of the Army to maintain detailed knowledge of the activities of the Communists and it therefore relied on the Department of Justice to furnish the necessary information. The fact is that the Department of Justice has had no power or authority from Congress to obtain the facts regarding Communist propaganda and activities since 1925 and of necessity the War Department has been

ever since hopelessly in the dark regarding these revolutionary activities directed against our domestic institutions.' Thus Military Intelligence and the Department of Justice were both hamstrung. That left only Naval Intelligence, which in 1935 issued 'a comprehensive survey of Communist activities in the United States'. Thereon President Roosevelt, prompted by a body called 'The National Conference of Jews and Christians', publicly forbade further Army or Navy reports.

The only remaining defences against Communist penetration were the efforts of individual officials, officers or civilians who continued vigilant and stored up information for a better day. Such men, publicly unknown, exist in all countries, and in England may have succeeded in keeping the Navy and Air Force at a level which, by a hairsbreadth, saved the island in 1940.

The support given by high places to Communism in America may remain for ever unexplained. Given this help, the picture of the time was favourable for its success among individuals. True, its aims were beyond doubt. Its leaders, from Stalin and Lenin back to Karl Marx and Adam Weishaupt and far beyond, all plainly stated that its object was to destroy Christianity and legitimate authority everywhere; that it existed long before Marx's Communist Manifesto of 1848 but until then as 'a secret society'; that, it must use 'the Trojan horse method of penetrating established governments and communities' and 'work illegally behind the screen of legality'; that its goal was 'the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions' and so on.

Nevertheless, the white folk have a weakness (unless it is a strength) for wanting to see an evil thing proved before they will believe it and many remained in doubt. They were encouraged by their leaders to think that the Communist Revolution was the spontaneous uprising of oppressed Russians, which it was not, and the suppression of American and British official papers about that event helped delude them (I then fell for that deception and only realized the truth when I saw Soviet Russia and studied Communism there and elsewhere). Above all, from 1917 to 1939 Communism (having been thrown out of Poland, Bavaria and Hungary by the peoples there in 1918-19) was contained in Russia.

The circumstances of that time, then, left much room for confusion, especially in young minds. Strong national leadership, which could have shown them the right path, was denied them. In 1933 Mr. Roosevelt became President. Stricken by incurable bodily misfortune in 1921, he seemed to have dropped out of politics and appears to have invested substantially in a resort, Warm Springs in Georgia, where he went to seek better health. In 1928, however, he was induced to run as Democratic candidate for the Governorship of New York by friends who took over his financial preoccupations there, amounting to \$250,000, and this led him to the presidency four years later.

His inauguration coincided with the bogus election in Germany by which, in the waning glow of the Reichstag fire, Hitler clinched his hold on the Germans. Mr. Roosevelt's first declamations also were Wagnerian, if not Hitlerian. One of the familiar 'Emergencies' of our time was in progress and Mr. Roosevelt (like many other politicians, who are repudiated by statesmen of the classic mould) invoked it to claim 'Powers': 'In the event that the national emergency is still critical ... I shall ask Congress for broad Executive power to wage a war against the emergency, as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe.' America (like England, though to a lesser degree of captivity) has never since escaped from those Powers. For twelve years Mr. Roosevelt ruled the Republic in that spirit, and in this time its foundation-timbers were much gnawed by termites, so that its major problem today (like England's) is the undoing of much that was done.

In finance, an era of prodigious deficit-spending was begun (to the cry of 'Down with the deficits'); Mr. Roosevelt spent three times as much public money as the entire line of presidents from

Washington to his predecessor. A fundamental rule, laid down by the *Communist Manifesto*, for destroying society is 'A heavy progressive or graduated income-tax'. Mr. Roosevelt brought the Republic three-quarters of the way to the brink where Britain now stands, that at which the oily remaining step leads to confiscation. Mr. Robert Sherwood, his admirer and ghost-writer, says this cornucopian expenditure 'offered more juicy plums in the way of political patronage than had ever before been known in peacetime'.

In foreign policy, his first act was to recognize the Soviet Empire, in 1933. The Soviet in return undertook to refrain from subversive activities in America and these immediately increased on a scale unknown before anywhere; Communist publications announced that the aim was to overthrow the Republic by force and 'recognition has not changed that'. The process was clearly prepared for years before and now, as at the opening of a sluice, a stream of picked men flowed into every department of the Republic's life. During the subsequent war a second and greater stream was released into places prepared by the first permeation.

The American masses remained as unconscious as if they were drugged of this planned infusion of Communism into the arteries of their State. It was an alien injection at the source, which swept many native Americans with it in its later reaches, and I have room here for only a glimpse of one aspect of it. During the Second War American broadcasting was put under the control of a body called the Federal Communications Commission. This set up a sub-department called the War Problems Division, and complaint about it grew loud enough for a Congressional Committee of investigation to be appointed. This committee's Chief Counsel, Mr. Eugene L. Garey, said half-way through the war: 'This division was formed for the avowed purpose of unlawfully liquidating all the radio personnel in the foreign-language field that did not meet with its favour. A real Gestapo was created and a lawless enterprise was launched ... In a time of war we are asked to place our trust in lately arrived aliens whose sole claim to trustworthiness is that because they have been unfaithful to old allegiances they will be faithful to new ones. The voices of these aliens go into our homes and the unwary are led to believe that they speak with authority and official approval. They even censor our Christmas and Easter religious programmes and tell us what music we may hear. Apparently we can still read the news in our press but we can only hear what these aliens permit to us. What next medium of communication will receive their attention? Obviously, the press ... These destroyers of free speech are alien in birth, education, training and thought ... if the radio can thus be controlled in August 1943, there is nothing to prevent that control from slanting our political news and nothing to prevent the colouring of our war aims and purposes when peace comes.'<sup>[8]</sup>

The last sentence accurately foretold the subsequent event. The subtle control did extend to other means of communication and then to high policy; the results of the war proved it. In 1913 President Wilson wrote, 'We know that something intervenes between the people of the United States and the control of their own affairs at Washington'. Whether he or Mr. Roosevelt, as war-time presidents, found what that something was and yielded to it, one cannot judge. Several Americans told me that a president's one concern is to remain president, and if that is so considerations of national interest are likely to suffer. Mr. Roosevelt had cause to know what Communism meant. He had to send troops to break a Communist strike at a Californian arms plant (before the Nazis and Communists fell out, of course). Also, he had at that period the experience, unique among American presidents, of being booed on his own White House lawn, when he told Youth Congress delegates gathered there that if any of them were Communists (apparently they all were) 'you have no American right, by act or deed of any kind, to subvert the Government and Constitution of this Nation'.

Nevertheless, his harshest rebukes, to the end, were kept for any who urged him to check Communist penetration. Mr. Martin Dies (chairman of the Congressional committee chiefly concerned, who was later 'smeared' into oblivion) was angrily told, 'There's no one interested in

Communism, no one at all. There is no menace here in Communism'. Thus conditions were created, ideal for the subversion of a State by the agents of a foreign power.

The chief victims of this twilight period in America were young people, usually native-born Americans, who fell into the clutches of the trained organizers, mostly aliens. How were they to know if treason was evil, if their leaders made a treasonable party legal? They found themselves in a bewildering world, of which Canterbury today is perhaps the microcosm. There the Archbishop teaches the Christian lesson and the Dean upholds atheist Communism. Obviously the Congregation must think that the house of God is but a debating-place where anything may be right, and this situation exists in all English-speaking countries now. If the great political, educational and religious shepherds differ so, the littlest lamb may know as well as or better than they. So it is today in many churches and more universities, especially American universities. The old notion was that university presidents, rectors and fellows knew more than the students and their teaching rested on certain principles, those of the Christian faith and of the American Constitution. The universities were themselves the products of Christian growth and their members imparted wisdom in that sense.

Now the thing has been turned into its opposite. The rule of 'free and untrammelled inquiry' prevails; at the educational bargain-counters religious, agnostic and atheist professors compete, the denials of science are opposed to the beliefs of faith, the economic bedlam of Liberalism, Socialism and Communism dominates the classrooms, and from the pandemonium the pupil may choose what he prefers. The inference for the student is plainly that his instructors know nothing, as they all vary, and he must seek the truth when he leaves the university's argument. The teaching *corps d'élite*, carefully guiding young men towards a good life, has been disbanded; in its place is an anarchic chaos from which young folk emerge leaderless into the world. The spiritual distress which is so palpable in young Americans today begins at this source. The emergent graduate often falls into bad hands and only learns the truth, which wise instructors might have shown him, after ten or twenty years of bitter disillusionment.

Such a man was Mr. Whittaker Chambers, whose story epitomizes the decline of the West, under bad leaders, during these four decades. What happened to him could not have befallen any man before 1917; for thirty-three years now it has occurred to many men in many countries. The root evil is the legalization of the Communist Party in non-Communist countries, which is akin to legalizing murder in civil law; its prohibition is the only way of protecting young people from such ordeals as that of Mr. Chambers. As long as political leaders insist that an avowedly destructive party is legal young men and women will join it and find themselves forced into degradations which, for lack of instruction, they cannot foresee. For this their national leaders, who declaim against the assassin they set free, are in truth responsible.

In 1924 Mr. Chambers left a New York university contemplating suicide, which was natural enough. He was exceptionally gifted and, had his feet been set on the right path, might very soon have become a famous writer. Instead, the university years left him spiritually adrift and morbidly despairing and in 1925 he joined the Communist Party, then a semi-underground one almost completely alien in membership. He joined the New York *Daily Worker* and earned the praise of Moscow by his editorship of its Letters Page (today Letters Pages in the majority of newspapers claiming to be Conservative, Republican, Socialist, Democratic, Liberal or Independent are used by planted men to spread Communism through the selective presentation of correspondence; they should be read in that light). He gained further approval in Moscow through some revolutionary short stories, full of rifle volleys and bleeding proletarians, which were produced as plays by Communist groups in many countries. He was thought important enough for higher tasks and in 1932 was made editor of the Communist *New Masses*.

Then the screw was given the first turn. Communist emissaries from Moscow told him he was 'to go into the underground'; if he refused he would be expelled from the party. He accepted, was given the usual 'cover name' ('Bob' at that moment) and disappeared from the face of America as if he were dead. With wife and baby he moved about the land, constantly taking new identities and acting as transmission-man for stolen documents, money, and instructions from Moscow, and organizer of cells and underground groups. One method of changing identity was to search the obituary notices of newspapers for a man born in the same year, write to the Board of Health for a copy of his birth certificate, and with it to obtain a passport in the dead man's name from the State Department. Clearly centuries of experience lie behind such devices; they could not be quickly invented.

Two years later he was drawn a stage further into the net. In 1934 Mr. Roosevelt was president and the intensive penetration of the Republic's organism was in progress. Mr. Chambers was introduced by another Moscovite emissary to a junior government official about his own age, Mr. Alger Hiss. An acquaintance thus began which led to developments more astounding than the affair of Colonel Redl. Mr. Hiss, another bewildered university graduate of the 1920s, was brought into government service in 1933, when Mr. Roosevelt was setting up the 'Alphabetical Agencies', that is, bodies known as the AA., FWA., TERA., RFC., and so on, all of which had billions to spend on Projects supposed to spell death for the 'Emergency'. Great staffs were being recruited and within these new, unsupervisable organizations Communist infiltrants were helping each other towards the peaks of power in the manner of mountaineers roped together. The key-men, at strategic points, were nearly always of foreign birth or antecedents; the flies in the web were often young Americans. The directors sat in Moscow with charts of the Republic's government organization before them and moved their followers into control-posts. Miss Edna Lonigan, an acute observer, wrote, 'First the network placed its economists and lawyers ... Then it moved its men into public relations. As the leaders learned more about the workings of the bureaucracy, they put their people into jobs as personnel directors. Assistant directors proved even better for the purpose. These officials were never in the headlines. But they saw the incoming applications; they could weed out those with anti-Communist records, or 'expedite' those with key names and key experience to identify them ... The duty of the ablest Soviet agents' (then) 'was not espionage. It was to win the confidence of those who directed policy ... So, each year, the network moved its men into higher and higher positions.'

Such was the true picture, now revealed, of the Republic in the 1930s as it moved towards the Second War and, more important, the Second Peace; this is the reason for the shape that war and peace took. 'When war came the veterans of eight years of conspiracy reached the highest policy levels. Always an invisible force was pushing the favoured higher' (Miss Lonigan).

Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hiss became ever deeper involved. In Washington Mr. Chambers was ordered, by the Moscovite emissary, to form a 'special group' including several persons in rising government service; among them were Mr. Hiss and a Mr. Harry Dexter White, who was secretary to Mr. Henry Morgenthau junior (of the Plan for Germany). At this time the visible Communist Party in America was negligible, maintained in that small open form (as in other countries) to delude the public into believing this was all Communism amounted to. In fact, each new member of 'Carl's' group (Mr. Chambers was now just 'Carl', a trusted Communist agent, to the others) formed a fresh cell around him in the various government departments and agencies. These young Americans, of course, thought 'Fascism' was the opposite of 'Communism' and could only be destroyed with the help of Communism. Their Moscovite masters -wished them to think that and their own political, religious and educational instructors had not enlightened them.

By 1936 all these young men (Messrs. Chambers, Hiss and White were but three of a great number) were involved beyond turning back. They were ordered to obtain secret documents from the State



Department, where Mr. Hiss was by this time employed. Mr. Chambers acted as courier. The documents were either copied on Mr. Hiss's private typewriter or the originals were given to Mr. Chambers to take to Baltimore to be microfilmed; in either case the originals were back in their official files by next morning. This happened under the nose of an Assistant Secretary of State who fourteen years later remembered wondering why the 'trade agreements division' of his Department constantly asked for secret material that had nothing to do with trade agreements!

At that point the Moscovites used a final device of entrapment which appears in all these affairs. Communist Moscow does not bribe its agents with thousands, as Czarist Moscow did Colonel Redl. For its purpose the smallest thing is enough, a bottle of whisky, a few dollars, a fur coat. The victims are so encoiled that they do not desire, and would rather refuse such tokens, but the object is incrimination, not reward. Once they accept *something*, they are hopelessly committed and at that stage Moscow will not take nay. Mr. Hiss and Mr. Chambers each received the kiss of death in the form of a Bokhara rug. The paltriness of the gifts in these cases somehow adds to the captives' ignominy.

Once a week for a year Mr. Chambers took the military and diplomatic secrets of the Republic, and of Powers friendly with it, to the Moscovite agents. For fourteen years he had paid the penalty of the confusions implanted in his mind, at its most impressionable stage, by his university experience and his political leaders. Now awakening came. One day, 'with the terror of a Catholic contemplating mortal sin', he read Tchernavin's account of Siberian labour-slavery, *I Speak for the Silent*. When he finished it his Communism was finished. After losing fourteen years he realized that 'Communism is a form of totalitarianism, that its triumph means slavery to men wherever they fall under its sway and spiritual night to the human mind and soul'.

In 1938 he went underground in a different sense. First he bought a shack on a hilltop near Baltimore, whence he could watch all approaches. Then he took a vital precaution. He collected one more batch of documents from Mr. Hiss and had them microfilmed in Baltimore, but then, instead of conveying them to the Moscovite agent in New York, he disappeared with them, and his wife and family, into the shack. A few days later, in the hope of safeguarding his family if he were killed, he deposited this package with a relative in New York. Its contents, revealed ten years later, showed that Moscow must have known nearly as much of the most vital military and diplomatic secrets of the West as if they were its own.

After a year, in 1939, he felt secure enough to resume life as Whittaker Chambers and obtained a post with *Time* magazine. He was eaten with remorse but could not bring himself to inculcate men he liked, such as Mr. Hiss, until August 26th, 1939, when the news of the Hitler-Stalin pact exploded. Then this quiet man realized that he had purveyed the innermost secrets of the West, not only to Moscow but probably to Berlin as well! He could not remain silent but feared to go to the State Department, so much permeated with Communists. He tried instead to reach President Roosevelt and to that end dined with an Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Adolf Berle, on September 2nd, 1939, when Stalin was about to join Hitler in destroying Poland. Mr. Chambers told his story and was later informed, he says, that Mr. Berle went to the President and was told 'to go jump in the lake, only in coarser language'. In following months repeated efforts were made to have the matter investigated, notably by a Jewish journalist, Mr. Don Levine, and Mr. William Bullitt, a former Ambassador to Russia, went personally with it to President Roosevelt but was equally rebuffed.

There the matter might have ended but for a series of astounding chances, occupying many years. While the Second War went on Mr. Chambers rose to Senior Editor of *Time*, and Mr. Hiss (though ignorant of foreign countries) advanced to assistant to the head of the Far Eastern Division; special

assistant to the Adviser on Political Relations; Deputy Director of the Office of Special Political Affairs; and Presidential Adviser!

In this last capacity, in 1945, he accompanied the dying President to Yalta and helped draft the proposals for 'unity governments' in Eastern Europe which in effect abandoned that area to the Communist Empire (of course, no 'unity government' containing Communists would survive in those countries without the Red Army's presence, but that was also ensured at Yalta). Mr. Hiss himself said he helped formulate the Yalta Agreement and he was a signatory. Mr. Stettinius (an inexperienced man who was catapulted into the post of Foreign Minister at that time) wrote that he consulted Mr. Hiss about the Polish boundaries, a part of the world unknown to both. Mr. Roosevelt yielded to the Soviet demand for three votes at the United Nations against one American vote at a moment when he was closeted with Stalin, an interpreter and Mr. Hiss. To later objections Mr. Roosevelt replied, 'I know I shouldn't have done it, but I was so tired when they got hold of me. Besides, it won't make much difference.' Mr. Hiss next appeared as General Secretary, at the foundation meeting of the United Nations Organization at San Francisco and then, aged forty-one, was put in supreme charge of the Office of Special Political Affairs (which, according to a leading American newspaper, 'was a major voice in department affairs and a vital factor in formulating foreign policy'). At this moment Mr. Chambers's information against him had been in currency for nearly six years and the incriminating papers for that period had accumulated dust on top of a disused service-life in New York.

In November 1945 the Canadian spy case broke and the Canadian Prime Minister flew to Washington to inform the new President, Mr. Truman, of grave matters in America, emerged from the Canadian investigations. Mr. Truman was told of something which the published Canadian Report did not disclose, namely, that Igor Gouzenko (the fugitive from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa) stated 'the Soviet had an agent in the United States who was an assistant to the Secretary of State, Mr. Stettinius'. Mr. Mackenzie King's flights to Mr. Truman and Mr. Attlee led to no official statement, public investigation or effective action in either country, although the Canadian Prime Minister publicly spoke of the extreme gravity of his mission (he died in 1950 and 'left unfinished his last and cherished task: the writing of his memoirs').

In 1946 Mr. Hiss, still rising, went to London as principal Adviser to the American delegation to the United Nations General Assembly. However, the rumours about him were now becoming loud and embarrassing to the authorities and his star paled somewhat. He gained financially in leaving the American Foreign Service gracefully to become President, at \$20,000 a year, of one of those bodies which Work For Peace (usually in the strangest ways): the Carnegie Endowment for Peace, in December 1946. The conservative-minded gentlemen who looked after this Endowment refused to examine charges that Mr. Hiss might be a Communist and indignantly defended his 'complete loyalty to our American institutions'.

At this moment the two young men who left universities in the 1920s with minds ravaged by the confusions there were both greatly successful. Mr. Hiss stood beside a dying president at a fateful moment in the world's story, in a place where he could give a decisive slant to world affairs. He was a complete Communist, instructed when he entered government service to deny his Communism, divest himself of all traces of his allegiance and avoid open association with it. Mr. Chambers was Senior Editor of *Time* at \$30,000 a year. He had made good the lost years materially; spiritually he sought rehabilitation in religion, in the Christian and patriotic upbringing of his children, and in work on his farm. Mr. Hiss was publicly popular; Mr. Chambers felt enmity among his colleagues, who included many Communist infiltrants. The thought that the public structure of his country was riddled with Communist agents tormented him. He still hoped to expose that but still wished to keep the matter of actual espionage secret, for fear of harming men whose perfidy was but his own earlier one.

Apparently he never would have achieved what he desired but for the first of a long series of chances, which led to partial disclosures but not once to the lifting of the whole dark curtain. In 1945 a Miss Elizabeth Bentley experienced the same awakening as Mr. Chambers in 1938. She, too, was in the 'underground'. Hers was another story of adolescent confusions and, in her case, of love. She was a New Englander of good old stock but at the same New York university came under the same influences and was 'a card-carrying Communist' in 1935. Her enthusiasm being noticed, she was told in 1938 to 'destroy her card', dissociate herself from open Communist associations and begin more important work. Her chief was an East European and she fell in love with him. By 1941 she, too, was a courier for stolen documents and a recipient of information from people in high places, which she passed towards the centre of the web.

In 1943 her chief died suddenly. Until that time she was 'terrifically shielded from the realities behind this thing'; now she came in direct contact with the Moscovites and by 1944 wanted desperately to break loose. Like all such penitents, she thought official departments were full of Communists and dared not go to one. She went finally to a local branch of the Criminal Investigation Department (FBI.) in a small Connecticut city. She accused a Presidential Adviser, a high Treasury official, a State Department man and numerous lesser government servants. Her story was not taken seriously, but as she said she had an appointment with the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, a Mr. Gromoff, detectives were set, apparently without enthusiasm, to watch the meeting. Her masters were suspicious and at that very moment insisted that she take money, the substantial sum of \$2000. The detectives saw it change hands. No haste was shown but apparently this incident helped move President Truman to approve the appointment of a Federal Grand Jury to investigate Communist espionage (in 1947!). By this time Mr. Chambers's information was eight years old; a full report of the Un-American Activities Committee of Congress had lain on two presidential desks for four years; the Canadian Prime Minister's warning was eighteen months old.

Now the matter seemed about to become public in the genuine sense. However, dilatoriness may be as effective as suppression. After a year, in April 1948, the Grand Jury still dragged on, while newspaper readers wearily wondered what to make of reports, often compiled by persons whose intention was to obscure the facts. Then the Grand Jury changed its course. The matter of espionage was dropped and the investigation turned away from hidden Communism in public offices to the question whether the *open* Communist Party 'conspired to overthrow the Government by force' (under that misleading head some open Communist leaders were later tried and sentenced). A presidential election approached and wiseheads said the matter was to be sidetracked.

Another chance brought it back to the rails. There are scrupulous journalists, and Miss Bentley, when she saw the stoolpigeons appear before the Grand Jury, communicated with one, whose newspaper at long last published her story, though without names. This enabled the ever-thwarted Un-American Activities Committee of Congress to sub-poena a number of persons involved. For the first time the American public gained some inkling of what was involved. Its curiosity was then foiled by another simple device. Nearly all the witnesses took advantage of a kink in American law which enabled them to reply to questions, 'I refuse to answer on the grounds that any answer I give may tend to be self-incriminatory'. Mr. Harry Dexter White denied everything, like Mr. Hiss, and with other witnesses turned the proceedings into an attack on the Committee's 'witch-hunt'. Once more inquiry seemed checkmated. Then, by yet another chance, another journalist recalled stories heard years before of statements made by a Mr. Whittaker Chambers. He urged the committee to sub-poena Mr. Chambers and this was done, Mr. Chambers saying wearily to a friend, 'I always feared I'd have to cross this bridge, but I hoped not to' (he had ever hoped to get the evil cured without involving individuals in 'the ultimate perfidy of espionage').

Thus, after nine years, on August 3rd, 1948, Mr. Chambers was at last heard, and *publicly* heard. He told of his efforts of 1939 to move the authorities to action, saying 'At that moment in history I

was one of the few men on this side of the battle who could perform this service'. He named the members of his former 'group', among them Mr. Hiss and Mr. White. He still did not mention espionage, saying the purpose at the time 'was not primarily espionage, but the Communist infiltration of the American Government'.

The next day rabid vituperation broke loose in the newspapers, radio and Congress, against Mr. Chambers, not Mr. Hiss or the others. Two days later Mr. Hiss was heard. He denied ever knowing Mr. Chambers and any association with Communism at any time. He was presented in the press, not only of America but of the world, for journalism was thoroughly permeated too, as a national hero suffering martyrdom. The Committee was so greatly intimidated that it made to wash its hands of the whole business, but one more chance prevented this. A solitary committeeman doubted Mr. Hiss's denials and urged that a sub-committee be sent privately to Mr. Chambers to test by further questioning his claim to have known Mr. Hiss.' On August 7th, 1948, this sub-committee saw Mr. Chambers and elicited such details of Mr. Hiss's household and affairs that the proof, who was lying, was plainly within reach. Nine days later, while a tremendous press campaign continued against Mr. Chambers (he was called 'mad' among other things, a familiar Communist trick) Mr. Hiss was called again. He repeated all denials, but his answers to questions, which confirmed Mr. Chambers's information in detail, showed that Mr. Chambers must have known him, his wife and child and stayed in his house. On August 17th, 1948, they were confronted privately. Mr. Hiss, after asking to hear Mr. Chambers's voice and look in his mouth, decided he was a man called Crosley who *had* once stayed in his house. He reiterated all denials about Communism and invited Mr. Chambers to repeat his statements outside the committee-room, so that he could be sued for libel.

That put the fat in the fire. Presumably Mr. Chambers, until this moment, felt certain Mr. Hiss would not drive him into the last corner by suing for libel, while Mr. Hiss was sure Mr. Chambers would not dare to produce his proofs, or did not know he had them.

About this time Mr. Chambers resigned his senior editorship of *Time* (which in its columns treated him not much more kindly than the other publications); this threw up the question, what motive could a man have to sacrifice \$30,000 a year and a brilliant career merely to defame another man unknown to him? The second confrontation, on August 25th, 1948, was public. When it came about Mr. Hiss was acclaimed by a host of friends throughout America; Mr. Chambers was a pariah. When one after another of Mr. Hiss's statements was broken down by evidence he denied having made them and attacked Mr. Chambers's character, as the press did outside. However, his friends cut off his last escape, for some sympathizers inveigled Mr. Chambers to a microphone, apparently to bait him, and dared him to repeat there that Mr. Hiss 'is or ever was a Communist', which Mr. Chambers promptly did. Thereon even the public wondered why Mr. Hiss did not sue and after a month he did, for \$75,000.

Now Mr. Chambers could not turn back. He went to his relative in New York and retrieved the dust-covered envelope from the disused service-lift shaft. It contained forty-seven copies of official documents (proved to have been typewritten on Mr. Hiss's machine), five rolls of microfilm which recorded hundreds more documents in miniature, four memorandums in Mr. Hiss's writing and five in Mr. Dexter White's. He took the papers to his lawyer and put the microfilm rolls in a pumpkin on his farm, the top of which he removed and replaced. At the 'pre-trial hearing' Mr. Hiss's lawyer contemptuously asked if Mr. Chambers had 'any documentary proof of your assertions' and, after ten years, the papers were produced.

The affrighted lawyers agreed that the matter was now too big for them and sent the documents to the FBI. On December 8th, 1948, the Grand Jury, ageing fast, was once more convened. The investigators retained little faith in it and what they had vanished when an inspired newspaper

announcement said 'The justice Department is about ready to drop its investigation of the celebrated Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers controversy' (Americans often smile about the English gift for understatement, but the word 'controversy' has seldom been outdone, or underdone, even in England).

Even at that stage the matter looked likely to be shelved but for still another chance. A third journalist cabled to the persistent Congressman who previously rescued it from oblivion that he believed 'new evidence' was in currency; would the Committee reopen its investigation? The Congressman replied that he would have the Committee's hearings reopened 'if necessary to prevent justice Department cover-up' and returned from a sea voyage to land by commandeered coast-guard aeroplane. The thing was a race for time now, for the Congressional Committee itself was about to die; an election was just over which increased the Democratic and reduced the Republican strength in Congress and soon the Committee's membership was to be rearranged and its zeal curbed, like that of the Grand Jury. It was a matter of days.

The irrepressible Congressman, returned to Washington, had Mr. Chambers sub-poenaed to yield up any *other* material in his possession. Mr. Chambers led the committee's investigators to his pumpkin patch and his last proofs, the five rolls of microfilm. They too contained the most secret information of the American and other governments. American Ambassadors in London and other capitals laid bare the minds of British and other Prime Ministers; private matters of military, naval and air forces abounded, and graver things still. The prints made a pile over four feet high. Not all these documents have been made public; even today their content is held too serious. They represented perhaps a fiftieth part of the whole mass of information which was conveyed to Moscow by this *one* group. Mr. White's memorandums were read to the House of Representatives and seriously incriminated himself and others. He died suddenly about this time, as did Mr. Laurence Duggan (a former State Department official also named in the business) and several other people. These deaths have never been publicly explained.

Of these documents an Under Secretary of State during the period concerned, Mr. Sumner Welles, said that their release to unauthorized hands in 1938 would have been 'in the highest degree prejudicial, and in the highest degree dangerous, to the national interest'. To have delivered them to a foreign power would have meant giving away also the means of breaking the most secret codes. An Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Francis B. Sayre (whose testimony was not made public) said in comment on press suggestions that the documents were not of the highest importance, 'I violently disagree, not only because of the substance of these cables, but because some of them were in the highly confidential codes ... And for these telegrams to get out at the time they did meant that other governments could crack our codes and that, I think, is indescribably horrible.' Another point, he added, was that 'some of these cables reveal sources from which information was obtained, sources planted in foreign countries. Now, you make a cable of this kind known, you cut off that source of information from another country, and you kill what you have been working on for years' (this is what Colonel Redl did, too).

The Un-American Activities Committee now tried once more to force the government's hand by publishing the news of the pumpkin-plot papers and vague indications of their import. The Grand Jury met, and on December 10th reported, sure enough, that it could find no grounds for an indictment! It also attacked the Congressional Committee for its irritating zeal. Then the last chance intervened. The FBI., with professional energy, ran down letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Hiss on a typewriter since disappeared; they were found to have been written on the same machine which made the copies of secret documents, between their abstraction and return. At that Mr. Hiss was indicted for perjury, in denying that he furnished the copies to Mr. Chambers and that he ever saw or talked with Mr. Chambers at relevant dates (under the American statute of limitations Mr. Hiss was never charged with espionage or treason).

During this time the presidential office repeatedly referred to the matter as 'a red herring' or 'a hysterical outcry' intended only to discredit the party in power. Just before the Un-American Activities Committee passed from Republican control Mr. Chambers made a full disclosure to it of everything he knew and had done in espionage. This material was suppressed by the new committee; if published it might give the public mind a galvanic shock so great that purification would be forced.

Even at this stage the matter might have ended in public acclamation for Mr. Hiss but for that remarkable institution, the jury system. Mr. Hiss's first trial, in May-July 1949, was conducted by a judge who once referred to Mr. Chambers as 'the defendant'; who was new on the Federal bench and assigned himself to this trial; whose nomination was refused endorsement by the Association of the Bar of New York City and by the Federal Bar Associations of the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut; and was supported by only one group, the New York County Lawyers Association, of the judiciary committee of which Mr. Hiss's counsel was chairman. A justice of the Supreme Court (which would have to try any ultimate appeal) offered himself as character witness for Mr. Hiss. This was Mr. Felix Frankfurter, who was initially responsible for Mr. Hiss's entry into government service; his 'young men' of the Harvard Law School in the 1920s were numerous distributed in it. However, eight jurors voted for conviction against four for acquittal. The evidence was thought conclusive by most people and found so by the next jury, in 1950, which returned a unanimous verdict of guilty.

Mr. Hiss was sentenced to five years imprisonment and this was followed by one of the most remarkable incidents of the whole affair. On hearing the news the Secretary of State of the day, Mr. Dean Acheson, called pressmen together to tell them, 'Whatever the outcome of any appeal by Mr. Hiss, I do not intend to turn my back on him'. To reinforce the solemn earnestness of his words, he spoke them with an open Bible at hand! The case of Colonel Redl filled from first to last about eleven hours; that of Mr. Hiss about eleven years, up to that point.

The Hiss case shows, that by this mid-century a massive power has arisen in the world which is now able to corrupt and enslave young people in great numbers; secretly to sway politicians, political parties and major actions of State policy; and to prevent, delay or mitigate the exposure and punishment of treachery.

This state of affairs is not only an American one but exists, in varying degrees, in England and the Commonwealth countries; that is, throughout the English-speaking area. In England no action followed Mr. MacKenzie King's warning of the extent of treasonable infusion in 1946 (if Dr. Allan Nunn May was tried and convicted, this seems only to have been because his name emerged too clearly in the Canadian revelations to be ignored). The case of Dr. Klaus Fuchs apparently became public in 1950 solely because the FBI, in America, drew attention to it (it was less successful in obtaining action about similar cases in America). Yet the British Government was warned in 1933, according to Mr. Attlee, that Dr. Fuchs was a Communist, and Dr. Fuchs's own counsel at his trial said he was always 'a known Communist and never pretended that he was anything else'. His name was one of five sent to the British Government by the Canadian one in 1946, when 'the responsibility for further investigation rested on the British Government' (the Canadian Minister of External Affairs). Yet he was allowed to continue his vital work and was enabled, by the grant of British citizenship, to take part in, and betray, atomic research work in America. In both the May and Fuchs cases the judicial comments at the trials were ignored (the Lord Chief justice said, 'Dare we now give shelter to political refugees who may be followers of this pernicious creed and who well may disguise themselves to bite the hand that feeds them?' and he was rebuked by the *Daily Telegraph*, *Manchester Guardian* and *Spectator*.) The Prime Minister said that, save by totalitarian methods, 'There were no means by which one could have found out about this man', despite the Canadian warning of four years before. Here is a span of seventeen years of treason unchecked, and

in the persons of Drs. May and Fuchs only the fringe of the destructive organism was touched. In America (which received a list of 165 names from Canada) the President spoke of 'hysteria'.

Newspapers of the most respectable pretensions join in obscuring the matter and preventing exposure; possibly their owners and editors often do not even understand what goes on in their own columns. Any man who tries to expose the evil is 'smeared' as a 'character assassin', 'Red-baiter', 'witch-hunter' or 'anti-Semite' by newspapers from London to Manchester, Durban to Cape Town and Johannesburg, Sydney to Auckland, New York to Los Angeles. The 'smear' once attached to the accuser, the *facts* of the charge or inquiry are suppressed or obscured. This is the result of the systematic permeation of the press during the last twenty-five years by trained Leftist writers whose allegiance is not publicly known. A leading American journalist, Mr. Arthur Krock, wrote of 'The increase in the number of syndicated writers from Washington of Leftist persuasions. Their opinions and their versions of the facts and factors in public affairs reach millions of readers. And like-minded radio commentators are skilled in the use of inflections and tones to produce desired effects on listeners while adhering to a neutral text.' In England, a case of this kind became public when Reuter's Chief Correspondent in Berlin resigned and transferred to the Communist sector, then giving a propagandist interview to the Communist press there. He, too, was a known Communist. The fact only became public, however, because of his public action, which was apparently ordered for propagandist effect; and here, again, but one tiny corner of a great dark curtain was lifted; the general condition remains.

I was travelling in America during the first Hiss trial and saw that the American public had no means of judging the facts. Not only the judge referred to the accuser as 'the defendant'. Leading political personages, writers and broadcasters put it that way (Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt said 'Mr. Chambers is on trial and not Mr. Hiss'), and I believe many people thought that the actual case. American news papers in the great majority are assembly-line jobs. They are made up of 'agency reports', prepared by the 'syndicated writers of Leftist persuasions' to whom Mr. Krock referred, which are widely distributed and universally used. The planting of a few trained men at these sources of news-supply enables the whole stream of information to be infected, far outside America; I satisfied myself that British and Commonwealth readers, too, could gain no authentic view of the matter. Mr. Hiss's case was not an isolated one. During 1949 and 1950 at least half a dozen major scandals of the kind deeply alarmed masses of Americans, but with each new one the clamour of 'Drop the witch-hunt' grew louder from leading public personages, newspapers and the radio.

The Hiss case is symbolic. Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hiss in their opposed figures represent the inner conflict which threatens to disrupt the English-speaking family as it awaits the final assault of Asiatic barbarism, the last stage of Armageddon. In the 1920s they were the earliest guinea-pigs of Communism in the Christian West. Now they stand, one an unregenerate Communist, ready to conspire and lie to the last for the sake, or fear, of his alien allegiance; the other a regenerate who would rather die than see that cause triumph, who has returned to religion as well as patriotism. The dark background is the political heaven in which there was no joy over the sinner who repented, but only praise and friendship for the one who did not. Somewhere in that clouded Olympus behind the two men lies the shape of the coming decision.

As to that, the whole future of America is at stake. Dr. Charles A. Beard (in *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War, 1941*; published 1948) said, 'At this point in its history, the American Republic has arrived under the theory that the President of the United States possesses limitless authority publicly to misrepresent and secretly to control foreign policy, foreign affairs, and the war power. More than a hundred years ago, James Madison, Father of the Constitution, prophesied that the supreme test of American statesmanship would come about 1930. Although not exactly in the

form that Madison foresaw, the test is here now - with no divinity hedging our Republic against Caesar.'

If President Madison and Dr. Beard are right, the result of the test, under Mr. Roosevelt's presidency (he was elected in 1932) was that power in the Republic passed by penetration largely into foreign hands, and did not leave them when the next president succeeded. The power of American presidents has become so much infected before they use it that even a war against the Communist Empire could be turned to serve the ends of these occult controllers; to judge by the course of the Second War it would be diverted at decisive moments to serve the destructive plan in some way. President Roosevelt's actions, particularly at Yalta, show that. His own words, and abundant other evidence, prove that he was not, alone and by himself, the wielder of power, but that this was exercised by ascendant groups around him.

Whether he knew, all the time, some of the time, or none of the time, whither they were pushing him may never become clear. Towards his end (when Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons said 'The United States is now at the highest pinnacle of her power and fame' and Mr. Sherwood, the ghost-writer, urged the President to quote this in a speech), Mr. Roosevelt said, 'What Winston says may be true at the moment, but I'd hate to say it, because we may be heading before very long for the pinnacle of our weakness'. The 'strange statement' perplexed Mr. Sherwood but was a truer picture than Mr. Churchill's, whether Mr. Roosevelt realized this or was simply fey. Once Mr. Churchill, with similar rhetorical inexactitude, spoke of 'the hospitable and exhilarating atmosphere of the White House and of the American nation, erect and infuriate against tyrants and aggressors'. The American nation desired to be in that heroic posture, and perhaps thought it was, but under President Roosevelt the reality was other than the appearance.

What real purpose did Mr. Roosevelt promote through the way he used his imperial powers? He furthered the main principles of a plan for the redistribution of the earth published in 1942 (but clearly prepared much earlier) by a mysterious 'Group for a New World Order', headed by a Mr. Moritz Gomberg. What this group proposed was startling at the time but proved farsighted. The main recommendations were that the Communist Empire should be extended from the Pacific to the Rhine, with China, Korea, Indo-China, Siam and Malaya in its orbit; and that a Hebrew State should be set up on the soil of 'Palestine, Transjordan and the adjoining territories'. These two projects were largely realized. Canada and numerous 'strategic islands' were to pass to the United States (the reader should keep these 'strategic islands' in mind). The remaining countries of Western Europe were to disappear in a 'United States of Europe' (this scheme is being vigorously pursued at present). The African continent was to become a 'Union of Republics'. The British Commonwealth was to be left much reduced, the Dutch West Indies joining Australia and New Zealand in it. The scheme looks like a blueprint of the second stage in a grand operation of three stages, and substantial parts of it were achieved; what was not then accomplished is being energetically attempted now.

Certainly President Roosevelt would not publicly have owned such a plan, but his actions all furthered it. The fighting leaders in America (and in England) both thought they saw plainly what they fought for; to sustain each other. On the eve of America's entry into the war the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Stark, prepared a memorandum which stated, as the major national objectives, 'defence of the Western Hemisphere and prevention of the disruption of the British Empire, with all that such a consummation implies'. The same dominant aims were declared in another memorandum, jointly prepared by the two Chiefs of Staff, General Marshall and Admiral Stark. The fighting leaders in England, and the political ones, in reverse circumstances would clearly put 'the prevention of the disruption of the United States' at the head of the list. President Roosevelt, the potentate, in truth thought differently. In 1950 his speeches and papers were published; being edited by a Mr. Samuel Rosenman, one of the three ghost-writers who prepared his speeches, they are of



especial authenticity. Mr. Rosenman records that, in answer to a journalist who asked if Mr. Churchill expected the British Empire to remain intact after the war, Mr. Roosevelt said, 'Yes, he is mid-Victorian on all things like that ... Dear old Winston will never learn on that point.'

Then what were Mr. Roosevelt's private ideas about the British Commonwealth, his ally, and how far did Mr. Churchill understand them? Mr. Roosevelt's views seem to have been constant and different from what was publicly supposed; he wanted to redistribute the Commonwealth, in collaboration with the Soviet and to enlarge the Communist Empire. Mr. Churchill seems to have moved about between incomprehension of this and sudden, irritable perceptions of it. Mr. Roosevelt may or may not have understood the ultimate purpose of destroying *all* nations; his experience was not great. Mr. Churchill, more widely travelled and deeply versed, knew it well. That appears from his own words: 'No sooner did Lenin arrive in Russia than he began beckoning a finger here and there to obscure persons in sheltered retreats in New York, Glasgow, Berne and other countries, and he gathered together the leading spirits of a formidable sect, the most formidable sect in the world'; and, 'The citadel will be stormed under the banners of Liberty and Democracy; and once the apparatus of power is in the hands of the Brotherhood all opposition, all contrary opinions, must be extinguished by death. Democracy is but a tool to be used and afterwards broken; liberty but a sentimental folly unworthy of the logician. The absolute rule of a self-chosen priesthood according to dogmas it has learned by rote is to be imposed upon mankind without mitigation progressively for ever.' No shred of doubt, then, remains in Mr. Churchill's case that he knows what it is all about.

These two men in the 1940s wielded, or outwardly appeared to wield, imperial power, untrammelled. Mr. Churchill says this was the office he liked best: 'Power in a national crisis, when a man believes he knows what orders should be given, is a blessing.' To me it seems a curse, in the light of the two wars. However, it set them both free to pursue purposes which the masses inferred to be those of preserving their own countries, first, and sustaining their allies, second.

One of Mr. Churchill's first actions seemed oddly aberrant; the offer, as France fell, to merge the British and French nations. It would have meant the surrender of national identity in one direction while it was being defended to the last in another; to this day I am grateful to the Frenchmen who rejected it. The idea was not Mr. Churchill's. He says he was 'by no means convinced', and 'the implications and consequences' of this 'immense design' were not in any way thought out; yet he made the proposal. (A prime mover, he says, was M. Jean Monnet of France, who in 1950 was a prime mover in an analagous project, that to unite British, French and German heavy industry under 'a supreme authority'. In this form the plan of the Group for a New World Order goes on and it seems to me all in tune with the aims of the Brotherhood.)

Mr. Churchill was a heroic figure then, yet the British Islanders, had they been told more, might have been disturbed at some of the things he contemplated. As France collapsed he told these islanders, 'Our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle'. Yet later Mr. Harry Hopkins reported to President Roosevelt, 'Churchill believed that if the United Kingdom fell, the Empire would be ended, at least temporarily, and the leadership of the remaining units of the British Commonwealth would pass to Washington'.

Had that happened, Canada would presumably have passed to the United States (as the Group for a New World Order foresaw), but why should it have happened? At that time the British Government urged the French Government with all its might to withdraw with its fleet to the French overseas empire and continue the battle from there. Marshal Petain was even accused of treachery for not doing so (and as I write the nonagenarian is still in a fortress on that account). No reason offers why the King, government and fleet should not have gone to Canada to fight on from there. The British Islander today may be more than ever grateful to Lord Dowding and all those who resisted the

pressure to have the last British fighters sent to France. At that time several messages from Mr. Churchill to President Roosevelt spoke of the British fleet 'crossing the Atlantic' (not 'going to Canada') in the event of a successful invasion of Britain, and at one point the Canadian Prime Minister and British Ambassador in Washington seem both to have taken alarm.

Then the curious matter of the 'strategic islands' arose (which the Group for a New World Order also foresaw to pass to America: the ruling idea may be that the World-Government-to-come can best hold the world in thrall from this chain of ocean strongholds). Mr. Churchill suggested to Mr. Roosevelt that the Republic should acquire on 99-year leases naval bases on certain British West Indian islands, in return for the use of fifty old destroyers. He says, 'There was, of course, no comparison between the intrinsic value of these antiquated and inefficient craft and the immense *permanent*' (my italics) 'strategic security afforded to the United States by the enjoyment of island bases'.

Much later (November 1942,) Mr. Churchill seems to have been seized by sudden suspicions, for he said, 'Let me make this clear, in case there should be any mistake about it in any quarter. We mean to hold to our own. I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire ... Here we are and here we stand, a veritable rock of salvation in this drifting world.' However, if that needed saying Mr. Churchill's earlier actions may have caused the need. Apart from the islands, there was his strange pronouncement of August 1940, 'The British Empire and the United States will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage ... I do not view the process with any misgivings. I could not stop it if I wished. Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll.' I never found, in America or my own island, any who wanted the two countries 'mixed up', unless they were hangers-on of 'the most formidable sect in the world' which desires the destruction of all nations.

Mr. Churchill in 1940 may have overestimated his knowledge of what was in President Roosevelt's mind; this would explain his somewhat aggrieved later protest, for by that time he was enlightened. In June 1942 a Mr. Molotoff visited Washington and President Roosevelt told him there were, all over the world, 'many islands and colonial possessions which ought, for our own safety, to be taken away from weak nations' ('our' apparently meant the Communist Empire and the United States. These islands were nearly all in possession of the Republic's fighting allies, particularly the British Commonwealth). The President was specific: the Japanese should be removed from the formerly German islands they administered 'but we do not want these islands and neither the British nor the French ought to have them either. Perhaps the same procedure should be applied to the islands now held by the British. These islands obviously ought not to belong to any one nation'. Mr. Roosevelt, then, did not want the 'strategic islands' for the American Republic, but for the New World Order.

Mr. Roosevelt then turned from islands to mainland 'colonial possessions' (which, the reader will recall, the Group for a New World Order allotted to the Communist Empire). The President 'took as examples' Indo-China (French), Siam (*not* a 'colonial possession' but an independent kingdom), and the Malay States (British), and proposed changes of authority there. Mr. Molotoff was favourably impressed. Mr. Churchill seems to have become restless when he learned about these proposed dispositions (extended later also to India and Hong Kong). Thereon Mr. Eden, visiting Washington, was moved to mention that President Roosevelt did not suggest any comparable American gestures and to inquire about the President's constitutional powers for reshaping the world while it was still at war. Mr. Hopkins then consulted an Assistant Secretary of State (Mr. Berle), who reported that the President 'could do anything he liked 'without any Congressional action in the first instance' and 'the handling of the military forces of the United States could be so managed as to foster any purpose he pursued'.

Such evidence is conclusive but if it were not the last nail of proof is driven home in a book published in 1950 by Admiral William D. Leahy, personal Chief of Staff to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman (*I Was There*). This shows plainly that Mr. Roosevelt's grand design was for a large apportionment of the globe between the Communist Empire and the United States, at the expense of the British Commonwealth and French Empire. Support of Communism in China, too, was primarily intended to prevent a British revival there and in the planning of the Pacific campaign everything was done to exclude the British and make China and Japan into a Soviet-American sphere of influence. Admiral Leahy shows that President Truman, when he succeeded, accepted and applied this policy without question. The results of it confront America today. Charity in search of motive might conclude that President Roosevelt's inexperience and superficial knowledge of world affairs and ill-health blinded him to what he did and that his facial expression at the end reflected an awakening inner consternation about the purposes for which he was used.

In fact he furthered the aims of the 'formidable sect' and perilously weakened his country at home. He is the great example of the apparently powerful man, used by others for ulterior aims. In reality he was not even president at fateful moments. Mr. Hopkins was that and he was like a blind man playing with high tension wires. History shows no stranger partnership than this, which built up the Communist Empire to its present peak of menace.

I told how Mr. Roosevelt emerged from political oblivion to become, first Governor of New York, then President, wielding exceptional Powers against a permanent Emergency. Constitutional restraints irked him from the start; if he did not, like Hitler, proclaim himself 'the supreme magistrate', yet in a similar spirit, when his actions were challenged, he attacked his Supreme Court and threatened to pack it with compliant justices. His and Mr. Hopkins's assaults on the obstructive judges because they were 'elderly' read oddly thirteen years later; years in those cases denoted physical health, but neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Hopkins were to live long enough to be accused of old age. Immediately he became Governor, in 1928, Mr. Roosevelt began a huge programme of welfare expenditure which he inflated from a State to a national one when he became President. In 1928 he first chose Mr. Hopkins, then a little-known charity-appeal organizer, to conduct this spending which later, again, swelled into a world-wide distribution under the name of 'Lend-Lease'. Mr. Hopkins never enriched himself but sovereignly dispensed more money than any man, or probably any thousand men, in the world before, free from all supervision. What manner of man, then, was this Mr. Hopkins?

He, too, was a typical product of the years of confusion. Born in humble circumstances, he emerged just before the First War from a small college where his favourite professor was a man who, during years in England, fell in with the London Economic Club and the Fabian Society and who believed 'the democratic nations would learn to co-operate through a United States of the World'; the familiar influences appear at the start. Another professor, from whom he first learned about 'the strange, remote, gigantic mass that was Russia', was a converted Jew from Bohemia who conducted a course on Applied Christianity. Mr. Hopkins was 'permanently influenced' by what he thus learned of 'the Christian ethic and the teachings of Tolstoy'.

Arrived in the outer, bewildering world Mr. Hopkins (through the second professor) obtained a small post with a mission in the East Side slums of New York, which were then (1912,) full of Eastern European gunmen of the Peter the Painter or Stem Gang type. Four men ('Gyp the Blood, Dago Frank, Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis') were executed for the murder of a gaming-house owner, Herman Rosenthal, and one day, when Mr. Hopkins lectured on civic betterment to a boys' club, a lad rose and said 'I move that the whole club stand up for two minutes in honour of the four gunmen who died today'. Mr. Hopkins was 'profoundly puzzled' but, typically, concluded that 'society' must be to blame. He had a hard life, enlisted in the organized clagues for Caruso and Geraldine Farrar at the Opera House, joined the Red Cross in 1917, returned to charity-appeal work

in 1921. Employers or colleagues of that period depict 'an ulcerous type, intense, seeming to be in a perpetual nervous ferment, a chain-smoker and black coffee drinker. Most of the time he would show up at the office looking as though he had spent the previous night sleeping in a hayloft. He would wear the same shirt three or four days at a time'; 'Harry never had the faintest conception of the value of money. But then, that is true of most social workers. Although in no sense personally dishonest, they can become unscrupulous in the handling of funds. They can convince themselves that the worthy end justifies the means.

Thus the later global replanner and dispenser of untold billions. From 1933 on he was 'in all respects the inevitable Roosevelt favourite'. In 1937 he spent six months in hospital, a large portion of his stomach being removed, and in 1938 was told by Mr. Roosevelt he would be the next president, or at least Democratic candidate. Further illness possibly prevented that; in August 1939 he had 'about four weeks to live', but recovered and 'was taken into the White House to live in May 1940'. From then until the war's end he was in decisive matters 'the de facto President' or in others 'the second most important individual in the United States Government during the most critical period of the world's greatest war, yet he had no legitimate official position nor even any desk of his own except a card table in his bedroom' (Mr. Robert Sherwood, his biographer, who was also brought into the White House by Mr. Hopkins).

Mr. Sherwood, though an admirer, calls him 'a profoundly shrewd and faintly ominous man' and says when he entered the White House 'he was to all intents and purposes physically a finished man who might drag out his life for a few years of relative inactivity or might collapse or die at any time'. However, not inactive, he lived in President Lincoln's study, which was the best guest room, assigned to King George VI during his visit in 1939; 'it was conveniently located for Churchill, being right across the hall' from the room occupied by Mr. Churchill during his visits.

A dying president delegated to another dying man such authority that he became in fact, all unsupervised, the president. Unhindered power to dispose of the money, arms, manufactures and military operations of America was his, or anyone's who could control his mind. Today's map shows the results. Mr. Hopkins lacked training and knowledge for a task involving the fate of hundreds of millions of beings. He cultivated crudeness in thought, manners and speech, and talked of 'cracking down on the bastards' if he were opposed. This appealed to Mr. Roosevelt, who liked to put on the Common Man air (the widespread American weakness to which Mr. Somerset Maugham alluded). The two men especially liked to deride professional members of the American Foreign Service as 'pansies', 'striped-pants' and 'cookie-pushers'.

Mr. Hopkins entered on his empire with the birth of Lend-Lease and reigned for four years. Mr. Churchill says that by November 1940 Britain had paid to America, in cash or British-owned shares requisitioned from their owners, nearly 5,000,000,000 dollars, so that its resources were almost exhausted and further American supplies could not be paid for. Hard bargains were driven. At American request the British Government sold the Courtauld business in America to the United States Government for a low figure and it was then sold through the markets at a much higher price. An American warship was sent to Cape Town, despite Mr. Churchill's appeals, to carry away British gold gathered there. After that the barrel was empty, and 'Lend-Lease' appeared. Under a statute of 1892 the American Secretary of War might 'lease army property when in his discretion it will be for the public good'. This was invoked (December 1940) to help Britain, President Roosevelt saying in a 'Fireside Chat', 'If Britain should go down, all of us in the Americas would be living at the point of a gun'.

Appearances belie realities; not Britain was to be chiefly succoured. The Lend-Lease Bill was passed against the protests of many Americans who wanted to help Britain but feared their money might in the end arm the Red Army. *Three months later* that became the case. In June the Fascists

red and brown turned against each other and Lend-Lease became an inexhaustible supply-line to the Communist Empire. The sums which passed through it (say, over £20,000,000,000,000) are beyond human comprehension, and where it all went is hard to determine. Mr. Sherwood appears to say that about a fifth went to the Soviet Empire, but the share might be much larger if the countries it was helped to annex were included.

Some idea of the possibilities is given by the Report of a Congressional Committee on Military Expenditure for the year 1949, which asked, 'What became of the vast quantities of war material on hand at the end of hostilities?' The American Army, it stated, then had material sufficient to equip only eighteen fully-equipped divisions 'although at the end of the war it had some eighty-nine fully equipped divisions and great additional quantities of material in the pipe line'. The Report' also asked what happened to the 86,000 tanks produced during the war; in 1949 the Army could only produce 16,000, most of them obsolete.

After the Second War's end this vast quantity of arms disappeared, somehow, somewhere. Private soldiers may not lose a button without reprimand. The direction in which most of it went seems obvious. The American Army was precipitately disbanded, Western Europe left almost undefended, the Soviet Empire up to Berlin gorged with soldiers and weapons.

Mr. Hopkins, though without formal title, was put in sole charge of this stupendous distribution. That meant world power, for it meant the control of foreign policy. He decided who should have weapons, and also merchant shipping, vehicles, food, fuel, industrial equipment (among other things, plans of the Tennessee Valley Authority's great power plants were supplied, and machines built from these are now being used in atom-bomb and other production in the Soviet fastnesses). The State Department in Washington and American Ambassadors abroad were excluded from the daily business of foreign relations; the foreign missions besieged the bestower of gifts, Mr. Hopkins. He appointed his own 'Expediter of Lend-Lease' in London, so that the functions of the American Ambassador there (as Mr. Walter Winant sadly complained) virtually ceased. Mr. Churchill, with messages for President Roosevelt, would cable to Mr. Hopkins and receive replies from him. The experienced Foreign Minister (Mr. Cordell Hull) sometimes received polite notes enclosing copies of Mr. Hopkins's cables 'for information'. A Cabinet Committee (representing the State Department, Treasury, Army and Navy) at first expected to supervise this gigantic diffusion of money, arms and goods, but it was thrust aside and Mr. Hopkins became supreme arbiter.

The results now show how he used the power. Right at the start (July 1941) he went to Moscow to discuss deliveries. He told Stalin that the American Government would be unwilling to send really big stuff, like tanks, aircraft and artillery, until 'the relative and strategic interests of 'each front, as well as the interests of our several countries' were fully and jointly explored in conference.

This seems the first and last time any suggestion was made that the causes and outcome of the war should be discussed before the Soviet Empire was put in a position to ignore any conditions. Thereafter supplies were continuous, increasing and unconditional, though pious hopes about this or that were sometimes expressed.

In tackling Stalin, Mr. Hopkins was the opposite of the picture painted of him by Mr. Roosevelt: 'When he's talking to some foreign dignitary, he knows how to slump back in his chair and put up his feet upon the conference table and say, Oh yeah?' Mr. Hopkins said 'Oh yes!' not 'Oh yeah?' He emerged from the presence in a state of awe that remained with him, so that a friend had to remind him he was a down-to-earth American, as good as any man if not better.

Thus supplies began without any irritating condition save one: that repayment should begin five years after the war's end (I doubt if this matter was strictly pressed, in 1950). Only one obstacle

remained. Mr. Hopkins, now 'Chairman of the President's Soviet Protocol Committee', was in 1942 irritated by a committee-member who urged that 'before we extend further aid to the Russians we should demand that they provide us with full information concerning their military situation as the British have consistently done'. Italics should be sparingly used but Mr. Hopkins's reply deserves them because it explains what truly went on and what confronts the world today:

*The United States is doing things which it would not do for other United Nations without full information from them. This decision to act without full information was made with some misgivings but after due deliberation (whose deliberation, Mr. Hopkins did not mention; presumably Mr. Hopkins's). There is no reservation about the policy at the present time but the policy is constantly being brought up by various groups for rediscussion. I propose that no further consideration be given to these requests for rediscussion.*

That was final, and fateful for America and the world. Mr. Sherwood says, 'The repeated warnings of possible Russian perfidy that Roosevelt received in 1941 and throughout the years that followed only served to make him increase his efforts to convince the Russians of America's incontestable good faith', and presumably Mr. Hopkins was the master-mind in this. At this point Mr. Hopkins, to judge by such words, seemed only to desire the triumph of the Soviet Empire and I wondered if he ever stated what he thought the war *was* about. I found he repeatedly described the grand purpose. It was, in splendid simplicity, 'to defeat Hitler'. Mr. Churchill elaborates: 'There he sat, slim, frail, ill, but absolutely glowing with refined comprehension of the Cause. It was to be the defeat, ruin and slaughter of Hitler, to the exclusion of all other purposes, loyalties or aims.'

These are hard words, used in praise, but apparently true, especially the ones about 'exclusion of all other loyalties' (which might almost form an indictment). If Mr. Hopkins's refined comprehension reduced the Cause to the slaughter of one man he was sorely disappointed. One of his last experiences on earth was to hear from Stalin's august lips scornful disbelief of Hitler's death, and Stalin should have known, because by that time his soldiers were in exclusive possession of the Place where Hitler committed suicide, omitting to leave his body behind. On his return to Berlin Mr. Hopkins was apparently the first American citizen to be allowed into this place. He had told the sceptical Stalin he hoped to find Hitler's body there. He found only some books in Hitler's office, which he took for souvenirs.

'The exclusion of all other loyalties'; those are remarkable words indeed. Did the master of rhetoric who used them realize, on this occasion, how precisely they described the sober but sinister truth? A man in Mr. Hopkins's position ('de facto President') should have but two loyalties, the primary one to his country and the secondary one to his country's allies. These cannot be 'excluded' (and Mr. Churchill is not one to use words carelessly) without other loyalties taking their place. Mr. Hopkins did in fact put loyalty to the Communist ally (so recently Hitler's own ally) above loyalty to all his country's other allies; his own words testify to that. Therewith he also put it above loyalty to his own country; whether his mental and physical health enabled him to see that or not, the event proved it for his country was left facing another and worse war. In effect his actions advanced the aims of that 'Brotherhood' or 'most formidable sect in the world' which Mr. Churchill so well understood, and it is hard to see why Mr. Churchill thought so highly of his comprehension.

'Other loyalties' indeed suffered grievously after Mr. Hopkins entered the war. In its later years the picture behind the scenes was rather like that of a supper party at the Borgias, culminating in the toxic banquet at Yalta. The Communist Empire had a primary and a secondary aim. The first was to add as much territory as it could to its domains through the war. The second was to prevent the rise of men, or groups of men, in the remaining European countries who would become national heroes of liberation there, forming strong cores around which those nations would rally in the third stage of Armageddon. The weaker and more leaderless those remaining nations were left, the easier

would the final triumph be. The actions of Messrs. Roosevelt and Hopkins, and unhappily those of the British leaders, also lent themselves to this process, which was to make a third war harder to prevent and more difficult to fight if it came.

The reader may remember how thankless the lot became, as the war went on, of any who at the start threw in their lot with the enemies of the man whose 'defeat, ruin and slaughter' was the Cause. King Leopold of the Belgians was called traitor because he stayed with his army to the last and did not join his government in exile. King Peter of Yugoslavia was dethroned because he formed a government in exile and did not stay with his army to the last ('He asked me,' says Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, Mr. Churchill's emissary to the Communist usurper, Tito, 'what prospect I thought he had of recovering his throne after the war. I replied, None, unless he could somehow go back and take part in the war of liberation, side by side with his people, as his father had done in the last war'). King George of Greece sinned mortally by staying with his army to the last *and* then forming a government in exile; after that his allies insisted that he should not remount his throne without a public referendum.

General de Gaulle, having fought with us from the start, was pictured as a nuisance and probably 'a Fascist'. Otto Strasser, the one German who fought Hitler in Germany and in exile from 1933 on, was held a virtual prisoner in Canada and as I write is still forbidden even to return to his country, where men who crushed attempts to kill Hitler are allowed to organize political parties. As to Poland (Mr. Churchill wrongly calls a section of *Their Finest Hour*, 'Alone!'; the Poles then fought with us on land, at sea and in the air) it was 'the first to fight' and its liberation intact was pledged by Mr. Eden on July 30th, 1941. Yet it was handed to the Communist Empire; the Poles, logically, did not appear at all in the ultimate Victory Parade. Mr. Churchill even thought, by 1949, that the Poles 'doomed themselves by their follies' to 'awful slaughter and miseries' (from a sea-girt island it may appear folly to live in a country squeezed between the Rooshans and the Prooshans).

In China Chiang Kai-shek incurred the odium generally attaching to allies. His troubles began during Mr. Hopkins's reign. The accumulated evidence of the various inquiries and exposures which have occurred since the Second War ended now overwhelmingly suggests that Communist infiltration in American government departments and more particularly in the war-time agencies which were set up, was strong enough for the Communists to delay Lend-Lease deliveries to Chiang Kai-shek, or rather, to ensure that he received no deliveries. When the great flow of supplies to the Communist Empire began the Chinese emissary in Washington protested to Mr. Hopkins, 'I have now been in the United States over fourteen months pleading for help of planes ... In these fourteen months not a single plane sufficiently equipped with armaments and ammunition so that it could actually be used to fire has reached China.' By November 1942 Madame Chiang Kai-Shek told Mr. Hopkins, 'Everyone in China is afraid that the United States is going to sell them down the river', a prescient fear. Mr. Roosevelt's arrangements at Yalta, and subsequent American support for the Communist demand to be taken into Chiang Kai-Shek's government, did what else was needed.

Mr. Churchill's part in such affairs shows curious alternations, as if different lights played on him. His offer to 'release' Greece from its own intention to fight the Nazis if attacked, in 1941, horrified the British Ambassador and notary commander, who knew the Greeks meant to fight in any circumstances, against any comers, for their own honour, without any other's leave or objection. Had Greece accepted the proffered 'release' it would presumably be now part of the Soviet Empire, and the general situation that much worse. Mr. Churchill averted that through his heroic interventions in 1945, when the Communists tried to clinch the matter by invasion and massacre.

The Yugoslav affair seems beyond reasonable explanation. Knowing the Balkans, I think only future tribulation can come from the political course Mr. Churchill pursued there, apparently with

the support of Messrs. Roosevelt and Hopkins. After the war he complained of the 'Iron Curtain', but Communist Yugoslavia is its southern pin, and he put it there. His emissary's account of the abandonment of King Peter ('to whom the British Government was morally under a definite obligation, who had thrown in his lot with Great Britain in her hour of need, and to whose government they were politically committed') will remain painful reading for all time. While Britain had few arms to give, King Peter's general was supported; when they were in lavish supply, the Communist leader was supported; at the end the King's general was shot by Communists in khaki uniform using British or American weapons - it is gruesome. Some words of Mr. Churchill (used about the abandonment of Czechoslovakia in 1938, by Mr. Chamberlain's government) might apply in this case: 'There is one helpful guide, namely, for a nation to keep its word and to act in accordance with its treaty obligations to allies. This guide is called honour.'

In all that the American and British masses had no say or authentic information. Mr. Churchill's dictum, 'At no time was the right of criticism impaired', is substantially misleading. The *right* may have continued, but the public expression of criticism, at the time when it might have done good, was in practice much restricted. The press and broadcasting, in England as in America, were controlled by official agencies which effectively operated to reduce criticism to a minimum, and quite apart from that, the newspapers and radio were thoroughly permeated by Communists. Writers of my own experience and knowledge were virtually excluded, or they would have said, much earlier and in suitable terms, what Brigadier Maclean's American top-sergeant said when he saw that Red Army trucks rolling into Belgrade in 1944 were American ones: 'It makes you sick to think of these unprintable unmentionables having all this good American equipment.' At that time the world did not know of atom bombs and when it did learn of them was for some years told that America had a monopoly, but in fact, under 'Lend-Lease', atomic compounds also went to the Communist Empire and no doubt remains now that secrets of manufacture also travelled that way, from sources American and British. Further, the industrial capacity of the Soviet Empire, behind the Urals, was being greatly expanded in the same manner, and that was something not so important for the outcome of the Second War as for preparing a third.

Nevertheless, up to the very last one means remained of making good these deeds and forcing the Communist Empire to conclude the war in the spirit in which it was begun, namely, by liberating the nations overrun. This was to send the American and British armies right across Germany and beyond and let them do the liberating. However, that possibility was foreseen too, and arrangements made to prevent it. In 1943 Mr. Hopkins thought 'there was no understanding between Great Britain, Russia and ourselves as to which army should be where' after the defeat of Germany. Either this lack of understanding was carefully nurtured until the Red Army stood on the Berlin line, which meant the bisection of Europe and a third war unless the grace of God should avert one (man would not be able to), or an understanding to that effect was reached.

In that last stage Mr. Hopkins, possibly all unknowing, was acting as the chief instrument of a mechanism of power controlled and permeated by Communism. Soon after the invasion of Normandy he telegraphed a warning to President Roosevelt against meeting Mr. Churchill 'without Uncle Joe'. The vital matter of who should occupy what 'zone' dragged on in some committee and eventually settled itself in the shape visible today: the extension of the Communist Empire to Berlin. The British and American military commanders, given free hand, could have occupied all Germany and much beyond.

At last, as if Stalin himself were planning every detail, Mr. Hopkins's four years approached their climax. In October 1944, when the last coup alone remained in doubt, Mr. Cordell Hull resigned the American Secretaryship of State (Foreign, Office). He was the one experienced professional still near the hub of affairs and for years had been bypassed, Messrs. Roosevelt and Hopkins sending their dispatches through military channels so that they should not reach his eyes or those of



American ambassadors abroad. All checks and restraints were now slipped. A man of standing, Mr. James Byrnes, might have been appointed, but some years before had told Mr. Hopkins to 'keep the hell out of my business'. A completely unqualified one, Mr. Edward Stettinius, was therefore selected; his part was to do what Mr. Hopkins said.

This determined the shape of the American delegation to the vital Yalta Conference, where all that had been hatched was to pop out of the egg. Its four leading members were President Roosevelt, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Alger Hiss; three had but a short time to live and the fourth was a Communist. Mr. Hopkins was in reality the chief delegate. He only left his bed to attend full meetings; the American delegation otherwise gathered in his bedroom. The place of meeting (in Soviet territory) was chosen by Mr. Hopkins, who over-rode all objections of Mr. Roosevelt's other advisers. Mr. Hopkins says that President Roosevelt was already unclear of understanding; nevertheless he remembered to tell Stalin 'privately' that the British ought to give Hong Kong back to the Chinese, who were already abandoned in Mr. Hopkins's and presumably in Mr. Hiss's minds to the Communists. Then Mr. Stettinius, prompted by Mr. Hopkins, revived the proposal for relieving Britain of colonial possessions and 'strategic islands'. This angered Mr. Churchill, who also fought hard for 'the rights of small nations', at that stage unhappily a cause already largely lost, in Yugoslavia among other places.

Mr. Sherwood thinks President Roosevelt 'would not have agreed to that final firm commitment' (he appears to mean the betrayal of China) 'had it not been that the Yalta Conference was almost at an end and he was tired and anxious to avoid further argument'. These reasons might explain concessions in a matter of a few dimes but seem inadequate in one of such dimensions. The documents suggest that Mr. Roosevelt at that moment was beyond knowing what he did or resisting any pressure from those around him. The American Republic, materially, was at its greatest strength; through its President it was spiritually at its weakest.

The Yalta Conference must surely be unique in history. Acted as a play in a theatre, it would challenge credulity to such extent that the playgoers might laugh it off the stage. It had a strange sequel, a little human footnote still not legible. It was the end of the Roosevelt-Hopkins partnership! The last meeting over, President Roosevelt wanted Harry the Hop to help him write his speech to America, on the homeward voyage. Suddenly Harry the Hop would not comply! He 'sent word' that he must leave the ship at Algiers, rest, and then fly to Washington. Mr. Roosevelt was 'disappointed and even displeased'. His farewell (when Mr. Hopkins emerged from his cabin to go ashore) 'was not very amiable'. The two men never met again; the great partnership ends in a row of dots, a query mark and the present ordeal of mankind.

Mr. Sherwood writes for nine hundred pages as an ardent admirer of both men. At the end he seems suddenly to shrink, Dorian Gray-like, from the picture of America under their sway which he has drawn. He finishes the amazing tale by expressing the hope that 'a phenomenon like Franklin D. Roosevelt will not recur ... in the interests of the nation and indeed of the entire world, which must never again be in the position in time of peril of placing so much reliance on the imagination, courage and durability of one mortal man' (nevertheless America, and Britain, are more than ever in that position now). Mr. Sherwood was left in an 'alarmed awareness of the risks that we run of disastrous fallibility at the very top of our Constitutional structure'. He says there is 'far too great a gap between the President and the Congress' and adds that 'the extraordinary and solitary Constitutional powers of the President remain and, in times of crisis, they are going to be asserted for better or for worse'. He particularly mentions (and in my observation this is a most vital point) the added power, to lead or mislead, which was given to Mr. Roosevelt for the first time among Presidents but remains with his successors: that of commanding a direct audience of many millions through broadcasts.

Mr. Roosevelt, and the man who in fact supplanted him at decisive moments, both were made the instruments of Soviet Communism, which had penetrated the roost on which they stood to a degree they probably never knew. They refused ear to all arguments against subversion at home or the probity of the Communist Empire. Their minds had been moulded to think that such honest misgivings were but the emanations of 'racial discrimination', 'Red-baiting' or 'anti-Semitism'; so perverse are the top-line politicians of our time that they would make it treason to denounce treason, and this is both an American and an English situation.

The power which deluded these men grew up, like Political Zionism, among Russian Jewry. To that Dr. Weizmann's book, among much other evidence, appears to be conclusive testimony. Communism is the product of the revolutionary son (as Zionism was that of the nationalist son) in those households. The directing forces of both movements remain Russian-Jewish; each new disclosure reaffirms that and many more Jews than Gentiles have spoken to it. Dr. Oscar Levy wrote in 1920, 'Jewish elements provide the driving force for both Communism and Capitalism for the material as well as the spiritual ruin of the world'. Mr. Maurice Samuel wrote, 'We are trying to rebuild the world to our needs and unbuild it for the Gentiles ... We, the destroyers, will remain destroyers forever ... Nothing you will do will meet our needs and demands. We will forever destroy because we need a world of our own.'

Such statements, made by non-Jews, would today be denounced as racial defamation but are true of the group of Russian Jewry which produced Soviet Communism. It did *not* include *all* Russian Jews; once again, Russian Jews have attacked it more strongly than Gentiles, and have been ignored by leading Gentile politicians just as the established Jews in England and America were ignored. For instance, a Russian Jew, Mr. J. Anthony Marcus, in 1949 gave evidence for a United States Senate Committee which was appointed to consider matters of Immigration and Naturalization, with particular reference to 'Communist Activities among Aliens and National Groups'. He said, among much else:

I am here because I owe an eternal debt to this country, as do many millions more immigrants. I came here from Czarist Russia as a lonely immigrant boy in 1910, seeking the freedom, economic and educational opportunities which were denied to me in the country of my birth ... Here in America such opportunities were mine for the mere asking and on equal terms with the native-born citizens. Within four years after landing here with the munificent fortune of \$14.28, with an English vocabulary of three words ('street' and 'hurry up') I not only made my way from modest beginnings in industrial plants to a post in the United States Immigration Service but had managed to save up enough money to bring over from Russia my widowed mother and six brothers and sisters ... The life of a person is entirely too short to enable him to repay so great a debt to the generous, warm-hearted and fair-minded people of America ... In a modest way I have tried through the years to make some repayment ... Ever since landing on American soil I have felt that since my ancestors had contributed nothing to make this country free, prosperous, generous, progressive and cultured; since my ancestors did not struggle and die in the process of clearing the wilderness, fighting the Indian wars, freezing in the covered wagons as they blazed a trail from coast to coast for future settlers, suffering hunger and thirst while building this great continent, the least I could and should do is to help preserve its liberties for all time to come. The same duty devolves upon every immigrant here.

Prior to the First World War, countless thousands of immigrants came here without any intention of becoming full-fledged members of this democracy. They were bent on exploiting our political and economic opportunities and returning to their homelands as soon as America had served their purpose ... Since the conclusion of the First World War, a new type has made his way here. Some have discovered that one did not have to labour in factories, mines, mills or fields to earn a living. One could earn a much better living, and satisfy their exaggerated ego besides, by stirring up

political and labour trouble among their compatriots, promising paradise on earth *à la* Stalin to the uninformed, unthinking and ungrateful. This is very important, because there are hundreds and hundreds of organizations in the United States that have very large memberships and ... they are being pressed by their relatives abroad, who are being pressed by their respective totalitarian governments, to do their bidding on our soil ... Reluctantly, I must confess that too many of my fellow immigrants, both naturalized and those still aliens, are largely responsible for the subversive movements plaguing this country today ... They remained aliens to our language and at heart.

... The presence here of large bodies of ethnic groups, alien at heart and spirit to our way of life, is the outgrowth of lax immigration laws ... On the basis of nearly thirty years of close contact with the operations of the Soviet Government here and abroad, I most earnestly urge you to heed this warning ... Bad as it was prior to the Second War, since its conclusion matters have taken a turn for the worse. The satellite nations -- Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Lithuania, Latvia, Bulgaria and so forth -- have millions of their former nationals in this country, some naturalized and many not. They, in turn, have millions of relatives and friends in their former homelands ... By bringing pressure to bear on those relatives overseas, by reprisals or threats thereof, they [the Communists] can and do exert pressure on their American relations to do the biddings of their Communist governments ... As a former immigrant, I deem it my duty to speak frankly to fellow immigrants who in these troubled times, by omission or commission, fail to show their appreciation of what this country has done for them....

Such statements apply, not to World Jewry, but to the cohesive body of Russian Jewry, non-Semitic in origins, which has thrown up the two destructive movements of today and has in effect landed armies of political paratroopers in America and England. Until now, and for thirty years past, words like those of Mr. Marcus have had no effect on the Gentile political leaders who facilitated the process and the bulk of Jews and Gentiles alike are caught in this destructive mechanism. Indeed, the most rabid hatred is kept for Jewish objectors to it. An American rabbi, Mr. Morris Lazon, once said, 'There is no room in this country for any race, Italian, Russian, Polish or Jewish, to set itself up as a private community and build a wall around itself'. The sober opinion received an inflammatory reply from a particularly fanatical Political Zionist leader, the late Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who said, 'This Jewish apostle of Christian-Jewish goodwill stands exposed in the nakedness of his bitter and unyielding anti-Jewishness. If there were such a thing as decent public opinion in America, Rabbi Morris Lazon would nevermore be permitted to stand before a Jewish meeting.'

That violent group of Russian Jewry, from all I have seen as I have come through the decades, is the one which has perfected two methods of gaining political control over leading politicians of the West and over the masses of Jewry. I believe the majority of Jews, and very few Gentiles, understand this, and I think most Jews would join with Gentiles in opposing something equally harmful to them both, if they could. Both are thwarted in that by the present permeation of political machines in great countries, especially America, by these political paratroopers from afar. The actions of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins appear to represent their greatest success in mind-control to date. They have shown stupendous skill in their work; had this been applied to improving relations between men a dazzling prospect of betterment might face the world today. But their driving force is essentially hatred, and for that reason I believe they must fail in the end. Their dupes are inwardly the unhappiest folk I know, for their lives are living lies. Serving no positive purpose, but only a destructive one, they are the victims of 'the deception of nations' and in time must destroy themselves.

However, as matters stand today in the political parties, they can only be checkmated by some counter-movement sprung from the loins of the masses. I think this birth, or renascence, is occurring now.

## Chapter Four

### LOOKING BACK

From the deck I watched the lights of New Orleans, of the Mississippi's banks and of the last land slip past until the night was black; the ship was out at sea and America was astern. So that was that; I knew the whole area, from Moscow to San Francisco, where the destiny of the world is being forged. Now I had seen everything.

All the world is waiting for the sunrise; there was more truth in that trite ballad of the Second War than its writer or hearers knew. Since 1914 the world has been waiting, and it must wait awhile yet. This feeling of a world waiting to know its own fate, like a prisoner while the jury is absent, has accompanied me everywhere I went. I felt it first in Berlin in 1929 (and today it must lie heavier than ever on that city); it hung over Vienna when I went there in 1935, and over Prague and Budapest and Belgrade and Warsaw in 1938 and 1939. It was more tangible than ever in Paris in early 1940, and heaviest of all over my own London a month or two later.

Still the unanswered question presses on all the peoples, and ever more onerously, and in America it was tangible and vibrant, too. Men know in their hearts, though few of them admit, that the ordeal which began in 1914 is not over but continues; it must continue until the ambition which has been pursued during these four decades succeeds or fails, until the Western nations are free again or have been wholly enslaved, not through defeats in battle but by the alien conspirators at home to whom they have opened their gates.

The feeling of constant suspense which troubled Europe between the wars has spread to the American Republic. Its people intuitively know, if they do not consciously realize, that in the next stage of the process they will be in the thick of the clash. But what the process is very few of them perceive. I think personal experience, of the actual event, is necessary to that. They are in a clutch which they feel but do not understand. They are like the Berliners in 1932, the Viennese in 1937. Only their anticipation is palpable.

To my mind, they are in a similar boat to the British Islander, though not yet quite so far downstream. They are being steered, under pretence of going to fight 'emergencies' and wars of arms, towards the serfdom of the World State with its terrible great sword and its oceanic watchtowers. But only at a high level of enlightenment, like that of Mrs. Alice Duer Miller in *The White Cliffs* and of Professor J. Frank Dobie in *A Texan in England*, does a perception of that inexorably-linked destiny, or doom, survive. Professor Dobie wrote, 'It is not only their common language, their common inheritance of the noblest literature on earth and many common material and national interests that dictate a decent partnership between America and the British nations; it is a common civilization'.

That is in fact the stake, but I do not believe that the forces which have become so strong behind the American and British governments desire the continuance of that civilization. They wish to destroy it and the time seems to me to be ripe for the culminating attempt.

I found in America, if my eye was true, at this time a great bewilderment, a sense of premonition and a spiritual leaderlessness, all things which I knew from Europe and my country, between the wars and after the second one. The structure of government and all the means of public information have become so infested that the masses of men simply cannot tell where truth or native interest lie. The machine has taken charge, and only when men see with their own eyes whither it takes them will they now know whether this was good or bad for them, and turn to resistance if they still can.

America, my own country and what remains of Europe are, I thought, in one ship now, and it is being steered towards the harbour lights, or the wreckers' light, of the World State. I think those lights false ones, set up on rocks. To judge what this great scheme portends for mankind, you need to know the men who are truly behind it. I think I know them, after these twenty-five years of political exploration. However, all should be able to form an opinion about that before very long.

Meanwhile, it was a fine experience and I was the better and happier for it. I looked back with regret as the last of America faded astern, and turned my face towards new travels.

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## POSTSCRIPT

I finished this book in June 1950 and a few days later American troops were sent to South Korea to fight Communists from North Korea. The book was meant to be a picture of America on the eve of events which, I thought, clearly impended. Now they have begun; I think they are intended to start the third stage of Armageddon.

In the year that followed I travelled far and wide again, in Africa, then in Canada, and once more into the United States. Thus I often saw The Boys as they set out on one more journey: splendid Rhodesian fighting-men and South African airmen (Boer and British) sailing from Durban; Canadians entraining at Montreal; my own fellow-islanders training for the fray in Canada; Americans reporting for duty. Fine men all, the very best; the breed does not deteriorate, but improves.

But for what *purpose* were they being sent? Watching them, I recalled those ominous words of President Roosevelt's legal adviser: 'the handling of the military forces of the United States can be so managed as to foster any purpose you pursue'. That applies, also, to British, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and all other military forces, in these times.

Though I feel myself still in the first flush of youth, I come to feel myself also like the Old Man of the Sea when I watch these departures of The Boys. 1914 ...! 1917 ...! 1939 ...! 1941 ...! 1950 ...! In these first contingents are always many who go for sheer love of a campaign; behind them, later, come the masses.

As I foresee them, the events which began with the landing in Korea will comprise the third and probably the final stage in Armageddon and will continue from now on without genuine interruption, whether the Korean affair for tactical reasons is allowed to subside, or is inflated into a third world upheaval. The purpose pursued, by those who truly wield power in the world now, will in my opinion be to reduce America and Britain, both, to slave-status in a World Federation dominated by 'that most formidable sect in the world' to which Mr. Churchill once alluded. This brotherhood has in the last thirty years become so powerful in America and Britain that its chances of success are good. 'When the fox hath once got in his nose, he'll soon find means to make the body follow', said Shakespeare, and this particular fox has in Washington and London got in much more than its nose.

That at least is my opinion, but before adding such argument as I can to support it I beg the patient reader's ear for some explanation of myself. The man who has closely followed these things from their open beginning in 1914, as I have, and has broken away from daily journalism because hidden restraints prevent both the accurate reporting of facts and the unimpeded building of opinion on them, treads a curious path. He becomes a free and thus a happy man. But the very reason that moved him to this self-liberation is that the times are bad and infested with falsehood. The tale he freely tells, therefore, is one of a bad time getting worse, before it can get better; the only difference is that he can at least say what he sees.

This exposes him to the danger that 'the nature of bad news infects the teller'. He has to beware of that contagion, to which such as the late Mr. H. G. Wells succumbed (who was so oppressed by the sense of coming evil that he at last thought the end of the world was at hand, whereas only his own impended).

A trained journalist is better equipped to write of such matters than a novelist who turns to moralizing. I am not tempted to moralize, only to report. My training shows me the deep truth of Shakespeare's warning about the contaminatory danger of bad news, so that I try to shun the

personal infection while telling bad news from book to book (at the moment there is no other news), and I hope one day to report the happier sequel.

Merely to shout warnings is also useless, for 'by a divine instinct men's minds mistrust *ensuing* danger'. (Who but that Founding Father of wisdom would have seen the *divine* root of what seems, in the passing instant, a devilish inertia?) Nevertheless, a writer should write, though he should always remember those two great truths, and I write to try and show the true shape of current events behind the smoke-screens thrown out for the masses.

Dogmatism is another danger. My native way of saying things sometimes gives an abrupt shock to the reader's newspaper-born notions of what goes on in the world, stinging him to sharp cries of grief or rage. A man who has seen as much as I have of the sequence of events that began in 1914 is easily moved to impatience at the false public presentation of them and the surrender of the mass-mind to transparent falsehoods. However, no mortal is qualified to cry, 'Lord, what fools these mortals be!', so I want to curb my natural spleen, and in offering my opinions about far Korea to the reader to say, Come, let us reason together'. Then he can make up his own mind.

My *opinion*, then, is that the Korean affair, whether it remains localized now or is puffed up into a third universal war, is either the beginning of the end, or the end of the beginning, of Armageddon. I think the 'military forces' engaged, and their operations, will be 'handled' to pursue certain 'purposes', and I think the overriding purpose is to enslave all The Boys, on all sides, to a tyrannous world authority, for which the present United Nations Organization is a rehearsal. In two earlier books (of 1948 and 1950) I said that, in view of the outcome of the Second War, no faith could be put in any third war begun as one of 'The West against Communist aggression', or the like, unless the political leaders of America and Britain were set free from the secret thrall which they have in recent generations accepted. With that as the basis of my argument, I hope the persevering reader will scrutinize with me the beginnings and present stage of the Korean episode.

In the sequel to Mr. Roosevelt's imperial gift of 'special rights in China' to the Communist Empire (which, under further American pressure, by 1950 had extended to include *all* China save an island yet unconquered, Formosa), the Korean peninsula was partitioned like Europe and Palestine. North Korea was occupied by Soviet and South Korea by American troops.

Events then followed the pattern now familiar. An American expert, General Wedemeyer, was in 1947 sent to Korea and in that year reported to President Truman that the Communist North Koreans would be sent by the Russian Communists against the South Koreans once the Soviet had 'induced' the United States to withdraw its own troops from South Korea. On that, United States forces *were* withdrawn (1948); the North Korean Communists *did* invade (1950); and President Truman (without consulting the American commander, General MacArthur), ordered the American forces to return, broadcasting that this event 'makes it clear beyond all doubt that the international Communist movement is willing to use armed invasion to conquer independent nations ... The free nations face a worldwide threat. It must be met with a worldwide defence'. The United Nations Organization was hurriedly called together to proclaim the President's action a United Nations one. In England, the Prime Minister spoke of 'a worldwide conspiracy against the way of life of the free democracies' and his Attorney General said South Korea was 'one of the lighthouses of liberty, which we cannot serenely allow to go out' (Sir Hartley Shawcross, one of the prosecutors of Nuremberg, also referred to 'the world conscience').

Up to that early stage in the affair, then, it could be interpreted in two ways. Either this sudden war against 'Communist aggression' was genuine or it was false. Either the leading politicians of the West had suddenly awakened to the true nature of Communism; or military operations were being begun and would be 'handled' to allow certain other, overriding 'purposes' to be pursued.

What are the signs either way, of genuineness or falsity? The genuine motive can only be tested when the world is able to survey what comes of it all, and that might be some time yet. Many things, however, meanwhile pointed to a continuation of the false one.

First, only five years earlier eight separate European nations, and half of Germany, were surrendered to 'Communist aggression' through secret arrangements made by President Roosevelt which limited the Anglo-American advance in Europe in 1944-45. These countries were forced, by the arrival of the Red Army, to submit to Communist governments, appointed by Moscow. The United Nations Organization, today eager to check 'Communist aggression' in fact sanctioned those aggressions and annexations by admitting the puppet-governments to full membership, so that each Soviet vote was echoed by several dummies. All these governments, with the parent one, remained members of the United Nations Organization when it set out to punish 'Communist aggression'; indeed, for some time the American Commander's operational reports, and requests for reinforcements, were rendered to the Soviet delegate there, who was for the time president of the Security Council!

Second, soon after the Korean campaign against Communist aggression began, the American President sanctioned large loans to Yugoslavia, a Communist State. True, its head was *supposed* to dislike and be disliked by Stalin, but it was beyond any question a *Communist* state. Was the war, then, to be one against Communism in one place and for Communism in another?

Third, and most important, Korea was a geographical pendant of the Chinese mainland, and at American insistence a Communist Government had been foisted on China, too (the Secretary for War under whom General MacArthur operated, General Marshall, but a year or two before had played the chief part in that). Now all that remained non-Communist was this South Korea and the island of Formosa, where the Chinese anti-Communist leader, Chiang Kai-shek (who had been fighting Fascism *and* Communism longer than anybody else in the world) stood with his last forces. He at once offered an army of trained troops to fight 'Communist aggression', and this aid was promptly refused by the American President, who also forbade him to attack his enemies on the mainland.

No reasonable man, I think, can in all this find any genuine sign of a resolve to stamp out Communist aggression or to liberate the world, at last. The picture is that, of saying one thing and doing another, of declaring A Cause to the masses but 'handling' military operations to pursue other 'purposes', which caused the political loss of the Second War, after it was militarily won.

That was particularly clear in the case of Chiang Kai-shek. His unpopularity, in the parliaments and newspapers of the West, could not have been greater had he been a Communist aggressor; indeed, I think it would then have been much less. Having fought all comers for twenty years, and being now embattled in his last island stronghold, he had no friends anywhere. The same process began, of 'smearing' a national leader, which was used (if the patient reader will cast his memory back) with *every* anti-Fascist ally during the Second War. To be on the side of the West, to fight valiantly against Hitler, was a political death-warrant, and sometimes a mortal one. Generals Bor and Anders of Poland, Mihailovitch of Yugoslavia and his King, King George of Greece, General de Gaulle of France and Otto Strasser of Germany, and many more, all received 'the treatment' in this way; now Chiang Kai-shek's turn came. The campaign against him proves the complete infestation of the newspapers of the West, whatever political label they display; and behind it was the massive fact, that he could have thrown large armies into the battle to take the brunt off The Boys from America, from Britain and the British countries overseas. *That was not allowed!*

Next came the turn of the American commander, General MacArthur. He believed it his duty to destroy the enemy and win battles; outside America, and even in large parts of that country, the



mass-newspapers, now so largely controlled by the conspirators of these times, made him as unpopular as Chiang Kai-shek. He did not stop at the 38th Parallel (I hope one day to see a fighting, advancing army perform the delightful military exercise of stopping at an imaginary line, particularly if a good position for the enemy lies on the other side of it); he wanted to bomb the enemy, even to use Chiang's soldiers! In a war against 'Communist aggression' these were clearly disgraceful, almost mutinous ideas; he was dismissed.

I heard his tumultuous public welcome and his speech to Congress from a ship at sea, and landed in North America while the furore continued. General MacArthur is a soldier of a well-known American school. When you have been trained at West Point around 1900 by instructors whose own instructors were still fighting the War of Independence, you see everything in terms of redcoats and continue to fight all your battles against King George III; it is an amiable weakness that only disappears in the course of several centuries. Thus General MacArthur in 1945 did not want the British 'to assume control of any territory that we recaptured from the enemy' and 'refused to use any British divisions until after an assault on the Japanese mainland was under way'. In his speech to Congress General MacArthur, while putting all cogent facts of the Korean affair plainly before America, also contrived to suggest that it was all, in some odd way, mixed up with British 'colonialism' (he did not explain what this had to do with an American President's decision, first to leave Korea and then to reoccupy it). However, that is unimportant. The important thing was his gigantic public welcome, which to my mind sprang spontaneously from the hearts and throats of the great mass of Americans who feel, though they cannot understand, the falsehoods that have beclouded the matter from its start. *If* they are to fight Communism, they wanted to fight it, destroy it, and get the thing done; if not, then they wanted to get out. General MacArthur's orders from Washington (they must count among the most curious of all military history) were merely to 'ensure the security of his command'.

General MacArthur may have been mistaken about the date, thinking it to be 1775, not 1951, but in the main matter at issue he was a symbol of truth among falsehood, and a genuine one. For that reason his tremendous welcome came from the great mass of Americans who felt and feared the falsehoods and longed for truth.

If he was sent, without being asked, against a 'Communist aggressor', he wanted to fight successful battles, destroy and drive back the enemy, win the campaign. When he felt a hand reach out from behind and arrest him each time he tried to do those things, he thought it was a treacherous hand, and protested loudly. He did his country and the world a great service, for by his stand and dismissal large numbers of people for the first time had the brutal contrast, between what the politicians said and what they did, put luridly before them.

Also, The Boys might at some stage in these proceedings wonder to what end they are being used, if any commander who seeks to destroy the enemy is to be dismissed. It is a piquant reflection, that the final success of the Plan for Mankind can probably only be averted now by the recurrence of similar incidents, by the loud protest of a politician here and a general there against the deception of nations. General MacArthur's dismissal was presented to the public masses as the necessary assertion of 'the civil authority over the military', a phrase once valid. Today, when 'the civil authority' in all great countries has clearly passed into other hands than those of the visible politicians, it is an artful deception.

General MacArthur went the way of every politician and soldier, for many years past, who has rebelled against this occult rule. To the close student of the records, General Wavell's relegation from the battlefield, during the Second War, looks very much as if it was the penalty for his reluctance to have any truck with the major disaster which was being prepared in Palestine. The dismissal of General Sir Frederick Morgan (the chief planner of D-Day, and 'an exceptionally fine

officer' according to General Eisenhower) *was* openly the consequence of his public warning that, in the confusion following the fighting's end in Europe, mass-movements of Eastern Europeans were being made to bring about that new centre of world-unrest in Palestine. General Marshall resigned after opposing the recognition of Israel; and only reappeared in the American scene after lending himself to the enforced Communization of China. Mr. Bevin, the only statesman of the last thirty years, was pursued to his deathbed for his opposition to the Palestinian adventure, being described in Zionist newspapers just before his end as 'a symbol of anti-Jewishness almost as definite as Hitler'!

General MacArthur's dismissal was, I thought, certain from the very start of the Korean Affair unless he understood and accepted the meaning of a certain event at its outset. He was made, *not* the commander of the American, or of Allied forces, but 'the United Nations commander', and as a pledge of that status he was sent a United Nations flag. This was indeed a retreat from Old Glory and, knowing something of his character, I was at the time surprised that he submitted. The United Nations flag is in the same colours as that of the new Zionist State, and is almost indistinguishable, in colouring and device, from one used by the Soviet State for its 'International Peace Movement'.

But that was not all. This particular banner, bestowed on General MacArthur, was an especial one: that carried by Count Bernadotte, the emissary of the United Nations murdered on a mission of peace to Palestine! His death went unpunished; it was tacitly overlooked by the United Nations; his proposals were ignored and their opposite accepted.

Thus no more arrogant and open emblem, not of 'The United Nations Organization' as visible to the masses, but of an inner authority ruling it, could have been chosen to present to General MacArthur. There is a sardonic and obviously deliberate symbolism in such episodes as this.

To my mind, the choice of that banner clearly meant that any commander, in the Korean affair or any later one that might grow out of it, must without question carry out his orders received or expect dismissal. It is a great gain to the world that the first commander thus involved did prefer dismissal and did obtain the world's eye for a moment with his public exposure of the inherent falsity of the situation. This is not a matter of the supremacy of 'the civil' over 'the military' authority, but of that of 'The United Nations Organization' and of whatever forces in truth control that body, of which Mr. Alger Hiss was a founding father. The answer to that question supplies itself: on the very first line of this organization's first ledger-page stand two fatal entries written in red: the expulsion of the defenceless Arabs from their native Palestine, with the proclamation of a Zionist State; and the mock-legalization of the Soviet Union's annexation of half Europe.

Thus any commander who intends to keep a 'United Nations' command, while this state of affairs continues, must carry out *any* orders, no matter what his military knowledge or national pride tell him he ought to do. Up to the present the picture of a commander who conforms to that idea is given by General Eisenhower, of himself, in his book, *Crusade in Europe*. At the time, when the thing was in its beginnings, he may well have failed to see its true shape. I do not think that can be hidden from any future commander, who will have before his eyes the way military victory in Europe was converted into political defeat, and the obvious reappearance of symptoms of that same result in Korea.

It fell to General Eisenhower to obey orders to make the Anglo-American advance in Europe, in 1944-45, conform with the Soviet advance from the east, so that in the end Communism swallowed half of Europe. The Anglo-American military commanders, left to pursue purely military ends, could have averted that calamity by pressing right through Germany, and beyond. General Eisenhower repeatedly mentions recommendations by Mr. Churchill in some such sense, but says he had to oppose them because they were 'political', where he was tied to 'military' considerations.

However, the supreme order to let the Red Armies get to the Berlin line first was the greatest *political* one of these 1951 years, in my judgment.

Instructively, General Eisenhower refers to General Montgomery's reputation for excessive caution. He mentions this only to refute it, but by alluding to it at all gives the rumour further currency. Then he mentions two occasions on which General Montgomery, after the Normandy landing, urged a quicker and more vigorous advance; on both occasions General Eisenhower declined! The second occasion was in September 1944, when General Montgomery urged that, if given full support, he could rush right on into Berlin and end the war. 'I would not consider it,' General Eisenhower says; and the picture of Europe today may be the result.

In 1951 General Eisenhower is Supreme Commander in Western Europe, and events might have shown him that situations arise when a commander would do better to demur than yield. Of General MacArthur's dismissal, he said 'When you put on a uniform, there are certain inhibitions which you accept'. In his book, however, he said, 'The American soldier ... is an intelligent human being who demands and deserves basic understanding of the reasons why his country took up arms and of the conflicting consequences of victory or defeat ... Belief in an underlying cause is fully as important to success in war as any local esprit or discipline induced or produced by whatever kind of command or leadership action.'

The question arises from that, whether the American soldier, surveying Europe as the Allied victory in 1945 left it, and Korea after the first year's fighting, has any clear 'basic understanding of the reasons why his country took up arms', or of 'the underlying cause'. I do not see how a belief in those essentials can be reconciled with unquestioning submission to orders which might blatantly conflict with 'the reasons' or 'the cause', and think it might be grave if General Eisenhower took with him into his second Supreme Command an inflexible respect for 'certain inhibitions'.

For what *was* the result of General MacArthur's dismissal? How far did it clarify 'the cause' or improve the prospects? The answers may be learned from the remarks that were made about it by leading men who approved of it. First, President Truman himself announced that his country 'would not strip itself of allies in order to follow General MacArthur into direct war on Communist China' (the Chinese Communists, as I have neglected to mention, by this time were making war on General MacArthur, and his successor). But if anyone 'stripped' the American forces of allies, it was apparently President Truman, who from the first forbade Chiang's anti-Communist Chinese to fight the Chinese Communists, and refused the aid of their armies! Words lose all meaning in these debates.

Then the British Defence Minister, a Mr. Shinwell, announced that General MacArthur's dismissal had opened the way for the United Nations and Red China 'to get together'. Red China, with its puppet North Korea, was 'the Communist aggressor' against whom this enterprise was originally launched. Now the aim was 'to get together'.

Then, while American cheers for General MacArthur still resounded, the Canadian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson, declared that it was 'a mistake to say the United Nations forces were fighting in Korea to defeat Communism. The purpose there is to defeat aggression by Communist states'. He added that 'until the war is ended there can be no question of even discussing whether Formosa should be handed over to the Peking regime' (the Communist Government foisted on China) 'and the same view holds in regard to the recognition of the Peking Government'.

That is clear. It means that when the war *is* ended there *can* be 'a question of discussing whether Formosa should be handed over' to the Communists, and there *can* be 'a question of recognizing the Chinese Communist Government'.

That would mean rewarding 'Communist aggression' by handing over to the Chinese Communists the last unsubdued anti-Communist stronghold, and a further reward in the form of recognition. That would be a repetition of the events of 1945 in Europe: the expansion of the Communist area, the increase of Communist voting-strength in the United Nations Organization, the abandonment of the anti-Communist (or anti-Fascist) leader. It would be the exact opposite of 'the reasons' and 'the underlying cause' proclaimed to the masses when the war was begun!

That should explain the mass of American enthusiasm for General MacArthur. He was seen as the symbol of truth against untruth. At the time the statements were made, which I have quoted above, ten thousand Americans had fallen in Korea, and mounting numbers of British, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, South African, Greek, Turkish and other soldiers. Surely at some point The Boys must learn for what they are sent to fight? To masses of Americans, in any case, it must have seemed that the exposure of a Mr. Alger Hiss (and to numbers of British Islanders, that of a Dr. Nunn May, a Dr. Klaus Fuchs or a Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo) was wasted energy, if events were to follow such a course as this.

I do not see how to escape the conclusion that, at any rate up to this point, military undertakings were once again being 'handled' to pursue the 'purposes' of groups which have become supremely powerful in America and England, and that these purposes were the opposite of any 'cause' publicly proclaimed. I think the aim is so to direct events that the last obstacles to the setting up of the despotic World State shall be broken down; and these are, the remaining rights of property and liberty in the American Republic and the British Island.

For the great secret which has been discovered in the Twentieth Century is this: that once you can get The Boys marching you can behind their backs destroy all these remaining obstacles. You can do anything at all! The solution to all problems lies in the magic words, Emergency Powers.

In England this process has been carried half-way to completion, or perhaps a little more; only the last coup is needed. Income-tax is already nearly half of income, and taxation only begins there. Men may no longer freely buy food, choose their occupations or build homes. They have as yet the right to fair trial. All these inroads on property and liberty were begun under Emergency Powers in the First War and enlarged under those taken by Mr. Churchill in the Second War. The restoration of those rights was promised but in the event the Socialist Government of 1945 prolonged the Emergency Powers *temporarily*, from year to year. The Korean enterprise once begun, they were made *permanent* at once! Now they can only be thrown off by some great change or upheaval in England; the people are half-way back to where they were centuries ago.

America almost escaped from President Roosevelt's Emergency Powers after 1945. Save for the great increase in taxation, they mostly fell away. The Korean enterprise once begun, President Truman reintroduced his predecessor's 'State of National Emergency', and America followed England on to the downhill path, though some distance behind.

In both countries the chief device recommended by Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto for reducing a free country to slave status ('a progressive income-tax') was at once applied. President Truman announced that his country 'must be taxed until it hurts'; in England a Mr. Strauss, Minister of Supply, foretold 'severe new taxation', and this quickly followed.

The Plan goes on, by the methods now tried and tested. I do not now see much likelihood that effective public opposition to it will arise before it is completed, because there is no effective public realization of it. The chief reason for this is the astonishing submission of the world's newspapers to it. They are now so very largely served by news-agencies and political writers working from a central source that their infestation by news and views, all coloured to serve the hidden purpose, is almost absolute. Since I first set foot in a newspaper office thirty years ago the deterioration in this matter has been fantastic; since I shook that dust from my feet twelve years ago I have watched it constantly increase in speed.

I do not believe that far Korea has much more than the importance of a starting-button in these events. A few years from now men will have forgotten where it is, and have to jog their memories to recall that, like Poland, it was once proclaimed to be 'a lighthouse of liberty'. I think the events which will grow out of this event will prove to be mainly concerned with a different territory, the one known to biblical prophecy as Armageddon.

Already tomorrow's events are taking shape there. 'If the war should spread' (wrote a Zionist newspaper, while all the world and his wife looked at Korea) 'the Middle East is seen as a potential danger zone, and new talks have taken place in Washington between Israel representatives and the United States State Department on the subject of arms shipments to the Near East and protective measures if Israel is threatened'.

Why is that particular piece of the globe held so vital by those who, quite transparently today, control the acts of great governments? I think the answer is contained in some words spoken in 1950 to a Zionist audience by the World Zionist leader, Dr. Nahum Goldman (once again I am obliged to a Zionist newspaper for knowledge of them). He said of Israel, 'The state has been established in one of the most difficult geographical positions in the world. It is very hard to find an explanation, but it is a unique geographical position. In the days when we were trying to get the Jewish state with the consent of the British Government and at one of the private talks I had with Mr. Bevin, he said: "Do you know what you are asking me to do? You are asking me to deliver the key to one of the most vital and strategic areas in the world." And I said, "It is not written in either the New or Old Testament that Great Britain must have this key".'

That applies to any other country in the world today, not alone Great Britain.

Of the many methods by which these great ambitions are pursued, far behind the scenes visible to the public masses, I can offer one other small but vividly illuminating glimpse (also from a Zionist newspaper). At the time of the numerous exposures of Communist agents in British and American atomic research in 1950 (the case of one 'Professor Pontecorvo' was in discussion at the moment), a Zionist publication printed these statements:

'The matter has brought into question, though still in a friendly and rather delicate manner, the position of other foreign-born scientists, the overwhelming number of whom are Jews from different parts of Europe. In fact, investigation has now revealed to the public that atomic research is to a large extent a Jewish science ... It is of some interest to disclose that before the war a proposal was put forward to Dr. Weizmann to bring together some of the most noted Jewish scientists in order to establish a team which would bargain with the allies in the interest of the Jews ... Only recently I saw the project as originally outlined ... by a scientist who had himself achieved some renown in the sphere of military invention.'

In the picture of such larger ambitions the Korean affair dwindles to the size of a speck, or perhaps of a starting-button. As to that enterprise, whether it is to grow into a third world war or not, no confidence can in my opinion be placed in any military or verbal campaign against 'Communist

aggression' while the victims of such aggression are represented by Communist commissars in the debates of the United Nations Organization; while the Communist Party is left legal in the great countries supposed to be united against Communist aggression; while Communist permeation remains unchecked and unexposed in their countries and while their peoples are by the screw of Emergency Powers ground ever deeper towards Communism.

The Korean undertaking could not at its start be accepted, until proof appeared, as a genuine bid to punish 'Communist aggression' or check Communism; the political leaders of the two great countries chiefly concerned, America and Britain, had for many years done their utmost to prevent the exposure of Communist infiltration into their own governmental machines and today still continue to cloak it, while publicly accusing and abusing 'the worldwide Communist conspiracy'. The conversion was therefore too sudden to be accepted without proof by deed. The first year of the Korean affair, however, at every stage gave greater cause to doubt the genuine conversion and genuine motive, and to suspect the continuance of the secret, false one.

If the real motive is to increase the authority of the United Nations Organization over peoples, and to tighten the submission of peoples to it, the forward-looking reader should bear in mind that among its delegations Communist voting-power is very strong and will be made stronger, as the direct result of the Korean episode, if that is to lead to the abandonment of Chiang Kai-shek and the mock-legalization of the Chinese Communist Government by its admission to the United Nations.

Quite apart from that aspect, anyone who knows the permanent staff of the United Nations Organization would smile at the notion that it would wholly and genuinely support any attempt to check, repress or punish Communist aggression. The permanent staff was assembled in those days of greatest confusion which surrounded the fighting's end in Europe; the days when Mr. Alger Hiss was Presidential Adviser and first Secretary-General of the new world directorate. It is permeated through and through with Eastern European Communists and Zionists, the spiritual kith and kin of the persons who have appeared, as at the turning of stones, in those fragmentary exposures of espionage and subversion which have occurred in the last five years in the United States, America and Britain. This particularly applies to those organs of it, called 'Unesco' and the like, which are clearly intended to be shadow-ministries of the future World Government.

In these circumstances, any World Government arising out of the United Nations Organization in its present form would be a tyrannous, despotic thing comparable only, in my judgment, with the carpet-bagger-and-scallywag regime which the North inflicted on the prostrate South after the American Civil War, or the Soviet on prostrate Eastern Europe after the Second War of this century. If the U.N. stables ever were truly cleansed, that might alter, but they have not yet been and no sign appears of any true intention to purify them.

Beyond that, to my mind, lies the point where hopeful portents appear in the darkening, downhill process. Until the Western world sees the actual reality of what threatens, it will not believe, for authentic information is now denied the masses and in any case men's minds disbelieve dangers yet to come. But when the plan succeeds and the thing happens, men will at last see its face, and know its clutch. Not all the carpet-baggers and scallywags could prevent the American South from putting itself together again; the South survived and revived. That is the later stage to which I look now in the greater picture.

The picture is that of 'the deception of nations'. Revelation says that the final attempt will fail and the old serpent be put in chains. That final attempt seems to be beginning now and in its last stage, as I judge, aims at the disintegration of the American Republic and the British Commonwealth, not at that of the Communist Empire. However, the happier outcome is yet to follow, and I expect by

way of later travels, farther and wider, one day to come to and witness that liberation from the thrall which began in 1914.

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## P. P. S., JULY 1951

Between the writing of the Postscript and the publication of this book came the event which calls for the Post-Postscript: the truce-parley in Korea.

This event was foreshadowed in an allusion made previously [ed: fourth paragraph of *Postscript*]: 'whether the Korean affair for tactical reasons is allowed to subside, or is inflated into a third world upheaval'. For tactical reasons which I think obvious, the intention as I write seems to be to allow the Korean affair to subside. The reason appears to me to be that the Korean war was coming too near to achieving its declared aim: a heavy defeat for 'Communist aggression'. I do not believe that result was ever genuinely desired by the forces which began it, and think the major facts of the year's fighting, 1950-51, plainly demonstrate this.

Before the truce-talks were even announced an American commentator, Senator Joe McCarthy, in a speech which was suppressed by nearly all newspapers everywhere, said, 'This Administration, which has given us this caricature of a war, is now bent on an even worse horror: a phony and fraudulent peace.' I think this opinion accurate and borne out by the facts now available. If that is so, it equally vindicates one I expressed in two books published after the Second War (*From Smoke to Smother*, 1948, and *Somewhere South of Suez*, 1950): that the great governments of the West are at present plainly servient to or infested by the agents of two super-national forces, Soviet Communism and Zionist Nationalism, which pursue overriding ambitions; and that while this condition continues no confidence can be put in any war proclaimed at its outset to be one of 'The West against Communism'. I thought that any such war would in the event be 'handled' to destroy the last defences of personal liberty and property in the English-speaking countries and to enslave them all to a bogus World State which would in truth be a Communist-Zionist directorate.

That would be the continuation of the process begun at Yalta, where the military victory of the West was transformed into the political victory of these overriding forces, so that the major results of the war were the expansion of the Communist Empire and the erection of the Zionist State, both through the political leaders and military strength of the English-speaking countries. The course of the Korean campaign, in my view, showed that these overriding forces remain powerful enough to bend all military operations to their overriding ends (whether the truce now in negotiation is completed or the fighting is renewed).

The theory may be tested against the facts now known. The Korean war is unlike any other in history. Its course, like that of the Second War after the Communist Empire changed from alliance with Hitler to alliance with the West, seems to me to have followed 'a secret pattern to which we do not as yet have the key'. The words, again are those of Senator McCarthy in his speech of June 14th, 1951, before the United States Senate, which I hold to be the most important document made public (though suppressed by newspapers) since the Canadian Spy Report of 1946 and any who wish to understand the real war that has been in progress since 1939, or 1914, should obtain it. I think, however, that my theory, given above, provides 'the key'.

I support the statement that the Korean war was, or is, unlike any other in history with the following arguments.

It was begun, on his own authority, by an American president without any consultation of the American people. That in itself is not new in history; despotic rulers have often sent their people into war so. What is new in history is that the American representative at the Nuremberg Trials, instructed by the same president, made this very thing a capital charge against the Nazi leaders. He pressed for and obtained from the chief defendant, Goring, an admission that the German people were not consulted when Hitler decided to make war on Soviet Russia. This point was laboured in



order to lay emphasis on the criminal irresponsibility of the Nazi leaders, and the consequent guilt of individual German generals in following it.

Similarly, the British and other peoples were not consulted when they, too, were sent into the Korean war, following the Americans. All these English-speaking peoples have now surrendered their birth-rights to the dogma of 'emergency powers', set up during two world wars, under which governments in the English-speaking world may at any instant throw their peoples into foreign war, or domestic servitude, without further explanation than that of 'an emergency'.

The supreme importance of that, to my mind, is *not* so much that these peoples can now be drawn blindfold into war, for, unlike most others, I do not see war in itself as the supreme evil. The greater importance of it is that they have also surrendered the power to scrutinize their governors' motives for beginning a war, the conduct of military operations, or the political outcome. The campaign may be so 'handled' as to produce their own political defeat at the moment of military victory, which means that the men of the English-speaking countries can be marched, through 'emergencies', to their own enslavement.

When I first visited America, in 1949, one of my earnest acquaintances, an American who seemed at first sight a simple man, surprised me by a deeply perceptive remark. He spoke of the machine of mass-suggestion which has been built in the last twenty years and said, 'I guess this country could be brought to fight any other country in the world after one month's propaganda treatment by the politicians, press and radio.'

He erred, however, by thirty days. Not even thirty seconds of propagandist preparation now are necessary to set English-speaking soldiers on the march, from the American Republic, the British island, the English-speaking countries oversea. Again, the supreme importance of that is not so much that they are sent to fight, willy-nilly, but that they have no insight into or control over true motives or real results. When they have fought and won, under this System, the political triumph can be handed to their enemies.

General Eisenhower, who carried out the order which left half Europe in the Communist clutch, wrote in his book that soldiers demand and deserve the truth about the reasons for a war they fight, and need 'belief in an underlying cause'. In Korea the valid reasons and the credible cause were not to be perceived. The war 'against Communist aggression' there was begun by governments, in the United States and Britain, which for five years (since the Canadian Prime Minister's urgent flight to and warning of the American President and the British Prime Minister in 1945) refused to expose the Communist infestation of their own departments, agencies and services; they always indignantly denied that the condition existed when some public expostulant called attention to it.

The exposures of it which occurred in the United States and Britain before and during the Korean war (such as that of Mr. Alger Hiss and many others in America; of 'Professor Pontecorvo', Dr. Klaus Fuchs, Dr. Alan Nunn May and others in England) were *in every case* brought about by outside action, such as the persistent denunciations of a repentant Communist agent, or imperious summonses from Moscow to desert), and *never* by the act of the London or Washington Governments.

From the moment of the Canadian Prime Minister's warning (and in the case of America much earlier, for President Roosevelt was given proofs in 1939) the concealment of this situation by those governments has been a clear sign that no 'war against Communist aggression' undertaken by them could be held genuine, unless its course and outcome proved this. If the infestation were not admitted, exposed and removed, the hidden forces clearly, from the outset of any new war, would work for the political victory of the alien power to which they owed allegiance. Yalta was the first

major proof of their strength; Korea has yet to prove or disprove whether it is to be the second. Obviously, until Communism is outlawed in the English-speaking countries, and the general condition altered, of which the sporadic revelations have given only the most partial glimpses, political defeat must be feared as the outcome of any war into which the men of the English-speaking countries are sent, no matter how complete their military victory.

What were the signs of a genuine determination to arrest 'Communist aggression' in Korea? I do not know of a clear one, but the causes for continued misgiving, until unmistakable reassurance is given, were innumerable. The Korean campaign was waged under a Defence Secretary, in the United States, who was earlier responsible for enforcing Communism on China, through pressure brought on the anti-Communist leader, Chiang Kai-shek, and the cessation of supplies to him. Politically, it was begun under a Foreign Secretary there who publicly proclaimed that he would 'not turn his back' on the convicted Communist agent (President Roosevelt's chief adviser at Yalta) who had been exposed in his own Department.

The war was conducted as one of 'The United Nations Organization'. This was clearly the first *political* defeat of the forces from the English-speaking countries which chiefly fought it, for the Communist parentland and all the countries thrust into its grasp by this very United Nations Organization in 1945 were full members of it. When the American commander in the field claimed his immemorial military right of 'hot pursuit' of enemy aircraft, the American Secretary of State claimed that this could not be demanded from the United Nations Organization because the Communist Empire, from its seat, would veto this military action! Thus the commander in the field was in vital operations subject to the enemy's orders!

That is new in history, and even newer was the case of Formosa. This island was the last stronghold of the Chinese anti-Communists. In past history none would have presumed to deny their leader, Chiang Kai-shek, and his armies their natural right to fight the Chinese Communists, even before these joined the Korean Communists in the attack on South Korea, ordered by the common masters in Moscow.

Chiang Kai-shek's offer to fight the Chinese Communist aggressor, however, was refused by the President who rebuked General MacArthur for actions liable 'to strip the United States of allies'. That was not all. The American Seventh Fleet was ordered to protect the Chinese Communist mainland from any attack by the Chinese anti-Communists on Formosa! The order simply stated that the Seventh Fleet should immobilize the anti-Communist leader on his island and prevent any landings by him on the China coast.

Thus of two American brothers, sent out in the name of 'an emergency', one might have been sent to Korea to fight Chinese Communists and the other, if he were a sailor with the Seventh Fleet, have had the duty of protecting them! That might equally apply to two British brothers; for all I know British naval units may have shared in the blockade of the anti-Communists on Formosa.

It is in respect of this transaction, particularly, that I used the words, 'The Korean war is unlike any other in history', and venture to think of it as transparently suspect in its motives and conduct.

The Korean war ended (in saying this I am assuming that the truce will be completed and the fighting not be renewed) with the dismissal of the American commander who wanted to win it. As soon as he was gone the word 'truce' began to echo through the corridors of the United Nations Organization, the Communist Empire's representative then pronounced it as publicly as he would have uttered the veto on 'hot pursuit' of Communists, there was a mysterious journey of the American Defence Secretary to Japan, and, as suddenly as the war began, the truce-parleys started. The picture is that of semi-secret agreement among master-minds on both sides of the supposedly

opposed lines; it looks to be like a discussion at the board of directors of a chainstore undertaking about rivalry between local branches.

The case of General MacArthur becomes more instructive as it recedes in time. He asked in his speech to Congress, 'Where is the merit in fighting an enemy merely in order to give him military advantages?' A commander of that mind might have found himself unable to carry out the order of 1945 in Europe, to 'let the Russians take Berlin'; had there been such a general, and had he been dismissed, the state of the world today would fully have vindicated him.

The British reader may not realize that General MacArthur is but one of a number of American generals who have been relegated, have resigned, or have not received the promotion that seemed due to them, apparently because they felt and rebelled against 'the impossible dilemma between duty and conscience' which is recurrently thrust on generals in these days of overriding, occult powers. To my mind, this dilemma arises from the fact that, in those mysterious, higher circles, the notion prevails of 'handling military operations' to produce other results than those which the military commanders and the masses believe they fight for. They feel the inhibitions from above, the restraining hand, the falsity of the situation into which they are thrust, the danger to their men and their victory.

Another reason why, I feel, the Korean war may be called unlike any other in history is that General MacArthur was dismissed for questioning his orders just when the last German generals were being hanged for unquestioningly obeying orders! The words I quoted above, 'an impossible dilemma between duty and conscience', are those of a great authority, Lord Hankey, when he commented in the House of Lords on the Nuremberg Trials. The American representative there, Mr. Justice Jackson, with the approval of President Truman set up the principle, new in International Law, that 'the fact that the defendant acted pursuant to order of his government or of a superior shall not free him from responsibility'. The German leaders and generals were hanged, among other ostensible things, for obeying 'the obsolete doctrine that orders from an official superior protect one who obeys them'.

The highest appointments in the American fighting services, as a result of the Korean war, apparently went to generals who accepted this 'obsolete doctrine' of unquestioning obedience. General Marshall, the present Defence Secretary, once told Congress that in enforcing Chiang Kai-shek's submission to the Communists he merely carried out the instructions of an authority higher than himself, and this answer seems to have been taken as conclusive. (It was General Marshall who in 1942 proposed that the United States should withdraw from the war in Europe unless the British agreed to a cross-Channel invasion that year. Hardly any American troops or craft then were ready to take part in such an operation, to which Mr. Churchill's dictum of the time applies, that a hasty, reckless invasion might have proved 'the only way in which we could possibly lose this war').

Similarly General Eisenhower, commenting on General MacArthur's dismissal, spoke of 'certain inhibitions' which a commander (presumably, other than a German commander) must accept. The phrase must be taken to cover the last stage of operations in Europe in 1945, which were subordinated to the order of President Truman (given on the advice of General Marshall and the other Chiefs of Staff) 'to let the Russians take Berlin'.

Another point in which the Korean war, I think, may fairly be said to be unlike any other in history is that on three separate occasions before it began the American Foreign Secretary, Mr. Dean Acheson, stated that neither Formosa nor South Korea fell within the American defence perimeter. As the Communist invasion of South Korea then was immediately met by an American counter-landing, the observer can only surmise that American opinion was at that time becoming restless,

so that a token of apparently genuine anti-Communist sentiment was thought in high political circles to be necessary. The greater fact remains, however, that the American commander was not allowed to make the countermove effective.

It seems to me clear that all these political and military moves were directed, by agreement on the higher levels of all countries concerned, to some ambition not yet revealed. I think it to be the progressive subjugation of the English-speaking countries to the World State. I might be wrong. Is there any sure test by which the genuineness or fraudulence of the Korean war may be judged?

I think one offers: the question of Formosa and that (linked with it) of Communist, China's admission to the United Nations Organization over the body of Chiang Kai-shek and his anti-Communists.

Here is another matter in which the Korean war may, without fear of challenge, be called unlike any other in history.

At its start and for some time thereafter the official spokesmen of the American, British and Canadian Governments (the three chiefly engaged) repeatedly recommended that Formosa should be handed over to Communist China (as China itself had been handed over to Communism); that Chiang Kai-shek's government should be abandoned as the Polish and many other governments were abandoned during the Second War; and that Communist China should be given membership of the United Nations Organization in place of the anti-Communists, then, and as I write still, the representatives of China there.

It seems to me astounding, even in these times, that this proposal to fight a war 'against Communist aggression' for the purpose of rewarding Communist aggression with territory and power should have been so openly made in such high places, and have been so supinely received by the peoples of the three countries.

The observer of these times may see an intentional and sardonic cynicism in the terms which are currently used to describe soldiers from the English-speaking countries. If they can openly be put to such purposes as this, it may not be accident that they are coming to be spoken of as 'bodies' (a word against which Mr. Churchill was moved vehemently to protest during the Second War), 'General Issue Joes', or beings 'expendable'. It was in tune with this growing practice (also new in history, I think) that an official American spokesman, in June 1951, said that after the glorious inauguration of the World Force in Korea, American contingents would in future be 'earmarked' for United Nations service. 'Earmarking', I believe, is a term hitherto used about cattle.

As the Korean war went on, however, a new factor arose in the situation, with which the planners at high levels may not sufficiently have reckoned. This was the casualty-lists. The death of thousands of American soldiers made an impression in America, painful enough to disquieten party-managers, who live with thoughts of the next congressional or presidential election. The martyrdom of the Black Watch and the Gloucesters, also, was vibrantly felt throughout the British Island and Ulster.

From this moment a change occurred in the allusions made by leading politicians to Formosa, the desertion of Chiang Kai-shek and the elevation of Red China. In Britain and Canada no retraction was made, but the politicians became quieter about the matter. In America, however, where the bereaved were much more numerous, a complete alteration was made. The government's official spokesman said, frequently, publicly and plainly, that the United States would not allow Formosa to be thrown to the Communist wolves on the China coast, or Communist China to be received in triumph at the building of the Board of Directors in New York.

That is the point at which all may test the matter for themselves. If in the sequel, sooner or later, Chiang Kai-shek is abandoned like so many before him, if Formosa is handed over to his enemies and these are admitted to join the other Soviet puppets in New York, then the Korean war was fraudulent in its motives from the start, and the only genuine thing about it was the casualty-list of English-speaking soldiers, and those from Turkey, Greece and elsewhere.

I believe that this was in truth the issue at the root of the whole affair. As long as Formosa remained an anti-Communist stronghold, China was not wholly Communist; the Communist area could not be further expanded; and the number of Soviet satellites in the United Nations Organization would not increase. Islands are notoriously difficult to conquer, as the British Islander should know. The plan existed (the official statements of members of the governments leagued to check 'Communist aggression' exist to prove it) to save Communist China the pains of conquering Formosa by using the United Nations Organization to make another mock-legal transfer, in the name of a war against Communist aggression!

I do not believe that plan has been dropped; I think the truce parleys in Korea are a sign that it will be pursued by other methods. It may not be quite so easy now, given the suspicious and resentful state of American opinion, to complete the transaction, but the attempt will in my judgment be made, and by its success or failure the shape of the future may be known. If a truce is called in Korea, memories in the English-speaking world will cool; in America the Communists will repeat the 1945-46 campaign to 'bring the boys home'; soon the stage may be clear for another Yalta.

All that is in flux at the moment, with the approach of an American presidential election probably the decisive factor. The Communist Empire slightly prefers, on balance, to have the Democrats in office there, rather than the Republicans, and for that reason might delay its hand until after November 1952. The party-managers in America might calculate that Formosa could be handed over and Communist China honoured before that, and an election yet be won.

Whatever the moment and the method, the powerful forces which at present clearly can bend leading politicians of the English-speaking countries to their will, and use the United Nations Organization as their instrument, plainly hold Formosa and the strengthening of Communist China to be of major importance in their plans. I think they will not desist from the attempt to enthrone the Chinese Communists on Formosa and in New York, and they will have strong support in London, Washington and Formosa.

Korea, then, was the first full and open test of the uses which will be made of the fighting-men from the English-speaking world, if their governors continue to subordinate them to the United Nations Organization. As they were sent to fight they were in fact plainly told that the aim was to help the enemy to military and political successes; General MacArthur was right about that, even if he merely felt and did not fully perceive it. This is the result of surrendering national sovereignty and national interests to a coterie or committee, housed on New York's East River, which claims to represent The World. A 'secret pattern' is being woven there and in its design the armies of the English-speaking world would be but puppets. Another, greater war, waged under these auspices, would in my opinion merely repeat the history of Korea on a greater scale, if Korea is to repeat that of Yalta. Ominously, as the Korean truce-parleys began, a report came from Washington that General Eisenhower desired 'an Allied army with a single flag, uniform and command to defend Western Europe'. The flag, presumably, would be that under which Count Bernadotte was murdered and General MacArthur was dismissed; to what effective extent Western Europe would be defended may unhappily be judged by the example of Korea, which has been largely destroyed and seems likely to be left in the Limbo-like state of Europe, at the best.

That might be inferred, too, from the words of the American President when the Korean truce-parleys began. I heard him make a speech to a listless audience, which was more interested in the fire-crackers, on July the Fourth, 1951. He did not proclaim the victory of the cause he had proclaimed when he ordered American troops into Korea a year before, but that of another, quite different cause, and as I judge the true one: 'Men of the armed forces in Korea, you will go down in history as the first army to fight under a flag of a world organization in the defence of human freedom.'

*That* was 'the victory' then: that for the first time in history men were brought to fight under the flag of an organization calling itself a world one. How far they were allowed to defend human freedom, they may judge by what yet comes of the Korean episode. If it leads to a further increase in their enemies' strength within the 'world organization', the lesson would be plain, quite apart from what happens to the Koreans.

This surrender of English-speaking troops to the purposes of 'a world organization', the motives and ambitions of which are unknown to them, was only part of the successes which were won, through the Korean affair, by the World-Planners. Another part was the further diminution of personal liberty in the American Republic and the British island. All the American President's speeches, after the truce-talks began, followed the line begun by President Roosevelt nineteen years before: the 'emergency' continued, there must be more and more taxation, more and more 'controls', less and less 'human freedom'. The American Republic is being dragged down the road descended, before it, by the British people.

The 'emergency' goes on and clearly will continue until the forces which now dominate national governments succeed in their aim of reducing the English-speaking world to slave status within their World State, or are exposed and defeated. In that grand design of the twentieth century Korea is but a stepping-stone towards the final stage of Armageddon.

By 'partitioning', through this bogus United Nations Organization, three flashpoints for the culminating struggle have been made: in Europe, on the bisection line; in the Far East, in Korea; and in the Near East, in Arab Palestine.

The great centre of the conclusive conflict, in my judgment, is to be the Near East. This part of the world's surface, in my opinion, is 'earmarked' to be the true seat of world government, and the people who live there realize this much more clearly than the English-speaking peoples who have been and will be used to conquer it.

The Prime Minister of the Zionist State has recently declared (in New York) that 'the Jewish State is not the fulfilment of Zionism'; that the present small state 'has jurisdiction only over the Jews living in it' whereas 'Zionism embraces all Jews everywhere' and 'we are still very far from the Zionist ideal'; that within the next ten years four million Jews must be brought to the Zionist State.

The perceptive reader may survey for himself the future prospects which are opened by these ambitions. Two world wars and thirty-four years of local Arabian warfare have been needed to set up the Zionist State and to transport a million Jews to it. There are not four million Jews in the world who wish to go to the Zionist State. To enable this new transfer of populations the cry of anti-Semitism would have to be raised anew, probably in the later stages of some new war. To gain the true perspective the reader should bear in mind the vast sums of American money which are being poured into this part of the world, in order 'to increase the ability of the recipient countries to defend themselves' (the words are those of an official American Government spokesman), and the lengths to which American party-managers, on both sides, apparently feel themselves forced to go, in the competition for the Zionist vote.

The signs of the outcome are clear to see, from the anti-British outbursts in Persia to the assassination of King Abdullah of Jordan (the only Arab ruler who ever showed an inclination to make a deal with Zionist Nationalism). The Near East is the great powder-keg, and the World Planners are dancing round it with spark-scattering torches. At present few signs offer that the leading politicians of the English-speaking countries will shake off the thralls which have led them, for thirty-four years or more, to support by their deeds (whatever their words) the two exterior forces which have brought about the present situation. Soviet Communism and Zionist Nationalism. Until they outlaw the one and break loose from the other, the twentieth century and the English-speaking peoples must move relentlessly towards their final test in the place called in the Hebrew tongue Megiddo.

I can imagine that some future historian, writing perhaps a hundred years from now, might say something like this: 'In considering today the events which enabled conspiratorial sects from Asia and Eurasia to gain power over the then mighty nations of the West and bring about the short-lived but bloody fiasco of the World State, from the cruel effects of which they are even now but slowly reviving, the historian is struck by the apparent absence of protest or resistance among the leaders of those Western nations, which thus were deprived of what they had gained during two thousand years. Very rarely, from what one can now tell, did a leading man see what impended or succeed, if he saw, in making his voice heard. The Canadian Prime Minister, in 1945, was ignored by the American and British leaders. A British Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, in 1945-51 seems to have perceived the immense omens of the Zionist State and vainly to have tried to keep his country from lending countenance to it. A British general, Sir Frededek Morgan, at one phase tried, equally vainly, to call public attention to the grave danger of that enterprise. An American general, one Douglas MacArthur, at a later stage (the astonishing campaign of 1950-51 in Korea) was dismissed for his resistance to the hindrances that were placed on his leadership. In all countries a rare politician, soldier or writer tried to stem the Gadarene stampede, but on the whole the process seems to have been one of infatuated self-surrender to the forces of destruction. So much has been lost of the truth of those days that today's historian is himself at a loss to account for much that was done or was not done, and for public acquiescence in it all, but even when that is said two things remain to puzzle him: the fewness of the public men who resisted the occult forces which were truly in control, and the apparent lack of public response even to their warnings.'

To any such comment I offer a reply across the century to come: 'At the mid-twentieth century the forces conspiring to enslave all the countries of the Christian West, especially the English-speaking ones, were so greatly in control of public information, of every kind, that the masses knew next to nothing of what went on and what impended. Public men, by the mid-century, had come to fear these inhibitors too much to tempt their wrath, and any who did risk that ire were defamed by so powerful a machine of the spoken and written word that even the masses, after lending an eager ear of hope renewed for an instant, in the nature of masses then dully turned their backs on the speakers and shunned them, thinking they must be evil after all. In that way they were brought again and again to pit themselves against each other, always in the name of "freedom", for their own mutual destruction and enslavement; thus the shortlived but bloody fiasco of the World State came about. Only when they experienced it did they know the truth and rise; and God must have willed it so, good scribe of the year 2051, for "by a *divine* instinct men's minds mistrust *ensuing* danger".'

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END

\*\*\* prepared by Truth Seeker - [www.douglasreed.co.uk](http://www.douglasreed.co.uk) \*\*\*

## NOTES

1: The secession dispute itself is one of history's recurrent jests, summed up by an American humorist in these words: "If you admit the right of secession, sir, my sympathies are with the South; if you deny it, God bless his Majesty!"

2: Who simultaneously attacked, but did not kill, the Secretary of State, Frederick Seward, the only other man in Lincoln's Cabinet who unfalteringly pursued reunion and reconciliation.

3: It is a striking reflection that in its homeland, Italy, ever racked by revolution and war, the weak State authority has never yielded to the Mafia, but fought and fights it constantly down, whereas in the mighty American Republic it has achieved its present peak of power, as the Senatorial inquiry of 1950-51 fully and publicly confirmed.

4: In 1950 a Crime Committee of the U.S. Senate held an inquiry lasting a year into organized crime and political corruption. Its report, issued in May 1951, tallied in many conclusions with these observations of a casual outside observer.

5: The first Communist Government, according to the American Ambassador in Moscow in 1918, consisted of ninety per cent of Russian-Jewish revolutionaries returned from America, and the ban on anti-Semitism, with a death penalty, clearly identified the regime. In the following thirty years Russian-Jewish dominance in international Communism was repeatedly shown by sporadic disclosures in Canada and America, and this continues today. In Russia itself this dominance appears to have persisted up to the present time, though masked by the withdrawal of recognizably Russian-Jewish figures from the more visible places of power in the Soviet Union. In 1946 an American Jewish authority, Mr. Louis Levine, reported at Chicago after a visit to Moscow, that many of the high ranking government officials were Russian-Jewish: 'They did not look Jewish but they spoke to me privately in Hebrew or Yiddish.' Russian-Jews, or men of Russian-Jewish origins, predominated in the two short-lived Communist governments of 1918-19 in Hungary and Bavaria, which fell because the Red Army, on that occasion, was not present to enforce their survival; they reappeared in the Communist Government imposed on Hungary by the Red Army after 1945. The dominant Russian-Jewish influence in the Government foisted by the same means on Poland was remarked by an American Ambassador, Mr. Arthur Bliss Lane, and an English M.P., Major Tufton Beamish, in books published in 1948 and 1949 and many other observers. The same thing happened in Rumania. In Soviet-controlled Eastern Germany, according to a Zionist newspaper, 'life has brought changes for the better; not a few Jews today occupy high positions in the Government and Administration, positions which no Jew had ever before held in Germany ... The Supreme Judge in the Eastern Sector of Berlin is a Jew and so are several senior judges in the provinces outside Berlin.' Could the facts be ascertained, I think most of these men would prove to be Russian-Jews or of Russian-Jewish origins. The first Israeli Government consisted of eight members, all but one born in Russia or Russian-Poland. The Communist and Zionist movements, therefore, appear both to be still under the paramount control of one section of Jewry, the non-Semitic Russian-Jews or Jews of Russian antecedents, which now, in fact, rules over most of Asia and a large portion of Europe and extends a powerful influence through America and England. A clear picture of the whole process, however, cannot be gained without considering the fact that Gentile politicians in Christian lands have decisively helped it, and that anti-Zionist Jews have probably opposed it more strenuously, though as yet no more effectively, than non-Jewish leaders anywhere.

6: A bright sidelight on the methods used in the 'negotiations with princes' (and, after their disappearance, with politicians) which led to the rise of Zionism to its present status of a world power: Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, heir to the doomed Habsburg throne, committed suicide on



January 30th, 1887. A few weeks before, wishing to make provision for a favourite woman friend, Mitzi Kaspar, he obtained a loan of 100,000 gulden 'from the banker, Baron Hirsch, in return for an act of friendliness he had performed in December, when he invited the banker to meet the Prince of Wales' (the future King Edward VII). From documents in the secret archives of the Imperial Court at Vienna, quoted by Count Carl Lonyay in *Rudolf* (Hamish Hamilton, 1950).

7: Dr. Weizmann told Mr. Truman that the Zionist State, as Egypt might deny it the use of the Suez Canal, ought to have its own canal from Haifa or Tel Aviv to Akaba; two years later, as part of his programme of global expenditure, Mr. Truman announced a 'Fourth Point' for 'capital investment in areas needing development'. This enterprise, which was earlier recommended in Communist publications, might prove to include the new canal.

8: Apropos, an amusing experience befell me in England about the same time. I was approached to broadcast to Austria, a service for which I was equipped by experience and knowledge of German; later I received intimation that 'friendly aliens' already so employed would not feel comfortable if I appeared among them and the matter was dropped.

# Fire and Bomb

A Comparison  
between the  
Burning of the Reichstag  
and the  
Bomb Explosion at Munich

by

Douglas Reed

published: 1940

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## Foreword

Seven years ago the reign of Adolf Hitler over Germany and the regime of National Socialism in the German Reich began, as they are now likely to end, with a holocaust. The Reichstag, the German Parliament-house, went up in flames one night; the enemies of National Socialism were proclaimed to have fired it; they were immediately and ruthlessly suppressed; the power of National Socialism in Germany was thus made absolute; and subsequently a great trial was held, with five men in the dock, to convince the world of the truth of the original assertion - that the enemies of Hitlerism had committed a deed so timely and welcome to Adolf Hitler and his lieutenants.

The hastily-built structure of the trial, put together by men who underrated the difficulties of such a task, was not proof against the infra-red rays of world publicity. Four of the accused men were proved innocent and had to be acquitted; the fifth was a half-witted dupe who was proved (1) to have been in the Reichstag, and (2) to have been incapable of causing this great conflagration without many accomplices. He was beheaded. The burning question 'Who fired the Reichstag?' was left unanswered by the trial. Every avenue of investigation which led in the direction of the National Socialists themselves was blocked by the German Supreme Court. Nevertheless, and in spite of every effort to conceal them, trails were several times uncovered during the trial which would have led to that quarter if they had been pursued.

The same chance which made of me a journalist, and a journalist working in Berlin, took me past the Reichstag at the moment it broke into flames. I entered it at the same moment as Hermann Göring himself; followed every detail of the long judicial investigation that was made known; and attended every sitting of the trial. Thus I came to know this particular subject more thoroughly than any other foreigner. I felt that it was one of major historical importance and made the study of it an especial hobby. Yet, in the years that have lapsed since then, I have, in reading and re-reading the evidence, repeatedly found something new, discovered fresh discrepancies in the evidence, fitted missing pieces to the jigsaw puzzle that the trial left half-finished, until to-day I am convinced of a very strange thing: in the very Supreme Court of the German Reich itself, assembled to vindicate National Socialism, that truth was actually revealed which will surely emerge if a second Reichstag Fire Trial is ever held - that the National Socialists fired it themselves!

The main reasons for this conviction are set out in the following account. But they are not the only reasons for writing it. Another motive is that a second spectacular trial - The Munich Bomb Trial - may soon be staged, this time with the British Empire, instead of the Communist International, in the dock! In 1933 Adolf Hitler wished to convince the world that Russian Bolshevism, his ally to-day, was the mortal enemy of National Socialist Germany; in 1940, apparently, he hopes to persuade the world that Britain fills that part. In 1933 three Bulgarian Communist exiles, a German parlour-Bolshevist, and a mentally deficient Dutch destitute were put in the dock. In 1940, if the Munich Bomb Trial is held, the accused, according to the statements of the German secret police, are to be an exiled German, once one of Adolf Hitler's own chief supporters; a German of whom none had ever heard and of whom nothing is known, apparently a second van der Lubbe; and two British officials who by a trick were decoyed to the Dutch-German frontier and there kidnapped by German agents.

The chief result of this Munich Bomb Trial, if it come about, is already clear to see - that, like its predecessor, it will leave unanswered the main question, in this case, 'Who planted the Munich bomb? But for an understanding of the methods by which such mock-trials are staged, a knowledge of the Reichstag Fire Trial is essential. To that end it is worth while briefly to resurrect from the mists of derision into which they have long since disappeared, the Crazy Gang of witnesses - lunatics, convicts, drug-addicts, self-confessed murderers, police-spies, stool-pigeons, garrulous

charwomen, and sycophants - which was paraded before the Supreme Court of the German Reich in the endeavour to conceal the truth and whitewash National Socialism; to show how the proof of National Socialist guilt could have been obtained if every recurrent possibility of this had not been sternly repressed; and to recall how a German court of law was turned into an obscene harlequinade by warping its procedure to gain a political end.

But even the harlequinade is a thing of dignity compared with the things that happen behind the scenes, while it is being prepared, and while it is in progress. There the torturers, the third-degree men, and the drug-experts hold sway. The products of their work have been seen often enough in the great Soviet show-trials, but only once in Germany - in the unforgettable figure of van der Lubbe, the dupe.

These are the men, these masked figures behind the scenes, who make such trials possible. Without them, not even the flimsiest screen of plausibility could be put together, for the delusion of the credulous and the baffling of the sceptics.

Such men made the Reichstag Fire Trial. Such men will make the Munich Bomb Trial. The course of the Munich Trial, if it be held, will be much clearer to follow if the method, the technique, of staging a great political trial be understood. The Reichstag Trial offers the perfect example.

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## THE DUPE

The most vivid picture that I have in my mind of Marinus van der Lubbe is of a day when he sat in the dock with his head hanging between his knees, his tousled hair falling far down, saliva and mucus trickling from his mouth and nose to the floor. His interpreter, a pale-faced and sensitive young man, could not stand this and appealed to the Court to have it remedied; his counsel, more robust, took a handkerchief and very roughly did what was necessary. van der Lubbe seemed neither to hear what was said nor feel what was done.

My question to myself was 'Is he an imbecile, or sick, or has some drug been put into him?' An eminent London mental specialist, writing to *The Times* on the strength of my description of van der Lubbe, said 'Insensitivity to dribbling saliva or nasal mucus is a symptom of the stuporose form of dementia praecox'.

This man was kept in chains during the seven months of imprisonment before the trial and during the trial itself. He lost 25 lb. during the imprisonment period, but *gained weight rapidly during the trial*; indeed, he emerged from torpor once for a moment to complain of 'having meals five and six times a day', and to ask to be sentenced to death without further ado. He also mumbled something about 'his struggle in prison', about 'visions', and 'voices in my body'.

As all the world assumed from this that van der Lubbe was either mad or was receiving some foul drug behind the scenes, the Supreme Court called three experts to testify to his mental condition.

Of the man I have pictured above, one, Professor Bonnhöfer, said he was 'normal and responsible'; another, Dr. Zutt, that his condition was 'not in the least inexplicable, just the reaction of an unusual situation on an unusual man'; the third, Dr. Schütz, that he was *certain* van der Lubbe 'at the time of his crime was responsible, is now responsible, and is mentally healthy'. Dr. Schütz heatedly maintained that van der Lubbe was simulating, but did not explain how the simulant produced the saliva and nasal mucus; this, he apparently thought, was a typical Communist trick; he dismissed the statement about 'voices in my body' as unimportant.

van der Lubbe, the dupe, was beyond question crazed; the only question is whether this condition was a natural one or was induced by the people who used him, and an impartial medical expert would be needed to give an opinion about that. In the great Soviet show-trials dupes are not necessary, because all the accused always confess, but it is noteworthy that at one such trial Bukharin, a leading Bolshevik, was by some means brought to feel that even his own confession, unadorned, would not be enough, so that he added that he 'had not been previously hypnotized and had not swallowed Tibetan powders'.

What Tibetan powders are, I do not know, but if there is some drug that could have produced van der Lubbe's condition, this is the probable answer. Or else, he was a natural half-wit, put by chance into the hands of the men who fired the Reichstag. The main importance of the point is that just such another obscure unfortunate, one Georg Elser, has been produced by the German Secret Police as the alleged bomb-planter of Munich and is apparently to play the chief part in that trial.

In Marinus van der Lubbe the men who fired the Reichstag found the ideal catspaw. While he was still in his teens this young Dutchman, a builder's labourer, had his eyes permanently injured by a splash of lime and thereafter drew a small incapacitation allowance from the Dutch State. After that he went on tramp and for years travelled afoot through large parts of Europe - all over Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Poland begging food, alms and casual jobs. Strange now to picture this tatterdemalion vagrant, who was to occupy the centre of the world stage for a while, wandering along the highways and byways of Europe.

Either he had been noticed and selected for his part long before; or chance brought him, on his homeward way to Holland, through Berlin on *February 18th, 1933*. Adolf Hitler had become Chancellor on *January 30th*. On January 31st - this is a strange piece of circumstantial evidence which I only recently discovered and which other students of the fire and the trial seem to have missed - Joseph Goebbels wrote in his diary, subsequently published in English under the title *My Part In Germany's Fight*: 'In a conference with the Leader we arrange measures for combating the Red terror. For the present we shall abstain from direct action. First the Bolshevist attempt at a revolution must burst into flame. At the given moment we shall strike'!

The Reichstag 'burst into flames' on February 27th; it was immediately proclaimed to have been a 'Bolshevist attempt at revolution'; and the Nazis 'struck'!

van der Lubbe, the half-crazed, half-blind destitute, wandered about Berlin from February 18th to February 26th, and then left the city, homeward bound for Holland, as he said in a lucid moment. But after spending that night in a destitutes' shelter at Hennigsdorf, an outlying western suburb, he returned to Berlin and on the night of February 27th was found, tousled, shirtless, begrimed, dripping with sweat, bewildered, incoherent, in the Bismarck Hall, a small apartment off the main session hall of the Reichstag, which was blazing furiously.

What happened to him on the afternoon of February 26th and the morning of February 27th to make him abandon his intention to return to Holland and instead to retrace his footsteps towards Berlin? At the repeated insistence of another defendant in the trial, the irrepressible Georgi Dimitroff, now Secretary-General of the Communist International, who had world interest and world publicity as a mighty ally beside him in the dock, a question about his movements on February 26th was eventually put to van der Lubbe, and after several repetitions - answers, when they were obtained at all, had to be dragged out of this drugged or deranged youth like reluctant corks out of a bottle - he said he had been 'With the Nazis'. But the court showed no eagerness to elucidate this answer further; on the contrary, it hurriedly changed the subject, and van der Lubbe relapsed into torpor.

The police lieutenant who found him in the Reichstag, an officer of the old, honest German type, said he thought, when he saw the weird figure before him, muttering disconnected phrases in an unintelligible Dutch-German gibberish, that he had 'a lunatic' to deal with. Other witnesses, investigating magistrates, detectives and the like, who had the National Socialist badge in their buttonholes and came into the case during the period when an effort was being made to tack together an indictment of International Bolshevism and its agent, van der Lubbe, described him as speaking 'fluent German and even using flowers of speech'; as 'a mathematical genius'; and as having drawn accurate sketch-plans of the Reichstag which he was supposed once to have entered, in darkness, and in the space of a few minutes to have set on fire. The contrast between these descriptions and the miserable figure in the dock, whose German even in his most lucid moments was only intelligible in parts, was ludicrous.

This unhappy outcast youth *was* in the Reichstag when it burned - that was the only point in the whole indictment against five men which was proved. How did he get there, and why? These questions were not answered. In the dock he emerged once from torpor to state that he heard 'voices in his body', and these voices told him what was going on, how long the intervals lasted, and the like. But if 'voices' told him these things, they could have whispered to him to fire the Reichstag, and murmured to him that he had done this alone and unaided.

These same 'voices', in my opinion, told him to enter the Reichstag, showed him the way, put two cheap firelighters in his hand - with which, as tests proved, a common chair could not have been destroyed, far less the massive, stone-encased, almost non-inflammable Session Chamber of the

Reichstag - and set him loose in that great hall, where the fire had already been prepared, ready for the touch-off, just after 8.55 p.m., when the postman Willy Otto emptied the letter-boxes and departed. Before that time, people continually came and went in the great lobby, and through the open doors that separated this lobby from the Session Chamber they would inevitably have seen any men inside it. The last of them left the building just before Willy Otto, the postman, came. The letter boxes that he had to empty also stood in the lobby just opposite the open doors of the Session Chamber, so that he, too, must have noticed anything moving within it. But all was quiet, when he came, and went. When he had gone, sixty-five minutes began during which the Session Chamber and the lobby enclosing it were left deserted. At that very moment the incendiaries got to work. Between 8.55 and 10 p.m. no Reichstag official made the rounds; the Session Chamber was empty and unwatched; and precisely at the beginning of those 65 precious minutes, of which only those with an intimate knowledge of the Reichstag could have been aware, did the half-witted destitute enter the building - through the window, waving his firebrands about for all to see, said the indictment; through the underground tunnel, in the company of the men who used him, in my opinion.

Thrust into the Bismarck Hall, from which a petrol-trail ran to the piles of combustible material placed on the deputies' seats in the semi-circular Session Chamber, with a torch (the remains of one were found) or firelighter in his hand, this half-blind marionette had but to apply the match - and the Reichstag burned!

From the mass of incoherent babblings which were extracted from van der Lubbe during the trial, ran, like a scarlet thread, one lucid thought - the conviction that he, unaided, had fired the Reichstag. I think the explanation is this: Picture the effect on that clouded mind of the sudden conflagration which blazed up before him when he applied the torch. He *thought* he had done this! Remember that, during the trial, he spoke of those 'voices' which told him what to do. Those 'voices', he thought, were 'in his body'. In his condition he was unable to distinguish between inner and outer voices; the whisperings which, he thought, came from within, actually came from without, reached his mind through the normal channel of his ear.

The four men who stood in the dock with van der Lubbe were acquitted; they had to be, because in the fierce white light of world publicity, which beat unremittingly on the trial, their incontestable alibis were proved. But not even the Supreme Court of the German Reich could convict van der Lubbe of having fired the Reichstag alone. World publicity, again, defeated all possibility of that; such a verdict would have been torn to pieces by experts all over the globe. The structure of the Session Chamber of the Reichstag - rather like a piece of hard wood let into a cube of massive stone - was such that the conflagration of February 27th, 1933, which within a few minutes developed into a major blaze beyond hope of extinguishing, could only have been caused by the distribution in it of masses of petrol-soaked cotton waste linked together with strips of celluloid, or something of that sort. Many men must have been needed to carry this material into the Session Chamber in the few minutes that elapsed after the last deputies and officials left it.

Thus the three fire-experts called as witnesses (Professor Josse of the Berlin Technical High School; Director Wagner, of the Berlin Fire Brigade; and Dr. Schatz, the expert accredited to the Supreme Court itself) all concurred - and were allowed to concur - that the preparation of the fire was the work of a number of incendiaries, and that it had been laid in the manner I have described above. The Supreme Court, in its verdict sentencing van der Lubbe to death, similarly had to find that he 'could not possibly have made the necessary preparations in the brief time at his disposal' and that he had had 'many accomplices'. The 'time of his entry' and the way he was able to make his way about in a dark and labyrinthine building, 'pointed to the probability that he was working under instruction'. So, said the Supreme Court, 'he fired the Reichstag in deliberate and witting co-operation with others'.



All these phrases, from the verdict, are an exact expression of the truth about the Reichstag Fire. The untruth came when the Supreme Court, playing a miserably unworthy part for the highest tribunal of a country like Germany, sought to make these incontestable facts fit in with the National Socialist claim to have 'saved Germany from Bolshevism' by adding that the Reichstag Fire was 'the work of the Communists', and that 'it has been proved that the accomplices and instigators of van der Lubbe stood in the Communist camp'.

No jot of such proof was ever brought. On the contrary, the evidence repeatedly pointed in the direction of the National Socialist rulers - but each time the evidence took that turn the Supreme Court quickly changed the subject. It had to; behind each of the judges loomed the threat of relegation or the concentration camp.

(An important point is that, while the fire-experts were allowed to give a true and accurate opinion about the preparation of the fire, the medical-experts were *not* allowed to give a true and accurate opinion about the condition of van der Lubbe - for it is inconceivable that three experts, free from all constraint, could have described van der Lubbe, as did these three men, as sane, normal, and responsible for his actions.

The reason for this is that if van der Lubbe had been declared mentally deficient or irresponsible - as he unquestionably would have been in any free court of law, whereas before the Supreme Court his counsel did not even raise this plea - the National Socialist case and the Reichstag Fire Trial would have collapsed completely. If van der Lubbe could be found responsible and guilty, it was still possible to say, though this deceived nobody outside Germany, that he was a Communist; that his unknown accomplices, without whom the Reichstag could not have been fired, were Communists; and that he was the willing agent of the Communist International. If he were found insane and irresponsible, not even the Supreme Court could seriously give such a verdict. But such a verdict *had* to be given - because Communism and Communists had been declared guilty by the National Socialists as soon as the fire broke out; on the strength of this *assumption* the German Constitution had been suspended, the rights of individuals and of association and of ownership all abrogated; thousands of men had been thrown into concentration camps without the preferment of charges or trial; and all these things had been subsequently legalized, on the ground that Germany had by them been saved from *the Communist danger*, by the aged President von Hindenburg. If van der Lubbe, a year later, had been declared a lunatic the last tatter of plausibility would have been torn from the rickety structure of the trial, and everything done by the National Socialists, who were not yet out of the wood and in unchallenged possession of power, would have stood revealed as illegal, perjured and unconstitutional. Thus van der Lubbe had to be certified sane, and three unfortunate medical men of high standing were duly found to give an opinion of which the slaving dummy in the dock was the living confutation - to the shame of their profession.)

Who were the accomplices, or rather the masters - for the physical and mental condition of this youth was about that of a performing bear - of van der Lubbe? How did they prepare the fire? The mass of perjured or irrelevant evidence which was produced at the trial yielded - through gaps which could not be stopped - enough grains of truth, as I think I can show, to give the answers to these questions. But first, to take leave of van der Lubbe.

Of all the thousands of men who have already paid with their lives for the coming in Europe of Adolf Hitler - Spaniards, Czechs, Poles, Austrians, German soldiers, Hitler's own closest friends and supporters - none offers a more tragic figure than this befuddled, friendless, homeless, wandering, half-blind vagrant, picked up by someone, somewhere, on a German country road or in a mean street of Berlin to be thrust, first into the dark Reichstag, and then into the dazzling glare of a world-famous trial. One glance at his pictures tells more than any words of mine.

He was sentenced to death. Beheaded. He was one of the first victims of the headsman, resurrected by Hitler's Germany. That head, with the injured eyes and the slaverling mouth, which might yet, one day, have been cleared enough by expert medical treatment to reveal the secret of the Reichstag, fell into a sawdust-filled basket.

Dead men ...

But this dead man *might* yet have told a tale. From his grave the truth might yet have spoken - to convict those who killed him. An autopsy might have shown what drug was being used on him, might have explained those 'voices in his body' which told him what to do.

His relatives, in Holland, asked for his body. It was refused them. van der Lubbe lies in a nameless grave in Leipzig.

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## WAY THAT WAS DARK

The Reichstag fire broke out soon after 9 o'clock in the evening. The moment was propitious, as I have explained, because the incendiaries could count on peace between when the postman emptied the Reichstag letter boxes, and 10, when an official made a duty round of the buildings; during those 65 minutes it was empty and unwatched.

At 8 p.m, four of the five portals of the Reichstag were closed, leaving only the Northern Entrance, Number Five, open; there a porter, Albert Wendt, was on duty, who will play a decisive part in this narrative. Thanks to him, the truth *did* actually show itself - quickly to be ejected - on the floor of the Supreme Court.

Between then, when the postman passed the open door of the main session chamber (the incendiaries may already have been crouching inside it in the darkness) and 9.14, when the first fire alarm was given - nineteen minutes - the large quantities of combustible material had to be carried in, distributed, and ignited. At 9.14, incidentally, the fire was already blazing furiously.

The large number of incendiaries - the Supreme Court admitted that they were many - could not have filed in openly from the street, bearing their burdens. Wendt would have seen and stopped them; people in the streets outside would have seen them.

There was only one other means of getting in. They worked in ways that were dark - and appropriately chose an underground tunnel. It was ideal for their purpose. It entered the Reichstag in the cellars beneath the Session Chamber, which also had, beneath the speaker's tribune, a little door leading down to those cellars. In the other direction, it ran below the street and had two exits - one in the official residence of the President, or Speaker, of the Reichstag, who was Hermann Göring; and the other in the Reichstag engine-house, behind the Speaker's residence. In the engine-house were the boilers which operated the Reichstag heating-plant; the official business of the tunnel was to carry the heating-pipes, beneath the street, across to the Parliament building.

The use of this tunnel by the incendiaries is a historical joke, for Paul Wallot, the architect of the Reichstag, built the engine-house 150 yards away, and connected the two by a tunnel, 'in order that there should be no source of fire within Parliament itself'!

That the incendiaries used this tunnel is beyond human doubt. By no other means could they have transported, unobserved, the masses of inflammable material they needed to the Session Chamber. Hermann Göring, to whose official residence on the other side of the street the tunnel led, in his evidence in court blandly stated his conviction that the incendiaries had indeed used the tunnel - he is a man who likes to take the bull by the horns.

In all human probability, therefore, the student of history will be right who pictures to himself a number of men, breathless and excited, each with a load on his shoulder, gathering in that tunnel soon before 9 p.m. on February 27th, 1933, going through it to the Reichstag, filing up the stairs to the Session Chamber, and laying their bundles on the deputies' seats. And if the student look again, he will see in their midst, with hanging head and vacant eyes, van der Lubbe, shambling along in obedient response to his 'voices'. A few minutes later - and the other dark figures have gone, the grotesque figure of van der Lubbe remains alone, holding a firebrand, at the door that leads from the Session Chamber to the Bismarck Hall. But one of the conspirators was left to see that van der Lubbe fulfilled his task - and when this man turned to run he could not find the way back to the tunnel (the cellars of the Reichstag are a veritable labyrinth) or the iron door had banged to and locked itself, so that he ran frantically about the Reichstag looking for a way of escape.

The identity of this man will transpire later in the narrative. I have been through the tunnel and carefully studied every detail of that night's adventure that became known, and I am convinced that if a second Reichstag Fire Trial be held one day, as the next rulers of Germany well may hold one, this explanation of the fire will prove correct.

For weeks before the fire members of the Reichstag, looking down from their party rooms on the upper floors of the Reichstag upon Hermann Göring's residence and the garden behind it had seen groups of Nazi Storm Troopers inside it. When Göring was there, his own personal bodyguard of SS-men also was on duty there, and the commander of this, one Walter Weber, stated in evidence that he was the first man to go through the tunnel *after* the fire had broken out, at about 9.30 p.m.

Open entry into the Reichstag from the street was impossible because, even if the porter Albert Wendt at Portal Number Five could have been suborned (he was not that kind of man, as the narrative will show) passers-by would have seen the heavily-laden incendiaries.

Of the two entrances to the tunnel from the far side, the unguarded engine-house entrance would have offered an easy means of ingress and escape to anybody having a duplicate key of the engine-house door - but the incendiaries would have had to pass directly beneath the porter's lodge of the Speaker's Residence and the tunnel was floored with loose metal plates which, as I was able to satisfy myself, made a din that must have been heard by him. The entrance to the tunnel from the Speaker's Residence itself was through a door immediately adjoining the porter's lodge and to have used that would have needed, not his tacit, but his open connivance.

Which of these two entrances was used is a matter only of secondary importance. If the porter, Paul Adermann, was suborned (he could not afford to be on any but good terms with Hermann Göring's personal bodyguard, which often shared his lodge with him) the Speaker's Residence entrance may have been used. One of the most remarkable things in an extraordinary trial was Adermann's statement in evidence that on many occasions before the fire he heard unauthorized prowlers in the tunnel; that he reported this and was told to keep 'a strict watch'; and that his 'strict watch' consisted of pasting strips of paper and threads across the two iron doors, so that he might know if they had been opened but though he found them broken on several occasions he never did anything more about it!

On many occasions during the trial such evidence was given, which if pursued was obviously likely to lead straight to the identification of the incendiaries, but the judges of the Supreme Court always succeeded in curtailing the evidence of such witnesses or in diverting their examination to some other subject.

But nevertheless, the geography of the Reichstag, the speed of the conflagration, and the time of its outbreak combined to show beyond doubt that the incendiaries - their identity still unknown - entered the building by the tunnel leading from the house of that National Socialist leader who used the fire as a pretext for the suppression of all enemies, individual or organized, of National Socialism; and for the seizure of absolute power short of the person of the German President, who could not live much longer.

The office of President, or Speaker, of the Reichstag was always a coveted one, bestowing a certain cachet as well as tactical advantages in parliamentary days on the party whose member received it. The National Socialists were jubilant on the day, in 1932, when Hermann Göring received that office from the dying woman Socialist, brought especially from Moscow for the occasion, Klara Zetkin, who presided in virtue of her seniority over the opening session of a Parliament in which the National Socialists had become the biggest party. It was one of their first great successes.

But none, save the conspirators themselves, on that day dreamed of the use to which the official residence of the new Speaker, as distinct from the office, could be put. It placed in the hands of the incendiaries the trick they needed; versed in ways that are dark, the tunnel was a gift to them that enabled them to carry their plans to success, to clinch their hold on Germany, to crush all opposition. By way of a tunnel, National Socialism entered into its kingdom - absolute power over the German Reich.

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## BURNING QUESTION

Who fired the Reichstag?

I have shown in this narrative how, during the Reichstag Fire Trial, in spite of all efforts to avert this, threads of evidence were repeatedly spun which, if followed, would have led to the National Socialists as the incendiaries - and how these were always promptly cut by the Supreme Court.

Nevertheless, it was impossible under the procedure chosen by the German Government in this matter - which was, to try and stage a plausible representation of a fair, above-board trial, with nothing hidden - to prevent the truth from unexpectedly poking its head into the Supreme Court, to the frantic embarrassment of the red-robed justices, who know better than anyone else where the truth lay and had to give the semblance of judicial dignity to their action in chasing it out of court every time it appeared.

Thus the most extraordinary thing in the whole trial came about: one of the actual incendiaries, as I believe, was named; appeared in court; was given a clean sheet with the least possible amount of questioning; and was quickly and blandly ushered out, all present sighing with relief when he had gone.

In the circumstances of that time it was impossible for writers living in Germany to make plain the full significance of this episode. All they could do was to report it and leave it to the international public to draw the obvious conclusion, but in the mass of news about the trial its importance was actually overlooked and has never, as far as I know, been appreciated. Indeed, in the stress and strain of work at that time I hardly appreciated it myself, nor did I put it in its due proportion in a book I most hurriedly wrote; only in the calm of much later re-perusal and reflection, when I had time to forget the enormous mass of irrelevant, but nevertheless fogging evidence, did I myself fully realize that this incident, quickly passed over and covered up by the court, was the most important thing in the whole trial.

It began when Albert Wendt was called as a witness. He was that night porter at Portal Number Five who came on duty at 8 p.m., when all the other doors were locked, and who was thus the only man who could say who had left or entered the Reichstag by the one open door between 8 p.m. and the time of the fire.

This Albert Wendt was a quiet, almost taciturn but obviously truthful witness, and that can be said of not more than a score of the hundred or more witnesses who were called. Moreover, he knew something that had been carefully kept quiet, something that upset the whole State case against the accused, and he was determined to say what he knew in court. He was a Socialist, a man of many years service at the Reichstag, and one of great courage - for he cannot have been in doubt of the retribution that awaited him outside the court for making this disclosure.

So Albert Wendt, after telling how Torgler, the Communist Parliamentary leader, and two other Communist Deputies left about 8.30 p.m., Scholz, the Reichstag lamplighter, immediately afterwards, and Otto, the postman, at 8.55, after which time he supposed himself alone in the building, 'which no civilian could have entered through my door unobserved', added quietly:

'About 10 p.m., a Deputy, of whose presence I was unaware, left the building and had to prove his identity.'

Nobody, he added, had entered the building through Portal Five since 8 p.m., when he came on duty and was informed by his predecessor, in accordance with regulations, that Torgler and his two

fellow-Communists were the only people left in the building, apart from Scholz. Asked by the Public Prosecutor, 'Then how did this deputy get in, who subsequently left at 10 p.m.?' Wendt answered quietly, 'He did not come in during my time on duty'.

The difficulties of those who, like myself, had to report this trial and sought diligently to detect the truth behind the mountain of fiction, are shown by the fact that the Court immediately glossed over the incident and passed on without even asking for the name of the mysterious Deputy!

Yet the whole structure of the case was based on the allegation that Torgler was the last man to leave the building, and the implication of this was that he had prepared the fire before going. Now, thanks to the information volunteered by Wendt, it was known that another man had been in the building, that he had entered it without being seen (presumably, therefore, by the tunnel), and had left it while the fire was at its height. His name had never been mentioned, though the judicial authorities must have known of him, and when the witness Wendt volunteered a vital piece of evidence the Court did not even ask the name and quickly turned to another topic!

(I may interpolate here that many months afterwards the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* published the cryptic statement that a man named Albert Wendt, living in Berlin, had died suddenly and mysteriously. This would have meant nothing to the German public, as Wendt's evidence was never published, save possibly, in unintelligible form, in one provincial paper. In the circumstances of that time it was impossible for me, keenly interested as I was, to ascertain whether this was the Albert Wendt of the Reichstag Fire Trial, but this is likely.)

Now the sequel.

A month later, without any previous announcement, the Deputy referred to by Albert Wendt was called to give evidence. He was a National Socialist Deputy for Thuringia, Dr. Herbert Albrecht! Moreover, he had then, in 1933, been a National Socialist for many years, and was one of Adolf Hitler's very earliest supporters; when Hitler's name was still hardly known to the outer world, Dr. Albrecht had been a local Thuringian leader of the then obscure National Socialist Party. Still a schoolboy when the Great War broke out, he had volunteered and gone to the front. Still in his teens when it was over, he fought with the anti-Communist and anti-Separatist Free Corps.

Dr. Albrecht, therefore, was of the very type of fanatical and stick-at-nothing young National Socialist of the World War generation for whom patriotism and anti-Communism were an obsession.

Now, Hermann Göring, in his statements, issued immediately after the fire, accusing the Communists of firing the Reichstag, had mentioned a Deputy who left the Reichstag while the fire was still burning, about 10 p.m., 'hatless, coatless, breathless, excited, as if in flight', and the public had always been allowed to assume that this was Torgler.

Now it transpired that the man who had rushed out of the Reichstag in this hatless, coatless and breathless condition, the very picture of a guilty incendiary - was Dr. Herbert Albrecht, the National Socialist Deputy!

Dr. Albrecht was called to the witness stand and allowed, by a benevolent court, to tell what I think I may now describe as a cock-and-bull story. This is how he explained the incident:

'I was in bed with a cold at a *pension* about sixty yards from the Reichstag and, being told by a maidservant what was afoot, I sprang from my bed with the intention of rescuing important family documents from my locker in the lobby enclosing the Session Chamber.'

(The noise of the fire, as I can testify, was enough to have awakened a dead man six hundred yards from the Reichstag, and it is inexplicable that Dr. Albrecht sixty yards away should have needed to be told that it was burning by a maidservant; it is, to say the least, strange that he should have kept important family documents' in the Reichstag.)

'Then', proceeded, Dr. Albrecht, 'I entered through Portal Five, collarless and hatless. Someone called to me "Stop. Nobody is allowed to enter" but on showing my Deputy's card I was admitted. The lobby was heavy with smoke but I was able to reach my locker, quickly seized the papers, and rushed out of the Reichstag. I did actually, therefore, as the newspapers said, leave the Reichstag *fluchtartig* [as if in flight]. As I left Portal Five I was hailed by the police and fetched back. I showed my papers and an official told the police-lieutenant "I know him, he's Dr. Albrecht of the National Socialist Party". I was then released and returned to the *pension*.'

From this statement in court it is clear that Dr. Albrecht left the Reichstag in a great hurry, looking just as a man might look who had helped to fire it; found his way of escape cut off; and finally, in panic, dashed out of the main entrance. Because he was a National Socialist deputy, he was allowed to go, in spite of his guilty appearance and incriminating behaviour, and if all had gone well nothing would ever have been heard of him. But the porter, Albert Wendt, was a witness of the incident, and, uninvited, blurted it out in court!

But how did he get in? He stated that he entered by that door, too. Albert Wendt categorically stated that he did not.

*Albert Wendt was not recalled; Dr. Albrecht was neither confronted with him nor with his evidence; Dr. Albrecht was not asked to explain the discrepancy, nor was a single question put to him; after telling his story, he was allowed to step down, left the court, and nothing more was ever heard of this matter.*

But for Albert Wendt nothing would ever have become known of Dr. Herbert Albrecht and his panic-stricken rush out of the Reichstag.

On his own statement, he, a longstanding National Socialist of the most fanatical type, *did* rush out of the burning building with guilt written all over him.

He never explained how he got in, or rather his statement of the manner of his entry is in such flagrant contrast to the statement *volunteered* by Albert Wendt that it is not worthy of belief; it could only have been rendered credible if he had been confronted with Wendt and if Wendt had then admitted a mistake; the fact that this was not done is in itself an admission of the truth of Wendt's statement and of the untruth of Dr. Albrecht's statement.

This National Socialist Deputy had not entered the Reichstag through the door, or his name would have been on the list handed to Wendt. He must have entered through the tunnel. He is in all probability the man left behind to see that van der Lubbe, the bemazed tool, carried out his task; somehow, his retreat was cut off, and in desperation he finally fled through the public exit.

The second Reichstag Fire Trial, if one be held, will begin with Dr. Albrecht, who in the first one appeared only briefly and, with bowing and scraping, was allowed in honour to depart.

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## MAKING A MOCK TRIAL

In these few pages I have given, in compressed form, the most important points in the Reichstag Fire Trial, the only things in it that really mattered. The actual trial lasted for more than three months; the court sat, during that time, for 57 days; over a hundred witnesses, some of them from distant countries, were called; dozens of speeches were made; thousands of questions put; millions of words uttered. But out of all that mass of material, after sifting and re-sifting, the only essential things are those I have set out. They show clearly, as I think, how all the paraphernalia of justice was paraded to defeat the ends of justice; how a half-wit, a string-manipulated dummy, was put in the place of villain, condemned and beheaded with an obscene pantomime of solemn retribution; how a man at whom all the fingers of guilt pointed - the real villain of the piece, perhaps - was treated as an honoured and an honourable figure, bowed off the stage by obsequious red-robed justices masquerading as the guardians of the law.

A tragic Punch-and-Judy show, this mock-trial.

I have not troubled, because it is irrelevant, to describe how the other four men in the dock - Ernst Torgler, the German Communist Parliamentary leader, a parlour-Bolshevist; Georgi Dimitroff, Blagoi Popoff, and Wassil Taneff, the three Bulgarian Communists living in exile in Berlin - were able, thanks to the all revealing searchlight of world publicity, to prove their alibis, and thus had, for very shame, to be acquitted. Nor is it worth while to describe at any length the grotesque parade of witnesses that Adolf Hitler's Germany dragged across the floor of the Supreme Court in the effort to bolster up a ludicrous charge against one mental deficient and four innocent men. One of the witnesses, a leading Nazi and Storm Troop commander, Edmund Heines, was a convicted murderer who at his trial had stoutly denied his crime but before the Supreme Court, feeling secure in the National Socialist Reich, boasted of it; six months later he was dead, shot by his Leader, Adolf Hitler. Several criminals serving sentences were brought to testify; they thought to buy their freedom by perjury, but did not reckon with the fierce world publicity given to the trial and retired in ignominious confusion. Men who had served terms in mental institutions were called to tell fantastic tales of conspiratorial meetings with the five accused men in the middle of the Tiergarten, Berlin's Hyde Park. Elderly spinsters who at all times saw plotters all round them and thought they had travelled with van der Lubbe in a lift; gossiping housewives from Berlin, North, who suddenly recalled seeing Torgler on the afternoon of the fire with a portfolio that looked as if it might have been packed to bursting with newspapers (for setting fire to the Reichstag!); garrulous charwomen who had vainly tried to open Dimitroff's trunks in his lodgings - but why continue this tale of perjurers and morons; it is like stirring the contents of a cesspool, and it is only of interest in that it shows the way a mock-trial is made.

Or rather, it shows the way this particular mock-trial was made, for there are more ways than one. The classic country of the mock-trial is Soviet Russia, and there a quite different method is used. There suborned or perjured witnesses for the prosecution are not necessary, because the accused always confess - copiously. Take, for instance, to quote only one example of dozens from the big Soviet show-trials of recent years, the Old Guard Bolshevik Radek, on trial for his life on charges of treason, espionage, sabotage, terrorism and much more before the Soviet Supreme Court in January 1937:

The Public Prosecutor: Were you for a defeat or for the victory of the Soviet Union?

Radek: All my actions in these years prove that I worked for the defeat.

P.P. Were you conscious of these actions?

Radek: I have never in my whole life - save in dreams - committed actions unconsciously.

P.P. And this was unfortunately no dream

Radek: This was unfortunately no dream.

P.P. This was reality?

Radek: This was mournful reality.

P.P. Yes, mournful for you.

And so on, and so on.

The methods by which these confessions are obtained, though they never cease to astonish the outer world, are quite familiar to those who understand the technique of a secret-police state. There is nothing surprising about them. A defendant in one of these trials, Dr. Levine, incautiously gave a glimpse of the methods when he allowed the words to slip out, 'My examiners were threatening to destroy my family'. This is one method.

These terrific confessions leave nothing to chance and are entirely satisfactory to the organizers of the trials, who can always be sure of the verdict. Nevertheless, the preparation of a mock-trial, even under these conditions, is a tricky business, and they slipped up badly once, in 1930, when eight Soviet professors and engineers were charged with sabotaging the industrial enterprises under their control; plotting the armed overthrow of the Soviet Government together with French and British military authorities; and organizing an 'Industrial Party' which was to set up a military dictatorship in Russia after that event. The defendants all confessed everything and one of them, Professor Ramzin, allegedly the head of the 'Industrial Party', even confessed the name of the man who was the Premier-elect of the contemplated post-Soviet Government. This was one P.P. Ryabushinsky, a well-known industrialist in Tzarist Russia.

P.P. Ryabushinsky, however, sabotaged the trial - for it transpired that he had died in Paris several years before the alleged plot and the trial!

This sort of thing is apt to upset the best-laid plans for a big mock-trial. It is, however, only a minor annoyance, for the domestic public of the country concerned never learns of it. The Russian public had its blood curdled by Professor Ramzin's confession, but never was told that the nominated head of the proposed counter-revolutionary government had been dead many years. And these trials are held, first and foremost, to impress domestic, not foreign opinion.

The National Socialists, in their first attempt at staging such a trial, did not imitate the Soviet technique of confessions. They could have done so; even the lion-hearted Dimitroff would hardly have been proof against the methods which can be used. But the German mind has a passion for giving the semblance of 'legality' to every act of violence. Just as Dr. Seyss-Inquart had to 'invite' Herr Hitler to invade Austria; Father Tiso to 'invite' him to protect Slovakia; and President Hacha, even, allegedly to 'invite' him to annex Bohemia and Moravia; so had the Reichstag Fire Trial to be dressed up in all the trappings of impartial justice. The National Socialists cared nothing for the substance, truth, indeed they were concerned to conceal it, but they eagerly grasped at the shadow, 'legality'.

It was an enormous task that ambitious, reckless and ruthless men set themselves; it was their first experience, and they probably did not themselves realize how big it was. Seven months passed

between the fire and the trial, and in that time they thought to build a watertight case which would convince Germany and the world of the guilt of 'Communism' for the Reichstag arson. They did not realize the penetrating power of world publicity.

They began with a simple idea, which was eventually incorporated in the indictment. There must be a Communist incendiary, preferably a foreigner, to expose the international, anti-German nature of Communism; for that part, the puppet van der Lubbe was found in a destitutes' home or in some dark alleyway. There must be a leading German Communist, to show the traitorous nature of the German Reds; for that part, the parliamentary leader of the German Communist Party, Torgler, was selected, and put alongside van der Lubbe in the dock. And there must be foreign Bolshevists, one of them preferably a man high in the councils of the Communist International, to show the direct instigation and complicity of the headquarters of anti-German, anti-National Socialist, Bolshevism - Moscow; for these parts the three Bulgarian Communist exiles, Dimitroff, Popoff and Taneff, were chosen. They had been living quietly in Berlin, known to and watched by the police, and seemed most eligible for the part.

Thus these five men, strangers to each other save that the three Bulgarians were friends, found themselves in the dock. It seemed easy. During the seven months of the police investigation and judicial investigation (on the strength of which the indictment is drawn up by the Public Prosecutor) many other useful ideas cropped up. For instance, a man named Dimitroff had had a part in blowing up Sofia Cathedral in 1923, and nothing seemed more simple than to assume that this Dimitroff was the same man. The assumption was made, and the examining magistrate, who had the five men kept in chains during the seven months of their imprisonment before the trial, told Dimitroff of this and cheerfully assured him that he would lose his head.

Just before the indictment was finally drawn up, and the trial begun, its organizers seem to have realized that the world-wide interest in the trial would lead to immediate exposure if by any chance their Dimitroff were not identical with Dimitroff of the Sofia Cathedral outrage, and reluctantly withdrew this particular plum from the pudding they were making. (At the trial, however, Dimitroff succeeded in raising the point and it was proved forthwith that he was not identical with the other Dimitroff.)

By such means, the fabric of the trial had already begun to crumble before it began, and its organizers were much less happy than they had been. At first, for instance, it was intended also to put in the dock Karl von Ossietzky, the German pacifist who, with thousands of other anti-Nazis, was arrested on the night of the fire, and died after five years of torment in German concentration camps, after being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. This, too, was found impracticable, and he quietly disappeared from the indictment. Again, one or two leading National Socialists who had been cast for witness-parts - including Colonel Hierl, head of the German Labour Conscript Army, who at first was down to testify against the Bulgarians - fell out of the case.

The last push that destroyed the tottering structure of the indictment, if any were needed, was given by the irrepressible temperament of Dimitroff, in whom the unfortunate organizers of this trial caught a tartar. Nothing, not even Hermann Göring's threats in open court to have him hanged outside it, could stop this fiery man from expressing his fierce contempt for the whole mock-parade of justice and from proving his own innocence.

The sympathy he gained in the outer world was a heavy blow for the harassed organizers of the trial. Since 1934, however, much has happened, and some of them may have been among the German officers and soldiers who met and cordially saluted the Dimitroff Battalion of Soviet troops over the prostrate body of Poland. Dimitroff himself to-day is presumably trying to convince the

followers throughout the world of his Communist International of the wisdom and probity of Soviet collaboration with that National Socialist Reich of which he proclaimed so bitter a contempt.

At the end nothing was left of the indictment and the trial but to behead the man who might have told the truth one day, van der Lubbe.

Whether the trial accomplished the primary object of its organizers - to convince German domestic opinion that it had been saved from a Reichstag-burning Bolshevism is a thing difficult to judge. Many Germans believed from the first that the Nazis had fired the Reichstag, and the trial will not have changed their opinion; as an illuminating incident, I can mention that Otto Strasser, the chief-accused-to-be in the Munich Bomb Trial, was passing the Anhalter Station in Berlin on the night of the fire and, seeing the glow in the sky, asked a taxi-driver what it was, to which he received the answer 'Oh, the Nazis have fired the Reichstag'.

But a large proportion of Germans thrive on the feeling that they are being menaced by some invisible but malignant foe; without this feeling, they are not quite happy; and to these people the trial was meat and drink. Like Tartarin of Tarascon, they see 'them' always lying in wait, and the bloodcurdling tale of Red legions, German and international, crouching to strike on all sides made the strongest appeal to them. To-day, their frame of mind must be one of confusion; but memories are short, and perhaps they have already forgotten how the minions of Stalin, who in 1939 received such affectionate congratulations on his 60th birthday from their Adolf Hitler, in 1933 fired their Reichstag.

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## TWICE SHY?

Will the Munich Bomb Trial be held? At the first experiment, the Reichstag Fire Trial, the men who organize these things were very badly bitten. Nevertheless, they seem to be preparing for a second attempt.

It is astounding, in view of that unfortunate first experience, how closely, to judge by their statements, they seem to be following the model of the Reichstag Trial. The actors and the names have changed, but otherwise all is the same. The malignant foe is no longer International Communism - but the British Empire.

Now, as then, we have the actual criminal - alleged: an obscure and completely unknown individual. Seven years ago all the world knew of him, until the trial began, was that he was a Dutchman and his name was van der Lubbe. To-day all the world knows is that his name is Georg Elser and that he is a German. Georg Elser, like Marinus van der Lubbe, is supposed to have been the tool of the malignant foreign foe.

Now, as then, we have the German traitor, organizer of the plot in conjunction with the malignant foreign foe. Then he was Ernst Torgler, the Communist Parliamentary leader. Now he is Otto Strasser, once one of Adolf Hitler's closest associates; brother of an even closer associate, Gregor Strasser, whom Hitler had shot; who, unlike his brother, broke away from Hitler, whom he held to have betrayed real National Socialism, years before the triumph of National Socialism; and who since then, in Germany until 1933 and outside Germany after that year, has been Hitler's most active and dangerous enemy, as leader of the 'Black Front' organization, most of the members of which are unknown and hold office in Hitler's army, party and civil service. (Incidentally, I happen to know that Otto Strasser for many months before and after the outbreak of this war sought in vain to obtain a visa for entry to England; it is permissible to assume that the British authorities, at any rate up to the outbreak of war, refused this on the ground that he was an avowed enemy of the ruling regime in Germany.)

Now, as then, we have the representatives of the malignant foreign foe itself. Then, they were the three Bulgarian Communists, who admittedly professed allegiance to Moscow. Now, they are two Britishers, Captain Stevens and Mr. Best, who are described in the German statements as agents of 'the British Secret Service' - the invisible, malignant foe. According to the only British statement made about them they were enticed from Dutch territory to the German frontier by the inducement of peace-parleys with some person or persons unnamed in Germany, and there abducted by armed German agents. The German statements alleged that they were captured while trying to cross the frontier, and that they, in collaboration with Otto Strasser, instigated the Munich bomb explosion.

If that is to be the content of the indictment, the Munich Bomb Trial will be as crazy as the Reichstag Fire Trial, and will resemble it almost as closely as one pea another.

But will there be a Munich Bomb Trial? The Reichstag Fire Trial seemed completely to have destroyed the National Socialist taste for these mock-trials, which are so difficult to prepare. Immediately after that trial, the famous 'People's Court' was created, in which three of the five judges are laymen - army, navy and air force officers, Secret police officials, Storm Troop commanders and the like - and before which trials are heard in camera. The trick of proving innocence avails nothing before such a court. None ever learns what transpires in them - beyond the bare announcement that such and such a man or woman has been sentenced for treason or espionage and beheaded. Were they guilty? Nobody knows. The glare of world publicity does not penetrate to the People's Court.

Since the Reichstag Fire Trial came to its inglorious end, all such jobs have been done by the People's Court, in impenetrable secrecy. The National Socialist regime has never risked a second great Show Trial. It has often promised one - but has always shrunk from the risk of being bitten again. It promised such a trial of Thälmann, the German Communist leader, but this has never been held, and by all account Thälmann, in spite of the reconciliation with Moscow, is still, after nearly seven years, held in German concentration camps. It promised such a trial of Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, but this has never been held, and Dr. Schuschnigg is still, after nearly two years, held captive on the top floor of the Hotel Metropole in Vienna.

Is the Munich Bomb Trial really to be the second great National Socialist experiment of the kind? It has been promised. The near future will show.

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## POSTSCRIPT

The outbreak of war and the proclaimed imminence of the Munich Bomb Trial have given me this opportunity, which I keenly desired, to write a brief epitome, based on mature reflection, of the Reichstag Fire Trial; and I have been glad of this because, as I have pointed out, much more of the truth came out during that famous trial than could have been expected and this deserves to be put on permanent record, for the Reichstag fire was a major historical event.

This is, indeed, the first balanced, though greatly abbreviated story, of the trial, for many things conspired to mar the record which I hurriedly wrote at the time and published in the form of a book. First, I wrote it in the small hours of days already overlaid with overwork and during a time and in a country seething with nervous excitement and patriotic hysteria. Secondly, though nearly all the facts are in it, they are too much on a dead level; there was no time to sort out the grain from the chaff, to bring the important things to the front of the stage, and herd the minor ones at the back. Thirdly, there was the unremitting pressure on a hard-driven writer living in Berlin of the National Socialist regime, with its insidious method of vilification in government and private offices in *London*: 'Oh yes, so-and-so is a very able reporter - but of course you know that he is a Red?' Fourthly, and worst of all, was the fact that in England itself a large part of the public simply did not want to hear - and this is not so long ago - anything against the National Socialist regime, and tacked the label 'Much too anti-Nazi' on to every report or reporter that did not attune with this state of mind; and many a writer was sharply made to feel that his newspaper did not wish to 'labour' the shadow side of National Socialism. Caught in a vice between these last two forces, the writer who had no wish whatever to attack National Socialism but knew that his job was to report the truth, just as a bootmaker's job is to make good shoes, was often harassed to the point of distraction. And fifthly, the present writer was at that time too near the picture; his head was so filled, after twelve months of living with the Reichstag Fire and the Reichstag Fire Trial, night and day, that the fire was obscured by the smoke, the facts by the gigantic mass of petty and irrelevant evidence which was heaped on the grave of truth.

So, what with one thing and another, the real story of the Reichstag Fire and Trial, condensed but in its proper proportions, can only now be told, seven years later. This brief account contains it.

[END] \* prepared by Truth Seeker - [www.douglasreed.co.uk](http://www.douglasreed.co.uk) \*

# Insanity Fair

by

Douglas Reed

published: April, 1938



**Publishers Note:** Douglas Reed was living in Vienna in 1937 and in the beginning of 1938 when he wrote this book. While the book was in the press the storm broke.

The publishers could easily have edited the chapters on Austria to recognize the changes already accomplished. But by this means much of the vividness of the author's first-hand account of the last days of Austrian independence would have been lost.

Therefore the chapter on Austria (ch 32) was allowed to stand as it is written. All but the last four paragraphs of it was written before events began to move; and this part shows how clearly the author felt the suspense that lay over the country and shared the anxiety of its inhabitants. The last four paragraphs of Chapter 32 were written after von Schuschnigg visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden, and these paragraphs show equally clearly that Douglas Reed then immediately recognized the end of Austria to be imminent. It came a month later, and Chapters 44, 45, 46 and 47 (which were incorporated after the second impression) describe how it happened.

In these chapters the reader sees a sound prediction, based on knowledge and experience, come true.

\*

**Authors Note:** None of the characters in this book is imaginary. They all exist, believe it or not.

None of the opinions expressed in this book commits any third party. They are mine, all mine, and nobody's but mine.

None of the material in this book has been published before, but I wrote a full-length book about the Reichstag Fire, which is briefly discussed in this volume, and it was published (The Burning of the Reichstag) by Messrs. Victor Gollancz.

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## POSTSCRIPT

## Chapter One

### JOURNEY'S BEGINNING

My first glimpse of Insanity Fair was of uniforms and warlike preparations, a fitting introduction for a male of my generation. The jingle-jangle, clip-clop of horse artillery riding out of St. John's Wood barracks are the first sounds I remember hearing. I was being held up at an opposite window to watch the troops leave for South Africa; I think the arms that held me were those of a nurse, so that I must have been in better circumstances then than later. Nineteen years afterwards I leaned against the wall of a Flanders farmhouse, in a drizzling dusk, and watched horse artillerymen with streaming rubber cloaks drive their guns by. The war had finished that morning. The jingle-jangle, clip-clop took me back to the window in St. John's Wood.

The years between those two wars look to me, in retrospect, like a street in Westbourne Grove or some other Victorian suburb. One day like another, one house like another, a grey vista of ugliness and repression. Many Londoners who were born around 1900 must have similar memories. The Berliner has the woods and lakes waiting for him half an hour away. The Viennese carries with him through life the picture of his native hills golden in the sun or white with snow, of becardled Christmas trees in the windows, of priestly processions chanting their way to the Stefansdom with banners of red and gold. The Budapestter has his Danube and does not need to be rich to know music, wine and song.

London was too big, you could not escape it. I bicycled furiously, at the week's end, in search of a green and pleasant land. Marble Arch, Maida Vale, Kilburn, Brondesbury, Cricklewood, Hendon, Edgware, Stanmore and other bosky names fell behind me, but when the time came to turn back the promised land still lay over the next horizon. I had found only a belt of pseudo-countryside, flowerless, dusty, with stunted trees. Wherever a green meadow or a shady wood offered a notice forbade me to approach it.

Of country pursuits little was to be seen. The countryfolk devoted their energies to stifling the tea-drinking mania of my compatriots. Every hut and hamlet bore the sign 'Teas'. Once I rode in search of the Thames, the chief river of my native land. After some hours I discovered it at Staines and spent a week's salary on the hire of a punt. This I propelled, until I tired, between a double row of notices offering me tea, forbidding me to land, and threatening me with prosecution. I came back believing that I had had a good day. The lot of a Londoner did not then seem to me insufferable. I knew nothing else. Long afterwards, when I saw other cities and countries, my gorge began to rise. Am I right now or was I right then? Anyway, when people speak longingly of their childhood and youth I feel superior to them, because my own were so dull that the present is infinitely preferable. I feel that I am living on an ascending, they on a descending scale of happiness. Those grey London years, before I sailed down Southampton Water bound for France, are like the wasteful blank pages that inexplicably begin most books.

For I am a Londoner. My father came from the West Country and my mother from Ireland, but I was born in St. John's Wood and spent nearly all my days before the war between Shoot Up Hill, a pleasant name, strangely bestowed before the Petrol Age, and St. Paul's. Only once, when I was very young, did we go to live at Southend, where the sea at stated times retires out of sight. On these vast mud flats I wandered, and saw with quaking heart a drowned man fished out of the sea. Here my infant sister fell face downward while paddling in the fringes of the sea, during one of its rare visitations, and my mother with piercing cries rushed in her heavy flounced skirts and petticoats to rescue her, and, scarlet-faced and shamed by so much commotion, I drove home with them in a brougham. Here my father told me how he had kicked his top hat all the way down

Queen Victoria Street on Mafeking Day and on Mafeking Night had transplanted a 'To Let' board from the garden of an empty house to the forecourt of the little church which we attended on Sundays.

I was certainly in better circumstances then, for I went to a school which now claims to rank among the public schools of England, and in England public schools draw their scholars from a narrow moneyed class. The head master habitually dressed like a Scottish dominie caricatured by *Punch*. With long hair and beard, a tam o'shanter, and a cloak streaming behind him, he stalked about the windy streets, a picture of stern and wild Scottish righteousness, and deeply impressed the matrons of Southend.

One morning he assembled the whole school in the main hall for an unknown purpose and, gaunt and terrifying, to my uneasy surprise called for 'Douglas Reed' to step forward. I was about nine years old. I stepped out and stood, the focus point of invisible dotted lines running from the curious eyes of a hundred schoolfellows. In a breathless silence the dominie spoke. I had in my possession a toy cannon; where had I got it? I had indeed a small toy cannon, worked by a spring, which I had found during playtime the day before behind a tree in the playground and had shown with much glee to other boys. I told him this. 'You lie,' said he. 'No, it's true,' I answered. 'You lie.' 'No, it's true.' 'You lie,' thundered the dominie, 'you took it from another boy's desk.' A figure of righteous wrath, he pointed a long bony finger at me, and shouted, 'Tell the truth, tell the truth!' The deity that punishes bad boys seemed to have taken earthly shape. I had an awful feeling of guilt. So holy a man could not be wrong. He roared louder, 'Did you take it from another boy's desk? Say yes!' 'Yes,' I said. I was thrashed before the school. I dared not tell my parents; they would never believe me, I thought. Some distrust of myself, which I only conquered many years later, dated from this time.

We came to London. I went to another school, in Kilburn. This school was public, but not a public school. All might attend it. It was free, though for the benefit of those who strove after superiority it had a separate department where the scholars paid two shillings a week, and to this I belonged. Although we had a common playground and fell over each other's legs a great social gulf was fixed between the two-shilling boys and the free boys and we never mixed. The head master was an estimable man who habitually stood at the door through which we filed after playtime and at random picked a boy here and a boy there for a box on the ears that sounded like a pistol shot. To receive one of these unmerited buffets from the good Dr. Nairn counted on balance as a distinction. We never bore him malice and thought of him in after years with mild affection. If boys feel that a master is mean in his soul and hates them they loathe him but if their instinct tells them that he is ultimately a just man they respect him and don't give a hoot for his canings.

Stands St. Augustine's where it stood? Red brick Gothic in a grey Georgian world of Avenues and Terraces, that in their drooping lace curtains and coy aspidistras belie these fair and verdant names. Cross housewives and pinched servants toiling on their knees to give a transient whiteness to the sacred front steps, their behinds turned to the blue sky and the trees. All else could be ugly and dingy, the house could be dirty without and dark within, but the front steps had to be white and the woman who did not laboriously hearthstone them in the morning was a slattern and the butt for her neighbours' malice.

Is the 'recreation ground' with its sparse grass and tortured shrubs still there, and the bright yellow cake with gaudy pink icing, a slab even bigger than a man's hand for a penny?

One day I shall brave Edgware Road. Maida Vale and the Kilburn High Street and go and see if St. Augustine's, with other great British institutions, has survived a world war unchanged. I hardly know what I learned there. The curriculum was a simple one, meant for boys who were going to

become clerks and shopkeepers and would not need to know very much. Reading I hardly needed to learn, for it is an inborn passion; arithmetic I have never yet learned; history, although I then habitually gained top marks by reciting parrotwise pages of dates which I immediately afterwards forgot, I can only retain by seeing the places where things have happened; geography only came to me years later through travel. Classical education was none; and if any undeveloped talent for music, painting, or sculpture ever lurks in the boys who go to such schools it must, save in a case of genius, be efficiently nipped in the bud.

But when I was thirteen I left St. Augustine's and began to earn my living. One day I was a schoolboy, wearing the unsuitable clothes that were my penance for my parents' belief that we belonged to a superior class: the shopkeepers called these garments Eton jackets and my derisive schoolmates called them bumfreezers. The next day, my fingers still tingling from Dr. Nairn's congratulatory parting handshake, I had begun to serve a term as office-boy to a publishing firm.

I continued to wear my only suit, the bumfreezer with the Fauntleroyan collar, for several months, until my employers made me the vehicle of a protest to my parents. Then I was bought a brown trouser suit the jacket of which, to my grief, was not slit at the back as were those of all the other men in my immediate circle whom I held to be really well dressed; why, I complained to myself, did my parents insist in making me conspicuous.

I was paid eleven shillings a week. Five years later, when I was eighteen, this had risen to eighteen shillings. When I was sixteen I obtained a post at thirty shillings a week, but my employers would not part with me without the full month's notice to which the law entitled them because they paid me my fourteen weekly shillings monthly, and my prospective new employer would not wait.

About eight in the morning I left the mass-produced street in Brondesbury, which looks like the Dionne quintuplets carried to infinity, where we lived, and by means of a circuitous railway journey with long walks at either end reached the Strand, where the publisher had his office. About seven-thirty in the evening I returned. Later I went and returned by bicycle, haring down Maida Vale and through Hyde Park, past posters that said 'Bleriot flies the Channel' or 'Sinking of the *Titanic*', and darting in and out of the traffic in emulation of the evening newspaper runners, those trick-cyclists of the streets in pre-war London.

My days I spent in typing letters, running messages, sticking on stamps, running up to the storerooms where the books were kept in brown paper packages on racks. The smell of those dust-covered shelves is with me now. I had an hour for lunch but ten minutes was usually enough to eat a pork pie and then I retired with three sticks of chocolate cream to a window ledge on the top story of the publishing house, a vantage point among the chimney pots with a glimpse of the Strand where I was for a moment captain of my soul. All the contents of the dusty racks were at my disposal. I followed Napoleon to Moscow, Murat to Pozzo and Bernadotte to Sweden; I went with Scott to the South Pole, shared his despair at finding that Amundsen had got there first, and I went out into the snow with Oates; I sailed in the *Cutty Sark* and walked with Brummel along Haymarket, jibing at his fat friend; I was besieged in Ladysmith, but never lost my faith in Bobs, whom I had seen cutting down mutineers in India; I communed with Shakespeare, St. Francis of Assisi and Borrow. Anthony Hope took me to tea with Miss Dolly and I marvelled at their gift of idle repartee. Taking books at random from the shelves, my mind consumed a prodigious literary Irish Stew.

When the clock struck two I had to leave this brave world with its spacious horizon and climb down from my crow's nest to a nether world of endless boredom. The minutes trailed by on leaden feet until six o'clock. Opening letters, typing letters, closing letters, sticking stamps on letters. I loathed it and, continually reproached, I had an ineradicable feeling of guilt about myself. The

manager had the same effect on me as the dominie at Southend, although he looked quite different, with his neatly brushed grey hair, his pince-nez, his striped trousers and morning coat. One day, opening the morning mail, I threw into the wastepaper basket an envelope containing a cheque. A summons to the presence, words of stem reproach that I could be so forgetful of all that had been done for me. I was fifteen. I fetched my overcoat and walked along Essex Street, under the archway, down the steps, through the passage where the blind man stands, to the Embankment. A cold November sun glinted on the Thames. I stopped to contemplate His Majesty's Ship *President*, that stationary barque where city clerks of a seafaring bent do physical jerks in the evenings as Naval Volunteers. How many generations of office boys have woven their dreams about the *President*, wished that it would suddenly leave its moorings and take them with it, far away to a world of spacious skies and sunny strands.

Then I went on, across Blackfriars Bridge, bound for Dover. The London Docks never occurred to me, so hamstrung is the mind of a London boy; he may work for years alongside the Thames at Blackfriars and never know where are the docks or how to get to them, never see the steamers white and gold but only dull barges trailing behind puffing tugs. Dover was the place for a boy who meant to run away to sea. Running away to sea was a brave, flashing jewel that I had long kept in a private casket at the back of my mind. But now that the moment had come I found that it was not easy. How did you run away to sea? I did not know. At last the word 'Dover' suggested itself. It had a salty tang; the Dover Road was a romantic place, a good approach to so great an undertaking, with a sinister inn where strange adventures, as I remembered from a breathless evening at the Lyceum, had befallen Henry Irving. At Dover would be ships.

So Dover it was. I knew that it lay vaguely somewhere south-east of London, so I tacked to port at the end of Blackfriars Bridge and set my course for Southwark and the Old Kent Road. I had but a few pence. A pawnbroker in a side street gave me three shillings for my overcoat. In brown suit, shiny starched collar and bowler hat I plodded on. Greenwich already reeked of the sea and boasted of Nelson; my spirits rose and I greeted Greenwich as one seafaring man greeting another. My feelings were mingled, of awe at what I had done, elation at finding myself bound for Dover when I should have been licking stamps, and trepidation about the future. At Crayford dusk and a drizzle began to fall together. At Dartford I found a Sailors' and Soldiers' Home and a pretty girl in charge of it, whose friendliness would have enchanted me a few years later but now embarrassed me when I only wanted to avoid notice. She gave me supper for a few pence, smoothed the sheet and thin coverlet on a plank bed that cost another sixpence, and in the morning sped me on my way with hot coffee and a quick hug with one arm. She asked no questions.

The Dover Road belied its promise. Coming through Rochester I asked a burly cheerful policeman where it was, and regretted this immediately when he asked me what I was about. My trousers were muddied half-way to the knee, the bowler hat was turning soft with the rain. The feeling of guilt that had always accompanied me since the incident of the toy cannon overwhelmed me and I went scarlet as I told him 'I'm on a walking tour'. 'In those clothes' he said ironically. Then he pointed the way, turned on his heel and without another word went on his business. I continued on mine. The Dover Road lay glistening and grey between muddy brown fields. I was cold and wet. In Maidstone I spent my last few pence on biscuits and chocolate. The daylight began to fail and I had to find somewhere to sleep. I passed through the town and on the farther side came to a row of half-built houses, the twins of those I had left behind me in Brondesbury. On the plank flooring of a doorless and windowless backroom I tried to sleep. I grew colder and colder and ached in every joint. I didn't sleep a wink. Shivering, thirsty and hungry, I got up when I thought dawn must be near and started off again for Canterbury. By the afternoon I had shot my bolt. Dover seemed far off and uncertain, night was again at hand: I had eaten hardly any thing that day and saw no prospect of finding a place to sleep. I turned back. London had beaten me. I trudged back through the night and the next day and came into London on the next evening. I came through Poplar, with its crowded

Jewish streets and smelly naphtha flares, and here, one of the meanest places in London, a grand Guardee officer came striding towards and past me - scarlet and blue, tall bearskin on his head, sword and gold braid. An unusual sight anywhere in England, where officers in uniform are only seen in barracks or in processions, but stranger still in dingy Poplar.

I forgot that I was hungry and cold and miserable and tasted glory for a moment, as most boys do when they see a uniform. I knew him. He was a Jew. Somewhere in Hampstead existed at that time a thing called a cadet battalion - somehow I had come to belong to it. Its members, embryonic week-end soldiers, were boys under sixteen. They had rifles, red coats, and even -- sheer bliss -- busbies. Mine were lying at home now, as I came through Poplar. We had two Jewish officers, both bespectacled, one very tall and thin, one short and plump. I had met the tall and thin one, on his homeward way from some parade. What stirred this martial enthusiasm in them? England's need? The title of Lieutenant? The thought of a uniform almost as grand as that of a Guards officer and procurable cheaply from cousin Moss in Covent Garden? Who knows. I knew many Jews later, in the war, and they were neither better nor worse, braver nor less brave than the others.

I crept through the city, along Oxford Street and Edgware Road, came to a Brondesbury deserted by all save marauding cats, let myself in with my latchkey and was found dead asleep the next morning by my father, who had spent some harassing days. Next day the stamp-sticking began again. For a time I was regarded with the respect due to a near-runaway and reproofs became fewer. I still regret that I had not the gumption to complete that adventure.

The routine of boredom was resumed. The same trivial tasks presented themselves at the same times, like parts on a moving belt in a factory. I lived for the evenings and Saturday afternoons - less for Sundays, which I had come to connect with compulsory church going, raindrops trickling down window panes, and the most mournful sound I know - that of a barrel-organ in a London suburban street.

But the evenings were different. I courted death by my bicycle dashes from the Strand to Brondesbury. I finished work at six, and by seven I reckoned to have reached home, swallowed a cup of tea, changed into flannels, and continued my journey to Willesden, where behind a gaunt black fence was a large field where many men played cricket. In the height of the summer, and failing rain, you could count on two hours of daylight and here, as long as a man could see the ball, I stood, for the most part vainly waiting for it to come to me. I had then an unquestioning and impressionable mind and had acquired a fervent belief in the paramountcy among sports of this grim game, which sometimes remains unfinished after three days of languid combat. To be critical about cricket was then to show yourself a heretic, but no methodical effort to produce good cricketers was ever made. Athletics were a closed book at the schools I went to, and in many of the Continental cities I have since come to know I have envied the unmoneyed young men their opportunities for developing their bodies and learning to run, jump and swim.

In the winter you went to the pictures or the Kilburn Empire. The pictures offered darkness and armchairs made in pairs, so that no dead upholstered arm intervened between yourself and the girl you took with you; you watched Mary Pickford go with the jerky movements of a robot to some romantic tryst and ate chocolates at 71/2d. a quarter-pound.

At the Kilburn Empire you booked a front seat in the circle at 1s. 3d., and set out soon after supper time, freshly washed and brushed, with a pleasurable feeling of anticipation to attend the second house. In the circle you were a gentleman; Ethiopia was hardly more remote or more unknown to you than the gallery. George Robey cocked a knowing eye and sang 'Swish' while the well-bred among the audience told each other confidentially that he was an Oxford man. Harry Champion hit

the bull's-eye of British humour by singing about boiled beef and carrots. Charlie Chaplin as the drunken swell fell out of his stage-box in the Mumming Birds' stage-on-a-stage sketch.

The audience applauded everything: I never remember disapproval. A Hebrew comedian, who caricatured the most marked facial and other characteristics of the Jews, was enthusiastically received; so was the gentle and magnanimous Jew in 'Only a Jew' who triumphed over his Gentile adversary in a stupendous life-and-death struggle in which the two threw lamps, chairs and practically everything else on the stage at each other. Manly or patriotic sentiments, lustily sung, were enough to gain applause that genius might often have envied. A large man in a red shirt, riding breeches and sombrero, a simple soul from the great open spaces, regularly brought down the house by singing this verse:

My father was a white man  
Who bore an honoured name,  
My mother was a paleface  
Whose life was without shame:  
I never will disgrace them,  
Temptation I'll defy,  
I'll always be a white man,  
A white man till I die-hie.

Another, a retired colonel who in retirement could not break himself of the habit of wearing his regimental mess kit, came on the stage accompanied by two ladies who from the circle passed easily as his nieces and moved a 1912 audience, to whom King George was practically unknown, almost to tears with this refrain:

God save the King!  
Can't you hear them shouting,  
Can't you hear them shouting  
As the King goes by  
'God save the King!'  
That's the song they sing.  
'Long live the King!'  
Is the nation's loving cry.

I liked it as much as any of them. I felt a better man afterwards. When the war came, and I took the first opportunity to show my khaki in a stall at the Kilburn Empire, I felt I had never heard nobler sentiments than these, sung by a large blonde in a pink dress:

We don't want to lose you  
But we think you ought to go,  
For your King and your Country  
Both need you so.  
We shall want you and miss you,  
But with all our might and main  
We shall hug you, squeeze you, kiss you,  
When you come back again.

To which my same self ten years later would have answered gently but firmly. 'Sez you.'

King Edward died and the tolling of bells in the early morning, as I was dressing for the office, brought tears to my father's eyes, although I had never deemed him to be deeply patriotic. I



watched the funeral. Down the Edgware Road came the music of Chopin's funeral march, then slow-stepping guardsmen and then, between the comic metal helmets of an English county regiment, I saw the coffin go past, and the kings follow it. King George, then little known, looking cold and pinched; Kaiser Wilhelm, upright and self-conscious, glancing or glaring about him; King Alfonso, with his pendulous Habsburg lower lip and slouched shoulders and his cocked hat on the back of his head.

I stayed up all night to make sure of a front place on the kerbstone in Whitehall for the Coronation and then was driven away by the police just before the procession began, so that in the end I only got glimpses of it between masses of other people's heads by straining my tiptoes to the utmost. But I saw, for the first time, Edward Prince of Wales, pink and boyish in his coronation robes, with his brothers and sister all crammed into the same lumbering gala coach.

Life was a gloomy corridor that began in Brondesbury and ended in the Strand and had no exits, only an occasional tiny window through which came a glimpse of a wider world. I did not grow much after I was thirteen; days spent in dark and stuffy storerooms and snatched meals of hamrolls and chocolate cream saw to that. At Easter and Whitsun I put metal clips round my trouser ankles and pedalled hard in search of quiet meadows, streams to bathe in, shady groves. I never found them, and innumerable boards warning me that I should be prosecuted if I trespassed made me feel guilty to look for them. Once a year I had a fortnight's holiday and sometimes went to Hove, which, like a lady who has married beneath herself, averts a shuddering face from her lusty plebeian spouse, Brighton. At Hove my grandfather, for some reason hidden from me, lived in a big house with many servants and a marvellous garden. Across the garden wall came the sharp clipped report of bat meeting ball, for here Sussex County had their home. With awe I heard that my father had once played for the Gentlemen of Sussex. A curtain was lifted, and I peeped for a moment into a finer and brighter world, as I did too when my mother, who set much store by such things, told me of a kinsman, so distant that he seemed enchanted, who had achieved a Jamaican judgeship and of another who as a Catholic Bishop had blessed the body of the Prince Imperial - that Prince who may or may not have had the blood of the Bonapartes in his veins, and was killed in the Zulu war.

I sometimes called on my grandfather, in awe and trepidation, for he was a daunting figure with his bald head and mutton chop whiskers. He was normally irritable, lived to be nearly eighty, and in his last years was furious when a doctor, telling him that these now were numbered, sought to console him with the remark 'After all, you've had a pretty good innings'. From that moment the sound of the cricket balls, coming over the garden wall, must have had a sinister ring for him. He had lived for many years in Hove, where he was long an alderman and he must have been a man of progressive mind, for I was proudly told that he was responsible for the bandstand on the front and even for the Hove lawns, a modest green carpet laid down in his time between the gaunt Georgian terraces and the knobbly beach. Some time before the war he died and my respect for him, the worthy representative of a long line of prosperous west-country lawyers, increased in death as I read in the 'Wills' column of the *Daily Mail* that he had left a large fortune. I showed the cutting with pride to my fellow office boys in the publishing house and my stock with them rose steeply. Such is the power of reflected glory, for not a penny of the many thousands trickled through to my family, far less to me, until twenty-five years later, when the death of an aunt brought a very modest legacy.

After five years a first modest bid for freedom was successful. In 1914 I became a junior clerk in Lloyds Bank. I earned nearly a pound a week and after a few months I was to have thirty shillings. I had begun to climb the social ladder, several rungs of which lay between office-boy and bank clerk. Vistas undreamed of opened to me. I could now aspire to play bank cricket, which meant a great field unshared by other teams, your name in obscure corners of the newspapers, a pavilion to change in and an exquisite though tormenting walk from the pavilion to the wicket, a blazer in

mauve and green which had only the drawback of resembling too closely the colours vaunted by Mrs. Pankhurst and her suffragettes.

Still moving up the social ladder, I became a Saturday afternoon soldier as a private in the Artists' Rifles. This was one of those military formations, apparently peculiar to England, reserved to persons of superior social standing. I am still not sure how I came to get in, since the unwritten law was that the recruit should have a public school education, and the man without this advantage who found himself in a company of others from the public schools in pre-war England usually felt like one of Bateman's subjects, the Guardsman who dropped his rifle on parade, or something of that sort. The cult of the public school fetish was at its height and I had absorbed a real veneration for this superior class from reading this sort of statement: 'The British private soldier will follow a public school man into hell but not a ranker wallah.'

Later, in the war, I remember an officer of foreign extraction, who had acquired an English name at its outbreak, who was wont to expatiate on the merits of a public school upbringing with tears in his eyes. I do not think he liked me much, and thought he indicated the reason when one winter's day, while we were digging reserve trenches in France, he asked me pointedly before the others what school I had been to. And another time, when we were in billets in a bleak Flanders village, he called me aside and strongly reprimanded me for going about with a drummer. The bandsmen were hired men and proletarians.

However, my fellow Artists were good enough to me, and thankfully I went shooting and marching with them on Saturdays. Archduke Franz Ferdinand had been murdered at Sarajevo and the summer was full of rumours of war. So the Artists were all agog when, on the first Saturday in August, they and all England's volunteer soldiers set out for their yearly fortnight's training in camp. I was nineteen and I hoped against hope that war would come as we detrained at Salisbury Plain. I had nothing against Germany. I had only known four Germans in my life. They lived at a boarding-house near my home in Brondesbury and on summer evenings in 1913 and 1914 they used to stand at the garden gate and talk with me and my friends of the war that was coming, of the way that Germany was going to pulverize England, of the secret things that Germany had in store for that great day. We neither took this talk seriously nor amiss nor gave it a second thought.

But now, as I sang 'Who were you with last night?' lustily with Artists, London Scots and others in a great marquee at Salisbury, I longed for war. It would mean that I should not have to go back to the bank, that this glorious fortnight would be indefinitely prolonged, that I should see foreign countries. Brought up on pictures of dying soldiers pressing the folds of a Union jack to their lips and exclaiming 'England, my England', I had no idea what war meant. To me it spelt freedom.

The sun went down in a blaze of red that I shall never forget and as I lay trying to sleep on the unaccustomed ground the noise of a motor car broke the stillness of the night. It grew louder and louder, chugged into the camp, and stopped.

'War', I thought. It was. Next day we trained back to town, went home for a few hours to pay farewells and then set out again for mobilization and an unknown future. A soldier on active service, I turned out of the garden gate of the little house in Brondesbury, one of the thousands that stretch in endless facsimile in those streets. I never saw it again. I had packed my pack as foursquare as I could get it, and from one end of it hung and clattered an enamel mug which would not go in but was essential, as my instructions told me, to a campaigning soldier. My sister, a child of fifteen with her hair in two stiff plaits, came bareheaded with me as far as the corner. When I next saw her she was a married woman. At the hardware store there we parted and I turned down the Kilburn High Road for the last time.

The corridor had opened. I lay for a week on the hard boards of a schoolroom floor in St. Pancras and drilled in the asphalt playground; I toiled over Hampstead Heath and slept in alcoves at Lord's Cricket Ground built originally for the hungry relatives of Etonians and Harrovians; I stood guard at the Tower of London, and I rushed about fields at Bricket Wood at intervals falling on my stomach and dispatching with unerring aim hordes of imaginary Germans who offered themselves as targets at a distance not too near to be unpleasant nor too far to make marksmanship difficult. In the war no attacks of this kind were made; and I only once saw a German who gave me a chance of a potshot.

One October afternoon, as we were drilling in the fields, a motor cycle came up the lane at speed and stopped alongside. 'France', I thought. A few hours later I was handing a postcard for my parents to a man on a London suburban railway station in the few moments that our train stopped there.

That night I stood for the first time on a ship - my imagination afire. It was a cattleboat and I stood in the prow as it moved down Southampton Water. The night was dark, no lights were shown, the shore was a shapeless mass a little darker than the night itself. Suddenly a searchlight struck across the water, like a magician's wand, and turned the little steamer, with its dungy smell, into a dazzling white barque, filled with statuesque knightly figures that looked silently at the land they were leaving, some for the first, many for the last time. Then the white ship slipped through the beam and was lost in the darkness beyond.

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## Chapter Two

### THE WAR CALLED GREAT

I gazed with sleepy but eager eyes at the picture framed by the round metal rim of the porthole. The smooth and silent sea; a city, soft and golden in a misty dawn; a jetty, with a lighthouse, and, indifferently watching our incoming ship, a solitary soldier in baggy red trousers, long-skirted coat and kepi. France. Boulogne. We bumped against the great wooden baulks, gangways slithered out, I felt the cobbles beneath my feet for the first time, and feasted insatiable eyes on the people and things I saw. Technically I had shared in the retreat from Mons and qualified for the Mons Star.

The Artists marched to an open place and there, self-conscious under the measuring gaze of the townsfolk, piled arms, a trying operation for inexpert spare-time soldiers; seldom are the tripods of rifles assembled without some of them suddenly crashing to pieces. Then we stood about and stood about. The officers walked up and down. Nothing happened. We had not breakfasted and were hungry. A fellow Londoner and myself sidled off to a grocer's shop a few yards away. We found that we had learnt French perfectly at school. 'Des sardines. Des biscuits. Du chocolat.' It was easy. Our pockets full we left the shop and found that the Artists had gone to the war. They had vanished. Our rifles and packs had vanished with them.

Now our French failed us. The townsfolk met the panic-stricken inquiries of two youths in khaki with tranquil incomprehension. We rushed through the streets at random. By the grace of God we came on the battalion tramping to the station. We fell into the ranks, struggled frenziedly like Laocoon with the serpentine coils of our webbing equipment, seized our rifles from cursing comrades. At the station, the crushing obloquy of the company commander fell upon us, already scarlet with heat and guilt. We were on active service now, he thundered. Did we know what crime we had committed? Desertion on active service! Did we know the penalty for that?

Good God, we thought, is he going to have us shot before we have been half an hour in France? The horrors of war rose vividly before our eyes. Chastened we filed with the others into the cattletrucks that are made to carry forty men or ten horses, and these rumbled off slowly towards Flanders.

We marched and drilled in Flanders fields, the towers of Bailleul dominating our daily life, while a pom-pom spat futile puffs of white smoke at the first frail German aeroplanes, and these dropped their first futile jampot bombs that made little holes in ploughed fields. Twenty-two years later hundreds of Abyssinians and Spaniards and Chinese were being killed by a single bomb.

We slept in lofts and granaries and greenhouses, while east-ward shell-fire grumbled intermittently through the night. We turned out sleepily for a rush to the front when it swelled to a continuous roar and went back to bed again when it dwindled.

We went up over the frozen Lys to Armentières and into the trenches, whose inhabitants, the survivors of the first British army that went to France, looked like bears in their shaggy goatskin coats. I slept soundly in a little dugout built mainly of ten-pound tins of corned beef. Hardly a shot disturbed the quiet. We came out, and in a chilly December dawn Pigeon Rust, the company sergeant-major, stripped to the skin in a Flanders courtyard and took a bath in a bucket of cold water.

One by one the Artists disappeared, to officer depleted front line battalions. Men who had marched beside us one day vanished and we saw them the next with the star on their shoulders, or read their

names under 'Officers killed' in the casualty lists. Drafts from home replenished the battalion strength, and we were withdrawn to St. Omer, British headquarters. Here we spat and polished, paraded in the Grand' Place each morning, and marched off in separate guards to give the approaches to the town that protection which its dignity as the seat of British headquarters demanded. I was a lance-corporal with one stripe, and no colonel ever led his battalion more proudly than I marched behind my three good men and true.

For many months we watched the roads, railways and canals entering the town. If a German regiment or a car full of German officers had tried to enter St. Omer we should have been ready for them, but none ever did, and if any German agents came to St. Omer they presumably used the great open spaces between the carefully guarded means of obvious approach. So diversions were rare in these long watches.

Once an elderly officer with a muffler concealing his tabs came out of the town for a stroll along the poplar-lined canal path, asked me what I did in civil life, and other things, and went his way without showing the requisite pass. I demanded it again, and his companion, a tall and handsome staff officer, turned back and said, 'Don't you know who that is? It's Sir John French'. This was Major Fitzgerald, who went down with Kitchener in the *Hampshire*.

Well, I thought, the Commander-in-Chief ought to be the first man to comply with orders. Yet I did not feel equal to arresting the Commander-in-Chief. So they went down the path under the poplars and a moment later another man, in a quasi-military uniform, came through the guard. This was the detective whose duty was to follow Sir John French, but whom Sir John French could not bear to see. He pursued his charge like a deer-stalker, stealing from poplar to poplar in his efforts to remain unseen. Soon afterwards this curious procession returned, saluted with presented arms by the entire guard.

Another figure came down the path under the poplars, running. A slight boyish figure with a pink face, thin putteed legs beneath guardee knickerbockers, jog, jog, jogging along the bridle path. For the second time I saw the Prince of Wales. With that excess of zeal which Talleyrand rightly deprecated, I turned out the guard and presented arms. The runner changed his trot to a walk and saluted, but an unfriendly look from the Royal eye, as I thought, travelled across the moss-covered sluice gates.

The elderly French reservists who shared the watch with us looked after him, shrugged incomprehending shoulders, and when their relief arrived related what they had seen with fluent gestures, caricaturing the action of the runner's legs and arms with movements that the baggy red trousers and shapeless blue coats made doubly grotesque.

Kitchener came, and Millerand, and I lay on a hillock under a blazing sun and watched as they inspected the Brigade of Guards, drawn up on a plateau above St. Omer. In the immobile phalanx of rigid men some detail jarred, like a missing rail in a fence, and my eye roved about until I found what it was: a Guards officer saluting with his left hand because his right arm was missing.

The eastward wind brought the grumble of the guns, and troops continuously passed through to the front; but I sunned myself on the terrace of the café in the Grand' Place, held Georgette's hand in the estaminet, and when I drew my occasional ten francs hired one of the boats in which the peasants brought the vegetables to markets, and propelled it with a spade-headed pole along rush-lined canals and waterways. With Baby Allen and Frank Reynolds I found an idyllic retreat, a patch of lush grass, rush screened, at a place where the water widened and was clear, and we bathed naked, scandalizing some peasant women who came by in a boat. They did not see another full summer, Allen, lively as a cricket, and Reynolds, a dreamer.

My turn came. I found myself, as the walnuts ripened, in a restful chateau, learning to be an officer. I learned to read the stars, to find my way by compass at night, to make a sketch-plan of the countryside, and other things that I was glad to know but found no use for in that war. As a promising pupil, I commanded my fellow cadets on a Cook's tour to the trenches, at Hooze. We came at an unhealthy moment. I shared a trench bay with a private of the Worcestershires, an old soldier, steady, grizzled, resigned. Wrapped in a blanket, I lay on the fire-step while heavy shelling rocked the trench, splashed dirt in my face, grazed my nose with a tiny fragment of metal.

The old soldier told me not to be afraid. I was not, very much. I was still master of my nerves, and ready to lie there without flinching until a howitzer shell fell on me, although this would not have helped the British Empire. If you are young, in good health and have not been much bombarded, steadiness under fire is not difficult; but I admire those men, like my old soldier companion, who know what a bombardment is and does and still remain master of themselves.

In the next bay was a machine-gunner. He was at the end of his nerves and shivered as if with ague. He survived that night, at all events. And next evening I led my first command back to the quiet chateau. I was still dead asleep when the Commandant, who feared we had had heavy casualties in the liveliness at the front, cantered round for information; and again I suffered heavy rebuke. I always had an unfortunate talent for antagonizing senior officers.

At last I pinned the gold stars on my shoulders, buckled a leather belt around my rough private soldier's jacket, and, with Allen and Reynolds, found myself travelling by Pullman Car to London, surrounded by fellow officers whom my arm still itched to salute. We were second lieutenants in the Sherwood Foresters. What memories of Robin Hood led me to pick that name from the list of regiments? Anyway, I chose it, and the others followed suit. We belonged to that between-decks class which England had devised in her hour of need, and for which she simultaneously found the name of temporary gentlemen. 'Gentleman' and 'of independent means,' as Karl Silex remarked in his study of England through German eyes, are in England interchangeable terms. I had £50 to buy myself a uniform, more money than I had ever had, and I revelled in spending it. I lolled in a stall at the Hippodrome, the chorus girls tripped along a gangway built over the stalls, and I recognized in one a demure neighbour from Brondesbury. I became acquainted with a stage-door and she saw me off when the train for the front left Victoria.

At the head of our Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire miners Allen, Reynolds and I trudged along the muddy road from Poperinghe to Ypres, where the gaunt ruin of the Cloth Hall reared itself against grey Flanders skies. We went to the trenches; we stayed four days; we returned to billets. Trenches, billets, trenches, billets, all through the winter and spring of 1915 and 1916, and we never saw a German. Our men were undersized, bow-legged, dour, cynical, the underfed heirs of England's era of greatest prosperity, the slaves of Old King Coal; they had the hearts of lions, never showed emotion and would stand any hardship, but bitterness was deep within them, and why not?

I took them out into No Man's Land to repair barbed wire and as heavy shelling blew neighbouring trenches into the air they only remarked nonchalantly, 'Thank God we've got a navy'.

I took them on carrying parties and from the wings of the salient machine-gun bullets came hissing between us like flying snakes, one of them hitting the man before me in the thigh, so that he staggered off on one stiff leg exclaiming, 'Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!' collapsed and was carried away. 'Worth a quid!' said Private Redfern calmly, looking after him. 'Worth ten', tranquilly answered Private Cooke.

I led them on a pitch dark night back from the trenches across shell-riddled ground calf-deep in mud and water, came to a ditch, felt gingerly with my foot and discovered a plank over which I

safely passed, calling over my shoulder, 'Plank here, Sergeant Grundy'. Followed a loud splash in the darkness, floundering sounds, and the sergeant's voice urbanely remarking, 'It must have been a very thin 'un, sir'.

Tenderly, but without emotion, they watched round Private Redfern as he lay from dawn to dusk in a snowbound trench with a bullet hole between the eyes, moaning faintly.

With exclamations of shocked propriety, but otherwise unmoved, they regarded Private Hopkins of the Duke of Cornwall's, whose friends had forgotten to bury him. All that remained was head and shoulders, with outflung arms, and his feet, in their boots, near by. He was a good-looking lad, his eyes were open and calm, and the wind played with his hair as if he were alive. That he should be left like that scandalized the Foresters, and they quickly put him in a sandbag.

They made ribald jokes about Private Connolly, who having taken a large piece of shell in his behind plunged for cover into a flimsy makeshift shelter of corrugated iron, leaving only the scat of the trouble to protrude into the trench for attention by the stretcher-bearers.

I loved it. I loved the men and admired the officers. I loved the star on my shoulder, my revolver, my orderly, the officers' mess. No Germans bore down on me with bayonets, no heavy bombardment came my way in these nine months in the trenches. Bullets hit the man on my right and him on my left. Shrapnel burst almost in my ear, but not a drop of the rain of pellets touched me. A shell dropped beside me but politely did not explode.

These things are the small change of warfare. Charging into a curtain of machine-gun fire, standing still under a barrage: these are the real tests of a man's nerve, and I was spared them.

Still immature and romantic, the moments of fright were not yet enough to outweigh my delight in my commission, in the stupendous drama all about me. I gave little thought to the outcome of the war. It seemed likely to last a long while, and that suited me, as I pottered about the trenches in front of Ypres.

Once, peeping over the parapet, I actually saw a German. Perhaps his trench was fallen in or flooded. He calmly climbed out of it, walked a few yards silhouetted giant-like against the sky, and disappeared, just as I squeezed the trigger.

At night I went out into No Man's Land to inspect a two-man patrol and found them crouching behind a tree stump. They had just seen a German patrol stroll calmly past, they said. 'Why didn't you shoot them?' I asked. They were at a loss for an answer. Live and let live seemed to be their motto. Soldiers on both sides at that time, knowing that local exploits in that interminable muddy line of deadlocked armies could only be as the fleabite to the elephant, did not gratuitously annoy each other. This was remarked far, far back at Headquarters, and though it did not lead to any brilliant strategic scheme for a smashing break through, it possibly produced the multigraphed list of questions which junior officers in the front line were recommended to ask themselves, beginning with 'Am I offensive enough?'

Colonel Hobbs came plodding across the shell-pitted ground in the dusk to inspect the front line, an almost biblical figure with shepherdlike staff, long waterproof cape and steel helmet. His underlip was long and pendulous, his mouth open, his eyes were as empty of emotion under fire as at the head of the mess table, with the port at his left hand. He was a little deaf, and could only be startled when a shell, arriving unheard, burst close to him; that rippled the surface even of his self-mastery and made him jump.

He led us once up the Ypres road, through Flamertinghe, into which gigantic shells were falling from the great Austrian siege howitzers. It was like a walk to the electric chair. The concentrated gaze of six hundred Sherwood Foresters was fixed on Flamertinghe, visible from afar off, as the centipede that was the battalion drew near on leaden feet. The regular timing of the explosions showed that a 15-inch shell would fall while the battalion was passing through Flamertinghe. If it fell plumb on the battalion practically nothing would remain over. We could well have been halted until a shell fell and then passed through.

The colonel, erect and imperturbable, rode on as if going to the meet. Dotted lines from six hundred pairs of eyes led to the village ahead. The leading platoon, headed by myself, reached the village, entered, had nearly traversed it when an express train took wings and flew towards us. Nearly a ton of explosive-laden metal came rushing through the air. We marched on, outwardly unmoved. A loud earthquake happened near at hand, followed by a dead silence and then the patter-smack-crash of shell fragments, bricks, tiles and other debris deluging the battalion. Brickbats knocked off the colonel's helmet, sent his charger rearing and prancing, but he only cocked an eye over his shoulder and coldly surveyed a ragged battalion, most of which had in the last shattering moment ducked for cover. The cold, compelling glance was effective; quickly the broken ranks closed and resumed the march. The shell had fallen behind some houses. Only a few men had been killed, at the rear, where the stretcher-bearers were busy. We went on.

I sat with Crosbie in a dugout and secretly revered him. He had a dark, handsome, sensitive face, like a Gascon; young in years, but a veteran of the war. Outside in the trench our mess cook and our orderlies squatted and cooked the midday hash. One of those sudden shells arrived that explode simultaneously with the noise of their approach; whiz-bang. The dugout rocked. We ran out. One orderly had got a blighty -- a wound not serious, but enough to take him to England -- and he was going to England as fast as he could. We saw only his head, travelling rapidly along the zigzag trench leading to the rear. The cook, bleeding from several wounds, lay on his back, Crosbie gently telling him to lie still. Whiz-bang, whiz-bang, whiz-bang. In such a moment you are convinced that the next shell will explode in the same place as the last, but Crosbie was cool and detached. Whiz-bang, whiz-bang, whiz-bang. Three more, all around us, and then another three, and debris deluging down on us. At last the stretcher-bearers came and got the cook away, Crosbie went calmly back to the ramshackle dug-out, I strolled to another part of the trench.

Spring came, and early summer, and we went back to Calais for a rest. After the quiet months the summer storm on the Somme was brewing, and we were to be fattened for the sacrifice. I lived for the day. I rode horseback along the sands and bathed in the sea. Seeking safety in numbers, we made the inevitable sight-seeing tour of the houses of pleasure. Rows of chemised ladies paraded before us for our inspection and postured before us in attitudes enticing or coy. We bought them drinks, they sat on our knees, we gave them twenty francs and went in search of more exclusive company.

A fortnight, gloriously begun, less gloriously ended. Turning a reluctant back on the pleasures of Calais, I marched with the battalion through a ripening June-time countryside to Picardy. Golden fields and shady orchards called to us, but we tramped on and on, left-right, left-right, fifty minutes at a time and ten minutes' halt, while the gunfire grew louder in the distance and the fertile countryside gave way to a land trodden and ridden brown by swarming English armies assembling for the great offensive.

The Somme lay before us. The Somme. None of us then knew what that one word contained in blood and suffering. Many of us were sceptical; others itched to be at the enemy after long months of inactivity. The flower of British manhood remained there, mown down by an enemy still unreached, unseen. For weeks on end British divisions were flung head-on against prepared



defensive positions of enormous strength. Snug in deep concrete dugouts the Germans waited till the barrage lifted, then came up and knocked the khaki skittles down with their machine-guns. After the slaughter the British armies had nibbled a small dent in the impregnable German line.

The 2nd Sherwoods went the way that all flesh went on the Somme. One morning they stood with thumping hearts, the Colonel, Baby Allen, Frank Reynolds and the others, looking at their synchronized wrist watches, and the men with their bayoneted rifles looking at them, and then they were up and away over the trench ladders, and the next moment they were no more.

But I was not with them. I was up above. Just before that day I was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. I packed my valise, hiked backwards from the trenches, and while the drum-fire pulverized the tortured fields around the Somme I rode above the smoke and din in an aeroplane, map-marked the fall of shells and the position of troops, tapped messages on a wire less transmitter, and anxiously scanned the sky for the swooping Immelmann or Boelcke. I was an observer, and proudly wore the feathered **O**.

I had a grand life. Number Nine Squadron lay against a wood that sloped down to the Somme. We bathed in it, and in the great mess marquee ate abundantly of apricots and greengages. We paid flying visits to Amiens. I gazed in respectful awe at my new companions; Leman who had been schooled by the self-same dominie who thrashed me about the toy cannon, the lion-hearted South African Scaife and his Suffolk pilot Collier, the dour Macdonald in his neat tartan riding breeches, Hollinghurst who had left a thumb in Gallipoli, the wealthy Australian Bell and others, many soon to be killed. Only three years before I had stopped kicking a football about somewhere at Golders Green and gazed spellbound at the first aeroplane I had ever seen. I had longed to fly. Now I sat among flying men and was one of them. It was sheer bliss.

We flew BE2C's. The observer sat between the pilot and the engine, surrounded by struts and stays and cross-bracing wires. He had around him several metal pegs and was supposed in the heat of combat, while the machine dived and banked, to fight off the enemy by transferring his machine-gun from the one to the other and then firing through the small apertures left by the struts and wires. It was like fighting from an animated parrot's cage. I was never attacked by a German aeroplane in a BE2C. I was not meant to be killed in that war.

July passed, and August, and September came and brought rumours of mysterious new machines that were to be let loose against the enemy on September 15th. Tanks! I travelled daily overhead and watched British infantry wrest a few yards of trench here, a few yards there, round Ginchy, Guillemont and Falfemont Farm. Sometimes on summer evenings we cruised high up in a peaceful blue vault and looked down on fifty miles of front from Arras to Soissons. The guns would bark and counterbark angrily at each other, their innumerable flashes answering each other like heliographs and growing more brilliant as the dusk neared, the noise of the bombardment making our aeroplane vibrate and the passage of shells through the air, which we sometimes saw, causing it violently to oscillate. Or we would fly in a morning mist, so thick that we could only see what lay straight beneath us, and we had to fly so low that we could almost see the features of the men in the trenches.

Such a morning was that of September 11th. We flew lower and lower, Hollinghurst with his thumbless hand on the joystick, I staring at the trenches until my eyes nearly started out of my head to see whether the troops at Guillemont had gained another yard or two of trench during the night. I think they were Guards. They had advanced a little and were trying to secure themselves in their newly won ground. Here an officer waved a white paper to me, and I made a dot on my trench map, there a green flare was lit, there a signal given with a pocket-torch, but from there came machine-

gun fire. So we circled round and round, lower and lower, trying to plot the line to the last remnant of trench and shell-hole.

Afterwards I remembered hearing the shot that hit me. Not one of a thousand machine-gun bullets sprayed at random into the blue, but a lucky potshot. That German could not have done it again in a hundred years.

I was hit where you would expect to be hit if you were sitting down and being fired at from below. Nothing I had ever read or imagined about being wounded had prepared me for that terrific blow. I seemed to shoot out of the aeroplane and fall back again. Who did that, I thought, looking round vaguely for my assailant. Then I remembered that I was in an aeroplane, felt the blood streaming over my leg, and slumped into my seat. I heard Hollinghurst shouting 'Are you hit?' and nodded drowsily. 'Are you bad' he howled, above the noise of the engine, 'or can you wait until we get back to the aerodrome?' But I was not equal to more than a plain nod or shake. I wanted to go home immediately, without any argument. So I stayed still and he, like a sportsman, brought the machine down behind the trenches among barbed wire and shell-holes, at the risk of his own life, and at the cost of the aeroplane. I tumbled out somehow, and somebody gave me a cigarette that tasted like brown paper. Somebody else cut my leather coat off me. Twenty years later to a day I opened an old tin trunk in Vienna, found that coat with the bullet hole and the dried blood, had it patched and used it for driving about, and very useful it was, being lined with fleece, and in the depth of a Vienna winter an ordinary English overcoat leaves you cold. One morning when Brenda Mary was cold, going skating, I wrapped her in it, and she was beautifully warm.

Then I was bumped along in an ambulance, I lay on 'a stretcher in some clearing station, where a man shouted repeatedly, 'Oh my God, Oh my God!' and people with bullets in the guts and in the head and no arms and no legs were carried in and out without pause, and a cheery nurse, a grand girl, brought me a glass of milk and said breezily, 'Don't look so sorry for yourself'. If there were any justice in this world, I thought, she would be shot in the behind immediately. Then a train, where the major suddenly materialized and said 'Goodbye' to me; a long, long journey, and a big hospital with a fat surgeon, of whom I asked, 'Is it bad?' and he said, 'Well, it's not very nice'.

They cut me open, beginning where the bullet went in and going on, apparently, until hope failed, so that I must have looked like a large rumpsteak. Later, X-rays showed the bullet in my back, the tip just not touching the junction of the lowest rib and the spine. I woke up as they were pulling the packing out of the wound and shrieked like a banshee. I lay in bed, unable either to lie still or to move, and read the *Pickwick Papers* in fitful glimpses. What a book! I seemed to see the pages as through dark smoked glasses. I was at Rouen, and out of the mist around me my father suddenly materialized, thoughtfully sent over by the War Office to see me before I expired.

A hospital ship, and an elderly uniformed medico at Southampton who, without knowing what ailed me, looked at me rancorously and told his superior that I was fit to travel, apparently wishing me to John O'Groats or further. Even lying helpless and half-conscious on my back I seem to inspire antagonism in some people. But his superior overruled him, I went to London, an ambulance took me to Regent's Park, where I was removed while two servant girls watched and one remarked, 'Doesn't he look sweet', and I entered the hospital, run by Colonel and Mrs. Hall-Walker, who later became Lord and Lady Wavertree, and most lavishly cared for hundreds of wounded officers during the war.

A clever Jewish surgeon deftly hanked the bullet out of my back, I hobbled about the West End and the front at Brighton for many months, spent the £250 which my wound cost England, and in July was back in France. Eighteen years afterwards that wound suddenly opened up one day in Vienna and a splinter of pelvis emerged.

'It's a darned reliable war, always there to go back to when you're broke,' remarked Hoppy Cleaver, a new acquaintance, three times wounded, decorated, who refused to take the war seriously at any time. Number Sixteen Squadron lay on an aerodrome in sight of the ruined pitheads of Lens. The major was Portal who by now must be a big noise in the Royal Air Force; his officers then deeply respected his coolness and gift of leadership. Men from all parts of the Empire and beyond gathered round the mess table.

We flew RE8's and the observer had a clear field of fire and a rotating machine-gun mount. They were slow machines. We pottered around the trenches observing the fall of shells or we ambled gingerly across and took photographs of the enemy lines. Our casualties during the autumn and winter were few.

The opposing armies stood like wrestlers locked in an iron stranglehold, swaying no more than a few feet this way or that. Northward, at Ypres, the history of the Somme was being repeated. In the mud of Passchendaele British divisions were flung prodigally, head on, against enormously strong positions. Plodding doggedly through a quagmire, they were mown down from the concrete machine-gun posts. 'At Passchendaele you've got the choice of standing on a duckboard and being killed by a shell or getting off and being drowned,' said the British infantryman. Of what avail was gallantry without strategic inspiration? The two great British offensives on the Western front are dreary to recall. The strategic principle was that of battering your head against a wall. If Germany was to be starved out anyway, what was the purpose of this squandering of life? That offensives could be successful, even on the dead-locked Western front, the Germans proved.

In our quiet retreat west of Lens we had as little understanding for the greater picture of the war as village-folk in peace time have for great issues of international politics. Our vision was bounded by the few yards of trench and shell-hole that we patrolled. We were vaguely perturbed by the collapse of Russia, vaguely reassured by the intervention of America; operations in Italy, Salonika, Mesopotamia and elsewhere were Double Dutch.

Between flights we stood on our aerodrome and watched the war. On a lovely September evening a fast German chaser hopped unnoticed across our lines and bagged a British observation balloon tethered near by. It fell in a dissolving mass of crimson flame and black smoke. The German turned on the little white speck beneath him that was the parachute of the balloon pilot. Machine-gunning hard he dived on the helpless swinging figure, rose-coloured in the sun's last rays. If he had not paused for this he would have got away, but now, when he turned to go, two British chasers were on him. Three shining white machines, soaring, leaping, falling, charging, their tracer machine-gun bullets blazing a yellow trail, they rode about the darkening sky like silver knights jousting at each other with golden lances. They got the German down, landed near him, took him, only slightly hurt, to the nearest officers' mess and drank with him.

And once, in the full heat of the day, another German chaser sped across and destroyed five observation balloons tethered at intervals between our aerodrome and the line. The pilot of the first balloon jumped when he saw the German coming, the pilot of the second jumped when he saw the first go up in flames, the pilot of the third jumped when he saw the German machine-gunning the second, and so on. It was a valiant exploit, but it was like a Charlie Chaplin film to watch and, as nobody was going to be actually hurt, the audience on our aerodrome hooted with uncontrollable laughter. Chinese coolies working near at hand looked from us to the burning balloons with incomprehension written on their faces. Oriental passivity was not equal to this test; they were deeply perplexed men. One came running over to us and, pointing to the five holocausts, said with childish concern, 'Engliss ballon, Engliss ballon'. 'Yes', we said, still laughing, 'Engliss ballon, Engliss ballon'.

The winter came, and Christmas Day, and Eric Read, my Canadian near-namesake, and I toasted each other riotously in the mess. On Boxing Day we went up in pairs taking photographs, Douglas flying me in the first machine, Read flying his observer Donovan in the second. Slowly, fighting the wind, we drew over the lines until the pulverized pitheads of Lens lay beneath us, and the heavens seemed to crack asunder as a shell burst plumb between us. Not sure if I were still alive, I looked round and saw Read's machine fall over sideways in a slow, graceful curve. It looked like the practised art of a figure-skater; but it meant that Read was dead in his cockpit. He stiffened as he died and locked the rudder against the direction of his spin, so that his machine spiralled down slowly and crashed with a relatively light impact. Donovan, after falling 6000 feet with a dead pilot, stepped out of the wreck physically unscathed.

And Crompton and I went night-bombing, a first initiation in that art, on a dank and misty night. A hair on the head is little, a hair in the soup is much; the hairsbreadth by which our starboard wing-tip missed the dimly-seen squadron offices as we left the ground with engine all out was a great deal. Peering down the narrow funnel of relative visibility directly beneath us which was all that the mist-banks allowed us to see, we dumped our bombs when we thought we recognized an enemy landmark and turned with quaking hearts for home and a dreaded landing. Fumbling through the fog, we at last hit on the flares and Crompton throttled down to land. By this time I was the lucky survivor of several crashes due to misjudged landings. I thought we were going to overshoot the aerodrome, which we could scarcely see, and hit that squadron office. Inexcusably yielding to back-seat nerves I shouted to Crompton, 'You're going to overshoot', and so wrong was I that just then we hit the ground and overturned. The instinct of self-preservation was so strong that, though I was not belted in, I found myself, upside down, but still seated firmly on my seat, clinging on like grim death to everything I could lay hands on. Crompton lay tangled up in his belt, uttering North Country imprecations, and to get the pin out and release him was not easy with his weight bearing on it.

The Germans, skilful campaigners, quietly followed us home one night and dropped their needle-pointed, shrapnel bombs all round us, the landing flares making it easy for them. In the mess we precipitately abandoned hard-won whiskies and took a prostrate position on the floor, and the major's dog, Yace, left us at speed with a piece of bomb in the neck, to return a day or two later looking glum and embittered.

The Allies gradually won the mastery of the air. At home the Zeppelin and Gotha raids became fewer and in France our fighters brought the big German bombers down in increasing numbers of nights: one met its end over our aerodrome one starlit night, exploding like a box of fireworks. But on land the Germans were full of fight. The Russian collapse had freed masses of men and in March came the great offensive, when the Fifth British Army was rolled up and the German wave began once more to roll menacingly towards Paris.

Sixteen Squadron was sent into the air to a man and a machine. For the first time I saw something like war as the picture books show it. Instead of the lifeless lunar landscape of the trenches, masses of Germans moving forward in the open. The air was so packed with aeroplanes that sardines in comparison seemed to be lolling in luxury. The cloud ceiling was low, about 2000 feet, and in that narrow space hundreds of machines swooped and zoomed, spitting fire at each other and at the troops below.

Nickel, my Toronto pilot, dived on German troops marching along a road, machine-gunning them furiously through the airscrew, and as he turned to regain height I continued with my gun. Black anti-aircraft shells burst on all sides; and the flaming onions, green incendiary projectiles that rose as if tied together on a string, came groping towards us. Aeroplanes flashed by on all sides, friend and foe almost impossible to distinguish.

We dropped our bombs on a German battery, zoomed cloud-ward, and my heart missed a beat, for immediately above us a German fighter dropped out of the clouds. He flew the same course, his landing wheels almost touching our top plane, the black crosses almost near enough for me to touch. Here at last was the enemy, after three and a half years of war. Frantically, in the rear cockpit of the swaying, bumping, racing aeroplane, I swung my machine-gun on its rotary mount and blazed away into the brown fabric above me. It fell over, just as Read's machine had fallen over, and dropped past us, showing its stomach like a dying fish, down and down, and crashed near the railway embankment at Achiet le Grand. For the first time, in my definite knowledge, I had inflicted some damage on the enemy. We went home, inspected the bullet holes in our aeroplane, and I had a little cross, with a date against it, painted on the barrel of my machine-gun.

St. George's Day, and the British Navy, with a flicker of Nelson, dashed across the Channel and sank a couple of cruisers in the mouth of Zeebrugge Harbour to bottle up the German submarines lying in the Bruges Canal. On that same morning Nickel and I went up on patrol and were climbing from the aerodrome, about 300 feet up, when I heard a crash. I saw nothing, but knew what had happened. We had collided with another aeroplane. I felt Nickel wrenching at broken controls. I saw the sky and then the earth, and then the sky again, and the wing of the machine describing great arcs. I clung to my machine-gun mount like a drowning man. The crash seemed never to come, though the fall probably lasted no longer than a second.

Then it came, a terrific impact, and a bounce and rending wood and snapping wires and myself saying to myself, 'I'm still alive'.

Suddenly blazing petrol was everywhere and 800 rounds of machine-gun ammunition, stacked in drums around my head, exploded in staccato chorus. Bullets exploded like this do not travel, but I did not believe this as I fought to free myself from the coiling wires and wreckage; they were going off in my ear. The wires would not let me go, the rubber band that held my goggles fell away, burned through. Then suddenly I was rolling on the ground to put out my burning leather coat. I stood up and looked back at the holocaust. No sign of Nickel. I could not get within ten yards of it for the heat. I ran round, met Nickel running round to look for me. The machine-gun ammunition was still exploding. We beat a hasty retreat. A hundred yards away lay the other aeroplane.

A sergeant came running over the field, gave me a surprised look, and said, 'Oo sir, what 'ave you done to your face?' I put up my hand and fingered it. It felt funny.

It was. A few hours later it looked like a dog's dinner. The doctor put picric acid on it, and for weeks I was as yellow as a daffodil. It swelled like a football. It blistered, and the blisters peeled. Boils appeared between the blisters. My beard grew through both. Nickel and I travelled together to the base hospital. An imperturbable Australian was there, chatting about this and that while a doctor deeply probed a nasty wound in his shoulder. He happened to glance at us as our bandages were taken off. His treasured imperturbability failed him. Surprise came over his face and his mouth opened. Then he recovered himself, asked, 'What is it, boys, a touch of gas?' and resumed being a stoic.

My head swathed in bandages, with a single eye-slit, I wandered about London, from theatre to dance-club, and squandered the £200 which this damage to my face was worth to England. I expected to be disfigured for life, but the quick touch of picric acid possibly saved this. Such as it is, my face healed beautifully, I spent a June week in a Hampshire cottage lent me by a compassionate lady with a weakness for wounded officers, I sailed her dinghy up and down the Itchen, and in July I was back on the aerodrome with Sixteen Squadron.

I was weary of the war and dreaded the peace. I did not know what I should do when it came. But for the grace of God I should have become one of those men, captains all, who subsist for the rest of their lives on their war service: I saw many of them afterwards in Germany, where they actually succeeded in making themselves masters of the State. I had no qualifications, no talents, no influence. My parents lived almost in poverty. I had no public school education, and without it you feel like Little Tich among a crowd of Carnegies, when you seek to muscle-in and make a place for yourself in England. The League of the Old School Tie, a solid phalanx, stands guard over the approaches to advancement and shoots strangers at sight. Few are those who get through, though the garrison usually suffers you once you are in. I had seen this bottle-neck system at work in the war itself. As Raymond Asquith wrote from the front: 'If you look at any list of honours it's always the same story. The Dukes are proved to be the bravest men of all, and after them the Marquesses.' Twenty years afterwards the same story was told in other words by Professor John Hilton of Cambridge University, when he said that the odds against a non-public schoolboy getting into one of the reserved stalls of life were one thousand to one; to get there, he said, you must have been to the right school and be entitled through life to wear the right school tie. In 1937 a distinguished churchman put the thing in a nutshell when he said, 'The first public school man was born in Nazareth, and his name was Jesus Christ; the second was his disciple, St. Paul.'

We flew about the pock-marked map that was the front, gnats biting vainly at an elephantine war. I flew with Solomon, painter, good pilot, courageous officer, Jew, and we had to delay to remedy a camera defect, so that when we crossed the line our companions had already taken their pictures and gone home, and we went over alone. On we crawled, a long way over enemy land, a lonely feeling when you are all alone, the air feels quite different on that side of the trenches, and I looked over the side and saw a pair of black crosses below us, climbing like lightning. Desperately I swung my machine-gun round and gave him a burst to starboard and another to port, as he passed beneath us. Then my gun jammed, and in another instant he was fast on our tail and stinging hard, swaying from side to side and giving us a burst each time he got us dead on his sights. The noise of a machine-gun fired point-blank is the loudest noise I know. I struggled frantically with my useless gun but the parts slipped about all over the cockpit. I curled myself up into a ball as he poured bullets into us and then quickly uncoiled myself at the thought that this might mean that one bullet would go through several things, whereas it might otherwise only make one hole. Cumbersomely Solomon heaved our heavy old RE8 from side to side, trying vainly to elude a foe as swift and sure as a swallow. I thought this martyrdom would never end, and felt sick; I had a mental vision of an observer I had seen lifted out of his cockpit on the aerodrome a little while before, his flying suit spangled with little stars of blood, so that he looked like St. Sebastian. How that German missed us I can't imagine; afterwards we found that he had shot all round us, like a knife thrower. At last, scarcely daring to believe my eyes, I saw him turn away, and looking round I saw the reason: we had reached the lines, and many of our own machines were about. Hampered by smashed controls, Solomon gingerly felt his way back to the aerodrome and managed to flop the machine down on it.

Gradually the German front weakened. American troops and munitions were pouring into France; Ludendorff, at German Imperial Headquarters, was a broken man. October came, and with new heart we flew low over the Lens coalfields and saw British soldiers waving to us from German trenches.

We got up in the dawn and machine-gunned the rearguards of the retiring German army, as they struggled over muddy fields; they were full of fight.

I was due for leave, and on a lovely autumn morning came over a hilltop to see Paris shining below me. Paris! The very word was a silver bugle call. I spent enchanted days, drank champagne, ate raspberries and cream, went to the Folies Bergères. Paris was gay, full of uniforms and pretty girls. I had never seen anything like it, and reluctantly I took the dusty road back to Cambain L'Abbé.

When I got there the squadron had gone, hard on the heels of the enemy, who was now far behind Valenciennes. I chased after it and on November 10th was peering curiously down from an aeroplane cockpit on Mons, that legendary town where the war had begun for the British Army. Now Belgian civilians jubilantly waved to us black-gold-red tricolours that they had kept hidden for four years. A German aeroplane took me unawares -- I thought he was English -- and put some holes in the fabric near me before I got my gun to bear on him.

Next day the war was over. We sat in a tiny Belgian schoolroom and drank whisky immoderately. Afterwards I leaned against a farmhouse wall in the dusk, to cool my head, and watched horse-guns going by, rain streaming from their helmets. Silence, save for the jingle-jangle, clip-clop of harness and hooves. Set jaws in the fitful light of a street lamp.

I thought of the future. The causes and effects of the war were then unclear to me, but afterwards I read and thought it over and saw that the Russians had saved us in 1914 by pressing the Germans so hard in the east that they had had to halt their drive towards Paris and the Channel ports in the west, and that the Americans in 1918 had saved us again from a German drive that otherwise we could not have withstood. I have to this day a feeling for Americans and Russians that no talk of Yanks or Reds will ever diminish.

One thing seemed clear to me on that dark and drizzling night when the war ended. For four years the Germans had ridden roughshod over Europe, laid waste other countries. Now for the first time, save for the brief East Prussian episode in 1914, the war was approaching their own country. At this very moment we had called it off and granted an armistice. An instinct told me that to leave any doubt in the German mind about a military defeat was a fatal mistake. Years afterwards, in Germany, I became sure of it.

I went to Lille and shared the unforgettable joy of a freed people. I went to Brussels, and saw the Allies march in, the Americans then surpassing all others in bearing and looks. I walked in awful boredom along the single slushy street of a tiny Belgian village and thought dismally of my future. I was consumed with impatience to be out of the army. I could have clung to my commission, and its pay, for some weeks or months, but when an icy plunge has to be taken I like to get it over. I agitated to be demobilized, was sent home and dispatched to a dreary frostbound camp near Grantham, where my fellow-officers passed demoralizing days playing billiards, while I, mutinous, took my bags down to the good George Inn, ate and drank well, took no thought for the morrow, dashed up to London to see girl friends and only looked in at the camp once a week to see if I were still a soldier. One day in March I came down the hill holding a paper which made me a civilian. The brave days were over. The world lay before me, and a grim place it looked.

I came to London, drew my officer's gratuity of several hundred pounds, had my first evening clothes made, and began an expensive round of theatres, restaurants and dance-clubs. I still had one or two friends from the army who did not know my private plight and thought that I, like they, could now look forward to piping years of peace. Invitations came. I found myself in unaccustomed country houses, privily bothered about tips and manners. With a few pounds left I lazed in June in a rose-contained garden overlooking the Needles and played tennis with a boy who was England's premier Duke.

One day in July the silver and copper coins in my pocket amounted to less than ten shillings. The future had to be faced at last.

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## Chapter Three

### GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

Improvident as ever, I paid twopence for a chair in Kensington Gardens and counted those few coins. Just there I had sat five years before, waiting for the lady of my then affections, self-conscious in unaccustomed khaki, and somebody whom *Punch* inevitably would have called an Elderly Party or Dear Old Lady asked kindly, 'And can you sing the "Marseillaise"?' whereon I blushed and hung my head. Much had happened since then, I had been far and seen many things, and now it was all sponged out and I was back where I had been, with two suits, one blue and one grey, a few shirts, evening clothes, and no talents.

I cannot understand now why I was so unenterprising. I could have got on a ship and gone to Malta or Capetown or Ceylon, or one of a hundred other places where an Englishman could find some work. I could have exploited my evening clothes and become a dancing partner. I could have done dozens of things. But instead, when I had no money left, I looked desperately for a clerk's job. I had a one-way mind then.

The bank was ready to take me in, but at a price that was not my price, and when I said so it made crushing remarks about young officers who would have to modify their ideas. So I walked out. Afterwards I longed to walk in again, but pride forbade. After lean and despondent weeks I found myself hired to type letters, in the French I had learned in the war, for a wine merchant, an ebullient foreigner known to all pedestrians in Piccadilly, for he would stand at his door and beam on the passing throng, and a part of his technique was to lunch and dine at some expensive restaurant that sold his wares.

London had got me again. From my Piccadilly window, as I tapped on my typewriter, I saw war-time acquaintances strolling to their clubs. Eggs were at first sixpence each, and butter five shillings a pound. London's streets were full of armless and legless ex-soldiers trudging round with barrel-organs. My two suits wore threadbare and I saw no hope of going to a good tailor again. My days were spent communing with dozens of port and sherry, with clarets that boasted of having been bottled at some château, with fussy burgundies that were self-important about their rank - premier crû, or première cuvée.

It was hell. It lasted eighteen months. Then I was ushered out with a cheque for four weeks' salary. I forget why I was dismissed, I think I had asked for a higher salary, and this was the answer. The manager, who had spent a lifetime among vats and was wont to apply irrelevant adjectives like 'robust' and 'vivid' to the wines he tasted, told me as he handed me my cheque that many a career had been spoilt by a thoughtless act, a baffling remark that irritated me like an itch, and then I found myself strolling aimlessly along Piccadilly, thinking 'How now?'

This time the luck failed. The eighteen pounds dwindled rapidly to nothing. Something had to be done. I answered an attractive advertisement offering a large income, easily earned, to ex-officers, and found myself being interviewed, with many others in like plight, by a map-maker in Fleet Street. We had only to go out into the English countryside, hire a bicycle, call on rich men and sell them motoring maps of England, handsomely bound in imitation leather, and the commission was so munificent that we should live, as the Germans say, like God in France. It was a grim prospect but it was baited with an advance of four pounds, and I had no money. The next day I breakfasted in a cheap lodging in Salisbury with Captain Eustace Mountebankes, the mapmaker's star salesman, a merry fellow who sang a good song and accompanied himself on the jingling piano in our lodging.



Eustace was marvellous. His manner overbore the most pompous butlers and daunted dukes. A man conferring a favour, he played his order-book into the hands of baronets and squires like a conjurer forcing a card and he took their signatures for several pounds worth of maps practically by sleight of hand. He had to show me how it was done. He certainly showed me that it could be done. He earned some £600 a year at it. One Sunday long afterwards I saw him in the Row. He escorted a fashionably dressed woman, wore a silk hat and a morning coat, and in his right hand he carried, with complete assurance, a lady's umbrella, one of those slender, almost shoulder-high things with a long, straight handle.

After three days he left me alone. I bicycled miserably along the roads about Salisbury. I could have steeled myself to walk to the gallows with not much more difficulty than to pedal along those rhododendron-lined drives, to ring at those grimly forbidding doors, to start talking about my ridiculous maps and watch the look of apprehension come into rich men's eyes.

But I did it, and made some strange acquaintances; a jovial landowner who would have none of my maps but sat for hours smoking cigars and drinking port with me who had hardly enough money for my next meal; a solitary lady who had no interest in maps but extended a flattering invitation to a *tête à tête* lunch, from which I stupidly fled; well-to-do farmers who unexpectedly ordered eight guineas' worth of maps, gave me cider and took me to see the pigs.

Sometimes I could not bring myself to go on and bicycled aimlessly along the lanes or lay on a river bank watching the swallows. I had always longed to see primroses growing and here they were abundant. I picked quantities, and squandered shillings posting them to my mother and girls in town. I dallied in the cathedral close, watched the pigeons circling round the mellow roof and wished I need never leave the peaceful place again. Now, I shun that cloistered tranquillity; I am happier in a Bierstube in Moabit, in a wine-garden in Sievering, in a gipsy restaurant in Belgrade, or almost anywhere away from that remote, repressed life of the English countryside, all cluttered up with golf courses and fox hunting.

When I had exhausted Salisbury's appetite for maps I went to Tunbridge Wells, a town of mean cottages and mansions, and from the common looked resentfully down on the rows of great houses, with their parks and gardens. I alone was to blame if I had squandered the money my wounds and service in the war had earned me, if I had recklessly forfeited my clerk's desk. But I had no money, a sharp appetite, no prospects, and a detestable occupation. I hated wealthy Tunbridge Wells.

Somehow, I earned thirty shillings one week, fifty shillings the next, in one unforgettable week eight guineas. On Saturdays I bicycled furiously round the countryside, racing time to get one more order and justify a trip to town, and at three o'clock in the afternoon I set my face Londonwards, rode hard for four hours, arrived dripping with sweat just in time to take a girl to the Military and Naval Tournament at Olympia. Though the stars on my shoulder had waned I was under the spell of the army and had buoyed myself up through an exhausting week with the thought of that Saturday dash to town and Olympia. It was glorious. I loved the regimental marches and the bravely stepping companies. Since then I have watched military parades all over Europe, and like them less.

Soon after dawn on Monday morning I was on my way to Tunbridge Wells again. I pedalled and peddled through the summer. I rode up an endless drive to a great castle, rang at a ponderous door which was opened by one footman for another footman and a moment later was bowed politely out. I remounted and rode with dignity down the drive, but found afterwards that I had worn a large hole in the seat of my army breeches, through which my shirt was waving like a banner.

I had shot my bolt. I was as thin as a rake, my energy spent, and I knew I could not go on with this revolting struggle.

London had won again. I came back, answered advertisements, dragged about the streets, ate a poached egg and drank a cup of coffee occasionally, and after some time I sat in a cellar in Fleet Street, now typing letters for a travel agent about Hotel accommodation in Switzerland, conducted parties, train-fares and time-tables. I seemed to be inescapably back in my London corridor.

I was wrong. I was in the street of adventure. I had never been able to understand why Fleet Street was called that. I had spent years in and about Fleet Street and had vainly explored it for adventure. It seemed dull, dirty, noisy and narrow. But it was the doorway to the world for me.

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## Chapter Four

### PARISIAN ATTIC

All these years I had vainly tried to write. The articles and stories I wrote found no buyers, but the itch to write was unappeasable. Now, in my Fleet Street cellar, I was in the world of letters, but not of it. I was completely surrounded by publishers' and newspaper offices.

Shorthand is commonly regarded as a petty accomplishment, unworthy, of a gentleman. But if you have no old school tie you have to look around for some side entrance to betterment, and this insignificant key opened the doors for me to a wider life, to travel, to the profession of writing. I bless it now as I detested it in the days of my office-boyhood, when the publisher demanded that I should know it and a young clerk came to my home two evenings a week to teach it to me and a couple of fellow-sufferers, while my mother made cocoa for us all.

In my cellar I racked my brains to find a means of escape. I wrote to an anonymous advertiser who wanted a good shorthand writer to take down long messages over the international telephone. Within a week I had a new desk, in Printing House Square.

It was a grand life. For the first time since my early days as an officer I had something to do that interested me. I loved working at night, I loved being a small link in the long chain of news, hearing great tidings from Berlin and Paris and Vienna flowing into my mind through the earpieces and seeing them flow out again at my pencil's tip. I loved the hum of the printing presses towards midnight, I loved the moist copies of the paper that the fetch-and-carry boys casually flipped into my basket about midnight.

News transmission by telephone was then in its infancy. You waited interminably for calls; when they came cracklings and buzzings kept you in a white heat of profanity. Now you can casually ring up New York or Melbourne or Baghdad, and count on quick connection and clear understanding.

*The Times* was then founding its telephone news service -- it now covers all Europe -- and after a few weeks I found myself on a cross-Channel steamer, bound for Paris, where I was to be part of the network of telephonic communication between correspondents abroad and Printing House Square.

I found a very different Paris. Paris on a lovely autumn morning, with the war going well and all the girls smiling at a British officer, was one thing. Paris on a dank autumn evening, for a humble clerk without acquaintances, was another. I had a tiny stone-floored room with an iron stove *au sixième*, on the sixth floor, with the moon and chimneypots for my neighbours, and thither I retired at two o'clock in the morning, after the telephone from Madrid or Milan had rung for the last time.

My neighbours were a young man and a girl, a pair of quarrelsome lovers, who were wont to fight like cats, until one day one of them threw a burning lamp, and the girl was so badly burned that she died. Across the courtyard was a table full of laughing *midinettes*, to whom I would heliograph with my shaving mirror, and in one corner a little seamstress, who would entertain me with aniseed liqueur when I had a free evening, discourse with the simple fluency of a river flowing to the sea on this and that, and inevitably tell me I was *gentil*.

And near by lived Mademoiselle Sautier, who personified the brave and thrifty and hard-working France that I loved. She was over seventy, and went out at 5 o'clock every morning to char a bank. It was hard, she said once, to crawl round scrubbing and shifting heavy furniture when you were

over seventy. In her little room she had a big French bed, where her brother Jean had slept when, he came to Paris on leave during the war, and a stove, and lots of shining copperpots and pans, and she was eternally cleaning.

She had her economies, beyond a doubt, and I was happy to add a little to them then and later, when I was in other lands. You could tell she had them from the respect shown by her legions of relatives who came to visit her, all dressed in unalleviated black, on Toussaint, the day of the dead, when they all set out together for the resting places of other relatives who had gone before and left their economies in the right direction. She must have been a grand girl once, and I wondered that she was only Mademoiselle Sautier. She tolerated Madame from me, poor foreigner, but would snap 'Je n' ai pas de Monsieur' at cronies who, hearing me say it, tried to ingratiate themselves by calling her that.

In the evenings, I began to see how the news is made. Sweating lavishly in an upholstered cabin, insulated against noise, I strained my ear muscles to catch between the noises what little exasperated voices were saying in Madrid and Rome and Berlin. Strange things happened. A voice from Morocco whispered to me of a gallant and successful attack on a Rifi position 'by two Italians'. I did not notice anything strange. It ought to have been 'by two battalions'. A correspondent in Geneva spoke of 'the famous Ali Baba arbitration case', and that was all right with me, who had never heard of the good ship *Alabama*. And once when the multi-murderer Landru was being tried my colleague in London dropped the word 'beard' from an allusion to his 'long black beard', and the sub-editor in London put 'hair' into the gap. Landru was as bald as a coot.

I went out to Versailles to see him, and sat among the avid Parisiennes scoffing their sweet cakes and sandwiches and scoffing audibly at his protestations of innocence. He had killed and burned a dozen women for their economies and the police had evidence that about two hundred and fifty women in all had been his dupes. I watched the fiery Corsican de Moro-Giafferi, simulating intense moral indignation at the suggestion that his client was a murderer, the public prosecutor sitting in his pen and gazing unblinkingly at Landru, whom he reminded from time to time that his head was at stake, and Landru himself, turning in quiet dignity to reprove the jeers of the spectators with the words, 'There is nothing to laugh about'. He was the most dignified figure in court, this pale, thin-faced, bearded, bald, unsmiling man with the dark eyes, and he could have sat well as model for one of the apostles.

I began to pick up the tricks of the journalist's trade - the advantage of stating the news in the first sentence, the value of a neat phrase, the importance of brevity, the feeling of satisfied craftsmanship that a soundly constructed message leaves. Sometimes things happened in Paris late at night, after the correspondents had passed beyond the ken of the office. I was able to fill one or two small gaps and achieved print.

Then the spring came and I was ordered back to London once more, to take charge of the telephone system.

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## Chapter Five

### NORTHCLIFFIAN EPISODE

Out in the channel a spout of water flung high into the air. The captain of the cross-Channel steamer, lying alongside Folkestone quay, said it was probably a whale blowing, and I contemplated his clear eyes, tanned skin, neat beard and long row of medals won on the Dover Patrol with great respect, for I had not known that whales ever blew so near the English coasts. Then the wireless operator came running with a message, he scanned it quickly, and next moment the gangways were hurriedly drawn up and the ship steamed quickly out to sea. An aeroplane had crashed into the Channel dead ahead.

The ship listed hard over as the passengers gathered on the port side and craned their necks. Among the wreckage floating by, unrecognizable, I could see two bundles. I knew they were men; not long before the thought of ending like this had been constantly in my own mind. A boat put out from the ship, a Harley Street doctor among the passengers accompanying the crew, and rowed over to the wreckage. First they pulled out the pilot, a Frenchman, and then the passenger, and as they turned up his face the doctor recognized one of his patients.

I often have to restrain myself from remarking that the world is a small place; this particular coincidence impressed me as deeply as that other strange marine encounter, when a man called Aloysius Pendlebury Plum, or something equally rare, plunged into the Thames at Blackfriars and rescued a man called Aloysius Pendlebury Plum.

The ship continued on her course. Once more, though England had seemed to loom indefinitely ahead of me, I was leaving it behind. Lord Northcliffe had just returned to France from an anonymous tour in Germany and had cabled urgently to London for a secretary. I had been chosen.

A strange adventure lay before me. I had been dispatched at a moment's notice, primed with instructions that I was going to meet a most remarkable man and that I must strain my wits and energy to the utmost to satisfy him. A picture of a journalistic god had been given me - The Chief, ruler of Fleet Street, all-seeing and all-wise, quick to reward devotion, ruthless in punishing infidelity. Immoderate devotion inspired this picture, which misled me so that I was prepared to see in every action, however strange by normal standards, only the incalculability of genius, the eccentricity of the great.

We met in a little hotel in Boulogne, whither Mr. Leonard Brown, as he chose to be known, had come from Cologne. He lay in bed, a very sick man, as I should have known if that priming had not fogged my judgment, a man disappointed, disillusioned, distrusting everyone, with rare moments of gentleness, knowing himself to be mortally ill and hating the knowledge that neither his brain nor his energy nor his wealth could overcome this enemy. The shadows were already closing relentlessly in on him and he had ordered a little back bedroom, to match his mood. The hotel manager, a young man who was anxious to make this distinguished guest as comfortable as possible, had thought to know better and given him the best bedroom, in front. The first summons was to this young man and the brief interview ended with, 'Get out!'

'Get out!' was his cure for many evils.

Then he turned to me. A disproportionately massive head lay on the pillow, a greying forelock hung dankly down, greenish eyes contemplated the world in general and myself in particular with malevolence. A series of strange exchanges began. What public school had I attended? I answered

that I had had no schooling after the age of thirteen, and had had the bulk of my schooling at free schools before it. This seemed to flabbergast him. At intervals during the short time we were together he remarked that not everyone would have dared to confess to being a council schoolboy, or complained that I should not have been sent to him.

We began to send daily telegrams to the great newspapers he owned - *Old One*, *Young One*, *Nightingale*. Guess for yourselves which was which. We criticized, with the telegraphic terseness of the great, their contents or make-up, we rebuked their staffs with the brevity that is telegraphese. To one eminent journalist we telegraphed, 'You are fired', to another, 'Hear you have been seen walking down Fleet Street in top hat. Don't do it'. We wrote long letters, which mercifully never appeared, in which we discussed in satirical vein all manner of things, from the skinny shanks of a famous society lady to the Jewish influence in English life. We began to write that series of articles, 'Incognito in Germany', in which he described his German journey -- Northcliffe, the German-hater, alone in Germany -- in the manner of a bold, adventurous undertaking. The first two were published; a third was written but did not appear; and the series came to a sudden end.

He discoursed of many things, of his early struggles and later successes, of his friends and enemies, of his Government mission to America, of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. and Mrs. Asquith.

He felt himself surrounded by treachery. He put his hand under the pillow and brought out a little black silk bag. 'Look at this', he said, 'it was left here for me, for Mr. Leonard Brown, by a man who wouldn't give the porter his name. How do they know that I am here? You see the colour? It is the colour of death!'

For the first time I saw something of the system of spies with which great men sometimes surround themselves. Sleek young men with sinecure posts in his London undertakings arrived to report on the doings of their chiefs.

So these were the ways of the great! My mind was in a whirl, but so deeply had I been impressed with the necessity to humour his every mood that I never thought anything was amiss and when the valet, a really good and devoted man, stopped me in the ante-room to ask me what I thought about his master's condition I put the suggestion from me like a poisonous snake. Unquestioning devotion, I had been told, and that was going to be my rule.

In later years I came to know the signs of mortal illness. I have seen them in men who had the destinies of nations in their hands, and have speculated about the consequences that this might have for a country or a continent. They thought they were still masters of their souls and minds, and they were making plans accordingly. This twilight period is the greatest argument against dictatorship. No man who had been present at Napoleon's autopsy would be likely ever to vote for the absolute rule of a single man.

My salary was rocketed up to £500 a year, a figure that had always seemed to me to mark the Becher's Brook of the Betterment Stakes. And after a few days of this whirlwind atmosphere I was dispatched hot-foot to London, with £150 to buy myself a silver-fitted crocodile leather suitcase. I don't know why. He had asked if I had one, and of course I had not.

I could not bring myself to buy a silver-fitted crocodile leather suitcase. I did not need it. I needed other things. My two suits were on their last threads. I bought a wardrobe trunk and ordered some clothes and paid some bills and still had some money left.

This was a fatal mistake. I had to admit that I had come back without a silver-fitted crocodile leather suitcase. I had failed in unquestioning compliance, and suspicions were aroused. He began

to find in me too much or too little zeal. I was approaching the moment of dismissal, which a long line of my predecessors had experienced. The words 'Get out!' or 'You're fired!' trembled on those close-clamped lips.

In between we worked, went for drives to Wimereux or Paris Plage, and at night we took some book of biography or politics and I read to him. 'As the poet Cowper wrote ...' I read. 'Stop a minute', he said. 'How do you spell that?' 'C-o-w-p-e-r', I answered. 'But you pronounced it Cooper,' he rejoined. 'How did you know that?' 'I thought it must be so,' I said. 'Good, I like that.' Then silence. Then, drowsily, 'It's extraordinary how well you read for a board school boy.' A few seconds later he slept like a child, and I stole out.

The end, but for the background of a most unhappy man, would have made a comic film. Continually complaining of pain and poison, he became more and more irritable. One morning we went for a long drive, and on returning he went to bed, while I went to the hotel dining-room to snatch a quick lunch. He sent a servant for me to my room and was violently angry to find that I was not there. Summoned from the dining-room, I was bitterly reproached and a servant, with the wooden face of those trained to conceal their feelings and opinions, was called into the room, and asked if he had carried out some order or other. The little scene had been rehearsed and he answered, for my benefit, 'Not yet, sir, I haven't had my dinner yet. Food first is my motto'.

'You're fired' was the next step, accompanied by the intimation that I could keep the £150. I had not asked for it and said I would repay it, whereon he answered with the contempt of the moneyed man, 'You'll never earn enough'. He was wrong. Traps were being packed and before he drove off to Boulogne Station and Paris he said to me, 'Good-bye. You will never see me again in this world'.

Few people saw him again in this world. Cryptic daily bulletins told the public that he was ill and finally that he was dead. I watched the funeral service in Westminster Abbey. Many thousands of people had part in it. The funeral procession was miles long, the wreaths were innumerable. He had felt himself a man without friends.

Nothing much else happened to me in 1922, save that I married.

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## Chapter Six

### MUSCLING IN

I had barely had time to survey the pleasant prospect that lay beneath me from the dizzy heights of £500 a year and now I was back in the depths, nursing my bruises.

Years of struggle followed. I needed money, to buy furniture, to rent some habitation fit for man. Post-war England was the paradise of the profiteering houseowner. The men back from the war were getting married and wanted houses. Outer London was throwing off new slums in eccentric circles, like the rings of a tree trunk, to add to those of the Victorian era, jerrybuilt settlements of mass-produced houses with niggardly little coal grates, up-and-down windows, primitive bathrooms without any adequate means of heating water. Speculative builders could buy land and dump what they liked on it. Co-ordinated control of building in the general interest, co-ordinated effort to beautify London, there were none. Even these suburban outcrops lagged far behind the demand.

In inner London, in the gloomy squares around Bayswater and Paddington, gaunt Victorian mansions were being converted into small dwellings. You took a nursery floor, two or three small bedrooms and the children's playroom, put a gas stove into one room, a bath tub and a geyser into another, threw in a couple of thin partitions for luck, called it a maisonette, and as a favour accepted tenants at £3 a week.

The Londoner had the choice of paying a high price for discomfort in one of these claustrophobic dwellings or trekking out to a distant suburban house three walls of which he might call his own, for semi-detachment was still the jerrybuilder's golden rule. There he had neither the benefits of the town nor the delights of the country, and he used up his income and energy in long journeys to and from his daily occupation. Privacy in his home, beauty in his surroundings, were things beyond the hopes of the bulk of workaday Londoners.

For some time we counted ourselves lucky to find two unfurnished rooms in Praed Street, which is just a slice of the hundred miles of dreary streets that you find between the inner and outer circles of London, and we fetched water from an outside tap. Then we moved into a maisonette in a Paddington square; it was like a prison cell, but you could see trees from the window, great plane trees in the railing-guarded square, where a lugubrious gardener and a few geraniums fought a losing battle against the dingy soil. The tenants of Norfolk Oblong -- London squares are seldom square -- had keys to the garden, but a square-watcher appointed jointly by all the houseowners kept a stern eye on it, and if a child threw a ball or a tenant took a puppy for a walk there the watcher at the window sallied forth and forbade these goings-on. So the square, imprisoned behind its soot-blackened railings, remained always empty, and remains empty, I dare swear, to this day, save for the disgruntled gardener.

Later I discovered that in Germany, where all things are supposed to be forbidden, such a private tyranny as this would be unthinkable; there pieces of open ground between houses are the joint property of all men, they are made pleasant with flowers and fountains and sandpits for the children, and railings would be an intolerable affront to the common public conscience.

What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1886 - about London squares? From the window of Margot Asquith's boudoir, he 'admired the trees in the square and deplored their uselessness'. And when Margot asked him 'if he would approve of the square railings being taken away and the grass and trees made into a *place* with seats, such as you see in foreign towns, not merely for the convenience



of sitting down, but for the happiness of invalids and idlers who court the shade or the sun', he said, 'Yes, but the only people who could do this or prevent it were the resident aristocracy'.

Forty years later in 1926, when I lived in such a square, the residents, though their blue blood had thinned, were still preventing it, and in 1966, as things go in England, they are likely to be still entrenched there, resolved to sell their railings dearly.

However, in 1937, when I was in London for a few days and walked through St. James's Square, I suddenly realized that these railings have their uses after all. They keep you from approaching nearer than a hundred yards to the equestrian statue of William III, dressed as Nero.

I worked like a mole to find an outlet from this existence. My night work began at seven and ended at two a.m. and I took up private work to augment my means, so that for months I worked from nine in the morning until two at night, drawing heavily on reserves of health.

I met Sir Roland Bourne, who had gone to South Africa as a young officer to fight the Boers -- I listened enthralled to his tale of the blue-bearded Boer who came at him with a bayonet shouting 'Burgher Offizier', but Bourne got him with his revolver in the nick of time -- and stayed there afterwards to build the Union with them. A disappointed man, he was trying late in life to carve a new career for himself by directing from a little flat in St. John's Wood, where I typed his letters and sub-edited his appeals and card-indexed his correspondence for him, a scheme for settling retired officers and pensioned civil servants in communities in South Africa and the other Dominions. A great gentleman, he loved to go shopping with a string-bag in the Edgware Road and to chat with the shopkeepers. His energy was amazing and, though his scheme was impracticable, he did by irresistible force succeed in getting together a committee and extracting a Government grant. But the burden of his disappointments and of this hopeless venture was too much and he afterwards shot himself, in his bathtub. I seldom had warmer respect for anyone.

I fought hard to find a bridge across the great gulf fixed between the men who wrote and the clerks. It was a great battle. A university, or at least a public school education was normally essential. The gulf seemed unbridgeable. The Northcliffe episode, which at first promised to open all doors, had ended ill. I had a few slender hopes. Far back in the Paris days the correspondents, Wentworth Lewis, Ralph Deakin and W. F. Casey, had found me worth backing. My French was fairly good. But the years were passing.

At last a chance came. Long-distance telephony bridged the Atlantic. Men in New York and in London could converse as easily as men in Putney and Pimlico. The opening of the London-New York telephone was a nine days' wonder in 1927. The first public conversation was between my paper and its American opposite number - the *New York Times*. A quite ordinary tinkling of the telephone bell heralded the great moment for me. At the other end was Adolf Ochs, proprietor of the *New York Times*. I wrote the account, and it was a distinct success. For the first time I experienced the warm touch of that friendly helping hand which journalists are quick to give when they can. The London Correspondent of the *New York Times* came up to say that, for once, he had read a turnover article through 'to the bitter end'. Members of the editorial staff caused congratulations to come to me by devious ways.

I had gained a slight foothold. After some time I modestly suggested that I had the makings of a good journalist. The suggestion fell flat. I went downstairs prepared to struggle on. Suddenly, a note on managerial paper told me briefly that I had been promoted to the writing staff.

All those stubborn doors were open. A great moment. This tiny achievement, measured by the things that men accomplish every day, was to me an inexhaustible source of satisfaction. At last I

had found confidence in myself, and I thought thankfully of the men who, with never a word to me, had backed my cause. Presumably they thought first and foremost that they were serving the paper, but they helped me too and I never forgot it.

For three years I learned to write. We found a house, restful and perfect, within sight of Harrow spire. Even during our few months' tenancy it was submerged by the tidal wave of jerrybuilt settlements, but it was so secluded that within the hedges of its garden complete peace reigned, save for one or two serpents. I loved it, I loved the almond tree, the apple blossom outside the kitchen window, the view of Harrow-on-the-Hill from the bedroom windows, the intervening group of elms with the rooks cawing around them, the market gardens through which we used on summer evenings to stroll, accompanied not only by our dog, but also by our cat, a strange animal.

At Christmastide 1927 the moving men came and took our few pieces of furniture, which I had so sweated to procure, and carried them away to storage. We packed our modest wardrobe in our cheap trunks and sent them to the station. The rooms we had loved so well were empty. As we went down the lane we took a last look at the house. The snow lay heavy on it and on the trees; at that rare Christmastide snow fell abundantly. I was 32. The house was my first real home in England. I had had it a few months. I left a piece of my heart in it, for now I was leaving England again and, as I instinctively felt, for good.

We were bound for Germany. I was torn between exhilaration in a new career, and regret at losing England, which I loved but of which I had never been able to feel myself a part. That pain lasted for three years. Then changes began to occur in me.

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## Chapter Seven

### GERMAN JOURNEY

A burly, green-bloused porter pushed our trunks across from the Friedrichstrasse Station to the Continental Hotel, heavy with red plush and chandeliers. A sleek, morning-coated and inscrutably suave young man wafted us to our rooms. Everything looked prosperous. With some millions of my fellow countrymen I had spent four years of my life trying to reach Berlin; and now, here I was.

I began to look for the crushed and starving and desperate and bled-white Germany. I never found it. I found a country that had never known war on its own land save for the brief Russian drive in East Prussia in 1914; that had called the war off when inevitable defeat impended and had retired in ostensible submission into its own unravaged land; that by this apparent surrender had warded off decisive military defeat; a country that, scarcely daring yet to believe this, was beginning to hope that it had outwitted its foes. Germany had been spared a knockout. An international heavyweight, proclaimed to be defeated on points, but feeling himself to be the better man and dreaming of a come-back, feeling his biceps.

The next seven years were the fullest and most stimulating of my life. I should hate to have lived without knowing Germany. At the end of them the fears I had felt on Armistice Day in France, as I watched the gunners clip-clopping by, were confirmed and branded in my soul. It seemed likely that the Great War had been fought in vain, all that human energy and idealism and life and treasure squandered fruitlessly. Seventeen years after the Armistice all Europe, bordering on Germany, was in a fever of fear again. She was mightier in arms than ever. Seventy years after the first Prussian year of expansion -- against Denmark -- the threat to Europe was greater than ever.

I went to Germany without knowledge, but with prejudices, born of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the execution of Nurse Cavell, the shooting of Belgian civilians at Louvain, the bombardment of Paris, the bombing of London. Seven years later, though an enormous admiration for Germany had taken shape in me, these prejudices had become convictions founded on knowledge.

There is in Germany a class of ruthless man, and this class has now again mastered the State, that acknowledges only the law of Germany's right to prevail by force of arms. These very men have harnessed the nation to a mighty fighting machine. You will find the type drawn to the life a hundred times in non-Jewish German literature - in Heinrich Mann's *Der Untertan*, in Remarque's *All Quiet*, in Peter Martin Lampel's *Outlaws*, in Wolfgang Langhoff's *Rubber Truncheon*, and many more.

After six years in Germany I stood Unter den Linden with a famous American journalist. We had been together to see a woman who had been beaten senseless by Nazi Storm Troopers. He had come to Europe, full of anti-German prejudices born of war-time propaganda, with the American Army, and after the war had come to Germany of the pre-Hitler period and had come to love Germany, deciding that the war-time propaganda had been lies. 'After what I've seen lately,' he said, 'I believe all I was ever told about them.'

Germany in 1928 was still seemingly in the throes of this struggle for the soul of the nation, though actually, as I think, it had been decided on November 11th, 1918, when the German militarists had been left the possibility to tell the nation that it had never been defeated in the field, but had only retired within its frontiers because it had been betrayed, 'stabbed in the back', by the Jews and Marxists - the dejected German sailors, the war-weary population.

Germany had lived to fight another day. The outward signs of defeat were there. Allied armies stood in the Rhineland - until reparations were paid; and in Berlin Parker Gilberts and Andrew McFadyean, with large staffs of highly paid men and women still floating on the cushions of war-time soft jobs, collected these reparations. The outer world saw Germany as a prostrate figure, with a mailed Allied foot on her neck and an Allied hand in her pocket.

It was an illusion. This was no despairing, starving country. There were no devastated areas to make good, but streams of British and American gold, flowing into the country, went to build and equip vast new factories and industries, sports grounds, suburban Lidos, stations - in short, to improve and adorn German real estate.

The Germany I found had been deprived after the war of her entire merchant fleet. Now, ten years later, she had one of the biggest in the world, all new. She was forbidden to build military aircraft and severely circumscribed in her production of civilian aircraft; but through factories in Russia, Denmark and Switzerland, and by ingenious design, she overcame all obstacles and one day I saw the lovely flying-ship DO.X. go up from Lake Constance with 173 people on board - a feat never yet equalled, as far as I know.

I travelled on their maiden voyages in two lithe and graceful German ships, the *Bremen* and *Europa*, that effortlessly stole the Blue Riband first trip across the Atlantic and set wealthy victor powers hurriedly trying to recover lost prestige by building *Normandies* and *Rexes* and *Queen Marys*.

In France, England, Italy, America, airships came crashing down and these countries abandoned the search for the secret of their construction. In 1929 I saw a German zeppelin take the air. It crossed the Atlantic, circumnavigated the world, began regularly to ply to and fro across the Pacific to admiring South America.

German exports rose until she was among the first trading powers of the world. Leipzig and Stuttgart displayed splendid new stations, like proud, municipal smiles. Berlin, Hamburg, Hanover and the great Rhineland cities built vast settlements for workers.

The Germany I discovered in 1928 was a well-found land, going ahead fast, overhauling the world by its prowess in peaceful pursuits. But the political itch left it no rest. The outcasts -- the men who had lost rank and privilege through the war, the men who had achieved unexpected importance in the war and found themselves nobodies in peace, the big business men who disliked the power of the trade unions, the small shopkeeper who hated to see a Socialist as mayor, all those classes which traditionally oppose and resent any betterment of the working classes -- played incessantly on the nation's nerves with the refrain 'You didn't lose the war, you were stabbed in the back by Jews and Marxists, they are bleeding you white to pay the foreigner'.

Germany had one all-consuming desire - to get the Allied armies out of the Rhineland. That was the essential condition for all further policy. Foreign troops in the Rhineland! That was the shackle on the German wrist. No use stopping reparations while they were there, because they would never go. The Rhineland, occupied, was a pledge for payment. Get them out!

Stresemann was Foreign Minister, Stresemann, who looked like one of the Allied wartime cartoons of a German. I often saw him at the Foreign Office. He sat in the centre of a long table, between Baligand, who afterwards became German Minister in Lisbon and was shot by a German caller, and a Socialist official. They sat among a hundred foreign journalists of all nationalities, a motley gathering, with one woman journalist, the then Mrs. Knickerbocker, as pretty as a picture, in the

middle of them. They were forbidding-looking men, and I wondered how far you are justified in taking physiognomy as a springboard for jumping to conclusions.

Stresemann, when the war was going well, was hot for the annexation of Belgium, and he was now the figure head of 'the policy of understanding'. I don't know how he himself conceived the policy of understanding, but I know that the German people in bulk understood by it, not reconciliation with former enemies, but concessions to get the foreign troops out of the Rhineland. Then you would have your hands free; then you could stop reparations; then you could rearm; after that, well, Germany had never been defeated in the field.

Austen Chamberlain was Stresemann's opposite number in London, Briand in Paris. Chamberlain, rare among Foreign Ministers, really knew his subject. He had lunched with Bismarck, and, still more important, he had sat among Treitschke's students at Berlin University and heard him impart hatred of England and the thirst for conquest. Fifty years later, in 1937, the son of a British diplomat whom I know heard just the same lesson being taught at German universities.

'I fear my generation of Germans,' Chamberlain wrote from Berlin in 1887. 'There is a school growing up here as bad as the French military school, and if they come to the front, why, *gare aux autres*. They are likely to find a friend in Prince William, who is said to be thirsting for warlike distinction and is the idol of the military party.'

His father, Joseph Chamberlain, in spite of his son's reports from Berlin, strove for years for an Anglo-German agreement in preference to an Anglo-French-Russian group designed to contain Germany, and only abandoned hope of it when, a private understanding having been reached between himself and von Bülow, the German Chancellor let him down in a public speech.

Another Chamberlain, Neville, is trying precisely the same thing to-day. He has no personal knowledge of Germany. But the memory of his father's experiences in dealing with German leaders and of his brother's experiences in Germany itself should still be deeply imprinted in his mind.

Austen Chamberlain never forgot the lesson he learned in Berlin, and there was then a strong team of other men in the Foreign Office, men who had really plumbed the German mind and never forgot what they had seen there.

I met Austen Chamberlain years later, in Vienna. The traces of his stroke were perceptible and I felt that he had not long to live, but his intellect was as keen as a Toledo blade and his character seemed as fine as his appearance. I talked with him about Germany and found the perfect truth of the words he wrote: 'There is in my mind no thought of hostility or ill will to Germany. There is, I admit, serious anxiety as to the trend of policy of the present German Government and the effect of their daily propaganda on the people.'

His feeling was that of all of us who know Germany, an unbounded admiration for Germany and a conviction that others must defend themselves tooth and nail against a new attempt to subject Europe to German military domination. These two things are not incompatible.

Austen Chamberlain, from that youthful experience, had preserved invaluable impressions. Yet even he, before Hitler came, had thought to see a change of heart in Germany. I doubt if he was right. He thought Stresemann was Germany. Whether Stresemann ever really changed from the Belgian annexationist of 1916 only Stresemann could say. But Chamberlain misread the German mind when he thought that the Stresemann that he trusted and liked really represented deep feelings in Germany when he worked for 'a policy of understanding', or if he thought that 'understanding' meant 'reconciliation'.

'It is a comfort to us ...', wrote Austen Chamberlain, 'that Stresemann was mourned by his own people as one whose immense services to the Fatherland were recognized.'

Was he? I saw his funeral. Large crowds attended it, but Stresemann was to them a name without any popular appeal, a name to which the stigma of kowtowing to Germany's enemies attached. Real mourning was little in the public mind. They named a street after him, and Hitler later changed the name again, so as to obliterate all memory of the man whose name, whatever his motives, had the tag 'policy of understanding' attached to it.

But as yet Stresemann, shaven-headed, his cigar between his podgy fingers, worked doggedly to get the foreign troops out of the Rhineland. I saw him most Fridays at the Foreign Office, surrounded by men of the international press. This man, whose outer man was so unprepossessing, who had acquired his doctorate with a thesis on 'The Bottled Beer Trade of Berlin', who in the war had thirsted from his arm-chair for the blood of Belgium, whose political and business career seemed to show the heavy, humourless, suspicion-ridden, petty bourgeois, had in his last years developed a fine and flashing wit, a lively repartee, that kept everybody in a good humour and made him a worthy adversary even for the brilliant Briand, who once answered, when Stresemann asked him what history would say about guilt for the Great War, 'Ah, I am no prophet and will not anticipate her judgment. But there are three things which I think she will not say - she will not say that this time France was the aggressor; she will not say that Belgium invaded Germany; she will not say, like Bethmann-Hollweg, that a treaty is only a scrap of paper'.

One Frenchman can say more in a few words than a hundred retired ambassadors, university professors and colonels in letters to the newspapers, and history will be a fool if it quarrels with this answer of Briand.

At last Stresemann achieved his end, and died. In 1930, five years before the due date, the French and British troops marched out of the Rhineland. They advanced the date of the new armaments race, probably of the next war, by five years. A new chapter had begun, for Germany, for the world - the chapter of German rearmament. After that, if history runs true to form, comes the chapter of German reconquest, which at this moment is having a rehearsal in miniature in Spain.

The Rhineland was free. Germany was mistress again in her own household. The Rhineland broke out in a fever rash of flags and bunting. Hindenburg in Berlin prepared for a triumphal progress along the liberated Rhine. I packed my bag and followed in his path.

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## Chapter Eight

### HINDENBURG ON THE RHINE

I watched Hindenburg pace along the Maximilianstrasse at Speyer, between the Dom and the Old Gateway. All around him were the fluttering blue-and-white of Bavaria, students like a human tulip bed in their vivid uniforms of orange and violet and scarlet bravely flaunting the twin gages of their manhood, pimples and scars, elderly Excellencies with their paunches straining at the buttons like hounds at a leash and the Pickelhauben of their distant youth perched precariously on the distended pates of their ripe old age, as if a cathedral had been given a dome several sizes too small for it, grizzled peasant veterans of 1864 and 1866 and 1870 in frock coats and top hats, and everywhere children, sturdy, brown, well tended, buzzing like excited bees.

Hindenburg's great body was heavy on his aged legs, his massive head heavy on his shoulders, even his top hat seemed to weigh heavily in the hand that laboriously came up and lifted it in acknowledgment of the roaring cheers. I studied his features, the heavy sweeping moustache, the vertical stubbly hair. 'The Wooden Titan', John Wheeler-Bennett called him. He was right: wood was the ideal medium to portray this man. You sought vainly for any outward and visible sign of the inner man. His face, as if carved from a block of wood, was set in heavy, chiselled grooves. The eyes were as empty as a down-side dewpond. They rested without any responsive gleam on obsequious bowing aldermen and posy-presenting children alike.

Eighteen months later I listened to him addressing the nation by broadcast. Some passages he spoke quietly, some louder, some very loudly. Ah, you thought, there speaks the real Hindenburg; see how deeply he feels this, the stress he lays on that. But I had seen the typescript of his address, prepared for him by another hand. Some passages were in small letters. Some were in capital letters. Others were in capital letters deeply underlined. That was how he knew when to raise his voice.

He was a model of devotion to duty they said. In 1914, from retirement in Hanover, he had briefly replied 'Am ready' to a telegram offering him a command. A few weeks later he had thrown out the Russians, the only invaders of Germany during the War.

In 1925, from retirement in Hanover, he had agreed to become President, to take the destiny of Germany again in his paternal hand. The Allies, who had once had him on their list of war criminals marked down for trial and potential execution, had taken alarm; but now, years later, they were reassured. He had proved to be a godfearing and constitutional man; the enlightened German republic was safe in his hands.

Legends. The Legend of Napoleon and his glory - 'Ten million dead and diminished frontiers'. The legend of Mussolini and his glorious Empire. The Legend of Hindenburg. The Legend of Hitler.

Retired generals seldom shrink with reluctance from the offer of a high command. Hanover is a pleasant town, and I recommend the Café Kropke for an agreeable place to sit and watch the world go by, but it is a backwater for a man who has commanded millions and told his Kaiser what to do.

Disgruntled Ludendorff, down in Bavaria, did not agree that his former chief had sacrificed himself to duty. He was frankly jealous and clearly thought the President of Germany should have been called Ludendorff. 'For four years Paul Hindenburg' -- not even *von*, you notice -- 'did everything I told him', he commented bitterly. 'Didn't even know the disposition of the various army corps', he grumbled. And General Ludendorff worked busily away at his theory that Jews, Jesuits and

Freemasons -- not German generals, save possibly General Hindenburg -- shared the guilt for Germany's defeat, and propagated his new German religion, a druidical faith of sun-and-ancestor-worship which Hitler ultimately admitted to equality with the Christian confessions.

Hindenburg climbed ponderously into his car, and I climbed into another behind him, and we sped across the Rhineland countryside. It was a summer of roses and wine on the Rhine. Between the villages golden points of light marked the helmets of the volunteer firemen, strung out between them so that the President should never be out of sight of his reunited family. Peasants in blue and red came hurrying across the fields of ripening corn and through the vineyards to see him. In the villages the lovely German children, due soon to grow into Hitler Youths and soldiers of the new German Army, clustered thick about the garlanded houses and joyfully waved him by.

And in one village young men, brown, well-muscled fellows, stood posed in a symbolic tableau on an archway. The central figure, a broken chain falling from his wrist, held a sword triumphantly aloft. The Rhineland was free; the fetters were burst, the German sword was unsheathed again. The President's car slowed down, stopped. His vacant eyes ranged slowly over the group, slowly took in its meaning. He shook his heavy head slowly, approvingly. Ah, he liked that!

The Haardt Mountains came in view, and the quick passage through jubilant wine-growing villages was like a glance down a wine-list - Deidesheim, Forst, Ruppertsberg and Nierstein. I was under the spell of a deep admiration for the loveliness of the countryside, the prosperity of the farms, the cleanliness and dignity of the cities, the looks and spirits of the people, the unremitting effort to keep everything well tended and to improve property. Germany in these things excels all other countries I have seen. But for the spirit of ruthless militarism which now prevails again I might long to be a German. It is a spirit artistically expressed in the Victory Column in Berlin, where a buxom gilded angel with enormous wings and a voluminous nightshirt glides with elephantine tread over a squat column, the flutes of which contain gilded cannon barrels captured in the three wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870.

At Mainz Hindenburg drove through tumultuous cheering streets to the Grand Ducal Palace, where the French had had their headquarters a few weeks, Napoleon a hundred years before. In between, the Germans had been to Paris and, with young Lieutenant Paul von Hindenburg watching, had rubbed their vanquished enemy's nose in the dust by proclaiming the German Empire in the Mirror Hall at Versailles.

Then we began an unforgettable journey down the Rhine, with Hindenburg in the prow of the steamer *Mainz*, and myself watching him. Before waterside villages of which the earliest historians had written, a thousand years ago, the children were ranked in white-clad rows. The youths, in shorts and singlets, built brown-limbed human pyramids on the banks.

On all sides were the black-white-red of Imperial and the red-black-gold of Republican Germany, the emblems of the struggle for the soul of Germany which the old man in the prow of the *Mainz* was to decide. On the banks ancient abbeys, and before them, waving handkerchiefs to the President, brown-robed monks. Dutch barge skippers coming upstream from Rotterdam, the Dutch eel fishers who had leased the Rhine fishing rights, Swiss bargemen homeward bound for Basel, all dressed their craft with flags and bunting, cheered the German President as he passed. The Rhine castles, ruined Rheinfels, stately Marksburg and the others, awoke to dim memories of former sieges as salutes were fired from their ancient battlements and echoed by others from the barges and the shore, so that the echoes joined with the pealing of church bells and went rolling down the hills towards Coblenz. At the foot of the Lorelei, where the Rhine maiden combs her golden hair and lures luckless sailors to their doom, crowds of children cheered shrilly, and on the headland itself tiny human figures waved white specks.



Then Coblenz, where the Rhine and Mosel join hands at the Deutsches Eck, with its monument to the First German Empire, in the shadow of the towering fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, now lined with tiny dots that were human heads.

Hindenburg stepped heavily ashore. The Burgomaster's daughter, pretty, flushed, rather breathless, advanced and said her little lyrical piece about the liberation of the Rhine and the joy of being a German. The President listened, heavy, motionless, shook her hand when she finished. Later, after the drive through a town so packed with people that it seemed to burst at the seams, she sat near me at the official celebration at the town hall and excitedly discussed her great moment with two attentive young men, who well understood the deference, due to a Burgomaster's daughter.

'I was so nervous', she said. 'You didn't show it', they answered politely. 'And what was your impression of the President?' '*Ach, der Mann hat ein steinernes Gesicht*', she said. ('Oh, he has a face of stone.') 'Hush, here he comes.'

Three years later, when the man with the face of stone opened the German sluice to the floodtide of Hitlerism, her father was thrown neck and crop out of office.

While the Rhine rang with cheers and bell-clangour and gunfire, the outer world, listening to the speeches, received the first shock to its comfortable belief that withdrawal five years ahead of time had fostered the spirit of amity and reconciliation in Germany. It was a false calculation, based on misanalysis of the German character. A few weeks later six million Germans voted for the hitherto obscure Hitler and his gospel of the martial come-back.

Now Hindenburg, reading his carefully prepared manuscript, proclaimed that the Rhineland was not yet free. It was still subject to humiliating penalties - the ban on fortifications and military garrisons on the bank nearer to France. Germany was still denied her rights, her full freedom, her full equality.

A tremor of apprehension went through Germany's neighbours. But in Coblenz the sun shone and the great crowds laughed and cheered, and drank the golden Rhine wines and sang 'Ein Rheinisches Mädel zum Rheinischen Wein', and the day wore on and dusk fell and we all went down to the river.

Ehrenbreitstein lay far above our heads, its solid black walls silhouetted against red festive fires, that set the Rhine aglow. Scores of craft plied to and fro, canoes, rowing boats, launches, Rhine steamers, all beflagged and festooned with coloured lights that cast a myriad green, red and yellow spirals into the dark rippling water. Music and singing came across from the boats. On the banks scores of thousands watched the scene. I pushed my way among the crowds and felt as glad as they.

The night wore on, the red fires on Ehrenbreitstein faded, the craft on the river went home, taking the red, green and yellow spirals with them, the singing and music dwindled, the great throngs poured back into the town. At a narrow wooden footbridge over an arm of the Mosel a surging mass of people was checked, then poured across in a narrow jostling stream, then widened out again and hurried on. In the darkness came the crack of splintering wood, a great splash, then many small ones, floundering, shouts for help, the shrieks of children.

When I got to the scene soon after midnight all the signs and sounds of festival had died. Ehrenbreitstein was a black, over-hanging shadow, the Rhine a dark, silent stream, the streets were empty, all was still.

Only around the broken foot-bridge was a little pool of light made by flaring torches, that cast flickering reflections into the oily water and dimly lit a circle of sombrely watching faces. In a flat-bottomed boat a man sat astraddle and probed the water with a long barbed pole. As I watched he carefully drew it out; hanging on the barbs, crucified, was a young man, his mouth stupidly agape, his dank hair streaming into staring eyes, a grotesque, ridiculous figure. What fools our bodies make of us when we are done with them. They caricature our carefully mannered, well tended, well disciplined living selves. We ought to evaporate in the moment of death.

Stretched on the bank near by lay a dozen young school-girls, a little boy from America, come to see his Rhenish grandfather, who lay next to him. All through the night they angled, and brought out twenty, thirty, forty, forty-five dead revellers.

The carnival was over. Hindenburg cancelled his tour and, in a darkened room, commiserated with the city elders, white-headed, grey-bearded, shaven-pated, about this disaster to Coblenz. A Rembrandtesque scene, I thought, as I watched him. Then he went back to Berlin.

The Rhineland was free. For me the stench of death hung over it all. I had shared the joy of the Rhinelanders in their freedom regained but I felt instinctively what it was going to lead to. The liberation of the Rhineland, though the actual struggle for power was to continue awhile, marked the end of the young German Republic, which, with many defects, was a humane and enlightened community of men, moving upwards and onwards. It opened the door to a future which held for Germany martial madness, mass hysteria, of the kind to which England gave way on Mafeking Night. Germany was to develop a kind of permanent Mafeking spirit, an obsession of bellicose self-aggrandizement and self-commiseration.

At the end may lie glory, as Napoleon understood it. Ten million dead, possibly; enlarged or diminished frontiers, who knows? For me the grotesque figure hanging on the barbs, dead in the moment of patriotic festival, was the emblem of the Germany that grew out of the liberation of the Rhineland. Cannon-fodder; parade-fodder; cheer-fodder; plebiscite-fodder. Germany threw away with both hands the right to reason why.

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## Chapter Nine

### GERMAN FREEDOM

I found Berlin a stimulating capital, Germany a stimulating country in these last years of the brief period of enlightenment.

The fate of Europe was being decided here between the Rhine and the Vistula, the Baltic and the Danube. If sixty-six million Germans could be kept to the paths of peace all was well for long to come. No other candidate for European domination offered.

England, gorged with colonies, wanted only that tranquillity to which people with vast possessions habitually aspire.

France, invaded three times within a century, desired only to put some insurmountable, bombproof, gastight barrier between herself and the Germans, to banish this eternal nightmare of invasion by a neighbouring people of whom there were 'twenty million too many', as Clemenceau said in one of those perfectly succinct summaries of the European situation which only the French mind and the French language seem able to achieve, to keep Germany 'in plaster of Paris', as a British Ambassador wrote.

Russia, already straggling amorphously over a sixth part of the world's land surface, was likely to be busy for a century digesting her Soviet revolution. To attack her was as unsatisfactory as fighting Carnera. She, with her ruined railways, her half-hatched industries, could not attack Europe - that was an old wives' tale for nervous maiden ladies in cathedral towns, a nightmare for a corpulent plutocracy, a useful line in sales talk for the armaments industry.

In Germany the battle was fought out, apparently in the full light of day, in Parliament, on election platforms, in the press. There were five main parties -- the Hitler Nazis had as yet hardly appeared above the horizon -- and in terms of England they corresponded approximately to Conservatives, Liberals, Catholics, Socialists and Communists. But the Conservatives were, in English parlance, jingo diehards of the fieriest hue, though they were yet to be outdone in patriotic hysteria by the Nazis; the Liberals more resembled moderate English Conservatives; the Catholic Centrists were more akin to British Liberals, though on a Catholic basis; the Socialists, like their British opposite numbers, were mainly trades union bureaucrats; and the Communists were typical, well-disciplined German Communists, with a passion for desk-work, organization and detail, and the typically German abhorrence of domestic disorder.

The battle seemed to be open, but it was an illusion. The paramount power lay in the hands of a Prussian Field-Marshal, and when the time came power would not be won by fighting at the barricades, or by the ballot box and parliamentary debate; it would be handed, on a silver salver, by the President Field-Marshal to Hitler. The failure to inflict a decisive military defeat, the infliction of the penalties of defeat on the German moderates instead of the German militarists, had left the former ruling classes with a precarious grip which they stealthily and skilfully transformed into a stranglehold.

The Reichswehr, with its secret funds and its exemption from parliamentary control, had remained a state within a state, ready to turn against the Republic, from the day when the Socialist leaders, fumbling with their unaccustomed power, had called on it to shoot down the Communists, when it had shot the Jewish Labour leaders Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg and contemptuously tossed their bodies into the Landwehr Canal, so that they went floating past the Reichswehr

Ministry, just opposite which hangs a life-belt, always freshly pipeclayed and well ordered, for those in peril on the Landwehr Canal.

The judiciary had been left untouched and now, with non-committal faces, applied the law of the Republic, but these men, with their students' scars and memories rooted in the days of Wilhelminian Germany, wanted nothing better than to turn on the Republic and administer a fierce concentration-camp and bump-off law of class hatred, and they gleefully applied themselves to this task when the time came.

The great industrialists of the Ruhr and Rhineland, the great landowners of East Elbia, sat undisturbed in their factories and estates and concerted plans for the overthrow of this detestable regime, in which a working man might become Chancellor, Speaker or Burgomaster, in which wages were fixed by collective agreement for entire industries and not at the sole will of the master, in which Republicans, Socialists and Communists were allowed, equally with Monarchists, Nationalists and Fascists, to march about the streets in uniform, to speak their mind in the press and parliament, to stage plays giving their point of view of social problems.

I travelled about Germany from Düsseldorf to Danzig, from Hamburg to Hanover, absorbed in the struggle. Freedom prevailed. For centuries the nation had been battered down by conscription, regimentation, the tradition of servility, rigid class barriers, the glorification of the State in the persons of those who derived profit from its glorification - the officer caste, the bureaucracy, the police, all State servants down to the municipal dustman.

Now the hatches had been taken off and freedom had burst its bounds. A man might do what he wished with his own life. He did not have to serve in the army. The approaches to the high schools and universities had been broadened, so that the arts and professions were no longer beyond the reach of the young man without money or influence.

The Jews, through their native talents and more particularly through close mutual collaboration, had profited enormously. They largely ran Berlin and the great provincial cities. Max Reinhardt counted as the, leading representative of German, not Jewish, theatrical art, and I watched his classic interpretations of that good anti-Semite, Shakespeare, at the little Deutsches Theater.

I watched Elisabeth Bergner play a sweet Jewish Juliet to Franz Lederer's romantic Bohemian Romeo, Grete Mosheim dying pathetically as Margarete -- I often wonder why the Nazis haven't rewritten *Faust*, with Faust as a Jew -- Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer and Leo Blech conducting at the Opera, Otto Waliburg, Max Hansen and Siegfried Arno playing the chief parts in *The White Horse Inn*, that Jewish operetta of Austrian life, at the enormous Schauspielhaus, Gerda Maurus in the kolossal films of Fritz Lang. In the stalls sat a phalanx of Jewish dramatic critics, headed by Alfred Kerr, and wrote laudatory notices. for the most widely read newspapers, the Jewish *Berliner Tageblatt* and *Vossische Zeitung*. In the lobbies of the theatres and picture houses *schwärmerische* German mothers and daughters fought for the signatures of their Jewish favourites. Have all those autographs been ceremoniously burned, in solemn family conclave, since the eyes of Germany were opened?

When I had a toothache I went to a Jewish dentist, and when I was ill a Jewish doctor cured me quickest, and that, I suppose, was why they were so numerous and prosperous. The most fashionable and wealthiest lawyers, well advertised by the press of their co-religionists, were Jews. Jewish architects, Erich Mendelssohn prominent among them, were busy building new villas for the wealthy along the pleasant avenues leading out to the woods and lakes. To the disgust of the fine old crusted type of German Tory, they had abandoned the stucco pineapple, turret-and-gable type of architecture which had been generally held best to express the greatness of pre-war

Germany and were putting up severe white structures with flat roofs, sun parlours, roof gardens and wide window spaces, among the green trees of the Grunewald. This was regarded by the diehards as a sign of the decadence of the period.

Freedom! It took many forms. Before the war, on the Baltic and North Sea coast and on the lakes round Berlin, those who went down to the sea in slips were wont to be hauled out by a helmeted and besworded Prussian policeman, who fined them on the spot. Germans might be well developed, but they might not be over exposed.

Now they went down to the sea in nothing at all. In the lakes around Berlin they had their own reservations, these sun bathers. But there were also amateurs of sun-bathing, and you sometimes encountered them unexpectedly. I came upon seven of them one day, five men and two girls. They took no notice of me and I took no notice of them.

And one Sunday morning at the Volksbühne in the Bülowplatz -- where the two police captains were shot dead one stormy night -- I saw several score naked people, men and women, boys and girls, doing rhythmic exercises, dances and gymnastics on one of the biggest stages in Berlin. A stout and motherly woman member of Parliament, clothed, apostrophized the audience on behalf of the assembled nudists. among whom was her daughter, a splendidly built girl. She appealed to her hearers to abandon convention. 'We welcome life', she proclaimed, with outflung arm, 'Wir begrüßen das Leben,' and the great audience cheered vociferously.

The strangest item in this programme, by small town standards, was a faun-and-nymph interlude between the woman deputy's daughter and a young man, clad only in a pair of incongruous horn-rims. They were both such magnificent specimens that I felt it a pity they should ever have to wear clothes; but just this, possibly, is the weak point of the nudist movement, and if we all looked like these two the eccentrics would probably be the clothes-wearers. The young man made a series of faunlike rushes; and the girl recoiled nymphlike. They had been schooled to give free play to the instinctive reactions of their bodies, within the limits of rhythmic and graceful movement. The beating of a gong kept their movements in time and gave a suitably tom-tom-like accompaniment.

I came away puzzled, but with an open mind. I would have liked to look like the people on the stage and, unless I was an Armenian, they were healthy in mind and body. These were no sexual lunatics, of the type of which Germany had many, but Germans of the best type. Nevertheless, I could not see what they gained by gathering on a Berlin stage on a Sunday morning.

True, it was winter, and they had to be nude indoors or not at all. If the display had been under a blue sky, against green trees, I should have had only an aesthetic admiration for it. As it was, I was in the evening immediately prejudiced in favour of the nudists when a paunchy man in a tight dinner jacket with a cocktail-beaten face, to whom I described the scene, said briefly, 'We put people like that in lunatic asylums', and resumed operations on behalf of his paunch, unshakably certain that he had uttered wisdom's last word.

This freedom! For Germany, that depressingly thorough country, half-measures seemingly do not exist. Either you give a man entire liberty to do what he likes with his life and body, or you deliver him body and soul to the State and make him the bondsman of the particular clique which happens to be lining its purse at the moment through the possession of power. In matters of morality a certain rigour is probably best, though you are tempted to doubt this when it produces such oddities as policemen who hide behind trees in public parks and town councillors who go about running a yard measure over the bathing costumes of the adolescent.

Berlin, after decades of secret and suppressed indulgence, was sowing its wild oats with a vengeance. I went to a basement tavern near the Schlesischer Bahnhof, Berlin's Limehouse, where you paid a mark and saw an extraordinary cabaret programme of sexual freaks, harumphrodites that were far from giddy, and the like. Young male prostitutes walked the streets. A dozen, a score, resorts where homosexuals of both sexes could meet plied a thriving trade, the young men dressed as girls, the girls trying to look like men and looking actually like caricatures of Harold Lloyd.

I offer no opinions about homosexuality. I only mention it because in Germany, where it is more prevalent than any other country I know, although I notice that it is spreading in England, it seems to have some indefinable influence on politics. Before the war there was a great homosexual scandal at the German Court.

Who knows from what source it springs? Its consequences seem more important. In Germany the thing seems to be wedded to that other incalculable sexual phenomenon, sadism.

Several foremost leaders of the National Socialist Party, fighting its way to power, were known homosexuals and sadists. Röhm was *schwul*, a lost libel action had publicly proved it; Ernst was a *Berliner Junge* who owed his post as Brown Army Commander for Berlin to his relationship with Röhm; Heines was a homosexual sadist who, as the Party exultantly advertised, had killed a man.

But the Party, which subsequently gave 'moral depravity' as one of several reasons for shooting scores of its leaders without trial, then indignantly denied that they were morally depraved. It was all infamous calumny, said that Dr. Göbbels who in June, 1937 was to broadcast a speech to the German nation accusing the Catholic priesthood wholesale of homosexuality and recalling that in June 1934 'We shot sixty leading National Socialists for this same vice'.

Sadism, a far more important thing, flourished openly. If you want to know about sadism, read Wolfgang Langhoff's *Rubber Truncheon*, the story of a German concentration camp. Or read the triumphant account by Julius Streicher, the chief Jewbaiter of Nuremburg and Hitler's personal crony, of his visit to a prison cell, with a bodyguard of trusty friends, to beat up a prisoner.

That is one side of sadism. The other side is sexual. They spring from the same root, delight in inflicting or receiving pain. In Berlin, about 1930, hundreds of establishments sprang into being called massage salons. The market for human beings was at its lowest ebb then and at these places every form of indulgence could be bought for a few marks.

It stands to the ineradicable discredit of the Socialist-Liberal regime that, in their fight for the priceless thing that freedom is, they allowed this abuse of freedom - the freedom of the free fox in the free henroost.

The National Socialist regime did a national service in suppressing them; but under it sadism in other forms -- the concentration camps -- was practised in a measure never known in the massage salons, not from motives of material necessity or of sexual self-indulgence, but from motives of animal cruelty alone, and on helpless victims.

In 1930 sadism prospered in the massage salons and private establishments - that grotesque, ridiculous, revolting sexual sadism of flagellation, bought and paid for. This delight in inflicting and receiving pain is a thing I have encountered in no other country. You can find it in scores of non-Jewish German books written during the period of free literature. It is an inexplicable, monstrous, sinister thing, out of all rhyme with the noble cities of South Germany and the Rhineland, with Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck, with the magnificent German culture; it is barbaric and bestial. That the very people who practise it are capable of a tearful sentimentality about birds,

flowers, and small children, and especially about patriotism in all its aspects, makes it more terrifying and more revolting. Read Langhoff's account of the man who had charge of Lichtenberg prison, who was wont to torture captives to death, and whose cold blue eye softened to a warm, mankind-loving azure as he contemplated the prison Christmas Tree and murmured '*Deutscher Christbaum, Deutsche Weihnachten!*'

The Socialist-Liberal Republic did its best to commit suicide through its judicial system. The Socialists, whose ranks at the outbreak of war had been split on the vital issue whether they should stand up and shout 'Hoch' for the Kaiser or only stand up, at the collapse of the monarchy fumbled the catch which fell into their hands, and did not build themselves an armed Republican Guard but retained an army steeped from Field-Marshal to Drummer Boy in anti-Socialist and anti-Republican tradition. They retained a pre-war judiciary of just the same mind. Not only that, but they politely handed the judges a dagger wherewith to stab the Republic in the back. This was their new system of 'humane justice', born of the conviction that the criminal was largely the product of his surroundings and his ancestry, by no means wholly responsible for his crimes. They improved prison conditions, promoted schemes for the moral redemption of the criminal, suspended the death penalty, all things desirable or at least debatable in matters of crime, but suicidal in politics.

Thus Hitler, having grown plump, as his jailer recorded, during the few months of cushioned and well-fed captivity with which he expiated his Munich rising of 1923, was let loose on the Republic again.

Thus Heines, having bumped off somebody whom he chose to consider a traitor in one of the secret anti-Republican battalions at the maintenance of which successive German Republican Governments, from fear of the Reichswehr, connived after the war, while protesting that they were disarming according to peace treaty, was soon liberated, and later became police chief of Breslau, with life-and-death power over the population.

Thus Ministers, like Erzberger and Rathenau, who were accused of favouring reconciliation with Germany's enemies, were killed with impunity by patriotic gunmen, who had only brief imprisonment to fear.

Such a Republic could not live.

The Republic did, I believe, thrice bring itself to inflict the death penalty in its fourteen years of life.

The first victim was the sexual sadist Haarmann of Hanover, who in 1925 was convicted of killing twenty-two youths and young men.

The second was the sexual sadist Karl Angerstein, convicted of eight murders in 1925.

The third was the sexual sadist Peter Kurten of Düsseldorf, who was captured in 1930 by an extraordinary chance after killing ten or eleven little girls and young women and threw in a confession about a child killed while sleeping in its cot before the war. In the dock he spoke calmly of his irresistible impulse to commit murder and described drinking his victims' blood.

But while Berlin lavishly sowed its belated oats, Germany was busy at work, making and mending. I went to Kiel to watch Hindenburg name Armoured Cruiser A, the first big warship to be built by Germany since the war. The German navy was rising from Scapa Flow, and I thought back to the war as I contemplated her. She was lovely, with perfect lines. Sixty thousand Germans, with top hats and brass bands, stood about me.

At this time the main aim of German policy was to get reparations payments stopped and the outer world everyday was getting a picture of a Germany prostrate, broken and starving. It was rubbish. I compared that picture with the one before me - a fine and costly ship, well-nourished German crowds, German sailors of fine physique and bearing, the bright harbour busy with beflagged craft, the prosperous town behind.

Up on the dais Brüning made a speech, and Hindenburg, beside him, waited to name the ship. Suddenly she ran away. Hindenburg tried to grab the dangling champagne bottle that trickled through his fingers. Sixty thousand heads turned in flabbergasted silence as she went. Hindenburg called after her from afar 'I name thee *Deutschland*!'

'A bad omen', said the seamen, shaking wise heads, 'that she should take the water unnamed.' 'A good omen', said the optimists, 'that she should be so eager to be off.' 'Did you notice', remarked a wit, 'that she moved away just as Brüning spoke of the League of Nations?'

The seamen were right. An ill-omened ship.

Seven years later, just after the new German air force had won its first wings by destroying the ancient Basque country- town of Guernica, two Spanish Government airmen mistook the *Deutschland* for a Franco ship and dropped bombs on her as she lay in the roadstead of Iviza, in the Balearics. Two days later a German squadron shelled Almeria, a Spanish coastal town which in its wildest nightmares would have been more likely to foresee an invasion of Martians than its destruction by Germany. The town was razed, many women and children were killed, scores of small existences were destroyed, and the surviving Almerians stayed out camping on the hills for days, eventually creeping back to try and rescue a kitchen table or chair from their ruined homes. This was the first action of the new German Navy. It justified the feelings I had when I watched the launch of the *Deutschland* and meditated about the spirit that was abroad in Germany. The world has yet to see the first exploit of the new German Army, which will be impatient to blazon on its maiden standards some honour worthy to rank with those of Guernica and Almeria, won by its sister services.

But in Kiel on this fine and sunny day no thought of collapsing tenements and terror-stricken Spanish women and children clouded anybody's pride in the rebirth of German naval power.

Hindenburg, the rest of us in his trail, went out to the fleet review and Germany paraded her naval poverty before us. Through the lane of old battleships, cruisers and destroyers we steamed, floating monuments to the lost war and the peace treaty, still waiting for Hitler to tear it up. A few years later those old ghosts of Imperial Germany's naval power -- 'The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific', the Kaiser had wired to the Czar -- were quickly disappearing, and German shipyards were rapidly building a new fleet.

Then I went all over Germany, marvelling at the richness of the countryside, the well-to-do-ness of the peasantry in Mecklenburg and Pomerania and Oldenburg, the dignity of the cities, the cleanliness and order everywhere. These things are inherent in the German character, permanent in Germany, they survive all regimes. The casual visitor to Hitlerist Germany puts them down to Hitler, not realizing that they were always there.

I found no slums, as I knew them in England. Read this: 'Many of the smaller villages consist of a straight row of slum houses built only to serve the pit. They have no church, no inn, no village hall or any facilities for community life. With the pit closed, they are not only derelict but have no chance of revival of their original industry or the introduction of new occupations. W---, with a population of two hundred and fifty, has only six men in employment. A typical cottage contained a



living-room, a scullery, two bedrooms, a backyard, an outside earth closet. For twelve years it had been the home of a man, woman and six children.'

In Germany, defeated in a world war, you could not have found that. That is in Durham, in England, victorious and wealthy, twenty years after victory in a world war, according to the Durham Community Service Council.

In Germany such conditions would not be tolerated, neither under the Kaiser, nor under the Republic, nor under Hitler. Private charity, subscription-begging hospitals with highly-paid 'Appeal Secretaries', do not exist, and I liked that too. I always detested Lady Bountifuls, munificently distributing cast-off clothes and petty largesse. The German hates straggling, untidy, unorganized things. For him the relief of distress is the duty of the State, not a hobby of the individual, calling for a kiss-hand from the recipient. Thus the care of the poor, the sick, the children, the aged, the unemployed is all organized by the State, and admirably organized. In the big cities the Lord Mayor, or Oberbürgermeister, is not a chain-wearing tradesman but a highly paid municipal specialist with wide powers. And when the trade slump became so bad, about 1931, that cast-off clothing and petty largesse were urgently needed, their collection and distribution were organized by the State. This was the *Winterhilfe* scheme, introduced by Brüning, developed by Hitler.

Pursuing my travels, I came to Essen, where Krupps were making ploughshares until the Rhineland evacuation, Hitler and rearmament should enable them to resume making swords, day and night, year in year out. I was consumed with admiration for the idyllic garden settlements that Frau Bertha Krupp had built for Krupp workers. I found coalmines screened by rich fields of grain, miners well housed, a bright and busy town without squalor, full of flowers. I thought rancorously of Durham and South Wales, black scabs left on England's face. My own eyes saw what I had always felt, that the Black Country did not need to be, but was the product of carelessness, callousness and rapacity. You tore up and blackened large chunks of England's green and pleasant land in order to get at the coal underneath, leaving the people to decay in their hovels when the coal was exhausted or became too expensive to work. All you had for that mass of human energy and misery was a few stately homes, how beautiful they stand in Surrey and Hampshire, and large areas of squalid wilderness peopled by permanent unemployed in the North and Midlands, and you called them the Distressed Areas at first but Special Areas later, so that the poor should not be always with you, just as you decided to take sanctions against Italy in Abyssinia when you thought they would work and decided to take 'sanctions' off when you saw that they wouldn't.

But in these great industrial settlements of the Ruhr and Rhineland -- practically one big city, as large as London -- pitheads did not mean grime and squalor. Slums in the English connotation were none. Factories were great bright mechanical towns. The workers were well cared for. Tables showing that their wages were lower than those paid in other countries meant little, because they had more from their lives; they could buy better quarters for the rent paid, electric light, central heating and running warm water were available to most; the countryside around the towns was not allowed to be ruined by the private speculative builder, since all building had to conform strictly to long-laid town planning schemes; great leagues of cyclists by subscribing a few pence a head laid and maintained special paths for cyclists through the endless State forests and woodlands; the young people hiking over hill and dale at the week-ends had a choice of forty thousand hostels in which they could sleep and eat for a few pence.

Wandering about Germany between 1928 and 1933 the Englishman of my origin was constantly forced to ask himself three questions:

What does England gain from centuries of prosperity, security from invasion, and victory in a world war?

What has Germany lost from losing a world war?

Would it not be in the long run a good thing if Germany were to dominate Europe, since she runs her country better than the rest of us?

I am still looking for the answers to the first two questions. After Hitler came I put 'No' against the third question. Then the thought of European domination by this Germany became abhorrent.

Travelling about Germany, I came to have a great respect for the part that had been played in building up this almost perfect State by the little kingdoms, the petty principalities, the grand but diminutive duchies, all of them for centuries vassals of the Habsburg Emperor in Vienna, after 1866 and 1871 lieges of that bold military upstart the King of Prussia, and now all swept away.

All about me Germans complained incessantly that disunity was the besetting evil of the Germans; but as I contemplated Germany it seemed to me that Germans might well have reached their greatest happiness during this patchwork quilt period, when they were Bavarians, Saxons, Württembergers and the like, each with a ruler whose State was not too big for him to oversee and who had sovereign power in his domestic affairs.

I loved Munich and Dresden with their pleasant kingly courts and priceless treasures, the two Mecklenburgs, with the grand ducal palaces overlooking idyllic lakes at Schwerin and Neu Strelitz, the little main streets where court hatters and court wiggers, their occupations gone, still hung out their signs that told of past glories, the sleepy gentility of the little cobbled streets about the palace with the pretentious villas from which fussy Court Chamberlains had been wont to puff forth to bow before the Grand Duke, ladies-in-waiting to attend upon the Grand Duchess.

Take Oldenburg, the capital of such a tiny grand duchy, once splashed over Germany in enclaves hundreds of miles apart - such were the tricks that princely bequeathment and inheritance played with the German map. The Grand Ducal Palace, dreaming of the brave Oldenburger grenadiers and dragoons who used to people its pleasant forecourt, slumbers in the sun, and near at hand a little river softly slips past. All around are the pleasant villas built by the generations of retired officials and prosperous farmers who were wont in former days to come and live as close to the court as they could get and end their days in a gentle round of visits to each other and to the little State Theatre, which still proudly displays the Grand Ducal crown. In the palace is a marvellous museum of peasant costumes and arts and crafts and old shop signs and shop fronts that shows you the lovely, hard-working, craftsman's Germany of the petty dynasties. How much more these places, Munich and Dresden and Hanover and Stuttgart and Schwerin and Neu Strelitz and Oldenburg, seem to belong to Vienna, lazy, courtly, elegant, good-humoured, cynical, baroque, Imperial Vienna, than to goose-stepping, drum-beating, trumpet-blowing, sabre-rattling, stiff, confident, parvenu Berlin.

In Oldenburg, against this incongruous background, I saw the Communists -- for this pleasant town has a little industry and therefore a small proletariat -- come marching from the station, shabby, with Thälmann in their midst, Thälmann who now lies in perpetuity in a German prison, never tried, never likely to be tried, because his only crime is that he was leader of a party that was legal until Hitler declared it illegal. He came, fist clenched in the Communist greeting, at the head of the underdogs of Oldenburg, where a few factory workers live entirely surrounded by prosperous *bourgeois* in a countryside inhabited by prosperous peasants. Stout, with shaven head and coarse features, he might, by physiognomy, have been the brother of Stresemann, of Ley, of Streicher, or of Röver, the taciturn, glowering leader of the Oldenburg Nazis, who had the local Communist leader put to death as soon as he was in a position to do so. Thälmann looked a typical German.

As they went by a young upstanding man in Nazi uniform watched them from the shadow of the station, making mental notes of faces for future reference. The Nazis were feverishly active. Their propagandists were busy in every township and village and hamlet and farm and cottage. I met and talked to their leaders everywhere.

In Essen and Hamburg and Cologne and Dresden I watched them at work. They were all glooming, glowering men, boastful of their war service, all thirsting for revenge on the traitors at home who had stabbed the German army in the back and on the foreign foes who thought they had beaten Germany. Many of them were men without occupation, who had not made good in civilian life and who could only hope again to have the money and power they had enjoyed in the army through the victory of their party. When it came to power most of them performed wonders in rapid self-enrichment and self-aggrandizement.

Some had a record of violent crime. Some were almost penniless save for the doles they received from the party. Others were living on women. A few years later they were all Little Hitlers in their local domains, partaking avidly of the fleshpots, wielding power of life and death over their submissive compatriots, who applauded them just as heartily as they had cheered Kaiser Wilhelm, the Republic, Grand Old Man Hindenburg.

They lived on hatred. They hated their enemies at home and abroad, with a consuming hatred, and titillated their imaginations with visions of the things they would one day do to them. They were, as I saw them, lustful, savage, sadistic, virile, resolute.

One glowering fellow in Essen particularly hated a local police official and was longing for the day when he could 'shave him with a blunt razor'. That policeman must have had a bad time when Hitler came, unless he went while the going was good.

For these men, politics, soldiering and war were obsessions. They lived so entirely in the last war and the next that I put them down as cases of incurable trench fever.

One told me that the Great War was nothing to the spectacle that Germany would offer the world in the next. Thirteen years after the Armistice his mind was still rambling, in its beloved officer's uniform, about the trenches around Ypres and Verdun. Beelzebub knows how much he had in years of brooding added to his wartime exploits, but I grew so tired of them that when he told me how he met unarmed a Scottish soldier face to face in a shellhole and induced him to surrender by threatening him with a bottle, the only thing ready to his hand, I suggested that the Scot had thought the bottle to contain whisky and had willingly given himself up. He went pale with perplexity at this modest jest, and stared stupidly at me and at the girl sitting with us, on whom he was living; the cuckoo seal of the Prussian bailiff, pasted on her car, in which he drove about Essen, was the price she paid for the society of this Capitano Horribilicribrifax.

This habit of exchanging terrific reminiscences of their prowess in war, like the captains of the harlequinade, was prevalent among the Nazi leaders. The Nazi Angriff one day said that Hitler had won his Iron Cross in the war for the singlehanded capture of fourteen Englishmen ('No doubt he surrounded them', remarked the Socialist *Vorwärts* sarcastically), and Sefton Delmer of the *Daily Express* went to Hitler to ask for further details of this exploit, whereon Hitler answered modestly, no, they weren't Englishmen, that would have been too much even for a Hitler, they were only fourteen Frenchmen. The deed that won this Iron Cross was long shrouded in mystery, but on Hitler's 48th birthday, four years after his advent to power, the German War Ministry suddenly produced a document stating that it was the reward of general good conduct under fire. It made no mention of the fourteen Frenchmen.

I met Röhm, Hitler's best friend and first lieutenant, at the flat of a friend. A swollen head, with a little island of hair atop, porcine features, small eyes, the nose smashed by a shell fragment. He came attended by several young men of the type he habitually had about him. When he was in Bolivia after the war, building the Bolivian Army, he had written letters to a friend openly discussing his homosexual love affairs. Political enemies acquired and published these letters in the Socialist *Vorwärts*. Röhm brought an action, which he lost, the court finding that the letters were genuine. This was years before Hitler came to power. I shall never forget the accents, literally trembling with shocked horror, in which little Göbbels, the morning after Hitler had had Röhm bumped off, disclosed to the nation the awful discovery that Röhm, Heines and the others were addicted to homosexuality.

Now Röhm sat next to me, with Helldorf opposite him, Helldorf who had organized the first anti-Jewish riots on the Kurfürstendamm. Röhm spoke of the funeral of a Nazi Storm Trooper. Nazis, Socialists and Communists were then killing each other daily in street brawls, two Socialists or Communists to one Nazi. The leniency of Republican justice was the real cause of this readiness to draw a gun. Röhm said how moved he had been by the funeral. The day before half a dozen Socialists had been killed in Brunswick and I pointed that out to him. 'Pity it wasn't twenty', he remarked briefly.

Then I met Hitler, the hero of a hundred platforms. With his gigantic aide Bruckner he sprinted up the stairs of the Brown House, flipping his arm seal-like in answer to the salutes. I was ushered in. He sat behind a table, with a portrait of Frederick the Great hovering in the offing. He wore the gloomy and glowering mien of all dictators and candidates for dictatorship. Hess, of the unbelievably deep set eyes and the extraordinary jaw, wider even than his forehead, but one of the least unsympathetic of the leading Nazis, sat by him.

He talked to me just as he talked to his audiences, beginning quietly, then growing louder in tone and more emphatic in gesture, then generating an awful righteous wrath and a bright flush as he discoursed of Germany's wrongs. I knew the platform technique by heart. All the other Nazi leaders, big and little, that I had met on my travels had used the same manly effort to control a strong man's feelings until the floodtides of indignation burst the dam, but now I saw that they had even copied his gestures. I was at the fountainhead of Nazi eloquence.

All the way round Germany I had found Nazi leaders using the same gestures. Two in particular impressed me. When you wanted to lay clear your mind in all lucidity you bunched the points of all your fingers together and plucked thoughts from your forehead, as if you laid bare your innermost soul. You drove a good point home by stabbing the right forefinger against the left palm. Thoughts had been plucked and points hammered home for me all over Germany. Now Hitler did it again.

He addressed me as if I were the Sport Palast packed to bursting. The quiet self-control; the rising tide of righteous indignation; the impassioned outburst, the voluble gestures, the baneful glare. He would have made a marvellous sergeant-major and I wondered that he had only become a corporal in the war. He spoke bitterly of France, the peace treaty, the League of Nations, as the sources of all original sin, of Germany's unrequited love for England. France would squeeze England like an orange; and woe betide England when France turned upon her. Frederick the Great, the patron of Voltaire, smirked down on us.

I heard this argument often enough from Nazis in my seven years in Germany. But I formed the opinion that the real hatred of that warlike Germany which eventually prevailed is for England, first and foremost. England took the German fleet, England took the richest German colonies, England confiscated German property, England's intervention prevented a lightning German victory in 1914, for without her France would have been rolled up like a piece of linoleum. Then England could

have been tackled singly, later. England was the real obstacle to world domination. Any Englishman who can convincingly pass as a Dutchman, an Austrian or what not can test this statement; he will hear other things about England than the unrequited love story which so titillates the palate of the casual English visitor, come to see for himself.

I had seen the Nazis at work all over Germany. I believed that if these men ever acquired power in Germany Europe would see a Greater War. They had told me so, and I believed them. Force was their creed and bible. Only by force could Germany get what she wanted in the world.

I thought then that there was hope of saving the moderate regime. I believed in the legend of Grand Old Man Hindenburg, staunch guardian of the constitution. After I saw what happened to Germany I made few mistakes in appraising politicians and their actions.

In Berlin the struggle approached its climax. Hindenburg, well into the seventh age of man, was the centre of a hornets' nest of intrigues that made his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse like one of the Italian courts of the Middle Ages.

The foreign troops were gone from the Rhineland. The moment to suspend reparations was coming. Rearmament would be the next step; after that, the come-back? Who was going to rule Germany at this vital moment in her history? The President could not live much longer. Care must be taken to see that the power passed into the right hands before his death. The façade erected for the delusion of the outer world could be pulled down, the period of Liberal and Socialist and Centrist Chancellors ended.

Von Papen, his name and extraordinary exploits as military attaché at Washington during the war long forgotten by the world, stood in the shadows of the palace; von Schleicher, reading the reports of his spies and listening by dictaphone to Centre Chancellor Brüning's conversations, sat at the Reichswehr Ministry and pictured himself as the real ruler of Germany. The great landowners gathered round the failing President and inflamed his mind against Brüning through their emissary Oldenburg-Januschau, a corpulent squire who many years before had cried that the Kaiser ought to send an officer and ten men to close Parliament and for this rare and beautiful phrase had for twenty-five years been a revered and legendary figure to all the Diehards. In Potsdam, a monarchist fieldsman hoping to make a catch in the slips, sat the Crown Prince Wilhelm, tall, drooping, always smiling, whom I often saw lounging about on the terrace of the Wannsee Golf Club or driving to Berlin in his blue sports car, a well-massaged, old-young man, with grey-blond hair, automatically smiled on by the girls Unter den Linden.

In Munich, entirely surrounded by swastikas, sat Hitler, whose first whole-time job in life was to be German Chancellor and absolute dictator, with power exceeding that of Bismarck or the Kaiser.

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## Chapter Ten

### BRENDA MARY

My German landlady came quickly down the corridor as she heard my key turn in the lock and said: 'Mr. Reed, you are wanted in London at once.' A good soul, a Jewess, the wife of a former rector of Berlin University and the grandmother of a boy who could have stood model for one of Frl. Leni Riefenstahl's film shots of Hitler's young, blond, blue-eyed, Nordic Germans. On his looks he qualifies for any post in Germany, but in Germany nowadays they ask you who your grandmother was. You can see the fill-out forms in the stationers' shops, with a sales ticket: 'Who was your grandmother?'

Twenty-four hours later I was at Victoria, and my father met me with the words, 'It's a girl'. A London April, windy, cold, dampish. I found my wife in a dingy bedroom in a dingy nursing home, in a dingy Marylebone square, tended by two nursing midwives of such awesome appearance that you had to take their hearts of gold on trust. They were the sergeants-major of childbirth, the little nursing home was their parade ground, where they hauled the new recruits into the world, smacked them, stood no nonsense.

My wife had felt her time come one morning and gone hot-foot to them, and they had cast experienced eyes over her, told her to come back next day. At night the pains were unbearable; she went to them again; they took one glance and said, 'Come. back to-morrow'. On the morrow they took her in and the oldest drama in the world began, while a two-man band mournfully played in the drab square.

It took hours and hours, and the doctor and the nurses had to work hard. That baby gave them no help at all. The perspiring doctor put a handle suspended from a rope into my wife's hands, for her to bear on, and said, 'Now push, push hard'. The band outside, in the railinged square with its meagre buds, began to play 'Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore.' My wife tried vainly to comply with conflicting instructions.

Then at last the baby came, while the band was playing 'Sonny Boy'.

They were wrong again. It wasn't a boy. It was Brenda Mary, with a mat of black hair that turned to pure gold and then dwindled to a nondescript dark-blonde.

Marvelling, we took her to a humble lodging in Highgate, and while we slept in the big bed she slept the first night in a chest of drawers and the second night in a suitcase, and then we drove down through Kent to Whitstable and a cottage, with bluebells and primroses in the garden, on a hilltop among the woods, and she had a cot of her own.

For the last time I felt that longing to stay in some quiet corner of England like this, to watch the spring come and the autumn go, to bring up fine healthy children and have a few good friends, and to feel that my roots were in England. I would have given anything then to stay for ever. From one window of our little sitting-room we looked over Canvey Island, Laurence Irving's picturesque windmill, and the mouth of the Thames; from the other we looked down over endless Kentish hills that spring was lacing daily more lavishly with green. In the garden jays and magpies and woodpeckers were busy, and I discovered with a telescope unsuspected details of their plumage and their occupations. The road past the cottage ran to Canterbury, and I ran with it and loved the old cathedral, dreamed of Chaucer's pilgrims, looked with awe on the tomb of the Black Prince. But the queen of this May was Brenda Mary.

These were happy weeks, overclouded by the thought of leaving England, of the spirit that was abroad in Germany, of the new war that was looming ahead. The weeks went like a flash and one morning, just after Brenda Mary had smiled for the first time, I went bumping down the road in a taxi, the waving handkerchief and the bundle that was Brenda Mary quickly receding in the distance. Twenty-four hours later I was back in Berlin, with politics buzzing about me like bees, the peace of that Kentish countryside an almost unimaginable thing.

We grew apart later, my wife and I, which was a nuisance, because you both feel like unwashed dinner plates. She remained as she always had been. I changed, intellectually and almost physically, with my changing surroundings, far and frequent journeys, nerve-absorbing occupation. I became a nomad. I lost England, which I understood less and less, and developed an interest, that became almost a passion, for the study of foreign peoples and foreign places.

The worst of that was that it ultimately meant losing the companionship of Brenda Mary, a lovely, cheerful child, with whom I delighted to go tobogganing in the Gr newald outside Berlin or skating at the Eisverein in Vienna or shopping in Lugano. She was bilingual from the time she learned to speak at all, and talked good Berlinisch to our Dienstm del in Berlin and sang 'Mei' M tterl war a Weanerin' in good Wienerisch to the charwoman in Vienna, and she had no inhibitions but developed a quick intelligence through seeing so many places and people and chatted with lively self-confidence to everyone she met, from my good friend the old Minister on the Ice Rink to the woman who used to go walking with a hen in the Cottagegasse.

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## Chapter Eleven

### GRAND OLD MAN

I sat at my loudspeaker and heard Hindenburg's national broadcast appeal for re-election as President. Sometimes his voice vibrated with emotion. I knew when it was going to vibrate. I had his speech before me and this is how it looked:

'... I have resolved to offer myself for re-election. As the request does not come from any party but from the broad masses of the nation, *I feel it my duty to accept*. Not one of my critics can deny that I am inspired with the most ardent love of my country AND WITH THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE WILL THAT GERMANY SHALL BE FREE.'

Meissner had done a good job. Hindenburg spoke with his Meissner's voice.

The Gods in High Olympus must have held their sides when they looked down on Germany in 1932.

Hindenburg now had all the Catholics, Socialists, Republicans and Jews solid for him, who had foreseen the end of the liberal Republic when he was first elected in 1925. They saw in him the saviour of the Republic, of the Constitution, of justice, humanity and peace, their guardian and prop against Hitler, who immediately after the Rhineland evacuation had flabbergasted the confiding outer world by increasing his vote from 800,000 to 6,000,000.

The Nationalists and National Socialists, who had put Hindenburg in the Presidential chair in 1925 to wreck the Republic and restore the monarchy, were solidly and rabidly against the man who had countersigned the Young Plan. The Young Plan, as you will not remember, was the final reparation IOU which Germany signed to get the foreign troops put out of the Rhineland five years before the due date; as an equivalent for her signature to this 'final settlement' several noughts were struck from the amount she was to pay in instalments spread over 59 years and the troops were withdrawn.

Ludendorff, brooding down in Bavaria, even demoted Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, tore his shoulder straps off and drummed him out: 'Field-Marshal von Hindenburg', he wrote, 'had forfeited the right to wear the field grey uniform of the army and be buried in it. Herr Paul von Hindenburg has destroyed the very thing he fought for as Field-Marshal.'

The nobles, the landowners, the ex-officers, the Nationalists and Nazis differed only in describing him as senile or a traitor. Göbbels, the diminutive clubfoot whose heart bounded so readily to the brave music of that distant drum to which he would never march, Göbbels whom the Socialists caricatured as a ranting dwarf 'chest measurement 36, mouth measurement 63', asked malevolently, 'Is Hindenburg still alive?'

Hindenburg was elected and the Republicans breathed again. The constitution and the rights of man were safe.

A year later the Young Plan, with all its noughts, had dissolved in thin air, like so many smoke rings.

And here I should like to say what I think about the peace treaty, as a man who saw the war that made it and the way it worked, both on the spot.



Firstly, if you refrain from inflicting a decisive military defeat your peace treaty is an illusion, a house built on shifting sands.

Secondly, you cannot keep a conquered people permanently in armed inferiority unless you occupy their country. To tell them they mustn't have arms is vain. If you still fear them the only thing to do is to outarm them and, if you are numerically weaker than they, to ally yourself with fast friends who will make good the deficit - to face your enemy with the certainty of defeat by an overwhelming coalition if he attempts to reverse the verdict.

Thirdly, it is wrong to expel from the conquered country the people you consider guilty of the war and to inflict the penalties on their liberated subjects. This means that the peaceable and moderate incur the unpopularity for the sins of their predecessors.

Fourthly, it is vain to think that a country like Germany will make good the havoc she has wrought by buying absolution on the instalment system over a period of 59 Years. If you want compensation you must march in and take it, in treasure.

So everything is bad about the peace treaty, except the most important thing of all - the frontiers it made. I mean the European frontiers; I always regretted that England should have enriched herself from the war more than any other country by taking the German colonies, and the moral indignation that so many English people display about the treatment of Germany by other countries is the joy of the satirist. But, travelling about Europe, I became convinced that, in its territorial results, the war had been a good war. It had freed 80,000,000 people who had been for centuries under alien domination, and the overlapping areas it had left, where minorities still lived under alien rule or had come under it, were inconsiderable compared with the total enslavement of entire nations before the war.

Lastly, it brought a whiff of freedom to the domestic life of the peoples. These domestic ideals of freedom, parliamentary rule, and social progress, were soon overthrown again; but in Austria and Germany they lasted many years, the masses for the first time had a real part in the government of the country and caught a glimpse of a new world of self-respect and wider opportunity.

Internal freedom - that is, government by an elected parliament, a free press, public control by these means over the acts of the country's rulers, free access to universities and professions, the security of the individual against arrest, maltreatment and imprisonment without trial, free literature, art and theatre - has now vanished in all the defeated countries. Of the new countries that sprang from the war Czechoslovakia alone, surrounded by enemies who hate her for that very reason, remote from lukewarm friends, retains some measure of democracy and is fighting a lonely battle in Central Europe to maintain it in some degree.

The issue was decided in Germany. What 70,000,000 Germans do to-day, in the heart of Europe, millions of people around them do to-morrow. When Hindenburg was elected President a second time, Europe breathed again.

Millions of freemen, in Germany and beyond, thought the day had been saved. They were wrong. Ten months later Hindenburg sold the pass. Germany became again a nation of conscripts, bondmen, yes-men. She had gained the world of freedom from alien dictation, but she had lost her newly-found soul. The Great War had opened a vista of an enlightened age of social progress, of humanity and justice in Europe, racked throughout the centuries by the wars of dynasties and dictators. Hindenburg slammed the door on that vision, and left Europe facing another era of war.

Twenty years after the Great War, all that remained of it was the frontiers, and the next attack would strike at them. The Great War, with its umpteen million dead, was due to be written off as a bad debt. Politicians and newspaper lords who in 1914 had told the youth of England to go and make the world safe for democracy were already smiling upon the new great martial dictatorships and the wars they were planning.

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## Chapter Twelve

### BRÜNING'S FALL

On a May morning in 1932 I stood in the Wilhelmstrasse and watched a detachment of German bluejackets come marching down to Hindenburg's palace, men of fine physique and bearing, accompanied by that sheeplike crowd of marching civilians which in Germany always follows the drum.

It was the anniversary of Skagerak, of the Battle of Jutland. I thought back to the day, sixteen years before, when we stick-in-the-muds in France had heard, with a shock, of the British losses in the greatest naval engagement of the war. 'Thank God we've got a navy' we had been wont to say, contemplating the deadlocked armies on the Western Front. Now, as we read the story of Jutland, we were not so sure about that navy.

Afterwards both sides claimed the victory. The Germans invoked the heavier British losses, in ships and men. The British replied that the German fleet had run for home and never come out again until it surrendered at Scapa Flow. On balance I think the British admirals can justly claim the victory. The man who remains in possession of the field is the victor. But he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day - at sea as on land.

Anyway, the Germans celebrated Skagerak as a great victory each year, and on the anniversary the bluejackets came marching down the Wilhelmstrasse to stand guard for a week outside the President's Palace, instead of the field-grey Reichswehrmen.

As I waited, I saw Chancellor Heinrich Brüning come out of the President's Palace, looking grave and preoccupied, and go down the Wilhelmstrasse towards his Chancery. A Catholic politician and wartime machine-gun officer, bespectacled, going bald, hard-working and full of nervous energy, he was the man who was trying to free Germany from the burdens of the war by negotiation and treaty with Germany's former enemies - the method that Hitler ridiculed.

A moment later, while sharp commands rang through the air, Hindenburg came out, heavy on his stick, to inspect the naval guard.

Brüning had been dismissed. I did not know it then, but learned it soon afterwards. The die had been cast for another era of German militarism. The doom of the German Republic had just been sealed in Hindenburg's study, the war of the German Succession begun. The fate of Germany and Europe was to be settled in the next ten months - ten months that shook the world.

Brüning, as I saw him disappear down the Wilhelmstrasse towards political obscurity and a long life of exile in Switzerland, England and America, had lost his race with time. He had spent himself, six weeks before, in rallying nineteen million German Republicans to vote for their old enemy the Field-Marshal President, who alone could save them from Hitler. Brüning knew that when Hindenburg died, and that could not be long, Hitler must succeed unless he, Brüning, could wear down the Nazis before then by successes abroad, trade improvement at home.

Both things were within his reach, he had thought as he waited on Hindenburg that morning. The cancellation of reparations impended, the fruit of the Hoover Moratorium. Ramsay MacDonald and the others had at last agreed to German rearmament by mutual (ed: mutual?) consent and had recommended France to agree also. Trade showed some signs of improvement.

If he could hold on a little longer he would be able to show Germany results for the policy of negotiation and understanding, he could offer something to that large body of wavering opinion which was beginning from hope deferred to turn to Hitler and his ceaseless cry that Germany would never obtain anything from her enemies save by her own strength and the sword.

At that moment he was overthrown. For there were other men in the shadows of the Palace who did not want gradual rearmament or agreement with the other Powers, but high-speed rearmament without a by-your-leave, and they, too, saw the importance of getting power into their hands before Hindenburg died. Thus the schemers gathered round Hindenburg. If Hindenburg had died three years earlier the German Republic might have been saved. His stern sense of duty kept him alive.

The men who had his car were Kurt von Schleicher, the politician-general at the War Ministry, who made and unmade Chancellors, had his spies and dictaphones in every Ministerial department, had decided on Brüning's overthrow and had his successor ready, Franz von Papen, who had been forgotten by the world since his expulsion from America during the war; Oskar von Hindenburg, the President's ambitious son and Papen's friend; Otto Meissner, permanent head of the President's household, who had been political valet to the Socialist working-man President Ebert before Hindenburg and was to perform the same office for Hitler, a political Vicar of Bray, as John Wheeler-Bennett called him. Meissner's memoirs, if they are ever published, should be beyond price. I used to sit next to him at the barber's in the Behrenstrasse.

But even more important than these were the Prussian squires, leagued by the common interest that binds rich men with their urban brethren, the big businessmen of the Rhineland and Ruhr, and headed by the corpulent Oldenburg-Januschau.

Years before, the squires had subscribed together to present Hindenburg, who was being too loyal to the Republican Constitution for their liking, with Neudeck, the former estate of the Hindenburgs in East Prussia. By that astute move they made him one of themselves, calculating that at the vital moment he would be on their side. By making out the title deeds in Oskar von Hindenburg's name they not only insured that he, who had much influence with his father, should also be on their side, but that he should be spared death duties. The Socialists discovered this transaction, which no Jew could have bettered, and published it in *Vorwärts*. 'Bolshevism' muttered the squires in Hindenburg's ear.

In 1925, when Hindenburg was first elected President, his electoral promises had included one of land in East Prussia to ex-servicemen smallholders, and money to help them settle there. The Field-Marshal had not forgotten the men he had led back from the war! The great landowners grumbled together about 'agrarian bolshevism', for the land could only be found by splitting up bankrupt big estates - and they bought Neudeck for Hindenburg. And Hindenburg five years later, as a condition of signing the Young Plan, extorted a written promise from the Socialist Chancellor Hermann Müller that £12,000,000 from the savings falling to Germany under this lesser reparations burden should go to the great landowners, his fellow squires, to order their affairs.

Hindenburg, installed at Neudeck, felt the call of the land. You will begin to discern the real reasons why things happen in politics, why moderate regimes are overthrown and dictatorships set up.

Now, in 1932, Brüning, in his efforts to hold the fort, had proposed the confiscation, against compensation, of bankrupt estates in East Prussia and their division among smallholders. The Field-Marshal's own promise to his men was to be redeemed. A Reichstag Committee had inquired into the use of the millions granted in 1927 and 1928 to those great landowners for whom Hindenburg in 1930 had demanded another £12,000,000, and had uncovered appalling scandals.

One landowner, said the investigators, had whored, drunk and gambled away the public money advanced to him.

The landowners knew of these things and clustered round the President, murmuring 'agrarian bolshevism' in his ear. Brüning, they said, was the instrument of the internationalists, a man of Geneva, the enemy of property, the chosen spokesman of all those Marxists and Republicans and Jews and Papists at home who had stabbed Germany in the back in 1918, the trusted friend of those foreign foes who kept Germany in chains, the enemy of everything Protestant and Prussian and true blue German.

That was why Brüning that morning, just before the sailors came marching down the street, was curtly dismissed by Hindenburg. He had expected it, for the day before Hindenburg had received him with a sheaf of notes in his hand, on which were written in block capitals legible to his failing eyes the things the schemers had told him to say to Brüning - 'Bolshevik Ministers in your Government', 'Bolshevik Policy', and the like more.

On this day Hindenburg had scarcely bothered to look at the man who six weeks earlier had rallied nineteen million German voters to, his cause, but had turned his back on him and gone out to inspect the guard, muttering, 'Now I can have a Cabinet of my friends'.

The fate of Germany had once more been decided, in favour of an absolute military despotism, by the great landowners of Germany east of the Elbe, the class which had always ruled Germany and led her from war to war, which had gathered in pious loyalty about the Hohenzollern kings and emperors:

Unseren König absolut  
Wenn er unseren Willen tut.

Our unchallenged King and Lord  
So long as he obey our word.

As I watched the naval guard present arms my mind was busy with thoughts of that day in the trenches at Ypres sixteen years before when we learned of the Battle of Jutland. How long would it be before Germany again had a formidable fleet, I wondered, and would England again allow herself to be outgunned and outarmoured? I did not know, as I saw Brüning come out and Hindenburg pace off the guard, what had happened inside the palace, or I should have known that the rebirth of Germany's naval might was not far off.

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## Chapter Thirteen

### PAPEN APPEARS

I looked with interest at Franz von Papen, as he shook hands with us. The ever-ready smile, the curiously shaped head. The Iron Cross, won in the drawing-rooms of the Washington Embassy, modestly adorned the frock coat of this man who lyrically sang the beauties of a death on that battlefield which he would never see. I saw him afterwards many times, and never ceased to wonder at this trick that providence played on Germany. 'A curious choice', said the British Press on the morning Papen and his Cabinet of Barons - Hindenburg's 'Cabinet of my friends' - burst on an astonished world.

Papen's sole appearance in world affairs before this eventful day in 1932 had been that awful gaffe in 1916, when, as German military Attaché in Washington, he was expelled from America for sabotage activities - and allowed the cheque counterfoils for payments to shipwreckers to fall into the hands of British naval officers who stopped his ship and searched his trunks. Germany, whose fate was now in his hands, knew nothing of that episode. The wartime censorship had suppressed all news of it and now, when the opposition press began to turn over the yellow pages of the past in search of data about Franz von Papen, he issued a decree threatening with dire penalties any editor who referred to his past.

Now, thanks to intriguers behind the scenes and to the liking of a bemused old man, he, whom nobody in Germany knew, took over the helm of affairs at a moment vital for Germany, for Europe, for the world. Thus is the destiny of nations shaped.

You will know about Franz von Papen. You will have read how he left compromising documents in a New York tram-car or elevated railway train. And you will be wrong. He didn't. A certain Geheimrat Albert did that, not Papen. There are writers who like to pass on pieces of gossip as authentic history. But Papen did have a strange weakness for mislaying compromising or valuable documents. In Washington, before his expulsion, he had a private office for that business which the German Military Attaché could not conduct at the German Embassy, and the American police raided it and seized certain papers; when the German Ambassador protested, American Secretary of State Robert Lansing amiably offered to return any document which Papen cared to identify as his property. In 1913 he was serving on the German Staff in Palestine and, hurriedly departing at the approach of Allenby's cavalry, left in his tent papers of great value to the British General Staff. In 1932, when he had suddenly reappeared from oblivion as German Chancellor, to wage that brief and inglorious struggle with Hitler, Hindenburg gave him a warrant to dissolve a Reichstag which was implacably hostile to him and he mislaid it, so that it was found only just in time to avert a ludicrous crisis.

One day in Vienna I talked with him about a German correspondent who had been expelled. He was indignant, said the man had done nothing wrong, but had simply written frank accounts of the Austrian situation to his editor in Germany and that carbon copies of these letters had been found.

'Ah,' I said, 'that is the old German fault - thoroughness. Why keep carbon copies?'

Followed a moment's silence, filled by the crash of falling bricks, and I hastily changed the subject.

Well, there he was, Franz von Papen and his Cabinet of Barons - seven ministers from the nobility, none from the Republican and working-class masses, all got together and blessed by Hindenburg within six weeks of his re-election by nineteen million Republicans, Democrats and Socialists. The

world then still had tender sensibilities - later they became blunted - and it was dumbfounded. The old Field-Marshal had reverted to type.

Providence finds strange tools, but could hardly have entrusted the welfare of Germany's millions to a stranger pair than the aged von Hindenburg and the debonair von Papen, cavalry officer, gentleman jockey, scion of the Westphalian gentry, by marriage a brother of the big business fraternity in the Saar, obscure member of Brüning's Centre Party.

He was as buoyant and indestructible as the cork that outlives Atlantic tempests. He juggled blithely with problems laden with high explosive and when they burst they hit everybody but himself. The peasantfolk of Guernica, the townspeople of Almeria, with their roofs and walls crashing about them, their womenfolk and children wounded and dying, may never have heard of Franz von Papen. Yet but for him their walls might still be standing, their children still playing in the sunshine.

For he, who smiled and smiled and was a good man at a tea-party, and for sixteen years after that crashing debacle in Washington had been a rich clubman, squire and amateur politician of no account, now took the fate of Germany and Europe in his hands. He was to save Germany from Hitler and the Marxists; for the monarchists, militarists, squires, big businessmen and reactionaries. Through him the real power in Germany did pass into the hands of precisely these groups, though von Papen himself had to climb down and let Hitler into the Chancellorship.

All these things were yet in the lap of the gods that day as Papen came towards us across the thick pile carpet, smiling affably, chatting genially. What pleasant manners he has, we thought. How hail-fellow-well-met. No Prussian stiffness about him!

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## Chapter Fourteen

### HITLER'S VICTORY

I have seen many strange sights, all over Europe, but none stranger than Franz von Papen's first Reichstag, which Hindenburg had given him authority to dissolve even before it met, so hostile had the country shown itself at the July elections.

By Reichstag custom the oldest deputy presided at the opening session. The Communists, seeing a good propagandist opening - normally the Nazis and Nationalists walked out when a Communist speaker rose, but this time they would have to stay put - included among their candidates Klara Zetkin, a sturdy woman Socialist who had all her life fought in the working-class struggle in Germany against Kaiser Wilhelm, and was now eighty-four years old and lived in Moscow.

Klara Zetkin, marked 'Fragile, with care', was brought from Moscow on this September 12th, 1932, helped up the stairs to the Speaker's chair by Torgler, the Communist Parliamentary Secretary and parlour-Bolshevist who a few months later, to his astonishment, was to be charged with burning down his beloved Reichstag, and made a blistering revolutionary speech. The Nazis, all in uniform, sat grimly through it. The atmosphere produced by 230 strong men all being silent against their will was strangling and I almost sympathized with them.

Klara Zetkin's performance was astounding. She was dying and her powers were failing fast, but somehow she had memorized a fierce revolutionary oration and she delivered most of it by heart, Torgler prompting her when she faltered. Propped on a stick, swaying, gasping for breath, she hurled her taunts at the Reichstag. She listed the sins of the President and said he ought to be indicted before the Reichstag, but that would only be 'to indict the devil before his grandmother'.

With that speech the voice of the German masses was heard, as I think, for the last time for many, many long years to come. Then Klara Zetkin, tenderly helped by stalwart women Communists from the working-class constituencies, tottered down the steps, and Göring, the new Speaker, marched up them. A remarkable scene, I thought. But you could only play this trick once. Once it was known, the Communists were no match for a party with so many elderly generals among their followers as the Nazis. At the next election Hitler included among his candidates General Litzmann, a very old and bloodthirsty gentleman who had once expressed regret that Hindenburg could not be bumped off for signing the Young Plan. General Litzmann was unconquerably old and, weak on his pins but erect in the inevitable frock-coat, he opened the next Reichstag.

When Klara Zetkin had gone, that comedy of errors followed which began with Papen's forgetfulness to bring with him Hindenburg's dissolution warrant and ended with a vote of censure on Papen carried by 513 votes against 32 and the dissolution of the Reichstag amid uproar and pandemonium.

The tumult was but the echo of Germany outside. I shall never forget those critical weeks. Germany was in a turmoil, a brass band of a million instruments all playing furiously against each other, with Papen blithely conducting the disharmony. The entire country was against him, but divided against itself. Hindenburg, who alone could restore order from the chaos he had made, sat in his palace, surrounded by intriguers. Nazis and anti-Nazis shot each other in the streets, one or two every day, but more anti-Nazis than Nazis.



The killings became so frequent that Papen tried to play the strong man. After the Nazis had killed a few anti-Nazis in their beds at Königsberg he introduced emergency courts and threatened the death penalty.

The Nazis immediately challenged him. At Potempa in Silesia six Nazis had killed a man. Village jealousies may have been the motive, but they called him a Communist; nowadays it is always safest to say your victim was a Red.

The six Nazis broke into the hovel where he slept with his aged mother and brother. While the old woman stood terrified against the wall she saw her son murdered in the flashes of a pocket torch. He had an eye poked out with the blunt end of a billiard cue, his throat trodden in with a boot heel, he was shot, stabbed and bludgeoned, and in all received twenty-nine wounds.

At the trial the judge said, 'The gravity of the crime is aggravated by its monstrous barbarity', and sentenced the six men to death. Hitler began a national campaign to save them. He telegraphed assuring them of his 'undying loyalty', proclaimed that their liberation was 'a point of honour for the Nazis'. The blonde Magda Göbbels, Göbbels's wife, who was expecting about then, told the wives and mothers of Germany that it was 'an elementary duty of humanity to secure the release of these men'. I wonder what the old mother of the victim thought about it, with those flashlit glimpses, those shots and shouts and blows still in her eyes and ears.

Papen yielded and reprieved the six men. When Hitler became Chancellor he released them. Applauded by the population, the pride of their fellow townsmen, they were marched in triumph through Potempa and presumably received that preferment to which their sufferings had entitled them.

I wrote about that time that a period of jungle justice or revolver rule impended for Germany. I don't think I was far wrong.

Papen's method of saving Germany from Hitler was to attack the Constitution, to make gaps in the defences for Hitler subsequently to walk through. He began with Prussia. Prussia was in area and population nearly two-thirds of Germany, and the Socialists were still paramount there. They had the Prussian Premiership and Ministry of the Interior, which meant the efficient Prussian police force. Police chiefs and Prefects everywhere were Socialists. Resolute men, given this power, could have resisted. But the German Socialists, who called in the officer caste to suppress the Spartacists in 1919, had always been unsure of themselves; conscription and serfdom were in their blood.

Hindenburg authorized Papen to dismiss the Socialist Ministers - the representatives of his own electors - and take over the Prussian Government. Otto Braun, Prussian Premier and 'strong man of German Socialism', departed quietly into the shadows; when Hitler came he slipped into Switzerland for his health. Karl Severing, Prussian Minister of the Interior, proclaimed that he would yield only to force; a corporal and two men applied the requisite amount, to the delight of old Oldenburg-Januschau, the leader of the squires. Long before the war he had called for the Kaiser to send an officer and ten men and dissolve the Reichstag, and for the rest of his long life he enjoyed an imperishable fame in the reactionary strongholds for this rare and beautiful phrase. But even he had never dreamed that you could do it with a corporal and two men.

Papen, the country solid against him, then set about outwitting Hitler. He called him to Berlin to see Hindenburg. Hitler, led by the intriguing von Schleicher at a clandestine meeting at Fürstenberg to believe that he would be offered the Chancellorship, came to Berlin in high spirits. I saw him arrive. He menacingly set up his headquarters in the Hotel Kaiserhof, overlooking the President's and the Chancellor's Palaces, the strongholds of his adamant adversaries, Hindenburg and Papen.

On August 13th, 1932, came the famous interview, first with Papen and then with Hindenburg. Hitler demanded the powers of a Mussolini, only to find that Papen did not think of resigning and merely offered him the Vice-Chancellorship. Hitler became almost hysterical with disappointment.

Then he went to see Hindenburg, who had not much use for the National Socialist leaders, though he liked the militarist methods and organization, the patriotic ranting, the flags and drums and uniforms. He disliked the bawdy Röhm, whom Hitler brought with him. Göbbels had called him senile. Hitler he regarded as the kind of man you hadn't much use for in the army, and he spoke of him as the 'Bohemian Corporal', a contemptuous phrase in the mouth of a Prussian officer. It means a second-rate individual, with a touch of the Czech or God knows what about him, from the border districts where all the streams of European blood and language meet and mingle - German and Slav and Latin and Jew and the like more.

Hitler said he wanted the Chancellorship or nothing, and Hindenburg read him a lecture which left Hitler emptier of words than he had ever been. He would not make Hitler Chancellor, said the Old Gentleman categorically. His duty and conscience would not allow him to hand over the Government of the country to the exclusive control of the National Socialist Party, which would wield this power onesidedly. He rebuked Hitler for breaking promises and recommended him to exercise greater chivalry in his future campaigns.

On August 13th, 1932, the millions of Germans who had voted for Hindenburg were vindicated in their trust, Germany was saved from National Socialism by one staunch unyielding man. Hitler fell into one of his characteristic periods of lachrymose self-commiseration and, as Göbbels testifies, talked of shooting himself. The vale of European tears is paved with the suicidal threats of dictators; these, like their other promises, remain unfulfilled.

Watching day by day, I found the Party declining. It had passed its zenith. Hindenburg's rebuff had had its effect on the electorate. Hitler and his lieutenants knew it. Read their books. At the next elections they lost two million votes. Germany was over the worst. Papen and his cabinet could have been liquidated and a way found to restore popular government.

A few weeks later the Prussian Field-Marshal ate his words and made the Bohemian Corporal Chancellor.

I never worked harder than in 1932. The world was avid for news of the struggle for power in Germany. The world instinctively knew what it meant - for the world. But with the best of wills we of the world's newspapers could not see more than an occasional writhing of the serpentine intrigues that finally settled the fate of Germany. The thing was all done backstairs and underground, the weapons were whispers and dictaphones and keyholes.

The Nazi leaders wrangled among themselves. Better half a loaf than no bread, said some; after all these years of waiting and campaigning, better accept a share in power than stand out for the whole and go from defeat to disaster. Hitler saw Hindenburg again, in November, and again was refused the Chancellorship, with the words 'I cannot give a leader of a party my Presidential power, because such a cabinet is bound to develop into a party dictatorship and increase the state of tension prevailing among the German people. I cannot take the responsibility for this before my oath and my conscience'.

Noble words, eaten and swallowed six weeks later, with oath, duty and conscience.

Hitler, sunken in pessimism, went back to the Brown House, leaving the field to his adversaries across the street, Hindenburg and Papen. But his time was coming.

Papen had the entire country against him. He had no hope of a Parliamentary majority and now, with less than one German in ten behind him, he was preparing to do the only other possible thing - to erect a Papen dictatorship, to sit on bayonets in Berlin. He proposed to dissolve Parliament, parties, trades unions; and if necessary to use the army to that end.

But here his calculation broke down. The army would not interfere in politics except in the last resort, and certainly not for a man with so little backing in the country as Papen. Hindenburg's chickens were coming home to roost. Schleicher, the Chancellor-maker, saw that Papen would have to go, that there was only one hope left of saving Germany from Hitler and restoring order from the chaos that Hindenburg and Papen had made. The wire-puller must take office and responsibility. He went to Hindenburg and told him that the army had no confidence in Papen.

Hindenburg, in his eighty-sixth year, found himself forced to drop the only Chancellor he had ever liked - a gentlemanly fellow, after all these Socialists and Papists. Papen went, with a signed photograph of his benefactor to comfort him. Schleicher, the puller of strings, took office. Most of the barons joined his cabinet. Hindenburg's experiment had broken down. He had dismissed Brüning, who had never been beaten in Parliament, destroyed parliamentary government in Germany, in favour of a man without political experience, credit or backing, who now, detested by the country and distrusted by his colleagues, had had to throw in his hand.

The curtain rose on the last act of the German Republic. I watched Kurt von Schleicher rise in Bismarck's seat in the Reichstag, with his hairless cranium, shrewd grey eyes, not unpleasant features. He was a doomed man, with a few weeks of inglorious Chancellorship, a few months of life before him, then a dog's death, shot down by hired assassins in his lodging. The master keyholder, the prompter in this stupendous drama, suddenly found himself the principal player, with the spotlight full on him, a condemned man who thought to make German history, the last Chancellor of the German Republic, whose Chancellorship was to last forty days.

Had he a clear-cut plan, this man who had shown so sure a touch in his wirepulling from behind the scenes? No sign of one emerged. Generals, terrific as opposition politicians, are generally disastrous failures in office.

Schleicher's main idea was to split those Nazis who were crying that half a loaf was better than no bread from those who were for holding out and fighting on. He offered Gregor Strasser the Vice-Chancellorship. Strasser, Hitler's first lieutenant and right hand man, headed the compromise group. But Hitler's hold over the party was still firm. He stripped Strasser - who seems to have behaved quite loyally, but was pessimistic - of all his offices, sent him into outer darkness. None followed Strasser. By this vain move Schleicher dug his own and Strasser's graves, which received them eighteen months later. Hitler already distrusted Schleicher for sending him to the disastrous interview with Hindenburg in the belief that he was to be made Chancellor. Distrust turned to hatred after the Strasser episode.

Schleicher's second venture was even more undexterous, it was suicidal. He apparently hoped to win over a large body of moderate and middle-class opinion by adopting the project that had chiefly been used by the intriguers to bring about Brüning's downfall - the project for the confiscation, against compensation, of the subsidized but still bankrupt East Prussian estates and their division among ex-service smallholders.

The great landowners had not overthrown Brüning to be pestered by Schleicher. They rose as one man and swarmed about Hindenburg, their co-opted fellow landowner, like angry bees, buzzing 'Bolshevism' into his car.

Schleicher then played his trump card, as he thought. He threatened to publish the report of the parliamentary committee that had investigated the use and abuse of the millions advanced to great East Prussian landowners to order their affairs, that report which until now had rested securely in a Reichstag pigeonhole and which disclosed how bankrupt East Prussian noblemen had spent the grants given to put their estates in order on new motor cars and trips to the Riviera, on 'whores, drinking and gambling'.

The scandal revealed by it sprawled over the whole large estate area of East Prussia. The Hindenburgs, too, had their estate there, and had not forgotten their own little transaction, by which the payment of death duties had been thoughtfully forethwarted, the deeds for the estate presented to the President by grateful and far-sighted East Prussian landlords having been made out in the name of the aged President's son.

The Prussian Army, the stone on which the German Reich had ultimately been built, has its deepest roots in the landed estates of East Prussia. Here the tradition of blood and iron was born that made out of a tiny Margraviate one of the most powerful Empires the modern world has known. And now a Prussian General, using stupid words like 'insolvency' and 'bankruptcy' and 'squandering public money' and 'settlements for ex-soldiers' proposed to dispossess landowners indebted to the public purse. The landlords in their thousands beleaguered Hindenburg's palace and his manor at Neudeck, through their emissary Oldenburg-Januschau and others.

Schleicher allowed the newspapers to publish a little of the report. After his downfall it vanished into a Hitlerist pigeon-hole, never to be heard of again. The great landowners remained comfortably sitting on their estates and loudly applauded the vociferous campaign against Socialist, Marxist and Jewish corruption with which the Nazis ushered in their rule over Germany.

Schleicher was doomed. The only question was, who should succeed him. Papen was still Hindenburg's favourite, and Papen, smarting at his overthrow by Schleicher, longing to revenge himself on the man who had made and unmade him Chancellor, was in touch with Hitler. He still hoped for some arrangement which would give himself the possibility of putting the brake on Hitler, even if he became Chancellor. But his dominant ambition was revenge on the traitor Schleicher.

Thus the famous meeting came about, on January 8th, 1933, between Papen and Hitler at the house of the banker von Schröder in Cologne. It was arranged by Joachim von Ribbentrop, the political champagne merchant who thus staked such a claim on Hitler's gratitude that he later became Ambassador and Foreign Minister. Here at last, Papen agreed to recommend Hitler to Hindenburg for the Chancellorship. In return Hitler pledged his word not to break the Constitution. If he took any liberties, that is, he was to be overthrown by the President and Papen. With the simple faith that is more than Norman blood Papen came away, well satisfied. He did not know, or had forgotten, how Mussolini in Italy was also in appearance the prisoner of a majority of elder non-Fascist politicians in his first Cabinet after the March on Rome. He did not reckon with a Reichstag fire.

At Cologne, under the roof-tree of big business, the Papen-Hitler alliance was forged. Schleicher's fate was sealed. On January 28th, realizing at last that he could neither split the Nazis nor cow the landlords nor persuade the Socialists and Centrists to back him, he went to Hindenburg and asked for power to dissolve the Reichstag. His request was bluntly refused. A discredited man, with relentless enemies waiting for him in the shadows, he went down the steps of the President's Palace, out into the bleak January Wilhelmstrasse.

How came it that Hindenburg at last, on the morning of January 30th, 1933, examined his oath, duty and conscience, and found nothing in them to prevent him from making Hitler Chancellor and

giving him that authority to dissolve the Reichstag which he had denied to Schleicher? In spite of all the intrigues, all uproar about the report on the East Prussian landowners, his fellow squires, he apparently still hesitated.

Two years later Göring drew back a corner of the veil from the events of that day, from the last crowning piece of intrigue by which the old President was induced to betray the faith of his nineteen million electors.

The atmosphere between the two camps - that in the President's Palace, where Papen, Oskar von Hindenburg, and the emissaries of landed property and big business gathered about the old Field-Marshal, and that in the Kaiserhof Hotel, where Hitler sat in unbroken conference with his lieutenants while telephone bells rang incessantly and messengers dashed in and out - was of the utmost tension.

Somehow this last obstacle had to be overcome. The cup of power could not again be dashed from Hitler's lips, that would be intolerable. 'It seemed', said Göring two years later, 'that our laborious efforts were to be thwarted at the last moment through a violent intervention of Schleicher ... In the evening we heard that the Reichswehr was to be mobilized, that Schleicher was preparing a regular revolt to prevent the constitutional formation of the Government. But the Führer saw to it that the execution of this plot was made impossible.'

This was the last story whispered into the ear of the aged President. Schleicher was going to march in from Potsdam with the Reichswehr and arrest him, Oskar, Papen, Hitler, put them all in a fortress, in order that power might not fall into the hands of National Socialism. The story was presumably the product of the same minds that conceived the Reichstag fire and other like exploits.

So that fellow Schleicher was thinking of sending troops to arrest him, Hindenburg? The excitement in and about the Palace and the Kaiserhof Hotel was terrific. Without further ado Hindenburg signed the decree making Hitler Chancellor.

That is how it all came about on January 30th, 1933. So is history made. Berlin was buzzing like a beehive from morning till night, the nerves of four million people were quivering like harp strings. Only the very ill, very poor, or the deeply enamoured were not moved on this day by lively hopes or fears for the future.

I walked Unter den Linden to the Wilhelmstrasse, thinking back to Armistice Day 1918 and forward to what might be coming. I felt that this was the final breakdown of the peace.

The Brown Shirts were hilariously jubilant. The last trench had been taken, the brown armies had the freedom of the streets, even of the coveted *Bannmeile* - that square mile of streets in Central Berlin where the Ministries and other Government buildings are situated, within which political demonstrations had never been allowed.

I stood at a window of the Foreign Office that night and watched them tramping endlessly past, the Brown Shirts, while their bands played Fridericus Rex and the Horst Wessel March. Hour after hour they poured with their torchlights through the once forbidden Brandenburger Arch into the promised land of Unter den Linden and the Wilhelmstrasse, marching with the triumphant ecstatic air of soldiers taking possession of a long-beleaguered city.

Opposite me were two palaces - the old and the new Chancellors' Palaces, one a grey, ponderous building in the Wilhelmian style of architecture, the other a clean-cut, four-square building, a typical product of the Germany of 1918-1933.

Behind a lighted window of the old building stood a massive old man. The night air was chill and they wouldn't let him have the window open. His dim old eyes saw the river of torchlights flowing past, his ears heard the crash of the bands and the tramp of the Storm Troopers. What visions of Königgrätz and Sedan and Paris and the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles and long years on the barrack square and Tannenberg and Verdun and the Somme did he see at this moment, some seventy years after his first parade?

I saw him nod his head continually as the bands blared and the Brown Shirts goose-stepped past, throwing their heads back and their eyes to the right to salute him. But they were not there to honour him. His day was done. The salute to the old man, dimly seen behind the lighted window, was perfunctory.

Fifty yards farther down the street in the new Palace was another window, on a higher level, open, with the spotlights playing on it, a younger man leaning out. An American Jewish newspaper man, an acquaintance of mine, soon afterwards to be expelled from Germany, found beauty in the scene - the tumultuous brazen music, the tramp, tramp, tramp, the ceaseless cheering of the crowds, the blazing torches, the bellowing of the loudspeakers, the old man behind the lighted window and the younger man who leaned far out of the spotlit window, saluting.

'Hitler looks marvellous,' he said.

The old and the new. Field-Marshal and Bohemian Corporal. Hitler and Hindenburg. Tramp, tramp, tramp, blare, blare, blare. Hour after hour they came tramping through the Brandenburger Tor down the Wilhelmstrasse. *'Die Strasse frei, die Reihen fest geschlossen - Hoch, Hoch, Hoooooch!'*

The lighted window went dark. Hindenburg had gone to bed. I went off to write. Hitler, the spotlight still fastened on him, old General Litzmann dimly seen behind him, leaned far out into the Wilhelmstrasse, surveying his Reich. The Vienna destitute, the man of all trades and none, the battalion message-runner, the political hired man sent out by the Reichswehr after the war to spy on his kind, the man who by his own account had never done a real day's work in his life, had got his first job - Chancellor of the German Reich.

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## Chapter Fifteen

### REICHSTAG FIRE

To be in the contemporary fashion I ought, in the course of this tale, to take you through the boudoirs of my love life and introduce you to the Sonias and Veras, the Javan princesses and Hungarian dancing girls whom you would expect to meet there. It is remiss of them if they are not there, for they should know that all diplomats and newspaper men sooner or later feel the urge to write a passionate novel or a coyly candid book about themselves, and turn their thoughts to their past loves, whom they expect to find dutifully lined up and waiting to be made into literary capital.

I should not take you with me on this round of calls even if these lovely and invigorating ladies existed, as I hope they do, for two is company and three is none and you would be in the way. But Nadya, a turbulent person, intrudes forcibly at this point, whether we like it or not.

She was born on the Black Sea, which I have not yet seen, but if it is as black as her hair and eyes it is very black, and one of her earliest memories is of a German airman who took her joy-riding with him until she was very sick, so that he brought her down quickly, and gave her some tinned meat to take home as a consolation prize. Her father was killed in a long-forgotten Balkan War and almost her only memory of him is of being held up to look at him as he lay in his grave. Then she was married off when she was about fifteen, as girls are, or were, wont to be in the Balkans, and soon she saw the stranger, her husband, drowned; and then, somehow, she began dancing and travelled all over Europe until one evening in Berlin she was going along the Kurfürstendamm to work, gaudy and sparkling as a humming-bird in a flame-red dress, when I drove rather carelessly round a corner and knocked her down with my mudguard, so that she couldn't dance for a few days, and this naturally led to a lasting friendship.

Thus it happened that I drove through the Brandenburger Tor on my way to inquire after her on the evening of February 27th, 1933, and saw the flames burst through the cupola of the Reichstag. I had a ringside seat at a most important event in European history. So you see how valuable these connexions are.

I lived with the Reichstag fire for about a year, from the moment the flames burst through to the passing of sentence; followed the investigation, attended the trial, and studied every detail of it. I even wrote a book about it, rather spoiled by pressure of other work, but the facts are all in it for anybody who still is interested in old far-off forgotten things.

Hitler told Sefton Delmer, *Daily Express* Correspondent, that the fire was a sign from heaven, and as it happened just four weeks after Hitler was made Chancellor and a week before the elections and solved the problem of usurping absolute power this shows how swiftly heaven intervenes when it sees a man on earth who is really worth supporting. Memories of that evening are the great bulk of Göring, swathed in trench-coat, dashing into the burning Reichstag, where I already was, and the bemused expression of von Papen, who arrived later and found that, though he was titular Premier of Prussia, his energetic Minister of the Interior had on his own responsibility taken measures which meant the end of all constitutional Government in Germany - the end of dreams of a Hindenburg-Papen partnership that would always hold Hitler in check.

The Reichstag fire was important because it was the ostensible justification for erecting a National Socialist dictatorship on a seeming basis of constitutional action, Parliamentary support and popular approval. These are the things you should know about it:

It was proclaimed to have been the work of Communists. Under this pretext thousands of people -- Communists, Socialists, Pacifists, among them even Carl von Ossietzky, who years later was in captivity awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and was at first intended to be among those charged with the arson! -- were rounded up by Storm Troopers and thrown into concentration camps.

Alarming accounts of impending Communist revolution were issued. In this confusion Hindenburg, either swallowing everything he was told or deliberately condoning the rape of the law, signed a decree 'for the protection of the nation from the Communist danger' which handed over Germany to Hitler. It legalized arrest and imprisonment without trial of anybody you did not like, the seizure of his property, the suppression of his newspapers, raids on his house, eavesdropping on his telephone, opening his letters, his execution 'while attempting to escape'.

With elections only a week distant, it enabled the country to be panicked by tales of Bolshevik terror which were ridiculed even by that staunch Diehard newspaper, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in its last independent utterance. It enabled the elections to be held under terrorism, ensured an enormous increase in the Nazi vote, and by authorizing the cancellation of the Communist votes gave Hitler what he could never otherwise have won - a majority in the Reichstag. Not much more than one German in every three ever voted, or ever would have voted for Hitler at any free election.

At the trial before the Supreme Court of the Reich, of the five men accused, no proof whatever was brought that Communists had caused it. Four of the accused - Torgler, the Communist Parliamentary leader, Dimitroff, Popoff and Taneff, the three Bulgarian Communist refugees, proved their innocence and were acquitted. The case against them rested on depositions by Nazi agents, police spies, stool-pigeons, convicts, lunatics, garrulous charwomen, hysterical women typists and *agents provocateurs* which crumbled to ashes in the white heat of world publicity.

The fifth accused, the half-witted young Dutch vagrant with the injured eyes, Marius van der Lubbe, who was found guilty and executed, was not a Communist.

The court found that van der Lubbe alone could not have caused the fire, that he might have made the two insignificant fires in the restaurant, but that the great conflagration in the session chamber was the work of many hands, carefully prepared, probably with little heaps of inflammatory waste placed on each of the deputies' desks, and connected by strips of celluloid, and set ablaze by 'a self-igniting fluid'.

An underground tunnel ran from beneath the session chamber to General Göring's palace. This was probably used both for bringing in the incendiary material and for escape. Göring, candid soul, himself suggested in court that the incendiaries so escaped. The night porter at his palace, where Göring's personal SS Bodyguard was wont to lodge, said he had frequently heard steps in the tunnel at night, in the week preceding the fire. He had been curious enough to paste strips of paper and threads over the two iron doors and had sometimes found them broken. Yet he had not troubled to find out what was going on.

Walter Weber, the commander of that 'Hermann Göring SS Bodyguard', himself admitted in evidence that he went through the tunnel during the fire, taking with him three police officers - who were never called in evidence. Although I and other newspaper men, in daylight and under leadership, only with great difficulty found our way through the labyrinthine underground of the Reichstag to and through the tunnel, he had immediately found it and dashed through it, looking for Reds. How come? Well, when he was on duty at Göring's palace he had noticed the trail of melted snow (caused by the heating pipes which the tunnel carried) leading across the street to the Reichstag. He had, indeed, often discussed the tunnel with the porter - that curiously incurious man



who had heard steps in the tunnel at night and pasted threads over the iron doors and often found them broken but had never reported the matter.

The Berlin Fire Chief, Gempp, dismissed after the fire for some reason I should like to know, said he saw a torch lying in the corridor leading to the session chamber and a petrol-trail on a carpet near by.

The Reichstag night porter, Albert Wendt, a former Socialist, in giving evidence quietly disclosed that a deputy of whose presence in the empty building he had not been informed and who must have entered it before he came on duty at 8 p.m., left the building as if in flight while the fire was at its height. Wendt's disclosure was the first mention in the trial of this deputy as the only person seen to leave the Reichstag after the fire had started.

Following Wendt's statement this deputy, alleged to have left the Reichstag 'hatless, collarless, breathless, excited, as if in flight' while the fire was at its height, was called as a witness.

He was Dr. Albrecht, a Nazi, who had fought in the Free Corps against the Communists in 1919, been with Hitler from Hitler's earliest days.

An electric thrill went through the courtroom when Wendt made his statement, another when, a month later, the court finally brought itself to call the unnamed deputy and he proved to be a Nazi.

I looked at Dr. Albrecht, a young and spectacled man of a nondescript type, with burning interest. In the dock sat a lunatic vagrant who had been captured in the burning Reichstag and four men who had been conclusively proved to have been far away from it. Here, an honoured witness treated with every consideration by the choleric red-robed justices on the bench, stood a man alleged to have been seen to leave the building while it was burning -- without hat or collar, out of breath, violently agitated, 'as if in flight' -- and he was a Nazi deputy and might never have been heard of but for the quiet statement of a taciturn Reichstag porter and the spotlight of the world press. On his flight out of the Reichstag he had indeed been captured by the police - and immediately released when he was found to be 'a National Socialist deputy'.

Dr. Albrecht was allowed to tell his own story, without interruption by an affable bench. An extraordinary story it was. He had been lying ill in a lodging near the Reichstag, was told that it was burning by the maidservant, rushed across, half-clad and hatless, to rescue important papers from his deputy's locker.

It did not tally with Wendt's emphatic statement that the fugitive deputy did not enter the building during his time on duty, which began at 8 p.m. (the building burned after 9). Albrecht was not confronted with Wendt, nor was the discrepancy mentioned by the court.

At the end of the trial, the Public Prosecutor -- in his dual capacity as Public Defender of National Socialism against the charges which were being made all over the world -- announced that Night Porter Wendt had been dismissed for neglecting his duty. He had been found drinking beer when he should have been watching the door. You see the inference of this statement? No? Allow me. It was that Wendt had been drinking beer and neglecting his duty on that night of the fire, so that he had not seen the excited Dr. Albrecht fly into the burning building in quest of his important papers. The neglectful Wendt, however, had seen him fly out, and, all unbidden, had said so before the Supreme Court, at the risk of having very unpleasant things happen to him, of which dismissal would be the least, and, equally unbidden but with calm certainty, he had said that Albrecht 'did not enter the building when I was on duty'.

I watched scores of witnesses in the Reichstag Fire Trial. Many of them were liars. Wendt did not look like a liar. He was of a species now apparently extinct in Germany, a Socialist, a hard-working, taciturn fellow who believed in the rights of man and in truth. Possibly he did not know the dangers he ran. Possibly he did. In that case he was an even greater hero than Dimitroff. I wonder what he is doing.

Believe it or not, but these facts came out in open court, in a trial staged and manipulated to prove that Communism was the culprit. This seems almost incredible. I myself could sometimes hardly believe my ears. But the reasons are simple, and two in number.

The first reason is Dimitroff, a man who could not be intimidated by five months in chains, threats of death from zealous examining magistrates, a lurid promise of a private hanging from Göring in court, repeated exclusion from his own trial, of which he only had fleeting glimpses at some periods.

A lone Communist entirely surrounded by seventy million Nazi Yes-men, all itching to kick him, Dimitroff fought the German Reich and at the end stood morally as high above his adversaries as the Eiffel Tower stands above the encircling Champs de Mars. You could only quieten him by killing him, and that was difficult, because you had undertaken to hold this trial in the full light of day and show the world that the Reds had fired the Reichstag. As long as Dimitroff was in court nothing could stop him from pouring his fierce contempt upon the wretched procession of lying witnesses and upon the charge against himself and his fellow accused, from openly suggesting what no other man in Germany dared more than whisper -- that the Nazis had fired the Reichstag -- and from putting questions in this sense even to the terrible Göring himself, so that for the first time in my life I saw a man literally bouncing with rage.

An unforgettable scene, this encounter between Göring, obese, ravingly angry, lobster-red, pounding the air with his fists, and Dimitroff, being pushed and pulled out of court, but straining back towards his adversary, with burning eyes, undaunted, crying through the din, 'Are you afraid of these questions, Mr. Prime Minister Göring?' Above them, on the bench, Lord Chief Justice Bünker, completely unnerved and jittery at the awful idea that anyone should say such things to the great Göring, shouting 'Out with him!' In the well of the court, the spontaneous ovation squad, scores of yes-men, bravo-ing Göring's most extravagant feats. They would have bravoed if he had stood on his head and waved his legs in the air.

The second reason for the unexpected course taken by the Reichstag Fire Trial is that if you hold a really public trial you cannot convict innocent men. You may be able to cloak the truth and shield the guilty, but you cannot prove a crime against a man who has not committed it. Your case is built up on the false statements of witnesses who are either suborned or lie for private reasons and when the accused, fighting for their lives, point out the obvious fictions in the evidence against them and the spotlight of the world press is turned on them, your case collapses.

With van der Lubbe and Dimitroff extremes met in the dock. Torgler, Taneff and Popoff were shadowy figures, unlucky men drawn into the trial only by an ill-prepared attempt to stage a spectacular indictment of Communism. Van der Lubbe displayed the well-known symptoms of manic depressive insanity. He sat with his head sometimes bent, sometimes bowed almost between his knees; he slavered at the mouth and ran at the nose. He was in the Reichstag but did not fire it - he may have played about with firelighters in the restaurant. He was captured in the same condition that he displayed in court.

Who put this young mentally deficient vagrant, with his damaged eyes, into the Reichstag to be captured? He had tramped over many parts of Europe and the day before the fire had left Berlin to

return to Holland. But after spending the night at a destitutes' home at Hennigsdorf, not far away, he turned back to Berlin - and that night was found in the burning Reichstag. It seems clear that the Mephistopheles of 'this shabby Faust', as Dimitroff called him, found him in the destitutes' home. Van der Lubbe's answers to questions were often unintelligible; but once, asked where he was on the day before the fire, he answered 'With the Nazis'.

Why, then, did this pitiable, slaving dummy, usually maintain that he had fired the Reichstag unaided? True, he did once in examination speak of 'the others' - and the examining magistrate left that remark out of his record, on which the indictment was based. But in court, when an answer could be wrested from him, he usually said that he alone was guilty. It was proved that this was a physical impossibility. The answer can only lie in van der Lubbe's mental condition. Once, when he asked to be sentenced to life imprisonment or death, he rambled off into curious statements that stimulated the curiosity of onlookers to know what treatment he had behind the scenes. He said he 'could not carry on this struggle in prison any longer', spoke of 'visions in my cell', 'voices in my body', 'meals five and six times a day', and the like.

The known facts are that he was taken in the Reichstag, that he did not fire it alone, and that he did not know or would not say who were his accomplices. Drugs, said some. Hypnotism, said others. His mental condition, as I saw him in court, was enough to account for anything. And the expert witnesses certified him sane and responsible!

On a day they took him out into the prison courtyard at Leipzig, a gloomy town, and he shambled obediently and apathetically, slaving and with sunken head, to the block. The headsman, restored to Germany by Göring because the guillotine in its name and conception was too Gallic and un-Prussian -- German heads needed to be removed by the good old German axe -- was there in top-hat and tailcoat and gloves. Methuselah knows why German headsman have to wear this uniform unless the explanation is to be found in Wodehouse's story of the golfer who, desiring for private reasons to lose a match, dressed himself in the clothes of ceremony only to find that the tight coat and top-hat had cured him of his besetting fault - raising his head on the top of his swing.

Thus van der Lubbe died, and Dimitroff is now Secretary-General of the Communist International and a big man in Moscow, and Torgler was released several years after his acquittal and is happily back in his dear Moabit, and Popoff and Taneff are cut by all the best people in Moscow because they did not put up so good a show for Communism as Dimitroff.

A divinity shapes our ends, and this divinity, having a sense of humour, probably ordained that about the time of the Reichstag fire two burglarious brothers named Sass were much in the Berlin news. They were repeatedly arrested but always released for lack of proof, and the newspapers jollied the police unmercifully about their immunity. Their particular speciality was their method of defeating interrogation, which they frustrated by a mixture of silence, bland innocence and inconsequent answers until Police Commissioners had strokes. A German film made them famous. They were suspected of a great bank robbery in the Wittenbergplatz, when the strong-rooms were entered through an underground tunnel, but had to be released for lack of evidence. Then came one or two other big robberies and each time the brothers Sass were arrested and released by the exasperated police. Then somebody discovered that an underground tunnel was being driven, whither and for what purpose was never made clear, from a bush-hidden spot in a Berlin cemetery, and immediately the brothers Sass were arrested, interrogated, cursed and released.

If they had not existed they would have had to be created for without them the world would have lost the best of the thousands of whispered mouth-to-ear political jokes which were coined when newspapers were muzzled and free speech killed: 'Have you heard who fired the Reichstag? The brothers Sass - SA and SS.'

The SA and SS are the two parts of the Nazi Brown Army; the SA are the mass of brown-shirted Storm Troopers and the SS are the smaller *élite* formation of black-uniformed Nazi guards. SS means *Schutzstaffel*, a designation difficult to translate; Black Guards is a free but fair rendering which one occasionally used until it attracted the attention of those who always look for a *double entendre*. The SS acted the part of firing-squad against the SA in the greatest double-cross operation yet known to history - the clean-up of June 30th, 1921. Though closely following the methods of Chicago gang-warfare it was on a much larger scale, indeed, on a scale only possible when you are not outside the law but are a law unto yourself.

The Supreme Court of the German Reich made a sorry showing and I came away from it with a loathing for the spectacle of inhumanity and cruelty masquerading in the red caps and robes of justice. The justices on the bench knew, as every habitué of the trial knew, that four of the accused were innocent and the fifth a half-witted dupe.

They knew that men on whom overwhelming suspicion of guilt rested had not been even arrested, were not even mentioned in the indictment, were only called as witnesses when this could no longer be avoided and were then allowed to tell a glib tale without questions or cross-examination and go their way. They knew that in outer Germany men could be thrown into prison without any trial at all, for no crime at all. Why all this paraphernalia of justice? The outer world had to be convinced, and they had to convince it. They knew what was expected of them. Lord Chief Justice Büniger did not long outlive this trial. I often feared he might have a stroke on the bench.

After this trial the National Socialist State took care that its prey should never again escape it by the Communist trick of proving innocence, that the searchlight of world publicity should never again pry into a German trial.

A People's Court was founded to try cases of treason, sedition, treachery, espionage and the like. In this court the professional judges, hampered by their legal training and respect for paragraphs and penal codes, were in a minority. Lay judges formed the majority -- military and naval officers, senior SA and SS commanders, stout Nazi citizens generally -- and what they said went.

These trials were held behind closed doors, where death sentences were passed without any outer public prying, domestic or foreign, into innocence or guilt. I attended the first of them, quite a minor affair. The company on the bench was impressive. There were two black-robed justices and three lay judges. One was Christiansen, that wartime German seaplane pilot who afterwards took the lovely flying ship DO.X half-way round the world and is now an Airman-General; another was von Jagow, Nazi Storm Troop commander for Berlin; the third was a Reichswehr colonel.

In the dock stood a miserable man, undernourished, under-developed, stunted, from Berlin's East End. Two years earlier, before Hitler had come to power and when the Communist Party was legal, he had distributed Communist pamphlets, they said. The black-robed presiding judge busied himself with papers and paragraphs and procedure. The three lay judges sat stiffly at attention, as military men should, only their eyes travelling indifferently from Public Prosecutor to accused, their hands on sword - or dirk-hilt. The Public Prosecutor briefly sketched the enormity of the crime. The accused's defender, a typical German jurist with a fair paunch, scarred cheek, bald head and squeaky voice, said he was not in a position to contest his client's guilt, indeed it was too obvious, but might he plead for a little clemency in view of the fact that the prisoner had grown to manhood in the Dark Age preceding National Socialism and thus had imbibed pernicious doctrines.

The court retired. The prisoner had an epileptic fit. His wife, a hardworking *Berlinerin*, looked with anguish in her eyes at the writhing collection of rags and bones that was her most cherished possession. Defending counsel watched indifferently, suddenly remembered, with an exclamation,

that he had a telephone call to make, and rushed out. The prisoner recovered and exclaimed, while his beefy custodians looked contemptuously at him, 'When I come out I'll do it again'. His wife pleaded with him to be quiet. The court came back and passed sentence of two years hard labour. The court dispersed. I went out. Down the street before me went Christiansen and the colonel, very swagger in their uniforms, chatting and laughing, lunchward bound.

This is a long digression. I started out to tell you how I was driving through the Tiergarten to inquire how Nadya was recovering from my car's encounter with her, and have gone rambling all over the Reichstag, the Supreme and the People's Court.

Well, three or four hours later than I expected, I did find time to telephone, found that she was still up, and went along. I told her that the Reichstag had burned, that grave things impended for Germany, perhaps for Europe. She was sitting by a stove, reading, and listened more or less attentively between poking the fire. 'Well, well,' she said. 'There's always something happening, isn't there? Do you know, the doctor was here this afternoon and says I can dance again next week.'

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## Chapter Sixteen

### SPIRIT OF POTSDAM

Oh, did you see? He has quite blue eyes.' A girl, who had been straining her tiptoes to peer between the helmets of the Reichswehremen, turned excitedly to her mother. Hitler had just gone by, to join hands with Old Hindenburg over the tomb of Frederick the Great in the Garrison Church and pledge Germany to 'the spirit of Potsdam'.

His eyes were about as blue as the Blue Danube, and anybody who ever sees the Danube blue should take a colour photograph and frame it. The Danube has every virtue that a river should have and I love it; it is for me a friend and a brother, and a peerless highway; it is magnificent, but it is not blue. If Johann Strauss only wanted a rhyme to Au he might just as well have taken Grau.

Donau so Grau, tum-tum, tum-tum,  
Durch Tal und Au, tum-tum, tum-tum.

No, you can't do it. You can't waltz to a grey river. It hadderbe blue.

So with Hitler's blue eyes and the young lady of Potsdam. They had to be blue. It was the beginning of the cult of Hitler among German women. Nothing succeeds like excess, and the female population already had a terrific *Schwärmerei* for him. Afterwards I saw women crowding around him in hundreds, trying to kiss his hand, touch his garment, weeping from a surfeit of bliss at being in his presence.

Weeping women will accompany Hitler on his way through this vale of tears. Women must have wept at Guernica and Almeria, though possibly they did not even know his name; the peasant folk of Guernica and the fisherfolk of Almeria did not bother themselves about politics. A century ago the tears of women were accompanying Napoleon on his campaigns. Not that it matters. Tears soon dry, and your dictator can be sure of his legend. Whether Hitler conquers Europe and is buried in the biggest marble mausoleum of all time or whether he fails and ends his days peacefully on an island, films, theatre, radio, literature, painting, and sculpture will unite to ensure his immortal popularity. And with the passing of a generation the millions who periodically die for Europe's Strong Men are as forgotten and uncounted as the sands of the desert.

I looked about me curiously on this fitfully sunny day, March 21st, 1933. The bells of Potsdam, with Leipzig and Halle one of the few depressing towns in Germany, were clanging, the flags waving, and an enormous concourse of people had come out.

As I watched Hindenburg came, stepped out of his car, looked slowly round and stiffened as he saw the soldiers. That always galvanized him into life. Here were no perplexing politicians but ranks of field-greys, entirely immobile save for their heads, which turned like the leaves of a book as he went past, the eyes of each man bent on him as he came and went. A blazing orange order slashed his great chest, the cupola-like Pickelhaube glittered on his massive head, one hand rested on his sword and with the other he raised the field-marshal's baton in salute.

Sinking his head in humility, Hitler met him, Hitler, whose Göbbels had derided Hindenburg's senility, asked 'Is Hindenburg still alive?' Now little Göbbels sat in hushed reverence inside the church with the other members of the Cabinet, waiting to see the marriage of the old and the new Germany.

Göring, too, stood at the door of the Church, monumental in morning clothes. Nearby, the object of my particular interest, was a wooden pen, reserved for the *Generalität* - the members of the Generalhood. Here were the figures from that past which the Allied Powers thought they had killed and buried in 1918 and which now fifteen years later was returning to haunt them. Here were the representatives of the Spirit of Potsdam, of the doctrine that Germany has the divine right to expand by force of arms, venerable Excellencies in bestarred and bemedalled uniforms. For years these men had been figures of fun in a disillusioned Germany; now they had come into their own again.

What was all this about, this pilgrimage to Potsdam? It was a clever piece of mind-reading, probably inspired by that same ingenious Göbbels who hit on the idea of leaving the League, proclaiming rearmament and reoccupying the Rhineland always on a Saturday morning, rightly calculating that the shock effect of such bombshells on a Western world accustomed to regard the week-end as exclusively reserved for golf would be doubly great.

For Hindenburg was neither quite clear what he had done nor whether he had done right. This Potsdam ceremony was designed to reassure him. In the misty recesses of his darkling mind the question still prompted itself whether by making Hitler Chancellor in January and by approving the rape of the Constitution in February he had really honoured his oath 'to do justice to all men'. In March Hitler had found a way to allay his doubts, one of those ceremonies of symbolic patriotism so dear to the German mind.

Potsdam was identified with the rapid rise of German military might. From Potsdam, by means of blood and iron, the little Margraviate of Brandenburg was expanded by conquest to make the stout Kingdom of Prussia, and the Kingdom of Prussia strengthened by conquest to make the mighty German Reich, which became the greatest single power in Europe, spread overseas, built a great navy and in 1914 made a bid, which only just failed, for world domination.

From Potsdam Frederick the Great, pouncing on Silesia in times of profound peace and partitioning Poland for the first time, had doubled his inherited dominions. From Potsdam the Prussian Kings had gone out to acquire fresh territories: Schleswig-Holstein over the body of Denmark in 1864, Hanover, Hesse and other lands over the body of Austria in 1866, Alsace-Lorraine over the body of France in 1871. The very name Potsdam stood for the process of expansion by conquest checked in 1918. Frederick the Great was buried there. Lieutenant Hindenburg made his first pilgrimage to the tomb after the victorious campaign of 1866, his second when he came back, after seeing Wilhelm I proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles, from the victorious war against France in 1871.

This was the meaning of the Potsdam ceremony. Before the new Reichstag -- returned at the elections held immediately after the Reichstag fire -- met in an Opera House in Berlin a dedicatory service was to be held in the Garrison Church, the new regime was to be pledged to 'the spirit of Potsdam', and Hindenburg and Hitler were to shake hands over the tomb of Frederick the Great. The torch of German ambitions for world power, not extinguished in 1918 but still smouldering, was being passed on, from Field-Marshal to Bohemian Corporal.

Such thoughts stirred the heart of Hindenburg as he entered the church, sixty-seven years after his first visit. Tears filled his eyes as he saw around him all the symbols of the old martial Germany. He nodded ponderous approval when Hitler said that, thanks to him, 'the marriage has been consummated between the symbols of the old greatness and the new strength'.

Then came the famous handclasp, which meant, to Germans, that the years between 1918 and 1933 had been blotted out of the German history books, that Hindenburg, who led the German armies back from the war, had handed over his command to Hitler. The Armistice was over. The illusion that it was a Peace dissolved.

With the bells clanging again, out they came, Hindenburg, Hitler, Göring, Papen and the rest. Directly opposite me stood two sons of the former Kaiser, Hindenburg's liege lord, and as Hindenburg saw them he gave them a special salute. They were the portly Eitel Friedrich and the slimmer Oskar. Each wore the simple field grey of a private German soldier and stood with others similarly dressed, members of the Stahlhelm ex-soldiers' organization.

This display of the comradely spirit among soldiers of all ranks -- we-are-all-brothers-in-the-trenches -- prince-and-peasant -- was an after-the-war-thought, for in the war Eitel Friedrich and Oskar both nominally held high commands, had their headquarters far from the front, and they survived it unscathed, like all the Kaiser's many sons. The Stahlhelm, however, was a good monarchist organization and in the Papen period had been a potentially powerful political force, so that it was worth while even for Hohenzollern Princes to endure the hardships of an occasional propaganda march or *Bierabend*. Subsequently the Hohenzollern Princes put on the Brown Shirt and became good Nazi Storm Troopers.

After all, Hindenburg in his testament enjoined Hitler to restore the monarchy and Hitler has never committed himself against it. He is likely to do this one day. He will probably be made to.

An hour later I sat in the gallery of the Kroll Opera House and watched Hitler take his place in the Chancellor's chair. He first entered Parliament after every possibility of opposition or counter-argument had been ruthlessly suppressed. I marvelled as I looked down on him, who had changed into the brown uniform and sat with Papen beside him.

According to his own story he drifted aimlessly about Vienna before the war, as do innumerable pieces of human flotsam and jetsam to this day, and never found a job he could keep for very long, never toiled hard with his head or his hands for meagre pay as other men do, to keep themselves alive and decent. His Socialist fellow workmen threatened to throw him off a scaffolding unless he went quietly; in private conversation Hitler must be infuriating.

In the war he was an obscure battalion orderly. After the war he was used by the Reichswehr as a spy to keep the military authorities aware of what political movements were hatching in Munich. Then, still afire with the Great-German, Anti-Jewish politics he had absorbed in Vienna, he joined the little group of men that was later to become the National Socialist Party, came to be their leader, and for the next dozen years spent his time addressing meetings of his own supporters, accompanied to and from them by an Al Capone bodyguard and surrounded at them by Storm Troopers. The only difference in them was the degree of applause, which became greater as his supporters multiplied.

Open debate with an adversary he never knew, except on a small scale at the beginning. He avoided it, for he cannot debate. It upsets him to be challenged and he gets angry and loses control. In a real Parliament he could not have lasted, so that the timing of his first appearance in Parliament to coincide with the suppression of all opposition commands admiration.

The Reichstag on that day felt just like a bomb must feel immediately before it explodes. Only one thing -- short of the death of Hindenburg, which could not be long delayed -- now stood between Hitler and absolute power: a Bill giving him authority to do what he liked, without Parliament and without regard for President or Constitution. Such a bill needed a two-thirds majority in the Reichstag.

The elections, in spite of terrorism, concentration camps, beatings-up, and the bamboozlement of the population by the Reichstag Fire, had only given the Nazis 44 per cent of the votes, or together with their Nationalist allies 51 per cent. The Communists could not come to the Reichstag at all;



having been declared the authors of the fire, they would have been taken off to concentration camps forthwith, such of them as were not already in one. The Socialists could only vote against. The decision lay with the Centre Party - a Catholic Party, liberal and democratic when liberalism and democracy were in fashion, anti-democratic when the tide turned.

Hitler introduced his Bill, in his famous 'Give us four years' speech. His Parliament was in a theatre, and all the theatrical trappings of National Socialism surrounded him. Göring, massive and glowering, towered over him in the Speaker's chair. High up, the heads of two stalwart SS men poked through a hole in the wooden curtain over the stage; no doubt good shots, they kept a close watch on the people in the public galleries. The brown-shirted phalanx of Hitler's deputies, among them several men whom he was to have shot a year later, tumultuously cheered every sentence. The Centre, under Kaas and Brüning, sat prim and decorous, trying to look as if they really dared vote against the Bill. The Socialists, who had to vote against it or become the laughing stock of history, were a picture of dejection. Against the wall by them lounged a thick fringe of armed Nazi SS and SA men. Outside the House masses of Storm Troopers, posted there by a thoughtful stage manager who forgot no detail, shouted in chorus threats of the things they would do if the Bill were not passed.

It was the last appearance of the great German Socialist Party, that had fought the Kaisers and Bismarck, had in the war kept alive the idea of humanity and peace in Germany, and for its pains had been saddled by the Allied Powers with the task of carrying out the Peace Treaty and kicked hard in the pants for fourteen years while engaged in doing so.

When Hitler came to power he inaugurated in Germany a military despotism far more menacing for the outer world than that of the Kaisers, and yet he was treated with infinitely more consideration and respect than the German moderates by Germany's former enemies. How can Germany fail to learn the lesson of this? How can the cause of peace and justice and humanity ever flourish in Germany?

Wearily Otto Wels, the Socialist leader, in response to Göring's barked invitation, mounted the dais. Afterwards I saw him, and Scheidemann who had proclaimed the Republic, and Stampfer the editor of *Vorwärts*, and other Socialists eking out a dreary exile in Prague. The Socialists had a little office there, where they printed anti-Nazi information about Germany and sent it back over the frontier, and Nazi agents bribed their house-porter to take photographs of their files and card indexes, with unpleasant effects for many people in Germany. But even in the hundred-per-cent Hitlerist State a few people are apparently always ready to take the risk of smuggling these newspapers, which are as dangerous to carry as a live bomb, across 'the green frontier' and distributing them among the faithful.

They would vote against the Bill, boomed Wels through his beard. They were defenceless, but they had their honour. *Wir sind wehrlos, aber nicht ehrlos*. Even at this moment of disaster the Socialist leader found comfort in one of those meaningless rhymed cliché which the German language provides for almost every contingency in life.

*Wehrlos, aber nicht ehrlos*. Wels had missed the spirit of the times. In the new Germany the man who was *wehrlos* was indeed *ehrlös*. Hardly had he stepped down, with heavy feet, before Hitler, with elastic tread, was at the tribune. For the first time he had the chance to answer an adversary in Parliament - in a Parliament packed with and surrounded by armed Storm Troopers, with the constitution torn up and with concentration camps filling on the verges of the town. He poured vituperation on the Socialists, who sat dumbly while the Nazi deputies frantically cheered his every word.

Then the Prelate Kaas got up, a son of that Mother Church which can always yield and always wait, which in history has so often been on the side of inhumanity and cruelty if only these were arrayed in the robes of a Most Catholic Majesty or something of that sort. The Catholic Centre, modestly announced the Prelate Kaas, would vote for the Bill.

The battle was won. The Centre votes just gave the Bill its two-thirds majority and the Nazi regime the semblance of a constitutional foundation. Absolute power was Hitler's' cloaked for the nonce only by the thin shroud of a non-committal deference due to a failing President.

I walked through the Tiergarten and Unter den Linden. Hitler, standing bare-headed in his car, drove between thick hedges of Storm Troopers to the Wilhelmstrasse. The crowds surged to greet him. The cheering crashed about him like salvoes of gunfire. Germany had 'given him four years'.

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## Chapter Seventeen

### NO JEWS IS GOOD JEWS

A burly brown Shirt, stupid and bespectacled, blocked the doorway of the shop as I entered. I tried to push past. He leaned his weight against me. I pushed harder. He leaned more heavily - he was a heavy man. I forced my way past, saying 'Ausländer'. He slightly relaxed his weight, and I found myself inside the shop.

I was testing the Jewish boycott, on All Fools' Day 1933. The boycott was to be entirely one of gentle moral suasion, and peaceful picketing they said. No force would be used. Shoppers would just be politely reminded that the threshold was a Jewish one.

I don't know why I showed such zeal. It wasn't my quarrel. But I am glad I did, for while I was buying an unwanted stick of shaving-soap from an entirely noncommittal Jewish proprietor, who must have wondered why I should wrestle with a Storm Trooper on his behalf, one of the few things happened that I remember with respect from this period in Germany.

A young servant girl came, one of those buxom, strapping Berlin servant girls who work like bees for their *Gnädige*, keep the flat spotlessly clean, cook, look after the children, and still have neat hair and a smiling face. I suppose she was a regular customer of this Jewish druggist. When the Brown Shirt blocked her way she told him roundly to move and when he sought to prevent her entering she said 'Quatsch' ('Rubbish') and pushed him aside, came in, made her purchase and went, to continue scrubbing her floors. This was courageous and hazardous on All Fools' Day 1933.

So I remember her with affection, together with Dimitroff, Albert Wendt the Reichstag porter, and Geheimrat Planck and those other learned men of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute at Dahlem who in 1934, watched in respectful admiration by myself from the gallery, publicly commemorated Fritz Haber, the Jewish scientist who by his process of extracting nitrogen from the air enabled Germany to maintain her supply of explosives in the war and withstand the world for four years. Haber left Germany when Hitler came, and died in Switzerland.

But the little incident in the shop seems to me typical of this anti-Jewish racket. Inside the shop the Jew, temporarily inconvenienced but secure in the inward certainty that when this particular political swindle has had its day he will still be selling scent and soap in the Kaiserdamm. In his doorway Gentiles brawling with each other about him. If anybody had been hurt it would have been a Gentile; 99 per cent of the people who have been bumped off in Germany or by German bombs and machine-guns in other countries since the anti-Semitic swastika became the State flag of the German Reich have been Gentiles.

Moreover, I strongly fear that millions more Gentiles are going to bite the dust before the universal victory of anti-Semitism is achieved. By the accident of birth a Gentile myself, I am opposed to this, for by this process the proportion of Gentiles to Jews in the world will ultimately be reduced to that of the Jews to Gentiles in Germany at the time Hitler came to power - say five in every hundred - and at that point the Jews will probably realize that we are a menace and exterminate us. But they will do it thoroughly.

Thus I wonder who were the fools on All Fools' Day 1933. You can fool all the people some of the time, and perhaps on that day everybody in Germany believed that the Jews were really going to be eradicated from Germany. Perhaps even the Jews believed it. In that case we were all fools together and the day was well chosen.

I seldom found Berlin so unattractive as on that April day. In the early morning I watched the Brown Shirts going from shop to shop with paint pots and daubing on the windowpanes the word 'Jew', in dripping red letters. In some places I saw them pasting up black placards with the yellow spot of the Ghetto. The Kurfürstendamm was to me a revelation. I knew the Jews were predominant in business life, but I did not know that they almost monopolized important branches of it. Germany had one Jew to one hundred Gentiles, said the statistics; but the fashionable Kurfürstendamm, according to the dripping red legends, had about one Gentile shop to ninety-nine Jewish ones.

But statistics, even official German statistics, are untrustworthy about Jews. I do not know how it is done, whether large numbers of baptized Jews or non-practising Jews or Jews with foreign passports do not show in them, but nobody who trusted the evidence of his eyes could believe that Germany had only one per cent of Jews, and the same thing holds good today about the statistics for the Jewish populations of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia and other countries - including England.

I watched a fat Storm Troop Commander directing operations on the shop front. He strode up and down the Kurfürstendamm smacking his leathered calves with a dog whip - a trick begun by Hitler himself, taken up by Julius Streicher, the Nüremberg Nazi leader and chief Jew-baiter, and imitated by many other little Hitlers, just as they copied his gestures and his moustache. Here he placed a picket before a shop, there he ordered the locking of a shop door and stood by while the Jewish proprietress silently complied, there again he had the paint-pot squad come and daub some new legend on the panes. Then he strode with Napoleonic mien to his waiting motor car and was driven off to hearten his men at some other sector of the front.

At night the boycott ended. It was not meant to last longer. It was a sop to the Storm Troops. They thought that by painting red letters on shop windows between dawn and dusk they could rid Germany of the Jews, a race which had endured and survived infinitely more rigorous repression in every part of Europe through the centuries and had always emerged stronger and more powerful. The Storm Troops were the fools of this All Fools' Day.

In Kiel, however, they lynched a Jew. Single-handed, he had provoked and threatened to attack a large crowd.

A month before Hitler a Jewish doctor had brought my son into the world. His nursing home was a model of cleanliness and kindness and efficiency and I can wish no son of mine a more comfortable entry into this life. After Hitler came he was deprived of his practice among State-insured patients but his private practice continued, and even improved, and he continued to live well, a little less prosperous than before, but suffering far less material loss under the anti-Semitic regime than investors, for instance, had suffered from the inflation. Another Jewish doctor cured me of an ear trouble acquired from swimming. He moved into a smaller flat and adapted himself to a more modest income, but his private Gentile patients continued to come to him, for he was a good doctor, and he earned an ample livelihood.

I rented a house from a Jew, a house built after the war, by a Jewish architect I imagine, in that new district of Berlin near the Stadium where the Olympic Games were held, a lovely house with ivy and a porch and a sun balcony and a marvellous bathroom and a garage and a garden that merged itself in the trees of the Grunewald, where the deer sometimes came up to our fence, and yet it was but fifteen minutes eastward by car from my office in Unter den Linden and five minutes westward to the lakes - a perfect house. In a sane world, I would have liked to live there for ever. My Jewish landlord had been in politics and had gone off to Palestine; he sold his lovely house for much less than it was worth to a Berlin manufacturer who was growing rich on armaments.

My neighbour was another Jew, a prosperous lawyer, who had to reduce his scale of life because of the restrictions placed on the Jews in the legal profession. He let half his house, withdrew into the other half, divided his garden in two. In his half was a grove of trees, a little world screened off. Here his children and other Jewish children, their friends, used on sunny afternoons to gather and sit in a circle, talking quietly. I used to wonder what they talked about. Here they clearly felt themselves *geborgen*, safe. But I noticed that his daughter, a beautiful girl, continued to go on school excursions with the non-Jewish children and apparently enjoyed herself.

Sometimes on a warm morning I would take out the car and drive with Brenda Mary to the ice cream shop off the Olivaerplatz, by the Kurfürstendamm, where a Jew sold the best ice cream in all Berlin, a whacking great wafer for a penny. His ice cream was famous. Scores of people and a dozen cars habitually waited outside his shop. Inside you had to wait your turn, and this Jew waxed so rich under National Socialism that eventually the hours of opening for ice cream shops were restricted.

The Jews were cleared from the theatre and opera stage, from the newspapers, from the teaching staffs of schools, colleges and universities. The worst hardships were suffered by Jews in these professions. So far as I know, no Jew can play, sing, write or teach in Germany - though, a strange anomaly, old Leo Blech was for some reason taken under Göring's protection and, for years after Hitler and the Jewish boycott, remained in the conductor's chair at the Opera, the focal point of Berlin social life. Doctors and dentists were deprived of their State patients but carried on their private practices. Lawyers were placed under crippling restrictions but, as lawyers do, found various ways of circumventing them.

But the Jews have been left almost unmolested in their most powerful stronghold - that of trade and commerce. One or two big Jewish concerns have, by various devices resembling sleight of hand, been filched from their owners and brought under non-Jewish control. The great mass of Jewish traders, big and small, remains, and goes on trading, and you can see them to this day eating and drinking in the Kurfürstendamm without let or hindrance.

The anti-Jewish racket in Germany is a pricked balloon, a hollow bluff, a shop-window exhibit like one of those tempting bottles of Chartreuse or Benedictine that you can see in expensive grocers' shops - they only contain coloured water.

The Jews know it in their heart. They may hate National Socialism as much as ever, but they no longer fear it. They know they have but to bide their time. They know that the bombs and aircraft and tanks of the new Germany were used for the first time against Gentiles, and will be used against Gentiles again. They were used in the name of anti-Bolshevism, which for the Nazis is synonymous with anti-Semitism, but what had the peasants of Guernica and the townspeople of Almeria to do with Jews or Bolsheviks?

The anti-Jewish laws of Nüremberg 1936 were thought by the outer world to mark the climax of anti-Semitism in Germany; actually they meant the end of the bluff. Of what practical importance is a law forbidding German maidservants under the age of forty-five to serve in Jewish households? It is only the counterpart of the Jewish anti-Gentile laws. It will not drive one Jew from Germany or lessen by one pfennig the turnover of a Jewish trader.

The exodus of the Jews from Germany was confined to Jews in the professions. But their lot is infinitely better than that of non-Jewish emigrants. The German Socialist, Communist or pacifist emigrant has no hope but to eke out a miserable existence in Prague, Antwerp, Paris or London. I have watched him doing it - a depressing sight. He has no friends, no chance of a job, no *Protektion*

- a word that plays a big part all over Europe south of the Danube and means the help of relatives or friends who have some reason to intervene for you with those in high places.

The Jew nearly always has relatives and friends in other countries, he often speaks several languages, he sometimes has more than one passport - and he has that priceless asset, the instinctive sympathy of fellow Jews, all held together by the bond of a common struggle against anti-Semitism.

Those Jewish actors, singers, writers, and academicians who went abroad belonged to precisely those professions in which Jews predominate. That is why so many of them were able with little difficulty to step across into the higher places in their professions in other countries. Many of the Jews who had become famous in Germany were not even born in Germany - Einstein was born in Switzerland, Elisabeth Bergner and Richard Tauber in Austria, Franz Lederer in Bohemia.

The Jewish stars had little trouble. Einstein was welcomed in America; Bruno Walter and Otto Klemperer simply took themselves and their batons off to London, New York, Vienna and Salzburg; Max Reinhardt and Fritz Lang went to Hollywood; Elisabeth Bergner and Richard Tauber found fresh fields for their triumphs in the opera, theatre and film studios of London; Franz Lederer added English to German, Czech and French and quickly made a name for himself in Hollywood; Georg Bernhard lost no time in mourning his defunct *Vossische Zeitung* but founded an anti-Nazi Jewish paper published in Paris, the *Pariser Tageblatt*; Leopold Schwarzschild began publishing in Paris an anti-Nazi weekly called *Das Neue Tagebuch* and quickly acquired a circulation all over Europe for it; Gitta Alpar, Fritz Körtner, Pabst, Erich Pommer and many others found England eager to give them lucrative work.

All these men quickly found Jewish patrons and backers in other countries, and the lesser lights were equally successful. Many theatres and most of the cabarets and bars are Jewish-owned in Vienna and Prague, Karlsbad and Marienbad, Brunn and Zagreb, Bratislava and Bucharest. Travelling round these places I found the Jewish second-rank stars of the post-war years in Berlin, playing smaller parts than they had in Berlin but nevertheless working and earning a good livelihood.

Fritz Schultz, a popular Jewish stage and film actor, with whom I had played tennis in Berlin, I found working in a small cabaret show in Vienna. Paul Morgan, another second-rank stage and film star of those days, I saw making a crack in a bar at Marienbad that vastly amused his Jewish audience but enraged the local Nazis for its gibe at the Hitlerist Reich. He told of the snail and the goat that ran a race, which the snail won, so that the snail asked the goat what he had been doing; the goat answered that he was so confident of winning that he had stopped on the way and bleated, whereon the snail answered, 'Oh, you can't win by bleating nowadays, you have to crawl!'

'Bleating' was the name coined by Göbbels for any criticism of Hitler or his disciples and it was a practice liable to lead to the concentration camp; 'crawling', in the opinion of Paul Morgan, was the only way to advancement in Nazi Germany.

In Belgrade I found my Jewish colleague X, formerly of the Socialist *Vorwärts*. He was living moderately well, and already had a finger in Yugoslav-Bulgar politics. Viktor Schiff, of *Vorwärts*, began to write for the London *Daily Herald*. I went into a Prague cinema and saw Paul Grätz in an American film; he was apparently in demand for character parts in Hollywood.

In Vienna, owner of a prosperous women's hat shop, you could see in 1938 the Jew who in 1932 had been a leading attraction at the homosexual Eldorado in Berlin, and was famous for the elegant evening frocks he wore.

In Vienna, Prague, Brünn, Marienbad, Karlsbad, Bucharest, Budapest, Zagreb, and to a lesser extent in Belgrade and Sofia I found Jews growing more and more numerous and prosperous. They predominate in the expensive cafés and hotels and restaurants in these towns and in their theatres and cinemas and bars and newspaper offices and trade. The wave of rearmament had eddied outwards and reached all these surrounding countries by 1936, bringing with it a new wave of prosperity, real or artificial. The Jews in all these countries were riding on the crest of the boom, as they always do because of their commercial genius.

The new prosperity was born in rearmament, and that was begun in the name of anti-Communism and anti-Semitism. Abyssinia, Spain and China have already shown that the new armaments race spells death, not for Jews, but for indiscriminate millions of helpless Gentiles, Africans, Chinese and whatnot. The profits from the armaments race will go largely into the pockets of Jews, because of their preponderant share in retail trade, which in the last resort catches the pounds and pennies paid out by the manufacturers to their workers. Such is Hitler's achievement in the cause of anti-Semitism.

I was talking one day to Z, a Jewish journalist expelled from Germany who has settled in Vienna, where he has a pleasant home and a motor car. He talked with bitter resentment of Germany. 'Ah', he complained, 'the Poles murdered us, but the Germans have robbed us', and it was quite clear from his tone which was the worse thing for him. Then he told me how his son was still working for a big German film company in Berlin and had thrice had his salary raised to induce him not to leave and emigrate, as he desired, wishing to join his father.

The Jews. As I write, in Vienna, they are all about me, watching with non-committal, veiled, appraising eyes the comedy that is going on in Insanity Fair. They know that when Hitlerism has passed away they will still be trading in the Kärntnerstrasse.

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## Chapter Eighteen

### MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE

I sat on a balcony in the Bayreutherstrasse, just as thousands of Berliners were sitting on their balconies on this Saturday afternoon in June, and drank coffee. Nadya was there and we both felt restless and apprehensive. She was going away in the evening, to Antwerp, and we did not know when we should meet again. We envied the people in the street below, as they strolled about with no thought of impending leavetakings or long journeys.

As we talked and watched them, from between the flower boxes, we saw them crowding about a newspaper seller, snatching his papers, gathering in groups to discuss their contents. I went downstairs to buy a paper, saw a headline, 'Chief-of-Staff Röhm dismissed!'

Röhm dismissed! Hitler's bosom companion and thou-friend, Minister of the Reich, creator and Commandex of the Brown Army, brave but bawdy soldier, homosexual in chief, Captain in the German, General in the Bolivian Army.

Back on my balcony, while Nadya packed, I pondered the bare announcement when I saw another newspaper man, with fresh supplies, come round the corner from the Tauentzienstrasse, where the trains clanged unconcernedly by. In an instant a group of people were about him, clamouring for his papers. He could not serve them fast enough, the group quickly grew to a crowd, he turned and ran, the crowd ran after him and hemmed him in against a wall, he turned this way and that, hugging his precious newspapers against him and trying to escape, but they tore them from him. Another moment and he stood there without newspapers, lucky to retain his clothes.

Again I dashed down and after a struggle procured a newspaper. Röhm shot. Ernst shot. Spreti shot. Spreti, Spreti? Ah yes, Count Spreti. Other Nazi leaders had their blonde lady secretaries; Röhm had his blond young aides-de-camp. Count Pretty, we had called him. I thought with regret of the curly-haired, ladylike Count Pretty. I had seen him a week or two before, in a most becoming uniform, all looped and tasselled and braided, walking with Röhm through the Tiergarten. About the same time I had seen him at Röhm's elbow on the night that Röhm sang us a stentorian song of praise about his three million Storm Troopers. Now Count Pretty had ended in a pool of blood, beside his chief.

Heines shot, Heydebreck shot, Hayn shot. All men who had gone on fighting after the war, against the Poles in Silesia and the French in the Ruhr, men who had been with Hitler from the start, men who understood nothing but soldiering and fighting, products of the fifty years of blood and iron that began in 1864 and reached their explosive climax in 1914. The National Socialist revolution was eating its children.

Hullo! General von Schleicher shot. Frau von Schleicher shot. The revolution was devouring some that were not its children.

Nine names were contained in this first list of the dead on June 30th, 1934.

An official statement on July 7th said, 'Although it is known that the number of traitors shot is under fifty grotesque figures are being bruited about.'

Seventy-seven was the number given by Hitler in his speech of self-exculpation on July 13th.



Some years later I lent a German diplomat in another country Konrad Heiden's book about Hitler. In the chapter about the great clean-up of June 30th are the words, 'The number of dead cannot be stated. Three hundred is the probable minimum, one thousand not improbable'.

In the margin against this passage when I got the book back I found the pencilled note '1,176!'

I believe this is the exact number of the persons shot in Germany on June 30th, 1934.

Nadya had a few hours to spare and we took the car and drove through the town to see what was afoot. Groups of Berliners stood discussing the news. Röhm shot, Röhm to whom Hitler On January 30th had written, 'On the first anniversary of the National Socialist revolution I am moved, my dear Ernst Röhm, to thank thee for the imperishable services which thou hast rendered the National Socialist movement and the German nation and to assure thee how thankful I am to Providence that I may describe such a man as thee as my friend and comrade.'

Ernst shot, Ernst who a few weeks before had been sent on the streets with other Nazi stars with a collecting box for some Nazi charity and had been mobbed by thousands of adoring Berlin flappers.

I drove past the Press Club in the Tiergartenstrasse, which had a tennis court in its garden on which the windows of the Reichswehr Ministry looked down. I had played tennis there that morning, with Quentin Reynolds, I think. The Reichswehr Ministry, the father of this mass execution, had towered above us, placid, inscrutable and invulnerable. Sometimes an officer or a woman clerk came to a window and watched the play for a moment, then disappeared, and the Reichswehr Ministry resumed its wonted featureless calm, with no sign of hurry or worry or even life, while at Munich and out at Lichterfelde and even in the Wilhelmstrasse half a mile away men were being shot in bedrooms, in prison cells, against walls, in offices, in their flats.

Then I drove on past the Bendlerstrasse, until there was a block in the traffic, and a taxi coming from the opposite direction halted alongside me. In it sat a woman, weeping. She neither looked right nor left nor dried her eyes, but just stared straight in front of her and the tears ran down her face and I watched her until the jam of cars broke up and she was carried past me. She was young and rather pretty and, I suppose, somebody's wife. That morning, as I imagine, her husband had been a Nazi star, with a smart uniform, an expensive car, cohorts of saluting subordinates, and they were both living in a brave new world and now quite suddenly he was dead and she didn't know why.

I saw on the kerbstone a friend, a Spanish Catholic journalist, and stopped to have a word with him. He was talking earnestly to another man I recognized, a young diplomat who was a collaborator of Herr von Papen, who as a Catholic and a Papal Chamberlain was regarded with some hopes by those who complained of the alleged persecution of the Catholic Church in Germany, a thing of which I saw little sign. My Spanish friend came and told me that Bose and Jung, other collaborators of Herr von Papen, had been shot, and asked if I could take in and hide the young man he was talking to. But I had no quarters to offer.

That night all Germany sat at the loudspeaker, waiting and waiting for some explanation of these events and at long last we heard Göbbels's voice, describing that fantastic midnight flight of Hitler to Munich, his motor-dash to the conference of all high Nazi Storm Troop commanders which he himself had summoned at Bad Wiessee, the shooting of the men who but yesterday had been the white flower of German chivalry - Röhm the soldier of fortune, Ernst the bell-boy, Heines the murderer and homosexual who as Police Chief of Breslau and Silesian Storm Troop Commander had had power of life and death over millions of his fellow countrymen.

I had seen Heines, often enough, but the most interesting occasion was eight months earlier, at the Reichstag Fire Trial, where his murder and his homosexuality, both general knowledge but always denied, had both been openly proclaimed before the Supreme Court of the German Reich.

You will find some of these things hard to believe, but you can check them up.

He was a big, blond fellow, good looking but for the indefinable something that betrays the homosexual. In that astounding trial he told the Court, 'I now admit that I dispatched a traitor to that place where traitors ultimately belong'. He had now been sent, as a traitor, to that very place, together with Röhm, who in unveiling a memorial to the assassins of Rathenau a little earlier had praised their act as 'a manly deed'; and had now seen what a manly deed looked like from the muzzle end of a revolver. ('The National Socialist Party repudiates political murder as a weapon', said Hitler in his funeral oration about Gustloff, the Nazi leader shot by a Jew in Switzerland in 1936.)

The way Heines's well-known homosexuality was flourished before the Supreme Court was amusing. He had been accused, wrongly, by the anti-Nazi Brown Book published in London of having been one of the Nazis who entered the Reichstag through the underground tunnel and fired it. He came before court with a newspaper cutting and photograph showing that he had on that night spoken in Gleiwitz and with a hotel keeper to prove that he had slept there.

This hotel keeper produced the receipted bill paid by Heines. That unfortunate Dr. Büniger who presided over the great trial and was during the course of it faced with so many unexpected problems, bless his innocent heart, in examining it said to the witness, 'There are two names on it - Herr Heines and Herr Soundso. Who is Herr Soundso?' The hotel keeper shuffled his feet, coughed and said, 'Er, Herr Soundso shared Herr Heines's room', the red-robed justices modestly dropped their eyes, and Dr. Büniger, suddenly seeing a yawning chasm before him, hastily passed on to the next point.

Now little Göbbels stood at the microphone and told us all about that midsummer night's nightmare. His voice trembled with some emotion, possibly pent-up indignation, I don't know; bloodthirsty little Göbbels, who talked so bravely of cannon and wars, had that day for the first time rubbed shoulders with murder and sudden death. He was the loudest spokesman of the discontent for which Röhm and the others had now paid the death penalty, the loudest prophet of the 'second revolution', and he had only in the nick of time changed over to the side that held the butt end of the revolver.

He told us, in accents of hushed horror, of Hitler's raid on Munich and Wiessee, of the awful discovery of Heines in bed with a youth -- 'this throws a vivid flash of light on conditions in Röhm's circle' -- and the arrest of the 'mutinous Storm Troop Commanders'.

Not so Göring, when he strode into the room the next day to address the assembled legions of the international press, invited by himself. His week-end had done him as much good as a holiday in the country.

Here was no longer the raving, red-faced incoherent Göring of the passage at arms with Dimitroff; he was clear-eyed, brisk, in perfect control of his nerves. He told how he had suppressed, at Hitler's order, the Berlin end of the alleged mutiny, how he had 'extended his mission' and had his fellow Reichswehr General von Schleicher shot - and Frau von Schleicher. He had in the preceding forty-eight hours ordered the death of dozens of men, many of them his comrades for years in the struggle of National Socialism for power. He was as cool as a cucumber.

Twelve days later, on July 13th, I again looked down from the gallery of the Kroll Opera House and watched Hitler getting up to make his speech of self-exculpation. There were eloquent gaps in the ranks of deputies. The atmosphere of the House was as taut as a bowstring.

I looked curiously at the people in the packed public galleries, breathlessly waiting for Hitler to begin. There were priests, Reichswehr officers, old women, young women. I was staggered afterwards by the unanimity with which they all rose at him in jubilant ecstatic approval. I knew that the Nazis had been growing more and more unpopular in the country, and that there would be a fierce exultation among masses of Germans at the thought that some of the more detested figures had been hoist with their own petard. But, after all, these very men had been cheered to the echo by enormous crowds wherever they went but a fortnight before. Now these same millions just as rapturously cheered the smashing of yesterday's idols. None asked 'Were they guilty?'

Hitler's speech that day really needs a book to itself, a book which would marshal against each statement the evidence for and against. It is a mass of demonstrable mis-statements. The great plot, from which Germany was supposed to have been saved by this midsummer massacre, had as little real existence as the great Communist rising for which the Reichstag fire was supposed to have been the signal, and from which Germany was saved by similar measures.

Three years later Stalin in Moscow had a very similar clean-up, shooting or imprisoning numbers of his bosomest friends and closest collaborators and also some Red Army Generals. The German press described that operation, in terms of unmeasured contempt, as political gang warfare springing from the basest motives of fear, treachery and lust of office. But when the same things were said abroad about the great Hitler clean-up of June 30th the rulers of Germany were stung to the quick.

Dictators, these men of blood and iron, are highly sensitive to criticism. Protected from it at home, they wince like a salted snail, to quote a Wodehousean simile, when the outer world puts their domestic methods under the microscope. Thus Hitler was really upset by Low's 'Double Cross' cartoon, which showed the Storm Troopers standing with hands up before a Hitler with a smoking revolver and said 'They salute with both hands now'.

Hitler unfolded to an enthralled Reichstag the story of the great plot. It was a long rigmarole, but the gist of it was that Röhm, wishing to acquire control of the army, had plotted with other senior Brown Army Commanders to rise at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June 30th, seize all Government buildings, arrest Hitler, and murder non-Nazi members of the Government. Ernst, Brown Army Commander in Berlin, was to lead the rising. 'Under these circumstances', cried Hitler to our rapt selves. 'I had only one course open - ruthless and bloody intervention'.

Well, well. I have hardly any illusions left, but when I look back on those days and that speech I am still staggered by the gullibility of mankind. The mutinous Brown Army Commanders who were to storm Berlin on the afternoon of June 30th, were in the morning of that day all gathered at Bad Wiessee, a remote Bavarian spa about as far from Berlin as any place in Germany, whither they had come hotfoot at the personal order of Hitler himself, who there had the ones who were to be shot arrested and the others sent home. They were hundreds of miles from Berlin and from their own Brown Shirts.

Ernst, who was to lead the attack on the Wilhelmstrasse on June 30th, was on June 30th at Bremen with his newly acquired wife, about to embark on a honeymoon trip to Madeira. The *Bremer Nachrichten*, which could not foresee on July 3rd what Hitler was going to say on July 13th, announced his arrest on June 30th at Bremen and transport by air to Berlin - where he was shot.

So much for the great plot. Many other picturesque details were woven into the bloodcurdling story. Schleicher and Strasser were both in it, having conspired with Röhm. Both were shot.

Schleicher and Strasser on June 30th paid the price of an intrigue which, whether by accident or judgment, they had never begun. Von Schleicher, incidentally, was sitting writing letters in his flat at Zehlendorf on that pleasant June afternoon when the SS forced their way in and shot him and his wife. Their maidservant, a good, simple soul who was not used to such goings-on, afterwards rushed downstairs in a hysterical state and talked loudly about what had happened in the shops of the local tradespeople, but after an hour or two she disappeared and was not seen again. I hope nothing unpleasant happened to her.

All sorts of other dark figures appeared in the great plot, as related to us by Hitler that day - Communists and reactionaries and an unnamed foreign power generally assumed to be France. Everybody seemed to have been in it.

For instance, there was Dr. Klausner, a high government official, who would not have been seen dead with Röhm if he had had any choice in the matter, and would probably have been among the first victims if Ernst and his Brown Shirts had really seized government buildings, for he was an ardent Catholic churchman and head of the Catholic Action and the spokesman of that body of militant Catholic opinion which actively resented the attitude of the Brown Army towards the Church.

He was shot in the Ministry of Communications and the Minister, Baron von Eltz-Rübenach, a retiring nobleman who had been left at this non-political Ministry in virtue of the promise to Hindenburg to keep the Government one of 'National Concentration', rang his Nazi colleague Frick at the Ministry of the Interior and said plaintively, 'They've just shot Klausner in the next room', and Frick answered, 'Yes, and they'll be shooting a good many others', and rang off.

In Papen's office Bose was shot and Papen himself was led away in arrest and only owed his life to the patronage of Hindenburg, a coat of mail against which the Nazi leaders still feared to strike. For Papen on June 17th had made that famous speech at Marburg where he warned Hitler against 'the second revolution' for which the bolder Brown Army leaders, irritated by the sight of big business and inherited privilege and military exclusivity still deeply entrenched, were clamouring - the speech in which he said, 'A free press ought to exist to inform the Government with open and manly statements where corruption has made its nest, where bad mistakes have been made, where the wrong men are in the wrong place, and where the spirit of the German revolution has been sinned against. A third revolution can easily follow a second and he who threatens the guillotine comes the sooner under its knife'.

It was a speech mainly aimed at Göbbels, the most hated of the Nazi leaders, who furiously hit back at Papen through his newspapers with references to 'armchair critics', 'effete aristocrats', and the like, but by June 30th Göbbels had in the nick of time seen the danger and he was at Hitler's side in the midnight aeroplane dash to Munich. And Papen's collaborator Jung, who wrote the speech, was shot, just having the time to scribble the letters 'SS!' on the inside of his bathroom cupboard before he was led away, to be returned later to his relatives inside a small urn of ashes, but Papen, the buoyant, the cheery, the indestructible, went free.

All sorts of other ancient scores were paid off on this day. For instance, old General von Kahr, who had suppressed Hitler's 1923 Putsch, was now seventy-eight years old and living in retirement in Bavaria, was taken out and shot.

So was Scheringer, a fine-looking lad, idealist to his fingertips, the best type of German. At the famous Reichswehr trial in 1930, when three young officers were charged with spreading Nazi sedition in the army, Hitler was called as witness and made his famous promise that 'Heads will roll when we come to power'. One of the three officers, then held up as national idols and martyrs by the Nazis, was Scheringer. He little thought, as he listened to his Leader, that his own head would roll. In prison he had ruminated about things and discarded his National Socialism, deciding that Communism alone could save Germany. He had openly said so, and now he had paid.

At Hirschberg in Silesia a local SS commander, hearing that shooting was going on, took out four Jews and shot them, this being one of the relatively few instances in which Jews actually lost their lives.

The most unfortunate man in the great plot was that Dr. Willi Schmidt, who was music critic of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, and had never had any connection with politics but whose godfathers and godmothers at his baptism had unwisely conferred on him the same not uncommon name 'as a blacklisted Brown Shirt commander. He was executed, to make sure. But generous amends were later made to his widow and four little children; a personal aide-de-camp of Hitler called and expressed regret for a painful mistake.

Hitler on that day offered a choice of reasons for the executions. Not only the great plot, but homosexuality - he laid emphasis on that. The private habits of the Röhm clique were intolerable, he said.

When men become rich or powerful their shabby friends are a nuisance. Röhm's homosexuality, openly proclaimed and angrily denied, had not bothered his chief during the struggle for power, nor prevented him from recalling Röhm from Bolivia to become his Chief-of-Staff.

I hope you haven't heard this one, stop me if you have, but I should like to tell you what the great clean-up of June 30th was really about.

On one side you had millions of Brown Shirts angry at the failure of National Socialism, after eighteen months of power, to fulfil its promises. The working-class parties had been suppressed, their leaders imprisoned, the trades unions had been dissolved and their property confiscated, the workers had lost the right to strike or collectively to bargain about wages - yes. But big business had been left alone, the big landlords sat undisturbed, the army remained the close preserve of the generals and the military caste, into which no stranger might venture, and wages were falling. The Brown Shirts felt they had been fooled and sang on the march this parody of their Horst Wessel song:

Die Preise hoch, Kartellen werd'n geschlossen,  
Kapital marschiert mit ruhig, festem Schritt,  
Bankdirektoren werden Parteigenossen  
Und für den Sozialismus sorgt Parteigenosse Schmidt.

(Up with prices, form your trusts,  
Capital is on the march, steady, firm and fit,  
Directors of Banks now march in our ranks  
And Socialism's in the charge of Mr. Comrade Schmidt.)

The good Herr Schmidt, Minister of Economics, was the able representative of big business who looked after Germany's economics under National Socialism until Dr. Schacht came.

On the other hand you had big business deeply suspicious of the increasing clamour of the Brown Shirts for Socialism, the big landlords still mindful of National Socialism's promise in pre-power days to expropriate big estates, and the army determined not to yield control to interlopers like Röhm. You also had millions of private citizens detesting the behaviour of the Storm Troop commanders, their self-aggrandizement and self-enrichment, their expensive motor cars, their squandering of public money, their interference everywhere.

Then bear in mind three things:

(1) Hindenburg could not live long. He was commander-in-chief. When he died Hitler would become commander-in-chief. The army did not know whether Hitler was for Röhm-Göbbels-Ernst-Heines and the discontented Brown Army or whether he was with the army, big business, big banking, big landlordship. If he were on the side of the 'second revolutionises' he himself would have to be displaced. That was only possible so long as Hindenburg, the commander-in-chief, lived. Otherwise the army would have to revolt against its own commander-in-chief and it had never done that. Therefore the blister must be pricked, Hitler's submission sealed in blood, before Hindenburg died.

(2) German rearmament impended. Instead of a few score thousand Reichswehrmen Germany was to have an army of millions, with a vast and entirely new air force, legions of tanks, hundreds of batteries - a soldier's dream of the most roseate hue. The generals were determined not to let control of the army pass out of their hands into that of the Party and the Brown Army, least of all when this marvellous prospect of promotion and new battalions was just opening to them.

(3) Röhm and his group feared that National Socialism would repeat the mistake of the Socialists and leave the army as the exclusive property of the military caste, a weapon that might one day backfire. They wanted the formation of a revolutionary people's army, in which the Brown Army and its leaders should have the last word. They wanted measures against capital. They had no plot to rise in Berlin, seize Government buildings, arrest Hitler, murder Papen and the like. The facts of June 30th prove that. It is a fairy-tale that could only find credence in a country where the bulk of the population is of a child-like gullibility and has no access to information. But they did want control of the army, and said so. They thought Hitler could be brought to see things in this light.

If you put these three things together you will understand the clean-up. The generals knew that Hindenburg, their commander-in-chief, was dying, that Hitler would be their next commander-in-chief, that in a few days or weeks they would have to obey him or openly mutiny - a thing the Reichswehr had never done. It was a race with time. Röhm and his upstart commanders must at all costs be disciplined, Hitler be brought to heel, before the Old Gentleman died.

They timed their move perfectly. Hindenburg died four weeks later.

Not treachery, not homosexuality, not a plot, was the reason why Hitler killed Röhm. Hitler had the choice of disappearing himself, dead or alive, who knows, but at all events of going, of stepping down from his hardly-won Chancellorship, or of ruthlessly disciplining the Brown Army and smashing its dreams of interference with the army, once and for all.

That is why Hitler's speech to which I listened that day, though tremendously long, contains only one all-revealing passage, which tells everything. Speaking of the alleged Röhm-Schleicher plan to make Röhm Reichswehr Minister in place of General von Blomberg, he said:

'It would never have been possible for me to approve of a change in the Reichswehr Ministry and to appoint Röhm ... My promise to President von Hindenburg to preserve the army as an unpolitical

instrument of the Reich is binding from my deepest conviction and from my given word. But such an act in respect of the Reichswehr Minister would have been impossible for me as a man. I and all of us are happy to see in him a man of honour from tip to toe ... Any such idea would have been an act of disloyalty to Field-Marshal Hindenburg and to the Reichswehr Minister and also to the army itself. There is in the State only one bearer of arms - the army.'

You could not desire a more complete submission than that. Röhm paid the price of hoping to do what the Socialists never dared to attempt. By the clean-up Hitler insured himself against the only force that could overthrow him, the army, at the very moment when, with Hindenburg's death impending, it would have overthrown him rather than suffer any interference with its prerogatives and with plans which it considered vital for Germany.

Thus General von Blomberg, twenty-four hours after the cleanup, praised in his order to the army 'the soldierly resolution and exemplary courage' with which Hitler had laid low 'traitors and mutineers'.

'The army', he said meaningly, 'as the bearer of the entire nation's weapons will prove its thanks by devotion and loyalty.'

Thus Hindenburg's last telegram thanking Hitler 'for saving the German nation from a grave danger'. That may be true, but the danger was not the Great Plot.

And when Hindenburg died von Blomberg's first act was to have the army sworn in undying loyalty to its new commander-in-chief William the Second, watching from Doorn, must have thought back to wartime days when he, the Supreme Warlord, was the prisoner of those imperative Generals Hindenburg and Ludendorff at Headquarters, who had also sworn undying loyalty. In February 1938, when Hitler dismissed a dozen generals, the Party got some of its own back on the Army, but the last word has not been said.

But on this day in the Reichstag Hitler curdled Germany's blood and swept Germany off its feet. How they rose at him when he said, 'In this hour I was responsible for the destiny of the German Nation and for twenty-four hours I was the supreme court of the Reich myself'. They loved that. Near me was a stout woman with a shining, good-humoured face. She drank in his words in deep draughts and looked at her neighbours to see if they were enjoying it too and beat her hands together, which were encased in black kid gloves, and the Protestant Priest sprang to his feet and gave the Hitler salute, and the grim-faced Reichswehr officers jumped up and stood at attention and there was a thunderous Hoch! that nearly took the roof off at that passage about Hitler having acted as avenging angel himself for twenty-four hours. As he sat down he wiped something from his eye. It may have been a tear.

That was the end of it. I had overestimated the effect of June 30th on the German people. I thought some of them had had a lasting shock. Not a bit of it. Nobody had really cared about Röhm and the rest, although scores of thousands of Germans had cheered them wherever they appeared. Nobody, except a few widows, cared about Schleicher and Strasser and Scheringer and old von Kahr and the unhappy Willi Schmidt.

It was all quickly forgotten. As I drove back to my rooms the streets were quiet again. The trams were clanging to and fro, people were thronging to the theatres and cinemas, the guests in the cafés were already turning from the startling front pages to the sporting news, the boys and girls were coming in on their bicycles from the countryside and stopping off at the ice-cream shops to refresh themselves. How small a thing is the killing even of several hundred people in the life of so great a

country. And except in war itself the great majority of the people suffer no direct consequences from the vendettas of the politicians. They just marvel, and go their way.

I went with Nadya to the station. We were both unhappy at the severance, possibly for good, of a valued friendship. The late train, the one that I had so often caught for England, bore her away from the Bahnhof am Zoo, and we both waved until we could see each other no longer. Then I strolled back to my rooms. It was a perfect June evening.

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## Chapter Nineteen

### MECKLENBURG IDYLL

Uncle William sat on his chair by the lakeside, his enormous straw hat over his eyes, drowsing in the sunshine. A good-humoured old gentleman, very popular with the children of the farmer who hired him in England, when he was a prisoner of war. He led an idyllic life now, by this Mecklenburg lakeside. He just pushed his boats off, and as they drew away he folded his hands over each other and flapped them like a bird's wings, in farewell; it was his one little joke. When they came back he tied them up and went on drowsing, until his busy wife called down the garden that his dinner was ready.

The whole village was like that. True, the grocer, who had sailed about the world as a sailor on North German Lloyd ships, had a wider horizon and some interest in Insanity Fair. He was just intelligent enough to be stupid, suspected my camera, with which I took snapshots of the bathing beach and the lake, gave me, for some private motive that I distrusted, a hint that a big aerodrome was being built 'just over there'. German rearmament wasn't my business, except such news of it as the Germans themselves published, and I kept clear of him. Perhaps he was a peace-loving man, who disliked these new preparations. Perhaps he was a spy maniac; the nation was being reared to that mania.

The only other man who had seen the outer world was old Hans Sturm, the bathing-beach attendant, with his Kaiser moustache, who had served in German East Africa. Now he dozed, in his shady corner, like Uncle William in his.

All the rest were just village people, who thought only of fishing and farming and milling, and not even the *Völkischer Beobachter* or the *Lokal Anzeiger* could really ripple the even tenor of their ways.

I loved it. The lake was wide and long, the sun warm, you could bathe where you wanted, you felt yourself growing fitter every minute. In the evening there was a restful inn, and a glass of beer and a glass of korn mix well together before you go to bed with a book. The storks were everywhere. Out in the lake was a little island, with an English princess buried on it.

You couldn't have found a more sleepy and peaceful place for a fortnight snatched from a turbulent summer.

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## Chapter Twenty

### HINDENBURG GOES TO VALHALLA

In the early morning I listened to little Göbbels's voice announcing 'The office of the Reich President is united with that of the Reich Chancellor, and the former powers of the Reich President are now invested in the Führer and Reich Chancellor Adolf Hitler', and then I turned a knob and heard an emasculated voice from London proclaiming the death of Germany's Grehnd Old Mehn.

Somebody should found a society either for the abolition of Grand Old Men or of meaningless clichés indiscriminately applied to anybody who is sufficiently old, just as the Nobel Peace Prize is automatically awarded to the Foreign Minister of any Great Power which has not actually declared war in the preceding year, but if it is given to a pacifist like Ossietzky after years of martyrdom in concentration camps, a storm of protest immediately arises.

Hindenburg had died in the night of August 1st. Hitler, having cleaned up the Brown Army and made his submission to the Grey Army, now seemed to reign supreme. But his power was not boundless. If he ever breaks that pledge to the army Hitler, as I think, will have to go, unless the spirit of the German changes vastly. Göring realized that from the beginning and that is why he, son of a general and himself an officer, quite early in the National Socialist regime made himself a Reichswehr General and habitually wears that uniform. Thus he early booked himself a place on the right side for June 30th.

Hitler became the master of Germany, pledged to respect the wishes of the army, big business and big landlordship. Papen's calculation proved right in the end, though by delayed action, and though he himself had come near to losing his life, had lost all immediate hope of office in Berlin, and was marooned in Vienna. Papen, who flew to Germany for all the big festivals and was always prominent on the platform, never lost hope of a come-back, but was eventually recalled.

But on this morning, when events were too near to be seen in perspective, Hitler seemed to be absolute lord over sixty-six million Germans. Twenty years to a day had passed since the German armies had set out to fight the world and now the old Field-Marshal, their commander, was dead, and the Bohernian Corporal was Führer of the Reich.

A week later I watched him rise to deliver the funeral oration. An unforgettable sight. There we all were, gathered together within the octagonal walls of the bleak fortress-like memorial to Hindenburg's victory over the Russians at Tannenberg in East Prussia. Here the enemy had for the only time in the war trodden German soil. Here Hindenburg had driven them back - but not before the Russian incursion had compelled the Germans to withdraw troops from France, and stop the drive on Paris and begin the retreat from the Marne. I thought back to the retreat from Mons in 1914 and to the German drive that nearly reached Paris even in 1918. I too paid my silent homage - not to the Prussian victors of Tannenberg but to the Russian losers. But for them I might not have been sitting there, citizen of a prosperous victor State.

The eight square towers of the memorial, built on cold, hard, Prussian acres, cut hard, cold lines against a clear blue Prussian sky. I had never understood the spirit of Prussia so well. On the ramparts between the towers stood immobile German blue-jackets. On the greensward enclosure stood immobile Reichswehr regiments, the best-looking troops I have ever seen, square jaws set against the fine lines of the German steel helmet. All around me, on tiers of encircling seats, sat officers of the old Imperial Army.

It was as if the German Army of 1914 had sprung from the earth. Swagger lancer helmets sat jauntily on heads from which every scrap of hair had vanished. Pickelhauben glittered over clamped lips, monocled frown, scarred cheeks. Gold-encircled paunches dwindled down to thin legs encased in dainty shining kneeboots. Pomp and circumference. But here and there sat a young lieutenant in the grey of the new Reichswehr or the blue of the new Air Force, bronzed, fit, hard as nails, fine-looking lads.

Down the steps, a blazing mass of colour, came the Ambassadors and Ministers-Plenipotentiary with their military attachés, and the foreign military delegations - the scarlet and gold of the Brigade of Guards, the sky-blue and emerald green plumes of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian army, and many more.

Ranked before Hindenburg's coffin sat the men who had made the new Germany. They were all there, Göring in his general's uniform in the front rank, Oskar von Hindenburg, soon to be relegated to country squiredom, old Oldenburg-Januschau in a tiny helmet and a uniform swathed round his corpulence until it cascaded down into leather gaiters, Papen with a flaring green sash, Blomberg erect and soldierly, little Göbbels chatting away somewhere at the back, Mackensen with the gleaming silver death's head on his hussar's busby and his own face looking like a painted death's head with the sunken eyes and the lurid patch of colour on his withered cheeks.

And Hitler. With the eyes of the world upon him he strode across the greensward to the dais before the coffin, the manuscript of his speech in his hand. He glanced at it, paused and said something to the aide-de-camp behind him, who hurriedly fumbled in the leather wallet from which he had taken the speech, found nothing and whispered a reply. Hitler paused uncertainly a moment, then mounted the dais. They had given him the wrong funeral oration. He began to repeat the speech I had heard him deliver the day before in the Reichstag. An excruciating moment. He only spoke a couple of paragraphs of it and then, apparently feeling that to read the whole thing again would be too stupid, he laid aside his manuscript and spoke freely.

But he could not remember much of what he had prepared, so that after a few improvised sentences he let off his great set-piece, 'Dead Field-Marshal, now go to Valhalla!' That was Hitler's own, or I am a Martian.

And Hindenburg's body, with Reich Bishop Müller of the Evangelical Church and a Roman Catholic Bishop reverently watching -- was removed to Valhalla -- one of the eight towers of Tannenberg Memorial, after the shortest funeral oration on record.

The great concourse split up and surged down the tiny village street to the station, and the great special trains drew out, until Tannenberg was left again to its few hundred inhabitants and to Hindenburg.

I had travelled all the previous night to Tannenberg, and had had an exhausting day and now had another night journey ahead. In the late evening, I got out at Schneidemühl to write and telephone. As I left the station the Hitler Youth went marching past, and suddenly several lusty youths were all around me, threatening violence if I did not salute the Nazi flag. The weary explanation 'Foreigner' made them withdraw, sullenly.

A small town, a dark street, a search for a hotel, tip-tap, tip-tap in a small room, a long wait for a telephone call, a hurried meal, back to the station in the small hours, a train, Berlin at breakfast time. A wire was waiting for me to say that my mother was dying. I caught the midday train and travelled all night to London.

When I arrived she was dead. She had had little happiness. But when I came on leave, from the war, from Europe, she had always been there, sitting at the window, watching the buses go by, eagerly peering at the passers-by to see if a crony were among them. I walked behind the modest coffin, with its few flowers, saw it lowered into the ground. I felt bitter. I walked out of the little flat for the last time, down West End Lane, past Fortune Green, went back to Germany.

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## Chapter Twenty One

### GERMAN LEAVETAKING

I stood in the street at Cologne, in the shiny polished street where the reflection of the street lamps soaks in like golden paint. I had a couple of hours to wait between trains, about midnight and was using the time for a last look at Cologne.

The great cathedral towered above the station square, faintly luminous in a starry night. At the corner coloured lights gleamed in the window of the Gegenüber shop, where Eau de Cologne was born. I took leave of them both. I strolled down to the Rhine, which remembered me at once, and we exchanged reminiscences of that voyage with Hindenburg from Ludwigshafen to Coblenz, of the disaster in which our mutual friend the Mosel was concerned, when the bridge collapsed at the Deutsches Eck. I said good-bye to the Rhine. 'Heil Hitler!' it seemed to call after me. 'Grüss Gott!' I replied.

I walked at random through the streets, and paid my last tribute to them. The dignity of these German cities, on the North Sea and Baltic coasts, along the line of the Rhine, in South Germany. The order, the cleanliness. No muddle. no litter, no slums. Good houses, good flats, everywhere baths and sports grounds, cheap rail and tramcar fares and easy access to woods, lakes and rivers. Above all, a noble cleanliness, an immaculacy in every detail that to me was the finest thing in Germany.

I thought with depression of the vast areas of slum and semi-detached squalor in my native London. Years afterwards, in Vienna, a friend of mine who had come from Haifa in Palestine told me how he had heard Jewish emigrants there singing German patriotic songs. In spite of everything they could not conquer their longing for Germany. I know how they felt.

Heinrich Heine, the Jew, after twelve years of exile in Paris wrote:

If in the night I think of Germany  
Sleep flies from me,  
I cannot close my eyes again,  
Hot tears run down my cheeks.

Wolfgang Langhoff, not a Jew but a German whose bestial sufferings in a concentration camp you may read, left Germany only because he could not work there again and then sick at heart, so that he wrote:

'What is happening in Germany now is not truly German, or at least only part of it, the ugliest part. Those who speak to-day of their love for the Fatherland, of German virtues, and German character, and who in their fight use murder, treachery and all the dark methods of barbarism as weapons, are not justified in calling themselves the best sons of my country.' And you probably know the story about the two Jewish fugitives from Germany who came out of a Vienna station just as Starhemberg's anti-Nazi Heimwehr were marching by. They watched a moment and then one said to the other: 'They're not a patch on our Storm Troopers, are they?'

I was leaving Germany, after many years. I took my last walk through the streets of Cologne, went into a bar and had a drink with a smiling Kölnerin, went into a café where the solid and stolid citizens were watching a late mannequin parade of the provincial type, continued my way to the station, contemplating the few people still abroad.

As my train pulled out, and I watched the lights of Cologne receding, I realized with a sudden shock that my feelings on leaving Germany were of envy for this country and the people that lived in it. I sat up and took myself seriously to task. Had I been dishonest with myself in my abhorrence of Hitlerism? I put my feelings under the microscope and with relief detected the flaw.

The envy I felt was for the Germany I had learned to know and love long before Hitler came to power, the Germany that is in many important things a model for the world and preserves these qualities and virtues intact, whether under the paternal eye of the little Grand Dukes or the rule of an Emperor, an Ebert, a Hindenburg, a Hitler.

This Germany, whether she conquer Europe in a new war or be defeated - really defeated, this time - will always be there. Life within her boundaries will be more or less pleasant, according to the way things go.

In present circumstances I was on balance glad to go. All the good things did not compensate for the feeling of being battened-down and gagged. And so, much as I loved her, I did not murmur *Auf Wiedersehen* as after seven years I left Germany behind.

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## Chapter Twenty Two

### YEARS THAT THE LOCUST

A few months after Hitler came to power I had gone to England on leave. Before leaving London for the country I sought out a certain important man and told him what I knew - that Germany was rearming day and night, that a fierce desire to stage a come-back was being instilled into the Germans, that the danger of a new war was looming larger and nearer, and that England should not delay a moment in rearming herself.

It was all true. In Germany the entire energy of the nation is concentrated on militarization. I should doubt whether a nation has ever been so completely and thoroughly reared to think exclusively of arms and warfare. You start when you wake up and stop when you go to sleep, provided you do not dream about these things. Your education in these matters begins in the nursery and finishes with the grave.

The child that learns to read gets as a birthday present a book, which might be called Little Adolf and The Big Bad World, describing how Little Snow White (Germany) was set upon by wicked neighbours (England and France) jealous of her beauty, prowess and possessions, how she nevertheless would have overcome them but that she was stabbed in the back by an Evil Spirit (Marxism), and how one day Prince Charming (Adolf) freed her from her abasement. Adolf ('Ah, the lad was doughty!') had been accustomed in his youth to play war games with his comrades, and the other boys played the Frenchmen and Adolf and his friends the Germans, and Adolf always won!

Then it goes on, through schooldays, when you begin your military training as a member of the Hitler Children and then of the Hitler Youth and learn from teachers who have all had to pass the test of political orthodoxy and racial purity, until the time comes when you serve your year in the Labour Corps, which makes you a complete soldier except that you carry a spade on parade instead of a rifle, and then come your two years conscription, and after that, if you want to get on in life, you probably become an SS or an SA man. If you are anybody at all you do not stop wearing uniform all your life. Even the good Baron von Neurath, after five top-hatted and tail-coated years as Hitler's Foreign Minister, was put into SS uniform when Mussolini went to Germany in September 1937, so that he should not spoil the picture by being out of dressing.

Your morning, midday and evening newspapers depict the world for you as a battlefield, with Germany engaged in an endless struggle with relentless, vindictive foes, whose only aim in life is to keep Germany down. From time to time the fore-most foes of yesterday -- Poland and Italy -- become overnight the bosom friends of to-day, but you do not find anything strange in that, you know that Hitler often moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform but is always right, and you stop hating Poland and Italy and worrying about your German brothers oppressed in the Polish Corridor and the South Tyrol and hate somebody else. Unspecified but implacable enemies are always about you plotting your downfall.

Your illustrated newspapers feed you, year in year out, with pictures of soldiers and warfare and tanks and aeroplanes and artillery. When you go to the cinema the news reel is full of similar scenes. Turn the knob of your radio and the same story fills your ears. Parade follows eternally upon parade. Heil Hitler Deutschland Über Alles Die Strasse Frei Die Reihen Fest Geschlossen Fridericus Rex Fest Steht Und Treu Die Wacht Am Rhein. 'Germany needs space to live and breathe'; 'Germany needs bigger families - bonuses for young newly-weds, bonuses for babies.'

Like the massed brass bands of a thousand regiments, the patriotic cacophony beats about your ears, numbing all thought. You read periodically that the People's Court has sentenced spies to death. Sometimes they are women. They are beheaded. Spy mania becomes a part of your life. One fine night at a Hitler Youth holiday camp little Hans Schmidt goes out to relieve himself. Little Fritz Meyer hears him and calls 'Halt! Who goes there? The password'. Little Hans Schmidt giggles. Little Fritz Meyer shoots him dead. 'I thought it was a spy.'

Your organization against air attack is a marvel of perfection. The lofts and garrets of every house in the city have been cleared of inflammable material. Every house in the city has its Air Raid Warden, its Fire Fighting and Nursing Squads. Your gas- and bomb-proof shelters are ready. Every man has his allotted post, every woman her allotted basin.

You do not throw away a cigarette packet or an empty milk tin, because these things are needed for pulping or melting down for re-employment by a Germany surrounded by foes who would like to starve her out.

And your army grows bigger and better, your tanks and guns and aircraft more numerous. You are ready.

These were the things I told my influential acquaintance in London on a summer's day in 1933. He listened to me indulgently, warming his behind at an empty grate in the English fashion.

'I think you are wrong,' he said. 'I believe Hitler will prove to be a force for peace in Europe, like Mussolini.'

For the first time I fully realized clearly the spirit of ostrichism that was abroad in England. From that refusal to face the facts all the present trouble has sprung - yesterday, Abyssinia; today, Spain and China; tomorrow, who knows what? My warning was only the warning that all Englishmen living in Germany gave early in 1933. In November 1936, when British rearmament had at length got under way, Stanley Baldwin, answering in the House of Commons charges that the Government had 'failed to make any preparations in 1934', said he had not told the country 'Germany is rearming and we must rearm' because 'I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election from my point of view more certain'. By waiting until 1935, he added, 'We won the election with a large majority.'

So now you know why you are not told things. It may have been good strategy, I don't know, the future will show. 'A democracy is always two years behind a dictator', added Mr. Baldwin. I don't see why that should be true; in this case the democracy was not allowed to make up its own mind.

A nation that in wartime was told the full truth about the battle of Jutland, and took it without a tremor, in peacetime is treated by its leaders as an elderly aunt might treat a flapper; 'hush dear, it isn't necessary for you to know these things'.

The question of the near future is whether we shall be able to make good these two -- in my opinion three -- years in time.

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## Chapter Twenty Three

### HITLER AND EDEN

Sir John Simon was in a facetious mood and falsetto voice. 'You must not expect', he said, 'to get anything out of me, I am an old hand at dealing with the press.' We of the world's newspapers smiled dutifully. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Now we knew why we had been summoned.

We were in a reception room of the British Embassy in Berlin. Unexpectedly I found myself there again. Sir John had just come from the famous interview with Hitler. Behind him sat Anthony Eden, deep in thought. Sometimes he got up, paced restlessly about, sat down again. We wondered what the German dictator had said. 'Anthony looks to me as if he had had a bad time', said Victor Gordon-Lennox, standing next to me.

A shrewd piece of intuition, and right. Little by little, sometimes months or years later, you get at the truth. Long afterwards I met a diplomat in Paris who had met Sir John when, returning to London, his aeroplane landed at Amsterdam, and in the few minutes before the flight was resumed had heard from him how the floodtide of Hitler's oratory had swept over and dismayed himself and Eden. His demands for Germany and his information about Germany's rearmament had been alarming beyond their fears. England's future Foreign Minister, if he had had any doubts, learned that day what he was up against. He had heard hair-raising things. No wonder that Eden was restless and worried. Even then he did not know the worst. For Hitler had assured them that, although he had torn up the Peace Treaty, he would respect the Locarno Treaty, and a year later he tore that up too.

The great European line-up had begun. For two years the British Government had stilled the country with the milk of reassuring statements about German rearmament. Now the fat was in the fire - and is still in. A few weeks before this day somebody, Heaven reward his confiding heart, had in an English newspaper pleaded compassion for a Germany 'unarmed and defenceless amid a world of foes'. Statements about Germany of the same stratospheric ignorance are frequent.

Now, the spring of 1935, the facts had to be faced. The rearmaments race had begun. Europe began to look like a two-headed, bewildered figure remarking breathlessly, 'That's rearmament, that was!'

On March 4th the British Government issued its White Paper expressing the anxiety aroused everywhere by the dimensions of German rearmament and the spirit in which Germany was being bred, and announcing that it would really have to think about rearming soon if this went on.

On March 5th the French Government announced its decision to increase the term of conscripts' service from one to two years to make good during the five lean years the decline in the strength of the French Army arising from the fall in the French birthrate during the war years from 18.8 to 11.3.

On March 10th Göring announced that Germany 'already had an air force', *und was für eine*, and began to build the biggest Air Ministry of all time in the Wilhelmstrasse, 3000 rooms in all.

On March 16th the German Government reintroduced conscription, which meant on paper a standing army of 600,000 men, but actually many more.

And on March 25th Simon and Eden went to Berlin to see if anything could be saved.

Before they went I looked down from the press gallery of the House and listened to Simon's statement about his coming visit.

It was not inspiring or reassuring. A bird's-eye view of Baldwin, looking bored and scratching his nose, was not impressive. Sir John Simon said something uninformative - 'Whatever comes out of this Berlin visit it is not going to be some sudden and surprising result', and so on. Lansbury, Dear Old George, said something about peace and the bestiality of war. Sir Herbert Samuel, suave and Jewish, expressed cultured misgivings about this and that. Maxton alone said something that really showed knowledge and the courage both to face facts and speak the truth, but then he was a one-man party and you knew that the House only listened to him because he was impotent.

So it went on, with murmurings of dissent or approbation, and somebody in a wig said something, and on a back bench sat a lady member with whom I had lunched in Berlin and on another back bench sat a young man with whom I had played golf, and I thought of Germany and contrasted what I had seen there with what I saw here.

Was salvation to come out of this assembly; Twice an enormous majority -- which meant that for years to come the Parliament would in effect be simply a lecture platform -- was secured by a device not altogether dissimilar from the Reichstag fire. The first device was the Zinovieff letter, an old wives' tale, and probably a fairy-tale at that, which stampeded the electorate. The second device was the undertaking to lead the world against Italy in the Abyssinian episode, an undertaking dropped as soon as the election was over. And the result was that you got a House with an impregnable majority and an impotent and ineffective minority, in which fatuous questions were asked (Mr. Thurtle: 'Is it not against Standing Orders to impute motives?') and important questions were calmly ignored (An Hon. Member: 'Is it true that German howitzers have been mounted on the Moroccan mainland to cover the British forts at Gibraltar?' - No answer was returned) and in which Ministers expounded one policy one day and exactly the opposite policy a few months later but on both occasions professed the highest moral indignation against the critics of their policy.

When I was in England I had always voted Conservative, but as I looked down on the House of Commons, with the picture of Germany in my mind, I could not think for whom I should vote if I ever voted again. I would have voted Winston Churchill or Maxton or A. P. Herbert, or even Lloyd George, except for his temporary aberration when he went to Germany and swallowed the Hitler-is-sincere bait, hook, line and sinker. They seemed to me the only men with intellects and feelings comparable with those of the great Parliamentary figures of the past. I could not imagine myself voting Conservative or Liberal or Labour. In this Parliament voices were often raised in defence of cruelty and injustice and against humanity and freedom, statements were made about vital matters in foreign affairs that I knew to be untrue, Government speakers often hoodwinked the public, the masses outside were like children groping in the dark for lack of accurate information -- for instance, about German rearmament -- and yet the Government always claimed to have acted in this way or that from deference to public opinion.

Then the House rose, and I rose too, and we all went off to Berlin.

And Hitler told Simon and Eden that Germany was already as strong in the air, within her frontiers, as the British Royal Air Force throughout the world!

Just four months earlier Baldwin had told England, 'It is not the case that Germany is rapidly approaching equality with us. If Germany continues to execute her air programme without acceleration and if we continue to carry out ours at the present approved rate, we estimate that we shall have in a year's time in Europe a margin -- in Europe alone -- of nearly 50 per cent.'

My flesh crept when I read that statement. Consider it carefully and you will realize some of the perils England has been spared as yet, you will realize why Anthony Eden looked worried when he left Hitler. And even then neither he nor Simon had realized the awful truth. They thought Hitler meant that the German air force was as strong as the home air force of Britain. But he meant the British air force throughout the world - and as strong as or stronger than, was what he said. This was only realized a fortnight later.

Later Baldwin stated that he had been 'completely misled'. The Air Minister, Lord Londonderry, resigned, but after the lapse of another year he announced that he had not misled Baldwin. So if you want to know who was responsible, close your eyes and take a pin. At all events, you now know what you get for your income tax.

Such was the plight into which ostrichism had led England three years after Hitler. Nobody who lived in Germany in those years can ever understand how that extraordinary under-estimate of German rearmament and the spirit behind it came to be made and authoritatively presented to the British people.

That was not all Hitler told his visitors. He confirmed Germany's intention, revealed by the proclamation of conscription, to have the biggest land army in Europe. And he said that Germany, with her modest coastline, required one-third of the strength of the British Navy, which has a worldwide Empire to defend.

So the great Berlin interview was over. A fruitless meeting, except that it had opened the eyes of British Ministers. Simon flew to London. Eden and the rest of us took train for Moscow and the next stage in the European line-up.

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## Chapter Twenty Four

### MOSCOW EXCURSION

At first I felt more as if I were going to a fun fair than entering Soviet Russia. Across the railroad was a flimsy metal arch that carried the words 'Under World Communism Frontiers Will Disappear' written in electric bulbs. It was like Hampstead Heath or Coney Island. For the present, this particular frontier was very much in evidence.

Once across, that battened-down feeling fell upon you that the discerning traveller experiences in a State based on terror and the secret police. You have the same feeling in Germany, Italy or any other dictatorship State, if you live there. It comes from the knowledge that you must keep your mouth shut, that you have no real liberty - and are liable to arrest and imprisonment without trial if you do not keep your thoughts to yourself.

All around stood soldiers and police wearing long-skirted greatcoats that reached nearly to the ground and gave them a curious air of immobility exactly matching the inscrutability of their faces. On either side of the track, stretching as far as you could see, and beyond that I suppose to the Baltic and the Black Sea, ran barbed wire entanglements, and whether their primary use is to prevent people from entering or leaving Russia I don't know. I went into the station to send off a telegram and immediately made the acquaintance of Mother Russia, for there, instead of a slick clerk with some more-than-human machine for counting out money and delivering change, sat a flurried woman in a shawl who did all her calculations with the aid of beads on a wire frame, the sort of thing that children play with in England.

So this is Russia, thought I, as we sped on our way through a featureless, cold and darkling landscape. Our coach was a special one that the Tsar had used, very gilt and plush, and one of the loudest speakers I have ever heard lavished the Moscow radio programme upon us, and we ate chicken and drank wine and talked with Ralph Barnes and Bill Stoneman and some other American correspondents who had come down to meet us from Moscow, and it was all very warm and cheery, and I only hope lots of other people in Russia that night were as warm and well-fed, but I doubt it.

Moscow Station was all beflagged with Soviet Banners and Union Jacks, affectionately linked together. Neither the blue nor the stripes of the Union Jacks was quite right; they had evidently been made in Moscow for the occasion, and a pretty thought too. On all sides stood Red dignitaries and Red soldiers and OGPU soldiers, and far across the Station Square, under ample police supervision, stood a fringe of Muscovites, poorly-dressed, agape, nondescript. I wondered what they thought, these Russians in the distance, about England, England who had fought them in the Crimea, who had so often been on bad terms with them in the next fifty years, whose ally they had been and whom they had helped to save in 1914, who had sent troops against them in 1918.

Perhaps they did not think at all, they seemed irrelevant to the scene, these expressionless, drab crowds in the distance, silently watching. They were the first Russians I saw, and they immediately got me into trouble.

The two great British institutions represented by Eden and myself had never sent a representative to Soviet Russia until now. The British Government had never, until Germany proclaimed conscription and brandished her fist publicly, had to consider the awful possibility that England might one day in self-defence have to take Soviet Russia as an ally, so that British statesmen had

never gone to Moscow. My paper had never sent a correspondent to Moscow because of the Soviet censorship.

Thus our two visits were both great events, each in its sphere. The Soviet Government had repeatedly complained about Russian news being published from Riga and asked why a correspondent was not sent to Moscow To See For Himself, and the answer was always Censorship. So my arrival was in the nature of a prospecting tour. Before I had been there five minutes the Soviet Government started quarrelling with me about the most trivial thing. For I wrote that Eden had passed through streets lined with 'drab and silent crowds', I think that was the expression, and a little Jewish censor came along, and said these words must come out.

I asked him if he wanted me to write that the streets were filled with top-hatted *bourgeoisie*, but he was adamant. Such is the intellectual level of censors. The censorship department, and that means the whole machine for controlling the home and muzzling the foreign press, was entirely staffed by Jews, and this was a thing that puzzled me more than anything else in Moscow. There seemed not to be a single non-Jewish official in the whole outfit, and they were just the same Jews as you met in New York, Berlin, Vienna and Prague - well-manicured, well-fed, dressed with a touch of the dandy. I was told that the proportion of Jews in the Government was small, but in this one department that I got to know intimately they seemed to have a monopoly, and I asked myself, where were the Russians? The answer seemed to be that they were in the drab, silent crowds which I had seen but which must not be heard of.

I went to Moscow with feelings of strong sympathy for Russia - not for Bolshevism, which I guessed to be a political racket like Fascism and National Socialism, but for Russia and the Russians, a sympathy born of that great service they had rendered my country in the war, for without them, I thought, we should have been lost.

Moreover, I felt that their revolution was good in its origins and motives. The Bolshevik Revolution was born in the agony of Russia, an agony endured in a common cause. It was a revolt against intolerable tyranny, and at first was inspired by brilliant economic theories.

It was the convulsive upheaval of a nation tortured and exploited beyond endurance, a desperate effort to throw off an age-old tyranny and achieve better things. In the event power passed from one gang to another gang, and none can yet say what will ultimately come out of the Bolshevik Revolution for Russia. But the books of Bruce Lockhart and Negley Farson show how Russia was driven into this revolution by her own leaders, how in Moscow and St. Petersburg profiteers and swindlers and trollops and all the other poisonous scum that comes to the top in wartime wallowed in champagne and furs, while Russian soldiers were being driven on to the barbed wire without decent boots.

The desperate longing for peace of a people bled white, plundered and starved by the ghouls that fatten on war produced, in a world at war, the Bolshevik Revolution.

Ambitions for conquest, revenge, and the resubjugation of the masses produced, in a world at peace, the Fascist and National Socialist regimes.

I thought about these things as I wandered about Moscow, and although Mussolini had not then begun to make Abyssinia a land fit for Neros to live in, and the Germans and Italians and Moors had not started to save Spain from the Spaniards, and the Japanese had not yet begun to defend themselves against the Chinese in China, I felt what was coming in the world. The European line-up had begun, and the signs were that the British Empire would have to let itself be saved by Russia

again, with loud protests from Hove and Harrogate, or hand over the British Empire in instalments to Germany.

Thus I was particularly interested to meet our potential ally. The Bolshevik Revolution is not yet old enough for the upper classes in England to appreciate the musical merits of the 'Red Flag' and the 'Internationale', as they do those of the 'Marseillaise,' nor has the Crimean coast yet had time to attain the popularity of the French Riviera, which plays an extremely important part in international politics, as I think, for the equanimity with which many people of large possessions regard war seems due to the fact that war has never yet spread to the Riviera.

I strolled about the Red Square and looked at Lenin, who they say is a wax model, if not he keeps remarkably well, and marvelled at the Kremlin from without and afterwards from within, when I was shown its amazingly fine collections. I felt I would have loved Russia, but I could see that you would never be allowed to love Russia. I knew the signs of a police State, from Germany, and saw that here too a foreigner, though entirely surrounded by Russians, might stay for years and never enter the life of the people. They would be too scared to know him. He would remain perpetually alone, his circle confined to other foreigners, his life limited to Legation teas, an unfelt flea on the hide of the colossus Russia.

But nevertheless I loved it as I drove past the Kremlin on a fine March evening, with the towers black against a darkling sky of cold and brilliant blue, and I said how the place impressed me to Victor Gordon-Lennox and Ewer, who were with me, and Norman Ewer, mistaking my meaning, said 'Yes, they have done something', and Gordon-Lennox, with an urbane glance at the golden cupolas of the Kremlin, said imperturbably, 'Well, they didn't do that'.

He is a most urbane man, and his comments on men and affairs, always to the point, always amusing, never laboured, never malicious, brightened these and other hours. He was treated by the Soviet dignitaries with the especial esteem due to a member of a ducal house.

We were a goodly company on this journey. A. J. Cummings, a good friend of democracy, freedom and the rights of man, had on a previous visit to Moscow felt that there was much to be said for the Soviet case in the trial of the British engineers, and had plied a powerful pen in that belief, so that he was received with ostentatious respect. After that incident he became something of an expert about trials, and during a visit of a few days to the Reichstag Fire Trial confided to me his conviction that van der Lubbe had fired that massive stone structure alone.

In my hotel I had a bed of heroic dimensions and the biggest though most ancient bath tub I had ever seen, with the hottest water, and meals of such ostentatious plenty that I began to suspect them.

Also I had a series of telephone calls from unknown but friendly ladies, a thing that mystified me, because my colleagues were not similarly honoured, and my face, although it had healed well from the burns of 1918, is not of the kind that makes the female population abandon all reserve for the sake of knowing me, but afterwards I found that my predecessor in this room had been an enterprising American, the news of whose departure had not yet reached the outer world.

It was an efficient hotel, one of the two or three still maintained for the shelter of foreigners, I believe, and in the hall was a list of the excursions you might make. Bars and beauty spots were lacking, but it contained such items as a visit to the home for reformed prostitutes, a thing I had no time to see.

The one urgent hint I had had from Soviet circles before leaving London for Moscow was not to forget a tail-coat, white tie and medals, and in the proletarian capital I spent a great deal of time in these clothes. My war medals, indeed, I wore for the first time in Moscow. In the evenings there were receptions, and vodka and caviare, and all around just the same crowd of tall and short, fat and thin people, all looking rather absurd in evening clothes and orders, that high society produces anywhere.

And then Litvinoff proposed the health of His Britannic Majesty King George V, and somewhere in darkest England Colonel Blimp wrote to the papers to say that the news had nearly made him sick at breakfast. I wonder why. Because Litvinoff was Russian? Russia was our ally. Because Litvinoff was not Russian, but a Jew? His Britannic Majesty had had Jewish Ministers. Because people were shot out of hand in the Soviet Union ('Hand in hand with Murder')? Innumerable British peers and baronets found their way to Hitler's dinner-table not long after the great clean-up; Hitler's most constant admirers in England are found in these classes. No, I think Colonel Blimp must have felt sick because to him Litvinoff stood for that gang of cloaked and bearded foreign crooks far away who were conspiring to take away his two-seater.

I broke away for an hour or two from Central Moscow and the beaten tourist tracks and went looking for the real Moscow. I found it. Streets long out of repair, tumbledown houses, ill-clad people with expressionless faces. The price of this stupendous revolution; in material things they were even poorer than before. A market where things were bought and sold that in prosperous bourgeois countries you would have hardly bothered to throw away; dirty chunks of some fatty, grey-white substance that I could not identify, but was apparently held to be edible, half a pair of old boots, a few cheap ties and braces. Shades of the Caledonian market!

And then, looking farther afield, I saw the universal sign of the terrorist State, whether its name be Germany, Russia, or what not. Barbed wire palisades, corner towers with machine guns and sentries. Within, nameless men, lost to the world, imprisoned without trial by the secret police. The concentration camp, the political prisoners. In Germany the concentration camps held tens of thousands, in this country hundreds of thousands.

This was the thing that I detested in every country where I found it, this cruelty, this inhumanity, this injustice, and this was the reason that, whatever else I found to admire in them, and whatever else I found to criticize in other countries, I always came back with relief to those European countries where so much of reason and right at least as yet remained that men cannot be imprisoned or killed without trial - to England, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Czechoslovakia.

Then the Soviet Union gently but firmly took hold of us all again, Eden, Litvinoff, the attendant journalists and the rest, and took us for a drive through Moscow's one and only underground. Moscow Overhead was tumbledown and out-at-elbows; in Moscow Underground we travelled through gleaming marble halls with blazing lights in the charge of spick and span officials. The splendour of it took our breath away, and at last we came to the surface again to breathe. It was the best Underground I had ever seen, and when it was opened, a little after, the Muscovites spent their time and pennies travelling round on it for the fun of the thing. Next to being thrown off a tower in a parachute at the Culture Park, Moscow's Fun Fair, more or less, it was their most popular amusement.

Then we were all wafted away again, and the next thing you knew I was sitting in the Moscow State Opera. Eden, very Balliol and well groomed, was in the ex-Imperial box, the band played 'God save the King', and the house was packed full with men and women, boys and girls, who, judged by Western standards, I put down as members of the proletariat, but no, I was told, the

proletariat isn't so lucky, these were the members of the privileged class which the Proletarian State is throwing up, higher officials, engineers and experts.

On the stage far below they danced 'Swan Lake'. It was one of the loveliest things I ever saw, a superb performance that held me spellbound. The ballet has survived the revolution in glory not much diminished.

By day Eden talked about the outlook in Europe, with Germany becoming mightier in arms than ever before, to Litvinoff and then to Stalin. Few people in the western world would recognize Stalin if they saw him in the street, whereas Hitler or Mussolini would immediately be mobbed, and yet he seems to be in many ways the greatest of the world's dictators, he rules over a sixth of the world's surface and 160,000,000 people, and as far as you can judge from outside he seems to be more of a tyrant in his own right than they and less the instrument and prisoner of powerful groups.

Stalin lives immured in the Kremlin and is seldom seen. Very few people were present at his meeting with Eden and a camel might more easily pass through the eye of a needle than a journalist enter the Kremlin or learn what transpires there. But the advantage of my profession is that you make many friends. You meet to-day at Athens a man you knew yesterday in Paris, to-morrow in Peking a friend you once had in Madrid. I had such a friend in Moscow and he told me some of the more interesting things that had transpired.

So that night at the British Embassy, while Lord and Lady Chilston sat talking before the fire in the big drawing-room, Eden with Lord Cranborne and Strang and young Hankey received us in a little room with chintz-covered sofas and chairs, and I said, 'Mr. Eden, I can't ask you to tell me what Stalin said to you, but I have heard from another source something of the conversation. I'll tell you what I have heard. Will you tell me if it is wrong?'

'That's fair enough,' he said. 'Go ahead.'

'I'm told,' I said, 'that Stalin asked you if you thought the danger of war greater or less to-day than in 1914, that you answered less, and that he gave reasons for holding the contrary view, saying that in 1914 there was but one nation whose expansionist ambitions held the danger of war, while to-day there are two, Germany and Japan. Is that wrong?'

'No,' he said, 'it's not wrong.'

'And I am told,' I added, 'that he expressed respect for the German people and their qualities and the conviction that an attempt to hold down or isolate such a nation in the middle of Europe would be vain, but that nevertheless Germany was in a dangerous state of mind to-day and precautionary measures were necessary for the peace of Europe.'

He nodded.

'And,' said I, 'I hear that at one moment in your conversation he glanced at a map which showed the little island in the Atlantic which is England and the sprawling mass over Europe and Asia which is Russia, and in reference to England remarked that it was strange to think that the issue of peace or war lay in the hands of so small a country.'

'Isn't it uncanny,' said Eden, turning to Cranborne, and then to me, 'How do you do it? Were you hiding under the table?'



Thus is the news born. So much of what Stalin said was known next morning to people reading their breakfast newspapers in England. Eden found in Stalin, the most closely cloistered dictator of them all, remote in his Kremlin, a man with an astonishingly intimate knowledge of what is afoot in Europe.

The Moscow talks went on, with indignant cries of 'What about Communist propaganda?' coming from the Diehard strongholds in distant England. I took the opportunity of passing propinquity to ask Litvinoff, at one of those white-tie receptions, 'What about Communist propaganda?' 'Ah,' he said, in his guttural English, 'Communist brobaganda is a vord that beoble use when they vant bad relations with Soviet Russia.'

How right he was. Communist propaganda in twenty years has not made a revolution in any single country. Indeed, the world revolution cannot come through propaganda, but only through a world war. The Soviet Government does not break off relations with States which maltreat their Communists. It enjoyed excellent relations for many years with Italy. Personally, in all my experience in many parts of Europe, I never found any evidence that streams of Russian gold flowed in to foment unrest, but if I had been Prime Minister of any of these countries I should have been only too glad to see the Russian gold coming in, knowing that my police were fully able to look after my Communists.

Thus Eden did not ask Litvinoff 'What about Communist propaganda?' because he knew that Communism is among the least of the anxieties of the police throughout the British Empire, and that, although the Soviet Government could not be expected to make penance at the shrine of Mammon in a white shroud, Communist propaganda financed and controlled from Russia is in these days about as dangerous to England -- in peace -- as an attack by Martians.

At the end that historic declaration was issued containing, among more formal and less important things, the statement that:

'There is at present no conflict of interest between the British and Soviet Governments on any of the main issues of international policy.'

That is the key to the matter. Russia does not want anything that England has. Germany does. She wants British colonies, to begin with. Russia has too many troubles, too many problems, too many people, too much territory. She can only lose by war. Germany claims that she has too little territory for too many people; her avowed aim is territorial expansion.

When Eden went to Moscow he found the age-old suspicion, now more deeply rooted even than under the Czars, that England is behind every threat to Russia's frontiers. The Soviet rulers had not failed to notice that many prominent people in England and some newspapers were in sympathy with the idea that Germany should have 'a free hand in the East' if she would only keep the peace of the West.

Now this Russo-German war, as the map shows, is an extremely difficult thing to bring about. I don't see how the two can get at each other., They are like Kipling's East and West - never the twain shall meet. But still, leading Nazis have expounded this idea of carving slices off Russia, and the Soviet was naturally suspicious about it, and convinced that the British Cabinet itself was not of one mind in this matter.

Eden's visit, and the statement about 'no conflict of interests' somewhat reassured them. England, under the shock of German conscription and Hitler's bombshell about the German air force, was at that time leaning to the belief -- imprinted on the butter pats at a lunch given by Litvinoff to his

guests -- that 'peace is indivisible', that collective European resistance to aggression anywhere must be organized.

But now, after Abyssinia and Spain, who knows? By 1938 he would have been a clever man who knew just what was British policy. It often looked like the policy of the jelly-fish, which is to be trodden on and sting faintly in expiring, or like that of the Gadarene swine, which is to hope that you will stop running.

Like an old gentleman drowsing with a handkerchief over his face on an English lawn in June and made irritable by the noise of distant thunder across the channel, British Toryism has begun to think about foreign policy since Germany, rearmed, re-entered the lists, and, making a simple calculation, has decided that England ought to make friends with Germany ('The Great Bulwark against Bolshevism') and let her have her 'free hand in the East'. Let Nazi dog eat Bolshie dog. Then we can arrange the handkerchief over our face again and resume our nap. Hitlerism will thus save us from Bolshevism and Bolshevism from Hitlerism.

I don't think it will work out like that.

But the next time Hitler received a British Minister, two and a half years after Simon and Eden's visit, Lord Halifax had no longer been charged to invite Germany into an all-European collective peace scheme, but only to 'explain to Herr Hitler the desire of the British Government for the swift completion of a new Western Pact, as a guarantee of the security and *status quo* in that part of Europe'.

That sounds like 'Leave us alone and we shan't watch you too closely elsewhere'.

True, the periodical clean-ups in Soviet Russia do make it a little difficult for a British Government to make up its mind about Russia.

But the basic fact remains - that Germany wants something that England has and Russia does not.

At Moscow station the drab and silent crowds had gathered again. The Union Jacks and Soviet banners remained affectionately linked. We all shook hands and boarded the train. Litvinoff took leave of Eden with the words, 'I wish you all success, for your success will be our success now'.

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## Chapter Twenty Five

### FEATS OF MEMORY

F. W. Memory versus the Soviet Union; an impressive sight. Memory is as big a man as the Soviet is an empire, but no fat, all muscle, a journalist of rare robustness. He is the man who for weeks on end trailed the monster of Loch Ness, a beast so elusive that his colleagues invented the slanderous theory that the Monster of Loch Ness was Memory himself.

He will not share a sleeping-carriage with anyone else. I don't like it myself but did not feel equal to undertaking something that Napoleon had failed to do, but Memory searched the hotel until he found someone who was supposed to allot sleeping berths and insisted on a compartment to himself between Moscow and Warsaw, and this man, wise in his generation, said smoothly, 'Yes, yes, that will be all right', and cashed in, and when we got to the station there we all were packed into the one sleeping-car two-by-two, like the animals in the ark, with nobody on the train who spoke English or cared a hoot about Memory's lien on a compartment to himself.

Then an angry Memory appeared at the door of the sleeping-car, oblivious of the Red Army and the OGPU and the Soviet Government and all the paraphernalia of leavetaking that was going on around, and called on God and man to witness that he had paid for a sleeping compartment to himself and meant to have it. Russian train officials looked vaguely in his direction and said Nitchewo or whatever Russians say and then looked away, but gradually the awful majesty of his mien attracted them and they began to look at him with interest. as if he were some strange animal, and the upshot was that, with Memory speaking only English and nobody else understanding anything but Russian, Memory was left in triumphant occupation of his compartment and somebody else's luggage was cleared out and somebody had to sleep on the roof as far as Warsaw, I suppose. A famous victory.

Memory could lift a fifteen-stone man with either arm, and later, on Warsaw station, we made him do it, and then we experimented to see how many men were needed to lift Memory, and I think it was fifteen.

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## Chapter Twenty Six

### NEWSPAPER MEN

Travelling swiftly through a Russian night, behind steamy panes, we drank vodka and talked of newspapers and newspaper men, of journeys in the Near and Far East, of politics and wars. We compared our passports, chock-full of visas in Latin, Cyrillic, Arabic, Japanese, and Chinese characters. Between us, we had been all over the world.

The House of Commons is called the best club in London. The confraternity of journalism is the best club in the world. It is the most comradely of crafts. You have friends wherever you go. There are no barriers of race or creed. You fly on some mission, and when you land you find men you know. You speak several languages, the hopes and fears of Croats and Ruthenians and Walloons and Basques become as familiar to you as those of your own countrymen.

You speak with kings and dictators and statesmen in the full pride of power, and you see them sitting miserably in exile in a dingy coffee-house in Prague. You see a man, the almost forgotten ex-ruler of a Balkan country, dining quietly in a London hotel, and then you see him as King George of Greece in his palace in Athens. You see vast crowds thronging to acclaim King Edward VIII of England as he drives to the Abbey, you eat your schnitzel in a half-empty Vienna restaurant while the Duke of Windsor eats his at a neighbouring table.

At the Stresa Conference I met an American journalist who a dozen years before had reported another Italian conference, at Genoa, with an Italian colleague, called Mussolini. I don't think he would have changed places. I know I wouldn't.

You travel about Europe by car and train and ship and aeroplane and gradually the chaotic pieces of the jigsaw puzzle form themselves into a complete picture before your eyes And gradually you realize how little you know.

If ever I have to leave journalism I shall say with real regret *adieu la très gentille compagnie*. Good friends, good colleagues, great journalists. The best journalists of them all served their best years in Germany after the war. No other country so stimulates a man to write as did Germany between the Armistice and Hitler. There was Edgar Mowrer, who had to leave under open threats against his life, after he had written *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. The Americans, for some reason, write better books than the Britishers, and this book of Mowrer's, published just at the moment of Hitler's advent, was perfectly timed.

The Americans have a great gift for timing. John Gunther's *Inside Europe*, published just when the great British public was thinking that it would really have to get out the atlas and see where Czechoslovakia is -- or is it Yugoslavia? -- was a miracle of timing. After its appearance the international expresses and the main streets of Europe's capitals became filled with English families firmly grasping their *Inside Europe*, to show that they had primed themselves with Inside Information, and that Europe had better not try any nonsense with them. Peace hath her horrors no less renowned than war. After it was published, an angry German journalist of my acquaintance, who held that Gunther's book was just another Marxist view, went about saying that he intended to write a book called *Inside Gunther*.

Knickerbocker's *Germany, Fascist or Communist?* was another well-timed book. It was always a joy to see that Texan's red head, now in the restaurant of the Gare du Nord at Paris, now in the lobby of the League of Nations, and the next day you heard of him in Abyssinia, and after that in

Spain, and then again in China. Their books, like Vernon Bartlett's writings and talks, are monuments to their knowledge and judgment and to the service that good journalists render their countrymen.

Norman Ebbutt's dispatches were paid the greatest of all compliments - they were read by his own colleagues all over the world. A man with a profound admiration for Germany, who in pre-Hitler days was often held up by the German Press as a model foreign correspondent, he was expelled from Germany amid torrents of abuse and anonymous threats on his life after the British Government had requested three Germans to leave England on account of their political activities.

Sefton Delmer, Karl Robson, and Gilbert Panter -- the last two also expelled, Panter after a spell in prison without the preferment of any charge -- were others of that company, and Pembroke Stephens, also expelled and later killed at Shanghai.

Those great days of journalism have faded. The American Press continues to give a freely-drawn and accurate picture of European events. British correspondents, less staunchly supported by their Government than their American and French colleagues, have become fair game for anybody who wants to vent a little bad temper.

'The German Ambassador was informed that a deplorable impression would be created by Mr. Ebbutt's expulsion' - this means in modern diplomatic parlance, 'Go ahead if you must, it will all be forgotten next week'. Not even the domiciliary rights guaranteed to British citizens under the treaties with foreign powers are upheld for British journalists. They can be kicked out at will, without any specific charge, just as a propagandist stunt.

Doing the job for which they are sent out, they are coming to be treated rather like spies in wartime - people you must have but for whom you take no responsibility and to whom you give no succour. Thus the news about dictator countries is coming to be supplied to British newspaper readers less and less by specialists and more and more by titled or other dilettanti who go out for a few days, without knowledge of language or conditions, to see for themselves, and are feasted and Cook's-toured.

Viscountess Snowden, the widow of that Socialist leader who was a good Socialist as Socialists go, and as Socialists go went to the House of Lords, made the following discoveries about Germany in 'five days' intensive search for the truth at the centre of affairs in Germany:

'There is no antagonism to England in this country.'

'On the contrary, there is an earnest desire on the part of Herr Hitler and his people for friendship with England and if it should rest with him and them there would be no war.'

'But there is a sad and growing conviction that nothing the German spokesmen can say or do will advance by one iota those fraternal relationships which ... are so ardently desired if they can be honourably achieved.'

'The secret of Herr Hitler's power lies in his selflessness and his sincerity.'

'He is a simple man of great personal integrity.'

'I would not hesitate to accept his word when promised.'

'Labour has achieved a new dignity.'

These things are all there, waiting to be seen, as plain as a pikestaff, by anyone who takes the trouble to go to Germany for five days and find out 'the facts about this new regime'.

But on this night in the Moscow-Warsaw train these things were far away. The vodka was invigorating, the dining-car warm, we were good company; somewhere in another part of the train Eden and his staff sat busily working out dispatches for H.M.G.; Warsaw, Prague and London lay ahead of us, and after that, who knew, but at all events something interesting.

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## Chapter Twenty Seven

### EDEN

'Do you know who your pilot is?' said Memory to me. 'He's the man from whose machine the two sisters jumped the other day and the man who lost the gold flying over France.'

'Help!' said I. '*Alle guten Dinge sind drei*. All things go in threes. Something is going to happen to us.'<sup>[see footnote]</sup>

We were on Prague Aerodrome and for the first time since the Armistice I was going to fly. For seventeen years I had taken pains to avoid the air, but I badly wanted to be in on the last stage of that famous trip round Europe. Of all the Foreign Officials and journalists that had left London ten days before all that were left, in the aeroplane bound for London, were Eden and young Hankey, his secretary, and Gordon-Lennox and myself.

With an eye for prospective misadventure that seventeen years on the ground had not dimmed I studied the lay-out of the aerodrome, the direction of the wind, and the weather, and then I looked at the pilot to whom such curious things happened and hoped that there was no danger of falling out of his machine.

Prague lay behind us, with President, then Foreign Minister, Benes waving good-bye on the aerodrome. Eden had seen him and heard what the people who lay within twenty minutes reach of Germany's mighty new air force were feeling nowadays.

Behind Prague lay Warsaw, where Eden had seen a very different kind of man, the head of another country liberated by the war, Poland. The old dictator Marshal Pilsudski, the man who had been imprisoned both by the Germans and Russians in the days of Poland's struggle for freedom, was a dying man when Eden visited him. All that could be learned in Warsaw was that Poland, since she had made a favourable standstill agreement about her own frontiers with Germany, was pretty well satisfied and did not intend to join any line-up against Germany, whereas Czechoslovakia, with German aerodromes springing up like mushrooms on her frontiers, was looking for a powerful friend as quickly as possible and, with France, soon found one - Russia.

I studied the man who, as I then felt sure, would before long be England's Foreign Minister. I had lunched with him at the Carlton before we left London, watched him as we toured Europe. Everybody knew that Sir John Simon would not remain Foreign Minister. He may not have been responsible, but he had been Foreign Minister during the period when England, having escaped by the skin of her teeth from the greatest war in history fifteen years before, leaving a million dead, had allowed the defeated enemy to rearm and outarm her overnight. The first fruits of that period of quivering inertia have been Abyssinia and the seizure of the Rhineland and the tearing-up of treaties and the German and Italian invasions of Spain, and the last fruits - well, we shall see.

I knew that Eden must be Foreign Minister before long, his record was good and his school tie right, and that he might even be Foreign Minister when the next war came.

Now, as we left Prague behind and made towards the German frontier, behind which the countryside was buzzing with military preparations, we flew over land that bade fair to become the next cockpit of Europe. He pored intently over the English newspapers, fresh out from London, to see what England was saying about that cordial encounter in Moscow. This was the chink in the armour of any British Foreign Minister. What would the England of Blimp say to the prospect of

having one day to combine in arms with the country that had tampered with the laws of private property - for that was what 'no conflict of interests on any major international issue' meant. What was the Press saying, what would the Cabinet say, what would the House say, the Party, the Constituencies?

On this magic-carpet tour of Europe I saw a man who worked like a bee, who carefully spared his strength to be fit for his job. He had been a Brigade Major, he knew something of Europe and European languages, which was a gain. He had seen Hitler and Stalin, knew what to expect from Germany and Russia. I felt that he had a grasp of realities, but I wondered whether he would be able to surmount a task calculated to daunt any but a statesman of granite.

He succeeded to a fiasco in Abyssinia which has left all Europe on the rack of apprehension, and that was not his fault, and the Spanish tragedy grew out of the Abyssinian one, and both were the offspring of that period of ostrichism in British policy between the advent of Hitler and the belated beginnings of British rearmament.

That day in the aeroplane, with Berlin and Moscow behind him, and the pitfalls of Abyssinia and Spain still hidden in the future, it must have seemed to him that England and France would have to get Russia on their side quickly if they were to survive against Germany rearmed. Because the obvious alternative at that time -- a German-Russian alliance -- was too awful to contemplate. Since then Germany has so committed herself to her triangular anti-Russian front with Japan and Italy that that danger has receded - but not vanished quite.

We headed north, bound for London and the House of Commons and explanations and debates that would change nothing. At Leipzig the British Consul and his pretty wife paid their respects to England's Lord Privy Seal, and then we were off again, bound for Cologne, and in a few minutes I was kicking myself hard for ever having been foolish enough to break that Armistice pledge and take the air again.

It was a foul trip, the worst I ever made, for in the war you flew by sight, and when the weather became so bad that you couldn't see the ground you came down, quickly. But now we flew into thick cloud, and then suddenly snow was beating about us, and the machine was thrown here and there and let down with a bump into a deep void and then again rocketed upwards and given a smack on one wing and a smack on the other and a bang on the solar plexus and a kidney punch that sent the tail spinning round.

No channel crossing had ever turned my stomach, nor did this flight, though it was worse than the worst channel crossing I had ever made, but that was not what worried me. I knew that we were flying over wooded and mountainous country, with no hope of a forced landing, and although I knew that pilots nowadays had wireless and instruments that told them exactly where they were and exactly how to get to Cologne without seeing the ground once, still I did not believe this and when Gordon-Lennox passed me a slip of paper, which he still has, with the words 'Do you think we can get down?' I wrote 'Yes' without any conviction, and I was not far wrong, for a few days later, in precisely the same weather and over this selfsame stretch of country, a Dutch air liner, for all its instruments and directional wireless, banged into a hill and was destroyed with seven occupants.

But just as I was thinking '*Alle guten Dinge sind drei*' again, the pilot throttled back his engines and dropped through the clouds and there was Cologne beneath us, clairvoyance rather than piloting it seemed to me, and inwardly I blessed him.

The flight was abandoned. Eden was badly knocked up and the doctors ordered him to retire from world politics for some weeks. This flight, coming after harassing weeks of rushing dispatches to



H.M.G. in trains and bedrooms, and generally trying to catch up with a European avalanche which was already in movement for lack of forethoughtful propping-up, had temporarily finished him.

So I found myself once more for a night in Cologne and said good-bye all over again. Since I first took leave I had been farther and seen more than I expected, but the Rhine, greeting me with a surprised look, by its lack of interest in my experiences reduced my ideas to proper proportions. 'Gad about and gad about, little man', it said, 'but I go on for ever. Your gaddings about and your opinions and your politicians are all less important than you imagine.'

Next morning I looked down at the cross-Channel steamer ploughing through grey, white-flecked waves. The white cliffs and green fields of England came in sight. From the air I loved them. The amorphous, meaningless mass of London, Croydon, a maze-like drive through interminable suburbs, a taxi, White's. A great shining mahogany table laden with joints and tongues and pies and salads and cheeses. A cold collation on the heroic scale. Champagne and ale in a silver tankard.

Remote seemed Moscow with its drab and silent crowds, Berlin with its eternal parades, Warsaw with its caftaned Jews, Prague with the sun shining on the Moldau. There people lived next door to the realities. Here people lived for whom Hitler and Stalin and Germany and Russia were just irritating names that carried a threat that one day you might be disturbed in the enjoyment of your quiet daily stroll along Piccadilly and down St. James's Street to your club.

Champagne and ale in a silver tankard. I shall never forget that meal.

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Footnote: A little before this time two American sisters, who were said to have been in love with a British flying officer, committed suicide by jumping, clasped in each other's arms, from a British air-liner; and the same pilot who suffered this bizzare adventure was flying over France one day when his cargo of gold fell through the floor of the machine and was subsequently found in a peasant's field.

## Chapter Twenty Eight

### ENGLISH APRIL

I had a few days in England and it was April and cold and oh to be anywhere but in England now that April was here, for what can you do with a few days in England in April? Telephone all the people who have lunched with you in Berlin and Vienna and said 'Do let me know when you come to England'? That meant prolonged cross-examinations about The Situation and I was tired of The Situation, as a doctor who does nothing but remove appendixes must become tired of appendixes; I once met one, from Australia, who said he had removed 65,000 Australian appendixes and I said, 'Well, you have certainly left your mark on Australia', and for some reason he took umbrage. You lay The Situation on your lunch or dinner table and take out its innards and agree that it is a foul situation and ought to be operated on at once, and then you put back the innards and go on eating and The Situation is removed and gets worse. The Situation is interminably dissected by Well Informed Circles and always gets worse. I hate The Situation and I wish Low would draw a Well Informed Circle.

So, as it was Easter Monday and this seemed the natural thing to do, I went to Brighton. From the train I watched lots of other people going to Brighton, by car, all travelling at the regulation thirty miles an hour, each car nosing the car before it, and Teas proclaimed everywhere and petrol stations innumerable, and I wondered what the joy of motoring was.

On the seat opposite me a gaunt woman with rabbit teeth and her legs tied round each other like a schoolgirl's plait discussed the Royal Family in enraptured tones with a friend. All the young women in the train seemed plain and all the young men had unkempt hair and wore the national uniform, corkscrew grey flannel trousers and a raincoat with creased collar upturned. At Brighton we all oozed down streets bright only with the brilliant pink of Brighton Rock, in all sizes from that of a cigarette to a telescope, to the grey thing called the sea and the other grey thing called The Front. I had known another thing called The Front. I wondered, as I surveyed this one, which was worse.

The Front around the West Pier was a solid mass of Jews down from London. Their cars, put end on end, would have reached probably to the moon. On the verandas of the big and flashy hotels they sat, the older ones, and the younger ones, in snappy clothes, strolled to and fro along the pavement and exchanged cracks with a film flavour. 'Hullo, big boy', they called, and 'Sez you' they answered. England. Not even in Vienna have I seen so many Jews together. In few foreign towns have I felt so completely alien.

In search of England, I went to the Palace Pier, and found it. Palace is Palace and West is West and never the twain shall meet. It is a strange thing, this invisible but real dividing line between the Palace and West Piers, which lie only a few hundred yards apart. It is the legacy of the old rivalry between genteel Hove and plebeian Brighton, between the residential town of prosperous retired people and the trippers' town of winkles and 'Who's for a sail?'. The Jews that day had banished the Hovians from the West Pier; England remained in possession of the Palace Pier.

Here came scores of sleek, fat-bellied charabancs, bringing the Londoners for a hard-earned day at the sea, for a few hours of riotous amusement among the slot-machines. We plunged into the gloom of the Aquarium; how many shillings have I spent in pursuit of that mythical octopus, so largely advertised but never seen. We surged along the pier and watched the fishermen at the end; how many hours have I spent in watching them, and never seen anything larger than a sprat caught. We spent pounds with the slot-machines. We bought sweets.

And the litter! This litter! When I have finished writing *Insanity Fair*, about Europe, I shall write *The Picnic Papers*, about England. Bus tickets and paper bags and newspapers blew about, and wrinkle shells and orange peel filled the gutters. In desperation I fled to the little railway and took train for the cliffs. I would get away from this unbelievable ugliness. I would get up on the Downs.

So I hastened eastward. but Brighton had grown even bigger since I had seen it last, and I could not get away from it. The space between Brighton and Rottingdean had always been pretty well filled by the derelict factory and the enormous school for the daughters of the great, but I seemed to remember glimpses of green turf, but now Brighton and Rottingdean were reaching out to link arms with each other and when I came to Rottingdean, which I had once found picturesque, it was entirely surrounded by charabancs and tea-rooms and no spot where a man could find anything to cheer him, and I plunged desperately through it and up the hill beyond, thinking here I shall find England, England of the clean white cliffs and green turf and the wind blowing in from the sea and the seagulls floating on it.

But what I found was called, so help me God, Peacehaven. Here, in one of the loveliest spots in England, on green-carpeted chalk cliffs, they had dumped down a nightmare town consisting largely of wretched bungalows, miserable villas, tin cinemas, with broken and gaping fences, coarse and weedy gardens, a thing that took all beauty out of the grey sky and gusty wind and combined with them to make a symphony of ugliness and misery.

I thought of the well-tended German coasts, by nature far less beautiful than this, of Swinemünde and Travemünde, of the French coasts around St. Malo and Dinard, of the Adriatic and Italian coasts. This would have been allowed nowhere that I had been. If this was freedom and democracy, I thought, then give me an efficient tyranny. It was incredible. If this was the result of honorary mayors and freedom for the speculative jerrybuilder, then give me highly paid municipal specialists and state-control of town-planning. If this was the fruit of centuries of prosperity and freedom from foreign invasion, of victory in a world war, this and a few stately homes in ring-fenced parks, then give me defeat and a new start.

As I looked at Peacehaven I would have liked to abolish everything in England, save A. P. Herbert and Low and Beachcomber, and begin again.

J. B. Priestley, in his *English Journey*, tried to open English eyes to these things. It is a good book, received by the majority with that irritation which England reserves for anybody who writes about anything other than love affairs among titled people, but in reading it I felt that even he had quailed before the task he set himself, had felt that the things he saw in the slums and the manufacturing towns and in the Black Country and the Midlands could not really be so bad as they seemed to him. But they were and are. In England you have conditions like these, and yet you don't use your Empire. It stretches all over the world and you don't want anybody else to have it, yet you leave it fallow and unexploited, so that Australia, a continent, has fewer people than London.

I fled from Peacehaven as if the devil had been behind me. Somewhere, I thought, there must be an end to this; on, Stanley, on. I came to Newhaven, a dreary little port, and found my only consolation that day in the man who ferried me across the harbour. He earned but a few shillings a day and had lived all his life in Newhaven, save for a few sea voyages, but he had a clear mind and a sense of right and from his cockleshell boat he saw the world as it was, and he was bitter about England and Hitler. He was an Englishman.

I trailed on and came to some terrible seaside place, for all I know it may have been called Seaford, I don't believe it had any real existence, by this time I was probably seeing things, and there, rather

than go on and experience Eastbourne, which I did not know but now feared, I turned tail and fled to London.

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## Chapter Twenty Nine

### THREE JUST MEN

An emerald islet, with a marble palace and cypresses, set in an aquamarine lake among snow-capped mountains. Warm spring sunshine laden with the scent of azaleas, hyacinths, oranges and magnolias.

The town is Stresa, the lake Maggiore, the islet Isola Bella, the palace that of a noble Italian family, the Borromeos. Napoleon slept in it in 1797, and it is filled with paintings by Tempesta, who was given asylum there by Count Vitaliano Borromeo when he fled from Genoa, falsely charged with murdering his wife.

The town gay with the flags of Great Britain and Italy, the foes of six months later, lovingly entwined, and of France. 'God Save the King' played by an Italian Grenadiers band as Ramsay MacDonald arrives at the station. Mussolini greets him, in English. They shake hands warmly. Two Socialists.

'The Marseillaise'. The monumental Flandin, the saturnine Laval. It is a great occasion, the first conference of the three Western Powers, the European victors in the Great War, presided over by Mussolini. Germany, the bad boy of Europe, is absent. Germany has been tearing up the peace treaty, and we are gathered to discuss what we shall do.

As our train pulls in at the station Ramsay MacDonald steps down into a large central space cordoned off by the guard of honour, and at either end by a hedge of sinister looking men in soft hats and raincoats with a hand in either pocket and, as I strongly suspect, a revolver in either hand.

They face us, the camp-followers of the conference, with their pocketed hands suggestively pointing towards us until the great men have been driven away. Outside Carabinieri lurk among the bushes and flowerbeds of every garden. Hundreds of plain men in plain clothes hang around the streets and hotels. Detachments of Fascisti march to and fro. At night searchlights scour the sky and lake front. As you go about the town your face is so often scrutinized that your ears burn; when you get near the conference hotels you have to show your documents continually.

Europe's rulers are taking no chances. Revolvers have been going off all over Europe of late, and not always in the right direction. Eleven months before came the great bump-off in Germany. Ten months before Dollfuss was murdered. Seven months before King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Barthou of France were assassinated at Marseilles. Nowadays we take rigorous precautions.

The islet in the lake is as safe as anything could be. Stresa has more guardians than inhabitants, the islet itself is full of police, and nobody is allowed on the lake but the representatives of Italy, England and France, on their brief dash across by fast motor-boat.

Isola Bella! 'Splendid Isolation!' says a wit.

Ramsay MacDonald and Simon, black-hatted and tail-coated, walk down the little causeway to the motor-boat in the forenoon and return in the evening. Flandin and Laval too. Nobody sees Mussolini. He remains in seclusion on the tiny islet a few hundred yards from the water's edge, until he is rushed ashore one night for a banquet. The adoring Stresans are herded off at a distance. Hall and banqueting chamber of the hotel are ablaze with Fascist uniforms. The roof, the corridors,

the lavatories and the basement are packed with the plain men, still in their plain clothes. The searchlights from the lake still rake the hotel, disturbing flies and sparrows in their slumbers.

Reports filter across from the emerald islet to the waiting newspaper men. Simon receives us and tells us of progress made. One of my useful friends, a French newspaper man, receives me and tells me much more. Mussolini and Suvich, Ramsay MacDonald and Simon, Flandin and Laval, are all agreed that this must be stopped, that treaties must not be torn up, that Germany must be arraigned before the League and there condemned as a treaty-breaker, that measures against future infractions must be preconcerted. Peace must be preserved. Pledges must be kept. What is left to us, Italy, England and France, the leaders of the League, to whom nations great and small are looking for a lead at this moment, if we do not stand shoulder to shoulder for peace, for the sanctity of treaties?

Among the British delegation is an expert on Abyssinia - Thompson. Abyssinia, Abyssinia? Myself regards him curiously. What is he doing at Stresa? Abyssinia, that is the country that Italy sponsored for membership of the League, against British opposition. Italy has some dispute with Abyssinia, about a place called Wal-Wal. A sandy desert region, with scattered wells used by nomadic tribesmen. The name always reminds me of that silly story. 'Do you know the story of the two holes?' 'No.' 'Well, well.' Wal-Wal. What can Thompson be doing here? Mussolini is taking his stand with the others for the sanctity of treaties, for united action against an aggressor. The dispute with Abyssinia cannot be serious. Why Thompson?

This six months before the Italian invasion, twelve months before the Italian annexation of Abyssinia.

Then comes the final moment, on April 14th, 1935. Mussolini in riding breeches and riding boots, without a hair on his head, stocky and brisk and unaffected; Ramsay MacDonald, bonhomous and radiating geniality; Flandin smiling, Laval a mask, Simon attorney-like. All good fellowship and gratification. Most gratifying. All difficulties overcome. We shall support the French request to the League to condemn the action of Germany in violating a treaty. We shall concert measures against new infractions. We are completely agreed to oppose any one-sided repudiation of treaties which may endanger the peace of Europe.

'Of Europe!' And Abyssinia? Perish the thought, here in sunny Stresa.

And we, England and Italy in particular, who have guaranteed the Treaty of Locarno, and thereby the mutual frontiers of France, Germany and Belgium, we 'formally re-affirm all our obligations under the Treaty and declare our intention, should need arise, faithfully to fulfil them'.

Hullo, think we of the world's press, decorous and expectant, that is important. The Locarno Treaty contains the obligation 'to take immediate action' if Germany sends troops into the demilitarized Rhineland zone, and France fears that Germany intends next to do that very thing, even though Hitler has told Eden that he will not tear up the Locarno Treaty. The French have carried their point, then. England and Italy have categorically reaffirmed their undertaking to come to her aid if Germany does that and if she tries to throw the Germans out.

The sun goes down in a golden curtsy and the Stresa Conference ends with a sigh of thankful reassurance from Europe. The Stresa front has been formed, the common front of the peace-loving powers, with Russia in the-offing, against the potential peacebreakers. The knights of the pledged word, Italy, England and France.

I tap out my dispatch in a tearing hurry, and wait frantically for a telephone call - I have to catch the evening train for Geneva. At last it comes, the news is telephoned, I rush upstairs and pack, tear off

to the station, exhausted after a hard and foodless day. Just as I get there the beflagged official cars push in front of me. Ramsay MacDonald is being seen off by Mussolini. 'Giovanezza, Giovanezza, primavera di Bellezza God Save our Gracious King Long Live our Noble King'. They're at it again.

Impossible to get into the station, the plain men with their ominously pocketed hands are everywhere. At last I find a back way in, but the ticket clerk is too rapt in contemplation of the scene, he won't be bothered selling tickets. The whistle sounds, the Lord of Rome salutes the Laird of Lossiemouth. I'm not going to miss that train for all the tomfool dictatorships in the world, ticket or no ticket. Hung with bags like a Christmas Tree I hurtle across the rails, holding off, like a Rugby player, officials whose conception of Fascist efficiency is to make as much unnecessary trouble as they can, and fall into the rear carriage just as the train moves off.

A foodless day, and a longish train journey ahead. We make for the dining-car. No meals until the Swiss frontier has been passed. The Swiss frontier arrives and falls behind us. We make hotfoot for the dining-car again. It is empty but for Ramsay MacDonald and three of his entourage. The waiter hastens towards us with protesting hands. No meals until Monsieur Ramsay MacDonald has finished eating. I am in the company of three of America's leading newspaper correspondents and blush inwardly as I see their expressive faces - H. R. Knickerbocker, that ubiquitous Texan; Frederick Birchall, that extraordinary veteran who has the hands of a girl of fifteen, the gait of a lad of twenty, the intelligence of youth and the experience of age, who still has his British passport, who after a lifetime spent managing the business affairs of the *New York Times* has decided at the age of something over sixty to return to writing and hops about Europe with the agility of a chamois; Walter Duranty, hobbling on his stick, another Englishman, who has spent a decade in Moscow, whose conversation is as clear and sparkling as an Alpine stream.

I beckon to Neville Butler, Ramsay MacDonald's secretary, and ask whether four good men and true, who have not eaten all day, may not be allowed to get a meal in a public dining-car. He yields. We take our seats. A hungry Swiss colleague who has seen us enter follows and lights his pipe while waiting for his meal.

An embarrassed Neville Butler appears at my elbow. The Swiss gentleman is smoking, and if he smokes everybody else will smoke. Would we be good enough to leave? I go, for the sake of peace. My three American companions, saying the things you would expect Americans, born or adopted, to say in such circumstances, go too, for the sake of collegiality. The Swiss journalist, ordered out of a smoking car in his own country, goes too, fuming and smoking. England's Labour Prime Minister, the man of the people, is left to eat alone.

We gather in the corridor outside. Other passengers come and join the queue. Time passes. The corridor fills and the corridor of the next compartment too, with men and women of many nationalities. They get restless. They stamp their feet. They shout in chorus 'à manger, à manger'. The door of the dining-car remains closed. Time passes. The crowd gets angry. The train is chock-a-block with would-be diners. There is an irresistible surge towards the dining-car, impelled by the weight of hungry people behind. The door bursts open. Ramsay MacDonald is just finishing. He rises and disappears through the opposite door, narrowly escaping the floodtide that sweeps in behind him. There is a fight for seats.

We eat. Geneva. The Stresa Front of the Three Just Men, England, France and Italy, has been formed. The curtain rises on the Special Session of the League of Nations, summoned at the request of France, supported by England and Italy, to condemn the treaty-breaking methods of Germany and concert measures to ensure the peace of Europe against future threats.

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## Chapter Thirty

### GENEVAN SHADOW SHOW

In my necessitous days just after the war in London I had once, at the cost of a few hard-earned shillings, bought a curious box and a pair of earphones, and was wont, irritably telling other people in the room to keep quiet, to probe a small and unresponsive piece of crystal with an exasperatingly wobbly filament, and sometimes, between the scratches and shrieks, while I marvelled at this new product of the mechanical age, I heard diminutive voices singing or speaking, and occasionally among them one that I came to recognize as that of Uncle Arthur, telling bedtime stories or the like.

I never then expected to meet him in the flesh, but now I was with him, in Geneva, and he was Arthur Burrows, an official of the League and *nebenbei* a newspaper correspondent, and I spent pleasant hours of relaxation with a delightful English family in a restful English home in a lovely country. In the daytime I went out with his son Reginald and we tramped down the road and past the French customs house, where the gendarmes neither overwhelmed us with undue obsequiousness nor irritated us with bureaucratic officiousness, but just sat on their benches and indifferently watched us pass without even asking to see, our passports, and the next moment I was in France, for the first time for many years, and had that feeling of inward warmth for that country which not the most surly of French taxi-drivers or the most rapacious of French hotel-keepers can kill.

France. The one country where, in spite of incomprehensible occasional cruelties like Devil's Island, the ideal of humanity survives. Once, in Montreux, I played tennis with a Frenchman and his wife, a rich man who owned a large factory, and he spoke pessimistically to me of the disordered conditions in France, of the extent of Communism, and said that France needed some sort of Fascism and ought to stand with Germany, the sort of statement you hear everywhere from men of large possessions, and his wife agreed with him.

'Would you then go into a war at the side of Germany?' I asked him. His wife answered, 'Ah, war,' she said, 'rather Communism than war'. Thinking of other women whose political views I had heard, of the hysterical dowagers who fear a Bolshevik under every bed, the infatuated Hitlerist flappers, and the repressed spinsters budding into a belated passion for the politics of strong and lusty he-men based on the principle of rape, I inwardly salaamed deep before her.

So I breathed deep of the air of France, as we climbed Mount Salève, and ate a French omelet and French *pommes frites*, and then, when I had got my breath, I took a look at Geneva.

The great blue lake bedded between the border mountains of France and Switzerland, with their snowcaps. The pleasant town clustering at the western end. Behind, among the trees, the great new palace of the League of Nations, dazzlingly white and gigantic even from the top of Mount Salève. It was not yet quite finished, and what was its future to be? Was it but a whited sepulchre, another monument to the futility of men's efforts to prevent war, a temple of lost causes, something that in twenty years would seem as dead and useless as the Hague Peace Conference of 1907, a lifeless and empty shell like the great Imperial palace in Vienna, that would one day be turned into a museum.

Or was it, in spite of the duplicity of dictators and the mendacity of politicians, the beginning of a process that would eventually unite the peoples of the world in the cause of peace, the expression of a human longing that would ultimately prevail over the leeches that fatten on wars.



Next day I saw the League from inside. Here was another world than that of the dictators, with their heel-clicking robots, their legions of yes-men, their hordes of police and detectives, their eternal uniforms and orders. Here were politicians and journalists of all nations and creeds and shapes and sizes, rubbing shoulders in the lobbies, smoking, chatting, drinking, fat men, thin men, tall men, short men, men in tail coats and men in light summer suits, bald men and men with shock heads of hair, all expressing their own opinions, a sight to arouse the contempt and anger of the mass-produced German journalists, the Nazi button in their lapels, who had come to send disdainful reports about the Marxist-Jewish-Bolshevist International comedy of Geneva to their newspapers. Litvinoff, paunchy, bespectacled and rubicund, talked in a corner with Laval, saturnine and inscrutable. Titulescu, monstrous and mis-shaped, exchanged flawless French with the laboured public school French of Simon, heavily genial through a protective veneer of British repression.

And among the throng I noticed once more the Abyssinian expert. 'Why Thompson?' I asked myself again.

Then the great sitting began. Of the fifteen Council seats one was empty - that of Germany, the bad boy, who had given her two years' notice to leave the League eighteen months before but was still a member. The French resolution was put to the vote, that Germany 'has failed in her international duty', that the League 'condemns all unilateral repudiation of obligations', and would establish a committee 'to devise measures against future unilateral acts likely to endanger European peace'.

'European peace!' That lets out Baron Aloisi, for Italy, and his 'Oui' follows the others, as the vote runs round the horseshoe table. England - 'Oui'. France - 'Oui'. Russia - 'Yes' - Litvinoff is proud of his English. Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Australia, Argentina, Chile, Turkey, all 'Oui'. Germany stands condemned as a treaty-breaker.

Only Denmark stands aside. Denmark is the only small and defenceless power at the Council table which has a common frontier with Germany. Denmark remembers 1864, when Bismarck began his series of territorial grab-wars against Germany's neighbours. Nobody helped Denmark then. Denmark, says M. Munch, must reluctantly abstain.

'European peace!' Litvinoff seizes on these two words. Why only Europe, he inquires blandly, why not other continents? Possibly Litvinoff has seen the Abyssinian expert, possibly the Soviet Government wonders why Italy is to be allowed to break treaties in Africa if Germany is to be condemned for breaking them in Europe. Possibly Denmark had thought of that too, and distrusted the sincerity of this solemn arraignment of Germany at Geneva. Will the great states really help the small ones when their turn comes? Isn't it better to be on the safe side?

Litvinoff's interjection brings Simon to his feet, the flush of indignation on his cheek. Sir John is the worst possible man for dealing with foreigners. He does not understand them and thinks they are always up to some scurvy trick. They, do not trust him and think him a salaried attorney without convictions. He is a Skittle Minister. Knock him down in one post and he bobs up in another; does he not command a few Liberal votes? He has been almost everything in the British Government except Prime Minister. The Gods in High Olympus have made him Foreign Minister of England at a critical moment in the history of the British Empire.

Sir John sees clearly that Litvinoff is trying by some un-principled trick to wreck that model of sincerity, the Anglo-Franco-Italian resolution condemning Germany as a treaty-breaker. Extend the resolution to breaches of the peace outside Europe? Where is any threat to the peace outside Europe? 'Let us address ourselves to practical problems in a practical spirit. Let us not spread our aspirations and endeavours so wide that the whole of our efforts be lost in miseries and shallows.'

Sir John, long oval face with shining cranium and white hair fringe perched on a lean neck, sits down, aflush with the heat of a good man stung. The French translator, without turning a hair, quietly puts this Shakespearean quotation, into perfect French. I should love to know who else at the Council Table understood it. They all remain perfectly impassive. They know Sir John, they know the British habit of righteous moral indignation, of lecturing foreigners. Litvinoff, unmoved, gives a characteristic shrug and says, 'In these circumstances we are all agreed'.

Germany is condemned. Of her own will, she has torn up a treaty and proclaimed her intention to rearm, although she had pledged herself not to.

In the lobbies I meet another of my useful friends, who murmurs to me that he hears that the British Government has seized on that demand of Hitler's, made to Simon in Berlin, for a third of the British naval strength. The British Government, he tells me, rather likes the idea. It is already negotiating with Hitler for an agreement.

I do not believe it. England five minutes before has voted for the condemnation of the treaty-breaker, who has proclaimed her rearmament without the consent of the other signatories to the peace treaty; now England herself is negotiating with the treaty-breaker, without reference to the other signatories, to have a limit put at least on that branch of rearmament, naval rearmament, which particularly threatens herself?

No, that can't be true. But it is, murmurs my acquaintance.

Sir Robert Vansittart passes, permanent head of the British Foreign Office. Simons may come and go, but the Crowes and Tyrrells and Vansittarts last quite a long time, though not for ever. I ask him if the news is true. Oh yes, he says immediately, quite true. A few days later it is known all over the world. Sir John himself had invited Hitler to send delegates to London without a word to France.

Those foreigners imputed duplicity to England on this account. In France they have an obsession, as you know, about England being perfidious, and a few weeks later M. Laval, Sir John's neighbour of the Council Table, told a French audience that he had given England a piece of his mind about this transaction 'and even those who consider me too moderate would perhaps think I had gone rather far if they knew the exact terms which I used'.

Whereas all the world knows that France and M. Laval always let England down, and never more so than in the Abyssinian conflict a few weeks after this time, when the collapse of League action against Italy under British leadership was entirely due to French perfidy.

At Stresa and Geneva I still had a confiding trust in conferences and resolutions. Later, when I knew what had been going on behind the scenes there, I felt as if I had been a dinner guest at the Borgias'.

I wonder what happened to that committee 'to devise measures against future unilateral acts likely to endanger European peace'. Is it still sitting somewhere in Geneva, unwept, unhonoured and unsung, thanking its stars that Abyssinia was in Africa and that China is in Asia and resolving that the Italian and German invasions of Spain are not unilateral acts likely to endanger European peace?

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## Chapter Thirty One

### BOUND FOR DANUBIA

You need never go to sleep at all in Antwerp, if you prefer to be awake. The innumerable dance bars begin reluctantly to close down about 7 a.m. and then you see the captains rolling back to their ships and the waiters sleuthing after them to collect the bill, and the dance girls, rather faded and tawdry in the morning light, going back to their lodgings to sleep off during the day the vast quantities of tobacco and alcohol they consume at night. But long before that time the cafés on the main boulevard are open so that life in Antwerp goes on like an ever rolling stream.

I had gone once or twice to Belgium from Germany and felt that sense of relief, as of a weight being lifted from your back, that you have when you pass from one of the dictatorship countries into France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, or even Austria, where *Gemütlichkeit* softens dictatorship to vanquishing point.

The soft French accents rested me. The Belgians in the train were quiet and unobtrusive and smiled pleasantly if you trod on their toes. I went into the dining-car and ordered an omelet, and instead of a soulless thing of yellow flannel I had a real omelet, a thing that only French and Belgian cooks know how to make. If only the Germans would learn to make omelets and the French and Belgians to tidy up their streets the world would be perfect and there would be no more wars. When I had finished my omelet I lit a cigarette, and then I noticed that I was in the non-smoking part of the dining-car, but as I was alone I kept on smoking and the Belgian waiter politely brought me an ash tray. Life is pleasant when people understand that rules and regulations are made for man and not man for rules and regulations. In Germany you must not smoke in a non-smoking car, and that's that, and only Hitler could give you permission and he would rather die than do it.

This time, with Germany still fresh in my mind, I enjoyed Antwerp and Bruges and Ghent and Brussels. I liked sitting on a café terrace and reading the *Indépendance Belge* and waiting for the Paris papers to come in and drinking excellent burgundy and eating real *pommes frites* and being able to buy English cigarettes and Sandeman's Port, which seems to be a staple food of the Belgians, I can't think why, and chatting with courteous elderly gentlemen with neatly trimmed beards who neither tried to *imponieren* nor to ram their opinions down my throat, but seemed to have a broad and intelligent and humane view of the world and its problems.

It was over all too quickly, and duty called, so I dropped down to Berlin to pick up my car, which I had left there, and set down the road to Dresden and Prague and Vienna. It was my last flying trip to Germany and the Lord knows if and when I shall ever go there again, more's the pity, for in many ways it is the finest country I ever saw or ever shall see.

Once again I bowed to the loveliness of Dresden, to the immaculate villages and tidy fields, the brown, well-tended children. Ahead, only a few minutes away, was my new world, the Czechoslovak frontier, and behind that all Danubia and the Balkans.

Everywhere were military preparations. Prague, the Czechoslovak capital, is but half an hour by air from this south-easternmost part of Germany. Astride the Dresden-Prague road great aerodromes were springing up. On all sides were marching men, barracks, batteries, labour camps and labour conscripts. The countryside was buzzing with military activity.

I ran up a hillside into the clouds and found the frontier station in a damp white mist. Once more the impeccable uniforms and clicking heels of the German Reich, and then I was in

Czechoslovakia, running the belt of country that is inhabited by Germans, 70 per cent of them fanatically Hitlerist. Bodenbach, the frontier town on the Czechoslovak side, was full of German customs officers and railwaymen in uniform and wearing swords, a sight that made me rub my eyes. Would Germany ever allow French or Polish or Czechoslovak officials in uniform on her territory?

I spent a day or two in Bohemia, among these Sudeten-Deutschen, long enough to see how busy National Socialism was at work among them. The waiter at the hotel, reassured by the Berlin number on my car, told me that trade was pining because the Czechs were discriminating against the German areas; the best thing would be for Bohemia to unite with Germany. The same old story. On the road one or two young countrymen gave the Hitler salute when they saw my Berlin number.

Then Prague, and a quick run through to the Austrian frontier, where a genial Austrian customs official found a copy of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* in my luggage, a book that was then forbidden because the Austrian Government was fighting to keep the Nazis under, and he looked at it and then at me and my Berlin number, and then again at it and without a further word he put it back in my case and closed the lid and signalled me through.

Austria. I couldn't foresee it, but some of the happiest times of my life lay before me, for I came to love this country more than any other I know. It was April, the fields and hills were green and full of flowers, the orchards white with blossom. I drove lazily along and wondered what adventures the future held for me. In the hazy distance a slender finger probed the sky, a landmark for the traveller seeking Vienna from north and south, east and west - *der alte Steffel*, St. Stephen's Cathedral. I came in over the Danube, up the Rotenturmstrasse, said good-day to Steffel, whom I had met before, and sat down on the café terrace opposite to contemplate him and this agreeable world.

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## Chapter Thirty Two

### THE OTHER GERMANY

*Der alte Steffel* looked down on me benignly as I drank my coffee and said, 'Habe die Ehre!' 'Servus!' I answered blithely, wishing to put him at his ease. We had met before and liked each other immediately. He is a very good judge of affairs, with a good-humoured Viennese contempt for the fretting anxieties of the midgets he sees coming to him in their nurses' arms to be christened and then in beflowered carriages to be confirmed and soon afterwards in a box to be buried. 'Ruhe, Kinder, nur Ruh', he says. 'You should take it all calmly, like I do.'

The Holy Roman Empire has gone but *der alte Steffel* goes on for ever. When he was little his parents told him of the Romans, and their legions encamped just down the street, where the Hoher Markt now is, and he himself has seen the Turks and Napoleon, and now, when he sees the Nazis surging down the Kärntnerstrasse and chanting in chorus 'Ein Volk, ein Reich' ('One people, one State'), he looks across at his friend the Capuciner Church, where one hundred and forty-three Habsburg Emperors and Empresses and princes lie in stone coffins in the vault, among them the very son of that long-mouldered upstart Napoleon himself, and then he looks across at his other friend the Charles Church, which combines the dome of St. Peter's in Rome and the portico of the Temple of Theseus in Athens and Trajan's column and a few other things, and oddly enough they all fit in, and he says, 'The little men are noisy again to-day, meine Herren Kollegen, I begin to fear that they never will learn', and they answer, 'Ganz recht, Meister, ganz recht'.

When I was in Paris the *chanteuse* used to sing lyrically of the joys of the stroll between la Madeleine et l'Opéra. She should have strolled with me from the Stefansplatz to the Opera. Here you are in the heart of Europe. Sooner or later everybody passes this way, and you sit on your café terrace, or behind the steamy panes, and watch them - Mrs. Roosevelt, Wales-Edward-Windsor, Queen Marie, Titulescu, Litvinoff, Hodza, Indian Maharajas, Hollywood film stars, Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler - in the flesh or the spirit they all walk these streets.

If you turn your back on *der alte Steffel* and follow your nose in one direction you come soon to Budapest, in another to Prague, in a third to Trieste, in a fourth to Munich. Here you are at the confluence of the streams of German and Latin and Slav blood and of the Jewish migration, pouring ceaselessly across Europe to the promised lands - Germany (before Hitler), Austria, France, England, and, the great goal, America across the sea.

Vienna is the only really international city I know. The shop-names round the cathedral and in the Rotenturmstrasse give you a cross-section of the cross-bred population. Jewish names, taken from places in Poland and Bohemia and Hungary, predominate, and then there are German and Czech and Slovak and Croat and Italian names and many more. Whether you like it or not is your affair. This Vienna made Hitler what he is and the streets still swarm with that mixture of races, 'among them all the eternal fission-fungus of humanity, the Jew', which the youthful Hitler, contemplating them, found 'repulsive, the incarnation of incest'.

Above all towers St. Stephen's Cathedral, the outward and visible sign of the paramount power in Austria - the Roman Catholic Church. For a thousand years the devoutly Catholic Habsburg Emperors and Empresses in Vienna kept the Holy Roman Empire together. Voltaire, that cynic, asked in what respect it was Holy or Roman or an Empire, just as you might ask in what respect is the *Christian Science Monitor* Christian or scientific or monitorial, but Vienna during all these centuries ruled over peoples of a dozen different races and languages and religions and somehow or other kept them all together, and even up to a few days before the Armistice Croats and Czechs and

Poles and Hungarians and Italians and Slovenes were all fighting for the Emperor in Vienna, and the real cement was the Catholic Church.

To-day Vienna is an Imperial City without an Empire, its gaze fixed on a curtained future. It is an international city, the ideal capital for the polyglot Habsburg Empire, and you ought after the war to have put the League of Nations here and filled up the empty palaces, but that opportunity has been lost, and now Hitler, looking down on the lovely valleys of his native land from his Bavarian chalet at Berchtesgaden, just across the frontier, is filled with nostalgia for Austria and for Vienna, which he pretends to detest, and actually longs for, like every man who has lived in Vienna, and the coming years are going to be filled with this fight for the possession of Austria between Hitler's Nazis, in Germany and Austria, and Vienna, where the spirit of toleration in race and religion that kept the Habsburg Empire alive for so many centuries still pervades the air.

'Happy Austria, while others make war you marry', they say, and like all such sayings, which may be true and witty when they are made and in application to specific circumstances, this became untrue long before anybody realized it.

True, the great domains of the Holy Roman Empire were largely acquired by marriage, and Napoleon was bought off by giving him our Marie Louise, who wasted little time in mourning him when he died on distant St. Helena, but actually Austria came to disaster through marriage. For the last Emperor but one, old Francis Joseph, who had an incredibly long innings and was already reigning in Vienna long before England fought Russia in the Crimean War and yet died only in the third year of the World War, married a Bavarian Princess, Elisabeth, whom he loved with an extraordinary constancy and who was one of the most beautiful women the world has seen but who did not love him and continually fled his society, so that for years she was seldom seen in Austria.

Desperately seeking substitutes for the happiness she did not find with him, she developed passions for many things, travel, languages, Corfu, Greek culture - and Hungary. When Austria, until then the leader of the German States, had this leadership wrested from her by Prussia in the war of 1866 Hungary, seeing her weakness, pressed for self-government in Budapest, as distinct from rule from Vienna, for the coronation of the Emperor in Budapest as King of Hungary, and the like.

The Hungarian nobles, a particularly astute clan, had remarked Elisabeth's unhappiness and her liking for Hungary, and a most handsome and winning Magyar nobleman, Count Andrassy, was sent forward to plead the cause of Hungary with her.

The method is one in which the Hungarians are experts and sixty years later, when Hungary was eagerly courting foreign support of her complaints against the territorial cuts that she suffered in the World War, influential British visitors were wont to find to their gratification that they had inspired ardent passions in the hearts of beautiful Hungarian ladies whose other main topic of conversation was the wrong that had been inflicted on Hungary. The British public would often have a shock if it knew the origin and motive of the news and views that are set before it.

Andrassy succeeded beyond the dreams of the Magyar magnates. The harassed Francis Joseph in Vienna received a stream of letters from his absentee Empress in Hungary imploring him to grant the Hungarian demands, or the Empire would go to pieces. There is a great resemblance between these letters and the arguments that have been put before the British public in the last twenty years - 'Justice for Hungary or something awful will happen.'

Anyway, the result was that Francis Joseph, a lovelorn, lonely and unlucky man, allowed himself to be talked over and Hungary was given a full half-share in the Empire, which became the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Hungary becoming the Overlord of Slovakia and Croatia, and this was a thing

which the other subject races, Czechs and Slovaks, Croats and Slovenes, Ruthenians and Poles, could never swallow. 'Either we must all be subjects of the Emperor, ruled from Vienna', they said, 'or we must all have self-government. Why should the Hungarians be picked out from among the rest of us for preferential treatment?'

That was the main reason for home-rule and secession movements which bore their fruit in 1918, when all these people broke away and formed their own states. Many of them had a deep inbred affection for the Emperor in Vienna and would have been glad to stay within a Habsburg, but not with an Austro-Hungarian Empire.

You will not find any great cult of Elisabeth in Vienna, for all her beauty. The Austrians resented the way she treated Francis Joseph, whom for all his bad luck they loved, but in Budapest, not far from your snob hotel on the Danube, you will find a large bronze Elisabeth enthroned beneath a marble canopy.

But Francis Joseph they remember in Austria with affection, for all that he brought that great Empire to the dust. What a life! When you consider Francis Joseph you could almost believe in the evil eye.

A reign begun with two disastrous wars and the loss of Austria's pride of place in the councils of the German nation; continued with the suicide of his son, the murder of his brother as Emperor of Mexico, the death of his sister-in-law in a Paris fire, the mania of his wife for travel abroad and her assassination by an Italian anarchist at Geneva, the murder of his nephew at Serajevo, which led to the final fatal mistake, a world war at the side of Germany and the collapse in ruins of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Francis Joseph died just too soon to see that culminating disaster and say once again 'Nothing is spared me', but he knew it was coming.

Unhappy Francis Joseph. His love letters to his globe-trotting Empress, continued for decades, show a man of almost unique constancy to a woman who did not love him. She was an extraordinary woman, afire, as it seems to me, with the longing for a great love and sent rushing round the world by the frustration of this desire.

Read how she went to the masked ball in Vienna and sought out a good-looking young man there, to whom she held out every promise of an amorous adventure of a kind that only comes the way of one man in millions, but he recognized her behind her mask and was stupid enough, as young men are, not to hold his tongue, so that she took fright. She had evidently been reading the life of Marie Antoinette and knew how that Habsburg Princess found her handsome lover - Fersen.

Francis Joseph had to have somebody to talk to and he and Elisabeth together found the right person - Katherina Schratt of the Burgtheater, buxom, blonde, gay, sensible, a Viennese in the best sense of all that word implies.

Every morning early you could see Francis Joseph, who was wont to rise at four a.m., driving out to Schönbrunn to breakfast with Frau Schratt and confide his cares to her, and the Viennese knew where he was going and sympathized with him and raised their hats, and Frau Schratt was called with the members of the Imperial Family to see him as he lay on his deathbed, and to-day she still lives out there in her villa in Hietzing, doing good.

When I came to Vienna all that was gone. The great chestnut avenue through the Prater, which on summer afternoons used to be filled with brilliant uniforms and pretty frocks, was bare and empty. The Prater Fun Fair, with its antediluvian entertainments and half-empty garden restaurants, was a dejected ghost of the gay past. The Tabarin, where Francis Joseph's Polish officers used to throw a

hundred guilders to the band to play a Mazurka and his Hungarian officers quickly capped that with another hundred guilders to stop playing the Mazurka and play a Czardas, and his Austrian officers capped that again with another hundred guilders to stop playing the Czardas and play a Waltz, the Tabarin was a gloomy modern bar that went bankrupt every spring. At Sacher's, where so many state secrets were made in the *separées* and where the Habsburg archdukes came with their lady friends, Madame Sacher, who was wont to smoke cigars and box her waiters' ears, was dead.

The Blue Danube, with its unhurried and unworried melody, was the musical expression of life in Vienna before the World War. The Danubian Blues, with saxophonic wailings and syncopated explosions, would be the musical expression of life in Vienna after it.

But I loved it. It was, is and will be, for me, the best city in the world and when I come late at night into the dirty old West Bahnhof, and hear the soft Viennese accents of the porters and taxi-men, I feel as if I were coming home.

It is the one city in the world, as far as I have seen the world, where a foreigner need not feel himself a stranger, if he behaves himself decently and has a little mother-wit - and how badly they sometimes behave, the foreign visitors. Wit and understanding will procure you more happiness there than money; if you only have money you will quickly be parted from it and immediately forgotten.

But don't take that to mean that you can walk into a bar and invite a girl to sit with you for several hours and drink a lot of stuff that she doesn't want and be glad to have had the opportunity to sit with you; she is there to earn her living, and her time and company cost money, and you are not so handsome or amusing that she can afford to waste her time on you for nothing, though if you are she probably will.

I could sometimes wish to be a Viennese, even in these days of Vienna's decline. I think of my youth in London, of those endless areas of dreary Dionne quintuplet streets, of the wide belt of near-countryside through which you endlessly tramped trying to reach the mirage of the real country beyond. Vienna, even in its days of poverty, seems to have much that I then lacked, and still lack when I go to London.

True, you will see neither white shirts in the Opera nor bare shoulders in the Burgtheater, the champagne-and-caviare circle is very small, and if these things distress you Vienna is not for you. But within five minutes of the Opera you can breakfast on excellent coffee and fresh rolls and whipped cream and have the morning papers in all languages brought to you on a sunny terrace, you can dine in a delightful garden with a band playing, you can dance under the trees, you can listen to Viennese operetta played in the open air (this a little under standard as yet, it is true), you can swim in an open or a closed pool, you can play tennis, in winter you can skate, you can see art collections equal to the finest in the world, you can take a tram for Czechoslovakia that will carry you past a Roman amphitheatre where Marcus Aurelius wrote his meditations, you can take another tram with a snack-car attached to it and go to Baden and lose your money at roulette if you prefer to get rid of it that way.

In the Old City, lying within the semi-circle formed by the Danube Canal and the Ring, where the walls of Vienna formerly ran, I wandered for hours. The old streets, with their palaces mouldering into business premises and shops, are interlocked by innumerable alleys and passages and courtyards, all of which I haven't discovered even yet, and everywhere there are antique shops full of fascinating things, and in the shadow of the Stefansdom are the old monasteries of the Dominicans and the Franciscans and the Ursulan nuns, and it always amuses me to see a monk in his begirdled and hairy brown cassock go by sucking an ice-cream wafer.



Everywhere the black robes of priests or the brown ones of the monks or the blue ones of the theological students, the signs that the Catholic Church still retains its hold on the capital of the Holy Roman Empire.

Everywhere churches and abbeys and monasteries - the Charles Church, glowing like a green lamp in the Viennese dusk, the Pöstlingberg Church on the hillside by Linz, like an emerald suspended in the sky.

These are the things you see in Austria, instead of marching men and eternal parades and saluting Storm Troopers. But up in his hillside chalet, a stone's-throw across the frontier, sits Hitler, the Austrian, able almost to reach out and touch his Austrian birthplace, so near and yet so far, and yet frustrated as yet, a dictator thwarted in his dearest wish, that triumphal entry into Vienna.

Everywhere in Vienna you see the Jews - in the waterside district around the Danube Canal the bearded and ringleted orthodox Jews with their spectacles and black hats, in the Rotenturmstrasse and the Ringstrasse the smart emancipated Jews of trade and commerce, and the theatre and the press, with narrow waists and oiled hair, filling all the best seats in the theatres, thronging the more expensive hotels and restaurants, packing the showier cafés.

In the political cabarets young men and women, many of them Jewish emigrants from Germany, make wise-cracks about the Third Reich to appreciative Jewish audiences. I never saw a more brilliant piece of political satire than a sketch played by such young *émigré* artists, earning only a few schillings a night, in which they adapted the fairy-tale of the tardy tailor to contemporary political conditions in Europe. You remember the tale of the tailor who was late with the King's new coat and, not wishing to be beheaded, hit on the idea of pretending that the coat was ready but made of a marvellous new cloth which only the completely loyal could see, so that the King presently appeared naked and all the courtiers were loud in their admiration of the new coat.

In Vienna in 1937, in this little political cabaret in the shabby back room of a cheap café, the King's coat was only visible to those whose patriotic enthusiasm and racial purity were above suspicion and the result was not a caricature, but a photograph, staggering in its accuracy, of conditions in a Yes-man dictatorship. And when the simple peasant girl exclaimed, 'Why, the King's naked!' there was universal horror and her trial, with self-righteous judges and sanctimonious State attorneys and police spies, stool-pigeons, lickspittles and other hired men all giving evidence against her in the jargon of self-abasement, was so much like the Reichstag Fire Trial that it left me gasping.

Surveying Europe to-day, with its Black and Brown and other shirts, I have often thought of that other fable of the King in search of happiness who was told by a soothsayer that he must wear the shirt of a completely happy man and sent out his courtiers to scour the kingdom to find such a man. But the only completely happy man in all that realm, when they found him, hadn't a shirt.

While the Jews sit talking and gesticulating in the cafés and the priests and monks go sedately about their business, the young Nazis of Vienna ironically watch them and make bitter jibes about the hold that the Church and the Jews have on the country. They call the Government the 'K.K.' Government. 'K und K', before the war, meant *Kaiserliche und Königliche*, or Imperial and Royal; 'K.K.' to-day, in Nazi accents, means '*Kutte-Kaftan*', or 'Cowl and Caftan', to indicate their belief that the Jews and the Jesuits work hand in hand. And the little red-white-red riband which all supporters of the Government have to wear, to show that they belong to the orthodox Patriotic Front founded by Dollfuss, the Nazis call the '*Pour le sémite*', for the same reason.

Amid this throng of Jews and Clericals and young ardent Nazis longing to have Hitler come to Vienna, strolls the average Viennese, kindly, courteous, cynical, witty, often bored about politics,

unless he be a monarchist longing for the repeopling of the Court, or a Socialist still bitter from the events of 1934.

The foothills of the Alps run down to meet the Danube at Vienna and within an hour of the Opera by tram or car or bicycle you have sub-alpine scenery, with the Hungarian and Czechoslovak border mountains and the first snow-caps in the distance, and the Danube running beneath you on its journey between the Black Forest and the Black Sea and all around you the endless Vienna Forest, where Beethoven and Mozart and Strauss found the inspiration for their music.

You come back lazily in the dusk, with the fireflies dancing round you and the young men in their leather shorts and white stockings strolling along with their arms round the trim waists of the girls in their *Dirndls*, and pause at one of the wine-growing villages before you resume your homeward way. For the good God, who thought of everything when He made Vienna, has put vineyards on the surrounding hills, where the suburbs end, so that Vienna has only to reach out its hand when it wants a drink, and in these wine-growing villages, one lovelier than another, Grinzing and Nussdorf and Sievering and Gumpoldskirchen, every second house has a green light on a pole and a garden or a courtyard where you sit and drink this year's wine, from last year's grapes, while musicians play Viennese songs.

But be careful of that wine. Like the Viennese themselves it is friendly and sniffing but has unsuspected fires in its depths. It does not deprive you of the power of movement, indeed it promotes it, the homeward way being downhill, but it induces extraordinary lapses of memory and you awake the next morning feeling perfectly fit but remembering nothing from the moment you got up from the table.

And a little farther afield the Viennese, luckiest of townsmen, has the Wachau, where the Danube runs between terraced orchards and vineyards and wooded hills crowned with magnificent abbeys and ruined castles perched on crags to the gates of Vienna. Here is one of the loveliest places in Europe, completely unspoilt either by dog-in-the-manger landlords or unthinking trippers. There are neither bombastic commercial exploitation nor ribbon-building nor petrol stations nor indiscriminate advertising nor boards to threaten you with prosecution for trespass nor charabancs, only a drowsy countryside with well-built village lads and girls with trim hair and the broad Danube going swiftly to the Black Sea and a great log-raft with a little house on it being steered deftly down-stream, a rare canoeist toiling up-stream.

Beyond that lies Austria - Upper Austria, Salzburg, Salzburg, Tirol, Styria, Carinthia, one lovely place after another. If you will come with me for a drive along the lakeside road from Ebensee to Gmünden you will learn one of the reasons why I love Austria. On that road my car developed a petrol stoppage far from a repair shop, and I found that I had not the right tools to clear it, so I stopped a lad on a bicycle and asked if he had the right spanner. No, he hadn't, but he would ride back to Ebensee and borrow one. He went, and a minute later a motor-cyclist drove up and stopped and asked if I were he who wanted a spanner. I was, and he dismounted and cleared the block in my petrol feed, and while he was doing it the lad on the bicycle went by, waving cheerily, and then the motor-cyclist repacked his tools, shook hands and went off, and I followed.

Don't ask me, if we ever meet, if the friendliness of the Austrians is sincere. I shouldn't know what you mean, any more than I know what people mean when they say Hitler is sincere. I don't expect to be loved for myself alone at first sight. I like their friendliness, and in a world where manners seem to me every day to be more and more important, I like their manners, and *Habe die Ehre* and *Küss' die Hand* and all the other baroque flourishes with which they adorn the structure of their conversation, and I like listening to their continual grumbling and contradicting them and telling

them that all Austrians ought to be thankful to live in Austria and playing up to their national delusion that all Austrians have no money.

The extraordinary thing about the Austrians is their dissimilarity from the Germans. They are, as far as I can make out, Germans, and feel themselves so, within limits, but the French and Bulgar are not more dissimilar than the Austrians and Germans. Go and study them in Salzburg. You will recognize the Austrians because they are simply dressed; the people in fancy clothes are the foreign visitors, who have been to the shop opposite the Café Bazar to be made up like Tirolean mountaineers and Styrian huntsmen.

Salzburg station is half Austrian and half German -- Hitler, you will remember, lives only half an hour from here -- and the Germans have their own customs and platforms at Salzburg. In the Austrian half of the station, where a bust of the murdered Chancellor Dollfuss gazes pointedly across at the German half, Austrian railwaymen in easy-fitting Austrian uniforms take life easily, the trains, though they may come and go punctually, do so casually and without being self-conscious about it.

In the German half, though you are still in Austria, you immediately feel yourself batted down; here the arrival or departure of a train is a defiant gesture of Germanic efficiency to a world of implacable enemies, the immaculate and well-filled uniforms of the Reich induce a feeling of civilian inferiority in you, the railwaymen are less locomotive drivers and guards than cogs in the gigantic machine of National Socialism.

Salzburg itself, where in the Café Bazar, under the paternal eye of the old head waiter, Toscanini and Bruno Walter rub shoulders with Wilhelm Furtwängler, Marlene Dietrich with Michiko Meinel, Max Reinhardt and Helene Thimig with Wales-Edward-Windsor, is a monument to that real German culture which finds its highest form in Salzburg and Austria, of which Salzburg and Austria are the last outposts. If you are interested in Salzburg I commend to you an amusing little book called *This Salzburg*, which is well adapted to the mentality of the snob tourist and is devoid of illusions other than that, of which I have already told you, that all Austrians, and particularly all Austrian counts, have no money.

This brings you back to Vienna, and its hopes and fears. What, is going to happen to us? Are we going to be overrun by war, is Hitler going to swallow us, is young Otto, now vegetating at Steenockerzeel in Belgium, going to return one day and take up the Habsburg throne? The unspoken question pervades all life in Vienna. It is the city of suspense. Nearly everybody hopes for the one thing or the other.

Come with me up to Cobenzl and drink a cup of coffee on the terrace. Vienna, with the broad ribbon of the Danube curving by and gradually losing itself in the distance, lies outstretched below you, the story of centuries of siege and famine and pest and prosperity told in stone. Sobieski, starting from almost where you sit, threw the Turks back here and thus began their expulsion from Europe, completed over 200 years later. Over there at Aspern, where you see the great air liners arriving and departing, Napoleon suffered his first setback. The erstwhile capital of a great empire, which has played a foremost part in European history, is now the capital of a tiny state battling for its independence. Will it also be absorbed into the great Germanic family, so that a new and mightier and greater German power will arise in Europe on the ashes of the Hohenzollem and Habsburg empires?

Over there, and there, and there again you will see great gleaming blocks of buildings - the Socialist tenements for the workers of Vienna, the latest chapter in its history. After the war the Socialists had power in Vienna. They put taxes on the more expensive restaurants and bars, on rents

above a certain figure, on servants over a certain number, and from the proceeds of these taxes they built new homes for the workers, writing off the cost of building and charging insignificant rents to cover only upkeep and maintenance.

They rehoused almost a sixth of the city population, about 200,000 working-class people, giving them for the first time in their history light and air and sunshine; housing conditions in Vienna had been particularly bad. They aroused the bitter enmity of the classes that are traditionally opposed to all efforts to improve the lot of those less fortunate than themselves. I once knew a wealthy young Englishman who could find a hundred arguments against this Socialist housing scheme. 'Putting the people in barracks, taxing labour, undercutting private enterprise', he said, and then in the next breath, 'You know, the prices at the Femina are scandalous. They charged me eighty schillings for a bottle of champagne last night'.

He was a dapper young man with an upgrowing moustache which I suspected he imprisoned at night in a net fastened to his ears.

These Socialist houses in Vienna form almost the only constructive achievement born of the war that I have found in Europe - apart from the liberation of subject peoples and the creation of independent states for them. But the Socialists were also pacifists and incurred the enmity not only of the reactionaries in Austria but of Mussolini's Italy.

For Italy, who in 1935 was at Geneva to condemn Germany's action in proclaiming rearmament, in 1933 was sending arms through Austria for the rearmament of her protégé Hungary, and Austrian Socialist workmen intercepted a consignment and made the affair public. Thus in 1934, when Austria was fighting for her independence against Germany, and a crisis clearly impended, Mussolini made his support conditional on the suppression of the Austrian Socialists. That was the message he sent to Dollfuss by his emissary Suvich in January 1934.

It may prove that Mussolini, though he withheld Austria from Hitler for a year or two, destroyed the last hope of real Austrian independence by this action. Up to that time two anti-Nazi parties in Austria, Catholics and Socialists, held an overwhelming majority of the votes, about eighty per cent. A man really convinced of the need for Austria's independence should have forced them to coalesce on the anti-Nazi issue and then the world would clearly have seen what was at stake. But Dollfuss could not or would not do it, possibly no man could have done it, for their mutual hatred was great. The Socialists detested the clerical hold on the country, the enormous wealth of the Church with its myriad abbeys and churches and monasteries, as compared with the poverty of the workers. The Church detested the workers' tenements, with their birth-control clinics and anti-Popery teachings, and could not see that Imperial and Catholic Austria, with its palaces and abbeys, had never produced anything finer than these Socialist homes for workers.

So the army and Prince Starhemberg's and Major Fey's Fascist Heimwehr, financed with Italian money, were sent against the Socialists, and the famous workers' houses, which students from all parts of the world had come to Vienna to see, were bombarded by an Austrian army awfully arrayed. I was in Berlin when I heard the news and my heart sank at it; I knew that this was a major disaster for Europe. Little Dollfuss, the Austrian David fighting the German Goliath, had been uproariously cheered by the world's statesmen at a conference in London a few weeks before, now he had turned on his own work-people, the one class that from inmost conviction would have gone with him to the barricades to keep Hitler out - for the Church was not against Hitler from conviction, only on grounds of interest.

The pretext, as in the case of Germany and the mythical rising which was to have been let loose by the Reichstag fire, was that 'a Bolshevist rising' had impended in Austria. How true that was you

can judge by the fact that Major Fey, speaking the day before the bombardment of the Socialists in their homes, said 'To-morrow we are going to clean up Austria'.

But even in this disastrous affair the Austrian character brought redeeming features. The Austrian gunners placed their shells with as much humanity as they could, the great tenements were only holed and not destroyed and were quickly repaired, and the loss of life, though high, was at least as low as you could hope for in such circumstances.

Since that day nobody knows just what the state of feeling in Austria is and Austrian independence can never again be a thing for Austria to claim and defend in her own right, but only a bargaining pawn between Mussolini and Hitler. And the more Mussolini finds himself in antagonism with England the more likely he is to sell out to Germany in Austria, in order to keep Hitler's support.

Austria can only look helplessly on. As the reward of her suppression of the Socialists she got, in the Roman Protocols of 1934, the promise of Italian support, and when Hitler went to see Mussolini at Venice in June 1934 he agreed, as Mussolini's son-in-law Ciano announced, 'that Austria should be enabled to live in full recognition of her independence'.

Just five weeks after Hitler, the sincere, had given his brother dictator this assurance, the Nazis rose in armed insurrection in Austria and Nazi raiders murdered Dollfuss in his own Chancery. If you have any doubts about the German responsibility for this action read the official Austrian Brown Book, giving the evidence, photographs of explosives supplied by the German War Ministry to Austrian Nazi terrorists, and the like.

Mussolini redeemed his promise of political and economic support on that occasion. As a warning to Hitler not to seize the opportunity and grab Austria he mobilized an army on the Italian frontier. As an antidote to the tourist- and trade-boycott with which Germany was trying to starve Austria into submission he gave trade and financial concessions to Austria. The things he said about Hitler, as I am told, were unprintable. For the nonce he had, indeed, saved Austria.

But a year later he was invading Abyssinia and had the world against him, and a year after that he had conquered Abyssinia but was sending armies to Spain and again incurring England's hostility and Germany's friendship began to look desirable to him. So that two years after Dollfuss's murder he made Austria sign a truce with Germany, by which Hitler 'acknowledged Austrian sovereignty' but Austria promised 'to pursue a policy consonant with her position as a Germanic State', and thus Mussolini, giving another dose of anaesthetic to the patient Austria, which had already survived alternate doses of strychnine and morphia, strangely enough, shook hands with Hitler across the operating table and the Mussolini-Hitler partnership began, of which the world has yet to see the end.

It was the thin end of the German wedge in Austria, and when or whether it will be driven deep enough to split Austria asunder depends on Mussolini's plight. If his adventures lead him deep enough into the mire, if he is hard pressed enough, he will have to sell out in Austria in order to keep his German partner. He will only do that in a desperate emergency, and watch Austria if you want to know how Mussolini's stock is standing, for he will need to be in a very bad way indeed to put up with Germany as a next door neighbour, within grabbing distance of the blue Adriatic and Trieste, which Italy only acquired from Austria through the war.

Hitler has often pressed for 'a free plebiscite' in Austria. They say that this was one of the suggestions put to Lord Halifax, when he saw Hitler, as a fair offer. It is skilfully attuned to the British mentality; it has a democratic ring. Statesmen far away do not realize, even if they cared, that there is no such thing as a 'free plebiscite' in a country of seven million people coveted by a

neighbouring military dictatorship of seventy millions. The means of pressure and intimidation are too great.

If Hitler gets his plebiscite the moving finger will inexorably write 'Finis Austriae' across the European map, and Austrian man-power and munition-power will be harnessed to the mighty German military machine.

Austria lies precariously under the lee of the Rome-Berlin partnership, and wonders what the future holds. The cheerfully cynical Viennese, as they look out on this strange world of double-crossing dictators, alternatively threatening and embracing each other and springing week-end bombshells on the world, remark, 'Well, war certainly seems to be coming, but we can't foretell where or why, all we know is that it will begin on a Saturday.'

In Vienna Schuschnigg sits in Dollfuss's chair, reserved, entirely untheatrical, austere, unemotional. I have often seen him there. Outside in the corridor is the old messenger who saw Dollfuss killed, and tells you how he tried to run out of the room by another door, but met the raiders coming in and they shot him down. In the corner, over the sofa on which he died, is a weeping Madonna, the work of an Austrian peasant woodcarver who, by a strange chance, had made it and given it to Dollfuss just before his death. A light burns beneath it. In this chancery Metternich sat and span his tangled webs, the Chancellor of an Empire that in its day had spread all over Europe from Spain to the Netherlands. Outside is the Heldenplatz, the most noble place I have seen in Europe, framed by the Imperial Palace and the great buildings of the Ringstrasse, and behind them the Vienna hills and above the blue Vienna sky.

It is an enchanting city, with the melancholy of departed glory lingering in the air. I wish I could take a magic wand and give its people the only thing they lack - common emotion, something to be enthusiastic about. I believe they would cheer anybody they saw entering Vienna on a white horse, whether he were Habsburg, Hitler or what not. From a purely selfish point of view I hope that Vienna will always remain Vienna as I have known it in one sense at least - a city of music and toleration, with a distrust for extremes.

I spoke about these things with my friend *der alte Steffel*, but he was wary and non-committal, as the Viennese always are if you try to bore them with serious problems. 'Schaun S', Verehrtester,' he said, 'es wird sich schon alles finden, warum soll'n ma uns den Kopf zerbrechen über diese Dinge. Wien bleibt doch Wien.'

'Vienna won't alter.' I wonder if Steffel was right. He is getting old now and rather senile, in fact they had to raise a fund for an operation on his steeple.

One day in February 1938 Hitler invited the earnest Schuschnigg to visit him at his Bavarian chalet and there, with German generals standing ominously in the background and tanks and infantry and aeroplanes everywhere, he told Schuschnigg that, of course, he respected Austrian independence, but it would be as well if Schuschnigg would hand over the police to a new Minister, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, in whom Hitler had confidence, and he might as well release all his imprisoned Nazis and change the tone of his press, and he need not delude himself that England or France or Italy would give him any help and Germany could occupy Austria with far less misgiving than she had occupied the Rhineland two years before. That happened, inevitably, on a Saturday, and Mussolini, inexplicably was somewhere deep in the Italian countryside, and London shook in its golf shoes, and Schuschnigg, who had stood face to face with stark, relentless, overwhelming force, came back to Vienna and did all these things.

So by the time you read this book Hitler's nominee will have the Austrian police, and you remember that Göring's control of the Prussian police, although he was only Prussian Home Minister and Papen was Prussian Premier and the Nazis were in a voting minority in the Reich Cabinet, was enough for him to exploit the Reichstag fire in a way that vanquished all adversaries and made Germany into the Third Reich.

By all the portents Steffel will see some changes soon. You could feel the tension in Vienna that Saturday.

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## Chapter Thirty Three

### SERB SOLILOQUY

I stood in the orthodox Cathedral at Belgrade and two bearded young deacons with lusty thighs and sinews sang a sonorous chant in a rising cadence of half- and quarter-tones in magnificent bass voices. It was a spectacle of virile masculinity that clearly fluttered the emotions of the English ladies who were standing about. I should think the priests of the Serbian Orthodox Church must be one of the finest-looking bodies of men in the world.

It was the thanksgiving service of the Orthodox Church for the jubilee of King George V of England, who had just completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign; a simple and retiring man who in other circumstances would have left little impression on the world's memory, he had by the accident of time come to symbolize, for England and the world, the ordeal of the war and the survival of the British Empire, and now the whole world was honouring in his person that successful business proposition.

I was by chance in Belgrade and in the morning I thanked God for King George at the Cathedral and in the afternoon I gathered with other miscellaneous Britons in the garden of the British Legation. Sir Neville Henderson said the customary few words in the tone of reverent emotion that is reserved for kings, until they kick over the traces. In the evening I sat in the bar of the Srbski Kralj and listened to a gentleman whose family in the course of their westward migration had picked up a Bohemian place-name and who himself had acquired a British passport; he was saying what a great day this had been for England.

But now, as I listened half-heeding to the magnificent singing of the deacons, my thoughts were far from King George. Before me stood Prince Paul, the Regent, and his Princess Olga, and behind them were the members of the Yugoslav Government, and among them, the War Minister, and my thoughts were fixed on him. As I watched him the cathedral and Prince Paul and the foreign diplomats and the singing deacons faded and I saw officers, with revolvers and swords in their hands, rushing through the rooms and corridors of a darkened palace, saw panic-stricken fugitives hiding in cupboards, shots, shrieks, shouts of triumph ...

He was a little plump now, the War Minister, plumper than he had been on that evening just thirty-two years before, but still a fine-looking man with a thick head of hair and a massive, muscular frame. I think the Serbs must, in proportion to their numbers, be the handsomest men in the world, and their womenfolk are lovely; the average expectation of a beautiful wife must be higher in Serbia than almost anywhere. The men are often still young at fifty, and mostly avoid pouches, paunches, bald heads and the other diseases of age far longer than the males in other lands.

The Royal Palace is not far from the Cathedral, two or three long stonethrows. The War Minister, I thought as I looked at him, standing rigidly at attention in his well-fitting grey uniform, must pass it almost every day of his life when he is in Belgrade. His hands shook, they say, on that evening, thirty-two years before, when he, Lieutenant Zhivkovitch of the Guard at the Palace, fumbled for the keys to open the gates and let his brother-officers and fellow-conspirators in, and they all rushed through the palace vainly seeking for King Alexander and his Queen Draga, and at last detected a crack in the wallpaper that meant a secret chamber, and when they got them out, Alexander and Draga in their long white nightshirts, they killed him with 'nineteen revolver bullets and five sabre cuts' and her with 'thirty-six revolver shots and over forty sabre cuts', and the bodies were thrown out of the window into the forecourt of the palace, where they lay sprawling until the Russian Minister, peeping through the blinds of his Legation opposite, ventured to send out some



servants with sheets to cover them, and His Britannic Majesty's Government was so shocked that it withdrew its Minister from Belgrade for three years and all the world shuddered.

Now, thirty-two years later, the bloodstains have long since faded, and after the thanksgiving service at St. Sava's we all go back along the main street past the spot where Alexander and Draga lay, and nobody thinks of them, possibly not even the War Minister. (You remember Anatole France's marvellous story, the best short story ever written, I think, of the two retired Roman Governors who meet and discuss old times and one of them says, 'By the way, Pontius, what happened to that fellow you had such trouble with in Jerusalem, Jesus of Nazareth, I think they called him?', and Pontius, in his palanquin, says, 'Jesus, Jesus, I cannot recall the name'.) Opposite the palace still stands the Russian Legation, yellow and unkempt and out at elbows and now empty these twenty years, for the Czar is also dead, murdered, and we of the Yugoslav Court detest this Bolshevik regime of regicides and Yugoslavia has not yet recognized Soviet Russia.

Possibly the War Minister does after all ponder these things as he passes the palace, for his chief on that night thirty-two years before, the chief plotter, is also mouldering in a distant grave with bullet-holes in his skull, that industrious Colonel Dimietrievitch, nicknamed The Bee, who planned the whole thing, in order to rid Serbia of the intolerable shame of Alexander and his mistress-queen, and bring back the Karageorgevitch.

Apis, the Bee, that was a man, big and strong as a bull, a Serbian patriot in the great tradition, the father of the dynasty. They say that he prepared the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo in 1914, too, in the hope and intention to bring about a European war in which the declining Austro-Hungarian Empire, the sick man on the Danube, would receive the *coup de grâce* and Serbia, after centuries of oppression and struggle, blossom at last into the great South Slav Reich in which Serbs and Croats and Slovenes and Montenegrins and perhaps Bulgars would all be united.

But Apis, who murdered Alexander Obrenovitch to put Peter Karageorgevitch on the Serbian throne, was himself shot by Alexander Karageorgevitch, who in his turn was murdered at Marseilles.

It all happened in the war. They say that Apis, head of the Black Hand Secret Society, had come to the opinion that the great South Slav Reich of his dreams could only be realized on Republican lines, but who knows if that is really true. At all events, Alexander Karageorgevitch, then Prince-Regent for his ageing father, feared him and surrounded himself with another group of officers, headed by Zhivkovitch, who formed an opposition White Hand Society. And one fine morning Apis, who died bravely, was taken out and shot on a charge of plotting his third great murder - that of the Prince-Regent. The murder of Belgrade 1903 was certainly and that of Serajevo 1914 almost certainly his; no credible evidence was produced in support of the charge of the alleged third murder, on which he was shot. He seems to have been entirely innocent of it, but those who live by the revolver often die by it.

The truth of the matter, as one of my useful friends told me, and I incline to believe him, is that in 1917, when the hail-fellow-well-met Apis Dimietrievitch was shot at Salonica, the Serbian Government had been pushed out of Serbia and did not know when or whether it would ever get back again. Its army was fighting with the Allies at Salonica, in Greece; the Serbian Government was at Corfu; the Central Powers had vast areas of enemy territory in their hands and were in a strong position to conclude a favourable peace; and the Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary had just made a peace approach to the Allies through the Pope.

Prince-Regent Alexander and the Serbian Government may well have thought that peace negotiations impended in which the Serbian Government, with the enemy in possession of its territory, would be in a very weak position and would do well to propitiate the Central Powers, moving to a favourable peace, by removing the man who had prepared the Serajevo murder.

I thought of all these things as I came away from the thanksgiving service at St. Sava's and walked along King Milan Street. Alexander Obrenovitch had been a bad king, the doctors who examined his body found that his skull was three times as thick as it should have been and perhaps that had something to do with it, and Draga had done her utmost to make Serbia appear ridiculous by twice announcing that she was pregnant when she was incurably sterile. But was not the method of their removal rather drastic? Could they not have been dethroned and imprisoned? It was a point that interested me, for wandering about Europe the great question which continually confronted me was, is political murder justifiable? Did blood always revenge itself in blood or was it possible that good could come out of what seemed indubitably to be evil, that great civilizations, fructifying the world, could be born in crimes glossed over with the name of patriotism. It was a question that repeatedly prompted itself particularly in Germany.

In Serbia not a soul regrets Alexander and Draga or the manner of their killing. In Serajevo they put up a tablet to Gabriel Princip, who shot the Archduke. An Orthodox Priest spoke to me derisively once of 'the old ladies in England who still talk about poor Alexander and poor Draga'. With my Serb friend X, I climbed to the top of windswept Mount Avala, where Serb conscripts are assembling Ivan Mestrovic's great black marble memorial to the Serb Unknown Soldier, and we looked back over Belgrade and he said, 'Wasn't Yugoslavia worth a world war?'

I knew what he felt and could feel with him. In the new States, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and Poland, this feeling of exaltation at having expelled foreign rulers, this feeling that mastery in your own household is worth any price, is in the very air. You feel that, at last, the air you breathe is your own, and you drink it avidly in.

The killing of Alexander Obrenovitch was an efficient political assassination as these things go, in that, as he was the last of his line, it ended the feud for the throne between the Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch which began with the rivalry of two Serb leaders of those names for the leadership of their people when the ousting of the Turks began, about 1800. Black George, the first Karageorge, a doughty fellow even for a Serb, who killed with his own hand one hundred and twenty-five people who angered him, including his father and brother, was killed in his sleep by Milos Obrenovitch and his head was sent to the Sultan at Constantinople. After that Karageorgevitch and Obrenovitch alternated on the throne, with occasional assassinations, until 1903, when the vendetta finished, because Alexander was the last Obrenovitch.

So little King Peter, who is now fourteen, has nothing to fear from that direction. The first time I saw him he was only ten and, looking wonderingly from side to side at the wailing and lamenting crowds, he walked behind the coffin of his father, just brought home from Marseilles, as it was slowly hauled past that very palace where the last Obrenovitch met his end. His mother, a tall figure shrouded in widow's weeds, towered over him; behind him came a vast concourse of foreign mourners, with many of the leading figures in the European line-up among them, such as General Göring, King Carol and President Lebrun and Sir Nevile Henderson, and I wondered what lay in store for this child.

His father, although the Obrenovitch were no more, had fallen to an assassin's bullet at Marseilles. Alexander was a most superstitious man. He left the great new Parliament building in Belgrade half-finished for many years because a gipsy woman had told him that his dynasty would fall when it was finished. Immediately after his death work was resumed on the forlorn shell and it was

completed, without any ill effects to the dynasty. This superstition makes it strange that Alexander should have disembarked at Marseilles for his great State visit to Yugoslavia's friend France on a Tuesday, for the Orthodox are wont to avoid that day like the plague for any important undertaking since that Tuesday in 1453 when the Turks took Constantinople, and centuries of Turkish oppression began for the Balkan peoples. But Alexander, although he had for years lived with the thought of assassination always in his mind, this time apparently left his superstition behind him, as well as the bullet-proof mail-shirt which he was wont to wear on such occasions and which might have saved him.

The rise of Serbia, in innumerable wars, from a tiny principality barely free from the Turks to a great modern State is, on a smaller scale, rather like that of Germany, from the Margraviate of Brandenburg through the Kingdom of Prussia to the great Third Reich; but this rapid ascent brought enmities with it to which Alexander fell a victim and at his death Yugoslavia seemed to be riven by domestic feuds and surrounded by foreign enemies, so that little King Peter, as he walked behind the coffin that day, in his grey-and-red Sokol suit with the feather in his cap, seemed to have an uncomfortable time ahead of him.

For within Yugoslavia there was the feud with the Croats, who with their home-rule demands form the most obstinate political opposition in the world, worse even than the Irish. They did not reckon merely to have exchanged rule by the Hungarians in Budapest for rule by the Serbs in Belgrade, they wanted to rule themselves in Zagreb, owning allegiance only to a common kingship. And the Serbs detested Zagreb, with its baroque buildings and indolent coffee-houses, to them it was Habsburg and Catholic and they had been brought up in their schools on the teaching that all the Slavs who were Catholics -- Croats and Slovenes and Czechs and Slovaks and Poles -- had lain for centuries under foreign oppression, and all the Slavs who were Orthodox -- Serbs and Montenegrins and Bulgars and Russians -- had fought off the tyrants and were free Slavs.

They hated the spiritual allegiance to Rome, they suspected the Croats, who had fought willy-nilly with the Austro-Hungarian armies against the Serbs in the war, of a sneaking liking for Habsburg. They wanted Yugoslavia to be nationalist to the marrow and firmly ruled from a pure Slav city, Belgrade, by a real Serb dynasty - for the Karageorgevitch are the only kings in Europe to have sprung straight from their own people, all the other dynasties are German and imported, but the only admixture of non-Serb blood in the Serb royal house is that brought in by one or two foreign princesses who had to be enlisted to secure the succession.

This rivalry between Belgrade and Zagreb is very much like that between Berlin and Vienna. In both cases you have a new capital, non-Catholic, strident, modern, rapidly growing, born in wars and victory, and an old one, Catholic, mellow, obstinately but effortlessly self-assertive.

And the upshot of the quarrel was once more - political murder. As in Germany, so in Serbia, the enemies of unity, real or imaginary, are removed. Raditch, the Croat leader, was shot in the Belgrade Parliament in 1929. Alexander suppressed all parties and set up his own dictatorship. His enemies at home and abroad united against him, and after five years he was killed.

That murder at Marseilles is a fascinating thing to study. Read all the evidence, and you will see the Danubian line-up, as it was in 1934, gradually taking shape before your eyes. Apart from her internal enemies, Yugoslavia was surrounded by foes. She had acquired territory as the result of the war from Hungary, who hated her. Italy hated her because she held the Dalmatian coast, which Italy had secretly been promised as the reward of her entry into the war on the side of the Allies. Bulgaria had fought her three times for Macedonia, and lost, and now a Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, sworn to liberate Macedonia or perish, made her eastern frontier so unsafe with raids and bombing excursions that at length it was hermetically closed by a thick wall of barbed wire and

concrete machine-gun posts every few hundred yards and trenches. The Serbo-Bulgar frontier looked just like something in the world war.

Now see how these forces joined hands and struck at Alexander. The actual murderer, the man you saw in the film jump on the running-board of Alexander's car and shoot him, was Vlada Gheorghieff, 'Vlada the Chauffeur', the right-hand gunman of Ivantcho Michailoff, head of the Macedonian revolutionaries. His accomplices, several of whom were caught in France, tried and sentenced, were Croat terrorists, disowned by the great Croat Peasant Party of the murdered Raditch and his present successor Matchek. They had received training in gunmanship and bombing on a farm in Hungary, just across the Hungarian-Yugoslav frontier, about which the Yugoslav Government had repeatedly complained to the League and Budapest. They were given good Hungarian passports to enable them to get to France for the murder. Their leaders, Perchetz and Pavelitch, were given shelter in Italy, where another group of these Croat extremists, Ustashi, had been trained for terrorist exploits in Yugoslavia, and Italy refused to extradite them.

So the clouds seemed to be gathering thick about little King Peter that day, as I watched him mount the steps to the Karageorgevitch Church at Oplenatz, fifty miles from Belgrade, to see his father laid to his last rest. The church, with its clustering cupolas, stands on a steep hilltop, and in the valley below lies the village from which the Karageorgevitch began their fight against the Turks. All around us were the brawny fighting men of Serbia. Round and round the hilltop, lower than ourselves, circled Yugoslav and Czechoslovak and French aircraft, the thunder of their engines drowning the clangour of the bells, and they threw out flowers for the dead King.

But actually the clouds were loosening, and a few months later fortune was smiling from car to car on Yugoslavia, which was in a fair way to become the spoilt darling of Europe, so did the stars in their courses conspire to favour her. Just before the King's murder Bulgarian officer conspirators, having come round to the view that the feud with Yugoslavia could only lead to disaster, not to a glorious resurrection for Bulgaria, had enforced the suppression of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, which until that time had had open Bulgarian official support, and this was lucky because otherwise Vlada the Chauffeur would by his revolver shot have produced an immediate Yugoslav-Bulgar war, if not a European war, and Europe has had enough wars about that particularly dreary stretch of mountainous land, which has been so ravaged down the centuries that the Bulgars truly say 'Better a Rumanian wife or a ship at sea, than a house in Macedonia', and that is saying something.

Vlada the Chauffeur is for me an absorbing study. I saw a picture of him, naked, propped up in his coffin. That was taken by the French police for the use of their Yugoslav colleagues. He had died a terrible death, his skull smashed by a sabre cut, his body riddled by bullet holes and sword thrusts, and yet in death he seemed as full of fight as ever, his face defiant and truculent. He was not a Macedonian, but South Bulgarian, so that he could not have had the burning resentment against his victim that an actual son of Macedonia might feel. He seemed to have been just a paid gunman, who efficiently bumped off Ivantcho Michailoff's enemies, and got off scot-free through political protection. What on earth could have made the risks he took at Marseilles seem worth while to him? He could not have expected to escape. Or did he cherish that hope, and did his accomplices fail to cover his getaway?

But to revert. The ill wind that blew Italy to Abyssinia brought good to Yugoslavia, and a few months after Alexander's death, Yugoslavia, who had lived in mortal fear of an Italian attack ever since the war and had always wondered whether her allies would really come to her aid, found herself overwhelmed by offers of friendship from all quarters.

Italy, after surviving triumphant one experience of a world united against her, and of Yugoslavia with the other Mediterranean States pledged to support England against her if war came in that blue sea, completely changed her policy and ardently sought her friendship. For the Yugoslavs Italy remains the enemy, with designs on the lovely Dalmatian coast, they have no illusions about that, but for the nonce Italy is most friendly and no more Croat terrorists will be trained in Italian camps, the more so as this suits the book of Italy's associate Germany, which aims at splitting the Little Entente, the trio of anti-revisionist states in Danubian Europe pledged to France, and thinks Yugoslavia the one most likely to respond to a process of weaning away. And Hungary, under the pressure of her German and Italian protectors, has similarly called off her revisionist hounds as far as Yugoslavia is concerned.

So Prince Paul, who was hardly known to the Serbs until their King died, and his Prime Minister, Milan Stoyadinovitch, Batli Milan or Lucky Milan they call him, have been dealt a series of all-trump hands by destiny since they took over the country until King Peter comes of age. The ace of trumps has been a series of bumper harvests.

Prince Paul is the antithesis of his cousin, who had accompanied the Serb army on their retreat through Albania, who knew his generals and politicians like the back of his hand. In Prince Paul the Karageorgevitch blood has been fined down through an aristocratic Russian mother and education at an English University, and the resulting product is worlds apart from that kinsman of a hundred years ago, Karageorge, the herculean cattle-dealer who killed men because they annoyed him and led his countrymen against the Turks and managed even to establish a precarious Serbian independence in a small area, and because of his strength and ferocity and success was acknowledged by them to be the leader of the Serbs.

Prince Paul is the highly refined product of the West, a man of books, music and art. The confiscation of the Demidoff Russian estates has left him with a bitter feeling about Communists, of whom they say he sees one in every corner, and there are few countries where you need worry less about them than in Yugoslavia, but then there are such things as officials who want to prove their zeal and think you will be the more impressed by their vigilance the more reports they bring you about The Reds.

On one famous occasion there was a riot in Belgrade when the police truncheoned a church procession of protest against the agreement with the Vatican. The police statement announced that the demonstrators had been 'Communists'. One or two photographers had taken pictures and these were published soon after all over the world. They showed the 'Communists' as a few hundred Orthodox Churchmen carrying banners and headed by bearded bishops in their robes.

To the Serbs Prince Paul is little more than a name. They seldom see him. They think a great deal about their King, young Peter and about his mother, whom they knew as Alexander's queen, but she also remains mostly in retirement. Peter is usually in the country, being brought up with boys of his own age, and he is growing into a fine young man, who is going to be one of the tallest and best-built Kings in Europe, and not a bad-looking one at that, save for a rather large nose. And Belgrade, the city of awful rumour, seeing so little of them, invents fantastic stories about feuds within the Royal Family and about plots to keep Peter from the throne and plots to put Peter on the throne. It is an unfortunate thing, but it springs from the rigid censorship, which forbids any free discussion of public affairs, and from the rigorous surveillance of the population exercised by the gendarmerie, who walk about hung with lethal weapons like a Christmas tree and are not popular with their fellow-men.

I have never seen primitive passions so starkly exposed as in Serbia. An angry Serb is a man to avoid and if I were Mussolini I should make a pact of eternal friendship with the Serbs. I once saw

gendarmes with loaded and bayoneted rifles rushing across the Slavia Square in Belgrade and an infuriated member of the public rushed towards them, planted himself before them, and with shirt torn open yelled to them to stick it in. On the other side of the square a little café was undergoing a siege in miniature. Men with chairs were fighting off gendarmes with bayoneted rifles and truncheons, and the amount of bangs on the head they took was astonishing.

The cause of this unpleasantness, which abruptly ceased soon afterwards because it was the hour at which you go to eat and thereafter to take your afternoon rest, was the unpopular agreement with the Vatican. Once in the Skupshtina the opposition got so angry that I thought the walls and roof would burst asunder. The point at issue was something trivial, I have forgotten what, but I know that I walked round and told the British Minister, Sir Ronald Campbell, that I had heard that some of those angry deputies were carrying revolvers with them and that I felt sure they would start shooting soon.

And sure enough two or three days later one of them, Novakovitch, who now lies in prison, tried to shoot lucky Milan Stoyadinovitch, and another deputy, who had been watching him, knocked his arm up and the bullet hit the wall just by Sir Ronald who had gone to see for himself and was imperturbably watching the scene.

Lusty fellows, one and all, the best companions you could find, friendly and amusing and loyal. If I had to be a king, which God forbid, I would choose to be King of the Serbs. They will be there at the crack of doom, these hardy peasants and mountaineers, in their braided homespun garments and sheepskin caps. My friend X, when he wakes in the morning and is not feeling too good, puts out a sleepy hand and pours himself a good swig of raki, which is just fire-water, red-hot, and after that he is equal to anything.

Belgrade is in the growing-pains stage, between a sleepy Turkish town, with pleasant shady courtyards running off at right angles from dusty streets, and near-skyscrapers, all white and crossword-puzzle-like. Great Ministries rub shoulders and before them stand the sleek American limousines of the bureaucrats. Skysigns advertise radio and aspirin in blue and mauve and pink. Cheap Jewish stores and new hotels are going up on all sides. There is a boom and the astute are making fortunes. But on all sides, poor, patient, plodding, uncomprehending, goes the peasant, the man who is really Serbia, driving his oxen, bringing his wares to market. In the afternoon everybody goes to the main boulevard for the daily promenade, to see and be seen, and that throng, pushing slowly along between the warder-like gendarmes, contains some of the best looking and best-dressed young men and women you can find anywhere in Europe.

Belgrade will be one of the finest capitals in Europe if they plan it in time and do not spoil it by random and uncoordinated building. As yet it has not made up its mind what it wants to be. In the hurry of the post-war years it has missed the opportunity to evolve a distinctively Serb architecture, to become a Balkan capital with a character all its own, and has gone racing after American and German ideas in architecture, with questionable success.

It has opportunities unequalled by any other city. It lies at the confluence of two great rivers, the Danube and the Save. In the middle of the main street, Piccadilly in terms of London, the ground abruptly falls away to show a rolling Balkan vista and the broad Save, with busy shipping. But as yet the Belgraders have not made up their minds what to do with this rare opportunity for town-planning. They were rather puzzled, for that matter, to know what to do with Ivan Mestrovic's war memorial, a magnificent nude figure of an armed warrior, many times more than lifesize. The city fathers decided that the closely cloistered wives and daughters of Belgrade were not yet ready for nudes, and the warrior was put away on a promontory overlooking the Danube, right down by the old Turkish citadel, where you can see him only by craning your neck.

Changes beyond their dreams, these twenty years have brought the Serbs. Twenty years ago you looked down from Kalimegdan Gardens across the Danube and over there, that yellow building, was Semlin Station, the Austrian frontier post. And now Austria is far, far away, and you have taken Slovenia and Bosnia and Herzegovina from her and Croatia from Hungary and you have absorbed the little kingdom of Montenegro and you are well on your way to become a Great Power, and leader of the Balkans. Now that the river and the land on both sides of it is all yours the French have built you a great bridge across your Danube. Down in the angle, where the river that flows from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, the railway that runs from Paris to Constantinople, and the trans-European motor-road that you have completed by your Danube bridge, down there where these three international highways all meet and intersect, you are putting up the permanent buildings of your great Belgrade Fair. For the Germans and Italians and Americans and Czechoslovaks, and more tardily those slowcoaches the French and British, are at last recognizing the importance of the Balkans as a buyer and seller of goods.

I am always happy when the aeroplane glides in over the Danube and I see Mestrovic's nude and the Turkish citadel and know that I am again in Belgrade. I like to eat at Kolowratz, where Apis used to sit, and to go and bathe in the Save and have Apis's brother pointed out to me, and to watch Princip's brother in a café, and to wander by the Royal Palace and the mouldering Russian Legation and ask them what they think of things, and to drive out to the garden restaurant at Dedigne. I like to sit in the cafés and listen to the Bulgarian gipsy girls singing. I like to take a car and go out to Smederevo, on the Danube, where the old stronghold with its twenty-four rectangular towers rising sheer on the river tells of the long struggle with the Turk.

At Smederevo I once met a man who had been at Oxford - during the war some hundreds of young Serbs were sent there, good English friends having hit on the idea that it would be a good thing to have a reservoir of English-educated Serbs to take over high office in the new and greater Serbia that was to arise from the World War. The calculation misfired in one sense. Few of them have risen to high office, but all of them retain a deep affection for England and form a valuable capital of goodwill, well invested in Serbia.

This Serb, although he lived with and for peasants, still had his New College photographs on the walls of his little home and sometimes tuned in to London on his radio. We had an enormous celebration. The Mayor and the deputy and the doctor and one or two prosperous farmers came in and we drank freely of the excellent Smederevo wine. Having occasion to go to the lavatory I found it occupied by a young sucking pig which greeted me with loud squeals, and an hour or two later this same animal, grinning in death, was served and we ate him with appetite, for roast sucking pig, as they know in Serbia, is a thing that the gods themselves would not despise.

And we ate and we drank, and we drank and we ate, and at last, comatose but happy, we set out for Belgrade, and a longish drive of many miles passed like a flash. It was a clear Balkan night, starry and cool. London, the war, Germany all seemed far away. This was Serbia, and I liked it. Perhaps, I should find myself living here some day.

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## Chapter Thirty Four

### BORIS AND HIS BULGARS

I watched Boris intently and curiously. He had always interested me. He stood, bareheaded, in the midst of his people, with the golden cupolas of Alexander Nevsky behind, and in the far background the peak of Mount Vitosch, with a little dab of belated snow on its shoulder, and above a vivid blue sky. Old Archbishop Stefan, his cumbersome golden crown encrusted with great red and green stones, the bearded bishops and priests all around him, intoned a benediction.

Boris's eyes travelled along the ring of faces. He stood alone, in a little cleared space, his Bulgarians about him, and his eyes never paused in their ranging scrutiny. They are curious eyes, blue, appealing, with a kind of doelike softness, but at the back a hard glint of suspicion.

Boris of Bulgaria is forty-three as I write, bald, with the long, hooked Bourbon nose that the caricaturists of his father made known throughout the world, and he has spent twenty years fighting the twin enemies of every Balkan monarch - abdication and assassination. The dominating memories of his life are of moments when these two implacable foes looked over the walls of the palace.

His father was Ferdinand, that Prince of Coburg who in the teeth of the Czar's and Bismarck's hostility agreed to become Prince of Bulgaria - the little backward Balkan country from which Russia had just driven the Turks. Under his rule Bulgaria cast off the last vestige of her Turkish vassaldom, and in twenty years Ferdinand gained the admiration of all Europe by the reforms he made and the prosperity he brought to Bulgaria. On Boris's fourteenth birthday his father summoned him and told him of the assassination in Lisbon of King Carlos of Portugal and of the Portuguese Crown Prince, who, like Ferdinand and Boris, were of the Houses of Orleans and Coburg.

Ferdinand, who lived night and day with the thought of assassination, wanted to engrave in the brain of young Boris the fact that the King and the heir to the throne were jointly and separately liable to assassination.

That is the kind of present, on your fourteenth birthday, that you do not easily forget. Boris's next dominant memory is of the moment, ten years later, when, amid the crash of falling empires and kingdoms, Crown Prince Boris, twenty-four years old, accompanied the abdicated Czar Ferdinand of the Bulgars to the frontier, and returned, a lonely man, to rule over Bulgaria.

Now another twenty years have passed, with Boris fighting coolly, like an accomplished swordsman, against abdication and assassination. For the present he seems to have fought both his enemies to a standstill. With his background, he knows these two desperadoes find their greatest opportunities in war. Boris's prevailing preoccupation, as he looks out on the European line-up from distant Sofia, is to keep Bulgaria out of a new war, or if she must come in, this time to make sure that she comes in on the right side.

'The right side.' That is what all the monarchs and politicians in the small states, since the Abyssinian fiasco, are trying to foresee. What will the final line-up be, when the next war starts? Will it be Germany and Italy, with their satellites Hungary and Austria, against France and England and Russia? What will America do? What will our small-state neighbours do? Can we keep on good terms with all parties until we see how things are going, and then come in, at a price, on the winning side? Can we keep out and grow fat on neutrality?



The World War would probably have been over quickly if Bulgaria could have been brought in quickly on the side of the Allies. But British and French diplomacy persistently neglect the Balkans. They do not realize that countries which are small and poor and far away, and which do not buy their goods in large quantities, may be strategically vital. The same mistake is being made to-day. Germany and Italy send their best men, in politics and finance and trade, to the Balkans, spend money lavishly on making Balkan friends. And the Balkan countries are rapidly overhauling the West, building their own industries, exploiting their own mineral wealth, creating powerful armies.

Boris is the astutest monarch in Europe. He has a lonely job, he, the scion of so many princely houses, clinging on to his diminutive and primitive kingdom down there in the bottom right-hand corner of Europe, with its poor, patient and long-suffering population. His achievement in holding and consolidating his throne in these twenty years is epic. He is, in kingship, what Cinquevalli was in juggling and Blondin on a tight-rope.

His technique is quite different from that of his brother monarchs in the Balkans. The thought of assassination -- not the fear of it, he is courageous -- is always with him, but he does not seek to avoid it by bullet-proof cars, shirts of mail, doubles, seclusion behind a throng of plain clothes men and police. He looks it in the face. He strolls about the streets of Sofia, mixes with his people.

But his eyes and ears are everywhere. None is so well informed as he of what is afoot and what is planned. This afternoon he may appear among the throng that takes its daily promenade, about teatime, between King Boris's Palace and the Boris Park, but to-morrow morning he will not appear at a function where he had been confidently awaited.

By skill and guile he has outwitted all enemies, revolutionary plotters and military conspirators alike. In 1925 somebody blew up the Sofia Cathedral. The King was not present, though he had been expected. I remember reading how three men who were accused of it were publicly hanged and many years afterwards Nadya told me how she, then a child, had watched their execution, three little dangling figures against a grey sky.

In 1934 officer conspirators threw troops and artillery round the palace at dead of night, entered and made the King a prisoner. Who knows just what was in their minds? Abdication or Assassination, he thought. They denied it afterwards; they only wanted to make the King abolish Parliament and the parties, they said, which he did. But who knows, if he had been found there, panic-stricken, 'a ridiculous figure' in a nightshirt, like Alexander in Belgrade in 1903? But he was not, he was in uniform and sword, sitting at a table, and as they entered he rose quietly and said, 'Well, gentlemen?'

And having forced his signature to their decree, they went away and a few months later they were all tangled up in the knotty business of trying to govern Bulgaria and had to hand the job back to somebody who understood it -- Boris -- and now their leader lies in durance vile and Boris reigns.

Sometimes he makes long but unostentatious journeys abroad, to see for himself how the European line-up is shaping. You see him Unter den Linden going to talk to Hitler or in London for King George's funeral, or in Paris meeting President Lebrun; you may encounter him all unexpectedly in the foyer of a theatre in Munich, unrecognized by the people around but feeling self-conscious because his appearance is Jewish and he thinks his fellow playgoers are giving him a wide berth on that account. Then he returns one day to Sofia, and you hear no more of him for a while.

His crowning piece of astuteness came in 1937, when Prince Simeon, the heir to the throne, was born. Boris married his Italian queen Joanna, who is a daughter of the King of Italy, in 1930, and in

1933, their daughter Marie Louise was born, and Bulgaria waited vainly for an heir to the throne, for Boris's only brother Cyril is unmarried, and the question of the future of the Bulgarian throne began to loom large.

This is important, because there is still that body of ardent patriots, particularly in neighbouring Serbia, who dream of the great South Slav Empire comprising all Slavs south of the Danube, including the Bulgars. To them belonged, as you will remember, Apis the Bee, of whom relatively few people in the Western World had ever heard, but who had played so great a part in forming the events of our time. Boris was an insuperable obstacle to such plans, but Boris had no heir! Here was a possibility. The South Slav patriots began to concert plans for the marriage of young King Peter of Yugoslavia, when he should come of age about 1941, with little Marie Louise, the future Queen, in her own right, of Bulgaria.

So that for several years patriotic Bulgars were much worried about the succession, but in 1937 Prince Simeon of Bulgaria was born, amid great national rejoicing. Day and night the peasants, pouring in from all parts of the country, filed through the palace garden, bringing gifts of goats and sheep and oxen and flowers and fruit. The succession was assured.

Boris is loved by the Bulgars. They like the way he drives his own railway engine and shakes the locomotive driver's hand. He has shaken horny hands all over Bulgaria. That is a trick he learned from his father, that extraordinary Ferdinand who always said he expected to be assassinated and once said to Paléologue, 'How awful it would be if I were to end my days in Coburg', and now lives, enormously old, at Coburg, and who detested Sofia with his gloomy little palace and the mauve satin furniture and loved Paris and the restaurants in the Champs Élysées, and who once, on returning from a review with the French President, insisted on shaking the hand of the engine-driver, so that the wily Briand, another master of the art of gesture, exclaimed 'What a masterpiece' and thousands of French working men shouted '*Vive le roi*'.

The Bulgars love Boris. I don't mean the politicians in Sofia. Politicians in any capital, save for the set in power at the moment, dislike their ruler and fear he will lead the country to disaster unless he calls them to power. But the common people give him a really extraordinary affection. They don't even bear Ferdinand any bad will, although he never liked them and actually did bring Bulgaria to disaster; on the contrary, they would welcome him, if he came to visit them. What they like about Boris is what they call his simplicity and what seems to me to be his extreme subtlety.

Bulgaria. What a country for you to consider, you who live in the confident expectation of a peaceful existence on the other side of Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic. Five hundred years under the Turks and not yet sixty years since the Russians drove the Turks out. Watching Boris that day in Sofia, my glance strayed continually to a little group of green-coated veterans, Bulgars who had helped expel the Turks at the Shipka Pass. In the city the mosques still stand, with the crescent moon above them, one of them enclasped in the arms of a great new modern bank. The little underground churches where the Christians crept to pray are still there. And in a bare half-century of liberation, already five wars.

The Bulgar has come to expect but little here below, and in the lean figures and faces of backstreet Sofia you can read the story of oppression and war and famine and plague and suffering. The police and the tax-collector treat you as their common enemy and victim, and their hand is heavy. Come to think of it, the Turks were not much worse in these respects. But in the countryside you enjoy a rude plenty and, above all, you are a Bulgar being oppressed by other Bulgars, and you are frugal and hardworking and intensely patriotic, and although you are not allowed to take much part in the affairs of your country you like your Boris and you hope that Bulgaria is yet going to become a great and rich and important country.

After the war, when Ferdinand's policy had led the country to such disaster, Bulgaria was ruled, with Boris as figurehead, by Stambulisky, who had warned Ferdinand not to join the Central Powers. Stambulisky was a peasant and they call his regime the peasant dictatorship. Well, eight Bulgars in ten are peasants, and I am not sure that the normal Bulgar regime, by which the eight peasants are ruled by two professors or bureaucrats or lawyers or journalists, with the army and police at beck and call, does not better deserve the name of dictatorship.

Anyway, Stambulisky governed the country in the interests of the peasants and was hated by the white-collar minority classes, and the army hated him too, because he saw Bulgaria's only hope in friendship with Yugoslavia, whereas the army regarded Yugoslavia, which had acquired a large slice of Macedonia from Bulgaria, as a deadly enemy, and the Macedonian Revolutionaries, who were fanatically anti-Yugoslav, thought like the army, and so did a large number of unemployed ex-officers who had been thrown out of a job through the abolition of conscription at the dictation of the victor powers. So they got together and murdered Stambulisky, I believe in a very painful way, and his body has not yet been found, and a university professor, Tzankoff, used the Macedonian revolutionaries and the army to terrorize the peasant population into submission, at the cost of two or three thousand dead Bulgars.

Together, amid loud acclamations, they restored parliamentary government to Bulgaria. That was in 1923 and 1924. Ten years later the wheel had turned full circle. The same retired officer who planned the murder of Stambulisky, one Colonel Damian Veltcheff, led the raid on Boris's Palace and forced the king to suppress Parliament and parties, his own gift to Bulgaria ten years before. The army had in the meantime come round to the view of Stambulisky, now unfortunately beyond a glorious political resurrection, that Bulgaria must become reconciled with Yugoslavia, and thus make one gap in the ring of enemies about her, or she looked like disappearing altogether.

On account of this change, the Macedonian revolutionaries, working for a Macedonia either independent or under Bulgarian rule, came to hate the army, and in order to discredit it framed a charge of espionage in the Yugoslav interest against an army officer, whom they kidnapped and tortured. Thus the first thing the officers did, when they made Boris prisoner, was to suppress the Macedonians who had for years been shooting politicians distasteful to them in the streets of Sofia. The officers did this just in the nick of time, for Alexander of Yugoslavia was killed by Vlada the Chauffeur five months later, the last kick of the Macedonians for the time being, and if the Macedonians at that time had still been sunning themselves in official patronage in Sofia an immediate Yugoslav invasion of Bulgaria would have followed.

Then the officers, who had been deeply impressed by Hitler's methods in Germany and the benefits that the German army was deriving from them, turned Parliament into a Propaganda Ministry, placarded the tramcars with self-laudatory notices about 'the new Bulgaria', which the Bulgar regarded with bleak incomprehension, because the policeman and the tax-collector were giving him just as rough a deal as ever, and generally put up a cheap lath-and-plaster imitation of the National Socialist Dictatorship. But after a few months they were in such a muddle that they handed the job back to Boris, on the condition that there should be no resurrection of party politics, and a few months after that the Government, now all King's men once more, announced that a plot against the King had been discovered, and the good Colonel Damian Veltcheff was sentenced to death and barely escaped with a reprieve. He was luckier than his opposite number in Belgrade, Apis the Bee. I saw him sentenced.

But though the officer conspirators are in gaol, and the other officers are so busy with rearmament that they have little time and little opportunity to conspire against the King and Government, the political blank that they made of Bulgaria remains. Nobody knows now what Bulgars are thinking about, whether they are for democracy or dictatorship, whether they want in the next war to fight

with or against the martial dictators. Boris is working cautiously to give the country a Parliament again.

The present regime in Bulgaria began as a copy of National Socialist Germany, and you might take that for an indication that in a new European war Bulgaria would again be on the side of Germany. But the last decision will lie with that astute monarch King Boris, who has no mind to give his prostrate enemies, Abdication and Assassination, another chance at him.

I once watched a parade of the Bulgarian army. The troops were armed with ancient Schneider guns that had done duty in the two Balkan wars and the World War (can you wonder if officers conspire in such circumstances), but the troops were the finest, in appearance, I had ever seen outside Germany. They were staggeringly good, and at this moment they are getting all the nice new toys that soldiers love and are becoming a very formidable army. And the young cadet officers you see in Sofia are living answers to the maiden's prayer.

Sofia I have found expensive and dull. It combines the main characteristics of an English cathedral city and a German *Residenzstadt*, so sombre is its respectability, so grim its decorum. It is the most primly proper capital in Europe. In Sofia to-day you simply cannot imagine Vlada the Chauffeur shooting his victims, Georgi Dimitroff of the Reichstag Fire Trial planning his armed Communist insurrection of 1923 against the Fascist terror of Tzankoff, the officers and the Macedonians. Sedateness stalks the streets. Night life is none, save for two or three gloomy bars full of Hungarian girls imported, under the clearing system, against Bulgarian gardeners sent to Hungary. The Hungarian dancing girls' wages are paid to the relatives of the Bulgarian gardeners, the Bulgarian gardeners' earnings are credited in Budapest to the account of the Hungarian dancing girls, and I think this must be one aspect of what you call sound finance and I call Insanity Fair. It is a strange thing, the explanation of which I should like to know, that the Catholic countries stock the bars and dance halls and brothels of Europe with girls, while you seldom find in these places a girl from an Orthodox country - a Serb, a Bulgar, a Greek.

As I watched Boris that day, standing in the sun and running his eyes over the phalanx of serving officers and the phalanx of reserve officers, all standing devotedly at the salute, I wondered what was in his mind and guessed that he was thinking, 'Ah, you, X, and you, Y, and you, Z, you look a model of soldierly discipline and loyalty, but I have got wind of your leanings for Veltcheff, of your membership of the Officers' League. I shall have to keep an eye on you'. That was before he had emerged triumphant from the tussle with the conspiratorial Officers' League by giving them something else to think about - rearmament. In the evening, with all Sofia, I walked through the gardens of the little palace, which is like a villa in Tooting, and saw him waving to the enthusiastic crowds that went by beneath, hour after hour. It was a great Sokol festival, a mass rally of those patriotic athletes who, in all the Slav countries, keep alive the spark of patriotism and of hatred of foreign oppressors, and the red shirts and feathered caps from Yugoslavia were there in masses.

For fifteen years the Bulgars had been living inside an iron ring of enemies, all determined to hold territory which they had and to which Bulgaria laid claim - Yugoslavia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey. The Bulgars had had little cause for making whoopee in these post-war years. Now they had become reconciled with at least one of their neighbours, and that their kinsman, the Serb.

They let themselves go. In the park hard by the palace they joined hands, Serb and Bulgar, and danced the horo to a military band. A traversing searchlight lit the dancing figures and the clouds of dust rising into the air. An endless chain of dancers, a long step and two short steps, steps forward and steps backward, winding in and winding out, Sokol uniforms and peasant costumes, a festival of Slav music and song and dance and colour.

From his palace windows Boris, the scion of the Bourbons and Orleans and Coburgs and Koharys, looked down meditatively on his simple peasant people and their guests. Serb and Bulgar. Fraternization. A very good thing too, as far as it went. But it must not go too far, or you would have one of those two enemies creeping up behind it.

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## Chapter Thirty Five

### GRECIAN DETOUR

It was cold that Sunday night on the little Greek destroyer, with its scrubby-chinned and lackadaisical crew, as she rattled and plunged from Athens to the Corinth Canal. Beyond, in the Adriatic, a gale had been blowing, and had left a gusty breeze and a sky ragged with scurrying clouds, and it had only abated just in time, or King George II of Greece would have had to put off his homecoming for forty-eight hours; his subjects would not have wished him to tempt Providence as Alexander of Yugoslavia had done and land on a Tuesday, that day on which the Turks had taken Constantinople nearly five hundred years before.

Up on the bridge a French girl journalist, who for all I know may have been a great writer but was certainly a mistress of the art of exploiting sex appeal and for some weeks kept all the interviewable people in Athens happy in the expectation of favours that never came, vamped the captain. On the wet iron decks we huddled together and sought shelter from the wind, G. E. R. Gedye and Pembroke Stephens and Harold Peters and the rest of us, the eyes and ears of the waiting world. In these days of dictatorships and censors we were coming to regard the three monkeys as the symbol of our craft, and 'See nothing, hear nothing, know nothing' as its motto, but still, from time to time, came some event, like the homecoming of a king, on which we could, without misgiving, lavish such gifts of description as we had.

Late at night we anchored before the dark and narrow canyon of the Corinth Canal and waited for the dawn. Beyond it lay Corinth, still half ruined from the earthquake, and the currant fields and the remains of those colonnaded streets where the golden youth of Greece had been wont to dally, and the blue gulf of Corinth, and the Temple of Apollo looking across at Mount Parnassus, where for all I know the gods might still be shaking with Homeric laughter at the comic antics of mankind in this nether world.

It was a long wait, but at last the old cruiser *Helle* emerged from the gloom of the Corinth Canal, little more than a black mass barely distinguishable from the surrounding darkness, and we fell into line behind and began the short voyage to Athens.

This restoration of a Balkan king was one of the loveliest things I have ever witnessed. Gradually the stars paled and the *Helle* took shape, with its double line of escorting destroyers and torpedo boats, and the water changed from black to grey and then to deepest blue, and suddenly the sun shot over the shoulder of historic Salamis and blazed a golden trail down the bay to show us the way to Athens, and from astern came fast coastal motor-boats that shot between the escorting vessels and the *Helle* on great curving wings of silver-spray, like flying fish, and overhead from Athens came seaplanes and aeroplanes that dipped to salute us and in the distance the vivid green of olive trees framed the blue water.

At last the little armada came to Athens, where the cliffs of the Piraeus and the waterfront of Phaleron were packed with people, and the sirens of the men-of-war and merchantmen and the horns of the motor cars incessantly tooted and hooted in a unison of three beats that meant 'Er-che-tai, er-che-tai' - 'Here he comes, here he comes'. It was the welcome that they had given King Constantine at his restoration, and now they gave it to King George at his.

While we watched, unshaven and still chilled from the night watch, a fast launch shot out from under the *Helle's* bows and a minute later the King of the Hellenes set foot on Greek soil and was greeted by General Kondylis, the King Maker, the soldier-politician who had expelled him and

brought him back, a weird, paunchy figure in ill-fitting evening clothes. And King George, late of Brown's Hotel, London, drove up the long straight street from Phaleron to the capital, past the great monuments of Greek and Roman civilization, to the Parliament building, that had been his father's palace, and showed himself on the balcony to his wildly enthusiastic Athenians who cheered and cheered and would not disperse.

How Prussian he looks, I thought, as I watched him. His bottle-green uniform was on the French model, but his monocle, his features and bearing all reminded me strongly of a Prussian officer. Perhaps he had caught the trick from his service with his uncle's Prussian Guards in Berlin before the World War, for his uncle was that Kaiser Wilhelm who now was a squire in exile at Doorn, complaining of the world that had treated him so scurvily, and his mother was that Kaiser's sister.

He is the fifth king that Greece, after ousting the Turks, has had in a hundred years. He is the second King of Greece to have been King of Greece twice during the past twenty years. Greece, like Rumania and Bulgaria, followed the earlier English example and looked to Germany for a king. They sent the first one, Otto of Bavaria, back after twenty years; they say he had queer ideas about castles, like his kinsman Ludwig, and at one time wanted to pull down the Acropolis and build a palace there. Then the Greeks put Prince George of Schleswig-Holstein on their throne, and he reigned happily for forty years until his assassination in 1913, and was succeeded by his son Constantine, him for whom the Athenians first cried 'Er-che-tai, er-che-tai'.

That was the beginning of twenty years of domestic strife that gave Greece no rest. For the accession of Constantine coincided with the rise of Venizelos, a politician of rare quality. Greece might be ruled well by a strong-willed king with a succession of compliant Prime Ministers, or by a strong-minded statesman with one or more compliant kings, but when the two come together the result is like mixing a Seidlitz powder, and Greece fizzed. Constantine and Venizelos both acquired great popularity from the Greek victories in the first Balkan War, with Serbia and Bulgaria against Turkey, and the second Balkan War, with Serbia against Bulgaria, and when the spoils were finally divided after the second one Greece had almost doubled her territory and population.

But then came the World War and the conflict of wills. Venizelos wanted to come in with the Allies, and had visions of further Greek expansion in Asia Minor. Constantine, by all good evidence, wanted to keep Greece out of the war altogether, but Venizelos and the Allies thought he was playing a pro-German game and suspected the influence of his Queen.

This led to the spectacle of Greece torn in two halves - Venizelos sitting at Salonica at the head of a Provisional Government and fighting with the Allies, Constantine beleaguered by the Allies in his Palace at Athens and even bombarded by them, so that King George II's memories of his early manhood include a vivid picture of a day when Allied shells fell in the courtyard of the palace and his mother, the Queen, had to put her children in the cellar. A few months before this the Allies had even sent a small landing party up that straight from Phaleron to Athens,' along which King George came on his restoration, and they were driven back by Greek troops with the bayonet, and the Queen telegraphed triumphantly to her brother the Kaiser that the troops of four Great Powers had fled before the Greeks, 'and may the infamous swine receive the punishment they deserve'.

At last, on June 12th, 1917, the Allies expelled King Constantine by force, and would not have his eldest son, Prince George, who is now King, on the throne, but his supposedly more compliant younger brother Alexander. And thus Greece, under Venizelos and Alexander, came in with the Allies, and at the Sèvres Peace Conference in August 1920 Greece obtained further large slices of Turkish territory, on the edge of Europe and in Asia Minor, and Venizelos's policy seemed to have been triumphantly justified. But in October 1920 Alexander inopportunely died of a monkey's bite and the Greeks, who had never forgiven the Allies for their expulsion of Constantine,

overwhelmingly voted for his return, so that Venizelos was humiliated and Constantine came back, and Greece resounded with the three-beat greeting 'Er-che-tai!'

But then the Turks turned round and in 1922 drove the Greeks out of their newly acquired possessions in Asia Minor, and once more Venizelos seemed to have been vindicated and Constantine was discredited, so that the army, smarting under this military disaster, and the nation, weary from eight years of war conditions, dethroned Constantine again -- he died in exile -- and made George king. The Revolutionary Committee, which made him king, shot out of hand several generals supposed to be responsible for the defeat in Asia Minor. King George soon became unpopular with the Republicans; he did not recall Venizelos, as they wished, and General Metaxas, who is his Prime Minister to-day, launched a revolt against the Revolutionary Committee. And about this time General Kondylis, the King Maker of twelve years later, was wont to speak of Constantine as 'the king of perdition and shame' and the dynasty as one of 'cowards and traitors' and he played a chief part in bringing about George's expulsion.

Well, well, women have no monopoly of changing minds and twelve years later General Kondylis obsequiously bowed as King George II stepped on to the landing stage. Kondylis, for a brief while dictator of Greece, had brought him back. He had driven Venizelos, his old chief, out, and suppressed by arms his attempt to save the Republic. Kondylis interested me and I was glad to find myself sitting talking to him in his study.

Here was another dictator, and I was by way of collecting dictators. He was surrounded by lethal weapons; even his inkpots and spittoons were made in the shape of cannon and machine-guns, and the walls were covered with portraits of Corporal Kondylis (the rank of Corporal ought to be suppressed, Napoleon was a corporal, and Hitler, and Mussolini, there is obviously something dangerous about it) fighting the Bulgars and General Kondylis fighting the Turks. He was fantastically vain - and a dying man. He did not know it, any more than other dictatorial natures I have met. I could see it in his eyes and swollen neck. Here, I thought, is the secret of the new turn in Greek politics, that twilight period in a man's mind before darkness enshrouds him.

Kondylis had organized the plebiscite for the King's return. The plebiscite ran true to contemporary form and the result was almost 100 per cent for the King. As La Rochefoucauld said, that which is exaggerated is not true, and this result was an exaggeration of the state of Greek feeling. But by the time the King actually returned, helped by encouraging messages from his father's and his own old enemy Venizelos in Paris, he was really popular.

The King's first act was politely to dismiss the incalculable Kondylis, and to guarantee absolute equality and justice to all Greeks. Then death stepped in and within a few weeks cleared the board of all his main problems. Kondylis, Venizelos, his first Prime Minister Demerdjis, the leader of the Popular Party Tsaldaris, all died within a few weeks.

King George was left with a clear board and, within a few months of his restoration, was able to appoint as Prime Minister General Metaxas, who had led the unsuccessful anti-Revolutionary Committee revolt during his first kingship.

A few months later a bewildered Greece learned that it had been saved overnight from an impending Communist revolution by the suspension of the Constitution, the abolition of parties and parliament, and so on. This happened on August 4th, and the nation was only just saved, because 'bloodshed would have started throughout Greece on August 5th', if the Government hadn't acted. Greece had been rescued in the nick of time by Metaxas, as Germany by Hitler and Göring after the Reichstag fire, as Austria by Dollfuss and Starhemberg and Fey. Greece became another blank on the political map of Europe.



General Metaxas, a short, plump and bespectacled man, is an interesting figure. He never had more than five or six supporters in Parliament, so that he could have risen to power by no other means than the King's collaboration in the suppression of Parliament and the fortunate accident of the impending Communist revolution. I contemplated him with interest, because he was one of the men whom the Allies in the war had accused of belonging to the pro-German group around Constantine. He, like King George, had had a military education in Germany. He had a great reputation as a soldier. They called him 'the Little Moltke', and he was Greek chief-of-staff when the World War broke out.

Anyway, it was interesting that the first act of his collaboration with King George should be to abolish parliamentary government and introduce a dictatorial regime by methods which looked as if they had been taken from a primer of German National Socialism. As Germany was saved from Bolshevism, so was Greece saved from Bolshevism. The Bolshevism was not apparent, you have to have faith nowadays. As Germany became 'the new Germany' so Greece became 'the new Greece'. As Marxist books were burned by students outside Berlin University so were Marxist books burned by students outside Athens University. As in Germany, all domestic bickering ceased and a cathedral hush spread over the country, so long a pandemonium of political quarrels. As in Germany, opposition politicians disappeared quietly into captivity; Greece has many islands.

General Metaxas is a man who gives good advice. It has been proved. As he told me, he advised Lord Kitchener not to try and force the Dardanelles by the proverbial British strategy of battering at the front door, but to come down through the garden and force the back door. His advice was not taken, more's the pity, and this is said to have offended him.

They say that he also gave King Constantine a piece of advice in the matter of choosing between the Allies and Germany, and I am not sure whether this advice was so good. The advice was, if report is true, 'If Greece comes in with the Allies and Germany wins, Greece is finished. If Greece comes in with Germany and the Allies win, Greece will be let down lightly. Therefore Greece should come in with Germany'.

When King George came back to Athens his father's other adviser who was so much disliked by the Allies, M. Streit, King Constantine's Foreign Minister, was still living in his villa some miles outside the city. When I saw the German-descended M. Streit he was wearing a swastika tiepin and I thought for a moment that all that had been said in the war about his German sympathies must be true. But I learned that it was a present, twenty-years old, from Constantine himself.

Greece is one of the smaller sideshows in Insanity Fair, but not an unimportant one. Her harbours and strategical position are valuable. King George, as he looks out on the European line-up from Athens, finds an alignment of forces taking shape very much like that which so perplexed his father in 1914 - Germany seems in military might far superior to any other power on land, but Greece is surrounded by sea and England is still the strongest naval power. He has one complication less, in that he has no pestilent Venizelos; he has one complication more, in that Italy is the ally of Germany and the Greek shores lie within a few hours' or minutes' reach by Italian war vessels and aircraft.

How can we keep out of war if it comes, or if we can't keep out, how can we spot the winning side? The same question plagues rulers and politicians everywhere.

Consider King George's background. On the one hand, his youthful service with the Prussian Guards, his mother's relationship to the German Emperor, the Allied shells falling in the palace courtyard, the Allied humiliation of his father and himself.

On the other hand, twelve years of exile spent almost entirely in England, often as a guest at Court, at Balmoral, in the Royal Box at Ascot, at the weddings of the Dukes of Kent and Gloucester.

I thought over these things as I watched him that day on the balcony, acknowledging the plaudits, his tall brother, the Diadoch Paul, beside him; George has not remarried and is childless but the Diadoch is looking after the succession, having married Princess Friederike of Brunswick-Lüneberg, a grand-daughter of the Kaiser. I watched him driving away, escorted by his Evzones in their white fustanellas, embroidered jackets and tasselled fezzes -- the Evzones, I ought to mention, are the handsomest soldiers in the world -- to try and restore order in the palace, cobwebbed with long neglect. I watched him again as he shook hands with us of the world's newspapers, and found him self-possessed, wary, and without illusions.

Then I went back to the Grande Bretagne, where Herr Schmidt rules by day and Miss Smith by night, and where in the bar you will sooner or later meet everybody of account, coming in from the Imperial Airways flying boat or driving up in a motor car dusty from a Balkan tour or breaking the train journey to Constantinople for a night. Outer Athens is poverty stricken and drear; but here you will see white-shirted and top-hatted gentlemen who go about in bevies and partake amply of the fleshpots and are known generically as the Power and Traction, British brains that provide the Athenian masses with tramcar transport and electric light and apparently do very well from it, and since good General Metaxas came there have been no more of those annoying labour troubles. Outside in the poorer cafés you will still see old gentlemen smoking hookahs, that purr like cats as the water bubbles up, or telling their amber beads to keep themselves from drinking and smoking. Here in the bar of the Grande Bretagne is the Western World.

I ordered a drink and spent a quarter of an hour discussing with others of my kind a telegram that one of us had just received from his editor, one of those go-getters who earn big salaries for telling other men to go-get. This is how it read:

WELCOME FOR SUNDAY GOOD COLOURFUL STORY BASED ON INTERVIEW WITH  
KING GEORGE BUT NO POLITICAL STUFF ONLY HUMAN INTEREST WANTED  
SUGGESTED THEME LOOKING BACK ON LONDON DAYS COCKTAIL TIME WITH  
THOUGHT GOOD BYE ALL THAT

I am in a position to be able to reveal, as some of my fellow-craftsmen say, that King George had at least one good laugh during the first few difficult days of his restoration, and that was when he read this telegram.

I went out to Soulion, where Byron had carved his name on a column of a white temple on a headland overlooking islet-speckled sea. I swam, in December, in warm blue water and trod on spikey little creatures that hurt abominably, and I fled before shoals of dark blue jellyfish. Treasures worth millions are still lying beneath the ground along these coasts, and the peasants know better than the archaeologists where to look for them, they know just where the wealthy Greeks had their estates, but the law is stringent and priceless things will continue to moulder under the soil because the peasant has to surrender what he finds.

I wonder why a profit-sharing scheme of excavation is not introduced, which would make it worth the peasants' while to apply their knowledge. Sometimes a well-organized illicit expedition goes out under cover of night, digs up some marvellous piece of statuary, buries it in a stable while negotiations are carried on with the dealers in Athens, and then one dark night it is brought out to some quiet spot on the coast, put in a fishing boat, transferred at sea to a cargo steamer, and months later in Paris a wealthy American writes a six-figure cheque for it.

At night I came back to Athens. The Acropolis was floodlit, in honour of the King's return. Standing on its hill top, with the black mass of the hill beneath, and under that the myriad lights of Athens, it seemed to be suspended from the sky. The Turkish Pashas, the Byzantine Empire, the Vandal hordes, the Roman legions, the Republics of Ancient Greece, have all come and gone and Athens is a backward little capital, with a Germanic King, struggling to catch up with the great cities of the Mechanical Age. But the Acropolis outlasts them all, and it is good for another thousand years or more.

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## Chapter Thirty Six

### THROUGH THE DARDANELLES

Naked as on the day I was born, I drew my oars into the boat and looked around. The Lake of Geneva is just five miles across at the Montreux end, something over an hour's steady pull either way, and when you are half-way across you are clean out of sight from the land and can be a nudist without feeling that you are being depressingly conventional.

I have swum all over Europe, in the Seine, Marne, Rhine, Spree, Danube, Vistula, Save, Traun, Inn, North Sea, Baltic, Mediterranean, Adriatic, Wannsee, Lake Mirow, Lake Balaton, Lake Constance, Lake Lugano, but I know of no swimming that compares with that in Lake Geneva, at the Montreux end and far out in the middle.

The water is forget-me-not blue, and as clean as if it were taken out every day and washed and it sparkles and invigorates like champagne. It is nectar itself, it falls straight out of the heavens on to the mountains near at hand and comes straight down to you, little man, spluttering around, an infinitesimal speck somewhere in the middle. In the distance the snow-cruised fangs of the Dent du Midi, above you a burnished blue sky and a blazing sun, around a green and flowery lakeside. On the slopes grows a wine as friendly as the water itself, gay and cheering and without a hint of malice in it, and at Villeneuve a little hotel gives you meals of omelet and fish and chicken and *pommes frites* and cress and cheese and fruit that you never forget.

After a month of it I was for the first time in my life done really brown on both sides and *durchgefüttert*, and yet I hadn't an ounce of spare flesh, but more muscle than I had ever had before. Somehow I had in forty years never fed properly, and realized it now for the first time. In those office-boy days in London before the war you snatched meals of ham-rolls and chocolate, and during the war it was bully-beef hash and biscuits, and wounds pulled you down, and after the war as you bicycled about with your unwanted maps you inadequately stilled your hunger with bread and cheese or joint and two veg, and then you ate miserably in a *prix fixe* restaurant in Paris, and in those rackety nerve-absorbing years in Berlin you ate at all hours of the day and night, and often drank and smoked too much.

I had always had a vision of the day when I would get really fit, but my conception of the process was exercise, more exercise, and still more exercise, and I never thought about the dietary side of the question, thinking that the main thing was to eat as little as possible. I had always rather disliked eating, but now I suddenly realized the inward strength that good food gives, without it all your exercise is wasted, and I ate voraciously and felt my limbs responding obediently as I strove after the machine-like precision of the crawl and played tennis better than I ever had before, and in the evening sat down to write with a head as clear as the water of Lake Geneva itself.

So I stood up in the boat, soaped off the sunburn oil, said Bon jour to the Dent du Midi, which answered politely, Bon Jour, Sir Reed, and plunged in and swam round in a circle and then chased after my boat and climbed in and frisked myself down with a rough towel, and thanked God for the Dardanelles.

The Dardanelles had been always with me, more or less; I could not describe them, but felt that I should know them, like the elephant, if I saw them. Far back in the war, when we were stuck in the mud in Flanders, we had for a time reposed great hopes in our distant comrades who were getting through the Dardanelles, until we realized that they were just as badly stuck as we were.

It was, it seemed, one of those typically British enterprises which only British pluck and British brains venture upon. Headlong you hurled yourself upon an enemy impregnably fortified, as on the Somme, as at Passchendaele, and after great loss of life you came to a standstill, and you then took great pride in this operation and wrote poems about it, like the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, which seems to have been the result of an inexcusable mistake of the most elementary kind in the transmission of orders between staff officers, so that a French general aghast said it was magnificent but not war, and for some incomprehensible reason you took that as a compliment, whereas I should have thought that the job of soldiers was to make war and not to be magnificent.

In no other trade are the experts told that their mistakes are magnificent. If a motor-bus driver were told to drive straight through the barrier at a level crossing and were in consequence demolished with his passengers, nobody would say that was magnificent, they would say it was madness. It is confusing and seems to have something to do with the Public School Spirit and the Playing Fields of Eton.

However, I agreed that the Dardanelles were magnificent. Nations had been fighting about them, without any particular gain to anybody, since the wars of Troy, but they had brought me this month on Lake Geneva, and that was far more important. Far away on the lakeside I could see a golden glint, the sun striking on the great sign of the Montreux Palace Hotel. Inside, in a vitiated atmosphere, the conference was sitting. I was out here on the lake. The conference would not rise until the late afternoon. Then I could return, learn what had happened, and write in the cool of the evening.

For away back at that League meeting at Geneva, when Germany was condemned for tearing up the peace treaty and proclaiming her rearmament, the Turkish delegate, that Tewfik whom we called Toothache for short, and who is now Rushdi Aras, the Turkish Foreign Minister, had intimated that while Turkey would join in the general condemnation of Germany, she would not indefinitely submit to discriminatory military penalties, imposed after a lost war, which other defeated countries had thrown off. She would require to refortify the Straits.

Next year the Turkish generals, seeing that Germany had got away with rearmament and was highly respected by the countries that had condemned her, had been urging their Government to reoccupy and refortify the Straits, and be hanged to the world. Ever-widening ripples were spreading from the stone that Germany had thrown into the European pond. But the Turkish Government, more consistent than many others, refrained, and asked the other signatories of the Straits Convention to meet in conference and agree by negotiation on her demand.

There were loud plaudits from the Western World, where French and British Prime and Foreign Ministers hardly dared at this time to go for their week-end fishing or golf for fear of one of Hitler's Saturday morning surprises. The Sick Man on the Bosphorus had become the Good Boy of Europe. There was eloquent French approbation. There was weighty British approval. There was Turkish delight.

A conference was called at Montreux. Switzerland, a country which realized long ago that the more wars you have the more lucrative peace conferences you will need, warned M. Motta and his liveried attendant to be ready to welcome the delegates. The pot plants were installed, the chairs arranged in rows. The conference began.

So far, so good. The thing seemed simple enough. Turkey had to be courteously conceded, in proper legal form, a right which could not be denied. The Mediterranean, at its eastern end, narrows into the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, on the European shore of which Constantinople stands, and these Straits widen again into the great Black Sea, a gigantic lake, the

southern shore of which is the Turkish coast. Give Turkey the right to close these Straits in wartime and no enemy could come through and stab her in her vast exposed flank; her only vulnerable coast would be the little strip on the Mediterranean, or Aegean Sea.

You might think it strange that England in 1936 should have been ready gracefully to concede something for which she was ready to fight a new war in 1922, four years after the World War had finished. For after the World War Turkey had been pushed right out of Europe, in favour of the Greeks, save for a last tiny foothold right down in the bottom right-hand corner - Constantinople, that the Turks had held since that fateful Tuesday in 1453. Thus Turkey only held one side of the Straits, and England, mindful of her heavy losses in trying to force them during the World War and take Germany in flank, had made it a fundamental principle of her policy that nobody should ever be able again to close the Straits. They were to be 'Free in peace or war'. The only way to ensure that was to see that the opposite sides were held by different states.

But in 1922 the Turks drove the Greeks out of their gains on the Turkish side, in Asia Minor, and then turned towards the Allied armies with the evident intention of driving them out, crossing the Straits and pushing the Greeks out of their newly- acquired Turkish territory in Thrace, on the European side.

At that moment England, under Mr. Lloyd George, invited the Dominions and the Balkan States to share in the defence of the Straits. The British Empire was ready to go to war for this 'freedom of the Straits', and yet fourteen years later the British Empire, at Montreux, was ready to consent to the maximum restriction of the freedom of the Straits, through their refortification. Why? Because in 1922 Mr. Lloyd George was apparently bluffing, and a few days after sounding the call to arms announced that England was only concerned to defend 'the freedom of the Straits' and would not fight 'for Eastern Thrace'. That was like saying that you would fight for the freedom of the Panama Canal but not for the land on either side of it. And a few days later an armistice was signed which gave back Thrace, and therewith the European shore of the Straits, to Turkey and sent the Greeks scurrying out of it again.

So thus you had Turkey astraddle the Straits again, in 1922, and although at Lausanne in 1923 the Turks undertook not to fortify or garrison the shores of the Straits, Turkey, as the man in possession, was actually master of them and could at any moment have closed them by moving up heavy artillery to the shores and concentrating aircraft and mine-layers near or on its waters. The freedom of the Straits, in war, was a fiction, the principle for which you have been ready to go to war had been surrendered when you let Turkey step across into Europe again, and in formally conceding her right to refortify and garrison the Straits in 1936 you were only making a ninety-per-cent probability into a hundred-per-cent certainty.

So you might think that the task of those delegates, sitting round the table in the Montreux Palace Hotel while the sun shone outside, was quite straightforward - just to put a good face on a bad job and thank Turkey for making an honest man of Europe by negotiating instead of springing a new surprise on that oft-wronged continent.

Far from it. This was the least of the tasks of the Montreux Conference. The Straits widen, at either end, into the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and the Conference widened into the Niagara of Great Power politics. For you had simultaneously to decide what warships should, in peace or war, claim legitimate right of way through the Straits and into the Black Sea, and the Black Sea meant Russia, for whom it was a pond just under the drawing-room window. For Russia the conference was dominated by Germany, who was not present at it, but whose hand she saw in every proposal. For Russia the Black Sea was the Round Pond, and for the other powers the Mediterranean was the Serpentine. Russia wanted the Round Pond for herself, but she also insisted on her right to come

and play on the Serpentine. The others wanted her to stay out of the Serpentine unless they too were allowed to go and play on the Round Pond.

It was, in fact, a new stage in the European line-up. In the bedrooms of the Montreux Palace Hotel the Great Powers sparred for position. They met at the conference table, produced new proposals which immediately aroused violent suspicions from other interested parties, and returned to the bedrooms to telephone for instructions. Litvinoff, wary and sceptical, telephoned to Moscow. Lord Stanley telephoned to London. Paul-Boncour, that velvet-tongued lawyer, telephoned to Paris. I don't know who telephoned to Berlin, but a spectral though not a flesh and blood Germany was always present, scaring the delegates.

It was a strenuous tussle, that lasted a month. It turned almost entirely on two main issues: what foreign warships should be allowed into the Black Sea (1) in peace, (2) in war, Turkey being a neutral.

Now in wartime, if Turkey were neutral and not his ally, no admiral from the outer world would dare to pass through the Straits, because Turkey might join the other side while he was within and close the door, so that this whole discussion soared into clouds of unreality.

Soviet Russia, in the stout person of Litvinoff, thought England was playing Germany's hand at Montreux, and indeed it often looked like that. The discussion went something like this.

Russia and France said: 'Let's see, wartime, Turkey being neutral. I tell you what, let's close the Straits entirely to all war-vessels in wartime save for those sent by the League against an aggressor or, if the League should fail to reach agreement on action against an aggressor, for warships operating under pacts of mutual assistance concluded within the framework of the League Covenant, which allows for precisely that emergency. You, England, are all for the League.'

And England answered: 'Ah, you are thinking of your Franco-Soviet Pact. You want to close the Straits to all others than yourselves. No, no, that would never do. That would make Turkey an accessory after the Pact. It would place Turkey in a Most Invidious Position.'

To which France and Russia answered: 'Ah, now you are trying to sabotage our Franco-Soviet Pact, specifically designed by our best jurists to fill that gap which the League Covenant itself foresees - League failure to order joint action against an aggressor. But you specifically approved of our Franco-Soviet Pact, you agreed that it was consonant with the League Covenant, you approved of a decision of The Hague Court being sought, at Geneva you have consistently supported the idea of regional and mutual assistance pacts dovetailed into the League Covenant by League States seeking to find joint security against an aggressor.'

And England: 'Ahem, we feel that Turkey should not be required to discriminate between belligerents under agreements to which she is not a party. This would place Turkey in An Extremely Difficult Position.'

France and Russia: 'Aw shucks, you know perfectly well what you are at, you don't want our Franco-Soviet Pact interlocked with this new convention because Germany doesn't like it and would start yelping about being encircled again. Who is it that's always talking about having a go at Russia, after all? Who proclaims that slices ought to be carved off Russia for the settlement of Germany's surplus population - Hitler, Hugenberg, Schacht, Rosenberg, Germany.'

England: 'Er - I must maintain that your proposal would place Turkey in a Distinctly Embarrassing Position.'

Meanwhile, the impetuous Titulescu of Rumania, friend of France and the League and collective action against an aggressor, hears what is happening in his bedroom and comes rushing downstairs and flings into the conference room and bangs on the table, crying in faultless French: 'You, England, why do you support mutual assistance pacts at Geneva and oppose them here at Montreux scarcely twenty miles away? What is your little game? Give us a definite declaration of your policy, whether you are opposed to the operation of these pacts or not. I, Nicolai Titulescu, who for once in a long while am going in a few moments to the capital of my native country, I tell you that this is vital for Rumania.'

And Rumania flings out to catch the train, leaving Lord Stanley and Sir Alexander Cadogan to tell his disappearing coat-tails that this is a Most Discourteous Proceeding.

Then we all consult our Governments, Rendel goes to London, and Litvinoff takes a trip to the mountains, and Paul-Boncour disappears to Paris, and after a few days we all reassemble and England says: 'I tell you what, let's close the Straits in wartime, Turkey being neutral, to all warships except those exercising their Belligerent Rights.'

France and Russia: 'Did you say "belligerent rights"?'

England: 'Yes. A fleet that has fought an engagement with a Black Sea enemy in the Mediterranean should not be prevented from chasing that enemy if he flees through the Straits.'

France and Russia: 'Ah, so you would open the Straits to an aggressor, but close them to fleets operating against an aggressor condemned by the League or under mutual assistance pacts concluded within the Covenant of the League for the event that the League fails to order action? You are playing the German game, and why? Did not your Eden, in Moscow a year ago, declare that there was no conflict of interests on any major issue between England and Russia? Why do your proposals so clearly reveal the thought of hostilities against Russia, either by yourselves or by Germany? But we will meet you. Let's drop our proposal about the Franco-Soviet Pact. Let's close the Straits in wartime, Turkey being neutral, to all warships save those sent against an aggressor by the League or, if the League fails to act, operating under mutual assistance pacts "to which Turkey is a party".'

England, aside: 'Ah, you have a secret agreement with Turkey.' To France and Russia: 'Let's say, "Mutual assistance pacts *registered with the League* to which Turkey is a party".'

France and Russia: 'Done.'

And if you now know who is going to pass the Straits in wartime, Turkey being neutral, you know more than I do. But I know that Turkey is on very good terms with Russia, and that Russia would do her utmost to see that Turkey acted as armed door-keeper for her in case of war. England, however, carried her main point, which was to prevent the Franco-Soviet Pact, which England had formally blessed, from being appended to the new Convention as a golden key to the Straits.

The other great struggle fought at Montreux, with London, Paris, Berlin and Moscow all watching, was the question of the warships allowed to enter or leave the Black Sea in peace. This might seem unimportant. On the contrary, behind this issue loomed the shadow of a great Russian fleet, just as the shadow of German ships loomed, for Russia, behind the proposal about 'belligerent rights'.

England, with an air of bluff and hearty candour, said to Russia at the beginning. 'Well, I suppose it's equal rights all round. We accept certain restrictions on the amount of war tonnage we send in and you accept equivalent restrictions on the amount you send out. Cheerio!'



'Pardon me,' said Russia, I'm all for fair play and good fellowship, but reciprocity presupposes an equal basis of comparison. The British Empire, which alone surpasses in size the Soviet Union among the empires of the world, has the complete freedom of the Seven Seas. The Soviet Union, which covers a sixth of the world's surface, has a small stretch of Baltic coast, but the Baltic Sea is controlled by Germany and the Soviet ships are bottled up there. Also, our yards there are within easy distance of surprise attack in these days of wars begun without declaration. We also have a long stretch of Black Sea coastline. But the Black Sea is a closed sea, and leads nowhere. Why should you, or anybody for whom you have a brief -- I hope you are not playing the German game again -- wish to send large forces in there? On the other hand, why should the Soviet Union accept any restrictions on the forces she sends out? Is she to keep her ships floating round the Black Sea, denied all access to the oceans of the world?'

England: 'Oh, you want to make the Black Sea a Russian Lake, do you? And you want to upset the Balance of Power in the Mediterranean, do you? I must refer this to my Government.'

So it went on. In these days, when wars are made without declaration, Russia was determined not to have large naval forces assembling in the Black Sea, at her doorstep. Her case was irrefutable, and she gained her point. The outer world agreed not to send more than 30,000 to 45,000 tons of warships in at any one time, according to the strength of the Russian fleet. England tried to gain a further 15,000 tons for warships engaged on 'humanitarian missions'. 'Humanitarian missions?' said Russia darkly. 'Would you call "help for the poor Ukrainians" a humanitarian mission? Are these humanitarian battleships any kin to the civilizing aeroplanes that Mussolini has been using in Abyssinia? Still, if it will quieten you we will give you another 8000 tons.'

What was back of all this sparring and shadow-boxing? That Anglo-German naval agreement which England, after Simon's visit to Berlin, had sprung upon her beloved ally France. For right at the back of the Black Sea lies Odessa, and Russia, though she only has a few old warships now, might decide one day to begin building a large navy there, where she could not be reached by surprise attack. And if she built a large fleet the Germans would probably denounce our cherished Anglo-German naval agreement and begin a vast building programme to maintain the peace, and we should have to outbuild Germany to maintain the peace, and so on. If large foreign naval forces were allowed to assemble in the Black Sea at her doorstep, Russia would be discouraged from building.

But the Russians did not feel any call to sacrifice their own interests to the Anglo-German naval agreement, and they even managed to change the definition of the largest foreign war vessels allowed to enter the Black Sea in peace from '10,000 tons' to 'light surface vessel'. Now, the 'light surface vessel', as defined at London, is of 10,000 tons but must carry no guns heavier than 8 inch. And the German 'pocket battleships', the first of which we saw launched at Kiel so long ago, are of 10,000 tons but carry heavier armament, and the Black Sea is closed to them.

Under the Convention, as finally signed, sealed and delivered, the Black Sea States -- and for the purposes of the European line-up this means Russia -- may send out all the ships they have, a little at a time. At present this only opens the way for a few ancient Russian or Turkish battleships and heavy cruisers, but it keeps the door to the seven seas open if Russia ever decides to build a great fleet again, at Odessa.

While the Great Powers of Europe manoeuvred and bluffed in the bedrooms of the Montreux Palace Hotel, I rowed and swam on the lake during the day and came back in the afternoon to write. In the evenings I lay, at peace with the world, and read *A Farewell to Arms*, for here in Montreux were played the last scenes of the tragedy that Ernest Hemingway told. The Château Chatelard, that he described, stood on the hillside above Montreux and supplied that excellent wine of which I told

you earlier. And along the lakeside was the old Castle of Chillon, where Byron's prisoner spent seven years chained to his stake, and one day, when the sparring for position had exhausted the chanceries of half a dozen capitals, the whole conference went along there, drank the wine of Montreux and Villeneuve, ate sandwiches and cakes, and listened to the songs and watched the dances of a group of Vaudoises, in the costume of the district. The Vaudoises are renowned in Switzerland for their looks, and justly so. It was a marvellous afternoon. To see Litvinoff and Paul-Boncour and Sato of Japan and the agile Rushdi Aras and tall Lord Stanley, surrounded by their delegations and the world's newspapermen and Vaudoises, sitting all together in that magnificent banqueting hall, with wine flowing as wine should, and everybody in high spirits, was to see a vision of what conferences should be.

Sometimes I took leave of the lake for a day and travelled round the lake to Geneva, at the other end, where strange and historic things were happening.

An Empire had crashed; I saw the Negus, a figure of extraordinary dignity, and he made his eloquent plea that the world that had espoused his cause should not desert him. The same day the League pronounced the funeral oration on the first attempt in history to defeat aggression by the united action of the world against an aggressor. It was a cause that had stirred the enthusiasm of the world, and by leading it England had given new hope to millions of people in all countries, only to betray their trust within a fortnight. The League solemnly decided to abandon sanctions.

A Jew, Stephen Lux, shot himself during the League meeting, and in the League chamber, from despair at the failure of collective action against an aggressor, from fear of the future. 'I know Germany', he wrote, 'and because there is no other means of warning the men who rule the world, at the eleventh hour I have decided to sacrifice my life before the eyes of fifty foreign Ministers.' As he was dying he said to the doctors, 'Let me die. I must die, otherwise my deed has no point'. He died. It had no point. He was forgotten before the printing presses had stopped running.

A Nazi, one Greiser, the spokesman of Danzig, cocked a snook at the League Council in full session. It was a fitting end.

All too soon, for me, I had to leave Montreux. If ever I have the means to live where I want I shall have great difficulty in deciding between a little house at the Villeneuve end of Lake Geneva and one on the hills overlooking Vienna or Salzburg or Linz.

Switzerland remains, for me, one of the most inspiring countries in Europe, a citadel of neutrality, where men can only be roused to patriotic enthusiasm for that ideal. Every one of them will fight for neutrality and for nothing else. Every one of them is a citizen soldier and takes his gun home with him. Think of that, you dictatorship states. Would you trust your population with arms? In Switzerland, you feel at peace. Here no moron wants to 'make history'. I thought when I was there of my hard-faced Prussian acquaintance in Magdeburg, who contemptuously said, 'We Prussians have no use for a Swiss paradise of fat flocks and prosperity'. Well, it was good enough for me, and I wish myself a long, long sojourn, one of these days, at Montreux on Lake Geneva.

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## Chapter Thirty Seven

### 'TRUTH PREVAILS'

I came into Prague by air, and that is an experience to be treasured. The approach to a great city from above is always thrilling, you see it gradually emerge from formless mass into plastic relief, a doll's town of cathedrals and towers and rivers.

Prague, one of the loveliest cities in Europe from any elevation, is particularly lovely from a few hundred feet up. The Moldau is a winding silver ribbon, the bridges tiny and toylike, the castle of the Kings of Bohemia on the hill, with St. Vitus's Cathedral within its courts, passes before you as if a dealer showed you for a moment a coloured print of Old Prague. Then the tigerish roar of the engines drops to a contented feline purr, you feel a slight pressure on your cars, Prague disappears behind a tree or two and your wheels are running smoothly across the green turf of Prague Airport, which in its situation and equipment is one of the finest I know in Europe, not excluding Germany.

Everywhere the black flags were flying, as we dropped down into the town in the airport bus. I had come to Prague for the funeral of the greatest man in Europe - Masaryk, a man who had never rattled a sabre nor made a swashbuckling speech, who had never advocated violence when he was fighting for his cause nor used it against his opponents when he had power, but had nevertheless liberated his people and built a free, solid, hard-working State. His mother a cook and his father a coachman, himself at first a locksmith's apprentice, his life is a monument to what can be achieved against tyranny and oppression by intellect, principle and faith in a cause.

As a University Professor at Prague, as a Czech deputy to the old Austrian Parliament at Vienna, he worked unceasingly for the liberation of the Czechs and Slovaks. When the World War began he was already sixty-four and might, like ageing politicians in other countries, have been tempted to relax his efforts for the sake of a cushioned old age in a comfortable job.

His goal seemed as distant as at the beginning, fifty years before. Not all his efforts had roused any particular interest abroad for the Czechs and Slovaks. Apart from a few unheeded specialists like Wickham Steed and Seton Watson, who had studied the subject races of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, nobody in the outer world knew or cared who the Czechs and Slovaks were, any more than anybody cares to-day about the Basques, and Masaryk, going into exile with a death sentence over him when he was already within reach of the allotted span, looked at the World War and gloomily foretold that 'nothing would be done for us in the case of an Allied victory'.

That, in the event, free Czechoslovakia rose from the ashes, was his work, and that of his companion in exile and successor Eduard Benes. Journeying all over the Allied and neutral world, to America and Russia and France and Italy, working busily in Geneva and at Hampstead, he gradually won Allied support for his cause until first France, then America, England and Italy officially recognized the Czechoslovaks as an Allied nation and their liberation from Austro-Hungarian rule as an Allied cause, so that at Washington on October 18th, Masaryk proclaimed Czechoslovakia an independent State and in Prague on November 14th the Revolutionary National Assembly, having taken over control from the collapsing Habsburg administration, unanimously elected him President of Czechoslovakia.

That was his diplomatic achievement. His other great achievement was the creation of a Czechoslovak Army. In their own country the Czechs were serving, many of them even loyally, as conscripts with the Imperial Austro-Hungarian army. Abroad, Czech emigrants or Czechs who had

been taken prisoners of war by or deserted to the French, Italians and Russians were formed into Czechoslovak Legions, that fought with the Allies.

When Russia collapsed, and the Soviets turned hostile to them, the Czechoslovak legionaries there had to march and fight their way clean across Siberia to the Pacific, an extraordinary military achievement of which the world has never been told enough. It was these Legions that came back and occupied the territory of the new state that had been proclaimed at Washington and still form the backbone of it. Their leaders were given the highest positions; the rank and file had first claim on other small livings in the public gift, such as the Trafik shops, the retail stores of the State tobacco monopoly.

Masaryk, sixty-eight years old, came back to Prague, as first President of Czechoslovakia, on December 21st, 1918, amid scenes of enthusiasm the like of which Prague had never seen.

He left it, eighty-seven years old, on September 21st, 1937, amid scenes of mourning the like of which I had never seen.

Two years before, true to his whole philosophy, he had laid down the Presidency when he felt that his powers were failing, and had seen that it passed into the hands of his lieutenant, Benes. Unlike the dictators, he had not clung to office until the bitter end, but had surrendered it when he felt his powers failing, as man should who was physically and mentally healthy. In the last nineteen years of his life he saw the state he had created grow out of post-war confusion into a free, prosperous, *bourgeois*, peace-loving Republic. He saw his life's work completed as few men have ever seen their labours completed, from the seed to the ripe fruit.

And when he died the shadow of a new menace hung heavy over the young State, and fear for their hardly-won freedom filled the hearts of the people as they watched the Liberator-President go.

I sat in the forecourt of the old castle on the hill, where the great black banners flapped lugubriously in the gusty wind, and listened as Benes spoke his funeral oration standing before Masaryk's coffin, draped in the Presidential standard with the legend, 'The truth prevails'. 'Does it?' I thought. 'You, Masaryk, may have thought so when you returned triumphant to Prague in 1918. Do you think so in 1937 if your shade is watching our contemporary Europe, our contemporary world? In Spain Germans and Italians and Moors are saving Spain from the Spaniards. The Basques have been crushed in their own country by Italian regiments and German air squadrons. The world is placidly watching while Japan carves slices off China for herself. What are the odds on or against the survival of your free Czechoslovakia for which you so nobly laboured? For how long will truth prevail? For twenty-five years between centuries of darkness? Is that truth?'

The democratic godparents of Czechoslovak independence had taken no great pains to show their sympathy in the passing of the founder of the last surviving democracy in Europe east of the Rhine. France had sent an ex-Prime Minister, England a little-known Peer.

I followed the coffin on its long journey down the hill, across the Moldau, through the winding streets of Old Prague and up the spacious Wenceslas Square to the President Wilson Station, a long, long trail that severely tested the older members of the Diplomatic Corps, and never have I seen such crowds, not even in Germany, and there I became accustomed to crowds on the gigantic scale.

Prague was like one great blackberry bush, so thickly did human beings throng the streets and windows and balconies and roofs and every possible vantage point, near and far, from which this funeral *cortège* could be seen. Czechoslovakia has fourteen million people, Prague itself a million inhabitants, and more than two million people were in Prague that day. The Czechoslovaks, sub-

consciously, were proclaiming to the world their answer to the new threat to small nations. It was a gigantic parade of Czechoslovak unity, and it meant 'Desert us if you will, we shall fight to the end if we are attacked'

At the President Wilson Station I watched as Benes took his stand by the coffin and the Legionaries marched past - 30,000 of them. Czechoslovaks who had fought with the Italian armies, in the feathered bonnet and grey-green uniform of the Italian mountain regiments, Czechoslovaks who had fought with the French in dark blue bonnets and powder-blue uniforms, Czechoslovaks who had fought with the Russians, every second man wearing the long-forgotten St. George's Cross. Behind them, though no British newspaper found this worth mentioning in 1937, came a little group of Czechoslovaks who had fought with the British armies. Khaki uniforms, the gleaming brass buttons and badges of British regiments, R.A.S.C., R.E., and the like.

The name of the station - President Wilson; the man in the coffin - Masaryk; and these Allied uniforms and decorations; for a moment the clock seemed to have been put back twenty years and I was back in the days of the World War, of the great struggle for freedom and democracy.

Then behind the Legionaries came the army of liberated Czechoslovakia, horse, gun and foot, tank and aeroplane. It was a panorama in little of the history of Czechoslovakia.

Two million Czechoslovaks watched in dead silence, many with reddened eyes, their thoughts divided between the past and the future.

The Czechoslovaks are a dour and gruff people. They do not cultivate the social graces nor seek to ingratiate themselves. They are not a comely race. They have not yet evolved an officer caste, bred to grace the drawing-rooms of the diplomatic corps. They should. The aristocracy, among which the foreign diplomats seek their society, is not Czechoslovak, but mainly German, and mainly Habsburg or Hitler; it has retired into a shell of dislike for the new State. Young British diplomats in Prague have been known openly to profess a testy impatience with Czechoslovakia. This would not be allowed them for an instant in a dictatorship State, and is curious in the representatives of a State whose Ministers constantly profess their inalienable love for the democratic ideal, for it connotes an open sympathy with a neighbouring anti-democratic country openly hostile to Czechoslovakia.

British agents are being allowed too openly to show their sympathy for military dictatorships.

A British official in beleaguered Republican Madrid one day sent triumphantly for British newspaper correspondents -- one of my useful friends informed me of this -- to tell them that at last he had discovered the Russian regiments. He directed them to a barracks in which they found many of many races and tongues, the men of the International Brigade, predominantly Poles and Germans and Austrians and Italians and Britishers and Frenchmen, with hardly any Russians, real volunteers who had been recruited in half a dozen different countries. The unfamiliar languages were enough for this British official, in his zeal to outwit the Bolsheviks, to identify them as Soviet Russian troops, just like that British visitor to Spain who wrote to the home newspapers to say that he had inspected the dead in a Republican tank and 'could see at a glance that they were Slavs'.

Straws show the direction of the wind. There are Britishers in Czechoslovakia who hold that Czechoslovakia is not worth saving.

In Masaryk's chair in the Hradschin sits Benes. Around him are the painted Habsburgs, in the brilliant scarlet-and-white uniforms of Imperial Austria. If you ask him, he will profess complete

optimism. He does not believe that Czechoslovakia will be attacked by anybody. She harms none, asks only to be left in peace and work.

The country is thriving, largely as the result of the armaments boom. She is arming herself, as far and as fast as she can, fortifying her impossibly long frontiers, supplying armaments to her Little Entente associates, Rumania and Yugoslavia. The more expensive hotels and cafés of Prague are filled with well-to-do Jews, prospering from an armaments race begun by anti-Semites.

The country, apart from overriding military control in the frontier districts and other things dictated by the growing menace of recent years, is a real democracy in a large degree. You may demonstrate against the Government or attack it in your press, and the Henlein Party, which is the Hitlerist branch concern in the German-speaking districts, makes full use of this freedom, being immediately supported by the brassy bellowings of Göbbels's gigantic propaganda machine if its freedom in this respect is in the least restricted.

On that day of Masaryk's funeral, as we passed between the silent crowds, I saw Socialist and Fascist and Catholic and Jewish and Communist organizations all lining the streets together, shoulder to shoulder.

Is Benes's unconcern optimism or ostrichism? I have looked out from his windows to the opposite hilltop and seen slender pencils pointing at the sky - anti-aircraft guns. They took my thoughts at a bound to that Berlin-Dresden-Prague road along which I once drove, only a few minutes distant by air from here, with its bee-like military preparations, its great aerodromes and encampments.

In Prague, and all over Central Europe, people have of late been reading a novel written by an Englishman, Fowler Wright's *Prelude to Prague*, which is enthralling to read and tells of a German ultimatum to Czechoslovakia in 1938, on some trumpery pretext, and of 'intervention' in the form of a gigantic air-attack, the destruction of Prague, the paralytic indecision of governments in Paris and London. It was written before Spain had shown the world that such a picture was no wild Piccardesque flight into the stratosphere of fancy.

Czechoslovakia at her birth took into her cradle over three million Germans, and whether she can digest them has yet to be seen. But those Bohemian frontiers have always been, and nobody then thought of changing them. Still, Benes is right in thinking that Czechoslovakia is not Germany's real enemy. The real enemy is England. But is he right in thinking, as he has repeatedly said, that an attack on Czechoslovakia would mean a world war, instantly? Who can believe that, after recent events? And Czechoslovakia, though in herself but a pawn in the European game, would be a very valuable power-unit for the great German war-machine.

Remember that German domination in pre-war Europe was divided into two parts. Protestant Prussia ruled the present Third Reich, with some Frenchmen in Alsace, a few Belgians and Danes, and a large number of Poles in that part of Poland which Germany held. But the great German family ruled through Austria, and on a sharing basis with Hungary, over the Czechs and Slovaks and Croats and Slovenes and Ruthenians and the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Serbs and over all their lands and resources. When Germany took the field she had as ally Austria-Hungary, which really meant another Germany, under a Catholic Emperor, with a population of over 60 millions and vast resources in animal, vegetable, mineral and industrial wealth.

To-day that second Germany, that powerful military ally, has dwindled to a small state of 7,000,000 people. The Austrians, as far as I can see, would have to fight for Germany if she made war, if by that time they were not already part of Germany. You may permit yourself a roseate

dream of Austrian neutrality, but I think it is only a dream. Austria's destiny is handcuffed to that of Germany.

Even Austria would mean a welcome increase in power and valuable raw materials, such as the iron ores of Styria.

Czechoslovakia was the workshop and gunsmith's shop of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Her industry, save for a regrettable leaning towards the manufacture of trashy goods, is on the level of the German, her armaments factories are equal to almost any in the world. Germany in possession of Czechoslovakia would have another great reservoir of man-power and munition-power, waiting to be turned into striking-power against the real enemy. True, you may say that the Czechoslovaks would be as indigestible to the Germans as the Germans to the Czechs; but the Czechs worked for and fought for the Germans for long enough, and why should they not do so again if the outer world deserts them?

So don't talk about 'fighting for Czechoslovakia'. If Czechoslovakia goes, that means more men and more munitions to be used against you, more aeroplanes one day over the south-east of England. If Czechoslovakia goes, Hungary, the kingdom without a king, cannot survive as anything more than a docile dependency of Germany. You would be well on the way to the reconstruction of that German domination over Central Europe, with its manpower, munition-power, metal-power, food-power and fuel-power, which enabled Germany to face the last world war.

But instead of a dual domination, with the weakness that division brings, it would be a united domination, under the exclusive leadership of the martial Hitlerist Reich, not under the part-leadership of the easy-going Habsburg Empire.

Czechoslovakia means, ultimately, you.

Neither Masaryk, nor Benes, nor Hodza, the present Czechoslovak Prime Minister, thought of complete Czechoslovak independence when they began their struggle. They detested rule from Vienna and particularly the promotion of Hungary to a privileged place among the peoples ruled by Habsburg. Either central rule for all from Vienna, or home-rule for all, was their cry. If the Kaiser is to be crowned King of Hungary in Budapest why cannot he be crowned King of Bohemia in Prague. Why should Prague be degraded to the status of a provincial town that never sees the Emperor? Why should not Prague have its Parliament?

Hodza, a Slovak who was a lonely deputy in the Budapest Parliament, himself loves Vienna, and was a good friend and collaborator of Franz Ferdinand, that Archduke whose murder at Serajevo led to the World War. For Franz Ferdinand himself saw that Austro-Hungarian dualism could not survive and wanted, when he should become Emperor, to improve the lot of the Czechs and Croats and others. And for that very reason there were people both in Vienna and Budapest who welcomed his death, for all that Austria sent an ultimatum to Serbia and bombarded Belgrade when it was not unconditionally accepted, and that began the World War.

Bear that in mind, and you will see that Benes's Czechoslovakia, if it were deserted by the outer world and too long subjected to intolerable pressure from Germany, would have no choice but to make terms with Germany. That would mean a nominal independence in exchange for submission to German aims. And that, in the long run, would mean that Czech hands would be forging weapons for Germany in peace and bearing those weapons for Germany in war.

Think back a moment to the beginnings of the European line-up in 1935. Germany left the League of Nations, left the Disarmament Conference, proclaimed rearmament. France, with the specific

approval of England, answered, 'That means that you tear up treaties and base your policies on your armed strength. If you don't mean that, come with us into a collective pact for mutual resistance against an aggressor. You won't? Then we shall look for friends strong enough to help us overbear you if you attack us. We shall sign the mutual aid pact with Russia.'

Czechoslovakia, having no Great Power behind her which would automatically come to her aid if attacked because that Great Power's own safety would be threatened thereby, as in the case of Belgium and Great Britain, immediately signed a similar pact with Russia, providing for immediate mutual assistance against an aggressor, on condition that the victim of aggression were assisted by France.

This was an inevitable move in the line-up. Everybody understands it in Europe across the Channel; only in England, where all thinking is fogged by fear of the hook-nosed and bearded scoundrels far away who are designing to steal our two-seater, and by Hitler's talk about Germany being 'a bulwark against Bolshevism', is it misunderstood.

France had to nip in and make that treaty, and she did so only in the nick of time. On the European chessboard there are two king-pieces - Germany and Russia. Bismarck knew that nothing could stop Germany in Europe as long as she had her re-insurance with Russia. Kaiser Wilhelm, who put Bismarck overboard, forgot it and paid the penalty, for Germany lost the World War when the Russians came down on her rear in East Prussia in 1914 and made her pause just as she was within reach of Paris.

If you have Russia dangling about in the air and liable to come down on either side at any moment, peace in Europe is as unstable as a blancmange.

If Germany and Russia come together, peace is finished, and I for one should take the first boat to the Bahamas.

France, once again, steadied the boat. Her treaty with Russia was a perfectly timed piece of interception. Its value is not in the military assistance that Russia would give her but in the barrier it erects between Germany and Russia, and that is precisely why Germany is so angry about it.

In the fourteen years between the Armistice and Hitler, Germany was on excellent terms with Russia. A German woman, two years before Hitler, committed suicide because her husband, a German officer, had been killed learning to fly - in Russia. The German Minister in Moscow, not long before Hitler, was assembled with his colleagues of the diplomatic corps on Moscow Station one morning to take leave of the departing Lithuanian Minister when he was embarrassed by the simultaneous appearance of a detachment of Reichswehr, fresh from a Bolshevik gas-course and bound for Germany by the only route which would save them from passing through Poland. These things were done by the Reichswehr, the State-within-a-State, not by the Marxist-Jewish Governments of Republican Germany.

The German 'abhorrence of Bolshevik Russia' is as unreal as the monster of Loch Ness. It is fragrant dust for English eyes, the gold brick that Hitler sells to confiding English visitors, worried about their two-seater.

From the greater European point of view the Franco-Soviet Pact was simply France's answer to the German rearmament move - checkmate. It kept the Russians out of the German camp. It does no harm to Germany if she starts no trouble because, as the map will show you, a German-Russian war is the one thing that can't happen in Europe. They can only come to grips in some general European dog-fight when everybody is at it and you can't tell where one dog begins and the other leaves off.



The one question that nobody has ever been able to answer for me yet is, how could Russia give Czechoslovakia the help she has promised her if she were attacked? They have no common frontier and Russia is not stupid enough, for all the mutual aid pacts in the world, to divest her own frontiers of troops in order to defend other people's, even if that did not mean marching them through intervening States and automatically making enemies of the Poles or Rumanians. Her assistance, therefore, would be limited to a few aeroplanes, and you can estimate how much that would help Czechoslovakia by looking at the plight of the Madrid Government in Spain.

I wonder what would actually happen if Germany were one day to intervene in Czechoslovakia, on the Spanish model.

England, by all the portents, would ward off the appeals of France to join hands against aggression with the words 'For God's sake, let's form a committee', and then some phrase would be invented like 'non-intervention' or 'non-active disapprobation of aggression', and by one device or another the committee would be kept going until Czechoslovakia was no more and Germany was in possession, a moment for which the committee would in private fervently pray, and then an English statesman would get up and say it was unfortunately clear that the policy of non-active disapprobation of aggression, though the only possible and right and proper policy, had failed, and facts are facts, and it is midsummer madness not to take account of them, and the House rose at seven minutes after nine o'clock.

Meanwhile Czechoslovakia is a pleasant country to visit and I commend it particularly to you who took seriously all that stuff during the war about fighting for democracy and the right of small nations to live their own lives. The Czechoslovaks have accomplished wonders in twenty years, to my mind. They had to build a state out of a scrap-heap of old iron and they have built a very creditable one. They are working hard, plodding along country roads in bright peasant costume or along city streets in drab town clothes, all bent on some allotted task.

And Prague is a fine town for a holiday. I don't think I should care to live there, but I am always glad to go there. The Old Town, with its winding alleys and bawdy statuary, is a fascinating place, where you can wander for hours.

I particularly like that relief of the saint who emasculated himself in order to remove the temptations of the flesh and threw that which he no longer needed to a dog. There is the saint, primly self-righteous, like a boy scout who has done his day's good deed, and the dog near by looking faintly surprised, with the unexpected morsel in its mouth. I also like the little costume-piece of a good citizen of Prague engaged in amorous dalliance with a citizeness who is no better than she ought to be.

Go there in winter, perhaps. The Wenceslas Square, as the dusk falls, is limned in neon shades of mauve and pink and green. The Moldau is frozen over and, with crowds of dark figures skating about, looks like a painting by Breughel. Above and beyond is the Hradschin, with the tall cathedral topping it, that has taken six centuries to build, and is not finished yet. You may see a row of lighted windows. Benes, Masaryk's picture on the desk before him, is working in the castle of the Kings of Bohemia.

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## Chapter Thirty Eight

### RUMANIAN RUMINATION

Strolling along the Calea Victoriei in Bucharest I thought I saw the Horse Marines, so strangely and yet so splendidly attired were the soldiers who came towards me. From the waist up they were heavy cavalymen, with their great helmets and cuirasses, but from the waist down they were just ordinary panted infantrymen, and they carried the longest rifles, with the longest bayonets, that I had ever seen.

It was King Carol's guard, going to the Palace. At the funerals of Alexander of Yugoslavia and Masaryk and on other occasions I came to know the brilliant parade uniforms of the Rumanians, and a treasured memory is of a Rumanian General in Prague carefully removing a plume a foot long from his kepi and putting it in his pocket as he climbed into a taxicab with a low roof. The average Rumanian conscript, seen in his native habitat, makes a rather drab impression after all this splendour, and his boots often make your feet ache in sympathy with him.

Rumania is a little France on the Black Sea and Bucharest a little Paris, with its *Are de Triomphe*, long straight boulevards that Haussmann might have planned, and a wood that clearly dreams of the Bois, and French stores in the main street. The Rumanians, tucked away down there in the far corner of Europe among Slavs and Magyars, are Latins by culture and inclination. A hundred years ago a French Consul in Bucharest told his Government that France had in Rumania, 'whether she accepts it or not, an inevitable clientele which attaches itself to her as the head of the Latin nations and as their political metropolis and which tries every day to assimilate her language, her legislation, her literature and even her most futile fashions'.

Bucharest is the best place to study Balkan contrasts. In the centre you find it, like all the Balkan capitals, striving after Berlin and Paris and London and New York. Great multi-storied buildings rise mushroom-like on all sides, pushing aside the pleasant and shady villas of the Turkish and post-Turkish periods. Lean and swarthy gipsies, who work for next to nothing, build them, and live on the scaffoldings with their wives and families. On one side is a ghetto like a human ant heap. Beyond is outer Bucharest, all confusion, hovels and modern flats, peasant costume and cheap mass-produced frocks, radio and barking dogs and noisy geese, rutted and pot-holed streets and asphalted thoroughfares.

In the Calea Victoriei on Sundays you will see long processions of expensive motor cars. Rumanians are getting married. The expensive motor cars are hired taxis. Fares are cheap and one of the mysteries of the Balkans is why Bucharest should have the most luxurious taxis of almost any city in Europe. Between the taxis, with their radio, you see fiacres drawn by well-tended horses and driven by fat, motherly looking men. These are the Russian coachmen, members of a strange religious sect that had to leave Russia in Tsarist days because of the offence its practices gave to the Church. The men, who lead an austere life and are model citizens, have themselves castrated after the first child and thereafter become corpulent and old-wifely in appearance.

Beyond this Bucharest lies Rumania, which means several millions of hard-working peasants who in good times enjoy a rude plenty and in bad ones count themselves lucky if they have enough to eat. Apart from the vast quantities of food which it produces Rumania has enormous deposits of oil. Rumania's wealth in matters animal, vegetable and mineral, indeed, is incalculable; it is a land where every prospectus pleases and lures the foreign financier as jam lures a fly.

That is precisely why Rumania is important in the European line-up. Rumania is a small country, though one wealthy in natural resources, and has everything to make it, soundly governed, an earthly paradise. It has the very things which others want. A great military dictatorship may have all the men and brains it needs, it may be in valour and organization unconquerable, but all these things do not suffice if it cannot grow enough food to withstand a siege nor produce enough oil fuel within its borders to drive its tanks and aeroplanes. Then it is liable to be starved into defeat, either starved in food or in fuel or in some other essential things.

That is why Rumania, a small country which can want nothing but to be left in peace, would be an ideal larder and fuel-tank for some predatory great power bent on war. Just as the man-power and munition-power of what is now Czechoslovakia helped the Central Powers to hold out for four years in the World War, and would similarly increase the wartime staying-power of any country that swallowed Czechoslovakia to-day, so would the food-power and fuel-power of Rumania vastly improve the chances of victory for any great power that could draw on the wheat and oil of Rumania, either because Rumania was her friend or her prisoner. That is one of the reasons for that long tussle at Montreux about the right to pass the Straits in wartime; France wanted to keep the pipeline open to her friend Rumania, and did for that matter succeed in having oil-tankers exempted from the class of vessel to which the Straits have to be closed in wartime, Turkey being neutral.

The resources of Rumania, like those of Czechoslovakia, did actually go to prolong the World War, for German armies occupied Rumania, and during the last year of the struggle Rumania was bled white to enable Germany to carry on the battle on the Western Front, against England, France and America. Sheep and cattle and grain and oil were seized and exported, forests cut down, factories dismantled.

Rumania, like Czechoslovakia, means, ultimately, you.

When you consider the Treaty of Versailles, think back to the Treaty of Bucharest of May 1918, under which Rumanians were reduced to serfs, who were to grow wheat and dig oil for the exclusive use of Germany and Austro-Hungary. To produce foodstuffs and motor-spirit, two essential things for further conquests, this was to have been the part of Rumania.

The collapse of the Central Powers six months later changed all that and brought Rumania liberation far beyond the rosiest dreams of Averescu, her wartime commander. Her population and territory doubled, Greater Rumania arose.

There you have the background of King Carol, as he contemplates the European line-up from his palace in Bucharest, or, draped in the white cloak of St. Michael the Brave, takes a parade of the army he is trying hard to improve. A German Prince, he, like all the other rulers and politicians, is watching attentively the prowess of the quick-on-the-draw martial dictatorships, Germany and Italy and Japan, and the irresolution and weakness of England and France, to whom for all their faults men in the small countries still look with diminishing hopes as the guardians of reason and right and freedom, and he is trying to foresee which side will prevail when next war comes in Europe.

His own grandfather, Carol I, kept just such a watch from Bucharest and backed the wrong horse. After the quick German victories against Austria and France in 1866 and 1871, Carol I was convinced that Germany was unconquerable and made a secret alliance with Germany that crumbled to dust in his hands in 1914, for neither the Rumanian army nor the Rumanian people would have anything to do with it. And there was a strong pro-German party, the Conservative Party, in pre-war Rumania, a party that fell to pieces in 1918 because the result of the war seemed to prove conclusively that its policy and that of Carol I had been hopelessly wrong.

But now that Germany is again the mightiest military power in Europe and that Anglo-French opposition to militarist aggression has suffered such disastrous defeat, a new pro-German party is rising in Rumania, this time in the garb of anti-Semitic Fascism, and the problems of King Carol II are taking exactly the same shape as those of King Carol I.

As yet Rumania has kept firmly to her place in the European line-up, at the side of England, France, the Little Entente and the League, but there have been slight signs of wobbling, for instance the affair of Titulescu, that Titulescu whom we last saw at Montreux bitterly criticizing the two-tonguedness of British policy and flinging out of the conference room. Titulescu was the very incarnation of that traditional Rumanian policy. He was that rare thing, an absentee Foreign Minister with full authority. From time to time an admiring Rumania heard of his successes in Paris and Geneva; and at rare intervals he came to Bucharest, to see if his laurels were keeping fresh. He was feared and hated by the Germans and Hungarians; even the British resented the intolerable suggestion that British policy could ever be perfidious.

Titulescu began to find his authority weakening. One day at St. Moritz or Cannes, I forget where, he heard that the Rumanian Prime Minister, Tatarescu, had paid a visit to Belgrade. You might think that, with Rumanian foreign policy so often proclaimed to be immutable, it was only a matter of a few vowels and consonants whether Tatarescu or Titulescu went to Belgrade, merely Tat for Tit, but not so Titulescu, and he objected vigorously.

One day, in the most cavalier manner, he was dropped altogether by telegram, and they say that the reason was that he favoured the better relations with Russia which Rumania's friends, France and Czechoslovakia, had pursued after Germany's new entry, with lowered horns and steaming nostrils, into the European bull ring. This was a sensitive point with Rumanians because the only possibility for Russia to give Czechoslovakia that help she had promised in case of emergency seemed to be for her to send troops or aircraft across Rumanian territory and Rumanians did not want any foreign troops in Rumania again if they could help it, least of all Russian troops, for Russia had never clearly waived her claim to Bessarabia, Rumania's easternmost province.

We may never know just how far Titulescu wanted to go in this matter. At all events, the bogey of the Russian army, which has made its spectral appearances all over Europe in the last twenty years, though the only flesh and blood armies to have invaded foreign soil of late have been German and Italian, enabled Titulescu's enemies in Bucharest to gain Carol's ear and have him dismissed.

Carol rules Rumania. His word is ultimately law, and he is now, in the contemporary fashion, suppressing parties and ruling without Parliament. With ripening age he has emancipated himself successively from all feminine influences in his rule, his mother Queen Marie, his divorced Queen Helen, his Lupescu, and he is becoming strict in matters of the heart; he has sent his own brother Nicolas into exile because he wanted his marriage with a divorced Rumanian lady, though formally annulled, to be recognized and his wife given the title of Princess.

Rumania is an attractive country and parts of it are lovely and its people appeal to me and life is pleasant there, but a little dangerous in these days for Gentiles because of the growth of the anti-Semitic movement. This was originally called the Iron Guard and its founder and leader was a young man, who is an excellent shot and violent anti-Semite, called Corneliu Codreanu. The Iron Guard was suppressed. A new movement was formed called 'All for the country' and led by a choleric and aged anti-Semite called General Cantacuzino. The real name of this movement is the Iron Guard and its leader is Corneliu Codreanu.

Some years ago he killed the Police Chief of Jassy, a Gentile who was not anti-Semitic enough for his liking. A little later he managed to send his men into a prison and kill another Gentile, one of

his own lieutenants, in fact, whom he thought to have betrayed him. Then M. Duce, the Gentile and Liberal Prime Minister who had ordered the ban on the Iron Guard, was sentenced to death at an executive meeting of the Iron Guard and killed; fifty of fifty-three accused were acquitted. Then Corneliu Codreanu decided one day that he had been betrayed by another Gentile, this time his own right-hand man and chief collaborator, Michael Stelescu, and Michael Stelescu was sentenced to death by the executive of the non-existent Iron Guard and killed in the hospital where he was lying, receiving, good measure, for he had thirty-eight bullet wounds and several knife thrusts.

Corneliu Codreanu and General Cantacuzino are both well and the anti-Jewish Iron Guard is going strong. Both they and it are passionately fond of Mussolini, Hitler and Franco. Since they are able to remove with impunity people they dislike, up to Prime Ministers, they must presumably have protection in high places, and echo answers why? The Iron Guard sent some volunteers to Franco and one or two of them were killed and were given a great all-Fascist funeral in Bucharest, with the German and Italian Ministers present. King Carol, it is said, privily watched the scene from a curtained window not far away.

As things are moving in Europe, the Iron Guard is worth watching. In December 1937 it gained heavily at the elections, and King Carol did exactly what Hindenburg did in Germany in 1932: he tried to wear down the Iron Guard, as Hindenburg tried to wear down Hitler, by appointing as Prime Minister a politician of moderate pro-Italian, pro-German, anti-Jewish views, who would steal the Iron Guard's thunder by doing a few of the things it demanded. Octavian Goga, a poet-politician, was his Papen and within six weeks, the victim of half measures, he had withdrawn to the Riviera to recuperate. Papen at least had the satisfaction of overwhelming defeat at two elections; Goga didn't even get as far as his first one, since the protests of the American, British and French Governments against his anti-Jewish measures had shown Carol that a small country like Rumania cannot easily do even a tithe of the things that Germany did. And then Carol formed a Cabinet of National Union, comprising half a dozen Elder Statesmen who detested each other, headed by the venerable Patriarch Miron Cristea of the Rumanian Church. The end of the Rumanian experiment is still in the melting-pot.

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## Chapter Thirty Nine

### LITTLE ENTENTE

I ran out of Vienna on a mellow Saturday afternoon in September, drove for an hour at a comfortable forty miles with occasional glimpses of the Danube and a word of greeting to my friends the two Roman amphitheatres, passed quickly through the Austrian and Czechoslovak customs and was in Bratislava, or Pressburg as the tramcar from Vienna calls it, which started running in the Emperor's day and has not yet acknowledged the new frontiers drawn up by the Peace Treaty.

Danubia is pleasantly compact, in these days of swift travel, and all your favourite problems of race and language are near together. An hour from Vienna by road or air and you are in Czechoslovakia or Hungary or Yugoslavia, in Prague or Budapest or Zagreb.

Bratislava, a town where the population is so mixed that it is a wise Czechoslovak that knows if his father was a Magyar or a German or a Jew, is a particularly good lookout post for studying Danubian affairs. It lies on the Danube at the spot where Czechoslovakia touches that river, and just near here the Austrian, Czechoslovak and Hungarian frontiers all meet, so that from the old hilltop fortress in Bratislava you look into three men's land, with the Danube joining them all.

Once at this Three-State-Corner Austrian firemen put out a Hungarian fire with water from a Czechoslovak hydrant, thus giving the politicians a magnificent practical example of that Danubian co-operation of which they talk so much but never achieve. So you see that the solution for all these apparently insoluble Danubian problems is really quite simple - leave them to the firemen. The owner of the Hungarian farm didn't even say 'Nem, nem, soha', meaning, 'No, no, never', when the Czechoslovak water attacked the proud Hungarian flames.

Bratislava does not often find itself in the spotlight and was enjoying itself on this sunny Saturday afternoon for it was to be the home for a few days of the Little Entente, a curious phrase which means the Iron Ring around Hungary.

I had often watched the Little Entente at work in its home towns, Prague, Belgrade and Bucharest, and now had come to pass the time of day with it again at Bratislava. Seldom have I seen such precautions as were taken at Bratislava to guard the Little Entente - the Foreign Ministers of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia, Messieurs Krofta, Antonescu and Stoyadinovitch.

Once I thoughtlessly left the hotel where the Little Entente and myself were staying and was not allowed to re-enter it. Once I left my bedroom on the fifth floor to come down to the hotel lobby and was not allowed to return to the fifth floor. Once I left the hotel lobby to go to the lavatory and was not allowed - but why harrow your feelings further. The police of Bratislava that day seemed to think that the only hope of preserving the Little Entente intact was to stop me from going some place.

Meanwhile the Little Entente debated, as it debates twice a year, and a communiqué was issued full of the most original phrases, I can't think who invents them, to the effect that all current problems had been discussed and complete unity of views had been registered.

The Little Entente was, is and will be unanimous on one point -- Hungary -- for Hungary was the reason for its birth and is the reason for its continued existence. In all other questions, interests and views of the three partners tend to diverge.

For twenty years, ever since the war, Hungary has been crying that she refuses to recognize her frontiers, drastically foreshortened to make or enlarge liberated Czechoslovakia, greater Rumania, united Yugoslavia. For exactly so long these three countries have been leagued together jointly to resist any attempt by Hungary to recover territory from them.

It is an iron ring, for Hungary has about eight million inhabitants and the three allies between them fifty million. If Hungary were to attack either or all of them Budapest would become the capital of the Little Entente in about five minutes. That is why Hungary, alone, will never attack them.

But Hungary is the friend and protégé of Italy and Germany. There's the rub. In a general mix-up, with Great Powers involved, opportunities might offer for Hungary.

That is why the Little Entente listens alertly when the Great Powers begin talking about a New Locarno, the broad idea of which is that France and Germany should solemnly, as solemnly as usual, recognize each other's frontiers, and that England and Italy should guarantee them both against an attack by the others. Then you would have what they call, I believe, a Concert of Great Powers, all sweetly harmonious because everything in their own garden would be lovely and what happened elsewhere was elsewhere's business.

But elsewhere the small powers begin and the Little Entente pricks up suspicious ears when it hears talk of dividing Europe into a western sphere peopled by great powers where all should be quiet, and an eastern sphere peopled by smaller ones in which there should be a free hand. What if Germany were to attack Czechoslovakia or Italy Yugoslavia and if Hungary were to jump on our backs, thinks the Little Entente.

The Peace Treaty was a good treaty in its most essential part - the new frontiers. The reparations and armaments penalties were lunatic, because you couldn't enforce them, but the frontiers were good.

In new Europe you have, I should think, at the most five or six million people who could conceivably, by a redrawing of frontiers, be returned to the arms of their countrypeople. That is a pity, but a very much smaller pity than the 80,000,000 people who were entirely submerged under alien rule and within foreign states before the war. How trivial an irritation is the Polish corridor to Germany compared with the complete partition of Poland among three rapacious great powers. Thus, relatively, it is better to have three million Hungarians under foreign rule than six million non-Hungarians under Hungarian rule. The perfect frontier can never be drawn; if you want it you must sort out populations in the mixed areas and transplant part of them to their own country.

But within these limits it is true enough that a fault of the Peace Treaty frontiers -- a minor fault in relation to the size of the problem, not a major fault -- was committed with the Hungarian frontiers. They were foreshortened too much.

In pre-war Europe you had whole nations, several of them, with no state of their own but completely subject to alien rule. In new Europe you have only, in the overlapping districts, German-speaking minorities under Polish, Czechoslovak and Italian, Hungarian minorities under Rumanian, Yugoslav and Czechoslovak rule.

The lot of these minorities, often hard, is often exploited by politicians entirely for their own ends and without real feeling for their fellow-countrymen across the frontiers at all. For instance, the best-treated of all the German minorities is that in Czechoslovakia, where the Sudeten Germans have their own newspapers and parties and are strongly represented in Parliament and can attack

the Government as much as they wish on the platform and in the Press. Yet the German attacks are concentrated on Czechoslovakia, for political reasons, because she is the ally of France and Russia.

The worst treated of the German-speaking minorities is that under Italian rule in South Tirol; but because Hitler and Mussolini need each other Germany ignores their existence and even makes difficulties for their emigrant publicists. The German minority in Poland has a far harder time than that in Czechoslovakia, but because Hitler needs a friendly Poland not a word is ever heard about them.

Hungary has kept up her curtain-fire of revisionist propaganda against all three of her neighbours without distinction until recently, when her friends Italy and Germany advised her to ease off in respect of Yugoslavia, whom they are both courting for the moment.

For all these reasons the Little Entente, noticing that England in particular tends to perceive the justice of Germany's revisionist claims against other countries more and more clearly in proportion as Germany grows stronger, keeps a wary eye on any Great Power moves tending to promote frontier revision at the expense of the smaller states.

Thus at Bratislava, with the police doing their bit by chivvying me around, Little Entente unity was once more proclaimed. There was the usual banquet. The deeper you get into Danubia and the Balkans the more tail coats and orders you see at these banquets. Evening dress is a religion in the Balkans. You are married and buried in it and if you weren't too small you would probably be born in it.

But this banquet had brighter moments, or perhaps I should say darker moments. Half-way through it the lights in the hotel failed, quite innocently as it proved, the powers of darkness had nothing to do with it on this occasion, there wasn't a Red for miles, and in the blackness the diners heard the sound of hastening feet and then the beams of pocket torches pierced the gloom and you saw plain men grouped behind Lucky Milan Stoyadinovitch's chair with torch in one hand and revolver in the other, looking for trouble.

A dramatic scene. Then the lights went on and after a minute they failed again and the plain men rematerialized, and that happened a third time, and at last the banquet came to an end, with the diners feigning devil-may-care and with worried mechanics in the basement working with might and main to get the lights going, but they wouldn't, and all the beautiful illuminations outside were wasted.

So I packed and fetched my car from the garage and set out for a night run to Budapest. I hoped for a good road and no punctures. Perhaps I could make it by midnight. Nadya was dancing there. I hadn't seen her for ages. I could appear suddenly and surprise her, have a drink and a talk. I trod on the starter. It was a great life.

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## Chapter Forty

### MAGYARLAND

There are many ways of seeing Hungary. One is to spend five days in Budapest, five evenings in the bars on the Margareten Island, and five nights in bed at the Duna Palota Hotel, and then to come away exclaiming 'Hungary is a marvellous country, I love Hungary'. This is the method adopted by most English visitors.

Another way by which you will see less but perceive more of Hungary is to drive to Budapest on a dark night in an ailing car. For Hungary is not the Váczi Utca, the Margareten Island and the Duna Palota, Hungary is Budapest and Lake Balaton entirely surrounded by miles and miles of damn-all. In case you do not know what damn-all is, it is *puszta* and *paprika* and *kukuruz*. Hundreds of kilometres of it, on a dark night in an ailing car.

I shall never forget that ride. First a puncture on a pitch dark road and a mislaid jack. Then on again, with no reserve wheel. Then a misfire, then more misfires, then incessant misfires, the engine misfiring like a machine-gun; no that's wrong, a misfiring machine-gun is presumably silent and my car was making a noise like a hysterical machine-gun. I don't know what was wrong with it that night. Everything. The needle sank and sank to thirty and twenty and fifteen kilometres an hour - ten miles an hour and forty miles to go and one o'clock in the morning and not a petrol pump or a repair station nearer than Budapest. There was no point in stopping in that black tunnel that was the road to Budapest. As long as she would move at all I must go on.

I spluttered and rattled and banged on, making enough noise to wake all Hungary but not a soul stirred. I exploded through dead villages, barely distinguishable from the enveloping night, with never a friendly light in any window, praying not to have to climb a hill and luckily there isn't one on all that road.

At long intervals the kilometre stones loomed up and mocked my progress - 60, 59, 58, 57 kilometres to Budapest, it was hopeless, I should never get there like that, I should have to wait for daylight and go in search of a farm-cart to tow me.

But I struggled on. I thought of the rides of John Gilpin, Paul Revere and Dick Turpin, and would gladly have changed places with any of them. A grey mass loomed up in front of my wheels and I swerved just in time to miss it; a dead cow lying in the road. Two red lamps flashed malevolently at me out of the darkness; a fox. Two green ones; a cat. I nearly ran into the back of a farm wagon, trailing through the night to Budapest. The driver was asleep, I saw, as I slowly overhauled him, and the horses too, I thought. They took no notice of me. More and more farm wagons loomed up ahead of me, dozens, scores of them, all jog, jog, jogging to Budapest. Three o'clock, four o'clock.

I came to houses, and more houses, and tramlines, even, at long last, a light or two. I crawled round a corner and suddenly found myself crossing the bridge over the Danube, pulling up outside the Alcazar. My car expired with a final explosion. I went in. They keep late hours in Budapest - in the foreigners' Budapest. Nadya was just going home. She was tired and unwell. We had a drink. We had a dance. All around were foreigners learning to love Hungary.

Budapest, with that magnificent river-front, is a great shop-window for Hungary, but the contents of the shop itself are somewhat monotonous. Out beyond the city, on that endless plain that you see from the heights of Buda, grim poverty dwells among the *kukuruz* fields, and life there is anything

but one grand sweet song, with peasant lads and lasses in decorative costumes eternally dancing the czardas.

In Hungary, alone among the countries of continental Europe except for the big landlord areas of Germany, the peasant does not own his land, but is hired by the great landlord. The Magyar nobles and squires, about two thousand of them, own half the country. The landless peasant works for them and is often paid, not in cash, but in kind, and in winter, when the ground is too hard to work, he eats his wages, while they last.

Only in England do anything like similar conditions prevail and I imagine that this is the reason why so many English visitors fall in love with Hungary. They see themselves in a looking-glass and like it.

The enormous estates owned by a few men and employing farm labourers; the large farms owned by yeomen farmers and also employing farm labourers; the wealthy aristocratic families; the white-tie-and-tail-coat life of the little champagne-and-caviare circle in Budapest; their easy-mannered Hungarian hosts, who speak such delightful English and have been everywhere outside Hungary - it is all very much like England. If they don't notice this resemblance their attention is sure to be called to it.

Hungary is a Kingdom without a King, a very suitable arrangement in the circumstances, for you have all the means of inculcating respect for the existing order that monarchy offers, without the possibility that the occupant of the throne might develop ideas running counter to those of the Magyar aristocracy, as the ill-fated Franz Ferdinand of Serajevo, with his misguided notions of emancipating Czechs and Slovaks, seemed likely to do.

It is the Kingdom of St. Stephen's Crown. Everywhere in Budapest, on the great palace dominating the Danube, on the stamps, the money, the post boxes, the uniforms, everywhere you will see this crown, with a crooked cross atop of it. Nobody knows to-day just why that cross leans over at an angle of forty-five degrees. I always go about Budapest wanting to push it straight.

Hungarians have a mystic reverence for this crown which does not always extend to its wearer, for the last King of Hungary, that Karl who was also Emperor of Austria, was twice thrown out by the present rulers of Hungary when he tried to regain his Hungarian throne by *coup d'état*. I once found a Hungarian acquaintance writing an official summary of Hungarian post-war history and looked through it, being curious to see in what terms he had described these painful incidents. Under 'March 1921' he had merely written 'First visit of the King to Hungary', and under 'October 1921' 'Second visit of the King to Hungary'.

The point about the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, with its crooked cross, is that it is supposed, as distinct from its wearer, to carry with it certain territories, and among these are the lands lost by Hungary under the Peace Treaty.

Unless or until some radical change comes in Europe, the present Habsburg claimant to it, Otto, can never wear it, for Hungary is unlikely to restore a Habsburg unless Austria does so and opposition to a Habsburg restoration in Austria, which the Austrian Government would accomplish to-morrow if it could, comes both from the Little Entente, which is not necessarily conclusive, but also from Germany, for whom it would mean a major defeat in her aim of unifying the entire German family and the recommencement of the old rivalry between North Germany and South Germany for the leadership of that family.

Thus Hungary seems likely to remain indefinitely a kingdom without a king, for the present under the regency of Admiral Nicholas Horthy, who with General Julius Goemboes, now dead, led the White Terror in Hungary after the war. There was a brief Communist interregnum, ended when Rumanian troops expelled the Communists, and then the Fascists set about re-establishing the old order, killing large numbers of lower-class Hungarians and Jews with much gusto.

This was the first real Fascist experiment in Europe and the men who led it control Hungary to-day, although in the eighteen years that have elapsed the regime has quietened down to a benevolent and almost paternal one, based on a packed parliament, and a good deal of open public criticism in the Press and parliament is allowed.

But while in other large areas of Europe, where the land had been largely in the hands of the aristocracy and the peasants mainly in the position of feudal serfs, the immediate result of the war was to dispossess the big landowners and give the land to the peasant -- for instance in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania -- in Hungary the Horthy counter-revolution quickly re-established the old order and left the nobles undisturbed in possession of the land and the peasants in a state of semi-serfdom.

At that time, when the universal feeling of the outer world was that the social and material lot of peasants and workers everywhere should be improved, Hungary seemed like a dark feudal island in an enlightened world. Since then, curious thought, the deprivation of the masses in one country after another of all voice in affairs has left Hungary, with its modicum of free speech, looking like a relatively democratic and liberal land.

But the real control of everything remains in the hands of the little group of Magyar noble families. Prince Bülow, one of Kaiser Wilhelm's Chancellors, in his day wrote of Hungary, 'At bottom all internal Hungarian politics, which made such a noise during recent decades, was nothing more than a fight among some noblemen and their satellites: Count Andrassy, Count Albert Apponyi, Count Banffy, Count Khuen-Hedervary, Count Michael Karolyi, and the greatest of them, Count Tisza.'

That stands for 1938. It needs much more than a world war to dislodge the Hungarian aristocracy. And they retain their contempt for the peoples they used to rule and would like to rule again; for the Magyar noble, a Slovak or a Croat is a creature only fitted to work for and wait on Magyars.

It is a country with many good points, good food, good liquor, good music if you like Hungarian gipsy music, and the best female figures in the world. If you wish to test this last statement you need only go one fine day to the St. Gellert baths. Hungary makes the best apricot brandy that you can get. I have often felt so good after drinking this *Barack* that I wanted to have two photographs taken, before and after *Barack*, and send them to the manufacturers.

The gipsy music - well, that is a matter of taste, and personally I like the Bulgarian and Rumanian and Serb gipsy music better. There is a Serb gipsy girl in Belgrade whom you should get to sing 'If the dawn knew whom I have in my bed it would never break' any time you go there. But the Budapest gipsy music pleases the Hungarians and plucks at their very heartstrings, no matter how happy they were, so that the tear unbidden trickles down and there was one song, 'Joyless Sunday', which they had to forbid for some time because of the number of suicides it caused, and if the picture it conjured up was anything like that which I have in my mind of a wet November Sunday afternoon in a back street in Brondesbury in the England of about 1910 I can well understand it.

The Hungarians have been bred to think day and night about frontier revision. They are given no rest about it. They are the most intensely patriotic people in the world, and dearly love Hungary. But when they go on holiday they put it behind them as quickly as possible.

## Chapter Forty One

### WINDSOR INTERLUDE

He came out of the Western Station in Vienna, Sir Walford Selby after him, and stood for a moment at the head of the steps, bareheaded, blond and boyish in the glare of the lamps, the man under whose rule England might have ridden out the coming storm.

Forty-eight hours before he had been King of England. I looked at him, and thought of the other times and places I had seen him - the Coronation coach, running along the canal-side at St. Omer, on the Somme, here in Vienna. Around me a few curious Viennese waved a friendly greeting. He got into his car and was driven off to his Jewish host, Baron Rothschild, at Enzesfeld.

Forty-eight hours before, I had sat in my darkened room in Vienna, with the Charles Church bathed in green light on the opposite side of the square, and listened to Sir John Reith announcing, in sepulchral tones, 'This is Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness Prince Edward'. The hush that filled all English homes extended to my little room in this foreign capital. It seemed a solemn moment. Then the departing King took his leave of the nation. A good farewell speech. 'God Save the King' at the end - particularly effective.

A while later, I sat again in my little room and heard the new King speaking to the nation. A wonderful thing, radio. He carefully controlled his stutter, the new King, whom we had known as Prince Albert and who was now to be George VI. I wondered why. Because of Albert the Good? Albert the Good, Albert the Better - yes, yes, let's leave it at George.

So that chapter is closed, I thought, as he finished. It had been a well-managed change over, particularly Baldwin's Shakespearean passages with the King. England might have lost her grip on foreign affairs, but she could still handle abdications.

I had known what was coming for long enough, like most Englishmen who lived abroad and most foreigners. The great British public, with its Parliamentary Institutions and Free Press, had been told nothing, until the thing was decided; it had no word to say in a little matter like an abdication. The tact of the British press on this occasion was only outdone by the positively dinosauric *Takt* of the German press which at the command of Göbbels withheld all information about the case from its readers save for the actual news of the abdication, which was hurled at them like a bolt from the blue.

A Sense of Tact had moved the united newspaper proprietors of England to withhold from their readers what all the world knew. The same Sense of Tact ('no intervention whatever from any government quarter') subsequently moved the united picture theatre proprietors of England to withhold from their patrons pictures of the Windsor wedding, which all the world had seen. The same Sense of Tact had even torn pages about the affair from incoming American newspapers, had smashed a photographer's camera at Ipswich when the Simpson divorce action was heard.

Now the thing was finished, I felt that it had been done efficiently but not very creditably. Why this tone of awful righteous indignation from bishops and editorial writers? Why these reproofs of the King after he had been abdicated? Why the vindictive references to 'a woman who has failed to keep two husbands?'

The contrast between the tone of oleaginous adulation used by the ruling classes in England towards the King as long as he was the plastic instrument of their will and the venomous dislike of

him which they showed when he wished to marry a woman they did not like was more than I and most of my acquaintances could stomach, although I personally had no strong feelings about the actual issue at all. But I could not understand people who changed their loyalties -- which were not necessarily my loyalties -- like their socks. I could not understand why a King who had been held up as a model of princely merit for twenty years should have to slink out of England at dead of night simply because he wanted to marry somebody who couldn't be Queen. It could all have been done without rancour. For the British ruling classes that jingle about the Prussian Junkers also seemed to hold good:

Our unchallenged King and Lord  
As long as he obey our word.

With a few English friends I sat in a studio in Vienna discussing the statements of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we jointly composed the sonnet, in the best contemporary English manner, which the Poet Laureate would have made about this affair if Poets Laureate were wont to write about such things:

The hand that blew the sacred fire has failed,  
Laid down the burden in the hour of need,  
So brave begun but flinching in the deed.  
Nor Mary's prayer nor Baldwin's word availed  
To curb the beating heart by love assailed.  
Vainly did Delhi, Canberra, Capetown plead  
The Empire's ruler flouts the Empire's creed  
By Princes, prelates, people sore bewailed.

The triple pillars of the Empire shake,  
A shock of horror passes o'er the land,  
The greatest throne in all the world forsake  
To take a favour from a woman's hand?  
The hallowed pleasures of a kingly life  
Abandoned for a transatlantic wife.

Discussing the thing objectively, we came to the conclusion, as we looked upon it from that Viennese attic, that the people in England who were being most indignant and vindictive about it were all the ones who would have liked to be divorced twice but hadn't.

One evening, while he was awaiting his wedding, I met the Duke of Windsor at the Beefsteaks Club in Vienna, an Anglo-American dinner club which you will immediately recognize if you see it because beefsteak is never eaten by it and, as an American member once said, all the Englishmen try to behave like gentlemen and all the Americans like Englishmen. You put on a black tie, a thing nobody else in Vienna does, the Viennese don't wear mourning clothes in the evening, and fore-gather at the Grand Hotel, eat solemnly, drink the toasts of The King and the President of the United States, and go home.

On this evening the American Minister, Mr. Messersmith, proposed the King, and Sir Walford Selby the President, and then Sir Walford proposed a third toast, that of the guest of the evening, The Duke of Windsor. The Duke returned thanks by saying 'Thank you gentlemen. I will only answer that, as they say in German - *alle guten Dinge sind drei*'. Which I thought as neat a cap as you could wish.

Afterwards we gathered round him in a circle and he talked eagerly with many of us in turn, usually beginning with 'What was your school?' I thought of that foreign officer in the war, whose idol was the Public School Spirit and whose favourite question this was, and I waited with some inward amusement for this question to be put to me. An instinct must have guided him, for when my turn came the question was one which I could answer without any embarrassment to him - 'What newspaper do you represent?'

He complained of newspapers that evening, and again, some months later, at a press lunch in Paris, rather bitterly.

I thought, as I listened and read, of the thousands, the tens of thousands of journalists all over the world who had contributed to spread the fame of this Prince's charm and merit. I thought of the perfect tact and sympathy, the complete absence of *Schadenfreude*, with which hundreds of newspapers big and little all over Europe had written of his crisis acid abdication. I had hardly read a niggardly or even a seriously critical word. No man ever had such selfless service from men of all nations completely unknown to him, who took him completely on trust. Through the press, he had become more popular, throughout the world, than any king in any history. And he complained of the press!

One summer's night, in Vienna, I heard the noise of faint cheering and looked out of my window. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were leaving the Hotel Bristol. A few pedestrians recognized the car and gave them a friendly cheer as they drove away.

A little later I strolled into a bar. They were there, the Duke and Duchess, with Dudley Forwood, whose friends affectionately called him 'The Perfect Lady in Waiting' because of his admirably discreet and deferential manner in attendance on the great. He had just completed a term as honorary attaché in Vienna when the Duke arrived after the abdication, and had been appointed equerry.

It was rather a dull and dingy bar. In the summer most of the bars are closed in Vienna; the Duke's favourite bar - the Rotter Bar, where the proprietor has the signatures 'Edward P. September 1935' and 'Edward R.I. 1936' in his visitors' book, but asked in vain to have the collection completed by 'Windsor September 1937' - was closed.

The place was half empty. It was hot and stuffy. A slightly convivial gentleman had the band play 'Ich schenk' dir Tausend Rosen', and sent the waiter across to the Duchess with a bunch of roses. He followed them up himself.

I went home.

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## Chapter Forty Two

### GADARENE GALLOP

On a day I dined with Greeks in Athens. 'What is this news from Paris?' they asked me, 'that, with sanctions against Italy barely begun, your Foreign Minister Hoare and Laval between them have concocted a plan for the partitioning of Abyssinia.'

'It can't be true,' I said.

The next morning I flew over green islands in a blue Aegean to Salonica, and they asked me the same question. 'It's bunk,' I said.

I lunched at Belgrade and heard it again, and in the train to Budapest, where I dined with Hungarians who smiled ironically and said, 'We told ourselves so'.

I read it in the *Zagreb Morgenblatt*, which said that if this news were true the English call to the world to rally against the aggressor had been a lamentable farce. That was what they were thinking about England in the little capital of the Croats.

And the next day, when I lunched in Vienna, not only the whiskers and forepaws but the whole cat was out of the bag, and a mangy beast it was. 'Is that really your English cat?' asked the Viennese. 'God help us, but it is', said I.

That was the beginning of the European rot, and the responsibility for it was England's. Original sin began with Adam, but as far as anybody is ever guilty of anything responsibility for this was English. Everything that has happened in Europe since derives directly from the Abyssinian fiasco and from the failure or refusal of England to face up in time to what was coming. The final bill that England will have to pay for this has not yet been presented.

The mass of English people never gets a clear view of the sequence of events, of cause and effect, of the path along which it is being led. Too much information is withheld. Ministerial speeches in Parliament are often smoke clouds obscuring the facts. Within a few weeks or months Ministers of the Crown expound diametrically opposed theories in the same terms of sincere conviction and inflexible determination. His Majesty's Opposition is under present Parliamentary procedure completely ineffective, a foil for the Government.

That is the awful thing, that a Socialist Government would be even worse than the Conservative ones; the only thing to hope for is a better Conservative Government. The great British public, like a frustrated foxhound, casts vainly about for the scent of the truth among the welter of false trails and red herrings. It thinks to have found the true line one day, only to find the Government careering off on an entirely different line the next, and it gets giddy.

Only a few specialists at home and abroad, students, foreign office officials, diplomats, journalists, see and foresee the inevitable sequence of event leading to event, but as long as the British public is treated like an infirm old lady, who must not be told about anything for fear of heart failure, their knowledge must lie fallow. By this process of cloaking the wolf of truth in the sheepskin of blarney the little pig that is British public opinion was left to play blithely in its house of straw until the big bad wolf was at the door.

The truth about two things that were vital to it -- German rearmament and Italian intentions in Abyssinia -- was concealed from it until too late. The same process is continuing. The war in Spain, Guernica, the German guns covering the Straits of Gibraltar; in all these things a skin of illusion is drawn over the eyes of the British public.

The Abyssinian War began in October 1935. In April 1935, at Stresa, England, France and Italy had jointly condemned Germany as a treaty breaker, and not a word had been said about Abyssinia.

In 1927 -- eight years earlier -- one of my useful friends was told by Baron von Neurath, then German Ambassador in Rome and later German Foreign Minister, that Mussolini had told him, 'If I can't get colonies by fair means I shall take Abyssinia'.

All foreign Governments knew of Mussolini's intentions, so there was plenty of time to prepare. Yet for years after this date British Governments claimed to believe that the cardinal tenet of Italian foreign policy was never to do anything that would antagonize England. Italy, the booted leg standing up to the knee in the Mediterranean, would never challenge the most powerful naval power in the world.

The vast armaments of Italy seem to have been similarly underestimated. Perhaps the gods had made England blind. In January 1935, three months before Stresa, Mussolini asked Simon to define England's attitude about Abyssinia and received no answer from that cautious attorney.

In June 1935, two months after Stresa and four months before the invasion of Abyssinia, Eden saw Mussolini and reported home that Mussolini, learning of inflexible British opposition, was deeply depressed. I believe he even expressed sympathy for 'the defeated Napoleon'.

In July one of my useful friends, who had been to Abyssinia, foretold to me the exact course of the Italian campaign.

In October 1935 Italy invaded and in May 1936 annexed Abyssinia. A triumph not of martial valour but of forethought, well-laid plans, well-weighed odds and superb organization.

I do not lie awake at nights worrying about the Abyssinians. I could never understand why British public opinion was so sensitive about Abyssinians being killed by Italians and Chinese by Japanese and so placidly indifferent about white men in Spain, whose fate affects themselves much more directly, being killed by Italians and Germans and Moors.

Italy took Abyssinia by exactly the same methods by which the Abyssinians once took Abyssinia, by which England took her colonies. The ruling clique in Abyssinia consisted of a group of families, rather like the *deux cent familles* in France, who were only concerned to keep a vice-like hold on the country and enrich themselves. The majority of the population, as my useful friend from Abyssinia tells me, is indifferent whether it is ruled by these men or by the Italians.

It is nonsense that black men all over Africa have been moved by the Italian annexation to an undying hatred of the whites that will one day take a bloody revenge. The black men are not yet so far; perhaps they will be one day. At present they do not much care whether they are ruled by Britishers, Germans or Italians. In the British Colonies neighbouring Abyssinia, the Italian victory made so deep an impression that native traders advertise their wares as 'Mussolini goods'; they sell better so. Do not believe that Abyssinia is not conquered. Abyssinia is finished. The Italians are as firmly set in Abyssinia as the Japanese in Manchukuo.



I had only a personal sympathy for the Negus, who is a man of rare dignity and who had to sell his table silver at Christie's about the time that the Abyssinian issue was being buried beneath the Anglo-Italian gentlemen's agreement of January 1937, a gentlemen's agreement being one of those things that it takes two to make. He complained with justice that he would have made term with Mussolini if he had not been encouraged to resist by the prospect of a British-led world rallying to his succour.

Abyssinia does not harass me on its own account, but on my account. Abyssinia is dead, but the ghost of Abyssinia will long stalk England. For that experience of triumphant escape, by the skin of his teeth, from a world mobilized against him by England drove Mussolini into the arms of Germany, and that partnership is an enormously strong military combination and has a very high nuisance value.

The fear of that isolation which he had felt during the Abyssinian war drove Mussolini, two months after its close, to force his protégé Austria to sign a truce with Germany, that Austria in support of whose independence he had at the murder of Dollfuss in 1934 mobilized an army on the Brenner. That means that if Mussolini gets into a war with England in the Mediterranean he will have Germany with him.

The Rome-Berlin partnership -- I have the authority of one of my most useful friends for it -- is 'solid for all emergencies'. If war comes Germany's price will be Austria and Czechoslovakia at the least; so much Mussolini will have to pay, and that is why as the Abyssinian war was drawing to a close he began strongly fortifying that Italo-Austrian frontier across which he had once been willing to throw troops. If he has to have Germany as a neighbour, he will take no chances. Austria and Czechoslovakia, if the thing temporarily ends there, mean, ultimately, you. They mean that Austrian and Czechoslovak man-power and munition-power will be converted into striking-power somewhere else, and that the German military machine will become even mightier than before.

Abyssinia was a cardinal blunder in British foreign policy. When you look back at it the thing becomes more and more inexplicable.

First there were the wasted years when Italy's military strength was either grotesquely miscalculated or the issue pigeon-holed from sheer inertia. Prime Minister in England was Ramsay MacDonald, who had given way to that form of self-indulgence which expresses itself in a desire to consort with film stars and had had a lunch invitation calmly ignored by Charlie Chaplin. Foreign Minister was John Simon, whose cronies in his Oxford Union days had remarked that he 'might have been a little more impassioned'.

Then came the furious burst of energy when Italy invaded Abyssinia, the British call to the world to combine in action against an aggressor.

This was the most inspiring moment in post-war history. At last that clear clarion call from England for which a trembling world had been waiting. Old England was not decadent, she had not forgotten how to lead a great cause. England rose like one man to the summons; a few weeks later, pricked by the Hoare-Laval plan, British public opinion collapsed like a deflated balloon into an inert and shapeless mass and I am not sure that this was not its last real effort.

The world responded with glad alacrity, happy to have found a leader. Fifty states agreed to apply sanctions against Italy, among them little states which had every reason to avoid incurring her hostility - Greece, whose shores were within jumping distance of the Italian fleet, Bulgaria, though she was a revisionist country and her Queen a daughter of the King of Italy.

An inspiring speech by Sir Samuel Hoare at Geneva produced this world-wide acclamation. Yet behind the scenes, unknown to all, he was already in agreement with Laval, of France, that sanctions should in no event be extended to warlike measures - and how can you enforce sanctions if you are not prepared in the last resort to go to war?

What happened? Sanctions were agreed by an enthusiastic world, glad that England was again taking her place in the lead, in November. On November 14th the Baldwin government went to the country and gained an enormous majority, the tribute of England to its action against the aggressor, against that Italy which had brought Abyssinia into the League and was now invading Abyssinia.

Already in October the *Daily Herald* had reported the existence of a Franco-British plan for the partitioning of Abyssinia, and the report had been officially denied. On December 8th the Hoare-Laval plan, which was precisely that foretold by the *Daily Herald*, was made public.

Sanctions collapsed. A flabbergasted world shook its head. Sir Samuel Hoare resigned, for a brief while. Italy quickly conquered Abyssinia; among other absurdities England had forbidden the export of arms alike to the Italian Goliath, armed to the teeth, and to the Abyssinian David, armed almost only with teeth.

England had made an enemy; Italy had gained an African empire. The Italo-German alliance loomed ahead. The small states shook in their shoes. The prospects of stopping aggression in Europe dwindled to disappearing point.

When will the world know the whole truth of that fatal crisis? The cynics pointed to the victory of the Baldwin government at the polls and said the sanctions-against-Italy cry had only been raised to ensure another four or five years of office, that the intention was never sincere. It looked like that.

How is England ever to know what to think about foreign policy when you lead England for years to believe that Italy is your friend, conceal from England the truth of what you knew to be Italy's intentions in Abyssinia, and then, when the truth is out, lead the world in sanctions against Italy when you have already made up your mind privately to condone the partitioning of Abyssinia?

How is England to know what to think about foreign policy when you tell her in May 1934, 'If you are going to adopt a sanction you must be prepared for war, if you adopt a sanction without being prepared for war you are not an honest trustee of the nation', when in November 1935 you lead the world in applying sanctions against Italy, when in June 1936, after opposing even the full application of economic sanctions, you tell England, 'There is only one way of altering the course of events ... and that is to go to war ... I am quite certain that I should not cast my vote to-day for that course of action'. Is that honest stewardry?

How is England to know what to think about foreign policy when you tell her in November 1934 that in a year's time she will still be twice as strong as Germany in the air and in March 1935 you have to learn from Hitler's own lips that Germany is already stronger in the air than the whole British Empire?

Apparently there is no public opinion in England. Apparently there is no blunder a politician can make so great that it will make him unpopular or jeopardize his job.

One motive for the British right-about-turn in the Abyssinian affair may have been the fear that, if war came with Italy, Germany might jump on our back. This was a real danger. German rearmament, concealed by tranquillizing assurances from the British public, was already immense. Three years were lost while a deaf ear was turned to all warnings from specialists who knew the

facts. German rearmament began within five minutes of Hitler's advent to power in 1933. In the autumn of 1934 Baldwin was still soothing Parliament with reassuring statements about the British lead in the air. In the autumn of 1935 British rearmament at length clumsily got under way. The locusts had eaten three years, and that is the real explanation of everything that is happening in Europe.

To-day you hear that British rearmament will be completed in 1940 or 1942 or 1944, I don't know exactly which, and then, ah then, Britain will take her rightful place. I hope it's true. Perhaps the other heavyweights will wait until the British heavyweight has got his weight down and has had plenty of practice and is ready to think about a match. Blundering is not the monopoly of any one country.

I remember, however, that Farinacci, the former Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, in the summer of 1937 wrote an article in an official Fascist magazine urging that Italy and Germany should go for France and England without further ado, since they would have to fight them one day anyway, and why wait until they were ready? I don't think the great British public ever learned of this article.

But none of these things seems adequately to explain the fiasco of British policy in the Abyssinian issue. After all, England had the Suez Canal in her hands and a great Italian army bottled up, and all its supplies able to be cut off, and the Mediterranean then under English control. England could have given peacebreakers an unforgettable lesson, and never mind how we got our own Empire. We might very well give away some of the Empire once we have shown that we are able to trounce anybody who starts trouble.

The real weakness of British foreign policy may have been a private sympathy with military dictators. While the Abyssinian dispute was yet at fever heat British ministers and British diplomats were saying that, while we must stop aggression, we must not bring Mussolini down. The crowning absurdity. If you go into a boxing match determined not to knock the other man out you are liable to be knocked out yourself.

Grounds for this suspicion first became perceptible when British policy performed its acrobatic feats during the Abyssinian affair. They became clearer during the Spanish civil war, which began in July 1936 and has not yet ended in victory for the Fascist Generalissimo Franco.

The average British reader is probably completely fogged by now about the Spanish war. All newspapers exaggerate one side or the other; actually this is not so much a case where there is much to be said on both sides as one in which there is little to be said for either. The Spaniards are caught between two groups.

Spain is one of the few sideshows in Insanity Fair that I have not visited; but my useful friends have, and I can vouch for the following facts. The war began, hard on the heels of the Abyssinian war, as a military and Fascist revolt against a Republican-Liberal Government, duly elected and without a Red in it.

Franco began by using large numbers of Moors -- it took several centuries, I believe, to get the Moors out of Spain in the name of civilization and now they are back in the name of civilization -- and Spanish Foreign Legionaries, who include some foreigners, and later Mussolini sent him an Italian army and Hitler large numbers of German-manned aeroplanes and heavy guns. Franco also had some Spaniards, how many you can imagine for yourselves, since with this help he has been trying for nearly two years to conquer Spain.

The spectacle of this foreign invasion of Spain so offended foreign eyes that a Non-Intervention Committee of all the intervening powers and some non-intervening ones was formed in London. A British contribution was again to forbid the export of arms to both parties, and France followed suit. The Franco insurgents had all the arms they wanted from Italy and Germany. The Madrid forces could get none from France and England. With the wickedness of the animal that defends itself when attacked they got some from Russia.

Even without this export ban, the British public was told, the Madrid Government could not have obtained supplies from England or France, which were busy with their own rearmament. Remember that Italy and Germany were able to send vast quantities of men and arms and munitions and yet face with equanimity the possibility of a major European war. This will give you some idea of the real state of armaments in Europe.

When the insurgents were approaching Bilbao, the capital of the Basques, British shipping was warned not to try and go to Bilbao on account of Francist mines. The Bilbaons were being starved out. One or two British skippers ran their ships nevertheless to Bilbao and showed that the alleged mine blockade was a myth. Nevertheless Bilbao fell to Italian troops and German aeroplanes and the victory was officially celebrated in Italy as an Italian one.

All this time the Non-Intervention Committee was sitting, and discussing the withdrawal of the volunteers. The real object of this ghastly comedy was apparently to keep up a pretence of international efforts at mediation until Franco won, when Non-Intervention could be quietly interred alongside sanctions.

What are the facts about foreign intervention on both sides? By October 1937 Italy, which had at first angrily denied that she had any troops in Spain, had officially stated that she had 40,000 there, this in refutation of the Madrid assertion that 100,000 Italians were fighting for Franco. Casualty lists of Italians killed in Spain 'in the cause of Fascist civilization' were being published regularly in the Italian press.

Germany had by the air bombardment of Guernica, which was completely obliterated, given the first example of 'totalitarian' warfare - the extermination of every living thing you see. The facts of this exploit, the most terrible thing that has happened in Europe since the war, were given in detail by a British newspaper correspondent at Guernica in a fully documented dispatch containing the types of the German machines used, an eye-witness account, survivors' stories, and the like. Several attempts in the House of Commons to bring the matter of Guernica to debate were defeated by pigeon-hole methods. England suggested an international investigation to several other intervening and non-intervening countries, some did not reply, and there the matter dropped. Guernica was Catholic and peasant and peaceful, not in the war zone, and a Basque priest set off for Rome to tell the Holy Father, who is an Italian patriot, about it, but nothing more was ever heard of his mission.

No proof has ever been given that Russian troops were sent to Spain. In fact, none were sent. A British official in Madrid who saw some Austrian and German and Polish anti-Fascists of the International Brigade went about saying he had seen the Russian army; a political pilgrim saw some dead in tanks and 'was sure they were Slavs'. Russia did send tanks and quite a lot of Russian-manned aeroplanes.

In the circumstances non-intervention seemed to be a device for hushing-up intervention until Franco should win and Mr. Lloyd George, finding his form again in his old age, said in the House of Commons on October 28th, 1937, that 'the history of non-intervention was discreditable in many respects and in most respects dishonourable ... if its aim was to prevent the intervention of foreign powers it had been an utter failure and a boasted failure, but if its object was to give a definite and

what might be a decisive advantage to the insurgents over the legitimate government of Spain then it had been a triumphant success'. Mr. Lloyd George's figures about foreign intervention - 80,000 Italians and 10,000 Germans fighting for Franco and 20,000 mixed foreigners fighting for the Government were also about right, according to my useful friends. But the Italians and Germans were sent by their governments; the others were real volunteers.

The position in Spain is as if Sir Oswald Mosley, with the help of Italian and German troops and aircraft and artillery and a large number of Gurkhas, were to save England for the English.

By the end of 1937 the victory of Franco seemed in sight and Eden in the House of Commons was only able to say that he did not believe a Franco government would be unfriendly to Great Britain, that 'there are countries which hold Communist propaganda to be more culpable of the Spanish civil war than any other body', that 'opinion in the democratic countries on this question is deeply and completely divided'.

Well, I still have to learn how Communist propaganda starts a military revolt led by Fascist officers, and by what devilish devices it coaxes a reluctant Mussolini and an unwilling Hitler to invade Spain.

Is another government based on the people's vote to be destroyed? Another military despotism to be set up in Europe twenty years after a world war fought to overthrow military despots and make the world safe for democracy?

To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow  
In Flanders fields.

In 1938 all this talk about poppies seems to me just poppycock.

For some reason Franco is popular in England. Madrid is an execrably bad propagandist, and the word 'Red' is coming to have such hypnotic force that it blinds people to all reason; and produces such oddities as the letter written to an English newspaper by a rabbit-trapping reader who said, 'All this talk about the inhumanity of spring-traps is nonsense and in my opinion Bolshevik money is behind it'.

The naive calculation now apparently is that a generalissimo who would owe his victory entirely to Italian and German arms, fighting men and money, would after his victory be friendly to England, and not in any way encroach on our right of way through the Mediterranean to our overseas Empire.

Another painful awakening is in store for England. When Japan attacked China, Germany and Italy openly showed their sympathy for her by signing with her the Triple Alliance against Bolshevism at Rome, the wording of which claims for these countries the right to intervene anywhere -- in England, Iceland Yugoslavia, where you will -- in any place they consider 'Red'. Are these Powers going to let Franco out of their grasp, when he has Spain in his?

The thing was most succinctly put by Captain Liddell Hart, the Military Correspondent of *The Times*, when he wrote:

The danger to English interests through the Spanish War is so obvious that it is difficult to understand the eagerness with which some of the avowedly patriotic sections of the British public have desired the rebels' success. Class prejudice and property sense would seem to have blinded their strategical sight.

In 1850 the Austrian General Haynau, who had fired on a Hungarian crowd, was beaten up when he came to London by Barclay and Perkins's indignant draymen, and Lord Palmerston withstood Queen Victoria's demand to apologize to Vienna by saying that Vienna should have known better than send Haynau to England, since it perfectly well knew what England thought of his cruelties in Italy and Hungary. In 1938 Franco, Hitler and Mussolini could count on a courteous welcome in England and if the draymen of Barclay and Perkins started any nonsense they would soon find themselves in the place where Reds ought to be.

In 1914, I think, opinion throughout the world rose in angry remonstrance against a savage display of Prussian militarism somewhere in Alsace, when a Prussian officer cut down with his sword a crippled cobbler who did not get out of his way quickly enough. In 1938 crippled cobblers might be mowed down in swathes with machine-guns in Andalusia and a complacent outer world would only be invited to applaud the exploits of the anti-Reds, who had nipped some new Bolshevik devilry in the bud.

But the first victims of Hitler's New Army have not been Reds or Marxists or Jews or Bolsheviks, but Spanish fisherfolk and peasants and good Catholics at that, and this means, ultimately, you.

This obsession with the word Red causes many people in England to toy with the pleasant delusion that you can use Germany, Germany who wants your colonies, as a Bulwark against Bolshevism. Germany, who covets your backyard, is to be your armed doorkeeper.

The retired burglar turned moralist yourself, you want to buy off the new burglar by giving him the spoons - but not your own spoons, somebody else's spoons. Give Germany Tanganyika? Oh no.

If this chapter has not already depressed you enough, buy a copy of the 'Memorandum on the Present State of British Relations with Germany' which is published, as No. 16 in their series, by the Friends of Europe. It costs you 2d., and you could not spend twopence better.

The memorandum gives you an exact picture of the present state of British relations with Germany and of what you have to expect. But you will need to change the dates and names, because it was written in 1907, by Eyre Crowe, who was then a Foreign Office Official, became head of the Foreign Office after the war and, unfortunately for England, died far too young. He had German blood, he was married to a German lady, and he knew Germany perfectly. In fact, he even had his windows smashed when the war broke out and anything more ludicrous than that I can't imagine, because if his advice had been taken there might well have been no war.

Thirty years have passed. A World War has been fought. A million British lives have been laid down. The graves of your dead girdle the world, as King George V said. And in 1938 you are back exactly where you were in 1907 when Sir Eyre Crowe wrote his memorandum, hoping to open people's eyes. Germany is mightier than ever. She wants just the same things. England is as irresolute as ever. We are drifting to war.

Here are some of the things Eyre Crowe said. Change a few names and you have a photograph of Europe to-day:

'Prince Bismarck had also succeeded by all sorts of devices, including the famous reinsurance treaty with Russia, in keeping France and Russia apart so long as he remained in office. The conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance some time after Bismarck's fall filled Germany with concern and anxiety and she ceased in her efforts at least to neutralise it by establishing the closest possible relations with Russia herself.'

'Germany is bound to be as strongly opposed to a possible Anglo-Russia understanding and indeed there is already conclusive evidence of German activity to prevent any such contingency happening in the near future.'

'Germany's foreign policy always has been and will be to try and frustrate any coalition between two states which might result in damaging Germany's interests and prestige and Germany will ... not hesitate to take such steps as she thinks proper to break up the coalition.' (Quotation from a German statesman.)

'England, as a tiny island power with vast overseas colonies and dependencies whose existence and survival is inseparably bound up with the possession of preponderant seapower, has a greater interest than any other country in the independence of nations ... England's traditional policy has been to maintain the balance of power by throwing her weight now in this scale and now in that, but ever on the side opposed to the political dictatorship of the strongest single state or group at a given time. The opposition into which England must inevitably be driven to any country aspiring to such a dictatorship assumes almost the form of a law of nature.'

'Is it right or even prudent for England to incur any sacrifices or see other friendly nations sacrificed merely in order to assist Germany in building up step by step the fabric of a universal preponderance?'

'Between England and Germany there has never been any real clashing of material interests, no unsettled controversies over outstanding questions. Yet for the last twenty years German Governments have never ceased reproaching British Governments with want of friendliness and with persistent opposition to German political plans ... From 1884 onward, when Bismarck first launched his country into colonial and maritime enterprise, numerous quarrels arose between the two countries. They all have in common this feature - that they were opened by acts of direct and unmistakable hostility to England on the part of the German Government.'

'But in spite of their indignation successive British Governments agreed to make concessions and accept compromises which not only appeared to satisfy all German demands but were by the avowal of both parties calculated and designed to re-establish if possible on a firmer basis the fabric of Anglo-German friendship.'

(After Kaiser Wilhelm's congratulatory telegram to President Kruger anent the Jameson raid.) 'The hostile character of Germany's foreign policy was for the first time thoroughly understood by the British public who up to then, owing to the anxious care of their Government to minimize the results of the perpetual friction with Germany and to prevent any aggravation of that friction by concealing as far as possible the unpleasant details of Germany's aggressive behaviour, had been practically unaware of the persistently contemptuous treatment of their country by their Teutonic cousins.'

'It might be deduced that the antagonism is too deeply rooted in the relative position of the two countries to allow of its being bridged over by the kind of temporary expedients to which England has so long and so patiently resorted. On this view of the case it would have to be assumed that Germany is deliberately following a policy which is essentially opposed to vital British interests and that an armed conflict cannot in the long run be avoided, except by England either sacrificing those interests, with the result that she would lose her position as an independent Great Power, or making herself too strong to give Germany the chance of succeeding in a war. This is the opinion of those who see in the whole trend of Germany's policy conclusive evidence that she is consciously aiming at the establishment of a German hegemony, first in Europe, eventually in the World.'

'Bismarck suffered from the nightmare of coalitions. He particularly dreaded the hostile combination against his country of France and Russia and, as one certain means of counteracting that danger, he desired to bring England into the Triple Alliance, or at least to force her into independent collision with France and Russia, which would inevitably have placed her by Germany's side. He knew England's aversion to the entanglement of alliances and to any policy of determined assertion of national rights, such as would have made her a power to be seriously reckoned with by France and Russia. But Bismarck had also a poor opinion of the power of English Ministers to resist determined pressure. He apparently believed he could compel them to choose between Germany and a universal opposition to England. When the colonial agitation in Germany gave him an opening, he most probably determined to bring it home to England that meekness and want of determination in foreign affairs do not constitute a policy; that it was wisest and certainly least disagreeable for her to shape a decided course in a direction which would secure her Germany's friendship; and that in co-operation with Germany lay freedom from international troubles as well as safety, whilst a refusal to co-operate brought inglorious conflicts, and the prospect of finding Germany ranged with France and Russia for the specific purpose of damaging British interests.'

'The action of Germany towards this country since 1890 might be likened not inappropriately to that of a professional blackmailer whose extortions are wrung from his victim by the threat of some vague and dreadful consequences in case of refusal. To give way to the blackmailer's menaces enriches him; but it has long been proved by uniform experience that, although this may secure for the victim temporary peace, it is certain to lead to renewed molestation and higher demands after ever-shortening periods of amicable forbearance. The blackmailer is usually ruined by the first resolute stand made against his exactions and the determination to face all risks of a possible disagreeable situation rather than to continue in the path of endless concessions. But, failing such determination, it is probable that the relations between the two parties will grow steadily worse.'

'There is one road which, if past experience is any guide to the future, will most certainly not lead to any permanent improvement of relations with any power, least of all Germany, and which must therefore be abandoned: that is the road paved with graceful British concessions - concessions made without any conviction either of their justice or of their being set off by equivalent counter-services. The vain hopes that in this manner Germany can be "conciliated" and made more friendly, must be definitely given up. It may be that such hopes are still cherished by irresponsible people, ignorant, perhaps necessarily ignorant, of the history of Anglo-German relations during the last twenty years, which cannot be better described than as the



history of a systematic policy of gratuitous concessions, a policy which has led to the highly disappointing result disclosed by the almost perpetual state of tension existing between the two countries. Men in responsible positions, whose business it is to inform themselves, and to see things as they really are, cannot conceivably retain any illusion on this subject.'

'Germany will be encouraged to think twice before she gives rise to any fresh disagreement if she meets on England's part with unvarying courtesy and consideration in all matters of common concern, but also with a prompt and firm refusal to enter into any one-sided bargains or arrangements and the most unbending determination to uphold British rights and interests in every part of the globe. There will be no surer or quicker way to win the respect of the German Government and of the German nation.'

When you have read that you can see how far we have progressed since 1907. The position now is exactly as Eyre Crowe saw it then, with one added complication, and that a very grave one.

In those days each country thought only of its own national interests - 'What we have we hold.' To-day the whole question is fogged by the smoke cloud that the dictators give out - 'Come in with us and save the world from Bolshevism.' They do not intend to save the world from anything. They are after exactly the same things as their predecessors - territory and power. At the end they will have destroyed neither Bolshevism nor Russia, and most of their victims will be peaceable citizens, workmen and peasants who are conscripted into the respective armies, inhabitants of some town that suddenly finds itself destroyed for no reason at all, like Guernica. But they put out their smoke cloud - and when smoke gets in your eyes ...

It is all part of a much bigger process, which has nothing at all to do with patriotism and everything to do with greed. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the peasants were mainly serfs, whose labour and daughters were the property of the lord of the manor. During the nineteenth century they gradually cast off the bonds of slavery and began to acquire possession of the land. At the same time the mechanical age brought a new race of slaves, the slaves of the machine. Their conditions of life were at first also little better than those of serfs. All through the nineteenth century there was a gradual movement towards improving the lot of the peasants and workers, and this process reached its climax in the world war. This not only set nations free - in Europe 80,000,000 people who had lived under alien rule. It also gave a wider measure of freedom to the workers and peasants in the defeated and liberated countries. The peasants in liberated Czechoslovakia and in Rumania were given their land. The workers in Germany and Austria gained greater freedom of speech and organization than ever before, and this led to improved housing and health conditions and higher wages.

What you are really seeing in Europe to-day is the reaction to this process, which met with general acceptance in the nineteenth century, a century of enlightenment, and humane thought, but is being more and more widely challenged in the twentieth century, which is a century of darkness and retrogression.

In many respects you are already back in the dark ages. In many countries you have no individual rights at all, only the right to be a member of one big mutual admiration society, one of millions of men all pulling on the Hitler or Mussolini rope and singing, like sailors the old sea chanty, 'Oh, what a wonderful man, oh, what a wonderful man'.

You are not allowed to know what is happening either in your own or other countries. You have to be seen and not heard. You have to do what you are told, and die when you are told.

The new feature in Spain is that for the first time the parent Fascist Powers have intervened to ensure the success of the home Fascist movement. ('As Signor Mussolini has said, with characteristic terseness, Fascism is not an article of export.' - Colonel Blimp, writing to the newspapers.)

Spain has shown once again that, at the moment when the masses in any country are within grasp of real emancipation and freedom, the army and church and royalists and aristocrats and white-collar classes will turn on them with cannon, and if necessary call in foreigners or even black troops to help suppress them. You remember the German complaints about 'black troops in the Ruhr'; Germans are fighting shoulder to shoulder with Moors in Spain against Spaniards.

If there were a republican labour movement in England, and it seemed likely to get a majority at an election, the same thing might happen there. Don't believe the cliché about 'it can't happen in England'. It can. The revolver argument is universally convincing and Englishmen are no more bullet-proof than foreigners. You already have in England some of the stigmata of a Fascist regime -- a parliament with an enormous majority returned on a false issue and a dummy opposition, a press that in part is already subordinated to German and Italian wishes -- and the rest of the change-over might be quickly made if the working-class masses became really restless.

I don't want to give an exaggerated picture. Human life goes on everywhere much the same, whether a dictator is ruling a country with a rod of iron, or a paternal prince governing by kindness, or Socialists republicanizing the land; the bakers bake their bread, the milkman delivers the milk, the boys and girls stroll under the trees in the dusk. Only the relatively few who are cast into concentration camps in peace or the much larger number who suffer in war directly feel the consequences of these things. In their day-to-day lives they may not even notice whether their country is moving upwards to the stars of humanity and enlightenment and toleration or downward to the gloomy valley of tyranny and ignorance.

But if man is to become a dignified human being and not just a stupid forked radish there is only one choice for him. Are you going to shape your own thought, your own work, your own life? Or are you going to have these things decided for you by other people from the day you are born to the day you die, like sheep in a pen?

Possibly all these things are less important than they seem. Mr. Wells says that if the world were the size of a ping-pong ball the sun would be a globe nine feet thick nearly a quarter of a mile away, and the moon a small pea, two and a half feet from the world, and all around there would be practically nothing at all, and I am not prepared to challenge him. In that vast emptiness beyond human understanding we are all the most infinitesimal maggots scratching at the rind of an insignificant cheese, and Lord Maggot, and Old School Tie Maggot, and King Maggot, and Führer Maggot and Duce Maggot and Henry Ford Maggot and Oil Trust Maggot are all rather ridiculous with their self-important clamour about this piece of the cheese being better than any other part of the cheese and Black Maggots being better than Red Maggots, and the League of Maggots being nothing but the instrument of the Jew Maggots. For my part, I am for the cheese, the whole cheese and nothing but the cheese.

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## Chapter Forty Three

### ENGLAND GROPING IN THE DARK

I came to England at the end of 1937. An Austrian friend of mine in Vienna, who knows England very well, had been across and returned depressed. He said it reminded him of Austria before the war which destroyed that great Empire. Times were good but there was a defeatist spirit abroad that ill accorded with them. I wanted to form my own opinions.

I saw what he meant. I found abundant, hectic prosperity, but an undertone of fear and incomprehension of the future. The country was afraid of the future because it could not understand the present. I could feel the universal, almost religious horror of war, the inarticulate question, 'How is it possible that we have come to this plight again so soon?' the desperate endeavour to understand what was going on in Europe from the tangle of contradictory statements, misleading declarations, smoke-cloud debates and right-about-turn politics.

What is the use of a religious horror of war in a world where you have encouraged the rout of moderate men and the rise of belligerent martial dictatorships?

I reached England on the eve of Armistice Day. After nineteen years the ceremony of remembrance at the Cenotaph was as thronged as ever, and had remained the same in every detail but one - a man ran out of the crowd shouting, 'Cease this hypocrisy. You are conniving in a new war'.

Sir Samuel Hoare stated in the House that he suffered from delusions.

In the evening I went to a cinema and saw the ceremony, and the interruption, on the screen. Afterwards an organist played wartime songs, songs to which I had marched and danced for four years, songs which for years after the war had reawakened in me the emotions of the war - 'It's a long way to Tipperary', 'There's a long, long trail a-winding', 'Who were you with last night?', 'Land of hope and glory', 'Everybody ought to know how to dance the tickletoe', 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag'.

As I watched the ceremony about the Cenotaph and listened to those songs, with the picture of Insanity Fair in my mind, I found myself empty of any emotion but cynicism. Not yet twenty years, and out there in Insanity Fair 'pacifist' is a shameful name, men who never knew and never will know war are preaching its glories while they amass their bank balances in neutral countries, men who learned the lesson of the last war and preached peace are lying in perpetuity in concentration camps and prisons, in England rich old men and women are the apostles of the martial dictatorships.

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow!

The first newspaper I took up in England contained a quotation from a new official textbook for the Hitler Youth. Some old German professor had written what Papen, Banse, Göbbels and others who will die in their beds had previously said:

'It is repugnant to the heroic man that death on the battlefield should be made the occasion for lamentations and sentimentality. Such a death sets the seal on life and is an inspiration to those who come after. Death on the battlefield should be regarded as a longed-for conclusion of life.' A religious horror of war won't help you much against that.

The next newspaper I picked up told me that Lord Halifax was going to Berlin to see Hitler. In thirty years, with a world war in between, the position has changed by four letters - from the Haldane Mission to the Halifax Mission. Haldane in 1906 and 1912 achieved nothing, unless he misled the Germans about England's feeling. Simon and Eden in 1935 achieved nothing. England, uncomprehending, looks on. Are we with Germany or against her? Is she against us or not? Are we going to give her back her colonies or not? What is our policy to be? Questions never answered.

'The English are a decadent people.' Do you remember who said that? Bismarck, when England ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece.

I found in England a growing feeling that Germany had not had a fair deal and that France and Czechoslovakia ought to give her one. I found that, as Germany grew stronger, wealthy English people in increasing numbers were coming to perceive the justice of her claims against Austria and Czechoslovakia. I found a certain body of opinion that was for flinging Austria and Czechoslovakia to the German wolves. And I found these people convinced that God and his angels shared their ideas and that anybody who challenged them and thought that England ought to begin by giving away Tanganyika before she gave away other people's land was a saboteur and Red, or had lived too long abroad and gone native.

I shall be curious to see if Halifax subdues Hitler, as he subdued Gandhi. It is a far cry from India to Berlin.

Largely responsible for his visit was that Sir Nevile Henderson whom you last saw walking behind the coffin of his murdered friend Alexander of Yugoslavia. In Belgrade they used to call Sir Nevile, bachelor and martinet, the uncrowned King of Yugoslavia. He believes in strong-hand politics. He was Alexander's greatest friend, approved of the King's dictatorship. His friendship was a great asset to Alexander, for the Balkan mind attaches extraordinary importance to Great Power opinions, seldom distinguishes between Great Powers and their Ambassadors, and saw in this friendship a sign that England was behind Alexander.

Alexander's death disclosed the weak point in all dictatorships - the void, so difficult to fill, that follows the death of the dictator. It showed that dictatorship solves no problems. Most Serbs now feel that the dictatorship was a mistake.

Sir Nevile, on his arrival at the British Embassy in Berlin, made a speech calling for England to discard her critical attitude towards National Socialist Germany and show more understanding for 'this great social experiment'. He is said to correspond directly with members of the British Cabinet, and he persuaded it to make a big show at Hitler's Hunting Exhibition in Berlin, after its meagre display at the World Exhibition in Paris. This enabled him to invite Halifax over 'for the Hunting Exhibition'.

Will Henderson's method achieve anything? Low drew an immortal cartoon which showed Hitler conducting a nervous Halifax and an apprehensive British lion round the Hunting Exhibition, on the walls of which were fine trophies labelled 'Weimar', 'Versailles', 'Locarno', and a number of vacant spaces marked 'Reserved'. Dotted lines from the eyes of the apprehensive British lion to the largest of these reserved spaces.

I found in London that most of the snobs had gone Fascist. They no longer asked 'What was his school?' or 'Is he quite out of the top drawer?' They had invented a new question - 'Isn't he rather far to the Left?' They meant the same thing.

I marvelled at London. Rolls-Royces as thick as blackberries. Deification of the white tie. New restaurants opening on every hand, all foreign-owned and foreign-staffed - "Ow many breads you 'ave, please?" In the Café Royal, English people were in a minority. In many of the restaurants I visited the majority of the guests were foreigners or Jews. I saw many German immigrants. I found half a dozen Jews I had known in Berlin in pre-Hitler times occupying highly paid posts in British firms - newspapers, chemicals, television.

I hardly dared venture into Piccadilly or Bond Street at night - my French was too rusty, through disuse. When I struggle with it nowadays it reminds me of a notice I once saw in an Italian hotel: 'Avec le garçon on tire un coup, avec la femme de chambre on tire deux coups.'

The traffic-light system was the best I had ever seen, from the point of view of the pedestrian and of general safety. A Jew, they told me, was responsible for it, and he was now Minister of War. That meant that he would be in charge of one branch of British rearmament, and I was glad to hear it, because he seemed to be a man who would get on with his job.

Between Park Lane, Piccadilly, St. James's Street and Pall Mall I found that Little England which, to judge from the British newspapers, you would think to be England itself. Sometimes a newspaper sends a special correspondent to the derelict areas, as you might send Stanley to Africa to look for Livingstone, and he writes them up and for a moment the British newspaper reader is able to see what prosperity looks like from Durham. But for the most part the British Press lives on the activities of a few thousand people in London's West End. 'Garter Ceremony at Windsor - two pages of pictures'; 'Ascot - two pages of pictures'; 'Eton v. Harrow at Lord's'. I should like to see Eton v. Jarrow at Jarrow.

In Parliament, as I judged from my newspapers, there was a shadow Labour opposition, led by shadow leaders, Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps -- how circumstances alter K.C.s -- Dalton, Greenwood, Thurtle.

The newspapers still printed selected but succulent divorce cases, with the inevitable British paraphernalia of worst man, bridesmaids and decree obsolete.

The same insufferable things were being patiently borne in the London I returned to, as if it were beyond the power of God or man to alter them - railings round the gloomy squares, imbecile licensing laws that led the less well-to-do to order two drinks together at five minutes to twelve so that they might get a little more alcohol into them before they were turned out, pubs with first, second and third class compartments, queues for the cheaper theatre seats that could just as easily be booked.

My Serb friend whom I met in London, after contemplating with baffled incomprehension the private-bar-saloon-bar-public-bar-jug-and-bottle-department system, said, 'In my country you'd have riots if you tried to introduce the first, second and third class systems into drinking'. I tried to get a drink for him after midnight, paid five shillings each to become members of a bottle-party in a mildewed cellar where the band consisted of a trapdrummer accompanying a gramophone and the lavatory was more squalid than anything you could find in the Balkans, was offered a choice between non-alcoholic near-beer or whisky at twenty-five shillings a bottle, and fled. 'In this country', he said, 'you seem to do everything you can to make a man feel small if he hasn't much money.'

The girls were prettier and better-dressed than I ever remembered them and were growing straighter, discarding that adenoidal manner of speech, very self-possessed, most intelligent. You felt you could cut diamonds with them. They seemed to have been changed beyond recognition by

the talking films, from which they had taken their appearance, mannerisms and speech. They smoked in the streets and that's a matter of indifference to me, but it would cause a riot from Berlin to Athens.

I found everybody uneasy about Europe, ignorant about Europe, uncomprehending. Too little is told the public, too much concealed. Parliamentary debates often curtain the truth instead of revealing it. Parliamentary procedure often acts as a gag. Government answers to questions are often red herrings. A fierce law of libel hampers public discussion and criticism. It may cost you £25,000 to call a man a Jew, or £7500 to call a variety artists' organization a racket. The living are thus adequately protected. You are a Red if you criticize the Government. You are a bounder if you criticize a permanent official. You are a cad if you speak ill of the dead.

Thus I discovered some of the many reasons for the feeling my Austrian friend had noticed.

But I rediscovered England on this trip. The people, I found, were better than their leaders. Class and caste were still paramount, like useless but indestructible Norman fortresses, but the masses were gradually becoming enlightened, and this process will continue unless it is forcibly repressed by some development akin to that of Fascism abroad.

On the bookstalls you could for a shilling buy a little book, *This England*, that in simple quotations from the words and writings of England's leaders gave an amusing but startling picture of Anglo-Saxon attitudes towards burning problems of the day. 'Sir Francis Fremantle (Conservative, St. Albans), referring to the physical condition of the people, said hunger in some cases was a good thing. Considerable trouble was caused to-day by over-eating, bad eating or by bad choice of food.'

The newspapers still gave unquestioning adulation to British Institutions, but were beginning to pillory and lampoon snobbery and ignorance when these became too blatant, and the fact that nearly all newspapers read by the masses carried these debunking columns and cartoons showed that they were reflecting a widespread popular feeling of impatience and cynicism. But where a world war has failed to shake these things debunking is unlikely quickly to dislodge them. The old school tie has been jollied to death in England but lives on, as virile, ignorant and arrogant as ever. The most powerful trade union in the world is that of the old school tie in England.

But it was refreshing to be in England. Except in Parliament and the daily press, which were being progressively muzzled, there was still much freedom of thought and speech, and that is a thing beyond price. You have to live in a dictatorship country to know how your brain shrivels up in course of time from disuse, from keeping your tongue and your thoughts constantly in check. When you come to England and go to lunch with two or three cronies who freely but undogmatically air their views about this and that, without fear or favour, you actually begin to feel your grey matter awaking to life from that long-forgotten stimulant, good conversation.

And I loved the manners of porters, newspaper-men, taxi-drivers, bus-drivers and conductors, their quiet and unenvious but emphatic cynicism about the class-ridden world in which they worked hard for a meagre livelihood. I liked the tranquil, but succinct remarks about the powers that rule London that I heard from a bus-conductor who was going to be two hours late reaching his home and a cold dinner after a long day's work because King Leopold of the Belgians was being driven to the Mansion House.

I went and renewed the acquaintance of men with whom I had worked nearly twenty years earlier at a typist's desk. They were still sitting at their desk; they had been catching the 9.15 to town every morning and 6.30 from town every evening for all those years; I had in the meantime been all over Europe and had a grand life and earned enough to support myself in a manner to which I had not

been accustomed. They were glad to see me and entirely without envy and were as pleased as I was that I had had a break, and in my heart I humbly made obeisance to them.

And in my heart, and almost against my will, I felt some feeling stirring in me for that London where I was born, the biggest -- I would not say the greatest -- city in the world, to which I had crept back, a frustrated runaway, so many years ago, that London which has more acres of dingy squalor to the square mile than the capital of a great empire has any right to. True, when I walked through Leicester Square one night and heard a girl behind me say, in that extraordinary adenoidal accent, 'I love Luddud at dight, I thig id's a marvellous spod, dode chew?', I wanted to turn on her and say, 'No, I don't, I think it's lousy, with its lunatic electric signs all over Piccadilly Circus and its imbecile drinking laws and its hole-and-corner bottle parties and its French tarts all over Piccadilly and anyway have you seen Praed Street at night?'

But after a few weeks I had to be honest with myself and admit that, if you have to have modern cities, London at present has more merits than most. For in London you have wealth and opportunity. Both the wealth and the opportunity are closely guarded by little cliques and cabals sitting in the clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, but there are inlets, and if you have a brain or an idea to sell you are more likely to find a buyer for them in London than most places. Wit can still find a market there.

Imagine the problem of an author of genius, for instance, if he happens to be born a Bulgar or Greek, knowing no language but his own, his struggles to find a publisher even for his tiny home market, the almost impossibility of ever finding the narrow channel of translation into the great markets of the English, French or German-speaking worlds.

In London, that London that I strove so hard to escape as an office-boy, the pavements are still paved with gold, if you can find it.

That is one thing that gives London a magnetic attraction to men of talent from all lands. It accounts for the high standard of your books, of many of your popular newspapers, which you criticize for their sensationalism but which are often very well written, of your satirical journals and weeklies - other than those dreary hebdomadal collations of pictures of titled people blinking blearily over their cocktail glasses at the photographer's flashlight.

I liked the cheapness of good clothes, and wondered why so many of my countrymen were so incurably ill-dressed. I liked the cheapness of other things, less essential but desirable, which are quite beyond the reach of the average man in most of the efficient dictatorship countries I know, immolated behind their patriotic tariff walls. I liked the high standard of the plays and revues, the zest of the players and the dance girls, the pace of the numbers and the music. Above all, after many years abroad, I recovered a deep respect for the quality of the wares sold in many -- not all -- shops, for the general standard of business morality, the desire to satisfy, the readiness to exchange, the punctuality of delivery.

I even enjoyed London, and England. In Insanity Fair as I have seen it, it is one of the biggest, most solid, most prosperous booths. I don't know how long that can last. I came away unconvinced that 'the English are a decadent people'. I didn't think they were decadent. I wondered about their leaders, and whither they were being led. The finest troops cannot avail without good generalship.

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## Chapter Forty Four

### FIRST MAKE MAD

In Vienna, on a Sunday, at midday, and particularly on a sunny Sunday, the whole population is abroad. The streets are full and the coffee houses are full. But on this Sunday the streets were empty, save for an occasional pedestrian, and in the coffee houses the waiters stood about in unaccustomed idleness. Hitler was speaking. For the first time his voice was being heard in Austria, his native land. Everybody was indoors, at the loudspeaker.

I sat in a little room overlooking the deserted Karlsplatz, with a Viennese family, father, mother, son, daughter. We sat in a hushed semi-circle, expectantly watching the box as if we thought Hitler himself might jump out of it. I heard the sounds, that I remembered so well, of the assembling Reichstag, Göring's opening address, and then The Voice burst upon us.

'Give us four years' he had said that day of the Potsdam pilgrimage. Now five years had passed, and he was presenting his accounts to the German people, not only in Germany, but already beyond the Reich frontiers.

I thought of all that had happened between. The Voice had changed, and so had the accent; it was no longer broad Austrian it was almost Prussian. But its message was the same - hatred, war. I looked at my Viennese friends. The parents were Austrians of the old school, good Catholics with a longing for the Kaiser. The son was a Nazi. The daughter, who had spent many years in Germany, detested the Nazis. They all sat spellbound.

A few weeks before, on February 4th, 1938, there had been a half-sequel to the great clean-up of June 30th, 1934. In 1934 the army, and the classes traditionally associated with it, had won hands down; Hitler, at their bidding, had had his Party extremists shot. This time the Party got a little of its own back. The men who counted as the 'go-slow' group were relegated and some of their places were taken by fierier spirits. Foreign Minister Constantin von Neurath, the old-school diplomat, was shelved and Joachim von Ribbentrop, the man of the German-Japanese-Italian anti-Comintern Pact, became Foreign Minister. That meant full-steam-ahead on such adventures as intervention in Spain, threats to Austria and Czechoslovakia, and - who knows what? Hjalmar Schacht, the go-slow Minister of Economics had already been shelved, and Hermann Göring, now promoted Field-Marshal, was in charge of the four-years-plan for making Germany, militarily and economically, ready for war. Reichswehr Minister Blomberg was retired, not so much because he was a go-slow man as because he married a young lady of lowly birth and thus offended the officers' corps; this was an irrelevant incident in the reshuffle of February 1938.

But Commander-in-Chief Baron von Fritsch, the head of the go-slow group in the army, who had tried to restrain Hitler from seizing the Rhineland, was dropped. Hitler appointed himself Supreme War Lord. A dozen other generals were dismissed. Their places, however, were taken by other orthodox soldiers, men with whom strategical considerations came first.

The February reshuffle was the second round of the contest between the full-steam-ahead group, headed by party extremists, and the go-slow group, headed by the senior generals. This round ended in victory for the party and the immediate result was the swoop on Austria, the siege of Czechoslovakia. The third round, possibly, has yet to come.



And, as part of the reshuffle, Franz von Papen was cavalierly dismissed. Sitting in his Legation in Vienna he read that he had been retired, and took the first train to Berlin to see what had happened. I saw him go.

At last, after six years, this man seemed about to disappear finally from the European scene in which he had wrought such stupendous changes.

Not a bit of it. He, the instrument of destiny, who had narrowly escaped with his life in June 1934, who had now been brusquely dismissed in 1938, was yet to play a decisive part in another great event. He, the Papal Chamberlain who had made the anti-Papist Hitler dictator of Germany, was about to bring Catholic Austria under the shadow of the same thrall.

An extraordinary episode. Diverted by a telegram, he left the train at Linz and rushed to that chalet in the Bavarian mountains where Hitler was waiting to see him, surrounded by his new generals and by his new full-steam-ahead adviser, Ribbentrop. Hitler, who had postponed his great speech from January 30th, the fifth anniversary, to February 20th, now had his reshuffle behind him and wanted something showy to offer Germany.

The same evening Papen was back in Vienna, and during the next four days I saw him busily coming and going between his Legation and the Chancery. The dismissed Envoy was deep in negotiation with Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg and his assistant Foreign Minister Guido Schmidt, and I racked my brains to think what was afoot. On Thursday he made another lightning trip to the waiting Hitler at Berchtesgaden and again returned the same evening, and on Saturday the world learned that Schuschnigg, successor of the murdered Dollfuss, had gone to see Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly. Who knows by what arguments Papen, the discredited minister, achieved this success a few days after his dismissal? Apparently he combined persuasion with dark hints. The present situation was intolerable, the Austrian Nazis had no more liberty than they had before the Austro-German truce of July 1936, if disturbances occurred in Austria Hitler would certainly march in and support his followers; why not avert this catastrophe and go and arrange matters in a friendly talk with Hitler?

So Schuschnigg went and found Hitler surrounded by generals, and a good many troops in the offing, and for nine hours a storm of impassioned words, threats and reproaches, beat about him. Hitler demanded that he should release all his imprisoned Nazis, including men who had helped to murder his predecessor Dollfuss, who had plotted his own death, who had schemed to provoke incidents that would bring about armed German intervention. He must give his Nazis liberty to demonstrate their political sympathies. As a pledge of his good faith he must appoint Arthur Seyss-Inquart Police Minister.

And if he didn't? Then, said Hitler, he would frame his speech a week later accordingly, in its references to Austria, and the first time he saw good German Austrians being ill-treated by the Austrian Police simply for demonstrating their Germanic sympathies, he would march in. Schuschnigg need not think that France or England or Italy would support him. He stood alone. Germany could seize Austria with far less danger to herself than when she had occupied the Rhineland in 1936.

And Lord Halifax, added Hitler, was in full agreement with everything he, Hitler, might do about Austria or Czechoslovakia.

Was it true? I doubt it. I was not present when Lord Halifax saw Hitler. But this gives you a good example of the sort of thing that ultimately springs from these British do-let's-try-and-get-together trips to dictators. Eden and Simon achieved nothing in 1935; but at least the British public was told the awful things that Hitler's tirade to them contained. The British Government has never dared to tell its public what Hitler said to Halifax. The 'conciliate Germany' group in England which brought about this visit had no programme, no idea of any particular thing that might result from it. They just thought it might do good, at any rate it couldn't do any harm, if Halifax went and talked to Hitler - who has a burning contempt for this kind of tactics and has repeatedly said that he will not allow himself to be trapped into time-saving conversations, to be ushered gently into a chair at a conference table and kept there.

The 'conciliate Germany' group possibly did not foresee the use to which this Halifax visit might be put, a few weeks later, in compelling the submission of Austria. But I don't think they would have cared, anyway. Up to now this is the only fruit of the meeting between Hitler and the kindly, courteous, god-fearing Halifax, who tamed Gandhi. Gandhi is a civilized human being with the instincts of a gentleman.

Schuschnigg yielded to relentless and overwhelming force. Three and a half years earlier Italy, the self-proclaimed protector of Austrian independence, mobilized an army on the frontier to warn Germany not to move. Now no Italian army was mobilized to deter Hitler, good friend Mussolini was away ski-ing and could not possibly be reached, the deadly foes Italy and Germany were bosom friends.

I saw Schuschnigg return from Berchtesgaden, his face set and grim. He had saved all he could. For three days -- Hitler had given him a time-limit of four -- Vienna buzzed with rumour. Guido Schmidt gave a great ball, the finest since the war, in the old Imperial Palace, where Maria Theresa and Francis Joseph had held sway, where the glasses from which the guests drank champagne still bore the eagles of Imperial Austria. The Envoys talked together in low voices, and from the corners of their eyes watched Schuschnigg and Schmidt and Seyss-Inquart. 'The Congress Dances.' They reminded each other of that night, long ago, when Napoleon landed from Elba, and all Europe trembled, and in Vienna the congress danced.

Next day the tall, blond, athletic Artur von Seyss-Inquart, Hitler's nominee, was Police Minister. I had often talked about Austria with him over cups of coffee and he had told me how he had for years longed and worked for a better relationship with Germany, on the basis of an independent Austrian State, and had even had an appointment to discuss these matters with Dollfuss, who had cancelled it at the last moment, on the morning of the very day he was killed.

The prison doors opened to release all the imprisoned Nazis. I saw Anton Rintelen, aged and ill from the effects of his attempt at suicide, leave the hospital where he had been detained; he was the man whose name the Nazi raiders in the Radio Building shouted into the microphone as the new Chancellor of Austria, while their fellows in the Chancery were killing Dollfuss.

And the Nazis came into the streets and shouted for Hitler and sang Nazi songs.

It was all over. The co-ordination of Austria with the Hitlerist Reich may proceed fast or slowly, but Austria has now come under the wing of the Reich, and her future, whether the name 'Austria' remains on the map or not, is inseparably linked with that of Germany.

I thought of these things as I listened to Hitler and watched my Viennese friends. Their faces showed respect as he recapitulated the deeds of National Socialism in the Reich, rising trade,

failing unemployment, 'rearmament without its like in history'. They smiled involuntarily as he repeatedly poured derision and contempt on England.

I smiled too, ruefully, and wondered whether this speech would at last open England's eyes. True, it needed to be heard, the bitter satire, the volleys of laughter, cold print could never convey the full effect. He derided the well-fed incompetency of England, English cant in moralizing about the wickedness of war when England had obtained her empire by war and grab. He lavished contempt on people who thought that Germany's good behaviour or Germany's renunciation of her aims could be bought by credits, on people who thought of enticing Germany back into the League, and particularly on people who thought they could get him to the conference table.

What he said was absolutely candid and, from his angle, right. He was kicking the 'conciliate Germany' group in England in the pants, as hard as he could, over and over again.

Inwardly I prayed 'Let them hear this in England, and let it bring them to their senses'. But inwardly I knew that England would neither hear nor understand.

That evening the British radio announced that Hitler had made 'a friendly gesture to England'.

That same evening, before going to bed, I picked up a book that contained by chance Ernst Lissauer's Hymn of Hate. Consider Ernst Lissauer for a moment. Like most people who preach war, he never knew and never could have known war. He was grotesquely fat, a figure of fun. For writing that poem, which all Germany was forced to learn, in the schoolroom and in the trenches, with which German soldiers were goaded on to the barbed wire, he was decorated by the Kaiser, became a national hero. After the war, when hating England was bad for trade, he was abused and pilloried until he left Germany and went to Vienna. He told me that he regretted writing the poem, and I believe it, for it ruined his livelihood. When war and hating England became popular again in Germany he did not profit, for his works were banned in Germany - not because of this warlike poem, but because he was a Jew.

But that poem, at the time it was written, perfectly depicted the German mind.

We will never forgo our hate  
We have all but a single hate  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe, and one alone -  
                                    ENGLAND!

That was precisely the undernote of Hitler's speech that Sunday. I put it to my Viennese friends, and they agreed. A hundred million people heard the speech and smiled at the jibes. The next day all my Viennese acquaintances were asking me, 'Is England going to stand that?'

And the British Radio announced that Hitler had made 'a friendly gesture to England'.

But that was not the worst. He made two bitterly sarcastic references to Anthony Eden by name. That was between noon and three o'clock. At five I sat down and wrote to a friend in England saying I was sure that Berlin had heard that Eden's resignation was likely, and that the references to him had been included so that this, too, could appear as a success for Hitler.

At midnight I walked down the Kärntnerstrasse. Nazis had been marching about all over the town, cheering Hitler, celebrating their regained liberty, and I had watched them. Outside St. Stephen's I

met Robert Best of the American United Press. 'Hey,' he said, 'have you heard that Eden's resigned?'

It was incredible. It looked as if the whole British Cabinet had been sitting round the loudspeaker that Sunday afternoon and, when Hitler had finished, had turned to Eden and said, 'Well Anthony, you hear what the Führer says?'

England seems to have lost the instinct for the effect of these things upon millions of people all over Europe who still, hoping against hope, look to England for leadership. On the one hand they see a triumphant Hitler, imparting in hoarse accents his lesson of hatred and war, proclaiming his success in Austria, making sinister hints about the future, deriding England and jibing at England's Foreign Minister. On the other hand they see, a few hours later, the resignation of that Minister and the grateful acknowledgment of Hitler's 'friendly gesture to England'.

Masochism is the only word that fits it.

Eden resigned rather than go cap-in-hand to Italy. Hitler's methods about Austria had possibly at last opened the eyes of British Ministers. At all events a school of thought formed which was for bringing Italy back at all costs into the company of resisters against large-scale aggression in Europe. It was, these people thought, the last hope of forming a solid front strong enough to daunt and deter Germany. To reach it they seemed ready to recognize Abyssinia, to close an eye to the great Italian army in Spain, probably to give Italy a loan.

Eden resigned, saying that this Gadarene policy was hopeless. It only took you farther and quicker down the slope. The time had come to resist blackmail, for England to stand fast. He was right, a thousand times right. He was overborne by the company of black-coated, elderly gentlemen about him, who were still convinced of the value of those methods on which Hitler had poured such derision a few hours before - negotiation, conference, conciliation.

The tragic thing is that at the time Eden made his stand it was probably irrelevant which policy England pursued. The course of coming events is clear and obvious; the tragedy moves like a Greek drama, with every new event -- Austria, Hitler's speech, Eden's resignation -- falling into its allotted place with dreary inevitability. The English policy of hoping that the avalanche will stop in the middle of its path and go off at right angles, or recede, is vain. Still, it would have been better for the spirit of England in coming ordeals if England had been staunch and unyielding this time, at long last.

But all that happened was that, the day after Hitler had jeered at Eden and England and particularly at those good people who thought they could tie him up in negotiations or immobilize him at a conference table, Neville Chamberlain got up and disinterred from the dead past the Halifax-Hitler meeting, saying he hoped it had been the starting point to negotiations which would one day be usefully renewed.

Well, well. I walked to my rooms, and as I passed through the Kärntnerstrasse, where the Nazis had been uproariously celebrating Hitler's speech a few hours before, I looked back along the long long trail of dangers ignored and opportunities missed. I thought of Armistice Night in France and my misgivings then, and of my years in Republican Germany when I found them confirmed, and then of my trip to England and of my influential friend who warmed his behind at an empty grate and said, 'I think you are wrong. I think Hitler will prove a force for peace in Europe, like Mussolini'. And then I thought of Stresa, Geneva, Abyssinia, @ Spain, Austria, and looked ahead to the morrow - Czechoslovakia ...

In his speech after the Black Sunday of Hitler's oration and Eden's resignation, Chamberlain rang the death knell of the League and of collective action against an aggressor. The ghost of Abyssinia had risen to haunt England, which fled before it from Geneva. The great Conservative majority, elected by an enthusiastic England on the promise that England would lead the nations ranked in the League against the Italian aggressor in Abyssinia, voted solidly for the abandonment of the League. Thanks to the inspiring effect of that cry in the late autumn of 1935, it was impregnable in Parliament and had another three years to run. England, which had put it there to lead the League of Nations against the aggressor, had no word to say in the complete reversal of that policy. Public opinion seemed still to be numbed and apathetic from the shock of the Hoare-Laval plan for the partitioning of Abyssinia, sprung on it immediately after that election.

Now England was embarked on the course of negotiation with the predatory martial dictatorships, which had pocketed Abyssinia, which had fastened their fangs in Spain, which had declared their support for the Japanese in China, which had browbeaten Austria and now menaced Czechoslovakia, which poured derision on the decadence of democracies, which jeered at attempts to lure them into conference. Italy, who was determined to break the British stranglehold on the Suez Canal and the British supremacy in the Mediterranean; Germany, who wanted the British colonies; Mussolini and Hitler, who had worked incessantly to bring about the downfall of Eden; England was to get together with them and, by some magic formula, to induce them to leave her in peace and acquiesce in that 'general settlement in Europe' which Hitler had repeatedly refused to consider.

It is in the nature of great empires to decline and fall. Apparently men do not fight to defend wealth and prosperity and great possessions. They fight when they haven't got these things. To hold such a great empire, in your hands, I should have thought ought to be the greatest inducement to fight for it, providing that you use it well. But if you let it lie fallow and unpeopled, and leave your unemployed to vegetate in Special Areas, and fill your papers with pictures of a few wealthy people playing golf and tennis and hunting and drinking cocktails, you must expect other people, who run their own countries better and are avid for more territory, to take it from you. Perhaps you will make a fight for it; perhaps you will hand it to them on a salver; but the result will be the same.

The morning after that Black Sunday a Jewish acquaintance, a man I had known rich and powerful in pre-Hitler Berlin and who now lived in Vienna and was wondering whether he would have to pack again and move on somewhere else, telephoned to me in great agitation. 'I must see you and have a talk about these events in England,' he said. 'I still cannot believe that England is going to pursue this policy of poltroonery to the end, to abandon one position after another, to let herself be insulted and abused with impunity.'

'Can't you,' I asked, 'can't you believe your eyes?'

'No, I can't,' he answered, 'in spite of everything - not yet.'

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## Chapter Forty Five

### TWO DEAD WOMEN OF LINZ

Outside in the town the sun, though the month was only March, was uncomfortably warm, and the crowds and the din were exasperating, but here in the Corpse Show House, the Leichenschauhaus, the air was cool, the light subdued, all was still. The two grannies, very old and tired, crosses in their gnarled hands, lay under their transparent shrouds, with a few flowers and candles about them, waiting to be buried. I found them beautiful, Mrs. Soldier's Widow Klausner, whose man had been violently taken from her in the war, so that she had been alone these twenty years, and Mrs. Postman's Wife Müller. They looked as if they had said 'I'm that tired, I must lie down a moment'. Now, these two humble women, they lay in state in the Corpse Show House, the first stage of that pompous final ceremony, with its brass bands and mourning legions of fellow-workers, which is dear to the Austrian heart. The Austrian may all his life have been needy and of no account in this world, but when he leaves it he likes to go out on a red carpet.

I had come to Linz in the train of Arthur Seyss-Inquart. The Austrian cauldron was boiling since Schuschnigg's journey to Hitler and Seyss-Inquart's appointment as Police Minister. Schuschnigg had kept his part of the bargain to the letter. He had released all the imprisoned Nazis, among them men who had helped murder Dollfuss, men who had plotted against his own life. He had handed over the police to Seyss-Inquart. He had allowed the Nazis to come into the streets and demonstrate.

Did he really believe that the other part of the bargain would be kept, that the Nazis, having been given so much, would now be told to put themselves under his leadership and co-operate with him in building up a Germanic, but independent and self-governing Austria? Did he not see that the moment he tried to force the Nazis to keep their part of the bargain Germany would step in? Did he not see that by the capitulation at Berchtesgaden Hitler had got his foot in the Austrian door?

After that famous meeting at Berchtesgaden, and Schuschnigg's submission to Hitler's demands, I wrote 'This means Finis Austriae', and was bitterly reproached for it. But it did mean the end of Austria - in just five weeks.

On this Sunday Seyss-Inquart was still a man pledged by his oath to Austria and by wartime comradeship to Schuschnigg and he went to Linz nominally to discipline the Nazis, to enjoin them to obey the law, to threaten them with punishment if they defied it further. I buttonholed my table companion of many a Vienna coffee-house in the train. 'Ah, Herr Reed,' he said with that thin geniality we reserve for people whom we once thought to use. 'Grüss Gott,' said I, 'you have become a world figure.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'even for the caricaturists.' 'And what is going to happen in Austria?' I asked him. 'Well, what do you think,' he parried, with the quickly learned caution of the politician new come to office. 'I think,' I told him, 'that Austria is going to become Nazi.' 'In how long?' he asked. 'You should know that better than I,' I answered, 'but shall we say a few months?' 'Oh, very much longer than that, even if it happens,' he said hurriedly, 'it is very difficult.' And he dashed off to wash his hands.

Six days later Hitler marched in, but let it pass.

When we came to Linz my last doubts were dispelled. There, at the station, were all the things Seyss-Inquart had forbidden, the Storm Troopers, the armbands and badges, the flags and songs, and there was Seyss-Inquart smiling at them. The town was packed with the Nazis, who already were in virtual control. I saw Austrian soldiers thrown out of café because they refused to stand up

and salute a tune that was said to be Hitler's favourite march. They were the descendants of men who stopped the Turkish onslaught and inflicted his first setback on Napoleon, both beneath the walls of Vienna, and now, because they were loyal to their oath and duty, they were thrown into the street like dogs, amid cries of 'Dirty cowards'. I shall not forget their faces.

All that night and all the next day the shouting in the streets continued. You could not sleep for it at night. It was the beginning of a week that brought the death agony of Austria - of that Austria. Perhaps the new Austria, the province of Hitlerist Germany, will be a better and happier Austria for the people who live in it; who knows? I watched the scene, not as an Austrian, but as an Englishman concerned for his own land and people, and from that point of view I found in it nothing but ill omens.

Yet I could not divest myself of some personal feeling. Of all the lovely Austrian cities Linz was for me perhaps the loveliest. Its people, indeed the Upper Austrians in general, are probably the best looking of all the Germanic tribes; its countryside, rolling hills around the stately Danube, is magnificent. A man born here could never forget his homeland. To me it was appalling to see these people giving themselves up so completely to the doctrine of war and conquest and race-hatred. They knew what they were cheering for - not only for the reunion of Germans, but for the reconquest of Czechs and all the other peoples over whom the Germanic domination formerly lay.

After twenty-four hours of it, exhausted by the din and hysteria, I left the central city behind me and walked out to the cemetery on the outskirts, where was a grave that I knew. Here the streets were empty, the cemetery itself deserted save for a rare figure in black, a few woolly clouds sailed across a blue sky, a light breeze ruffled the trees and birds sang. I strolled between the quiet graves and thought of those masses of good looking young men and girls in the streets a mile away, yelling themselves hoarse. Golden lads and girls all must ...

Then I went to the Corpse Show House. A dilapidated little old man, rather like the dwarf Dopey in Walt Disney's 'Snow White', opened the door to me. His hat was rusty, his silt had the green sheen of great old age. He led me through those cool halls, looking from me to the two old ladies with an apologetic half smile as if he would say that he knew a man of quality when he saw one and would fain make excuses for their bad taste in dying and lying there like that.

I contemplated them, Widow Klausner and Spouse Müller. This was genuine, for this I had respect. These two old ladies, I thought, had surely always been as they now looked - gentle, home-loving, peace-loving, mankind-loving. And yet, as I looked, I knew that this was an illusion. Outside, in the town, their granddaughters were performing war dances and uttering cannibal cries. No doubt these two old ladies, in their maiden day, had likewise shrieked and shouted and capered and goaded their men on to war, from some foul instinct within themselves that they did not even suspect.

Was there any answer to any question?

With some regret I turned to go. I considered the little old man. Soon he would be saying, to those who came to see his charges, 'Heil Hitler!' But, dopey though he looked, he would never take that 'Heil Hitler!' quite seriously. For him all men, from Hitler to the crossing-sweeper, were but potential occupants of the cool rooms over which he watched.

Touching his rusty brown hat, he gratefully pocketed my shilling. I walked towards the station.

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## Chapter Forty Six

### TULIP TIME

On the table by the window in my room, the window that looked down on the quiet old street in the heart of Vienna, stood twelve tall red tulips. They were the first things I saw as I opened the door on the stroke of midnight on Thursday, March 10th, 1938. With that last stroke of twelve my birthday began, and I had been strictly forbidden to enter the room a second earlier.

As I opened the door wider I saw my sitting-room transformed. On another table in the centre of the room was a great circlet of primroses and within that another circlet of violets and inside that again a marvellous cake with forty-three white candles burning round it, one for each year of my life, and a red one for life itself. At one side stood a bottle of champagne, sleek and pompous as an alderman, its shoulders, like his, heavy with gold. On the other side lay gifts, a fine leather portfolio with a zip fastener for my papers, a gold cigarette lighter. My good friend, from her modest purse, had made a splendid birthday feast for me and now danced round the table, delighted with the success of her great surprise.

I could hardly find words to thank her as I looked at the flowers and the gifts and the cake and the champagne bottle, with the forty-four points of light dancing in it. I saw for the first time how a birthday could and should be celebrated. Birthdays had never meant more to me than a packet or two on my breakfast table; it had never occurred to me to make much of them, and nobody else had ever insisted on doing so.

So the picture that I saw in that midnight hour as I opened the door of my sitting-room is deeply imprinted in my memory, and my heart was full of gratitude to my good friend who had made this lovely feast. After we had examined the gifts we snuffed the candles, because they were burning low, and we cut the cake, which she had made herself, and it was marvellous and I ate two large pieces, and we popped the bottle of champagne, so that the cork banged against the ceiling like a bullet. Then we sat down to drink to the coming year.

The coming year! I wonder where I shall be at the end of it. With the best will in the world I could not force myself to be of untrammelled good cheer or to give my whole mind to our celebration as we sat there in our two armchairs, with the cake and the bottle of champagne on a little table between us, in my room, the most perfectly tranquil room I have ever known. In that room I had found, for a few brief weeks, more inward peace and happiness than ever before. I wrote *Insanity Fair* there. Now an instinct told me that these good days were already over, that the turmoil of *Insanity Fair* was again about to invade my private life.

As we sat and toasted each other the sound of shouting came faintly to us from the streets. Even the yard-thick walls of that old Viennese house, and the double windows, which had made for such perfect peace within it, could not keep that sound entirely out. It had been ringing in our ears for days and weeks, ever since Kurt von Schuschnigg had gone to see Hitler at Berchtesgaden and capitulated to the demand that the police be handed over to Arthur Seyss-Inquart, ever since that day when I had written 'This means Finis Austriae' and had been so reproached for saying it.

Wave on wave, orderly but irrepressible now they knew that Hitler had his foot in the Austrian door, the Nazis flooded the streets with their slogan squads, shouting, shouting, eternally shouting. 'Ein Volk, ein Reich', they shouted interminably, in staccato chorus. 'One race, one realm.' Night and day the noise went on, sometimes loud under the windows, sometimes faint in the distance, but always with the same four beats - Ein Volk, ein Reich, ei oh ei ei, ei oh ei ei, ei oh ei ei. Or one



would cry Ad-olf, and the others would answer HIT-LER, and so it went on, Ad-olf HIT-LER, Ad-olf HIT-LER, Ad-olf HIT-LER ...

Austria was in a ferment. The day before, on Wednesday, March 9th, Schuschnigg, who had carried out to the letter the agreement made with Hitler at Berchtesgaden to give the Nazis liberty of political campaigning only to find that the other half of the bargain -- discipline, legal methods and acknowledgment of his leadership -- was not being kept and that the entire party machine was being used to challenge and defy the authority of his government and provoke a clash, had decided on a brilliantly audacious counterstroke. I heard him announce, in the Stadtsaal at Innsbruck, that he would on Sunday, March 13th, hold a national referendum to show the world that the majority of Austrians were for a 'free and independent Austria'. I heard the crash of cheers that greeted that announcement, the voices singing 'I love my land Tirol'.

David had challenged Goliath. In that moment I felt, for the first time, a real admiration for Schuschnigg. A cool, aloof, unsmiling man, I had always had more respect for him than for the general run of politicians because I had always found him entirely truthful. I think it was beyond him to tell a lie. He had always been personally agreeable to me beyond my expectations, ready to discuss matters of State and high policy with a frankness that flattered me, because it showed that he trusted me.

What I could not understand was the blind spot in his intellect which allowed him to believe that a minority Government which had by force of arms and from motives of class hatred inspired by the Church suppressed the greatest party in the country, and the only one which from conviction would have fought to the death to keep the Nazis out of Austria, could indefinitely fight on two fronts and keep Austria out of the grasp of Hitler. The bloody destruction of the working-class movement in Austria in February 1934 was, as I always thought, bound to revenge itself on its authors. Schuschnigg himself saw this at the last moment and sought reconciliation with the workers, but it was too late; before Austria could be reorganized politically Hitler had marched in.

I felt these things when, a few months before his tragic overthrow, he published his book *Three Times Austria*. The first Austria, he wrote, was that of the Habsburg Emperors; the second the post-war Republic; the third the Catholic-Fascist Austria of Seipel, Dollfuss, Starhemberg - and Schuschnigg. I then had little faith in the survival of this Third Austria and remarked to my friends at the time that I thought the book would have been better named Two-and-a-half Times Austria.

But on this Wednesday evening of March 9th, 1938, I admired Schuschnigg for the courage of his last desperate bid. I wrote earlier in this book that if ever he yielded to Hitler's demand for a plebiscite that would mean the end of Austria, because the means of intimidation at the disposal of the mighty Reich were too great. Now Schuschnigg had resolved to outwit his gigantic adversary by holding a referendum on the one issue on which he could confidently count on obtaining a majority - 'a free and independent Austria'.

As I listened I feared for him. This was Wednesday evening. The referendum was fixed for Sunday. Saturday was Hitler's day for going places and doing things. I told myself that I should be thankful when the next four days were over.

But let me interpolate here that the referendum, like so many things which seem of vital importance, such as the resignation of Anthony Eden, was actually of little importance to the course of events in Europe, which is clear to foretell and dictated by the enormous armed strength of Germany, her implacable aims, and the resolution of her leaders. If the referendum had been held and had given Schuschnigg a majority of from sixty to eighty per cent -- as it would have done, for the great majority of Austrians would have answered 'Yes' to the question that was to be put to

them -- this would have been a personal success for Schuschnigg but it would not have saved Austria. Hitler would have marched in, next week, next month, as he will march into Czechoslovakia unless that country saves something from the wreck of its independence by capitulating on Germany's terms.

These were the things that marched and countermarched through my mind, try as I would to dismiss them, as I sat in my room in the very small hours of Friday, March 11th, and finished the bottle of champagne with my good friend. The shouting outside grew louder; we went to the windows and looked out and saw on one side of the street a great throng of Nazis and on the other an equally large number of Schuschnigg's men, all engaged in shouting each other down. Pandemonium reigned for half an hour before they moved on and the shouting dwindled again. Then we finished the champagne and I bade my friend good-night. For I saw that I had a heavy day before me and I lay down and slept for a few troubled hours.

When I awoke Vienna was charged with nervous excitement like a high-tension cable.

It is almost indescribable, this feeling that lies over a city in the last few hours before a revolution or an invasion. It is a compound of the human emotions that are boiling up behind the everyday scene, of the fears of those who have been identified with the doomed regime and are soon to be swept away and are already feeling like rats in a trap, and of the hopes and thirst for vengeance of those who for long years have been baulked of power and now feel that their moment is at hand and are resolved that their prey shall not escape. It penetrates into government offices, where officials sit uneasily at their desks and think of concentration camps, and into private lodgings, where men pack suitcases and pore over timetables, and into quiet hamlets, where the priest and the teacher look glumly at each other as they meet in the village street and their adversary the chemist looks triumphantly at them out of the corner of his eye, and into huts on mountain tops. It is as penetrant as fog. Nowhere can you escape from it.

As I walked along the Kärntnerstrasse that Friday morning, my birthday, the supporters of Schuschnigg, jubilant at the thought that they might at last organize resistance to the clamorous Nazis, confident in the knowledge that Sunday would give them an ample majority, were everywhere distributing leaflets with the legend 'Vote Yes for Schuschnigg'. In thousands they blew about the streets, the wind swirling them up into spiral clouds and dropping them again to the pavements and gutters. The men of Schuschnigg's Storm Corps, fine strapping lads in their dark blue uniform, stood about the streets.

I looked at these men with feelings of compassion. They were all thinking still in terms of a domestic Austrian dispute. The ring would be kept, they thought, while Austria went to the polls and the vote, they knew, would show that an over-whelming majority wanted an Austria bound by the closest friendship to Germany but still 'free and independent'.

Not one in a thousand of them, I believe, worried seriously about the possibility that Hitler might march in. Warnings are vain, the printed word is futile, experience teaches no lessons.

As I walked about Vienna that day I felt like the one-eyed man in the country of the blind. I knew instinctively, from experience, from conviction, what was coming, and nobody else seemed to realize it.

During the afternoon a hush fell on the city. The leaflets still swirled about, a streamer proclaiming that 'A good Austrian is a good German' flapped drearily across the Kärntnerstrasse. But the marching bands of Schuschnigg's men, the motor-cars and motor-lorries that had been tearing through the streets in his cause, suddenly disappeared. Vienna seemed to stand still.

I felt that the historic hour had struck. As surely as if I had been present I knew that the telephone wires between Vienna and Berlin and Munich were buzzing, that Schuschnigg and his men in the Chancery were facing their last crisis, that the map of Europe was being altered again, that the verdict of the Great War was being reversed, that decisions vital for Europe, for England, for me, were being taken behind the scenes.

I went to my office to wait on events, and looked down from my window on the Karlsplatz and the streets around the Opera, where the trams clanged by and pedestrians peacefully went to and fro. About four o'clock came the news I was waiting for. A voice on the radio briefly announced that the plebiscite had been postponed.

Scattering taxi-fares prodigally, I rushed round the city to find what had happened. I soon learned. Pacing about his study, with grave and anxious face, a tall man told me 'Hitler sent an ultimatum to Schuschnigg for the postponement of the referendum. Schuschnigg agreed, on condition that the Nazis should preserve order. This condition was rejected and another ultimatum presented. Hitler demanded the resignation of Schuschnigg in favour of Seyss-Inquart, two-thirds of the seats in the Cabinet for the Nazis, full liberty for the Austrian Legionaries to return to Austria. The time-limit for the ultimatum is 7.30 p.m.'

It was 6.45 p.m. I rushed back to my office. The Government's supporters, thrown into confusion by the news of the postponement of the referendum, were nowhere to be seen. The Nazis, who had been told many hours before that Hitler would not allow the referendum to be held, had reappeared in thousands and, shouting tumultuously, were surging down towards the centre of the city, where thin lines of police still stood across the streets and forbade them to pass.

I stood at my window, watched, and waited. The telephone rang continuously. From all parts of the city voices, anxious, incredulous, inquiring, asked me what was afoot. I told them, heard their expressions of consternation or disbelief. Then London came through. A flat, unemotional voice said, 'We have news from Berlin that German troops are assembling on the Austrian frontier.' 'Yes?' I said. 'Then they will be here to-morrow morning.' 'I suppose so,' said the voice, unconcernedly. 'You are to think of your own safety first.'

At that moment the radio music stopped and, for the last time, I heard Schuschnigg. The clock had just struck 7.30.

'Hold on,' I shouted to London, and I rushed to the loudspeaker.

Schuschnigg's voice was charged with more emotion than I had ever heard it. But it was still firm, resonant and under perfect control. He told how Hitler had demanded the formation of a government chosen by himself and had threatened to invade Austria if he were disobeyed. He told how President Miklas and himself, 'rather than shed German blood even at this juncture', had 'yielded to force', and how the Austrian forces had been ordered to withdraw 'without sensible resistance'. He paused and, as if with an effort, corrected this phrase to 'without resistance'.

Then he fired his last shot at his Golithian adversary. He alluded to the reports of disturbances and bloodshed in Austria which the German press had been spreading since the announcement of the referendum and said these were 'lies from A to Z'. 'I take my leave with a German word and a German wish - God guard Austria.'

I heard the rustling of papers as he stepped back, and said, 'I am finished, gentlemen' to somebody else in the room. A thin music came from the loudspeaker. It was the Austrian national hymn being

played for the last time. It sounded to me like the wailing sound that is said to go up from great ships when they sink.

Hurriedly I went back to the telephone, picked up the receiver, and told London what I had heard. 'Ah yes,' said the voice, unconcernedly, 'well, I suppose that is all for now. Do you think you can keep your message to 1200 words?'

I said that I did not think I should be able to count words with revolution in the streets outside and German armies marching on Vienna.

Below my window the crowds were enormous, the noise incessant and deafening. The thin line of police still held, and beyond it, in the inner city, that old Vienna within the walls, all was quiet and orderly as yet, but the policemen were beginning to look perplexedly at each other, at their officers, and behind them. They knew nothing of what had happened, they only had the word of the shouting demonstrators for the postponement of the plebiscite.

Sated with the sight and noise of the mob -- for me mankind reaches its lowest point of indignity when it rushes about in masses shouting and waving for some half-understood cause -- I withdrew into myself for a few moments and took a mental leave of my office, which I had loved only less well than my room. From its windows I could see my two good friends, der alte Steffel and the Karlskirche. On its walls I had some prints of old Vienna and a dozen lovely old maps of Europe made about the year 1680 by one Nicholas Vischer of Amsterdam, and a great craftsman he must have been. All in deep silvered frames, set at right angles to the glass, these prints and maps lit the room like flowers.

It was the perfect office for a newspaper man. Within, it was as tranquil as a church; before its windows was an ever-changing scene set against the background of old Vienna. Below, on the street level, was my favourite café, Pöchacker, on the terrace of which I loved to sit on spring and autumn days and read the newspapers of all the world, brought by the friendly and attentive waiters. To-day the Viennese will have to content himself mainly with the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and I hope he likes it. All the Government offices and legations and other newspaper offices were within a few minutes' reach. And when I had even a bare hour to spare my little two-cylinder car took me out to swim in the Danube or to lovely woods behind Cobenzl or Weidling-am-Bach where masses of wild flowers grew and you could wander for hours and never meet a soul.

With more regret, I think, than ever before in my life I said good-bye to all that and returned to my job, reporting the end of Austria. You, who in your homes at London and Lyme Regis and Launceston and Lincoln read at your breakfast table those carefully headed and sub-headed and paragraphed and sub-paragraphed accounts of great events, watch with me for a moment how a newspaperman works on such a night as this. His carefully prepared and proportioned story is old almost as soon as he has telephoned it to London. The great event of 6 p.m., the abandonment of the referendum, is overtaken by the great event of 8 p.m., the resignation of Schuschnigg, at 10 p.m. Seyss-Inquart's usurpation of power throws into the shadow the resignation of Schuschnigg, and so it goes on, on such a night as this, far into the small hours. The newspaper-man, in his distant office, struggles incessantly with the monster of news, that immediately grows a new head for every one that he strikes off.

I was well equipped for all emergencies. My typewriter stood on a little table by the window; I could tap away on it and by lifting my eyes an inch watch the progress of the revolution in the street. I am a very fast worker on the typewriter, and often cannot type quickly enough to keep up with my own thoughts, but I was a laggard, toiling vainly after the race of events, on this evening of March 11th, my birthday. At my elbow stood the telephone, that incessantly rang, and behind me

the loudspeaker, with my pad and pencil before it, and repeatedly I had to stop writing and take down in English shorthand some important announcement that came through in German. Not everybody can do this, because the symbols of English shorthand cannot be used for the sounds of the German language, so that you have to translate into English in your head before writing. This is difficult because the construction of German is so different, and the verb or some other word essential to the understanding of the whole often comes at the end of a long sentence, so that you have to leave a series of gaps and dash back and fill them in.

While I worked, the music of Viennese waltzes came from the loudspeaker, tunes that I had loved, and now found empty and trivial and exasperating. I would never have believed that they could so irritate me. They had been written in and for the Vienna that was dying before my eyes. Already they seemed shockingly incongruous.

Suddenly the music stopped. There was a silence that seemed full of suspense. Then I heard another voice I knew, that of Arthur Seyss-Inquart.

He felt himself, said this man whom Hitler had nominated for Police Minister and who in accepting the post had taken the oath of loyalty to Austria and Schuschnigg and then had taken the first train to Berlin to get his marching orders from Hitler, he felt himself 'still responsible for law and order' and 'there must be no resistance, least of all by the armed forces, to the German armies now approaching'.

Afterwards the Germans, in their inveterate quest for a shroud of legality to cover each new act of violence, said he had invited the Germans to invade Austria. Perhaps he did; he was at the end of the telephone and could be counted on to do what he was told. Perhaps he did not. He was not an Austrian, not a native of these lovely Danubian lands, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, but a Sudeten-German from Bohemia, like Cardinal Innitzer, the head in Austria of that Church which inspired and led the whole resistance to Hitler and who immediately after the invasion summoned the Catholic faithful loyally to follow Hitler, whom Providence had chosen to unite all the Germans.

His voice was not under control, like Schuschnigg's, as he made this broadcast announcement; it trembled and he had to stop and gulp for breath. I thought as I listened how he had often expounded to me his conviction that Austria -- and Czechoslovakia -- ought to remain independent States, but in a very close relationship with Germany. I thought how Schuschnigg had told me, much earlier, of his respect for and confidence in Seyss-Inquart, how I had repeated that, and how warmly Seyss-Inquart had said that this feeling was reciprocated. Now Schuschnigg, his trench comrade, was on the way to a concentration camp and soon he, Seyss-Inquart, would attack and defame him in a public speech to thousands of vociferously enthusiastic Germans.

So the Germans were actually on their way! Sweating, I typed and telephoned and watched the scene in the streets. The line of police was giving way. The mob, with a yell of triumph that outdid all its previous efforts, broke through and surged down the Kärntnerstrasse. It swallowed up tramcars, buses and taxis. Of the orderly night scene of the city nothing remained but howling pandemonium. The police disappeared entirely. Battalions of Storm Troopers and of the Hitler Youth appeared, with drums and flags but only scraps of uniform; they looked like Chinese bandits for the first few days of their triumph. In my room the radio was sending Seyss-Inquart's speech every fifteen minutes and in between the Storm Troops March, but the Vienna radio orchestra had not yet quite got the swing of this.

I went out and was carried by the crowds through the city. Over the Chancery the Nazi flag was already flying and Seyss-Inquart, on the balcony from which Fey, a Nazi raider at his elbow, had parleyed with the besieging Government forces in 1934, was sunning himself in the spotlight and

acknowledging the cheers. The narrow streets of old Vienna, normally so quiet and empty at these times, were filled with people behaving like maniacs. I cannot describe the scene; think of Mafeking night and Armistice night, if you experienced them, and you will have some faint idea of it. Had I seen processions of Schuschnigg's supporters marching through these selfsame streets a few hours previously, I asked myself, or was it a dream?

At the building of the Austrian Government's Press Department officials to whom I had been wont to resort for confirmation of news were leaving. The building lay empty behind them. They were despondent and in fear. They were right. The concentration camp got them - and not an Austrian, but a German concentration camp.

In the place Am Hof the mob was trying to wreck the headquarters building of Schuschnigg's Patriotic Front organization, which had played in his little half-dictatorship the part of the Nazi or Fascist parties in Germany or Italy. Inside was a detachment of the luckless Storm Corps men, recruited by Schuschnigg in the cause of a free and independent Austria. I wonder if he ever paused to think of the fate to which he might be leading these men. I saw them hustled out, loaded into vans, driven away ... Policemen, already wearing the Nazi armbands, helped to arrest them.

I made my way through narrow alleys into quieter streets, found a taxi and drove to the big railroad stations to see what was happening there. The net was already closing round Austria and I wanted to see if any escaped it. The Hungarian and Czechoslovak frontiers were but an hour distant by train, tram, or car from Vienna, and I went to the Eastern Station, where the trains for Budapest and Bratislava left.

These trains offered the last hopes of escape for many people, but the swoop on Austria was so quick that only a very few could think fast enough to take the opportunity. The Jews had thought fastest. The trains were packed with them, many carrying a few possessions with them wrapped in bundles. The Storm Troopers were already at work searching them and the carriages they travelled in for hidden money or jewels. The departure of the trains was delayed by this. The Jews, with anxious faces, stood or sat huddled together within, averting their eyes from the hostile faces on the platform. At last the trains moved off ...

At four o'clock in the morning, exhausted, deafened, picturing to myself the march of the German armies through those pleasant Danubian lands that I had loved so well, I made my way wearily through the hysterical crowds to my rooms. As I opened the door I saw opposite me the twelve tall red tulips, on the table the cake, with a large segment missing, and the circlets of primroses and violets, a little faded. I had a shock as I saw them. I had forgotten them. At some time, in another existence as it seemed to me, I had had a birthday. A jingling dance tune from my Berlin days flashed into my mind. 'In vier-und-zwanzig Stunden kann so viel geschehen.' What a lot can happen in four-and-twenty hours. I had detested it. I liked neither the words nor the music. Now I hummed it as I undressed. I closed the double windows and the shutters. The roar of shouting still came through, you could not escape it. I fell into a short and broken sleep.

I awoke with a start at the thunder of engines overhead. I opened the shutters and saw gigantic snowflakes fluttering past. They were leaflets a foot square, people were running to catch them, competing for them as they fell. I opened the window and looked up. Across the narrow strip of blue between the houses flashed great German bombers, scores of them. The whole city reverberated with the noise of their powerful engines. They were dropping, luckily, only leaflets. I tried to catch one as it fluttered past, and failed. Those in the street below were being snatched up as quickly as they fell. Then I bethought me of a narrow shaft at the back of the house, designed by the architect to bring a modicum of light and air to the back rooms. Here all kinds of unconsidered trifles were wont to be deposited by the wind and lie on the leaded glass panes until they rotted.

I went to the back and looked out. Yes, sure enough, there were two leaflets. I stepped gingerly out on to the glass and picked them up. One, a humble little sheet already stained by the weather, said, 'Vote "Yes" with Schuschnigg'. The other, a large and finely printed double sheet, said 'National Socialist Germany greets her National Socialist Austria and the new National Socialist Government. Heil Hitler!'

This was at 7 a.m., less than twelve hours after Schuschnigg's capitulation to the ultimatum, about five hours after Seyss-Inquart, ignoring the Austrian President to whom he had sworn fealty, had formed a government of his cronies. Could those leaflets have been printed in that time, distributed to the air squadrons, brought to Vienna and dropped there?

I went out into the city. The first thing I saw was a procession of motor-tenders containing German troops coming into Vienna, not from the west but from the east. This was even quicker than I had expected. How had they got there? Then I realized that they were coming from the direction of Aspern Airport, and knew the answer.

Before breakfast that Saturday, with the ultimatum barely twelve hours old, the Germans had landed about a thousand men in Vienna. Think of that, reflect that they could have multiplied this number many times if they had wished.

Reflect that in two days they sent seven hundred aeroplanes into Austria -- at a moment when the British Minister for Defence was stating in the House that with luck England hoped to have a thousand new ones in the coming twelve months -- and that this vast air force landed in Austria as surely as birds homing to their nest, every detail of shelter, ground organization, fuel supply, billeting, and repairs having been thought out long in advance. Then you will realize why, a few weeks after the invasion of Austria, the British public learned that its government was out to buy aircraft as quickly as possible in the United States and Canada, because there was no possibility of home production making good the enormous lead that the Germans had established, you will understand the feelings of us whose warnings had been ignored for five long years.

Reflect that Germany sent something like 200,000 troops of all arms into Austria in the course of a long week-end and that every man went to his appointed post and billet as if the invasion had been rehearsed a dozen times. Consider that food and fodder and fuel for every man and horse and tank and tractor of this great army, many times the size of the Austrian army, were available without the slightest hitch.

Reflect that the Germans moved a mechanized division from Berlin to Vienna in, I believe, about sixty hours, a thing that staggered the military men in other countries. Reflect that the Germans sent many thousands of militarized police -- 16,000 they said, but I had the impression that there were more -- into Austria, and that these men moved into police headquarters in the Austrian cities and towns and effortlessly took over control, as if they had known for years the exact position of every file and card index and dossier.

Think these things over and realize what you are up against, after those five locust-eaten years.

I drove round Vienna and watched the National Socialist seizure of power. I saw again, after five years and with a chill in my heart, the signs of the terrorist phase. Bodies of young men, until yesterday shop assistants, clerks, unemployed, to-day the arbiters of life and death, were marching and driving about in their motley uniforms, consisting mostly of an outsize steel helmet, a bayoneted rifle and a bandolier. I saw them entering houses, standing guard outside houses, bringing men out of houses and hustling them into covered vans, driving them away. I heard shots in the night ...

I always expected that the invasion of Austria, when it came, would take the form of a lightning swoop by aircraft and mechanized forces, and that the country would be occupied from end to end within a few hours, but I was taken by surprise by the speed with which the political machine of National Socialism got to work and eliminated every adversary overnight. I had expected a gradual process like that which Germany saw in 1933. I had forgotten that that was National Socialism's first experience of taking over power, and that the machine then had several braking factors to overcome which dictated caution - President Hindenburg, the still hostile army, strong antagonistic political forces, the opinion of an outer world still superior in arms to a Germany not yet rearmed.

In the intervening five years all those factors had disappeared. Germany was again the mightiest military power in the world and needed to take no account of the opinions of any third party; all domestic opposition had been crushed; and the machine had been run-in and was in perfect working order.

Thus the political seizure of Austria, like the military invasion, was accomplished overnight. All the young Nazis who for years had been meeting in backrooms and in woods, knew just what post they had to occupy, what train they had to search, what man they had to go for, whose job they were going to get.

Before dawn on that Saturday morning Heinrich Himmler, the dreaded German secret police chief, with his equally dreaded lieutenant, the blond Heydrich, and a staff of experts landed in Vienna. I saw him drive into the city. A stupefied Austrian policeman, already docilely wearing the Nazi arm-band, watched the car go past, with its black-uniformed occupants, and almost jumped out of his skin as a harsh Prussian voice shouted from it 'Donnerwetter, why the devil don't you salute?' His arm shot up and he murmured feebly, 'Heil Hitler'. He had a lot to learn. He will learn.

An hour later, with the dawn still yawning in the sky, the net of the secret police was closing, closing, closing. By noon the detested *Telegraf*, Jewish and violently anti-Nazi, was appearing with the swastika on the front page as the violently anti-Jewish *National Socialist Telegraph*. The round-up squads were driving to government offices, town halls, newspaper buildings, mayoral offices, private houses. Within a few hours every notable figure of the dead regime throughout the country, save the very few who had escaped in the hour or two before the machine got into its stride, was on his way to a concentration camp or worse.

Schuschnigg disappeared. They have him in a top bedroom of the Hotel Metropole, where I once stayed; it is now secret police headquarters. Save that he escaped with his life, he shared the fate of his predecessor Dollfuss and of all the others who have thought to stand in the way of Germany's new bid for territorial expansion and European domination. Frau Dollfuss, the widow of that diminutive Chancellor, the Millimetternich, managed to get across the frontier with her two children and arrived penniless in Switzerland, where compassionate friends sought to provide her with some meagre livelihood. Her children will not benefit from the house in Vienna which friends of Dollfuss bought for them so that they should have a small income. Dollfuss's friend Mussolini, who was so infuriated by his murder that he mobilized an army on the frontier and telegraphed to the widow that he would ever defend the independence of Austria, now received a thankful telegram from Hitler for his compliance in the swoop: 'Mussolini, I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day.' The memorials to the little Chancellor which had been erected in every town and village in Austria were taken down, the name of all the main squares was changed from 'Dollfuss Platz' to 'Adolf Hitler Platz'. His memory was erased as completely as that of Erzberger, Rathenau, Stresemann.

Ernst Rudiger Starhemberg, that Fascist Prince who at the head of his Heimwehremen helped Dollfuss destroy the Socialists in February 1934 and Schuschnigg suppress the Nazis in July 1934,



was lucky or astute enough to be in Switzerland with his actress wife, Nora Gregor, and his young son.

Consider the end of that hatchet-faced Emil Fey, major in the gallant Deutschmeister regiment, knight of the highest order of Austrian valour, the Order of Maria Theresa. How came it, people said on that July day in 1934, that so brave a man could have seen his chief, the Millimetternich, murdered before his eyes without striking a blow in his defence. Not only that, but afterwards he went out on the balcony and parleyed with the Government forces for a safe-conduct across the German frontier for the Nazi raiders, with whom he, the Minister for Security who had failed to act on warnings of the impending rising, was shut up inside the Chancery in the Ballhausplatz.

Was he in the plot, people murmured. Afterwards Starhemberg quarrelled with his former lieutenant in the Heimwehr and openly made this charge, but Fey was said to have been cleared of all suspicion by an officers' court.

Yet a doubt remained in many minds. Whose side was he on, that day in July 1934? Now we shall never know, because soon after Hitler seized Austria Fey and his wife and his nineteen-year-old son and his fierce dog were all found shot in their flat. Suicide, said the Nazi press announcements.

I read this news to an Austrian friend of mine, who made a most irrelevant comment. 'How can they shoot dogs?' he said.

'My friend,' I answered, 'you seem to be under a misapprehension. The dog committed suicide.'

Contemplate the death of that Odo Neustädter-Stürmer whose suicide was announced about the same time. Whether he pulled the trigger himself or was spared that trouble by somebody else, the reason for his end is fairly clear to see. For it was he who parleyed, from the street, with Fey on the balcony, and, as commander of the besieging Government forces, promised a safe-conduct for the raiders if they surrendered. Afterwards they were tried, a few executed, the others given long terms of imprisonment, a year or two of which they actually served. At the trial Neustädter-Stürmer said he had promised the safe-conduct as a soldier to soldiers, not to cowards who had refused priest or doctor to a dying man: he did not know when he promised it that Dollfuss had been shot.

Now he died. Plans were made for the solemn rehabilitation of the murderers of Dollfuss, Planetta and Holzweber. Like the murderers of Rathenau, whose manly deed was praised by Röhm, soon himself to fall victim to another manly deed, their manly deed was to be immortalized in stone.

Consider the end of that General Zehner, who was in effect Schuschnigg's Minister of Defence. Suicide, they say. However that may be, if blood be the price of loyalty, he paid in full. It was his job to take what measures of defence were possible, for a tiny country like Austria, against the possibility of a German invasion. He did this. And by the way, believe it or not, but I think you can believe it, the Austrian army would have fought if it had been ordered to fight.

At all events, under General Zehner's regime at the Austrian War Office tank obstacles were built on the roads leading from Germany into Austria. Do you know them, those concrete beds with slits in them into which metal rails can be inserted at a moment's notice, so that they project some distance above the surface of the road and, being kept under heavy machine-gun fire so that they cannot be removed, afford a difficult obstacle to the passage of tanks. They were never used. But General Zehner had them built.

Now he died.

This will also show you why, when the German generals came to Vienna, they contemptuously ignored the salutes of Austrian officers, why the majority of senior Austrian officers and many junior ones were put on the retired list as one of Hitler's first acts in Austria, and why Austrian regiments were dispatched to Germany to be taught the goose-step, have their inner and outer men remoulded nearer to the heart's desire of Berlin.

On Sunday evening, March 13th, I watched the main body of the German army arrive in Vienna. I almost hesitate to try and describe that scene. By no words can I make people in England and America see it as I saw it. In the attempt to portray it I strain at superlatives and highly-coloured nouns which mean something to me, who write it, but little to you, who read it, but were not present.

But it inevitably belongs here. It is the perfect ending to the book I set out to write.

In the twentieth year after the Armistice, after that night when I leaned against a Flanders farmhouse to cool my head and watched the horse artillerymen riding by in the drizzle and thought to myself that we had made a mistake in allowing an implacable enemy to escape us just at the moment when he saw that he was lost, in the twentieth year after that night I stood at a window of the Grand Hotel in Vienna and watched a new German invasion. I saw the living confirmation of all my apprehensions pass in parade before me along the Ringstrasse, and a great fear came over me as I watched.

For hours on end I watched them pass, the German mechanized units, motor machine-guns and tanks and light artillery and heavy artillery, crashing over the cobbles of the Ringstrasse, at a speed faster than cavalry had ridden in the days before mechanization, great juggernauts with little wildly waving figures on their backs. They passed between two enormous crowds of Viennese. Hysterical? Delirious? Daemonic? None of these words describe that scene.

As each gun went by these great crowds shouted in chorus, 'We thank our Führer!' A gun. 'We thank our Führer!' A gun. 'We thank our Führer!' Another gun. 'We thank our Führer!' So it went on, for hours on end, the pandemonium of mechanical armies and demented people, and as each gun reached the Schwarzenberg Platz it turned to the right and disappeared from sight and that road leads to the Czechoslovak frontier, barely an hour distant, and the crowds shrieked louder and louder. I have seen mass hysteria in many forms and many places but never anything to compare with this. The good-humoured and easy-going Viennese were transformed at a touch of the Hitlerist wand into raving maniacs.

An Austrian with whom I watched the scene, a man of pure Austrian blood on both sides who had grown up by the Danube, turned away from the window, pressed his hands to his forehead, then clasped them together and paced about the room, muttering, 'I have fairly good nerves, but this is too much for me. What are all these troops and guns and tanks and aeroplanes for? They are not needed in Austria. Look how these people have surrendered their hearts? Don't they see what this means, don't they understand?'

My own nerves were on edge from the days and weeks of shouting, the incessant noise of bombing aeroplanes overhead and mechanized armies on the ground; indeed, I was rather worried about them until some weeks later I read an article in the *Spectator* by a young Englishman, Mr. John Low, who said that he was twenty-two years old and tough but had also been worn out by the pandemonium of those days in Vienna. I can remember nothing since the war, and few things in it, that I found so nerve-wracking. Now I sought to steady my friend by telling him that the thing was done and could not be altered and that, in my opinion, the raving crowds in the street outside did understand what they saw and liked it.

About 7.30 p.m. came a summons to a press conference at the Chancery. We had been a depleted band of late years, the foreign correspondents in Vienna, but now, as I entered the room, I found a great throng. The special correspondents were gathering,- from all parts of the world. Almost the first thing I saw was a red head. That Texan was there, of course. At the crack of doom I expect to see him, leaning on his stick, intently watching the recording angel, putting pertinent questions, rushing off to file his story. Since I last saw him, less than four years before, Knickerbocker had been to Abyssinia and Spain and China and watched all those things happen which we had confidently foreseen from the moment that dictatorship triumphed in Europe, and now he was back again, just in time to see another forecast fulfilled, the rape of Austria.

At 8 o'clock a suave and swarthy gentleman with a monocle strode in. I had met him last, this Herr Lazar, when he was Press Attaché at the Austrian Legation in Bucharest, and had admired his valuable collections, his excellent wines, the perfection of his cooking and the quality of his conversation. A Press Attaché, I had thought vaguely to myself, was evidently the thing to be, even at a relatively minor Legation in a relatively small capital.

Now he told us that he had been summoned by telegram from his subsequent post, Press Attaché at the Austrian Legation in Berlin, to take charge of the Press Department of the Austrian Government, which was to exist for precisely one more minute. For his first, and last, official act was to read to us the text of a 'Bill anent the reunion of Austria with Germany', the first article of which read 'Austria is a Land of the German Reich'.

And that was the end of Austria, as announced to us by the easy-mannered Herr Lazar on Sunday night, March 13th, 1938, in the historic Chancery where Metternich had woven his intrigues about the courts of Europe, where the Vienna Congress had met until Napoleon upset its deliberations by returning to Europe, where Dollfuss had died, where Schuschnigg, crying 'God guard Austria!' had capitulated to Hitler's ultimatum.

Austria had actually died the moment that German troops crossed the frontier, and this was but an empty gesture, to give the murder that semblance of a legal execution which the Germans love. Before the bill was passed they said that President Miklas, a pious old gentleman who had lived in the hope that he would only yield up his place to the Emperor restored, had laid down his office 'under the pressure of the political events' and that, under the Constitution', his powers devolved on Seyss-Inquart, who promulgated the bill. Did Miklas, a rather staunch old party for all his doddering appearance, actually lay down his office? Who knows? Who cares? He disappeared into the shadows.

With Knickerbocker and Geoffrey Cox and John Whitaker I drove through the turbulent streets to the Bristol Hotel for that quick one which is the journalist's comment on the passing show. In the event I never found time even for that quick one, and I suppose the next time I shall see that red head will be in Prague - in Budapest - in Belgrade - in Bucharest ...

While I watched these stormy scenes in Vienna Hitler came back to his homeland, a conqueror acclaimed by the conquered. For five years he had sat in his chalet on the Obersalzberg and gazed at the roofs of Salzburg gleaming in the distance. Now he crossed the frontier, the maidens of his native Upper Austria throwing flowers in the path of the tanks and tractors that preceded him, flowers that were crushed to powder by the ponderous wheels and caterpillars. He went to his birthplace, Braunau, and revisited the haunts of his boyhood. He went to Leonding, where were buried his father, that narrow-minded little Imperial and Royal customs official for whom he had had so little affection, and his mother, whom he had loved. He went to Linz, loveliest of Danubian cities, where he had been schooled.

He came to Vienna. To describe that scene would be time wasted. It speaks for itself. It belongs to the great moments of history. Whether Hitler outdoes Napoleon and succeeds not only in conquering Europe but in keeping what he conquers, or whether he fails and ends his days in ignominy, he experienced a triumph that day the like of which history can rarely show. The Vienna destitute, the man for whom Vienna had no use, whom the Rector of Vienna had described as 'without talent', the man who had not been able to hold a job in Vienna, who had left Vienna with hatred for that city in his heart, with the conviction that the House that reigned in it must be destroyed and Austria united with the Reich, this man now returned with roaring petrol-driven hosts, frantically acclaimed by the people he had conquered.

It went to his head. It intoxicated him. Endless suffering for Europe was born on this day. Though his conquest of Austria had been relatively bloodless, Hitler then tasted blood. His demeanour, as he strode about on the balcony of the old Imperial Palace with the delirious multitudes shrieking below him, his voice as he spoke to them, which was that of a man possessed with some ungovernable Berserk rage, all betokened the man who was coming to think himself a God, all-powerful, invincible, all-avenging.

It was a fearful scene.

My work was done. Moving men came and packed my few belongings. The tulips and the rest of the cake I gave to my charwoman. My beloved prints of Austria were taken down from the walls. My rooms became a chaos of packing cases. As I drove to the station the German armies were still pouring in. My taxi-driver whooped 'Heil Hitler' like a madman every time he passed a big gun or tank.

I went with a heavy heart. The Austrians, like the Germans, had been won for race-hatred, foreigner-hatred, and the lust of conquest. Don't be deceived about that by the letters you may read or the tales you may hear from the casual visitor who has spent a few expensive weeks ski-ing at St. Anton and has found 'everything perfectly normal and just as it was before'. Innkeepers and others who live on foreign tourist traffic are not going to insult or assault foreign guests now that Hitler rules over them. You may go and enjoy yourselves at Kitzbühel, now as then. The outer scene will not have changed. But don't delude yourself about the underlying spirit of the people. Try and force yourself to take the word of us who know, difficult though this may be for you when you survey that placid Austrian scene, talk with the smiling people.

I wrote earlier in this book that Austria meant, ultimately, you. Contemplate the European line-up now that Austria has gone and you will be able to see what I meant.

By the seizure of Austria Germany has vastly increased her military might - her man-power, money-power, munitions-power. Her own Reichsbank, save for the secret war fund kept for the emergency of the Great Parade, was empty of the gold and foreign exchange needed to buy the foreign raw materials for her night-and-day rearmament. Through the seizure of Austria over £20,000,000 worth of gold and foreign exchange carefully accumulated by the Austrian National Bank fell into her hands, a most welcome windfall for Göring and his Four Years Plan.

By the seizure of Austria the entire Austrian army, man, horse, gun, tank, mechanized units and aircraft, went to swell the German army, already the mightiest in Europe.

By the seizure of Austria the great iron-ore deposits of Styria, the vast timber resources of that well-wooded country, went to feed Göring's Four Years Plan.

By the seizure of Austria the factories of Austria were added to those of Germany which are working night and day on the production of armaments.

By the seizure of Austria Germany came round to the backdoor of Czechoslovakia, whose front-door she already beset. Look at the map of Europe now. Czechoslovakia is a narrow cigar held between a German thumb and forefinger, the nut in the German nutcrackers. A slight intensification of that enormous pressure and Czechoslovakia snaps in half.

You would never fight for Czechoslovakia, your politicians and newspapers have told you, although I gather from the speeches of Neville Chamberlain that you would with alacrity fight for Portugal, Egypt or Irak, and if there is an answer to that one I would like to know it. But now let me tell you one.

Before the invasion of Austria the Czechoslovak defence scheme was based on the menace of a lightning German attack with aircraft and mechanized divisions. A week or two before the invasion of Austria the Czechoslovak Chief-of-Staff, General Krejci, publicly said so; that is, he did not mention the name of Germany, but said this kind of attack was the main danger against which those responsible for the defence of Czechoslovakia had to guard and the quarter from which it would come is obvious.

General Krejci said that the whole aim of Czechoslovak strategy was to organize resistance to such an attack so that Czechoslovakia could hold out long enough for her distant allies to get their clumsy mobilization schemes going and come to her aid.

Since he said that two things have happened. Germany has seized Austria and now stands not only at the front door but at the back door of Czechoslovakia. At the narrowest point only a small strip of land separates the two jaws of the German pincers. And the German invasion of Austria showed that the German military might is even greater, the rate at which the German military machine moves even faster, the German organization even more perfect, than anybody had imagined.

After what I saw in Austria I cannot believe that Czechoslovakia can resist long. The German might is so overwhelming that her resistance, at the best, could in my opinion only last a few hours - not days, or weeks. She would have to mobilize; the German armies on her frontiers are ready to strike at an instant's notice. How could France, or Russia, or England come to her aid, even if they were strong enough or resolute enough? The thing would be over too quickly.

There seems no other possibility for Czechoslovakia than capitulation, with or without war. You will see this, and soon. The Czechs will try to save a nominal independence by making concessions. I hope I am wrong, but I do not think they will succeed. I think the Germans will sit in Prague.

But whichever way the decision falls, whether Germany simply pockets Czechoslovakia and makes the Czechs a subject race again after their brief independence, or whether she contents herself with leaving a small rump State in nominal independence, with a vassal President in Prague, whichever way it goes you will regret that you were not prepared to fight for Czechoslovakia.

For Czechoslovakia means, ultimately, you. The Czechoslovak armaments industry is one of the most efficient in Europe, and it will be making arms for Germany. The Czechoslovak aircraft industry is highly efficient, and it will be producing aeroplanes to swell the air fleets of Germany, already numerous enough to blacken the sky. The Czechs and Slovaks, unless they are left a nominal independence on a strict promise of good behaviour, will be digging reserve trenches for the German armies in any future major war.

Germany will be within grasping distance of the greatest prize of all - the oil-fields and wheatfields of Rumania, which would give her at long last everything that an army bent on European domination needs. She would be invincible.

These were the thoughts that filled my mind as I left Austria. As the train travelled through the night I saw the mechanized German armies, in endless procession, still moving along every main road. At every station there were German troops and police. Austria looked like Belgium in the Great War. In every town there were the shouting crowds. Between stations the wheels of the train took up the refrain of shouting people, thundering aeroplanes, clattering guns, rumbling tanks. Troop trains continually passed.

I drew the curtains, weary of this eternal paraphernalia of war, and tried to sleep. I did doze. I woke with a start as the doors of the compartment were flung open and young men with sullen and menacing faces came in, three or four of them wearing military greatcoats hurriedly served out to give them some appearance of being in uniform. These were the Nazis, the new masters of Austria, charged to search the trains for political fugitives or for refugees carrying money.

They ransacked my luggage. They tore open the lining of suitcases to see if banknotes were hidden behind it. They probed the bottom of a suitcase with their fingers and asked suspiciously if it were not a false one. They squinted into tubes of toothpaste and shaving cream, unrolled socks, explored shoes, felt the seams of shirts and drawers. Only in monkeys delousing each other have I seen an examination of such painstaking thoroughness.

Then they took up my shaving mirror. With the indifference born of an easy conscience I watched as they slipped off the metal frame, and took out the leather backing and several sheets of thin cardboard which had been put in to stiffen it. They took the sheets of cardboard apart. To my stupefaction I saw them extract papers from between the third and fourth sheet. They looked at them and at me suspiciously, showed the papers to each other, muttered together and looked at me again.

I had bought that shaving mirror for a few shillings in the Mariahilferstrasse a month or two before. I had not even known that it could be taken apart. Now, as I watched, I had the same feeling of guilt that had afflicted me, so many years before, when the dominie accused me of stealing the toy cannon.

For a moment I thought something had been planted on me. Then, as they continued to mutter and glower at me, I asked to see what they had found. The papers were two invoices made out by one Prochaska who had lived in Vienna in the year 1914 and had supplied two bales of lime to a customer at a cost of some sixteen shillings. The Nazis turned them upside down and back to front and sideways and looked from them to me with stupid suspicion. Before they could make up their minds the train began to move. They had to jump for it. I packed my luggage and tried to sleep. I dozed again.

Again I was awakened by the tramping of feet in the corridor, the sudden opening of the door and the incursion of young men with a detective of the old Austrian school, wooden expression, comfortable paunch, large feet. We were at Innsbruck. I must take my bags, he said, and follow him. I was under arrest. What for? He had no idea.

How now, I thought, and with all the Jews on the train, several scores of them, I was marched off to police headquarters. The station square was filled with German police, some thousands of trim blue, grey and green Schupos in full marching order - rifle, bayonet, pack, water-bottle, revolver, entrenching tool. In this town, a week before, Schuschnigg had proclaimed his plebiscite. Now

German bombers thundered to and fro above the rooftops, German fighters were playing leapfrog over the snow-capped mountains, clearcut against a brilliant blue sky, that overhung the town.

At police headquarters German police and young Austrian Nazis were already in charge. The old Austrian detectives and constables stood sheepishly about, trying to ingratiate themselves with contemptuous new masters. Young men, the drapers' assistants and druggists' clerks of yesterday, sat importantly at the desks of police commissioners and superintendents, empowered to arrest, imprison, pilfer, and maltreat.

The Jews, silent and fearful, stood huddled in the corridors, while the German newcomers, in harsh Prussian accents, exchanged jests about them with the admiring young Nazis. The veterans of National Socialism were showing off to the new recruits.

By dint of loud and angry protest and frequent references to my British passport and the British Consul I overawed a little the muddleheaded young men who had thought at first to treat me as a potential candidate for a concentration camp and learned why I had been arrested. The young men farther up the line, who had had to jump from the train before they finished the search of my luggage, had telegraphed to Innsbruck that I was 'suspected of smuggling money'.

My indignation overbore them, though they calmly deprived me of the few pounds I had on me, and an hour later, passing again through the silent throng of waiting Jews, I was a free man, who told the British Consul in forcible terms my opinion of this treatment, and he was a good man at his job, for within a fortnight he had recovered the money that was purloined from me.

I had many hours to wait for the next train and strolled around Innsbruck. Everywhere were German troops and German soldiers. Somewhere, in a field, I did see a forlorn Austrian battalion, being sworn in to Hitler. They gave the three 'Heils' as I watched. But the Germans dominated the scene. Staff officers and orderlies filled the hotels. Troops rode or marched through the streets. The station swarmed with them. German police did duty in the streets. The air was thick with German aircraft.

The native population played the part of supers. They wildly applauded the conquerors. Austria, having defended her honour for as long as propriety demanded, was giving herself up with keen enjoyment to the fate worse than death, as the ladies of de Maupassant might do in similar circumstances. I had never imagined so complete an emotional surrender, and I knew Austrians who were dumbfounded by it, dumbfounded and made deeply despondent.

For my part, I watched the end of Austria with as much detachment as was possible for a man who had given so much of his heart to this country. I had admired Germany. I loved Austria. But it was not my country and I always felt that, the fatal mistake of the destruction of the Socialists having been made in 1934, the outcome was inevitable, and could well understand that many Austrians must long for this solution. I also knew that Hitler would do a great deal that sorely needed doing - not so much in Austria outside Vienna, which was a wellfound country that did not need to be delivered, but in Vienna, where conditions existed that were lamentable.

The poverty and sweated labour that I saw in Vienna in the years that I spent there were doubly depressing because of the background of a noble city, in its position and amenities and surroundings for me the finest in Europe, in decay; because of the lethargy and hopelessness that filled the people after a century of decline; because of the incongruous picture of Jewish prosperity that, in the centre of the city, was superimposed on this grey canvas of want and inertia.

For a man who loved Vienna as I did -- as did most foreigners who lived there -- these things were a continual source of depression. I longed to have a magic wand that would at a touch bring the people of Vienna, the common people, prosperity and happiness, so that they would be able to laugh and dance and sing because of and not in spite of their daily lives.

Perhaps Hitler will do this. Do not think, you who read this book, that I am an enemy of National Socialism because of what it has done in Germany and will do in Austria. As an outsider I have watched these things and described them in this book and the picture is not a pleasant one, because it looks ugly to these eyes of mine, that have seen it, and I have only this one pair of eyes. But that is the business of the Germans and Austrians, and if they like National Socialism that is no concern of mine. I am an enemy of National Socialism - and I want to make this clear - only because I know that its ultimate meaning and aim is hatred of England and the destruction of British world power, and although I think England is a wretchedly run country in many ways I am an Englishman and want to see these things put right by Englishmen.

I do not know whether I shall ever see Austria again. A gloomy thought. There I saw mountains, real mountains, for the first time, and once you have lived in them they call to you for ever, like the sea. You must always go back to them. Like the sea, they give you that uplifting of the spirit that you subconsciously strive after as you walk about city streets or drive about flat by-pass roads.

I never found in any other country such pleasant geniality, such good companionship on the road and in the wine-garden, such selfless kindness, such devotion from humble people whom I had befriended in petty things not worth a second thought.

I said these things to the mountains as, at long last, the train left Innsbruck. Most of the Jews had been allowed to continue their journey, and sat in their compartments, quaking at the thought of the frontier examination. Others had not reappeared.

In my carriage were four Jews, three men and a woman. One of them was an old man; the woman, much younger than he, was his wife. They had been repeatedly visited and interrogated during the night and day, searched with a microscope at police headquarters in Innsbruck. The women, stripped by one of their own sex, had had their hair combed for money, their breasts lifted up to see if banknotes were pasted beneath.

They sat silent. The atmosphere in the train was one of almost intolerable anxiety, aggravated by the interminable cheering in towns and villages, the hostile, jeering faces at the stations -- the youths had been encouraged to gather there and have a good laugh at the spectacle of the Jews flying from Austria -- the roar of aeroplanes overhead, the constant passage of troop trains, the tanks and artillery.

The old man in the corner suddenly broke into violent perspiration. His wife took out a handkerchief and gave it to him. 'Wipe your forehead', she said. 'You are sweating so.' He gave a sort of groan. 'Ah, that night, that awful night', he said. His wife soothed him with quiet words. She had good nerves. 'We shall soon be over the hills and out of this hell', she said.

The young Jew in the corner, one of the prosperous Vienna type, who spoke execrable German, began to lament. 'Ah, the hills', he said, 'the hills are lovely, but the human beings ...'

The Jewess told how she and her husband had left at a moment's notice, with only the clothes they stood up in and a suitcase. I listened with some mental reserve, and I was right. They did not know who I was and they were taking no chances. Actually I think she had prepared her lines of retreat



well in advance. I saw her in Zürich the next day and she was wearing a very expensive fur coat that she had not had with her in the train.

The young Jew, in his excruciating German, told a similar tale. He had been ski-ing on the Semmering, near Vienna, when he heard of the invasion and had rushed back, packed a suitcase and come away, leaving his prosperous factories.

I must say a word about the Austrian Jews. I had always watched them closely, thinking that they must be the best possible political barometer for the fate of Austria. As long as they did not seem seriously disturbed, I thought, the annexation of Austria could not be quite imminent; they were good judges. I was wrong. Ten days before Hitler marched in I went to the Semmering myself and found myself almost the only Gentile guest, entirely surrounded by Jews, at a little mountain hut there. I sat and talked to the only other Gentile in sight, a young Nazi. Suddenly we heard somebody whistling the then forbidden Storm Troopers' Song. He sat up, looked round, exclaimed 'A Jew whistling the Storm Troopers' Song! That is a Schweinerei!' and lay down again.

The Jews can apparently do everything but exercise self-restraint. Up to a few days before Hitler marched in they still dominated the scene in Vienna. The theatres, cinemas, cabarets and bars were predominantly Jewish, in programmes, caste, ownership and management. In the more expensive cafés and restaurants they were always in the majority. The main business thoroughfares, the Kärntnerstrasse and Mariahilferstrasse, were to about eighty percent Jewish. From fifty to seventy per cent of all lawyers and doctors were Jewish. Most newspapers were Jewish. In their demeanour in public the Jews in Vienna showed an extraordinary obtrusiveness, right up to the end, which was bound to produce a reaction.

The Jews in my carriage relapsed into a nerve-laden silence as the train, having picked up a few chattering American and English ski-ers from St. Anton, at last reached the frontier. Everybody was ordered out of the train. There was an interminable examination. The carriages were minutely searched. The Jewish passengers were undressed and searched again. Their luggage was ransacked once more. A young Nazi compared each passport with a thumb-indexed volume containing thousands of names and descriptions of people who were to be stopped; prepared by the dreaded German secret police, these volumes appeared in the hands of Nazi inquisitors at the frontier a few hours after the ultimatum.

At last it was over. One by one, the passengers returned, silently took their places. As far as I could judge only one failed to reappear. The last danger had been overcome. The train now only needed to start and in a few minutes they would be in Switzerland. The train waited and waited, half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half ...

At last it moved off. A sigh of relief seemed to go through the corridors. It crossed the frontier, stopped at Buchs. Polite Swiss officials came in, glanced casually at passports, saluted, went out. The four Jews in my compartment suddenly began to laugh and talk politics. The young Jew with the ear-rending German, he who had lamented, spoke importantly of his friends in high places in Vienna. 'What I always say is', he held forth, 'that Hitler and Mussolini will fall out one day and then we shall see some fun.' 'Ei, ei', chuckled the old Jew in the corner, he who had sweated and groaned, 'ja, ja, that's how it will be.' His wife turned the modest gold ring on her finger. Like the beam of a revolving searchlight a diamond worth many hundreds of pounds came into view.

The next day in Zürich a warm sun shone on a placid blue lake, with snowcaps glittering in the distance. Smiling and well-dressed people strolled about spacious streets. A wonderful tranquillity, a warm feeling of human companionship was in the air. I could have embraced the smiling waitress with the neat hair and regular teeth who brought me my coffee.

At the corner of the Bahnhofstrasse a good-looking lad with one arm leaned against a building. He had a basket of flowers, bunches of them each done up in tissue paper. My good friend went over to him. 'What have you got?' she asked. 'Tulips', he said. 'Show me', she said. He unpinned his bundles, showed pink tulips, yellow tulips, red tulips ...

She took the red tulips. 'How much are these', she asked. 'Two francs', he answered. 'For how many?' 'Twelve to the bunch.'

She gave him his two francs and took the twelve red tulips. She gave them to me. I looked at them uncomprehendingly, for a moment. Then I remembered. After an unavoidable interruption of -- how long was it, ah yes, about five days -- I resumed my birthday celebration.

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## Chapter Forty Seven

### ANOTHER ENGLISH APRIL

So I came to England again. Again it was April. Again it was Easter Monday. Again I found myself on the south coast.

Again I felt my gorge rising in me -- I notice that somebody says I was born with a chip on my shoulder, and if that means that I want a better England it is true -- at the things I saw. But, for the first time for many nerve-consuming weeks, I found peace as I strolled on broad, firm sands after the trippers had gone, after night had curtained off the abominable bungalows, while the sea softly lapped the foreshore and made a rustling like the wind in an Austrian forest.

For the first time in many weeks the infernal noise of the bombers and fighters and tanks and howitzers and tractors and the howling and yowling faded from my ears and I felt at peace and was grateful to England. Even in Zürich, a lovely city in the best-run country in Europe, I had not found tranquillity, for since I saw my nightmares come true in Austria I have a new measure of distance: I no longer measure it in miles or kilometres, but in tractor-minutes and aeroplane-minutes.

I leave it to you to judge whether events have justified the things I have written in this book. Austria has gone; Czechoslovakia, and you can believe this, is finished - for us. They both mean you. Think of that little group of Czechs I showed you, marching behind Masaryk's coffin, in British uniforms. You could have had the whole Czechoslovak army fighting for England in any new European war; you cannot have that now. They will either be strictly neutral, under duress, or digging reserve trenches for your enemy. Unless I am an Andorran, you have lost Hungary and Rumania too.

I found ostrichism still cock of the roost in the England I returned to again in April. *Insanity Fair*, in its first edition, had just been published. On the same day another book appeared; three weeks after Hitler's seizure of Austria, it said that the idea of a German invasion of Austria was a bogey of the English imagination, a thing highly improbable. One of my reviewers urged me to retire to the country and read it. In the newspapers the innocent abroad still raised his voice to heaven, crying shame on all men who cast doubt on the peaceful intentions of Hitler.

But I found the individual Englishman and Englishwoman at last awake to the dangers that threaten. I sat at three luncheon tables and heard my hostess talking uneasily of air raids, making plans for a retreat to the country.

You cannot say that your dictators do not warn you. I took up my newspaper to read that Mussolini was promising his Senators soon to lead Italy in another victorious campaign, that in a public speech he warned all Italians who could to leave the towns and cities and organize their lives in the country.

But if you want confirmation of what I have told you in this book turn to any of your newspapers for the week ending April 24th, 1938. For years you have been told that you have nothing to fear in the air, that the stories about Germany's vast superiority overhead are the vapourings of alarmists. In 1934 Stanley Baldwin announced England's determination to have an air force which, in first line strength, should be the equal of 'any within striking distance of these shores'. Now, in 1938, you are at length told that, instead of this equality, your inferiority in the air has been increasing every day, so that a British Mission has to be sent hotfoot to America, in this English April, to try and buy quickly American machines to fill up a little of the gap. While you are slowly negotiating

these purchases, great new aircraft factories are springing up in Austria to swell the enormous German air fleets; to-morrow the Czechoslovak factories may be turned to the same purpose.

I can only wish for you, and for myself, that the luck of the muddler holds good, that we have yet a little time to make good some of what has been neglected.

But I can think of several good candidates for indictment before a national tribunal.

It was interesting to me to watch the psychological confusion of England, the struggling of the national mind to find hope and guidance. For side by side with the debunking columns in the daily newspapers, which reflect the cynicism and impatience and fears of the masses, were the horoscope columns, which reflect the longing for hope. In times of national emergency, when peoples no longer know what to believe or what to trust or to whom to look, they turn to soothsayers and crystal-gazers and card-readers, to psychoanalysts and spiritualists, to anybody who will murmur soothing words to them, tell them that they are going to make a long journey, meet a dark man, and be successful in business.

I watched with interest the young man with the flowing hair and the placard who strode past Oddenino's as I was sitting there, crying 'Buy your Peace News. Buy your Peace News. The only way to prevent war. Buy your Peace News.'

Sez you.

I contemplated with profit the pictures of Miss Unity Mitford, who was pursued from Hyde Park by a mob because she wore a Nazi badge. Instructive to me were her statements to the newspapers that she wished to become a German, but had not yet been able to overcome the formalities.

I appreciated this. You knew where you were with Unity Mitford, and I could even understand, I believe, some of the workings of her mind. But she interested me less as an individual than as an indication.

Some of the debates in the House of Lords were to me only explicable if you assumed that certain of the noble lords also thought like this. I believe a British agent, somewhere abroad, was heard to say he would sooner live in an England governed by Germans of the Right than by British Reds. At any rate, he was accused of this in a weekly publication and did not deny it.

Class-prejudice and property-obsession pushed to the point of treason would explain some things which in the past have seemed inexplicable.

For instance, there is Spain, not yet overcome by Franco. Hitler has publicly stated that he desires a Franco victory because Germany needs certain iron-ore deposits in Northern Spain. This really has very little to do with Bolshevism, very much to do with German rearmament, with German invincibility. With Spain conquered and under German and Italian tutelage, with Austria gone and Czechoslovakia in vassalage or absorbed, the position of your French ally and of yourselves is going to be most serious. As far as I can see, unless a miracle happens, you will have the choice between defeat in war or defeat without a war; the second alternative would mean the establishment of a Fascist regime in England which would comply with Germany's territorial demands in Africa and elsewhere and rule England with a rod of iron. Yet you applaud the German-Italian conquest of Spain, make a pact with Italy that countenances it in advance.

Another thing that interested me in England, so typical did it seem of the mental fog that clouds the country, was the strange case of Commander Bower. Commander Bower, if I read my newspapers

aright, is a Conservative Member of Parliament, a former naval officer and ex-heavyweight champion of the navy, and in the House he urged a Socialist member, one Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, to go back to Poland, whereon Mr. Shinwell smote Commander Bower on the ear, and Commander Bower retired to bed for some days and sent a message to the Conservative candidate in a by-election then progressing at West Fulham to say this was the sort of thing you might expect in an England ruled by Socialists.

This puzzled me very much, because in the England I was brought up in, which was sometimes ruled by Conservatives and sometimes by Liberals, but this didn't make very much difference, because they all belonged to the same group of people, in that England the general belief used to be that if you provoked a man with a remark intended to wound him you took the risk of being smitten on the ear, and your remedy then, whether you were an ex-heavyweight champion or not, was to smite him back or implicitly acknowledge that you had got what you asked for.

Another thing that I found instructive in England was the case of Mario Santini, who had been in England sixteen years when he was in April 1933 sentenced to four months imprisonment for driving a car without a licence and was recommended for deportation.

Mario Santini had become a rich man in his sixteen years, and apparently the only way of ridding England of him was to lay in wait until you caught him for a minor motoring offence. Yet Mario Santini had done rather reprehensible things, and they had made him rich. In his house in Frith Street six English girls under twenty-two had rooms and he made £1000 a year from the rents they paid him.

In other words this Florentine was a brothel-keeper, who had young English girls walking the streets to make him rich, and yet, in the England where East Enders are sent to prison for six months for passing betting slips you had to wait sixteen years before you could recommend that Mario Santini be deported, and then on a trivial charge, and he will go back to Florence and live on his fortune. And incidentally a witness against Santini, an Englishman, was so terrified that he tried to avoid giving evidence.

These things interested me so much because they strongly recalled the things I had seen in two other great cities, Berlin and Vienna, in the period immediately before a great upheaval. Foreign pimps, organized in gangs; cheap smut, without humour, on the bookstalls and in the nude revues, more obscene than all your honest copulation; the exploitation of young girls and their decline to depravity; an inner city largely dominated by foreigners.

And one more thing that very strongly reminded me of Berlin and Vienna in those days was the penetration of the Jews into the main business thoroughfares. In the famous shopping streets of London, Bond Street, Piccadilly, Oxford Street, crops of little cheap shops with meretricious fronts and lots of neon lighting were sprouting mushroom-like between the old, solid establishments. In the streets where the Jews used to accumulate -- for instance, Berwick Street in Soho -- were dozens of empty shops. Their proprietors had moved Westward, opened up those little tawdry houses -- 'nothing over three shillings', 'the guinea frock shop', 'the half-guinea frock shop', 'the five shilling hat shop' -- all surmounted by romantic, foreign-sounding names like Isobel and Vera or ones with a Puritan flavour like Prudence Circumspection.

I am all for cheapness, but this kind of cheapness has been an ill omen wherever I have seen it.

I surveyed all these things with the picture of Berlin and Vienna, of Germany and Austria, in my mind. I was looking and hoping for an England sturdy and staunch and well-found and firm-rooted,

an England able to withstand a great storm. I found all too many signs of weakness, in this English April.

After what I saw in Austria, less than twenty years from the war in which a million Britishers were killed, I can say from my heart, heaven help the country against which the German military machine strikes with all its might. After what I have seen Germans do to Germans and to their brothers the Austrians, I can say from my heart, heaven help the civilian population of any country that Germany invades.

Now, at long last, England's rulers have awakened to the danger. By the time you read this the signs will have become too clear for you to misread them any longer. Your ostriches are coming home to roost. In this English April you have learned, with a growing sense of vague alarm, that your Government is trying urgently to buy aeroplanes in America, that the Government has secretly bought £10,000,000 worth of wheat, whale oil (for explosives) and sugar 'for an emergency'.

And on Budget Day your Simon, Foreign Minister when those ostriches were hatched, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, unimpassioned as ever, put another 6d. on your income-tax, another 2d. on your tea, another 1d. on your petrol, all for rearmament, and sugared the pill by telling you that you would bear the load with 'the dogged determination and dauntless courage of the British race'.

Taking leave of you with that fragrant dust in your eyes, I wish you the only thing that matters - that it is not too late.

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## Chapter Forty Eight

### FADE OUT

I have taken you a long way round Insanity Fair and kept you waiting far too long at some of the sideshows, which interested me, and have megaphoned my opinions about them at you until you must be nearly deaf, and most irritable, and longing for your cup of tea. Let's go, taking a last look back as we pass.

Look at the strong men, feeling their biceps, throwing shadows so much bigger than themselves. Look at the funny men, little gesticulating figures. Look at the people on the Foreign Policy Roundabouts, going round and round in vicious circles. Look at the man on the moving platform at the Westminster sideshow; he marches and marches but stays always where he is. Hark to the shrieks coming from League House, with its collapsing stairway paved with good resolutions. Hark to those brazen organs all playing against each other. Look at the lights. Look at the crowds, shuffling, shoving, watching the three-card-trick man bemusedly, listening with sheepish grins to the cocksure showman, following him sheeplike when he turns and leads the way into the tent.

It's a great life.

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## POSTSCRIPT

This book appeared on April 1st, 1938, and even then the things I hoped against hope to warn you about had already begun to happen. Now, six months later, on October 1st, I am sitting in Belgrade and read in my newspapers that the book is in its twenty-eighth edition and that it has been banned in Germany, and all around me the tragedy that I have foretold you, the tragedy of faith betrayed, is moving with gathering speed.

I have been in Geneva, and the League building is a wailing wall, and the permanent officials are packing their traps and looking for new jobs. I have been in Czechoslovakia and seen the soldiers of that Republic standing staunchly at the frontiers, ready to fight the mightiest military nation the world has ever seen, if only the friends of freedom would stand by them. I have been in Prague; there people wept in the streets when a voice in the radio told them that England -- this is not a misprint, ENGLAND! -- had given them until midday to surrender to the military despotism that a million Britishers died to crush, told them 'We have been deserted, we are left alone, we have no option, if we are to save the nation, but to yield'.

That is exactly the position in which, before many more moons have gone, you are going to find yourselves. Your choice will be to fight or capitulate, and at that moment you will be deserted and alone. The greatest Empire in the world's history, believe it or not, has begun a process of decline over which the historians of the future will shake incredulous heads - and the process began in Bohemia. This was the last boat, and you have missed it. Your leaders are more frightened of those hook-nosed and bearded crooks far away -- ah, deary me, what should we do without our Reds? -- than of dishonour. A Government elected by an overwhelming majority of English people to succour small nations against aggression has, with solemn and righteous words, successively sanctioned the rape of Abyssinia, of Spain, of Austria, of Czechoslovakia. On the last occasion your joy was so great that you even mafficked in Whitehall.

The forces against you will be overwhelming. You have been told that rump Czechoslovakia, after the amputations, will be free and independent, guaranteed by yourselves. You are being fooled again, and perhaps you know it. I confess that I am puzzled about that. By the time you read this Benes will have resigned and all the key posts in that little Czechoslovakia will be in course of transference to men who will do Germany's bidding. Czechoslovaks, as I told you in this book, will be forging arms to be used against you, if you do not prefer to capitulate; you have forced them to this. The same holds good for Hungary. For Rumania. Bulgaria. Greece. Yugoslavia. Germany's grasp already reaches to the Black Sea, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The small states, seeing the abyss of betrayal yawning before them, are flying like frightened chicklets to the protecting wings of Mother Germany. They have the man-power, food-power, fuel-power, and the raw materials to make Germany invincible, impregnable and invulnerable. You have left them no other choice.

And as far as I can understand you, you seem to want it like that.

\*\*\* prepared by Truth Seeker - [www.douglasreed.co.uk](http://www.douglasreed.co.uk) \*\*\*



# Lest We Regret

by

Douglas Reed

published: 1943

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Kind Friends, Adieu

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

I would be grateful if people in many parts of the Empire, who have received no reply from me, would read this book as an acknowledgment of their letters, a token of friendship reciprocated and an answer to their questions.

I was forced to choose between continuing to write books or entering into a correspondence so great, that it would have occupied all my time. Most of these letters share a common theme - anxiety for the future, however our victory in this war may appear - and this book is a joint reply to them. The clear road beyond victory, for which we long, is still not visible.

That is why I chose for my title the words *Battle in England*, from a letter written by a young officer who served far away from this, his native island. The letter was not sent to me; it was quoted in the House of Commons. One sentence vividly expresses the thought that prompts this book:

'We still feel out here that *the ultimate battle is being won or lost in England*.'

And so it is. With victory, the battle for our future will only begin. The years 1919-39 are close enough for us to remember that.

My publisher thought that the title I chose would confuse readers, who would expect from it a book about the military battle of Britain. The cover, therefore, bears another title: *Lest We Regret*. The theme of the book, nevertheless, is that 'Battle in England' which will have to be fought and won in this island, after the war, if our future is not to be lost.

I have interpolated in the text several quotations from letters to me; they were so apt to my theme that I have used them to illustrate it.

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PART ONE

GREAT ARGUMENT

## Chapter One

### TO FRIENDS AND FOES

It is the land that freemen till  
That sober-suited-Freedom shows;  
The land where, girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the things he will. - TENNYSON

Even good things come to an end, and this, gentle reader (forgive an outmoded salutation; to be abreast of the courtly times I ought to call you 'sucker' if you applaud me and 'rat' if you do not, but being a writer called rabid I love 'gentle reader'), this is the last of the books with which I have goaded and coaxed you, one nearly every year, since 1938. This opening sentence gives any I may vex an opportunity such as comes only once and I make no charge for it.

(But neither rejoice nor lament too soon, gentle reader. If you will allow me a moment to change my literary clothes, I shall soon reappear before you in another guise.)

Of its kind, alone, is this book the last. It is the end of my modest foresight saga, which I began in 1938 with a book called *Insanity Fair*. Great were my expectations then. Foreseeing this war, I thought I might avert it - with a book. O young man in a flurry! I foresaw then that little time remained before a thing might happen, which would leave this country the choice between capitulation without a fight and a war began in the worst imaginable circumstances for itself, and this thing was, the abandonment of a little country far away, called Czechoslovakia. Many chances to avert the war, were already gone; this one remained.

To-day, those thunders of yesteryear dwindle, and *Insanity Fair* and its three children go their rounds, soon to be joined by this, the fourth and last. I did not guess, when I began, that I should write more than one book, or suspect how much personal satisfaction I should reap, in spite of the disappointment of the hope which inspired the original book.

For the first time in my life, excluding the war service which I shared with millions of others, I cast from me thoughts of money, security, a career and the future, and acted from a patriotic impulse too strong to be thwarted. Yet the financial calamity I feared, like Shaw's disasters, never happened: in place of the calling I reluctantly gave up, I gained a better; and I surprise myself by the pleasure I still derive from having punched on the nose the craven imp, 'Safety First', and said the thing I would and the thing I knew. In that listless England, I 'did something', the most I could, and if this was but a book which has now joined the legion of others it was mine own. If I could plant the seed of adventure and the ideal of upholding what you think right at all costs, in any youngsters' minds to-day, by writing this, I should be glad, for I know that they would gain by it.

Enough is enough. I gather that I do not bore others, but refuse to bore myself. Not for me, to outstay my encores (and I once saw even that happen, at the Scala in Berlin, when an English band leader was so clamantly applauded that he gave an encore, then two, five, ten encores, turning between each to ask 'Do you want more?' until the audience became silent, then restive, and finally called 'No, no more!')

Prognostication is the thief of time, and I have other things to do. Because I believe our future salvation can only come from, through, or be taken from us by our Parliament, which robbed us of the last victory, I shall try to enter that building, where voices for England speak so seldom and so often for all else. When peace comes, I want also to go abroad and write of what goes on there, in the hope

that the people of this country, if they are accurately informed, will not let themselves be hoodwinked again.

But first, this book, the last of it's line. It is a fitting finish to the logical sequence. *Insanity Fair* was an urgent warning of the imminent outbreak of war. *Lest We Regret* is an urgent warning of a greater danger, the approaching outbreak of peace.

This statement was greeted as a jest when I made it to a luncheon audience in London. The English take their leisure sadly and like to beguile it by listening to a speaker with whom they disagree while eating food which disagrees with them. Between indignation and indigestion, they have a grand time. They pay much for a bad meal and nothing for a good speaker (the odd belief prevails that the hotel-keeper deserves payment for his wares but not the speaker).

But this was no joke! To-day millions of people have their every want cared for; to-morrow, they will need to fend for themselves. To-day all have work; to-morrow, each will have to seek it. To-day the young people take no thought for the morrow; to-morrow, they must think hard for the day. To-day, all clearly see their task, to win the war; and think they see clearly how to accomplish it, by serving. To-morrow, they will wish to live in peace, found families and prosper, but will they see the way to achieve that? To-day is filled with the adventure of war; to-morrow will be filled with humdrum.

Such, at least, was the last peace. It was *not* peace. It was worse than the last war, worse than this war. These words protest against being written, yet they are true. The last peace, which was to endure for ever, held for twenty years. Twenty years of mass unemployment, derelict areas, a decaying countryside, growing disbelief and despair; twenty years, during which the men who came back from the last war saw their victory wantonly thrown away, while the rising generation lost faith in the future and the new war approached.

That was the peace of 1919-39. That is the world to which the boys and girls will return unless they make it different.

That is where I and this book come in:

Having a son, a fighter pilot who got his wings at the age of eighteen, and a daughter who, after serving as an A.T.S. private in a mixed anti-aircraft battery for twelve months, now has a commission, I have come in contact during the past three years with a great number of the ordinary rank-and-file of the young generation. I feel convinced that these intelligent, deep-thinking boys and girls are *not* going to leave the making of the new world to anyone but themselves, when the war is won. Because I feel this - having listened for hours to their endless talks and discussions about the things that matter (freedom, simplicity, beauty, love, and, above all, *right thinking*) - I wish with all my heart that you would write something to show that we have a belief in, and an appreciation of them and all they are doing.

From a woman of Glastonbury.

An inspiring text! What writer would not be fired by such prompting? This letter, and that from which I chose my first tide, set me to write *Lest We Regret*. The same hope inspires it that produced *Insanity Fair*. Though the war was not averted, the peace may yet be saved. I seek to help towards this by a book. For 'these intelligent, deep-thinking boys and girls', if indeed they 'are *not* going to leave the making of the new world to anyone but themselves when the war is won', will need to know, when they step into Civvy Street, what snares and delusions await them, how England was misled into a new war, and how England was misgoverned in the inter-war years. That is essential; good intentions are not enough paving for Civvy Street.

The generation of the last war may thus come into its own - by telling its sons and daughters what to do and what to beware of and by saving them from another twenty years of creeping and paralytic disillusionment.<sup>[1]</sup>

Ever since we first went on two legs, mankind has been divided into those who seek to learn from yesterday's disasters, and those who cry, let to-morrow take care of itself. If we were not born with organs of procreation, the wise men would be those of the second group, but as we produce children, I think them fools. True, Horace taught men to avoid inquiring what is to be to-morrow, Cicero thought ignorance of future ills more useful than knowledge, and the wisdom that Omar found in the wine cup was, not to fret about to-morrow. But the empires these busy thinkers lived in declined: their philosophy is that of the slave; its fruits are the knout, the galley and the concentration camp. For tomorrow becomes so quickly to-day, and we live twenty-four thousand days!

I prefer a modern philosopher, by name Winston Churchill, who said, 'the use of recriminating about the past is to enforce effective action at the present', and 'we cannot say the past is past without surrendering the future'. If only his practice kept to that precept! He now says, 'the past is past', but his first thoughts were better ones. For our future *was* surrendered once, by saying 'the past is past', and we were only saved as a man might be who is cut down from the gallows before he chokes.

Our future can be surrendered again for that very reason. The present odds are, that it will be surrendered. None of the bad things that caused this war has been changed. 'The past is past,' said the culprits, and they surrendered our future.

That is the first thing to have in mind when you start off, best foot foremost, down Civvy Street. Without understanding that, you can accomplish nothing because you do not know where you are going. You may be intelligent and deep-thinking, you may be greatly resolved 'not to leave the making of the new world to anyone else', but your resolve will be vain.

You need not make a new world, anyway, but only a better one of this delightful planet, which offers everything a man could wish, and in particular of this beloved island. Your best years will be before you, if you make them so; they will be your worst if you surrender them to others. Youth, in my experience, is not a happy time. The best years are after thirty-five, when achievement begins. But the most galling bitterness is, to fight a good fight, to shape your career, your family, and your contribution to immortality, and then to find everything you have built destroyed by others.

Down Civvy Street, lie 1950 Corner and 1960 Square, and they can be blacked-out, fear-stricken, and bombed, or gay, busy, and full of light and life. The one certain way to come to another Slough of Despond, is to say 'the past is past' and to surrender the future.

So I now set out to make a map of Civvy Street, compiled from experience, for those who do not remember what befell before or know what to beware of. Will it avail?

To me and a lot of other people you appear to have a lot of what are known as the right ideas. But it is perfectly useless merely to keep pouring books out about it all, for the very reason that you yourself have stated; that a certain freedom does still exist so far as the matter which may be published in books is concerned. The result is that much 'controversial' language may be used and the effect on the public is made less as the years go by. You may have conquered the book world, but it really counts for little. A nice juicy book on sex would probably do the same. The pen is *not* mightier than the sword. The right voice in the right place might be. Why don't you make a bid to go into Parliament?

From a Gunner officer.

Keep on. You are doing more good than you think. You sometimes suggest that you feel a sense of wasted effort, in spite of the great circulation of your books. It is not true. The truth is taking root and spreading, and you have helped more than you know.

From a woman assistant in a chain store.

Who knows which of these views is right? It is irrelevant, because I believe in trying, and this is my present way of trying, and because some of those 'intelligent and deep-thinking people', when they enter Civvy Street, may prefer a fight for the future to the surrender of the future.

For now, implacably, peace - with all its horrors, if it is to be the peace of 1939 - moves towards us. When it will reach us, none can tell, as this war is being waged. I think we could have knocked out our enemy in 1941, at that cataclysmic moment when the Germans were thrown back from Moscow in the middle of an appalling winter, and in every German mind tolled, like a double knell of doom, the thoughts of 1813 and Napoleon and 1918 and the Kaiser. If I could see any way by which we now might lose, I would hedge, but, short of an invincible resolve not to win, I can see none. Somehow, somewhen, seemingly much later than need be, we shall prevail, and then will come peace. What the end of that will be, if the 'intelligent and deep-thinking boys and girls' relapse into the apathetic indifference of 1919-39 I have foreshadowed in another book.<sup>[2]</sup> The question now is, how shall we avoid that?

Our men in the Middle East are thinking and talking about their families at home, of what sort of post-war world there will be and what place they will occupy in it.

From a broadcast by Mr. R. G. Casey,  
British Minister, of State in the Middle East.

Well, they will have one advantage above all price, if they will but use it: the experience of 1919-39. In 1919 this book could not have been written because none suspected the hidden reefs on which the peace was wrecked, or dreamed of navigation so culpable that we should run on them. They are all still there, those reefs, but now we know them, and this book is meant to show them.

It is meant to be a Baedeker of 1943-63, an itinerary of the coming twenty years drawn in the light of those other twenty years. I want to take the reader step by step, through the years after this war, showing him as he goes the pitfalls into which we fell in the past. In future, far more people than before, because of bitter experience, will closely watch foreign affairs; here is a handbook for them. It is designed as a chart for constant reminder of the rocks and shoals which, between 1919 and 1939, they did not suspect; or a road-map of these coming years, with the signs now in place (DANGER - CONCEALED TURNING - LEVEL CROSSING, - and the like) for lack of which the last peace was wrecked.

'Freedom, simplicity, beauty, love, and above all, right thinking.' None of these things will be waiting in Civvy Street. They do not thrive in wartime, they droop. They can be regained by people who are ready, not only to die for England, but even to live for England; by people who long for something more invigorating than a lotus-eater's paradise of 'peace and prosperity', but also something less wasteful and stupid than war and austerity, every twenty years.

The battles of this war, unhappily, are nothing. Think of the battles of the last; what do they mean today? The battle that means something, the battle in England, will begin when the boys and girls return to Civvy Street.

When they have won freedom, once again, from the menace of foreign conquest, they will find much less of freedom at home than there was when they went away. Will they even fight to recover what has



been filched? Politicians, leader writers, professors, magnates and managing directors begin to murmur, No, and to make plans accordingly. The letter from which I have taken my text, says Yes. If they do not fight, how ludicrous were these two wars.

For Freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won

says Byron. A strange man; a great poet who spent his fortune, his health and his life fighting for the liberation of Greece - which is again part of our cause to-day, and how valiantly the Greeks fought! His private love affairs so shocked the England of his day (and possibly would similarly shock the England of this day, where the people have thronged to see a play about the rape of a kidnapped girl by a maniac) that it declined to bury his body in Westminster Abbey ('we know of no spectacle so ridiculous', wrote Macaulay on this subject, 'as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality'). About a hundred years later, a Mr. Chamberlain, who compelled a small nation to capitulate to a predatory great one, was interred there. The moral of the story is that the English veneration for an alderman is eternal and unchanging. The questions it raises are: What is freedom, and what, morality? The comparison offers another illustration of the meaning of the battle of England to come and of the types of Englishmen between whom it will be fought.

Enough of freedom remains in England still for me, in beginning to tell of this battle in England, to borrow Byron's couplet:

Without or with offence to friends or foes  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

### 'SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE!'

If we are to go together through the piping times of the new peace, gentle reader, we must understand each other. We shall not, if I say, 'let's avoid this pothole or pitfall, into which we fell in 1919, or 1929, or 1939', and you reply 'Prophet of gloom, cannot you suggest something *constructive*?'

The Gadarene swine (which animals I hereby thank on behalf of generations of writers) were accosted during their headlong rush by a swineherd, who said, 'Er, wouldn't you be helping the peace effort better if you turned about and went the other way?', to which their leader, accelerating, squealed in reply, 'You are a destructive critic; can't you sometimes suggest something constructive?'

Transform the swine into chargers, put British cavalymen on their backs, send them galloping into the Valley of Death, and you have - what? An imbecile mistake, and a court martial of the senior officers responsible? No: that would be destructive criticism and recrimination. Instead, you say 'the past is past', surrender the future, and call it Glory.

This is idiotic, and as a method, applied to the affairs of a great nation, it palls.

... I was *terrified* of war, because first of our son and secondly of every other mother's son. I believed Chamberlain and his party were doing all they could to prevent war - infuriatingly stupid of me and mentally lazy too, but few people had your opportunities of knowing and plenty of dope was given to us, *but* I swallowed the dope because I wanted to. I know that now. I would not face up to the sin and folly of 'appeasement'. I hoped and hoped and hoped it would work and at the Munich time I honestly believed that Chamberlain's effort was wonderful. I still think you are not fair to him. I said, thank God for Chamberlain. Lots of mothers and wives and sweethearts did.

From an officer's wife in India.

The most staggering proof of human gullibility I know is the fact that the declining British birth rate, which was an ominous feature of the inter-war years, rose after Munich. It shows at least that the roots of decline lie in spiritual things, not in a small purse, and that only new hope, not cash inducements, can bring revival. People who seek the future after this war should bear that pathetic example of credulity in mind. It should cause them to study public affairs more closely, to watch, instead of indiscriminately idolizing, the politicians of the moment, and to remember that the things they are told are usually untrue.

Anyhow, having said all that when everyone was applauding, now that he is dead, a brokenhearted and discredited man, when it would be so easy to heap blame on him I know I was an insignificant one of the millions who made it possible for him to carry on his appeasement policy, and I shoulder the blame with him and say 'Please, no recriminations'. Churchill and Co. said 'no recriminations' a little bit because the old school tie code says 'Don't kick a man when he is down'. But I add, please tell us what we can do *afterwards*. I am sure there will be an afterwards of construction in Britain, though things are looking black enough out here and some of us may never see England again....

From the same letter.

The writer of this letter wishes to say 'the past is past' without surrendering the future. It cannot be done. I do not know the state of Mr. Chamberlain's heart when he died. Discredited he was with me,

long before that, and I said so as vehemently as I could, knowing that the most constructive thing he could do for England would be, to resign. But in what sense was he 'discredited' otherwise? He was high in the government, and would be to-day if he lived. He kicked Czechoslovakia and England's honour down; but he was *up*. He benefited under the old school tie code, which is, don't kick a man when he's up. His associates are still high up.<sup>[3]</sup>

How is anything to be 'constructed' if the foundations which were rotten are not to be repaired? The same men who smugly said after Munich, that 'the humpty-dumpty Czechoslovakia, once knocked over by Hitler, could not have been set up again even after a victorious peace', now tell us we fight for Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece, Holland, Poland, Belgium and Norway, and promise that all these nations shall be free. A jellyfish might as well hope to grow a spine, as this island to reach a secure future while such standards of loyalty and truth prevail in our public life.

The condition of mind revealed in the letter I have quoted is our most dangerous enemy. Wishing will *not* make it so; thinking might, but such people refuse to think. They ask for 'something constructive', but really mean: Tell us that all will be well if we jog along in the old rut. It will not.

Yet these people love England, and want what we all want: a better England and an enduring peace.

You are very scornful of the old and we are old, but we are desperately anxious if and when we win this war that we should put all the energy, brains and goodwill left to us to make no mistake this time about winning the peace, and we know a good many others of like mind, if we could find someone to suggest a constructive policy that might help to make Britain a happier, more comfortable and less ugly place for ordinary men and women to live in.

Who wants more than that? But we cannot have it without making those changes which our past disasters command. To hope that the same men, or their kind, and the same methods will win the peace, is to yield to the delusion which caused the birth rate to rise after Munich. The beginning of 'something constructive' is to perceive that. Otherwise, you start out blindfold into Civvy Street.

Incidentally, I am not 'scornful of the old'. I have always been resolved to grow old one day, and should be foolish to abuse my to-morrow's self from respect for myself of to-day. The oldness I dislike is a habit of mind, something given to men in their cradles in England. They are born old, these people. The damage is done a few weeks after conception, when father says, 'Are you *really*, Joyce? By Jove, I must put him down for Manchester'.

In that moment, another good man is lost, and a few months later another veteran enters the world. Hopelessly handicapped before he was born, he begins that long travail of qualifying for a pension which will take him, by way of a public school, a University, Parliament and the Cabinet, to the implacable oblivion of Westminster Abbey, where he will never be heard of again.

Parental and pre-natal influences will ruin him. As soon as his aged mind begins to work, he will comprehend that, with or without merit, he will always move up because he was put down, for Eton. In the illusion that he is having a grand life, he will be hostile to all who were not put down for Eton because he will fear that they might raise claims for unmoneyed ability. Being taught from the start that his own upward progress could only be retarded if he were to annoy those above him, he will never kick anyone who is up.

Such are the old men of all ages, who led us in the inter-war years, and still hold us in the grip of the machine they have devised, for monopolizing the machinery of government.

To attack age as counted in years, is stupid, for the spirit is a sword which stays bright, if it be tended, no matter how shabby the scabbard becomes. Lloyd George's last great speech, when he demanded the retirement of Chamberlain just before Dunkirk, was made at the age of seventy-seven; Shaw's imaginary conversation between the King, the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury at the time of the abdication, was written at eighty; and both of these reached the highest peaks of ability and intellectual vigour.

True, we grow older as a nation, and should mend this, but an aged state of mind, not one of physical decrepitude, holds us in thrall. It is as prevalent in the young as the elderly. The three words, 'fear of change', best define it, and it is as common in the slums as in the mansions. But in the mansions it is more dangerous, for there the weal or woe of the slums is made.

Consider Richard Hillary, a handsome young man who did not fear death, yet feared 'change'! One of the few to whom so many owe so much, he rode gaily into the Battle of Britain, was badly burned in his aeroplane, as by chance was I in the last war, and has since been killed. One of our best, he wrote a good book about the war (*The Last Enemy*, Macmillan, 1942). A man of wit and valour. A man enlightened enough to make fun of the intellectual standard required of our rulers: he went to the university, he said, determined, without over-exertion, to row himself into the government of the Sudan, that country of blacks ruled by Blues, where his father spent many years.

And yet! What a gulf was fixed between this man and his fellow Englishmen! 'Apart from the scholars', he said, he and his generation at Oxford came from the 'so-called better public schools'. They were held together by 'a somewhat self-conscious satisfaction in their ability to succeed without apparent effort'. (Given the pre-natal entry for Eton, neither ability nor effort are necessary for success.) To 'the scholars' (unless these came from Eton) they scarcely spoke; 'not, I think, from plain snobbishness, but because we found we did not speak the same language'. Through force of circumstances, the scholars had to work hard and were 'conversationally uninteresting - not that, conversationally, Trinity had any great claim to distinction'.

How can a man's conversation prove uninteresting if you do not speak to him? 'The scholars' conversation', adds Hillary, 'might well have been disturbing.' His attitude, and his friends' 'might seem reprehensible and snobbish', but he believed it basically to be 'a suspicion of anything radical - any change, not a matter of class distinction'.

You perceive, gentle reader, what the awful thing was that this brave, good looking and witty young man feared, what he meant by 'anything, radical, any change'. He feared and meant an unmoneyed man at a university! The secret of our decline, which we have yet to arrest, is contained in these words.

Hillary's generation 'knew that war was imminent', and were convinced they had been needlessly led into the crisis 'not by unscrupulous rogues, but worse, by the bungling of a crowd of incompetent old fools'.

Yet the thing they feared more than death was 'any change' in the exclusive order which made such bungling not so much possible as inevitable! Then what do the survivors think to-day, when the same 'crowd' rules? Is dislike of 'the scholars' still their overriding obsession? Are they still too suspicious of anything radical, any change, to save the peace? The 'crowd of incompetent old fools' were but the men who, a few years before their own time, similarly rowed their way into the seats of the mighty from the same colleges, who also did not speak to 'the scholars' because they feared 'anything radical, any change'. Is this war radical enough for them? Would the collapse of the Empire or the conquest of this island seem radical to them?

'Mr. H. G. Wells', wrote Mr. Winston Churchill once, was born in humble circumstances into an island community where great statesmen had broken down the barriers of privilege and caste, and where wise laws enforced by vigorous Parliaments kept open the paths that offered careers to talent.'

A strange statement! How many of the 'open paths that offer careers to talent' led men with talent, but without money and the public school and university qualifications, to office in Conservative governments between the two wars? The fingers of one hand would be enough to count them. How many such sit in Mr. Churchill's own government (apart from the Socialist hostages)?

Short of a governmental ban, which exposes you to that same ridicule which you invite the world to bestow on Hitler, you cannot keep down great writers, great artists and great composers. These are careers for which talent equips, which money will not buy, into which public schools and universities cannot force you. Men born to money seldom excel in these callings, and I think this is the reason for the English detestation of artists. True, suppression *has* been tried, by some of those wise governments: Mr. Churchill was banned in his day, a government veto was put on the 'broadcasting of a dinner given to Shaw on his seventieth birthday, and for many years the Lord Chamberlain suppressed one of our greatest playwright's plays, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, in the London which now flocks to see rape on the stage. However, only imprisonment or hanging can prevent a pauper, with pen and paper, from writing his thoughts, and Mr. Churchill probably accorded too much praise to 'wise statesmen and vigorous Parliaments' when he suggested that, but for these, Mr. Wells's novels would not have been successful.

'Something constructive!' How difficult to offer anything constructive to minds so solidly cast in this mould, to minds which wish a building to be made secure while perpetuating the defects which made it collapse.

I do want to ask you if your next book could be constructive for a change. Can't you, with your enormous knowledge of the world and of the men and women in it, suggest how we may build up all our tomorrows on a happier and a better scale. I have read your last book with the greatest interest and with piercing amazement that such a state of things can exist - but it leaves you shattered, disillusioned, despondent. Is everything rotten? Surely there must be some good thing somewhere, some sound cornerstone on which we can start to build again?

From a woman of Tadworth.

For any ejaculation's sake, gentle reader, forget this interjection, 'something constructive!', before we start out in search of 1953 and 1963, unless you really wish to construct something. No button exists that you may press to ensure great riches, a pleasant surprise, and a meeting with a dark man. No magic will secure your future without any exertion on your part. If a book can help, this one shall. Reject what I suggest, if you will ('I don't think it would work' is being much used, Sir or Madam), but please do not listen to what I propose and then say 'why don't you propose something?'

For I have made all the constructive suggestions in their day. The two constructive suggestions, when I first wrote, were that we should avert this war by a military alliance with Russia and the most urgent and most substantial increase in our armaments. Either would have sufficed. *Both* were the official policy of His Majesty's Government, repeatedly proclaimed by its leaders from the front of the stage; *both* were opposed and thwarted behind the scenes. That is the darkest mystery of our times and the greatest danger to our future.

The many suggestions in this book all merge into that greater and paramount theme: *the need to find a way to prevent future governments, secure in a great majority obtained by promising the people one thing at an election, from doing another after the electors' vote has been given.*

The words in italics contain the riddle of our past and the key to our future. I beg you, gentle reader, to study them; they are few and simple and both our to-morrows depend on your understanding them.

After the last war, which left the graves of our dead 'girdling the world', to quote King George V, an Imperial War Graves Commission was set up. Its latest Report contains an eloquent sentence:

Reports have been received of family or private graves where the first burial was the father killed in the last war and the second burial a son killed in the present war.

I suppose the same thought will leap to everybody's mind who reads this, that came to mine: who will occupy the third place in that grave?

On this, our companionable journey down the years to come, we may meet, at 1960 Corner or thereabouts, the grandson of that father, the son of that son. I hope we may find him in good heart, and going cheerfully towards a secure future; I do not mean secure in the sense of so much a week or even of eternal peace, but of release from disillusionment, cynicism and trust betrayed, of faith in his time, his country and his leaders. I hope we may find that he has recovered the belief in honour, humanity, the dignity of man and the high motives of his native land which were taken from his father and grandfather, and that we may have helped to that.

I was born in a Liverpool slum and spent six years in Canada. Age thirty, married, factory hand in Civvy Street, and the possessor of a burning desire to help improve conditions as I know them. I have followed fairly closely the situation that you describe and have a maddening feeling of impotence when realizing how little so many of us were interested in the powers that were shaping the things to come. I believe enthusiasm would not be lacking if enough people could be led to realize the greatness that could be Britain. I know of many who would gladly do all in their power to make or help make Britain really great, in the truest sense. The spirit of adventure is not dead among the English. Dormant it may be, but a lead in the right direction would resurrect the spirit of the pioneer.

From an R.A.F. aircraftman in India.

So, gentle and indeed beloved reader, unknown friend in many lands, sender of good wishes and tokens and gifts from near and far, sharer of the deep feeling for this country and its kindred countries overseas which caused these books to be written, here is 'something constructive'. The blackout still holds us in its thrall, and not the physical blackout of this war, but the spiritual blackout from which our leaders, who might be possessed of demons, will not release us. Here is an attempt to throw a light into the future of

This strange conglomeration of imbecility, genius, futility, achievement, paganism, Christianity, beauty and hideousness known as England. England! The very word is a poem, but how sadly and badly the metre has gone wrong and how truly the poets can rewrite it if only they wake up and apply their eyes, brains and hearts to organize success.

From a woman of Reading.

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# PART TWO

## FREEDOM LOST

## Chapter One

### GOD'S ENGLISHMAN

*(to Adam Wakenshaw)*

What sort of people have we become in 1943, as we prepare again to return to Civvy Street? 'This happy breed', Shakespeare called us, in his inspired and enraptured panegyric about 'This precious stone set in the silver sea, which serves it in the office of a wall, or as a mote defensive to a house, against the envy of less happier lands'. The events of 1940, when we waited in baffled surprise for the invasion which never came, show how precisely he told the truth even in his most lyrical moments.

Because of his accurate portraiture, he must have been right, when he wrote that we were a happy breed. I think this was a happy land, when the lads and lassies danced round the maypole or gaily brought the harvest home, when the countryside was common to all and water pageants enlivened the Thames.

The words do not fit to-day. Staunch, dour, dogged, suffering much and complaining little if you like, but 'a happy breed' we are not. The machines destroyed much of the beauty of our country and our way of life, and we have not yet found the means to revive it in spite of the machines: to make the motor-tractor and the garage and the factory as much part of a pleasant English symphony as were the plough, the barn and the mill. That is the goal we should set out to reach, in Civvy Street.

We shared with the French the brunt of the first world war, and have borne ourselves the brunt of the second. Some fathers and sons already share one grave. The avid picture papers, those chattering parakeets in our dark jungle, show us other fathers, who survived that war, and their sons, serving together in this one. 'Fighting for freedom', we become daily more enchained by the bans and taboos which men who sit at desks devise because this 'work of national importance' is the industry by which they live, and they know no other way but this to feed their self importance, multiply their subordinates, puff out their authority, increase the paper mountain and prolong their sway. We move with dull resentment towards the Servile State, of forty million ciphers regimented by a million Bumbles.

And yet the stock endures. After one hundred and fifty years of relentless misgovernment and two world wars, it is as sound as ever, and this depressing picture could be changed, by the wand of patriotic revival, as quickly as the transformation scene in a pantomime.

With twenty despondent years behind them, their beliefs and ideals shattered by the contradictory words and deeds of a generation of politicians, with no light to guide them but their inherited idea that this island and the empire built by their forefathers should keep together and remain unconquered, these islanders, outarmed, outnumbered, ill-equipped, have fought a fight that should astonish the world when all the figures can be counted and all the stories told.

Backward through Norway, Belgium, France, Greece, Crete, Malaya, Burma and Libya, always backward but never beaten; manning a bleak outpost in Iceland and garrisoning tropical Madagascar; holding the seas; smashing down the enemy in the air; it is a fantastic story, for these islanders are not very many and they have borne the brunt.

Within a few months of Dunkirk, while our island still slowly repaired its defencelessness, the armies of General Wavell in Libya, and of General Platt and General Cunningham in East Africa, fighting always against vastly greater numbers, smashed the Italian empire and captured some 350,000 men. The decision to reinforce our armies out there, while this island was in such plight, appears staggering



in retrospect. (Writing in an earlier book I gave too large a share, as good friends from the desert told me, to the Imperial troops, in those astonishing victories. When our own men return they will find that, since the Ministry of Information was set up, our information is meagre. Only long afterwards were the excellent official accounts published which showed the part played by men from this island.)<sup>[4]</sup>

They are tough, these islanders. Not even the age of prosperity, the last century, which has so defaced and disfigured our land and warped our physique, has broken them. I remember them in the last war, in my own platoon - miners, bow-legged and squat from their labour, undersized, scarred by the coal-chips, dour and bitter in their slavery to 'old King Coal, men whose forefathers were driven by theft from the good land they tilled and the good air they breathed. Their spirit should have been broken. They were unbreakable - and they were volunteers.

To-day again the spirit of these men 'wrests prodigies of valour from the wronged flesh', as C. E. Montague wrote, who with relentless eyes described them: battalions of colourless, stunted, half-toothed lads from hot, humid Lancashire mills; battalions of slow, staring faces, gargoyles out of the tragical-comical-historical-pastoral edifice of modern English rural life.

Between the wars even worse things were done to these men, so that the travelled Englishman was shocked by their appearance when he came home. The young Germans were physically far better: these were the 'starving German babies' of which we heard in 1919 (and shall hear again in coming years). The babies which really starved, from malnutrition of the mind, were the English babies; of them, a writer in *The Times* just before this war, who took the then fashionable view that much was admirable in 'The Things' which we now ostensibly fight against, said: 'The contrast in physique between Englishmen and Germans between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five is amazingly in Germany's favour.'

Of these British heirs of the years 1919-39 (the pitfalls of which we now strive constructively to avoid as we go through the Civvy Street of to-morrow) William Shirer wrote: 'These prisoners were a sad sight. What impressed me most about them was their poor physique.'

Or go back to 1912, when an American, Price Collier, said in *England and the English* (a most sympathetic book about this country): 'Look at the people who swarm the streets to see the Lord Mayor's show and where will you see a more pitiable sight? The beef-eating, port-drinking fellows in Piccadilly, exercised, scrubbed, groomed, they are well enough to be sure; but this other side of the shield is distressing to look at. Poor, stunted, bad-complexioned, shabbily dressed, ill-featured, are these pork-eating, gin-drinking denizens of the East End. Crowds I have seen in America, in Mexico, and in most of the great cities of Europe; of India and China I know nothing. Nowhere is there such squalor, such pinching poverty, so many undersized, so many plainly and revoltingly diseased, so much human rottenness as here. This is what the climate, the food and the drink, and man's rule of the weaker to the wall, accomplish for the weak. It is one of England's ugly problems and deserves a chapter to itself.'

I could long continue with such quotations. They present a true picture, though long training for battle in this war has made an improvement in physique. These conditions were the result of bad housing, bad feeding, bad education in matters of health, and lack of opportunity for fresh air and physical exercise.

Could anything be more constructive than the resolve, at the beginning of Civvy Street, to alter this? It is unworthy of us. We stand, at this moment, on a high peak in our history. Our reputation in the world was never so great. The prodigies these men have wrested from the wronged flesh have wiped from the minds of mankind the memory of Munich and everything that went before.

Once more mankind looks to us as their hope in years to come, their only hope for a free life. French peasant women run to open the doors and let the light stream out, when they hear the R.A.F. (I remember looking down from my aeroplane on November 10th, 1918 and seeing the Belgians wave long-hidden flags to us.)

The Serbs would not fight in their mountains, but for us. The Greeks, who with hatred in their hearts watch the Germans and Italians strutting about Athens, put their hope in us. The Hollanders rejoice when a British bomb destroys their factories. The Norwegians exult when a British aeroplane attacks Gestapo headquarters in Oslo. South American Republics loosen their relations with Germany and Italy because of us. Germany's satellites, Hungary, Roumania, and Bulgaria, grope towards the safety-exit - renewed communications with us. 'England', they tell themselves, 'will listen when we say, we could not help it, Germany made us fight.'

Never was such opportunity ours. Fresh from Germany, Howard K. Smith, in *Last Train from Berlin* (Cresset Press, 1942), says: 'It is true to say that England has never been more popular on the European continent than she is to-day.'

Five years ago, at the time of Munich, it would have been true to say that England was never more unpopular. The change has been brought about, not by the politicians but by the fighting man from this island - the man, or his son, who after the last war was turned into the street when magnates closed the shipyards to eliminate competition, the man whom absentee mineowners threw out of the mines, the man who was paid thirty shillings a week for labouring from dawn to dusk on the land, the officer who was axed, the ex-officer who was forced to peddle vacuum cleaners.

Is the opportunity they have won to be wasted again? At home, in this island, everything points to this. It is 'constructive' to demand that this should not happen and to propose how it can be prevented from happening.

In *Retreat in the East* (Harrap, 1942), O.D. Gallagher says: 'I would like to say now, talking as a South African, that in the eleven theatres of war where I have worked as a reporter in the past seven years I have seen no troops show such courage of various types as the troops from Great Britain. Whether it was fighting a hopeless offensive against impossible odds of men or material; whether it was fighting a disheartening, long delaying action without prospect of a single victory; whether it was in the mad heroism of a smashing attack to force a victory; whether it was courage in private matters, not allowing themselves to be worn down by nagging anxiety about wives or sweethearts left to their own devices at home thousands of miles away - whatever courage the war called for, these men found it within themselves. Courage is their birthright. The rather uninspiring man in drab clothes who filled the cities of Great Britain, who breathed air contaminated by industry, who nervously said, 'O I beg your pardon!' if he accidentally brushed against you in a crowd, is not the man he was. He is a tough guy now ... see the square-jawed men of the Commandos, the sunburned men of the desert, the confident men of the air forces, and the men of the sea. They are the men of Britain reborn ... their day comes!'

A tribute true in every word save the last ten. Their homeland has *not* been reborn. The contrast between their fighting achievement in foreign fields and the spiritual anarchy in this island remains as incongruous as it was in the last war. At home, the spirit is still that of 1919-39. No single thing has changed, and Mr. Churchill, like all his predecessors, has denied the need for change by saying 'the past is past'. Their day will *not* come unless they claim their heritage and fight a battle in England for it when they return.

The shabby body they inherited, the tortured flesh, has improved through service. They can see to it that their children are not thrust back into that poor flesh-and-blood tenement which shocked visitors to this island.

The men who bore the brunt, and who will return, are their own worst enemies. For the healthier flesh is still inhabited by the downcast spirit bred in the inter-war years. The antics of our statesmen in those years, the repeated breach of promises made to our own people, have left these men bewildered and loath to think or talk about 'politics' - a word which only means the nation's housekeeping, their own welfare, and their children's future. The two new forms of adult education which the last quarter-century has brought, and which none escape, though all should now train themselves to resist them, greatly helped to produce this spiritual ailment. If *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire* should yet come to be written, broadcasting and the films would deserve a long chapter in the story of the blame. These two have become instruments of mal-education and may do much to make the returning men yield themselves slavishly to another twenty years of delusion ending in a new war. Their reform, their liberation from alien and meretricious influences should be a first objective of the battle in England.

This low state of mental health is a great menace to us in the coming journey through Civvy Street. If these men cannot nerve themselves to try and understand *why* the events of 1919-39 came about, they will surrender their own future, degrade themselves into voting-donkeys to be duped by the dangling of any carrot at election time, and plant the seeds of the war after this.

The women of England could do much to rouse their men, when they return to Civvy Street, from the obscene apathy of the inter-war years and from the passion for being gulled which caused them to put on a performance of *Idiot's Delight* at the time of Munich and even to produce more babies.

A war correspondent, Philip Jordan, writing from Tunisia about the British infantryman, said: 'He is the greatest soldier in the world. In this war I have seen, among others, British, German, Russian, American, French and Japanese at war, and I have not the slightest doubt who is the best ... the British soldier is the best, and best of all is the often forgotten infantryman ... a lot of them are stupid men because of the environment in which they have been brought up, and their vocabulary must be the most limited in the world ... they are men on whom the waves of twenty years of political unrest have broken and who, even though their average standard of intelligence is a disgrace to the rich country which underfed and now conscribes them, know more than their fathers did and have the same innate shrewdness ... the modern soldier is a citizen, not always perhaps a very bright one'.

All who have moved among our troops know the truth of this. The cult, or habit of ignorance is discreditable to men who fight so well, and will make them, when they return to Civvy Street, fair game and sitting shots for the unscrupulous, unless they can be moved to attempt the greatest adventure of all - the adventure of thinking, learning and understanding a little about their own affairs.

I do not like the nationalization of the deity and am usually repelled by talk about 'God's Englishman'; Germans speak of 'God's German', in Liberia people probably talk about God's Liberians, and we are all supposedly God's chillun anyway, Eskimos, Hottentots, and all, whether we wear shoes or not.

But at the threshold of the future, let us give the name, for once, to an Englishman, Adam Wakenshaw. A good name and a good man. Take him as typical of the man England produced in these last twenty years, the man whose spirit even that England could not kill.

After that last war, when the land for heroes was receiving its returning sons, Adam Wakenshaw ran about in Newcastle and sold newspapers. He wore no shoes, because he owned none. Later he became a miner, and when he was at work, lived with his wife and child just round Starvation Corner. When he was out of work, since he would neither draw the dole nor get into debt, he hawked things about the streets. When this war came he was called up, sent to Libya and, when his arm was blown off, continued to fire his gun at the enemy until he died. For this he was awarded the Victoria Cross. When the Lord Mayor of Newcastle went to inform his widow, she was out, being gone to the Town Hall to ask help of the authorities in obtaining shoes for her seven-year-old son.

The perfect short story! Like father, like son; England, from war to war! It even has a sequel. When the officers of Wakenshaw's regiment announced that they would supply coupons and cash for some shoes, an official, that is, a man sitting in an office, announced that this would be An Offence.

About 1955, we shall meet this boy in Civvy Street. He will be about twenty. I hope we shall find that he has always worn shoes, because they are necessary, in town life; that he has something in his head and never lacked something in his stomach; and that he enjoys, not so much 'security', but the feeling that his country likes him and that if he works hard he can get ahead.

God's Englishman! He is no picture-book hero, and unhappily he is better when he is told what to do than when he is left to himself, that is why he is good in war, ineffective in peace. He is the exact opposite of the independent-minded Englishman of legend.

He has now a better chance than ever before, to make his own country, that sorely misused and misled land, worthy of the things he has done for it and of the almost divine renown he has won for it again in the eyes of all other Europeans. If he relapses into indifference when he sets foot in Civvy Street and we sink back to the depths we touched between 1919 and 1939, we shall not rise again.

He can prevent that by becoming as good and combative a citizen as he is a warrior.

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## Chapter Two

### WHERE ENGLAND STOOD

One glorious afternoon in October 1940 - what a golden summer and autumn that year brought, and what a waste! - I drove out of London to rid myself for an hour of the feeling of fear and taut expectation which lay over the city, as if vultures wheeled between a clear sky and a friendly sun and ourselves.

This was at the height of the London *Blitz*, a word which the Londoners borrowed from the Germans to describe the air assault. They were apter than they knew. Indeed, they were as wrong as they habitually are in the use of foreign phrases or the description of foreign things, for they took it from *Blitzkrieg*, and this term, which means war conducted with the speed of lightning, was only apt until Dunkirk. By the autumn of 1940 the war was clearly not to be a *Blitzkrieg*, and the Germans, ruefully realizing this, were already coining a mouth-to-ear jest to mock their leaders: '*Es kommen sieben Jahre Blitzkrieg*', or 'We are going to have seven years of lightning war'. But as the word *Blitz* by itself denotes not only rapidity, but also something stabbing and striking from the sky, the Londoners chose the perfect name for their ordeal. 'The Blitz' cannot be bettered.

The great city was partly depopulated, so many people were gone. The theatres were closed, and the restaurants that remained open were half-empty at night. By day, the sirens sent flocks of frightened people running in all directions. I shall not forget the afternoon when I walked through Hyde Park and an infernal din of guns and bombs suddenly shattered the air, and, before me, a man huddling a child to his breast dashed madly across the road to take shelter beneath - a tree! Overhead, twenty-two German bombers passed, slowly, low and in formation, and the barking guns rabidly strained to reach them like a pack in full cry after a fox, but they flew on, not one within my vision was hit.

London still struggled vainly to cope with the destruction. The débris lay about for days, the streets were shut where unexploded bombs lurked. The blessed change which the spring would bring, was impossible to foresee; only increasing desolation lay ahead, you felt, and what would London look like in six months more?

And in all minds, unspoken but clear to read on every face, was the thought: as soon as dusk falls, the sirens will sound, and then we shall hear that humming sound, and the first bombs, and the guns, and then the fires will bite into the sky, and the fire-fighters will go by, with their clanging bells, through the empty streets - we must get home before it starts! So; in the afternoon, the trek would begin, the great queues would form at the bus-stops, and others at the underground stations, and soon London would be empty as the grave. Life would stop and death would take its place.

The sun shone on my native city, which thus waited for its nightly ordeal, as I drove through St. John's Wood and Golders Green and Tally-ho Corner, and Barnet, which I remembered as a place still rural, whither I went bicycling in my boyhood, to spend rapturous hours at the ancient Horse Fair. I found again that London has no end. No matter how far I went, I thought, I would only come to more houses and more shops.

Then I reached a place where the road ran between two old inns. One faced towards London, and by it I left my car. Then I walked across the road to the other. It turned its back on London, and on the further side was a little courtyard, with a great oak tree to shade it, and below that a rough bench, where the gaffers, once upon a time, would sit, with their mugs of beer, and talk, their day's work done.

None stirred. One moment, I was among the millions, the next, I was alone in the world. I sat on the bench and looked in astonishment at the scene before me. London was cut off as by a knife. Here, some super-human power might have intervened to say, 'Hold, enough: London shall go no further'. The green land fell away in quiet meadows and woods heavy in the heat, to a hazy and shimmering horizon, many miles distant. Not a bungalow, not a chimney; only, among the dark curves of a far-off copse, the hard cone of a steeple, a landmark which the men from these parts, through the centuries, took with them in their mind's eye when they marched away to follow Marlborough, or to fight Napoleon, or to be shipped, peasants driven from their acres, to Australia, or to seek freedom in Canada, or to trudge through the morass of Passchendaele. Clattering into the silence, like coins into a plate, came the immemorial sounds of the countryside: a hen clucked, a rook cawed, a dog barked.

Perfect peace. The contrast between what lay behind my back and what lay before me cut so sharply into the imagination that it hurt. I felt like a man who sat on the edge of one world and looked into another. This could not be real: it was a vision. I would have liked to get up and walk into that vision and keep on walking and never turn back.

The warmth of the old bench seeped into my legs, the gnats danced beneath the oak, and the film that town life draws over human eyes cleared from none as they refreshed themselves in that lovely scene. Here was a little fragment of the lost poem, England, not spoiled by man, not reached by war. During a century and a half, these fragments have become fewer and fewer, and further between. Sitting by the inn, for an hour, sunk in warmth and beauty and quiet and thought, I tried to reconstruct the poem from its fragments, to recapture the metre and the lilt....

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A nostalgic longing for a past that you did not know, an unreasoning belief that it was better than the present, is stupid. As men grow older, they think the old times were good because they were younger then. But a careful examination of those times, and a reasoned conclusion that much *was* better then, is different.

That much was better in England, we prove by our books and advertisements and calendars. If we wish to show a foreigner what we understand by the word England, which stirs something deep within us, we seldom show him anything that England has produced since 1800 - unless it is a battleship, a tank, or an aeroplane. We take him back to what remains of 'unspoiled England' - to the old cathedrals and village churches, the manors and oast houses, the views which have not been ruined, and even (save for a few masterpieces about the genteel villadom which grew up during the last century) to the old poets and painters. We do not show him a factory, coalmine, derelict area, slum, a litter of inter-war Council homes, or a multi-storeyed apartment house. We built better then, before we somehow went wrong. England was merrier, and the breed happier.

Where *was* that wrong turning? Among many causes which combined around 1800, to produce the things we see to-day, the greatest was the Enclosure of England, which altered our whole way of life for the worse, depopulated our countryside, bred our overcrowded cities, and changed a race of people, rooted in the land, to one of narrow-visioned townsmen who have lost their native lore.

To-day, few people know what the word 'Enclosure' even signifies, though the thing it means has warped the life and fortunes of their land. The well-disciplined school-books tell them little. They are unconscious of something which affects every moment of their being.

I did not realize it until I began to travel. Then, when I returned from abroad, I was baffled by the hedged-aboutness of England. I saw nothing like it elsewhere. Each time I came back, it puzzled me more.

I could not tread my native heath, or go anywhere save by road - unless I travelled long distances to some spot yet free, like the New Forest or Dartmoor. In other countries I could strike out whither I would, right or left, when I left the town behind me. Here, barbed wire, railings, fences, hedges, walls, and trespassers-will-be-prosecuted boards met me at every turn. I lived, once, deep in the countryside, and for miles around was no field or wood which I might enter. On all sides was derelict land, but it was guarded as if it were Eden itself; I might not use it.

'Freedom' is a jewel of many facets, and an important facet, though not the greatest of all, is a man's freedom to roam and know his own country. That the road is so often called 'the open road' in England, is something of deep meaning. Only because all else is shut, do we need to lay stress on the openness of the road. In this matter, England is the least free country I know.

This is the fruit of Enclosure. That anything so monstrous could be done to a country, at the very time when enlightenment and the lowering of barriers were in the universal air, with so little resistance then and so little realization of it now, is bewildering. Tennyson was out of date, or dealt in-dreams, when he wrote, about 1850, of 'the land that freemen till, the land that sober-suited freedom chose', for freemen no longer tilled it then. They were driven from it, by Parliament-sanctioned pillage, and those who protested were often sent to Australia as convicts!

The rich men who did this hardly foresaw that factories would rise like mushrooms from the earth, during the century that lay ahead, or that these would rapaciously demand hordes of despondent men, uprooted from their native acres, to toil in them. They acted only from immediate greed.

Yet they could not, had they known, by any one other stroke have done so much to produce that unhappy throng, crowding towards the towns, the coalmines and the areas subsequently to become derelict. They made the man of the tortured flesh and retarded mind, who nevertheless has given back to England, if England will but grasp and keep it, the leadership of the world in 1943; the man who soon will come back to the native land he may not own, unless he be rich, or till, save as a tenant.

The same kind of people govern us now that governed us then. Their own governing motive is 'deep suspicion of anything radical, any change'. Yet they brought about the most radical change in our history and the most disastrous in its effects; the face of England bears the scars, the breed the wound.

The pretext, 150 years ago, was that Enclosure would redeem the English countryside from decay. The result, in 1939, was described by a British Minister of Agriculture. During a 200-mile tour of derelict farms, which left him 'amazed' (for, although his job was to know about the land, he did not know 'that such a thing could happen in England to-day'), he saw hundreds of acres of one-time fat meadows and well filled barley fields choked with nettles and thorn bushes; he was told of fifteen thousand derelict acres in Suffolk alone; he saw the site of 'a pleasant seven-bedroom mansion, where the owner once lived, but which has now disappeared, nobody quite knows how or where. People have taken it away piecemeal in motor cars, hand carts and perambulators'. On the other hand, he saw, during that tour, many more thousands of enwalled acres, empty parklands, reserved for the use of owners often absent and seldom active, where once were busy cottagers and thriving smallholders.

To-day people become a little interested in their country and eager to know what has happened to it. They should study the story of Enclosure. When the whole trend of Europe and of the young American Republic was to liberate the masses of mankind from serfdom, when this universal impulse even brought about Revolution in France, a revolution in the opposite direction was accomplished in this country with the connivance of Parliament. It did not greatly stir the surface of the times, and has left hardly a ripple on the conscious mind of Britain!

At the very moment when enlightenment was dawning, this kind of argument was used to support the theft of the land: 'The use of common land by labourers operates upon the mind as a sort of

independence ... when the commons are enclosed, the labourers will work every day in the year, their children will be put out to work early, and that subordination of the lower ranks, of society which in the present times is so much wanted, would be thereby considerably secured.'

More than half the cultivated land of England, before Enclosure, was farmed on the common-field system, and the landless farm labourer was hardly known in the villages of England. Compare what these men, whose land was to be taken from them, themselves thought about it, and the picture they painted of the future, with the arguments advanced in excuse of it and with the actual results:

The Petitioners beg leave to represent to the House of Commons that a more ruinous Effect of this Inclosure will be the almost total Depopulation of their Town, now filled with bold and hardy Husbandmen, from among whom, and the Inhabitants of other open Parishes, the Nation has hitherto derived its greatest Strength and Glory, in the Supply of its Fleets and Armies, and driving them, from Necessity and Want of Employ, in vast crowds, into manufacturing Towns, where the very Nature of their Employment, over the Loom or the Forge, soon may waste their Strength, and consequently debilitate that great Principle of Obedience to the Laws of God and their Country, which forms the Character of the simple and artless Villagers, more equally distributed through the Open Countries, and on which so much depends the good Order and Government of this State.

From a petition against enclosure by the inhabitants  
of a Northamptonshire village, 1797.

A gruesome glimpse of the century and a half that lay ahead!

About a fifth of the total acreage of England was enclosed between 1760 and 1840, and the old village community of freemen (freeholders, tenant farmers, cottagers and squatters) all sharing rights to common land, which went back to our earliest history in this island and which neither Romans nor Normans destroyed, was broken up. Until that time, any man might hope, by his own labour, to acquire property and rise in his village. From that time, we inherit the most unhappy of beings, the landless farm labourer.

What *was* Enclosure? Often it was simply a petition to Parliament bearing the signature of one big landowner for authority to put a fence round some piece of land until then shared by all. For long, he was not obliged even to inform his neighbours of their impending eviction!

Thus was Westcote in Buckinghamshire, enclosed in 1765 on petition of the most noble George, Duke of Marlborough; Waltham, Croxton and Braunston, in all five thousand six hundred acres, in Leicestershire, by the Duke of Rutland and the local parson in 1766; and hundreds more. The smallholder's only hope of succour was to reach and move the heart of a Parliament packed with great landowners and as distant from and daunting to himself as the Court of the Last Judgment.

In Parliament these petitions were laid before Committees of Members from the districts where Enclosure was proposed - the cronies of the petitioner! Often, petitions affecting the enclosure of thousands of acres, and the fate of hundreds of freemen, were rushed through in a week or two. Parliament passed an Act giving the Duke of Leeds power to work mines and get minerals, from the land thus to be confiscated; how ignoble, in view of that beginning, was the indignant debate in the House of Lords in May 1938, when the proposal was made to reconvey to public ownership the coal that lies beneath our once fair countryside. In that debate, a noble Marquess, complaining of 'disadvantages in the democratic principle, one of which is apparent now', fervently upheld 'the sanctity of private property'!



'Sanctity', the dictionary says, means 'purity, inviolability, holiness, sacredness, solemnity.'

Thus did dukes and squires put fences round commons or waste land, a vast expanse containing villages and cottages and land formerly shared by all. What remains of the English village of old shows that it was the flourishing home of a thriving and hopeful community. When the land was enclosed, 'consent' was only needed from proprietors! The cottagers and squatters who did not *own*, but yet *enjoyed* freemen's rights to the land from days before the Druids, were overridden roughshod and evicted.

Indeed, this was, a hundred years before its time, the Soviet system of confiscation, used by big landowners (instead of officials calling themselves 'the State') against the 'freemen who tilled the soil'.

It was not infrequent to decide upon the merits of a Bill which would affect the property and interests of persons inhabiting a district of several miles in extent, in less time than it takes me to determine upon the propriety of issuing an order for a few pounds by which no man's property could be injured.

Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of England, in 1781.

The manner in which a large part of England was taken from the many and enclosed by the few was simple and is staggering to look back on. Recent history contains nothing to compare with it. A petition was 'accepted'; that is, the petitioner's friends in Parliament passed it for him. Then, Commissioners, who were appointed by the Enclosers even before they presented their petition to Parliament and were often the lord of the manor's own bailiffs, arrived to put a fence round that 'certain proportion of the land which has been assigned to the lord of the manor in virtue of his rights and the owner of the tithes'. The power of the Commissioners was absolute. This happened in the England in which Pitt was Prime Minister, who declared 'it is the boast of the law of England that it affords equal security and protection to the high and low, the rich and poor'.

Thus were men who, like their forefathers, for a thousand years, enjoyed the right to till and use the land, driven overnight from it by Act of Parliament. Very rarely, and then usually by chance, a Member tried to check the worst abuses. For instance, Sir William Meredith in 1772 proposed that the assent of a Committee of the whole House should be made necessary before a clause was put in any Bill to make 'an offence' punishable by death: he accidentally overheard the lord of the manor and his friends, in a Committee room of the House, unanimously agree to insert in the Bill, which would make law of their own pet petition, a clause making opposition to it a capital offence!

The real motive behind the Enclosure Acts (as distinct from the professed ones of patriotic concern for the future of English agriculture and the welfare of the countryfolk) is vividly revealed in the *Carlisle Papers*.

This publication contains the letters of one George Selwyn, M.P. He was Chairman of the House of Commons Committee which considered, and reported in favour of a petition for the Enclosure of King's Sedgmoor, in Somerset, in 1775. This land, said the selfless petitioners, was of little value in its then state, but could be greatly improved by enclosure and drainage. A Bill was accordingly prepared by a Mr. St. John, brother to that Lord Bolingbroke who coveted the land in question, and it was approved by the Committee of which Mr. Selwyn was chairman.

The truth of the transaction is exposed in Selwyn's public letter to Carlisle: 'Bully has a scheme of enclosure which, if it succeeds, I am told will free him from all his difficulties ... I cannot help wishing to see him once more on his legs.' And again: 'Stavordale is also deeply engaged in this Sedgmoor bill, and it is supposed that he or Lord Ilchester, which you please, will get two thousand pounds a year by

it. He will get more, or save more at least, by going away and leaving the moor in my hands, for he told me himself the other night that this last trip to town has cost him four thousand pounds.'

Faro was played for high stakes in those days. The letter shows clearly that Selwyn was as little interested in the salvation of Sedgmoor by drainage, as he was in ploughing up the moon. He meant to help his friends, who would help him if he needed help, or were in debt to other friends; for Bully was in financial trouble and Stavordale owed money to Fox, who owed money to Carlisle.

Thus were the common lands of England shared out round the gaming tables of Piccadilly and St. James's. Thus were the high walls and tall fences built, which meet the wayfarer's eye when he leaves the English village in search of the English countryside to-day. The Parliament was one of landlords; its permanent officials pocketed about £120,000 in fees in fourteen years for assisting the Enclosure Bills through; where, at Westminster, was the English freeman to find a friendly care 'The sacred rights of property' counted for nothing when the property was the poor man's mite. Said the despoiled English countryman: 'Parliament may be tender of property; all I know is, I had a cow and an Act of Parliament has taken it from me.'

The 'freeman who tilled the soil', the man who inherited from immemorial times the right, if he could buy, build or rent a cottage, to enjoy the use of commonly-held land, the small farmer, cottager and squatter with a title, unwritten but rooted in antiquity, to a share in his native soil: all these were left the choice between becoming hired farm labourers, seeking work in the towns, or emigrating.

Go to an alehouse kitchen of an old enclosed country, and there you will see the origin of poverty and poor rates. For whom are they to be sober? For whom are they to save? For the parish? If I am diligent, shall I have leave to build a cottage? If I am sober, shall I have land for a COW? if I am frugal, shall I have half an acre for potatoes? You offer no motives; you have nothing but a parish officer and a workhouse! Bring me another pot!<sup>[5]</sup>

To-day, we hear that State does 'will destroy the spirit of adventure'. It was destroyed then, when 'cottages were pulled down as if by an invader's hand, and families that had lived for centuries on the land were driven out. Ancient possessions and ancient families were swept away'.

But this first consequence was not the worst consequence'. The ultimate result was still more disastrous. Enclosure killed the spirit of a race. The petitions against it which are buried in the *Journals* of the House of Commons are the last voice of village independence. The unknown commoners who braved all threats and sent their vain protests to the House of Commons that obeyed their lords, were the last of the English peasants. Such as they were in Gray's mind when he wrote of 'some village Hampden that with dauntless breast the little tyrant of his fields withstood'.

Thus was merry England killed and joyless England born. How sardonic a jest that the house called 'of Commons' should have destroyed the English commons! And how mocking a paradox that John Yeoman, when he went to fight 'for freedom' against Napoleon, should already have lost the second cornerstone of freedom: the right to enjoy his native land. (Of the first cornerstone we will talk in the next chapter, gentle reader.)

Alone among the men he fought with or against, he was deprived of that. The French and the Germans both have it to this day and are never likely to lose it. (The Germans under Hitler passed an Act making farm-holdings hereditary and inalienable and no future German government, unless it be one under alien influence, is likely to tamper with this.)

Thus John Yeoman was, in this respect, the least free of all the men who fought Napoleon. (In 1854 he was sped to the far Crimea with talk of giving back his commons. 'Commons for Heroes!' When he

returned, no more was heard of that. By the time John Yeoman, clerk, mechanic, unemployed miner, came to fight for freedom in 1914 and 1939, he no longer remembered that he ever was a yeoman, and this kernel of freedom was not even mentioned among 'The Things' he fought for.)

Thus the year after Waterloo saw bread riots and the firing of ricks and barns. The English began to emigrate, and the enclosing squires began, in Parliament, to pass laws against poaching. The common lands became the stupendous game preserve which they now are. About the time John Yeoman was told that he would be enslaved if Napoleon landed in England, Parliament fixed the penalties for poaching at hard labour, flogging, or transportation. In the year following Waterloo, when freedom was made safe for a century, a Bill went through Parliament, without debate, which imposed the maximum penalty of transportation for seven years on any person found unarmed but with a net for poaching in enclosed land; and in some of the subsequent years one in seven of all criminal convictions in England were convictions under these Game Laws!

In my council-school days, in London, I was mistaught that Australia was first colonized by British 'convicts', and consequently regarded the first Australians I met, in France, with awe and respect. So subtle is the poison which still runs in our veins from those times. For what was the crime for which many of those men who were shipped oversea were convicted? That they sought to defend their ancestral right to live, work and eat! By no twisting of the human code did they do wrong. They were of our best.

Because that spirit lives on in their descendants of to-day, these are freer in their being and bearing than we. Because of that inherited passion for freedom, they spring so quickly to our side when we are in danger. They still are freemen of the land; they may go or farm where they will. They think they inherit this from us and love us for it. They do not realize that we have lost something so precious, or that this loss causes the caged, restrained, inhibited manner which the Englishman has come to wear.

Just after Waterloo, thousands of these dispossessed husbandmen were sent to Australia, many of them boys under eighteen, and some of these for life. Who sent them? The enclosing squires, jealous of their pheasants, were also magistrates and sentenced them. Of these benches Lord Brougham said, 'There is not a worse constituted tribunal on the face of the earth, even that of the Turkish Cadi'. Any who used arms in their defence, when attacked by gamekeepers, were hanged.

Ah, that was an England, when, midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo, Romilly carried a Bill through the Commons to abolish the death penalty for the theft of five shillings - and in the House of Lords the Archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops helped to reject it! But no doubt that archbishop was strong on the subject of Sabbath observance. (The Son of Man, should He come to earth again, would often fail to recognize his disciples.)

In 1943 we fight again 'for freedom'. England is a great enclosed park sprinkled with suburbs - for the villages, bereft of their 'bold and hardy husbandmen', have become small samples of the big towns. All the other peoples who fight with us have the thought of their land, their native acres, at the core of their motives, and all will return there. John Yeoman alone will not.

In 1942 an all-wise government admonished us to 'spend our holidays at home', and since we might go hardly anywhere else, the advice was easy to follow. For many people this meant confinement to the kitchen parlour, for if they might not go to Blackpool or Southend, only the street, the pub, or the berailing local park remained. The countryside, even if they could reach it, was closed, save for our dear open road.

The patriotic stop-at-homes, however, were promised as reward, 'ample facilities for out-door recreation'. But that very thing has been lacking since Enclosure. So the Minister of Agriculture 'appealed' to landowners, and particularly to 'owners of mountains and moorlands', to 'permit

reasonable access to their property'. The modest man's life, limb, property and family were at the unrestricted disposal of the Government. Only this humble request could be made to the present-day successors of the squires who enclosed. Whether any Englishman trod a mountain or moor as a result, we may safely doubt.

For fifty years, in this free country, a Bill to gain for the descendants of John Yeoman 'access' to his native mountains was regularly thrown out by Parliament. In 1939 it was suddenly allowed to become law - but in such a form that in practice nothing has been changed; and during the war enclosure and restriction have been carried even further.

The emperors of Austria were also archdukes and counts of so much else that their titles filled a page. The grandees of Spain decked themselves in flowery chains of titles. Oriental potentates call themselves the Son of God, Daughter of the Moon, Lord of this, that and the other. I know no title so grandiloquent and arrogant as, 'Owner of Mountains and Moorlands'.

In this country you may ask an ordinary looking man his calling, and he may reply, 'Oh, I own mountains and moorlands'. And if you then say, 'Sir, what of that humble, forlorn, impoverished and sickly looking fellow over there? Would you permit him briefly to use one of your mountains - not a big one, of course, but one of your smaller and partly worn mountains?' he will answer, 'Not on your life, Sir. I am putting a railing round it'.

When the South Africans may not climb Table Mountain, or the Australians be forbidden to use Sydney Beaches, they may realize how confined we have become since Enclosure. Consider this picture of conditions near two of our greatest cities, from an article on the Access to Mountains Bill by Professor Joad:

A person visiting the Central Station at Manchester on a sunny Sunday morning might well suppose that the city was in fear of invasion, and that an exodus of refugees was in progress. He would be wrong. Looking closely, he would see that all the supposed refugees were reasonably young and vigorous; in fact, they were not refugees at all, but only ramblers escaping from Manchester. From 7.30 onwards the station is alive with them. Rucksacks are piled on the platforms; hobnails clink on the stone; sandwiches bulge from the pockets of tweed coats. By half-past nine the station is empty; the trains have taken them away to Edale and Chinley for a day on the Derbyshire moors. From each of the great northern towns there is a similar exodus. It is, I submit, impossible not to regard this exodus with approval. Taking them by and large, our northern industrial cities are the ugliest agglomerations of brick and mortar with which mankind has ever defaced the surface of the earth, fitting monuments to the mean spirit of trivial profit-making which engendered them. For a hundred years men and women stayed in these places because they must, worked in them, played in them, and on Sundays, when piety forbade games, lounged in their streets and waited for the pubs to open. To-day biking has replaced beer as the shortest cut out of Manchester.

Between Manchester and Sheffield there are some 215 square miles of moorland. A great belt of spacious country, empty save for a few moorland villages. Some parts, as where Kinderscout raises its ugly head some two thousand feet above sea level, are grim and bleak: others are a spread of bracken and purple heather cleft by deep valleys with fast-running streams. This country is in the highest degree exhilarating; it tones up both spirit and body and, appropriately, it lies in the heart of the most thickly populated area in England - stretching on the east to the gates of Sheffield and the urban agglomerations which sprawl over the south of Yorkshire, on the west almost to Manchester and the teeming populations of the cotton towns. It would be difficult to

imagine a more admirable playground for these close-penned city folk, as invigorating as their towns are depressing, as wide as they are cramped, as beautiful as they are ugly.

Yet of the total area all but 1,212 acres is closed to the public; 109,000 acres are in private ownership and sacred to the preservation of grouse; 39,000 acres are owned by local authorities some of whom mysteriously debar the citizens whom they are supposed to represent, from access to the land of which, as citizens, they are owners. Over all this stretch of country the hand of the keeper lies heavy. Walkers are frowned at by notice boards and everywhere trespassers will be prosecuted. On Sundays hundreds of walkers are carefully shepherded along the public footpaths. In the whole district there are only twelve of these which are over two miles in length, and on fine Sundays you will see a continuous file of walkers following one behind the other for all the world as if they were a girls' school taking the air in 'crocodile'.

What a picture! I know no country which can offer one distantly comparable with it.

Enclosure has produced results worse even than those which the 'bold and hardy husbandmen' foretold. Nowadays this dog-in-the-manger disease is not confined to the group with which it began. It has spread through the whole community. Every little local Bumble's ambition is to put a railing round something; it makes him feel important, and he encloses the pieces of greensward, the public parks, which alone remain to the English from their great heritage of commonly-shared land. Hence our fortified parks, an English monopoly; anywhere else it would be thought mad to put a hideous iron fence round that which is meant for all. Consider this ludicrous picture from the daily press:

Though railings surrounding Ashton Park, Preston, have been removed for war purposes, the gates are locked at night. Boys collect at closing time and tell the park keeper not to lock himself in. But it is no joke. It is a formality that must be carried out so that the town does not lose its rights of closure when the park is enclosed again.

'The town' must not lose 'its rights'! What is the town but the townspeople? Who but they have rights in the park, the last place they may go to? why *must* it be enclosed?

But the thing goes even further. It leads to the enclosure of the little squares in which London abounds, places which might relieve much of the surrounding ugliness. They, too, were imprisoned, and behind a curtained window a watchman, the representative of the 'Committee of Management', kept jealous watch to see that no child played on the grass or puppy on the paths.

Came the war, and the railings were removed. Now the Committees, resolved to have these monstrosities restored immediately peace breaks out, complain in the newspapers of the affront done to those who 'pay for the upkeep' (a shilling a week from each householder) by the sight of citizens using the paths or sitting on the seats in a warm noonday hour.

The mania has infected the very descendants of those who were driven from the land. The Englishman's ambition seemingly is to acquire a little house and garden and enrail it. The railing keeps nothing out and nothing in. The dog jumps over or squeezes through; the burglar steps across. But the sight of his railing apparently makes the Englishman feel, in a small way, like those who benefited from the great Enclosures, like a little lord of the manor. 'Freedom' is come to mean, to him, the liberty to imprison himself.

Enclosure, I wager, is chiefly to blame for the way the Englishman has enclosed his spirit. He moves through the old books and tales as a man, forthright, plain-speaking, independent, intolerant of petty oppression. Nowadays he encloses himself; he immures his spirit; his instinct is to repress his emotions and his thoughts; he hedges. And 'to hedge' is the precisely apt word. He is enclosed.<sup>[6]</sup>

Such are the effects of Enclosure, and they grow ever worse. The few who profited claim that all has been for the best. The Marquess of Salisbury, in propounding *Post-War Conservative Policy*, affectionately quotes another peer, Lord Stamp, as 'showing' that 'the average man at the end of the nineteenth century had become four times as well off as his predecessor at the beginning, and the same development has continued into the twentieth century, including the decade before the present war'.

Medical records, certainly, show that we are far healthier than we were. But the argument collapses when the infallible test is applied. We have ceased to multiply. Englishmen no longer wish, as their forefathers wished, to bring many children into a world in which they will be four times as well off. For many years, even after Enclosure, we increased exceedingly. Belief in the world, and faith in the future, were hardy plants, not easily discouraged. Now, they droop.

Does any sign offer that, after this new world war for freedom, a spirit of freedom will prevail; that the land will be liberated, at least that part which once was commonly shared; that an Englishman will be free to climb a mountain? For Enclosure only works one way. The small man's fence will not avail him if the squires wish to hunt across his acre. Remember the Devonshire man who twice asked the fox hunters to keep off his poultry farm, where he sought to make a living. 'Silly, futile and unreasonable', his request was called, and when he shot a hound he was prosecuted and heavily fined.

To-day, under the threat of starvation, the English countryside thrives again within its Enclosure. No scrap of land that will grow food must be wasted, we are told.

The fox destroys much food. It could be quickly exterminated. Hunting has never exterminated the fox. It is not meant to. It is the pastime of the wealthy and the foxes are jealously preserved for it. The Minister of Agriculture was asked 'whether he was satisfied that foxes were being as rapidly and economically exterminated by foxhunting as they could be by any other method; and, if not, whether he would instruct masters of foxhounds that they must either show better results or cease to operate during war time?'

Listen to the reply: 'The answer to the first part of the question is, Yes; the second part therefore does not arise.'

The history of Enclosure shows that the English squires were the first Bolsheviks. They were Reds. They seized the land of others. It was the most galling and debilitating thing ever done to the English spirit. It is vain to think of 'constructing' a better England after this war unless the causes of our present plight are first realized. This is foremost among the things that should be changed.

Of our two great parties, the Labour Party behaves towards this paramount question as a tame elephant might behave to a wild tiger. The other Party, which alone is politically vigorous, is directly descended from the enclosing squires, with their faro debts, and has not changed its mind since 1800.

The Marquess of Salisbury's *Post-War Conservative Policy* puts its heaviest veto on 'the nationalization of agriculture'. Well, this Party took the land which was not theirs. That part of England, if they could ever look beyond class, they would liberate; they would still hold enough, the bulk. That would not be 'nationalization' but restitution and the amendment of a criminal misdeed.

The Minister of Agriculture grew quite heated when he was urged to check staghunting in war time.

It is a monstrous paradox. If freedom exists at all in the minds of men, this country is the home of it, and men who love it are unitedly on our side to-day, because they know they cannot win or regain it, save with us and through us. When we win, they will get this freedom. The bold and hardy husbandman of France will blithely work on his plot, liberated from the watch of alien masters. Even our enemy, the bold and hardy husbandman of Germany, rid of the interference of Nazi officials, will

gladly till his freeman's land again. The bold and hardy husbandmen of Serbia, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Greece, Norway, Poland, will re-enter into the enjoyment of their fields. We alone are shorn of *this*, the half of freedom.<sup>[7]</sup>

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... The sun stepped down, and the shadows crept out from the oak. The premonitory hush of evening gathered over the peaceful scene. In the inn behind me, mugs and glasses clattered, as all was made ready for the labourers who would come when their work was done.

I needed to go, because soon dusk would fall, and the blackout, and the sirens, and the noise in the air would follow, and I must be back before then. First, I went for a moment into the little church hard by. The most utter peace I ever knew filled its cool nave. I looked at the memorial to the dead of the last war; beneath it lay a few fading flowers. I read the long list of vicars stretching back far to Thomas de This and Wilfrid de That in Norman times. Then I noticed that one part of the old church was newly restored, and different from the rest. I found a tablet which told that in the last war a Zeppelin bomb fell on this very spot and brought down part of the ancient tower.

Even here! Even in this peace! These two wars, I thought, would follow you into the deepest glade of the darkest forest; you would find an unexploded bomb there, or a crater.

I took the car and drove back, still musing on the enchanted scene I thus discovered. As I came into the town the crowded buses were hurrying to their suburban destinations, the people streaming into the underground stations, or going, with their bundles, to some vault or cellar. Emptier and emptier were the streets. With the thickening dusk, the traffic lights took on a jewel-like brilliance. I reached Portland Place and, while I waited for the red light to change, the sirens called. I put the car away, and as I walked home the first bombs fell.

Another day was over, and a daylight dream of England.

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## Chapter Three

### WHERE ENGLAND STANDS

Where does England stand, within its still unbroken citadel, as it approaches peace and the greatest opportunity in its history? The long siege has been withstood; through the sally-ports surge those men, of whom the Duke of Wellington said, 'Yes Sir, they may be small, but none others fight so well'; they converge doggedly upon an enemy whose dream of world conquest fades; in the streets where we Mafficked and Municked, the crowds will sing and dance and cheer again.

Shall the colours peel from that picture again, as we walk down Civvy Street? Shall we find it, marked '2s.6d.', in a tarnished gilt frame in some dusty junk shop at 1960 Corner, as we go through the years?

Just before the German invasion of France, I went to the Imperial War Museum. Here was a Haunted House, a place where the ghosts of a million men and countless million hopes walked. Banished to oblivion in Lambeth, it was an eerie place, the shabby sepulchre of an idealistic generation. Here, in pictures that attracted great crowds in 1919, were 'the boys' going over the top on the Somme or floundering in the mud at Ypres, the Royal Flying Corps pilots setting out in Morane Parasols, the old uniforms and equipment - things as dead and meaningless as battle-axes and arquebuses.

To-day again this little island has saved the way of life on this planet as we know it. Our world may be small; if you consider the universe and the planets as a limitless sea with a few fish in it, it is indeed a very small place. But it is important for us. This island vanquished, and neither the decapitated empire nor America would have escaped conquest. That would have meant a new order in this world and by no stretch of imagination which we can reach, a better one, whatever our present lot.

Where do we stand now, who live in this insignificant and supremely important fragment of earth, the British island? 'The boys', when they come back, may see in some little local picture theatre, if it then still goes the rounds, a film *Mrs. Miniver*, which will show them their island during the siege. It was made far away and the players do not speak the English of this land. Hollywood, which showed Vienna during the last impoverished years of its decline as a place of gay uniforms, countesses, wine, song and lilac, now shows them England besieged: a place where well-poised feudal squires and squiressees emerge from their Enclosures to deal firmly, tactfully and kindly with the Blitz and with a chorus of half-witted yokels.

How sick am I of this picture! While our islanders fought all over the globe, the Ministry of Information produced in their honour a series of short films called *Into Battle*. The first was about friendly aliens in a non-combatant unit! Among some fine types of men in it, I recognized one who followed, in a certain foreign city, the second oldest calling in the world. By no standard, can such a picture deserve pride of place in this island.

The means of implanting the suggestion that we are second-rate are now so great, and the films and radio so subtly spread it, that the native character, already sorely injured by Enclosure, may be further undermined. Two American soldiers once asked the Brains Trust what thing they might take back with them to America, which could count as typically English'. The answers were: 'A bottle of English beer'; 'Some crumpets'; 'Mr. Winston Churchill, but we can't spare him'; and, 'the English word, "quite"'.! Such was the distillation of English culture.

A piece of an English railing might be an answer. Only one real answer exists, and all those lips should promptly have given it: a set of Shakespeare. Because Shakespeare is the greatest writer living or dead, and you might, in a book, describe everything England means to us, and to the world, in this present climacteric of the world's history, by borrowing from his words.



It is sinister that this is the *only* answer we can make. A Frenchman, a German, a Hollander, a Norwegian could offer many answers even to-day. We have lost so much that we have nothing else that is typically English. True, by diving into the past we might find something: a Sheraton chair or a Chippendale cabinet, a picture by Constable or Crome, pewter, homespun. But to-day? A piece of Wedgwood, perhaps, or a bulldog? Certainly not a film about England during the siege; that, we import! We cannot export an enclosed estate or a derelict area. No, the only answer is Shakespeare, who lives to-day as he lived centuries ago.

We might offer the world the *voice* of England, but it is silent. This voice we hear is not the voice of those who toil, or fight, or serve, and long to better our island lot.

Since this great new thing, broadcasting, was made the monopoly of the politicians of the day - after the war, a Free English broadcasting station should be set up somewhere abroad - only the mealy-mouthed and the tongue-in-cheeked may enter there. That hour in the week, after the Sunday evening news, when more people than at any other time settle themselves to listen, was once filled with broadcasts that sought to invigorate and stimulate, to contribute to an improvement in our affairs. Now we rarely hear any but those who know how to speak long and say little, to embroider verbiage with flowery compliments to men in office; it is like the uttermost hell, where sinners are condemned to listen for all eternity to interminable aldermen.

Compensation for the lack of anything to listen to, at this upward end of the broadcasting scale, was offered when 1943 began. We were permitted by the grace of the song pluggers to hear, at its lower extremity, the sound of gastric wind being expelled from the human body, or a lifelike imitation.

The song (of whom or what was it typical?), was broadcast often enough for listeners to accustom themselves to this new level of taste and public enlightenment. Then second thoughts seemingly set in at broadcasting headquarters, for 'Right in der Fuehrer's face' was broadcast with silent gaps in the places which this sound previously occupied. The Press, which overlooks nothing of importance, indignantly told its readers that the B.B.C. was now refusing 'to blow Hitler raspberries'. Came the dawn, and another day in the life of England. I love to picture the ladies and gentlemen of the Board of Governors banning questions about Enclosure, for instance, while raspberries are blown across the overladen air.

With all this sealing of lips, save for the purpose of blowing raspberries, the spirit of England at home is astonishingly different from that which our fighting men show in action and which the world now salutes again. Outside the fortress, are staunchness, dogged endurance, valour and resolve; within, are repression, self-seeking, babel and trivial talk. The broadcasting monopoly, which is enormously wealthy, entrenched in privilege, and commands the entire talent of the country, should be the spokesman of the nation, because it speaks to the whole world. How can we give of our best, from within the island fortress, save through it?

Once the Brains Trust was asked, 'If you had six months to live, how would you spend them?' One Brain said he would gather round him choice wines and food and fill himself with them. Another said he would spend the time 'in a mortal funk'. This at a time when our men, on land, on all the seas and in the air, face death as their daily lot!

The Brains Trust itself grew restive in the shackles that were put on it and some of its members clamoured for the raising and widening of the debate. At that, another member complained that 'the highbrows' were trying to ruin the Brains Trust, that we were fighting, after all, for 'low-brows' and democracy, and that the Brains Trust must be kept 'lowbrow'. This diverting argument was most typical of our island to-day. The brain lives behind the brow, and lowness of brow was a chief characteristic of the first men who went on two legs. It may be studied in any monkey house. I love to

picture the perfect Brains Trust, completely browless and simian, discussing questions of freedom, honour, culture, art, and civilization.

The contrast between the British achievement in the world, during the last three years, and the spirit of the home island, as it is evinced in the only way it can express itself, through our broadcasting, is staggering in its incongruity. It shows that the worthiest battle remains to be fought when this battle is done: the battle for the spirit of England.

The beginning and end of that battle is, Freedom. A battle for anything else, in England, would be worthless. But a man must understand what he strives for. How would a simple man define Freedom, the thing we have not?

Freedom is a thing of innumerable facets, but split it, and it has but two halves. The first is the half we have lost, the freedom to enjoy and use a part of our native land. The second half is the greater half, because the first half rests on it.

It is, freedom from wrongful arrest and wrongful imprisonment.

Given these two things, a man is as free as he need wish to be on this planet; the rest is for him to make. Freedom of speech, assembly, religion, contract, and the rest, are smaller facets. These are the two halves of the jewel.

The first half was taken from us through Enclosure. The second half, the only basis on which freedom can be built, we kept through thick and thin. Now it has been taken from us, with the connivance of the same Commons which enclosed the free lands, by men who say they will give it back when the war is over.

We should not rest until that first half of the jewel is taken from the safe and restored to us, and then we should set out in search of the second half.

The danger is, that few realize the worth of this priceless thing. Everywhere I went before this war, I found that, while the English reputation sank like a declining sun, from China to Abyssinia, from Austria to Czechoslovakia, this thing still gave the Englishman a feeling of superiority over others. They shared that feeling. Here, they thought, walks a free man.

In no other country I knew obtained, in our full measure, the law that no man might be arrested and held without immediate publication of the charge against him, or imprisoned without open trial. In France, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Italy, Roumania, Greece, Bulgaria and Germany, the policeman, magistrate or judge, in greater or lesser degree, might detain and intimidate men, and delay or falsify the processes of the law, so that no man felt free. Cash and corruption entered largely into the system, and often justice and the police were but instruments of victimization wielded by persons in office.

In the Scandinavian countries, Holland and Switzerland, which seemed to me the happiest and best-run in Europe, an order akin to ours prevailed. But I hope to do them no injustice in saying that this priceless right existed, in the same degree, in no country but ours.

It gives the poorest man a feeling of ultimate dignity; he is not quite an outcast. It was envied in us, far beyond wealth and possessions, by people in other lands. Until 1939, we might promptly and proudly have told any stranger, who asked what he might take away that was typically English, 'Take a copy of the Habeas Corpus Act'. He would immediately have understood and agreed.

Wrested from tyrants during centuries of struggle, this became the half of our jewel of Freedom, and we kept it even when we lost the other half. If the legendary Englishman looked the whole world in

the face, this was why: he neither owed nor feared any man; and this was his chief title to the respect which awaited him when he went abroad. Simple people often do not know the value of old heirlooms and cast them away. If they understood, they would not agree, even in a world war, to yield this right, save under the most stringent safeguards. These do not exist to-day.

For centuries we kept that half of Freedom, but only by dint of a battle in England that seldom paused for long. Those who fought for it, fought for all mankind, for Freedom went out from here; but for them, the serfs and slaves would not have been liberated, and the other facets of Freedom, which were presently added to the rough stone, would never have been cut. One after another, they fought for this through the centuries, and when they died, saw that the Battle in England still went on. Without them, we should have lost it long ago.

Consider William Cobbett, who for forty-five years strove, with raging anger, against the things which were to be done to England between 1800 and 1943. He saw them all before they happened. With Enclosure going on around him, he rode his Rural Rides and clamoured against the spoliation of the countryside which he foresaw as clearly as if the future opened to him, against the human hives which were being allowed to sprawl and straggle over the land, and particularly against 'The Wen', his prophetic name for London. His was a lone voice; but he never ceased to cry, and was heard. But for him, we might have lost the greater half of freedom a century ago.

Cobbett was *not* merely an angry and antiquated old farmer who thought the country must be going to the dogs because the whole world was not given up to the cows. Cobbett was not merely a man with a lot of nonsensical notions that could be exploded by political economy; a man looking to turn England into an Eden that should grow nothing but Cobbett's Corn. What he saw was not an Eden that cannot exist, but rather an Inferno that can exist, and even that does exist. What he saw was the perishing of the whole English power of self-support; the growth of cities that drain and dry up the countryside, the growth of dense dependent populations incapable of finding their own food, the toppling triumph of machines over men, the sprawling omnipotence of financiers over patriots, the herding of humanity in nomadic masses whose very homes are homeless, the terrible necessity of peace and the terrible probability of war, all the loading up of our little island like a sinking ship; the wealth that may mean famine, and the culture that may mean despair; the bread of Midas and the sword of Damocles. In a word, he saw what we see, but he saw it when it was not there. And some cannot see it - even when it is there.<sup>[8]</sup>

Cobbett gave his whole life to the battle in England, and above all to those two vital objectives: the freedom of the land, and freedom from wrongful imprisonment. He fought for them in England, in France during the French Revolution, in America just after the American Revolution, and again in England. He never faltered, was furiously decried, greatly loved, and treated those two impostors just the same. He lived for England, and, could he have been listened to, our way would lie clear before us now.

This man, the son of a small farmer ('who, when a little boy, drove the plough for twopence a day, and these, his earnings, were appropriated to the expenses of an evening school'), became a great master of the English language, wrote incessantly and insuppressibly, and commanded a huge audience. When he was twenty he enlisted in a regiment of foot, and before he was thirty, jumping over many heads, became its sergeant-major during service in Nova Scotia. On his discharge, having gained knowledge of what went on in the regiment, he accused some officers of peculation from regimental funds, but then, suspecting the court of connivance, fled to France, and afterwards to America. When he returned, eight years later, he was famous, through his writings; he was wooed by a Tory government and offered the editorship of a government newspaper so that he might, for a comfortable salary, laud all that was done by authority and lampoon all who protested.

He refused, and began to publish the weekly *Political Register*, the most famous independent journal of the next thirty-five years. Sometimes the politicians, sometimes the mob, attacked him. He was fined for criticizing the Government's treatment of Ireland. His windows were smashed.

Half-way between Trafalgar and Waterloo, Cobbett angrily protested against the public flogging of British soldiers under a guard of German mercenaries. The things that happen in England! He was fined a thousand pounds and imprisoned for two years. In prison, and after he came out, he continued to write, for another seven years, as a fierce and independent critic who could neither be corrupted nor cowed.

Then came the crisis. The Government took powers of wrongful arrest. It suspended the Habeas Corpus Act and introduced the Regulation 18B of its day. Cobbett, the chief prey, escaped to America.

He returned a popular hero, and until he died maintained his robust and independent criticism of public affairs, when he thought this necessary. When he was nearly seventy, the Government tried once more to break him by bringing him before the Court of King's Bench on a charge of inciting rural disorders. He defended himself and the charge collapsed, covering the Government with ignominy. During his last years, when he was an Independent Member of Parliament for Oldham, they abandoned hope of intimidating this honest and turbulent Englishman, who would not suppress the fears he felt for England as he saw the seeds of decay being planted.

But for such a man, and his like, we would not for so long have kept our peerless right of freedom from malicious arrest and wrongful imprisonment.

To-day Cobbett's fight has to be fought again, if we are to check the retreat from Freedom and win the battle in England. Even the gods might hesitate to claim the power now wielded by one man, to imprison others; and its great danger is that none ever knows how it may be used to-morrow. The Minister who employs it to-day is not ruthless; but he himself, before he received it, laid stress on this peril. He does not know how any successor may use it, yet refuses to relinquish it. Ah, the difference between words and deeds, between opposition and Office!

Once this power is used, the extremists are avid for its continuance, because they hope to wield it to-morrow. The *Daily Worker*, released from suppression, calls for 'the rats to be put behind bars', that is, for people whom it dislikes to be put away. Two other London newspapers, so swiftly does this rot spread, now currently recommend that all sorts of persons unsympathetic to them should be imprisoned. The disease infects the middle parties, those which abjure us to 'fight for Freedom'. In the Commons and in the Press, lickspittles and lackeys 'call the attention of Mr. Morrison' to the activities of someone they do not like. Put this man away, they mean: I dislike his views. They call themselves Conservatives, Socialists, Liberals, Democrats.

The present Minister has reduced the number of people thus detained from the original 1,817 to about 500. We know now that many innocent people were put away. In our parlous plight of 1940, when good reason offered to suspect treachery, but among persons much higher placed than these obscure individuals, the gaoling of hundreds of people without charge or proof may have been excusable. Now that we are invulnerable it is inexcusable. Some of them have been imprisoned for years uncharged. They should be charged and tried, or released.

The unanswerable argument against this thing is that every time an arrest under it has been tested *at law* it has been found wrongful in some way. These tests have been few, because they can only be applied when a man has been released and is free to use them, and then only if he has money enough for enormously expensive actions. But the result has always been the same.

We now know that the Home Secretary, who is required to have 'reasonable cause' for believing a prisoner to be of hostile associations, may consider the statement of some secret informer enough, who will not be punished for perjury, if his information later be found false, because his testimony was not made 'on oath'. The anonymous letter-writer is thus promoted to the status of a servant of the Crown!

Consider those few cases. Mr. Ben Greene, after nearly two years' imprisonment, succeeded at great cost in obtaining from the Home Secretary the statement that the allegations against him 'might be regarded as withdrawn'. When his solicitor, by threatening a question in Parliament, elicited the name of the secret informer, who immediately withdrew his allegations, this proved to be a German subject. He is immune from retribution.

Remember Cobbett, and the flogging of the British soldiers at Ely under German guard!

Then, Mr. H.S.L. Knight. When he claimed damages for wrongful dismissal, he was an R.A.F. aircraftman whose commanding officer was 'completely satisfied of his loyalty' and who recommended him for a commission. Mr. Knight was put away for six months and summarily dismissed, in result, by his employers. After his release, when he was in the R.A.F., he was only able to make his case public by using the 'wrongful dismissal' issue to bring it before the courts.

He was denied damages, the Court finding that his employer was 'frustrated' by his arrest from fulfilling the contract. *But* Mr. Justice Hilbery said that Mr. Knight was completely cleared of any misconduct that would have justified his dismissal and that his arrest was due to 'tittle-tattle'!

Consider the facts. He was put away on suspicion of Nazi sympathies. The 'evidence' against him consisted of (1) a letter referring to his 'appalling Communistic views' from a colleague whose testimony the judge 'rejected completely'; (2) some scraps of conversation reported by a woman typist who said in court that she was 'irresponsible and temperamental', broke down, and ran out weeping; and (3) a statement (contemptuously dismissed by the judge) from 'Mr. W.'. We may not know who Mr. W. was. He was a Jewish refugee from Germany and thus entitled to this new privilege of laying anonymous information, with impunity, against British citizens!

Mr. Justice Hilbery's judgment in this case was either ignored or given inadequately by the British Press, which claims to speak for British citizens. It is to my mind one of the most excellent in our recent history, and reveals one of the most flagrant injustices committed in the name of national interests in our time. The judge ironically referred to the unnamed enemy alien informer 'whose name has not been stated because we know that the giving of such names may lead to all sorts of very dreadful consequences to innocent persons who may remain behind in Germany' - but who was privileged with impunity to denounce and have imprisoned an innocent British subject! The testimony of this anonymous poltroon, said the judge, 'amounted to absolutely nothing'; 'I can find absolutely nothing at all in that evidence which even slightly savours of any sort of misconduct'. Of the evidence of a woman who boarded at the same guesthouse as Mr. Knight, he said 'Her evidence resulted in absolutely nothing'. Of the evidence of the hysterical woman clerk (who said Mr. Knight had made a motor-car journey over a road built by Hitler in Bavaria, which happened to have been built by an Austrian Republican Government in Austria!) he pointed out that she broke down in the witness box, and said her evidence, 'riddled as it is with inaccurate statements of fact, when examined has nothing in it'. The evidence of another secret informer, when it was now tested in open court, he 'rejected without the least hesitation as unreliable'; he was 'satisfied that this witness had a wholly warped and perverted view of the plaintiff'. Of the wrongfully imprisoned man himself, the judge said, 'The Plaintiff gave his evidence like an honest man and I think he gave his evidence to the best of his ability accurately'. The plaintiff's *dismissal*, he said, was not justified. What then of his *imprisonment*?

This fantastic case would have moved the members of a decent Parliament to wonder how many other unknown people are detained through anonymous slander and to demand reform, but no. Five days

after this a Mr. Watkins of Central Hackney declared in the House that 'these hundreds of people ... are all guilty in varying degrees'.

Then a Mr. Thomas Wilson, who was put away for eighteen months and ruined by this imprisonment and the cost of his attempts to gain justice. He, too, found a way to bring his case into court after release, and stated that he 'raised the matter in an attempt to maintain some of the few rights remaining to a citizen'. (Under the Bill of Rights every citizen has the right to appeal to the King's Bench Division, but a petition which he sent was prevented from reaching the Court. He applied for the Home Secretary who imprisoned him, Sir John Anderson, to be committed for contempt of Court.)

This is what Mr. Justice Humphreys said:

There is no more important duty attaching to the Judges of the King's Bench Division than that of looking after the liberties of British subjects, and where one of those subjects has been committed to prison not by an order of a court of law but as the result of the opinion of a Secretary of State in the peculiar circumstances referred to in Regulation 18B, which only apply in war time, he has an inalienable right to ask that his case should be considered by that Court, and the Court is bound to consider whether he was being detained in custody legally or illegally. If any case should be brought before me hereafter in which any person - I care not how high his position or how great his fame - be found to have interfered with the right of one of His Majesty's subjects, I think that I should have no difficulty in putting into force, with the assistance of other members of that Division, the great powers of the King's Bench Division of imprisoning such a person for contempt of Court. Sir John Anderson himself knew nothing about the matter. But something happened for which Sir John has thought it his duty to apologize to the Court because it was done by an official of the Home Office, and the Court is glad to have that apology. The applicant chose to send an application to the Court himself. The document is irregular in form, but is a clear request to the Court from a person in custody to have his case considered. It is a perfectly proper document, in respectful language, desiring that if it was thought that he had done anything wrong as a servant of the Crown, he should be put on trial in the ordinary way and should not be detained indefinitely without a possibility of proving his innocence. That document was not dealt with at the prison. It was sent to another department where it was the duty of somebody to censor it. I cannot conceive any reason why such a document should not see the light of day. There is nothing improper in it. Someone, whose name the Court has not got, and whose position it does not know, intercepted that document and 'did not forward it to that Court to whom it was addressed. That official thought that it was not the proper way for the case to be put before the Court. It was no business at all of that official to form such a conclusion. It certainly was a piece of great impertinence on his part to take on himself to do what he did.

Mr. Justice Tucker, concurring in this judgment, together with Mr. Justice Wrottesley, said in some future case it might become a matter of great importance to decide what was the position if a Secretary of State said: 'Somebody in my department informs me of certain facts and I am not going to tell you what his name is.'

This judgment may make a man cry, 'There are still judges in England'. For in other lands, all know arrest or imprisonment without trial; but few know such peremptory rebuke as this to official misusers of authority. The pity is that the judge limited his warning to 'next time'.

In this case again you see the anonymous poltroon. This man, whose name not even an English Court of Justice could wrest, was an official. Such as he, when they are criticized, are protected by Ministers in Parliament with the words 'The honourable Member is attacking men who cannot defend

themselves'. Yet these men may secretly denounce British citizens, or deny them their rights, and with impunity.

These few cases already make a grave indictment against Regulation 18B and the way it has been administered, and an uncorrupted House of Commons would by now have compelled a change. Add to them the memorable judgment of Lord Atkin who in the House of Lords dissented from four other Law Lords to say:

I view with apprehension the attitude of judges who, on the mere question of construction, when face to face with claims involving the liberty of the subject, show themselves more Executive-minded than the Executive ... it has always been one of the principles of liberty for which, on recent authority, we are now fighting, that the judges are no respecters of persons and stand between the subject and any attempted encroachment on his liberty by the Executive, alert to see that any coercive action is justified in law. In this case I have listened to arguments which might have been addressed acceptably to the Court of the King's Bench in the time of Charles I. I protest, even if I do it alone, against a strained construction put upon words with the effect of giving an uncontrolled power of imprisonment to the Minister ... I am profoundly convinced that the Home Secretary was not given unconditional authority to detain.

Add this last judgment, from the case of a Mr. Frank Arbon and a Major Alexander de Lassoë, D.S.O., M.C., who did not complain of their detention, but that, in breach of the instructions issued by the Home Secretary, the conditions of their imprisonment were 'punitive' (that is, those of convicted persons) instead of 'custodial' (that is, those of persons detained but neither charged nor tried, and therefore not proven guilty).

Lord Justice Goddard said:

In the case of a detained prisoner, a prison officer is always present, while in that of a remand prisoner the officer is only within sight, but not within hearing. That, I am told, is in accordance with the directions of the Prison Commissioners. This raises a question of grave importance. It is a strange state of affairs that, had the plaintiffs in the present case been charged with an offence under a statute, they would have been entitled to interview their solicitors out of the hearing of a prison officer, as might a prisoner charged with murder, rape, or any other crime. Yet, as they had not been charged with any offence, that privilege was denied them. The law has always protected most jealously the confidence of communications between solicitor and client, and it is repulsive to me as a judge to learn that that confidence is being violated, for that is what it amounts to.

In these quotations, gentle reader, you have seen, at work in England, the evil thing they know abroad. The root of the only real liberty we have left has been gravely impaired. After this war, extremist parties will be turbulently active, and will find ready hearing among disappointed people, as they found after the last war. It is mad to do, in the name of 'Freedom', the very things they would do if they could. It gives young people no choice between policies, programmes, methods or ideals. If 'force' is the new clarion call, they will choose the most forcible. 'Beating the Nazis with their own weapons' (or the Communists) has invariably failed wherever I have watched it, from Dollfuss to Carol. It invests the people who suffer from it, such of them as *are* revolutionaries or traitors, with glamorous appeal when they come out.

Apart from that, it is wrong. It is a new attack, now as in Cobbett's day, on the last British liberty, the one on which alone we could build. It is not insignificant because to-day it hits few people, and these

have few friends. Forces are at work in this country, now, which would fain use it, after the war to destroy us.

It is unnecessary, and alien to everything we call British. If it is not checked now, the battle in England will have to change it. In other countries, I was often startled by the immediately depressing effect which this thing has upon the population. Overnight, mouths shut, eyes veil themselves, and men withdraw into a shell of miserable caution. To some extent this has happened here.

It must be stopped, so that we can get back to the one sound basis of Freedom - Freedom from wrongful arrest. On that, by means of decent debate, you may build anything. By violence, no matter how small the beginnings, you can only destroy.

We have retreated further from Freedom than most people are aware; indeed, nearly the whole way. No happiness, awaits us along that path, but only worse misery. Regulation 18B, until it is revoked, is a noose suspended over the heads of a multitude who do not think themselves threatened to-day - in fact, the whole nation.

Liberate the land, and restore our ancient freedom from wrongful arrest, and we may yet find our future.

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# PART THREE

## FREEDOM REGAINED?

# Chapter One

## FIRST THINGS FIRST

We approach Civvy Street, gentle reader, and look towards 1950 and 1960 with the eyes of 1918. Early in that street, a wrong turning will entice us and we must be alert to avoid it if, this time, we are to reach a place where we may 'construct something'.

We want to reach, and build, not Liberty Hall, but Freedom's House. Its walls are, freedom from capricious arrest, and freedom to use and enjoy our own land; for is it not absurd, to read that this professor or that politician have been made 'Freeman of London', or 'Freeman of Edinburgh' when Englishmen are not freemen of England?

But first things come first, and before the walls comes the foundation. The foundation is: foreign-policy.

The words seem to baffle many people. Yet foreign policy is but the ordering of our relationships with other countries. Those neighbours, Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones, so conduct their relations that Mr. Jones does not throw rubbish over the fence and Mr. Brown does not enter Mr. Jones's house without permission. That, between States, is foreign policy.

Our foreign policy - I mean the one we *should* pursue, the foundation 'for our house - is simple. Stupendous skill in pursuing a wrong policy while deluding the people that you follow the right one, is needed, to fail in it, and the achievement of our successive governments in bringing us to the present war is the eighth wonder of the world. If I were to see a man perform the Indian rope trick with the North Pole I could not be more astonished than I am by that fantastic feat. Only foolishness in a dimension as infinite as space, or knavery, could account for it. But if certain sections or combines or groups prove to have made great gain from this war when the fog of it lifts, of power, or territory, or raw materials, or cash, the events of that nightmare prelude, 1919-39, would become explicable. For this reason, those events cannot be studied too closely.

Many English people seem to feel physical pain when urged to consider foreign policy. Yet it is easy to understand; its object only is, to prevent the conquest of this island by a foreign foe. This is the foundation of our house. Each time that foundation is shaken, cracks appear in the walls and ceilings of the house. Look back to the Napoleonic wars and Enclosure; to the 1914 war and DORA; to the present war and Regulation 18B; and then look forward to the future.

We in this island hold a position of such enormous strength in the planet that, supported by the kindred countries oversea, we could ensure peace in the world indefinitely. The battlefields of time are strewn with the litter of a thousand wars, and churchgoers who sing of an age 'when wars shall be no more' may privately think this an absurdity. Yet my statement is true. Whether *wars* ought to be no more, I am unsure; because I remember with what glee I welcomed the hope of adventure that 1914 brought and cannot honestly expect the nineteen-year-olds of to-day or to-morrow to feel differently. But I am sure that wars which imperil this island ought to be no more, and never need be again.

We have no cause to cast desperately about for a means to be secure, as have landlocked nations. We *have* security, unless we throw it away. As Shakespeare said:

This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a mote defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands.

Yet this impregnable pass was sold in our time! That the enemy did not enter, is the one enigma more baffling than that of our foreign policy between 1919 and 1939.

We have, then, the most formidable natural fortress in the world. How may it be kept secure? We are not very many in numbers, but our natural defence, the sea, is so strong that it makes good that weakness. As long as we have a supreme Navy and a strong Air Force, we can prevent any enemy from conquering this island. We have the foundation for our house.

There is one exception: numbers against us so overwhelming, that not even the sea could redeem the balance. This could happen only if an Europe were united against us. That almost happened!

To prevent it happening, is where 'foreign policy' begins.

The people who live in Europe across the Channel desire peace founded on our strength, on the invulnerable position which nature has given us. They will only choose something else if we force them to. They look to us as their single hope of building their own house of freedom, because they know that the alternative is foreign conquest. But if they think we shall not defend our island, they will combine against us; for in that case each man's only hope of a future is, to stand well with the conqueror.

That is what nearly came about. Had Poland not resisted in 1939, and forced us to declare war, it would have happened. As it was, many European peoples joined with Germany. Czechoslovakia we ourselves forced to capitulate. Italy and Hungary joined with Germany willingly, Roumania and Finland reluctantly, Bulgaria docilely. France, in effect, did not resist. Greece, Yugoslavia, Norway, Holland and Belgium resisted. But in some even of these countries, and in Spain, groups of people formed themselves to fight for Germany, though we fought against Germany.

A Polish capitulation, or our abandonment of Poland, would have, brought about a European coalition, ranked against us, which would have outweighed the value of our natural defence, the sea. This is the only result to which a foreign policy of withdrawal from Europe, of talking about 'little countries far away of which we know nothing', can lead. We cannot withdraw from Europe without either withdrawing from this island or living in it under foreign rule.

If we revert to that lunatic policy, the next war is already begun, or our future capitulation is certain. Then, since our fate is inexorably linked with that of Europe across the Channel, what must our foreign policy be?

Only one nation in Europe so much outnumbers us as to be moved repeatedly to attempt our overthrow, knowing that without this it cannot have even European conquest, for the other peoples will never stop fighting. It is Germany, and this will remain so for as long as we need consider.

These lusty people are separated from us only by the North Sea, or, when they conquer France, by the Channel. Were we separated only by a land frontier, we should now live under German rule. The sight of this little island, so near but so thwarting to ambitions for European conquest creates a perpetual temptation.

Thus our future is as implacably bound up with those of the other Europeans as is our long immunity with the Channel. We *cannot* make the best of all worlds and let Germany do what it will in Europe

whole hugging ourselves in safety upon this island. That would create a European coalition against us which not even the Channel could withstand. We should have had enough proof of this now.

What should our foreign policy be then? Simply to maintain that supreme Navy and strong Air Force and keep a wary eye on Germany?

No, that is not enough. One loophole still remains through which our life and liberty might ebb. We cannot survive without an alliance. It would have prevented this war.

The Russians are far more numerous than even the Germans. But Russia has only a big toe in Europe. It is an Asiatic State, too far from us to attack us, too swollen to covet what we have. You cannot attack another country across thousands of miles of intervening States and large expanses of water. Look at the map. Besides, Russia has an enormous empire; Germany seeks one. Germany is an outstretched fist, under our nose. Russia is a big word a long way off. (I do not take German ambitions amiss, and think people mad who ask 'But aren't there any *good* Germans?' meaning, are there none who are content only to attack Poles and Czechs and Serbs and leave us alone? No Germans are as bad as all that.)

A hundred and fifty years of recent history should now have convinced our people that we need the alliance with Russia and that we shall go wrong again in Civvy Street if we fight against this fact. Should we have beaten Napoleon, but for his catastrophe at Moscow? Well, it would have taken much longer at the best.

In 1914 the Germans would have reached Paris and the Channel coast but for the Russian attack from the east which made them halt on the Marne. We would not have won that war in 1918 but for the Russian offensives of 1916 and 1917.

I believe we could have won this war in 1941, by striking with all our force at the moment (which must have been the most fearful in any German's memory) when Hitler's armies were halted before Moscow. Where should we stand now, but for the Russian counterblows of 1941, 1942 and 1943?

But we speak, not of past wars, or even this one, but of winning the next peace. For that, we need an alliance with Russia. We have made one for twenty years. The present war was bred in twenty years. The term should be extended to fifty years.

For Russia will not attack us. If we want to have war with Russia, we shall have to go to Russia, and we have done this twice, in 1854 and in 1918. The story of that last attack is sinister and a straight line leads from it through all the events which brought this war about.

I used to think that the state of dementia about Russia in which so many of my compatriots live, and which enabled them to be led blindfold into the present war, only reached back to the confiscatory days of 1918 and that earlier, when they were able to find invigoration in pictures of the Romanoffs in the *Tatler*, Russia was held in friendly regard here.

But even Tennyson, a hundred years ago, raved about 'that o'er grown Barbarian in the East', and possibly this helped to make The Boys in the Crimea feel that they fought for something, though who can guess now, what that something was? It was probably a 'crusade', a word our leaders invariably use about this war, in which the Turkish alliance is vital to us. If the moon were coloured red we should certainly have a strong anti-moon party in the House of Lords and all the stately homes.

History has tried hard to hammer into our heads the need for a constant alliance with Russia in the present condition of Europe. For this other great State *can* do us one mortal injury, and that is why it is

a vital prop in our foreign policy. It can join with Germany, if we persist in fostering mistrust in our motives.

This, too, nearly happened. In Germany, a strong party has long favoured alliance with Russia as the only means of overcoming this country. If that had happened in 1939, it would have meant our instant extinction. That it did not, was not our achievement, but Germany's omission. Hitler stopped at a standstill agreement with Russia, and did not form the full fighting alliance. After this war, when Germany will twice have tried the other method of attacking both ourselves *and* Russia, with the result of defeat in both cases, the party in Germany to which I refer will be stronger than ever in its argument. Those people in the world, who then will still desire our downfall and be powerful enough again to mislead public opinion, will work to that end by estranging us from Russia.

Look back a moment, before we enter Civvy Street, on the things they did, on the monstrous web of delusion they wove about the British people.

People forgot it after the last war, but they know now the vital importance to us of having Germany engaged on another front when Germany fights us. And before this war began, Germany was faced by *three* fronts, not two. Germany was not even prepared to fight on *two* at that time; for that reason, the project for the standstill agreement with Russia, which would reduce the number of fronts to *one*, for the first two years of this war, already lay in Ribbentrop's drawer.

But the *third* front was decisive. While it remained the war could not begin. Not even Hitler would unloose it.

It was destroyed at the command of England, and English people in millions cheered their own imminent doom, which, eighteen months later, they would escape by a hairbreadth!

The *third* front was the coalition of the Little Entente, three States liberated or strengthened by the last war, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania. The capitulation of Czechoslovakia, which the British Prime Minister brought about, destroyed that front. The vast quantities of arms now furnished to the German armies by the Czechoslovak State factory at Skoda; the fierce resistance offered even now by Serb guerrillas in their mountains to forty Axis divisions; and the help given to the Germans by the Roumanian armies sent to Russia; these show what was lost. At the time of Munich, all these, and the Russians, were ready to fight. This would have been a war of *three* fronts. Germany would not have begun that war. And the defeatists claim that we 'gained time'!

It is vital, for our future foreign policy, to understand that episode. Powerful people in this country who detested Communism (quite rightly), could not see that the one way to stimulate Communism in *this* country was to allow a war to come about in which Russia, *on whichever side*, would play a dominant part; and that the way to prevent the growth of Communism in this country was to avoid the war, which could only be prevented by an alliance with Russia. These people, if they care to look about them to-day, will see that they have more Communists in this country than ever before.

These people still pursue their dangerous illusion. It causes them, in my belief, to think the prolongation of the war a lesser evil than a victory mainly won by Russia. Opportunities have already offered to curtail and win it. Each time stubborn opposition has been raised to the seizing of them. As I write, the war approaches its fourth birthday and still we do not strike. When the great opportunity of 1941 offered, the call for action was stilled by rebukes to 'armchair critics' (though, at the time, more civilians than fighting men had been killed) and in 1942 the same demand was refused with protests about 'the impossibility of finding the ships' (though in November 1942 'the greatest Armada in our history' took American and British troops to North Africa). But, another motive, animosity to Russia, was often clearly revealed.

The third front, which would have prevented the war, was wantonly destroyed. When we come to Civvy Street, these motives and these people will reappear; indeed, they still thwart us in reaching victory. Munich is the date to remember, and the golden rule, that in foreign policy honesty is the best policy.

First things first. Foreign policy is the foundation of our security, and you cannot clearly understand it without understanding those events. After the invasion of Prague, General Halder, who later became Hitler's Chief of Staff, spoke to German officers at the Staff Academy in Berlin. The text of his talk came to the hands of an able Polish officer who was engaged in Secret Service work. General Halder's subject (six months before the war began) was 'The Coming War'. He said, among other things:

The situation in Central Europe has been entirely changed. The third front, which caused us so many headaches and threatened the heart of the Reich, has been destroyed once and for all. With the destruction of the Czechoslovak army of forty divisions, the Little Entente has in effect ceased to exist.

Thus was the war made while Britain cheered.

But, you say, after much toil, much misleading, and reprieve from annihilation, Britain has understood that simple problem. We *have* an alliance with Russia, for eighteen years to come. Our present leaders are not those who prevented it before; they see its importance.

Beware: at the very beginning of Civvy Street you turn into Gullible Lane. We made a similar alliance with France! Remember what happened to it, in twenty years, between 1919 and 1939. While the British people were told that it was impregnable, it was destroyed piece by piece, so that at the end, when it collapsed, we were all but buried in the ruins.

That is the final result of false foreign policy. Nevertheless, the lesson of those years is that the British people knew what foreign policy *should* be followed. Their instinct was as sure as that of the lioness, which from some inner prompting springs to defend her cubs, or of the primitive man who, he knows not why, seizes his club and goes warily, suspecting danger, to the mouth of his cave. Their instinct was so strong that every British Government, during those years, promised it would pursue the right foreign policy. The manifold devices of secrecy, anonymity and delusion enabled them actually to pursue the wrong one.

Then, how do we stand to-day?

Under Mr. Churchill, we have made an alliance with Russia for common action to preserve peace and resist aggression in the post-war period'. It is for twenty years. This war was brewed in twenty years. If we keep the alliance, we shall have peace at least until 1962. If its term were for fifty years, and we kept it, we should have peace at least until 1992.

Our Foreign Minister, Mr. Eden, has said (December 2nd, 1942):

There is no reason why any conflict of interest should arise between Russia and ourselves. That foreign policy [he said] was firmly based on history. In each of the great world conflicts, that of Napoleon and those of 1914 and 1939, we found ourselves on the same side and after each 'we drifted apart'.

(We did not 'drift apart' in 1918; we attacked Russia.) On the maintenance of the alliance, said Mr. Eden, 'lies the best chance of building a new and better international society after the war'.

Mr. Richard Law, our Deputy Foreign Minister, said (January 22nd, 1943):

If we and the other nations of western Europe fail to have an adequate understanding of Russia after the war, you will find exactly the same thing happening again - Russia will withdraw beyond her frontiers and she will become a tremendous question mark. It will be impossible then to find a political solution of any real stability. It is, therefore, absolutely vital that relations with Russia should be as friendly, cordial and sympathetic as they can possibly be.

All is well, then; the three men responsible for our foreign policy, on which the foundation of our future rests, our island safety, know what to do and will do it?

No. We do not know how long they will be in office, and anyway, we have repeatedly seen that if anonymous hands grasp the wheel and alter the course of foreign policy, the men on the bridge will not sound the alarm, but will keep silence, or will even profess that the course is still the true one, while the ship heads for the rocks.

Behind those official protestations, lies a silent but stubborn conflict, in England, between those who want to get the war over and those who would sooner see its prolongation than a Russian victory, which now makes the course of the war enigmatic and enshadows our future after it - for, wriggle as you like, you will not have either early victory or long peace without that Russian alliance.

It is a tragic paradox. Those people in this island who cannot bear the thought of Russia brought about this war by wrecking the alliance which would have prevented it. They did not see that the one way to stimulate Communism *here* was to allow the war to happen: or did they see that, and desire it? Are they more subtle than we think, these hidden ones? They cannot see now that the one way still further to foster Communism here is, unnecessarily to prolong the war by holding back while Germany is engaged with Russia. Or do they see that, and desire it?

Our paramount interest, from every sound and patriotic point of view, is to get this war finished. Any who work against that work against us and our future, whatever their motives. But no doubt remains that the same hidden influence, which was able to prevent the Russian alliance before the war, so that the war came, is still most powerful in this country, and that a consequent confusion is spreading into our foreign policy again, which can only bring us worse misfortune.

Our leaders declare that no delay has occurred, in pressing on with the war. Well, it approaches its fourth birthday; we have not struck; our air-bombing, with its bouts of fierceness and long lapses, is still not the 'unprecedented ordeal' which Mr. Churchill last promised in June 1942; the commando raids have ceased, save for the inexplicable one on the strongest point of the German-held French coast, since Lord Keyes was dismissed from the leadership. Instead, our leaders, with much unction, tell us to expect 'a long war', as if four years of this misery were not long.

A long war is not necessary. We shall win it in 1943 if that 'unprecedented ordeal' from the air, so often promised, is imposed, and if we strike when it has done its work. In February 1943, the Royal Air Force for the first time delivered really heavy and continuous blows. The results were *immediate*. The most obvious terror at once became discernible, in the almost panic-stricken measures of the German leaders, the tone of their speeches, and - most important of all, gentle reader, for those who know how to discern what goes on in Germany - in the open allusions to 'a very serious situation' published in the wary Swedish and Swiss Press.

Then why do they speak of 'a long war'?

I do not exaggerate in saying this war might have been won in 1941, at that catastrophic moment when the Germans were halted before Moscow in the most appalling winter on record. You might question Litvinoff's statement made in New York in 1942 ('If German forces had been diverted from the

Russian front in the winter of 1941, when the Russian army held the initiative, Germany would beyond doubt have suffered considerable if not a final defeat'). But you may now find the proofs in the words of Germany's leaders.

Hitler told the Reichstag, when the danger was past:

There was in the East such a winter as had been known not even in those parts for more than 140 years. In a few days the thermometer dropped from 0 degrees to minus 47 degrees and even lower ... There was a general backward movement. I can say to-day that the process was extremely difficult. Added to our other difficulties was the psychological difficulty due to the defeat of Napoleon in 1812 ... The temperature was one which could not be borne ... Neither the German men nor the machines and other means of transport were suited to this kind of weather, which was at one place 52 degrees below zero, while the worst temperature in 1812 during the retreat of Napoleon was exactly 25 degrees below ... It was necessary only in a few cases for me to intervene. Only when nerves were at breaking point, obedience wavered, or where a sense of duty was lacking in mastering the task, I made stern decisions in virtue of the sovereign rights which I believe to have received for the purpose from the German people. I did so with the utmost ruthlessness, and thanks to the sovereignty which the nation gave me we stood this winter and we accomplished the feat which broke down 130 years ago....

Do you know what these words mean, gentle reader? Mass executions! What an opportunity we lost!

In May 1942 Göring said:

1,500 kilometres and more we penetrated into the distant Russian space, and just at the time when a new mighty blow was to be struck a new enemy fell on us. Not the Russian divisions, not the Russian arms and not the Russian command. It was the elements which rose against us ... such a winter as has probably never been experienced in the history of such struggles ... The rapid rivers were frozen, swamps and lakes as well: one white blanket of death was spread over the endless land ... The Russians succeeded in traversing the frozen rivers, lakes and swamps by night and in reaching our rear. The Russians in our rear in the north, centre and south! Partisan detachments blew up everything, waylaid the supply columns. Maddening cold almost froze our troops ... The skin of their fingers stuck to their rifle barrels. The engines faded, could no longer be started. Tanks got stuck in the deep snow, one thing piled on top of another ... Some of you have read the history of the great Corsican, Napoleon I, who retreated from Moscow in the Russian winter, his army being annihilated to the last man. There was one vast field of corpses at that time. Such thoughts could arise! Not all men are equally strong. Many a leader was bound to think of the cruel parallel of 1812 ... We were happy when December had gone. When January passed, we said to ourselves 'Only another two months'. February, too, passed, and the front still held out, on the whole. Temperatures began to rise; we rejoiced ... When spring came the Russians had not destroyed the German Army....

And Goebbels, on New Year's Day of 1943, still gave thanks. The sigh of relief in his voice, as he looked back on that calamitous moment, and recalled the terrifying comparison with Napoleon, which all Germany then made, could be heard.

What a chance neglected! The instinct of this country, at that time, was as sure as ever. It itched to have at the Germans. The clamour was hushed with stern rebukes to 'fireside critics', uttered by people who in this war assuredly enjoy more comfort than any soldier and most civilians.



And now, they talk of 'a long war'. Indeed, in the light of that event, it is impossible to conjecture to-day, when the war may end.

The confused conflict of thought, about Russia, still thwarts us. Of how much misery has it been the cause!

The stubborn antagonism to Russia, in this country, is too strong to be ignored or denied. Indeed, it is open, and can be proved. The awful thing is, that antagonism to Russia means antagonism to winning this war quickly. But even to that, the people seem to have become accustomed. You would think that, with hundreds of thousands of their men in foreign captivity, they would feel strongly about it. I think they lose the power to feel strongly about anything.

The openly expressed antagonism ranges from the statement attributed to, and never denied by, a British Minister (of the hope that 'the Russian and German armies will exterminate each other, and while this is taking place we will so develop our Air Force and other armed forces that if Russia and Germany do destroy each other we shall have the dominating power in Europe') to the statement of a Conservative M.P.:

I cannot foresee the military result of the German attack on Russia, but of this I am certain - the war of 1914 brought Bolshevism to Russia, the war of 1939 will drive it out. Russia has proved greater than any dogma. The Bear walks like a man again.

*The Catholic Herald* said:

The military alliance with Russia was forced on us by necessity. A large section of our people, *including the Prime Minister*, regarded it as an unpleasant necessity ... perhaps the disasters which have overtaken the cause of the Allied Nations in Russia may not be, in the long run, the unmitigated evil they may seem.

*The Review of Foreign Affairs*, with which several Conservative politicians are associated, said:

We must remember that large numbers of the Russian people would regret it if we moved a single inch from our position: for many observers believe that, whatever the outcome of the war. Mr. Stalin will not survive it ... The great calamity in which Russia finds itself is largely due to his disastrous policy. From every point of view, therefore, it is of supreme importance that by no means should we give the impression that we are in alliance with the Bolsheviks.

This was published after the alliance was signed. Lady Astor remarked that she was tired of hearing about Russia, and that after the war Russia would have to get into 'the British way of thinking'. (What may be Lady Astor's conception of 'the British way of thinking'? In a book called *Last Train from Berlin*, the American author depicts her, during a tea-party at Cliveden, as giving 'a one-lady show; she donned a feathery hat, crammed a set of protrusive false teeth in her mouth and gave us an "Imitation of an Englishwoman imitating an American woman"'. In a debate in the Commons on the proposed Foreign Service reforms, however, she said she did not believe there was any country which would not welcome 'a sound, intelligent Englishwoman' as a diplomat.)

If our delay in striking to win this war is quite unconnected with the powerful opposition which has been shown, to any blow which might mean, not only victory for us but also victory for Russia, this belongs to the major coincidences of history. It lends sinister meaning to the talk about 'a long war'. In its indifference to the lot of the British people, the protraction of the separation of husbands and wives, and the prolongation of imprisonment for our men in Germany, it is a masterpiece of callousness.

The root of it seemingly lies in the horrifying order of class antagonism in this island, which knows no bounds. I say 'no bounds', because all these classes, or money-groups, should set a boundary to class-mania; it should stop at the cliffs of Dover. Project it into your foreign policy, let it confuse you about the map of Europe, the size of the various nations there and their aims, and the possible threat to yourself, and you head for disaster.

The people in this island who allowed the war to come about, from this maniac fear of Communism, and now see, as a result of it, a more thriving Communist Party here than we ever knew before, seemingly wish to inflate this to the size of a real danger, by prolonging the war. They are as stupid as the others who now begin to call for us to strike at Germany, *not* so much in our own interest, which is, to finish the war, as because Russia is Communist. These people, in their turn, ascribe the Russian successes, not to Russia, but to the merits of Communism. A great problem, when we return to Civvy Street, will be to remove the fog from the eyes of these people; but the paramount danger comes from the people at the top end of the money-scale, who in this matter cannot be brought to see clearly, and will either bring a real Communist danger or a third war upon us.

This Greater War - the class war in England - inspires in me the feeling I might have if I were compelled to share a bed with a skunk and a squid. These two, wedded, might produce as pleasant an offspring. To see so much misery born of so much stupidity, is an abject thing.

Unhappily, it runs from top to bottom now. The higher money-groups enclosed themselves within their fences; the lower ones have now enclosed themselves inside a hedge of passive resentment just as impenetrable. The initial sales resistance of a slum child, to beauty or freedom, is amazing; but with what widely opening eyes does it yield, after the first attempts!

That anything has changed, in England, in this respect, during a second world war, only those will believe whose thoughts are delivered to them, with the milk, in pictures and headlines. 'They feared the "low" and hated and despised the "stuck-up", and so they "kept themselves to themselves", according to the English ideal'; thus wrote Mr. Wells in *Kipps*, many years ago. The 'low' and the 'stuck-up', in this strange island, hold the same feelings towards the in-betweens. The moon seems nearer to us than the ideal of each-for-all, in this land which 'must be free or die', and yet suffered Enclosure.

But in foreign policy, since we live in a tiny island off the European mainland, we cannot keep ourselves to ourselves, unless we wish to succumb, in an orgy of mutual detestation, to a foreign conqueror. Our enemies and our friends choose themselves. Our indispensable ally, if we are to win this war soon and to have after it the peace we sorely need, is Russia, and this applies to all of us, whether we travel third, second or first class. It applies equally whether Russia is Bolshevik, Communist, Anarchist, Monarchist, Republican, Fantastic, Surrealistic, Masochistic, Fascist, National Socialist, Atheist, Deist, or Uncle Tom Cobbley. It applies even if every Russian paints himself green, stands on his head and sings Aztec love songs in Esperanto.

The most ominous and disappointing thing in this war is that, even after four years of it, when we so direly need peace, confusion about Russia should stand between us and victory. This can only happen, I surmise, because of one other thing.

We hear a lot nowadays about 'vested interests', a phrase which denotes the prolongation of some evil state of affairs by persons who stand to profit from its continuance. But war is the greatest vested interest of all. More people stand to gain by its protraction than by that of any other evil state of affairs imaginable. When thousands of men die each day, as in the last war, they cannot have their way. When a war drags on *without* heavy casualties, their position is very strong.

Masses of English people long desperately for an end to this war. They are the fighting men long separated from their women folk and children, the wives, and decent citizens generally. But there are many others who lose nothing by the war, who gain substantially by it. They may not consciously realize the fact, but they find life pleasant and experience no active yearning for an early return to peace. Manufacturers who reap great profits and workpeople who earn high wages; politicians who have selflessly renounced their salaries but receive far more than before in non-taxable 'expenses', and company directors who are exempt from income-tax because their fees are paid tax-free; the enormous army of officials who are exempt from service but enjoy accumulating privileges; the great legion of people 'reserved' to deliver lectures about poison gas, a weapon which, as the specialists know, will not be used in this war because it is ineffective: all these and many more, whether they realize it or not, have a vested interest in the war, and feel no vigorous urge to press for its ending.

Their existence, and the fact that our casualties have not yet been insupportable, combine to form a mass of opinion at least passively favourable to the dragging-on of the war. Their existence enables the confusion of thought about Russia to continue.

If we do not strike soon, and so break the stalemate, dangers will arise from this confusion which will make an almost inextricable tangle of the future. One new danger already looms up. Russia, being moved to even greater suspicion of our sincerity, begins to play with ideas of pressing into Europe, of occupying territory there for future safety! The Russians have already hinted broadly that they intend to keep that part of Poland which they entered when the Germans attacked from the West. Now they even encourage the formation, in Russia, by emigrants from Poland whom the Poles would certainly deny to be Polish, who themselves refuse to become Polish, of a sort of 'Free Polish' movement with the obvious aim of setting up something indistinguishable from a Soviet Poland in the other part of that country!

Do you perceive, gentle reader, to what endless complications this indeterminate policy towards Russia leads? Our honour is bound up with Poland. We cannot acquiesce in the partitioning of that country. We might not have won the Battle of Britain without the Polish airmen who fought with our own men. Their share in the victory was great: read *Squadron 303*, by Arkady Fiedler (Peter Davies, 1942), if you are not acquainted with it. Do we wish to be faced with the choice, when the war ends, between handing Poland over to Russia, as we handed Czechoslovakia over to Hitler, or fighting Russia?

When we promised Russia 'all possible help' (at the German attack in 1941) we should have insisted on a clear understanding about Poland first, and then struck. Now, the shadow of new trouble grows out of this question.

Here *The Times* pops up again. *The Times*, on March 10th, 1943, just as Mr. Eden flew to America to discuss such matters, printed an article on 'Security in Europe' which greatly alarmed all the exiled Governments in London. It said, among other things, that

The sole interest of Russia is to assure herself that her outer defences are in sure hands; and this interest will be best served if the lands between her frontiers and those of Germany are held by Governments and peoples friendly to herself.

Now, what sinister thing is this? Poland did not attack Russia, nor ever threatened any harm to Russia. Poland fought against Germany, and then was divided between Germany and Russia, for the how oftenth time in history. The thing *The Times* claims for Russia is exactly that which Hitler claimed for Germany in respect of Austria and Czechoslovakia. Neither of those countries threatened Germany. The claim was a lying pretext for aggression and annexation, preparatory to a great war.

The Polish Government in London was officially told that the article in *The Times* did not represent the British Government's policy. But this rings an ominous bell in my memory.

On November 29th, 1937, *The Times*, of which I was the Correspondent in Central Europe, published a leading article which carefully launched the suggestion that Austria's destiny lay in union with Germany. It caused a minor panic in the Austrian Government, which was only assuaged when, as the Austrian Chancellor himself told me, the British Government stated, on his inquiry, that 'there is no change in British policy in Central Europe' and that England 'would not permit any change in the *status quo* in these parts'. On March 11th, 1938, Hitler marched in. The British Government accepted the change without changing countenance.

On September 7th, 1938, *The Times*, in a leading article, launched a proposal for the cession of the 'fringe of alien populations in Czechoslovakia' to the Reich. A flood of public protests was the result. The British Government issued an official statement that 'the suggestion in *The Times* leading article ... in no way represents the views of the British Government'. On September 18th, 1938, Mr. Chamberlain presented an ultimatum to Czechoslovakia in the exact sense of the suggestion made by *The Times* on September 7th. The 'fringe of alien populations' was duly transferred to Germany at the British command, and the new war became certain. (I resigned from *The Times* at that moment, feeling that the knowledge and experience of a trained foreign correspondent were valueless to it.) Six months later, Germany took the rest of Czechoslovakia.

Now, in 1943, *The Times* makes a similar suggestion about Poland. The British Government repudiates it.

We may march towards even worse dilemmas, through this incorrigible and intolerable confusion in our foreign policy.

We cannot surrender Europe, either to Germany or Russia, without surrendering ourselves. Though Magdeburg is but Maidstone in German, and Pont l'evêque not much more than Abbotsford in French, none of us are ripe to give up nationhood, and we in this island do not wish to.' Are we fighting this war for merely another Munich?

It is urgently necessary that we should clarify our relations with Russia, for the dangers multiply, as I have shown. We should insist on a clear and just agreement about Poland, and strike to win this war.

First things come first, and the first thing for us is foreign policy. Not only our island safety, but such liberty as mankind may ever win, in this mortal world, depend on it. In war-time, foreign policy is easy for Englishmen to understand. It is, to fight the enemy. When they return, they hand over the torch to the men who sent them, but did not fight. Thus is the torch lost. Having fought, they should never take their eyes off it.

After the last war, men revived, and adapted to our times, the symbolic rite of the eternal flame, which was never allowed to go out, night or day. They thought thus to keep alive the memory and guard the faith of the million men who died in the last war. Somewhere, that pathetic flame probably still flickers, though it sank in 1935 and went out at the time of Munich. If the men who come back from this war could think of our foreign policy as that flame to be cherished, and not as two words which they but dimly comprehend, they might in good heart start on their journey and be sure that they would find a secure future, a happier breed and a freer land, in 1950 and 1960.

That will not happen if they leave their affairs, unwatched, in the hands of men elected to Parliament and then forgotten. The key to foreign policy is Russia. Even now, in the midst of the war, we threaten to lose it. We need to reach an arrangement with Russia quickly, as the price of the blow for victory which we should strike without further delay, about the frontiers of Poland; a land which we cannot

desert if any faith at all is to remain in this country. After that, we need an alliance with Russia for fifty years.

On that basis, we may have the long peace we need. It is the first thing we need, and first things come first.

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## Chapter Two

### THE CHOICE OF ENEMIES

'A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies,' wrote Oscar Wilde. 'Truth standing on its head to attract attention,' scoffed Le Gallienne, of such Wilde talk. But men will often only look at truth when you use some such device to attract their attention to it.

The jest, at all events, contains a major truth, for us. Germany, by the numbers of its people, their warlike inheritance, the ambitions these produce, and its place on the map, chooses to be our enemy. We cannot build a tight little island, unless we recognize the danger. One thing alone will make Germany our friend: our own strength, supported by a Russian alliance. This is sad for people who like, though they do not know, the Germans, and for those who dislike, though they do not know, the Russians; but it is true.

It will remain so when we return to Civvy Street, and for long to come. We are urged nowadays to read a Russian novel, called *War and Peace*. The book of our future is called, Peace or War? This is the answer to the question.

You may no more hope to abolish day and night, than to escape from this inexorable choice. We can only finish this war quickly, have enduring peace after it, make this island safe and hold the Empire together, if we realize that Germany chooses to be our potential enemy and that we must choose Russia for our indispensable ally.

That this war still goes on and that we have not yet won it, is in my belief due to the fact that international forces, whose interests are not ours, who do not care about our people or our island safety or our future, still seek to blind the British to this truth, and have substantial success. But these islanders will be mad if they allow themselves to be bluffed again, and their eyes to be diverted from the enemy who chooses himself. The delay in ending this war is already deeply suspicious, and can only profit international arms manufacturers and power-seeking groups. It places our future in jeopardy again.<sup>[9]</sup>

The coming of the war seems neither to have dispelled the illusions, nor checked the machinations, which caused it. The public is again being misled about the inexorable choice of enemies and allies. Even before we reach Civvy Street, we shall hear again the cry 'Don't try to keep Germany down' which was used, after the war began, by the late Sir Nevile Henderson. In my experience, the people who use such phrases care nothing for the weal or woe of Germans. They pursue other motives.

The Fair Dealers raised their voices in the last war, as we approached victory, and defeat advanced on Germany. A Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., was then approvingly quoted by the German Chancellor as 'expressing the opinion that we should be nearer to peace if accredited and responsible representatives of the belligerent powers would get together in a small circle for a mutual exchange of views'. He was a member of the 'Lansdowne Group', which (at a time when Germany was everywhere victorious) advocated early negotiations to end the war. The proposal was repudiated by angry public protest. It seemed to die.

Did it, though? Twenty years later, in 1938, a Lord Runciman was chosen to visit a small country far away, which our politicians 'knew nothing about'. He recommended the surrender to Germany of that part of it which contained its defences. Mr. Chamberlain enforced the surrender by threatening to abandon Czechoslovakia to its fate; he thus destroyed the Third Front and the dam which prevented this war.

Thus we may prick our ears now, if we wish to hear the first sounds of the next war, in 1963, and prevent it.

In the summer of 1942 Lady Snowden spoke, in London, to the Anglo-Swedish Society. Before this war, she caused alarm and despondency to hard-working British newspaper correspondents in Berlin, who fought to awaken this country to the impending danger. She went to Germany, and after 'five days' intensive search for the truth' there, wrote:

There is no antagonism to England in this country ... On the contrary, there is an earnest desire on the part of Herr Hitler and his people for friendship with England, and if it should rest with him and them there would be no war ... But there is a sad and growing conviction that nothing the German spokesmen can say or do will advance by one iota those fraternal friendships which ... are so ardently desired if they can be honourably achieved ... The secret of Herr Hitler's power lies in his selflessness and his sincerity ... He is a simple man of great personal integrity ... I would not hesitate to accept his word when promised.

(Lady Snowden supported in 1917 the arguments of the 'Lansdowne Letter'). 'A great difference of opinion', reported the *Evening Standard* in 1912, 'has arisen about what she meant in her speech. Lord Sempill, who was in the chair, tells me he understood her to express the opinion that a negotiated peace was desirable "when the time is ripe". Lord Sempill says he agrees with this suggestion. But Lady Snowden, when I spoke to her, warmly denied the suggestion that she advocated a negotiated settlement. "There can be no discussions with the Nazis", she said, "and I said that at the luncheon. My exact language was, "We cannot negotiate with men who have elevated bad faith to the status of a creed"'.

(A few Nazi leaders, 'guilty men', will disappear as the war goes on. That is irrelevant. The disappearance of the Kaiser benefited us not at all.)

'When Lord Sempill said he agreed with the idea of a negotiated peace', the *Evening Standard* continues, 'I asked him at what point he was prepared publicly to suggest the course he would like followed. "At the moment when the military situation is dominantly in our favour", he replied, "and when the time comes we want to benefit from the experience of the past - we don't want another Versailles." I then asked him if he would introduce a motion in the House of Lords on the subject. "Yes", he said, "and I am sure I could get a lot of support for such a motion"'.

Seemingly we move, then, from the Lansdowne Letter of 1917 to the Sempill Motion of this year or next. But we have made an Alliance with Russia which engages us *not* separately to negotiate with, or make any armistice or peace treaty with, *any* German Government.

'The old world is dead': thus Professor Carr, of *The Times*, ends his book, *Conditions of Peace* (Macmillan, 1942). What nonsense. We move in a circle, like a cat chasing its tail. The old world remains unchanged. The same mistakes are repeated in the same way, as if we were only born yesterday. The same futile phrases are used: they have not even been exchanged for utility phrases in war-time. They are mortally dangerous, for many people clutch gladly at a phrase of straw, instead of swimming further in the waters of thought and seizing a lifebelt of truth.

The worst of them all is, 'No Second Versailles'. I have challenged hundreds of its users, and never found *one* who had read the Versailles Treaty or knew how it worked. No treaty can be maintained if the victors are inflexibly resolved to allow the losers to rearm and make a new war; that was why this treaty now lies in ruins. It was in its main provisions the best treaty Europe ever knew. Never before were so many Europeans free to live their own lives.

Are we, then, when the din of war begins to be drowned by the pandemonium of peace, or even before, to repeat every mistake we made before, like blinkered asses on a water-wheel?

If we are, for what do such men die as Richard McLeod of Hull, who wrote to his mother before the bombing raid from which he did not return:

If I am killed, I know it will be in the most glorious and Christian engagement to which it has pleased God to call a member of our house. You know how deeply I felt about Czechoslovakia. Judge, then, how much greater my feelings are when I know that this is for Britain. Despite all that lies close to my heart, I look upon this as secondary to the establishment of a life of peace and security for all the little races of the world for which we fight, and particularly the Czechs, who have filled me with admiration.

This spirit and this ideal are in danger of being betrayed once more. The lag in our prosecution of the war, the neglect of chances to strike and win it, become sinister. Confusion is growing about an issue which should now be clear: who is our enemy, and do we intend to defeat him? We have been promised that 'nine months' of 1943, which expire in October, will at last bring clarity. If they do not, we shall be thrown back into the miserable darkness of the pre-war years - when the British people clearly saw that Germany was choosing to be their enemy, but their leaders denied that this was so and retarded our armament while the self-chosen foe prepared!

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## Chapter Three

### WHODUNIT?

The English have a passion for what they call thrillers and I call dullers. Whodunit? Was it murder, and by whom? Through endless pages they plough, in search of the answer to this problem. The motives which may lead to a murder are of enthralling interest. But death is final, and the process of unravelling afterwards is no more absorbing than the opening of a road to discover the cables beneath - an operation which always attracts many beholders.

But if they like Whodunits, let them take with them, as they go through Civvy Street in search of their future, the greatest mystery story of all time. It is our own story. But we are not dead; we live. The corpse stands up, and goes on again. We nearly died, though.

Whodunit? Who led us up the garden path; what footpads waylaid and nearly killed us? Why did they do this? Where and when may we expect to meet them again, in Civvy Street, and how may we thwart them? Who told us, this is the road to peace, and led us straight to war? Who took our savings, destroyed our businesses, and sent our sons and daughters away?

About 1950, you may come to the solution. That would be time enough, to foil 'Them' at Their next attempt.

Whodunit? The best detectives begin by searching for the motive. Find the motive, and you may find the assassin. And where may one look for the motive? Why, among 'the guilty men', Hitler and his grisly gang, of course: that is what the footpads will blandly say, when we meet them in Civvy Street again. They will hope, by that deceit, to lure us into another dark alley.

No. Germany held the bludgeon, but we needed first, to be delivered to the footpad. Then, whose was the profit?

I think the answer is: international bankers; their cousins, international arms manufacturers, with their offspring trades and kindred industries, particularly oil; and international power-seeking groups.

'The whole world will be much poorer after the war,' said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood, on February 2nd, 1943. It is patently untrue. Wealth is transferred by war, not destroyed. The small man whose house and furniture have been destroyed, who was forced to close his business and go to fight, will be poorer. His neighbour, whose house and furniture were not destroyed, will own property many times more valuable than before; the big store which remained open when the little shop closed, will be richer.<sup>[10]</sup> The cost of an exploding shell or bomb is not blown to smithereens; the money lies to the credit of the manufacturer who made it. The ten shillings in every pound, which now are taken from our incomes, do not evaporate; they maintain the stupendously swollen legion of exempt officials. As in all these wars, some become richer, others poorer. No poverty afflicts the great bankers and armament syndicates: this is their harvest-time. A big book could be written about the enrichment of some and the impoverishment of others, during this war; and it should be called, 'Profit at Home!'

We begin to see the motives!

The Correspondent of the London *Times* came in to give me a report on the effects of the London protest to Hitler about rearming - a protest made after England and the United States have sold millions of dollars worth of arms to Germany.

The American Ambassador in Berlin, William E. Dodd,  
writing in his Diary on December 5th, 1934.

The British investor put more money into Europe than into the whole of the Colonies -  
more money into the Dutch East Indies than into the whole of British Africa.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary, on January 10th, 1943.

While ex-Servicemen sold matches and played barrel organs, the Big Five Banks were  
vieing with each other to see which could lend the most millions to the Hun. 'Put  
Germany on her feet', was the slogan and they certainly succeeded in that. Are we  
going to do that again? There has been a hint of it in some of the Foreign Secretary's  
speeches.

Lieut-Commander Braithwaite, M.P., Conservative,  
Holderness, in the House of Commons.

I saw something of those transactions. After Hitler came to power, and high-speed rearmament began,  
the German Government, like a policeman deftly slipping the handcuffs on a citizen, calmly shackled  
this country to the German war machine by withholding payment of a large amount of short-term  
loans, when they fell due. An arrangement was reached, called a 'Standstill Agreement'; the foreign  
bankers agreed to leave the money in Germany, interest being paid. These agreements were annually  
renewed. Each year the bankers from London arrived to talk things over, spent pleasant days in the  
Adlon Hotel, and departed, praising Germany's fairness in the matter. All knew that the capital sum  
was spent on armaments, and that these would presently be used against British soldiers.

British newspaper correspondents were not allowed to tell this story of Germany's rearmament, urgent  
warlike ambitions, and the way the new war was being financed. Some of these bankers were on the  
boards of great armaments concerns and of British newspapers. While the British journalists were  
prevented from telling the truth, these newspapers, and the politicians, told England that 'Hitler is a  
peace-loving man', and that those who said the contrary were 'warmongers'.

These sums remain in Germany. What part will they play, after the war, or even in shaping the future  
course of it? Bear them in minds when the cry of 'Give Germany a Square Deal' goes up! (Readers  
should also consult Philip Noel Baker, *The Private Manufacture of Armaments*, Gollancz, 1936, and  
Bernhard Menne, *Krupp*, William Hodge & Co., 1937. They may also bear in mind that the three  
inter-war Conservative Prime Ministers all originated from the daughter-industries of the arms trade.  
When *Tory M.P.*, by Simon Haxey (Gollancz, 1939), was written, sixty Conservative Members were  
directors of armaments and allied industries.)

In the last war, things happened which aroused tempestuous protest from the outraged conscience of  
mankind. The Germans occupied the Briey Basin, a mineral-bearing district which lay between France  
and Germany and was rich in iron. The French never bombed it, or tried to put it out of action, though  
the Germans were using the iron for munitions. The works belonged to the de Wendel family, which  
belongs to the greatest French munition manufacturers. The scandal became known during the war,  
and after it a stormy debate raged in the French Parliament. But it led to no result: the influence of the  
*Comité des Forges*, the French Federation of Heavy Industries, was too strong. The Frenchmen who  
were killed by the shells made from those ores, were dead! Conversely, German soldiers were killed  
by British shells, the nosecaps of which bore the mark 'KPz96/04' (or, Krupp patent fuse), the patent  
fees having been credited by the British makers to the Krupp account. At little German goods-stations,  
the Krupp name and trade-mark were filed or ground off high grade steel bars before they continued  
their journey to Switzerland (and France). British metal merchants made deliveries of iron ore to  
Rotterdam, in peaceful Holland (for Krupps). A French armoured cruiser stopped a Norwegian vessel

containing 2,500 tons of nickel from French New Caledonia for Krupps, half of its cost already having been paid by Krupps; a French prize court declared the cargo to be contraband of war, but an urgent order from the French Government released it, and it was delivered to Krupps.

And so on, and so on. A long war, not a short one, could be the only desire of the people, in all the belligerent countries, who profited from such transactions. The same motive certainly prevails, among similar people, to-day. In that war, the Press retained much freedom in all the countries which fought; hence the exposure of such things. In this war, the Press has been muzzled.

Nevertheless, we know of a transaction in this war which trumps, in bestiality, even those of the last.

After the invasion of Austria, it became clear that Mr. Chamberlain and his Tory cohorts meant to help Hitler to destroy Czechoslovakia. At that moment, I remarked to a bewildered colleague, on a café terrace in Prague, 'This *can't* be stupidity; it must be treachery'. For this would (1) destroy the Third Front, which prevented Germany from beginning the war while it stood; (2) we should thereby hand over to Germany the Czech defences, and therewith, all Czechoslovakia; (3) we should throw away the *four armoured divisions* which the Czechs held ready to put against the German five (Lord Gort faced the Germans without even one fully armoured division).

But that was not all. The territory which we would compel Czechoslovakia to yield to Germany, contained the Skoda armaments works, at Pilsen, the arsenal of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Its war-time output would be prodigious. And British money was invested in it: a sound investment, if British foreign policy remained honest; but a mad one (we *then* thought) if British foreign policy handed it to Germany. How little we knew!

The Skoda Works were given by Mr. Chamberlain to Hitler. How many tanks and guns have the Germans made there, and how many of our men have been killed by them? The French laid much of the blame for their collapse on the Skoda-made tanks which the Germans use.

That is bad enough, but worse follows, in this chapter of our Whodunit? Truth becomes not only stranger, but beastlier than fiction. The picture of a British soldier being killed by a tank which our Government, while England cheered, forced the Czechs to hand to the Germans, is bad enough. But consider another picture: that of a British shareholder, during the war, receiving dividends on his Skoda shares, while his neighbour's son is shot down over Skoda by a Skoda-made gun or night-fighter! The R.A.F. were sent there!

This is what happened:

After Munich, the British conscience was soothed by the news that the British Government would lend what remained of Czechoslovakia £6,000,000 'for reconstruction purposes'. The stricken and amputated state was thus to be healed and helped on its feet again.

When Germany took the rest of Czechoslovakia, six months later, most of the £6,000,000 stood to the Czech credit in London. It was promptly blocked, so that the Germans could not get it. The British Government compelled the surrender to Germany of the Czechs' *own* gold, held by the International Bank, in Basel, on the board of which we were, and still are represented.

What happened to the £6,000,000? Was it returned to the credit of the British taxpayer? No! The payment, out of it, of the claims of British creditors 'seemed reasonable'! The British holders of Skoda 6 per cent debentures received their money. The Treasury Order authorizing this was issued in March 1940 (When Mr. Chamberlain was still Prime Minister, Lord Simon Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Horace Wilson Head of the Treasury), a few weeks before the Skoda-made tanks crashed down on the British and French troops!

Inaccurate headlines like 'Dividends from Death' and accusations of usury draw the red herring of prejudice across the trail [wrote a financial expert in a London newspaper], Skoda debenture-holders are ordinary commercial creditors, and cannot in justice be treated differently from other such creditors. The suggestion that armament-makers are afflicted with a double dose of original sin reads a little queerly in these days.

The people who put their money in Skoda did so in good faith, and if Governments could be trusted to tell the truth and pursue an honest foreign policy, they even chose a patriotic investment. But the causes of war can never be removed if men may think, 'Well, come war, come peace, come victory or defeat, whether the weapons this concern makes are used for or against my country, I shall get my money'.

Nothing can justify the payment of interest to British shareholders in a business which now makes arms to kill their own countrypeople. They should lose that money, and thus learn the need to watch the actions of their governments. What objection could these debenture-holders feel to a new Munich Agreement or a new war, in twenty years time? Can any find decent congruity in the picture of these payments, being made by the British Government to shareholders in German-occupied arms factories, while our land is placarded with appeals to private charity for 'the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund'? Are the orphans of a man shot down over Skoda to depend on alms, while the State pays interest to shareholders in that same concern?

I hope some begin to perceive the real nature of the Munich Agreement, for their future after this war depends on their understanding it. The trouble with individual British investors in international arms concerns is not that they have a double dose of original sin, but a quadruple dose of aboriginal apathy; if they would watch politics as closely as they watch prospectuses, the British creditors of Skoda would draw their dividends to-day in a world at peace and without shame to themselves. But much original sin is in a Government which applies public funds to such an end at such a time.

This detestable transaction is the trueborn child of the Munich Agreement, and breathes the spirit of that pact now pronounced dead, but yet alive. This should be included in the history books, for the benefit of the growing generation. Two English children of to-morrow, if they were to ask the famous question of the last war, 'What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?', might respectively be told, 'I bombed Skoda', or, 'I drew my dividends from Skoda'.

The great question, 'Whodunit, and why?' takes on a sharp edge when these things are studied. The breakdown of the peace began with the Japanese attack on China in 1931. Our leaders wagged admonishing forefingers at the Japanese. During the next two years, fifty-three licences for the export of war materials to Japan were issued in this country. One big firm alone sent nearly £500,000 worth of arms during that period. America sent many times as much. These were but pickings. The real profits began when the Japanese were ready and soldiers from the West were sent to fight them. Heads I win, and tails you lose! British, imperial and Indian soldiers paid the price, at Hongkong, Singapore and elsewhere; Americans, at Pearl Harbour. On the stock exchanges, they talk of 'making a killing', when they mean, to make money. Here, both were made.

Whodunit? The larger pieces of the puzzle fall into the places. We grow warm, gentle reader. We approach the motives and the culprits.

But what of the weapon? I think we have found it. Call it The Hidden Hand, or Anonymity.

The further you probe into these things, the more clearly you find that power to-day is wielded by men who lurk in shadow, whose instruments the politicians merely are, those public figures which you acclaim to-day and curse to-morrow.

Call these men, collectively, Anon. You may believe that a God exists, in heaven; then why not a demon, on earth, called Anon. Anon is many men, and we have seen the main groups to which they belong, in the realm of commerce. (Religion supplies another, and territorial ambitions, deriving from a book thousands of years old, another.) All are super-national; all pursue aims which cut through the interests of the communities of peoples called nations, or states, which they use as their instruments.

Only by assuming the existence of this non-national, anti-national, super-national, international demon, Anon, can I understand Mr. Lloyd George's words (April 7th, 1923):

Wars are precipitated by motives which the statesmen responsible for them dare not publicly avow. A public discussion would drag these motives in their nudity into the open, where they would die of exposure to the withering contempt of humanity.

You perceive, gentle reader, why our statesmen always say 'No recriminations', 'no scapegoats', 'no public inquiry', 'the past is past', 'no useful purpose would be served ...', 'this information would not be in the public interest'.

Mr. Lloyd George is an authority. He was not 'responsible for a war but he became responsible for conducting one. No greater expert, then, lives. Why 'dare' he not publicly avow these motives? If but one man, of his weight, would say all he knew, we should have peace for a long time.

He confirms my explanation, that hidden motives exist for these wars. But if the statesmen 'dare not avow these motives', they must be in the power of others, of Anon.

Let us make this thing vivid and comprehensible by considering one such man:

Hendrik August Wilhelm Deterding was born and died a Hollander. How many realized that, when they read some servile gossip's paragraph about Sir Henri, or even Sir Henry Deterding? He received a British order, carrying a knighthood, for the great help he gave, in the last war, in ensuring our oil supplies.

He was extremely successful in the oil business, wealthy and powerful. During his life, most of the world's oil came under the control of two great concerns, one of which he led. The importance of oil should now be clear to the dullest. Next to a monopoly of food or drink, nothing could give the monopolist such power over mankind. (The oil monopoly seems to have been sometimes fiercely contested, sometimes tacitly shared between the two concerns.)

Little has been published in this country, about the political power wielded by the oil concerns. In America, several books have appeared. The law of libel, a formidable instrument for preventing the British public from learning that which it should know, has been used to prevent publication here. This is one reason for the prevailing ignorance on the subject; another is the subservience of the Press to such powerful interests.

One leading London newspaper, in the inter-war years, undertook to publish six articles explaining the politics of oil, the way they cut through national interests, and particularly their influence for peace or war. They stopped at the fourth article, and when the writer asked, why, the editor replied: 'The oil articles brought about my ears a very considerable whirlwind, and if I were you I think I would lay off oil for a bit. It is too big a racket to handle safely.'

Here the reader may gain a glimpse of the inhibitions which work in newspaper offices, and infer for himself how far they are likely to tell him the truth.

But back to Deterding. In 1918 the British attacked Russia and occupied the Caucasus, the great oil-district of Southern Russia, where the two great international oil concerns held great interests (you may remark, gentle reader, that Hitler, who still hopes to gain our support, or at least our inactivity, while he is engaged with Russia, particularly attacks this region). The Bolsheviks refused to disintegrate, and the British withdrew, leaving White Russians in occupation. In 1920, the Red Russians drove them out, and since that momentous day a large oilfield has been outside the ownership and operations of the international concerns.

This was confiscation! It was not worth the bones of a single British soldier, then or twenty years later. For that matter, the Bolsheviks, who needed international help, eagerly sought an arrangement with the former owners. Conferences at Genoa and The Hague came to nothing. They were dominated by the vengeful figures of cosmopolitan oil magnates who, though not delegates to them, filled the big hotels around, ('Anon', in the background!).

From that moment Deterding was obsessed with hatred of the Bolsheviks. It is fair to say that he lived for the day when they would be overthrown (he foretold this as imminent, repeatedly), and the Caucasus oil be restored to its foreign owners. Being immensely powerful, he was able to press this aim in many ways. Several British newspapers became the mouthpieces of it. (Some may remember the placards, 'No Soviet Oil sold here!', which were distributed to garage owners.)

He was entitled to his opinion. The point is, that he was able to exert influence on *British* policy and politicians, though a new war on account of the Soviet oilfields was no interest of the inhabitants of this island. True, in one letter to the Press he accused the Bolsheviks of 'not playing cricket'; but his birth, thoughts, feelings and interests were not British, but international.

His second wife was a Russian lady. They spent much time in Paris, and he spent large sums in training young émigré Russians there in the way they should go.

His third wife was a German woman. When the new war approached, and his dream of Bolshevik humiliation seemed to approach realization, he retired with her to an estate in Germany. There just before the war began, he died.

This is an important fragment of the story of Anon, of yesterday and of this war. Such a man could not feel that the safety of this island was the paramount thing, that an alliance with Russia was indispensable for it. He could only think of the oil of the Caucasus, and did not mind what soldiers died to get it, if it were only regained. He was but one of many who were powerful behind the scenes.

These things we did not know, last time we stumbled through Civvy Street, towards an avoidable war. This time, we know, and need to watch our step. We need to know who shapes our course, what hands are outstretched to alter it. The curse of anonymity is heavy on us. The structure of our public life has been built to prevent us from seeing what goes on behind the scene while, in front, a Minister stands and says, 'We realize that our safety lies in alliance with Russia and shall pursue that policy'.

The misery of this war should not be prolonged, or a new one brought about after it, because somebody's factory was confiscated in 1918. I object to the fact that, if my books were translated into Russian, no payment would reach me, and do not protest less strongly because my books are outlawed in Russia, and for that matter in Germany. I might write a book one day which *would* be published in Russia. My dues would be confiscated in practice, for I would not wish to visit Russia merely in order to spend, on hotels and meals, whatever roubles lay to my credit in a Russian bank.

I should violently object to this confiscation. But I would scarify any who urged that, for such reasons, we should encourage some other country to attack Russia or make war on Russia ourselves. That

would imperil a much greater interest of mine, and my compatriots, than my earnings as a writer; it would imperil the safety of this island.

Perhaps this personal illustration may make a plain thing clear. It is the simple but vital principle which such powerful men as Deterding cannot understand, because their roots are international.

Such men were powerful enough, behind the scenes, to lead us into a new war, from which they thought to fetch private chestnuts. Consider once more, in this light, the events of 1935, when the war really began. We shall meet 1935 again, as we pass through Civvy Street, and we cannot construct something, in the future, unless we understand them.

In 1935 the British Government, alarmed by the protest of eleven million people, pledged itself to check aggression - and to prevent the coming war. The case in point, though it was in fact the beginning of this war, was the seemingly local episode of Italy's attack on Abyssinia. None of the experimental exploits, with which the warmakers probed the strength of the nations pledged to preserve the peace, could have been easier to check. Not even armed force was necessary. The coveted territory lay far away, across sea and desert. The aggressor's supplies could have been cut off knife-like, by the others combined, and led by Britain. He owned no oilfields, and drew his fuel supplies from the outer world.

Our hand, then, was on his jugular vein. We needed only to squeeze, he would release his victim, the world would applaud a British victory more famous than any gained in war, aggression would collapse in ignominy, peace would be safe for long to come. 'The oil embargo might clearly force the termination of hostilities', said Sir Samuel Hoare.

Oil! But, twenty years before, Caucasus oilfields were taken from the foreign holders. The aggressor, Fascist Italy, was anti-Communist!

Within a few months of the 1935 election, the British Government wrecked the oil embargo. In 1936, Mr. Chamberlain declared, amid oleaginous applause, that the very thought of an oil embargo was 'mid-summer madness'. This war began.

The strength of these hidden men, who pursue their ambitions on our shoulders, could not be more clearly revealed. 'I have shown one, Deterding. We shall meet others, lurking in the shadow in Civvy Street. They are our enemies. The secret of their power is, Anonymity.

War, the red flower, grows from seeds planted in peace. The seeds are the 'motives which the statesmen responsible dare not avow'. These motives, then, exist in *peacetime*. It follows that the statesmen who *seem* to wield power, in peace time, are the instruments of hidden motives, deriving from hidden men. Mr. Lloyd George's words are clear, and we are entitled to take them at their full weight.

They show how dangerous is the habit of giving idolatry to Ministers of the day, which has grown up with this. This country has yielded to it thrice, in recent times. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain were built into idols by the Press, which is often controlled by persons unknown, and by the broadcasting machine, which is a government monopoly in our country alone (of lands professing to be democratic). The credulous saw heroic figures, which they worshipped. They suspected nothing of this hidden mechanism, these concealed promptings.

We have Mr. Baldwin's own admission that he deliberately misled the country to win an election. Mr. MacDonald's biographer says 'There was the dogged, unshakable loyalty of the miners and their wives; they simply could not believe that their idolized hero would be a traitor and a renegade' [ed: renegade?] (though he was these). Mr. Chamberlain's claim to idolatry is now open to examination.

The method by which public idolatry is created may be seen in the statement of one of his Ministers, on the eve of Dunkirk, that he was a superman, on whose model we ought all to be built. When Mr. Chamberlain was dead, the same speaker was asked, in a Brains Trust debate, who was the greatest orator of our day and at once replied, 'Mr. Churchill' (by this time, Prime Minister).

Whodunit? A great screen of anonymity has been built between the people and those ulterior motives of which Mr. Lloyd George spoke. They see only public spokesmen; they do not suspect what goes on back-stage. If this continues, we shall re-enter Civvy Street blindfold, and never know where we go. Only this vast apparatus of anonymity, I believe as I look back, enabled the country to be drawn into this war. It takes a hundred forms: the Official Secrets Act, the Libel Act, and the blunt refusal to give names of officials responsible for grave misdeeds, who yet wield great power; the refusal of inquiry into national disasters; the withholding or deliberate falsification of information, without subsequent penalty; the anonymity of newspaper ownership or control; the concealment of relationships between Ministers or politicians and banking or armaments interests.

In this war the armour of anonymity, behind which these 'motives' work, has been immensely strengthened. Never was so much withheld from so many, as in this age of our Ministry of Information. The denial of information, under Mr. Churchill's leadership, has become more habitual than before.

More than once, in this war, Mr. Churchill has spoken of military disasters, which befell us, as the gravest in our history. Yet for the first time in our history, enlightenment about them is refused! ('In every previous war dispatches have been published' - Sir R. Glyn, M.P., in December 1942.) Information about Hongkong, Singapore and Tobruk has been denied. In the case of Dunkirk, alone, have the Commander's dispatches been issued. We know *what* happened; we may not know *why* it happened.

If you read these dispatches, you will find no justice in the relegation of Lord Gort, the Commander. He was made 'a scapegoat'. The blame belonged to others, who were not soldiers, into whose conduct all investigation is refused, with the cry 'No scapegoats?'. Yet here, you might come to those 'motives'. Here, you might find Anon.

'No scapegoats'.<sup>[11]</sup>

This, the denial of responsibility, is Anon's most powerful shield and the cause of our troubles, past and to come.

The principle of non-accountability in all circumstances cannot be defended. Only behind this screen, can hidden men and hidden motives wreak their will. We reject this monstrous doctrine in every other department of our public life. When General Cunningham advised caution in Libya, he was deposed. Lord Gort, though he was blameless, was exiled to Gibraltar, after Dunkirk. General Auchinleck was dismissed when the battle went ill in Africa, and General Ritchie, too.

Of the real responsibility, the political responsibility, alone, may we never know anything. This makes nonsense of the rest, for it leaves Anon in power. What will it avail us in 1970, if we come to another Dunkirk, and a general is removed, while the men who armed his enemy and left him without arms or supplies, remain in office and cry 'No scapegoats'?

What will it profit us, that the Foreign Minister should in future be empowered to dismiss an unsuccessful Ambassador, if Anon dictates a policy which spoils the work of any British envoy?

Consider Sir Nevile Henderson, the last British Ambassador to Berlin. No 'reforms in the Foreign Service' would have helped us, in this case. He was chosen for his post *because* he held certain views.



I doubt whether any other senior member of the British Foreign Service could have been found, so blinded by prejudice that his sense of British national interests was hopelessly impaired. But for those who thought that Germany might be brought to attack Russia and regain the Caucasus oilfields, or those whose German-invested money was gone into the German war-machine, he was the ideal Ambassador. He was the worst possible one from any other point of view. Who prevailed, then?

The dismissal of generals, the talk of 'reforms in the Foreign Service', are but dust in the public eye, while anonymity and non-accountability remain at the top. If Anon retains power at the fountain-head of power, he can warp the work of ambassadors, thwart the efforts of generals, after this war again. But that is the situation, as long as 'No questions and no recriminations' is the implacable last word of every succeeding Prime Minister.

Because of this, we shall meet at the beginning of Civvy Street, not only the great barrier of Enclosure-in-everything, but a blackout: anonymity and non-accountability. Under its cover, the things were done which caused this war, and they could not have been done in the light. If they are to be left hidden, our future is beset with the same dangers.

Whodunit? Of our Ambassadors, only Sir Neville Henderson has been allowed to publish a personal apologia, one of the most gravely misleading documents of our time. But the deviation in our foreign policy, which led to this war, was not the result of misinformation supplied by our Ambassadors, and the public is deluded again if it gains this impression from the much-vaunted 'Proposals for the Reform of the Foreign Service'. Sir Neville Henderson, alone, was capable of gross misconception of affairs. The other British representatives were often men bred to an enclosed state of mind, who gave signs of physical pain if brought together with any from without the pale. But they did not subordinate their judgment or patriotic feeling to caste prejudice or red-spots-in-the-vision. They were perfectly informed by their subordinates, and by the British newspaper-men, and perfectly informed the British Government.

While Sir Neville Henderson was allowed to say his piece, the tale these men could tell has *not* been published. That would cut Anon's claws.

Our Ambassador in Berlin before Henderson was Sir Eric Phipps. (Before *him*, was Sir Horace Rumbold, of whose plain warning, given a few weeks after Hitler came to power, I have written in another book.) Sir Eric Phipps wrote in *The Times* on February 3rd, 1943:

The idea seems to prevail that his Majesty's representatives abroad in the years preceding the war failed to keep H.M. Government properly informed of financial, political, naval, military and air force conditions in the States to which they were accredited. Was this really so? Only a Blue-book publishing their correspondence during those years can answer this question. When the late Sir Neville Henderson returned from Berlin at the outbreak of war he was authorized to publish a volume which proved conclusively that every effort had been made by H.M. Government to maintain peace ... What the British public should know is whether H.M. representatives abroad warned their Government from 1933 onwards of the grave dangers ahead, and, if so, why those warnings were disregarded ... Diplomats are being accused of living too sheltered lives; but was it not rather the public that was allowed to live in a sheltered world of illusions while H.M. representatives abroad struggled with grim realities? Our political system seems to need some reform whereby public opinion will be properly enlightened by politicians with sufficient courage to reveal the truth, however unpalatable, to the nation. Unless these wider and more essential reforms are also carried out it is to be feared that no great results will come from merely divesting the diplomat of his old schooltie.

That is the exact truth. I am strongly in favour of opening the Foreign Service, and *all* British service, to unmoneyed men from modest schools (the 'Reforms' which have been announced will not do this; they are a fraud). But all our ambassadors might be drawn from free schools, and they could accomplish nothing if their information were suppressed and ignored at home, and the British Government pursued a policy contrary to their reports; Sir Eric Phipps is completely right. (I only differ from this authority in one point. If 'the politicians' are too dependent on some secret tutelage to speak the truth, or are too cowardly, why should not an ambassador resign and warn the country? That, after all, is what I did in my small sphere, and I ran more financial risk than any diplomat.)<sup>[12]</sup>

Thus the ambassadors have been kept silent, save the one whose words can only mislead further. The curtain of anonymity is drawn ever tighter round the throne of non-accountability. Of the generals, one has spoken, but his words reached few. This was Brigadier-General J.H. Morgan, who served on the Commission sent to Germany, after the last war, to supervise disarmament there. Speaking in London on December 19th, 1942, he said that in 1923 he reported to the War Office, *but this was never made public*, that in his opinion, as a result of the investigations and our control, the Germany Army at that date, although limited by the treaty to 100,000 men, really consisted of 500,000 newly-trained men. 'In reply', he said, 'I was informed by the Director of Military intelligence, "We think yours is a conservative estimate". Unfortunately, that was never told to the people or to Parliament and the world, and Germany was able to get away with it by spreading abroad the legend that she was totally and completely disarmed.'

In 1923! Sixteen years before the war began, and during every day of those years trustworthy information poured into the British Foreign Office. Behold, gentle reader, the curtain which is kept between you and the truth.

Of our admirals, one, Lord Chatfield, an erstwhile First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote in March 1942:

The true story of the causes of our lamentable defence position in 1938 is known to few. I am one of those few. I have written that story and one day it will be read; but it would not be altogether desirable for the nation to read it to-day.

He is wrong. Nothing could be more desirable. Hushing-up only leads us to worse troubles. In November 1942 he published the first volume of his Memoirs, *The Navy and Defence* (Heinemann). It tells the story of the last war. The second volume, which should contain that essential knowledge of 'the causes of our lamentable defence position' in the present one, has not been published. 'The causes of our lamentable defence position'; 'wars are precipitated by motives which the statesmen responsible for them dare not publicly avow'; his words and Mr. Lloyd George's look like first cousins.

Lord Hankey, who also could better serve this country by speech than by silence, wrote, of Lord Chatfield's Memoirs, 'It is to be hoped that Authority will not hold up too long the appearance of the second volume'.

Senior air officers, too, have told me of their urgent warnings about the strength of Germany, their appeals for aeroplanes to be built.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, speaking to America, once said: 'The British people saw sooner than their Government that Hitler and his gang were thugs who had to be stopped.' It is not true. The British people could not *see* that, because the evidence was falsified and kept from them. If they now believe little they hear, that is the reason. They *felt* that, yes, but they were not allowed to *see* it.

I have given, in four books, a mass of evidence to show that our governments were fully informed of German rearmament and warlike intentions, and of the certainty of war if the foreign policy which our situation demanded (quick rearmament and a Russian alliance) were not pursued.<sup>[13]</sup>

And what was the result of it all? We were brought to disaster and Dunkirk, and only survive to-day, in my opinion, because the enemy, inexplicably, did not strike.

Even when the war began, that hidden something still held us down. We did not strike to help Poland, we did not bomb Germany, we did not fill the gap in the Maginot Line. As to that, a most sinister piece of evidence has just come to light.

The Maginot Line, behind which the similarly deluded French people were told to feel themselves secure, stopped short of the coast. The gap was mainly held by British troops. About December of 1939, British war correspondents returning from France told me that this gap was not being adequately fortified. They could make none listen, in London, they said.<sup>[14]</sup>

Now important information about this grave affair has been published in Johannesburg. Colonel Deneys Reitz (then Deputy Prime Minister of South Africa and now South African Minister in London) and Mr. R.G. Casey (then a member of the Australian Government and now British Minister of State in Cairo), after a visit to France, made *direct representations to Mr. Chamberlain*, in December 1939.

This is what Colonel Reitz says:

It was clear to me that humanly speaking the Maginot Line was impregnable, but the rest of the French and British line, beyond the Maginot fortress, struck me as a very different proposition.... Mr. Casey and I both served in France in the last war and were well acquainted with the conditions holding in this region. We were greatly perturbed by what we considered *the lack of preparation* against a German assault. Even in the Maginot Line itself the French commanders were busy night and day reinforcing the line by concrete strong points to the rear, whereas in the rest of the French and British line we thought the defences were *wholly inadequate*. So strongly did we feel this that we decided to make immediate representations to the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Colonel Reitz then quotes, in confirmation, a letter from Mr. Casey to himself, from which the following is an extract:

My dear Reitz: I spoke to Eden about our seeing Chamberlain about our visit to France. He says such a visit would 'not cause any embarrassment and is speaking to the Prime Minister in order to arrange it ... The simple fact that we wanted to convey was that we sincerely believed the 25-mile line now held by the British Army in France was dangerously deficient in concrete protection for troops and arms and that this belief was more than emphasized by our visit to the French sector, where day and night efforts are being made to reinforce by concrete in depth the already formidable concrete defences. The French army commander, General Conde, stated and emphasized over and over again that he would never be satisfied that he had sufficient concrete and that it was the only answer to the modern weapons of the tank and air bombardment. Finally I would be prepared to say that I felt myself obliged to bring this matter prominently to the notice of my Government. I am, yours sincerely, R.G. Casey.

Colonel Reitz then continues:

We duly saw Mr. Chamberlain and I remarked at the opening of the interview, Sir, if you will pardon a vulgarism, the Germans will go through the French and British lines like a dose of salts. Mr. Casey and I then proceeded to explain to him what we felt to be the shortcomings of the French and British defence lines beyond the Maginot Line. Mr.

Chamberlain gave us no definite reply, but promised to obtain reports of his military advisers. Obviously, on my return to South Africa, I could not mention these things; but I feel that after this lapse of time no harm can be done by stating what actually took place.

When, in September 1939, Mr. Chamberlain, who in September 1938 promised 'peace in our time', declared war, he said: 'There is only one thing left for me to do: that is, to devote what strength and powers I have to forwarding the victory of the cause for which we have to sacrifice so much.'

Not even that promise was kept. Two of the great Dominions knocked - as how many British representatives and newspaper men abroad knocked for years before - at the door of 10 Downing Street, with their urgent warning, in December 1939. In May 1940, the Germans came through the unclosed gap 'like a dose of salts'.

This is the gravest evidence yet disclosed about that dark period, 'the astonishing seven months', to quote Mr. Churchill's words, who has refused inquiry into it.

Mr. Eden has said, 'Every word that has been said about the shortage of equipment suffered by the British Army in France is fully justified', but associates himself with the denial of inquiry.

A well-known political writer, Mr. A.J. Cummings, recently said: 'The really entertaining book will have some such title as *The Idle Months*, or *Time is on our Side*. It will lift the curtain on that extraordinary and mysterious period between the declaration of war and the German *Blitzkrieg* in Western Europe. Who, if he has the knowledge, will have the courage to write it?'

(I would write it, but it would not be 'entertaining'.)

'We cannot say, the past is past, without surrendering the future.' Yet Mr. Churchill now says 'The past is past'.

What was the final balance?

The British Army in France was authorized to surrender. (Lord Gort's Dispatches.)

In this country was 'not even one fully trained and fully equipped division'. (Mr. Eden, October 23rd, 1941.)

In this country were 'less than 100 tanks'. (Mr. Churchill, December 15th, 1942.)

In this country were, how many fighter aeroplanes? We have not been told that, but the Americans often know more about us than we, and the *New York Herald-Tribune* of December 17th, 1942, said there were 'only three squadrons of fighter aircraft intact in Britain'.

The present head of our Air Force thought 'all was up'.

(£1,500,000,000 was voted by Parliament for arms in 1937.)

The War Minister of the time, Colonel Stanley, after a rest, has been restored to the Government as Minister for the Colonies. Many other Ministers from the Governments responsible remain in office.

If any reader who knows my other books will add the material contained in them to this, he will see the shape of a terrible indictment, which cannot be ignored unless our future is to be put in jeopardy.

The pass was open. The foe did not enter. When he attacked, three months later, many new aeroplanes, of our own making or American supply, were ready. That he did not come in June is inexplicable. He could have destroyed the Navy at a cost, heavy, but worth the prize: world domination. If we are not to have one word of explanation of that, if the men who did this are to govern us for another twenty years, what prospect does Civvy Street offer?

All is to be hidden behind the curtain of anonymity. A future Prime Minister, while we are kept unarmed and our enemies prepare, may again tell us in 1964 or 1965, as Mr. Baldwin told us in 1934 and 1935, that 'no country within striking distance of our shores will be allowed to outarm us in the air', that 'Germany is not approaching equality with us', and the like more, and all his colleagues may connive, knowing that responsibility for any calamity may be waved aside with the words, 'No recriminations!'

We deserve better than that, but shall not get it without a Battle in England. For Mr. Baldwin has retired to earldom, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain are dead, but the machine they built lives after them and has been left intact.

Whodunit? We may see now, if we will, that these men were puppets. We have dimly perceived the shapes of other men, behind, to whose gain this war works, or whose obsessions it feeds, or whose plans it furthers. We may be pretty sure *who* did it. We can detect *how* they did it: by using the weapon of anonymous power, by working in the blackout.

Our political system seems to need some reform whereby public opinion will be properly enlightened by politicians with sufficient courage to reveal the truth, however unpalatable, to the nation.

This diagnosis (of Sir Eric Phipps) is exact. These wars could not happen if the truth were known to, instead of being concealed from the country.

How may we thwart Anon?

Members of Parliament, if they lack the native courage to liberate themselves, should have the shackles of dependence struck from them by revival of the olden and golden rule that they may accept no paid employment, in any form, from the Government or its associated monopolies. They should be forbidden to sign a pledge of unquestioning obedience to Party orders, which falsifies any pledge they make to their electors. They will not find the spirit to press for these things, after the degrading effects of the past eight years, and should be prompted to it by the return of a large number of militant Independent Members.

The discussion of our fighting forces, on which our safety ultimately rests, should be accompanied, at the presentation of Defence Estimates to Parliament, by a report on the actual expenditure of money from previous Estimates (the mystery of the £1,500,000,000 voted in 1937 remains buried beneath the doctrine of non-accountability and non-accountancy). The pretence that this is 'not in the public interest', and might be useful to foreign powers, is a fraud. The knowledge that we are *strong* would deter them in warlike ambitions. Statements, such as those of Mr. Baldwin which I have mentioned, which exaggerate our strength, which are false, but which delude the British public, encourage them to make war, did much to produce this one, and are certainly *not* in the public interest. The heads of the Services should attend the Defence Estimates debate in the Commons, and testify to the accuracy of the information given.

The Government should annually lay before Parliament, and this should be published without curtailment in the Press, an exact statement of British foreign investments. Investments within the Empire should be encouraged, and a fixed ratio set. Investments in foreign countries should be

forbidden for the armaments and allied industries, and banking loans similarly debarred, unless our defence position is proved, by the production of authentic information in public debate, to be secure, and the Russian alliance is firm. The public cannot satisfy themselves that these conditions exist unless accurate information about foreign policy, armaments and investments is supplied. Deliberate misinformation about these subjects was the means by which the public was lulled into allowing this war to approach.

The Official Secrets Act should be amended so that it may no longer be used *against* the interests of the country by anonymous persons. (Diplomats or serving officers, for instance, who knew that official statements to the country about relative British and German air strength were untrue, would have been intimidated by the threat of this Act, had they resigned and warned the country.) Ambassadors, serving officers and civil servants, should not be placed in conflict between their loyalty to the country, which is paramount, and their allegiance to the Government of the day - since we now know that Governments of the day wilfully misinform the country.

The most dangerous gap is that indicated in Sir Eric Phipps's letter: 'Did H.M. representatives abroad warn their Government from 1933 onwards of the grave dangers ahead, and if so, why were those warnings neglected?'

How can a government of the future be prevented from pursuing, from some ulterior motives, a foreign policy contrary to the wish of the country and to the information supplied by its own representatives? A check in this can only come from the revival of an independent spirit in Parliament, the present abject plight of which is our greatest danger. This, again, can only be produced by Members independently returned to Westminster for the specific purpose of exposing and mending the abuses which have grown up there.

The independence of the Press should be restored, and the quickest way (but one closed now, like most useful things) would be to issue an independent newspaper. Every newspaper should be bound, by law, to publish the names of its proprietors and board. To-day, the power behind the Press is anonymous. One newspaper came into conflict with the Home Secretary, and the names of its proprietors were published. *More than half* of them were men whose names could not even be ascertained by a visit to Somerset House and consultation of the register; they appeared simply as 'Somebody's Bank Nominees!' Thus, the power to tell millions of people things, each day, is vested in people who conceal their identity. The Home Secretary stated that he possessed 'the power' to make the newspaper divulge their identity, and by saying this he used a powerful weapon, not to compel their disclosure 'in the public interest', but to make the newspaper *desist from criticizing the Government* (which happened). As far as the common weal was concerned, the anonymous owners might continue hidden.

This is important. From much experience, of the way public opinion may be misled and malformed, I know that an essential measure towards the cleansing of public life in this country is that the people who buy and read newspapers should know who those are that not only print and sell them, but express violent opinions, and arrange the information they print according to their own purposes.

Another thing which injures the public interest is the hidden influence of 'the advertisers' on newspapers. (I have shown how it worked in the matter of oil-politicians.) If newspapers represent themselves as organs of public opinion, these inhibitions should be removed. A 'censorship in the interests of truth' should take the place of the many subtle interferences with it. This could be achieved by simple legislation to restrict advertisement revenue to a decent proportion of newspaper income. Without this, and the disclosure of proprietorship, newspapers become the instruments of Anon, whose ends may or may not be ours.

Above all, the shield of anonymity which stands before the Civil Service should be removed. At the time of Munich, the British public suddenly learned that a man whom it hardly knew even by name, Sir Horace Wilson, was playing a leading part in an issue which was, literally, of life and death for many English people. A public inquiry, and a full report, is needed into the powers which the Civil Service have come to wield in anonymity. It is indefensible that men completely unknown to the public should wield all manner of undefined and unrealized powers, in the country's most vital affairs, and that, whatever mistakes or misdeeds they may commit, they remain cloaked in anonymity.

All these things, and many more, go to make the demon Anon in this country, who was as guilty of the war as the puppet Hitler, behind whom stands a German Anon. If the people of our island *know* what is going on, they can be counted on to see that wars are prevented, or that they are in good state to fight them if they come. The great edifice of falsehood and secrecy which has been built around our affairs, prevents them from forming a judgment, and it has clearly been raised for that purpose. It should be torn down, when the Battle in England is joined.

Whodunit? I think we have found the footpads, international men; and their motive, monetary or territorial gain; and their weapon, anonymity. If we fall into the hands of these thieves next time we pass through Civvy Street, we shall deserve our fate.

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## Chapter Four

### THE RE-EDUCATION OF ENGLAND

As our prospects in the war improved, mainly through the resistance of the Russians, a murmur began in this country, and grew into a chorus, of the kind which usually presages something evil for us. After the war, said these voices, 'Germany must be re-educated'.

Germans, that is, are to be made *good*! We shall teach them how to behave; teach them, that to oppress small nations is wicked, but that the Hoare-Laval Pact and the Munich Agreement were virtuous; impart to them our renowned code of fair play.

Fun is fun, but this is a serious matter, and at first I suspected a misprint. The urgent need, obviously, is to re-educate England. But these announcements accumulated; clearly the speakers knew what they said, if not what they talked about.

Then I perceived the nigger behind this woodpile (for queer motives always prompt such pious proposals). He popped up in a report of 'a week-end conference of the British Social Hygiene Council'. The name suggested a body formed to combat venereal disease. The debate, however, was not about such ailments. I still wonder what 'Social Hygiene' is.

The report said that 'Young scholars, psychologists and social reformers are being trained in America for the job of remoulding the mind of German youth after the war'. This, it added, was revealed by the chairman, Miss Maude Royden. A German doctor, escaped from the Nazis, to become a naturalized British subject, was 'behind the plan'. After 'sounding people in England', he was gone to America, where 'his schemes are shaping'.

Behold the figure of one we know, the 'friendly alien' from Germany and Austria! If his 'schemes' should ripen, he is to take charge of 'the mind of German youth' after the war. The same idea then appeared in other quarters. A German newspaper published in London said:

Those Germans who to-day apathetically allow everything to take its course, will slowly find the way back to civilization. Their children will have to be brought up on lines which wise, European humanists will set down.

Next spake the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Wallace, in the same sense. Mr. Wendell Willkie answered in words which I cannot better:

Any post-war effort to police the education of our enemies, after the tradition of conquerors, will produce only resentment and hatred, and I shuddered to hear a member of our Government plan such a thing. Education must grow out of and carry on a native culture. To determine the nature and manner of their own education is the right of men everywhere.<sup>[15]</sup>

This scheme, which takes shape behind the scenes, is seemingly one to force on the Germans an educational system operated by returning emigrants. This is no interest of ours; our interest is, to keep our island safe, and to build a house of Freedom here in a world at peace. A quick way to breed a new war would be to use the strength we shall have, at the peace, to enforce such schemes as this. It would implant in German minds deeper resentment even than a permanent occupation; and a permanent occupation would at least ensure peace.



One way alone offers to re-educate Germany in the sense we desire: to maintain a British Navy and Air Force stronger than the German, a substantial Army, and a Russian alliance. Given those things, we need not choose teachers for German children. Without them, we may send thousands, but we shall still have war. Any man who still thinks the Germans can be 'educated' to leave us alone, if they think they can beat us, is a fool. Those who wish to 'educate' them do not even think of that: they seek power in Germany, under our wing. Brains in a comely woman have been called superfluous, and in a homely one, inadequate. The Germans think likewise about this kind of 'education'.

In Civvy Street, about 1960, I fear we shall meet men of pious mien who will say, 'Don't bother to go on. Germany is re-educated now, you have nothing to fear, and you may hand over your armaments to An International Union! Come for a ride along Apathy Avenue to Fool's Paradise'. Beware: those are the confidence tricksters.

Because English people, alone among Europeans, find these simple things hard to understand, England sorely needs re-education. Germany knows what it wants, and how to get it, if others allow. Our people hardly know how to keep what they have.

Re-education begins at home, and a perturbing revelation of to-morrow's Civvy Street was opened when the man who is now charged with our schooling joined in this ludicrous chant about 're-educating the Germans'.

This is Mr. R.A. Butler, who is the living embodiment of all our problems. We shall often meet him, in Civvy Street. Englishmen hardly know his name, but his family's place in the Tory encampment is so strong that none but himself could prevent him from becoming Prime Minister. If he should not reach that office, the reasons will be similar to those which might cause the Royal Academy reluctantly to reject an oil-painting containing neither colour nor outline, save those needed to portray an old school tie. The good Lord Simon's shivering cronies, in his far-off Oxford Union days, said he 'might have been more impassioned'; they would have been lost for words to fit Mr. Butler.

Here is the scion of Enclosure. He *is* President of the Board of Education, and thus should have charge 'of the mind of English youth', after the war. He *was* Deputy Foreign Minister, before this war, and thus has an exceptionally intimate knowledge of the mal-education of the English. His office was, to inform the House, and through it England, about Foreign Affairs. Never was so little enlightenment imparted in so many words: the proverbial silent man, Calvin Coolidge, at least gave accurate information when, asked what the sermon was about on his return from church, he answered 'Sin', and further asked, what did the preacher say, replied 'He was against it'.

Mr. Butler, 'with complete calm, succeeded in feigning ignorance and giving nothing away'. His reticence largely contributed to the mis-information of the British people, which enabled them to be drawn into this war. When he was promoted, he remarked that his inability ever to divulge any information, as spokesman for Foreign Affairs, was a Source of sorrow to him. The statement was seemingly ironic; but real woe and suffering for the British people were the result.<sup>[16]</sup>

Mr. Butler, then, who is now Minister of Education, is the most typical product of the England which needs re-educating. He told the Commons in December 1942, in answer to a Liberal who wanted the Government 'to concert with the Allied Governments measures for the re-education after the war of the youth of Germany': 'I am in touch with the Ministers of Education of certain of the Allied Governments and they have this question very much in mind. The re-education of the youth of Germany is a task of which I recognize the importance.'

Mr. Butler was not entrusted with *that* task. (Labour Members displayed an unusual feeling for reality by asking, 'Will the Minister catch the young Germans before he tries to educate them?', 'Has the Minister thought how many youths there are in Germany who require this education, and how many

teachers will be required to educate them?', and 'Will the Minister see that lectures are given to the Nazi youth after the war, showing how we built up our Empire and how to avoid these perils?')

The man who has charge of *English* education is on a slippery path, and would drag us with him, if we allowed.

The re-education of the English is the vital thing. First, in the sense that they should neither be denied information about their own affairs nor lulled with misinformation: in this paramount department of education, Mr. Butler's record does not promise well. Second, in the narrower sense of schooling; in this, Mr. Butler has at least *promised* well. He has stated the need for 'greater opportunity and social equality after the war'.

All politicians speak so, during a war; it counts as good for the spirit of the troops. But what needs to be done, assuming that he will practise his precept?

Education in the sense of schooling, that sheltered period of the Englishman's life before his mind is warped by the two mighty instruments of adult mis-education (the broadcasting monopoly and the alien near-monopoly of the films) has been ruined by Enclosure, which was continued into Education. The schools, too, were ring-fenced, and we call these enclosed schools, public schools. A narrow gate leads into them, marked Money, and a narrow gate leads out, marked Opportunity.

By no other means may an Englishman advance, unless he buys-and-sells things or enters one of the artistic callings, which money cannot regiment. A few unmoneyed youths, by abnormal diligence, and persistence, may slip through the little side-entrance marked Scholarships; but even then, 'the scholars are not spoken to at Oxford'.

Thus the affairs of the country, and all the public Services, remain in the hands of the Enclosers. Such other talent as might benefit the nation is denied access. One government after another, in the inter-war years, consisted almost exclusively of men who displayed a piece of striped textile which said, 'I may be foolish, but by Gad, my father was well-to-do enough to send me to Rugtonchester'. You cannot exclude nine-tenths of a great people and find only good leaders among the remaining tenth.

For of what need we be ashamed, in our past twenty-five years? Solely, of our leadership. Since the people of this island again began to take a hand in our affairs, and that hand held a weapon, we have climbed to a higher summit, in the world's esteem, than we ever reached before. The danger is, of another climb-down: that The Boys, when they come back and hand in their uniforms, will listlessly yield the leadership of our affairs, once more, to the men and the methods of the thrice-discredited past, and thereby surrender their future.

From a certain amount of experience with the British soldier, I know how many will say, when they get back, as they said in 1918, 'Well, that's over and done with' - except that they will have learned enough cynicism to add 'but you wait until those bloody politicians muck it up again!' To a few glorious exceptions it will occur that it's up to them to do something about it, but oh, how few!

From a letter from an officer in the  
Grenadier Guards, serving in the Middle East.

This state of mind, of the volunteer-serf, our people should cast from them like a plague-infected garment. What is 'Politics', the word they fear? 'Politic', says the dictionary, means shrewd, sagacious, especially in policy; adapted to promote the welfare of the state'. 'Politician': one who is interested in, or occupied with politics.

Every man should be a politician, in this sense.

The mal-education of England, Enclosure-in-everything, from the land to opportunity, has produced the island of which Ascot is the portrait in miniature - the Enclosure, with the top-hats, and outside, the milling mob. On the last Ascot Day before this war, I was in the English countryside, near that racecourse. Around, the land lay in that state of grey neglect which so many castebound, foxhunting Ministers of Agriculture deplored, but did not remedy. The war was near, and already burdened the air. But the lanes were busy. Each cloud of dust was barely fallen, when a new one was stirred, as the shining limousines flashed by. Inside them, silk hats, and frocks from Paris.

And now? The old order is changed?

Major Sir J. Lucas asked the Minister whether London taxicab drivers are instructed to refuse fares to Newmarket and other race meetings; the Minister replied that there is at present no regulation under which taxi-drivers in London or elsewhere can be instructed to refuse fares to any particular destination (June 1942). 'A bookmaker's appeal against a conviction and sentence of three months' hard labour and a fine of £200, for travelling to Newmarket by car for the St. Leger, was allowed; he was also allowed twenty guineas costs' (September 1942). 'A bookmaker's journey by car to Newmarket was ruled "essential" by the magistrates at Harlow, and he was found not guilty of causing motor fuel to be unlawfully used; he said his firm had heavy commitments on the St. Leger, no less than £300,000 being invested on the day before the race.'

The old order, which the mal-education of England produced, which would have led to the conquest of this island, but for the enigma of Dunkirk, has not changed. It caused the loss of large portions of our Empire.

That story, you may find in many books. Read the tale of the *Tuans Besar*, the self-enclosed big-businessmen of Singapore, in O.D. Gallagher's *Retreat in the East* (Harrap, 1942). It was repeated in Burma, next door; read how the Burra Sahib shut their minds within the Mingalodon Golf Club, near Rangoon, until the enemy entered:

I say, excuse me, but you woke me up in the middle of the night. You came crashing past my bungalow, making a *terrible* noise. I thought it was enemy action. I jumped out of my bed into the trench. Would you please not do it again, or I shall have to inform the Committee. This is a quiet country club. We know there is a war on, but we try to avoid as much of the unpleasantness of war as possible.

The picture, which all those descriptions gives, is one of a society in decadence, self-enclosed against every new idea and all new blood, living for tennis, bridge, dancing, cocktails and the tittle-tattling picture-papers from home, hostile to enthusiasm and energy, breeding few children, and concerned only, when one was toilsomely produced, to put it down for Eton.

The few thousand British officials and merchants who made their living out of Malaya were out of touch with the people ... Whether the British administration of Malaya will in future be adjudged a success or failure, the fact remains that the majority of the Asiatics were not sufficiently interested in a continuation of this rule to take any steps to ensure its continuance.

Ian Morrison, *Malayan Postscript* (Faber, 1942).

The story was told often enough *before* the war, though none would listen. Here you see British society in a Chinese 'treaty port' as long ago as 1922:

Perhaps the conversation was less varied than the courses, for guests and hosts had seen one another nearly every day for an intolerable number of years and each topic that arose was seized on desperately only to be exhausted and followed by a formidable silence. They talked of racing and golf and shooting. They would have thought it had form to touch on the abstract and there were no politics for them to discuss. China bored them all, they did not want to speak of that; they only knew just so much about it as was necessary to their business, and they looked with distrust on any man who studied the Chinese language. Why should he unless he were a Chinese Secretary at the Legation? You could hire an interpreter for 25 dollars a month and it was well known that all those fellows who went in for Chinese grew queer in the head ... They wore their evening clothes a little uneasily as though they wore them from a sense of duty to the country rather than as a comfortable change from day dress. They had come to the party because they had nothing else in the world to do, but, when the moment came that they could decently take their leave they would go with a sigh of relief. They were bored to death with each other.

W. Somerset Maugham, *On a Chinese Screen* (Heinemann, 1922).

But this Enclosure overseas was not a colour one, not the simple contrast of 'black-and-white, brown-and-white, yellow-and-white. It was the reproduction, far away, of the order in this island, which has produced the repressed spirit now common to all classes, or money-groups of English people.

It begins with Englishmen. Contemplate it, in a book published in Australia:

Tribute should be paid at once to the British and Dominion women in various parts of Malaya who so quickly provided canteens for the Australian soldiers when they reached the country, and gave up so much of their time to operating them ... It should be mentioned, however, that no voluntary effort was made before the arrival of the Australians to make easier the lives of British garrison troops, some of whom had been in Malaya for four years. The British Tommies were sore about this preferential treatment of the A.I.F., and rightly so. A prophet so lowly as a British private soldier had very little honour among his own people in Malaya in pre-war days.<sup>[17]</sup>

Not colour-against-colour, then, or Pukka Sahib against untouchable, but Englishman against Englishman. Men from the Dominions might be invited into Englishmen's castles, because they have not Enclosure, in their own lands, and one is as likely to be eligible as another. The Englishman must be kept out, until you know from which drawer of the Enclosure chest he comes, and whether it is the one with the striped tie in it.

The picture is akin to, that which 'the British Colony' offered in many European capitals, and even in London itself, where the colony called Society, between the wars, led a similar existence of enclosed vacuity, among eight million Britons.

During the Second World War, London was even enclosed against the British soldier! I do not exaggerate; this is but another facet of the thing Gilbert Mant observed in Singapore. An order forbade serving British subjects from spending their leave in London! Imperial, American and foreign soldiers were not thus debarred; I should like to see anybody try. They went to London as pins to a magnet. The British soldier might only go if his family were there, or he evaded the regulations. Even if he were stationed at Dover, and his family lived at Dundee, he was made to travel homeward by a roundabout route which deprived him of hours of hard-won respite.

When American and Imperial troops arrived here, citizens were rightly encouraged to lavish hospitality on them. But I have known English villages where all doors were open to a man from overseas, and English soldiers, stationed alongside them, never entered a stranger's house. This neglect of the man who has borne the brunt, who in Mr. Churchill's words 'will at once be sent to the other side of the world', if the European war ends before the Asiatic, produced a pathetically comic episode in London. A newspaper proposed that the Americans should be allowed to beguile their leave by being given access to 'the roofs of tall buildings', from which they might contemplate the bomb-broken vista. The suggestion was applauded, and presently heads with American caps on them might be seen, speck-like, on those roofs. I modestly suggested that British soldiers, and perhaps even a native Londoner or two, under armed guard if necessary, might be allowed to look down on London, and later an obscure notice said that these lowly ones, too, might become freemen of London's rooftops, for a moment.

Will any gainsay me, that the re-education *of England* is the pressing need?

The English have been under the impression that they were genuinely liked abroad; because they had money to spare and were easy-going, because they liked travel and could make themselves at home wherever they were, they thought they were popular. It has been something of a shock to them to discover in the course of this war that this was a delusion. Now, I think it will be admitted that they have many good qualities; but they are not good mixers and they are shy. It is pathetic sometimes to see them in a foreign country trying to ingratiate themselves and succeeding only in rubbing the inhabitants the wrong way. We are accused of snobbishness; and the charge is justified; it is perhaps our worst defect. It may be that it is natural to the English character; for it must not be supposed that it exists only in the upper- and middle-classes, it is just as strong in the working-classes. The wife of the skilled workman will hesitate to associate with the wife of an unskilled workman; and I know myself of a case in Bermondsey where a very nice, pretty girl was looked down on by the family of her husband, a printer, because she came from a street that was considered mean, though to my eyes there was not a particle of difference between the shabby little row of houses her husband's family lived in and that in which her own family lived, and they were less than a mile apart. But the snobbishness of the well-to-do has certainly been fostered by the exclusiveness of their education. The public school - which in the United States is called private school - has been for more than a century a characteristic feature of English life and many good people are of the opinion that the better qualities of the English are due to its influence. It is generally believed (though I think erroneously) that the Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Now it is evident that parents will no longer be able to pay the sums it has cost them to keep the boys at these expensive schools, and already many of them are at their wits' end to keep going. They can only survive if they become once more what they were founded to be, public schools in which rich (such rich as there are) and poor can share the same education. They have outlived their usefulness, and I think it will be all to the good if, as the labour leaders desire, they are transformed into the same sort of institutions as the lycées of France and the gymnasiums of Germany. When all are educated together, rich and poor, highborn and lowborn, the class consciousness which is the great obstacle in the way of mutual comprehension must surely disappear. Whatever the origins and circumstances, boys in the same school, doing the same tasks, playing the same games, are equal; and I think it permissible to hope that when they grow up, whatever their conditions in after life, they will preserve a sense of the essential equality of all men which they learnt unconsciously at school. And it may be also that when the English of this particular class, instead of spending their most impressionable years herded with other boys, spend them at home, going to school for the day, when they mix with boys of all sorts, they will lose that shyness that

gives so many people who don't know them the false impression that they look upon themselves with excessive complacency. Then they will more easily gain the goodwill that their sterling qualities merit.

Thus wrote Somerset Maugham, fresh from the disaster in France, in *Strictly Personal* (Heinemann, 1942). The diagnosis contains only one fault. He appears to argue that the public schools should be reformed because people will no longer be able to afford to send their sons to them. That is irrelevant, and not true. Early in the war, delusion about 'the new poor' may have been possible; now, we know that we shall have as many war-rich after this war as after the last. Not on that account, but to make the unhappy breed happy again, do we need a change.

For we have tried the order of life based on Enclosure, and the first-, second- and third-class compartments in all things, and know whither it brought us and will again bring us, if we do not alter it. What has it bequeathed to us? When peace comes to be made after this war, the Government will be full of men, who wear the 'Enclosure' button in their lapels, who all repeatedly foreswore and denied The Things for which they now, incessantly, shriek that we must fight.

Will any voter know for what he votes, or be able to put any faith in his future, if he returns those men to office again?

The class system in Government, built on Enclosure, has proved its badness from top to bottom - for those few from below, who were let in, were as loath to break with it as those on top. They were dazzled by promotion from third to first class; the comfort of those cushions seduced them, and the feather's entered into their spines.

Not alone the German lust for conquest caused this war; that could have been checked. Graver milestones in our downhill story were Mr. Baldwin's election of 1935, Mr. Eden's resignation of 1938, and Mr. Churchill's retention of 'the guilty men' in 1940, and in each of those episodes the sinister influence of the exclusive class order can be seen.

Mr. Baldwin would *not* have 'lost the election', had he told the country the truth. But if he had, it would have been better for an incompetent Labour Administration to dither about in foreign affairs for a couple of years and then ignominiously give way to a strong Conservative one, which would have had time to prevent the war. His ruling motive was, at all costs to keep Labour out, and the country's interest suffered.

Mr. Eden resigned on an issue of honour and principle in which he was proved a thousand times right, and if he had followed it up, many of the best Conservatives, Socialists and Liberals would have joined with him to prevent the war. But, after the resignation, he only called for 'unity'; that is, he urged the country further to support the policy he would not be associated with and the leaders he refused further to follow! This was an astounding thing, and can only be explained by the imprisoning influence of Enclosure. (Mr. Duff Cooper, also, to judge by his book, *The Second World War* (Jonathan Cape, 1939) seemed to be shocked by his own temerity after a resignation which counts as one of the few brave deeds in those abject years.)

Mr. Churchill, in 1940, could have gained the support of the entire country for any reform he wished. To-day, the same men ride on his shoulders who for years decried him, and many of the men who supported him are outside the pale.

The re-education of England presses, indeed. In this matter, on which our life depends, the great Dominions could teach us something. They love us. Why? Listen to a French Canadian priest, Father Sabourin, who went with the Fusiliers Mont Royal to Dieppe:

We did not cross the Channel to fight for England, but we believed that we were going to fight, with England, for Canada. I do not come to say that I do not love England. I say that we fought with England, our ally. Why should I not love England? Because she still permits me to say my prayers on my knees each morning? Because she permits me to say Mass each morning in my church? ... I will make a declaration, an act of faith still greater. At this moment I infinitely prefer to be a loyal British subject, I prefer infinitely more that it be England which guards my liberties rather than be under the sovereignty of no matter what other country in the whole world, and from that I do not exclude, alas, even France. I know, as you do, that the English Government is Protestant. Is it your fault that you are Catholic? Is it their fault that they are Protestant? Then, leave it to Providence to do what it has to do. But I do not want to rid myself of the idea that if I have all my liberties in my country, I owe it to England. In spite of the fact that the Government is not of the Catholic faith, I still prefer to be governed by the Anglo-Protestants there than to be under the control of Hitler, or of Mussolini, or of any other guardianship whatever, when Protestant England leaves me, a French Canadian, the right and entire liberty to practise my faith, to speak my language, to maintain my traditions. It was for that that we fought at Dieppe.

They love us, then, for the priceless thing we gave them. They do not realize, detestable paradox, that we have lost much of the thing we gave. They, and their example, could give it back to us.

For these men from the Dominions are freer than we. Their feeling of freedom does not spring alone from the freedom of which Father Sabourin spoke, freedom of religious practice. That, even we still have. It springs from two other things. Their lands are free. Their opportunities are free, because their schools are not enclosed.

They have their political evils, their slums. But in those two great things they are free, and they rightly see the guarantee of this freedom in the strength of the British Navy and the continued safety of this island from foreign conquest. They do not remark, until they have lived here long, how much of freedom we have lost, through the enclosure of the land and the schools, since their own forefathers founded the Dominions on our island freedom.

Inspiration may be obtained from a newer, fresher world. My father, for instance, was born a poor farmer's son in the remoter parts of Nova Scotia. From this humble origin, he succeeded in educating himself and becoming, in course of time, a reasonably prosperous medical practitioner. This was not done through State-aided grants or scholarships, but rather by his own efforts at self-help in 'working his way through college' - by working in the vacation and earning sufficient to pay his fees in term-time. There was nothing unique about this: the same thing is done by many young men in Canada to this day.

'Odysseus', *Safer Than a Known Way* (Jonathan Cape, 1941).

*That* is the thing we gave the Dominions, have lost ourselves, and must regain, so that Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins of Wigan may say, over the baby's cot, 'Let's tell him when he's older how he may by his own exertions become a doctor, lawyer, engineer, artist, singer, or civil servant - how he may make himself useful to the country and himself'. To-day, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, having inherited only the taint of keeping-themselves-to-themselves, and knowing they cannot pay public school fees, say 'Poor little chap, we wish we had *the money* to give him a chance in life. Have you filled in your football coupons, Dad? We might *win* something.'

'Odysseus' continues:

Young men of every type, origin and class, *should* have this opportunity to rise in the world by their own efforts. *Equality of opportunity* is the vital ingredient - the health-giving vitamin, so to speak - of a healthy human society. Its importance tends to be overlooked; but it is the kernel of the whole problem. For equality of opportunity you need, first of all, a decent level of wages - so that a young man can earn sufficient to pay for an advanced education, or alternatively set himself up in an independent business, if he so wishes; you need a truly democratic system of education, i.e. for rich children and poor children both to go, side by side, to the same schools; you need an entire absence of class feeling. These conditions are not present in England despite all our talk of freedom and social justice; they are not present owing to the low level of wages in the first place and to the prevalence of social and class prejudice in the second - the latter being reflected particularly in our system of education. The State-aided grants and scholarships that take their place are more of a sop to the social reformers than a genuine attempt to tackle the problem at its root. The chances of a child obtaining a 'first-class education and a consequent entrée to a higher grade of society without substantial financial help from parents are small; his chance of success in any walk of life is smaller still if he is of humble origin - if he has not been to one of the correct schools. It is only the occasional 'man of genius who is able to overcome this latter handicap - a handicap considerably intensified over the course of the last twenty years. This system, and the short-sighted political outlook it has engendered, have brought our country to the verge of destruction; clearly, if we are to ensure our survival, it must be altered in the most radical fashion.

Thus a man whose parents found opportunity in a Dominion, who himself looks at England with widened vision. Our order of Enclosure and Exclusion has produced, at the top, a ruling class of proven incapacity, absorbed only in maintaining the outworn distinctions of wealth and position and thus blind to the greater interests of the land; if you look back at its performance, during the past twenty-five years, you may exclaim, with Dr. Johnson, 'Why, Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature'.

At the lower end of the scale, it has produced those men who fight so staunchly, who have restored our name to the zenith of fame, but whose 'average standard of intelligence, is a disgrace to the rich country which underfed and now conscribes them'. By inserting a punctured disk into the petrol feed of a motor-car, you may ensure that it can only move slowly. This has been done to the minds of our people. Why train our minds, they think: no opportunity offers, to use them.

Thus we breed the type of fourteen-year-old who wrote this letter to a London newspaper:

I have learned very little from my nine years of schooling. Do you know I can't even speak correct English? I know nothing of Shakespeare although I have many of his books. I can't understand them. Nor can I speak any language or do mathematics. Much as I would like to know all these things I haven't had the chance. In fact, I am generally ignorante.

(An even worse product of mal-education was the reply printed by that newspaper: 'This grousing ignoramus wants to blame education, which taught him to read, because he cannot read Shakespeare. He cannot understand it, though there are dictionaries available for sixpence. He is "generally ignorante" in the midst of the finest school continuation system in the world. Heavens alive! He's not worth educating.'))

I have the utmost sympathy with this boy. I felt exactly as he feels, when I left school at thirteen. I felt the prompting to learn and achieve, but could see no way. All doors were closed. To widen the mind



and improve the body, choose a career and train for it: these things were only for the moneyed. Later, I did find ways; but when I look back I see that luck helped me, and how many others can count on luck?

When we set foot in Civvy Street, we shall at once meet this enormous obstruction built across it, this money-filter placed between the people and the service they might render themselves, the community and the country: the enclosed schools, with their monopoly of opportunity.

What do schoolmasters themselves think of it:

The public schools represent and perpetuate a great social cleavage. There are two 'nations' instead of one. There is no community or fellowship between them and the rest of us. If we are to have that democracy to which we are all paying lip-service, then our educational system must be conceived and built to promote it. The social problem is bound up with the education system.

The headmaster of an East London School, Parmiter's,  
writing to the Press in February 1943.

Mr. Harold Nicolson gives as three of the virtues of the public schoolboy: humility, tolerance and a sense of responsibility 'towards those who are less fortunately situated than himself' ... Ten years teaching in small public schools and some little contact with them during a headmastership of twenty years in a country grammar school left me with the impression that the most obvious characteristic of the public schoolboy is exclusiveness ... the opposite of those three qualities. The spirit of exclusiveness is fostered in many ways. The public schools have their own Headmasters Conference, Year Book, schools examination; they have regulations against the admission of tradesmen's sons from a neighbouring town; they play games only against other public schools....

Mr. R. Williams, writing to the Press in February 1943.

The enclosed schools always boasted that they formed *character*. We do not strive to produce academicians, they said, but Men Of Character, fitted to rule. You cannot produce an article of quality, from a mould, if quality is not the condition of the stuff you put in. But quality is *not* the condition, only money. The flaw is in the mixture, not the mould. The result has been, that the most patent fault, in the men who ruled England between the wars, was lack of character. They cared less for truth than victory at an election, less for honour than a temporary advantage, less for England than Enclosure.

It is a rotten order. But the English do not like to root out even a rotten thing. They prefer compromise. That may be good, if it does not lead them to perpetuate grave evils from fear of 'anything radical, any change'. Fear of *violent change* is good; fear of reform is imbecile. The simplest way to reinvigorate England is to reform this system. Give every man equal opportunity, for his children, and the future is secure. None need think this a revolutionary, or even a new proposal. I only echo the words of all the great men, from Mr. Churchill and Mr. Butler on. The difference possibly is, that I would do this thing, if I could.

The Headmasters Conference (the league of the enclosed schools) is presided over by the headmaster of Winchester. (Much power, privilege and wealth in England is in the gift of this college alone, for the benefit of babes unborn whose parents say: 'Let's put him down for Winchester'.)

The headmaster of Winchester said (January 1943):

The policy of the Headmasters Conference is (1) That the schools should be made accessible to parents who would at present be unable to afford the expense.

The headmaster of Rugby said (November 1942):

The public and boarding school must remain, but not as a backwater or pleasant tributary, as it is at the moment. The money qualification must go. We and our critics object to that with all our hearts.

The headmaster of Aldenham (January 1943) expressed a wish that 'every school in the country should become a Christ's Hospital'. (The method of admission to this school, roughly, is that the same tests of intelligence and character are applied to each 'potential pupil, and the fees charged are in proportion to his parents' income-tax return. This is better than the order prevailing at the enclosed schools, which is that of a highly-priced ticket of admission entitling the bearer, without further ado, to a front stall in England for the rest of his life.)

Mr. Butler, who is intent on re-educating Germany, was more cautious, in October 1942: 'Just as our political system has become democratic, people are looking for an extension of that system into the field of education. We have to build a system that will give equivalent opportunities to all, by degrees ...' and so on and so on.

The statement that 'our political system has become democratic' has the same relation to fact as a poem would have which sang the fragrance of Gorgonzola cheese.

From the headmasters, then, we might hope for some help; little, because behind them lurk the Boards of Governors. From Mr. Butler, representing the Party that adores Enclosure, we may expect none.

What do the plebs suggest? The National Association of Schoolmasters, in September 1942, rightly called the enclosed schools 'the most exclusive employment agency in the world' and bluntly demanded that they be swept away, 'as the virtues of the public schools training for leadership are incompatible with democracy'.

If the others do not go far enough, these go too far. Such windy phrases often kill a good cause, in England.

What should we then do? (and bear in mind that Germany, after defeat, will retain from the National Socialist interlude a great reform in this vital matter. It is unreasonable and exasperating that the vanquished alone, in these successive world wars, should taste any of the fruits of victory).

The best answer I have seen came from an unmoneyed schoolboy, one Eric Michael Davis, a Sixth Form student of Leeds. He said, most rightly, that class hatred is not felt against the public schools by ordinary schoolboys. (This is not a matter of class antagonism at all, but only one of a healthy ambition to be able to serve the country and the community, and rise in the public service. If hatred exists, it is at the top, among the shadowy boards of people who control the enclosed schools and all the advancement which is in their gift.)

What the poorer classes want, he said, is not that the public schools should be standardized, but that there should be *enough opportunities for the poorer classes to be educated*. A good reform to that end, he said, would be 'the abolition of a limited number of scholarships being awarded each year: in their place *all* students who gain a certain number of marks showing that they have reached a certain standard, should be awarded a scholarship, irrespective of the *number* of students attaining that standard each year'. This, he continued, should apply particularly to university scholarships. At the moment, 'the greatest hatred is not against the rich man, but against the education authorities' (he does

not know that they are the same). 'We see students being paid for to go to the universities, whilst we, who have passed the same examinations as they, and perhaps more, are unable to go to the university. Those who say, "Abolish the rich man's privileges" should rather say "Add to the poor man's privileges". We want the standard of education made higher, and not lowered.'

He means, the poor man's *opportunities*, not *privileges*, of which he has none, but apart from that mischoice of a word the suggestion is admirable. What does a poor man's son gain, through a scholarship, if all the few places at public school or university are filled before he qualifies? Give him the knowledge that, if he reach a set standard, he will reach a public school or university, and you plant at once the seed of energy and hope in our frustrated breed. You bring about, at a stroke, natural selection and the ascent of the best'. If a man, knowing that these things are within reach of diligence, fails to attain them, he can only blame himself. Opportunity was his, and he missed it. But to-day, Opportunity is denied him.

Here you have wisdom out of the mouth of a sixth form schoolboy. He does not say 'Abolish the public schools'; the schoolmasters might learn from him. He does not say, 'Slam the door, marked Money, and open another, marked Merit'. He says, 'Open a second door, marked Merit, and let merit Pass through without hindrance, as money passes through the other'.

I would never cry 'Abolish the public schools', or envy any, who pine for it, the chance to be photographed against a muddy wall at Eton or in a grotesque straw hat at Harrow, though these pictures have been among the most telling used against us, in this war, by German propaganda. Preserve them, increase their number - and admit to them and to the universities any boy who attains a certain standard. That is the key to our future.

But one paramount thing needs to be understood. This is *not*, first and foremost, a matter of schools, schooling and schoolmasters. It is a question of *opportunity*. The public schools to-day hold a monopoly of preferment; only those who pass through them (save for the insignificant quota of scholarship boys who are 'not spoken to at Oxford') may rise to the higher ranks of the State service. Either the public schools must widen their doors, and allow unmoneyed youths who attain a set standard to enter, and pass up the stairway of advancement beyond; or they must relinquish that monopoly, and the State service must be thrown open to all who reach that standard. This is the bottleneck that must be broken.

Do not keep your gaze, gentle reader, on the front door to those schools. The back exit, the one marked 'Advancement only by this door', is more important. That is the place where unmoneyed talent, energy and spirit are turned back, and only money is allowed to share in the conduct of our affairs.

Are these few schools, 'governed' by little groups of anonymous people, to retain, after this war, the monopoly of governing England? Is the word 'Rugby' to be essential, on Tom Brown's application, if he aspire to become a general, admiral, air marshal, ambassador, high civil servant, leading barrister or judge, or Minister? Is he to remain condemned, without it, to rise no higher than warrant officer, lawyer's clerk, chief petty officer or archivist? If so, an entrance door marked Merit must be opened.

Only through this reform can we come to a happier England, to a reinvigorated land, and to a foreign policy, cleansed of class antagonism, which will keep this island safe and enable a house of Freedom to be built within it. We might as well aspire to paint the moon green, as to re-educate Germany by means of 'wise European humanists' who wish us to transport them, on their backs, to power in Berlin.

Re-education begins at home.

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## Chapter Five

### FOUR ENGLISH FREEDOMS

I have set out to show, before we venture into to-morrow's Civvy Street, how we lost Freedom and may regain Freedom. We have come to the edge of a steep place; we should retrace our footsteps, to the place where we went astray, and resume the agelong march of English mankind which we thought to follow in fighting the war of 1914-18.

My experience, of that war, the years which followed, of many countries, and of this war, has shown me no better definition of Freedom than the simple one I have given: a man's freedom not to have his body imprisoned, unless he is a proven wrongdoer, and to use and enjoy his native land.

Those are simple aims to reach, and a vigorous public opinion could quickly achieve them. Nowadays, say many, English people are not interested in these things. They are bored with them, and listless. They would sooner submit to forceful guidance, without question; they come to like a command, and do not much care who gives it. What they cannot bear, is to struggle with thought:

Living, as I do, in or near one of Britain's 'mightiest cities', I have had an opportunity to observe appalling conditions at first hand, but the most appalling thing is the apathy of the average citizen with regard to these conditions in their own country, no, even in their own city or village ... But I feel that the few sane men in the country deserve support. My husband, who is in the army, agrees with me on this point and I will see that my baby son does also, if I possibly can.

From a woman of Glasgow.

There are, it appears, hundreds of thousands of young men who still do not know why they are fighting and what they want to get from the war. The majority of fellows in our lot are in just such a position and they don't seem to have the inclination or energy to do anything about it. And we are supposed to be 'the cream of the nation's youth' and to have received an advanced education. I myself joined the R.A.F. for something better than a return of the old existence after we have won the war.

From an Aircraftman serving in South Africa.

Do our people then, of their own aimlessness rather than the blindness or malice of their leaders, drift towards a state of comfortable slavery such as that of the people of Shihr, in Southern Arabia, where, as the Delhi correspondent of *The Times* related, the Sultan of Mukalla set free a slave as punishment for spreading defeatist rumours?

If it were so, I would rather walk alone on the other side of that street than with the throng. If it were so, our plight between the wars would be bliss compared with the plight to come. Are our men, who fought so staunchly, so weak-kneed that they will prop themselves against the first wall of glum indifference in Civvy Street, and think of nothing better than the next meal, opening time, I must get some cigarettes, what's on at the pictures and what's on the radio? I do not believe it, and in this one thing am not open to conviction.

Our men, when they return, if they do not mean to prove themselves dullards in the peace they have fought for, should first restore our charter of liberty, the Habeas Corpus Act, and then set free some of the land. On that basis, they may build a free and better island.

The Archbishop of Canterbury once defined 'four freedoms' which this country needed. They appeal more than the 'four freedoms' of something called An Atlantic Charter, for instance, 'freedom from fear'! That is a tall order, and to my mind a meaningless one. Shall we cease to fear cancer, for example?

The Archbishop said:

There are four requisites of life which are provided by nature, even apart from men's labour: air, light, land and water. I suppose that if it were possible to establish a property claim upon air, somebody would have done it before now and made people pay if they wanted to breathe what he would then call 'his air'. But it has not been possible to do this. Unhappily it has been found possible in the case of both land and water, and we have tended to respect the claims that have been made by owners of land and of the water flowing through it, in a way which subordinates the general interest to the private interest of those owners. I am not myself at all persuaded that the right way to deal with this question is by the nationalization of the land, but I am quite sure that we need to assert the prior interest of the community in respect to land and water with a vigour of which our recent political history shows no trace.

This was followed by loud wailing about 'churchmen interfering in politics'. People of like mind did not protest, but applauded, when another Archbishop looked upon the Munich Agreement, that despicable transaction, and said it was good. Yet that was 'interference in politics', as our men presently found, who reeled backward through France before the weight of the Czech-made tanks.

Air, light, land and water! Put those four freedoms on the basis of legal protection against wrongful arrest, and you have four English freedoms, so well founded, that you may say, this land is free!

'It has not been found possible to establish a property claim on air!' What man would say this, who ever saw a slum. And that applies to light, too. (In wartime they even contrive to deprive us of light. We should light up the sky, when the aerial enemy comes; instead, we blackout ourselves. Not for lack of devotion to the example of the Ostrich, has the daylight sky been preserved to us. I do not suppose I shall be visited by an official bearing a copy of the Official Secrets Act, if I say that some great minds would have liked to put a wall of smoke around us when we were attacked by day, so that the raider might know just where we hid.)

Freedom of air and light, we can only achieve by the better building of our houses, streets, towns and cities, and particularly by the abolition of the slums (which have been made worse by the war). These two freedoms belong to a later chapter in this book.

Land! You have seen, gentle reader, by what means that part of the land which belonged to all was taken, and what is the title to that 'respect' which 'the owners of land and the water flowing through it' claim for their possession of it. This freedom should be achieved by restitution and the liberation of much land, still commonly-held, which in practice has been enclosed by petty officials.

Water! The rivers were enclosed, too. 'Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home', sang Rupert Brooke in his lovesong to England. He was lucky, if he was washed by the rivers.

I have bathed in many rivers abroad, and never found one I might not bathe in. Here, they are usually imprisoned. The 'fishing rights' bring in large rents. In thirty-five years of English life, I have bathed in only two English rivers. The thing is inconceivable in any other country I know.

The first occasion stands out like a glorious oasis, when I look back, in the desert of a London boyhood which stretched until I was nineteen and went soldiering in France (where I was washed by

many rivers). The memory is as vivid as to-day's sunlight. I tasted a delight never dreamed of before. I was sent, one year, for a brief holiday, to a farmer in Amersham, which then was rural, and spent spellbound hours watching him feed the pigs or turn off, with fascinating speed, the legs and rungs of cottage chairs, on a lathe in his barn. Between-whiles, I wandered down the lane, turned into a field path, and came to a bathing pool, at a place where a narrow stream widened! Memory can recall no hours to compare with those. To-day, I believe London has swallowed Amersham, or nearly. If I went there, I doubt whether I should find the farm or the pool.

No wonder that our young men go gladly to war. The Londoner becomes ever more brickbound.

One in four of the population of this island is now squashed into the greater London area ... it cannot be right that the best blood of the country districts and of the pre-war distressed areas should have been drained away.

Mr. Hugh Dalton, President of the Board of Trade.

Indeed it cannot be right. But it can be righted. Of forty million people, ten million herded together in Cobbett's 'Wen'! How right he was, over a century ago, as he rode out of the tiny London of his day into the enclosed countryside and, turning in his saddle, looked back and raged. Are we, in twenty years time, to be twenty millions in Greater London, and look out from our brick prison on a countryside of walled-in parks, derelict fields, golf links, roadhouses, foxhunters, racecourses, reserved rivers, advertisements for purgatives, 'Tea' and 'No Trespassing' notices, all enclosed by barbed wire?

Between the wars, a Scot, A.G. Macdonnell, wrote a book called *England, Their England* (Macmillan, 1933) about the southern part of our island. Those should read it, who have not. Though written as satire, it gives a true portrait, and not a caricature, of the crazy way of life we developed between 1919 and 1939.

During this war, the countryside has revived, and once again the politicians cry, like the raven, Nevermore! But their words ring false at every test; they are feeding-stuff for the voting-cattle. In the midst of this war, the spoliation and disfigurement of the remaining countryside go on.

For instance, a great hydro-electrification scheme has been introduced for the Central Highlands of Scotland, one of the last potential holiday grounds left to Britons north and south of the Border, and laws have been introduced to enable the power stations to be built, the dams to be made, and the stark parade of pylons to begin, through the forests and over the hills. Much monies, the initiators say, will accrue. And the native Highlanders, of whom all but 300,000 have in course of time been driven from their ancestral land? Will they be better off? Listen:

It is in our view plain that the general provision of electricity to crofters or fishing hamlets throughout the Highlands for domestic and small power use is quite impracticable, the cost of transmission and distribution being prohibitive in relation to so small a demand.

The countryman, with the pylons stalking past his croft, may continue to burn a candle or sit in the dark. If he were made too comfortable, where would the cheap labour come from for the great factories, which are to be fed with power, and thrive, on the Caledonian Canal and Cromarty Firth? Profit is the only standard. If this spirit prevails, what likelihood is there that the beauties of this area will be spared?

While our ears are filled four times a day with threats of starvation and admonitions to grow food on every inch of land that will produce anything, great stretches of countryside are being torn up and left

derelict in a rush for quick profits. The same Minister who makes those appeals, by whose authority 'bad farmers' are turned from their land, allows it. Powerful interests gain from this short-term profit-making and long-term ruination, and that, in England, is always final.

This happens in several counties, but chiefly in Northamptonshire, where over 3000 acres (an area greater than the City of London) have been torn up, pilaged, and the débris left for posterity. Here are the words of a Governmental Committee (Lord Kennet's) written four years ago:

For lack of foresight, for lack of organization, year by year, this part of our land is being reduced to and left in a state that no one can see without shame.

For lack of scruple, rather. That was before the war, before the scales fell from our eyes and we suddenly saw (so the politicians say) the mad crimes wreaked on our land. It still goes on.

Beneath the fields of Northamptonshire lie valuable iron ores. Formerly, labourers took off a few feet of soil, extracted what ore they could, and levelled the ground again. Then came Progress. Great steel monsters, with jaws which reach 60 and 70 feet into the ground, tear it up and throw it away, scoop out the ore - and then go, leaving lines of hideous humps and dumps that stretch for miles, where once was green land. The soil is not put back and levelled. Nothing grows on those pyramids. The profit has been taken; the chapter is closed.

A fantastic picture that a mad artist might have painted of a landscape in the moon.

L.F. Easterbrook.

In other countries, they put the sod back, after the ores have been removed, and the land heals. But with us, the landowners pocket their money, the iron companies sell their steel, 'the cost of restoration would be more than the land is worth' - the captains and the kings depart, leaving a devastation behind them as horrifying as anything an invader could achieve. 'What is involved', says the Kennet Committee, 'is the fate of 80,000 acres - 125 square miles of countryside' (that is, about twenty-six times the area of the City of London.)

'In vain doth valour bleed, while avarice and rapine share the land', said Milton. Our Government is equipped with every conceivable power to dragoon and harass the humble citizen, and order every act of his daily life, down to the knob of coal he must not burn and the half-sheet of paper he must not waste ('An Offence! Penalty, imprisonment!'). It does nothing to hinder *this*. Hitler could not have devised a better way to lay waste our countryside.

(But a Norfolk farm labourer who thought it wrong that his local Agricultural Soviet should plough up *common* land, used as a children's playground, while leaving other good but not common land alone, so that he cut the barbed wire round a golf course and planted onions on the greens, was heavily fined.)

When the Minister of Agriculture, in his search for that home-grown food which would save the lives of our ships and seamen, asked the Hampshire War Agricultural Committee to find him more arable land, because more food *must* be grown, they replied that the only remaining land was a piece of 10,000 acres in the Test Valley already exempted by himself, through 'a compromise' with the owners of 'the fishing rights'.

This was once rich herbage, grazed by cattle, but after the last war, when agriculture fell into decay, the owners sought other ways to earn money from it and presently made much more than farming would have brought them. 'Wealthy sportsmen', those typical figures of England, Their England between 1919 and 1939 (was not an outsize photograph of Mr. Chamberlain, with rod-and-net, the

chief exhibit in the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition?) were ready to pay 'up to £200, or even more, a mile, for the fishing rights'.

While small farmers could be told to plant potatoes here and turnips there, or be thrown out of their farms, this land was left alone. England might not 'waste bread'; but no crops might grow on these waterlogged acres. The ordinary citizen's two-seater, waiting in the garage to take him to Brighton one fine day, might be taken; indeed, almost anything might be taken from him. 'The compromise' was inviolable. This land was left waterlogged, weedy and overgrown, for the benefit of 'the fishing'.

Thus spoliation and enclosure go on. 'Never again', unless our order be changed, is clearly to be 'Once more'.

The present Minister of Agriculture counts in the inner coteries of politics (for nowadays our politicians are almost unknown to the general public) as a vigorous administrator and possibly a future Prime Minister. He said, in October 1942:

British agriculture was sadly neglected before the war. The neglect was worse than anyone dreamed possible ... Much of our countryside was dying. Peace was desolating the land faster than war. With the war, the whole situation for British agriculture changed in a flash ... Some Power has wrought a miracle in the English harvest fields this summer, for in this, our year of greatest need, the land has given us bread in greater abundance than we ever knew before ... Nearly all we have had to do with farming for war can be of permanent value when peace returns. It will not have to be scrapped and destroyed when the whistles blow for the armistice. [Why *will* they use that ill-omened word, Armistice?] On that day we shall at any rate have our land and our people. We have the soil, the climate, and the men needed to make British agriculture not only an efficient industry, but an inspiration to the world as indeed it was a century ago.

Thus Mr. Hudson. 'Peace was desolating the land faster than war!' And the desolation that now goes on in Northamptonshire? 'We have the soil!' Who has the soil? Who has that part of it which was our people's heritage 'a century ago, when British agriculture was an inspiration to the world'?

An earlier Minister for Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, returned from governing far Burma, contemplated the same transformed scene, and said:

I have seen downland which was derelict almost groaning with grain. I have seen vast acres of common land with grand crops of potatoes and oats. Last time I saw that land it was smothered in bracken and other foulnesses.<sup>[18]</sup> When I came back, my first sight of Britain was from an aeroplane and I found it hard to believe my eyes. Rural Britain has been transformed. To those of us who have fought for long years to enable our land to perform its proper function it is just like a dream come true ... I know the fear which, while not preventing him from throwing himself wholeheartedly into his job, is present in many a farmer's heart: the fear that after the war Britain will forget and farming will be forced to undergo the agonies of the last post-war period. I do not believe that will come to pass.

And the devastation of thousands of acres in Northamptonshire, *during* the war? The 'foulness' of the Test Valley?

There is no health in these words and promises. No 'miracle' has been performed here, no 'dream' has come true. The country wants food and those who work the land have been enabled to grow and sell it. But the land, though it thrives again, is still imprisoned.



Here is a good job for men to do who come back from the war, a job that can and should be done: to make England, Their England. England, Our England. To prevent a new abandonment of the land to 'bracken and other foulnesses'. To prevent the ruination of any more of it. To prevent the enclosure of any more of it. To redeem that which has been wantonly spoiled. Above all, to regain that part of it, for the use and enjoyment of our people, which was taken by theft, sanctioned at Westminster, to pay gaming debts. To build four *English* freedoms in a land green and pleasant again.

That is a good destination to strive for, in Civvy Street, and a worthy objective in the Battle in England.

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# PART FOUR

## BATTLE IN ENGLAND

## Chapter One

### IN CIVVY STREET

One day I sat at a window in Piccadilly and read the two letters which set me to write this book: the one from a young officer fighting overseas who said, 'We still feel out here that the ultimate battle is being won or lost in England'; and the one from a mother who said, 'I feel convinced that these intelligent, deep-thinking boys and girls are not going to leave the management of the new world to anyone but themselves when the war is won'.

I thought about them a lot, and then took up a newspaper. A loud headline said, 'Demobilization will be slow after the war'. I laid the paper down, and looked out into Piccadilly and the Green Park.

Two French officers passed; with lively gestures, they helped a voluble debate. Across the Green Park grass, went a tall British sailor with a girl in red, arm-in-arm, her head turned up to him, his down to her; a pretty picture. The American soldiers strolled by with loose gait, and were briskly passed by a pair of short and buxom girls in the blue of the women's Air Force. A lean, languid and sexless being, probably male, in white-striped black suit, black hat and umbrella drifted incongruously to its club, a derelict pleasure craft among the men and women of war. A fat and red-faced woman in a shapeless fur-coat, with a tea-cosy on her head, was followed by three lithe and laughing girls, bare-headed.

Bless you, pretty compatriots, I thought, looking at them affectionately, for discovering your hair and how to tend it; when I came home from foreign parts, of yore, your heads reminded me of rookeries, and if, by some process I cannot understand, we have gained this much from the war, it is a great deal. Indeed, this is worth fighting for, for Hitler himself never did anything worse than the things you formerly did to your hair.

They split, to make way for a tramp who shambled between them, his head bent, his eyes searching the pavement, his shabby legs bearing him towards the barns and hedgerows. Was he happy or abject, this man, I wondered, free or enchained? Without a side glance he passed the wooden shelf, built on stout legs, which some compassionate clubman, on a day, put to ease the overlaid porters, toiling with their loads from Covent Garden. I remembered a starry night when I went along Piccadilly with someone who was in fractious mood, so that I picked her up, and sat her on that shelf. 'This is where men put their burden', I said, 'you stay up there awhile, until you are easier to bear.' Through the trees I saw pieces of the Victoria Memorial and Buckingham Palace. A lorryload of soldiers clattered by. How little the scene was changed, I thought, since 1918.

1918! Demobilization! I fell into a daydream. Piccadilly and the Green Park vanished, I saw a forlorn winter's day and a country road that ran, gleaming in the rain, up a hill somewhere near Grantham. In a muddy field at the top, was a wooden hut, which I entered. A calendar hung on the wall; it showed the date January 16th, 1919. At a table planted on the bare boards sat a young captain. No ribbon on his coat, no wound stripes on his sleeve; 'I suppose you've been sitting here all these years', I thought automatically, and a feeling of antagonism stirred within me. (I wonder if men feel that to-day?) He signed a paper and handed it to me, a thing the size of a letter. 'Certificate of Demobilization', it said. I folded it and put it in my pocket, went out and down the hill. A drab and dreary world lay before me, and vanished disconsolately into a mist which rubbed out its edges. Nothing clear, nothing sharply defined, no destination beckoning.

I stopped, and took out the paper again. This flimsy thing, then, in my hands, was Victory, Freedom, the world safe for Democracy, the land fit for heroes - all I fought for. Glad adventure, eager curiosity, a uniform, faring forth, trudging to the trenches, leave, wounds, hospital, fighting in the air, good

companions, fear, boredom, more wounds, more hospital, bully beef and biscuits, crashes, four years - here was the net result, on paper: my life and freedom.

I did not feel free. My uniform was no longer mine; I must buy clothes, and clothes were dear. None would provide my next meal: I must earn it. None would tell me when to get up, where to go and what to do: I must decide that. No more would others think for me; I must think for myself. During part of the four years which lay behind me, I loved the war and wished it would never end; during the later part, I loathed the war and dreaded the peace. Now, peace was come. I folded the paper again and put it away. The rain increased. The road before trailed uninvitingly into the mist. No life stirred. I went on.

Thus I mused, looking at Piccadilly and the Green Park, when I must have fallen asleep. The daydream became a real dream, for suddenly I found myself back in the wooden hut on the bleak hilltop. The same captain sat at the table. But the date on the calendar was changed. It said January 16th, 194-; I could not read the last numeral, because the leaf fluttered in the draught. Anyway it was Nineteen Forty-Something. I was still twenty-three, and in my dream this seemed quite natural. I took the paper, and saw the words, 'Certificate of Demobilization', written across it.

So this is demobilization, I thought, the thing I have thought about so long, and sometimes longed for and sometimes feared. This is the Thing I have been fighting for, this sheet of paper. The rush to join up, in 1939; the retreat to Dunkirk (I hope old Jack, whom we were forced to leave because of his shattered leg, was looked after by the Germans); the evacuation; the Battle of Britain; that tank attack at Tobruk; wounds; hospital; the sand; the heat; the cold; the dive-bombers; no mail and I wonder what Milly's doing at home; no leave; fear; boredom; good pals; the landing in Europe - they all boil down to this.

I folded the paper and put it in my pocket, and went out.

The dank, unfriendly road fell into the mist. At the side of it stood a middle-aged man, who seemed to wait for something.

'Good day', he said, as I approached.

'Good day', I said, looking at him doubtfully, for his face seemed familiar. 'Er - do we know each other?'

'Of course', said he, 'I am Yourself.'

'Why, of course you are', I said, 'you are Myself. How stupid of me. I knew I'd seen you somewhere. You look well.'

'Tolerably so, thank you', he said, 'where are you going?'

'Going?' I said. 'Now, where am I going? I've hardly thought about it.'

'Ah, that's a great mistake', he said, quickly, 'the mistake most of 'em make when they come out of there' - and he pointed to the hut. 'That's why I stand here and speak to them. Now, where *are* you going?'

'Well', I said, feebly, 'I suppose, to 1950 and 1960 and a career and a family and a home and all that. At least I hope so.'

'Vague, but not bad for a start, with qualifications', he said approvingly. 'Now I've been that way before, and it's a very difficult road to find. You won't find it by yourself. You'd be surprised, how difficult that road is to find. No signs, all manner of wrong turnings, snares and pitfalls without number. I went astray scores of times. And the mist is thickening. I'd better come along with you.'

'Well, if it's not troubling you', I said, uncertainly.

'No trouble at all', he said, cheerfully, 'that's why I wait here.' We started off together. 'Now, how do you feel?'

'I feel a bit lost', I said, 'like a lamb that's wandered from the fold.'

'I know. I know', he said, 'that's how I felt. You've been fighting for your country, and now you've to fend for yourself. And you won't find many good shepherds on this road.'

'Are you one?' I asked.

'I am resolved to be', he said, 'by crook or by book.'

'You see', I explained, 'I feel a sense of sudden flop. Now that we've won this Thing that we were told to fight for, peace, it turns to ashes in my hands. I feel, in a way, that I've led an ideal life for four years. I never needed to take any thought for to-morrow, because others thought for me; yet all the while I felt that I was serving a great cause, that I was a fine fellow. The radio, the newspapers and the politicians told me so day and night. As soon as this was put into my hand' - and I showed him my demobilization paper - 'I felt that I was a man without a task or mission, and one who, at that, must look after all his own wants. I feel suddenly unwanted; I seem to belong nowhere, and I don't think that's right, after my service. From now on, all I've to do is, to fight for myself. I miss the feeling of each-for-all and all-for-each, which my service somehow gave me - now the hurly-burly's done.'

'Now the battle's lost and won', he said, smiling. 'You know Shakespeare?'

'A bit', I said.

'Now listen to me', he said, stopping abruptly in the middle of the road and buttonholing me with my own forefinger, 'that's the very first and worst of the wrong turnings. Now you see how you would have gone astray, but for me. Why should you lose the feeling of service, of having a task or mission to accomplish, simply because those who until now told you what to do have cast you out? If you only serve when one man tells you that you are called up, another that you are to go to the front, and a third that you are to charge the enemy, that is not so much service as slavery. Why should you claim any merit for your service, if you only did what you were ordered to do and could not refuse to do? Any fool can obey an order. Now that you set out for Civvy Street, you feel adrift, because you have no one to command you and no battle to fight, save your own personal struggle to exist, and you do not feel that to be a great cause. There is a gap.'

'Yes', I said reluctantly, 'that's about it, I expect.'

'That's where they all go wrong', he said, urgently, 'they not only take the first wrong turning, they set off on the wrong foot. They all come out of that hut thinking, Well, the hurly-burly's done, the battle's lost and won, now we'll crawl into the first hole we can find in Civvy Street and forget about the country. We'll no longer be one of millions, serving and fighting for the country, we'll be each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. We'll leave the country to something called The Guvverment; we call the man we work for The Guv'nor, so the Guvverment must be something really great. Why should we worry further about the things we fought for? The Guvverment will look after them. So you

see, Yourself', said Myself, looking at me earnestly, 'nearly every man who comes out of that hut a freeman puts his mind into bondage as he comes through the door. He thinks, there's nothing to fight for now. Instead, he should say, Ah, the fighting's done now, but the battle just begins. Any dolt can obey an order. But it takes a man, as he comes through that door, to say, now I'll start fighting, of my own free will and in my own free right, for the things I believe in, for this country, and for its future, and I'll never stop, while I live, whether I'm alone or one of a crowd. Don't you see, that gives him a destination and an ideal and a hope? They wouldn't need *me*, to show them the way, if they thought that. That would give them the feeling of an even greater task and mission. That would destroy their delusion, that Service means going when you're called up.'

'Um', I said, 'I see what you mean'. A kind of Battle in England.'

'That's right', he said eagerly, 'A Battle in England, a Battle for England. Start out with that idea, and you don't feel a sense of slump or flop, when you leave that hut.'

'It sounds invigorating', I said, 'but how? What can one do? A man feels so small, so helpless, so alone, so much harassed by the need to earn a livelihood, so much overwhelmed by the powers of frustration that enclose him.'

'Oh, rats', said Myself, 'he only feels like that because he has never tried to feel different, because he shuffles out of that hut thinking, the Battle's over, instead of, the Battle now begins. But I'll tell you all about it on the way.'

'Good', I said, 'I'm open to learn.'

'That's all you need', he said. 'let's shake on it', and he stretched out my arm.

I shook my hand. 'Let's go', I said, and we started off....

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## Chapter Two

### WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

I wandered through 1919 as through a thickening wood. Victory was come, and peace, the glorious Things we so long fought for. I, and all the others who survived, were home again. The world safe for democracy and the land fit for heroes lay before us. In Paris, was a march of triumph to the Arch of Triumph. In London, I watched the Guards come home, and the V.C.s go to a tea-party at Buckingham Palace, and the Unknown Soldier drive by.

Yes, this was no illusion. Here it was, the thing we wanted, yet none seemed to want me. When I came home feet-foremost, during the war, women threw roses into my ambulance, a girl kissed my bandaged face as I was carried on a stretcher into a hospital. Now the thing we strove for was in my grasp. Yet when I opened my hand I found it empty.

I meandered about, went into a teashop, bought an evening paper and opened it. Joe Smart, it said, beneath big headlines, was once again ahead of all other revue-producers with a big idea; his new show, Dope and Glory, at the Rhinodrome, contained a chorus of ex-officers!

I went along and bought a seat. There they were, The Boys. Their names were printed on the programme, in the order of their appearance, so that you might identify each of them: Lieut. Jones of the King's, Captain Smith of the Queen's, Lieut. Brown, M.C., of the Prince of Wales's, and Captain Robinson, of the Duke of York's Own; the chorus boys of 1914-1918, come back. They marched about, backstage, while a girl sang:

Good-bye, khaki,  
We're gonna put you in the addick,  
Good-bye, khaki,  
You've made the world so democraddick,  
We've been true to you,  
We'll give all due to you'  
So long and cheerio, and now we're through with you ...

They marched off, in khaki, and came back, in scarlet, blue and gold, swords and bearskins, to deafening applause, and they saluted with their swords, and marched off again, to draw their four-pounds-a-week while the show lasted, and the girl kissed her hand to the audience in payment for the thunderous cheers.<sup>[19]</sup>

'So long and cheerio, and now we're through with you ...' They disappeared into the wings, into Civvy Street and the future. The future, which would see music hall comedians asking each other, 'What, you were an officer? Have you dyed your British Warm yet?' (Loud laughter, for many of them could not afford an overcoat.) The future, which would see the bemedalled out-of-works pushing piano-organs round the streets of London. The future, which would cast away in every town and village in England, like stranded fish, such men as Captain Grafton:

It is 'the Captain's' chief tragedy (though he does not know it) that he survived the war, which was not only the climax of his existence but, probably, the only part of it that Nature qualified him to justify ... His type is one that must be recognized in the aftermath of every great war in history. Shakespeare knew his peers and drew them incomparably ... He is a spare man, just short of fifty - though he feels (and thinks) like a boy - with thin hair plastered down by some kind of fixative that conceals its greyness, and a toothbrush moustache clipped short with the same-object ... He usually

wears khaki shirts, with a zigzag gunner's tie, and cord riding-breeches, covered in winter by a greasy trench-coat or a British Warm. The remnant of the service tradition shows itself in his too limited vocabulary still embellished with war-time slang ... and in his attitude towards politics and life in general, which is that of a puzzled schoolboy, nursing a grievance against the changed values of these degenerate days, yet constrained, out of soldierly pride, not to make a fuss. It is difficult, of course, to see the way in which everything for which he and his friends fought and suffered is going to rack and ruin without active protest. But the old guard can still pack up its troubles and do its bit. Captain Grafton does it, with a solemn sense of duty, at meetings and armistice-day parades of the British Legion (when he puts on his medals) and also as Scoutmaster ... He feels more important, happier and more 'like himself' on the rare occasions when he dons a black shirt and a belt and sets off with a loaded cane in his hand to parade with the North Bromwich Fascists. Then, at least, he feels that England has need of him ... A pathetic, if not quite admirable figure - poor Archie Grafton with his attempts to maintain the old military smartness, his perpetual anxiety to do the soldierly thing and live up to the code of the ante-room ... His life virtually came to an end in 1918, and nothing less than another war can resuscitate him - by which time (if the dreadful thing come) he will be too far gone to be of very much use. Like everybody else who served actively in the war, he is a wounded man, and a sick man, too....

Ah' poor Archie Grafton, and his neighbour, Mr. Rudge, the orphan of Enclosure:

Mr. Rudge cannot, like Captain Grafton, be described as an interloper. The Rudges have staked their claim to belong to Monk's Norton in a good many square feet of the graveyard's surface. At the time of the Civil War (or the Rebellion, as Miss Abberley calls it), they owned the Goodrest Farm. Now all that remains of their landed property is the small-holding of fifteen acres which Mr. Rudge inherited ten years ago from a second cousin....<sup>[20]</sup>

The picture is exact and is drawn with a melancholy humour. But decay is not comic.

Don't let it happen again. 'They' will do it again, if you let them, but yours will be the fault. For yours is the power, who won the glory.

Come back to a Battle in England, not to a life of living death, spent in a declining countryside, supported by doles or pensions, spoiled by a feeling of eternal frustration. Claim and use your fullest rights of citizenship.

Come back to fight, and not to follow. Interest yourself in and inform yourself about the affairs of your country. Keep away from extreme parties, which only offer worse enslavement, by even worse misrulers. But immerse yourself, as a matter of right and daily duty, in the thing called Politics - which is, the state of your island.

Instruct yourself, by reading, about the condition of your Parliament and your Parties, so that you may detect the means which are used to deceive you. Arm yourself with the weapons of reason and debate, and sharpen them upon the knowledge which any man, who is not idle or a dolt, can acquire. Gather round yourself men of like mind, and thrash out, with them, the problems of the day. Choose one of them to stand for Parliament as an Independent, under the pledge that he will accept no Party allegiance; or stand yourself, and let your friends go from house to house, to persuade the voters that some new men, who are not merely the sausages turned out by The Party Machine, are needed in Parliament, to watch over our affairs in the coming years.



Do not die on your feet, like Captain Grafton. If you were able to fight with a rifle or a tank, you can fight with your mind and your love of this country. Train yourself to find the falsehood in political speeches and the newspapers, so that you may enlighten those about you; this is the greatest task of all. Combat the dullard's, the slave's, the traitor's lazy objection that 'You can't do anything about it', 'It wouldn't work', 'I don't know anything about politics,' 'They'd get you down'.

These are the people who will destroy England, if you let them. This state of mind will be your greatest enemy, when you come back. Resolve to destroy it by contempt and ridicule; and, to that end, *inform* yourself of what goes on.

Learn, and be ready to tell others, who 'They' are. For these weakwits, these self-made serfs, are right, in their dull apprehension that hidden forces now work to oppress them and mislead them into war. After two World Wars, the evidence is too strong to be denied. But it is *not* impossible to learn who They are, how They work, and how to thwart Them.

This is what patriotic men can do, each in his own circle, and it is a better undertaking than to meander downhill for the rest of your life, in angry, befuddled but impotent ignorance, like the Captain Graftons, and, when your instinct tells you that They are about to take your future from you again, to traipse off to the nearest town in a black shirt, or a red one.

Do not, when you come back, lay the weapon of the spirit aside, with the uniform and the other equipment, but keep it, and keep it sharp. Do not give your thoughts entirely to Getting A Job And Holding It, for by that means you pawn your future; and They will wreck it for you again. It will not avail to Get On With The Job and Leave Politics To Them.

The instinct of the British people is sound. They knew that this war was being brewed for them, but could not rouse themselves to prevent it. They are right to-day in feeling that they are held in the thrall of powerful forces which prepare further misery for them.

They are only wrong, in their miserable acceptance of this, as of some enchantment which they cannot throw off. This is where 'the boys', who come back, can reinvigorate England, if they do not lay aside the weapon of the spirit. For they will have made England famous again, they will have travelled far and widened their vision, they will be fit and vigorous; they can seek out, detect and frustrate 'Them', if they do not become like Captain Grafton. They can *make* their future, and not let others mar it.

Sir Stafford Cripps, on February 6th, 1943, said he noticed 'with some distress, a growing tendency in our country to view the future with a certain degree of hopelessness and of almost sour disillusion'. He correctly diagnosed the feeling of the country. He has contributed to it. Only yesterday, people hoped they would find in him, at last, a man who would fearlessly say in Parliament the things that people feel. His acceptance of relegation to a routine department, where he is little heard or seen, has disappointed this hope, like so many earlier ones. He could help us more by leaving office and speaking from a different platform every night!

He said that public confidence, in improvement after this war, showed signs of weakening just as victory approached. Doubts were creeping in; privilege and selfish interests were busily preparing to cast the future in the mould of the past.

Then he said:

Indeed, it is almost commonplace in these days to hear the most confirmed advocates of change expressing the view that 'They' will never really implement the promise of a new Britain or a new world. Who are these mysterious people referred to as 'They', who are apparently looked on as the veriest broken reed of a hope for the future? 'They' is

not the language of a democracy or even of the class-struggle. 'They' is the language of dictatorship and defeatism of the common people. We must put aside all such subservience within our democracy and speak instead of what 'we' want and 'we' will do or insist upon being done. But in order that 'we' may be effective to make 'Them' do what we wish, we must understand not only the problem of the future but also the lessons of the past.

But 'They' do exist, and Sir Stafford Cripps was wrong, and the British instinct is right, if he implied that they do not.

You need only to recognize 'Them'. I have tried to show who they are. The first of 'Them' is the order of moneyed privilege, in this country, which began with Enclosure of the land, continued with Enclosure of the schools, and has been completed with the Enclosure of all opportunity, advancement and preferment. This has produced the repressed spirit of England, the sagging spirit which is our greatest enemy, for it delivers us, ready-made tools, into the hands of the rest of 'Them'.

The rest of 'Them' are powerful forces of many kinds, none of which have their roots in this country, but spread all over the world, and these pursue their aims, through us, our Enclosed order, and our armed strength, or our foreign policy, without regard to our island interests. To-day, they may think it will profit them for us to be weak; to-morrow, that their ambitions will be best served if we make war. They command mighty means to mislead and misinform us, to tell us we should disarm or rearm, connive in aggression or make war against aggression.

The individual men who go to make this manifold man, Anon, are no better or worse than other men. But their interests reach beyond frontiers, and They therefore know no frontiers, no nationhood. Their interests are not *ours*; but they wield great power in our land, over our 'policies. They have their spokesmen in Parliament; and if any of these spokesmen chances to be a political leader, the other members of his Party are *sworn* to follow him, so that the island interest is already forsworn.

This is the stranglehold, on our native interests, which can only be broken by the appearance in Parliament, for a term long enough to smash it, of Independent patriots. But Their greatest weapon is the Press. In this matter, I am as good a judge as any man, and I say that our newspapers, with few exceptions, are the enemies of truth, and of our future, in this country to-day.

These international forces compose jointly 'Them'. They are, in the main, international bankers; international arms trusts; international oil suppliers; Zionists; and the more extreme elements of international Jewry, working from all countries, for which Zionism is too small a name.

'They' wait, in Civvy Street. Begin your journey, in that street, with the feeble habit of averting your glance from them (and all too many Englishmen are prone to this, in real streets of plaster-and-asphalt, among their flesh-and-blood fellow beings) because you think them too strong for you, and your future is already mortgaged. Look at them, watch them, ask about them, inquire their names, study their activities, learn how to forethwart them, and Civvy Street lies clear before you, leading to a secure future and a better England.

For their strength lies in anonymity. Tear aside the screen, expose them to the light of day, and their strength is gone. This is why it is sinister that British Governments protect the method of anonymity, with every means in their power....

Good-bye, khaki,  
So long and cheerio, and now we're through with you....

sang that grinning girl. The curtain came down. I went out, into Civvy Street, in search of the future' I thought of it only in terms of employment, work, achievement, and when I found it, 'They' took it from me.

I did not know that 'They' existed. Given that knowledge, I would have been alert, and so might others have been. This time, 'the boys', when they come back, and those who grow up here, may know. They may know that Civvy Street has two sides, both of which they must know and watch - Hard Work Side and Politics Side, which in the inter-war years was the shady side, the side on which 'They' lurked.

Don't let it happen again. It need not and will not, if you keep the weapon of the spirit, when you hand in your other arms, and return to a Battle in England.

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## Chapter Three

### WHEN THE GIRLS COME HOME

I knew two girls, in London, in 1913. One was very pretty. She never married. That war left too few men to go round, and although you might have expected a husband to find her in spite of that, she was missed, by some mischance, and joined the class of the Miss Sheldon-Smiths,<sup>[21]</sup>

whose ages varied between thirty-one and twenty-four. Their only brother, the heir to the family's embarrassments, was killed at Gheluvelt. They are all three unmarried and likely to remain so. Their tragedy is that the generation in which they might reasonably have expected to find husbands of their own kind was eliminated by the war; and the fact that they are more class-conscious than the aristocracy seems likely to keep them single.

The other girl was married three times, between the wars. This does not disprove my statement about the insufficiency of men; it would happen to some women, if only three men were in the world, and all her husbands were married at least twice.

When I came on leave from France in 1915, in the first glory of my officer's uniform, I met them both, and blessed the chance; I was glad to be able to bask in their admiration of it. It was grand. Given a million guesses, on that sunny day, my imagination would not have stretched enough to picture the fantastic thing that happened twenty-eight years later, in 1943. I met the same two, in Piccadilly. I was in civilian clothes. They were both officers in the A.T.S.!

'Well, well', I said, to the thrice-married one, 'this is where I got my own back on the posters of the last war. What are *you* doing in the Great War, Mummy? Come on, let's go and celebrate this. All the nice men love a soldier. We didn't want to lose you, but we thought you ought to go, and with all our might and main we shall hug you, squeeze you, kiss you, when you come back again. On Saturday I'm willing, if you'll only take the shilling, to make a woman of any one of you. I do hope we meet a private, so that she'll have to salute you. How is the spirit of the troops? Still excellent? Is all quiet at Weston-super-Mare, or wherever you stand guard?'

'Shut up', they said, 'we've heard it all before. How *are* you, citizen Reed? It *is* good to see you.'

'I expect you say that to all the men', I said, 'but come on. This deserves to be honoured.'

So we went, along that street which my feet so often trod, in peace and war, in lean times and fat, and came presently, for it was noon, to the selfsame table where we three sat together and refreshed ourselves, all those years ago.

'This is an extraordinary thing', I said, 'I feel like Mr. Bultitude in *Vice Versa*. Here we sat, you two and I, that other time, and I was an officer and you were civilians and you sunned yourselves in my reflected glory, and I bought you lunch, and now here we sit, and you are officers and I am a civilian, the glory is yours and the shadow mine, and you are going to buy me lunch....'

'Oh no', they said promptly, both together.

'I might have known it', I said bitterly, 'I have been-lured here under false pretences. The more it changes, the more it is the same. When there is only one man left in England, and you have taken from him every right and wrong with which he was born, when you are all Field-Marsals and he peels the potatoes for your meals in the mess, when you are both Prime Ministresses of England, wearing

trousers habitually and carrying an umbrella always, you will still expect that one last man to pay for your lunch. Justice is not, in this world', I said gloomily.

'Cheer up', they said. 'We'll buy you a cocktail.'

'I wouldn't drink one of those wartime compounds, which neither cheer nor inebriate but only poison, even if you gave me the price of it in addition', I said. 'I'll eat your health, in Spam, 1943, honourable and gallant ladies both, and may your pips never grow less.' Then I turned to the thrice-mated one. 'And you, Second Subaltern Defoi', I said, 'what will you eat?'

'I *wish* you'd remember my name', she said, 'that was my second husband.'

'I wish you'd never married at all', I said, 'I've never been able to catch up with them since. Now let me see, what is it? I know. It's Firstleigh.'

'That was number one', she said, it's Drymal.'

'Of course it is', I said, 'and how is he? Where is he?'

'Oh', she said, hesitating slightly, 'He's ...'

'Not another word', I said hurriedly. 'Tact is my mainspring, but I warn you, I shall never be able to remember Forthleigh, if you think to take that name next. From now on I shall call you by your maiden name.'

'All right', she said, quickly, 'what is it?'

'Er - oh lor!' I said. 'Look here, it isn't fair, I'm not a human filing cabinet, Barbara. She can't expect it, can she, Peggy?' I appealed to the other one.

They both smiled. 'Well, you remembered those all right', they said.

I asked them how they came to be soldiers. Barbara owned a prosperous business in Mayfair, which was destroyed by a bomb. She would not receive compensation until after the war, and but a fraction of the value then, when the cost of beginning again would be at its peak. Peggy was secretary to a Harley Street specialist who went into the Forces. Both laboured under a feeling of uselessness and cut-adriftness and went into the A.T.S., where they met.

I turned the talk to the future, and tried to draw them out. They seemed vague, planless. They didn't know this, they supposed that. Barbara expected she would start another business, when the war was over. Peggy assumed she would drift into a job. They enjoyed their life, when they were in camp, but when they were on leave longed to be back with the things and people they knew, and dreaded the return to duty, until they were back.

Indeed, I found that, like 'the boys' in the last war and too many of 'the boys' in this one, they made no effort to think out the future at all. They thought of it only in terms of individual competition for a livelihood, and not at all in terms of our island safety, of enduring peace, and of a happy breed. But I held the talk to the barrack-square of this topic; I put myself in command, drilled their thoughts and made them go the way I desired. So we talked, something in this wise....

'How do you like women's rights, now that you come to share all but one of the wrongs of men?' I asked them.

'How do you mean, all but one?' they said.

'Why, don't you see', I said, 'you have now gained everything but one thing. You may vote, become a Minister, practise as a doctor or barrister, wear uniform, rise in rank. The one and only thing now denied you is to share a soldier's grave with a man. But I am sure that our misleaders will arrange for you to be granted that uttermost boon in the next war, if you wish to have it that way. So you see', I said, 'the removal of the immemorial hindrances which were laid in the way of women, has brought you almost everything you want. Our good War Graves Commission has recently reported that sons, killed in this war, have now been laid to rest alongside their fathers, killed in the last. This is the only place yet denied to you. Throw your imagination forward another twenty-five years, and picture such a grave being opened to receive - a granddaughter, killed in action! Are you pleased with the progress which women have made, in your time?'

Peggy smiled. 'The awful thing about you', she said, 'is that you put things in such an odd way, that I never know whether you are joking or not.'

'I have to do that', I said, 'because I can only make you listen at all, and think a little, that way. 'People in this country are trained to recognise, as truth, only lies dressed up, and now hardly know truth when they see it. I mean what I say. Can't you see it? It's as plain as a flagstaff and right in front of your noses. Your mothers wanted to right the wrongs of women by sharing the rights of men. They got what they wanted, through the first World War. You, their daughters, have inherited this "Equality with men", which they fought for, in the second World War. You want "Equality with men", yes? Is that what you want?'

'We suppose so', they said, vaguely.

'Then, sweet friends of my youth', I said, 'do you not see that you have but one thing still to gain, if that is all you want, if "Equality with men" is the summit of your ambition, if you cannot raise your eyes to a higher view of your world than that which a female worm would see.'

'Well, get on', they said. 'What *do* you mean,'

'Why, that your own low-sightedness', I said, 'and the guile of those who wish to destroy us, is causing you to look at a lie dressed up as truth and think it truth, when the truth is something different. For you will agree with me that what women really want, and men too, for that matter, is not to share a soldier's grave with a man, or even to have their husbands and sons laid in such a grave, or yet to be denied a man at all, but to share a bed with a man, to marry and have children and live useful lives.'

'You always talk like that', they said.

'I do', I said, 'I call a bed a bed. But that *is* truth. You won't deny that that is what women have mainly wanted since the world began and are likely to want as long as the world lasts?'

'No', they said, 'we won't.'

'Well, then', I said, 'after this war, not only the boys, but also the girls, will come back, and enter Civvy Street in search of the future. In our country alone were the women taken from their husbands and homes and lovers, in such numbers. The Germans did not do that, at any rate until the catastrophe of Stalingrad, when the war was three and a half years old, and I do not think they will, at this stage, be able to enforce it, in any large degree. I think they looked to the future of their nation, whether they lost or won this war, and were wiser than we, or our leaders. I think a very deadly blow was struck at the roots of English life, by this action, and we shall not see its full results for some years to come, and those will be the years when some seek to bring about a new war. But anyway, it was done, and soon

the girls will come back. Now I ask you, Barbara and Peggy, jolly old Second Subalterns, as the imbeciles Bones and Bertie Wooster would have said, what hope will remain for our future if they come back to wage a kind of civil war, and a most uncivil war at that, against the men with whom they must marry and breed?"

'What should they do, then?' they asked.

'It's obvious', I said, 'what they want, first and foremost, is what the men want: the safety of this island, and within it, our House of Freedom, so that we may build a better future. They then may look forward to happiness. What on this planet will it avail them, to yield to the deluders, and think only of gaining "Equality with men", if, while they fix their eyes on that, the peace is stolen from them again, their homes and families are broken up again in another twenty years' time, and both their men and themselves taken to fights'

'Don't you think we *ought* to have full equality?' they said.

'But of course I do', I said, 'and you *have* it. You are pushing against an open door. I believe this island contains more women than men, and you have the vote. No office is too lofty for you to reach, no reform can be withheld which you demand, if you use that power. Let me give you an example. In November of 1942 one of your sex in Parliament, Mrs. Tate, drew attention to the fact that civilian women, injured through enemy action, received lower compensation than men. Now this was an obvious injustice, and a simple thing, which all could understand. It cannot be defended. Immediately the Members of Parliament, those men *and* women who are sworn to vote for *any* Governmental policy, however injurious to our interest, began to grow uneasy, because they fear the electors more than anything in the world, and knew, that in so clear a matter the people could not be bamboozled. They began to look anxiously over their shoulders at their constituencies - and this is another proof of the thing I try so hard to explain, the great power which the voters possess, if they would but make their minds clear about the matters in which they should use it, and how to use it. The result was that no less than 95 habitual Yessers voted for Mrs. Tate's proposed reform, and against the Government. I feel sure that, in consequence, this injustice will be mitigated.'<sup>[22]</sup>

'Well, that sounds good', they said.

'Yes, it sounds good', I said, 'but in fact it isn't. It is the best example I know of the false trail which women are following. For what *was* the issue, simplified to its clearest point! If one of their legs were blown off, women wanted to receive as much money for that banished limb as would a man. Well and good. But what do they *really* want? They want both their husbands and themselves to retain *both* legs, to live in a secure island, and one progressively improving its domestic lot.'

'Um, we see that', they said.

'And that is why', I said, 'they are allowing themselves to be led along a wrong turning, that will bring them to fresh trouble, when they fix their thoughts on this misleading catchword, "Equality with men". It is a secondary, not the foremost thing, and it is something they already have, if they take it. What they *want*, most of all, if they would realize it, is peace after this war, so that they may live happily with their men. That, they can only have through a sound Foreign Policy, a cleaner Parliament, and a freer Press. That is why the few women they have sent to Parliament have done them great disservice, by showing energy *only* in the campaign for "Equality with men" or, in a few cases, in some cause, such as the Admission of large numbers of immigrants to this island, which is actually dangerous to their own future.'

'What should we do, then?'

'When the girls come home', I said, 'and are called on, by dazzling promises, of "Equality with men", to instal a new Parliament at Westminster for another five or ten or twenty years, let them ask these candidates, what policy they propose to uphold in Foreign Affairs, and whether they intend to pledge themselves to follow the orders of their party leaders if, *after* the election, they pursue a different policy; what attitude they will they take in Parliament about the activities of organized international powers which try to exert influence on our policies; whether they will insist in Parliament on obtaining information about the powers which control our newspapers, about the foreign activities of our armaments concerns and the activities here of foreign armaments and oil enterprises; and the like more. In short, they should refuse to be deluded by promises of "Equality with men", which they can force *any* Member to press for, and only vote for that man, who will show them how he proposes to work for our safety and peace, and who will pledge himself to resign and bring about a by-election if he sees these things endangered. That is what the girls should do, when they come home. It's the same thing which the boys should do, those boys who will be the fathers of their children and of the other boys and girls who will be sent away "to fight for freedom" in twenty years' time, if *these* boys and girls allow it....'

'Well', they said, as I paid the bill, 'it was grand to meet again.'

'It was indeed,' said I, 'but remember how impossible this meeting would have seemed to us, in 1915. Don't let us live on a descending scale of hope and faith. Each of you is now a leader, of lady troops. Talk to your girls, try and make them think as Englishwomen. Show them that the radio, the pictures and the Press, to-day, are their enemies, the instruments of delusion. Try and bring them back to a wise, a native, a patriotic state of mind. Make them feel that their present service is a small thing, that the real Battle in England will begin when they set foot in Civvy Street, that they can do more for us in this island there than they ever can in your huts and on your gun-sites. Don't let them meander along, drooling "There's a long, long trail a-winding, into the land of my dreams", when so many lie in wait to lead them to a nightmare.'

We went out and parted at the corner of Bond Street, and I saluted them both.

'Good Heavens', they said, 'You mustn't do *that*! It's against *all* orders.'

'Is it?' I said. 'I was always a rebel. What do you think I fought for freedom for, in the last war? This is a free country, ennit?'

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## Chapter Four

### SNAP!

December 14th, 1918, said the calendar on the wall of my hut in France. The Armistice (which was to last for just twenty-one years) was five weeks old; the echoes of the cheering were hardly still. The Boys were not yet come home; they were in France, Italy, Russia, the Balkans, Mesopotamia, Egypt, India, or somewhere else, far away.

No matter, at home their interests were being well cared for. The Victory they won was being invested for them. They looked homeward and saw an Election. 'We will hang the Kaiser', 'We will squeeze Germany till the pips squeak', 'We will bring the war criminals to justice', 'We will banish war for ever', 'We will build homes for heroes in a land fit for heroes to live in'.

The politicians said these things, and the newspapers echoed them. The Boys breathed again. All was well. Their victory was not in vain. The war to end war was over, their representatives at home were making the world safe for democracy, all save a million of those who went away were still alive, and those now due to come back would not be able to say that England had failed them.

It was the Snap Election. During the war of 1914-18 the Parties, joined in Coalition by their own vote, prolonged the life of the 'Parliament of 1911 three times, from five to eight years (just as the Coalition has done this time). On November 25th, 1918, just *fourteen days* after the Armistice, they dissolved Parliament, which would otherwise have expired on January 31st, 1919, when a few of The Boys would have already returned, and the hysteria of November 1918 would already have dwindled a little.

They would not wait even for those few weeks. Who cared what happened to the Victory which The Boys won, or to The Boys? The politicians must hasten to cash in on *their* victory. Seats must be made safe for Members. 'Vote for the Government that won the war'. Parliament was dissolved on November 25th, 1918, before the rumbling echoes of the last gun were dead. The Snap Election was held on December 14th, 1918. Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition was returned with a majority of 472 Members, out of 707, and of the 472, 334 were Conservatives.<sup>[23]</sup>

The *political* victory was won, the military victory thrown away, and the peace lost, while the deluded people still nursed tender feet and sore throats from the rejoicings of November 11th, 1918. The Snap Election was over. Snap! went the jaws of the Party Machine. They closed on what? On the Kaiser? On the War Criminals? On Victory? Peace? Freedom? Homes for Heroes? Work for All?

No, they closed on the people of this island, who, thus duped, were put in a strait-jacket of impotence, which was only relaxed while the next war was being prepared at election times. At each of those infrequent opportunities they were induced to put their head between the jaws again.

Snap....

That is the trick, by means of which a democratic machine may be used to dupe the people and lead them into a new war.

Within four years of the Snap Election, Mr. Lloyd George, the War Winner, was dismissed by the Conservative majority. The era of three Tory Prime Ministers opened, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, with the lamentable interludes of their puppet, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Now the same process begins again. Our present 'Parliament was elected in November 1935, and was due to expire in November 1940. The war came in September 1939, and in 1940, 1941 and 1942

Parliament prolonged its own life, so that it is now due to be dissolved in November 1943. If, before that, Germany has capitulated, it will hold, a Snap Election. If Germany still fights, it will probably renew its existence by another year, and then dissolve and hold the election when victory comes, or is obviously imminent.

The Boys in either case will not be here. Mr. Churchill has promised, on their behalf, that if the war with Japan still goes on they will immediately be sent across the world, all the King's Forces! No doubt the radio will enable them to hear the good tidings from home: 'We shall exact full retribution from "All Nazis and Quislings"', 'We shall make war impossible for all time', 'We shall find employment for all and make this island fit for The Boys and The Girls to live in', 'When they come home, we shall provide social security for all', 'We shall begin a great programme of public works and reconstruction....'"

The only question is, will the Coalition (called, to-day, the National Government) appeal to the country, or will the two great Parties compete? The signs are, that the device of 1918 may be used again. The Coalition may present itself to the country as 'The Government that won the war, led by the Man Who Won The War',<sup>[24]</sup> and would probably flutter the pages of the Beveridge Report before the electors ('A Land Fit For Heroes To Live In') as the proof that the welfare of this island is safe in its keeping. The Labour Party has shown that a share in office tempts it more than the bachelordom of Opposition. If it decided to go to the country as a Party, the Conservatives would offer themselves not only as the Men Who Won The War, but also as the champions of the Beveridge Report, and say, 'Even the Socialists couldn't give you anything more Socialist than this!' And if by some freak of the moment it obtained a majority, a dire prospect would open for this country.

The odds are on a Snap Election held by the Winston Churchill National Government (instead of the Lloyd George Coalition), and the electors would be expected to forget that many of The Men Who Won The War are also those who actively promoted its coming.

Two or three years later Mr. Winston Churchill, if he stoutly held to the alliance with Russia or set about to prevent the loss of the peace, would be cast aside, as Mr. Lloyd George was cast aside, and the Conservative Party would resume open control. At any subsequent election, brought about by reviving public uneasiness, some trick would be found to lull the electors for just as long as was needed, to hold an election.

This is the course of events to come, if the people of this island do not set themselves to understand the way the political machine has been deftly thrown out of gear, so that it works only for their delusion. The prospect of another twenty years of political captivity, stalemate and stagnation, with who-knows-what cooking behind the scenes, now opens to them unless they learn the trick and the way to thwart it.<sup>[25]</sup>

An exact simile is available for the method by which a majority was always obtained from the voting but unthinking adults of this island between the two wars, the method by which the next majority will be sought.

It is, the seduction of a woman under promise of marriage.

It is plain Lyceum melodrama. The villain makes the promise. The electorate yields. The promise, of a certain course in policy, is immediately broken. The people are left with the offspring, war.

The most flagrant example is the 1935 election, which was won through the promise, without which the protesting electors would not yield their honour, of 'collective resistance to acts of unprovoked aggression'. The betrayal was already planned, and was perpetrated immediately the country gave the vote.

The baby was this war.

But exactly the same trick, in various forms, *was played at every election between 1918 and 1935.*<sup>[26]</sup> Precisely the same deception is now being prepared, for the next election.

One other thing, than the promise, is necessary, for the trick to succeed. Each time the seduction and betrayal are accomplished, a spectator is present, who must either denounce the seducer or become a conniving accomplice. The spectator is Parliament. How are the spectator's silence and acquiescence, in the betrayal, procured?

This is the enigma which so long bewildered us. We, the audience, always saw that witness of the betrayal, lurking behind a tree, and expected him to denounce the villain. We wondered why he kept his lips sealed. He *looked* an honest man. Lyceum melodrama, we felt, was failing us. *This* was not in the good old tradition.

That is the man we leave to get at and reform, if we are to bring the play back to the better tradition: the Member of Parliament. He presents himself to us as an honest man, who only wishes to go to Westminster to watch over the promises that were made during the wooing.

He is already forsworn. He is the villain's bondman.

*That* is the secret of our tragedy, and will be the cause, if our future is taken from us again. These men pledge themselves to do *whatever* their Party leaders may tell them, *after* the election, after the electorate has yielded! But the *leaders*, as Mr. Lloyd George has told us, are subject to 'motives' which 'precipitate wars' and which they 'dare not avow'. How, then, can the *Members* watch over the fulfilment of the promise that is made, to gain the votes, if they are, by written or implicit pledge, bound to follow these leaders in anything they do?

This was the evil partnership, of misleader and sworn accomplice, which the British people desperately tried to break by the Peace Ballot (a national call for armed force to prevent aggression) in 1935.

*Labour candidates at an election are only adopted as candidates by that Party when they sign a pledge in no circumstances whatever to vote against a Party decision.*

*Conservative candidates at an election do not sign a pledge, but in practice accept exactly the same bondage; the methods of enforcing it are more subtle but equally stringent: and consist of exclusion from office, ostracism and expulsion.*

Thus Conservative and Labour Members, once they have induced the electorate to return them, go to Westminster, *not* as honest witnesses resolved to ensure that the promise of wedlock is kept, under which the electorate yielded the vote; but as men sworn not to question the subsequent conduct of the seducer.

The methods by which this dishonourable acquiescence is obtained, in the Tory Party, have been described in many books, including *What of the Night?* by Watchman, a Conservative M.P. (Hamish Hamilton, 1940) and *Guilty Men* by Cato (Gollancz, 1940).

Of the Labour Party, Lord Wedgwood, in his *Testament to Democracy* (Hutchinson, 1942), says:

The charge made against Members of Parliament which is probably best founded and most serious, is that they show so little independence and do always as they are told. Party discipline tends ever to become more strict, and the penalties for the breaking of

Party Rules ever more formidable. No aspirant may become a candidate for the Labour Party, either for local Councils or for Parliament, without solemnly undertaking to obey the Party Rules. Till this undertaking is signed the candidature will not be endorsed at headquarters. The Rules are that one may not vote against any decision come to by the weekly meetings of the Party M.P.s. One may abstain from the vote and speak against the Party view, but the Labour M.P. or Town Councillor must not vote against the Party decision. That I hold to be an infringement of the rights and duties of Members of Parliament. Party decisions of this sort in old days were not numerous; they are now frequent, *and the rule is being silently extended to cover all decisions that have to be made by the pro tem. Party leader on the spur of the moment in the course of any debate.* I could never have joined the Labour Party had this rule been in practice in 1919. It is a surrender of conscience, reason and duty which ought to be intolerable to any Member of Parliament. Members of Parliament are not instructed delegates; they are there to hear, weigh and decide, according to their own judgment, every issue put before them. The coercion of these Rules is a first step in the direction of Fascism and Naziism. [Lord Wedgwood<sup>[27]</sup> might have added 'and Communism'.] It sets Party before country, force above reason, debate becomes useless, and electors are betrayed.

Professor Edward Hallett Carr (of *The Times*), in his *Conditions of Peace*, says:

The supremacy of the Party machine, dominated by economic interests, has been a conspicuous feature of British democracy in the past twenty years. It has been exercised in the constituencies, where the Party candidate or a promising seat is chosen no longer - except on rare occasions - by representatives of the electors, but by the Central Party machine. It has been exercised still more effectively in the House of Commons, where individual members are subject to ever stronger pressure to obey the dictates of the Party Whip. The process thus becomes a double one. *A Member of Parliament is elected not on personal considerations or by the choice of his constituents, but as the agent and nominee of a Party; except on increasingly rare occasions, he votes not as his conscience or as the supposed will of his constituents dictates, but as the Party decides. The fact is notorious ... a serious corollary of these developments is their effect on the quality of human material which enters Parliament and attains promotion to ministerial rank.*

The method, then, is that of the seduction of a woman under promise of wedlock, in the presence of witnesses supposedly honest, but actually suborned!

The leaders, whom these witnesses are thus pledged to obey, are actuated by 'motives' which 'precipitate wars' and which they 'dare not avow'!

Thus the choice which confronts the electors, at an election in our island to-day, if two main parties compete in it, is, to choose between posting a letter in one of two pillar boxes, from neither of which a collection is made. When these two Parties coalesce, the number of pillar boxes is reduced to one, and there is still no collection. Since the pledges to the people, given at an election, mean nothing, because of that overriding pledge given to the Party, the country is left without any check on the Government between elections. The British people did once try to hold Parliament to its electoral pledges. This was in 1935. Consider the events, of that year, when this war really began; we cannot construct something, in the future, unless we understand them. We shall encounter 1935 again as we go down Civvy Street. It will call itself 1955 or 1965.

In 1935 the efforts of the men who worked to bring about the war, and the desperate anxiety of the British people to prevent it, both reached their highest vigour. The *instinct* of the British people for

what threatened, was as sound as that of a ferret for a rat. They produced, of their own strength and free will, a gigantic bid to save the peace from the wreckers.

The Peace Ballot of 1935 was the one action in those inter-war years, which might revive faith in the ability of free men and women, thinking as individuals, to thwart a criminal design, and prevent an unnecessary war. It failed, or rather, it was foiled; but it has bequeathed to us a basis on which to construct something for the future. We only need to learn *how* it was foiled, so that the wreckers may be foiled next time.

Nothing in our history becomes us so well as that gallant attempt of the people to guide the rulers. No other nation can point to so valorous an effort. We know that we can fight in war, as volunteers or conscripts; we do not need to reassure ourselves of that every twenty years. In 1935 people tried to show that they could think and live for England in peace, a much higher aim. Men and women thrust aside the Party machine, spurned intimidation and inducement alike, and said to the politicians, 'You are steering for war. Change the course *now*, or we will dismiss you'.

This Battle in England, was *won*. The Party machines waged a counter campaign of scurrility and lies which has never been equalled: 'Party politics of the lowest kind', said the renegade Socialist Prime Minister; 'The Blood Ballot', shouted the Tory press; 'wilful deception of the people', said the Liberal Foreign Minister. They raged in vain. For the first time the delusion-machine was beaten. Seven million people voted for collective armed resistance to aggression.

For the first time, England spoke. The Government bowed to the storm. Overnight the foreign policy of isolation and war was changed to one of resistance to aggression and peace as demanded by the Ballot. On that issue, elections were held, and a thankful country returned a chastened government with an enormous majority. On that mandate the Foreign Minister went to Geneva and promised a rejoicing world 'resistance to aggression', while fifty other countries jubilantly allied themselves with us. England's name never stood so high as on that day, when the people compelled their leaders to do what they wanted and what the world knew was right. Even to-day, when all the Adam Wakenshaws have lifted England's name to a new pinnacle, it does not stand quite so high as it then stood; the world remembers what came after!

Once entrenched in power, the British Government resumed the condonation of aggression until the new war was certain! The annexation of Abyssinia, was already privily arranged when the election was held! The British people did not produce the strength for the second national protest, which would have overthrown these misleaders.

It is the blackest story in our history. The Parliament elected in 1935, in that glowing moment of hope, still sits to-day. The Government still contains most of the Ministers of that time, men who swear to-day what they forswore yesterday.

But the Peace Ballot of 1935 has at least exposed the trick. We now know that the country *can* check its leaders, when it sees that they are misguiding it, and that they will bend to the country's will. We also know, since that event, that they will only *pretend* so to submit for as long as they need to win an election, that they regard such elections as an irritating break in the placidity of political machination, and that they will return to the false course once the election has been won.

We need, then, to devise a double-check, for next time. It is not enough to organize a Ballot, for the Parties will return to their evil ways, no matter how strong the Ballot proves the nation's will to be, when the voting is over and they are safe in office for another term of years. The next Ballot must include a safeguard; the intimation that if the Government, once returned, and pledged to a certain course, betrays that pledge, a second Ballot will be held, and organized with even more vigour than the first, and that this will be supported by *a number of by-elections*.

The second clause is vital. Government, Parties and Parliament cannot ignore *that*. Here is the means to keep a constant check on the country's policy and safety. Essential to it is the return, at future elections for twenty years at least, of a large number of independent candidates, pledged to refuse party bonds, and pledged also to resign and bring about by-elections if any divergence threatens, from policy as proclaimed at a general election, in any issue of paramount importance.

Such watchdogs in Parliament would reinvigorate it, force the Parties to return to cleaner methods, and provide the brake-and-accelerator, which the country could apply if the Government went too fast in a wrong direction or too slowly in a right one. It would give such people as those who made the gallant bid of 1935, the means to ensure that a similar national protest made in similar circumstances in the future, could not be contemptuously disregarded once an election was over. It would give the nation an eye and an ear and a voice *between* elections, in a Parliament now filled with placemen sworn to obey their leaders even when these betray national interests. It would fill the hole into which the high hopes of 1935 were disdainfully thrown once the election was won.

Given such watchmen in Parliament, the Peace Ballot of 1935 would have been a battle won, because the war would have been averted. The men who initiated it did not think far enough ahead to provide a safeguard, against the sabotage of the people's will *after* the election. One of them wrote to me:

What you say about the frustration of the years since the last war is true. I was one who watched with concern events as they unfolded, and the feeling that I could do nothing to stop the mistakes I saw being made was terrible. Only once did I succeed in doing something. I conceived the idea of the Peace Ballot<sup>[28]</sup> and started it here in X from whence it spread, and what was the result? The Tories paid lip service to the astonishing result, won their election, and then went right against the wishes of the people who voted in that Ballot. The people voted for collective action against aggressors and for state ownership of the arms industry. They never got anywhere near either of them.'

I have shown why; they did not devise a safeguard.

If the present system continues, of electing to Parliament men who make promises they cannot fulfil, because they have privately accepted an overriding authority, our future can only become darker. The opportunities, which it gives, for unseen forces to wield power behind the political scene, to dominate our island life, and to work against our national interests, are too great. While it continues, none, who are not ready to surrender the future, should vote for a Party candidate without obtaining the public pledge that he will not sign such a written undertaking, or yield to an unwritten one, when he returns to Westminster. No election meeting should be allowed to open or close without this question being put, and any candidate who refuses to cast off that bondage should be denied the vote.

But the only sure guarantee of smashing this evil practice, which would deliver us in chains to those who may wish to wreck our future again, is to send at least a hundred Independent Members into the next Parliament.

This is a reform which must be made and which those people who helplessly ask, 'What *can* I *do*?' can *do*. They can understand this thing, which is simple, and they can abolish it. As long as it continues, they are enslaved, and no electoral promise means anything. It is the main cause of our present plight and can yet bring worse calamity on us.

Unless people perceive this spanner which has been thrown into the works, the next election will be the first step in the destruction of their future. 'Vote for the Men Who Won The War', the radio will shout. 'Enduring Peace and Social Security', the Bondmen will speciously promise. 'All is well' the

newspapers will clamour. Snap, will go the jaws of the Party machine, and bang will go the promises and the future...

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... December 14th, 1918, said the calendar on the wall in my hut in France. 'Election time in England to-day,' I thought vaguely, 'that's good. Lloyd George and his men are looking after us. They'll see that the Kaiser and the War Criminals are punished, that the peace is won, that the slums are abolished and the countryside revived, and England made a place of home and beauty. I wonder why they call it a *Snap* Election', I thought, 'I don't understand what they mean by that.'

I do, now. And so may you if you read.

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## Chapter Five

### PEACE, THE GRAVEYARD

1921, and London. At last I was come to a small job. I sat in a cellar in Fleet Street and typed letters for a few pounds a week. After the long spell of unemployment, this was comforting. No advancement offered but the coins in my pocket were solid. I rattled away on the typewriter, went to the pictures or a music hall in the evening, meandered about Kew Gardens or Hampton Court on Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

Life continued. I knew a girl....

From vague promptings of dissatisfaction, nevertheless, I answered advertisements. A famous authoress, who needed a secretary, asked me to call. I only remember her eyes, which were astonishingly blue. She lay on a Sofa, and her husband hovered around. She lived in Kenya. She offered me the job. Life on a ranch; experience, adventure, a fine climate (as I now know), travel. I asked to think it over. I went away and thought. The pictures and the music hall; the aimless but but existence; my mother; England, which I loved; the girl....

I refused. I look back on the incident with horror. I can hardly believe it. I climbed back into my rut and fixed my eyes on the ground. The strength of the intangible something - inertia, I suppose - which held so many Englishmen of my generation in its grip is almost unbelievable. I tell the story, because I hope that it may help others. How many others have done the same, rejected all that life and the world offer?

To-day, I would not wait for the offer of a job. I would get on a ship and go, because I know that a man can get some kind of work anywhere, if he means to, and because I have found that nothing is so good, as to go away for a time, travel the world, feel the gap between your eyes widening and your mind opening and your knowledge increasing, I would go *anywhere* that was open - anywhere in Europe, the Dominions, Africa, anywhere at all.

Soon after that episode, I took another job, for I was seemingly not quite inert and kept on trying, in a vague way. Then I was sent to Paris, and though I did not refuse, I went reluctantly. I recall now, when I seek to detect the motives which caused my mood, that I was still in the grip of an infatuation, to which the men back from four years in France were especially subject: England was Home, and nothing else in the world could be so good and lovely, and somewhere in it, sometime, I should find A Little House and A Little Garden.

Though I did not aspire to live in one of a row of semidetached houses, each exactly like the next, my dream was not much loftier. It was the most limited ambition a man can have, though I invested it with a romantic glamour: a roof and some food. The dullard's vision: a cottage with roses round the door. I needed thirty-five years to grow out of that weak project, which in effect was, to build my own little Enclosure in the land of Enclosure, call it my castle, and settle down in it, to grow old and die. The golden coins that life gives us to spend are so few, but threescore and ten, and yet I, like many more, wanted to put them in a stocking.

After six months, I was recalled from Paris. I came home gladly! Ah, to be back in England, and the pictures, and Kensington Gardens, and the Empire on Saturday night, and the trips to Box Hill, and the shops in Regent Street, and the strolls by the Serpentine, and the fortnight at Shanklin, and the crystal set, and a lawn-mower and clippers and a birdbath, and somewhere, in the distance, The Little House and The Little Garden, and the girl....



Gruesome, is it not? I have shown the worst skeleton in my cupboard, and the thing which shames me most. How I should loathe myself of 1921 if I met myself, in 1943! You, I would say, are the sort of man who makes better men despair of England. What the devil are you doing, wasting your life like this? You, with your paltry amusements and your trivial occupation and your petty preoccupations and your little dream house and your small ambitions. For Heaven's sake, I should say, shake yourself, and get up and get out, into the world, and live. Go into politics. Go into Parliament. Get on a ship, as steward, go anywhere you like, work first at that and next at that, travel around, until you feel you know something and are alive and can do something useful.

I came back to England, gladly. I did not think I should leave England again. While life oozed by, I thought of a brick coffin - The Little House....

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You have just seen, gentle reader, the man who will surrender our island's future again, unless you and I can awaken, enliven and inspirit him. That we may be able to do it, I am encouraged to hope by this passage in a letter from one of you, a middle-aged English North Countrywoman:

I hate slums, dirt, squalor and jerry-built bungalows (incidentally I live in one myself), and that's why after the war I was dreaming of a nice old, long, low, white house in the heart of the countryside, where I could enjoy peace and beauty. Now, I am beginning to realize that's just what we have *not* got to do. It is we commonplace folks who have got to get things done....

As a penitent sinner, who came through the valley of living death which that existence was, as a man who saw the calamity to which this country was only brought through public lethargy in this island, and one who hopes that from such experience we may save our future, I would like to post myself in sackcloth and ashes at the entrance to Civvy Street, and say to every man and woman who approaches it:

'Keep out of the rut and spurn the groove. Do not tie yourself to a small job and accumulate burdens on your back. Do not rush to own a radio, an arm-chair and a parlour, and make yourself for years to come the slave of hire-purchase. Own as few things as you can, for the tyranny of small possessions is intolerable. "A young man married is a young man marred". Well, that contains much truth, but is not worth saying, for none will take counsel in this matter. But if you must take a wife, choose one who will come with you, with a knapsack on her back, to Kenya or Capetown, or Canada, or Queensland, or Christchurch, and will set to work with you to build a future there. If you can't find one such, take none, but wait. Don't crawl into a little job and a little house, waste yourself in trivial pursuits, give yourself up to the narcotics of picture-houses, and radio, encumber yourself with little worldly gods, obligations and responsibilities, and shut your eyes to all that goes on in your country and in the world, outside your four walls. Do not live like a snail, which crawls painfully about with a little house on its back, asking nothing better of life than a little lettuce, and thinking itself secure within a castle which, the next moment, They will destroy. (They, in this case, are the sharp-beaked thrushes, which are very anti-snail.) Get out into the world. You will increase your value to others and your enjoyment of yourself a hundred times as quickly, if you know something more than the life of the little garden, the parlour, the eight-fifty to town, the radio, the pictures, the football pools and the football results. You'll have a grand life, and you'll feel twice as large round the chest and twice as clear in the head, and you'll help to revive and reinvigorate this island and this Empire.'

That is what I would say. Perhaps we, of the last generation, have some excuse. Who would have believed, in 1918, that such things would happen as the next twenty years brought? But the new generation has no excuse. The man who, after this war, returns to Civvy Street, knowing that in twenty years he may be called again, his house destroyed or his business ruined, his sons and daughters taken,

even his little car or radio or refrigerator seized - the man who, knowing these things, comes back and looks no further beyond his nose than the acquirement of the little house, the little business and the little car, puts himself, his family, all he owns, and his future in pawn.

The human appetite for possessions, in view of the short time we spend on this earth, is curious, and if beings on any other planet are able to observe our doings they must often be doubled up with laughter by our efforts to acquire things from which death will soon separate us. How much of the blame for this war, I wonder, was borne by very rich men, some trifle of whose wealth was taken by the Bolsheviks, or who feared that the Bolsheviks would come and take their all, so that they used all their power to establish Germany as A Bulwark Against Bolshevism, and to prompt Germany to attack Russia. I recall at least three such who then lost all their possessions, which they previously moved about from one country to another, through death, after the outbreak of this war, but before they even knew the small consolation of Hitler's assault on the Russians!

The loss of small possessions, through two of Hitler's successive invasions, first made me realize what a nuisance they are, at any rate to a man who wishes to keep moving. I still suffer from their tyranny, because I own many books, which I cannot discard, and as these weigh more than iron bars, they are a pestilential hindrance to travel, when I am allowed to travel. I know of a man whose untimely end was due to the tyranny of his belongings, and his tale will serve here as a cautionary one.

After several years in Europe, he pined for home comforts and caused his furniture, which was stored in England, and already disturbed his dreams, to be sent to Paris, where he was stationed. He furnished a flat, and then was ordered to Switzerland. Again he went through all the long process of finding a flat, having the furniture packed, transported, examined at the customs, delivered, unpacked and set out. A few months later he was sent to Vienna. Once more, he sought a flat, the furniture arrived, the heavy bills were paid, and within six months Hitler invaded Austria. My acquaintance was transferred to Budapest, the furniture was packed, and remained in Vienna, awaiting his instructions to forward it. The turbulent summer of 1938 followed, when war seemed imminent. By now the tenant of a flat in Budapest, he spent a more miserable summer than most, for his furniture would travel down the Danube, if he ordered it to be sent, and he saw it caught between the fire of armies entrenched on the banks, and riddled with bullets. Then the good Mr. Chamberlain procured peace in our time, and the furniture travelled to Budapest. A year later war broke out. For a time the furniture, and its owner, were spared. Then, in 1941, the Germans invaded Yugoslavia, where he happened to be at the moment. He could have made a last-moment getaway, but was harassed by the thought of that furniture, in Budapest. He stayed, and the widening German net found him in it. He returned to Budapest, was there interned, and died of pneumonia.

So, gentle reader, when you set out in search of a wider and fuller life than this island can afford, travel light, that you may be free. Keep your indispensable belongings within the limits of a suitcase or a trunk. Hire, but do not buy, what you want: a house, a flat, furniture, a car; and hire it by no more than the month. But the same modest counsel holds good, within limits, if you stay in this island. We shall not know, for ten years at least after this wary whether They will seek to destroy again in ten years more everything that has been built up, and until we know that, it will be absurd for people to spend their energy, once more, in putting up cockshies for others to knock down. So I would say, if you have money to spend, spend it on travel, on the acquiring of wide experience.

Of one thing I feel sure. We fight this war, we are told, for 'four freedoms'. If we find, after this war, that all sorts of obstructions and bans are placed on the freedom of people to travel or to emigrate from this island, that will be the plainest sign conceivable, that this second war was but a stage in a process, and that worse things impend; that the process itself is one of the gradual confinement of the people of this island, which could only lead to their eventual subjection to foreign rule.

Travelling about the world, I have seen that innumerable opportunities offer to the people of this country, especially within the Empire, but also in foreign countries, for those who seek them, and my experience is, that those who fare forth are happier men than their stay-at-home fellows. They are also more enlightened. If only a tenth of the people in this country knew the States and peoples of Europe first-hand, as the tiny group of Britishers knew them who lived in those countries between the wars, we could not again be led into a needless war, or inveigled into any other policy injurious to our native interests. The sum of knowledge within the country would be too great.

If this book comes into the hands of any men and women who return to Civvy Street with the desire to preserve their country from a new war, I would say to them, do not seek, in this island, the peace which is that of the graveyard. Make peace an adventure. You cannot serve your country better than by leaving it, at any rate for a part of your life, not as a way of escape, but as a means to gain understanding of the perils which threaten it.

You will find life a thing of infinite zest, instead of a dull corridor with tiny windows. You will come to understand your own land better by studying other lands. You will see what they do better than we, and what we do better than they. You will be able to form an opinion worth having, because you will have a standard of comparison. After some years, you will come to look back on your narrow and enclosed way of life in England with some resentment, and even revulsion, and you will set yourself to change these things when you return; or, if you stay abroad, you will be better equipped to play your part in raising a happy breed.

In short, the dream that boys have, when they see a great ship, white and gold, sailing off to foreign parts, is one of the few dreams that may come true. The things they picture to themselves do exist, at the other end of the journey. Move about in this world, and you may live on an ascending scale of happiness, not on a level plane of routine, or on a down gradient of declining ambition and energy.

To learn to know the world, is within the reach of all, who are ready to work, and to save a little. The only thing that could hinder it would be some barrier erected by our own rulers, who do so many sinister things. To prevent that, should be one of the first resolutions of men and women who return to Civvy Street. Those who oppose current proposals for 'Social Security' complain that they would destroy 'the spirit of adventure' in England. How can such a spirit thrive, if those who would venture forth are hindered from doing so, and how can our Empire thrive if this continues?

To make peace an adventure! That is something worth living and fighting for. To return to the peace of the graveyard, and with downcast head plod along the rut, is the sure way to new trouble.

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... Five years, I then spent in England, and was glad to be in my rut. In 1927 I was ordered to Berlin. I was loath to go. The witch's spell, the dream of the little house and the lawn-mower, still lay on me: I confess it, for the discouragement of others. Then I pulled myself together, and told myself that I was a fool to reject opportunity for the sake of this rural vision, which was a sort of compound dream distilled from Constable's pictures and phrases about a green pleasaunce and snatches of romantic poetry and Gray's 'Elegy' and 'The Village Blacksmith' and old coloured prints. I went to Germany.

For three years the ache for England lay in me, and I itched to return. Then I suddenly realized that I was sleepwalking. I awoke, with a start, from my dream, and saw it was a bad dream. After thirty-five years, my spirit sprang to life within me.

Why, everything I loved was within my reach, I needed only to stretch out my hand, and instead here I lay and dreamed of a cottage-and-roses-round-the-door. Lakes, forests of fir-trees, snow-capped mountains, blue seas and blue skies; foreign cities, strange peoples, new tongues, different ways;

knowledge, experience, understanding; all these were around me, and I pined to plant myself, vegetable-like, in some rural suburb, and mow the lawn, and listen to the radio, and go to the pictures!

The change was sudden and startling. I have briefly described how it came about, in the hope that some may profit by it, curtail their hesitations, and grasp at the unending adventure which peace may be.

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## Chapter Six

### THE EXAMPLE OF FRANCE

Even victors are by victories undone  
- JOHN DRYDEN, 1631-1700

Woe to the conquering not the conquered host  
- LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

December 1921. Tiny tinselled flakes of snow glittered in the crisp evening air of Paris. The street lights sparkled like diamonds in a jeweller's shop window; in this twilight hour they shone brightest. I stood in the big doorway of the house, in the Boulevard des Italiens, where was my attic, and talked with Jean, the chauffeur, my neighbour. We could just see the noisy traffic of the Rue de l'Opéra.

I was getting into my stride, in Civvy Street. The leanest times lay behind me (and the worst, I then thought, little dreaming of 1933); three years of unemployment, peddling things from door to door, and abject occupations. Now I was come to something better.

Jean approached middle age. Four years in the trenches and three wounds lay heavy on him. I could not understand him. I thought all was well with the world again; he was bitter, in 1921! He did not believe in the future. He thought all the bloodshed and suffering were wasted, that the Germans would soon make a new war. He thought *Messieurs les Anglais* sought to get France down and rob France of its victory. I thought he was mad. All on a December evening in 1921.

André Jones joined us. He was what we call in English a *commissionaire* at a bank. His long fair hair was brushed back, his silky moustache reached nearly to his ears. Women often glanced at him sideways; he looked good in his neat, blue uniform. His wife was a Frenchwoman, of gloomy mien and vixenish temper, of whom the gossips, on the ascending floors of that house, confidently said that she often planted the famous horns on his well-shaped head.

He was the child of the Entente Cordiale. His mother was French, his father English. He spoke the idiom of Belleville and Bermondsey with equal fluency. His life was spent in equal parts between the two countries. He told Jean, in French, bawdy tales of his exploits as a factory hand at Leicester, and me, in English, the story of his conquests in Calais, where he once owned a garage.

He umpired our debate. He joined with Jean and cursed *Messieurs les Anglais* in biting Parisian slang; and when I told Jean that the perfidy of England was a French illusion, he nodded approvingly and, knowing that Jean understood no English, said, 'That's right, tell the bastard off'.

My French was a great joke with him because once when I was his guest at dinner and his wife gave a *pouf* of satiety, I asked whether she were *pleine*. No, they both said, shaking with laughter, she was not pregnant. I thought I might have hurt them, because, for all her reputed diligence in this respect, she was seemingly incapable of attaining such a condition and they wanted a child; but their merriment was wholehearted.

Englishman, Frenchman and Anglo-Frenchman, we discussed the future, while the little snowflakes begemmed the hard, dry air. Jean looked with brooding eyes towards the Rue de l'Opéra, scowled so much that his moustache withdrew into the grooves in his face, and imprecated, in 1921. Ah, the politicians and the corruption, and the Germans are starting again, and mark my words, Monsieur Reed - he shook an emphatic forefinger - *Messieurs les Anglais* ...

It is unfortunate [said. Mr. Greenwood, the Labour leader, in the Commons on February 16th, 1943], but true, that there exists in many quarters in the country and among members of the Forces an atmosphere of cynicism tinged with bitterness which might be dangerous for our future ... it will be a bad end to the war if those who have in their various ways secured victory return to eat the bread of disillusionment and live among shattered hopes and discarded, unfulfilled promises.

Such things are often said, by peers, politicians, prelates and newspapers. Seemingly none of them realize that they breed this despondency.

If they wish to uplift the sagging spirit, they can. The causes are not unknown. Starkly confronting us, at the beginning of to-morrow in Civvy Street, is the example of yesterday's France, by which we may learn. Victory is always more dangerous to the victors than to the vanquished.

The reasons which led to the abject decline of victorious France were the same which led us to Dunkirk. The only difference was, that the French lacked a last ditch, an English Channel, behind which they might rally.

Our position, after this war, will be like that of France in 1918. We shall be victorious, tired, sorely tried. But we are richer by the French example; we need not sag, as France sagged, if we purify our public life. The cleansing can only come from below. The politicians, and those behind them, are too set in their ways to change of their own will. Every man who returns to Civvy Street should bear in mind the example of France.

The seeds of despondency were planted even during the last war. They began with the miserable treatment of the French soldier. He was the least of men in his own stricken land. He was paid a halfpenny a day. He felt inferior. He fought as bravely as any, and shed his blood more copiously. Yet his rulers seemed bent on breaking his spirit. Foreign soldiers thronged his country and all were wealthy compared with him.

In our House of Commons, on September 10th, 1942, when the disproportion between the pay of our men and that of American and Imperial troops was mentioned, Sir Stafford Cripps sought to justify it by recalling the plight of the French soldier in the last war and saying the disparity in pay 'did not jeopardize comradeship or the power of collaboration'.

He is wrong. This thing soured the Frenchman's spirit. It embittered him, and justly. Moreover, he was tormented by the thought of his womenfolk, and again, with reason. Colinette, all too often, was not waiting by the poplars, or longing and watching, where the long white roadway lies. She was in the *estaminet*, with the British soldiers.

In this war our men have been put in a similar position. The British soldier, even if he has not been sent overseas, has been separated for years from his wife and children. He may have been overseas for even 'five, six or seven years' (Sir James Grigg, War Minister, on February 16th, 1943) but he denied leave 'because of the shipping situation'.

While the things continue, which break up family life and breed despair, such words are useless as those which the Bishop of Salisbury uttered on February 17th, 1943:

There is absolute degradation of moral standards. There are married women and girls with no sense of morality - girls of fourteen and fifteen. Women whose husbands are away and who are heedlessly disloyal to them ... women who say, 'He is away overseas, he has his little fun, so why should I not have mine?' I have no record of the number of

young girls who are ruined at an extraordinary early age - I cannot say, before they understand, but before they can appreciate the hideousness of the dangers.

How senseless to rail at the victims and ignore the culprits. This is but the repetition, in England, of the thing that was done to France.

Human beings usually prefer, if they have the chance, to lead decent lives, to be loyal, found homes and families. But they feel that 'They' will not allow them to keep their ideals, that life slips away, that they must clutch at any illusory happiness or any fleeting amusement, while they may. Nothing can be more destructive of faith (and if it continues, the churches may be quite empty in another twenty years) than for priests continually to reproach the people with *sexual* immorality and to ignore the immorality of the things which are done to them.

The regeneration of a large part of our younger womanhood, which during this spiritual blackout tends to lapse into waif-and-strayhood, is among the first objectives of a Battle in England. It cannot be achieved by sermons about sexual morality, while the roots of despair are driven deeper.<sup>[29]</sup>

In this country the British soldier mixes with soldiers from overseas who receive several times as much as himself. Envy is a thing which the British hardly know; nevertheless, injustice rankles, and the thought of it lingers. It was made more unjust in 1942, when a White Paper was published by the Government, which sought to show that the British soldier was much better off than he actually is. Of it, Major Milner of Brighton said in the Commons:

It is a tissue of lies from beginning to end, an utterly and completely fraudulent document ... in the sense of what it conceals or admits. If this document had been produced by a commercial gentleman in the City of London he would have got seven years at the Old Bailey ... I hope the usual cloak of anonymity which surrounds Treasury officials will not be allowed to cover up the rascal who is responsible for it. Let him be dragged out into the daylight and strung up to the nearest lamp-post, where he can enjoy the scorn and derision of the soldiers he has so misrepresented.

The cloak of anonymity was left round this man. His action seems to spring either from dislike or contempt of the people of this country. Those members of Parliament who express alarm about the current feeling of cynicism and bitterness did nothing to expose him. Yet this spirit is the product of such repeated blows to patriotic self-esteem.

By similar means was despondency planted deep in the French mind. Do our leaders *wish* to repeat the process here? Another unpleasant resemblance exists. In the last war we claimed the right to try by British courts martial British soldiers charged with offences against French subjects or property. I cannot conjecture why the French Government agreed, but think they did wrong. Many cases were tried, from petty things to rape and murder, and justice was roughly done. (But I think the sentences were remitted when the war ended.)

This was another blow to the self-pride of the French. In this war, a similar request was made by the American Government and accepted by our Government. This island is not partly occupied, as was France; law and order prevail. The agreement, made between the two Governments, was presented to Parliament in August 1942 with the demand for immediate approval. One member said he 'never remembered the Government coming to the Commons with an actually concluded agreement', in the next breath he said any criticism would be 'impertinent'. One Law Lord, Lord Atkin, expressed some misgiving; (he alone has protested against the capricious use of the power of arrest under Regulation 18B).

This was unique. Our ancient law is, that the King's courts alone may try crimes alleged or committed in this country by no matter whom. Why do our rulers so easily surrender the good things in our heritage and so tenaciously cling to the bad ones? The right to sit in judgment on the citizens of another country, in that country, is usually exacted only by a conqueror. (As practised by us in Egypt and China, indeed, the arrangement is called 'Capitulation'. We have during this very war renounced such rights in China!)

Who can guess why the demand was made or granted, in this now secure island? Our judges and courts of law are good. We were given no explanation. Charges of the gravest importance to British citizens (including murder and rape) have been tried by American courts martial; they have been most casually reported in our Press, when they have been reported at all. Responsibility for law and order, and even behaviour, as far as the American troops are concerned, has been transferred to the American military authorities.

Those of our public spokesmen who express such loud concern about the dejection of the native spirit offered no resistance, make no comment. Yet such things gall people; they feel they are not staunchly represented. Issues of deep principle should not be lightly decided.

Many other things have been done which add up to make the British citizen-soldier feel inferior. The spirit which inspires these things seems to me to be malevolent, unless it is the product of the dusty offices and corridors, where no sound human feeling can thrive, in which the unknown men work who do them. One of them was the announcement that officers of the last war, who were promised the retention of their rank, would be called up as privates in this; it is unique in the world. Another was the ban on visits to London. A grave one was wing-stripping in the Royal Air Force. This seems tantamount to degradation (in the old drumming-out ceremony, epaulettes and buttons were torn off). I know, from flying experience, that some men who fly *have* to be rested. In the last war, the wings were never taken from them; in this, they are, when they are 'grounded'. Many officers serve in the Air Ministry and other R.A.F. headquarters who never even gained wings.

In the same spirit, of spiteful refusal to yield any tribute to past service or present self-esteem, was the Air Minister's rule that serving soldiers, sailors and civil defenders who flew in the last war may not wear their wings. Because the last war was the first air war, these badges are treasured beyond gold or jewels by many who won them and now serve again. No reason, other than a malicious one, suggests itself for this ban, which was devised, like the others, by anonymous men. As for Parliament and the Parties, their feeling about men who serve was indicated by the Vice-Chairman of the Tory Party when he said that his Party does not much care about adopting candidates from the Forces.

Things which rob the citizen of the feeling that citizenship and service entitle him to any right or respect,<sup>[30]</sup> depress the national spirit and breed that bitter cynicism which led, twenty years after 1918, to the collapse of France.

Consider another such action. After the loss of rubber-bearing lands in the East, a Member of Parliament proposed that tyres should be taken from laid-up motor cars 'to help the war effort'. The argument is admissible that the loss of our rubber supplies makes such seizure necessary, although it strikes at the most deserving class of the population: the fighting men, who are away, and the elder citizens at home who, though they may serve, are denied by some petty official the use of their cars, although the newspapers prove how many unworthy people are still allowed to use them.

An order empowering the seizure of tyres was later announced. It contained something else: The power to seize *all laid-up motor cars*!

No single member or newspaper protested or asked the reason! Our sources of motor-car supply were not lost! The industry works night and day, exclusively for the Services. Why were Mr. Smith's two-



seater and Mr. Brown's limousine to be seized? These are about the last things they retain of their pre-war possessions. In them they hoped to take that longed-for holiday 'after the war' when they returned, or were allowed to buy petrol again. Those millions of idle cars, lovingly stored in their little garages, represented many Englishmen's dreams for the future.

None even asked why this was done. The cars have not yet been taken. If they are, a new privileged class will be created in the island to which the Boys return. The class of those allowed to ride in motor cars! For many people have kept and run their cars. These are either petty officials, or those who obtained from a petty official the certificate that their work is 'of national importance'; the description covers more activities than charity ever covered sins.

When the war ends, these people will still own and run their motor cars. The man who went overseas, or the man at home whose labour was simply to support his family, rear his children, keep his business going, and do duty at night as a Home Guard, Observer, or Air Raid Warden (the man whose work was *not* of national importance) will be left without one, if those cars are taken.

Any who are good at figures may compute the wealth that will accrue to the motor-car industry, if these cars are taken, and they might care to investigate the business associations of Members of Parliament, and of officials in the competent Ministry, who devised this regulation. An entirely new market would be created for this industry, once rid of all the old cars which otherwise would be made to do for another five years. Freed from that competition the price of new cars need know no limit after the war, and the number of potential buyers would be similarly increased.

The Conservative Party has held power for twelve years on the anti-Socialist appeal alone. Here is a measure, enacted though not yet enforced, by an overwhelmingly Conservative government which would give swollen officialdom the status it enjoys in Soviet Russia; where money means nothing, but official employment carries with it the things that money can buy elsewhere.<sup>[31]</sup>

If the cars are taken, this will be indistinguishable in its results from Communist and National Socialist practice. (How our newspapers jeered at the millions of Germans who, before the war, were induced to subscribe to the 'People's Car', only to find that the war intervened, the cars were not delivered, and their money went into the war machine.)

Such things breed 'cynicism and bitterness'. I have before me a page of the *Daily Mail*, of July 8th, 1942. On one side is a big headline: '1,300 ex-officers seek in vain for job'. The report beneath says that in April 1942 1760 officers, rejoined for this war and then discharged on account of age, were seeking work. The writer, Mr. Geoffrey Simpson, estimated that the number, when he wrote, was nearer 3000. He quoted the Labour Ministry as saying 'The problem is a small one; after all, it involves at the moment only 1300 men ... It is difficult to find suitable employment for ex-officers ... Army officers "axed" and thrown on to the labour market can expect no special facilities in their search for civil employment'. (On August 7th, 1942, the Director of Public Relations at the Ministry of Labour, a Mr. A.S. Frere, stated in *The Times* that the best service which many of these discharged officers could give would be 'to accept training for manual work in munitions factories'!)

On the same page is another big headline, 'New check on aliens'. The report which follows quotes Mr. Justice Croom-Johnson, in the High Court, as urging the police to watch the activities of

people of nationalities that have sought succour and assistance here at a time when we are fighting for our lives in the greatest war in history. Of the 60,000 German and Austrian refugees, adds the report, only about 500 are out of work. Many have found lucrative jobs - £1200 a year as chemists, £700 a year as factory managers, £12 a week in skilled war work ... apart from the highly paid and skilled workers, there are waitresses among them earning £6 a week (in salary and tips) *while the girls whose places they took are earning only half that amount in war factories.... London has a special Labour*

*Exchange for Germans and Austrians.* Once the Ministry of Labour has vetted their credentials, a wide choice of jobs is open to them. Yesterday, there were jobs advertised in this Exchange for a second chef, a factory manager, floor waiters, dental mechanics, laboratory assistants.

'No special facilities', then, for our own ex-officers. 'A special Labour Exchange for Germans and Austrians!' 'It is difficult to find suitable employment for ex-officers'; a wide choice of jobs is open to Germans and Austrians'.

This attitude is anti-British and anti-patriotic.

I foresaw this thing in the second of these five books. Now it goes even further than I feared. These aliens came here under specific pledges, given in Parliament, (1) that they would not stay, (2) they would not become a burden on the island tax payer, (3) they would not be allowed to compete unfairly with native labour. They are now (1) allowed to stay indefinitely, (2) are maintained by the British taxpayer if unemployed, (3) may take employment vacated by a British man or woman called away, (4) are exempted from compulsory military service, (5) were exempted from all civil defence duties until recently, when some talk was heard about using them for fire watching, (6) are under no obligation to yield their employment to returning British citizens.

This is the worst thing I have seen done to any country. Tories and Socialists, from Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare to Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison, have joined to do it.

Since I last wrote, this great wrong has been made even worse. Of recent months, British citizens of both sexes have been cast without mercy into prison if they refused to take employment, less congenial or worse paid than their own, or far away, to which they were 'directed'. Working men who have found jobs in factories may be forced back to coal mines at lower wages, or imprisoned; British working girls may be forced to take inferior posts far away from home, or be imprisoned. The newspapers continually report such cases. Many posts thus made vacant by the threat of imprisonment have been filled by aliens who are actually of enemy nationality! On March 19th, 1943, Mr. Bevin, the working-class representative who is Labour Minister, announced that British workers thus evicted from their jobs have no legal right to regain them after the war!

In a long experience of many countries, I have met nothing to compare with this. Not one Member of Parliament has protested against it.

Similar things destroyed the spirit of France. The Frenchmen who came back from the last war were made despondent by the conditions they found: the flaunting wealth of the profiteers, the rottenness of political life, the influx of aliens. Where were the fruits of victory for them? They could believe nothing they were told. Was not the Maginot Line, later, the biggest hoax in History?

France was held in a vice of political corruption and anonymity. No envoy from another planet would have recognized the signs of victory in this dejected land and its cosmopolitan capital, where a Frenchman passionately kissed the hand of a strange lady in a café exclaiming, 'Pardon, Madame, but I have been so moved to hear you speak French'.

The queen of the crazy carnival was Miss Josephine Baker, a handsome negress of many physical attractions; if any of these were unknown to all France, they were few and small. Miss Baker was safely conveyed to Morocco, after the disaster, and a picture in miniature of the France which our politicians seemingly wished to resurrect may be gained from this report published in December 1942:

La Baker is in Marrakesh and has been seen driving in an elegant carriage drawn by two bay horses, and with servants in attendance, through the picturesque market place, with its snake-charmers, mountain warriors and traders.<sup>[32]</sup>

Once during those years of creeping despair, while the new war was being cooked, the soul of France revolted. The English spirit made its effort through the Peace Ballot of 1935; the French rioted in 1934, aimlessly, not knowing what they wanted or how to get it, but moved by the violent impulse to end their torment, somehow.

Stavisky was not a Frenchman. His roots lay in Eastern Europe. In the France of 1919-39 he was important. He was head of the pawnshop at Bayonne. Do not picture a furtive booth in a mean street. French pawnshops are Government establishments. Their resources are limitless, for the credit of the Bank of France and the State supports them.

Stavisky, a high municipal official, therefore, made a large fortune by raising loans on the valuables pawned with him. (If any wished to redeem a fur coat or diamond ring, Stavisky would recover it from his banking friends.) With the money thus gained, he promoted companies and soon his finger was in every French financial pie.

Here, again, was Anon, the man who wielded hidden power. In 1933 a newspaper exposed him. As he brought no libel action, it began a great campaign.

Thus, quite suddenly, the public saw the thing it suspected and detested, but never before could lay hand on. Anon's activities were revealed. This was Corruption; the outraged country seethed. Fresh accusations appeared each day, and the Prime Minister, Chautemps, was forced to act. He ordered (he *said*) Stavisky's arrest. Stavisky 'committed suicide'; he could have implicated too many others.

During the days that followed, the rottenness of French parliamentary and political life was laid bare. The Mayor of Bayonne was arrested. The Minister of Commerce, Dalimier, resigned. Stavisky's cheque book was produced and convicted the great Tardieu, and the head of the State theatre, the Comédie Française, where Stavisky's leading lady played leading lady. The Minister of Agriculture was involved. Several Members of Parliament shot themselves. Judges and bankers disappeared. The Prime Minister's niece committed suicide.

Then came the little more which was too much. The public exposure showed that a political party was in Stavisky's pay: the Radical Socialists (who were not Socialists, these names mean nothing in French politics). Their leader was Daladier. When Chautemps ignominiously resigned, Daladier was appointed Prime Minister!

The nation's self-control snapped. The people were impoverished by taxation; the way their rulers lived was now disclosed to them. Shopkeepers, clerks, officers, war veterans, workers, Fascists, Communists, surged into the streets. M. Jules Romains, the French writer, sent a message from the Place de la Concorde to Daladier, saying: 'Whatever happens, hold on. This riot is absolutely unimportant. A little energy, and you can save freedom in the Republic.'

Freedom! Whose? O much-dishonoured word!

Twenty-two Frenchmen were killed by police bullets. Daladier resigned. An iron censorship was ordered. Never again might a Stavisky be exposed.

France never rose again, from that day, but sank into deeper despondency until the day of capitulation. By such means and such men was France broken. For your delusion, gentle reader, they talk of The Men of Vichy! They would restore that France!

This was the story of the nation which was bled White, for victory in the first World War. We should never forget the example.

Our public life is not yet so corrupt as was that of France. But it has deteriorated much in the last twenty years, and the dangerous period impends - the years after this war. Already the sale of honours is a known thing, proved and openly debated in Parliament. The payment of retaining fees to Members by industrial concerns is a thing generally known in Parliament which should be outlawed. We have known a junior Minister to be dismissed for accepting money from an alien who sought his own financial advantage, yet this alien was never charged; what meaning, then, has a Corrupt Practices Act? We know, from statements made in Parliament by Tory Members, that Tory Members pay thousands of pounds for a seat. For what?

If 'They' exist, who work to destroy nations and make wars - and the evidence becomes too strong to ignore - their mightiest weapon is political corruption, and its handmaiden is anonymity. I mean, the anonymity of men who wield power in high Government offices and whose names are refused in Parliament, no matter what crimes they commit against the national interest, the refusal of inquiry into culpable misdeeds, the sinister withholding of information about public affairs 'in the public interest', the secrecy of newspaper ownership, and the whole machine of clandestine corruption.

The edifice of rottenness which Stavisky built in France could only be erected behind this curtain of anonymity. When *one* newspaper found courage to tear it aside, the structure collapsed; does this not recall Mr. Lloyd George's statement about 'the motives' which statesmen 'dare not avow', which, if they were laid bare, would 'die of exposure to the withering contempt of humanity'?

But immediately after the riots, *a censorship was imposed*. Censorship is the iron safety-curtain of Anon. From then on, France might be led, without further mishap, to disaster. No prying newspaper might again hinder the plot. Why, without that censorship some newspaper might have told the French that the Maginot Line was a hoax!

'Censorship' is a weapon used by those who hold power *against* those they claim to represent, not in the interest of these. That is important to remember. Behind this screen, evil things may be done. The only censorship which would serve our interests - the safety of this island and domestic freedom - is the one we lack, 'censorship in the interests of truth'. A stealthy censorship against the truth was used to make this war inevitable. The Battle in England should begin by destroying anonymity in our affairs. Indeed, if the pernicious order, of power wielded in anonymity and irresponsibility, is not changed, our revival will be much hampered, and we may be led along the path which unhappy France was made to follow.

What a Calvary that has been! How many people in this sea-enclosed island realize that France has suffered more, in this war again, than any other? The entire country has been occupied, this time. Its good food and wines have been plundered. We sank a third of the French fleet; they sank another third, rather than aid the Germans. I hope our Government will one day publish the weight of bombs dropped by us on France and Germany; Brest and Lorient must be among the most heavily bombed towns in this war.<sup>[33]</sup>

But, worse than all that, a great part of young French manhood lies in foreign, captivity. The French population, in 1939, was 42,000,000. Say the half were males, and a third of these, 7,000,000, males between 16 and 35. About 1,400,000 have for three years been prisoners in Germany! What a blow to the virility of a nation, what a burden on the future!

People in this country hear nothing of these 1,400,000 Frenchmen. They hear almost as little about the hundreds of thousands of British prisoners of war. Since General Giraud procured us the entry to French North Africa, and began to rearm the remaining French armies, so that they might resume the struggle at our side, our newspapers have only reviled him, and clamoured for the revival of 'French Democracy' (that is, Stavisky's France!) in Africa.

The best weapon with which people may equip themselves, for the coming journey through Civvy Street, is understanding of what happened in France. Another book which will help them is *One of our Pilots is Safe*, by Flight-Lieut. William Simpson, D.F.C. (Hamish Hamilton, 1942). The author was shot down, in an obsolete bomber, on the day the Germans attacked. He crashed in flames, was rescued, suffered long agony, and is now disfigured and crippled. His terrible story of French misery, starvation and enslavement becomes a glorious one, because a ray of hope for the future of the French nation shines out of it, in the resolve of the common people to rid their country, first of the hated invaders, and then to see that France is never again betrayed by dishonest politicians and inefficient generals. The author says that they now bitterly regret their indifference to the way the country was misgoverned by successive regimes, admit that they took life too pleasantly and irresponsibly, and are deeply conscious of the shame attaching to their inglorious military defeat.

The example of France shows us, who will soon return to Civvy Street, how a nation, bled dry by war, callously maltreated even during that war by its own rulers, and left listless by victory may fall an easy prey to unscrupulous men and sink into despair. A dark sign of the present, and one ominous for our own future, is that our rulers seemingly exert themselves to restore, in France, the very order which caused those disasters (and we have been refused inquiry into our own similar ones). We need to remember, in Civvy Street to-morrow, what happened to France yesterday, and to be alert.

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... I said good night to Jean, that night in December 1921, and to André Jones, and went to bed. Presently I returned to England, and saw them no more.

Ten years later, I was in Paris again. Bitterness and cynicism had grown apace, but the foreign tourist saw them not. He saw only the man with the dirty postcards, the brothels, the all-night bars, the clashing dance bands in their glittering alcoves, the bawdy picture-shows, the prostitutes - and he called all this 'Gaiety'! This scum on the surface, and his own superficiality, lay between him and the impoverished, bewildered, fearful, hard-working people of Paris. He saw, not Paris, but a nude revue; not France, but a dirty postcard.

But I revisited other haunts and old acquaintances, and was shaken by the embittered disbelief I met. At a cabaret, one renowned for its acid satire, I found that Jean's venom, against *Messieurs les Anglais*, was as soothing balm, compared with the things which now were said. (By that time, ten years of British nagging about 'the French hatred of the Germans' lay behind us, and also the premature withdrawal, compelled by us, from the Rhineland, which, as I wrote in the first of these books, 'Advanced the date of the next war by five years'.) The things I heard that night, about my own country, made me angry but anxious.

I next saw Paris a few weeks before the calamity. I blame myself still because, with all my experience of the eve of disaster in other countries, I did not, or would not recognize it in France. But I believe all others allowed their hearts similarly to mislead them. The underlying loveliness of Paris, and the feeling this bred in them, were too strong. They would not believe in the impending doom.

Yet it was unmistakable. It was terrible. On the surface all was the same; like skaters on thin ice, moved the elderly politicians and bankers, with their young, befurred women, the man-with-the-postcards, the jazz-drummers in their 'smokings', and the brothel touts.

But underneath was an awful unease, fear and confusion. If you ignored it by day, you could not at night. For the French Government imposed no blackout, but a spectral, blue-grey order of dimmed lighting. It was the fitting illumination for the final act to which they brought France. The streets emptied early, and in this ghastly twilight Paris looked corpse-like. I shudder now, when I think of it.

In those deserted streets, marched the ghosts of millions of men. Overhead, in the darkness, the vultures waited.

I returned to England. On the night when France collapsed I was in a London theatre. The orchestra played the Marseillaise. I saw a British naval officer's head, as he stood at attention, sink on his chest. When it was over, young actresses tripped down from the stage and danced the polka with the playgoers.

A few weeks passed, and on the radio I began to hear the voices of the deluders. 'The last time I saw Paris', they drooled, 'her heart was young and gay ...' 'Paris will be gay again ...', they moaned.

Gay! I have shown you how gay was Paris, in those years. Do we fight to force the French to resume that way of life?

The example is there. We may learn from it. Every man should carry the picture with him, in Civvy Street to come.

Don't let 'Them' do it to us, when you come back. This is worth a Battle in England. This *is* 'worth fighting for'.

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## Chapter Seven

### THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT

Westbourne Grove in London. If any aspire to visit a grove, let them go to this one, and then look up the word in the dictionary.

Peace was already four years old. I could hardly believe it; the four exciting war years stood out, in my memory, like coloured pictures among photographs, but these four years of struggle, disillusionment and humdrum merged, in retrospect, into a patternless, grey blur.

I slept hard, after Victory came and sharply reminded me that a man needs a roof. I slept hard during the war, too, but that was different; dignity was in the firestep of a trench, dugouts, bivouacs, tents, the open ground, French farmhouses and old châteaux. These dingy back rooms, with their grasping roomwomen (why 'landlady', for bed and breakfast's sake?) were squalor, dependence and misery. Shall I ever forget those mean lodgings in Salisbury and Tunbridge Wells and Westbourne Grove! One early morning, mounting a pitch-dark stairway to my attic, I passed a madman standing on the landing; I did not know until the next day that he was there, yet my hair rose on my scalp in the blackness as I passed him. But that is another story....

Now, in 1922, I thought of marrying. The Little House remained a dream. Four walls and a roof for the day were difficult enough to find. Those who made the great war fortunes bought up the manors, mansions, villas and houses. What remained was being shared out among the returning men, and a new group of fortunes was thus being made. For the uttermost farthing was wrung from the generation which fought, and now sought its future.

'Wise statesmen', of course, passed laws to prevent the need of the home-seeking millions from being exploited. These were used, as the laws against black market operations have been used in this war, as perches, by the birds of prey. The 'rent control' laws were riddled with loopholes. Any usurer who owned a tumbledown house could fill his moneybags by charging either 'key money' to the distraught aspirant, or, if a lump sum could not be extorted, by asking a crushing rent.

*Furnished* dwellings were free from even the pretence of control. The home-seekers, most of them men back from the war, owned neither the furniture nor the money to buy any. Cheap furnished quarters would have been a godsend to them, but the sky was the limit for the rents of such. Thus they were forced to find empty rooms and yield themselves into the clutches of hire-purchase.

Demons might have devised the implacable process by means of which they passed from one financial servitude to another, until the new war was ready. For the first ten years, their backs were bowed beneath the burden of rent. Then building began to overtake demand and rents cheapened. The houses that jerry built, and scattered over England, are the horrifying monuments to that age of grab-and-get-rich, each-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost. Good Old Neville, and roll on, the new war.

Enough of them are already become slums. But people lived in them who struggled to build a future for themselves and their children. If we must pay these heavy rents, they thought, let us at least become owners of our little houses. So, while the 'estates' quickly bred the signs of slumdom, great palaces arose in the cities: the palaces of the 'building societies'.

In the little houses, the ageing men of the last war doggedly plodded towards Householdership. How many actually owned their homes when these were bombed, or their sons were sent to Singapore, or Mr. Dodger of the Labour Exchange, with his paper cuffs and paper forms and self-importance, ordered their daughter to go to a factory at John O' Groats? From the last war to the next war their

noses were kept to the grindstone by the weight of rent and hire-purchase. Small wonder, that they saw nothing ahead of them.

In 1922, when I thought of marrying and the peace was four years old, I found some rooms in a house in a dreary square north of Hyde Park. It was built in the last century for some well-to-do City man, or as the town residence of some rural squire. It began with the area and dark basement for the servants, rose to dining-room and other rooms on the ground floor, to drawing-room and other rooms on the first, best bedrooms on the second, nursery and children's bedrooms on the third, and maids' rooms on top. The interest on the purchase price paid by its owner may have been £100 or £150: I can only conjecture. By the insertion of flimsy partitions it was now divided into 'maisonettes'. This was one of the many loopholes in the 'Rent Control' law. The house must have brought in £800 or £1000 a year to the elderly bachelor who owned it, its thousands of neighbours were earning like incomes.

I obtained two third-floor rooms, divided by partitions to make four. The rent was £2 15s. 0d. I earned £5. Until I earned more I kept afloat by double labour; one post occupied me from 9 until 5.30, by day, and the other from 7 until 2 at night.

Thus were The Boys, when they came home, made to carry a back-breaking burden. When it began to lighten, and they began to feel themselves free men, the new war broke....

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To-day, this happens again, like other evil things. Past experience might have been rubbed out with a sponge. Yet human credulity cannot be asked to believe that those lessons have been forgotten. The forces of avarice are so strong that it is *meant* to happen again.

Soon, if our leaders mean to win this war and set about to do it, the home-seekers will surge into Civvy Street. Last time, they were promised 'homes for heroes' in 'a land fit for heroes'. This time, they are promised social security. But firstly, social security is a myth, unless this island be made secure; secondly, it is a myth unless they can find decent homes at fair rents. The level of rents in this country staggers foreigners who come here.

The ground is clear for another decade of exploitation. To-day's Rent Restriction Act contains just those loopholes which made rent control ineffective after the last war.

It applies only to dwellings which were let unfurnished at the outbreak of war. The home-seekers will be far more numerous than the number of dwellings, and the surplus will be at the usurer's mercy. The extortionate owner will be free to do what he wishes with a house that was not let in September 1939. He may do just what my elderly bachelor did in 1922, and thus draw an income of £1000 from a house that costs him £100 or £200.

The greatest evil of all, the 'furnished rooms' racket, is like to flourish as it flourished in 1919 and after. A few sticks are enough to make a dwelling 'furnished' and any rent may be asked. True, it must not be 'extortionate', but the onus to prove this is on *the tenant*, who must incur the cost of prosecution and risk an adverse judgment. Lawyers know that tenants, hard pressed to find quarters, will not undertake this. The thing is a fraud; those who have no furniture are left at the mercy of exploitation.

A still graver abuse impends, this time. You may charge what you please for a broken-down caravan, tin shanty or wooden hut on a vacant plot of ground. This method of exploiting the need into which people have been cast may produce worse conditions in England than after the last war. In December 1942 the children of a woman who lived in a converted bus near Shrewsbury were burnt to death when it caught fire. At the inquest, she said she paid fourteen shillings a week for this habitation. No law protected her. Near Blackpool there is a colony of dilapidated wooden shacks and caravans, worth



about £10 each. Elderly widows and old age pensioners live in them. One widow, with an income of 28s. 6d. a week, paid 12s. 6d. rent. The only lavatory was 200 yards away, and she was charged 3d. a week for its use. The nearest water, from a tap, was 200 yards distant. The furniture was a table, chair and bed. She could not afford 'to rent a room in Blackpool'. Similar conditions existed in the other hovels. The rents ranged from 10s. to £1.

While the country resounds with controversy about 'social security', the law ignores such things as these.

Some millions of houses were built between the wars (350,000 a year, latterly). Since this war began, hardly any have been built. 250,000 have been destroyed or made uninhabitable by bombing. The Minister of Health has already 'authorized Local Authorities to issue licences enabling slum houses to be reoccupied'. As a result 100,000 people, 'at a low estimate', are living 'in houses which three years ago were condemned, and 200,000 more in houses which would by now have been condemned'. In some districts 'there is now dangerous overcrowding'. He has 'little hope of anything substantial being done to relieve the present serious shortage of houses'.

And according to the Minister of Labour, 'there have been 1,800,000 marriages since the war and few of these newlyweds have yet got homes'. He added words which sound familiar:

These working people are slaving to earn a new world. They shall get it. There must be no jerrybuilding of houses for the workers when this war ends, no ramshackle thrown-up jobs that make slums in twenty years.

What do such words avail if, during the ten or twenty years when those new houses are being built, the home-seekers are to be the defenceless victims of extortion; if their health and their children's health is to be imperilled, and their spirit daunted, by ten years of rent-squeezing for the enrichment of a few? (In 1919 only 715 houses were built in England and Wales, and in 1920 less than 30,000.)

This yawning gap, between the present and the distant future when houses will be abundant again, is the gap from which the extortioner will fill his purse. That is the primary evil. The second is that of the houses themselves when they come to be built: they should not again be ugly little prisons for their occupants, and eyesores for the beholder.

The president of the National Federation of Building Trade Employers, a Mr. Leslie Wallis, in February 1943 said:

We want to avoid the calamity which befell our industry after the last war, when anybody who had a little money bought a ladder or two and started building because there was nothing to stop them. Some awful rubbish was built then.

'Nothing to stop them'! Those are the important words. In this country, there is to-day something to stop the modest, hardworking, and patriotic citizens from every normal and useful action or ambition. There is *still* 'nothing to stop' the exploitation of the great mass of people who have served and sacrificed, through rent extortion and jerrybuilding. This makes nonsense of the fair promises of our rulers. If they do not propose to do anything 'to stop them', they only beat the air with windy phrases. Either they are incorrigibly inert, or they are resolved not to check the freedom of the free foxes in the free henroost.

These are two matters of the first importance, and are yet easily remedied. They do not need a new ministry and 20,000 more officials to be set right. Two simple laws are needed; one to put a fair limit on the rents chargeable for furnished quarters; the other, to fix minimum conditions for new houses, and their indispensable dovetailing into greater plans framed in the overriding public interest, which

is, the need for light, sunshine, air, public services and the beauty of the general scene. Any man should have the right to buy land and build a house on it. He should not have the right to build one which is ramshackle, insanitary, mean, of obsolete design, or spoils the neighbourhood on either side.

From laws of this kind we seem far, and men of goodwill who make plans for the improvement and beautification of town and countryside after this war, work without a foundation.

A great opportunity lost in our history was that, to build a better London after the great fire of 1666. The plan was made, but was wrecked by people impatient to make quick profit out of their own plot, without regard to the general scene or the lot of the Londoners. The result was the chaotic inner London we knew.

A plan to create new beauty from to-day's ruins was drawn up by the Royal Academy. It is on public sale, and presents a picture of a stately and dignified city, a joy to the beholder. It was viciously attacked. An anonymous writer in an anonymously-owned newspaper lampooned 'The Vistamongers' (a few days later, he complained of the lack of 'strategic vista' in our military enterprises) and said 'This country must not be allowed to get into the hands of cranks ...' A vista is a pleasant thing; I see no sense in thus deriding beauty. Similarly the plan was violently criticized because it was 'A Plan', prepared by 'Planners'. But in human life, people habitually make plans - to marry, breed children, repair their houses, or improve them. We become so mad, that even the word 'plan' may be held up to our deluded people as something foul.

Nothing more has been heard of the plan for London. We do not know whether it has been discarded, or whether any hope remains that so simple a need as the improvement of London, when London comes to be rebuilt, will be met by our voluble leaders.

The same holds good for the entire country.<sup>[34]</sup> The picture is one of chaos and delay. Sorely-trying Plymouth, where 40,000 houses were destroyed and 150 acres of built-on land razed, has an energetic City Council and City Engineer and appointed an expert as Consultant, to help 'prepare a plan of the future Plymouth'. All the good ideas are in it. But:

Although efforts will be made to discourage piecemeal developments, *there is no local power to prevent an individual owner of a site using it, if he can obtain the necessary licence for labour and material.*

A great city, laid waste, one of our most famous, one which rings a bell in every Englishman's heart. A great plan for its rebuilding (and how unworthy had Plymouth become, like London, of its great past!). But, 'no power'!

This 'power' can only be given by Parliament in London. None could be more usefully given than the power to prevent another period of rent extortion and jerrybuilding; and to enable the towns and cities to plan their rebuilding. In the process of 'taking powers' to deprive us of every liberty, nothing is forgotten. Why are things neglected, so vital to our future happiness as these? Who profits by withholding them?

The same story comes from all over the country. Birmingham, Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester, all talk of 'rebuilding', make 'plans' - and do not know whether they waste their time or not.

Jerry Builder, were he able to get labour and material, would be as free to-day as he was before to put up a roadside-café-amusement-palace-and-filling-station of corrugated iron painted red next door to a Saxon church.

Above all the 'furnished rooms' racket has begun again. If it is not checked, it will reach villainous extremes when The Boys come back. In January 1943, a correspondent of *The Times* was offered 'the choice between a two-roomed furnished flat in Edgware Road at 7 guineas a week, as a special favour, and a three-roomed furnished flat in Park Lane at 14 guineas a week; the furniture in each case represented the barest minimum, and the rentals asked were probably three times in excess of 1939 furnished rentals'!

The first test case showed how the law, which professes to prevent rent extortion, in practice encourages it. At the end of 1942, four tenants of a block of flats at Richmond, who were paying rents between £78 and £96 a year, received demands for increased rent, accompanied by a declaration that the 'standard rents' (that is, the rent charged at the outbreak of war, which must not be raised) were £210, £240, and £250! The company owning the house (in such cases, the defendants enjoy the additional protection of anonymity, since 'the company' is sued and their names are not published) contended that the onus of proving the 'standard rent' (that is, the rent charged on September 2nd, 1939, or at any subsequent first letting) *lay on the tenant*. The tenants formally charged the defendants with making a false statement about the standard rent. The company refused to produce proof! The 'maximum fines' were imposed on this company. They were of £10 each!

To place on the tenant the onus of proof, of the rent charged several years ago, when the tenancy may have changed several times, obviously makes a farce of the law, which thus, in practice, operates in favour of evasion. Only a most stouthearted tenant, and one with money to risk, can venture to appeal to law in such conditions.

To say, in these conditions, as our Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer says: 'We shall all be much poorer after the war', is deliberate mockery. Any man who owns any kind of house, hut or hovel will be very well off, unless the law be changed.<sup>[35]</sup> As it stands, those who seek a roof and four walls will be his helpless victim. And when he has had a picking, the jerrybuilder will claim his.

You perceive, gentle reader, that usury, extortion and profiteering continue for many years after a war; indeed, when they become difficult a new war seems to develop. They go on now. But the birds of prey will begin their real feast when The Boys come home and are delivered into their hands - unless they realize that they return to a Battle in England, and not to a rest. These were The Things we fought for last time; to-day, once more, they are The Things. Here at home, other men hold power than in 1914-18; but their acts and omissions are the same....

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Three years, I spent in those abjectly depressing rooms. Then I found an empty house, outside London, eight years after the war ended. It meant a long daily journey to my work, and next to rent, the heaviest burden on the backs of the men who returned from the last war was that of fares. I could not afford the whole of this house. So, still dreaming of the day when I would own A Little House, I shared it with another family.

It was misery. After eighteen months, thanks be to Providence, I went abroad. For the first time in my life, I found decent quarters.

Even then I did not abandon the dream of The Little House. In 1931, having saved a little money, I bought The Little House in England, through a proxy. I never did a more unwise thing. When I came on leave I went to look at it. It was a typical product of the jerrybuilding decade which followed the rent extortion decade. All the meanness of which the human spirit is capable was expressed in its niggardly rooms and grates, its tiny triangle of fenced-in wasteland called a garden, its outside plumbing, its lack of privacy for anyone living in it, its obsolete kitchen, its narrow windows, and its

row of neighbours all exactly like itself. It was everything I hated. I sold it forthwith at a substantial loss.

I have shown you the prospect which Civvy Street offers to men who come back to anything but a Battle in England. None of these things has been changed. The rent squeeze and the jerrybuilder await them, as they awaited them in 1918. Both these evils could be easily remedied, through the Battle in England.

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## Chapter Eight

### ESCAPE

1929. The coast of Ceylon, washed by the deep blue waters of the Indian Ocean. A stone's throw from the shore, a tiny islet of red granite rock, crowned with the plumes of palm-trees, that look like ostrich feathers. A page from the *Arabian Nights*; a mirage materialized; a dream come true; an emerald set in pink coral; a gem, just an acre and a half in size, bedded in turquoise.

A man, a French count, with greying hair and a deep furrow between tormented blue eyes. Children from a mainland village bringing him offerings of flowers, which they drop at his feet. One of them singing a Sinhalese poem in his honour; honey-coloured limbs, gleaming bronze in the light of lanterns, against the drop-curtain of a velvet twilight. Around, gardens: all the flowers of the tropics, dahlias and gladioli from Holland, England and Australia, antirrhinums, carnations, petunias, verbena, phlox, Michaelmas daisies, golden rod. Tropical birds, twittering and chattering. A rockery, a pergola, a loggia, a peacock balcony. Terraces, an Italian Garden, a Lover's Walk. An eight-sided white house, with a domed central hall, 'The Hall of the Lotus', lined with panels of inlaid wood dyed dull gold and brown, the dome supported by eight squared pillars of Wedgwood blue.

All that done - the rough stone cut and polished and made into a perfect jewel - in eight years. Paradise regained, 1937!

The war had taken everything from me. It had made *table rasé* of my life. I had to begin a new life or die. My soul was a *grand blessé*, covered with the wounds of the past, which the present refused to heal. Worn by too much suffering, it was dying from want of nourishment. The whole of my being, both physical and moral, had lost its object in life. Paralysed, inert, it was incapable of effort, because I had lost even the desire of effort. I was flickering out in a living death, a life worse than death, because it had no longer the confidence of hope. I was suffering from the terrible disease which seems to have gripped the whole of humanity since the war: Fear. I heard the call of the East, and incapable of any resistance, searching in vain for a last remedy, I answered the summons. To the East I came to recover my lost desire of effort ... When, I asked myself, shall I have the strength to master fear - to dare to face the future? To rebuild, on unsuspected foundations, the edifice of my new life, with materials as yet unknown to me? I must wait, I must seek, but with the recovery of the desire to live I feel, I know, that I shall find them, for I already feel the revival of hope which engenders faith in the future. It is to the East that I owe the reawakening of the desire of effort; it is to my gardens of Taprobane that I owe the strength which has enabled me to transform the desire of effort into the reality of action, thanks to the happiness and peace which they have given me....<sup>[36]</sup>

Long ago I lived in a château, a gem of French Renaissance architecture, once the abode of kings. Its lofty walls were covered with delicate lace-like traceries and carvings, the like of which I discovered by chance on some of the ruins of the buried city of Polonnaruwa. Its steep slate roofs, mellowed by centuries, were broken here and there by gables and windows; its large round towers, built for artistic effect, not for war, were reflected in the waters of the wide, lake-like moat in which forty-pound carp, so old that moss grew on their backs, gambolled and rose to the crumbs of bread thrown to them each day at noon. The château had a park of two hundred and fifty acres, avenues of poplar trees and weeping willows, and a river, the Indre, threading its way across meadows carpeted with buttercups and meadowsweet. Its 'period' furniture and pictures were a lesson in French history. How exquisite it all was! ... How I loved the

little manor-house of my childhood ... I can hear to-day the Angelus bell ... That indeed was my home, for there every detail contributed, by its history and associations, to the making of a home, even to the grass field with its stone monuments, on which was engraved, together with that of Du Guesclin, the name of an ancestor who fought victoriously against the English in the battle of Pontvallain. My home was made of my love for it and my pride was that I was able to call it my own. It broke my heart to leave it, and I felt that I had lost a treasure which could never be replaced ... Why bother about the past and the future? Thinking of them won't retrieve our mistakes of the past, nor will it help us to control the future....

The waves of the Indian Ocean were dying at my feet. The red cliffs encircling the bay, crowned with jungle trees, reminded me of Devonshire, and my thoughts wandered back to an English September....

A stranger wrote and asked to be allowed to visit my gardens and I invited him to lunch ... I expected to see a man of middle age, but to my surprise a very pretty, perhaps too pretty, and very young individual was ushered into the loggia. He - or perhaps I should say 'it' - was dressed in white: silk trousers, with a dozen pleats round the waist, a silk shirt of gossamer thickness, open at the throat, with sleeves cut short above the elbow, and white socks and shoes - in short, a vision in white. Wavy hair, brushed off the forehead; china-blue eyes, shaded by long, curled lashes; plucked eyebrows, very red lips, and perfect features ... Very young people, such as this specimen, having lost all sense of proportion rush headlong to the van of the movement, and try to preserve the illusion that they are enjoying its abuses. It is during this moral and social evolution - or, more truly, this revolution - that the relics of what is called civilization decline irresistibly towards decadence. The intoxication of drugs becomes nothing but a drug; immorality gives way to amorality, and innocence to guilt - taking to courses which are often criminal, according to the law, lest it should be derided. Shame being non-existent, sins are merely faults ... This youngster, a mere boy, suddenly told me the whole story of his young life, of its utter failure, through the lack of moral sense and backbone, and he seemed to experience an uncanny pleasure in doing so. His family had disowned him, he had no home, and by indulging in every caprice, he was trying to forget both ... He was squandering what was left of a large fortune in going round the world, in search of *l'introuvable*, and he intended to end his travels at Hollywood, where - miserable, deluded child - he was bent upon finding a market for his beauty in the rôle of a *jeune premier*, and on becoming a world-famous film star ... Taprobane, rid of an incubus, breathed more freely when he was gone....

I look beyond my kingdom and I see what is called the world. A world revolving in circles, like a merry-go-round at a fair. How complicated, how tawdry, how paltry and despicably small it seems, compared with my world, so simple and great! ... A grotesque show, were it not so tragic in its worldwide consequences. Pygmies, playing at being giants, playing at danger, as children playing with fire, while the world - like the Rome of Nero - is bursting into flames ... Idealism is dead. One blushes at mentioning the word. We destroy all that we touch, because to build is for us to destroy. Fed with poison, we die of inanition, and our world is dying, slain by us. Victory becomes a shameful defeat, of which we are not merely the victims but, above all, the instigators and organizers. Where is our younger generation? It is not in the breach. I should doubt its very existence were it not that the atmosphere of the world reeks with the fetid and acrid odour of the fruit that is rotten before it ripens. I shall soon witness the breaking of the monsoon, when the artillery of heaven will thunder and its floodgates will open; with the infernal tumult of a second deluge it will come, roaring like a lion, but bringing in its trail fecundity. The sea, maddened by the storm, the

waves mountains high, will rush to the assault of the Isle of Dreams. They will break on the rocks, but will not shatter them as they foam with rage, and despite their roaring will not shake the island. The trees will wail, wrung by the wind, and the roofs groan under the deadly embrace of the elements. I, alone on the Isle of Dreams, in the submission of impotence, my heart thumping in anguish, swayed between terror and hope, can only wait - wait until 'His will be done'.

So written in 1937, on that islet. In 1942, you might see the book which contains these passages marked down in price, on the London bookstalls. It is one of the most vividly illuminating of our time and ordeal, but made small appeal to the generation reared on *How Awkward for Miss Blondish*.

The monsoon broke. By 1940, the old château in France rang with the clumping boots of German invaders. By 1941, the Japanese claw hovered over the Isle of Dreams. It has not closed its clutch, yet. But no end offers to the age of fear...

Escape! Here were two who tried to escape, each after his fashion: the middle-aged nobleman, descendant of so many French knights and squires, fleeing from the infamy of the time; the vagrant boy, spoiled, unanchored, drifting towards suicide or an embittered old age.

How many others have built an Isle of Dreams! it is the vision of The Little House, into which you may creep and hide, so that none may touch you; the safe refuge for which a middle-aged Englishwoman thought she longed, who wrote to me:

I have been hoping, after this war, to leave my jerrybuilt bungalow for a long, low white house, but I now begin to see that that is just what we must *not* do.

Escape is an illusion. Not even at the North Pole may you find it. A bomb will find the little house, or invaders will tramp into it, or the most implacable enemies of all, the men who make these wars, will reach a long finger into it and hook out your husband or son or daughter, as little Jack Horner put in his thumb and took out a plum.

You *cannot* run away from this thing, because it is *inside* you. It is, fear. The only way to liberate yourself is to overcome it, to face 'Them', to advance towards them instead of trying to hide from them, to tear their shields aside and smite them.

The moment you do that, you find hope again, and vigour; the spirit is reborn, because you attack the thing you fear. This lonely man in the Indian Ocean, who went nearly to the other end of the world, sat alone on his islet with fear, the thing he tried to escape. He would have been happier, I think, had he stayed in France, and fought there against the things he foresaw, had he fought a Battle in France, a battle for the future. When you take up the battle, the feeling of enslavement, oppression, impotence, fear is gone. Turn and fly: and it goes with you, like your own shadow, all your ways and all your days.

To-day, in our country, you may meet the fellows of that harassed, man and all the many others who, between the wars, vainly sought Escape. We only live, they say to me, to get away from England after the war. We see no hope left, of improvement. Why should any such hope offer, I answer them, if you are so cowardly or so foolish - and they are taken all aback:

My husband is in the army and loathing the war. He is so sick of the whole darned racket that when it is all over we are packing up and going to a paradise where he will be able to rest his weary nerves. We are taking our two little sons, one aged three and the other one, to a remote part of Central Africa where we can live in wild seclusion on practically nothing....

From a woman in South Africa.

I want to ask, do you intend doing anything constructive to alter the present state of affairs, when the slaughter has ceased? If so, I might help ... It was my intention, if I survive, to cut myself adrift from my fellow maniacs and spend the rest of my life more or less with nature, for I realize that even with my supreme ego I can do nothing to alter a world peopled with 99.9 per cent mentally deficient.

From a naval officer at sea.

I have still so little hope of this country getting rid of the racketeers that when the war is over I intend to take a single-ticket on the first boat to South Africa, where I may be given a chance to start again.

From an army officer who was wrongfully imprisoned without charge or trial; who was able after his release, by ruining himself, to prove his innocence; who then joined the ranks and was quickly chosen for promotion.

These are but three of very many such despairing cries. Does the dispersal of the English impend?

Consider, again, the fantastic case of the 38-year old Londoner who, in 1942, stole a sailing-boat at Looe, in Cornwall, and set out in it, in the midst of war! His astounding project was, to land in German-occupied France, work his way somehow through to Spain and from there to Portugal, and then to find a ship for Brazil, 'with the hope of starting afresh'. He thought thus to find freedom and his future, to escape from misery and fear. I wonder how much he did, between the wars, to slay those two demons. He was captured a few miles out to sea.

Strange, how far men will go in search of the wrong way, when the right way lies before them. For you may transport your body to Baffinland, but you cannot separate your spirit from it, and all the misery and fear lie in the spirit. The things the spirit fears are not physical ones. Only by standing where you are, and giving fight, may you free the spirit and feel again that life is good, and the world a good place to spend it.

In the Battle in England we shall need to fight hardest against those who would yield to despair, desperation, or simple apathy, and those who would escape.

A variation of the request for 'something constructive', which some make to me, is that for 'a lead', which others raise. It might be flattering if it were not stupid. Have we not known enough leaders, from Adolf Hitler to Neville Chamberlain, enough wonderful men who will make all our tomorrows secure without any further trouble to ourselves? Why, I have been trying for five books to say that leaders should *not* be blindly followed and idolized, but watched, checked, spurred, and called to account. The most famous lead in history (and again I thank those beasts) was the one given by the foremost swine at Gadarea.

Beware of leaders! I propose to do exactly what I commend those to do who are good enough to pay attention to me: to throw myself into the Battle in England as an independent citizen, who wishes to lead none but hopes he may convince some that his way is right. I believe in debate and reason, not in sheepish obedience to any straw man whom others behind the scenes may put up, for the delusion of the mob.

'A lead', 'discipline', 'loyalty to The Leader'! Those are the old tricks. Any fool, or any slave, can play follow-my-leader; it saves the pain of thought and leads always to the same ends - domestic enslavement and foreign war. We need something new. The only new thing that offers, that has not been tried, is the raising of a generation which will think for itself, educate itself in public affairs and



learn how to conduct them; which will deliberately devote itself, as individual men and women, to the study of our affairs, detect the means by which they are thwarted and ruined, and find the ways by which this can be changed.

Do any wish me to design a new shirt, or think I would?

Our problem is not so difficult. Despotic and autocratic rule, through Kings, Regents, Soviets, Nazi Dictators or Fascist Grand Councils, I have found repugnant everywhere I have seen it. Parliamentary rule is best, but its weakness is that it can so quickly be made rotten, by the corruption of delegates and the Press. These, however, are detectable and remediable things, which the evils of a dictatorship are not. To remedy them you need two things: to awaken and enlighten people to the means by which rottenness is produced (they must be shown *where* the spanner has been thrown into the machinery); and to stimulate in them the energy to mend these abuses.

Of all the Parliaments I have seen, ours is the best, because the number of parties in it is small, and it has always contained a few independent men through whom the truth might out, who joined to make formidable outcry when our vital interests were assailed.

But the rottenness of our Parliament has now gone too far. The future was put in pawn on the day when an inquiry was refused into the events leading to this war and Dunkirk. Things lie behind that which cannot be kept hidden if our future is to be safe, and some of them are already known. This is not a matter of recrimination, but of surrendering the future. A public investigation and a pronouncement of public ignominy are the least of the guarantees for our future, which should be claimed. If that is not claimed, it means that there is nothing which cannot secretly be done to our country, with immunity and impunity.

Our Parliament is like a clear pond on which the scum has gathered. It is like that reach of the fair River Test, of which I spoke before, where reeds and weeds and silt and all other foulnesses have not only been allowed to gather, but encouraged, so that a few £250-a-rod men might fish there.

New parties will not cure this. What benefit do a new Party and a new 'Programme' offer, if the new men, like the old ones, are privily sworn to obey Party orders, after the election, whatever happens, and no matter how these may conflict with pledges publicly made or with the national interest?

This mortal wound in our life will only be stanchd and healed by sending to Westminster a great number of Independent Members, publicly sworn to conditions which will ensure one paramount thing: that they shall remain independent, and accept no secret bondage. A straight line leads from the obedience to which all Members at present pledge themselves, to the refusal of inquiry into the origins of this war and our disaster at Dunkirk; and this straight line, prolonged after the war, would lead to our downfall.

These are simple things to understand, not difficult. Any man or woman in this island can learn of them, verify them, and challenge a Party candidate with them. Thousands are in a position to stand as an independent candidate at an election, or join with others to advance one. By this means, they may escape into a secure future. By turning their backs on these things, and seeking Escape, they make themselves the captives of despondency and fear.

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... 1930, in Berlin. A dentist, called Ritter, took a busman's holiday; he summoned another dentist, to pull all his own teeth. He sought Escape, and this was his first preparation.

The ordeal of those years, the hopelessness of the future, overcame him. He did not stand and fight, study the troubles of his country, learn by whom they were caused, and set about to destroy these. He fought no Battle in Germany. He left the field to the enemy. He fled.

He took a woman friend with him, and went to an uninhabited island in the Galapagos Group, in the Equatorial Pacific. Berlin, Germany, the world and the future terrified him: he would build on that island old Omar's paradise - a little bread, the wilderness, And Thou!

He thought of everything. Toothache, he need no longer fear. He took the right tools, clothing, equipment, provisions; the minimum of everything, but still enough. He built himself a log cabin, tilled and fenced some ground, planted things which grew.

He was safe, with his companion!

He was not. Perhaps he might, in that spot, have survived the monsoon, the hurricane, or even the world tempest, who knows? But he died. How, I do not know, for only fragments of the story came to me. That was a pity, because it was an absorbing story: it should be fully written one day, as a warning to Escapers.<sup>[37]</sup> I regret that I have not the full truth of it, and am not even sure whether he died a natural death before those others came to his island.

For some came, men and women, or a man and a woman, or women and a man - I am not certain. Anyway, a triangle was formed, or it may have been a quadrangle, or some more complicated geometrical figure. Even in that remote and lonely spot, was no peace. Shots were fired, I think, or daggers flashed, or was poison used? Death came again, more than once.

It was an extraordinary story, but my files and notes and cuttings were twice lost, when I hopped about Europe, trying to keep one hop ahead of Hitler, and I cannot tell the whole of it.

But that was the broad outline, and I know the moral, at least. Escape proved an illusion for the German dentist, as for the French count.

Study it, and you may see the way to the Battle in England. No escape offers - not to a desert island, or a distant country, or a little house, or to the radio or the pictures. The only escape lies in a good fight here in England, with the weapons of the spirit, and for the future.

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## Chapter Nine

### THE EXAMPLE OF GERMANY

Man learns little from victory,  
but much from defeat - *Japanese proverb*

June 1931. I sat in a pleasant garden, beneath trees, at a table. The white road ran past, and opposite an abundant cornfield climbed a gentle slope. In the distance was pithead machinery and a slag heap. I was on the outskirts of Essen. I looked, and wondered why we, in England, do not marry industry and agriculture, town and country, like this, instead of setting the one to rape the other. How unlike the Black Country, was this picture, and yet the same things were wrested from the earth here, and a great city, bigger than Sheffield, lay close by.

Sheffield is in the heart of our wealthy island and I knew what it looked like. A place where a roof of smoke rested on tall chimneys, squalor stalked in mean streets, idle men loitered round Labour Exchanges; and where these conditions were apathetically accepted as the unchallengeable levy that industry, miscalled Prosperity, imposed on a land once green and pleasant.

In Essen was unemployment, too, but the scene was not like a plate from *The Rake's Progress*. Here were light, air and sunshine; ugliness was combated as the common enemy of all, rich or poor, busy or idle; and underneath was not apathy, but a bitter struggle for the future.

At my table sat two men and a girl; the Nazi leaders of Essen. I was there to inquire into the strength and aims of these Nazis, and at that table I first realized that, if they came to power, they would make a new war. They said so. I did not then believe they would gain power. I put faith in Grand Old Men, of whom my newspapers told me that Hindenburg was one, in the words of British Prime Ministers, and in the things I read. The men who soon will return to Civvy Street, and those others who now grow up here, should bear in mind this picture of an Englishman, eleven years after Victory in the last war.

I sat with Kurt von Adel, ex-captain, Hans Schultze, ex-serjeant major, and Greta Loring, who was Schultze's friend and the chosen leader of Nazi girls in Essen. I was startled by the venom of these men. They were bitter and cynical, yes; but these qualities were positive, not negative. They were more desperate than despairing. They were the opposite to Jean, my neighbour in Paris. They did not repine, on a bed of disillusionment; they worked and organized, night and day. Their driving power was the thought of defeat suffered and revenge to come: the prizefighter's ambition to come back. Jean's father, and even Jean himself, felt that same impulse in 1914; the defeat of 1871 provided it. After 1918, they felt within themselves no vigour, to fight for the victory they won. They let it be taken from them.

Von Adel, lean and ruthless, and Schultze, red-faced and brutal, still lived mentally in the trenches before Verdun. They thrive on hatred. They hated their own Socialists and Communists first; and after them, the English, not because their native dislike of the English was greatest (their supreme detestation was kept for Czechs and Poles) but because the English island was the chief hindrance to a German European Empire.

Von Adel spoke frankly of the next war. The last war, he said, was a picnic compared with the spectacle Germany would stage next time. Schultze said contemptuously that Germans refused to be confined in a peaceful paradise of lowing herds and dairyfed prosperity, a super-Denmark. The girl looked at me inscrutably and said little.

In the ten years that lay behind, von Adel never ceased to fight, after his fashion, for the kind of Germany he wanted. He was among those who shot the Separatist leaders in Speyer, and for this reason was now a Nazi leader. Schultze was a typical serjeant major, with a passion for desk work. His job was to keep a card index of the local Socialists and Communists, with their addresses, occupations, associations, and any weaknesses he could learn, against the day when he would dash about in a lorry and hurl them into a concentration camp. He was uneducated and secretly venerated von Adel, to whom he appealed, as we sat in the sun, saying 'Herr Hauptmann, it can't be very long now before, we get our Third Reich, can it?' 'Very soon', said von Adel brusquely.

I smiled inwardly; I did not imagine that within eighteen months this beefy Schultze, whom I thought comic, would be able to slake his animal instincts on his own people. Von Adel's answer made him happy and, in slang that grated, he talked of the things he would do to his enemies. He kept in his pocket snapshots of himself, taken with a Hohenzollern Prince who wore the Nazi uniform, and proudly displayed these at every opportunity.

'Tell me, Herr Doktor', said von Adel to me in his clipped Prussian, 'Will your country try to keep Germany disarmed?'

'No', I said, truthfully. I was sure this stupid ban (stupid, when once you withdraw your army of occupation) would be cancelled, or would collapse. That did not worry me, because we only needed to maintain a supreme Navy and a strong Air Force, and this would thwart the ambitions of the von Adels and Schultzes, I knew; I could not then imagine British governments which would fail us in so vital a matter.

They were much pleased by my answer. Knowing what I thought I knew, I was inwardly amused at their satisfaction. They ordered some good Rhine wine and became jovial. They seemed to see a pleasant prospect, in its sunny and sparkling depths....

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Jean fell into despondency, when he saw Victory filched from him by his own leaders. Von Adel and Schultze yielded to desperation, a different thing. The prospect of regaining something you have lost seemingly gives more vigour than the holding of what you have.

Another danger that confronts us, as we re-enter Civvy Street, is that we may again breed a desperate generation in Germany, and, this time, in France too. We shall do this if we treat France, not as a reviving ally, but as a conquered enemy, and we have made a grave mistake already, by using our armed strength, in French territory, to promote the restoration of the corrupt regime which led France to disaster.

We have already seen one example of desperate French youth: Bonnier de la Chapelle, the unhappy boy who shot Darlan. He was the French counterpart, in 1943, of Schlageter, the young German of 1923, the miserable lad who feels that something is intolerably wrong with his country and who sees nothing he can do, save shoot someone.

Bonnier de la Chapelle shot Darlan at the moment that admiral decided he could serve France by helping the Anglo-American landing in North Africa. Darlan's aid was beyond price for us. Young Bonnier de la Chapelle, who hoped for 'a new France' from the impending expulsion of the Germans and Italians, thought that Darlan was to be used, by others, to re-establish the rotten French order of 1919-39. Our spokesmen in 'Parliament and the Press have tried hard to justify that belief. He faced his death without flinching.

In Germany after the last war, a generation which could have been won for peace was driven to desperation because no outlet for its hope or energy was offered by any save the extreme parties, Communist and Nazi, and these were the instruments, respectively, of a foreign power and of the warmakers inside Germany.

No political party followed a patriotic policy and also one of social justice and wider opportunity. The Nationalists stood for the old school tie and war; well, thought the young German, if we are going to make war, we don't want to make it for the officer class, the brutal serjeant major and the cannon fodder - the National Socialists offer us something better than that. The Socialists stood for government by Trades Union, without national ideals; why, the young German asked himself, should this one vested interest rule over us all, students, artists, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, artisans? The only great party of the middle, the Centre, was Roman Catholic; this, again, represented a sectional, not a national interest, and the Roman Catholics form only a third of the German population. The Communists stood for no more war, confiscation, and international brotherhood as practised in Moscow; well, thought the young German, if we are to have peace, we don't want that kind of peace.

No party offered the young German the possibility of working at once for peace, for the revival of Germany, and for a juster social order in Germany. Some offered one, some another, but none offered all of these things. As many Germans are born with a taste for war and conquest, the National Socialists, exploiting the motive of revenge, were given a great chance. True, they could not have succeeded without a Hindenburg to unlock the door to power. Here was Anon, whose instrument old Hindenburg was.

In this country, the party which claims to monopolize patriotic feeling, the Conservative Party, held power almost without a break between the wars; it left us nearly defenceless in a crisis, and at the same time stubbornly opposed all lowering of the barriers of privilege and all widening of the gates of opportunity. Is to-morrow's British generation to find its spiritual home in this Party? Our dilemma remains, that the other one is worse, in its narrow sectionalism. We seem very far from a British, a patriotic, party. We too may breed a generation torn between despair and desperation, if the years after this war are to be filled with spiritual torment.

A good picture, of the tempest which raged in the minds of growing Germans, before 1914 and between 1918 and 1939, is given in a chapter, 'The Secret in the Deeps', in Otto Strasser's book, *History in My Time* (Jonathan Cape, 1941). Readers may find in it, not only another of the causes of this war, but also guidance for our own future. Of the things which seethed below the surface Strasser truly says:

The political parties, the Government departments and the newspaper offices felt and knew nothing, and would even in 1932 still know and feel nothing, and the emigrant leaders of the German Republic, even in 1937, as they looked back, would still consider their results a strange and unaccountable happening.

This is true of our country to-day, where so wide a gulf is fixed between our politicians and the mind of the people.

To *win the peace* we need to do three things about Germany. The first is, to let Germany feel the destruction which Germany has again wreaked in Europe but as yet hardly knows within the German frontiers. We can do this by the mighty air assault so often promised by our leaders. In a recently published book, *Volcano Island* (Geoffrey Bles, 1943), Mr. J.M. Spaight, formerly Principal Assistant Secretary at the Air Ministry, says:

Already there are available bombers capable of smothering all the key plants in Germany. Let us get on with the job. To say that it cannot be done is nonsense. It has never been attempted on the scale which is possible now.

If the war ends without this repayment of damage done, we shall again plant the hope of revenge in the German heart.

The second thing is, to exact retribution for crimes committed from the German leaders, and not to let them escape again. This vital issue has already been gravely blurred, and the future complicated again, by the British Government's declaration which lent the nature of an exclusively Jewish vengeance to any such retribution. This would give any new Hitler fuel with which to stoke the fires of German resentment for a century.

The third thing we need to do to win the *peace*, is to remain stronger than Germany at sea and in the air, after the war, and to cherish our alliance with Russia.

If, instead of doing those things, we simply set out to restore in Germany (as we seemingly wish to restore in France) an order, the memory of which is universally detested, we shall encourage the growth of new ambitions of revenge. For what residue will remain, in the mind of the German generation now growing, from the years of National Socialism?

One of the last books to come out of Germany gives the answer. Joseph C. Harsch, in his *Pattern of Conquest* (Heinemann, 1942), says:

There is of course a good deal of militarism in the younger German generation. But the real aspect of Nazism which appeals to them has been the purported break from the relics of both social and industrial feudalism. The average young German considers the abolition of the colourful students' corps of the old Universities to have been an important advance. The members of those corps had the same advantages in the pre-Nazi Germany that wearers of the right school tie enjoyed in pre-war England. It was a badge of class which denied opportunity to the non-wearer. Nothing else Nazism has done for the younger generation compares, in importance to them, with this removal of social obstacles to individual advance. Elimination of Jews from the competitive field gave them an immediate, tangible, but short-lived and relatively limited increase in opportunity. But the importance of opening up all avenues of advancement to youth from the lower classes, far exceeds, in the long run, this limited gain ... Nazi care for the material well-being of youth is as fine a thing as the dishonest political indoctrination of youth is bad. The health and physique of the new generation is an imperative challenge to the big democracies, which have too long put short-sighted industrial profits ahead of the well-being both of youth and the working class ... The path has been opened to the advancement of the new generation, and promises, with much more sincerity than is realized in the outside world, to produce in the future real equality of opportunity founded on ability. This offer of equality of opportunity, is the key to the loyalty of the new generation, as the careful regard for the welfare of labour is the explanation of labour's passive acquiescence. These two great segments of the German population have been given tangible and real benefits of which they are aware ... There are elements of challenge within Nazism and the German bid for world power which will leave their mark on the world. Many established privileges will be liquidated in the heat of the effort to overthrow Hitler which can never be re-established. Hitler's greatest source of strength is the equality of opportunity for youth in Germany, which is a new thing for that country. Those who overthrow him must recognize the importance of equality to the vitality of any society.

In that sober and excellent analysis, you may see the secret in the depths of to-morrow's Germany. The Germany pictured in these words, is the Germany in which false policy, on our part, would breed a new generation of desperation. National Socialism, in wooing young Germany, has given it one thing which we sorely need in this country. We should be mad to destroy that and set the adult Germans of to-morrow thinking 'Hitler was not so bad after all. At least he gave us wider opportunity; our enemies have taken it from us!' That would be the way to breed von Adels and Schultzes again after this War.

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... I met von Adel and Schultze twice afterwards in Berlin. Once was in 1932, a year before the Nazi triumph. Von Adel was accompanied by a youth of eighteen, a tragic representative of the desperate generation. He was an unmoneyed but educated lad, who could not afford to go to the University and saw no hope of a career in that Germany. He was a scrap of the human flotsam and jetsam that drifted about the scummy surface of Berlin. I was to become used to much which once revolted me, and did not need Schultze's information, imparted with a wink after the other two left us, to divine the relationship between this unhappy boy, Walter von X and von Adel. Von Adel was a homosexual and he kept von X, who was a male harlot. At an earlier period, von X would have inspired in me a physical nausea. By that time I knew so much of Berlin that my feeling for him was of compassion. I was richer in experience, and realized how little of the fault, in such cases, is often borne by the victim, and how much of the blame by his times, his rulers, and his exploiters.

Walter von X was a goodlooking lad. Berlin was full of young homosexuals who provoked contempt, but somehow contempt refused to come, when called for, in his case.

I saw him once again. I walked along the Kurfürstendamm, one day in 1934, and met him. I was surprised by the change in his appearance. He was bigger, fitter, no longer effeminate and mincing, but self-confident. He told me that he joined the Labour Corps as a volunteer and loved the life. He was now an officer. He was not afraid of work, then! I wondered whether I would ask him something. I decided I would. 'How is von Adel?' I said. He looked at me and smiled. 'I don't know', he said, 'I don't do that any more. *Das mache ich nicht mehr.*'

He was mad for National Socialism and Hitler. 'I've got an aim in life now', he said, 'I had nothing from my life before. It was all the same to me, *mir war alles gleich*. I feel that I have just been born'.

Poor dupe. What a choice was his: to drift round Republican Berlin as von Adel's property, or to give his soul to Hitler! We shook hands and parted, and I watched him go, with swinging stride, towards the Gedächtniskirche.

Where can he be now? Dead, perhaps, at Stalingrad? Watching the end of his dream from a barracks in France? Sitting at a desk in Berlin and falling back into his old ways, from disillusionment?

Who knows? He was of the generation of desperation. Our interest is, to prevent, not to promote, the appearance of another such. The way to promote it is, to be weak in our conduct of the war, infirm of purpose after it, and malignant in our treatment of Germany. The way to prevent it is, to be hard-hitting in our conduct of the war, resolute of purpose and strong in arms after it, justly severe towards guilty leaders, and to abstain from destroying any good thing they may have done amongst much evil.

Think on Germany in this light, gentle reader, as we go through Civvy Street together in search of our future. We must not only know our enemy, but know how to treat our enemy, so that he may not live on a festering hatred of us after the war and fall on us again at the first chance.

But the greatest lesson which the example of Germany offers us is, that victory breeds languor and laziness, and defeat, virility and effort; so that we need *to watch ourselves* even more than we beware of others.

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## Chapter Ten

### 'ALL NAZIS AND QUISLINGS'

1935 and Berlin. From a café terrace looking on the Tiergarten I saw a tall man in officer's uniform striding briskly towards the War Ministry. I knew him. He was a former neighbour of mine, in the days before Hitler came to power: the Oberleutnant.<sup>[38]</sup>

He was the war hero who enjoyed such renown in that apartment house in the Kantstrasse because he once appeared in the Allied list of war criminals. He was of 'the guilty men' of the last war. I told of him in another book. Now that the Republic was dead, he was happy and prosperous again. His uniform fitted him well. The next war would not be long to wait. All was well with his world once more. How he must have smiled when he thought of that list of war criminals! I watched him, lean and upright, turn smartly into the Bendlerstrasse....

In this war, my Oberleutnant is probably an Oberstleutnant, at the least. I wonder if he has repeated his exploits of the last war, when he distinguished himself by shooting Belgian civilians.

The promise of 'retribution' was made last time. It was kept; let none deny this. Our troops held the Rhineland, and this compelled the Supreme Court of Germany to try some of those guilty men, prove them guilty and sentence them.

The heaviest penalty imposed on any of those accused by the British Government was ten months' imprisonment. The total of *all* the sentences passed on these was *twenty-two months*. Hundreds of British subjects have been imprisoned longer than that in this war without charge or trial. Most of the accused simply pleaded that they acted under orders. Those who gave the orders either remained quietly in Germany or went to some neutral state; none molested them anywhere. Our politicians were no longer interested, the electoral fruits of their promises having been plucked, and gladly pointed to the sanctity of international law, of which the laws against extradition are an important part.

The refusal of inquiry into the things that were done in *this* country to promote the war and weaken our defences, and the repudiation of responsibility for them by the men who did them, makes the talk of 'retribution' in this war sound ludicrously insincere. Nevertheless, we should know whether it is meant, or whether this cry is merely used to scourge the passions of the people when they have been misled into a war. At the least we should this time ascertain whether we have been deliberately duped so that we may approach the future with clearer minds about our own leaders.

Mr. Churchill promised that 'Quislings and traitors' would be handed to their fellow-countrymen for judgment. But these are puppets. How about the guilty Germans? Lord Simon stated on October 7th, 1942, that 'the successful conclusion of the war should include provision for the surrender to the United Nations of war criminals'. But what of those neutral countries; what of the Swiss, Swedish, Portuguese and Spanish extradition laws? Lord Simon on February 18th, 1943, laid emphasis 'on the need to insist on the surrender of war criminals at the signing of the Armistice and before fighting finally ceases', and said the war crimes would be best dealt with either by National Courts (that is Polish, Norwegian and the like) empowered for the purpose, or by military tribunals 'which have the great advantage of speedy action'.

What are the prospects, then, that retribution will be exacted, in a form which would make us safer in Civvy Street to come? I think, none. These vague statements suggest that a few unimportant catspaws may be lynched or executed and that the guilty men will go scotfree.

The same pernicious spirit, of discrimination between people of high rank, however guilty, and humble individuals, however little guilty, seems to govern this question, as that which causes so much injustice in this island.

The war appears to be conducted as a game, from the rules of which members of the Enclosure, on no matter which side, are exempt. Such terms as 'traitor', 'Quisling', 'defeatist', 'Fascist' and 'Fifth Columnist', seem only to be used for the delusion of the masses on both sides of the fighting front. Their passions have to be kept boiling, and their gullibility stoked.

Consider Hess, one of the guiltiest of the guilty men. All information is still refused the people of this island beyond the two scraps contained in statements by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Stalin: that 'Hess came here firmly believing that he had only to gain access to certain circles in this country for what he described as "the Churchill clique" to be thrown out of power and for a government to be set up with which Hitler could negotiate a magnanimous peace'; and that 'the reason why Hess was sent to England was to try and persuade the British politicians to join the coalition against the Soviet Union'.

Since then, information has again been refused - on November 17th, 1942, eighteen months after Hess landed - by Mr. Richard Law, our deputy Foreign Minister. The only news about him which has been extracted from the Government is that he is being treated as a prisoner of war (although all humble Germans who came here secretly by night have been executed) and that, when other German prisoners of war were put in chains, he was spared this.

How many people in this country realize that the truth, nevertheless, is now out? It was published in the Nazi newspaper issued in Stockholm, which prints only information instigated by the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. The only thing this story does not tell is, why the British people have not been told the truth. It was obviously published in the hope of warding off 'the measures' (which Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt long ago announced, but for which we still wait) 'to divert German strength from the attack on Russia'. It appeared at the moment a new German assault on Russia impended (in October 1942).

(For the enlightenment of readers, I interpolate that the fact that Hess is a captive and this country has not joined with Germany against Russia does not suffice to make his mission 'a failure'. As long as we do not strike at Germany, but hold aloof and allow Germany to assail Russia unmolested, it has neither failed nor succeeded; or in other words, it may be called a half-success or a half-failure. This is why the Soviet Government, when the truth was printed in Stockholm, demanded that Hess should be tried; the British Government refused. The 'measures' have been promised again for 1943. Their importance for us, is not that they would help Russia, but that they would bring this war to an end, which is presumably a British interest.)

The Nazi article stated that Hess's blight was not his own independent enterprise, but part of Hitler's policy, and was directed towards an alliance with Britain. 'Naturally' Hitler wished to protect himself against any miscarriage of the plan, and therefore agreed in advance to repudiate all knowledge of it and to give his repudiation additional plausibility by punishing persons who helped Hess to leave the ground. Hitler could not accept as final Britain's refusal to make peace after the defeat of France, and interpreted Britain's refusal to take the step as due to weakness. Therefore Hess was to offer to England a profitable agreement in the form of an alliance to make war on Russia, as the result of which Germany was to receive the Ukraine and the Caucasus oil regions, Japan was to receive Siberia, and the rest of Russia was to be split into separate homogeneous states. Britain's share, which was to be 'guaranteed' by Germany, was the retention of the Mandated Territories, especially in the Middle East, but Germany was to receive back her former colonies. Hess was sent because he was Hitler's official deputy. Also, as he was a proficient airman, he did not need a pilot, and was able to avoid the inconvenience of intermediaries. Hess was to inform the British Government that he came as Hitler's messenger, with full authority, and Germany's public repudiation of him was devised because

obviously it was desirable to throw dust in the eyes of the outside world. Englishmen 'were thought to be gentlemen' who would understand and approve, or at least would allow Hitler's emissary to return and not to betray the Fuehrer's frank proposal, but they interpreted the Hess mission as a sign of weakness, and Mr. Churchill did not waste a day, but told Stalin everything immediately and kept Hitler's deputy a prisoner.<sup>[39]</sup>

We now know as much as we need to know about Hess. You may examine the story from every conceivable angle, but you will not find any reason *favourable to the interests of this country*, why the British people should not have been told the truth. Indeed, we now know everything but the most important thing of all: why information has been withheld from us.

Everything that could be done, has been done, to discourage the public from even thinking about Hess, and about the most important event in this war. Is all the talk about 'guilty men' and 'retribution' blatant falsehood? Are the prime movers in all this in reality completely exempt, and are they joined by a fellow feeling which reaches across all frontiers? What could create more of the 'bitterness and cynicism' which our politicians deplore, than that?

The signs point to it. Consider the case of William Joyce, nicknamed Lord Haw-Haw. A member of Parliament and a newspaper writer have recently stated that he will be hanged after the war. In November 1942, another Englishman began to broadcast even more violent diatribes from Germany. He is Mr. John Amery, the son of a member of the British Government. Anon suppresses all public references to him. The newspapers ignore him. He is not mentioned in our House of Commons. He is protected by the fellow-feeling of the members of Enclosure. Yet in Brixton Gaol, according to a Member of Parliament, lies an unfortunate man who is there for no other reason than that a relative of his is in Germany, that he is 'the younger brother of my brother'. His brother is William Joyce!

What justice is this? A man who helped Hitler in his rise to power, with money and in other ways, was Ernst Hanfstaengl, who came to this country before the war in circumstances which, again, we have not been allowed to know. He was interned when war began. Then, for some reason, he was handed over to the United States Government, which has seemingly released him. At all events, he has been writing articles in the American press. What hidden influence lies behind this transaction?

But the worst case is that of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, a declared enemy of this country, who usurped dictatorial powers and tried to lead the protesting Yugoslavs into the war on the side of Germany and against this country. In March 1941, he sent his Prime and Foreign Ministers to Vienna to sign Yugoslav membership of the Axis pact. At this price, Yugoslavia could have enjoyed the preferential treatment which the Hungarians, Slovaks and Bulgars have purchased.

The Yugoslav *people* rejected clemency bought with dishonour in one of the most heroic gestures in history. When the 'Quisling' ministers returned to the 'Quisling' prince, they dared not appear in the streets. 'The people turned on prince Paul, drove him out, and enthroned the boy king Peter. Within a few hours, German bombs killed 26,000 people in Belgrade.

The prince is now our guest and is vehemently defended in Parliament whenever his name is mentioned!

I can write with knowledge about Prince Paul. He became Regent of Yugoslavia when King Alexander, his cousin, was murdered at Marseilles in 1934. From the moment he began to govern, he was detested by the Yugoslavs, who instinctively mistrusted him.

His palace outside Belgrade lay within great grounds, and around these lay thick hedges and barbed wire defences. If you passed, on the road, you would be startled by sudden movements and you would then see that hordes of gendarmes were concealed in the bushes. This prince lived within a hedge of

gunmen. His fear of 'the Reds' amounted to obsession. I recall the hopeless gesture with which a British Minister in Belgrade once spoke to me about that. From the moment of his advent, the shadow of what would happen in 1941 lay heavy on Yugoslavia. The soul of the people revolted against a man who, their hearts told them, was a traitor.

I recollect how British newspaper correspondents were prevented from telling readers at home the real feeling of the Yugoslavs and from exposing this prince. This man, in effect, declared war on us, and then found that the people he ruled, in trust for his dead cousin, spewed him out. This man, in Mr. Churchill's words 'They swept from power', because he sought 'to lead them into a shameful heritage'.

Here, then, is an arch-enemy. He lives, according to Reuter's correspondent at Nairobi, 'in a house formerly occupied by an American millionaire in the loveliest part of Kenya. A British major, a retired provincial Commissioner, lives with him, and the house has a police guard which does not interfere with the Prince's liberty. He frequently goes to Nairobi, according to the Press reports, stays there at the leading hotel and hunts big game with the British major.

Who, if not such as he, are those 'traitors and Quislings' who, according to Mr. Churchill, are to be handed to their fellow countrymen for judgment? This is one of high rank and connections. This is what Mr. Richard Law, Mr. Eden's deputy, said of him on November 12th, 1942:

The honourable member has represented Prince Paul as being a kind of ravenous tiger who, if he was not put in a cage, might overthrow the whole of the Allied Powers. The fact is that Prince Paul is a weak man, who would never overthrow anyone. The reason why he was sent to Kenya last year was not because this powerful, fierce tiger had to be kept in a cage. It was simply that he had to be got out of the way so that he would not fall into enemy hands, and could not be used by the Axis for their own purposes ... he was put in Kenya because it was thought better to have him out of the area; because if he had been in that area, being not a strong man, but a weak man, he might, without meaning it, have been used as a pawn by the Axis Powers.

Such words make meaningless nonsense of the pledges about 'retribution'. Who shall, then, be tried? Is social rank the only test? (On March 22nd, 1942, Mr. Churchill again spoke of 'bringing to justice the grand criminals and their accomplices'.)

'Used by the Axis for their own purposes ...' This man *signed* the Axis pact! 'He might, without meaning it, have been used as a pawn by the Axis Powers ...' This man *sent* his Ministers to Vienna to sign the alliance with the Axis! That was why the people he unhappily held in his hand rose against him; he betrayed the trust of the dead king, and *led* his people into 'a shameful tutelage'; he has the blood of Belgrade on his hands.

Mr. Law's words provide a grim illustration of the disease which seemingly attacks our Members of the House of Commons when they exchange opposition or a back bench for office. I know, from first-hand experience, that they completely falsify the picture. The inference is that the promises of 'retribution' only apply, if at all, to obscure, friendless and uninfluential people. This is the story of the last war over again.

Mr. Law was among the young Conservative Members who rebelled against the misleadership of Mr. Chamberlain before Dunkirk, so that he at long last withdrew, and the evidence we now have is more than sinister enough to justify their courageous uprising then. In that great debate Of May 7th, 8th and 9th, 1940, he said:

In the last few years I and every honourable Member have witnessed one or other prominent Member of the Government - the Prime Minister, or the Chancellor of the

Exchequer, or the Lord Privy Seal - come down to the House and stand at the Box in the midst of the wreckage of some policy or other, in the midst of some defeat or other, and explain that there was nothing that could possibly have been done ... To be associated with policies which always end in defeat and frustration, does not lend strength to your hand when you tackle new policies from a different angle....

Now, Mr. Law stood 'at that Box' and spoke in the spirit of those others all too many of whom still sit alongside him. He spoke as Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Halifax, and all that company would have spoken. If, in the midst of this avoidable war, which was chiefly brought about by such misinformation of the public, so false a picture of one of our enemies, and one of the men who brought Europe to this pass, may be given to the House, our future is very dark.

We approach Civvy Street again. Seemingly we are to find at the very outset one of the sources of 'bitterness and cynicism' we met there last time. A main aim of the Battle in England will be, to restore truth to our public life, for the insincerity of public pledges, declarations, promises, and utterances in general becomes too blatant to be borne.

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I watched the Oberleutnant disappear in the direction of the War Ministry, that day in 1935. I could never look at him without feeling anger and revulsion. I could not forget those wantonly murdered Belgian civilians.

I wonder what tales he will have to tell his cronies after this war, the guilty man!

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## Chapter Eleven

### THE BREED!

This happy breed of men ...

This England!

- SHAKESPEARE

Our breed does not to-day show the qualities which led Shakespeare to call it happy. I have tried to show how its happiness was stolen and how it could be restored. Foremost among the necessities is, that it should breed again. The breed has ceased to multiply.

Enclosure, the decline of the English countryside, the spread of derelict areas, the growth of squalorous towns, one exhausting war and the approach of another have been the cause of this effect. Another great problem awaits in Civvy Street. We shall not find the happy breed again until we solve it.

About the time the bells did not ring in the New Year of 1943, an old English lady died, a Mrs. Emily Whiting. She left 156 descendants. She was born in 1849, when the defeat of Napoleon seemed long since to have set life firmly on its hinges. The effects of Enclosure and the drift to urban impoverishment, were not realized, when she grew up. She was one of triplets. Her own family, of two sons and five daughters, was not thought large when she raised it. One daughter bore twenty-two children; the total of grandchildren was seventy-five. Seventy-three great grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild were alive when she died.

This was a belated projection, into the doubting England of to-day, of the blood and spirit of the older England which, whatever its troubles, felt no misgiving about the value of existence and the pattern of the future. It wanted to live, and to give life. It believed that life on this planet would become better; that wars, though they might not cease, would become less frequent; that inequality would gradually diminish and opportunity slowly broaden; that tyranny, oppression and injustice would dwindle.

To-day, this belief has given way to disbelief. That, and not the lack of 'family allowances' causes the thing we now face for the first time since we emerged from the caves: the halt in breeding.

In 1801<sup>[40]</sup> we were 9,000,000 people, in England and Wales; in 1850, 18,000,000; in 1901, 32,500,000; and in 1940 about 41,000,000. But even the slower rate of increase during this century, has not been due to natural multiplication, but to the fact that fewer babies die at birth and adults live longer. Natural increase has ceased. Thus we have, at present, a stable population, containing an increasing number of ageing and a decreasing number of young people, which will begin to decline when these two compensating factors have spent themselves.

We know, from our own experience and that of France and Germany between 1919 and 1939, that the twenty years after a great war are the dangerous time. The victors incline to a listless despondency, which leaves free scope to the machinations of 'Them', and the vanquished tend towards desperation. Just when we shall need our greatest strength, then, we shall be a nation predominantly formed of old or ageing people, tired from two great struggles, and bearing on bowed shoulders the burdens left by these.

That dangerous period is now inevitable; no future revival can fill the gap left by the unborn children of 1919-39, and the task, of tiding the nation over those critical years until the results of a revival in breeding become apparent, is probably the greatest in our history.

Few we shall be, in any case, when the dangerous years begin. That is our legacy from Messrs. Baldwin, MacDonald and Chamberlain. But that is no reason to relapse into lethargy, to sleep while the story of decline and fall is completed for us by others in a third chapter. If the spirit revives, we shall still be enough to hold our own until the breed begins to multiply again. The danger is, a sagging spirit during those years when we shall have fewer young people than ever before, and more old ones; for among the aged, for some inexplicable reason, is found the weakness which applauds a Munich agreement.

Sir William Beveridge has foretold that by 1960 we shall be 'in a panic about the population of this country'. The only proposal that has been made, to avert the danger and the panic, is 'family allowances'. A sponge would be as useful to stop a leak. Family allowances have been tried in many countries, without success. This catchword is dangerous, in our perilous time, because people's gaze may be diverted by it from the *real* cause of the halt in breeding, which is not monetary, but spiritual - fear of the future.

Our ancestors, who bred so lustily through the centuries, were poor, but not *afraid*. Why should they have been, when any man who could rent a cottage or build a hut might grow enough food on the adjoining acre for any family he founded?

How can that impulse be revived, without which the survival of a free British island and the British Empire seems impossible? Every time we approach the British problem from a new angle, gentle reader, we come to the same conclusion; and that is because this conclusion is inexorable, inescapable, and right.

Ensure the safety of this island, restore our basic freedom from capricious imprisonment without trial, widen the doors of opportunity so that unmoneyed young men and women may reach the higher service of the State, liberate some of the land, preserve the thriving countryside we have made in this war, do away with slums and derelict areas, resume emigration to the kindred lands overseas; in short, mitigate the evils of Enclosure, frustration and class segregation, without abolishing anything, and you will revive a happy breed.

But you will not do it by family allowances. You will never induce people to resume breeding by the payment of so-much-a-week, whether it be the eight shillings proposed by Sir William Beveridge, or the five shillings proposed by the Government. The money might relieve poverty. I do not believe it would produce one more child. The decline in fertility, in our country, has been greatest among the moneyed classes and in the residential counties. Its roots are not want (impoverished nations show the highest birthrate to-day) but fear of the future.

A cash inducement is no substitute for the natural wish to have children, which can only be restored by the revival of faith in the future. A pathetic proof is the increase in the number of conceptions, in this country, after Munich.<sup>[41]</sup>

The British Empire offers convincing proof that the roots of decay are spiritual. In 1859 the decline of the Maori race, still suffering from despair caused by the British conquest, was so rapid that experts foretold their extinction about the year 2000. By 1871, they estimated, the number of Maoris would be 45,000; in 1900, 29,000; in 1928, 19,000; in 1956, 12,000.

The end of the Maoris was held to be so certain that Sir John Logan Campbell, when he bequeathed Campbell Park to the City of Auckland, left a legacy for the erection of a memorial to the vanished race. The memorial was completed, but happily has not been dedicated, because the reason for it has disappeared. The Maoris themselves were resigned to their fate, saying: 'as clover killed the fern and European dog the Maori dog ... so our people will be gradually supplanted and exterminated by the European'.<sup>[42]</sup>

The decline of the Maoris continued until 1896 but was less serious than all foretold, and the recovery since then has confounded all anticipations. By 1901, the numbers were 45,000, and in 1936, 82,000. The Maori birthrate in 1939 was over *forty-six per thousand* against a white birthrate of 17.29. The Maori population at present increases at three times the rate of the white. No 'family allowances' operated here. The Maoris are still an impoverished race, and their future presents the New Zealand authorities with a grave problem. Nevertheless, the return of confidence in the future was enough to produce this astonishing result. The Maoris thought their future was gone when the white man came. They felt no joy in life, and did not wish to transmit life. As time passed, and they were neither oppressed nor massacred, their spirit revived. The episode proved that the influences which prompt a people either to commit race suicide, or to breed, are spiritual.

The right influences can be restored to the people of this country, by rulers wiser than were those of the past twenty years. If they should be as unwise, and the people should tolerate such unwisdom, our to-morrows would be fraught with despair.

The only alternative theory would be that the growth or decline of races is governed neither by material nor spiritual causes, but by some impulse which we do not comprehend at all. If we were to yield to that dangerous explanation the prospect would arise that not only the British people, but the entire white race is in decay; that not only *the Decline and Fall of the British Empire* impends but the *Decline of the West* (the name of a book published during the last war by an outstanding German, Oswald Spengler. He feared the submergence of white civilization).

In my belief, his theory of a process of disintegration which cannot be averted, is wrong. No *need* exists for this thing to happen. The decline we have seen in the last thirty years was brought about by bad rulers; and they were all too often the tools of powerful international interests whose machinations and manipulations were not suspected by the people. Thus the events of the past twenty-five years were ominously true to Spengler's gloomy picture of the future. For our halt, or decline in fertility, is shared by nearly all the *white* races of the earth, and this is all the more reason why we should take the lead, in altering it; the world asks nothing better than for us to set an example. In Europe, only Poland, the Netherlands, Italy, Bulgaria and Portugal have in recent years reported a birthrate slightly more than sufficient to maintain population numbers; and in the Empire New Zealand, Canada and South Africa.

But the Asiatic nations multiply prodigiously! The 390,000,000 inhabitants of India, over whom we rule with a handful of our forty-something millions, to whom we promise self-government if they behave, increase at the rate of 5,000,000 a year! The 180,000,000 Russians, of whom the overwhelming majority are Asiatics, seem likely to increase to 250,000,000 or more during this century, so quickly do they breed. The 490,000,000 Chinese still rapidly increase by all accounts. These three together already account for half the human race! They are all very poor peoples, who would think you mad if you spoke to them about 'family allowances'.

These figures vividly show the importance of restoring the happiness, and therewith the fertility of our breed. You cannot entirely ignore numbers, in ruling an Empire that spreads all over the world.

I believe only one European people showed prolific fertility between the wars, the Poles. The reasons are plain to see: the liberation of their country, the enjoyment of their own land, revived hope in the future!

The lesson is clear. To think that we can save the future by the payment of five shillings a week is more audacious than to tell the tides to cease flowing. In this matter of the breed, which cannot stand still or retreat if it is to survive as more than a subject race, we come again to the root of all evil: the unhappy domestic order of our island, its class antagonisms, which confuse its foreign policy, and the bitterness and cynicism these breed.



That could quickly be changed, if the men and women who come back will fight for their country in peace. Only a revival of faith in the future, will set the breed breeding again. Do not be bluffed by talk of 'family allowances'.<sup>[43]</sup>

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## Chapter Twelve

### A TALE OF THREE MOTHERS

In the summer of 1942, three English mothers drowned their babies. These were dire tragedies, but they do not appear here on that account, for much worse things happened in the England which, as Mr. Herbert Morrison said, 'is as happy at war as it was in the three years before 1939; a righteous and courageous policy is a great inspiration to a nation in days of hazard'.

In Colchester, a woman who for many years lived with a man to whom she was not married, killed herself and her six young children when she found that she was again pregnant. At Birmingham, a man of sixty-nine, whose six sons served overseas, whose old-age pension was ten shillings and whose fifty-eight-year-old wife earned thirty shillings a week, passed his nights with her in an air raid shelter, and awoke one morning to find her dead at his side. A woman of forty-five, the mother of ten children, left her sixty-three-year-old husband, and the eldest daughter, aged fourteen, to look after the home, while she joined the W.A.A.F., and the logical disasters followed. A baby of four weeks was found in the manger of a paint-and-plaster Nativity in a Catholic church at Leeds. A Swiss chef at a West End Hotel in London, committed suicide 'from worry at the amount of his work and the large number of banquets he was needed to assist in preparing.'

Such things, I opine, point to sadness of the spirit, as did the story of the woman who for nine years went from job to job with the mummies of her four illegitimate babies in a suitcase, and the other who lived alone with the mummies of forty dead cats. This is not fiction; these are fragments from a year's English happenings.

However, other people agreed that this was a happy land; for instance, the woman who wrote to a Sussex newspaper to say, 'The fact that "Jerusalem" was the favourite hymn of our late beloved George V, who evidently dreamed of the ideal community (as far as it is humanly possible to attain it, which probably could only be in a land like Britain), should be sufficient to commend it to every woman'.

The three mothers who drowned their babies belonged to those who were not happy, whose unhappiness even sprang from the war, unreasonable creatures! The human tragedy reaches its darkest depths when a woman kills the child she has home; the denial of a life just given at such cost in suffering, can only come from uttermost misery of the spirit. A politician might do better to study such things,' than the result of a division, the plaudits of a newspaper, or the atmosphere of the smoking-room in the House.

What these three mothers did is only incidental to this tale. They all did alike; the point is, what happened afterwards to each.

Two were working-class women, good wives and mothers. The first took four of her children and threw three into a pond. The fourth escaped. She then threw herself in but 'came to and found herself hanging to a branch'. She was charged with murder; found guilty but insane; and sentenced to be detained 'during His Majesty's pleasure'. All who knew her spoke most highly of her.

The second woman threw herself and her baby into a river. She was dragged out, unconscious. The baby was dead. In spite of this deed, I think every British soldier would revere her. Four days earlier, she learned that her husband was killed at Singapore. Before he went overseas, he said: 'Good-bye, dear. If anything happens to me, don't take up the struggle alone. Follow me every mile of the way. We love each other too much to be parted. Bring the baby with you.'

She was charged with murder and found guilty. The black-capped judge sentenced her to be hanged-by-the-neck-until-she-was-dead, adding the jury's plea for mercy and his own opinion that the sentence would not be carried out. 'You are the victim of the lusts of the war lords of the world', he said. No newspaper, that I saw, bothered to report the sequel. Presumably she now faces lifelong imprisonment.

The third woman was not insane, nor was her husband dead. She was an officer's wife, related to people of title and rank. She drowned her baby and reported that the deed was done by a stranger. Later, she admitted the act. Her husband, who was on foreign service, never saw his son. When she appeared before a bench of local justices, prosecuting counsel (the spokesman of the public interest) said the case 'was one of a young woman suffering from mental exhaustion which resulted in fits of depression and despair consequent on childbirth, and in one of such fits she took the life of her baby'; 'no-one could do otherwise than feel the utmost sympathy for this poor girl'. Thereon, the local justices found that there was 'no evidence to support a charge of murder', and thus, when she appeared before a criminal court, the charge was merely that of causing the death of her infant son while the balance of her mind was disturbed by the effect of childbirth. Prosecuting counsel (the spokesman of the public interest) said 'there was no dispute that when the offence was committed she was not in her usual state of mind'. Well-to-do relatives offered to look after her. The judge 'approved of these suggestions'; she was bound over 'and immediately discharged'.

Such is the tale of the three mothers. My feeling for each is of compassion but what conceivable justice was there in the differentiation that was made? Why should two humble women, one of whom was insane while the other was moved by motives so much more comprehensible, have been subjected to the whole abhorrent ritual of a murder trial, *if the third was not?*

Sir William Jowitt, when he was Solicitor-General, broadcast the declaration that our law is alike for rich and poor. It is not. None, who judge fairly, would assert that, when they read the tale of the three mothers.

Enclosure, in England, was effected with the help of the local justices, who were often enough the fellow-squires of those who coveted the land, or even coveted it themselves. Fielding knew them, and in *Joseph Andrews* depicted the lawyer who assured Lady Booby that 'the laws of the land are not so vulgar as to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyship's fortune. We have one sure card, which is to carry him before Justice Frolic, who upon hearing your ladyship's name, will commit him without any further question'.

The institution of the 'unpaid', magistrate is rotten. No Person charmed with an offence should he brought before any but a trained, professional and paid magistrate or judge. To assume that the ownership of land, managership of a successful football club, or proprietorship of a prosperous business, fits a man to sit in judgment on his fellows, is absurd, and we should loudly reprobate the system if it existed, not here, but abroad. To give any local notable, any big frog in a small pond, such power, is wrong.

A still greater evil is their power to intervene at the source of justice, to reduce the charge on which a prisoner is 'committed for trial' before a judge, in favour of some local clansman. The first two of the three mothers, who were working-class women, found no compassion in them.

We have, in fact, class justice, of which this is a recent instance. It is another of the problems we shall meet in Civvy Street.<sup>[44]</sup>

In an address to the Devonshire Club in 1943, Mr. Justice Birkett recalled the famous case of Elizabeth Canning in 1753 to show 'the great advance which has been made in the administration of justice in Britain during 200 years'. That was a clear case, he said, when an innocent person was

sentenced to death; in his own lengthy experience, he never knew a case in which he was satisfied that an innocent person was convicted.

That is true (with the important reservation that for nearly four years now people have been put away *without* trial and that several have been proved *innocent* when their cases were subsequently brought before a judge). Our Courts of Law do not convict innocent persons save through human fallibility. But they, and still more the unpaid magistrates, do deal out different justice to persons accused of the same offence, which is nearly as bad. I would engage to rout any lawyer, however notable, who sought to show that the law is alike for rich and poor.

This is a bad thing, which becomes worse in wartime, and which men of goodwill should work to alter when they return to Civvy Street. The justice which the courts mete out, only reflects the spirit in which the land is governed, and this spirit has been worse in the present war than in the last. Though we have conscription and compulsion, inequality of service and of sacrifice is more blatant now than then.

I told, in *All Our Tomorrows*, the story of a miner who was badly injured in the pit and told his son, before he died, at all costs to get away from the mine; the son obtained other work, but was ordered, on pain of imprisonment, to return to the mine and lower wages, and within a few days was killed in the pit, on New Year's day of 1942. Mr. Ness Edwards, M.P., told in Parliament of a collier who was sent back from the army to work in a South Wales mine, was killed at midday on the fifth day after his return, and from whose pay the colliery company deducted a half-day's wages for his last day under, if not on, earth. Miss Hilde Marchant gave this picture of a strike of young miners in 1942: Looking from the train as it approached Swansea, she thought 'there has been some bad bomb damage here', for mines and sheds stood in rows of decay, while girders poked through green fields like iron skeletons. But 'no bomb explosion wrecked this industrial valley, this was the slow rust of peace'. She spoke with a nineteen-year-old miner, Glen Griffiths, brought back from well-paid employment in a factory to work for £2 10s. 0d. in the mine, while the village girls, his schoolfellows, earned £3 10s. 0d. and £4 in the munition works. When his elder brother said, 'it will all be closed down after the war, we will all be out like you', he replied, without bitterness, 'a good thing too brother, for this is torture. We will get away then when they don't want us. They will let us away, for this is punishment here'.

Compare these things with the statement made by Sir Kingsley Wood, the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, that £66,450,000 compensation for coal royalties was to be paid in cash to the coalowners!

The worst thing 'They' have done, under cover of this war, probably is, the imprisonment of such men in derelict areas and coalfields where, in peacetime, they were not allowed to work. Socialist leaders and trade union chiefs, admitted to the Government Enclosure, have been employed to do it.

Tragic is the hope, which these young men express, that peace may soon bring idleness to the coalfields again so that they may escape. They do not see that the same misleaders seek to close even that door. Many Socialist leaders have proclaimed the need for 'the continuance of control' after the war. They mean, that men shall not be allowed to escape from the hideous captivity of the black regions.

The best thing for them, and for England, would be for such men to get away, to return to that part of the good land which should be liberated, or seek a better lot overseas. Even that outlet was denied them before the war. Emigration was hindered. Is that evil practice to be renewed? Is the emptiness of the Dominions to be perpetuated, while we have mass unemployment? Could lunacy go further?

One law for the rich, another for the poor: the phrase is old, but it continues true.

Recently several rich men have announced that they would give great houses and estates 'to the nation'. (Whether any part of such land formerly belonged to the nation and was taken by Enclosure, I do not know, in these cases.) The newspapers loudly applaud their generosity, but examine the facts:

The houses are 'given' with valuable contents. No public access to them is mentioned. Indeed, a condition of the 'gift to the nation' is, that the owner and his descendants shall remain in occupation as long as they wish! 'Such an arrangement', the public reports continue, 'is customary under the scheme of the National Trust for preserving estates of especial beauty or interest with the former owners continuing to live in them, subject to limited public access.'

Access? To what? Why, *the grounds* are 'given' in the sense that 'they will in due time be open to the enjoyment of the public, under such conditions as may be found to be desirable'. This seemingly means that people may be allowed, by way of a turnstile and a uniformed porter, to stroll through the grounds once or twice a week at some future time. The gift to the nation diminishes as you examine it. But that is not all:

'Where the donor and his family after him are to remain in occupation they gain by the consequent saving in taxation and death duties, but the nation also benefits by the endowed preservation of the beauty of the estate.'

Now, that is enlightening! 'The nation' has been 'given' something; what, is not clear. But 'the donor' obtains most substantial compensation for his 'gift'. He continues to live in his house and enjoy his grounds subject to the 'limited public access' to the grounds, which may come about some day. He continues, henceforth as heretofore, to pay his housekeeping expenses and the upkeep of the grounds; this seems no extravagant generosity.

But he is relieved of the taxes he would otherwise pay on them and of the death duties which would have to be paid at his death, or the death of his descendants! Truly is it more blessed to give than to receive, in England. Seemingly we breed yet another privileged class, of those exempt from taxation and death duties, if only their property be great enough.

The owner of a detached villa at Croydon standing in an acre of ground, should clearly present these to the nation and allow his neighbours occasionally to stroll round the garden. He will save himself and his heirs a lot of money.

The transaction strikingly resembles the other practice, by means of which prominent members of the Government party are exempted from the back-breaking taxation of war time, being granted large and non-taxable allowances for 'expenses' while, amid the plaudits of the Press, they patriotically forgo the taxable 'salary' of their offices! It resembles, again, the current practice of making 'tax-free' payments to company directors, managers, and the like. Such evasion makes nonsense of 'Finance Acts' which purport to raise the general level of taxation in the interest of 'the war effort', and of the claim that 'the burden of sacrifice' is equally distributed.

Lawyers blandly explain that the 'Finance Act' of 1941, which raised basic income tax to ten shillings in the pound, 'contains nothing to prevent anybody from entering into new "tax-free contacts" (and thereby immunizing himself from taxation). Thus, the solicitor of a famous brewery company, at the annual meeting in 1942, informed the shareholders that they might continue to pay nine directors their £15,000 free of tax. The cost to the company (that is, to the tax-paying shareholders and tax-paying beer drinkers) would be £30,000, but it was all perfectly *legal*. Conservative ministers refuse to interfere with this practice, and mock their hearers when they proclaim that 'we shall all be much poorer after the war'.

In the same way, the sentences which have been passed, under emergency legislation, on humble and obscure people, are often ferocious. The contrast between them and the toleration which is given to selfish effort to profit from the war, becomes in consequence more revolting.

For instance: In Norwich an elderly scissors-grinder was given seven years' hard labour for stealing goods worth £45 10s. 0d. from bomb-damaged houses. In a Manchester cellar, a gang of forgers, many of whom bore alien names, began a large-scale conspiracy against the State; they produced 100,000 counterfeit clothes coupons, and a Board of Trade official, after the trial, said that in another two months all clothing coupons would have needed to be called in. The longest sentence was of four years, and most were much less. A 'company director' from Bucharest, who sold coloured water at a high price under some high sounding name, and was previously convicted ten times for the same offence, was fined £20. A poor woman who threw away some stale loaves was sent to prison for 'wasting bread'. When the London mansion of one of the millionaires of the last war was burned down, and firemen found an enormous store of tea, sugar, hams and other rationed goods, the newspapers fawningly reported, 'All this was legitimately acquired before the war by Lord X; there is no requirement to dispose of it, or any question of confiscation.'

Though not much public resentment is evinced about these things, their injustice is realized and causes the bitterness and cynicism which prelates and politicians lament. It sometimes even produces a protest, to the surprise of those who sit comfortably in the seats of justice or of power; for instance, the Old Street magistrate, who in deference to many appeals cancelled a month's imprisonment which he inflicted on a elderly woman, in ailing health and nearly blind, for harbouring her deserter son. He said he was 'staggered at the public's generosity'.

So much injustice, in war time, yields small hope that a mood of equity towards all will arise, after the war, among those who hold power and wealth. Between the wars, the obsession with money made England a land of pirates, buccaneers and freebooters. Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The hindmost were, the derelict shipyards and coalmines, and the throngs of forgotten men around them.

Victory, in the last war, was a Guildhall banquet for the few and hunger for the many. The spirit of those times seems to live on in the following reports of two municipal banquets held in London in 1942:

Attlee, Bevin, Alexander, Lyttelton, Grigg, Eden, Bracken and Leathers, bowed in turn to the Lord Mayor. So did Dill, Paget, Portal and Pound - and the Chairmen of the Big Five Banks. Once again, as of yore, the guests sipped turtle soup in what was otherwise a war-time meal. And, once again, the City's gold plate came from the safe to decorate what remains of aforesaid glories....

*The Daily Herald.*

The Prime Minister, smiling and debonair, was in high spirits when he spoke yesterday at the Lord Mayor's Mansion House. It was a good war-time meal and a cheerful occasion. 'We are in the presence of glad tidings', said the new Lord Mayor, as he looked upon the happy faces of Cabinet Ministers, civic dignitaries and leading business men....

*The News-Chronicle.*

Cheerful occasions; the chairmen of the Big Five Banks and leading business men; turtle soup and glad tidings; gold plate and happy faces! Where, in this picture, are the men who have been separated for years from their homes and families, the widows, the wives who do not even know whether they

are wife or widow, the women whose husbands for three years have lain in foreign prison camps, or the orphans of the Blitz?

But the worst injustice is that which particularly revolts, because it thrives in the midst of so much strident clamour about sacrifice and service and 'the war effort', at a time when so many poor, and friendless people are so harshly dealt with for the smallest offence. It is the thing called profiteering in the last war, and black marketing in this.

I recall with what bitterness, as a man vainly seeking occupation after the last war, I saw the flaunting wealth of those who became rich through it. Many now sit in the highest places. When this war began, we heard much speechifying, in the sense that 'no great fortunes would be made this time'.

Great wealth has been transferred again this time, from the pockets of the patriotic, hard-working and long-suffering citizen, to those of the avaricious, and much of it has passed through the Black Market: the term we now use to cover all transactions which aim at obtaining an illicit share of things supposed to be equally shared, or at selling such at a profit.

If the newspapers report truly, the rigorous penalties, of which we heard so much in 1941, have remained on paper. They frequently tell of ruthless sentences on obscure people who have done some small wrong, but they have recorded no single case of really heavy punishment awarded to some illicit practitioner who operates in a *big* way. Sentences of imprisonment are rare. Where heavy fines are imposed, the culprit may work these off at so-much-a-day, in relatively short terms of imprisonment and emerge with his ill-gotten gains untouched! In some cases, the defendants have filed petitions in bankruptcy immediately after fines were imposed, and the government has refused to take action when the fact was pointed out that, unless alternative sentences of imprisonment were awarded, this made nonsense of the whole law.

Thus were the mocking birds allowed to alight comfortably on the very thing that is supposed to frighten them. Shakespeare had a word for it:

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, -  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

Our laws against black-marketing offences have indeed been so applied that the birds of prey perch on them; the story of the last war repeats itself.

Illicit profit-making, in wartime, or the illicit gain of a greater share of some commodity than all are supposed to enjoy, is a particularly evil thing because of the way it spreads that cynical spirit among the public which our public spokesmen profess to find unreasonable. When attention has been called to inadequate sentences or evasions, the Government has always replied that it cannot interfere with 'the course of justice'. This answer was given in its classic form when a Member proposed that the Board of Trade should be empowered to appeal against what he rightly called 'derisory and fleabite penalties'. Sir William Jowitt, who was then Solicitor-General, and who broadcast the declaration about the impartiality of British justice between rich and poor, rejected this proposal, saying 'it would break the proud tradition that the judiciary are free from interference by the Executive'.

In plain English, that means: the Government makes the laws, the judges administer them, and the Government must not tell the judges to apply them rigorously or leniently, for that is a matter for each judge.

This leads to an instructive case in point, for Sir William Jowitt (by that time Minister for Reconstruction), together with two Conservative M.P.s, an admiral and other persons of position, was in September 1942 charged at Canterbury with 'breaches of the Feeding Stuffs Rationing Order'.

Counsel appointed (by the Director of Public Prosecutions) to prosecute in the public interest, said 'The object of the Feeding Stuffs Rationing Order is to secure that everybody receives his or her share of the animal feeding stuffs'. The customer was bound to surrender coupons for his purchases to the dealer; the amount for which the dealer received a buying permit from the Ministry of Food depended on the number of such coupons which he handed in. Some of these dealers, said Counsel, 'obtained far more feeding stuffs than they were entitled to have' and 'misled their customers by delivering to them far more than their coupons entitled them to receive'. (Observe the curious wording of this last phrase.) As a result, 'a number of highly respectable people quite inadvertently committed breaches of the Order'. He was of opinion that they 'neither knew nor realised that they were receiving those excess quantities'. This, he knew, was no defence, but as he thought they were the victims of the dealer, he was *instructed* not to press for penalties.

All the defendants save one pleaded guilty. Small fines were imposed. Sir William Jowitt said he did not know of the excess delivery. He left the running of his farm to his bailiff, and 'I have always been taught that it is very bad policy to keep a dog and bark yourself'. (Sir William Jowitt, an eminent lawyer and former Solicitor-General, would know far better than any ordinary citizen that ignorance of an alleged offence is not a plea recognized by the law.)

The point that interests me is the statement of the attorney who represented the Public Prosecutor 'that he was *instructed* not to press for penalties'. If the Government (as Sir William Jowitt stated in Parliament) may not instruct or in any way use influence on a judge, for the stricter application of the law, surely none, not even a Director of Public Prosecutions, should instruct counsel to use influence by 'not pressing for penalties'. In theory, the judge remains free to inflict what penalty he thinks right, but in practice, a judge is hardly likely to inflict the same penalty when the prosecutor says he is instructed not to ask for penalties, as he would, if the prosecutor were to use all his talent to obtain the strict rigour of the law.

No equity shows in this. I drew the attention of that Member of Parliament who protested against 'derisory and fleabite penalties' and who received the answer which I have quoted, to this case. His answer would have surprised me if I could any longer be surprised by the things our Members of Parliament do. He said, in effect, that the defendants in this case were only tried before a court because they were 'prominent persons', and 'a withdrawal of the prosecution might have been misunderstood'. Otherwise they would just have received 'a warning, as in so many similar cases'. 'In this case, at least', he concluded, 'the law was not impartial as between the high and the low!'

He meant (he who once protested against 'derisory and fleabite penalties'), that the high were *more* rigorously treated than the low would have been! The facts which were published do not support this opinion. The statement by counsel, that he was 'instructed not to press for Penalties', should not be made, when 'prominent' persons are concerned, if the impartiality of the law towards all is to be asserted. Such impartiality is the soundest basis that can be laid for the life of a happy community. It is always difficult to attain, but disbelief in it greatly helps to corrode the spirit of the community.

I began with the tale of three mothers, who all did the same thing, but were most differently treated by our courts. They, too, are the symbols of something that is wrong in England; something which is dangerous for our future, and which we should work to alter, when we enter Civvy Street in search of the future.

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## Chapter Thirteen

### THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

February 1939, in Prague. 'One of our Rabbis here', said Doktor Farisy, 'is preaching in the synagogues that Hitler is the Jewish Messiah, because he will cause all those countries of the world to be opened to the Jews, which now are closed to them.'

'The Jewish Messiah!' At the words, a horde of vagrant thoughts, doubts and questions, that long roamed about in my mind, fell into ordered ranks, and I suddenly saw their shape and meaning.

I turned to look at Doktor Farisy's Jewish profile, sharply etched against the white streets through which we walked. A heavy coating of snow made the turrets and gables and alleyways of Prague look even more Hans Andersen-like than ever. It was a lovely picture, spoiled by the feeling of fear that infected the air (for in another month Hitler would come).

We spoke of ways and means of getting out of Czechoslovakia, of Europe. Few spoke of anything else, in those days. Doktor Farisy was born in the Hungarian part of old Austria-Hungary, now become part of Czechoslovakia, and might have argued, according to the day, that he was Austrian, Hungarian, Slovak or Czechoslovak. He was none of these; no drop of such blood was in his veins. He was a Central European Jew. The newspaper for which he wrote, though it claimed to speak in the name of 'Czechoslovakia', employed only such as he: I knew all his colleagues, and they included no Gentiles. If these men were rootless, in the places where they lived, it was because they practised exclusion.

His eyes were set on Kenya, in the British Empire. He wanted a letter of introduction from me to a friend of mine there. Knowing that he would cling, in that colony, to the method he and his fellow Jews used in Prague, I felt no duty to help him, for I saw in it the same danger to British nationhood, though in other than military form, as the one I knew in Germany. But I liked him personally and gave him the letter.

Sometimes fog suddenly lifts and reveals, in stark clarity, an object hidden before: a tree or the like. So it is on occasion, I find, with things that others say to me. As a knife needs a grindstone, so a mind needs the touch of another mind.

This was the result of Doktor Farisy's words. My disordered thoughts fell into pattern, like the pieces of a kaleidoscope. In the years that followed Hitler's coming, I knew something about the Jews, but did not realize it. The clamour raised by the Nazis against the Jews, which much exceeded the things the Nazis *did*, and the far louder echo of this in the world, blinded people to the truth of what happened, and for a time even confused me, though I was a close observer. Now, in Doktor Farisy's words, I suddenly saw something which I long looked at without perceiving.

'One of our Rabbis', he said, 'is preaching in the synagogues that Hitler is the Jewish Messiah....'

Was *this* to be the final epitaph on Hitler: that he was the Jewish Messiah?

If so, how would the interests of my own country fare? I turned to Doktor Farisy with a whetted interest....

We British approach the climax of the Second World War and the middle of the tortured twentieth century, and strive to retrieve our future, from all this misery. In soberly considering the Jews and Jewish ambitions, and the relation of these to our British interests, one great fact stands out, like a

mountain peak, in the confusion: that a Jewish triumph is all that remains of our victory in the First World War.

When the Second World War began, German disarmament was gone and Germany was mightier in arms than ever before: Germany was mightier in territory than ever before; liberated Czechoslovakia was gone, and liberated Poland and Yugoslavia were about to go, with many other countries; reparations were gone; our security was gone; not even the faint aftertaste of victory remained in our mouths. The only thing that remained from that great struggle, with its millions of dead, was, and is, the Jewish National Home in Palestine, which we promised to build in the midst of that first war. It alone survives. The Jewish spiritual centre exists, with its population of nearly half a million. A Jew may now be born in Palestine and pass through an all-Jewish kindergarten, school and university without speaking anything but Hebrew; work on a Jewish farm or in a Jewish factory; live in a great all-Jewish city; read a Hebrew newspaper and visit a Hebrew theatre.

That is the sole achievement of British arms (save for the conquest of German colonies in Africa, which we did not need) remaining from the Great War. The origins of the Greater War are mysterious enough, and our own future when we have won it still obscure enough, for this fact to lend great probability to the words of the Rabbi of Prague; and it justifies deep misgiving about the clamour raised by many public spokesmen and public prints which, through its violence, tends to make this new war appear to be one waged primarily for Jewish aims.

For appetite grows with eating, and if the demands which are being made by or on behalf of Jewry in this war were gratified, the prophecy of Prague would be fulfilled, and ten or twenty years from now we might, looking back, see only the peak of a second Jewish victory rising from the chaotic memory of the Second World War - and we might then well be worried about the imminence of a third! In 1917, the demand for a National Home in Palestine, with which we too unconditionally associated ourselves, was a lofty one enough; but to-day that satisfied ambition is already contemptuously dismissed as a thing of no account, and much greater things are demanded.

Indeed, the public debate bids fair to develop into a competition among *all* the Powers engaged, friend and foe, to allot large portions of this planet to the Jews! Consider the fantastic stage which this competition has reached. No longer is the aim a National Home *in* Palestine, but *all* Palestine, and much more. Lord Wedgwood, the foremost non-Jewish Zionist spokesman in this country, has proposed the creation of a Greater Palestine for the Jews, existing Arab States to be destroyed and partitioned between the Jews and Turkey (*Testament to Democracy*, Hutchinson, 1942). No sooner did the Eighth Army chase the enemy from Cyrenaica, Libya and Tripolitania than Sir J. Wardlaw-Milne, M.P., proposed (*The Times*, January 24th, 1943) that these lands should be made available 'as another home for the displaced and oppressed Jews of Europe'. Goebbels announced (on March 14th 1943, while the British Press asserted that the Jews were being 'exterminated') that Germany 'is not opposed to the creation of a Jewish State. This world problem must be solved, but the solution may be carried out by humanitarian methods'. The heads of the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of Australia (*British* emigration to that Dominion, with Government assistance, was *stopped* before this war) urged the Australian Prime Minister (on March 10th, 1943) to 'set apart a considerable area of Australia as soon as circumstances permit for refugee settlement' (they adduced 'the particularly shocking German persecution of the Jews'). General Smuts, on March 17th, 1943, suggested to 'a deputation of South African Jewry', which waited on him, 'a confederation of Semitic States in the Middle East to solve the Jewish problem'.

These were but a few of the proposals which were made, for Jewish territorial expansion, but *at the same time* a most vigorous campaign was waged to claim for them unrestricted access to *other* countries, and full rights of citizenship there, or rather, superior rights to native citizens there, for the invariable assumption was, that these incoming Jews should be exempt from military service, but eligible for all employment, and that the denial to them of immediate naturalization would be

intolerable cruelty. (For instance, a correspondent of *The Times*, on April 8th, 1943, reported that he knew of three young German Jews who came to this country and built up a business here, which became highly prosperous, through Government orders, when the war began; he described the refusal of naturalization, while British manhood was away at the war, as an insufferable injustice.)

The result of all this is that as the war approaches its fourth birthday, and we draw nearer to Civvy Street, the aims and claims of Jewry have been put on the pinnacle of public debate, and the clamour, about them drowns all other. While the sufferings of our own people may have hardly begun (for the great slaughter of the last war has mercifully not yet come upon us), Jewish demands tend to monopolize discussion, and are marked by an extraordinary duality and duplicity. Unrestricted movement from country to country, and preferential treatment in each, is demanded by the vehement champions of this cause; but at the same time separate national territories, the bounds of which seem to grow from day to day, and which can only be acquired through British arms, are claimed for this race, the numbers of which are given in the reference books as about 15,000,000 (or approximately the population of a small country, far away, which we knew nothing about: Czechoslovakia).

We witness the largest ambitions ever expressed and pursued in the history of the world. Here is something which cannot any longer be denied open discussion: it affects every Briton's to-morrows. When the tone of the present public discussion, and the demands which are raised on behalf of Jewry, are studied, the meaning of the words uttered by the Rabbi of Prague becomes clear.

This is a matter to be examined in a spirit of the most sober objectivity. It is not a question of the goodness or badness of Jews, but of Jewish ambitions, and the effect of these on British interests. Much of the blame for this war lies with those people who were blinded by a sneaking admiration for Hitlerist methods to the German danger, or by a deep fear of Communism to the indispensability of the Russian alliance. People who yield to any unreasoning, animosity against the Jews are similarly misled and dangerous. They need only to know what the Jews are, what they want, and how this affects our future. Our leaders have brought us to a perilous pass by supporting *two* conflicting Jewish aims, about which Jewry itself is divided: the claim for equal rights of citizenship *and* the international, territorial, even Imperialist ambition. That confusion must be ended, or we shall come through it to endless troubles.

I have no hostility to the Jews, nor have I found any in the British people. As we go down Civvy Street, in search of the future which was denied us after the last war, we shall encounter forces which strive for power, or territorial conquest, in our world: great nations like Germany and Japan, financial interests like banks, oil undertakings and armaments trusts, and religious organization's like the Roman Catholic Church and Jewry. All pursue aims which reach *across* frontiers, and thus may conflict with our paramount need, the safety of this island.

This is no matter of prejudice; we have the right to discuss whether they will profit or injure us. Our interests and those of organized, international Jewry are not identical, and if I, gentle reader, am much alone in saying this to-day, that is because our politicians and newspapers have come to a dangerous state of infatuation or bondage. The files of British Parliamentary debates and newspapers show that objective debate was formerly common. About 1926, G.K. Chesterton remarked that, by some hidden means, this open argument was being stealthily curtailed. People, he said, were still allowed to express general impressions about their country, until they came to the case of the Jews; but there the tendency was to stop, and anybody who said anything whatever about Jews as Jews 'was supposed to wish to burn them at the stake'.

Anon has proved most powerful in this matter. To-day, the most substantial arguments are dismissed by the asinine braying of 'Yah! Anti-Semolina!' (or whatever the lunatic saying is) and our entire, once public-spirited Press yields to this servile stupidity. That is not good enough. This repression of free speech in *one* question alone will have to stop.

A large number of Jews has been brought to this country by two Tory Prime Ministers, two Tory Home Secretaries, a Socialist Home Secretary and a Socialist Labour Minister. They were exempted from military service, but allowed to take any kind of employment. They were even given preference in employment, because our own men and women were sent to the Services and factories, or imprisoned if they objected, and employers engaged these newcomers, believing they would not be so taken. We have as much right to discuss this, as our relations with Russia, housing or the Beveridge Report. This concerns *us*.

These Jews should have been received only on condition that they took no employment vacated by a British subject (indeed, the Government gave this promise, but broke it) save under the legal obligation to surrender it to a returning British subject out of work (which legal safeguard the Government refuses), and that they should share the burden of military service (which the Government also declines to impose on them, pleading that they are technically 'enemy aliens', though they are numerous employed in the Ministries and the B.B.C., where they have access to vital military information).

A very serious statement was published in a London periodical, *The Economist*, in 1939. It caused Sir Abe Bailey, a warm supporter of the Jews, to utter an emphatic warning. It was, that 'the average refugee is more helpful to the community than the average Englishman, whether the standard is monetary, capital, industrial skill or intellectual attainments'.

Hitler never said anything more hostile. This statement gained importance when Mr. Brendan Bracken, who was Managing Director of *The Economist*, became Minister of Information. No Member ever asked whether he shared the view expressed in his periodical. But the Ministry of Information, and the B.B.C., have been foremost among public employers in recruiting Central European Jews. I know, from many sources, the bitterness this causes, among qualified British subjects.

A pledge was given in Parliament that aliens would not be employed, in such Departments, in preference to qualified British subjects. I was in a position to know that the statement was incorrect. A question was put, and the pledge was then reduced: British subjects would be given preference 'provided they were suitable in other respects'. A pledge thus qualified means nothing. This is the beginning of the thing which always starts, when the Jews arrive: exclusion, as practised by Doktor Farisy and his colleagues in Prague.

'The "boys" did not or could not settle down; their jobs had been filled long ago by the people at home.' This was written, by a Jewish author, about the Hungarian soldiers who returned to Hungary after the last war. He is now in this country, and has been enabled, by our Government, to take any job he wishes. 'The Jew must be better in every respect than the Gentile if he wants to attain the same result, and win the same recognition.' These are also his words. The claim is not true. I have nowhere found the Jews cleverer than the Gentiles, or more stupid. They attain immoderate power through the strength of their cohesion, the cement of which is an age old anti-Gentile teaching. The weakness of the Gentiles, few of whom know the Mosaic Laws (of which Hitler's racial laws are the copy in brown) is that they do not realize this.

But if that is the source of Jewish strength, its main instrument is the infatuated Gentile, who is more Jewish than the Jews. From these, we suffer sorely. They are the stupid Gentiles of Jewish anecdote. Infatuation for a half-comprehended cause may drive a man to rabid bigotry.

In this country, examples of such infatuation fill the newspapers. Some are truly grotesque. Here are two:

In the Commons, on August 6th, 1942, Professor Hill 'asked the Minister of Labour whether he is aware that a number of foreign refugee dentists are at present unemployed; and whether, in view of the shortage of man-power, he will cease to reserve further dental students from military service until these refugee dentists are absorbed'. (Our own lads, that is, should be removed to make room for aliens! When the Minister, in reply, cautiously spoke of 'the need to maintain the future supply of British dentists', Miss Eleanor Rathbone said the 'excuses' which were given were 'really untenable'.)

In the *News-Chronicle*, on January 12th, 1943, Mr. A.J. Cummings, quoting Mr. Vernon Bartlett and the *Observer*, asked why our Government permitted the removal of 5000 Italians from Abyssinia to Italy 'without insisting on the release of Jews in at least equal numbers from Axis countries'. (According to the War Minister, on September 8th, 1942, Italy then held 15,500 *British* prisoners-of-war. Should the doctrine then obtain, even in respect of our captives, that 'the average refugee is in every way more helpful to the community than the average Englishman'?)

Those who should lead public opinion often seem to wish the people of this country to think that they regard this as a war fought chiefly for Jewish ends. The confusion is increased by the astonishing factor that in many of the countries involved in this war the Jews *alone* are exempt from military service: for instance, the Jews *in* Germany and the German-occupied countries, and Jews *from* Germany in this country. (Poles and Czechs *in* Germany are conscribed for the German army; Poles, Czechs and many more in this country, by their own exiled Governments; Englishmen in America for the American army, and so on.)

How many such Jews have come here? Public statements vary so much that they bewilder. Mr. Churchill, on April 7th, 1943, spoke of 150,000, up to the present. *The Times* of April 3rd, 1943, spoke of 250,000 *before the war*, claimed that by taking employment here they were 'making a valuable contribution to the war effort', and recommended that all who desire it should be given naturalization. According to Lord Cranborne, in the House of Lords on March 23rd, 1943, they are still coming at the rate of 10,000 a year. (Before this war, our unemployed were between one and three millions; in March 1943 Mr. Bevin reported 100,000 unemployed; on April 7th, 1943, Mr. Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, said 'We can never hope to have continuously 100 per cent employment after the war ...') Sir Herbert Emerson, chairman of the Central Committee for Refugees in Britain, said in September 1942, '54,000 German and Austrian refugees are doing war work in British war factories and on the land' (this takes no account of those who have entered the Ministries, the B.B.C., the theatrical, media, dental and other professions, and business and industry). No British figures have been given for the Jewish migration to the Dominions; but South Africa announced in November 1942 that 53,000 refugees reached the Union in 1941 and 1942 alone, 10,000 were given Government-assisted passages to Australia in the last pre-war year alone, and large numbers have gone to Canada. As to the Colonies, Mr. Churchill stated that 21,000 'refugees from Poland' were being distributed between Uganda, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland (the figure is large enough entirely to alter the structure of the white populations of these British Colonies). Even in August 1939 Sir Abe Bailey, a lifelong friend of the Jews, expressed deep misgiving about the displacement of British stock in South Africa by Jewish immigrants, and this was before the new influx began and native South Africans went off to the war.

According to the reference books, which in this matter are poor guides, the United Kingdom contained 300,000 Jews in 1938. The figure gives as little picture of Jewish activity and influence, even at that time, as an acorn gives of an oak. A fair inference is, that the Jewish population of this country and the Empire is well on the way to being doubled. The newcomers are in the bulk Central European Jews, that is, those of the most marked racial and religious characteristics.

If this 'were an influx of Icelanders, no problem would arise. We should absorb them, and the new blood would do us good. These people will not allow themselves to be assimilated. Their religion

outlaws them if they marry non-Jews, and in the main they cling to this law, usually disinheriting disobedient children. British courts of law have upheld this disinheritance clause of Jewish wills.

The refusal to intermarry is their law, not ours. The Jew, not the Gentile, builds the Ghetto wall. In 1911, one Steinie Morrison was tried for a murder, the scene of which lay in the Jewish immigrant quarter of London; of the fantastic figures which appeared in the witness box, the author of the story of the trial, Mr. H. Fletcher Moulton, said:

Truly the Russian Jew lives here as an alien - not in the sense that his interests or sympathies belong to any other country, but because he carries his Ghetto with him, a Ghetto whose gates enclose a life which we neither know nor are capable of understanding.

The Jewish Community in this country before the war was not large enough to imperil national interests. While the great core, of any Jewish population, remains armoured in its racial exclusiveness, some always find the possibility to retain their fierce tribal faith and yet to love the land they live in. This is practical compromise, a plant which flourishes in our sod. They keep their self-made Ghetto, but in the daily walks of life are able to adapt themselves sufficiently to the needs and beliefs of the people among whom it is built, for them to be able to say 'I am a Jew, and yet feel for England'.

These are the Jews, of long sojourn here, whom most of us know. I served with one in the trenches, lay next to another in hospital, and flew with a third. They were different, because they would not be the same, but I would have fought, and still would fight, against any third party who sought to make any differentiation between them and us.

These people come to a painful conflict of mind when some happening in the world starts a new mass-movement of Jews. Some (those who may rightly claim to be 'British Jews') know the immemorial trouble that will follow, and refrain from clamouring for the new immigration. But those at the hard core of organized world Jewry, the high priests of the fiercely exclusive and inflexible tribal faith, use all their power (and their power is great) to promote it. It may be laudable in them; but it affects our interests, and we need to discuss it.<sup>[45]</sup>

The interests of those national communities which are called on to receive the newcomers in their midst, are ignored. Admission is passionately demanded, and once given, is written off as a triviality. We have accepted 150,000 or 250,000 immigrants in this country and have helped unnumbered thousands more to go to the Dominions; we have spent millions on them, opened all employment to them, and spared them from military service. These are privileges *unique in history*. Yet the foremost champions of the Jewish cause in our Parliament, Lord Wedgwood in the Lords and Miss Rathbone in the Commons, and many others, repeatedly abuse our 'ungenerous' bearing. In a current pamphlet, we are even called murderers for not transporting all the Jews of Europe to these shores.<sup>[46]</sup>

The first Jewish influx is here. It is the first result of the war. Wiser administrators than those who promoted it should in future watch that this new section of our population does not obtain, at the cost of the sorely-tried and long-enduring people of our island, an improper share of wealth, power, land and privilege.

But now something even more dangerous to our nationhood, our island and our empire impends. This is an attempt to transplant an even larger number of Jews from Central Europe, to transfer to our backs the greatest problem of Europe. The hospitality, shelter and privileges we have already given are dismissed as of no account.

The people we are required to accept are, in the main, the Jews in Poland, that great reservoir from which world Jewry and Zionism are fed. What sort of people are they? The answer is found in the

words, written before this war, of a Jew, M. Stefan Litauer, who is now closely connected with the Polish Government in London:

There is no other country which suffers more from the burden of the social and economic consequences of the Jewish problem than Poland. No other country has such a high percentage of Jews ... they constitute 10 per cent of the total population of the Polish Republic ... At the conclusion of the Great War, when the Peace Treaties invoked the right of national self-determination, and nationalist ideas captivated all races, *the idea of Jewish nationalism began to gain ground among the masses of Polish Jewry*. This growing Jewish nationalism was *a check even to that limited process of assimilation which was going on before*. During the years from 1921 to 1931 the Jews in Poland underwent a colossal change. While at the census of 1921, out of a total of 2,849,000 persons of the Jewish faith, 2,111,000 declared themselves as Jews not only by race but also by national consciousness, and as speaking Yiddish, whereas 738,000 regarded themselves as Poles and gave Polish as their mother tongue; at the census in 1931 out of a total of 3,114,000 persons of the Jewish faith, 2,733,000 *declared themselves as Jews by national consciousness and as speaking Yiddish, whereas only 381,000 regarded themselves as Poles*. This process has been growing rapidly during the last few years. *Thus a bare 6 per cent of the Jews in Poland are united with the Polish nation in their hearts and thoughts, and 94 per cent, forming a body of over three million people, regard themselves as an alien element*. No wonder, therefore, that the Poles look upon the Jews as a factor weakening the development of Poland's National forces and standing in the way of a sound social evolution of the country. *Only by the greatest possible reduction in the number of Jews, especially in the towns, can the Jewish problem be solved. The Polish Government must therefore aim at a solution of the problem by a large-scale and planned emigration of the Jews*.

These Jews *felt themselves alien*; they were becoming more so; the problem could only be solved by sending them elsewhere!

Now, we are invited to receive them. That is no *solution* of the problem, but merely its transference to British shoulders. They would remain as alien here as in Poland; they wish this. Even 'the limited process of assimilation' of 1900-14, *declined* during the inter-war years. This quotation explains the nature of the problem more convincingly than any words of mine could. The effort to transfer it to our account is being made with such vigour and clamour that it confuses the issues at stake in the war, and makes its very origins suspect. Those who pursue it, with such noisy disregard for our native interests, are to blame for the growth of a feeling that the war is being waged primarily for Jewish ends.

In November 1942 a great campaign began about the 'extermination' of the Jews. At that very moment, the prospect of our victory first loomed distinct. The Eighth Army conquered in Libya; Italy showed signs of distress; the Germans failed to take Stalingrad; that Germany would be beaten, possibly even in 1943, became clear (and I wrote a play foretelling Hitler's disappearance).

Victory, then, approached. If it came, and found those Jews still in Europe, they would remain there. If they were to *leave* Europe (if 'the problem' was to be solved by transferring it to *us*) they would need to come away before Victory arrived. Also, the British Government had suspended immigration to Palestine. The 'extermination' campaign began. The power which this particular interest wields over our public spokesmen and Press stands revealed as gigantic. Some newspapers gave more space to this matter than would be devoted to any other in any circumstances which I can imagine. The word 'extermination' was printed billions of times. It was used habitually, without flinching, by Ministers, politicians and the B.B.C. Any who care to keep note of the things which were said, and to compare them in a few years' time with the facts and figures, will possess proof of the greatest example of

mass-misinformation in history. All sound of the suffering of the non-Jews who are Germany's captives was drowned.

Contemplate a British newspaper office, in peace. On the Editor's desk lies a cable reporting the statement of a Rabbi in New York that a hundred Jews have been massacred in Warsaw. The Editor forthwith telegraphs to Mr. Jones, his correspondent in Warsaw, to confirm the report. Mr. Jones investigates, and replies that it is untrue; it goes into the waste-paper basket. Or he says it is true, and it is published. But other Englishmen, beside Mr. Jones, live in Warsaw. If the published report is untrue, they will protest; other newspapers will expose the malpractice of this newspaper, in printing false news; Mr. Jones will lose his job. Innumerable checks exist *in peace* on the accuracy or inaccuracy of published statements.

Now come to the same Editor's room in war. The same cable lies on his desk. Warsaw is in enemy hands. The cable comes from New York. No means exist to verify or disprove it. The Editor, if he print it, should advise his readers to withhold judgment until verification is possible. But such journalistic scruple seems dead. The report is published as authentic news.

(I give this glimpse of the mechanism of a newspaper because I find that most people are more ignorant of it than they are of parthenogenesis, and for the better understanding of what follows:)

Before November 1942 none ever suggested that the Germans practised racial discrimination *in cruelty*. Jews and non-Jews suffered alike; but as the non-Jews were twenty times as numerous, their suffering was as much more, as the whole is greater than the part. Indeed, the *New Statesman* remarked that 'Hitler subjected the Jews of Germany to every imaginable form of insult, robbery and oppression' (he subjected many more *non-Jews* all over Europe, to the same things) 'but he did not slaughter them'.

Now, when the war was over three years old, like a bolt from the blue came this news that he *was* slaughtering them, and they must therefore be brought to England! How, if they were exterminated? That point was ignored; the word 'extermination' was deliberately chosen. It means 'to root out, destroy utterly'. (If that is not clear enough, the *New Statesman* said: 'Hitler is engaged in exterminating the Jews of Europe, not metaphorically, not more or less, but with a literal, totalitarian completeness, as farmers try to exterminate the Californian beetle!')

We were told, then, that the Jews were being 'exterminated', and we must therefore receive them. We are entitled to examine the truth of this, since it is the basis of the claim made on us, mainly on behalf of those Jews in Poland who most tenaciously hold to the teaching (expressed by the Chief Rabbi in London) that 'the mission of the Jew is first of all to be a Jew'. (Hitler has used those very words about Germans.)

The claim was, that something *different* was being done to the Jews, something *more* than the non-Jews suffered: 'Nothing else in Hitler's record is comparable to his treatment of the Jews', the *News-Chronicle*; 'For Hitler the Jews were and are the first and principal victims of a frenzied malice manifest in his earlier outpourings as an irresponsible political agitator', *The Times*; 'Upon this people, the Jews, the fury of the Nazi evil has concentrated its destructive energy', the Archbishop of Canterbury; 'The worst cruelties are reserved for the Jews', the Bishop of Chelmsford; 'The persecution of the Jews is, however, unique in its horror; it is deliberate extermination directed against, not a nation, but a whole race; this is a horror, unprecedented in the history of the world', the Archbishop of York.

These statements are untrue. I saw Hitler's work with my own eyes, from the day he came to power, until the eve of this war. Nineteen-twentieths of the inmates of his concentration camps were non-Jewish Germans; nineteen-twentieths of his victims outside the German frontiers are non-Jewish non-



Germans. This distortion of the picture has gone on since 1933. I felt misgivings about it then, when his first cruelties were practised, and I noticed that the Jewish share of the whole was being put out of all proportion in the foreign Press.

But now the *suggestion* has been crystallized into a definite *statement* which I would not dare challenge if it could be upheld: the Jews in Europe are being 'exterminated'. You must not use this big word unless you mean physical extinction. What was the evidence, first that 'extermination' was ordered, and second, that it was carried out?

(1) *The Times* of December 4th, 1942, spoke of 'a memorandum compiled by underground labour groups in Poland' which stated, 'one of the war aims of Hitler's regime, and one which has been publicly proclaimed by its highest authorities, is a complete extermination of the Jews'. The Archbishop of York said on December 9th, 'The extermination of all the Jews in Poland has been decided on and will be carried out'. The *Manchester Guardian*, on December 11th, spoke of some, 'evidence available in London' that 'a plan was proposed to Hitler last June that the Jews [in Poland] should be exterminated by Christmas ... He hesitated for a time but soon relapsed and decided to gratify his lust for cruelty by adopting the original proposal ... One need not suppose that Hitler has signed an actual order for the destruction of the Jews, which is strongly reported but at present unconfirmed'. *The Times*, on December 12th, said 'Hitler has boasted of his intention to eliminate every Jew in Germany under his yoke'. Mr. Eden, on December 17th, spoke of Hitler's oft-repeated intention of exterminating the Jewish people in Europe'. *The Times*, on December 21st, quoting 'a statement issued by the Allied information Committee', said 'Himmler, after a stay in Warsaw, issued an order that half the Polish Jews were to be killed in the course of a year'. The Archbishops of Canterbury, York and Wales, in the name of all the British Bishops, in January 1943, stated, 'The extermination already carried out is part of the carrying into effect of Hitler's oft-repeated intention to exterminate the Jewish people in Europe, which means in effect the extermination of some 6,000,000 people'. The Roman Catholic Cardinal of Westminster and the head of the Salvation Army associated themselves with such statements, which were repeated innumerable times in the radio and Press. On January 9th, the *New Statesman* said, 'In July of 1942 Himmler gave the necessary orders for extermination on a continental scale'.

(2) On December 4th, Mr. Vernon Bartlett wrote, 'According to cables from Dr. Stephen Wise, President of the World Jewish Congress, and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization, confirmation has now been received of an order issued by Hitler for the extermination of all Jews in Nazi-occupied countries before the end of the present month' (then how could they be rescued?). 'The number of Jews who have already died cannot, of course, be estimated with great accuracy. In the opinion of the World Jewish Congress roughly two million out of the three-and-a-half million Jews in Poland have been murdered by the Nazis since the outbreak of the war'. Almost on the same day, the World Congress, according to *The Times*, 'issued a statement on Nazi massacres of Jews in Europe showing that of the 7,000,000 Jews who normally live in the territories now under Nazi occupation, 1,000,000 have been cruelly done to death'. Mr. Harold Nicolson wrote in the *Spectator* of December 25th, 'In order to assuage his insane hatred of the Jewish people Hitler, with Himmler as his main agent, has carried out the murder of some 250,000 men, women and children in cold blood'. Mr. Harold Nicolson wrote in the *Spectator* on December 25th, 'In October 1940, the Germans interned 433,000 Warsaw Jews in a special area or ghetto which they surrounded with a high wall ... For the month of October 1942, only 40,000 ration cards were printed'. (His clear inference, and he says 'there can be no doubt whatever of the facts', was that the number of Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto was reduced from 433,000 to 40,000 by 'extermination'.) The Jewish Labour representative on the Polish National Council in London reported, in March 1943, that 'only 200,000 Jews remain in the Warsaw Ghetto'.

Readers may compare these quotations for themselves. 'Extermination' *was* ordered; it was *not* ordered, but strongly suspected; it was ordered for *half* the Jews in Poland; for *all* the Jews in Poland;

for all the Jews *in Europe by the end of 1942*. Two out of three-and-a-half million were already dead, on December 4th; one million out of seven million were already dead, on the same day; 250,000 were already dead, three weeks later. Thus spake our leading public men.

This was the factual basis of the most stupendous political and press campaign in my experience. I suspect that I am better informed about German affairs than many of the people who spoke thus, and I know of no 'oft-proclaimed intentions' or 'orders' to exterminate the Jews. Hitler is noticeably reticent on that theme. Any threats he has uttered cannot compare, in ferocity and iteration, with his threats to exterminate England, the British Empire, Bolshevism and other things. The only threats I know, which promised 'extermination', were clearly aimed, not at the Jews, but at the Czechs, Poles and Serbs, who are the *foremost* objects of German detestation. Such was Hitler's statement, on February 24th, 1943, that he would 'not spare *alien lives*', and its meaning was pointed two days later by Frank, the Czech 'Protector', when he said, 'Stalin could only enter Germany as a victor over the body of every single German *and over the body of every single Czech*'. The only authentic instance that I know (the Germans themselves announced it) of *local* extermination in this war, was the extermination of every Czech man, woman and child in the village of Lidice, where I once received most friendly hospitality. Similar, though smaller massacres have been committed on Frenchmen, Serbs, Norwegians and Greeks: the Germans published them.

The other evidence of 'extermination' consisted of two documents. The first was a Note sent in December by the Polish Government to the Allied Governments. According to the newspapers it began by drawing attention to 'the methods employed by the Germans in order to reduce the population to virtual slavery and ultimately to exterminate *the Polish nation*'. (The Jews of Poland refuse to consider themselves part of the Polish nation; but this Note was published under such headlines as 'Persecution of the Jews'.)

The second document was published in December, by the 'Inter-Allied Information Committee'; it gave 'a general picture of the persecution of the Jews by the Germans'. (This is seemingly not on public sale, and I rely on newspaper summaries, published under such headings as 'The Foulest Crime on Earth'.)

In respect of this document, and without disrespect to it, I must mention again that verification is impossible in war time. Its contents were published throughout the Press without any word of editorial caution. Here are two of its statements:

'Of the 86,000 Jews living in Yugoslavia on April 6th, 1941 (the day of the German invasion of that country) only 1000 remain alive; the rest have been brutally murdered' (a Sunday newspaper). I hope to recall that statement in a few years' time, when facts can be ascertained.

'On May 15th this year the German Governor of Belgium published a decree tantamount to an order of extermination of all Jews residing in Belgium. Men from the age of 18 to 60 and women from 20 to 55 were obliged, on pain of removal to a German concentration camp, to accept any form of work offered them by the Labour Exchanges, no matter what their health, family obligations, or business.' (Several newspapers.)

If that is 'extermination' we are being exterminated in this country, by our Labour Minister, who wields similar powers. All non-Jewish Germans, Belgians, Frenchmen and the rest, are subject to exactly that German compulsion. If *that* is 'extermination, the Belgians were exterminated 'by a German Jew in the last war, Walther Rathenau, later, Foreign Minister, who on September 16th, 1916, wrote to propose to General Ludendorff 'the solution of the Belgian labour problem, which can be achieved only if the 700,000 workers there are brought on to our domestic labour market without regard to questions of international prestige and even if the American Relief work should break down in consequence'!

Thus may credulous people be brought to believe that the thing they suffer themselves is 'extermination' for others.

Among other reports were these.

The *Daily Herald* of December 16th gave an extract from a speech by the chief Rabbi 'as copied from the manuscript'. It was to the effect that on July 27th, 1942, 500 Jewish women of a town near Kieff were ordered with their babies to a stadium where ('an eye-witness declares') German soldiers dressed in football clothes snatched the infants from their mothers' arms and used them as footballs, bouncing and kicking them around the arena. Of this report, Mr. Hannen Swaffer said 'Never since the days of the martyrdom of Christians in the Colosseum by Nero has such a story been told'. A correspondent of the *New Statesman*, who signed a Jewish name, remarked, 'May I, with a full sense of responsibility and of the possible opprobrium involved, say that I do not believe this story, and regard it as a fabrication from beginning to end. If anyone on the strength of this ventures to accuse me of pro-Fascism, or of any complacency in respect to the brutal manifestations of totalitarianism, I engage to flay his intellectual hide for him, however thick it may be'. (The *New Statesman* said, 'We agree with our correspondent in regarding this story as nonsense'.)

One London newspaper printed information 'from Moscow' that Hungarian Jews in bowler hats were driven in front of German troops in Russia to explode land-mines. Another, quoting a Rabbi in New York, stated that 93 Jewish girls in Warsaw poisoned themselves in a house rather than yield to German officers.

The 'evidence' about extermination clearly would not impress impartial judges. Nevertheless, no information conflicting with it was allowed to be published. A little is available, and I give two examples.

In Roumania in 1940, under King Carol, a wealthy Jew, Max Ausnit, well known in circles of international finance, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for fraud and currency offences. After King Carol's flight, the Germans became the real rulers of Roumania, and a puppet government took office. The Germans installed Albert Göring, a nephew of the Marshal, as their representative on the board of Ausnit's chief enterprise, the great Resitza Iron and Steelworks. Soon after this, Ausnit was released and given an official testimonial, to the effect that his character was stainless, the charges against him having been made 'on purely political grounds'. This incident is hard to fit into the picture of 'extermination'.

'Extermination' was said to have been particularly ferocious in the Warsaw Ghetto. In 1942, a book about the German treatment of the Jews in Poland was written by a Jew, Mr. Simon Segal, for the Research Institute of the American Jewish Committee, and published in America. It covers a period earlier than that in which 'extermination' *allegedly* began, but gives so different a picture from the 'extermination' reports, which are unverifiable, that I feel entitled to allude to it. Of forced labour for the Jews, for instance ('tantamount to extermination', this was called), Mr. Segal says, 'Like all evils, the labour battalions and labour camps may have some favourable results. Young people who were never accustomed to manual work have been forced to work with their hands. In a free Poland they may become very valuable workers'. In spite of the terrible conditions, says Mr. Segal, the Jews carried on 'intensive activity in all spheres of life'. The Jewish Self-Help, from a headquarters in Cracow, operated 250 branches in various towns. It extended aid to individuals and distributed clothing, condensed milk and other food products. The Society for the Promotion of Health performed extensive medical work; the central organization for the care of children maintained orphanages. There was also 'much cultural activity'. In July 1941 the Nazis 'permitted libraries and bookshops to open'. 'Many public gatherings were organized in the Warsaw Ghetto in connection with the 105th anniversary of Mendele Moicher Seforim and also in commemoration of Peretz and Bialik.' There were 'three Yiddish theatres and concerts are organized'.

A wide gulf obviously exists between this picture and that of 'extermination', and satisfactory evidence has not been given, that this gulf has been actually traversed.

The suffering which the Nazis have brought to Europe is appalling. It caused the embitterment of men like myself, who thought the last war was fought for an ideal, because it was foreseeable, and we who saw it coming clamoured, at enough cost to ourselves, to have it averted. But I have never been able to disguise from myself the fact that many more non-Jews than Jews thus suffered, or to suppress the question, why these proportions were falsified in the picture given to the greater world. Now that political demands of the first magnitude are launched, on the strength of this distorted picture, the thing becomes of grave importance to us. One great influx of Jews has already come to us. We are asked to receive another and to open Palestine for many more in breach of our pledge to the Arabs.

The perturbing thing is, that the campaign has revealed the British people, whose interests are also at stake, to be completely without representation, in this matter, in Parliament and the Press. Not *one* voice has spoken, to question the authenticity of the evidence, though this is riddled with contradiction; or to urge that British interests also should be borne in mind. All have clamoured that the Jews are being 'exterminated.'

Indeed, the only reasonable voice in all this tumult came from America, and it administered a much-needed rebuke to the boundless demands which were raised here. When the British Government, at the climax of the 'extermination' campaign, invited the United States Government to open discussions, the reply stated with uncompromising clarity the following opinions:

(1) The refugee problem should not be considered as being *confined to persons of any particular race or faith; temporary asylum* should be found for refugees *as near as possible to the areas in which these people find themselves*; (2) *they should be returned to their homeland with the greatest expediency on the termination of hostilities.*

In other words, the United States would not have the problem transferred to its shoulders; this country might, if it wished. Whether this cold douche of reason has restored our own rulers to a wiser mood, we cannot foresee, as I write. They seemed to be on the verge of placing on our backs the greatest problem of Europe.

The 'extermination' campaign, however, has already produced a result of the gravest importance for our future. This is the United Nations Declaration read by Mr. Eden on December 17th, 'that those responsible for these crimes' (that is, crimes against *Jews*) 'shall not escape retribution'.

Our failure to exact retribution after the last war is the second main cause of the present one. After this war, retribution will be even more essential because the Germans have now reintroduced into Europe something which we thought banished: torture. In earlier books, I expressed deep misgiving about the hesitation of the British Government in stating its intentions in this matter.

But on December 17th the promise of retribution was linked *exclusively to the sufferings of the Jews!* No single word was given to the crimes committed against Czechs, Poles, Serbs, Frenchmen, Hollanders, Norwegians, Greeks, Belgians and the rest.

We have made no graver mistake. We formally tell the Germans, from our House of Commons, that anything they may endure at our hands will be solely on behalf of the Jews! The inference is that they may with impunity oppress, deport and murder Czechs, Poles, Serbs and others. We have lent our name to the threat of a *Jewish vengeance!* Do we *wish* to plant the seeds of hatred for us and a new war?

After that ill-omened declaration, the members, who have a supernatural gift for doing the wrong thing, unanimously rose and stood in silence. 'Such a scene has not been witnessed within the memory of man', gladly wrote Mr. Harold Nicolson. The words are inexact. Just four years before, these same Members rose as one man, not silently, true, but whooping and weeping. They applauded a disastrous deed, which made this war inevitable. We may expect no good from unanimous demonstrations in this interminably long Parliament.

For the Jewish vengeance is a thing known in Europe. The people of this too-sheltered island do not realize that. Europe has seen three recent examples of it, in Russia, Hungary and Bavaria.

How many recall, amid the clamour for 'A Jewish State', that our time has known *three* Jewish States? All save one vanished quickly, but the experience remains. Current events make it necessary to revive their memory, and to delineate the features of Jewish vengeance which were common to all. We should be mad indeed to force on Europe, in the name of 'retribution', conditions similar to those of 1917-20.

The early Bolsheviks, of 1917-19, were predominantly imported Jews, not Russians, and the early massacres bore the signs, not of mob violence, but of vengeance taken by imported Jewish rulers. The Netherlands Minister in St. Petersburg (in a report to London which was published in a British Government White Paper *and then suppressed*) testified to the overwhelmingly Jewish and non-Russian nature of the first Bolshevik Governments, the leaders of which were shipped to Russia from other countries. In a report to a United States Senate Committee in February, 1919, the Rev. George A. Simons (who was Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Petrograd from 1907 to 1918) said that of 388 members of the Bolshevik Government 371 were Jews, and 265 of these Jews from the Lower East Side of New York. *The Times* of March 1919 reported that 'of the 20 or 30 commissars or leaders who provide the central machinery of the Bolshevik movement, not less than three-fourths are Jews'. In 1920, 447 of the 545 members of the Bolshevik Administration were Jews. Jews predominated in government service, of all grades, and even in 1933 the *Jewish Chronicle* stated that 'Over one-third of the Jews in Russia have become officials'. In 1935 I saw this predominance of Jews in the Soviet service. The Jews formed a trivial proportion of the population, but monopolized officialdom, which is the equivalent, in this country, to monopolizing the best houses, food, clothes and motor cars.

(I do not refer to Russia of to-day, for I do not know the present situation, and the facts, like those about the Jews in Poland, are behind a high wall insurmountable in war time. An alliance with Russia is indispensable to our safety after this war. Whether Jewish paramountcy remains or has been reduced, my conviction is unshakable that our island safety demands a firm alliance with that country; it is the Russians who *fight*.)

Russia, whatever it is now, was then a Jewish State. 'Anti-Semitism' was immediately made punishable by death. That meant, that none might discuss the new régime, though it was unique in history.

Even human credulity cannot believe that the Russian chaos threw up all the best men, and lo, these were all Jews! In the pantomime a spring trap suddenly projects the demon king on to the stage; in Russia, obviously, a similar hidden mechanism was ready - and it dealt only in Jews, who came from abroad! These, again, worked only with other Jews.

It is proved by what happened elsewhere. In Hungary, new figures loomed from the mists of military collapse - and they were not Magyars, but Jews! Across the frontier, from Russia, came Kun, Szamuely and Rabinovitch. They, too, set up an all-Jewish régime. True, they set a straw Goy in the President's chair, Garbai. But Béla Kun issued the death warrants, Tibor Szamuely dashed round the countryside in his red train to execute them, Arpád Kerekes (Cohn) strung up the victims, Béla Vágó

eagerly helped. 19 out of 20 leading men of this period were Jews. Budapest lay under a Directorate of five Jews, and a Jewish Public Prosecutor dispensed law.

This was the second Jewish State, the second anti-Gentile and anti-Christian régime. It collapsed under the weight of foreign hostility. The Jewish rulers escaped abroad. Its deeds were bloody - and bear the marks of anti-Gentilism. The 'Lenin Boys' did not kill Jews. Indeed, the régime bred resentment against the Jews, for these went too far. The Hungarians are devout, and though they listened to the attacks of the Political Commissars on Christianity, the country received a shock when a Jewish youth, Leo Reisz, spat on the Host during the famous procession of the Sacrament. (I should add that when I knew Hungary, between 1934 and 1939, the Jews were again more prosperous and powerful than in any other country I knew.)

The third Jewish State reigned in Bavaria from November 1918 until May 1919. Again, when Germany collapsed, Jews came from abroad to Bavaria and chose other Jews for their colleagues. Levine was the Jewish emissary from Moscow. Prime Minister was Kurt Eisner, another Jew. Others were Ernst Toller, Erich Mühsam, Gustav Landauer, and Königsberger:

There was chaos in the city of Munich. The Spartacists ... became more lawless than ever and the whole aspect of the city changed: instead of the peaceful Bavarians and a sprinkling of soldiers there were processions of women with terrible faces parading the streets waving red banners and calling for revenge; and there were sailors from the north, Russians in fur coats, Poles and Jews, until one had the impression of being in an Eastern town. The Bavarians, while easily influenced in this disordered time, were themselves never cruel or violent; it was always their alien leaders, the professional agitators, who were the extremists.

From Henry Channon, *The Ludwigs of Bavaria* (Methuen, 1933).

This is the most important of the three Jewish régimes, for us to-day, because Adolf Hitler was in Munich during its rule. He did not escape from Munich and join the assembling anti-Bolshevist forces, like other patriots. He stayed in *Munich*, and was a soldier under the orders of the Jewish Red Government! *This period in his life has never been explained and is ignored in the literature about him.* Even more significant, and still less known, is the fact that one of his first acts as Chancellor was *to imprison Count Arco-Valley, who shot Kurt Eisner in 1919!* (This desperate young German officer, several times wounded and decorated in the 1914 war, wrote before his deed: 'Eisner is an anarchist and a Bolshevik Jew. He is no German, does not feel German, and he undermines every German sentiment: he is a traitor to his country. The whole nation cries out for delivery. My reasons for my action are: I loathe Bolshevism; I love my Bavarian countrymen.' Arco-Valley was hit by four bullets, but recovered; sentenced to death but reprieved; his fortune was confiscated for the benefit of Eisner's *two* widows! The only plausible motive that suggests itself, for Hitler's arrest of him, is the desire to remove witnesses of Hitler's conduct in Munich in 1918.)

This régime, like the others, was primarily anti-Gentile and anti-Christian. When threatened by assault from without, it arrested hostages, including women, from among the members of a small druidical sect (of the kind which always flourishes in South Germany). They were anti-Jewish, and anti-Christian! These were shot!

These things happened twenty-five years ago. But for this war they might have been forgotten. But the British Government, by the ill-omened Declaration of December 17th, 1942, has revived their memory. For those were Jewish vengeance.

If we befriend ourselves with such things (and they move behind the scenes again to-day) the events which led to this war will become more than ever suspect. Until 1918 none would have believed in

those hidden men, and that hidden mechanism, which the end of the last war revealed. But it was there; the spring trap was set, and suddenly projected the demon king on to the stage.

None of those evil régimes could have been established but for the weapon of imprisonment (and execution) without trial. That alone enabled men, sent from New York to Russia, and from Russia to Hungary and Bavaria, to surround themselves only with men of their own kind and rule by terror. And that is the danger which Regulation 18B embodies, in this country. Since its powers were granted, a subtle campaign has been waged to have them put to new uses. They were first given for use against 'Irish terrorists' (what nonsense that sounds to-day), then enlarged for the benefit of 'Fifth Columnists' when invasion threatened (this now sounds almost equally silly). To-day, the reasonable precaution of 1940 has deteriorated into a régime of indefinite imprisonment for people whose very names are unknown, still less, of what they are accused. And during this later period a stealthy change has crept into the Parliamentary and Press debate about these powers. *Many speakers and writers now urge the prolongation of this régime and its use against any they dislike*; the debate becomes an anti-British one. This is the beginning of the evil thing I have described.

The weapon of wrongful imprisonment commends itself to some people on one ground alone: they would like it used for the suppression of that which, because they are too craven or too ill-informed to face debate and answer arguments, or because they pursue ulterior motives, they call 'Anti-Semitism'. They seek with this word to dismiss all honest native misgiving and would like to have imprisoned all who will not be deterred from expressing those well-founded misgivings.

The next step, if they could achieve it, would be a law, on the Bolshevik model in Russia, Hungary and Bavaria twenty-five years ago, 'against anti-Semitism'. The *Daily Worker*, immediately it was released from suppression, began to call on Mr. Morrison 'to put the rats behind bars,' and the same language has been used by a Member of Parliament who miscalls himself 'Independent' and by a newspaper which pays daily lip-service to Liberal Democracy and gives more space to the wrongs of the Jews than any other subject.

A danger exists here. I remember the Zinovieff letter and saw the Reichstag fire. In November 1942, the *Daily Worker* reported that cries of 'Perish the Jews' were used at a public meeting, and at once Jewish newspapers urged that 'Mr. Morrison should act'. The police officials who watched that meeting were too honest to connive and reported that no such words were used, so that the Government spokesman rejected the demand, which was then raised in Parliament, for 'steps to be taken' (which meant, that innocent people should be put away). But we cannot always count on honest men. Soon afterwards, a more serious thing happened. A bust of Lenin was found bedaubed with the letters 'P.J.', which are said to stand for 'Perish Judea'. The Soviet Ambassador made official protest.

I do not know my own face in a looking-glass, if I do not recognize in that the incident staged to further a political aim. We may open our newspapers one day to read of something graver than the bust-smearing incident. If we do, it will be the work of the hireling, the *agent provocateur*. A demand would then be raised to suppress all discussion of the Jewish question. If ear were lent to it, we should approach the plight of Moscow, Budapest and Munich in 1919.

Without antipathy against the Jews, but with their own interests constantly in mind, people should recall these things. They happened in our time, though not in our island; and this war, which was of such dark beginnings, produces the possibility that they might recur.

The same influence, hidden but powerful, works to confuse our foreign policy and our war aims:

In November 1942, British and American troops, superbly conveyed and convoyed by our Navy, landed in French North Africa, after secret talks with French leaders which ensured that little

resistance would be offered, or none. This was a rare moment of glory in the war. Who can picture the resurrection of France without deep emotion?

The British people, for two years before this, were confused by much drivel about 'The men of Vichy' (among whom the only first-class professional traitor was our accomplice of the Hoare-Laval Pact, Laval). This was seemingly meant to divert their attention from their own Men of Munich, and from the dark omissions of what Mr. Churchill called 'the astonishing seven months of the phoney war' and of the astonishing seven years before. The men who were left with a prostrate France on their hands, and no Channel to save it, while its manhood was held hostage by the enemy, possessed one last hope: to temporize during the further development of the war, to hold the French fleet and French African armies as a threat over the German head, and to re-enter the war, with those weapons, if and when this became possible.

In November 1942 this happened. Darlan, a French admiral who never forgot the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of 1935, made behind the French back, saw the golden chance, facilitated our landing, and prepared to fight with us. He was shot, and died, a much-defamed man in this country.

General Giraud succeeded him, and, under his leadership, France re-entered the war. Giraud was violently belittled in our Parliament and Press. Here, misinformation reached a new peak.

Giraud is knightly in appearance and noble in deed. Few men can boast such a record. He may be compared with Bayard, and in the last war would have been a public hero with us. In this, misleaders of opinion bedaub his picture with dirt, for their own ends. But for his French troops, who held the Germans while the British and Americans moved up, and suffered heavy losses, our men would not, as I write, be in a position to drive the last enemies from Africa.

Henri Honoré Giraud is 63. Three of his sons now fight in Africa, for France and us. He belongs to the French officers, who like British officers, ambassadors and journalists, for years before this war vainly implored their Government to make known the warlike intentions of Germany and to hasten their armaments. In this country the men who thwarted them are still in power; and our policy towards France is seemingly bent on effecting the restoration of similar men there.

Giraud was captured in the last war and escaped to fight again. His renown was born then. In this war he *fought*; he was not of those who surrendered. He was taken, fighting in an armoured car, in the forefront of the fight, by Rommel himself. He was imprisoned in a German fortress, Koenigstein, on the edge of a precipice 150 feet high. The story of his escape, by means of a rope made from pieces of string and cord, belongs to the supreme achievements of the dauntless human soul - and he was not young! He reached France after fantastic adventures, and received a secret message telling him of the intended Anglo-American landing in North Africa. He went with a son and some officers in a rowing-boat to meet the submarine sent to fetch him, transhipped, in a flimsy rubber dinghy which bobbed about like a cork in the heavy sea, to a seaplane, and flew to Africa. (How people cheered when Mr. Chamberlain actually *flew* to Munich!) There he made possible the victory in Africa, the recovery of the Mediterranean, and the final triumph in Europe which are now in our grasp.

Giraud was abused and reviled in this island. In the Commons a Mr. Bowles, Member for Nuneaton, asked 'Do the Government agree that the people are not fighting this war to make the world safe for Girauds to live in?' The *Daily Herald* used the same sneer.

Could perversion go further? Thus is public opinion misled, about matters vital to our domestic liberty and foreign safety. What reason, outside a madhouse, could exist thus to treat a man who rendered us, his country and the world such service?



Once again, the reason was, the question of the Jews. When General Giraud, agreed to receive British and American journalists, he was seemingly treated as the representative of a conquered country! The *Daily Express* reported that the first question asked was 'whether he would continue to discriminate against the Jews'. He was 'obviously nettled', said *The Times*. Well may he have been: this man who, suffered so much was confronted by people who apparently thought, not of the recovery of France, of 1,400,000 French prisoners in Germany, or even of victory in the war, but only of this thing.

In the following weeks the entire British Press spoke as if French North Africa were conquered territory in which our commands were law. That French troops held the enemy while we prepared our attack, was news quite lost in this distortion of the picture. The British Minister sent to Africa said 'Our broad policy is that France shall be free to choose its own form of Government ... The attitude towards the Jews must be changed because the present attitude will never be acceptable to the British and American peoples'. What more blatant contradiction could be uttered, in two sentences? Are we to use our armed strength, everywhere we go, among friends or enemies, only in *this* cause?

Such a demand was made in the *News-Chronicle* of February 2nd, 1943. It said:

General Giraud claims that 'the Jewish problem' in North Africa is a matter that concerns only France ... Everything else must give way, he says, to the need to mobilize the resources of France against Germany. Not so. The Allies are fighting for the validity of certain principles. One such principle is the right of the Jews to the privileges accorded to their fellow citizens. To deny them that right is to accept the assumptions of Fascism. *Military action must conform to this acceptance of basic rights.*

Here, again, is the subtle perversion of the truth, by means of which the British people are deluded: that 'Fascism' means, not terror and war, but solely: measures to restrict Jewish influence, and that we fight chiefly against this. It is not true. 'Fascism' and 'National Socialism' are but 'Bolshevism' under other names. The enemy is *tyranny and terror*, sometimes used by all-Jewish régimes, sometimes by régimes which profess to be anti-Jewish, sometimes by régimes which ignore this question altogether. The 'thing' we *should* fight against is terror, as a means of usurping and holding power.

Thus another danger awaits us in Civvy Street. It is, this stealthy elevation, by every means of public delusion, of Jewish claims to the forefront of our war aims, where they do not belong, and the consequent threat, which this produces, to 'Our foreign policy, on which our island safety depends, and our domestic liberties. We shall not produce a happy breed, here, by giving paramountcy to a cause which is not ours, but an international one: and we shall imperil our safety by it, for we shall produce greater hatred of ourselves than ever before, in the countries which after victory must become either our friends or enemies, if everywhere we go we use the might of our arms to enforce Jewish aims and claims.

If these were only 'equal rights with other citizens', none could demur. That is the high, and yet modest measure of human dignity which we *all* claim, which Tyranny denies. But Jewish aims go beyond that (witness the preferential treatment, over British citizens, given to Jews from Germany in this island during this war). They conflict with that unchallengeable statement of the rights of man.

What *are* the Jews, and their ambitions?

The Jews of the world are divided into three main groups: (1) more-or-less assimilated Jews (British Jews, and their like elsewhere); (2) 'Zionist' Jews (with a foreign policy and territorial ambitions); (3) International Jews, with boundless aims.

The first are the Jews who, in spite of their faith of tribal antagonism, find, through long sojourn and adaptability, the way to live on good terms with, and to promote the national welfare of, those national communities which have received them. These Jews claim only equal rights with their fellow-citizens, on the whole, and regard themselves as members of a *religion*, not a *race*. This is the smallest group; and (as the example of Poland shows) it tends to become smaller; while present British policy, by supporting wider aims, threatens to exterminate it altogether. Anything which promotes the belief that great Powers, like this Empire or the United States, are promoting the ambitions of the second or third group, immediately diminishes the population of the first group.

The second group contains those Jews, to whom the Jews of the first group in quiet times are often violently opposed, who pursue the aim called Zionism. These are organized, wealthy and powerful. They regard themselves as members of a *race*, and claim a home for it, in the place where this home was two thousand years ago, Palestine. It is now inhabited by others, whose immemorial home it also is. They can only rule in Palestine by dispossessing the present occupants, on the strength of title-deeds lost in antiquity. The claims of this group, then, go far beyond 'equal rights with other citizens'. Indeed, history cannot supply a precedent for this ambition. It is a political claim, involving territory, which *denies* the 'rights of citizens' already established there. We have grounds, not less substantial and more recent, to claim Saxony. This ambition is indistinguishable from that pursued by Mussolini in Africa, Hitler in Eastern Europe, or (I must add) by this country in Africa or India. Such ambitions, however, were realized, or attempted, by dint of Italian, German or British arms. The Palestinian ambition has been pursued through the use of *our* arms.

The third group of Jews are those who, as the events of twenty-five years ago showed, remain invisible until the moment of chaos, and pursue a greater ambition: exclusively Jewish rule in white countries, on the basis of laws outlawing 'Anti-Semitism' and the weapon of terror. Unlike the Zionists, who openly pursue their aims, this group is secret and unseen; but its existence was proved in Russia, Hungary and Bavaria in 1918-19. (None need waste stamps on telling me that 'Lenin was not a Jew'; I know that one.) Trotsky, Béla Kun and Levine were unknown to mankind, before they uncovered, and yet, when chaos arrived, they were suddenly there! The men they chose to work with them, the orders they set up, the laws they made and the things they did, cannot be gainsaid.

In quiet times, these three groups remain distinct. When wars come, populations shift, governments fall, and frontiers change, unrest and excitement spread through them all. Many members of the first group become uneasy, dreading change. Others, as ambitions become more hopeful, which seemed hopeless, move from the first group to the second, the second to the third (witness the baptized Peter Agoston of Hungary, who in peace wrote of the menace of Jewry to the Gentile world, and in chaos became Béla Kun's henchman).

We need *dislike* none of these groups. We need only *know* them, what they want, and how this affects us. Precisely this indispensable *knowledge* is withheld from us by a thousand stealthy devices. This is the danger of the attempt which is made, to prevent all open discussion of these matters.

A Socialist Leader (who is Leader of The Opposition, and thus seldom says anything, in the House) was reported by the *News-Chronicle* on November 2nd, 1942, to have told a Jewish audience in London that the next 25 years would see 'the fulfilment of their hopes!' (I doubt whether he told his electors that, in 1935. The current talk, then, was about Abyssinia.)

What are these 'hopes' which are to be fulfilled, and how do they impinge on *our* interests? Mr. Greenwood is an important man, and supposedly commits our second greatest Party. What does he promise in our name?

Are they the 'hopes' of those Jews who only wish 'equality of rights with their fellow-citizens'? Of those who want Palestine *and* 'equality of rights' everywhere else? 'Or of those who want

untrammelled power, based on terror and anti-Gentile legislation (for that is what the early Bolsheviks obtained, through their weapon, the Communist Party, in three countries)?

We are not told. So let us examine, severally, the three groups of Jews and see what their 'hopes' are.

The first is that of the Jews long-established by residence in all white countries, who were freed from discrimination during last century, when they came in most lands to enjoy that 'equality of rights' which was *then* depicted as their utmost desire. The highest places, in State service, professions and callings, were opened to them, and many climbed to these pinnacles.

This bred the first group, of absorbed, if not assimilated Jews: those who felt their interests to be vested in the country which received them, and worked for no exclusively Jewish aims, contrary to those of the land which became their home. (The great bulk of European Jews, the 3,000,000 Jews in the East, as I have shown from the testimony of one, never felt like this. From it came the Bolshevik Jews of 1918-20 and the immigrants who bred such discord in Germany after the last war. It includes those whom we are now asked to receive, in the name of 'extermination'.)

The first group of Jews was well defined, in the House of Commons on August 6th, 1942, by Mr. Lipson, the Member for Cheltenham. He opposed the proposal for a Jewish Army, which several rabid Gentiles advocated, and said he owned the advantage, over them, of being a Jew. (He pointed out that one of them supported the proposal in the belief that it would relieve Jews in his constituency from serving in the British Forces! You perceive, gentle reader, the need to watch your Member.)

Mr. Lipson, who often defends alone the best British and Jewish interests against non-Jewish Members of astounding ignorance, prejudice or dependence, and is in imminent danger of being pogromed as an anti-Semite, said that previous speakers 'expressed a view which to my mind is harmful in its conception'. This was, the repeated references to 'the Jewish *people*'. He submitted, with emphasis, that the Jews were *a religious community*. The anti-Semites, he said, argued that the Jews, were a separate *people*, and thus justified discrimination against the Jews in various parts of the world. But

this argument is also supported by the views put forward by the Jewish Nationalists, who also talk about a Jewish people. You cannot have the best of both worlds. You cannot at the same time say, 'There is a Jewish people, and therefore I am a member of the Jewish people and I want to get all the advantages and privileges that that carries with it' and also say 'I am a British subject, or a Frenchman or an American, with equal rights with other citizens'. Therefore, I feel that the Nationalists in their arguments are playing with fire, because they are proving the anti-Semitic case that the Jew is an alien in every country where he is. It is not true. In this country, thank God, we Jews enjoy the privilege of citizenship, the responsibilities of citizenship.

Mr. Lipson's speech contains the truth. Here is the 'British Jew'. He asks to receive no more, or perform less than we. No problem exists with *him*. If this were all the Jews demand, all that our Governments intend to claim for them, all would be well. These, then, were *not* 'the hopes' which Mr. Greenwood promised to fulfil; the Jews already have so much.

So we come to the second group of Jews. Mr. Greenwood spoke to Zionists. He, leader of a great Party, promised, not what the Jewish *religious community* wants (in which Mr. Lipson included himself) but what the *Jewish people* want (who, as Mr. Lipson said, justify those self-defensive measures against the Jews in various parts of the world).

That is grave. What *do* they want, those Zionist Jews who count themselves 'a nation', and pursue territorial ambitions which can only be reached through British arms? If Mr. Greenwood was

empowered to make this promise, we are committed to something gravely injurious to British and Jewish interests. This affects every British mother and mother's son.

Consider the birth of 'Zionism'. It was still a dream fifty years ago. Since then, one world war has brought it to fulfilment; a second now produces still greater ambitions. This opens sinister ways of thought, in the search for the origins of these two world wars, and I wish they were closed. It enshadows our future.

At the end of last century, the Jews were come to their heart's desire, if this was only the status which Mr. Lipson defined. But in 1895, Dr. Theodor Herzl, a Jew of Vienna, issued his pamphlet, *The Jewish State*, which called for the establishment of an independent Jewish State 'in some suitable territory (not necessarily Palestine)' (yet in 1903, when the British Government *offered* the Zionists Uganda, it was refused, at the instance [ed: insistence?] of the present Zionist leader, Dr. Chaim Weizmann!).

A wave of enthusiasm went through Jewry everywhere. A succession of Zionist Congresses was held in the next twenty years, and when the First World War began, Zionism was an organized power, supported by much wealth, and able to press political aims of the first magnitude through our Parliament. *The Zionists at no time proposed, or admitted, that the Jews, if they obtained their own State, should yield any right of citizenship in other countries.*

The grant of full equality to the Jews in Europe, therefore, led at one immense jump to the claim of those rights and a Jewish State *as well*. Numerically strong nations have frequently conquered weaker ones. The idea of Zionism was that a numerically weak 'nation' should conquer territory, through the political and armed strength of such great nations. At the same time, Jews should retain the right to become Prime Minister of Great Britain, justice of the United States Supreme Court, Foreign Minister of Germany, Viceroy of India, Lord Mayor of London or New York, Prime Minister of France - anything and everything, everywhere.

The project is fascinating in its audacity. Most of our public leaders express sympathy for it, though none explain its full meaning thus.

Twenty-two years after the publication of Dr. Herzl's pamphlet, on November 2nd, 1917, Zionism gained its great victory. The British Government issued 'The Balfour Declaration', addressed to a private citizen, Lord Rothschild. It said:

His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that *nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in other countries.*

Thus a British Government espoused the most audacious ambition in history: the conquest of 'Palestine and undiminished rights everywhere else! The Jews were to retain intact 'rights and political status' enjoyed elsewhere; the 'rights and political status' of the native inhabitants of Palestine, the Arabs, were *not even mentioned*. They were only to have their 'civil and religious rights'.

The pretext for this grave undertaking was, that it would win for our cause the Jews in Germany and Central Europe. It did not. They, like the established British and American Jews of *that* time, were happy in their countries, and were come to 'full equality of rights', of which Disraeli and Lord Reading, and many others were the proofs, living and dead. The Declaration was a surrender to the second group of Jews (behind whom lurked the third): those who sought to give the flesh-and-blood of territory to the doctrine of Jewish Nationalism. The Jews who were pleased, though not placated by it

(for it only whetted their appetite), were the Jews of Poland and Russia and the more recent arrivals, from those parts, in America. If the Jews of Poland, between the wars, refused to feel themselves Poles, this was a main reason. From that day anti-Semitism has grown apace, for the Palestinian Arabs are Semites, and the campaign waged against them by the Zionists equals, in threats 'tantamount to extermination', anything uttered by Hitler.

The memory of the Balfour Declaration, and its fruits, can only arouse deep misgiving about the results to which the Declaration of December 17th, 1942, will lead.

In the last war, too, we professedly fought 'for the right of small nations to live their own lives'. The Arabs of Syria and Palestine lay under Turkish sway and were ruled by Turkish Governors. They looked enviously at neighbouring Egypt, where British arms ruled, true enough, but an Egyptian King reigned with a Council of Ministers and an Egyptian Parliament. They desired nothing better for themselves, and hoped for it, from the First World War.

Then they heard that something unique in history was to be done to them. The British conqueror would neither keep Palestine, nor give it to its inhabitants. It was to be handed, without asking their leave, to a third party! What Arab could understand that? This was to be done in the name of a book written thousands of years earlier. With as much justice, the Arabs might claim to reoccupy Spain, which they held as long as the Jews ever held Palestine.

British troops conquered Palestine. The war cemeteries at Jerusalem bear witness. In the next twenty years, British officials there were left with an almost insoluble problem to solve. These are the words of the Mandate:

The Administration of Palestine, while ensuring that the rights and position of other sections of the population are not prejudiced, shall facilitate Jewish immigration under suitable conditions.

This meant to the Arab that he was to be driven from his land. Jewish immigration rose from 30,000 in 1933 to 61,000 in 1935, and many more Jews entered clandestinely. Land bought from the Arabs for Jewish settlement was not allowed, under the conditions of the Jewish National Fund, 'at any time in the future, under any conditions whatever, to be alienated to anyone who is not a Jew'. The extreme Zionist, M. Jabotinsky, declared:

We rely on European Imperialism ... Our Imperialism will flourish under the protection and support of any power, on condition that this power shall not show mercy to the Arab population, and that it uses an iron fist which will not allow them to move under it.

Mr. Asher Ginsberg wrote:

The Jewish people are destined to rule over Palestine and manage its affairs in their own way without regard to the consent or non-consent of its own inhabitants.

Such words are indistinguishable from Hitlerist speeches, save in the substitution of 'Jewish' for 'German'.

The Zionist case was incessantly upheld in the British Parliament and Press, the subservience of which to this influence is a most dangerous sign of our times. Arab delegations to London came empty away; Royal Commissions went out, verified the need for Arab alarm, and returned to make proposals which were ignored. The Arabs were denied any means of stating their case. The Mufti of Jerusalem truly

told one of the Royal Commissions, 'We have not the least power, nothing to do with the administration of the country, and we are completely unrepresented'.

For twenty years, British rule strove only to prevent the Arabs from gaining any kind of elected representation until the Jews were in a majority. The Legislative Council, promised in 1930, was never formed. In 1935 the British Government undertook to form it; the Arabs (who increased from 600,000 in 1918 to 925,000 in 1936, while the Jews increased from 53,000 to 400,000) were to have received seats in proportion to their share of the total population. Immediately, a violent Jewish outcry was raised in this country and America. A parliamentary debate followed, in which the Arab case was completely ignored - and the Legislative Council was postponed indefinitely. Mr. Amery, now a Minister, wrote that 'To go on refusing representative government until the Jews are in a majority is an almost impossible policy'. The policy has been pursued.

This policy produced, between the World Wars, an explosion of feeling among this people 'liberated' by us which *involved us in warfare similar to that waged by Mussolini against the Abyssinians*, and which a whole Army Corps, with modern weapons, was not able to quell. That event reveals the future dangers which will be brewed for us, if our leaders give improper prominence to Zionist aims. The radius of fellow-feeling for the Arabs of Palestine spreads far beyond the borders of Palestine; it reaches into Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and even India.

The power wielded by organized Zionism over the British Parliament and Press is only realized by those who have served the British Government in Palestine, or by writers who discuss *both* sides of the case. The lives of British administrators in Palestine were made so difficult by the knowledge that any effort to be just to both Arab and Jew would forthwith bring on them virulent attacks in Parliament, that they longed to reach the age of pension and retirement. They were ruthlessly pogromed for the smallest hesitation in yielding to every Zionist wish. Sir Ronald Storrs - whose book, *Zionism and Palestine* (Penguin Books, 1940, being a chapter from his reminiscences *Orientalism*, Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1937), gives an excellent account, written with painstaking fairness to both sides - says that after the Easter riots of 1921, 'I had to endure such a tempest of vituperation in the Palestine and World Hebrew Press that I am still unable to understand how I did not emerge from it an anti-Semite for life'. Indeed, since the Balfour Declaration was made, Zionism has become one of the greatest sources of anti-British virulence in the world.

To-day, the British Government is supposed to have perceived the danger which its actions in the last twenty-five years have brewed in Palestine, to have restricted land sales from Arabs to Jews, and to have restricted Jewish immigration to the figure of 75,000 for the five years 1939-44, after which 'no further Jewish immigration will be permitted unless the Arabs of Palestine are prepared to acquiesce in it'. But the 'extermination' campaign has now been opened, clearly with the aim, among others, of destroying this promise. If that happens, we shall provoke new hatred for ourselves. We may be prevented from hearing the Arab case, but the Arabs know for what purpose 'a Jewish Army' is proposed, and they remark that many Members of Parliament support the proposal. The bitter dispute in Palestine is only suspended, during the war, and after it will flare up, if British policy does not administer Palestine in future with more honourable regard for the interests of the native inhabitants. It is no interest of ours, to conquer foreign lands in the interest of others; and we already live under the reproach contained in T.E. Lawrence's words, in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*:

Honour: had I not lost that a year ago when I assured the Arabs that England kept her plighted word?

For what are the real aims of Zionism? They grow and grow.

Just as the grant of 'equal rights' in Europe produced the demand for a National Home, so the grant of a National Home now produces the demand for all Palestine, and more. Lord Wedgwood, that

foremost spokesman of the Zionists in this country, in his *Testament to Democracy* violently attacks the British Administration in Palestine, saying it has hampered the Jews at every turn, left them almost unprotected among Arab looters, stopped their immigration, prohibited their land purchases, and taken in taxes 'the little money they saved from Hitler to supply Arabs who murder and a British Administration which denies them justice'. Jewish freedom has been sabotaged, 'crypto-Fascism' rules in the Near East and lurks in Whitehall. Whitehall would sooner the Jews drowned than landed in Palestine, and 'the mob of Arab plunderers and murderers use as their slogan, "The Government is with us"'.

(This is typical of Zionist references to Britain since the Balfour Declaration was made and the National Home established.)

Lord Wedgwood proposes a *larger* Palestine (embracing the Hauran, Transjordan and Sinai) as a self-governing State of his 'Democratic Federal Union', immigration to be unrestricted and Jewish police to keep order. Then the Jews 'would soon be in a majority', and the State would 'develop as peacefully and justly as the State of New York'. Lord Wedgwood would like the rest of Syria and Irak to be reoccupied by Turkey! America should either enforce this arrangement or take our place as Mandatory, 'for as Mandatory we have utterly failed, even though we have failed through treachery'.

That is, two Arab kingdoms created in fulfilment of our promise in the last war should be destroyed, Palestine, Syria, Transjordan and the Hauran handed to the Jews, and the Arab race enslaved and made homeless ('exterminated', perhaps) as a blow for democracy. Here is the printed, and even proud proposal that we should do something worse than we did at Munich, after the new world war 'for freedom' and 'for the liberty of small nations'.

At that rate, these wars cease to be funny. None need dismiss these words as fantastic, *because the only thing that now remains of what we built after the last war is the Jewish National Home in Palestine*. The new aim is *all* Palestine, and much more!

As this war progresses, Jewish aims tend to dominate the clamour. The newspapers which particularly lend themselves to this clamour (as you will perceive if you follow them closely, gentle reader) already attack all the other Things which we were urged and scourged to fight for. They uphold the power of capricious imprisonment, in this country. They deride and abuse Giraud, who resurrects France. They attack Michailovitch, who fights on in the Serb mountains. They attack Poland, on behalf of which we ostensibly went to war, and say Russia must have half of that country. Yet our honour is more deeply involved in this case than any other; we might have lost the Battle of Britain but for the help of Polish airmen.

The second group of Jews, then, the 'Zionists' who consider themselves, *not* as a religious community, but as a nation with territorial aims and speak of any who stand between them and these aims (in the first place, the Arabs) exactly as Hitler spoke of the Czechs and Poles, who wish to form a Jewish Army and whose aspirations have already involved us in one war - this section of world Jewry pursues ambitions going very far beyond 'equal rights with other citizens' and cutting very deeply into our interests. Only through us, can they attain these aims; they wish to use us, and yet abuse us. If you, gentle reader, take the pains to read the references made by Zionist spokesmen to this country, its officials and its soldiers, you will find in them charges of hypocrisy, treachery, bias, cowardice, and every meanness. I have enough to fill a book. Their power over the British Parliament and Press, nevertheless, has in the past been sufficient to prevent any view but theirs from gaining a hearing.

Indeed, Zionist ambitions, and the range of those who support them, widen so greatly, as we have seen, that they approach those of the third section of Jewry, which works in secrecy but has boundless aims. After the last war, we might have dismissed the thought of that invisible but powerful section as a nightmare. But to-day we cannot. The British Government's Declaration of December 17th, by

identifying itself only with the aim of Jewish vengeance, has reawakened the memory of those days. Those three all-Jewish regimes of 1918 *existed*; that was no nightmare, and it cannot be scouted by the shouting of 'Anti-Semite'. Here, in our Europe, close at hand, only twenty-five years ago, we saw three, exclusive, all-Jewish, anti-Gentile, terrorist Governments. Peace, and the passing of the years, banished two of them and modified the third, I believe, which in any case is not our concern, but that of the Russians. But now we have a world war again, with chaos lurking behind it, and need to be wary.

In my opinion, British interests are only compatible with those of the first group of Jewry, which desires equal rights of citizenship, and accepts equal duties. History has repeatedly shown that these form only a part of any one Jewish population, anywhere, and our interest therefore does not lie in promoting mass movements of Jews to this country. Our influence should be strictly confined to promoting the equality of citizenship for Jews in the countries where they now are, and should not be used to acquire for them in other countries that privileged status over other citizens which they too often work to obtain, and of which we have set a lamentable example in this country by exempting Jewish immigrants from military service while making them free of all employment vacated by native citizens who serve. As to the second group of Jews, the Zionists, the ill-worded commitment of the Balfour Declaration has involved us in an almost insoluble problem, but we should on no account be misled into doing more than to secure the National Home *in* Palestine, under the most rigorous trusteeship of the rights and interests of the Arab population. To promote both Arab and Jewish interests in Palestine is not an impossible aim; but the virulence of Zionist propaganda, and the extravagances of its innumerable spokesmen in our Parliament and Press, do more than any other thing to make it impossible.

As for the third section of world Jewry, the existence of which was clearly shown by those events of twenty-five years ago, and the continued existence of which many current signs indicate, its ambitions for exclusively Jewish rule, based on terror, are directly opposed to ours in every possible way.

This is one of the major problems of our Civvy Street to come, one which seriously affects our future. The gravest thing about it is the way in which knowledge of it is withheld from the public, and open debate suppressed, by a thousand secret and stealthy devices, of which a great deal can be said, one day. Public discussion, however, will not much longer be denied, and will be more useful if it is conducted on a basis of authentic and impartial information than on one of ignorant prejudice.

For what is the present situation of this matter? The Second World War drags on, and after nearly four years of it, our leaders like to tell us blandly that 'a long war' yet awaits us. The people doggedly shoulder all burdens and tell themselves that one day victory will be won, and that after it The Things they think they have fought for will be honoured at a Peace Conference. They should know, from the experience of 1918, that victory may bring them the exact opposite of everything they are told to fight for. In this case, one major result of the war has already been achieved, under cover of the war and unnoticed by themselves. A great movement of Jews from abroad to this country and the British Empire has been effected. Through the compulsion of native citizens, to vacate their employment and fight or labour elsewhere, these exempt newcomers have been established here in prosperity, in breach of all the pledges which were made at their coming; and a move is now in progress to have them naturalized. The very thing has been done which was done in Germany, Austria and Hungary in the last war, and bred such discontent there. A Jewish writer from Hungary, now a naturalized Briton, whom I previously quoted, said of 1918 in Hungary:

The Boys did not or could not settle down; their jobs had been filled long ago by the people at home.

Now, while we still toil towards victory and the peace conference, with ever-increasing burdens on our backs, two new aims are being pursued: the first is, to bring a second contingent of Jews from Europe



to this country, while The Boys still fight, and similarly establish them here; the second, and in this our enemies vie with our own statesmen, is to establish a Jewish State, a thing different from and much greater than the 'National Home in Palestine' which is the sole remaining achievement of the First World War.

By the Declaration of December 17th, 1942, in which our leaders gave our name to the pledge of an exclusively Jewish retribution, we have conjured up the memory of Jewish vengeance already experienced in Europe, and committed ourselves even more than by the ill-fated Balfour Declaration of 1917 to the cause of Jewish Nationalism or Imperialism, which is not ours, which directly conflicts with ours, which has already implicated us in one Arabian war, and which encourages settled Jews everywhere to feel themselves, not as citizens of the countries they inhabit, but as members of a nation with territorial aims.

Our policy has gone much too far towards identification with Jewish Nationalist aims, and this already confuses the entire picture of the war and of The Things for which it is actually being fought. Our foremost public spokesmen seem the victims of a Dervish-like obsession or infatuation in this question which blinds them to our own national and patriotic interests. In this matter, our policy needs to be rectified without further delay, and the intolerable confusion which has arisen to be cleared away, so that the people of this country may yet hope that they fight this new war for some native ideal and interest and for the cause of humanity - not for that of one power-seeking group as against another.

Readers may find some enlightenment in extracts from letters written to me by Jews belonging, as I classify them, to the three groups of Jewry, respectively:

I hate with a deep loathing these smug bandboys and impresarios, these black marketers, these fungoids who now, thank heaven, tremble once more in America, and their whole loathsome brood, but I beg of you please try to differentiate. Remember people like me, people of the East End who have 'taken it' side by side with your John Londoners and people who do love England sincerely and gratefully. Please don't condemn us all, though I suppose if Jews were to be condemned because of those about whom you write, then I too would be condemned - I stand by my faith.

From a British Jew, an officer serving in the Air Force.

Accept my best thanks for your book. As a Jew and as a Palestinian, I would wish that the truth, which you have found and laid down in your book, be known to the world. This truth is not pleasant, but good and useful; the more it will be known, the earlier the world will understand its own need for a Jewish National Home and for its completion, and the more we shall understand, what mistakes and blunders should be avoided. On the other hand, those Jews who did not yet understand the meaning of Jewish history, will learn from your book (and why) they *must* write off European Jewry and that they cannot 'invest' their thoughts in its preservation or even restoration.

From a Zionist Jew, formerly in Germany, now in Palestine.

The letter is flattering, but the writer may not fully appreciate my feeling that the interests of no people, either British or Arab, should be sacrificed to make a Jewish National Home. I think all could prosper together, but the rapacious and vituperative methods of Zionist leaders offer a great obstacle.

To Douglas Reed, the Enemy of England as well as of the Jews. The reply of the City of London to your *drivel* on anti-Semitism in your idiotic writings - the new *Jewish* Lord Mayor!!! How pleased you must be - you fool!

Anonymous.

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'Say that again', I said to Doktor Farisy as we walked through the streets of Prague, 'I didn't quite understand.'

'One of our Rabbis here', he repeated, 'is preaching in the synagogues that Hitler is the Jewish Messiah, because he will cause all those countries of the world to be opened to the Jews, which are closed to them now.'

Thoughts which long wandered at random through my mind suddenly, fell into ordered procession.

'Do you know, Herr Doktor', I said, 'I've known that for a long time, without realizing it. Thank you for putting it into words. But my country will have to look after its own interests.'

'Why?' he said.

'You know very well that you haven't a single non-Jew on the staff of your newspaper', I said, 'and you'll do the very same thing in England, or Kenya, or wherever you go to.'

He looked at me warily, with veiled eyes, opened his mouth, and then shut it, without comment.

We walked on together.

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## Chapter Fourteen

### ON HOLDING OUR OWN

We mean to hold our own - MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

April 1942. I went along the Strand, talking to a lovely and zestful companion. At last, we emerged from the worst of all winters - worse even than that of 1940. The air was crisp, the sun warm, the sky blue. London, the dreariest of cities when it waited aimless, confused, tired and lethargic for the war to begin, was now alive. The traces of bombing gave dramatic meaning to the scene. The air was rid of much of the smoke and petrol fumes. The streets were bright with uniforms, and brisk with the feeling of a common task and purpose. The war still lay in the doldrums, but the hope that will not be kept down any more than the rising sun, began to stir in all hearts again.

The news of Sir Stafford Cripps's failure to reach agreement with the Indians was just come, and another problem, which we shall encounter in Civvy Street, began to take shape. We passed a score of Indians, in khaki uniforms and khaki turbans. I thought, watching them, how great a thing this would be: to justify our rule in India, as we have regained much of the goodwill of the Afrikaners, won the allegiance of the French Canadians, restored hope to the Maoris, and paved the way, if we are wise after the war, even to reconciliation with the Irish.

The Indians were fine and soldierly figures, and their appearance won murmurs of admiration. (But so did the 'Kaiser's Bosniaks', those befezzed darlings of the Viennese. Proudly the Austrians watched those living Emblems of Empire, as they marched along the Ringstrasse in 1918; a few months later, they, Bosnia and the Empire were gone. We need not let such history repeat itself.)

While my shoes were cleaned, and the shoeblack told us of changes seen during thirty-five years at his pitch in the Strand, we watched the passing show. Some fine lads in battledress went by: 'Norge', said their shoulder-tabs. We saw the square-topped caps of the Poles, the Belgian tricolour in the cockade on an officer's cap, the long capes and gay képis of Fighting Frenchmen, Greek and Netherlands naval officers, some Czechs, even three Russian soldiers, and a few Americans, as yet uneasy in their uniforms.

Then a flying officer came to have his shoes cleaned. He was dark-skinned, and his shoulder tabs said 'Jamaica'. Few Englishmen know the Empire they love, and I for one am not stirred by the Imperial romanticism of a Kipling; I think it spurious. But the feeling of kinship and allegiance in peoples so far away, of which this was a vivid token near at hand, moves something very deep in me, and I suppose in others. The world has never known anything like the British Empire, or anything which could bring so much good to it, if we mend our ways after this war.

As we went along the Strand again, other names passed us, on the shoulders of men: Rhodesia, Malta, Cyprus, Newfoundland ... And we saw, with glad surprise, for we knew the Australians were busy elsewhere, an Australian slouch hat. What memories it revived! Then we saw, in the Strand, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa; we did not go until we found them all.

A grand and glorious morning with the sun shining. The picture of the Strand faded, and I saw men from this island going out, long ago, in the great sailing ships, with love in their hearts for the land which denied them acres and opportunity, to found new countries far away; I saw their great grandsons coming back in the troopships. I saw them at Vimy and Gallipoli and Delville Wood, in Greece and Crete and Burma and Libya....

To me, the greatest moment in this war was that which brought the prompt succour of the Dominions at the outbreak. They did not know how desperate was our plight, any more than the people of this island knew, and did not ask: they came. They have suffered as bitterly as we, and have more cause to complain than we, for, though they govern their own affairs, the course of the British Empire in foreign policy, in the great decisions which produce peace or war, is still set by the British Government, and here lay the blame. They could have said, 'This is your affair; you made the bed'. They did not. The tie held fast.

The British Empire was vindicated by its free children. I can never forget the new hope I felt, after nearly seven years of growing despair, when I saw those hats and shoulder-tabs from the Dominions.

To-day, some people, especially in America, announce that the British Empire must be broken up after the war. What, after such a demonstration as that! It was justified in 1939. The offspring lands held to us even in calamity.

We have not entered this war for profit or expansion, but only for honour and to do our duty in defending the right. Let me, however, make this clear, in case there should be any mistake about it in any quarter: we mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's first Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire.

Mr. Winston Churchill on November 10th, 1942.

'We hold our own!' The phrase is badly chosen. We do not *hold* the great Dominions; they held to us. We cannot live without them. But that part of the Empire which we *hold*, we lost, where it was attacked. These are vain words then; we have to learn *how* to hold our Empire.

For what is the British Empire? This island is the foundation. Built on it, are four great columns, the self-governing Dominions of Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. Then comes the enormous superstructure: India, and scores of Colonies, Protectorates, Mandated Territories, and theoretically independent States where British arms actually rule.

When the island foundation threatened to crack, the four columns still held. The floor may be repaired yet. But the weakening was enough to upset much in the superstructure. Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaya, and Burma, all went. The British Empire was vindicated in its main component parts, those which govern themselves and by free choice held to us. In those places where we still exclusively governed and a hard test was applied, the structure broke (the reasons have been shown, earlier in this book, in quotations from many writers who knew those places in peace and war).

The lesson is clear. We did not justify our rule in those parts of the Empire *which we hold* - which do not hold to us of their own will. That which, in the Empire, we may call 'our own', held to us. That which we may by no means call 'our own', though we held it, did not hold to us. The faults in our way of ruling such lands and people, arise from our order of Enclosure and Exclusion in this island. The men who emerge from this filter go to distant tropical countries and create an Enclosure there. Within it, they reproduce the life they knew at home. They cannot or will not mix and merge, even with their own breed, still less with others. When the test comes, they are swept away, with their golf clubs, bridge circles, cocktail parties, illustrated weeklies, and the whole trivial paraphernalia.

'To hold our own', therefore, is a dangerous precept to take with us into Civvy Street. To maintain the British Empire, we need better methods. We return again to the beginnings of our problem. Consider the future from what aspect you will: you come back always to this island and its order of life.

Ensure our island safety, through foreign policy and armed strength, and the four imperial columns rest secure. Revive a happy breed, and you produce men vigorous and venturous enough to rule over

the lands which are not our own, but which we hold, and which thus could be brought to see their happiness and prosperity in membership of the British Empire.

The problem is always the same and always simple. Our past rulers might have been possessed, by the way they worked against these plain rules and seemingly sought, by their every act, to imperil the firmness of our island base, the strength of the four Imperial columns, and the balance of the Colonial superstructure. Maintain all those, and you may keep the world at peace for an age. What influence, then, of malignancy or idiocy, worked to hinder emigration between the lands of the Empire?

The tie that held, in 1939, was that of blood in the main. Why cut the bloodstream, the source of life and allegiance? The great Dominions are empty of human beings. Each, save New Zealand, is larger than this island. All are lands of unlimited possibility. Canada is bigger than the United States (without Alaska), but contains only as many people as greater London. Australia and New Zealand *together* hold as many inhabitants as London, though they comprise as much territory as all Europe. The white population of South Africa, a land of abundant promise, is a quarter of that of London. Is that what 'holding our own' means: vast, unpeopled Dominions; inter-migration thwarted by all manner of devices; and, in this country, mass unemployment or forced labour?

Migration, or interchange, is the lifeblood of the Empire. To hinder it is so patently dangerous to the whole organism, that it becomes incomprehensible. But it appears even sinister when, during the absence of British and Imperial manhood at the war, a great move is made to transplant hundreds of thousands, or millions, of Eastern Europeans to this country and the Dominions! Here you see, behind the shining shape of The Things for which we supposedly fight, the shadow of The Things for which we may be actually fighting.

The prosperity of the Dominions, like that of America, was founded on the work of people mainly from this country, Holland, and the Scandinavian lands, who went out with little money and created wealth by enterprise and diligence. In those days, a man might move freely about his world. Between the wars, emigration was so much obstructed that the process almost stopped.

The condition, that a newcomer must bring a stated sum of money, was not the greatest obstacle. In olden times, most men saved something to take with them. The order of repression and discouragement, which has been built up in this country to-day, killed the spirit of enterprise in the rising generation.

But who can understand British and Dominion Governments which joined to prevent inter-migration? A main danger to our future is that of the halted breed, and a great cause of this, I conjecture, has been the hindrance of free movement about the Empire. A committee of our enemies could not have devised better means to enfeeble us and imperil our future.

During seven of the eight years before this war, emigration from this country almost ceased. Such movement as there was to the Dominions, was of *non-British* emigrants, and in one case at least this was the *direct result of British Government action*. 'Assisted passages' to Australia were suspended between 1930 and 1938! *When they were resumed, until August 1939, only 881 of the 10,992 persons who were helped to go to Australia were British! Nearly all the remaining 10,111 were Jews from Europe.*

A former British Governor of South Australia, Sir Henry Galway, testified in *The Times* of March 10th, 1940, to

... the disastrous effects of the Government's policy in this very important matter. If this policy is persisted in, it will not take more than a couple of generations before Australia's proud boast of a population with 95 per cent of British stock is silenced. One

of the many evils resulting from the substitution of alien for British stock is that the industries are by degrees falling under foreign control. For instance, the sugar and peanut industries are already fairly well in the hands of the alien, while the fruit industry is going that way ... the average Member of Parliament is woefully ignorant on the subject of migration ... I humbly contend that it is up to the Government to do all in their power to save Australia from being swamped by people of alien race.

Sir Abe Bailey gave a similarly alarming report about South Africa, in *The Times* in September 1939. News of the same kind has come from Canada.

The average Member of Parliament is *not* 'woefully ignorant' on the subject of migration. He has become indifferent to the subject of British migration and is too susceptible to powerful and organized international interests which seek to promote *non-British* migration. The columns of Hansard for years past contain hardly any allusion to *British* migration. The very pages burst with pleas for the admission to this country and to the Dominions of *non-British* emigrants.

This is an anti-patriotic thing. It is a direct blow at the foundations of the Empire, and one aimed at them by the elected representatives of our people during the absence of our men at the war. We cannot 'hold our own' by such methods; on the contrary, this means that we deliberately cast our own away. This thing, if it continues, will throw an unpleasant light on the origins of the present war. Here is another engagement in the Battle of England, which must be fought if the future is not to be darker than the past. We have seen that our Parliament will not help us unless it is made to; from some madness, or ulterior prompting, it seeks to cleave the bloodstream between this mother island and the offspring Dominions, and to fill the artery with an *Ersatz* fluid.

The Battle in England, against these anti-patriotic ideas, and against the international interests which foster them, will be bitter. It would be easier, if the Dominions themselves would help progressive and patriotic thought here:

The Commonwealth Government is making plans to increase Australia's population from 7,000,000 to 20,000,000 after the war. Next to English-speaking people, people from Holland, Denmark and Sweden will be most welcome. Employment giving a decent standard of living could be provided for at least 20,000,000 people.

A message from Sydney to *The Daily Telegraph*, January 1943.<sup>[47]</sup>

That is a very bright ray of hope (but if you will follow our Parliamentary debates, gentle reader, you will find no discussion of such things as this, but only a loud clamour about aliens). This is sound Australian and sound Imperial policy. This plan would achieve, at a single stroke, a great measure of betterment for Australia, this country and the Empire. It is a health-giving and patriotic idea, which would invigorate the breed in that far Continent, in this island, and strengthen the bond between. New Zealand, which shares the same recent memory of imminent peril, would follow suit. An Administration in this country, which was moved by genuine Imperial and British sentiment, could gain the support of the Union Government in South Africa for a similar undertaking. As for Canada, the greatest Dominion, this is what a Canadian lady wrote in *The Daily Telegraph* on January 15th, 1943:

Canada, my country, is very short of population. For the past two decades it has become almost static. After the war it will be less. We have become a 'two-child family' nation. In a small country this might be ideal; in Canada it is tragic. In recent years we have had little of the better type of immigrant from the British Isles, and if Canada is to remain British we shall have to have more of them, otherwise we must throw open our doors to all Europe once more. When the Beveridge Plan is put into operation the best

of the younger generation will leave England, the independent, educated, enterprising and adventurously progressive will seek a free life elsewhere. I hope they will come to Canada; we need them; though, of course, most of the other Dominions will welcome them also. We shall not have any Beveridge schemes in Canada. There we must all stand or fall on our own merits, which is just what the Almighty intended we should.

Of what avail is it to speak of 'holding our own' while this vital question is ignored and our Parliament and Press champion only the cause of alien immigrants? We cannot hold our own island, much less the Empire, unless we reinvigorate the land, restore respect for British traditions, open the doors of opportunity, rebuild home and family life, revive the breed, check the drift to cynicism and resume inter-migration within the Empire.

Our Government often proclaims what it will do after the war. It has spoken of 'four freedoms' which we are to enjoy. It has never spent a word, that I have read, on emigration. Will these 'four freedoms' then, include the freedom which between the wars was nearly gone, which at the end was enjoyed more by aliens than by Britishers, to go to one of the kindred lands founded by their forefathers?

British governments, before this war, at one and the same time kept our island unarmed, and hindered emigration to the Dominions. Can any find rhyme or reason in that? it seems to add up to hatred of this island and its people; if it was not that, it was a thing of such mad idiocy that you may wonder what British governments are for and shudder at the thought that they seek to gain more power, and divest themselves still further of public control, after this war.

The story of our recent past makes it important that such words as 'we mean to hold our own' should be clearly defined. *How* do our rulers propose to ensure that our own shall continue to hold to us? They cannot do it without resuming inter-migration; or by preventing British and promoting alien migration.

Here is another foremost objective in the Battle In England. Revive a happy breed here, and encourage the resumption of breeding and inter-migration both in this island and in the Dominions, and we shall be fit to hold the lesser parts of the British Empire.

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... We stood and watched the Australian in his slouch hat. 'How the girls loved those hats in the last war', I said. 'I love them *now*', said Lorelei. 'Here, come on', I said. 'Keep your Imperial enthusiasm within bounds. You are a piece of this old island, and not to be leased, lent, or let go. I consider my own hat most becoming.' 'Do you', she said, looking at it. 'Is that the one you bought in Prague?' 'It is', I said, 'the only hat that ever loved me, the one that was run over in Budapest and rescued from the sea by a Polish sailor at Gdynia, and bombed at a cleaner's in London, and found again by me on a salvage dump, and now that it has a hole in the crown, which parts from the brim, old ladies try to give me pennies in the street, but I never will desert this hat.' 'I love it', she said. 'That's better', said I. 'But I'd like to steal one of those Australian hats for myself, or one of these, look!' I looked, and saw a New Zealander, who came towards us. At the next corner stood two extremely good-looking Canadian Scots; their gaze told their opinion of Lorelei. 'Isn't it a wonderful feeling', she said, 'when you see these men from all parts of the world, and feel that they belong to us and we to them. I never *felt* the British Empire until now. You know how dull and blindfold we grow up in this country. To see them makes you feel so good and safe and part of something.' 'You're quite safe', I said brusquely, 'in my company, and you belong to me, as Glasgow to Will Fyffe.'

Then, just as we approached the doorway of Simpson's-in-the-Strand, two exceptionally tall, stalwart and handsome men, in dark blue uniforms came towards us. '*I say*', said Lorelei, 'what are these?'

'Australian Air Force', I said tersely, 'and if you don't stop talking British Empire now I'll make you pay for this lunch. The time is come to change the subject.'

She grinned and squeezed my arm. 'I love to rile you', she said.

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## Chapter Fifteen

### SOCIAL INSECURITY

December 1942. I sat in a train, bound for Reading, and opposite sat a newspaper with two legs; the upper half of the forked radish was hidden behind those outspread pages. My eyes were unseeingly fixed on the football results thus displayed before me, and I came out of my reverie with a start when these columns suddenly collapsed, as if Samson pulled them down, and revealed a red face that wore a smile of foolish bliss.

'Social security', it said, 'that's what we want and we'll get it. They won't be able to play about with us after *this* war. The people will see to that. Social security!'

'Social security', I said, absent-mindedly, 'Ah, you speak of Bismarck's invention'.

'Bismarck!' he said, staring. 'What's Bismarck got to do with it?'

'Don't you remember', I said, 'after the 1870 war against the French, when Bismarck was getting Germany ready for the first world war, the German people grew restless, from an intuition of what was coming, and the German Socialist Party increased rapidly. Bismarck saw that they would have to be kept quiet, if the preparations for the next war were not to be disturbed, so he threw them a ball to play with. He called it "Social Security". Or rather, he called it "The Social Service State". But it was the same thing: you know, health and unemployment insurance, pensions, freedom from want, the-whole bag of tricks. After Bismarck was sacked, the Kaiser took up the game, and the Socialists greatly enjoyed themselves, throwing the ball to him and having it thrown back to them. Meanwhile, the war simmered nicely on the hob, and was served up, piping hot, in 1914. The German Socialists voted for it. They stood up with all the others, when three cheers were called for the Kaiser, though they didn't actually cheer. The distinction was most important. Our own Socialists are good at the same kind of thing. Ah, dearie, dearie, me', I said, wagging my head sagely, 'that was a famous victory.'

'What are you talking about?' said red-face?

'Bismarck', I said.

'But I'm talking about the Beveridge Report', he said.

'I thought it was the same thing', said I.

He glanced at the communication cord. 'But I'm talking about Social Security', he persisted.

'So was I', I said. 'But I was *thinking* about the security of society.'

'What's the difference?' he asked.

'Just the difference between house and foundation', I said. 'A secure society is the foundation. Social security, if it exists at all, is a house which can only be built on that foundation. Try building one without laying a foundation: it will collapse about you. The trick has been played upon you twice already. Now you applaud the thimble-rigger as he sets his thimbles a third time.'

'I don't see that', he said, with a look of anguish.

'You are resolved not to', I said, 'or you will not take the pains.'

'I get out here', he said, hurriedly.

'That's what they always say', said I....

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Picture to yourself, gentle reader, social security in its highest form. Imagine that you are a passenger in a sinking ship. You do not mind, because you are secure! You are locked in a watertight cabin with food, drink and oxygen to last you your natural life. When you die, you may say, 'Well it was a bit dull for me, but by Neptune I was Socially Secure! None can gainsay that!'

Imagine galley-slaves, beneath the knout, singing 'With a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull, all together for freedom, pull!' So does the clamorous chorus sound to me which we hear to-day. It is a nightmare of human delusion. While the foundations of our society are being undermined, they sing of the house they will build: 'Social security!'

But the foundations are being smashed - family life, truth, loyalty, faith and hope. This is worse even than the killing, in war: the ruination of the lives and faith of many who remain alive. This is the evil that lives after. It is the foremost reason why we cannot afford more of these wars, why the paramount need of this island for the next century, is peace.

If you wander through a maze, every wrong turning you take brings you back to the beginning; though you travel far, you advance not at all. To get out, you must find the *one* right way. That is our case. We are in a maze of anxieties about our future. All the turnings save one are false. Only one way out, into a clear future, exists. It is, to make this island safe against any foreign enemy, first; and to build a house of freedom in it, second. Without that, the quest for social security is a false turning. Ignore the foundation, and social security is either a house of cards or a prison.

Thus the Beveridge Report, good or bad, is a secondary, not the foremost thing, and the public failure to perceive that is dangerous.

Let me give one vivid illustration of my meaning. The higher old age pensions which it proposes, are to reach their peak twenty years after its adoption. Twenty years was exactly the space of time needed to bring about this war! But what social security has an old age pensioner, or any other, in such a war?

Again, in twenty years, according to Sir William Beveridge, we shall be 'in a panic about the population of this country'. That is, we shall offer a more tempting prey than ever, to some predatory enemy, in twenty years' time, if our rulers continue to depress the national spirit, weaken the national will and neglect the national defences.

Then, how can you achieve social security, unless you make this island secure,<sup>[48]</sup> restore faith to its people, revive the desire to breed, and give them freedom to work and emigrate.

If these things were not done, the edifice of social security, before it was even completed, would be bombed, or the inmates of it would become the captives of a foreign conqueror. What security is that? Social security cannot be attained without national and Imperial security - and no Beveridge Report about national and Imperial security has been issued, nor can our governments be trusted to ensure it.

The Beveridge Report, then, is a secondary thing. Having made that clear, what are its intrinsic merits?

The number of people who have *read* it bears the same proportion to the number of those who applaud it as the number of people who have read the Versailles Treaty bears to the number of those who shout

'No second Versailles!' It has 300 pages and over 200,000 words. I never met a document so difficult to read and understand. Most of those who champion it unthinkingly conclude, from newspaper summaries, that they would profit by it.

It contains one thing I want for myself: equal health and hospital services for all, particularly children. It contains two things I want for others: higher old age pensions, and the abolition of the victimization of the poor through insurance collectors.

Our first-, second- and third-class order in hospitals, is repugnant. I am not personally biased; I was only once delivered to the mercies of an English hospital, and became a first-class patient as soon as I recovered consciousness, being able to pay. But the health of the community is the greatest asset of the nation, and all should receive equal care. The cadging 'voluntary hospital' (with its money-box-rattling 'Appeal Secretary') is detestable, because the health of the population is a national, not a private or class interest. If after this war we could say farewell to alms, we should have achieved something worth fighting for.

I believe we should adopt the Swedish order, which excludes all differentiation. All hospitals there are State-controlled. Their revenue is obtained from two taxes, one levied by the State and the other by the borough in which the citizen lives. The State tax is a fixed percentage on income. The Municipal tax is levied according to income; thus, it cannot be evaded (like rates in England) by residence in a house below the standard of the individual's income. Treatment in the hospitals is alike for all. The only preference which money can buy, is a private room; the treatment does not differ. The cost of an operation on a boy's tonsils, for instance, would amount to about 1s. 6d. a day for as long as he remained in hospital. No operation fees are exacted, for the State doctor performs the operation.

(If I understand the Beveridge Report, it does not go so far as this. But this is a simple, yet ideal, arrangement.)

Equal care of the health of all children, is an essential part of the foundation of a secure society. The children are the nation's investment in the future, and the dividends this will pay depend very much on their health. Statistics, which are great liars, show that the health of children in this country was not inferior to that of children in other countries before this war. Their appearance belied such statistics. True, they were being liberated from typhoid, diphtheria and tuberculosis, but their teeth were appalling, and their bodies bore the same relation to human fitness, as derelict acres to thriving farmland.

The second good thing in the Beveridge Report is the proposal for higher old age pensions. The national interest commands unremitting care of the children. Every humane and decent instinct calls for the protection against want and distress, of those who can no longer work. The thing is better said than I can say it in this description of an old, husbandless, Cornish grannie, in Mr. A.L. Rowse's book *A Cornish Childhood* (Jonathan Cape, 1942):

Her last years were made easier for her by Lloyd George's Old Age Pension. If anybody ever deserved 5s. a week after a lifetime of honest hard work, it was she; and if there was anybody to whom it was an inestimable help, it was she. The consequence was that she worshipped the name of Lloyd George - and quite rightly, too. The work of that remote politician away in Westminster, a mere name to her who knew nothing of politics and politicians - any more than any of us did - meant that much concrete security to her last years, so much for tea and sugar and bread and candles and coal and house-rent - there was little enough left over for meat....

'The spirit of adventure' no longer stirs in old men and women. Nothing can be destroyed by alleviating their last years.

Thirdly, the Beveridge Report exposes the indefensibly high proportion of premiums-paid which is eaten up by the working costs of the great insurance companies. Of every pound paid in life insurance premiums by persons of limited means, seven shillings were swallowed wastefully in this way. (I believe the companies challenge the figure, but the ratio is undeniably too high, and the contrast between the squalid homes of the little insurers and the great palaces of the insurance concerns, is blatantly eloquent.) This, however, could be cured without nationalizing insurance. Simple legislation, setting an upper limit to the ratio of working-costs-and-premiums, would suffice.

The Beveridge Report also mentions the greatest abuse committed in the business of life insurance: the transference of millions of pounds, in pennies and shillings, from the pockets of the poor to the coffers of great concerns, through the forfeiture of premiums paid on policies which lapse. (The Beveridge Report deserves no particular credit for this revelation; the thing has repeatedly been exposed, and if it continues this is the fault of public apathy.) This great scandal has gone on for a hundred years unchecked, though simple legislation would stop it. Mr. Gladstone, in 1864, thought to shock the country by disclosing that one single company, in 1863, issued 135,000 Policies and retained the premiums on *more than half of them* (70,000), on which payments were not maintained. Yet in 1929 the same company issued 811,545 policies, of which 444,829 (a larger proportion than in 1863) were forfeited through failure to maintain payment!

I have seen this thing at work. In the lean times after the last war, I rented a room from a poor widow, who was visited weekly by a jovial fellow with a little book and pencil, Mr. Wily. Mr. Wily knew these people. He would talk of the handsome sum they would draw if they were injured, and the fine funerals they would be given when they died. He called my old landlady 'Ma' and she, lonely creature, looked forward to his calls. Up and down those streets he went, collecting the twopences and threepences. Then one week, Ma would not be able to pay. 'That's all right, Ma', Mr. Wily would say, 'Pay me next week.' Next week, Ma could not find the fourpence or sixpence, and so it would go on. One day, Mr. Wily would suddenly say things couldn't go on like this, two shillings were owing now, he must have at least a shilling. Ma would be frightened and see visions of a bailiff or a policeman, and say she would pay next week. Next time Mr. Wily came, she wouldn't open the door. Mr. Wily, grinning behind his straggly moustache, would go his Way. 'Insurance' of this kind became a mania with some of these women; they would run four or five small insurances at a time, and were always allowing these to lapse because they could not keep up the payments.

The British Parliament permits this. Not by its deeds, but by what it does not may you know it. Exposure by a Prime Minister and two committees achieved nothing; now the Beveridge Committee has again drawn attention to it.

But the main importance of the Beveridge Report lies in its proposals about unemployment insurance.

Again, it grasps the stick at the wrong end. If this island society is to be made secure, unemployment should be attacked first, and insured against afterwards. If mass unemployment recurs, Social Security is nonsense. It can only exist when men have the opportunity to *work*. To deny them that, and pay them for idleness, may be good or bad; it is not social security.

The Beveridge Committee was appointed to consider social insurance, which includes unemployment insurance. But the point is, that the Government has appointed no Committee to consider *employment* after the war!

Are we then to rest content with the former state of affairs, when millions were idle? For this reason, I smelt danger in the section of the Beveridge Report which deals with unemployment insurance. If a nigger was in the woodpile, it would be there. And indeed, I found this:

Men and women in receipt of unemployment benefit *cannot be allowed to hold out indefinitely for work of the type to which they are used or in their present places of residence if there is work which they could do available at the standard wage for that work....*

Men and women who have been unemployed for a certain period *should be required as a condition of continued benefit to attend a work or training centre ... the period after which attendance should be required might be extended in times of high unemployment and reduced in times of good employment; six months for adults would perhaps be a reasonable average period of benefit without conditions. But for young persons who have not yet the habit of continuous work, the period should be shorter; for boys and girls there should really be no unconditional benefit at all; their enforced abstention from work should be made an occasion of further training....*

*Conditions imposed on benefit must be enforced where necessary by suitable penalties.*

That is compulsion and forced labour, as we now have it, introduced under pretext of the war and ostensibly only for the duration of the war. It existed in Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. It is one of The Things we supposedly fight against. Young lads and girls *must* take what employment they are told to take, even far away from home; 'suitable penalties' will be imposed if they demur. 'Suitable penalties' can only mean imprisonment.

And *this* is Social Security! This is what the politicians mean when they speak of 'the continuance of control after the war!'.

How many enthusiasts knew that this was in the Beveridge Report? It appears in Part II, on page 58. When the Report was issued, the public was benevolently advised, on account of its great length and complexity to read a summary, *The Beveridge Report In Brief*, which contains 63 pages instead of 300 and costs 3d. instead of 2s.

*Part II of the 2s. Beveridge Report, containing the proposals I have quoted above, does not appear in the threepenny report in brief.*

In the great parliamentary and newspaper controversy about the report, I have not seen these vital proposals mentioned, though they are the most important things in it. They would impair our last remnants of liberty.

Here are no proposals to create *employment* and hope, for the young people of to-morrow's England, to get them on to the land, on to the sea, into the air, into the Empire. Here are but compulsion, labour camps, the abolition of free choice of employment and the threat of force.

Strange, that the people of this country, having been hoaxed so often, from the Zinovieff letter to the Gold Standard election, from the 'Save Abyssinia' election to the Munich Agreement do not become a little wary and examine what they are told before applauding. Their newspapers, without explaining this part of the report, lauded it as a model of 'advanced thinking'. Do people believe this? They were given a picture of a few Tory diehards implacably setting out to wreck a report which might be England's salvation. Did they not observe, then, that the Government itself called for this report and 'publicized it all over the world in a way that no report has ever been publicized' (Sir William Beveridge, on March 3rd, 1943). The Government broadcast the beauties of this report in scores of languages. Do people then really believe that the Government is opposed to the Report drawn up by a very old crony of Mr. Churchill? Do they imagine that the Government gave such vast publicity to the Report, merely in order to make itself unpopular?

The gullibility of the public is frightening. Nose-led by the Press, millions of people seemingly go about saying the 'vested interests and the old men are trying to wreck this wonderful scheme of social security, which would ensure our future. We will *force* the Government to give us the whole Report and nothing but.'

'They' *want* the Beveridge Report, or at any rate the proposals which I have quoted and which were omitted from the popular edition. What 'vested interest' would oppose forced labour, backed by imprisonment? (For that matter, you will find the same idea in Lord Salisbury's *Post-War Conservative Policy*.)

If this, the hidden barb in the Report, is swallowed with the tempting bait that surrounds it, the people of this island will find themselves hooked. For this is Social Insecurity at its worst. This is the thing the blaring radio has implored us for over three years to overcome at the cost of everything we have: dragooning, regimentation, surrender to petty officials, and trades union tyranny. Do not believe that one party in Parliament is for and the other against *these* proposals. *Both* are avid for them.

Let any man or woman in this country who has been 'directed' to leave an employment, surrender it to another, often enough to an alien, and to take some worse paid employment, in some other place, on pain of imprisonment, consider whether that is Social Security. Social Security offers them that *after* the war.

Let any man or woman who has known the fear of unemployment consider whether, after the war, that fear will be greater or less, if he or she knows that the loss of a job will render them liable to compulsion to enter another trade, at lower wages, and to remove to another part of the country, on penalty of imprisonment. Let them consider whether they would then feel themselves socially secure.

This would be the end of personal freedom, and it is buried deep in the 200,000 words of the full edition of the Beveridge Report (which you, gentle reader, have not read, I wager). It is *not* contained in the popular threepenny summary which our paternal rulers prepared for your benefit. Think of this, before you yield to the enthusiasm of newspapers, whose proprietors you do not know, about 'Social Security'. If you swallow Social Security before this hook has been taken out of it, you are caught. You throw away what is probably the last hope for the future.

The proposals to which I have drawn attention mean that the two great parties which jointly govern us have their eyes fixed, after this war, not on the *promotion of employment*, which alone could mean Social Security, but on *the exploitation of unemployment*, which means social insecurity. No good for the future ever comes from the enchainment of the people, and the motives behind such measures are always evil. Such measures are the surest possible indication that new wars are being cooked behind the scenes. Any man who clamours for 'the whole Report and nothing but the Report', without gaining the written pledge of any candidate who desires his vote, that this hook shall be taken out of it, throws away his future.

The Beveridge Report, through no fault of its compilers, but possibly through the intention of those who appointed them, has done the country a disastrous disservice by fixing its gaze on 'unemployment', instead of 'employment' after the war, and in diverting public attention from the Government's failure to prepare *employment*. What we need, if we are to make our society secure, is employment, not a vast army of Bumbles engaged in distributing unemployment pay or imprisoning the workless. This is the paramount need from which the public mind is distracted by the fraudulent cry of 'Social Security'.

How can we have *employment*?

I tried, gentle reader, to make the Empire plastic and vivid in your mind's eye by showing this island as the foundation, the four great Dominions as pillars embedded in its safety, and the rest as superstructure.

Now let us build a plastic model of this island. Its safety and happiness rest on freedom from wrongful imprisonment and a liberated countryside, and on four other main foundation stones: the fighting services, the merchant navy, agriculture and coal.

Those are the four chief props. Make those strong and prosperous and the structure is secure. We cannot live without the fighting services, and they should be kept strong against the hour of need. We cannot maintain our Empire without a great merchant navy (of the sea *and* now of the air), which becomes even more vital in war; every effort should be spent to promote its prosperity. We cannot live, warm ourselves, travel or stoke our furnaces without coal; no care given to that industry would be too much. We cannot live happily in peace without a thriving countryside, and in war we may starve for the lack of it; it should not again be allowed to fall into decay.

These four things, together, spell employment, and the cure of unemployment. The problem of unemployment dwindles, and the problem of Social Security solves itself in a better way than by insurance, if they are done. Between the wars, all were neglected. That was the chief cause of unemployment and Social Insecurity.

Consider them separately. Firstly, the fighting services were starved (though we were told the opposite). The Navy was down to danger point, the Air Force below it, and the Army far below it. I have quoted the proofs of our plight after Dunkirk, when in my view we were actually defeated, but the enemy did not strike. We should never again allow the Navy or the Air Force to be less strong than any other in the world, and we should be content with the equality of only one other, the American. The Army should be substantially stronger than we have hitherto thought necessary. Apart from the fact that this policy would have preserved peace (and as time passes the evidence accumulates this was why it was not followed), it would have prevented one great part of our mass unemployment, which reached the figure of nearly three millions in 1932, when 60 per cent of all workers in shipbuilding and allied industries were out of work, and 46 per cent of all workers in the iron and steel industry. (Turn a deaf ear to proposals for our disarmament after this war, in whatever form they may be disguised. Beware Dis-armageddon!) But, as part of the gradual loosening of the order of Enclosure, which is indispensable if a happy breed is to be revived in this island, conditions of service and possibilities of promotion for all ranks should be improved and widened.

Secondly. We have now learned, once again, the value to us of our Merchant Navy. But for it, we should have starved; without it, we could not contemplate the invasion of Europe which we shall have to undertake if we are to win this war. It was not so much neglected, as murderously assaulted. Large among the causes of this war looms the thing that was done in 1930, when rich men joined together and formed a company called National Shipbuilders' Security Limited (note the familiar words, and consider what 'national security' came of it), to buy redundant plants, dismantle yards, and resell the sites on the condition *that they would not be used again for shipbuilding*. No shrewder blow could be aimed at our island safety, or a greater encouragement given to any country that plotted to beat us through starvation. (Nine years after that was done, submarine warfare began again!) Within one year, and on the north-east coast alone, eight shipyards were bought up, closed and scrapped, and many more on Clydeside. Scores of thousands of shipwrights were thrown on the street. The Bank of England, 'our national bank', supported that transaction! It was called a measure to 'assist the shipbuilding industry'. Neither the seafaring nation nor the shipbuilding workmen were assisted; a few magnates profited. Now, under the stress of war, the Government has formed a corporation to reopen those derelict yards. The leading men in it are those who formed the buying-up and dismantling company!

Can any cite a madder or more evil thing. In that affair, too, you may see how unemployment and social insecurity are made, and employment and social security destroyed. To prevent such a thing from happening again, is more important than to make schemes for insuring against unemployment. This transaction produced a further large proportion of our mass unemployment, to swell that which resulted from the starving of the Navy, Army and Air Force. After this war, the public hand should retain at least this control of the shipyards, that none should be dismantled or cast into disuse again. That is more vital than the imprisonment, if they refuse to leave their homes, of workers made idle by closing down. If any private owner feels unable to continue, the shipyard should be taken over by the State and operated with the owner as manager, if he wishes; for this is a national, not a private, interest. This episode clearly shows, like that of the insurance companies and the forfeited premiums, where the bounds of 'private enterprise' should be drawn; it should not be allowed to become legalized plunder, or to imperil our national safety.

After this war, a sister should be born to our Merchant Navy. This is civil aviation, the merchant marine of the air. The last war, which was the first air war, left us with the greatest air force in the world. Air travel and air transport were obviously to become the great new industries of the future, and we should have led the world in them, having so much experience, machinery, material and skilled labour in our hands.

Once again, 'They' intervened. Within a few months of the end of the last war, thirty thousand aeroplanes were thrown on the scrap heap, while good flying men were left to peddle vacuum cleaners. The Germans, forbidden any military aircraft, raced ahead, and built a great network of efficient air transport lines that covered all Europe and then spread across the Atlantic. Our civilian transport lines were miserably treated, as were the shipwrights, the miners, the farm labourers, the merchant seamen. (An odd thing is, that even to-day our Prime Minister and other highly-paid people, habitually choose not British, but foreign pilots for their journeys.) Here an enormous field of employment, and of travel, adventure and enterprise, was allowed to go to weed, just like so much English farmland. The Germans, Americans and Dutch, left us far behind. British officials coming home from the Empire were wont to use foreign air lines because they were faster, more comfortable and better than ours.

In this island were 3,000,000 unemployed; here was a great vein of employment left untapped, and a new threat allowed to grow to our national security. To-day, that absurd position threatens to recur. The nation wastes its breath in argument about insurance against *unemployment*, instead of seizing the golden chances of *employment* which lie near at hand. For nearly two years 'a committee' has been 'considering' civil aviation. Something thwarts its work; it comes no further. Meanwhile, American air lines are spreading their services. Our production of transport and cargo-carrying aircraft has been relegated to the status of Cinderella. All the present signs are, that an unnecessary inferiority is being allowed to develop again.

But if that happens, it will be another great source of avoidable *unemployment* after the war, when it should be a gigantic field of *employment* and endeavour. Our present Under Secretary for Air, Captain Balfour, said in the House of Commons on December 17th, 1942:

At the end of the war we may be faced with two alternatives unless we safeguard the position as far as we are able. Either we shall have to contemplate closing down a large part of the aircraft industry, employing more than a million workers, and hope that the industrial market will be able to absorb and use the skill of those men elsewhere, or we shall have to continue building bombers and fighters for which there may be little or no use in the numbers that we shall be producing at the end of the war.



The words are enough to cause despair in the future of this country. Are we to start closing down, dismantling, dismissing again? If this is the intention, we can guess why the Beveridge Report was published, and why thoughts of unemployment, instead of employment, obsess our rulers.

But why? Why is the choice only between 'closing down and dismissing more than a million men' and 'building bombers and fighters for which there may be little or no use'? The third alternative is obvious. It is, to build a great merchant service and passenger service of the air, and to prepare for that *now*.

Air transport will be as vital to our Empire in future as the Merchant Navy always was and has proved again to be. Not only is it a means of employing hundreds of thousands of men, but it opens all those doors to travel, adventure, enterprise, the lack of which in England has so depressed the spirit of young men. The sea is in our blood; the air will have to be in our blood, too, if we are to survive. Our Air Force, when this war ends, will be as great as or greater than any in the world; and behind it lies the Air Training Corps, in which scores of thousands of youngsters have come to know the feel of the air, to think about flying, to raise their eyes above the level of the street, the pictures, the pub. We can become the greatest airfaring nation in the world, as we should be with such an Empire. This is opportunity in all its forms. Do our rulers mean to spoil that chance? In the past, most of us loved and lived for the Empire without ever seeing it. Air travel and air transport offer the means for it to become known to us all. This is not only a war-winning weapon, but, what is more important, a peace-winning one. It is being neglected, and the great chance is being allowed to slip through our hands once more. None cares for this vital matter. It is a part-time occupation of an Air Ministry which is obsessed with the needs of military aircraft. We need, at once, an Air Transport Ministry, and an Empire Air Transport Board, so that we, with the Dominions, may prepare now to take our place in the peaceful air when the war ends.

How grotesque, to talk of Social Security, of insuring against unemployment, when such an opportunity as this is ignored!

Thirdly. The other great vein of employment, which in the inter-war years became a source of mass unemployment, is the mining industry. 'Nationalization' is a word disliked in this country. But the right of coalowners, for whose profit men are in wartime forced down the pits on pain of imprisonment, should not extend so far that in peace they may close these pits and throw thousands of men on the streets to swell the throng of those who (under the Beveridge Report) could be told to go to some unfamiliar and still lower-paid work elsewhere. The coal industry is so vital a pillar in the structure of our land that the status and self-esteem of the miners should be the first care of any government, Tory, Socialist or Coalition. Instead of that, they have been miserably paid and shabbily treated. (This was the greatest weakness of England in the inter-war years, that the lowest wages and poorest conditions were reserved for the men who served the three most vital industries in the land - mining, agriculture and shipping. Merchant seamen have told me that even to-day, in war time, conditions of pay and service in British ships are inferior to those in Norwegian, Greek, Netherlands and other merchant navies.)

Fourthly. Agriculture furnished the fourth and last portion of the mass of unemployed. A good farmer told me, before the war, 'None but a fool would become a farm labourer in this country to-day'. These were the worst paid of all. They were lucky if they earned thirty shillings a week, for toiling from dawn to dusk. During the war, their wage has been raised to a decent level. Farmers and landowners have been guaranteed fair prices. A paramount necessity, after this war, will be, to maintain the revival of the land and not to let it lapse again into the state of grey decay which Ministers of Agriculture so eloquently deplored. This can only be achieved by guaranteeing a fair price level for farmers and a fair minimum wage for landworkers.

These are the four pillars on which *employment* could be built in England. They are all essential and complementary and vital both to our happiness in peace and our security in war. None are mutually antagonistic. If these four veins of employment were fully exploited, unemployment would remain the lesser problem which it formerly was; insurance against it would be simple and secondary. Add to those four things such large-scale schemes of emigration, concerted with the Dominion Governments, as that which the Australian Government has in mind, and the beginning not only of insular, but of imperial revival is achieved.

These things, which so few people discuss, or even think about, are more important than Social Security, which is a blind, meant to divert the people's gaze from the real source of any misfortunes that come upon them. We do not need to have *unemployment*. We can have *employment*, the only Social Security. Are there some who wish to deprive us of that, and who are they?

... He put his head through the window again.

'What did you mean by that about Bismarck?' he said.

'We were talking of Social Security, weren't we?' I asked.

'Yes, but what's it got to do with *Bismarck*?' he said.

'Have you a year or two to spare?' I said.

'Me?', he asked, in surprise. 'No, I haven't.'

'That's a pity', I said, 'I might have been able to explain it to you.'

The train began to move. He looked after me in great bewilderment.

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## Chapter Sixteen

### NINETEEN-SIXTY CORNER

... We were come a long way together, uphill and down dale, Myself and I. He was a good guide. Having been that way before, he was able to lead me past many false turnings which I otherwise would have taken, to show me the right way when the road forked, and to tell me which, of those we met, were to be trusted or suspected.

I might have lost everything I owned right at the beginning, for I was sorely tempted to save my own feet by taking a ride, when I was invited by a wily-looking fellow with a megaphone, in the Snap Election Charabanc. He said it would bring me where I wanted to go, but Myself, having been tricked before, held me back. 'Above all', he said, 'don't fall into that trap. Find your *own* way, and shun all who offer you a lift or a short cut.' Again, I would certainly have yielded, but for him, to the allure of Appeasement Avenue, a shady way, or to that of Social Security Street, a crooked turning. Both of these, according to the wily-looking man, who in my dream constantly reappeared and sought to beguile me, led to a delightful garden city, where mankind needed to do nothing but lie about in beautiful parks called Freedom From Fear, Freedom From Want, and the like, and listen to the radio.

It was not easy to pass these by, for the way we went was hard, at first, and uphill, and led between mean houses, and was peopled with harassed and distraught-looking men and women who, like myself, sought Nineteen-Fifty Street and Nineteen-Sixty Corner, and beyond. I was much tempted to take those turnings, for everything was done to make them look pleasant and enticing, and they ran gently downhill, and the wily-looking man always cried eagerly 'This way, this way, you'll find 1950 and 1960 and the future down here. This is the shortest cut to 2000'.

But Myself dissuaded me each time. 'Don't believe it', he said, 'I *know*. I've been this way before, that's why I'm coming with you now. He's a fraud with his promises, he gets a commission on every man and woman he inveigles to go that way, and they don't get to the future at all. Down there, hidden, lies the Slough of Despond; I've seen it. Keep to this road. This is the right road. It needs finding, and it's hard and uphill at first, but it gets better, much better, afterwards, and it's the only one that will take you to 1960 and set you on your course for Beyond.'

We even succeeded, much to the delight of Myself, in preventing many others from following the beckoning finger of the wily-looking man. They gazed longingly at those shady, easy, downhill avenues, but when they heard that Myself was come that way before, and knew all the wrong turnings and pitfalls, they fell in with us and pressed on. Then, suddenly, the wily-looking man became a crowd of wily-looking men, who shouted angrily after us, 'Yah, Reds, Whites, Blues, Vermilions, Warmongers, Pacifists, Cranks, Idealists, Fascists, Communists, Fanatics, Dullards, Intellectuals, Ignoramuses, Bolsheviks, Diehards, Anti-Semolinists!!!' This greatly worried our companions at first, but Myself reassured them, saying 'That's all part of the game. If they can't trick you, they try to frighten you. Keep on and you will be all right'. And at that, all the wily-looking men vanished, and there was peace.

So we pressed on, a goodly company now, and when we came to Nineteen-Fifty Street, our hearts lifted, for the ascent was less steep, the mist began to clear, the houses were better, the people held up their heads and looked happier, the children were healthier. We overtook many others, and these joined us; yet we were neither a mob nor a regiment, but patriotic pilgrims in our own good right, and nevertheless strong in our numbers and our knowledge of the thing we sought. Something warm and pleasant lay in the air. 'What is this feeling?' I said to Myself. 'Don't you know?' he said, 'It's hope'. 'Why, of course', I said, 'I remember, you and I knew it in 1914.'

On we went, and the way became ever broader, smoother, surer and more inviting. The mist was quite gone, now, and the sun shone on a land that was pleasant and often green. The road lay straight and clear before us; few turnings offered, and none would have been tempted by them anyway. We saw men demolishing mean streets, and other men repairing hideous places where boards, which they uprooted and threw down, said 'Derelict Area'. We saw no fences, railings, or warnings against trespass; instead, we saw an open countryside, a thriving land, with busy coalmines and shipyards, and at their gates a small sign: 'Ugliness and idleness, alone, forbidden!'

At last we came to a great open place, that might have been Trafalgar Square, save that it was bigger and more beautiful; with a great greensward that might have been Hyde Park, save that iron bars were gone; and a great river flowing by that might have been the Thames, save that no filth floated on it, no black squalor lined it, but on both sides ran a white embankment and noble buildings and gardens, and fine bridges crossed it, and on it, pleasure craft plied, and everywhere keen and vigorous men and women and children went. Such things happen in dreams.

Myself stopped. 'Well, here you are', he said. 'You can't go wrong now. Just keep straight on. I shan't need to come with you any further.'

'What is this place?' I asked.

'This is 1960', he said. 'Go on as you've been going and you'll be all right. The way is clear now, but you'll meet the wily-looking man again. When you do, knock him down and look in his pockets. You'll find his contract there, and you'll see what he is really after.'

'Well,' so long', I said, 'and thank you. You've saved us a lot of time and disappointment.'

'More than that', said Myself, 'I've saved you from Yourself....'

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I awoke with a start. Before me lay Piccadilly, the Green Park and the passing show: trees and green grass; khaki, navy blue, sky blue and drab. A barrage balloon rose above the trees; at the winch, busy figures worked. The hum of the biggest city in the world was in my ears.

My hand still held an evening newspaper. 'Demobilization will be slow after the war', said the headline.

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# KIND FRIENDS, ADIEU!

## THE SUMMING UP

I did not dream, when I wrote the first of these books, that readers all over the world would accompany me through them. The things I wrote have nearly all been proved by events, but I can claim no especial prescience; chance made me a journalist, and this calling gave me exceptional opportunities to learn things hidden from others. Many other ways of informing the public exist, however, and the knowledge I gained was not rare enough, by itself, to cause these books to be so widely read.

If I may impart an open secret, the reason is that I, almost alone, write the things I know, through my profession, and believe in, through my birth and experience. People find in these books that which they should find, but do not, in parliamentary speeches and the Press. If the spirit and principle of yore animated the newspapers, the circulation of such books would be small.

The influences which work to suppress this, distort that or exaggerate the other, in the public prints, are now so great that none can obtain a fair picture of affairs from them. People feel this, and turn to the books of an independent writer. A curtain has been stealthily interposed between patriotic seekers after knowledge and the truth. The deterioration began in our time and has been quickened by two wars.<sup>[49]</sup> The newspaper free of shackles is as essential to the health of a country as the independent-minded Member of Parliament. The lack of both is a main cause of our spiritual ailments, of which 'bitterness and cynicism' are the greatest.

A book is a pasteboard-and-paper sandwich. Into this sandwich, I have put the knowledge and experience of thirty years, from 1914 till now. The sum of it is, a clear view of great dangers which beset our future. I have no wish to impart information for its own sake, and detest those who interfere with others and say, 'I only did it for your good'; they do more harm than any. Though my motive, when I wrote the first of these books, was not a monetary one (indeed, it involved the loss of a hardly-won career), it was nevertheless selfish. I merely took a long view of my selfish interest: I could not see any happiness in this world for me or my children unless my native country were either spared the new war, or equipped itself to win it.

I thought a mass of people must share this feeling, and found I was right. These books touched a vibrantly responsive chord, for the plain reason that very many felt as I felt, though of their feeling our Parliament and Press give no echo. The only antagonism they met (but it was violent) was directed against the parts of them which deal with the Jewish question. The arguments I raised were not met, or the facts questioned. The rebuke merely was, that I must not discuss the matter, and I do not agree. If a proposal were afoot, to bring a million Martians to this island, or to use British arms to establish a Martian National Home in Palestine, it would be freely argued, and the decision would rest on this unbiased debate. No community in the world should be exempt from scrutiny, when it demands boons from another.

An isolated reproach was that which minds in *rigor mortis* sometimes utter, that I 'criticized my own country' (as if I ought rather to lament the lack of lavatories in Liberia). One good Tory M.P., a loud champion of Munich, wrote that *Insanity Fair* did 'incalculable harm' to British renown in the world. If such as he but knew how much discredit *they* incur for us! I never before yielded to this temptation,

but quote now a letter from an American officer: 'One other thing, *All Our Tomorrows* has done far more towards breaking down any latent friction in my mind towards the average English soldier than any of the pamphlets which I have thus far seen dealing with that important phase of our war effort.'

Well, how do we stand, at the end of these five books? What is the final content of the sandwich? What is the summing-up?

The ominous balance of the past is that the *causes* of this war, as far as they lie in this country, have been concealed. Dark clouds surround that unreadiness and defencelessness of ours; enough rents have been made in the curtain of secrecy for so much to become visible. If stupidity was to blame, no reason exists to shield it; it should be exposed so that future mistakes may be avoided. If worse than stupidity was at fault, concealment is a deadly blow at our future, for this would be a guarantee of new wars. That is why no man can give an honest answer to the request for 'something constructive'. If we knew why our defences were retarded to the point of national helplessness, we could build. If that information is refused, and to-morrow's men retain the secret power to do the same thing, we cannot.

That is the summing-up of the past, and you cannot escape it.

Now the war oozes to its end. The Casablanca Conference lies behind us and at it, according to Mr. Churchill, 'a complete plan of action' was formed 'which comprises the apportionment of our Forces as well as their direction, and the weight of the particular movements which have been decided upon; and this plan we are going to carry out according to our ability during the next nine months'.

('Nine months' takes us to October 1943. A fortnight later Lord Simon spoke contemptuously of the demand for 'a second front' as 'a catchpenny phrase'. What can Mr. Churchill's words mean but an attack on the enemy in Europe? Indeed, Mr. Brendan Bracken said a few days later, 'I can give you the assurance of the whole of the Government that we intend at the first possible opportunity to hit the Hun in various parts of Europe'.)

If words mean anything, then, and contradictory words mean nothing, we shall strike in 1943. If, simultaneously, the 'unprecedented ordeal' by bombing (promised by Mr. Churchill in June 1942) is imposed on Germany, we may win the European war in 1943. (For air-bombing at this stage of the war, gentle reader, is *a war-winning weapon* in our hands.)

It becomes high time that the war should end, for in this island the picture of injustice, of inequality of service and sacrifice, grows grave. *One day* in February 1943 brought the following four reports, which deserve comparison:

Mr. Bevin, the Socialist Minister of Labour, refused to extend compulsion for military service to 'aliens of military age at liberty in this country' (who are eligible for all employment). This, in practice, meant the continued exemption of Jews from Germany, Austria, Hungary and Rumania, as *allied* nationals are subject to conscription. It also meant that these aliens (by law, enemy aliens) enjoy an immunity shared by none other in this island or all Europe, friend, foe or slave. It is a unique example of privilege.

Mr. Brendan Bracken stated that of 2824 persons employed by the Ministry of Information, 644 were men between 18 and 41 and 805 women between 19 and 30; and that the B.B.C. employed 668 men between 18 and 30.

A Mr. X. and his company were fined £181 10s., or three months' imprisonment, for evasion of the price-control. A suite of furniture was sold to the company's head for £10 3s. 3d., and then put up for auction, where it fetched £52 10s. In all thirteen bedroom suites, four dining-room suites, and other

furniture were thus disposed of, and the reader may calculate the approximate profit, and its relation to the fine imposed.

A 20-year-old English girl, Margaret B., who was ordered to leave her employment, her home and her mother, and go to a munitions factory, returned home, pleading that she was unequal to the work, her mother was ill, and the like. She was sent to prison for three months. Of this case, a magistrate said:

The National Service officers are often merely clerks at the Labour Exchanges. They can peremptorily direct persons to go out of the district in which they live, take up work in distant factories, irrespective of personal dislikes and preferences, and of home ties of the kind which are normally recognized as good reasons for not leaving home. Never before in the history of this country has one small man in each district been given such enormous powers over his neighbour.

(All who know the West End of London will be aware how many posts, thus rendered vacant, have been taken by aliens. The Minister concerned, Mr. Bevin, is seemingly informed of these conditions, for he said in February 1943, 'Someone said that London is a luxury place. It is nothing of the sort. London is not walking along Oxford Street or Piccadilly. That is not London; that is a little fungus which has grown up in the middle of London. It is not Londoners who are there as a rule; very few Londoners are there at all'. Yet his Ministry promotes such conditions.)

Such is the daily picture of the Home Front. To a man who was at the other Front, in the first war, and detested these things at home, it has been instructive but depressing to watch them at close range, in the second war, and see that, if anything, they are worse now than then. They make ugly contrast with the spirit of the men who serve and fight, and with the highfalutin speeches about The Things they have ostensibly been sent to fight for.

For at the fighting fronts, our men merely prove that they can fight, and we knew that before. The causes of the war, however, in so far as they lie in this country, have been screened, and remain unchanged, and this is the reason for the spiritual uneasiness, the fear, which seethe beneath the surface. They may be forgotten for the moment, in the approaching tumult of victory, but they are there. People *know*, even if they will not admit to themselves, that victory, alone, is nothing; 1918 taught them that. And they know, even if they refuse to discuss this, that the men, the methods and the machine, which destroyed that victory and brought the new war, are still in power, in use, and in action.

That is what the Archbishop of Canterbury meant, though he may not himself have realized it, when he said, on March 23rd, 1943, 'Horrible as it is, we have to realize that multitudes of our people actually fear the return of peace more than the continuance of war'. This applies particularly to that large section of the population remaining in this island, which *gains* through the war, in wealth, privilege, and power to dragoon or imprison its neighbours. But it applies also to many who suffer through the war, and yet dread a return to the money-grubbing anarchy of the inter-war years, with its decadent ruling class and its idle millions, its 'building society' and 'insurance company' palaces and its slums and living death in them, its 'sound finance' on paper and its spiritual bankruptcy in fact, its rusting mines and rotting shipyards, its derelict areas and derelict acres, its foreign policy of noble words and craven deeds - its entire anti-British foolishness and knavery.

We may find wisdom in the words of a Chinese, and not a dead man, Confucius, but a living woman, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who told a Chinese audience in San Francisco in March 1943 that she feared the Allies, after military victory over the Axis, may fight among themselves and lose the peace. She quoted the Hussites, those Czech Roundheads who successfully fought the German Emperor's Cavaliers, but allowed their own factional differences to culminate in self-destruction after victory. 'When these two factions had a common enemy they were united and strong against him', she said, 'but

when they had defeated him they flew at each other's throats. Shall we avert a similar disaster and gain wisdom from this object lesson?'

Madame Chiang Kai-shek declined to come to England. I think I can guess why, but it was a pity.

How right she was! In the midst of this war, which should have sobered us, if anything will, confusion in this island, about our future, is worse than even it was between the wars. What is to happen at home; what is to happen abroad; you may vainly scan the Parliamentary debates and the Press for light or hope. In foreign affairs, our leaders of the spoken and written word seem only united about the wrongs and rights of the Jews; they attack or ignore Frenchmen, Czechs, Poles and Serbs, and yet these are inseparable from our honour, our faith and our future. In domestic affairs, the way is clear for even worse exploitation than was after the last war: slums which were to be condemned are inhabited, slums which were already condemned have been reoccupied, the supply of houses is millions behind the people's need, nothing has been done to prevent new slums being built, or the distress of the population from being exploited in another decade of rent-squeezing, house-purchase enslavement and furnished-room profiteering. They talk, not of creating employment, though the opportunities are boundless, but of exploiting unemployment, through the weapon of coercion; and this, if it is allowed, will again open the way to the rich man who, of his own will, decides to close a coalmine or a shipyard.

Yet these conditions, in England, were the cause of our troubles. Slums, unemployment, derelict areas, dismantled mines and yards, and a decaying countryside, breed a spiritless nation. When I wrote the first of these books, before the war began, many people refused to believe the things I wrote about our slums; seemingly they were born, with eyes, but without sight. In 1943 a book was published, *Our Towns: A Close-Up* (Oxford University Press). It was mainly the result of an investigation, carried out by the Women's Group on Public Welfare, among mothers and children 'evacuated' from the towns to escape the bombing. The authors warn readers that they must have 'a stout stomach', and give a revolting picture, or one for which no adjective is foul enough, of conditions in England.

Many of these unfortunate beings were degraded, a disgrace and a danger to this wealthy country. It was not their fault; the fault lay in the slums, the criminal exploitation to which they were exposed by landlords, hire-purchase and insurance concerns, and the conniving Town Council and Government. Dirt, vermin, disease, animal habits, foul mouths, lying, stealing, bed-soiling, betting, drink, football coupons, 'comic' papers, pawntickets, 'pictures', patent medicines - the story traverses the entire alphabet of misery and filth. How could they help it?

Hundreds of thousands of families in all parts of the country have not a private closet, and there are areas where it is the exception for a family to have one.

This is the proud balance of a British Parliament which has sat for nearly eight years, as I write, and proposes soon, by posturing on the hustings as 'The National Government Which Won The War', and giving the electors no choice, to prolong its life for another five years - or ten - or twenty....

In twenty years, this war was brewed. Our slums were essential to its cooking. The Boys, when they come back, should make time to attend a Juvenile Court, and see at what tender ages Englishmen and Englishwomen are hopelessly spoiled, in this country. Children are not intrinsically wicked. The root causes, as Mr. John A.J. Watson says in his valuable book *The Child and the Magistrate* (Jonathan Cape, 1942), are:

Poverty and slums; disease and drink; immorality; indifference to religion; each of them conducing to that most tragic of all a child's afflictions - a broken home. These are the roots of evil.



The two things - our wretched order of class-segregation in this island, and the confusion in our foreign policy - hang inextricably together. Reform the one, and the other will cure itself.

How and where may we attack this tangle, hope to unravel it and straighten it out? As I think, only by reforming and cleansing our Parliament. That is where the obstruction lies.

We have but two Parties, that count. The Conservative Party, which annexes the claim to an Imperial patriotism, led us straight into a war in which we lost large portions of the Empire almost without a fight. The Labour Party, which claims to represent the working-class, was unable to avert mass unemployment, derelict areas, slums and the capricious closure of mines and shipyards.

The Conservative Party remains the monopoly of those who wish, first and foremost, to perpetuate the privileges of wealth and Enclosure. Two hundred and fifty of its Members are connected with the peerage, baronetage and knighthood; scores are bankers, company directors and landowners, newspaper proprietors and the like. The majority of them inherited wealth, nearly all come from one of a few public schools. You will find few working men in its ranks.

The Socialist Party is the near-monopoly of the great officialdom which the trade unions have become. It represents, not the working man, or Socialists, but labour 'organized' in those great unions which support so many officials. It is as 'conservative' as the Conservative Party, in wishing to conserve bad things in the interest of a *section* of the population. You *may*, in this party, find an old-school-tie or two, around the necks of a leader or two. You will find few small artisans or small employers, democratic Conservatives or conservative Socialists.

Where, in the Conservative Party, is a man to find a place who wishes to conserve the best traditions of this country but not the evils of Enclosure and the caste-system; to conserve the freedom of a man to make his own way and become rich, if he wishes, but not to close down a coalmine or shipyard, render thousands of men idle and imperil our national safety; to conserve the principle of private ownership, but not the unbridled licence of the slum landlord; to conserve parliamentary government, but not the doctrine of non-accountability and 'no recriminations'?

Where, in the Socialist Party, is a man to find a place who wishes to reform the educational system, but not abolish the public schools; to abolish unemployment, but not the freedom of contract; to abolish slums and derelict areas, but not to abolish private ownership?

And where, in either, is a man to find a strong and clear foreign policy? In neither. A man of civic and patriotic feeling, who knows no class feeling, or money barrier, can find no home in either of them. Each stands for the interests of a group, and these interests in both cases conflict with the interest of the whole.

The two Parties know this, and are also well aware of that carking question in the minds of the people: 'What of the future after the war?' That is why they now prepare, having tasted the sweets of office-sharing, to join hands, evade the need to offer the creators a choice between two policies, and jointly ride on our backs for many more years to come. The sectional interests they serve would thus be safeguarded; the interests of the nation would be lost. The Socialist Party is ageing and decadent; the Conservative Party is vigorous but castebound. The Socialist Party knows it is unlikely ever to gain a majority (without a new policy which it is too short-sighted to evolve), because the country, having been given various 'nest-eggs' by the Conservatives with this electoral aim in view, would again be stampeded by the cry, 'Your savings are in danger'. It makes ready to remain in sleeping partnership with the Conservatives at the price of a few jobs and the preservation of the trades union edifice.

The cost of this bargain to the country is seemingly to be Socialist complicity in the regimentation of labour - that is, not the creation of *employment*, but the exploitation of *unemployment*. This is the

device, most dangerous of all to our future, which peeps alike out of the Beveridge Report, the Marquess of Salisbury's *Post-War Conservative Policy*, and the utterances of innumerable Socialist politicians, that 'control must continue after the war': that men and women 'must not be allowed to refuse work, even in other trades than their own or in other places than their homes', and that 'direction' to new employment may be enforced by 'penalties'. The Socialist Party becomes a great vested interest, inimical to the rights of individuals and akin to any great capitalist concern in its disregard for these.<sup>[50]</sup> And the written pledge of obedience which is required from its representatives makes the real power behind this party as secret and difficult to detect as those 'motives' which, according to Mr. Lloyd George, 'precipitate wars'.

The political future, then, begins to take the shape of a pact between Conservatives and Socialists for the prolongation of office-sharing and the elimination of public interference. You may imagine, gentle reader, how little likely the Socialists would be, in a Parliament without an Opposition, to draw attention to large sales of British arms to Germany, or British investments in German armaments. You may imagine how little likely the Conservatives would be, in a Parliament without an Opposition, to pursue a sound foreign policy, to give correct information about our affairs, or to restrict the licence of shipowners, coalowners and slum landlords to undermine our national interests.

A main cause of this war was the lack of a clear-sighted, patriotic and vigorous Opposition in Parliament. The Socialists behaved like children in foreign affairs, and in domestic ones saw only the interests of the trade unions. How much worse will our plight be after this war, if even *that* much opposition is to be bought out! Here a mortal danger confronts us at the very start of Civvy Street.

Before we sum up the future, then, let me say again, that we shall not have one unless we break that deadlock in Parliament, and we can only do it by returning a large number of independent men to Parliament, who will accept no Party ties, refuse to be denied information about our affairs, and bring about by-elections in a national emergency (such as that of 1935, which was inadequately met by the Peace Ballot). Such men would be the country's watchdogs in a House now corrupted almost beyond redress.

And their foremost aim, now or ten years from now, should be to obtain a public inquiry into our affairs in the years of phoney peace which brewed this war. Only when we come to that knowledge, may we safely hope to build the future. Many of the men who were to blame will by then be dead, though their deeds will live after them. Nothing need happen to the others. The publication of the truth would be enough ignominy. But it would be the guarantee, which we so sorely need, that it could not happen again. Without that guarantee, It *will* happen again.

On that essential basis, how might we build the future? This is how I would sum it up:

(1) Our safety depends first on our fighting strength and our foreign policy. We need to that end a supreme navy and air force and a strong army, and exact information about these should be given annually in Parliament. British investments abroad should be forbidden for armaments and allied industries, and regulated so that they flow preponderantly, in a set ratio, to our Dominions and Colonies first, and to foreign countries only next.

(2) Our alliance with Russia, which will be essential to the equilibrium of Europe, should be extended to fifty years.

(3) We should restore the League of Nations exactly as it was, and fulfil its obligations, exactly as they were, for this would ensure enduring peace, given the two preceding conditions.

This is the most important thing of all, because a dangerous trap is being laid for us in this matter. Deluded people, who are the victims of phrases, tend to believe that 'the League failed', and they are

wrong. The League of Nations was a simple and perfect instrument for ensuring peace, and was especially attractive to us because, through the withdrawal of one or two Great Powers, it was, in effect, a British-led League amply strong enough to prevent war. Its triumph would have been a British triumph, and from the moment of that triumph it would have become a universal League, with British prestige paramount. Its failure was a *British* failure; we destroyed the League, in 1935 and after, and some of the influences which misguided our policy in those years now peep through the curtain of history, as I have shown. Any who promise us future peace by promising us some new kind of international organization, cannot be sincere. If they intend to preserve peace, they can do it through the League (the framework of which still exists) and need no other organization. If, however, they propose some different international body, their motives immediately become suspect. In this connection, I commend any who are anxious for the future to treat with the deepest suspicion four phrases which are current to-day: An International Police Force; Federal Union; The United States of Europe; Abolition of National Sovereignty. All these new proposals, unless I do them an injustice, contain a common kernel which is mortally dangerous to our future. It is that, when our armed strength has won victory, we should hand over our armed strength to some international body, controlled by who knows what hidden powers. That would be the first step towards a new war. For only in that way could the *second* condition be brought about, which was essential to the making of this war: our defencelessness. I have explained that this was the *half* of the seed of the present war. Germany's warlike ambitions and armed strength were not enough, alone, to produce the war. Our unreadiness, to the point of defencelessness, was also essential to it, and to the schemes of those who desired war: and this was brought about, first, by our disarmament, and second, by the deliberate deception of this country by its own leaders, who told it that our rearmament was proceeding when it was not. Any who may seek future wars will know that this country will not again be gulled by appeals to disarm, and that it will not again be content to believe, without proof, even the statements of its leaders, that its defences are in order. The only way, then, to effect our helplessness a second time would be, to deprive us of our sovereign control over our own armed forces. This is the danger which lurks behind the specious proposals I have mentioned. Beware Disarmageddon in *any* form; if we want enduring peace, we can have it through our own strength and a League united around it. That would be, in effect, what we now have, and could have had in 1935: a League of United Nations. It would perpetuate peace.

(4) We should desist from imparting confusion to our Foreign Policy by lending the strength of our arms to the pursuance of Jewish *national* aims, since this breeds throughout Jewry, as experience since the Balfour Declaration has incontrovertibly shown, an ever greater number of Jews who discard the feeling that they are Poles, Germans, Englishmen or members of any other national community among which they dwell, and adopt the principle that they are members of a Jewish *people* or *nation*, with rights to a separate State, or even Empire to which they can only come through the armed strength of Britain or some other great power. They do not, however, yield the rights of citizenship, which have now been granted to them in these communities, but demand *both*, and this leads to an intolerable duality and duplicity of claims. British policy should be aimed to ensure for the Jews, as members of a *religious* community alone, 'equal rights of citizenship' in the countries where they dwell, and nothing more; or, if they are to have a National State, or Empire, that they should become citizens of it and aliens elsewhere. This is a major issue, which has already involved us in one minor foreign war and bids to involve us in others, and overshadows and distorts our foreign policy in a manner insupportable for the people of this country.

In this connection, the pledge given by the British Government, that immigrants brought to this country since 1933 would not say here, become a burden to the British taxpayer, displace British citizens in the professions, callings and trades, or establish themselves here in prosperity during the absence of serving British citizens, should be *honoured*. The British Government's utmost endeavour should be, to see that these people return to their own countries and there receive 'equal rights of citizenship'.

(5) In our domestic affairs, Members of Parliament should by legislation be forbidden to sign pledges of unquestioning obedience to Parties which choose them as candidates, since such obviously override and invalidate pledges made to the voters at an election; and our whole present disaster is due to this secret and sinister allegiance.

(6) The principle of accountability should be restored, and legislation passed to compel the publication of documents, about the origins of such a war as this (in the manner followed, in this war, by the American Parliament), or of dispatches, about great military disasters. The country, under the present system, is denied all knowledge of the culprits and the blame by means of some cheap phrase. This is an indefensible arrangement, which is a main cause for our troubles, and is in effect indistinguishable from the methods of despotic and dictatorial government against which we supposedly fight.

In this connection a paramount need is to reduce, and eventually abolish, by law the practice of power-wielded-in-anonymity which has grown up in this country. Newspapers should be bound to publish prominently the names of their proprietors and editors, so that the public may know whose opinions they read, and what influences are likely to distort the information presented to them. Advertising revenue should be restricted to a modest proportion of sales-revenue, to prevent the acquirement of control, over the opinions and information presented, by anonymous third-parties, 'The Advertisers'. The proprietors of great concerns, similarly, should not be enabled to conceal their identity behind such names as 'The Venus Insurance Company', 'The British Imperial House-Purchase Corporation', 'The Patriotic Bank Holding Company', and the like. Persons who change their names should by law be compelled to print their original names in brackets in any such disclosure. The implacable doctrine of Civil Service anonymity, also, should be reduced; it is indefensible that men in the public service who wield great power over our national affairs should remain secret; the names of high permanent officials should be published with those of Ministers, and their actions should be subject to Parliamentary debate, with reference to them by name.

(7) Certain industries of this country are inseparable from and indispensable to our prosperity in peace and security in war. These are merchant shipping, coalmining, agriculture, and (in the future) civil aviation. The neglect, or even the deliberate repression and discouragement of these (and the fighting services) were the main cause of both our greatest recent disasters: mass unemployment and the present war. Any 'Four Year Plan', or any plan at all, is useless which does not put the fostering of these four industries first among its proposals. The principle should be established, that 'private enterprise' cannot be allowed to go so far as the closure of mines and shipyards; that a fair level of wages and prices in agriculture must be set by law; and that the creation of a great merchant marine of the air is our first duty when the war ends.

(8) The principle should be established, that the problem of labour is one of employment, and not of unemployment. It should be attacked, first and foremost, through these four industries, which themselves are potentially able to employ such masses of workpeople, and on which many other smaller industries depend. The industries themselves, and the problem of employment, are both auxiliary to, and essential to our island security. As a safeguard against the exploitation of unemployment, the indications of coercion and imprisonment should be deleted from the Beveridge Plan, if it is otherwise to be adopted.

(9) Imperial security depends on our island security, and cannot be ensured while the Dominions remain empty. The whole structure of Imperial security hangs together, and cannot be better served than by a lively process of emigration from this country and of inter-migration between the Dominions and this country. The policy of British Governments (and presumably of Dominions Governments, too) for ten years before this war, was to hinder and even check such migration, and during the last of these years, to promote alien migrations. This is a direct blow at both our insular security and Imperial security, and should cease. The Dominions Governments, under stress of this war, have given clear signs that they desire a resumption of substantial British emigration after the war. This should be

encouraged, partly by the assisted emigration of selected and trained candidates, but much more by the encouragement of independent emigrants who have saved a little money and are hardy and enterprising.

(10) The spiritual discouragement of the people of this country, which is another great source of danger to its future, is largely due to the order of class-compartments and privilege which has grown up on the basis of Enclosure of the land. The locking-up of the land is also a permanent cause of repression and frustration, even when this is not realized by the sufferers. The liberation of the land, for the enjoyment of the people, should be pursued in every possible way, as part of a process for reinvigorating England. A survey of the remaining common land in the country should be made, and all prohibitions and vetoes which have been placed on the use of it by petty authorities removed; and such further small and stealthy enclosure should be forbidden in future by law. The practice of fencing and railing-off public places should be stopped.<sup>[51]</sup>

But that is not enough. The common land was once a large part of England and was taken by legalized theft. It should be gradually liberated. The survey should establish the extent of it. The word 'nationalization' is disliked in England, but the restoration of much of this land could be effected by means of a compromise. To-day, rich men 'give' their estates to the nation; actually they receive as much as, or more than, they give, because they are relieved of taxes and death duties, and remain in occupation, public access being small. (Parliament should demand from the National Trust, and publish, a simple statement of the area of land thus 'given' up to the present, and make access general by law; otherwise the thing is a fraud.) The area of formerly common land, now in private ownership, should be determined and this should gradually revert to public use and enjoyment, the present holders being remitted death duties and taxes on it, and remaining in possession of it for a generation. The settlement of smallholders and cottagers should be promoted, on a large part of it; and the remaining part restored to public enjoyment. This reform would do more than any one thing to revive the English countryside and to give the people of this island the feeling that they belong to it, than anything else.

(11) The Enclosure of education and of opportunity, through the system of public schools which hold a monopoly of high public employment, is another great source of social segregation, exclusion and frustration, and also depresses the tone of life in this island, and the spirit of the people. The public schools should remain, for those who prefer the order of two-nations-living-in-one-island. But exactly half the places in them and the universities (and more of these should be established), or else, exactly half the places in the commissioned ranks of the fighting services and in higher State employment, such as the Civil Service, the Diplomatic Service, and the Law, should be opened to unmoneyed youths, who attain a fixed standard at their schools, and are aware when they begin their schooling that they can so rise if they are diligent.

That is how I would sum up the future, if I could. If you, gentle reader, ten years from now, could look back and say, these things were done, you would be able to look around you at a happy breed and a happy England, and across the Channel, at a Europe, peaceful, respectful of us and grateful to us. In their hearts, they would every day of their lives wave flags to us, as those Belgians waved them to us, a British pilot and observer, from the streets of Mons on November 10th, 1918.

These things are good and simple things, which could easily be brought about. They would injure none, and benefit all, and give us peace and hope. They would destroy 'cynicism and bitterness'. They will not come about, of themselves. Our Parliament will do none of them, unless it is made to. Between us and them, stand secret pledges, secret men, hidden 'motives' which precipitate wars, and which 'the statesmen responsible dare not avow'. 'They' stand in the way. Public opinion, informed, enlightened and vigorous, could quickly change that.

I wonder how many people realize that we have, to-day, the thing for which we yearned, for which seven million Britishers voted, in 1935: a world united, under British leadership, to repel and punish

aggression. We have it now, and that is why things go better with us; but for the betrayal of 1935, they would never have gone ill.

We have 'The League of Nations', armed, strong and punitive. We have now the thing that the soul of England called for, then; bear it in mind, gentle reader, so that you may know what you want in future, and get it. Our Navy, our Army and our Air Force are no longer English, British, Imperial; they are international, but they are British-led! Men of many breeds wear the navy blue, the sky blue, the khaki, with small differences of badge and brevet. When you hear that Polish airmen have bombed the Ruhr, that Norwegian ships bring us priceless oil, that French cruisers steam with ours in the Mediterranean, that Czech troops have shared an attack with ours, you see the thing that you might have had in 1935, without a war, to avert a war. That was the thing our leaders threw away, the thing we may have again to-morrow, the thing that Anon will wreck again, if he can.

One more thing. Anon will not seek to destroy us by disarming us, this time. He knows that the people would not submit to that. He will try to arm us, and deprive us of the control of our arms - by inventing some international body to which our 'sovereignty' must be surrendered. That would be fatal. The League of Nations was, in effect, a British League, based on our strength, glad of our leadership, dismayed at our desertion. You see before your eyes to-day, what it was. That is the thing we need tomorrow, and nothing else.

Ten years ago, I suppose, I began to think, though not then to write, these books: at the moment Hitler came to power in 1933. The new war immediately became certain - if we allowed it. The next six-and-a-half years, until it began, were years of deepening bewilderment and humiliation: it was, then, not only to be allowed, but actively promoted, by those British leaders who 'held the torch' for the million dead Britishers of the last war! For the nine months after that, between the beginning of the war and Dunkirk, I can find no word to describe my feelings. I knew, what none outside a small inner circle realized, that our line in France was not being made strong, that the gap was being left through which the Germans would come like a dose of salts. To-day, I see no other word than treachery to describe that, and as long as we are denied information, the suspicion can only become stronger.

Then, at last, we began to fight - at long, long last! What hope reborn was that, what an unforgettable autumn.

Yet to-day, I feel that the disillusionment of the last two years has been worse than even that of those eight years before; and in saying this I quote the words of another, an authority. The ecstatic moment of victory approaches, yes; but there is no *basis* to all this, because information about the seven poltroon years and the seven more than astonishing months has been refused, because the dark order, of power wielded in non-accountability, which brought about the war, and the seven months of inexplicable inaction, has not been changed. The only hope is, that the people of this country, those who are here and those who have yet to return, will fight a Battle in England to change them. Without that, their victory will be vain; they surrender their future.

To-day in England (and I thank the reader who suggested this excellent simile to me) 'we are like the characters in *The Three Sisters*, who are always going to Moscow - but never set out'. The only clear thing in our picture is the valour of our fighting men, who are at length allowed to fight and given good weapons. Everything else is confusion. Our Parliament, our politicians, our Press seem resolved to stand between us and a confident future. Our plight has been eloquently described by the Editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, in discussing 'our obscurantists', a word as good as any to describe these infuriating babblers-at-home who can perceive no native ideal or interest, no simple patriotic faith or clear way to ensure our safety after this war:

The unverified assumption and the facile conclusion as to the method [he says] and abdication as the purpose - these are the characteristics of the works we have examined

and of all contemporary obscurantist literature - of the Editorials in *The New Statesman*, of recent books by Professor Harold Laski, Victor Gollancz, H.G. Wells, Commander Stephen King-Hall, Sir Richard Acland, Professor Julian Huxley, Mr. Edward Mousley, of at least four of the twelve contributions to *A Christian Basis for a Post-War World* (with an introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury), of nearly all pronouncements on the subject of war-aims by leading members of the Labour Party, and so on and so on. Contemporary obscurantism is not confined to the Left. Professor Carr is not, as far as we are aware, a man of the Left, and views closely resembling his own are to be found in the editorial columns of *The Times*. Our Continental Allies who judge this country by the published word - and few have any other means of judging it - *are beginning to be appalled by what seems to them a peculiarly intractable and nefarious form of defeatism*. They are being persuaded that as soon as the power of Germany begins to crumble, they must place Great Britain before the accomplished fact of a Germany which will, by loss of territory, by deportation, and even by massacre, be rendered for ever unable to wage another war, for, unless they act at once and drastically, Germany will, if our obscurantists have their way, win the peace after having lost the war, and either go to war for the third time or become master of Europe without a war. Our obscurantists, for all their tenderness towards the foe, for all their condemnation of hatred, and for all their display of superior humanity, are doing the foe no good, are helping to intensify hatred and fear, and are inciting to ruthless inhumanity.

It is true that they do not represent the spirit of England. The heart of the nation is sound, but the head is muddled. Head-and heart must work in unison, the sound instinct needs a fixed and clearly conceived purpose. Obscurantism has not only invaded the world of politics and not only dominates almost every discussion of war-aims and the nature of the peace. It has invaded the world of science, of art and religion, and has infected broadcasting. It is a denial, while pretending to be an affirmation, of all that is best in English life, it is an assault on the integrity of the sovereign intellect and on the heritage that has come down from Athens, Rome and Jerusalem. While employing the language of freedom, enlightened progress and victory, it is reactionary and defeatist in the direst sense. It would destroy an established world, regardless of the human happiness that would be buried under the ruins. It would build up a new world of colourless abstractions, a City of Dreadful Twilight, oblivious of the fact that the mere attempt to bring such a world about would mean revolution more frightful than any that was ever experienced. Revolution, and abdication more disastrous and shameful than defeat - these are the two things the obscurantists chiefly stand for. Let no one say they do not matter because they lack insight and foresight, because their ideas are confused and their books are dull. Alas, they matter a great deal. To attack them and to expose them has become a patriotic duty.

If I borrow the words of another, to end this book, that is not because I lack any myself, but because I think them among the most notable of our day. Here, one other writer at least has seen what lies behind the sham-holy and mock-humanitarian clamour of our Parliament and our newspapers, our prelates and our professors; the desire, conscious or unconscious, to destroy us, to weaken everything that is good in us, to strengthen our enemies, fail our friends, surrender our future, perpetuate our wrongs and deprive us of our rights.

The Gods may know how we have bred such leaders, and how they have come to such noisy authority in our English island. I do not. I only know that the picture I see in this country, the picture which all our foreign allies see, is one of maddening confusion in the public debate on the one hand, and simple valour among the humble people, on the other. 'The heart of the nation is sound, but the head is muddled.' How often have I written those very words, and the others: 'The sound instinct needs a fixed

and clearly-conceived purpose.' The time comes when the heart of England will need to assert its supremacy over this muddled head, the sound instinct to insist on a firm purpose, or we shall yet be betrayed. It is a terrible thing for an Englishman, in this time when our men fight so staunchly, and have restored our renown to so high a peak, and when the simple folk endure so much, to see at home a condition of affairs which combines the worst features of German and of French life after the last war.

Now for the first time, as I reach the end of this last book, I think I perceive faint signs of awakening in England. People begin at last to stir and demur, to tell themselves that this war should be fought for the British future, and not for a third German war, or a Jewish Empire, or any other of the alien things which obsess our leaders, so that they tend completely to ignore the sufferings and anxieties of their own people. Perhaps, at last, the English spirit revives. That alone can save us.

What a great time it has been, what a pageant of staunchness, when you turn your eyes away from that dark political scene, towards the ordinary people, these wonderful people, who have every virtue but the courage to admonish their leaders. The whole world pays homage to *their* achievement; the whole world fears their leaders. The words of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, which I have quoted, are those which you may hear, gentle reader, if you care to inquire, from any Hollander, Pole, Frenchman, Czech, Serb, Norwegian or Belgian in this country. They have a deeper respect than ever before for the people of this country; but the policies of its leaders reduce them to despair. What *can* they think, when our Foreign Minister pronounces that the Munich Agreement is dead, and a leading newspaper (the one which chiefly championed that deed) promptly urges that Poland should be partitioned for the benefit of Russia; when voices are clamantly raised in Parliament against the bombing of Germany, but never against the bombing of France, Holland or Belgium; when Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt promise 'measures to divert German strength from the attack on Russia' and 'a complete plan of action to be carried out in the next nine months', and another Minister derides the 'Second Front' as 'a catchpenny phrase', and so on, and so endlessly on.

It is the same lunatic babel that we knew in the inter-war years. No wonder that Madame Chiang Kai-shek feared it; no wonder these others fear it. I fear it, and so, gentle reader, do you. That is why the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of those many people who 'dread the end of the war'.

If our people would produce the energy to impart their own spirit to their leaders, and to control their actions, we should have nothing to fear.

How staunch they are. A great parade of them passes through my memory. The taxi-driver who 'would hate to die in his bed' and drove through the worst of the Blitz. the bus-drivers who steered their cumbersome vehicles through that inferno; the train-guard in whose company I came from Bradford into King's Cross one early morning when the bombing was at its height - a walk across London to his home in Brixton awaited him; the R.A.F. pilot whom I saw shot down during the Battle of Britain, and his thumbs-up to the crowd when they fished him out of the Channel and brought him ashore; the Scots sea-captain in the inn at Dover, with the parachute of the German airman he shot down drying in the grate; the old lady I helped pull out of a bombed house in Paddington, who had an impediment in her speech, so that she said, indistinctly but emphatically, 'Oh, 'y 'oor 'oody 'ead!'; little Dorothy, who could have enjoyed the war, for she entertained the troops, but when the sergeant-air-gunner she liked was shot down, she rushed off to join the W.A.A.F. (if only more of the women with *living* men away from them were as loyal); young Molly, whom I thought empty, but she drove an ambulance all through the Blitz and was bemedalled for it; and all the hundreds of lads I have seen go off to the war in the air, at sea and on land.

With these people, if you could make them think, you could do more than conquer the world; you could keep peace in the world and make the world worth living in.



To the very many men and women of goodwill and deep care for their country, who have accompanied me through these five books, who have come all the way with me from 1914 to 1943, and have now even shared a journey with me to 1950 and 1960, I owe gratitude for much helpful information and invigorating comment.

If I do not take leave of them with a happy ending, that is because I think the phrase asinine, a part of the whole rigmarole of delusion, by means of which spines are softened and wits weakened in our time. Life has no ending but death, which few of us think a happy event. Indeed, the only thing we would have to complain of in this delightful and perfect planet, if 'They' were not, would be, that life is too short. But life only offers meaning if we think of it as an endless chain, in which birth and death are the links. In that infinite process, ending has no place. It is all beginning; with each new link, the chain begins again.

Not a happy ending, then, but a happy beginning. *That*, you *may* have, if you resolve, as the pandemonium of victory approaches, and we find that Civvy Street lies behind it, to fight a Battle in England for the future.

And with the wish, that we may join in that happy beginning, I thank you, most gentle reader, and hope that we may meet again, but not in *Insanity Fair*.

### FOOTNOTE

The lapse of time between the completion of a book and its publication and the few blank pages at the end, give me the opportunity, as this one goes to press, to sharpen my argument, in the light of recent events, by adding this Footnote.

On the evening of May 12th, 1943, in a Sussex lane, I met a woebegone farmer. The weather continued cold and his crops would not grow; they drooped, grey and dispirited, in his fields. That night was warm, and when the sun rose on May 13th the scene in the fields was already magically changed; at eventide, when it went down, sturdy regiments of wheat and oats stood straight and strong, and grew almost as you watched. That selfsame day, May 13th, the newspapers contained the tidings of our victory in Africa. Not another local success, but complete and final victory; the Germans killed or captured to a man. I shall never forget that morning, with the crops reviving, the sun climbing happily into a golden sky, my farmer friend smiling broadly where he scowled the day before, and the exultant headlines in the newspapers.

At last! For the first time since Hitler came to power in 1933, daylight showed ahead. Victory beckoned. The Germans had suffered the two greatest defeats in their warlike history: those of Stalingrad and Africa. Now we had only to close our grip on the Mediterranean; squeeze Italy out of the war, who was ready and anxious to be so squeezed; strike unremittingly from the air at the German war-machine, which fortunately is compressed into the corner of Germany nearest to us, the Ruhr; land on the French coast; and victory would be ours.

Such will be the course of events in 1943, or early 1944, if we do these things. Shall we now do them, or will the dead hand intervene again, to frustrate our hopes? If the war should now drag on into 1944 and 1945 and 1946, perhaps into 1950, we may be quite certain that the enemy we fight is no longer Germany, or 'The Axis', but that invisible foe who was indicated by a significant phrase in Mr. Churchill's speech at Washington on May 19th, 1943 (after our African victory):

We have surmounted many serious dangers, but there is one grave danger which will go along with us to the end. That danger is the *undue prolongation of the war*.

Like Mr. Lloyd George (who spoke of those 'motives which precipitate wars' and which 'the statesmen responsible for conducting wars dare not avow'), Mr. Churchill points to the existence of dark and secret things, but does not reveal them.

This war already has been unduly prolonged, and in this book I have sought to detect the reasons by showing what powerful interests profit from its continuance. It was prolonged when we let pass the opportunities of 1942 and 1941. It was prolonged at its very beginning, in 1940 and 1939, when the British-held gap in the Maginot Line was allowed to remain unfilled during 'the astonishing months of the phoney war' (Mr. Churchill). To the accumulating evidence about that sinister period may now be added a book, *Infantry Officer* (J.T. Batsford, 1943) by a subaltern of the B.E.F., which went to France in 1939. It only contains 'as much of' my experiences as the censor would pass', but includes this striking revelation about the 'phoney war' period (during which Australian and South African Ministers personally but vainly warned Mr. Chamberlain of the state of the British line in France):

During those eight months I don't think I took part in one field exercise, though I did construct a railway station yard, build a road, and turn a stream into an anti-tank obstacle. No, I'm wrong; not a complete obstacle. When it was half finished we left it to build the road.

The phoney war left this British island defenceless (though it was inexplicably spared). Australia (similarly spared) was left to face an imminent Japanese invasion with 'only ten tanks' (an official Australian Statement); and the Australian Minister of Supply, Mr. Beasley, stated at Canberra on June 23rd, 1943, that 'the Chamberlain policy' was 'that the Dominions might have to be lost and then won back'. What, then, was 'the Chamberlain policy' about this island? Why was the gap in the Maginot Line left open? The question becomes more and more important for our future, as the event itself recedes.

Wars, then, may be, and have been 'unduly prolonged'. Now victory is within our grasp.

No sooner was our victory in Africa complete (the Germans, as I have often written, have a sudden and brittle breaking point, and collapsed in Africa just fourteen days after an unnamed Eighth Army general, in the *Daily Mail*, said 'There will be no quick and crushing defeat of the Axis forces; they will fight to the last man and the last bullet'), than the clamour against the bombing of Rome ('a crime', the Bishop of Lichfield), and against the bombing of Germany broke out in new fury.

For instance, Mr. Harold Nicolson has announced (in the *Spectator*) that if the only argument in favour of our bombing of Germany were that it would have the same effect upon Germany's internal resistance as was produced in 1918 by the blockade (that effect, I may interpolate, was the defeat of Germany) he would feel it to be 'better to have another year of military warfare than to achieve victory by bombing in the night'. Who is better qualified than he to say What We Are Fighting For? He is a former diplomat, a former deputy Minister of Information, a Member of Parliament and a Governor of the B.B.C. If he, then, is ready staunchly to face another year of military warfare, what serving soldier, sailor, airman, or wife of any of these should complain?

Ah, this England! Those of its sons and daughters who dread 'anything radical, any change' have no cause to fear. Not even the phrases change, from war to war.

'Another year of military warfare'! Well, enough people in this country might welcome the thought of many more such years, not only one, and dread the approach of peace. 'Big money has been made in the City this week. Diamond and gold shares have been moving up rapidly, and when business closed yesterday many brokers went home with that lightness of heart which comes with a comfortable increase in the bank balance' (*The Evening Standard*, June 26th, 1943). Compare this cheery item with the words of our Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood, On February 2nd, 1943: 'The

whole world will be much poorer after the war'. Hard-working citizens will be much poorer, through taxation, the interruption of careers, and the ruin of businesses. But gains made on the Stock Exchange are free from taxation, like so many directors' fees and all increase in property values.

The long delay in bombing Germany is already chief among the causes of the undue prolongation of this war. (About that, too, we now have a piece of evidence. Major General Eaker, Commander of the American air forces in this country, speaking on June 10th, 1943, said that during 1942, Air Chief Marshal Harris, the head of R.A.F. Bomber Command, was asked about the effects of air bombing and answered caustically, I don't know. Why don't we try it some time?')

As I write, we are at last using this weapon to the full, with immediate results of the first importance. It is a war-winning weapon. One of the greatest battles of this war, and the one which for three years went all in favour of our enemy, was the unseen one which has been fought to hinder us in using it. If the dead hand successfully interferes again, this war will be unduly prolonged once more. But its undue prolongation will have an inexorable result: the loss of the peace.

The hidden mechanism of a war is not an agreeable thing to see when you place it beneath the X-rays. Since I finished this book, in which I have referred to the Skoda Works, the R.A.F. has been sent to bomb that great arms factory. The return journey was one of over 1,000 miles and the bomber crews had to battle their way through the full fury of the German defences for the greater part of that distance, both coming and going. For Skoda is in Czechoslovakia, which, as Mr. Chamberlain said, is a long way away; he also said that he knew little about it, but the R.A.F. crews will now know quite a lot about it.

Our losses were heavy that night; indeed, our newspapers stated that the raid was the costliest excursion of its kind ever made by our airmen, and this was no wonder; writing in 1937, when Czechoslovakia was still free, I said that 'Czechoslovakia means you', and the relatives of the men who did not return, as well as the survivors who did, will now see clearly what I meant, and will, I hope, take pains to examine the records, in this respect, of candidates who seek their vote at the next election.

For the Skoda Works are in that part of Czechoslovakia which was handed to Germany at Mr. Chamberlain's command. The newspapers, which paid fervent tribute to the courage of our bomber crews, did not recall that fact; nor did they remind their readers that British shareholders in the bombed Skoda works, where our airmen found the flak so fierce, would duly receive their dividends, through the agency of the British Government.

Between compassion for our enemies and for the Jews of Europe, and indifference to the sufferings of the British people and the non-Jewish Europeans, which will grow more bitter if the war is 'unduly prolonged', the public debate in this island is one of confusion becoming worse confounded. Infatuation for, or subservience to the cause of Jewish nationalism produces excesses for which even a Government spokesman in the House of Commons on May 19th, 1943 was forced to use the word 'fantastic'. He alluded, among other examples, to the case of 'an aged Jewish couple in Berlin', much publicized in one of the hundreds of Jewish pamphlets now current. They were refused admission to this country, and this was depicted as another instance of British cruelty; all propaganda in this cause tends to take on a virulently anti-British note. Sanctuary in this country was claimed for them by their son, 'a naturalized Turk in Istanbul'. The son proved to be Krupps' agent in Turkey, a man who negotiated large sales of German arms to foreign countries!

Infatuated Gentiles, however, as always, far surpass the Jews themselves in extravagant demands. The *Catholic Times*, in February 1943, reported that a priest, a Dr. Bernard Grimley, vice-chairman of 'The Leicester Christian Council', at a public meeting in that city said, 'Let us offer the Germans Hess in

exchange for 100,000 Jews. Let them have their submarine commanders back in return for Jews threatened with death'.

The Germans hold 90,000 *British* captives, to say nothing of Poles, Frenchmen, Hollanders and all the rest. The British prisoners-of-war, especially those whose homes or families are in Leicester, should appreciate this proposal, as should our sailors and merchant seamen the other suggestion, that captured submarine commanders should be returned to Germany. The *Catholic Times* said that this meeting 'had the support of Leicester's three M.P.s'. The electors of Leicester, especially those who have served overseas, or who mourn or pine for menfolk killed or captured, might care to ask these politicians, when next they stand at an election, on what conception of patriotism, or even of elected representation, they base such an attitude.

The affair of Hess bids fair to become a bitter comedy. How many people in this country now believe that this ringleader of the men we are taught to regard as fiends in human form, will be punished? In 1942 the British Government sent to the Soviet Government a solemn Anglo-American memorandum about the punishment of such guilty men, and asked for its views. The Russians have a sense of humour and replied, through an inspired newspaper article, 'If you are in such a hurry about bringing the war criminals to book, why don't you try the one you hold, Hess?' Whitehall hurriedly changed the subject.

Yet this is important. Hess becomes a public joke. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, who sought to enlist Yugoslavia among our enemies and was driven out by his own people, is vehemently defended in Parliament when allusions to his conduct are made. The name of Mr. John Amery, who broadcasts violent attacks on us from Berlin, is never mentioned in the British Press. Seemingly persons of social rank, whatever their guilt, will not be held guilty. Yet an obscure British subject, one William Craven, 28 years of age, who wrote a letter to the German Legation in Dublin 'in the intent to help the enemy', has been sentenced to *penal servitude for life*, and will presumably serve that sentence!

What of the Empire? On June 23rd, 1943, the result of a popular canvass held in Canada was published. The questions put referred to the future of Canada. Of the people who were questioned, 49 per cent (or just under half) held that Canada should continue as a member of the British Commonwealth; 21 per cent, that it should become part of the United States; 24 per cent, that it should become an independent nation. Analysis of the result showed that those who wished to remain in the British Commonwealth were mainly 'Canadians of British ancestry'. (The emigration of such to Canada between the wars was discouraged in every possible way, either by intention or stupidity.) Those who wished Canada to be absorbed by the United States were 'Canadians of other origins'. (The emigration of such as these to Canada was promoted in the last ten of the inter-war years, and is still being promoted by the encouragement of Jewish mass-movements from Europe, during the absence of British and Canadian manhood at the war.)

Well might Dr. Trevor Owen, Archbishop of Toronto and Primate of All Canada, say, on May 2nd, 1943, that Canada hoped for 'several more million British immigrants after the war'. But the British Government, which sent no less than three Ministers to a 'refugee conference' at Bermuda in April, has announced no plans for British emigration to the Dominions, or for Imperial inter-migration, and seems unconcerned about such things. And who will expect help in so vital a matter from our present Parliament, of which Sir Patrick Hannon, on May 13th, 1943, said 'Look around the House and see the condition of the Members. What a testimony we ourselves offer to the administration of the Ministry of Food - always cheerful, bright and happy. And if you make an occasional visit to their lordships in the House of Lords you see in them an abiding reflection of prosperity in the matter of nutrition'. (On August 2nd, 1939, a few weeks before the war began, Mr. Chamberlain moved to adjourn the Commons until October 3rd. The young Tory Member, Ronald Cartland, who was to fall among the first victims when the 'phoney war' ended and the Germans came through the open gap 'like a dose of salts', attacked Mr. Chamberlain for making 'a jeering, pettifogging party speech'. Sir Patrick Hannon,

who, like Cartland and Chamberlain, represented a Birmingham constituency, made a bitter attack on Cartland, saying he wished to declare 'on behalf of the City of Birmingham their profound confidence in the Prime Minister and their devotion to his policy'.)

In the British Empire, and at its borders, the shadow of things to come looms up, while the war still goes on, or while it is 'unduly prolonged'. Sir Reginald Storrs, our foremost Palestinian expert, warningly remarked in the *Sunday Times* that the Jews 'have officially proclaimed their utter rejection of the White Paper' (by which the British Government pledged itself to check further Jewish immigration and to set up a *joint* Arab-Jewish State, as distinct from a Jewish one with the Arabs relegated to a state of subjection in their own lands) and that the Jews hold 'considerable armaments under their control'. General Nuri Said, the Prime Minister of Irak, in an interview published in the *News-Chronicle* on June 16th, 1943, expressed similar forebodings, saying 'At present there is only one cloud on the Arab horizon. That is the renewed agitation by the Zionists for a Jewish *State* as distinct from a Jewish *national home* in Palestine'. (The British pledge of 1917 was for a Jewish national home.) 'Arabs firmly adhere to the White Paper and demand that the British Government do likewise, for their fear is that *in a wave of sympathy for persecuted Jewry promises and pledges over Palestine may again become confused*'. And the Wahabi King of Saudi Arabia, in a statement published in June 1943, expressed the same misgivings, saying that 'the Jews cannot justify a claim to Palestine by recalling that they used to live there before the Romans conquered them, who in their turn were driven out by the Arabs 1300 years ago ... if the Jews need a place in which to live, there are countries in Europe, America and elsewhere that are larger, more fertile and more convenient to their interests'.

Even if this war should not be 'unduly prolonged', if it should now soon be ended as it ought to be, British arms do not need to be drawn, through the might of finance, into a great new conflict in the Near East, in the service of a cause which is not our own. The grave subservience of our Parliament and Press to this cause, however, creates the danger that this may happen, and it is essential that our policy in the world should cast off the tutelage, in this respect, into which it has fallen, and should revert to the service of *British* interests.

Will the war be 'unduly prolonged'? Well, if we had struck in 1942 or 1941, our men would have met an enemy so desperately embroiled with Russia in the East that he would have been sore put to it to turn and face them in sufficient strength. But if they attack in 1943 (and we are promised this every day) they may find an enemy relieved of that mortal danger in the east, so that he will be able to bring scores of divisions from Russia to confront them in the west. Will Russia then open 'a second front' for *us*? In the light of this question, the sweethearts and wives of our men who will one day attack should look back on the clamour against invasion, which filled 1942 and 1941, and see for themselves how wars may be prolonged and victory made costlier.

Nevertheless, victory will have to come, later or sooner, and the signs are clear that it moves towards us - rather than we towards it. For thirty Conservative M.P.s have proposed (quite logically) the partitioning of Prussia after the war, and an indefinite occupation; thus did Conservative Members warn Mr. Lloyd George by telegram, at the last Peace Conference, not to be weak with Germany - and in 1938 they clamoured for the propitiation of Germany by the abandonment of small nations liberated in that war. Labour M.P.s demand in the House of Commons that the bombing of Germany should cease (they utter no complaint about the bombing of France, Belgium, Holland, Norway or Greece), they made similar demands about the naval blockade, towards the end of the last war - and in 1938 they clamoured that this country, the armed strength and foreign policy of which they did so much to weaken, should oppose the German aggressor with arms. And Mr. Herbert Morrison, who seemingly grooms himself for the Socialist leadership after this war, in all his speeches cries that, when we have defended Freedom With All Our Might, the only hope of future happiness for our people will lie in 'the continuance of control', in the submission of the workpeople to further dictation, by Mr. Dodger of the Labour Exchange, in the matter of the work they are to perform, the wage they are to receive, and

the place of their dwelling. Thus do the present-day descendants of the liberated bondmen extol bondage as the means by which England may be made happy. They are as avid for power, for power's sake, as were the feudal barons and the captains of capital. But that way, quite certainly, lie new disasters and new wars.

Well may the British citizen, as the old phrases of 1918 and 1919 crop up again, feel himself like a man who sits in a picture-theatre and watches a continuous performance of the same film; and well may he mutter to himself, 'This is where I came in'.

With the best of goodwill, it is not possible to contemplate these things and say, that our situation to-day is clearer than it was towards the end of the last war, in which the victory of our arms brought us no security because of the infirmity of our policies in the following peace. M. Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovak Deputy Prime Minister, in May 1943 said he was grateful to 'the British soldiers, those small, humble citizens who are capable of being the greatest heroes ... As soon as the war ends they will modestly disappear into their little homes and cease to be glorious, and that is their greatest glory of all'.

He could not be more wrong. That would be their greatest, and irretrievable mistake, for, in the words of another of our allies, Commandant Kicq of the Belgian Army (April 1943), 'Seven out of ten Europeans feel that British policy after the last war towards Germany was responsible for the present war; they would be relieved if Great Britain promised, not to "Hang the Kaiser", but to ensure peace'.

That can happen again, if those 'humble citizens' withdraw, snail-like, into their 'little homes', and leave the care of British policy to such men as those who brought it to disaster between 1919 and 1939. In the words of Admiral Riiser-Larsen, Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Royal Air Force, 'While I have no fear of what Stalin would say or what Mr. Churchill would want to do when victory is won, I am afraid of what Britain will do and how you will look upon Germans, because you are too decent. You say vengeance and revenge belong to God, but it's no use threatening people with that when they don't believe in God.'

Are we then to have another Beanfeast in England, instead of the Battle in England which we need? The B.B.C., which keeps useful discussion of our affairs out of its broadcasts, though it blows raspberries to Hitler and tells the young girls of England that they 'have got to give in to a soldier', has now struck the note for the peace-to-come: 'We're gonna get lit-up when the lights go on in London.' Just that. A *tight* little island, for a day or two, and after that - who cares?

The decade, 1930-40, was, I think, one of the saddest and most abject in our history. That tragic comedy of errors, that pageant of human stupidity and cupidity, has been vividly depicted in a Voltairean masterpiece of our times which the greater public, I imagine, has overlooked: *The Thirties*, by Malcolm Muggeridge (Hamish Hamilton, 1940). Obtain it, gentle reader, and contemplate, with a wry and rueful smile, but with the resolve to learn its lesson, the gruesome picture of all our yesterdays.

Now, we plough through The Roaring Forties. Nearly four of the ten years of the new decade are already behind us. Save for the peerless feat of our fighting men, their story already bears a grim likeness to that of the past. History in repetition, like a story too often told, becomes tedious; even stupidity palls in time, as a joke.

May we all, in 1950, look back on The Forties with a different feeling, and a prouder one - lest we regret.

July 9, 1943

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## FOOTNOTES

1: Already a generation is forming to which this talk of 'the twenty years' may convey little, since it's members were too young to feel the sense of betrayal, frustrated idealism, and increasing despair which the Chinese, Abyssinian and Chechoslovak episodes, to chart only the peaks, caused in their parents. One way to gain a vivid glimpse of the period is to read two plays which I mentioned in another book: Priestley, *Time and the Conways* (Heinemann, 1937), and Somerset Maugham, *For Services Rendered* (Heinemann, 1932), and to picture oneself fifteen years from now, in the place of some of the characters.

2: 'A Brief History of the Next War', in *All Our Tomorrows*.

3: Memories are so short and people grow so fast that I here explain briefly what the word 'Munich' signifies; people who to-day are old enough to serve, and are called on to serve as a result of the thing that was done at Munich, begin to ask vaguely, 'What *happened*, at Munich, exactly?' In September 1938 Hitler, after other experiments in aggression which were condoned by the British Government, turned on Chechoslovakia. This country was ready to fight, as was Russia, and stop the rot. The official policy of the British Government, that is, the proclaimed policy on the strength of which the electors returned it to office in 1935, was to stop aggression. Mr. Chamberlain flew three times to Germany, and after the last flight to Munich, forced the Chechoslovak Government to surrender part of its territory to Hitler, intimating that Chechoslovakia would receive no British support if it resisted. The territory involved contained the Chechoslovak defences. Without it, rump Chechoslovakia was as defenceless as we should have been after Dunkirk without the English channel. It was obvious that, after a pause, Hitler would seize the rest. In view of the mass of information which, for five years before that time, was supplied to the British Government, it is impossible to believe (1) that Mr. Chamberlain really thought that the peace was saved by the surrender of Munich; (2) that he did not know that the ultimate outbreak of war, through that surrender, would find us in a much worse situation than if we accepted the challenge then, and (3) that he did not know that a stand then might have averted war altogether.

4: *Destruction of an Army*, and *The Abyssinian Campaign*, H.M. Stationery Office, 1942.

5: *The Annals of Agriculture*, ed. Arthur Young, London, 1784-1815, vol. xxxvi, p. 508.

6: An American, Claude C. Washburn, wrote in *Pages from the Book of Paris* (Constable, 1910): 'In France the individual is the unit; but in England the unit is the whole. The individual rights of which the Englishman is so proud are only material rights that affect his bodily comfort; of genuine personal liberty he has no conception. He may walk the streets in almost complete safety from physical attack; but he has thrust upon him from childhood the cold formalism of an established religion. The precincts of his property are rigorously protected against aggression; but socially he himself is born into as iron-clad a system of slavery as has ever existed. Rich or poor, of high rank or low, he is classified at birth as a member of a caste in which not the individual but the type is the reality ... Suggest to an Englishman an act that would be an infringement, however slight, on a class to which he does not belong; he will not reply, "I cannot do that because ...", but simply, "That is not done". The system is perfect. Nor does the Englishman want it changed. I can find no analogy for the willing pride with which he accepts his bondage. Imagine all the negroes of the South rising as one man at the time of the emancipation, crying "We will not be free", and turning in anger on President Lincoln, and you have but a feeble likeness to the attitude of the English towards their would-be liberators; for the negroes were only stupid children, while the English are a race of men, enlightened, "progressive", almost civilized indeed, one would say....'

7: An excellent account of Enclosure is given in J.L. and Barbara Hammond, *The Village Labourer* (Longmans, Green & Co., 1911), and I am indebted to this book for much valuable information.

8: I am grateful to the executrix of the late G.K. Chesterton, and to the publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, for permission to quote this extract from his excellent book *William Cobbett*, 1925.

9: Lord Keyes, whose project to seize Trondjem might, in the view of good observers, have saved Norway and inflicted a major defeat on the Germans early in the war, who has now been dismissed from leadership of the Commandos, which have been inactive since his retirement, stated in March 1943 that the Commandos could have been used to seize Tunis and Bizerta in November 1942, while the First Army moved up on land. As I write, our long pause in Tunisia, which is caused by the German hold on those two ports, threatens to prolong the war still further.

Rear-Admiral M.W.W.P. Consett, who was British Naval Attaché in Scandinavia during the last war, in 1928 published a book called *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces* (Williams and Norgate), which deserves close study by all who seek the causes of war. Its theme is, that while the British *armed* forces strove for victory, the British *unarmed* forces, such as finance and goods supply, helped Germany to hold out. The sub-title of the book is, 'An account of the transactions by which Germany during the Great War was able to obtain supplies prior to her collapse under the pressure of economic forces'. In his preface, Admiral Consett says 'The war was prolonged far beyond the limits of necessity ... From the very beginning goods poured into Germany from Scandanavia, and for over two years Scandanavia received from the British Empire and the Allied countries stocks which, together with those from neutral countries, exceeded all previous quantities and literally saved Germany from starvation'. The gravest facts are disclosed in this book about the way essential war materials from this country reached Germany through Scandanavia, thus 'prolonging the war'.

Admiral Consett quotes a protest of his own to the British Minister in Norway, in 1916, about the continued supply of lard to Denmark, which was thus enabled to release an amount to Germany yielding enough nitro-glycerine for 600 tons of gun ammunition; as well as a letter from a Danish naval officer to himself expressing sympathy with him 'for having to live as you do amongst these people who are making fortunes in supplying your enemies with food when the officers and men of the British Navy are risking their lives in trying to blockade your enemies'. I have not seen the figures of our trade with Sweden published during this war, but the memory of Admiral Consett's invaluable book is awakened by an item published in an Australian newspaper on November 11th, 1942: 'A message from Stockholm says that the Swedish Stock Exchange had a black Monday coinciding with news of the Allied landings in North Africa, when traders judged that early peace prospects were excellent. Shares in armaments and subsidiary plants fell, many touching a record low. Some lost 50 points'.

The causes of war are important to detect. But the causes of the *prolongation* of wars, once begun, are equally important, and Admiral Consett's book gives the most authentic information I know of one of these causes. They are important to bear in mind when considering the strong opposition which always arises, in this country, to any public clamour for action which might *shorten* the war.

10: In March 1943, land bought for about £75 an acre in 1913 was sold for £283 an acre, at Boston in Lincolnshire, while a house in that town which was worth about £150 before this war, was sold for £500. In the House of Commons, about the same time, Mr. James Griffiths, M.P. for Llanelly, reported that a house in London which was bought for £950 in 1939 was sold for £1,500 in 1942, that a cottage sold for £575 in 1939 was resold in 1942 for £1,075, and that houses *condemned* before this war are now being sold for £500 and £600. These conditions are now general in England.

11: The method, of denying either inquiry or the public right to any information, has now seemingly become Government doctrine, and the citizen who continues to desire enlightenment about his own affairs may soon commit a penal offence, by the way matters go. In March 1943, as a result of the absurdly exaggerated blackout, to which I have drawn attention in several books, 173 people were



crushed to death in a shelter accident. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, announced that 'no good Londoner would want to look for scapegoats', and a public inquiry was refused.

12: Lord Vansittart, who was permanent head of the Foreign Office for five years after Hitler came to power, who understood the German situation perfectly, whose counsel would have averted this war, and who occupied the post which, by all tradition, gives authoritative guidance in such major issues of foreign policy, revealed in March 1943 that in 1938, 'I was removed from my post because I was anti-German'.

13: The search for the sinister powers which brought this war about reveals that precisely the same thing happened in America! For the American Ambassadors, unlike the British, have now been allowed to speak. An astonishing document is the White Paper, called *Peace and War*, issued by the United States Government on January 2nd, 1943, and published in London by H.M. Stationery Office. It contains a mass of warnings, covering a period of many years before the war, from United States envoys all over the world! The most amazing is the warning delivered by the American ambassador in Tokyo (of Japanese plans for a surprise attack on Pearl Harbour) on January 27th, 1941, ten months before the actual attack occurred! A few days before the attack, he urgently recommended especial vigilance at Pearl Harbour. The attack found an unguarded naval base, unwary garrison and unready air force! Of this a Republican leader, Senator Vandenberg, said, 'Our failure to be on alert at Pearl Harbour approaches the infamy of treason'. The same words could be spoken in this country.

14: French officers noticed the same thing; see Arthur Koestler's *Scum of the Earth*, p. 157 (Jonathan Cape, 1941), 'Perhaps "they" didn't want the gap closed' says a young French officer. 'Who are "they"? 'I don't know ... I only know what I saw.' German officers also noticed this. See de Polnay's *Death and To-Morrow*, p. 91.: To him [a German colonel] the quick German successes in Flanders and in France were a much a mystery as to me. Several times he asked me how it was possible that the French and the English did nothing to prevent them. Germany had shown in Poland her methods of warfare. The Polish campaign was but a dress-rehearsal of the May offensive. He, the professional soldier, was very much perplexed by it.'

15: Unhappily and ominously, the United States Government, according to *The Times* of April 10th, 1943, is 'preparing to co-operate with other Governments of the United Nations on the re-education of post-war Europe'. A Dr. Ralph Turner, of the "cultural relations division of the United States Department of State", said the American Government was "not trying to formulate a programme in this educational matter", but was "*preparing to support a programme of private agencies which could be made part of a United Nations programme*".

16: In his new office, Mr. Butler displays anew his unique talent for withholding information about our vital affairs. Innumerable questions have not extracted from him any indication about his education proposals for *this* country, or whether they will leave the class-order in education and opportunity unimpaired. Asked for an assurance that he would at least produce these proposals 'during this century', he merely answered, 'I hope so'. In February 1943, horror of horrors, he announced that he was considering the preparation, for the instruction of European minds after the war, of 'history books of an objective character'. When *English* school books contain an objective account of Enclosure or the 1935 Election, we might think of writing history books for Europe!

17: From *The Story of the Australians in Malaya*, by Gilbert Mant, an Australian War Correspondent (the Currawong Publishing Co., Sydney). Mr. Mant, in his valuable book, confirms other reports of the State of Singapore:

The Malays in Burma, of whom there were more than 2,000,000, as a race maintained a disinterested neutrality. The truth of the matter is that the native races were completely indifferent regarding the Allied cause. Without actively opposing it, they had little cause to love the British regime of the type

Malaya enjoyed, and felt that if Japan won, it would mean merely a change of masters ... Australian private soldiers were refused admittance to the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, and to such European clubs as the Selamgor at Kuala Lumpur and the Sungei Ujong at Seremban, though many of these volunteers were respected members of exclusive Australian clubs and carried letters of introduction to the secretaries of affiliated clubs in Malaya. In Australia at this time such well-known clubs as the Royal Sydney Golf Club, the Union Club and others were extending hospitality to British Malayan judges and civil servants who were members of affiliated Malayan clubs ... In all parts of Malaya the cultured class of Indians and Chinese has first-rate clubs of their own and many Australian private soldiers soon found that here they were indeed welcome ... No more biting commentary on the European outlook in Malaya can be given than to mention that Australian soldiers, banned from their own clubs, were accused of 'lowering British prestige' by mixing so intimately with the Indians and Chinese in their clubs ... Unquestionably there was an acute class consciousness and a moral flabbiness amongst the Europeans in Malaya. Here snobbishness ruled supreme. A British resident was an official and social god. The *Tuans Besar* were minor gods, with many worshippers. This is not an attack on the European civil servant, the rubber and tin man in Malaya. They were all Michael Arlen's 'charming people', and, through lack of official guidance, the events after the outbreak of war with Japan left them in a rather pathetic daze. They saw their whole world collapsing round them; not only material bomb damage, but spiritual damage. Many lost everything they possessed. The whole thing to them was fantastically unreal. They walked around, bewildered, unable to understand the catastrophe ... It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the Europeans in Malaya, as well as in other parts of the Far East, led preposterously spoilt, artificial existences.

18: The small relic of our land which is still 'common' to us was indeed smothered in foulness, and often still is. The reason is, that petty local authorities, who since the days of Enclosure tend to ape the enclosing gentry, like to forbid the use of the remaining commons. If not watched night and day, they enclose them. By chance, I happened on a case in Sussex, where a local commoner was summoned for causing three horses and two goats' to be grazed on Lindfield Common In Contravention Of A Cuckfield Urban District Council By-Law! Not even for this, may the few remaining commons be used nowadays! The criminal, in this case, was stout-hearted enough to challenge the village despots' right to forbid commoners from using commons. When I last heard of the case, counsel was ploughing through Latin documents of the times of Charles the Second, and had already discovered long buried treasure in the form of 'rights of commonage and common pasture'.

19: The day after I wrote this I read in my morning newspapers that a V.C. of this war, discharged with a pension granted for *one year*, was appearing on the music hall stage in uniform to earn money.

20: I am grateful to Mr. Francis Brett Young and to Messrs. William Heinemann for permission to quote these lines from his *Portrait of a village*, 1937.

21: Francis Brett Young, *Portrait of a Village* (Heinemann, 1937).

22: Sure enough, the Government gave way!

23: At the subsequent elections, between 1918 and the present war, the number of Conservative Members returned, out of 615, was 347 (1922), 258 (1923), 415 (1924), 260 (1929), 472 (1931), and 387 (1935). For eighteen of those twenty-one years, the Conservatives enjoyed large majorities.

24: In March 1943, Mr. Churchill, in a national broadcast, indicated that this was in fact his intention.

25: 'National Government' (or, 'Coalition Government') is a spoil-sharing pact at the electors' expense. Members of Parliament, by 'agreeing to abstain from controversial matters', betray their pledge to him and his interests. Individual members, however, like the method. During this war, through the distribution among the docile of offices, employment, privileges, perquisites, invitations to broadcast-

on-condition-of-saying-nothing, petrol allowances, journey's abroad, and the like, the life of a Member has become so blissful compared with that of the citizen or fighting man, that many would like to perpetuate the 'One Party Parliament'.

If that befell, we should emerge from the war with a Parliament of Yes-Yes men similar to Hitler's Reichstag of SS men. We have invariably received the exact opposite of what we have fought for or been promised, since 1914, and it was obvious that, if we only defended Freedom with all our might for long enough, this proposal would be made.

Commander Stephen King-Hall, M.P., in a letter to *The Times* in February 1943, says he has 'long believed that we are in a state of crisis which demands the application in our politics of the principle of national government'; that 'there is no likelihood for a long time to come of the crisis abating to an extent which will make it sensible to go back to the party-government system ... We may never go back to it'. These words are indistinguishable from many speeches made by Nazi leaders, in 1932 and 1933.

This would further exclude the people from Parliament and prevent them, in any circumstances whatever, from being able to exert influence or control upon it. If this 'One Big Party' project is realized, this country may confidently look forward to an even graver deterioration in our public life and the conduct of our affairs, than we experienced in 1919-39. The return of sufficient Independent candidates to Parliament would checkmate it; they could exercise there the duty of watchmanship which enough Members of Parliament seemingly would gladly surrender in return for material advantages.

26: The facts should be known even to the shortest of memories, but I refer readers to two chapters, 'A Snap Election', and 'How a Nation Was Hoaxed', in L. Macneill Weir, *Tragedy of Ramsay MacDonald* (Secker and Warburg, 1938).

27: Lord Wedgwood was a member of the Commons for thirty-six years, before his recent translation to the Lords.

28: Which proposed, not 'Peace at any price', but collective resistance to aggression and State control of the armaments industry.

29: Waif-and-strayhood among young people is a sign of spiritual despair always seen in countries which pass through bad times. It was prevalent in Russia after the Bolshevik revolution, and in Germany after the last war. In our wealthy land, it is inexcusable and can only spring from a lack of civic responsibility. The newspaper reports about this generation of waifs and strays which rises in England, are deeply significant. During March 1943, two of these pathetic children passed, shadowlike, through the columns of the Press. One was an eight-year-old boy of Bristol. He lived 'among the ruins of bombed buildings and ate food from pig bins'. The other was a nineteen-year-old girl of some education. She lived with a French-Indian soldier of the Canadian Forces in a wigwam which he built for her on a Surrey common. Her only possessions were a crucifix, a Bible and a rosary. She did not smoke or drink. On the wooden supports of the wigwam she carved simple prayers. Her letters to the man (who could not even read them) show a being gentle, religious, and idealistic. 'I would not blame you one little bit if you did not want to marry me, because I am really too young and old fashioned to be married. I regret what we did because it is wicked ... oh, the smell of burning wood, the loveliest smell in the world'. This girl was murdered, and her body buried on the common by the man. Much of the current radio and film entertainment, and newspaper material offered to these young people might have been devised with an eye to their corruption: for instance, such songs as 'You can't say no to a soldier ... you've got to give in ... he's got a right to romance', and so on.

30: A Member of Parliament, a Mr. Driberg, who has served in neither war, in a debate about the persons imprisoned without charge or trial under regulation 18B, stated that 'honourable and distinguished service' in the last war was 'quite irrelevant' in claiming charge and trial for captives; those who serve in this war may note the implication.

31: 'There are several million bureaucrats in Russia of greater or lesser importance. They comprise a social class which is as distinct from the masses as the English nobility is from the cockneys, and they enjoy the same privileges as the upper classes of other nations ... A successful bureaucrat in Moscow lives about as well as an American with a salary of about £2000 a year, though his actual income is only about £600. He may have a two- or three-roomed apartment in a big Moscow hotel near the Kremlin, complete with marble walls, grand piano, and bath-room. His rent for such an establishment, if anything at all, is nominal. At his disposal, day and night, is a chauffeur-driven limousine, which he retains so long as he remains in office....' From an article by Walter Graebner, an American correspondent, in the *Daily Mail*, January 13th, 1943.

32: For a picture of the state of France in those twenty years, read E.E. Cummings, *The Enormous Room* (Jonathan Cape, 1928); Elliot Paul, *A Narrow Street* (Cresset Press, 1942), and de Polnay, *Death and To-Morrow* (Secker and Warburg, 1942).

33: For a revelation of the state of some minds in this country, I commend readers to study any debate in the House of Commons about our air-bombing. They will find that voices are invariably raised in protest against the bombing of our enemy, Germany, *but that no voice has ever been raised to protest against the bombing of our prostrate friend, France, or even to express compassion.* Even the French seemingly welcome this bombing, so indestructible is the human longing for liberty, but if this palliates our assault, it does not vindicate so callous an attitude towards our captive friend.

34: Three reports about rebuilding and replanning after this war, the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt reports, have been made to Parliament, and three expensive ministries set up. The Government has taken no decisions about any of these reports. Local Authorities everywhere are held up in their own plans because they do not know what governing principles, if any, are to be laid down. In March 1943 the Minister of Health, Mr. Ernest Brown, seemed to foretell a new era of indiscriminate building and uncontrolled disfigurement when he urged Local Authorities not to wait, but to look around for areas suitable for housing and go ahead with their plans for building on them.

35: In the House of Commons on March 16th, 1943 Members reported that the forbidden 'key money' was already being charged again, that houses divided into makeshift 'apartments' or fitted with a few sticks of furniture were earning many times their rent, that houses, even *condemned* houses, are changing hands at double and triple their pre-war values.

36: I owe gratitude to the Comte de Mauny and to his publishers, Messrs. Williams & Norgate, for permission to quote these extracts from his sad and significant book, *The Gardens of Taprobane*, 1937.

37: After I wrote this, I found that some details of this fantastic and fascinating story are given in William Albert Robertson, *Voyage to Galapagos* (Jonathan Cape, London, 1936), but the manner of Dr. Ritter's death is not fully explained, though a reasonable theory is advanced for the other deaths which occurred on the island or near it.

38: See the chapter 'Crime: *And Punishment?*' in *All Our Tomorrows*.

39: In the absence of any war-winning British blow, Hitler (on February 24th, 1943), twenty-one months after Hess's flight, evidently thought that Hess's mission might yet succeed, for in a

proclamation to the Germans he foretold that 'Germany's present enemies will in the end turn Nazi and join Germany in her war against Bolshevist and Jews'.

40: See Richard and Kathleen Titmuss, *Parents' Revolt* (Secker & Warburg, 1942).

41: In Germany alone, before this war, was the birthrate sensibly raised by family allowances. But the inducement was not a few shillings a week; it was a whole series of preferences which gave large families the status of a privileged class. Even this did not prevent a steep fall when the war came, and an even greater one when the hope of victory vanished.

42: I am indebted for this information to the Rev. G.I. Laurenson, of Auckland, and to Miss Vera Dowie, of the Women's Service Library, Oxford, through whom Mr. Laurenson's paper came to my notice.

43: The birthrate showed some increase during the last quarter of 1942, but this is probably and artificial and partly unhealthy increase due to reasons which are generally known and need not be mentioned here. The continuing improbability of any real and healthy revival of fertility was indicated by the Government's failure to prohibit the owners of houses and flats from refusing to take tenants with children. It is obvious that such devices as 'family allowances' can have no effect while such heavy discouragements as these, which breathe an anti-social spirit, may be inflicted on parents, and Governments, invested with every 'power' known to man, plead that they have 'no powers' to mitigate them.

44: An episode of 1942 provided grim comment on this system of 'unpaid magistrates'. A Devon magistrate, aged sixty, shot a girl of twenty-two and then himself. The verdict at the inquest was 'murder and then suicide, while of unsound mind'. The verdict of murder could not be avoided, for the dead magistrate killed another human being. But many people lay in prison who were sentenced by this murderer, or were 'committed for trial' by him. What could be graver? Hence the saving clause, that he was 'of unsound mind'. But was he of unsound mind when he sentenced or committed them? Then every case, in which he ever sat in judgement, should be retried. And what when the same problem arises, not about a local magistrate, but about a High Court Judge? In the summer of 1942 such a judge was found drowned. The circumstances pointed to suicide. But a verdict of suicide 'while of unsound mind' would have raised problems about his judgements while alive, sufficient to cause heart failure to the entire legal profession. Thus, 'an open verdict' was returned, which means, no verdict at all. His judgements may stand. On how flimsy a basis our whole judicial edifice rests! To make more matters more complicated, this judge sat in the divorce court and was an extremely devout Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church refuses to recognize divorce, but counselled him to accept the appointment! Incidentally he was a wit, and liked to tell the story of a Hollywood film star who was married nine times and built a great marble sarcophagus for her own reception after death; she begged a famous poet to write her epitaph and inspiration supplied him with one in four words: 'Asleep - alone - at last!'

45: This is what happens: 'One day, a Polish Jew in his caftan abandons some overcrowded ghetto and presents himself at the Hungarian frontier. A gendarme stops him. He is not desirable, this gentleman in the caftan. But from the threshold of his house Jacob, Abraham or Levy sees his co-religionist in the hands of the gendarme. "Alas, Master of the World" (he says to himself), "What, another Jew! We are already too many here. Why doesn't he stay in Poland, plague take him." And while he mutters this to himself, his slippered feet are already in movement and carry irresistibly towards his brother in distress. The voice of blood and religion speaks louder in his heart than that of his own interest. It has spoken thus for centuries, and never weakens. Jacob, Abraham or Levy approaches the gendarme, and says: "He is a relative of mine, my guest. Leave him alone, he will stay with me." Once more the miracle! The Jew crosses the frontier!' (From J. and J. Tharaud *L'ombre de la Croix*, Andrew Melrose, 1918.) This is the most revealing book I know, about the great reservoir of Jews in Eastern Europe

from which we are now urged to accept a new influx. It is written with deep tenderness for the Jews, and I assume the authors to be Jews. On its literary merit alone, I should have expected this book to have become known all over the world, but the only English translation is still little known and hard to come by. The prevention, by manifold means of the circulation of books which reveal the life of Jews, even when they are written with such warm sympathy, as a grave aspect of the whole problem, and contributes much to public confusion. The same authors wrote an equally illuminating and excellent book about the Jewish regime of 1918-19 in Hungary, called *Quand Israel est Roi*, Paris, 1921. The newspaper which began to publish this work was threatened with the loss of its Jewish advertisements unless it suppressed the later chapters. The one-sided bearing of the British Press to-day, which refuses all objective discussion of the matter, is attributable to similar influences.

46: A typical example is given by a Jewish writer now in this country who was granted, first entry and then naturalization, and after receiving these boons wrote the following: 'Guarantees have to be produced for the maintenance of the unfortunates, and if at last a bone or a dry crust in the form of an entry permit is thrown to them, the stipulations, provisos and reservations are so numerous that it is almost worthless. Kind-hearted ladies accept highly-educated, cultured women as domestic servants, and treat them as they would never dare treat humble maidservants born in Britain; protected by the police regulations, they can keep the victims in their proper places.'

47: Mr. G. McCullagh, proprietor of *The Toronto Globe and Mail*, visiting this country in March 1943, said: 'I look forward to a period when Canada may become an outlet for a great migration of many different nationalities, but substantially British. There would have to be a well-planned scheme. Canada is a country with great material wealth, and can well become a great economic strength to the Empire. Its geographical position and friendly relations with America seem to place Canada in a unique position.'

48: Sir William Beveridge shares this view about first-things-first; he said on March 3rd, 1943, 'I appeal to the Government to say that they will give priority to social security *after military security*'.

49: The disease from which the Press suffers is also prevalent, by all account, in the Dominions. Colonel Stallard, South African Minister of Mines, said at Johannesburg in December 1942: 'The Press has fallen on evil days. The Press used to pride itself on freedom, in that editors without fear, favour or prejudice expressed individual views. They were a powerful and potent influence for good or evil in consequence. At present, not only in South Africa, but throughout the world generally, so far as I know, and certainly in the English-speaking world, the press has become syndicalized in groups, and editors are no longer the free persons they were.'

According to my experience, this is a very mild statement of the position.

50: This arrangement recalls the delineation of areas, in which muscling-in was forbidden, between the gangs of Chicago during prohibition, and is indicated in the following quotations:

Some of the big unions have carried collaboration with large groups of employers to such a point that their leaders are now impatient of the old conceptions of antagonism between capital and labour ... Many union leaders envisage co-operation with capital as desirable for the next decade or so, and they become angry with political warfare which postpones the share of power which they think this co-operation will give them. Some of them carry their anger to the length of wondering *whether Parliament is any longer worth while and they don't hesitate to put away their views into words*.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, a Labour M.P., on March 5th, 1943.

A suggestion that the country would be safer in the hands of expert trade unionists and first-class employers than in charge of professional politicians was made last night in Leeds by Mr. J.D.S.

Higham, a Yorkshire trade union leader. 'The country', he said, 'does not run on politics, it runs on industry - the exports and imports of the country. Nobody is better fitted to govern, in my judgment, than those who run industry in all its spheres.

*The Daily Herald*, February 1943.

51: Recommendations containing points of resemblance to these were made, in March 1943, in a report of the Nature Reserves Investigation Committee.

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Nemesis?

The Story of  
Otto Strasser

by

Douglas Reed



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OTTO STRASSER

## Preface

This book is about a German, Otto Strasser; having elbowed myself to the front of the stage in two books, I take the part, in this one, of *compère* - the man who opens the show, is often seen lurking in the wings while it progresses, and from time to time, between the scenes, comes to the front of the stage to remind you that he is there, that he holds the show together, and that it would not be complete without him.

Now that war has come, and the great question which engrossed our thoughts for many years has been answered, new thoughts crowd to the foreground of our minds, and foremost among them, the question, 'What Germany will come of this war?' In the search for the answer to it, Otto Strasser, of whom few people in Britain had heard till war came, becomes a figure of importance.

He may play a great part in answering this question. I say may, because war is less predictable than peace; it is the high-tension cable broken loose, thrashing about in all directions, you never know where, how, or whom it will strike; the switchboard is no longer in control.

Many writers have shown that the events leading to this war, and the war itself, could be exactly foretold: it was their trade, and they were as well able to do this as a doctor is able, from specific symptoms, to foretell the course of some diseases; and Lord Halifax, though he expressed in this phrase the average state of mind of many Britishers, only clothed a fallacy in words that sounded convincing when he once said 'We distrust people who forecast precisely the course of coming events'. This is a useful phrase to justify procrastination and non-exertion, nothing more.

Politics, in peacetime, are an exact science - to those who know politicians. War, 'the pursuit of politics with other means', draws a smoke-screen across the future. But this much I would wager now, at the dawn of 1940: that Germany will not emerge from this war a State ruled in absolute authority by Adolf Hitler and victorious over all enemies. Coming months or the next year or two will bring changes in Germany, and new men will begin to take a hand in the leadership of the Reich. That will not be the end of our troubles - perhaps only their beginning.

Otto Strasser has many qualifications and some chances, if he seizes them. Not many years ago Hitler, enthroned to-day on the lonely peaks of power, was obscure; Otto Strasser to-day is a little-known exile, but before long he may tread the upward path.

After reaching manhood - which for my non-stop generation meant the first outbreak of the present war, in 1914 - I lived longer, at one stretch, in Germany than in any other country, including my own. The study of that strange Jekyll-and-Hyde country, the bane of our times, engrosses me. Some months before the present instalment of the war broke out, feeling that it was certainly coming, I began to think about and read about Otto Strasser, for I believed that when it came that lost legion of the Germans, the exiles, would immediately begin to grow in importance, and among the most important of them was this Otto Strasser. At that time my mind was already browsing on conjecture about the Germany that would succeed Hitler's Germany; but at that time the British public mind did not look so far forward, or this book might have appeared earlier.

When the second outbreak of this war came, his name was, in fact, at once heard, stimulating my interest even more, and an idea became an intention. In evening strolls through subdued, but not blacked-out Paris streets, where shuttered shops showed the way that war, for the third time almost within living memory, had drained the city of its manhood; in quiet meals in Paris restaurants, among elderly gentlemen who wore fine natural tonsures and were accompanied by fur-coated blondes; in long afternoons and evenings of unremitting work in hotel bedrooms I studied and questioned and debated with Otto Strasser, learned of his struggles in the past and his plans for the future.

The result engrossed me and left me with an ungovernable itch to write. Not entirely on account of Otto Strasser's political beliefs and plans; not entirely, even, on account of his personality, though I was happy and stimulated in his company, and got along very well with him, as I often do with individual Germans; but on account of the content of his life, which aroused in me all the instincts of the teller-of-tales and made me impatient for my typewriter.

I lived again, in those Parisian hours, the life of a man of The Other Side; a life far more adventurous than my own, which has not been dull; the life of another man of our raging contemporary times, buffeted by all the winds that blow. A life, to me, far more absorbing than Hitler's life. With and through him, I felt again the pulse of that seething, turbulent Germany that gives us all no rest, of that repellent and fascinating land where I spent many years.

The tale is told in this book. Otto Strasser's adventures and his political thought interest me alike. It is for me a new undertaking to write another man's life and explain another man's mind, for I have so much to say myself. I shall probably have to restrain myself by force from rushing on to the stage from time to time and elbowing the chief player aside. Somebody wrote of an earlier book of mine that my great fault in it was to shake the fist of my personality in the reader's face, and that probably was its chief merit. Nevertheless, short of an apoplexy, I shall achieve some measure of self-effacement this time.

The tale I have to tell is an important one. Hitler has nearly played his part. He long has curdled our blood. He has been like a Silly Symphony Napoleon with a live bomb in his pocket; it was as if the grotesque child of some comic artist's pen had suddenly stepped out of the screen and advanced upon a spellbound audience, firing real bullets from his gun.

A few more melodramatic postures and gestures and harangues, and he will be gone. From the wings already peep the candidates for the succession, chief among them two men: Göring, fat, Falstaffian, Neronic, ruthless, cunning, world-famous; and Otto Strasser, poor, unknown, outlawed, undaunted. They both mean you, just as Austria and Czechoslovakia and Poland meant you. I wrote that in *Insanity Fair* and *Disgrace Abounding*, and it has come true. This is just as true.

Your courage, your resolution, your this-and-that, will not help you if your rulers lose the peace. If they do that, your last state will be worse than your first, the going of the man Hitler will not profit

you, your sufferings and your sacrifices and courage in this new war will be in vain, even your victory in it will be in vain, the next twenty years will be even worse than the last. The peace-to-come is even more important than the war, and in your own lives you now have seen what it means to lose a peace, or rather, wantonly to throw away a victory, just from dislike of exertion and of a stitch-in-time, from putting your trust in a burglar out of fear of a bogymen.

This is the importance of the tale that is told in this book.

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## Chapter One

### DESERTED VILLAGE

I homed to England, after many years abroad, in the spring of 1939. I had seen the invasions of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia and, as I came through Poland on my homeward way, clearly saw that that country would be the next victim, and I wrote this in *Disgrace Abounding*. I knew then, and also wrote, that our inevitable dilemma, the dilemma our foreign policy had made inevitable, now lay close before us: either we must go to war with Germany, or we must capitulate and have the Germans in London.

I saw that only a few months would pass before this decision forced itself upon us, and I decided to use that time to look at England, to try and understand the mind of a country that was my own, my native land, and yet was more perplexing to me than any foreign one. I could not begin to understand the slothful scepticism which had defeated every effort to awaken the country to the danger and thus to avert war. I could not understand the fear of exertion which seemed to underlie that state of mind. I could not understand the way the country, on the one hand, passively allowed itself to drift towards an avoidable war, and, on the other hand, permitted an enormous influx of unassimilable aliens whose intention clearly was, when that war came, to burrow into the places vacated by the young men of Britain who would again be sent to fight.

Already, the state of England after the war that loomed ahead was full of menacing shadows, but there seemed as little hope of awakening public opinion to these dangers as there had been of awakening it to the oncoming peril of war itself. The things that were best in England were being buried under an imported, alien way of life and way of thinking that made itself ever more master of literature and the Press, the stage and the films, radio and the menu, art, parliamentary debates - everything.

We were going to war again to keep England's shores inviolate, and at the same time we were opening these shores to an alien influx the like of which they had never seen. Maddest of all, the craziest thing that I ever saw even in the madhouse Insanity Fair, we were about to give these newcomers preferential treatment in our own land over the country's own sons; they were to be put into posts liberated by the young men who went off to war, and at the price of 'joining-up' themselves they could even acquire British citizenship - but the condition of that 'joining-up', set out in black and white, was that they never should be sent to the front! Their lives were to be preserved at all cost, so that they could live in peace and prosperity in England after the war; and simultaneously the lives of young Englishmen were once more to be squandered.

No words are adequate to describe this lunacy. I had seen the thing coming and written this, in *Disgrace Abounding*, and now it had come. Both the things I had foreseen and feared had come - the war, which would take another British generation off to battle, and the alien influx, which would rot the roots of British life still further. It was a cheerless prospect. At that rate, we should not be better off after the war, whether we won or lost it; but for the new comers, it was heads-we-win and tails-you-lose. I had seen them playing with that coin in Berlin and Vienna.

We seemed to have tied ourselves inseparably to a policy of adding one mistake to another. The state of England did not bode well.

So, in that discontented summer, I set out on a series of English journeys, and shall describe the things I saw in another book. To a patriot in search of his homeland, they were not reassuring; rather, they deepened his fears, and after this war, if the same policy be continued, you will see that

they were well-founded. These journeys showed me many things, and led me to strange places, and one of these places, where I made up my mind to write a book about Otto Strasser, was the strangest of all.

Turning things over in my mind, I went along a lonely stretch of coast and suddenly came upon Goldsmith's Deserted Village, a weird, spectral place hidden beneath the cliff until you suddenly encountered it.

A ruined inn; roofless and wall-less houses; gaping and shingle-buried streets; an odd flower poking its head through the débris to show where a garden had been; fragments of ancient wall-paper; rusty grates, where fires once had warmed tired fishermen; a chicken or two pecking about; a solitary, tousle-headed woman, with a bright eye and one tooth in her head, who leaned against a wall and watched me as I came. The most uncanny place, where the crunching of my feet on the shingle took on a disturbing and disquieting sound, although the sun was still high.

I saw the longing for talk lurking like an eager dog in the old woman's eye and greeted her, and she gave me a 'Good-day, master', and told me the story, a simple one. This was a busy fishing village and one night came a great wave, the like of which none had ever seen, and just wrecked the village where it stood; nobody had been killed, but the fishermen all elected to have new houses built by the Government in a safer spot, a mile or so away up on the cliffs and out of sight, and so all had fled - all save she.

She chose, she did not tell me why, to have her house rebuilt where it stood and now she had lived these many years, all alone, in the one sound house in that wrecked hamlet. The bathing was good, and in the summer she had a few lodgers; and follow-my-nose sometimes led an odd motorist to her door, to whom she sold a cup of tea, but that was stopped now, because the authorities thought the little road down from the cliff-top dangerous and had put a bar across it, so that follow-my-nose stopped at the top and never scented the ruined village below. And now the war on top of that, and no holidaymakers. And the blackout on top of that.

The blackout! Among these ruins, her one window had shone yellow of nights, spilled its reflection into the waves that nearly lapped her door. Through that window, she could see the great light at the headland a mile distant, that now in war, as in peace, cast its rolling eye for ever round and round, winking to all who wanted to know, British fishing boat and peeping German submarine alike, 'Here I am, Shingle Head; here I am, Shingle Head; Here I am, Shingle Head ...'

The light had kept her company. But now she might see it no more, of nights. For although all the visitors had gone, and winter was nigh, and she seldom saw a soul, still the blackout man had been down and told her to douse that light. How the Big Light laughed, when the Little Light, its companion those many years, went out! Now she sat all alone, in her little room in the one sound house in the ruined village, surrounded by those brick-and-mortar ghosts, and had blacked-out her little window. She had not gas-proofed her little room; she was not educated enough for that. But how she hated the blackout.

'Do you take lodgers at this time of year?' I said, when she finished.

'Yes, master', she said wonderingly.

'Well, I'm doing nothing for a day or two, so I'll come in, said I, I have a job of thinking to do, anyway.'

It was a strange lodging. 'Well, stap me and Heil Hitler,' I thought, when I surveyed it. It was nearly as damp as a well, but then, it was not much wider than a church door, and I had been in worse, though not in stranger places.

A good place to think. I thought about the war, and what would come after it, leaned against the breakwater, stirred the shingle with my foot, watched the seagulls. And at night we talked, and how we talked.

We agreed that the fishermen were right; the Big Wave had been caused by the county authorities taking too much sand from the foreshore; hadn't we always said that would lead to no good; we talked about the German cook at the hotel up on the cliff, who had yielded to the entreaties of all who knew her not to leave them because of the war; and we agreed that, all things considered, if it had been us we would probably have gone home, no matter how they coaxed us; and the things we said about the blackout! The old lady celebrated the festival of Saint Garrulous; she liked it.

And so did I, but at last I said, 'I'm going now, I'm going to write a book, about England and Germany, and Göring and Otto Strasser, and how this war is going to end, and what will come after it, and I'll probably come and stay with you again about Christmas, so good-bye.'

'Well, I'm sorry you're going, master,' she said, 'you was good company for me. And are you going to write a book, out of your head?'

'I am, I said, 'I'm a slave to the habit. Some people can take books or leave them alone, but I'm not like that. I'm like the alcoholic subject, whose next drink is always going to be his last. I'm always full to bursting with *Treppenwitze*.'

'What's that?' she asked.

'The joke you think of after the party, when you're going downstairs', I said. 'The things you wish you'd said. But I have the advantage of those tardy jesters - I always go back and work off my jokes, in another book. None can escape me, and here I go.'

'Well, that's interesting,' she said, raking me with her bright but empty eye, 'good-bye, master'.

I felt that eye in the middle of my back as I walked up the cliff path. At the top I turned and waved. She stood at the door of her house, among the skeletons of the homes of her childhood's friends, and the chickens pecked about her feet.

I took train and ship for France, to seek Otto Strasser. The train dawdled. The ship waited for hours before even setting forth, and as all the cabins were monopolized I spent the night walking the deck. The next day, I was in France, revelling in a glass of Dubonnet, a mouthful of mushroom omelet, a half-pint of Clicquot, a marvellous contrecarrée, a morsel of Brie, a coffee, and a Grand Marnier. O, land of gastronomic perfection, of the art of living.

I strolled awhile about Paris, happy as a sandboy. The streets, for me, were full of the ghosts of the British Army that rolled roaring down from the line in 1918 to celebrate victory. Victory! Holy umbrellas!

I thus took a quick, deep breath of Paris, and then wandered off to Montparnasse in search of Otto Strasser. Eventually I found him in a modest room in a small hotel in a back street.

I had seen men in exile who became kings. I had seen kings who became men in exile. I had seen presidents in palaces and in cheap lodgings. I had seen politicians rise and fall like the bobbing celluloid ball on the water-spray at the shooting galleries. Here was a man who had just missed playing a big part, a man who had called Hitler a fraud when all others were acclaiming him a genius, a man whose time to play a big part again might soon be coming.

I plunged myself into the study of this man, Otto Strasser, and here he is.

Ring up the curtain!

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## Chapter Two

### SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT

The man whose picture is the frontispiece to this book is Otto Strasser. It is the best one I could find. In others, which I rejected, the photographers gave him the glowering glance, the clamped lips affected by all the dictators of our and other times, the mien of the strong-man-candidate-for-the-succession.

Otto Strasser may be that, but he does not customarily wear that familiar visage. His habitual expression is one of vigour but also of smiling friendliness, and I do not mean that he smiles and smiles, but his natural disposition is a cheerful and hearty one. He has not the inner hatred of life and of his fellow men which is Hitler's driving instinct and which gives Hitler that suspicion-filled, my-hand-against-every-man's, don't-you-try-to-take-a-rise-out-of-me look.

Strasser is much more of a fighter than Hitler; no man could picture him dissolving into tearful self-commiseration at a setback or at the thought that the ultimate enemy of all men, the Marxist Death, cannot be put in a concentration camp; he revels even in a fight that is going badly, though in his heart is an unrelenting hatred of men who owe him a debt written in blood, and if they come into his power they will pay in the coin they took.

But that is not written in his face, because his inner man is not like this, and for that reason the picture is not good. Twenty-five years of struggle, betrayal, disappointed hopes, embitterment, of unflagging pursuit and narrow escape, have not chiselled hatred in his features, as it is chiselled in the features of men who have reached the highest peaks of power. He remains a merry fellow, who lives hard, loves hard, eats and drinks with enjoyment, carries on his one-man war with gusto, never forgets his revolver, has a long score to settle, loves his country, and likes to laugh.

He is the opposite of everything that Hitler is - Hitler the éclair-eater who preaches the spartan life; Hitler the celibate who preaches big families; Hitler the chauffeur-driven and chauffeur-piloted armchair-sitter who preaches sport and physical exercise; Hitler the non-smoker, non-drinker and non-meat-eater who leads one of the heaviest-eating and heaviest-drinking nations in Europe; Hitler who preaches the fight-to-a-finish and orders unbeaten battleships to scuttle themselves. Hitler, who wrote *Mein Kampf*, has known little struggle in his life; he was carried in a sedan chair by an Al Capone bodyguard to the summits of power. Strasser has never stopped fighting, since 1914.

I should call him a typical German - not in the sense in which the term is currently used by Britishers who do not know Germany and who have in mind something rather fat, rather coarse, and over-portentous. The term, a typical Englishman, used by people of the same kind in Germany, also has an uncomplimentary significance; English people would be genuinely startled to know that the German often finds in their physiognomy something that reminds him of the *Raubtier*, the carnivore.

I lived very long in Germany and mean, by a typical German, an inexplicable mixture of good and bad, of staunchness, vigour, industry, thrift, humour, talent; and of brutality, envy and insensitiveness. The Germans, incidentally, have a particularly keen sense of humour, and I often wish that my countrypeople, who almost completely lack this, would learn from them.<sup>[1]</sup>

A good pointer to the difference between the character of a Strasser and that of a Hitler, who is not typical of any one people but is more unlike the Germans than almost any other race I know, is

given by Dr. Hermann Rauschning, once an intimate of Hitler, in his book *Hitler Speaks*, in reference to Gregor Strasser, Otto's brother.

'In Danzig and in most of Northern Germany, Gregor Strasser had always been more esteemed than Hitler himself. Hitler's nature was incomprehensible to the North German. The big, broad Strasser, on the other hand, a hearty eater and a hearty drinker too, slightly self-indulgent, practical, clear-headed, quick to act, lacking bombast and pathos, with a sound peasant judgment: this was a man we could all understand. I had been present at the last meeting of leaders before our seizure of power, in Weimar, in the autumn of 1932. Gregor Strasser gave the meeting its character. Hitler was lost in a sea of despondency and accusations on the top of the Obersalzberg. The party's position was desperate. Strasser was calm, and with assurance and quiet confidence, succeeded in quenching the feeling that the party was at its last gasp. It was he who led the party. To all practical purposes, Hitler had abdicated.'

Here you have, also, a good picture of Otto Strasser, for the two brothers were much alike. But for intrigues and stiletto-work that outdid the medieval Italian courts and the gang-wars of Chicago, the Strassers, and not Hitler, might have become the leaders of Germany. Germany would then never have known the orgasms of hysterical, mock-patriotic self-pity and self-applause which she knew under Hitler; but she and Europe would probably have been spared war. The time may be coming soon for Otto Strasser to take up his brother's work.



OTTO STRASSER AS A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER, 1915

Otto was a good-looking lad and young man, as the pictures of him in his recruit and officer days will show you. Now he is in his middle age, nearly bald, but filled with that unquenchable energy which astonishes all foreigners, and exhausts many, when they deal with Germans. I am no laggard worker; but after hours and hours of discussion and debate and research and comparing notes, I often had to cry halt when Otto Strasser seemingly was just getting into his stride. I like and admire this terrific energy, which also fills Otto Strasser's greatest adversary and rival, Hermann Göring. It is some product of the German climate and the German way of life.

Consider Otto Strasser now, as he goes with a quick stride through obscure Paris streets. Average height; rather bulky, rather stocky; a heavyish, German-looking overcoat; a bow-at-the-back, German-looking hat. You would hardly notice him, yet he may force himself on your notice. In the marionette-theatre that is our world, the unseen hand, Destiny, has of late been tugging gently at the strings of this figure, testing them to feel if they are in good condition.

This man alone, among the men who left Germany, *fought!* The exiles dispersed to a score of countries. Some subsided quietly into complete oblivion. Others, and particularly the Jewish exiles, began a deafening war of words. None so bold as they - in the press and radio of Paris and London.

But this man took up the fight, a one-man-fight against Hitler. Whatever he is, whether he become powerful or not, he could with truth and justice write a book of his labours and call it *Mein Kampf* - for this *was* a Kampf. A fight against fog and frost, against police and passports, against secret pursuers and perjured friends, against gunmen and kidnappers, against poverty and vilification, against poison and bullets.

Whether luck and his own qualities will bring him to the place he strives for, I do not know. When I first met him, he was reading a book about Napoleon, and in a more intimate moment I said to him, I hope you are not developing Napoleonitis?' which made him smile. He often spoke of the new Germany that he would like to build as The Fourth Reich and, again, I wondered; a good new name is better than a revised edition of a discredited old one. And once he told me that his whole, carefully-thought-out and detailed plan for the structure of that new Reich came to him suddenly and vision-like, and, as we are nearly dying of a surfeit of Hitler's visions, I felt dubious.

But the future is his, to make or miss. His past story is so full of effort and courage that it commands respect and deserves its record. If he reaches his mark, it will pass into history, form the stuff of a hundred biographies. If he fails, it is nevertheless a thundering good story.

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## Chapter Three

### THE STARTING GUN

Otto Strasser's life really began, like those of most male Europeans born around the turn of the century, with the outbreak of war in 1914. Since its adjournment, in 1918, he has had, as the little boy said, two minutes peace each year. He was carried by it into the vortex of those turbulent years which still hold us captive.

The aspect, to-day, of the quiet family circle in which he grew up is typical of the lot of that generation. His eldest brother, Gregor, is dead, killed by the man he made, Hitler. His second brother, Paul, is a Benedictine monk, until lately in Belgium; life in Germany was made impossible for him and he was fortunate to escape unscathed. Paul's experience is worth recording. After Hitler's advent to power, he took a party of young Germans on a pilgrimage to Rome, was attacked in the press for this, and on his return arrested at the frontier. Being released, he gave his captors no second chance, but went to Austria, and from there, a little before Hitler's invasion, to Belgium.

Otto himself is an exile, outlaw, hunted these many years from land to land. His youngest brother, born ten years after himself, a lawyer by profession, is an infantry subaltern in Hitler's army. His brother-in-law, the husband of his younger and only sister, is a colonel in that army. Gregor, Paul and Otto all served as officers in the 1914-18 war.



THE STRASSER FAMILY CIRCLE

*Otto is on the right, Paul on the left, Gregor is not shown*

Otto Strasser was born on September 10th, 1897, at Windsheim in Bavaria; nine years earlier, Adolf Hitler was born not far away, at Braunau, just across the Austrian frontier. Yet a world of difference separated these two men. To understand a man, you need to know his roots. No man can trace Hitler's roots. The roots of Otto Strasser were three: a deep German patriotism, an inherited religious feeling, and strong Socialist convictions, partly inherited.

These three things made the grown man. Patriotism was fostered by the country of his birth, that loveliest and noblest countryside in all Germany, the Franconian provinces of Bavaria. Here one fine town neighbours another. Rothenburg, the finest surviving example of a medieval town, with its walls and towers, lay a few miles away; his mother came from Dinkelsbühl, which in beauty vies with Rothenburg, and grew up there in the famous wooden Deutsches Haus, which tourists from all the world come to see, for her father had an inn in that ancestral home of a Bavarian noble family. Otto Strasser's grandfather was another great link with the life of Bavaria, where beer is a second religion, and marvellous beer it is too, for he was a well-to-do peasant and owned a brewery. A fine countryside, this, where Otto Strasser grew up; the foreigner may seek his life long, and fail to account for the contrast between these noble cities, this thriving and well-farmed land, and the things that the State, Germany, does.

The people of these parts are devout Catholics, and the Strassers belonged to them in this as in all else. Here grew the root of his religious feeling.

The third of Otto Strasser's roots, the political root came in a curious way.

Political thought, like the fruits of nature, flourishes in Franconia, which has supplied more famous German politicians than any other German land, among them Stein, Metternich, Baron von Dahlberg, Franz von Sickingen, Ulrich von Hutten and Florian Geyer. Otto Strasser's father was, outwardly, the model of a quiet, diligent, middle-rank civil servant in the judicial service. But in his heart he was a revolutionary Socialist - on a Christian, not a Marxist basis.

His mind, behind his sober, workaday outer man, was discontented with the things his eye saw, in a world of courts and pomp, and he wrote, and published anonymously, as a civil servant must if he wishes to print his thoughts, a book called *Der Neue Weg* (The New Way) which set forth his political ideas for A New Germany. Nearly all Germans, at that time and for long after, were thinking about that New Germany; not much later, young Adolf Hitler was to start thinking about it, too. The book was published under the pseudonym of Paul Weger - a half-pun on its author's name, Peter Strasser.

The political itch left him no rest, and he afterwards wrote a second book, but his wife caught him at it. She was a typical official's wife, with the passion of the female defending her young for the safe, prosaic existence, with a pension at the end of it, which her husband could look forward to, as a government servant, if he kept his mouth shut and his views to himself. The sounds of loud scolding might have been heard in the home of the Strassers at this time, and the end was that Peter Strasser, a man of peace, gave up his project and locked his manuscript away.

But here was the political germ, which, for all the good *Hausfrau's* antagonism, presently reappeared in the blood of his sons. Exactly the same dispute repeated itself in the life of Otto Strasser at a later date and led to his divorce from his first wife (his present marriage is his third.) Otto Strasser, unlike his father, emerged victor in this household strife, and parted company from his wife rather than abandon his political convictions. He was the revolutionary Socialist resolute; his father, the revolutionary Socialist frustrated. For these reasons Peter Strasser always took Otto Strasser's part in his later disputes.

I have recorded these things because they explain the man, Otto Strasser, of to-day: a South German homeland, a religious upbringing, an inherited political interest.

The rest, until the starting gun sounded, is almost irrelevant, but not quite. He left school in 1913 and, because his father could not afford to pay more fees than those he was already paying for Gregor at the university and Paul at a grammar school, Otto became an apprentice in a textile factory.

'A terrible year', he says, 'six months in the counting house, six months in the workshops.' In the first he learned only to fill the inkpots (typewriters had not then reached the factory), copy the letters, fetch their food for the clerks and workmen at 10 o'clock, and stick on stamps. And in the second six months, in the factory itself, he learned to pack things up. 'I can make a wonderful parcel to-day and have never forgotten this.' In September 1914 he was to have resumed his studies, for which the fees were now available - but the starting-gun sounded.



OTTO STRASSER AS A VOLUNTEER IN A LIGHT CAVALRY REGIMENT, 1914

Otto Strasser was 16 years and 10 months old. On August 2nd, 1914, he reported himself as a volunteer in Augsburg; Hitler reported on the same day, in Munich. Strasser wanted to be a light cavalryman - those long overcoats, those heavy sabres, those clanking spurs! - but after being locked in a riding school with 300 other volunteers for three days, and forgotten, he broke out and was accepted by the Fourth Artillery Regiment, on six weeks probation, because he was weakly! The six weeks lengthened into five years.

He was a boy of sixteen. This was the most formative period of his life. Though the war only steeled his love of Germany, and his feeling for the German army, he thinks to-day with horror of his experiences as a recruit and young soldier in Imperial Germany. His description of them deepens the eternal perplexity of the foreigner at the duality of the German character, at the Jekyll-and-Hyde nature of a people in which the highest military and civic qualities are seen side by side with a bestial brutality.

Strasser was passionately a soldier at heart, but regards the non-commissioned-officers of that day as the most repulsive beings he has known. Among the 300 men in his unit were some 180 students, and the non-commissioned-officers vented their especial spleen on these in ways which left him with an ineradicable loathing of a class of man now best represented among the senior Brown Army commanders.

Let Strasser describe some of these scenes for himself. 'One Saturday afternoon in October 1914, when we were all due for leave in the town, had our best uniforms on and the girls waiting outside, an enormously corpulent sergeant-major had us all on parade and shouted, "Those who speak English or French, parade on the right; those who play the piano, on the left". At that time Turkey had just entered the war and in our innocence we thought that men who could understand the orders, given in French or English, of Turkish officers might be wanted for service with the Orient Army, so most of us rushed to volunteer. Then the sergeant-major, inflating his paunch and regarding us malevolently, said, "So, and now the piano-players can get to work scrubbing the floors, and the conceited intellectuals on the right may spend the afternoon cleaning the closets. The others can go out. Dismiss!" From that day, I never again paraded my intellectual attainments in the army. I went off to the closets, found them stopped-up and in a disgusting condition, and asked the shoemaker-corporal to give me a long piece of strong wire with a hook at the end to help me in cleaning them. While I was doing this, a corporal came up behind me, and said: "What are you doing?" I reported most obediently, "I am cleaning the closets, according to orders". "You conceited intellectual swine, get down on your knees and do it with your hands, like a soldier." I was compelled to lie down full length in this filth and clean it with my bare hands. Since that day I have a hatred of these people which nothing can kill.

They are the SS men of to-day. The SS spirit was born there.'

(The 'SS man' of whom Strasser speaks is the black-uniformed member of the *Schutzstaffel*, formerly the *élite* corps of the Brown Army, later used for concentration camp duty, beatings-up, killings, and espionage on the home-front in general.)

'Stables' was sounded at four o'clock in the morning, and the straw had then to be cleaned. Strasser hit on the idea of taking a pitchfork and lifting the straw with it, so that the droppings fell through and the clean straw remained. Again came the corporal, with his abuse of the 'damned intellectuals', and ordered this work, too, to be done with the hands. One such man compelled a young recruit to drink from a spittoon; the lad never got over this, and shot himself.

These things are almost beyond belief, but they happened in Germany, and here you have them from the lips of a German patriot. I knew of them, and many other foreigners knew of them, and saw that this spirit, this scum, would come to the top if Hitler's National Socialism prevailed. It did; and although I do not believe that such things occur in the German Army to-day, they have reappeared, as Otto Strasser says with perfect truth, in another form - the bestialities of the SS and their concentration camps. (I wrote almost exactly the same thing in *Insanity Fair*.)

Strasser's worst experience was at the hands of a sergeant who particularly hated him, apparently on the same ground, that he was an 'intellectual'.

At the front, in a battery position, in April 1915, this man compelled Strasser to clean his top-boots at four o'clock every morning, first excreting in them so that he should not himself have to go out in the cold. Later, in a reserve position, he put Strasser, though he was a bombardier and had nothing to do with the horses, to cleaning horses so lice-ridden that some of them had to be destroyed. The man on this duty became covered with lice at the first stroke of the brush, with the result that his comrades would not allow him in the dugout and he had to sleep in the open. An officer found Strasser thus, trying to sleep, heard the story, gave orders that he should never be put to this duty again, and gave the sergeant fourteen days field punishment. When he came out, he encountered Strasser and advanced on him, roaring, in the untranslatable and unprintable jargon of the parade-ground terror of those days, 'I'll smear your brains on the wall for this'.

Strasser drew his revolver and was prepared to shoot, whereon the sergeant shouted, 'Now I've got you, you ----', and had him court martialled. But Strasser was acquitted and the sergeant again punished.

This story had a sequel. In January 1918 Strasser was a battery-commander at the front and received a draft, including this man. He told him, quietly, that the old incident was forgotten, but that if he ever caught him mishandling a bombardier he would have him degraded. The battery sergeant-major was given instructions particularly to watch this man, who later was caught at the same trick. He came before a court martial, was degraded, and received five years penal servitude.

Otto Strasser was seventeen years old when these things happened. They are important, in a man who may come to the forefront of affairs - because they explain and give truth to the words he utters to-day: 'Since that time I have an undying hatred of militarism, as opposed to the calling of a soldier, which is something quite different.' They also explain his hatred of Hitlerism, which for him means Germany in the grip of the men who treated him thus in 1914.

In October 1914, fearing that he would not reach the front before the war ended, he volunteered, though a trained artilleryman by now, for transfer to the infantry. At that time the Sixth Bavarian Reserve Infantry Division consisted of four regiments, the 16th, 17th, 20th and 21st. Adolf Hitler

was serving in the 16th, as a headquarters orderly, behind the front. Strasser was posted to the 20th, and, just seventeen years old, went into the trenches in Flanders, with British troops, at first the Sikhs, against him, at Wytschaete and Warneton.

More than half the volunteers were students, of Strasser's age or thereabouts. They went into battle like the picture-book heroes, singing *Deutschland über Alles*, and at Warneton Strasser's company lost seven-tenths of its men. 'The English fire,' he says, 'was deadly.'

There he lay until March 1915. Then his battalion was rushed off towards the Russian front, in night marches so cold and exhausting that the coffee in the water-bottles froze and the men collapsed by the roadside, and the threats of officers, with brandished swords and revolvers, could not move them. They slept like the dead for twenty-four hours in a disused factory - and were rushed back to hold the great British attack at Neuve Chapelle.

In March 1915 Strasser was re-transferred to the artillery, and, after the court martial, sent up to Armentières, where he won the Iron Cross, Second Class, during a British attack in the late summer. By September 1915 he was sergeant; then in May 1916 he was seriously wounded by a shell splinter; on Christmas Eve 1916, as he was preparing to celebrate the festival, he was ordered by telegram to join a newly-formed section, the Third, of the First Bavarian Reserve Artillery Regiment. At Verdun, he was in charge of his battery's telephones; by May 1917 he was a warrant officer; and in October 1917, artillery lieutenant.

Hard fighting; on that muddy Western Front, where the great armies lay locked in each other's grip. Now began his service as a German officer, and to-day his hatred for the non-commissioned-officers of that time is equalled by his admiration for the German Officers' Corps. Here, he found in many things a truer democracy and a finer spirit. Here, he found the calling of a soldier.

His battery commander was Count von Hertling, a nephew of the German Chancellor of the same name about that time. Otto Strasser gives the following example of the spirit he admires:

'No candidate was admitted to the Officers' Corps, that is, to the rank of lieutenant, without the *unanimous* agreement of all officers in the unit. It was thus like a club, and the rule was most jealously held. Without such a unanimous proposal from the Officers' Corps, the King of Bavaria himself (Strasser served throughout in the Bavarian Army) 'could not appoint an officer. The then Bavarian War Minister was much annoyed that his son, the ensign Count X, was not made an officer. The colonel of the regiment asked Count von Hertling, the battery commander, why he would not propose him, and Hertling answered "He is incapable, cowardly, of no use to us". A few weeks later came an urgent telegram from the Bavarian War Minister asking why Count X had not been nominated, as His Majesty wished to make him an officer at Christmas. Count von Hertling once more declined to nominate him. Thereupon the colonel called a meeting of all officers in the regiment; he wished to have Count Hertling voted down. The colonel addressed his officers and put his case before them, saying, "After all, gentlemen, this is the son of the War Minister, and after all, again, we have enough stupid officers in the army, one more won't make much difference, and in addition it is the express wish of His Majesty, or at any rate papa says so; it is a great scandal in the court circle at Munich". Answered Count Hertling: "I can certainly understand that Herr Papa is troubled about this, but the lives of the soldiers whom Count X would have under him as an officer are more important than the dissatisfaction in court circles in Munich." A vote was then taken of all the officers present, and with a large majority Count Hertling's attitude was endorsed and that of the colonel rejected. His Majesty the King of Bavaria and his War Minister had no choice but to take the young Count X away and transfer him to a more docile regiment - but the First Bavarian Artillery Regiment was the best in the State, and ranked with the Guards. Count X eventually



obtained his lieutenancy in some remote and unsought-after regiment with a very low number - the 46th, or something of that sort.'

That is another illuminating glimpse of a country, Germany, and of a German, Otto Strasser. In the political events that followed the war, the Strassers always stood well with the army, and had friends in its highest ranks. Indeed, after Hitler came to power the Army would have liked to unseat Hitler and put Gregor Strasser in his place; that was one reason for the great clean-up of June 30th, 1934, and for the killing of Gregor Strasser. These threads have never been entirely cut, and may prove important yet.

Now came the last great convulsion of the 1914-18 war, the last great German victory in that war of great German victories but not of victory. Tsarist Russia had collapsed, and Russia was in the throes of the Bolshevik Revolution, the plague-germs of which had been sent there, in the persons of Lenin and his alien throng, by Germany. The German rear was free; all the German weight could be thrown against the West, before the mass of American troops arrived. Ludendorff made his last great throw for Victory. The British Fifth Army took the full shock of the German onslaught. Once more, the German tide set in strongly, flowing towards Paris, that strand so often lapped but never quite reached.

On that famous day, March 21st, 1918, Otto Strasser was in the front line of the attack, south of Saint Quentin. He was artillery liaison officer, with the duty of maintaining communication between the advancing infantry and the guns behind them, and on that day there was first tried a new variation of the method of throwing the infantry forward immediately behind a progressively advancing curtain of fire.

Almost without loss, and helped by fog, the German troops in Strasser's sector, the spearhead of the attack, took the first and second British lines, and found themselves four hundred yards from a British battery. The infantry commander declined to advance farther, and Strasser called for volunteers. Seventeen men responded, and with them he took the battery, shooting the British battery commander in the hip with his revolver and demanding to know from him, as he lay, the position of the next battery. 'I won't tell you,' said this officer. 'So I had him bandaged,' says Strasser, 'but I made his own men carry him off. And then I turned one of the British guns round and silenced a machine-gun nest with it.'

For this and other exploits in those fateful days, including the capture of a British brigade staff, Strasser, who in the meantime had received the Iron Cross, First Class, and the Bavarian Distinguished Service Order, was recommended twice for the Bavarian Max Josef Order. This was the rarest German decoration for valour, more highly coveted even than the Prussian Pour le Mérite which Göring wears, and carried the predicate of nobility with it. Otto Strasser would have been able to call himself Ritter Otto von Strasser, as John Brown may become Sir John Brown, K.C.B. But the German collapse and the disappearance of the Bavarian monarchy ended his hopes of receiving the award.

Those were great days for Otto Strasser. He knew the exhilaration of a big advance, victory seemed to lie behind each new objective, hope was high in him and his men. He has the greatest respect for the British Army, against which he did most of his fighting, and for Britain as a foe; 'When the British once start,' he then wrote, 'they don't let go,' and I think he is right in this: the bulldog simile has actually some truth. The commander of the *Graf Spee* said the same thing twenty-one years later.

But in that spring, as he pushed forward with his men, the war really seemed to be going well for Germany. Her armies held nearly all Europe; they had crushed Russia; now they were storming Paris-ward again.

That was a spring to inspire a young officer. Ludendorff would win the game yet! What a general, thought Strasser and his comrades. (To-day, Strasser says he is almost horrified to see how Hitler is repeating all Ludendorff's mistakes. Ludendorff conquered one country, vanquished one foe, won one victory after another - so many victories, but not victory. Hitler is doing the same, says Strasser. He has swallowed two countries; he may yet swallow half a dozen more; he may go from victory to victory; but never to Victory.) Looking back on those days, Otto Strasser inclines to think that Ludendorff made a mistake, after the collapse of Russia, in launching the entire remaining strength of Germany against the French and British on the Western Front. Better, he thinks, if Ludendorff had used a part of it to overrun Italy; that victory could have been had fairly cheaply and the impression it would have made would have put Germany in a better position to bargain for a favourable peace.

As to that, none can say, now. But as the summer came, the German advance slowed down, the Americans poured into France in ever greater numbers, and Otto Strasser's heart began to sink. By June 1918 the promises of the German Admiralty to prevent the transport of American troops to France through the use of the submarine, had been proved vain. Half a million Americans were already there, and each month that succeeded would bring a quarter of a million more.

'And what soldiers!' says Otto Strasser. 'I shall never forget the impression that my first encounter with the Americans made on me, on August 25th, 1918. I was defending with my battery and a few infantrymen and machine-gunners a canal-crossing near Soissons. We had been falling back for days before an urgent and superior enemy. We were without proper supplies of munitions or food, we could not get our wounded and sick away. We had no mail, no trustworthy communication with headquarters, or with our flanks. We dug ourselves in at this important bridge to hold up the advancing enemy -- black French Colonial troops -- as long as we could and cover the retreat of the main body. Some hours passed and, to our surprise, we saw no sign of the enemy. With an orderly, I rode carefully across the bridge and into no-man's land, which was a mile broad at that point.

'Suddenly I saw in front of me, about half a mile away, turning a tree-hidden corner in the road, endless marching columns of cheerful, singing troops in fours, brand-new equipment from their boots to their steel helmets. They marched and sang as if in the midst of peace, splendid young fellows. Four years earlier, in the summer of 1914, we had marched off to war looking like that!

'For the first time, as I watched them, fear rose, in me - fear that we should lose the war. What did it avail us that our shells and machine-gun fire mowed down these incautious lads in swathes, just as we were mown down by the British in Flanders in 1914? This human torrent was so mighty, so relentless, that we were bound to drown in it.

'And' -- adds Otto Strasser, and this is important -- no German soldier who had that experience, who with his own eyes saw the contrast between the starved, ragged and exhausted figures of our diminishing army, and the well-nourished, splendidly-equipped, well-trained and well-rested lads of the innumerable American armies, can ever believe in the stupid and venomous fairytale of the "Stab-in-the-back".'

(I say this is important, because Hitler succeeded, through the irresolution and passivity with which the outer world accepted his successive armed coups, in making the Germans ultimately believe that they had never been beaten in the field, but had only lost the war through the 'Stab-in-the-back' of strikers and mutineers at home.)

Thus, hard on the heels of the triumphant spring and the summer of doubt, came the autumn of disillusionment and despair. This was the first of the really bitter periods in Otto Strasser's life.

Here you have the picture, in the words of a man who, unlike Hitler, was in the forefront of the fighting, advance or retreat: 'Wherever the Allies attacked, our High Command defended every scrap of trench at enormous cost in life, then withdrew a mile or two to ease the pressure, and made a new stand. The German guns were worn out, and the supply of new ones could not keep pace with the need. The German artillery lost irreplaceable material. The German battalions mustered less than 500 men, after two or three days fighting they were down to 300 and 200, to the strength of companies. But these men were burnt-out slack. Whole divisions were no stronger than, in 1914, had been a single regiment, sometimes even weaker than that. Reinforcements were made up of half-grown lads and fifty-year-olds, fathers, grandfathers, sick, half-invalided men. The uniforms were made of substitute materials, the boots were of odd pieces of leather held together by cobbler's thread, leather equipment gave way to hempen makeshifts. The food, already bad, diminished even in quantity.'

Germany was beaten. 'I realized by then that there was no hope left,' says Otto Strasser. 'The spirit was one of desperation. Murmurs of mutiny were in the air. The troops were inferior. The game was up.'

Retreat from glory! Strasser fought rearguard actions. His battery was the only one of the division which was not captured; he saved his own guns and three Prussian guns as well. In September he was so ill with sciatica that he could neither walk nor ride, and had to be carried. An inglorious end to that jubilantly undertaken adventure. A sick man on a stretcher returned to a chaotic Germany where a youngster burning with patriotism had left a prosperous and well-found land. As the German revolution approached, Otto Strasser lay in hospital in Munich; in another hospital, at the opposite end of Germany, in Pasewalk, was Adolf Hitler.

On November 6th, 1918, Strasser, a veteran of twenty-one, was allowed out of hospital, on crutches, for the first time. He used this opportunity to pay a quick visit to his parents, now at Deggerndorf. On November 7th he had to return. As he arrived in Munich he heard the roar of a mob. Hundreds of rioters thronged the station and stormed the train, arresting all officers save Strasser, because he was crippled. But they made to tear off the cockade from his cap and his officer's shoulder-straps.

He drew his revolver - this man has been drawing his revolver now for twenty years or more. A soldier came towards him, told him good-humouredly not to be silly, took the revolver away, and told the crowd, 'I know him, he was my officer in the war. He's all right, he's one of the best. Leave him alone'.

Strasser had never seen him before. He was a *Soldatenrat*, a member of the revolutionary Soldiers', Sailors' and Workmen's Councils, and wore the red armband. He accompanied Strasser to his hotel, and brought him civilian clothes there. Strasser decided to stay in Munich.

This was a very different homecoming from the one the German soldiers had pictured to themselves - the traditional, triumphal homecoming of flower-tossing maidens, cheering crowds, bands, bugles and beer. The race that began with the starting-gun seemed to have finished, but actually it was just getting under way.

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## Chapter Four

### BELATED HOMECOMING

Otto Strasser, on two crutches, with chaos around him, took stock of his life and surveyed the future. First, he decided to resume those studies interrupted, in 1913, by lack of funds, and, in 1914, by the starting-gun. Now, he was equally short of time and of money. Curtailed courses, three-years-in-one, were available for the men whose education had been stopped by the war, but even this was too long for him. He could only count on his officer's pay as long as he was sick, and resolved to complete that one-year course, somehow, by hook or by crook, in six months.

But first, he had to nurse his health, and to that end he went to a modest Bavarian spa, Bad Eibling, and found there, as well as health, politics. Here came about, in a strange way, his first small appearance on a political stage.

Before I describe it, I want again to trace the growth of political thought in this man. In the beginning, it was inherited, this longing for a just social order that burns in so many Germans, from his father, that outwardly calm, inwardly fiery Bavarian state official.

Then, in the war, as an officer, he had to give 'patriotic instruction' to his men. This was ordered by General Ludendorff, who already scented disaster, at the end of 1917 and was intended to 'improve the spirit of the troops'. In dugouts and billets, the men gathered round their officers, who were supposed to dispel their doubts about the war and its results and the things that Germany ostensibly was fighting for, and to convince them that all questions, all doubts, all scruples, found their ultimate answer in the words 'Kaiser', 'Fatherland', 'Patriotism', and the like.

Otto Strasser was himself, in his heart, a Socialist -- a Socialist of a special kind, as I shall presently explain -- and the questions that some of his men put to him, though he turned them aside or stalled them off with patriotic eyewash, rankled and festered in his mind. Some of them, indeed, would put all the professors in the world to rout in their succinctness, in their simple expression of an unanswerable thought, and even in their language. For instance, this retort, when Otto Strasser spoke of The Fatherland:

'Sehen S', Herr Leutnant, i' bin a Tagelöhner; i' hab ka' Land; mei' Vater hat ka' Land; also, was haast für mich Vaterland?'

The beauty of this unfortunately is a little lost in translation, but it means: 'Look, Herr Leutnant, I am a day-labourer; I own no land; my father owns no land; so what, for me, is Fatherland?'

And this question, put by a Bavarian private who in civilian life was a textile worker in Augsburg: 'Herr Leutnant, what is Germany to me? I earn my wage, and it is never more, though it can be less. I can earn it anywhere I go in the world. What difference does it make to me if the English capitalist, or the Italian capitalist, or the French capitalist, or the German capitalist pays me my wages. When I am old and used-up they will chuck me out anyway. So what is Germany to me?'

Picture Otto Strasser, in some candle-lit barn, or dugout parrying these questions. This life, these experiences, added to his inheritance, were forming the man who was developing into an anti-international Socialist, or, to use the term which Hitler afterwards misused, 'a National *Socialist*.'

This, in the simplest possible analysis, is the deep-lying difference in thought which for years prevented Otto Strasser from joining Hitler, which later led him to break away from Hitler, and is

responsible for his subsequent long and undaunted struggle against Hitler - the difference between National *Socialism* and *National* Socialism.

For Otto Strasser, Socialism was always the noun, National merely the adjective, and he rightly foresaw disaster in the blurring of that fact. In a long altercation between him and Hitler, once, the issue was joined on this point, and Hitler, the wordy, accused Strasser of humbugging with words. But Strasser answered, again rightly, that this was no question of juggling with words, but of a fact and a truth, and of the things they were or were not working for. As stupid, he argued, to deny that a bath-chair was in fact a chair, or a lieutenant-colonel a colonel; by Hitler's argument, a field-marshal would have been a field. Socialism on a patriotic basis, Strasser wanted; not militarism with the word Socialist tacked on to it to dupe the masses. And that is exactly the issue, to-day as then.

In the officers' mess, Strasser was wont to discuss these encounters with his men, and to argue that the governing classes in Germany were wrong not to put themselves at the head of the Socialist masses, not to guide, instead of trying to repress, the longing for a just social order which was fermenting in the German soul. 'We officers, and not the Jews, should lead the workers,' he argued. This made him politically a little suspect in the Officers' Corps, and he was known as The Red Lieutenant.

But back to Bad Eibling, and Otto Strasser's first appearance in politics. The Republic had been proclaimed in Bavaria. Strasser, at his spa, had to conceal the fact that he was an officer, for the peat-workers from the neighbouring Kolbermoor were violent revolutionaries. The Jewish Communist leader from Munich, Kurt Eisner, came to Bad Eibling for this very reason.

Otto Strasser, now on two sticks, attended the meeting, a large one, held in December 1918. He looked down from the gallery, where he was accompanied by half a dozen men of his own mind, upon the crowded hall, and listened to things which 'made me almost mad with rage'.

Kurt Eisner, with long hair and beard, looked like the caricatures of a Ghetto Jew. He was, in fact, by origins a Polish Jew and spoke defective German; he had not been in the war, but had written for the Socialist *Vorwärts*. He was, therefore, 'a Socialist'. So was the angry man listening from the gallery. This picture will perhaps show the difference between one Socialist and another Socialist.

'Kurt Eisner spoke with a fearful Galician accent and with typically Jewish gestures. He was as clever in the methods he used with this yokel audience as any trickster at a fair. "They reproach me with being a Prussian", he said, to odd cries of *Jawohl, du Saupreusse*; "If my mother in her ninth month had come to Munich and I had been born here I should have been a Bavarian. But -- with spreading arms -- *wäre ich ein anderer gewesen?* Should I have been a different man?" One or two peasants scratched their heads at this and nodded at each other, "Yes, that's right, he's right there". Then he continued: "Secondly, they reproach me with being a Jew." (Odd cries of, *Jawohl, du Saujude!*) "But was not Christ a Jew? The man who vilifies us Jews, vilifies Christ." This completely flummoxed the peasants, who were devout Catholics, and they shuffled uncomfortably and looked uncertainly at each other and nodded, as if they felt there was a catch in this somewhere, couldn't for the life of them see where, but had better keep on the right side of the Church anyway.

'Then he started. He shouted that Germany was guilty of the war, that the officers had swilled and guzzled while the troops were driven into the enemy's fire. Both his speech and that of a fat cattle-dealer, Gandorfer, who followed him were directed mainly against the officers. "These officers, these *Schweinehunde*, went whoring and boozing, and you had to die for them."

This was too much for the red-faced man in the gallery, who shouted repeatedly 'You liar, you liar', so that the chairman of the meeting called up, 'If you want to speak, come down and speak afterwards in the debate'. 'I will', said Strasser, and this was his first public appearance.

He had never spoken before, he was almost incoherent with indignation, he was twenty-one years old, he was sick, and he had a hostile audience. 'I spoke badly, but it took effect,' says Strasser. 'I told them that proportionately the casualties among officers had been three times as high as those among the men. Not the officers enriched themselves, I said, but the war profiteers, like this fat Gandorfer here. Where were you in the war, Herr Eisner? Where were you in the war, Herr Gandorfer? I was at the front; so were you who sit down there. Ask these loudmouthed gentlemen here where they were, and if they only had sixpence a day pay, like us.'

While he was speaking, his hosts inquired who he was, and suddenly Gandorfer sprang up, pushed him aside, and shouted, 'Comrades, now we have unveiled this fellow - he's an officer!' There was tumult in the hall, the peat-workers, who carry knives in their right boots, surged angrily towards the platform. The men on the platform seized Strasser, pushed him to the back door, threw him out and locked it.

These two men, Otto Strasser and Kurt Eisner, both called themselves 'Socialists'. I stress this point, in order to show what very different types of men may be covered by this name.

Soon after, Kurt Eisner was shot in Munich by Count Arco. Thereupon the Red Republic was proclaimed; until then, there had been a Left Coalition Government of Socialists. Independent Socialists, and Communists. Levine, a Russian Jew and emissary from Moscow, was the moving spirit in the Munich Soviet; other Jews in it were Ernst Toller and Erich Mühsam.

The most famous Bavarian soldier, General von Epp, began to recruit men to oust the Red Government in Munich. He had seen colonial service, and in the war was, first, Colonel of the Bavarian Guard and later general officer commanding the Bavarian Alpine Corps, *élite* troops. He had fled to Ohrdruf in Thuringia and, with one Captain Ernst Röhm as his chief-of-staff, formed the Epp Free Corps, which all patriotic Bavarians tried to join.

In Munich, the Red Government, fearing the attack, arrested hundreds of hostages, chiefly officers, and now a very sinister thing happened, which deserves a much greater place in the history of the Jews in politics than it has received. Among the hostages were twenty-two members of the 'Tulle Society', a small and unimportant body which fostered the cult of old German literature, traditions, folklore, legends, and the like. Anti-Semitism was an integral part of its teaching; so was anti-Christianity. It was an insignificant group without any power or possibility of putting its theories into practice. It had no single politician among its members, only a few old professors and noblemen.

Of all the hundreds of hostages precisely these twenty-two people, including several women, among them Countess Westarp, were taken out and shot by the alien Jewish Government of Munich!

The Epp Free Corps took shape for the expedition against Red Munich. All the figures who later played a big part in the European drama gathered for this smaller one - save Hitler!

Hitler was in Munich. He was still a soldier. He had, as he tells in *Mein Kampf*, taken that fearsome anti-Bolshevist oath in hospital at Pasewalk. He was already resolved to save the world from Bolshevism. Yet he did not spring to save Munich from Bolshevism. He did not make his way out and join the Epp Free Corps, although he avowedly burned to fight. He was in Munich, and he was

a soldier. But the soldiers in Munich were under the orders of the Red Government, the Jewish Government ruled from Moscow. If he was in barracks, he must have been - a Red!

There was much muttering and murmuring among the National Socialist leaders, much shaking of puzzled heads, in later years, about this, but not the hint of an explanation of his doings in Munich at that time ever came from Hitler. This is a complete gap in *Mein Kampf*. It is one of the darkest things in all his dark history. I would give almost anything I have to know for whom that man really worked, not only then, but at all times later.

Otto Strasser first drew my particular attention to this remarkable episode in Hitler's life. Although I had closely studied these things, I had overlooked it, and I do not think any other writer has noticed its significance or discussed it. Indeed, a man who was up to the neck in the political turmoil of those days, as was Otto Strasser, is needed to put it in its true proportion, and future historians will be indebted to him for this, because it is one of the most important of the things we know, and they are too few, about the man Hitler. Later, when we know more of him, and the double or triple game he always played is clearer to see, it may prove to be the missing piece in the jigsaw puzzle.

It is worth explaining more fully, for this reason. The Red regime in Munich lasted from November 1918 until May 1st, 1919. Hitler, according to his own account in *Mein Kampf*, was filled with the most violent hatred of the Jewish-Communist revolution in Germany from the moment it broke out, in the first days of November. In the last days of November, cured and discharged from hospital, he reported to his regimental depot - in that very Munich where the Reds were most powerful.

His own battalion was under the orders of the revolutionary 'Soldiers' Council'. This so disgusted him, he says, that by some means he contrived to be sent to a camp at Traunstein, a few miles away. He says that he returned to Munich 'in March'. The Reds were driven out by von Epp and the Prussian troops at the end of April. For about two months, therefore, Hitler, a serving soldier, was in Munich when the Red regime was at its height, under the rule of a Russian Jew sent from Moscow, when the hostages were being shot.

Good Bavarians who were there at the same time contrived, by hook or by crook, to get out of Munich and make their way to von Epp, returning with him to drive the Reds out. Otto Strasser did this, at the risk of his life and after surmounting many difficulties.

Hitler, who devotes so many pages in his book to windy abuse of the Reds in Moscow and of International Bolshevism in general, stayed quietly in Munich. He says no word of his life in Munich during those two months. He gives no description of the horrors he saw -- he, who later rails for pages at a time about the wholesale massacres in Moscow -- or of conditions in Munich at all.

But, and this is the vital point, he was a soldier, and soldiers who stayed in Munich were under the orders of that Red Government; if they didn't like it, they deserted by night to von Epp, in Thuringia, and Hitler did not do that. He was then - a Red! He probably wore the red arm-band. Presumably, with the rest of the Munich garrison, he took part in the fighting against von Epp's troops.

What other leader of such a party as the National Socialist Party would in a book pass over in silence such a period as this? All Hitler has to say about it is the vague and unintelligible remark that he was 'nearly arrested' three days before the Reds were driven out. From that he calmly passes on to a sentence beginning: 'A few days after the liberation of Munich I was ...' Nothing about his reasons for staying in Munich, nothing about the horrors of a Red regime which he actually knew,

nothing about the severe fighting that preceded the liberation of Munich, nothing about the triumphal entry of von Epp's troops.

Every other notable National Socialist leader or Storm Troop commander, in those days, fought with one or other of the Free Corps somewhere in Germany; this was the very thing that gave them a claim to subsequent advancement in the Party. But the Führer himself, the arch anti-Red - was in Munich. He, who was always filled with a religious horror and hatred of the Bolsheviks, retained from these months spent under their rule in a city that he regarded as his adopted birthplace no single memory worth putting on paper.

I believe that future historians will need to start their researches into his life in Munich, in the period between March and May 1919, and unless all the tracks have faded they will discover some strange things. Otto Strasser says that for many years afterwards -- until the advent to power placed Hitler on a pedestal elevated above all such doubts, which would have cost the audible doubter his life -- the National Socialist leaders, when they were talking together of this and that, always returned to the question 'What was Adolf doing in Munich in March and April 1919?' and the answer was always a perplexed shrug of the shoulders or shake of the head.

But all the other men concerned in these events acted as they preached. Von Epp and Röhm formed their Free Corps. Gregor Strasser, back from the war, after serious wounds, had already formed a patriotic Free Corps (the *Verband Nationalgesinnter Soldaten Niederbayerns*) at Landshut.

This immensely popular man, the living embodiment of the German tragedy, who had a rare gift for talking to his men on equal terms, soon had together a troop of 2000 infantrymen, three field batteries, and a 15cm. howitzer battery, with full war equipment and munitions! Such things were possible in that chaotic Germany.

Gregor Strasser was for a time lord of Lower Bavaria, but as he was an apothecary by day, and could only become a Free Corps leader by night, he took a helper, a young man called Heinrich Himmler. Himmler had not been in the war; he was too young. He reached the rank of ensign at home, but never became an officer, and suffered ever afterwards from a sense of military inferiority for this reason, which he strove to compensate through exaggeratedly coarse and loud militarist behaviour. He had vaguely studied agriculture; but his first profession was that of being adjutant to Gregor Strasser. By day, when Gregor Strasser was busy in his chemist's shop, Himmler was a great man.

Gregor Strasser and his miniature army immediately joined von Epp. (Himmler, for some reason, did not.) Otto Strasser abandoned the studies he had just taken up in Munich and with great difficulty contrived to smuggle himself out of Red Munich and join von Epp at Ohrdruf. As von Epp had too many officers, Otto Strasser served as bombardier with a mechanized battery.

The march on Munich began - the Epp Free Corps and a regular Prussian division. In Munich, the Russian Jew Levine ruled. In two days Munich was captured, after fierce fighting. Levine was court martialled and shot. Otto Strasser is entitled to wear on his left arm the golden lion of the Epp Free Corps.

This episode is also important, for students of contemporary history who seek to know what sort of a Socialist Otto Strasser is. Hitler, the anti-internationalist, the anti-Marxist, the anti-Bolshevist, the anti-Jew, the anti-Socialist, was nowhere to be found in those days. Otto Strasser, who is not only a Socialist but an anti-militarist, was *dabei*, he was there, he fought to turn the Reds out. If you think about these things long enough, and put them in their proper places, and study many other things that Hitler has done, many of your ideas will change.



On May Day 1919 came the triumphal entry into Munich. The Bavarian soldiers had dreamed for four years of such a triumphal homecoming after the war, but instead of that they saw a revolutionary, alien-led mob which spat at every soldier who did not wear a red arm-band and tore off the officers' shoulder-straps.

But on this day, with summer in the air, Munich was a mass of flowers and cheering people. The incoming troops did, after all, get posies for the muzzles of their rifles and for their helmets. Otto Strasser and his comrades recaptured a broken dream; a little late, the dream came true.

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## Chapter Five

### WAY OF A SOCIALIST

Now came that frenzied, tempestuous, post-war period in Germany, when middle-aged men found their lives in ruins about them, when young men back from the army sought to find a way through chaos to an ordered existence, when lads leaving school looked confusedly, like shepherdless sheep, into a scheme of things that had been shattered to bits and offered no clear way to an assured future.

All barriers had been broken down, but so had all conventions and all standards. The regimentation of the masses, which had been far too strict, gave way to a licence that was far too libertine. Youth was the prey of the free foxes in the liberated hen-roost. Chastity was the butt of a literature and a stage that, in the land of Goethe and the Meistersingers, had come predominantly under the influence of alien cheapjacks and exploiters masquerading as great writers and inspired impresarios.

'Glamour' then had its home in Berlin; its victims, girls and lads in their early teens, were openly bought and sold in the temples of sexual perversion which flourished beneath blazing electric signs in the cities. The word 'currency' became a farce, but while the savings of hard-working people vanished overnight, the manipulators, the vultures of the inflation, grew fat; the other day in London I bought for thirty shillings a collection of German banknotes issued in those days, the nominal value of which represented more billions than the vaults of the Bank of England could hold.

One great financial scandal followed another, as profiteer after profiteer and swindler after swindler decided that the time for bankruptcy was ripe. Communists revolted here; reactionaries there; and precarious coalitions of all-good-men maintained a crazy equilibrium in the land.

Amid this turmoil, Otto Strasser, a revolutionary Socialist, began to grope his way towards the future. He affirms, indeed he insists, that he is a revolutionary Socialist, but because so large a proportion of people are incapable of distinguishing between words and things, between real and imitation pearls, between the Church and Christianity, between the bawling of Rule Britannia and patriotism, I hope to explain, as this book goes on, what sort of a *man* he is.

Misleading to say that Otto Strasser is a revolutionary Socialist if the reader understands by that something different from the thing that Otto Strasser means, or something different from the truth.

For instance, if I were forcibly held down and compelled by violence to take the label of any one political party, I should have to take that of Socialist, but I should feel myself politically as outcast in the company of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Snowden, and Mr. J. H. Thomas as in that of Mr. Chamberlain or Sir John Simon, as in that of any present leader of the British Socialist Party. I see no party in Britain that answers at all the longing for a better social order that fills me; they all seem to me to be groups representing special interests, without any real ideals, civic sense, or patriotism in the sense of the whole community.

Otto Strasser, as I have told, began to be a revolutionary Socialist by inheritance; he continued his revolutionary Socialism by becoming an exceptionally efficient and courageous officer in the war; he carried his revolutionary Socialism a stage further by joining in the armed liberation of his homeland from an alien regime which at first also claimed the name, Socialist; he later joined the Socialist Party; then Hitler's National Socialist Party; he is now the bitterest enemy of that party,

but is also an antagonist of the Socialist Party, of Fascism, and, venomously, of Communism; because he believes that all of these have betrayed, or that none stands for, that which he wants - German Socialism.

So he is a revolutionary Socialist. The thing ought to be simple to understand, but in a world where the peoples have been brought up on catchwords and tags, it is probably difficult. Nevertheless, I hope that this book will ultimately make clear what Otto Strasser wants and what he is, for both these things are of great interest.

When Munich had been liberated, he began, once more, to strive after that coveted university degree, scrambled somehow through his exams, and in July 1919 was admitted to study at Munich University. His race was with time, and when the vacation came he rushed to Berlin to continue his studies there. He was now twenty-two.

His great problem was his daily bread. These were, as I said, the turbulent times. He had no money, and his family could give him none. The inflation was beginning. The mark was already worth but 20 pfennigs, instead of 100. He had to earn money, somehow, to pay his fees and achieve that doctorate.

This part of his life shows the enormous energy and capacity for work of which I have already spoken. It is common among Germans, but Otto Strasser has it in an exceptional degree. He studied from eight o'clock in the morning until midday at the university, and then went to the Reichstag. This sat only in the afternoon and, to earn his fees, he found a post as stenographer in the parliamentary office of the combined Socialist provincial Press; here the reports of the debates were prepared, suitably tinted with pink, the talk-of-the-lobbies summarized, and the whole sent out to the Socialist newspapers in the country.

This work lasted until 6 or 7 o'clock in the evening, which left him an hour for a simple meal at Aschinger's, one of the cheap chain-restaurants operated by that firm in Berlin. After that, from 8 till 10 o'clock, he took unpaid evening classes for workmen, to whom he taught German history and stenography; and after that, again, he had to prepare his next morning's work for the university.

After a year, the evening classes were discontinued, and he filled in the few leisure hours which this left him by studying Japanese at the Oriental Institute in Berlin. His affections might have expected a rest, in view of all this; but even they were not spared; he found time not to neglect them. Indeed, he has driven them unremittingly, all his life, and does not regret it.

All this time Strasser was on two sticks. His hunger, or mania, for work, however, was not satisfied, and the state of affairs at the university led him to organize a League of ex-Service Students to uphold the rights of men whose studies had been interrupted by the war.

The throwing-open-of-all doors had led to the flooding of the universities, and the compressed emergency courses introduced for such men were being swamped by girls, by Jews and by others who had not served. The ex-service man, as is always the way after a war, was being elbowed aside by eager interlopers. Strasser, at the head of his League, succeeded in raising a loud voice and having this evil remedied.

Another evil, at that time, was the plight of the thousands of young men who starved themselves to finish their studies and then could obtain no employment, or who could by no means raise the fees to complete these studies. This became so grave a public scandal that the leading German industrial concerns joined to form a Students Emergency Association, charged to find employment for the masses of desperate young men who were wandering aimlessly about, and the secretary of this

body was Dr. Heinrich Brüning - subsequently the Chancellor who fought so hard, but failed, to keep Hitler from power, and who is now also in exile. Strasser worked in close collaboration with him.

I have mentioned these early post-war experiences and experiments of Strasser in organizing his fellows for some cause because, though they were not specifically political, they show the mind and thought of this revolutionary Socialist. They were good undertakings, of benefit to the community.

Now, for the second time, the political impulse, that broke through for the first time in the episode at Bad Eibling, began to push him into the fray. He became a registered member of the German Socialist Party - and immediately found himself in the forefront of the dissensions which racked that party.

Otto Strasser's view then is his view to-day, the view that makes of him an exile and implacable enemy of Hitler, as it finally drove him out of the Socialist Party. He could have had popularity, position and possessions by compromise, but preferred to be adamant, and this commands respect.

He sought everywhere, but found nowhere, a German Socialism; not a State Socialism, which simply meant one big Capitalist and a horde of officials in place of many capitalists; not a thing of international roots and affiliations, alien in its origins and leadership; and certainly not National Socialism as Hitler made it, which was but capitalist-militarism masquerading as a Socialist circus. He has never faltered, that I can find, from his beginnings until his present exile, and he seems to be that rare, if not unique thing, a real National Socialist.

The Socialist Party at that time -- which had committed suicide in the moment of its revolutionary triumph by calling on the regular army and the old ruling classes in general to protect it against the Communists -- had formed an *Einwohnerwehr*, or Civilian Defence Corps, as an instrument for the Government to use against the Communist danger. The majority of the local branches of the Socialist Party forbade their members to join it, arguing that they wanted nothing to do with 'the officers' and with militarism, since they were internationalists and pacifists. Otto Strasser strongly advocated membership of the *Einwohnerwehr*, arguing that if the Socialists did not take it under their wing, the reactionaries would, and in his district, that populous quarter of Berlin called Steglitz, he carried the day. Steglitz joined the *Einwohnerwehr*, and Otto Strasser became the commander of Steglitz's *Hundertschaft*, the units of the *Einwohnerwehr* being called by this name of 'Hundreds'.

All this was in the spring of 1920. There followed the first attempt, called the Kapp Putsch, of the old ruling classes in Germany to dethrone the Socialist-Centrist Government, to sweep away all the newcomers who had succeeded to power in Germany, by means of armed force.

The Kapp Putsch was rather like the von Epp march on Munich, save that it had not the same justification; the Government in Berlin was predominantly Socialist, and dithering Socialist at that, but it was non-Communist and anti-Communist, and had no imported Moscovites in it. By way of contrast, the Kappists imported a man of similar type with them as Press Chief - the Hungarian Jew, Anglican Clergyman, British Member of Parliament, convicted traitor, and professional swindler, Trebitsch Lincoln! This sort of man seems to pop up in every shady affair in the history of Europe. Incidentally, Hitler's professed anti-Semitism, as I have often tried to make people understand, is another lie; witness the international string-pulling Jewess who was go-between in his negotiations with British politicians.

The Kapp soldiers ruled Berlin with their machine-guns for a day or two, until the general strike called by the fugitive Berlin Government caused the collapse of their adventure and their ignominious withdrawal, but they never attacked Steglitz, where Otto Strasser and his Socialist *Hundertschaft* were waiting, armed, to receive them. By now, the officer who had given his men 'patriotic instruction' in the war who had challenged Kurt Eisner in the Red meeting at Bad Eibling, who had helped to drive the Communists out of Munich, was a Socialist *Hundertschaftler*, standing ready to give combat to the reactionaries. The Kappists preferred not to use force against the Steglitz Hundred; Steglitz, surrounded but not occupied, was left a peaceful Socialist island in Kappist Berlin.

When the Kappists withdrew, the convinced Socialists thought the day of real Socialism had come. The Government, too cowardly and too scared of the reactionaries to carry out its Socialist programme before, now had the power. At Bielefeld, an agreement was signed between the Government, represented by Karl Severing, and the delegates of the Socialists for the dismissal of the Police Minister, Noske, who had been too weak with the reactionaries and had allowed the Kapp Putsch to happen, for the socialization of heavy industry and for the partitioning of the big estates. On the strength of these promises, the Socialist workers laid down their arms.

The Communists and the Independent Socialists, who were near-Communists, did not, and were defeated by the same Kapp soldiers who had seized power in Berlin. And as soon as that was accomplished, the Government disavowed the promises made by Severing.

Otto Strasser, still following without deviation his ideal of a German Socialism, now found himself with enemies on all sides. A bitter critic of the Government's betrayal of its Socialist policy and promises, he incurred the enmity of the party bosses, intent only on keeping their jobs, and at a Socialist meeting in Steglitz was denounced from the platform as 'a police spy'. (The Police Minister and the Police Chief, so illogical was this charge, were both Socialists.)

At the university, however, where he was still struggling after that degree, he was equally unpopular among the students, the majority of whom were what we should to-day call Fascists or Nazis, and was pilloried as the leader of a 'Red Hundred'. Arriving one morning at the university, he found a notice on the board announcing that he had been debarred from further study there 'pending a disciplinary investigation', and on his furious inquiry for the reason was told that his war record was suspect. By producing the official war history of his regiment, and other documents, he was able to reduce the Rector to a state of contrition and to have the insinuation withdrawn with all ceremony in the presence of the entire Students' Corps of the university, in full regalia.

But an uncompromising man was a lonely man in those days, as now. Disgusted with everything, he left the Socialist Party. The second political period in his life came to an end. For five years he stood aloof from parties, and for three years aloof, almost, from politics; complete abstention from them would be an impossibility for this man.

In March 1921, at long last, he took his degree, at Würzburg, and is thus fated to be known to the end of his days as Doctor Otto Strasser. That opened the door to a minor appointment in the Ministry of Food, where he prosaically represented the interest of authority in artificial fertilizers and the cultivation of moors. This lasted two years. Then, one day, Count von Hertling, his commanding officer in the war, visited the Ministry. He had become head of a big industrial concern, saw Otto Strasser, and offered him an important post in it. Strasser gladly accepted. So, until 1923, as he says, 'ich sass brav in meinem Ministerium und in meiner Industriestellung, and habe eigentlich keine Politik getrieben'. 'I sat like a good boy in the Ministry and in my job, and hardly touched politics.'

November 1923 was to alter that, because it brought the Hitler Putsch in Munich and a change in Otto Strasser's views about Hitler; but a digression is necessary to keep the thread of this story unbroken.

Otto Strasser had first met Hitler in the autumn of 1920, at the time of his embitterment with all parties. He was on holiday, visiting his parents in Bavaria, when his brother Gregor invited him to Landeshut, saying that General Ludendorff, a great hero of Otto's from the war, and one Adolf Hitler, then little known, would be present. At this lunch, says Otto Strasser, 'Ludendorff made a great impression on me. Hitler did not. He was too servile to Ludendorff, and behaved himself like a battalion orderly speaking to a general. Ludendorff was like a block of granite; Hitler, like a nervous, half-hysterical spouter. He used the Jews as a common denominator for all political problems. I told Gregor that I did not want to join the party and would prefer to wait; the only thing I liked about it, I said, was the name, National Socialist, *und Du* ['and you', that is, his brother, Gregor]. Throughout 1921 and 1922, when I was out of politics, I had many disputes with Gregor about Hitler and the Party. I never felt drawn towards it and would not join. Hitler, after that lunch, always spoke of me as an *Intellektbestie*.'

*Intellektbestie* is difficult adequately to translate. 'One of those intellectual cranks', perhaps. It is the sort of term a man of inferior merit may use about another whose arguments have irritated and baffled him. Hitler cannot argue; the slightest hint of contradiction or challenge makes him angry and hysterical. His great good fortune, or skill, is that he never had to join in open debate with an adversary, entering Parliament and becoming dictator only when all opposition had been crushed.

But to resume the thread of the story: Gregor Strasser, several months before this lunch, had heard of Hitler, travelled to Munich, found himself in wide agreement with Hitler's views, and thereupon enlisted his little private army bodily in the National Socialist Party as its independent *Gau*, or regional organization, for Lower Bavaria. Until then, the National Socialist Party existed only in skeleton form in Munich *alone*; the recruitment of Gregor Strasser's *Verband Nationalgesinnter Soldaten Niederbayerns* marked its first extension outside Munich.

Gregor Strasser became Regional Leader, with Heinrich Himmler, the dreaded Secret Police and SS Chief of to-day, as his secretary. Gregor Strasser had already seen that he could not indefinitely keep his private army of foot and artillery together; those days cannot be described as piping ones of peace, but the war was nevertheless receding, the times were growing quieter, the men were getting on with their jobs and forgetting to clean their rifles or turn up on parade, and Gregor Strasser thus realized that he must either disband his organization or turn it into something political. The Reds had been driven from Bavaria, anyway; indeed, in all Germany, Bavaria alone was Red-free; everywhere else the Socialists shared power.

In Bavaria, von Epp and his chief-of-staff Ernst Röhm now ruled. After the triumphal eviction of the Reds in May 1919, instead of restoring the legal, exiled Government, they had, against the wish of Berlin and of the Reichswehr regular troops who had helped them, installed a bourgeois government without any Socialists. They wished to use Bavaria as a base from which the rest of Germany could be similarly cleansed.

Röhm, an energetic soldier of revolutionary mind, was the real ruler of Bavaria; von Epp was a fine soldier, but not a brilliant thinker. Röhm had all the politics and parties of Munich at his fingertips, and employed an army of agents. Among them was the man Adolf Hitler. One day Röhm (to whom all political meetings in Munich had to be reported) said to Hitler, 'I've an announcement here of a meeting of something called the N.S.D.A.P. (*Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei*). Go along and see what sort of a show it is'.



ERNST RÖHM

Here you see how, twenty years ago as I write, the plan or plot was born in an office in Munich that now has let the devil loose on us all again. Von Epp, a remarkably fine figure of a soldier, probably never had an unworthy motive in his life, and simply burned to clean up his country, as he understood cleanliness, and make it a power among nations again. Röhm was a thought too bawdy even for a hardened mind, but by the common judgment of his acquaintances was a good and loyal companion, a brave soldier, and an exceptionally good organizer.

What freakish trick of fate caused him to pick on this epileptic mongrel Hitler, whose virtues are even less than his vices, and he has no vices, this man who cannot prove what he did in Vienna before the war, or even adequately what he did in the war, or what he did in Munich after the war - until Röhm picked on him?

Röhm, sitting at his desk, chose his own executioner in the nondescript fellow standing at attention on the other side of it. More, he chose the man who was to plunge all Europe into war again. More still, he chose the man who, as I am now coming to think, is built entirely of hatreds, but among those hatreds keeps the worst for the people whose destiny he has in his hand. For the strangest passages in the conversations with Hitler which Dr. Hermann Rauschning reports are those verbal orgasms in which he frequently speaks of 'sacrificing the lives of one or two million *Germans*', of his determination, in some particular circumstances, 'to sacrifice a new *German* generation', and so on.

Hitler went to the meeting and reported to Röhm (all this information comes from Otto Strasser): 'This is a workman's party. It's something good, the sort of thing we could use, Herr Hauptmann.' Röhm was obsessed with Germany's isolation and defencelessness in the world, with the need for a new army - a secret army. He saw that the old-soldier organizations, like Strasser's *Verband* and the various Free Corps, deteriorated as the war receded, and he wanted, as did Gregor Strasser, to build a political movement which would reinvigorate them. But his real aim was to create, in the guise of Storm Troopers, a new army under the cloak of that political movement.

Hitler, with his extraordinary instinct, had recognized that the little N.S.D.A.P. was the ideal instrument for the purpose he and his masters had in mind; hence the report, 'We can use this, Herr Hauptmann'. Röhm had already remarked Hitler's talent for propaganda and political agitation, and had chosen him as one of his agents for that reason, and now said to him, in effect, 'Buy the firm out; we can make something of it'.

Röhm's sole condition was the formation of the Storm Troops, the Brown Army. Through this, he counted on remaining the master of the movement. He frequently said: 'All the rest is a matter of indifference to me; I need a well-disciplined private army'.

To this end, he gave Hitler the money to have placards printed, and to buy an obscure little local sporting-sheet, which published racing-tips and football results, called the *Völkischer Beobachter*. As the man with the money, Hitler was able to throw out the founders of the little party. He never altered its programme, which then already existed, and would never permit any discussion of it - though hardly any of its tenets have been fulfilled by him. The Brown Army was formed, by Röhm; for it Röhm borrowed the brown shirt from one of the Free Corps (Rossbach's) and the swastika from another (Ehrhardt's).

Thus did a soldier of fortune sign his own death warrant and bring disaster on Europe again, that day in Munich twenty years ago as I write. A few other details about this birth of the Hitler Party, culled from Otto Strasser's special knowledge, deserve to be recorded here:

'One of Hitler's innumerable lies, in the legend he has built up, is that he was "the seventh member" of the N.S.D.A.P. At the time when Röhm sent him to report on it, it already had several hundred members. He became the seventh member of the *executive committee*, in charge of publicity. Nor did he invent "National Socialism". The party was founded by one Harrar and Anton Drexler; they copied it from an Austrian party of the same name, the National Socialist Party, founded by the Sudeten Germans Jung and Knirsch; and they in their turn took the idea from the Czechs. A young Czech labour leader, Klovacs, in about 1892, seceded with the Czech workers from the Socialist Party in pre-war Austria-Hungary because its leadership and methods were "Jewish, international and German", and founded in Bohemia the first "National Socialist Party", whose most famous members were, later, Masaryk and Benesh. The only man in the party who has no conception of real National Socialism is Adolf Hitler.'

All this information is Otto Strasser's. The last sentence is literally his. It is, in my judgment, literally true.

Such were the beginnings of the movement which took root and grew -- to the misfortune of Europe, under the leadership of a professional perjurer -- while Otto Strasser was 'sitting like a good boy in his Ministry and his job and not bothering with politics'. In 1923 came its first attempt to seize power, and one effect of this was to bring Otto Strasser back into politics.

This was the story. By 1923, von Epp and Röhm no longer ruled Bavaria, but had been displaced in favour of a regime more in sympathy with Berlin. Röhm had already been elbowed aside by Hitler (who later recalled him, from Bolivia, to take over the Brown Army). Hitler, with General Ludendorff and Göring, now Storm Troop commander, attempted to displace the Bavarian Government by force, hoping, as von Epp and Röhm had previously hoped, from Bavaria to reach out and rule the Reich. Gregor Strasser was commander of the Landeshut Battalion in this exploit. Hitler, marching with his Storm Troops in the expectation that he would not be resisted, was received by the bullets of the regular troops. He fled, was arrested and imprisoned; Ludendorff was wounded; Göring was wounded but escaped abroad; Gregor Strasser was sentenced to one and a half years imprisonment. The first Hitler Putsch collapsed.

This brought a complete change in Otto Strasser's opinions about Hitler. Until then, he had not taken the National Socialist Party seriously. He had regarded it as half-reactionary, and therefore no party for a revolutionary Socialist; or, to quote his own words, as a 'cheap edition of reaction, with a red cover on it to delude the buyer'.



But in Munich, on November 9th, 1923, the bullets of a reactionary regime were fired at Hitler and his men. 'My brother was right after all,' thought Otto Strasser. 'This is a revolutionary movement, this is a Socialist movement. Hitler's flirtations with the generals and big business will have to stop now.'

This view was strengthened by Ludendorff's famous subsequent speech -- the fascination of Ludendorff for many German officers must not be forgotten -- in which he said, 'Now I know that the salvation and reconstruction of Germany are not possible in collaboration with the reactionaries'.

Ludendorff at that time solemnly discarded all further caste-fellowship with his kind. Otto Strasser's regiment had sent a circular letter to all its officers, including Strasser, telling them that they must choose between the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria (the heir to the abolished crown) and General Ludendorff, and make a declaration of loyalty in this sense. Otto Strasser immediately plumped for Ludendorff, and was forthwith excluded from the Officers' Corps of his regiment.

By these means, Otto Strasser, the fervent admirer of the German Officers' Corps, the Free Corps, anti-Red soldier of Munich, the Socialist *Hundertschaftler* of Steglitz, the undaunted and undeviating seeker after 'German Socialism', was drawn again into the whirlpool of politics. He thought he had found the thing he believed in.

His brother Gregor remained in prison, with Hitler, until at the election of May 1924 he was elected to parliament and thereupon released. Hitler remained in prison, writing *Mein Kampf* as he says - another untruth. Hitler being in prison, Gregor Strasser took over the leadership of the entire party, including North Germany, whither it had now spread through the recruitment, *en masse*, of the *Völkische* movement of Graefe.

One of Gregor Strasser's first actions was to expel the clown Julius Streicher from the party, which he then proceeded to organize and expand. He was its head, and remained its real head for some time, even after Hitler's release from prison, for two good reasons. First, Hitler, though free, was forbidden to speak throughout the whole of North Germany, and could not have taken part in the work for this reason. Second, and this shows the financial plight of the men who made Hitler's party for him, Gregor Strasser, as a Reichstag Deputy, held the coveted free-railway-pass which enabled him to travel to and from Berlin without cost, and this was vitally important. Hitler, as an Austrian, could not, even if he would, have been returned to Parliament, and this is another example of his stupendous luck, for in open debate he would so quickly have been routed, that his rise to power and triumph would have been almost inconceivable; the myth would have been shattered too soon.

Hitler was a discredited and almost forgotten man. Gregor Strasser, far more popular, much better understood, was the leader of the National Socialist Party. But Hitler had one great source of strength. He was the only one of them all with any money. This he obtained from big-business magnates and other interested parties behind the scenes, by selling out piecemeal, in private parleys, the Socialist parts of the National Socialist programme, to which the Strassers and their friends attached vital importance. But that only became known much later.

Otto Strasser, after that Munich Putsch, gingerly began to feel the political waters again with one toe by writing leading articles under a pseudonym for the *Völkischer Beobachter*. Now his brother Gregor came to him and renewed his urgent appeals. 'We are independent in North Germany now', he said, 'and we can give the party substance and meaning, a countenance and an ideology. Now, *lieber Otto*, you will have to help me. WE will make and mould this party.'

In this way, Otto Strasser, the revolutionary Socialist in persistent search of revolutionary Socialism, joined the National Socialist Party in 1995. Not Hitler, the political foundling without a clean page in his record, but the two Strassers, men of clear ideas and unimpeachable history, were at that time the real leaders of the party. Believing that he had found the political haven where he fain would be, Otto Strasser set to work.

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## Chapter Six

### HEIL AND FAREWELL

Five years passed from that day when Otto Strasser, joined the Heil-Hitlerists to the day when he bade Hitler farewell, telling him to his face that he was a windbag, a fraud and a humbug, and resumed his lonely fight for a German, revolutionary, Socialism. (Neither he nor his brother Gregor, incidentally, ever used the form of address, 'Mein Führer', in speaking to Hitler. They were both men of sturdy and independent character and called him 'Herr Hitler' to the end.)

These five years were filled with the struggle between the Strassers and Hitler for the power within the National Socialist Party, for the power in Germany. They did not see the struggle in that light, they did not feel themselves to be working *against* Hitler. They only saw that Hitler was betraying the things he claimed to represent, the promises he had made, and sought to bring him back to them. Inevitably, the men who thought as they did grouped themselves around the Strassers. But they did not consciously struggle for *power*, only for the soul of Hitler and the principles of the party.

This conflict of itself developed into a struggle for power, because Hitler was not interested in principles he had proclaimed to catch votes; they were for him not principles at all, but tactics, and he implacably sought to get rid of any who tried, by pinning him to principles, to cramp what he regarded as tactics.

In this way he came to look upon all men who had really believed in the professed tenets of National Socialism as his enemies, as intriguing foes within the walls, and he turned on them, to destroy them. But these men naturally resisted, feeling that they were right and that he was wrong, or misled. They had invested time, money, strength and idealism in the party, and would not give way or allow themselves to be brusquely elbowed aside. In this way, the struggle became one for power.

It ended in the triumph of Hitler and the rout of the Strassers. Otto Strasser seems to me to-day, when I look back upon those years in Germany, to be the only man among all the leading National Socialists who both saw that Hitler was a cheap cheat, and had the courage to say so and take up the struggle against him.

Even his brother Gregor seems never quite to have discerned this truth. His loyalty to Hitler survived all tests, and his persistent argument, in his innumerable discussions with the disbelieving Otto, was that 'the horse is bucking, certainly, but it is going the right way and we shall contrive to stay on it', to which Otto invariably replied. 'You are wrong; the horse is not bucking, but travelling in the wrong direction, and we cannot alter that'.

Gregor had an easy-going streak in his pugnacious nature which always led him, in the decisive moment, to give way to Hitler, and this affected the course of European history. For if he had broken away from Hitler with his brother, the National Socialist Party would certainly have split, and Germany and Europe would have been spared the militarist nightmare in which they now live; or, even if the party had not split, the claim-to-the-succession of the two Strassers, to-day, would be irresistible. The one Strasser alone, Otto, has a much harder and longer way to travel, but he is well in the running.

The whole dispute around which this quarrel and struggle revolved was the old, old doubt which had filled Otto Strasser until the day when the forces of reaction fired on Hitler at Munich - whether

Hitler would be true to his Socialist professions, whether he really meant to lead Germany to a new social order and to a German Socialism, or whether he was the catspaw of the old, embattled ruling classes in Germany, big business and big landownership.

After five years with Hitler, Otto Strasser was confirmed and strengthened in the doubts he had felt before 1923, and in 1930 he accepted the logical consequence of this - he bade Hitler farewell.

His brother, easy going, not yet convinced and loth to abandon a loyalty, wandered on at Hitler's side, filled with inward misgivings, loth to break away, and saw Otto Strasser's words come true when Hitler came to power. But this was too late; Gregor was then a broken and a doomed man. Otto, clearer-sighted and more resolute, though less of a great popular figure, had cut the hawser in time, and lives to pursue his mission - that of avenging Germany and of avenging Gregor Strasser.

The story of those five years, between his half-convinced, still doubting, surrender to Gregor Strasser's persuasions, and his final breakaway is therefore more that of a direct conflict between Hitler and Otto Strasser, with Gregor continually trying to make them link arms, than between Hitler and the two Strassers. This gives Otto Strasser his claim to attention to-day, and his eligibility to a big part in the future.

For he was right; Gregor was wrong; and Hitler was wrong, or rather Hitler is so mendacious a man that we do not know yet whether he was wrong or not, because we do not know, and perhaps never shall know, what he really wanted. In any case, the struggle was joined between him and Otto Strasser. Between them, placatory, stood Gregor Strasser. In the background, sometimes advancing to the front of the stage to put in a word or two or do a little stiletto-stuff, moved other figures - the malignant hobgoblin Goebbels; the Falstaffian but vindictive Göring; the bespectacled bosom-snake Himmler.

Five stormy years!

When Otto Strasser joined his brother Gregor, and became Hitler's liege, Gregor was the real head of the party in the vital and largest area of the Reich -- North Germany -- from which Hitler was barred.<sup>[2]</sup>



GREGOR STRASSER

The party was in a bad way -- the ignominious collapse of the Munich adventure lay but eighteen months behind it -- and the two Strassers set diligently to work to reinvigorate it. Gregor took as his personal, paid assistant an unknown man, the sycophantic dwarf who later, at his downfall, was to prance around him with waspish jeers and taunts, Doctor Joseph Goebbels. The Strassers began

their work by issuing the National Socialist News-Letters, published for the officials of the party only, and in these the principles and doctrine of the Socialist, or Strasser, wing of the party were expounded and developed.

The 'fight against Munich', that is, the fight between the tactician Hitler in Munich and the convinced Socialists Gregor and Otto Strasser in Berlin, dominated the life of the party at this time, and Goebbels, with his talent for telling rhetorical thrusts, took a leading part in it on the Strasser side. Suspicion and distrust of Hitler were widespread, and the conflict blazed into open flame at the famous 'Leaders' Meeting' at Hanover in October 1925, which was called to concert measures for improving and strengthening the party organization throughout Northern Germany, and for removing dissensions. It was attended by such notable Nazi leaders of to-day as Viktor Lutze, the present Brown Army Commander; Rust, the Schools Minister; Kerrl, the Church Minister; Robert Ley, the Labour Front Leader; Hildebrandt, the Mecklenburg Statthalter; and of course the two Strassers and Goebbels.

Hitler, banned from North Germany, sent to it a representative, Gottfried Feder. The meeting developed into an open expression of dissatisfaction with Hitler, and one resolution after another was passed which clearly showed this feeling.

The meeting was unanimous, save for Dr. Ley, who repeatedly protested that resolutions and decisions taken without reference to Hitler were invalid, whereon Rust exclaimed, 'We will not tolerate a Pope in our party', and Goebbels proposed that Hitler should be expelled. Gregor Strasser tactfully slurred over these things, stating that he was not a candidate against Hitler for the leadership, but was concerned to improve the organization in North Germany, which had been entrusted to him.

The conference then resolved that all North German branches of the party should be amalgamated in a single North German organization under Gregor Strasser; that all officials of the North German party must look to the Strasser News-Letters for their political guidance; that a publishing house should be founded in Berlin, under Gregor and Otto Strasser, which would take over all publicity and press work for the party in North Germany. Further, it was resolved, and this was vital, that the political programme (for 'real German Socialism') drawn up by the Strassers was accepted, and the entire body of North German leaders, save Ley, pledged themselves to vote, at the next National Congress of the entire party, for this programme to be substituted for the famous, but obsolete and imprecise, 'Twenty-Five Points' taken over by Hitler from the little party he had bought out, with Röhm's money, in Munich in 1919.

These Twenty-Five Points were adopted by Hitler as his programme and he had always refused to allow any discussion of them. He had, however, added a rider, which was in effect an annulment, to one of the most important of them, that which demanded the break-up of big estates for settlement purposes. This modification was made by him as a concession to big-business and big-landownership interests with which he was, so long ago, already in privy negotiation. This demand for the expropriation of land, however, was one of the most important things in the Twenty-Five Points, and one of those which justified the claim of the party to the name National *Socialist*. Its emendation made Hitler most suspect to such men as Otto Strasser. As this conflict of ideas and ideals between Hitler and the Strassers, between the convinced National *Socialists* and the merely power-seeking men in the party, plays a great part in the whole German development until the present day, and in the story which this book has to tell, I have reproduced the Twenty-Five Points as an appendix, for comparison with Otto Strasser's programme of 'A German Socialism' which is explained in a subsequent chapter.

The Hanover meeting, with its rebuff to Hitler, its endorsement of the Socialist part of the National Socialist programme, and its declaration of allegiance to Gregor Strasser, was thus a triumph for the two Strassers and their doctrines. It was followed immediately by their discomfiture, the first of the setbacks which ultimately led to Otto Strasser's breakaway from Hitler and to Gregor Strasser's dismissal and murder. Hitler out-manoeuvred them in this manner.

On receiving Feder's report from Hanover, he called a counter-meeting of all South German leaders at Bamberg, and invited the North German leaders, Strasser's men, to attend. None of them went, because at this time politics was an expensive spare-time luxury for these men, most of whom were living on the edge of poverty or had businesses which they could not leave; even the fare was a serious obstacle.

Only Gregor Strasser, who had his famous free-railway-pass, and Goebbels, who had 200 marks a month from Strasser, attended. Goebbels there first saw Hitler. He saw more. He saw Hitler's host of salaried officials from the embryo Brown House in Munich (Hitler was getting money from the magnates) and he saw swarms of Hitler's motor cars. He mentally contrasted this with the poverty-stricken picture of the North German leaders' meeting and with his own paltry 200 marks a month.

Thereon, Goebbels decided that he had been standing on his bad leg and shifted his weight on to the good one. In sonorous and repentant tones, he declared that he could not associate himself further with the decisions of Hanover, whither he had called for the expulsion of Hitler.

Gregor Strasser was left isolated. His own supporters were absent. Goebbels had publicly betrayed him. He was poor; Hitler had the money. He shrugged his shoulders and accepted defeat.

He was left at the head of the North German organization, because Hitler was not allowed in North Germany anyway, but Hitler refused to discuss the Strasser programme. The Twenty-Five Points were restored to their place as the official programme of the party.

From that day dated the deadly enmity between the Strassers and Goebbels, which may yet see a spectacular issue. Goebbels, purring, left the meeting in Hitler's motor car. Max Amann, the head of Hitler's Eher Publishing House, gazed curiously at him and murmured to Hitler: 'This is the Mephisto of our party.'

As an instance of the kind of issue which agitated opinion within the party in those days, and led to such dissensions, I may mention that the dispute about the confiscation of the property of the former reigning dynasties was in progress. On the ground that war-disabled men, inflation victims and others had had no compensation, the Strassers, and the bulk of the party were for confiscation; Hitler, who was bargaining with the magnates behind the scenes, was against it.

Nevertheless, the Strassers resumed the struggle in North Germany, and Gregor persuaded Otto, as Goebbels had left him, to give up his job in Count von Hertling's concern and devote all his time to the party. This happened at the beginning of 1926. With the money he received as compensation for surrendering a contract which still had two and a half years to run, Otto Strasser founded the North German publishing house, the Kampfverlag, and began to publish National Socialist newspapers in Berlin and throughout North Germany.

In the years 1926-28 the entire North German section of the National Socialist Party was inspired by and controlled through the Kampfverlag, of which the Strassers and a third partner, Hinkel, held the shares in equal parts. It was bigger than Hitler's own publishing house, the Eherverlag, at Munich. Through it, the great struggle for the mind of Germany was waged, a struggle of ideas, of

organization, of publicity and of finance, a battle between Munich and Berlin, between Hitler and the Strassers, between Eherverlag and Kampfverlag.

In 1927 Hitler delivered his great blow, one which was eventually to prove fatal to the Strassers.

Looking round for an instrument to use against the Strassers, whose incorrigible convictions hampered his tactical ideas, he picked on Goebbels, the penitent of Bamberg, the detested enemy of the two brothers in Berlin. Goebbels he made Regional Leader of the party in Berlin, in 1927, and instructed him to begin publication of a newspaper, the *Angriff*, rival to those issued by the Kampfverlag. His mission was to be a thorn in the Strasser side.

It was a curious position. Otto Strasser, who held no party office, was formally entitled to publish the official party organ for Berlin; Goebbels, who was the party leader in Berlin, published a non-official paper in competition with it. Gregor Strasser was Hitler's deputy, the National Socialist leader for all North Germany; Goebbels was made leader for Berlin in order to undermine and overthrow him. This was one of the earlier examples of Hitler's methods of attaining his ends.

For three years, from 1927 to 1930, the vendetta was pursued with tremendous bitterness, at first behind the scenes, then in the open. The vendors of the rival newspapers fought each other in the streets, while the Socialists and Communists laughed and rubbed their hands; but in this feud Goebbels had the advantage, for he was the commander of the Berlin Storm Troops.

One day, Hitler himself came to Otto Strasser's well-appointed office in the Nürnbergerstrasse and tried to induce him voluntarily to suspend publication of his newspaper, which preached National Socialism, the *Berliner Arbeiterzeitung*. Strasser answered: 'Why should I? We were first in the field. Our papers have appeared for years. We have the official party authorization to publish. We did the spadework and broke the ground. The party and its press are now thriving, thanks to our work. Tell Goebbels to stop publication of *his* paper.'

Hitler answered: 'This is not a question of right, but of might. Goebbels has the Storm Troops, and what can you do if twenty Storm Troopers come here one day and smash the place up?'

Otto Strasser opened his drawer, laid his revolver on the table -- I said before that he loves this gesture -- and said, Herr Hitler, in that case you will have eight Storm Troopers the less'. Hitler shouted: 'But you can't shoot my SA men!' Said Otto Strasser: 'I thought you said they were Goebbels's SA men. If they are yours, you can stop them. Anyway, I'll shoot anybody who breaks in here with the intention of attacking me.'

'We should have broken openly with Hitler then', says Otto Strasser. 'That was the right moment, and we were in a very strong position. But Gregor always wanted to avoid the open conflict. He thought we should win in the end anyway, and should appear to give way by transferring our offices outside Berlin.'

Between 1929 and 1930 the rise of the party was so rapid that the Kampfverlag grew rapidly, and had to make daily papers out of several of its weekly papers. The friction with Hitler and Goebbels consequently increased. At last Hitler sent for the three partners in the Kampfverlag, the two Strassers and Hinkel, to come to Munich. (Hinkel is to-day Reich Commissioner for the Jewish Question, having retained Hitler's favour through his subsequent compliance in this matter.)

'Hitler behaved like a madman. He shrieked and roared at us, and then flattered us. He offered to buy the Kampfverlag from us at any price we liked to name, and offered Hinkel and myself deputy's seats in the Reichstag. [A deputy's seat in Germany was a fairly profitable thing.] Gregor

was ready to sell, but his share was only a third. I refused point blank and contrived to get Hinkel to refuse also. The conversation lasted many hours and at times was conducted in a Bedlam-like atmosphere. At one point I remarked mildly, "You are mistaken, Herr Hitler", whereon Hitler shouted, "I cannot err, everything that I do and say is history".'

The tension approached explosion point. At last the breach came. The immediate cause was a metalworkers' strike in Saxony.

The Strassers and the North German section of the party supported the strikers, and the official order of the party to its members was 'strike'. The Employers' Federation then sent an ultimatum to Hitler that it would cut off its contributions to his exchequer unless the strike order were at once countermanded. Hitler ordered the Saxon Branch of the party to countermand the strike order and instruct its members not to take part. The National Socialist Leader for Saxony, Mutschmann, gave way, but the Strassers held fast, and the official press of the party urged the workers to continue the strike. Thus, the open conflict broke out - in the spring of 1930.

Hitler came to Berlin and had two long and stormy meetings with Otto Strasser, who suffered at them from his old handicap - Gregor had begged him not to provoke a split, because in that event he would stay with Hitler. Gregor's motive was always the same; he believed that the National Socialist movement was good and that the only fault was one of tactics, which could later be corrected; he did not believe that anything fundamental was wrong with the party. Otto took the opposite view.

These two encounters with Hitler are of great interest. Otto Strasser recorded them immediately afterwards, as literally as he could remember them, and published them in his *Aufbau des Deutschen Sozialismus* (Structure of German Socialism) in 1931.

Thus for many years the record of those two terrific conversations has been on record and in print, available to all who wanted to study the man Hitler. To-day the accounts of his hysterical orgasms in such conversations come from all sides. Ambassadors, who formerly counted among his admirers, publish them. His former lieutenants publish them. Mental specialists all agree that this man is mad. The peers who wooed him all agree that this man is mad. Everybody agrees, quite suddenly, that this man is mad.

Why? He has not done anything now that he did not do, repeatedly, in the seven preceding years of his might - save the pact with the Bolsheviks. He has not said anything now that he did not say over and over again in those years and long before. He has touched no summit of delirium that then was beyond his reach.

Here, in these two protracted wrangles with Otto Strasser ten years ago, you find it all - the shouting and screaming, the half-witted jargon -- like a low music-hall comedian caricaturing a diehard major of the most exaggerated type -- even the threats and the ultimatum.

On the one side, Otto Strasser, who wanted a straight answer on an issue of major political importance. On the other side, the cheapjack ranting of Hitler, who pulverized the clearest question and the most logical argument alike with shouted retorts of 'Marxism', 'Bolshevism', 'Democratic bunkum', 'Nonsense' and so on. There it all is, the same picture, in every detail, with which the world has become familiar since the outbreak of war.

Nowadays, people think. 'Of course, a man who behaves like that is clearly irresponsible, a public danger. If the world had only known'. But the world could have known. It could have known from this account of Otto Strasser's of his two-day struggle with Hitler. But it did not want to know.



Strasser's narrative would even have been discounted, as exaggerated, by anybody who took the trouble to read it. To-day, the world has become sufficiently familiar with Hitler to know that it is a life-like portrait, true in every detail.

It is, indeed, the first such portrait, painted long before Hitler came to power, at a time when the world was only languidly interested in Hitler and did not believe in his capacity to do the harm he has done. It is strange that it did not attract attention later, when Hitler had come to power, and any fifth-rate gutter-journalist from Berlin could go abroad, to England or America, and publish the 'inside story' of Hitler. Here *was* the inside story, and nobody bothered to read it.

I believe Strasser's book, containing the account of these two conversations, has never been translated; at any rate it has never appeared in English. If any foreign statesman, having the interests of his country really at heart, had wished to learn what sort of a man Hitler was, he could have found all he needed here. A statesman who had read these pages would not, unless he were incorrigibly wooden-headed and blind to his country's interests, have found himself years later talking about 'that eternal tendency to suspect Herr Hitler which unfortunately only breeds counter-suspicion', or suchlike twaddle.

Here he would have found, if he wished to know it, the true picture of Hitler. A thimblerrigger, a three-card-trickster, a mountebank who sought to make his trashy wares look genuine by shouting them ever more loudly, as does the ranting cheapjack at the fair, a man without truth, honour or loyalty, a third-rank political swindler destined through intrigue to be borne to the loftiest heights of power.

His adversary, in those days, was a man who believed in certain *things* and wished to attain power in Germany in order to bring them about; Hitler, as these conversations show, believed in nothing, but thought these certain *things* worth professing as a means to attain power, when he meant to do something quite different.

The two men are as different as night and day, as thief and honest man, as renegade and patriot. The greatest renegades, in all countries, are those who shout their patriotism loudest, bawl their national anthem loudest, clamour loudest that they will not sheathe the sword in wars in which they do not fight, cry loudest for that patriotic conscription which will not conscript themselves.

Hitler, in this understanding of the word, is the greatest patriot of all time, a worthy crony of those in other countries who sang his praises and propped him up until he could plunge Europe in war again, and then, in their pure patriotism, began chanting 'the man is mad, we must finish with him, send the young men away to finish with him, down with him'.

He deserves, and they deserve, an honoured place in the Valhalla of such patriots. They are the men who have made Europe what Europe is, and if you like it, you like it. If only, one day, we could have just one settling of accounts with these renegades. If they have their way, they will soon be betraying us again, with and through Göring.

Such men enabled Hitler, this cesspool-product Hitler, the greatest traitor and renegade that Germany ever had, for years to pose and be accepted as a German patriot, of all ludicrous things. By similar means, men in Britain who should be pilloried as renegades are able to pose, not for years, but for decades, with the halo of a shining patriotism encircling their heads.

I shall give long extracts from the two conversations here because they so clearly illuminate the theme of this book, the method by which renegades-called-patriots succeed ever and again in bringing about war in Europe, and the characters of the two men called Adolf Hitler and Otto

Strasser. For many years after the publication of these conversations, such is the level of intelligence in Europe, it was possible to present Hitler, because he was entirely and cynically and avowedly self-seeking and without any feeling for the welfare of Germany, as a patriot: Otto Strasser, because he had precisely this feeling for the welfare of Germany, and was not self-seeking, and clung to his convictions, as an anti-patriot and 'Red'; to this appalling extent is the public opinion of Europe, and particularly of Britain, slave to the millionaire-owned newspapers whose mission, as it believes in its purblindness, is to inform.

The theme of these two long verbal encounters is the old, old dispute. Strasser asks quietly again and again, in a dozen different ways, 'Are you for Socialism; do you mean what you say; have you the ideal of a better social order in view; or are all these only phrases which you use to catch votes; is power your only real aim?'

Hitler, in reply, rants, rails, and roars: 'I am the anointed of Heaven, you are an intellectual crank' (do you remember those sergeant-majors whom Otto Strasser so loathes from his recruit days?), 'I know what is best, what you say is the purest Marxist-Bolshevist-Liberal-Democratic-Socialist-Communist-Red muck'. (It is not I, but Hitler, who marries the adjective 'pure' with 'muck'; he does it continually; he would.)

These are not direct quotations, but they give the picture. The contest is between a man of convictions, ideals, and logical mind; and a liar who believes in nothing and is prepared to use any means to counter an argument, crush an adversary, or bring about a war.

On the one side of the table sits a man of clear thought and convictions who can pungently put and counter an argument; on the other, a ridiculous tub-thumper, vain as a peacock, who can produce no answer to a direct question but a string of meaningless catchwords, who is thrown into hysterical paroxysms by any simple interrogation, because he knows himself to be a liar, and who clearly shows that he has no ideals or convictions whatever, that he is only for the means and leaves the end to look after itself.

These meetings took place on May 21st and 22nd, 1930. The first began with the familiar tirade -- Hitler's technique never changes, from Otto Strasser in 1930 to Kurt von Schuschnigg in 1938 and Sir Neville Henderson in 1939 -- of shouted reproaches and threats, on account of the tone taken in the publications of the Kampfverlag, culminating in a demand for the immediate dissolution of that publishing house, or else ... But when Otto Strasser rose and quietly said he had come for a discussion and was not prepared to listen to an ultimatum, Hitler, as ever, became calm and friendly, and the talk began.

The battle was joined with Hitler's objections to criticisms made in Strasser's papers about the appointment, by the first National Socialist Minister, Dr. Frick, in Thuringia, of one Schulze-Naumburg to a high post in the realm of art. Strasser replied that the younger generation of artists of National Socialist sympathies held this gentleman to represent the wax-flowers-under-a-glass-bowl period in art and had the right to state its opinion. Hitler's rejoinder began, 'Everything you say proves that you have no idea of art. There is no such thing as an "older generation" or a "younger generation" in art, there is only art, and particularly Greek-Nordic art'. Strasser interjected another view and mentioned 'Chinese and Egyptian art as an expression of the souls of those peoples'. Hitler answered: 'What you say is the most obsolete Liberalism. There is no such thing as Chinese or Egyptian art, only Nordic-Greek art ...'

The conversation begun on this level remained on the same level throughout. Hitler's next reproach was against an article which, as he complained, 'differentiated between the Idea of National Socialism and the Führer, and even put the Idea higher than the Führer'.

Strasser, while disclaiming any disrespect for Hitler, said he held precisely that view. A Führer 'might become ill, or die, or conceivably deviate from the Idea; but an Idea was of divine origin, and eternal'.

This, said Hitler, was 'bombastic nonsense hatched out at a debating table, and the worst sort of democratic bunkum. The Führer and the Idea were one, and every National Socialist must obey the orders of the Führer, who embodied the Idea and alone knew its ultimate aim'.

'That, Herr Hitler,' said Otto Strasser quietly, 'is the doctrine of Rome, and both of Papist and of Fascist Rome. For me, the Idea is the vital thing, the Idea of National Socialism, and my conscience decides when a gap appears between Führer and Idea.'

Hitler simply cannot stand this sort of stuff; people who talk like that are for him 'intellectual cranks', and a kindly providence alone prevented the meeting from being ended by a stroke at this point. But he knew the age-old answer to this one: discipline! 'You are talking rank democracy,' he said, 'and this would lead to the break-up of our party, which is based on discipline, and I don't intend to have the party destroyed by a few conceited scribblers. Do you intend to submit yourself to this discipline, as your brother does, or not?'

Thus, at a very early stage in an argument that lasted the best part of two days, Hitler fell back on the age-old retort of 'patriots', of this kidney; 'You have put a question which I am unable to answer. I must remind you of the necessity for discipline. Yours is not to reason why, yours is to do as I tell you in the unquestioning belief that I am always right. Where should we be if you began to wonder whether I *am* always right. This would be intolerable. You might then want to go in a different direction, even in a better direction, than the one I want you to go. This is pure Bolshevism. Pure, I repeat, Bolshevism. Gad, sir, discipline! Only discipline can bring you where I want to go.'

Here, again, the resemblance to those encounters with the parade-ground buffoons of 1914, whom Otto Strasser so detests, is striking. 'Conceited intellectuals.' 'Conceited scribblers.' 'Piano-players to the left, those who speak French or English to the right. Now then, the conceited intellectuals who speak French or English can go and clean the closets.'

Strasser replied that he knew a deal about discipline from the war, and not discipline, but conscience and a sense of duty alone had carried him and many others like him through the last bitter months. He begged Hitler not to be deluded by the cheap plaudits of the creatures about him....

Hitler interrupted: 'I forbid such defamation of my collaborators.'

Strasser replied: 'Herr Hitler, we need not try to fool each other. How few of these collaborators are mentally able to form their own opinion, and how few even of these have the spirit to state it, if it differs from yours. Or do you believe that my brother would be so well-disciplined if he were not financially dependent on you, through his deputy's seat?'

Thereupon Hitler invited Strasser to follow his brother's example and offered him the post of Press Chief of the party if he would come to Munich and work under his, Hitler's, supervision. Strasser said he could only do that if they agreed about the fundamental principles of policy -- about the

Idea, in fact -- and first an exhaustive discussion of all questions, particularly those of foreign policy and Socialism, would be necessary; to that end he would be ready to come to Munich for four weeks and thrash these matters out with Hitler, and with Alfred Rosenberg, whose enmity, as that of the spiritual prompter of the National Socialist Party, he felt keenly.

Now came the ultimatum, in the same form that it later came in the interviews with Chancellor von Schuschnigg, and President Hacha, and many others. 'Proposals of this sort,' said Hitler, 'are too late. My patience is exhausted.'

And he threatened, if Otto Strasser did not give an immediate decision about the offer for a Press Chief's post, irrespective of his convictions or the promises of the party, to expel him and all his associates from the party and to sever all connection between the party and the Kampfverlag. Here was the same method which was later to be used in annexing countries. Otto Strasser was threatened with bankruptcy, but he would be spared if he took a bribe. Schuschnigg was threatened with invasion, but would himself have been spared if he had 'legalized' it by appealing for it.

Strasser answered that Hitler undoubtedly had the means to carry out his threats, but in doing this he would confirm Otto Strasser's suspicions, that his real motive was a fundamental antagonism to the Socialist doctrine which the Kampfverlag, in accordance with Hitler's and the party's promises, had preached for five years, and that this was the real reason why Hitler wished to destroy the Kampfverlag, its publications and its influence over the North German group of the National Socialist Party: he wished to be rid of it in order to collaborate with the Right and the reactionaries.

Hitler violently repudiated these insinuations (which were, in fact, the truth). Of course, he was a Socialist, he said, but a different kind of Socialist from Otto Strasser. The whole trouble was, that Otto Strasser did not understand these things. 'I am a far better Socialist, for instance, than your wealthy Count Reventlow' (Count Reventlow, a former naval officer, was at this time a supporter of Strasser's but afterwards seceded to Hitler). 'Even to-day, I cannot bear to see my chauffeur eating anything different from myself.'

This was a curious argument, for very few chauffeurs would be likely to covet what Hitler eats. But it shows what some people understand by Socialism, when they wish to. Hitler continued:

'What you mean by Socialism is rank Marxism. The great bulk of the workers want nothing but bread and circuses; they have no use for "ideals" and we can never count on winning over large numbers of them.'

To read these words, is to understand the sympathy that Hitler so long enjoyed, indeed until he made that pact with Bolshevky, among the ruling classes in Britain. They, too, admire Socialism, within limits, and Hitler, in this answer, precisely defines these limits.

'We want a hand-picked new ruling class,' said Hitler, 'one not moved, as you are moved, by love-my-fellow-man feelings, but one that clearly realizes that its superior race gives it the right to rule, and one that will ruthlessly maintain and ensure this rule over the masses.'

Otto Strasser, with a tenacity that commands respect, repeatedly sought to bring the conversation back to an intelligible level and to get down to an exchange of clear questions and answers about specific problems.

'Herr Hitler', he said, I am staggered by these views of yours. I hold your racial theories to be entirely false. In my view, the "race" is but the original raw material, and in the case of the German people four or five races contributed to make this. Political, climatic and other influences, together

with pressure from without and assimilation within, made of this mixture a people; and the processes of history evolved the third and highest form, that which we call "a nation", which in our case was born in August 1914. Your racial theories would deny that the German people *is* a nation. They deny that which I hold to be the task and meaning of the coming German revolution.'

Said Hitler: 'What you say is pure Liberalism. There *are* no other revolutions but racial revolutions. There are no economic, political or social revolutions, there is but the struggle of the racially inferior lower class against the ruling upper race.'

This interesting passage throws a new light on Hitler's theories. Put this way, his ideas would be universally acceptable to exploiters the world over, as much to Jews as to any others. It contains, indeed, no mention whatever of Jews, this utterance of the year 1930 by the arch anti-Semite who so often used Jews as his agents. It is, indeed, an entirely new conception of race, even than that which has currently passed as his conception of it. It is that the poor are not only a lower *class* but an inferior *race*; while the rich, are not only predestined to *rule*, but are also a superior *race*. This is the best racial theory ever invented, in my recollection, and if only Hitler had made this clear to the world earlier, and had kept that stupid stuff about the Jews out of the argument, he would, in my opinion, be the adored ruler of Europe to-day. Not even the pact with Bolshevism could have shaken him - if he had propounded this fascinating doctrine earlier.

'You, Herr Strasser', roared Hitler further, beating the table with his fists until it danced, 'do not understand these racial matters. Precisely because you lack this knowledge of race, your foreign policy is so wrong. For instance, you have often spoken openly in favour of the so-called Indian freedom movement, although this is obviously nothing but a rebellion of the inferior Indian races against the high-quality English-Nordic race. The Nordic race has a right to rule the world and we must make this right the guiding star of our foreign policy.'

It is really sad that Otto Strasser's book, containing the record of these conversations, did not become widely known years ago, and that Hitler was thus deprived of the honorary memberships of the Simla, Bombay and Calcutta clubs which would inevitably have been conferred on him if these lovely words had reached the outer world. In the next sentence he continued in like vein.

'For these reasons, we can never go together with Soviet Russia, where a Jewish head rests on Slav-Tartar body. I know the Slavs from my own homeland. Earlier, when a Germanic head sat on the Slav body, co-operation with Russia was feasible, and Bismarck did this. To-day it would be simply a crime.'

Otto Strasser replied that he could not understand such views in foreign politics. The only thing that would count with him was, whether this or that line in foreign policy would benefit or harm Germany; in the first case, he held it to be the right line, and the State in question could be as repugnant to him personally as it wished; in the second case, he held it to be the wrong line, without regard to the depth of his personal liking for the State concerned and its people.

Germany's most vital aim in foreign policy was, in his opinion, to throw off the Versailles Treaty, and in the search for powers whose course might lie parallel with hers in that direction, for no matter how short a distance, he found only Italy and Russia. For that reason he held collaboration with Italy to be wise, though the Italians did not attract him, and he even held collaboration with Russia to be theoretically possible, though Bolshevism was as antipathetic to him as Fascism; where the interests of Germany were at stake, M. Stalin and Signor Mussolini, Mr. MacDonald and M. Poincaré were all one to him.

A conversation which had already lasted long and continually threatened on Hitler's side to degenerate into an unintelligible babble then continued with a speech of Hitler's about 'the coming Nordic-Germanic rule in Europe' and Strasser asked for it to be interrupted and continued the next day. Optimist that he is, he also asked that it should then be devoted to the question that particularly interested him - Socialism, as he understood it.

When the two antagonists met the next day, Strasser got his blow in first. He had prepared a lengthy explanation of his Socialist views and of the way to apply them in practice, and delivered himself of this, in order to nail Hitler to a clear statement of intentions.

'Do you agree with me,' said Strasser to Hitler, 'that the overthrow of the existing regime, which we are mutually working for, should be a complete revolution in the political, economic and spiritual fields, a revolution which must be brought about and carried through by all methods? That means, that we must be equally implacable and hostile in our attitude towards capitalism and towards international Marxism. And this is the main question at issue in our conversation to-day - that our campaign should not be confined to the "struggle against Marxism" but should also be conducted as a struggle against Capitalism. But this demands clarity under the head, Private Property. My view is that the principle of "the inviolability of private property" excludes all possibility of German Socialism. It is of course my view that all civilization rests on property. But precisely because the material circumstances of a man govern his possibilities of developing his personality and evolving a manly and upright bearing, precisely because property is thus the basis of independence, is it necessary to give those eight-tenths of the German people who are to-day without property the possibility of acquiring property. In the capitalist system, they lack this possibility.'

'The position to-day,' continued Otto Strasser, 'is like that before the Wars of Liberation. At that time Baron von Stein wisely said: "If the nation is to achieve freedom and honour, it will be necessary to give the oppressed sections of this nation property and the right of co-determination." The oppressed classes were at that time the landless peasant-serfs. Then the need of the day was to carry through the liberation of the peasants; to-day, it is to carry through the liberation of the workers; just as the goal was achieved then by giving the peasants property and the right of co-determination, so must the workers be given property and the right of co-determination now. In agriculture, it was possible to use the method of individually-held property, because the land is capable of being divided into suitably small portions. In our modern industry, that is impossible; a factory cannot be divided into a lot of small undertakings. In this case, therefore, the method of collective-ownership is needed, and the title to this property should be held in a double right - as a member of the nation, and as a member of the working-community in that particular factory. But just as Baron von Stein had to take parts of their land from the big landowners in order to make the peasants property-owners -- for then, as now, nothing was lying about ownerless -- so must we to-day take from the present owners part of their monopoly-property and give it to the workers, or in a wider sense to the nation. The property-owners of that day called Baron von Stein a Jacobin, just as they call us Bolsheviks to-day, but the liberation of Prussia would have been just as impossible without this reform as the liberation of Germany is to-day without the liberation of the German workers.'

Hitler interrupted, 'Your comparison is completely false. You cannot compare the complicated industrial mechanism of to-day with the German peasant-liberation. Land can of course be divided up and given to individuals, but not a modern factory.'

Strasser broke in to say that a great difference in matters of method of course existed, but his point was that the peasant-liberation, that unloosed the mighty forces which made the War of Liberation possible, would not have been possible if the principle of 'the inviolability of private property' had remained in force.

Hitler asked Strasser how he envisaged his share-out of property in a modern industrialized State, and Strasser answered that he thought the present owners should retain 49 per cent of the capital and profits of an undertaking, while the State should receive 41 per cent as the representative of the nation, and the workers the remaining 10 per cent; but the management of the concern, as embodied in the Supervisory Board, should be divided into equal shares of one-third each among the present owners, the State, and the workers, in order that the influence of the State in its actual conduct should be reduced.

Thus Otto Strasser, in his opening speech, developed, in broad outline, his theory of a German Socialism, which I shall describe more fully later in this book. It is not, as this quotation will show, that the present owners of property in Germany should be brusquely dispossessed in favour of the unpropertied masses; or that a super-capitalist called The State should be set up in place of the body of individual capitalists of to-day; but that the unpropertied eight-tenths of the German people should be admitted to co-ownership, co-management and co-responsibility.

The result of it all was, inevitably, that Hitler told Strasser. 'What you say is rank Marxism, it is just Bolshevism. You want to introduce the democratic system, which in politics has left us with a heap of ruins, into economic life and destroy it. You would undo the whole progress that has been made by mankind, which was always due to individual great men, to great inventors.'

It is astounding how this man, whose whole stock-in-trade seems to consist of a few phrases culled from the cheaper press of Viennese back streets, was able to dazzle and dominate his kind; how he was able to answer and annihilate practically any question with one of a dozen words: 'Marxism', 'Democracy', 'Liberalism', 'Intellectual', 'Scribbler', 'Bolshevism', 'Discipline'. Hardly an intelligible thought is to be found in his discourse, only a few which are comprehensible, but base.

Strasser answered the one about 'the progress of mankind' with the kind of remark that would spring to the lips of any non-cretin in a sane world. He is not a man to be overborne by phrases, but one who looks for the truth behind them, and he replied that he questioned the whole assumption about 'the progress of mankind' and by no means admitted 'that the invention of the water closet was a contribution to civilization'.

Hitler, whose every remark could be foretold by a school child of average intelligence after a six-weeks' correspondence course, answered: 'But you will not deny that mankind has undergone a gigantic development, from the Stone Age to the technical marvels of to-day, and that this entire development would be cut off by your hatched-at-a-writing-desk theories?'

Strasser, who respects the meaning of words, said he did not believe that *mankind* had *progressed*, but rather that mankind had remained unchanged for thousands of years. He asked mildly if Herr Hitler thought that Goethe had been mentally backward because he never travelled in a motor car, or Napoleon because he never listened to the radio?

Hitler answered that these were all 'arm-chair theories, and practical life daily proves the mighty progress of mankind, which receives its impulse from the achievements of individual great men'. (I once played a game, the winner of which was he who could answer the most questions with some fatuous remark in common daily use, such as 'The days are drawing in, aren't they?' Hitler should be a master of this, after a little practice.)

The one about the progress of mankind being the work of individual great men, however, let Otto Strasser in again, and he interjected pointedly that he did not accept this dogma about the part played by great leaders either, for man was neither the maker nor the inventor of historical epochs, but the tool of destiny.

Hitler looked at him with that suspicion-laden gaze born of Vienna back streets and interrupted him sharply.

Even at that time Hitler was a master of every trick of intimidation; I remember how he tried to stare me down and sat staring at me for two or three minutes without opening his lips, when I once went to see him. But in those days he had not the backing which made intimidation so easy later - the biggest army in Europe. Now he asked Strasser, with bulging eyes and thunder-laden brow:

'Do you wish to insinuate that I am not the inventor of National Socialism?'

'Certainly I deny that,' said Strasser. 'I see National Socialism as an idea born of our times and planted by destiny in one form or another in hundreds of thousands of hearts. You have it in an exceptionally sharply defined form, but the simultaneity of its appearance, and the similarity of its form, shows that it is the fruit of a historical process. It is the same with the capitalist system; apart from its merits or demerits, it is "old" now, it is in decline, while the time of Socialism is coming and it will determine the history of the next 150 years'.

'What you call Socialism,' replied Hitler angrily, 'is just Marxism, and your whole ideas are just paper theories which have nothing to do with real life. By what right do the workers demand a part in ownership or even in management? Do you think my publisher here would allow his girl typist to tell him what to do? The employer provides his workers with bread. Our big industrialists are not concerned with making as much money as possible, with living as well as they can; responsibility and power are the things that matter for them. Their brains have brought them to the top, and this process of natural selection, which again proves their superior race, gives them a right to lead.'

It is strange now to think that these words, which would make any armaments-Croesus, sweated-workshop proprietor, brothel-keeper, bottle-party Levantine, company-promoter, dividend-lizard, or war-profiteer purr with pleasure, came from a man who succeeded in making millions of Germans think that he was moved by a burning will to abolish the social evils of our times.

I have quoted only parts of these two immense conversations, but enough to show their nature. At one point Otto Strasser did contrive to transfix Hitler with his pin and hold him down for a moment. 'What would you do, if you came to power in Germany to-morrow?' he said; 'what would you do about Krupps? Would everything remain unchanged in respect of shareholders and workers, ownership, profits and management?'

'Why, of course,' said Hitler contemptuously. 'Do you think I am mad enough to destroy the economic system?'

'Then, Herr Hitler, said Otto Strasser, if you mean to maintain the capitalist system, you should not preach Socialism, for the members of our Party are in the first place Socialists and put their faith in the Party programme, which specifically demands the Socialization of jointly-owned concerns.' (Point No. 13 of the 25 Points.)

'The term Socialism,' said Hitler loftily, 'is bad in itself, but in any case the programme does not mean that such concerns *must* be Socialized, only that they *could* be Socialized if they acted in a way contrary to the interests of the nation. If they don't do that, it would be a crime to destroy the economic system.'

The conversations dragged on, but did not progress. Hitler stubbornly rejected all idea of co-ownership and co-management for the workers, and when Otto Strasser recalled the case of a famous lock-out in which, as he said, 'two or three dozen people, who were no better and no worse



than their neighbours, had been able to put 250,000 Ruhr workmen on the street', Hitler said, I don't need the co-ownership or co-management of the workers to stop that sort of thing; a strong State can do that.'

The most important thing about these encounters with Hitler is that Otto Strasser did succeed in obtaining a clear negative in the matter that was vital for him - Socialism. More remarkable still, Hitler on this occasion and in this matter spoke the truth, which is very rare. Three years before he came to power, he was already willing, in such a discussion as this, to abandon all pretence in the matter of his Socialist promises and to show himself as a man of no political principle at all.

After these meetings, Otto Strasser's years of service in Hitler's Party quickly approached their end. The gap between 'Idea' and 'Führer' had become clear to see. Otto Strasser realized that his place, as he had told Hitler, was with the Idea, at no matter what cost to himself.

The open breach soon came. Hitler put into practice his threat to destroy Otto Strasser financially, to make him bankrupt, and to cast him out. He ordered Goebbels to get rid of Strasser by hook or by crook, and the little Doctor called a packed party meeting, which Strasser and his associates were prevented by various devices from attending, as rebels. Otto Strasser retaliated with a manifesto, published in his papers throughout North Germany, which were still the official organs of National Socialism. This was entitled 'The Socialists leave the National Socialist Party'.

A furious onslaught followed. Summoning to his aid his army of words and phrases, Hitler issued a scathing attack on Strasser, whom he denounced as a 'cheap scribbler' and 'parlour-Bolshevist' - the sergeant-major touch again.

Strasser retaliated by publishing, without comment, his official war record, and took this trick, for when the contest is one of facts, and not of phrases, Hitler must lose every time.

Hitler struck again, by expelling Otto Strasser and his followers throughout the country from the party. Only one position now remained - the Kampfverlag, which was still publishing the newspapers of Hitler's Party. Gregor Strasser had yielded and sold his third-share to Hitler; now, by the offer of a Reichstag seat, Hitler won over the second partner, Hinkel, who sold out. The Kampfverlag was Hitler's and he promptly closed it down.

Otto Strasser thus paid in cash also for his convictions, a thing few men do. His third share was lost; at the first attempt to buy the Kampfverlag, Hitler had offered each of the partners 80,000 marks, at that time £4000, for their share. Strasser was left penniless.

Thus came Otto Strasser's farewell to Hitler, after a good fight, lasting five years, for his Idea. Once again he had to start at the beginning, to resume his quest for 'German Socialism'. Hitler had made a bitter enemy. For the first time, a foremost leader of the Party had defied him and left him rather than compromise.

This was the moment when Gregor should have broken away too, with his brother. But Gregor never could bring himself to do that. He always thought that Hitler was sound at heart, only misguided. He believed that the horse 'was only bucking' and would return to the course, run a straight race. This self-deception cost him his life; the same self-deception, in other men, cost Europe a new war.

Now, Otto Strasser gathered his friends about him and began his war against Hitler. It is still going on. Indeed, it is only just approaching its decisive stage. Strasser, seeing that there was neither Revolutionary Socialism nor Socialism of any kind to be hoped for from Hitler and his Party, set

out to corrode that party from within. The time would come, he was convinced, when Germany would insist on having Socialism, and then he and his men would take up the heritage that Hitler had mal-administered.

So, with his eye on that future day, Otto Strasser formed his Black Front - a Brown Army within the Brown Army, a Party within the Party, a Gestapo within the Gestapo. All those men who were to rule Germany through terror now had to look over their own shoulders, to look suspiciously at their own shadows. It was a bold venture, and the Black Front from the beginning worked for a distant day - the day when Hitler should have come to power, betrayed his promised Socialism, brought Germany into war, and been overthrown.

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## Chapter Seven

### BLACK FRONT

Just ten years have passed, as I write this book in 1940, since the Black Front was founded, and during that time its name was little known, and still less understood, in the world outside Germany.

Within Germany it was well known, both before and after Hitler's triumph, but the tide was running so strongly in his favour that its struggle was one against overwhelming odds. Hitler's fame, and later his power, was growing, and the Black Front, though it carried on a stubborn fight, only attracted, outside Germany, the languid and slightly contemptuous interest with which the majority of people always regard fighters for a lost cause.

Few were then far-sighted enough to perceive that it might one day be the petard which would blow up Hitler. But it was formed of resolute men who would not compromise and clung to their beliefs, at whatever cost. Strasser himself, as I have shown, lost a small fortune through his stand against Hitler at the Kampfverlag; his leading associates also lost money, position, liberty and sometimes life.

But the fight never stopped, and neither exile, outlawry nor even the war itself could completely sever the bond that existed between them. The Black Front *exists* in Germany to-day, as no other organization exists, ready to spring into action, like an engine at the touch of the starter, when the moment comes. Hitler's star is waning, and with it National Socialism in the form that he gave it. The Black Front, the members of which claim that they are the real National Socialists, is preparing for the come-back, and may have the last laugh yet.

It began, after the breach with Hitler, on July 4th, 1930, as the *Kampfgemeinschaft Revolutionärer Nationalsozialisten*, or Union of Revolutionary National Socialists. Later, after the adhesion of rebellious Nazi Storm Troops from the Berlin district and other sympathetic groups, it became simply The Black Front.



HERBERT BLANK AND OTTO STRASSER

Its chief leaders were Otto Strasser himself, Major Buchrucker, Herbert Blank, and other well-known North German figures.

Major Buchrucker deserves description, for in him the discerning reader may find a pointer to the way the Black Front may in the future re-emerge, and possibly conquer. A regular officer and fiery patriot, he organized the Black Reichswehr, that secret army of 100,000 men which was formed,

with the connivance of the regular German army, after the 1914-18 war, to outwit the military restrictions put on Germany by the Versailles Treaty. In lonely fortresses, in remote country districts, behind the hedges of big East Elbian estates owned by men who sympathized, this shadow army was raised out of sight of the French, British, Belgian and Italian officers sent to see that Germany respected the Treaty.

It was the first experiment in secret rearmament; the last, and greatest, was Göring's secret creation of an enormous air force between the years 1933 and 1936. Here the word 'Black' appears for the first time; it had nothing to do with the colour of the uniforms worn by this clandestine force, which were not black, but meant *secret*. Exactly the same thing applies to the *Black Front*, and this is important to understand; it has nothing to do with the Strasser 'Black Guard' afterwards raised, which actually wore black shirts. Göring's air force, until it was revealed, was a *black* air force.

Major Buchrucker led one of the very earliest Putsches (those post-war attempts of the Nationalists to unseat the detested Republican Government by force of arms) in Germany - the Küstrin Putsch of 1922. It might be called the first Hitler Putsch. Its aim was to overthrow the Berlin Government and set up a new regime. General von Seeckt, the head of the regular Reichswehr, knew of it and was half in sympathy with it, but lost his nerve at the last moment.

Buchrucker was left alone and the Putsch collapsed. At his trial, he kept silence about the connivance of the regular Reichswehr in the formation of the secret Reichswehr and received ten years penal servitude, five of which he served. His sentence was not commuted, like that of the allegedly persecuted, but actually fortunate Hitler.

In 1928 he was set free and joined the Strasser Group of the National Socialist Party. At the breach with Hitler, he followed Strasser, and became commander of the uniformed 'Black Guard'. After Hitler's triumph he was thrown into a concentration camp and kept there for eighteen months. There he was drilled for weeks at a time. 'Quick march. Halt. About turn. Double. Halt. About turn. Double. Halt. About turn. Double. Halt. *Was, du Schwein, du willst ein Major gewesen sein?* What, you swine, you mean to say you were a Major? About turn. Double.' And so on, and so on.

Major Buchrucker was released when conscription was reintroduced in Germany - and is now a senior staff officer, with the rank of colonel!

I have chosen him to try and show the kind of man who helped Otto Strasser build his Black Front.

Strasser's breach with Hitler and formation of a new organization made a deep impression on the younger, more urgent and more idealistic National Socialists, and among the younger generation in general throughout the country. The Young German Order of Lieutenant Artur Mahraun (who was also put in a concentration camp after Hitler's triumph and terribly maltreated, so that he lost an eye, and now has a little bookshop in Berlin) entered into working collaboration with Strasser. So did the revolutionary peasants of Schleswig-Holstein, under their leader Klaus Hein. So did Richard Schlapke, who had a large following among the National Socialists of Silesia. So did a coterie of rising young men called the *Tatkreis*, whose foremost figures were Hans Zehrer and Ferdinand Fried, author of a most celebrated book called *The End of Capitalism*. (Fried is to-day the right-hand man of Hitler's Minister for Agriculture, Darré, whose Hereditary Peasant Holdings Act, drafted by Fried, and other bills represent the solitary attempt to put National Socialism into practice.)

These men and their movements represented what was best in Germany at that time. They all ardently desired the liberation of Germany, but also a new social order, and their common fear, which was afterwards vindicated, was that Hitler would betray them in this and, instead of making

a *new* Germany, would simply bring another period of militarist reaction in the place of the chaotic, licentious, alien-inspired post-war Republic they lived in and detested.

From these men and these groups Strasser made his Black Front. But, here again, the significance of the word 'Black' must be remembered.

It meant 'secret', and precisely for that reason it is not possible to say, just what men and groups were in it then, or are in it now. That will be shown when the moment comes. Otto Strasser was already working for a distant future. The visible organization - The Black Front, The Black Guard, the three weekly papers in Berlin, Breslau and Munich - comprised but a quarter of the whole. This was the outward and visible structure. The other three-quarters remained invisible; at the instruction of Otto Strasser, they remained in the parties or organizations to which they belonged, in accordance with the first clause of the Black Front programme, which stated 'The Black Front is a school for the officers and non-commissioned-officers of the German Revolution'.

Strasser deliberately chose this penetration-from-within, enemy-inside-the-walls system. Through it, he had his men in all the parties of those days, save the Communist Party; namely, in the National Socialist, Socialist, Nationalist, Democratic, and other parties.

At this very day, months after the outbreak of war, his Black Front men are in all existent organizations in Germany, but especially in the Army, the Brown Army, the National Socialist Party, the Labour Front and the SS.

This is only possible because of the 'black' method he adopted three years *before* Hitler came to power. Through it, the members of the Black Front were always anonymous, apart from the visible structure. For the same reason he never put up candidates at the elections, and thus there was never an open trial of strength or demonstration of the size of the Black Front and its appeal.

Otto Strasser and his men never felt that they were counter-revolutionaries. They held themselves to be the real revolutionaries. Their whole fear was that Hitler would not make a revolution, and they were right. He only destroyed, or half-destroyed, leaving it to his successors to build. Their spiritual community of views with him was that they were against the old; but they wanted something new, which he has never achieved and which, as seems clear from the conversations with Otto Strasser in 1930 which I have quoted and from Hitler's actions since he came to power, he never intended.

Perhaps I can best show the conflict of hopes and fears which tormented the mind of idealist young Germans in those days by describing a strange episode in which both Hitler and Otto Strasser figured.

Soon after he formed his Black Front came the trial, before the Supreme Court of the German Reich at Leipzig in the autumn of 1930, of three young Reichswehr officers who were accused of subversive activities in the interest of the National Socialist Party. This trial will long have been forgotten by the majority of people, but a bell will probably tinkle in their memories when I say that Hitler gave evidence at it and used the phrase 'Heads will roll' - when he should come to power.

These three young officers -- Lieutenant Wendt, Second Lieutenants Scheringer and Ludin -- were typical of the best kind of German of that period, the sort of man represented, in a rather older generation, by Otto Strasser. They wanted, ardently, fervently, and above all things that Germany should become free and mighty again, and if need be, by force of arms. But that was not all they wanted. They shared the longing of eight-tenths of the German people for a new and better and

juster social order, for something which they were ready to call 'Socialism' if it were different from the Socialism of the Socialist Party and from the Socialism of Moscow, both of which they intuitively felt to be alien and false and consequently loathed.

These officers had hoped to find what they wanted in Hitler's National Socialism, they had done what they could to enlist the sympathies of their comrades and their men for that party, and they now stood on trial for this offence and Hitler gave evidence on their behalf. The whole issue on which a conviction or an acquittal turned was, whether Hitler's party was a revolutionary one or one which sought to achieve power by constitutional means, and he, in maintaining stubbornly that it would use only constitutional methods, may have wished to do what he could to get the young officers acquitted.

If that was his aim -- I doubt it, myself; he was simply using 'tactics' again -- the three lieutenants did not thank him for it. They had believed in him as a revolutionary National Socialist. His bourgeois methods and tactics in the witness-box antagonized them.

Even 'Heads will roll' he interpreted, on a question from the Public Prosecutor, not as meaning that he would work for a violent and revolutionary overthrow of the existing regime and thus seize power; but that he would take revenge, by 'constitutional means', after achieving power, by 'constitutional means'. (This is exactly what happened, incidentally; the Reichstag fire furnished the 'constitutional means' and the brutalities done to political opponents after the seizure of power, as well as the shooting of several hundred defenceless persons on June 30th, 1934, were nothing but the gangster's revenge in the coldest of blood, without any trace of white-hot revolutionary fervour or resentment-born-of-the-barricades.)

Thus the three lieutenants went to their fortress partly-disillusioned men, and in the loneliness of their imprisonment began deeply to study political questions. All three came from Ulm, in South Germany, and knew little about the North German vendetta. Ludin was sent to Rastadt in Baden; Scheringer and Wendt to Gollnow, where they had the cell once occupied by Major Buchrucker.

Searching their minds and consciences for the political truth, Scheringer and Wendt wrote to Otto Strasser, who did not know them, and asked him to visit them and explain the whole political conflict to them. He visited them three times.

But just about that time the German Communist Party sought to make use of the strong patriotic wind which was blowing by taking patriotism into their own programme and issuing a manifesto which called, not only for the social, but also for the 'national' liberation of the German people. The young officers thus began to wonder if the truth they sought were possibly to be found in the Communist Party, which also strenuously wooed them in their captivity, and during two of Otto Strasser's visits to them representatives of the executive committee of the German Communist Party were also present. The two lieutenants asked Otto Strasser if he would object to a full debate, and he agreed.

An extraordinary scene this, the struggle for the soul of two German subalterns in the dining-room of a prison. I hope it may give readers some idea of the tormenting conflict which racked the minds of such young Germans, of their dogged search for hope, for an ideal, for a better Germany. This state of mind remains; it was only chloroformed by Hitler; and soon it will awake again, more turbulent and clamant than ever.

Picture the scene. On one side of the table, half a dozen of the leading Communist prisoners and their spokesman, the emissary from Berlin. On the other, Otto Strasser. Between them, the two lieutenants. In the background, prison warders, listening enthralled.

On the first occasion the Communists sent down a Jew, Leow, a burly fellow who was commander of the uniformed Communist Storm Troop formations called The Red Fighting Front; after Hitler's triumph, he fled to Moscow and in due course was relieved of further anxieties in this world by Stalin. He was a poor debater and no match for Strasser.

So the next time the Communists sent down the very best man they could find, and an astute move this was, for he was a most remarkable figure. Captain Beppo Römer was the Communists' best show-piece. He had been a distinguished German officer in the war; after the war he had been a leader of one of the anti-Red Free Corps (the Oberland Corps), and in that capacity had collaborated with Hitler in the Munich Putsch of 1923; and now, in the course of that unending search for an ideal, he had gone over to the Communists. (Credible reports say that he too is now in the Reichswehr again to-day, a thing only explicable by the saying, *on revient toujours à ses premiers amours*.)

Captain Beppo Römer was no mean antagonist, and a terrific battle was joined across the deal table in the prison dining-room, with the lieutenants and warders hanging on every word. Otto Strasser violently attacked Hitler, but he attacked the Communists even more violently. The debate continued for hours, quarter neither asked nor given.

At the end of it, Lieutenant Wendt became Otto Strasser's man, and the Black Front had its representative in Gollnow Fortress. When he was released, he openly joined the Black Front and became a member of the executive. After Hitler's triumph he was arrested and no man has ever learned if he is living or dead.

Remember that these three young men, who risked their careers for Hitler, played an important part in bringing him to power; at their trial, the full light of world publicity for the first time shone on him; the party used them prodigally to make the world believe that Hitler had the army with him; but no more mercy was shown to Wendt than to a mongrel dog. Hitler's mission has always been to destroy good Germans - not Jews. Wendt heard the Viennese cheapjack ranting in the witness-box about 'Heads will roll', and didn't like it, because Hitler's conception was not of a clean fight at the barricades, but of cold-blooded vengeance after the achievement of power. But even Wendt cannot have dreamed, that day, that his own head would be among those that rolled.

Scheringer was won over by the Communists at first, by an interesting method. Captain Römer told him that he need not join the Communist Party, but could form his own 'Scheringer Group', a patriotic-Bolshevist group, in loose affiliation with it, and the Communists would finance a newspaper for him. They wished to use his name in the struggle against Hitler and Otto Strasser alike.

Scheringer agreed to this, after telling Otto Strasser privately that he was in sympathy with the Black Front but would like to wean away the most useful men from the Communists for it. Strasser told him he would fail in this, because when the Jewish leaders of the party perceived his little game they would stop publication of the newspaper they were to finance for him. This actually happened, and in 1932 Scheringer broke with the Communists and joined the Black Front. After Hitler's triumph he too disappeared from the scene, and none knows his whereabouts to-day.

The third lieutenant, Ludin, may be heard more of one day. He alone remained a Nazi, and narrowly escaped death on June 30th, 1934, but to-day he stands very high in the Party and is Storm Troop commander for the whole of South-Western Germany, Württemberg, Baden, Hesse, the Palatinate, and the Saar.

Then Otto Strasser campaigned all over Germany, north, south, east and west, speaking, organizing, and writing. He was several times hurt when Storm Troopers attacked his meetings; Major Buchrucker was knifed at Flensburg.

Strasser then introduced the platform-debate type of meeting, challenging Hitler and Goebbels by public placard to confront him at any time or place they chose, but this was ignored. He had many stormy platform-battles with the representatives of many parties: with Willi Münzenberg, the Communist leader, in a working-class district of Berlin; with Kaspar, a later Red Fighting Front leader; with Colonel Duesterberg, of the Nationalist Stahlhelm; and many others. But the Nazis refused all challenges and would never appear on a platform in open debate with the Black Front. They did, however, do their best by violence to crush the Black Front - and they marked down, for future vengeance, all the men who thus defied them.

Otto Strasser is almost the only one of all those men, his chief known helpers, who escaped death, the concentration camp, or prison.

For instance, his Black Front Leader for Schleswig-Holstein was a man who had formerly been one of the most popular National Socialist leaders, Dr. Grantz. Grantz is a small and indomitable man, with the student's slashes all over his face - 'One of the best Germans I ever knew, says Strasser. His fame in the National Socialist Party was chiefly that he had been the hero of a terrific free-fight between Nazis and Communists at Woehrden, when four Storm Troopers were killed and thirty injured.

At the burial of these men, Hitler stayed in Grantz's house and assured him in his most emotional manner ('Mussolini, I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day') that he would never forget etc. etc. and would repay and reward Dr. Grantz in the Third Reich. In March 1933, immediately after the Reichstag fire, Dr. Grantz was thrown into a concentration camp and is there now, in 1940; he has never had charges preferred against him or been tried. Seven years in a concentration camp!

But Grantz's spirit is unbroken. In 1937 a fellow-prisoner from the concentration camp, Sachsenhausen visited Otto Strasser in Prague and told him of Grantz's martyrdom. He also described this incident: The commandant told Grantz one day that he would remain in the 'camp as long as he lived. Grantz answered, 'Jawohl, I shall remain here - but as commandant with you as prisoner'. He received fourteen days 'hunger-arrest'.

The tale of Otto Strasser's men is a terrible one, even for these times, when brutality and suffering have become the norm. Dr. Becker, a lawyer who was his Black Front Leader for the populous Halle district, has also been in a concentration camp since 1933, without charge or trial. Dr. Becker, who is also in Sachsenhausen, has, in contrast to Dr. Grantz, become a better-treated prisoner, for the following strange reason. The Prussian SS guard at the camp was relieved one day by Bavarian SS men, who insisted on having their native Bavarian beer -- I said earlier that beer is a religion in Bavaria -- whereas their predecessors had made a contract for the beer supply with a Prussian brewery. An action followed, in which Dr. Becker was put up as advocate for the Bavarian SS men, and won the case. Since then, his lot has improved.

To-day, between six and seven hundred Black Front men are in the concentration camps and prisons. Many of them have been there for seven years. During these years, thousands of others were arrested and released after serving shorter terms. And all these were but the *known* Black Front men.



I have looked forward a little here, to show the things that happened to the men who openly supported Otto Strasser in his fight against Hitler in the years between the split and the Nazi triumph, 1930-1933. They bore the brunt of the battle, and this glimpse of the future shows how they paid for their convictions.

But most of them still live, and hold their convictions still. Before so very long, they will be free men again. And many others who think like them have always been free and even wear the brown shirt.

The conflict itself seriously shook the Hitler Party, which, indeed, came to the verge of an ignominious collapse. It was only rescued, and enthroned in power, in the nick of time, by those very forces which Otto Strasser and his men regarded as the worst enemies of the new order for which *they* fought - big business and big landlordry.

The conflict reached its height in 1931 and 1932. In 1931 came the second open revolt in the National Socialist Party. Captain Stennes, the Brown Army commander for the whole of North Germany, also could not stand Goebbels any longer and broke away, taking many of his brownshirts with him. He went the way of Otto Strasser, and joined Otto Strasser and the Black Front.

I shall have to look into the future again to tell the story of Captain Stennes to-day. It is another extraordinary tale; these Germans are almost incredible.

He, too, was an officer with a distinguished war record and subsequently a Free Corps commander. After Hitler's triumph, he, too, was arrested, maltreated, sent to a concentration camp and told that he was to be shot and must dig his own grave. Standing before this empty grave, he was executed four times - with blank cartridges! Later he was released at the mediation of a well-known German general, his former commanding officer, General Watter, on signing a pledge to leave Germany within twenty-four hours. After a visit to Otto Strasser, in exile, he went to China and is to-day commander of the bodyguard of Chiang Kai-shek! I have used more exclamation marks in this book than ever before, but the things I have to tell seem to deserve them.

In 1932 the Black Front was gaining ground and strength. The Hitler Party was going downhill, and fairly fast. But for the great age of Hindenburg, which made him the senile dupe of intriguers and the credulous victim of old wives' tales, it probably never would have come to power.

At the beginning of 1932 one of the first Hitlerist Ministers ever made, Dr. Franzen in Brunswick, gave up his post in protest against the reactionary tendencies of the party, as shown in the Harzburg agreement with Alfred Hugenberg, of big business and big armaments, and Hjalmar Schacht, of big banking.

In August came Hitler's rebuff by Hindenburg, who at that time seems still to have been of clear mind; he gave Hitler a parade-ground dressing-down, and vowed that he would never make him Chancellor. Goebbels, keenly watching to see which way the cat would jump, wrote in his diary of 'deep despondency' in the party; the financial position he said, was 'hopeless, nothing but debts', and so on. In November came elections and another blow for the Hitler Party, which lost over 2,000,000 votes. 'A defeat', wrote Goebbels; and Hitler threatened to commit suicide.

Otto Strasser was fighting the Hitler Party with all his might, doing his best to precipitate its downfall.

Gregor Strasser was in the party, Hitler's chief lieutenant. From the dark forest into which the German Republic had wandered, only two exits offered, as he saw. It could take the path of a Socialist revolution, which would lead to something new; or that of a return to Prussian militarism, which meant war. Some combination of forces had to be found which would give a majority in the motley Parliament, and at this point the old, old dilemma appeared: should National Socialism prove its Socialism and join hands with the Socialists, or should it betray its Socialism and join with the Nationalists?

The choice was clear. The first way would lead to a better Germany and to peace; the second to the disappointment of hopes of a better social order and to war.

Gregor Strasser -- how Goebbels vilifies his former master at this point in his diary -- was for the first way and urged that the National Socialists should follow it. It meant an alliance with the Socialist workers - not with the Communists, and not with the Socialist Party, but with the socialist-minded workers organized in the trade unions. Their representative was Leipart, the trade union leader. General Schleicher, the Chancellor of the day, had avowed himself to be 'a social general' and that meant that the army would play. This meant a Government headed by Gregor Strasser (Hindenburg had said he would never have Hitler), or General Schleicher, and with Leipart, and this was the combination which would have saved Germany.

This coalition is not dead, but only seems dead; its ghost is now appearing to haunt Hitler.

Göring was Gregor Strasser's great antagonist at this moment. He was for the second way out - the alliance with heavy industry and the big landowners which would entail the immediate jettisoning of all Socialist and social ideals, and would inevitably concentrate all Germany's thought on rearmament and militarism and lead to a new Prussian war.

These were the two courses between which a choice had to be made, while Germany's destiny hung in the balance. The vital difference between them was the old one of principles and ideals. The first way meant working for a definite aim. The second meant working to get power, without regard for what came after. This was the gap between the two camps, between Gregor Strasser and Hermann Göring. Hitler's attitude was 'Never mind about what comes afterwards; let us get the power, the rest will take care of itself.'

He allowed both Gregor Strasser and Göring to negotiate, Strasser with Schleicher and Leipart, Göring with Hugenberg and Papen. He approved of both parallel sets of negotiations. Gregor Strasser's chances of success were great. The general, Schleicher, and the trade union leader, Leipart, were in agreement with him; a great part of the Hitler Party was for him; and he was acceptable to Hindenburg, for he was an officer and normal, while Hitler was a corporal and a clown, and Röhm was homosexual, and all this counted with an Old Gentleman who had once disparaged Goethe as a man of immoral habits to Max Liebermann, the painter, and on being reminded, 'But, after all', he wrote *Faust*, replied, 'Yes, that is his only excuse'.

Gregor Strasser was twice received by Hindenburg in these fateful days. Germany, and the peace of Europe, was almost saved.

The real bitterness of Gregor Strasser's tragedy can only be understood if it be borne in mind that he heard from Hindenburg's own lips, at one of these meetings, that the Old Gentleman 'would never make the Bohemian Corporal Chancellor' (this was the contemptuous term that Hindenburg used for the crossbred, vague-originated Hitler). Thus his very loyalty to Hitler demanded that Gregor Strasser should strive with all his strength to achieve office himself and bring about a coalition in which the National Socialists would be predominant. It would never have occurred to him that the

Old Gentleman would, barely two months later, do the very thing he had sworn never to do. This is the eternal weakness of an honest man, such as was Gregor Strasser. Having no untruth in himself, he accepts the word of others, and when they break it, he is undone. Hindenburg, by this means, made it possible for Gregor Strasser's enemies in the National Socialist Party to defame him, to Hitler, as a traitor.

The story of those eight weeks in which the fate of Germany was decided, and Europe doomed again to war, by a few men in Berlin deserves to be told in more detail. The massacre of Poles and Czechs, the blackout of England, the manning of the Maginot Line, the battle off Montevideo, the conscription of British youth - all these things, all these woes of to-day, are the children of those fateful weeks in Berlin at the turn of the year 1932.

Gregor Strasser, in November 1932, went into the fray with these thoughts in his mind: The Party was going downhill, heading for disaster. The Old Gentleman had told him he would never make Hitler Chancellor. He himself was entirely loyal to Hitler - for that reason he had not followed his brother Otto at the breakaway. The country had had a taste of government by a little group of reactionaries -- Papen and his Cabinet of Barons -- and had repeatedly shown, by overwhelmingly hostile votes, that it loathed this and was approaching the point at which it would violently erupt against them. How could the National Socialist Party and Germany be saved? Not, thought Gregor Strasser, by alliance with this self-same group. The only alternative was a coalition between the National Socialist Party and the masses of the trade-unionist workers, who must be weaned away from their discredited Socialist leaders, with the benevolent backing of the Reichswehr. Leipart and General Schleicher were willing to collaborate with him -- but not with Hitler -- in such a coalition. The way to save both country and party seemed clear.

Gregor Strasser, as the organizer of the party, knew better than any other man the disastrous plight in which it was (a plight revealed *after* Hitler's triumph in the diary of Goebbels). He knew that it was breaking under a load of debt, that it could not face another election -- and Germany was having an election about every three months at that time -- because nobody would even print electoral placards for it. The time had come, he thought, to save what could be saved.

At the end of November, just eight weeks before Hitler's triumph, General Schleicher brought him to President von Hindenburg, who gave his word of honour as a Prussian general that he would never make the 'Bohemian Corporal' Chancellor. Gregor Strasser immediately reported to Hitler, telling him that the Chancellorship was beyond his reach, but might possibly be obtainable for himself, Gregor Strasser. The Vice-Chancellorship, in a cabinet headed by General Schleicher, could certainly be had.

As Gregor Strasser told him of Hindenburg's pledge never to make the Bohemian Corporal Chancellor, Hitler interjected that he had different information from another source. Strasser, puzzled, informed General Schleicher of this, who expressed great annoyance - and set his private police to watch his predecessor in the Chancellorship, the man he had made and unmade, the Puckish Mephistopheles of our unhappy Europe, von Papen. (The police agents afterwards took a photograph of Papen leaving the house, in Cologne, of the banker Schroeder, where he had just had a talk with Hitler that was arranged by the present German Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop. This was the meeting at which Papen agreed to recommend Hitler to Hindenburg for the Chancellorship, on the understanding that he would remain the prisoner in his cabinet of a majority of non-Nazi Elder Statesmen none of whom he would dismiss. Schleicher bitterly reproached Papen that he had been intriguing with Hitler. Papen gave his word of honour as a Prussian officer that he had not spoken with Hitler. Schleicher produced the photograph. General Schleicher then proposed the expulsion of Papen from the Count Schlieffen Society (the members of this body were restricted to the Officers' Corps) on the ground that he had given a perjured word.

The disciplinary investigation has never been concluded: the instigator of it was shot on June 30th, 1934, as was Gregor Strasser.)

But while Schleicher was trying to defeat the intrigues of Papen, Hitler appeared to be convinced by Strasser's report and to be half-ready to accept the solution he proposed. He made certain conditions -- that the party's debts should be paid, that the Reichstag should not be dissolved without his sanction, that three other National Socialist leaders (Frick, Stöhr and Hierl) should enter the cabinet with Gregor Strasser -- and on this basis was prepared to agree to the Strasser-Schleicher-Leipart coalition, to the coalition of National Socialists, Reichswehr, and Socialist workers. All was ready for the written agreement between Hitler, Strasser and the ruling Chancellor, Schleicher. On December 7th, 1932, Gregor Strasser, in Berlin, spoke by telephone with Hitler in Munich, and Hitler agreed to come to Berlin the next day to conclude the negotiations.

On the morning of December 8th Gregor Strasser stood on the platform of the Anhalter Station and waited for Hitler. The night express from Munich arrived. Hitler's compartment was empty. The conductor explained why. 'Herr Hitler', he said, 'got out at Weimar.'

The reason why he got out was also the reason why the coalition was never made, why Germany embarked on a new period of militarism and war, and why Gregor Strasser was later killed. This reason, or rather these reasons -- for their names were Göring and Goebbels -- only became clear subsequently, but can be explained now, in Otto Strasser's words.

At Weimar, Captain Hermann Göring and Gauleiter Dr. Goebbels had intercepted Hitler's train. They saw that the formation of the coalition would mean the end of their own ambitions. In a mass coalition reaching from Leipart's trade unionists on the left by way of the Reichswehr to Gregor Strasser's National Socialists on the right, there would be no place either for a Propaganda Minister or for a terrorist.

They travelled by car to Weimar, awakened Hitler, and fetched him from his sleeping-car. The whole thing, they told him, was a plot, a plot made by Gregor Strasser and Schleicher. It was not true that Hindenburg had pledged himself not to make Hitler Chancellor. Strasser's aim was simply to become Chancellor himself, to keep Hitler on a nose-lead, and if necessary to smash the party.

Thus enlightened, Hitler came later to Berlin, hurled the accusations of Göring and Goebbels in Strasser's face and called him a traitor. Strasser asked if Hitler really thought him capable of such infamy. Hitler answered, yes. Without a word Gregor Strasser went away, wrote out his resignation from all his offices in the party, and his wish to continue as 'a private soldier' in the National Socialist Party, and went off with his family to Bavaria. He was broken-spirited from this moment, and never appeared in politics again.

Meanwhile Papen, intent on the overthrow of his detested rival Schleicher, went lobbying in Berlin with his rival proposal for a cabinet in which he should be Chancellor, Hitler Vice-Chancellor, Göring his own (Papen's) deputy as Prussian Premier, big-business Hugenberg Minister for Economics. Another word-of-honour (they were cheap) was given about this time - Hitler's word of honour that he would change nothing in the composition of such a cabinet for four years. Hitler on January 30th, the night of his triumph, reaffirmed this particular word of honour from the balcony of the Reich Chancery in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Gregor Strasser's disappearance put an end to General Schleicher's hopes of retaining power and saving Germany, though he did not realize this himself. He continued to try and build that coalition, though its main prop was gone. He placed too much faith in the fighting spirit, and anti-Nazi

fervour, of Leipart's five million organized trade unionists. He announced himself to the nation by radio as 'a social General' on December 15th, 1932, and thus strengthened Papen's hand in the negotiations with the big-business group in the west of Germany and with the big-landlord group in the east.

Nevertheless, Hitler on that day -- six weeks before his triumph -- seemed to have not the remotest chance of attaining power. Goebbels on that very day wrote in his diary: 'It is high time for us to gain power; for the present, however, not the slightest prospect of that offers'. Hitler talked of committing suicide, as he had once before actually sworn to do - on November 9th, 1923, the day of his abortive Putsch in Munich.

Just at this juncture came the meeting at Cologne between Papen and Hitler. The banker Schroeder filled up the bankrupt Nazi treasury, and Goebbels's diary began again to take a more optimistic note. Now came Schleicher's fatal mistake, that helped to cost him his life.

Schleicher could probably have saved Germany and Europe at that juncture by a bold stroke. The stroke he made was not bold enough. He attacked the most powerful and vindictive groups in Germany without covering his rear.

What he did was to release, for the use of the press, material collected by a parliamentary committee of investigation into the misuse of the famous *Osthilfe*, or Eastern Help Fund. To make this matter clear to British readers, it is worth while remarking that 'Help for the Farmers' in Britain usually means financial subsidies at the cost of the taxpayer for great landowners who rent land to farmers. So in Germany, immense sums which had been budgeted as 'relief for suffering agriculture in Eastern Germany' (the *Osthilfe*) had actually gone in large part to great landowners who were already hopelessly indebted to the State and whose estates were badly run.

These facts had come out in the parliamentary inquiry but had been suppressed until General Schleicher revealed them. The investigators stated among other things that some of the great but bankrupt landowners had 'whored, drunk and gambled' away the money they received from the State. (Chancellor Brüning's downfall had been directly caused by his attempt to foreclose on these insolvent landlords and use the land for small-holdings. The Hindenburgs, father and son, themselves belonged to these squires, having been presented with a large property by them, and President Hindenburg had dismissed Brüning on a charge of introducing 'Bolshevism' in Germany, on this very account.)

Now Schleicher returned to this self-same, dynamite-laden issue. He thought so to discomfit the embattled forces of reaction by publishing this material in the press that their intrigues against him would be broken, their further opposition to his coalition-making plans neutralized. He underestimated them. He aroused in them a mortal enmity that brought Hitler to power within a fortnight. One of the squires alone, their leading spokesman, the aged Oldenburg-Januschau, had had rather more than £30,000 from the fund for the alleviation of his distress, and such an attack on his hereditary prerogatives and perquisites was bound to make him apoplectically angry.

This card that Schleicher held *was* a strong card, if played properly. It was even the ace of trumps, properly played. But if he meant to play it, he should first, and before revealing his intention, have obtained from President Hindenburg power to dissolve the Reichstag, and then he should have arrested the chief intriguers, Papen, Hitler, Oskar von Hindenburg, the leading Junkers, Göring, and a few others, and have rallied the masses of Gregor Strasser's National Socialists and of Leipart's trade unionists behind him by a manifesto explaining the reasons for his action.

By such means, he might have saved Germany and Europe - for these insatiable squires were also the hereditary war-makers of Europe. Instead of giving orders to Leipart, he consulted and debated with Leipart - and the German Socialists, like all other Germans except the little militarist clique, can do nothing without a word of command. Leipart's reaction to such plans was: 'What on earth will Herr Bumke say?' The good Herr Bumke was at that time President of the Constitutional Court of the Weimar Republic, a tribunal before which all nice questions of constitutional procedure had to be brought and decided. The awful vision of an enraged and avenging Bumke was enough to destroy the last hope of a right and reasonable policy in Germany.

So the end came. At the last moment one last intrigue succeeded in obtaining for Hitler, not the Vice-Chancellorship, but the Chancellorship itself. This was the story, brought to Hindenburg by an agent of von Papen (Werner von Alvensleben) and supported by Göring; that General Schleicher intended to march on Berlin with the troops of the Potsdam garrison. After all the other bogies that had been paraded before him -- especially that bogy of 'Bolshevism on the land' -- this one was enough to stampede the old gentleman who had been presented with an estate and who, eight weeks earlier, had pledged himself never to make the Bohemian Corporal Chancellor. He signed the birth-certificate of Hitler's Government, and all was over.

President and Field-Marshal von Hindenburg signed, on the dotted line, the order for the new war, the death warrant for thousands, possibly yet millions, of Germans, Spaniards, Czechs, Poles, and, short of a miracle, Britons and Frenchmen.

I have explained these events in some detail because they explain much in the life of the two Strassers, in the death of Gregor, and in the implacable campaign against Hitler of his brother Otto.

While Gregor Strasser's last struggle with Hitler for the soul of the National Socialist Party and of Germany was in progress, Otto Strasser, Hitler's inveterate enemy, stood aside, watched, and did all in his power to thwart Hitler. A day or two before Hitler's triumph, he sat in a restaurant Unter den Linden at supper with that Madame Geneviève Tabouis who to-day writes about the political mysteries of Europe in the French and British Press. Madame Tabouis came from General Schleicher. That over-astute, and ill-fated Chancellor, a few hours before his overthrow, had held his clenched fist out for her to see, and said, 'I've got Hitler like that'. Madame Tabouis told Otto Strasser of this remark, and he answered, Well, if Herr Schleicher really has got Hitler like that, he had better be quick and crush him, or it will be too late'.

Hitler became Chancellor. Otto Strasser has not the same unrelenting personal hatred of Hitler that he has of Göring, Goebbels, and Heydrich. He does not feel the same bitter loathing of the man to whose destruction he has consecrated his life. This surprised me at first, but I think I understand it now. Strasser regards Hitler as a curiosity, a freak. He cannot take him quite seriously, in spite of everything, and cannot help laughing a little when he looks at him. Hitler is something outside Strasser's ken.

'A feminine type, with a destructive mission, not a constructive one,' he says. 'Hitler gave the best description of himself - a drummer, or showman, and a sleepwalker. Nothing is real or genuine about him. Not even the title Führer grew on him; it is not the product of any inner impulse or wish of the German people or even of Hitler himself. It is the result -- and this is so typical of Germany - of an order couched in military language and signed by an officer, Röhm, who in the later part of 1931 issued this command to the Party: As from the Nth, the supreme commander of the SA, and Leader of the Party, Adolf Hitler, is only to be addressed or referred to as The Führer.'

Otto Strasser smiled when he told me this and added: 'And believe me, Mr. Reed, I know the Germans, and you must believe me when I say that our revolution, too, will have to be *ordered*,

otherwise the generals and others -- I know these people -- will ask: "But who will undertake the responsibility?"

Now, in January 1933, this man Hitler became ruler of Germany, and everything he has done since then has justified the doubts that Otto Strasser felt about him for so many years, Strasser's parting from, and Strasser's war against him.

With that day, the black years began for the two brothers. Gregor was at first allowed to feel secure in his chemical works in Berlin. He had left the Party and took no part in politics. But Hitler still saw in him a dangerous rival, particularly in the stormy first half of 1934, when dissatisfaction with the achievements, or lack of achievements, of the Hitler Party was rife, and the ghost of that old coalition of Strasser National-Socialists, Reichswehr Generals, and Socialist workers, popped its head up again. For that reason, General Schleicher, and his wife, were shot in their quiet flat in a pleasant suburb. For that reason, Gregor Strasser was dragged away from his midday meal with his family and taken to the Secret Police headquarters.



HIMMLER AND HEYDRICH

Otto Strasser has never succeeded in obtaining any account of his brother's death which he could completely verify. The version he believes to be true was given to him by another man who was at the Secret Police headquarters at the same time. He says that Gregor Strasser, late in the afternoon, was lying on a bench in his cell when the fair-haired Heydrich, Himmler's chief assistant, and another man, who is not known, thrust aside the grating in the door and fired through it with revolvers, missing Strasser, who jumped up and ran into a corner out of sight of the grating. The two men then opened the door and fired round it, again missing Strasser, who ran to a third corner. They fired again and hit him, so that he sank down, still alive but badly hurt. Then Heydrich entered the cell and dispatched him with a bullet in the neck.

But that, again, is a glimpse into the future, for the sake of keeping the threads of this narrative intact, which is about Otto Strasser, his life, his motives, and particularly the score which he has to settle.

During the three and a half years that elapsed between his breach with Hitler and Hitler's triumph, which began his own exile, Otto Strasser, as I have shown, had been busy with the construction of his Black Front. Its open activities I have described - the campaigning up and down the country, the anti-Hitlerist newspapers, the platform-debates. The Black Front had its own Storm Troop organization, the Black Guard, not to be confused with Hitler's SS, which is sometimes also called the Black Guard because of its black uniform. Strasser's Black Guard actually wore a black shirt,

but the adjective Black, as I repeat, did not refer to this, but to the secret nature of the greater Black Front organization. The badge of the Black Front, incidentally, is a sword-and-hammer, crossed.

But these visible activities of the Black Front were the less important back of its work. The vital work was that indicated by the word Black - secret organization. In all political parties in Germany save the Communists, but particularly in the National Socialist Party and its organizations, Otto Strasser had his followers, who had been carefully instructed not to reveal their allegiance. Their part in his organization, planned against a long-distant future day, was to remain where they were, ostensibly good Nazis, enthusiastic Storm Troopers, ardent SS men, and the like, and to devote the knowledge they acquired by this method to promoting the ends of the Black Front.

They are still doing this, and much of their work, many of their exploits, can therefore only be told at a later day. But by this 'black' method, Otto Strasser was able, during the years when he worked against Hitler inside Germany and also during those years when he carried on the war from across the frontiers, to see through doors and walls, to know of orders and conversations that were never meant to be known outside very small Nazi circles.

Thus, when he made his escape from Germany, he had as his chauffeur, for long distances, a senior Storm Troop commander in the brown uniform. I have seen a letter written to him, in exile, by one of the leading SS commanders of to-day, a man famous and popular in Germany, and this letter breathes a fierce hatred of Hitler. I have seen other letters from officers now serving in the Reichswehr.

Through these invisible channels of information, Otto Strasser was able to look into Secret Police headquarters in Berlin itself, to read the report made by a man sent to kill him. He was able to identify other agents of the Gestapo who from time to time approached him, under one pretext or another, on a similar mission. He knows the contents of his own dossier at Gestapo headquarters.

These invisible supporters *inside* Germany have, by one means or another, supplied him with the money to carry on his campaign in exile; he spent all the money he himself possessed on it, and is, on account of one or other part of his political philosophy, cut off from the normal sources of financial support upon which Hitler's enemies in exile draw. Those friends in Germany, too, have supplied him with false passports, sheltered his emissaries. The men he has sent into Germany, to carry out some exploit against Hitler's regime, have done this at the risk of their lives and without payment.

In the course of this book, the reader will become acquainted with the men who openly helped him -- some of them have appeared already -- and may judge for himself their characters, qualities, courage and patriotism. But the legion of his unknown followers, the men inside Germany who are ready when the time comes to step out of the Brown Shirt or other ranks and avow their allegiance, is more important.

January 30th, 1933, closed a chapter in Otto Strasser's story and opened a new one. Another starting-gun sounded.

The bitterest years of his life were beginning. The man he distrusted and despised had triumphed, was Chancellor of the Reich. His brother was at last disillusioned and was soon to die. What was to become of him, Otto Strasser, of his Black Front, of his hopes, of the German Socialism for which he had laboured so hard.

What did the future now hold?

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## Chapter Eight

### CRAZY ODYSSEY

With Hitler's arrival in the Reich Chancery in Berlin on January 30th, 1933, and the endless torchlight procession of Storm Troopers between delirious multitudes and past the two lighted windows, at one of which old Hindenburg nodded mandarin-like approval while at the other Hitler leaned far out in the spotlight, saluting, with these events another period in the life of our Revolutionary Socialist began - the period of pursuit and escape, plot and counterplot, mantrap and elusion, flight and exile, of a one-man-war waged by an outlaw from across the frontiers against the most powerful man in Europe.

Nothing in Hitler's life is so dramatic as this part of Strasser's life. It is an astounding story of adventure and hairbreadth escape; it is just Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Wallace, Phillips Oppenheim and all the others come true. It suggests that destiny must have something waiting, at the end of this road, for the man who has travelled it; why, otherwise, has destiny always intervened?

On February 4th, 1933, four days after Hitler's triumph Otto Strasser's Black Front newspapers were suppressed throughout the Reich.

For three weeks longer a false lull lay over Germany. As a precaution, all documents and weapons of the Black Front were secreted; plans were made for a second line of regional, and unknown, leaders throughout the country to spring into being, and into inter-communication, if the known leaders were arrested; and at the headquarters office of the Black Front in the Wilhelmstrasse -- not far from Hitler's Chancery itself -- only a telephonist and a couple of Strasser's Black Guards were left.

On February 27th, the docile Reichstag burned. Dr. Goebbels had written prophetically in his diary on the very morning after the National Socialist triumph:

'We set to work at once ... We discuss new measures. In a conference with the Leader we arrange measures for combating the Red terror. For the present we shall abstain from direct action. First the Bolshevist attempt at a revolution must burst into flame. At the given moment we shall strike.'

The Reichstag, as I say, obligingly 'burst into flame' four weeks later, on February 27th, was immediately proclaimed to be 'a Bolshevist attempt at revolution', and the Nazis 'struck' - at the enemies of Hitler throughout the country, not only Reds, but also pacifists, Nationalists, Catholics, Democrats, and The Black Front.

On the next morning, February 28th, the Wilhelmstrasse office of the Black Front was raided and wrecked, the few unfortunate men in it taken away, and all the known leaders and members of the Black Front throughout the country, some thousands in all, were rounded-up and taken to concentration camps, where, as I have already explained, some of them still are.

Otto Strasser, on that evening of February 27th, was on his way to the Anhalter Station to take train for his home outside Berlin, when he saw the glow in the sky, asked a taxi-driver what it was, and received the answer, 'The Nazis have fired the Reichstag'. He did not go home, but turned back and spent the night in an hotel; and in this manner began the fantastic journey which is still continuing to-day, seven years later, and at this moment after innumerable adventures has brought him to Paris.

While the Black Front headquarters in Berlin was being ransacked and demolished, Otto Strasser was on his way to a little Thuringian holiday resort which had already been chosen as the first secret headquarters in such an event as this.

From there, he issued the following order to his followers throughout the country: 'All members of the Black Front who are not known as such to the police are immediately to apply for membership of the Army, the National Socialist Party, the SA and SS, and to continue their political activity in legal guise inside those organizations.' This order became known to the Gestapo, and the members of the Black Front who were known and had been arrested underwent a martyrdom in the concentration camps to force them to betray their associates. Corrosive activity from within was the thing that the Nazis feared more than anything else, because it was so difficult to detect.

Thanks to the precautionary selection of these second-line leaders, who were not known to be his men and were therefore not arrested, Otto Strasser was able from his quiet Thuringian resort, by means of simple telephone calls, to keep all the threads of his organization in his hand, to issue orders and receive reports. The Gestapo took some time completely to clamp down the hatches of their terror, and in these early days local telephone calls were not tapped.

But after a week, he received an urgent call which told him, in a hastily improvised code intelligible to him, that one of his helpers had broken under manhandling in a concentration camp and had revealed the approximate locality of Strasser's hiding-place. This telephonic warning came from the Gestapo itself! That is, it came from one of Strasser's Black Front men who, in obedience to orders, had remained at his Nazi post.

At this moment, the hand of the Gestapo first touched Otto Strasser's coat-tails. On receipt of the warning, he fled at once by road to the second secret headquarters, also chosen long in advance, at a village in Bavaria; the next day, as he subsequently learned, the Gestapo arrived at the Thuringian inn where he had been staying under a false name, to arrest him.

Then, at the end of March, he moved to a third secret headquarters, in West Germany. It was a lonely house in the Teutoburger Forest, and from here he called a meeting of his chief helpers in West Germany, choosing for the occasion a quiet hamlet on the Steinhuder Lake. When he and his men foregathered there, they found that some thirty thousand Storm Troopers had chosen the same day and place for a Brown Army parade. With these throngs of jubilant Brown Shirts all round them, Strasser's four men (one of them himself in the Nazi uniform) calmly made their way to the lakeside, discussed the situation, agreed their plans, and parted.

The chase grew hotter, the Gestapo network ever closer, and the concentration camps ever fuller. In the middle of April, Otto Strasser made a dash for his native Bavaria - with the uniformed Nazi, a senior Storm Troop commander, now at the wheel of his car!

They had not been long on the road when they heard behind them the *tara-tara* -- a sound like the post-coachman's horn of old -- of the Flying Squad, and a police-tender with a Berlin number and a load of SS men drew level and overtook them. The brown-shirted Storm Trooper at the wheel gave the Nazi salute and 'Heil Hitler'; the black-uniformed SS men in the tender did not return it, but drove on. 'That's funny,' said the SA man to Strasser.

A little later, they encountered the tender again, halted on the road. The SS men, all armed, watched them intently as they drove past. 'Herr Doktor', said Strasser's brown-shirted companion, 'I don't like this. I believe they're after you'. (The car was Strasser's own, bearing the number known to be his; it was an ancient vehicle with a top-speed of fifty miles an hour presented to him by an

admirer. (He had taken the Storm Troop commander, one of his Black Front men who had remained in the Brown Army in accordance with Strasser's orders, with him to disarm suspicion.)

A little further on, and *tara-tara* sounded again behind them; the SS men overhauled and passed them once more. This cat-and-mouse game was repeated several times, until Strasser sought to trick the pursuers by turning sharply from the main road and pulling up in the market-square of a little town, which was crowded with people come in from the countryside for a political meeting. Strasser dashed to the post office to telephone his wife and tell her of his flight; when he came out the SS tender was parked next to his own car.

The crowds of people in the market place, as he believes, alone prevented a revolver battle at this point. It was getting dark. He drove off, leaving the pursuers out of sight, and told his driver to get the last ounce of speed from the car and turn in at the first farm he came to. Eventually they found one, and swung in, through the great double-doors, into the farmyard, quickly slamming the doors behind them.

A few moments later, they heard again *tara-tara*, and saw the beam of a searchlight, as the tender flashed by, raking the countryside with its light to discover the fugitives if they should have left the main road. They did not think of stopping to look behind those great wooden doors. Strasser and his men lay doggo until the light and *tara-tara* had died away in the distance, then came out and, driving without lights and using by-roads, succeeded in reaching the Chiemsee, in Bavaria, their destination.

Afterwards, through his underground channels of information, Otto Strasser learned that these SS men had indeed been after him and had known that he was in the car. In reporting the failure to arrest him on returning to Berlin, their leader wrote that 'Otto Strasser is known as a violent man who habitually carries a machine-pistol; for that reason, my plan was to wait until darkness fell and then blind his oncoming car with the beam of the searchlight before proceeding to the arrest.'

For the last time, Otto Strasser called together his helpers in Germany - those for the South German districts. They met on the green slopes of the Bavarian Alps, within a few hundred yards of the Austrian frontier, and sat, in bathing drawers, with their papers strewn over the rough-hewn table before the *Almhütte* - one of those simple Alpine huts where the cowherd or the cowherdess lives during the summer, when the cattle pasture in the high meadows which in winter will be snowbound.

At this fantastic *Führerbesprechung*, or conference of leaders, within sight of freedom, the hand of the Gestapo again rested for a moment on Strasser's shoulder. Strasser and three of his chief South German helpers were there; and two women, his hostess at the lonely farmhouse farther down the slope where he was staying, and her servant.

While the nearly naked men were discussing plots and high politics at the table, armed SS men appeared -- auxiliary frontier guards on patrol -- came across, and demanded to know what they were doing. 'Sun-bathing and having a good time with the girls,' said Strasser, desperately anxious to prevent the SS men from examining the papers on the table. 'Girls?' said his interlocutor, 'I don't see any girls.' 'Why, there they are,' said Strasser pointing to where the two women lay, also in sun-bathing costume, two or three hundred yards away. 'And that's your girl?' asked an SS man suspiciously. 'Of course she is, said Strasser, and, raising his voice, 'Du, Annerl, komm' her. Come here. Here's a gentleman who wants to know what I'm doing and won't believe you're my girl.'

The respectable married lady who was his hostess was quickwitted enough not to be startled by the familiar *Du* and the insinuation, and played her part nobly. The SS men, obviously suspicious but

confused, withdrew and lay down between the four men and the frontier. Then one of them sounded his *Trillerpfeife*, the shrill whistle they carry, and presently, from neighbouring peaks and slopes, came climbing three other SS frontiersmen. They all foregathered in a group and stood, watching and discussing the four men at the table.

Otto Strasser and his men, feigning nonchalance, sat round the table. Never had the beauties of Austria seemed so superb to them. The situation grew embarrassing, when salvation came out of a heaven that had been brilliantly blue and had contained only a blazing sun. It clouded over and released a sudden and torrential downpour of such force that little rivulets, bearing tiny avalanches of stones with them, in a few moments were careering down the mountainsides. The SS men stood their ground for a while and then suddenly decided that their suspicions were not worth getting so wet for. They made off, down the hill. Strasser and his companions dispersed their various ways, Strasser returning by devious routes to his farmhouse.

But the game was up. Four days later, on May 9th, Gregor Strasser, in Berlin, saw the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Frick, who had remained on good terms with him, and learned from him that Göring's men had wind that Otto Strasser was in the neighbourhood of the Chiemsee. He took aeroplane to Munich, sent a warning and a motor car to Otto, in his hide-out, and begged him to flee. Otto, moved by some premonition, felt he could not go without seeing his brother. He made his way in disguise to Munich and there met Gregor, whom he was never to see again, in the house of a mutual friend who was also a senior SS commander; he too retained his friendship with the Strassers from the earlier days.

Gregor Strasser, says his brother, was already a broken man. His part was played out, he could not forget the way he, who had really made the Party, had been vilified and thrown outside in the moment of its triumph, and more, he felt his coming death upon him. He told Otto: 'Göring will shoot us both.' 'Or we him, that is certain,' answered Otto, and he entreated Gregor to accompany him into exile and resume the struggle from across the frontiers. Gregor would not; he could not bring himself to leave his family and his business.

That same night of March 9th, 1933, Otto Strasser was driven to a place in the Bavarian Alps near the Austrian frontier. About midnight, led by a guide who knew every inch of the way, he began to climb, along narrow and precipitous paths made by the hooves of the chamois. As dawn broke on March 10th, 1933, he crossed the frontier.

In Berlin, an Austrian destitute and neer-do-well was absolute master of the Reich. Across the Reich frontiers, at dead of night, a German officer, anti-Red and Revolutionary Socialist made a weary way into Austria.

After a twenty-hour march, Otto Strasser came, on the evening of May 10th, 1933, into Kufstein. He was free, he had shaken off the pursuers, he could take up the fight. He was wrong in thinking this, for the pursuers had not been shaken off, but were still close behind him and were for years to stay close behind him. But he did not know that, and made his way to the new headquarters of his Black Front - Vienna.

In Vienna, the one-man-war was resumed, only three months after Hitler's advent to power and the descent of the Gestapo terror on Germany. In February, the necessary material for the preparation of Otto Strasser's anti-Hitlerist paper had already been sent to Vienna, and from the middle of that month onward it appeared there and was smuggled in thousands of copies into the Reich.

This was relatively simple because The Black Front covered not only Germany, but also Austria, and its organization there was still intact. Strasser's followers in Austria helped in the printing of

the paper and in smuggling it across the frontier. It was called, in anticipation of something that afterwards came true, *Der Schwarze Sender* (The Black or Secret Sender).

In addition to the paper itself, small-type pamphlets on thin paper were prepared, things which could be screwed into a tiny ball and swallowed, and these were sent across the frontier, 50,000 at a time. They caused more annoyance to the Nazis there than any other form of attack upon their rule, because the author was a man who had played a leading part in their own movement, and because he could neither be called Socialist, Communist nor Jew.

Very soon, for these reasons, the arm of the Gestapo reached out across the frontier into Austria and again Otto Strasser's coat-tails slithered through its fingers. This is one of the most remarkable of his adventures.

By July 1933 he had been in Vienna for nearly two months, living with a beautifully forged passport and under a false name, with a cousin. In these few weeks, with his enormous energy, he had redoubled the anti-Hitlerist campaign of the Black Front from Vienna, and the flood of pungent literature that was pouring across the frontiers was seriously worrying the Secret Police in the Reich.

At this time, too, as I must interpolate to make the story clear, the Austrian Nazis, on orders from the Reich, were conducting their first campaign, which ended in the rising of July 24th, 1934, and the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss, to conquer Austria by terrorism. In Vienna particularly, but also in many parts of the country, bombs were exploding and violent exploits of many kinds were perpetrated; the people knew that the Nazis were the authors of these things and the feeling everywhere was of tension and suspense.

On the night of July 4th, 1933, Otto Strasser returned to Vienna from a visit to Prague, where, with his habitual foresight, he had been surveying the ground in case Austria should fall to Hitler and the Black Front need to seek yet another secret headquarters. At his dwelling in Vienna, all was dark and he found that his key failed, for some reason, to open the door; nor could he obtain any answer to his knocking.

So he went downstairs and knocked-up the porter, who opened his eyes in surprise when he saw the visitor, and said, 'But, Herr Müller, the police were here to-day and arrested your landlady'. Strasser, though he was taken aback, did not connect this incident with himself, for he was convinced that the Viennese police did not know his real identity, or even if they did, that he would be the last man they would seek - for was not the Austria of Dollfuss fighting for its life against Hitler? But he asked 'How is it that my key won't open the door?' and was told 'Oh, the police have sealed the flat'.

'So!' said Strasser, thoughtfully, and after a moment's indecision went into the street. There doubts overtook him and he made up his mind to avoid the house for that night, at least. The drawback to this was that he had returned from Prague with the sum of just one Austrian schilling in his pocket (during all these years, the money problem was an enemy only less mortal than Hitler) and could not afford a lodging. Though the month was July, the night was very cold and he had no overcoat, and not even enough money, as he says, to seek that warmth which the pleasures of the town can provide.

So he walked about all night, and dawn found him waiting eagerly for the first cheap coffee-house to open, where for half of that Austrian schilling he could buy a cup of coffee, with sugar and whipped cream, and a roll.

At last one opened. The sleepy waiter brought him the coffee and the roll and, as every well-trained Viennese *Ober* must, the morning paper. Otto Strasser sipped his coffee, bit the end off his roll, opened the paper, and saw written across it, in flaring headlines, the news that The Black Front had been identified as the author of the bomb outrages that were going on all over Austria; that all the leaders of this criminal organization, seventeen men and two women, had been arrested during the night; but that *the* Leader, one Dr. Otto Strasser, had unfortunately escaped.

Otto Strasser was an alarmed and a stupefied man. He could not, at that time, even guess at an explanation - for was not he, Hitler's arch-enemy, in the anti-Hitlerist Austria of Dollfuss? Why for anything's sake should he and his men try to destroy *this* Austria with bombs? The survival of this Austria meant their survival, its life or death was their life or death. What on earth was the meaning of this ridiculous story? Everybody knew who was throwing the bombs. For what conceivable reason had the anti-Nazi Black Front been saddled with the blame?

Otto Strasser did not know it then, but at his side in the frowsy Viennese café sat an unseen guest - the Gestapo. Its arm was longer than any man would at that time have believed. The explanation only came a year later, in July 1934, when the Nazi rising occurred, Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered, and his own Viennese Chief of Police, Dr. Steinhäusl, was found after the suppression of that revolt to have been one of the Nazi conspirators. He was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but after Hitler's invasion of Austria was made Viennese Chief of Police again.

Thus in Vienna, where he thought -himself safe, Otto Strasser only escaped the clutches of the Gestapo by the merest fluke. Hitler's man, Steinhäusl, was out to get him and nearly had got him. If he had been at home that day, when the police called, Otto Strasser would have been 'kidnapped' across the German frontier, or he would have been in an Austrian prison when Hitler invaded Austria, and in either case he would have been sent to join his brother. Here, again, is one of the reasons why I think that destiny must have something in store for this man; why, otherwise, has destiny so often pulled him from beneath the annihilating wheels?

But on that morning Otto Strasser could not even guess at these things and he was a flabbergasted man, who instinctively felt that he was in danger. He could not think what had happened, but his inner voice told him to get out, and get out quickly. But how? He had no money and did not know a soul in Vienna; his few acquaintances had been arrested that night. He had half a schilling, fifty groschen, say sixpence, in his pocket.

He thought, and thought, and at last hit on an idea which held out a faint hope. There *was* one man whom he knew in Vienna slightly - the man whose secretary his cousin and landlady was, a Jewish journalist in the employ of the Ullstein publishing firm.

To this man's office he went, a long walk right across the city, after a sleepless night and a spoiled breakfast. Giving another false name, he succeeded in gaining admission.

The man behind the table looked up, and horrified surprise suddenly spread over his face. He sprang up, with hands spread before him as if to ward off some awful apparition, and said 'Get out, get out of here, at once'. 'I want a hundred schillings and I'm not going until you give me them,' said Strasser. 'But this is blackmail,' expostulated a frightened and excited man, 'the police are looking for you. Go away.' 'I want a hundred schillings to get to Prague with,' said Strasser, 'and if you don't give them to me I shall stay here and be arrested in your office, and you will be arrested too.'

Frightened though he was, says Strasser, the Jew immediately recalled that the fare to Prague only cost sixty-nine schillings and said so. 'But I want something for a taxi and food, insisted Strasser. 'Here, said the harassed man. 'Here you are, take it and go, go quickly.' Strasser took the hundred

schillings and said, 'I'll give you a receipt'. Up came the protesting hands again, 'No, no, don't give me a receipt'. 'Then I'll send you the money from Prague.' 'Do what you like, send it or not, but go away from here, go away quickly, and don't send me a receipt. Just go away, go away.'

Pushed out of the door, Strasser again found himself in the street. He was not, as he had thought, a free man in a free land; he was once again a fugitive, and at that time did not even know why. He only knew that he had to escape quickly, and that he now had the money for his fare. He set his face towards the Ring, and then remembered that he had no clothes whatever but those he wore. The others were in his lodging. He decided to take a taxi, and to drive there. If he saw anything suspicious, he would drive past. If not, he would go in and see if a chance existed to get his clothes.

At the house all was quiet. He stopped the taxi, went in, and rang at the porter's lodge, feeling prickly. The man came out, looked at him in surprise, and said 'Aber, Herr Doktor Strasser!' '*Wieso*, Doktor Strasser?' said Strasser, 'What do you mean, Doctor Strasser?' '*Na*, you are Dr. Otto Strasser,' said the man. 'So, and what of it?' said Strasser. The man smiled confidentially. 'Don't worry, Herr Doktor,' he said, '*Ich bin Sozi*, I'm a Socialist. I've got your clothes here, packed in a bag. The police were here again and I told them you had gone away. They left the flat open and I packed your clothes in case you came back; it's better for you not to go up.'

Only one problem remained, but a stiff one - to get out of Austria. By this time, Otto Strasser assumed that the police had identified him with Herr Müller and had warned all frontier stations to watch for a man with such a passport. The best chance, he thought, would be to try the tram.

For in the middle of Vienna, in those days, just off the main street, was a tram terminus from which trams ran, straight along the main road, to Bratislava, two hours away. Bratislava had once been Pressburg, and had been to Vienna as Windsor to London; but that was in the days of Austria-Hungary, and now Pressburg was Bratislava and lay just across the frontier, in Czechoslovakia. But - the tram still ran. It still said it was going to 'Pressburg', but it still ran, and there was very little supervision of the travellers that used it; many of them were people who came and went every day. Sometimes, passports were not even examined.

It was a chance. Otto Strasser took it. He walked down the Ring, with his bag in his hand, and got on the tram. An hour or two later, he was in Bratislava, in Czechoslovakia. Once again, he had shaken off the pursuit. He was a free man, in a free land. He had not even been asked to show his passport.

Once more the one-man-war had to be begun again at the beginning. He went to Prague. He had one great advantage - good friends, in and outside Germany, who helped with money when they could, and in other ways, particularly in the vital matter of providing him with false passports. This time, he acquired the passport of a supporter in Germany whose appearance and description approximately resembled his own. This man obtained a photograph of Strasser to substitute for his own. Unfortunately, it showed Strasser in the Brown Shirt of the Storm Troops, and this was undesirable. So the brown shirt was painted out and a white-collar and black-tie painted in; and the photograph was then re-photographed; and the ultimate photograph skilfully substituted for that of the original owner of the passport.

In Prague, where he resumed his Black Front work in the office of a friend, Otto Strasser took lodging with an unsuspecting postman and his family. In spite of the shock he had had in Vienna, he felt perfectly safe in Prague, for the Czechs were a united people. Among them were no admirers of Hitler, and it was impossible to imagine the Police Chief of Prague, or even the last errand boy in Prague, being an agent of the Nazis.

He was only left five months in this illusion of security. On the morning of November 25th, 1933, as he lay abed, his corpulent landlady came waddling in, breathless and excited, exclaiming 'Police', and close behind her pressed two Czech detectives with levelled revolvers, who addressed the sleepy Strasser in harsh and voluble Czech. He asked them to speak German, whereon they asked him, in that language, if he were Herr Müller - the name he had used in Vienna. He denied this, and they demanded his passport.

Fortunately, he had his beautiful new passport, a recent one, issued after Hitler's advent to power and bearing the Reich swastika on it. This completely bewildered the two policemen, who repeatedly exclaimed that Herr Müller *must* live here, and eventually retired, cursing and puzzled. Strasser's landlady, an enormously fat woman, waddled breathlessly back into the room, exclaiming in comic German, 'Outside two policemen more, with revolver, by big motor car, all very cross'.

On this occasion, too, Strasser was more puzzled than alarmed, for he had on his arrival in Prague immediately informed the authorities of his identity and of the name he was living under; as they knew this, he assumed that some mistake had been made in the address, and went off to sleep again. No Czech policeman, he knew, would want to deliver him up to Hitler.

Later, he strolled along to Police Headquarters to ask the Chief of Police why his officials had made such a mistake. On his description of the scene, this official immediately answered that some mystery must be present, because the Prague police had no motor cars whatever and never used them. Inquiry then revealed that nothing of the visit was known to the police. Then it was learned that the waiting motor car, with the four ostensible officials from the Criminal Investigation Department in it, had carried a German number, namely, the IIA of Munich; that the two officials who had waited outside had spoken German with the two who had made the raid; and that one of them had held a gag, or chloroform wad, in his hand, which he threw away in disgust when no captive was brought. This was found in the gutter.

This time the Gestapo visited Otto Strasser in his bed and held a revolver under his very nose.

The chain of events was eventually pieced together thus: Otto Strasser had evidently been seen and followed to his lodging by someone who knew him and knew that in Vienna he passed as Müller, and this man had betrayed him to the Gestapo. The familiar abduction-across-the-frontier was then planned, but the Gestapo needed men for this who spoke fluent Czech and could thus, pass themselves off as Czech detectives. To that end they used Sudeten Germans from the mixed-language belt.

These men spoke perfect Czech - but did not know Strasser. The possibility that he would by this time have acquired yet another name and passport had been overlooked, so that the sham agents were completely thrown off the trail by the production of his new, and seemingly good, National-Socialist German passport, and assumed that the informer had made a mistake.

This affair shook Prague badly. For the first time the Czechs realized, in 1933, how near and how daring the enemy was - their enemy, too. Strict precautions were taken to prevent any further exploits of the same kind. But these precautions were restricted to Prague, and for this reason another fantastic stroke of the Gestapo against Otto Strasser and his friends had a bloody end, as I shall tell.

Soon after this, another very remarkable thing happened to Otto Strasser, an adventure the end of which has not yet come, and which may eventually dovetail into the mysterious affair of the bomb explosion which occurred at Munich after the present war had begun.



About the turn of the year 1934, soon after the attempted abduction by the sham Czech detectives, a man called on Otto Strasser in Prague in whom he was astonished to recognize one Constantin, who had for many years been a member of his Black Front.

'Why, how on earth did you contrive to miss being sent to a concentration camp?' asked Strasser.

'They offered me ten thousand marks and a high post in the SA, if I could succeed in killing you,' said Constantin, and gravely handed Strasser a phial, adding 'This is the poison'.

Otto Strasser says that Constantin, whom he regarded as a loyal helper, had had a few drinks, so that he wondered if the man knew just what he was saying. To be on the safe side, he went with Constantin, later, to the political police in Prague, with whom he remained in close touch throughout his stay there, and had the contents of the phial examined. 'It was prussic acid,' he says, 'and enough to poison a regiment.'

Constantin then explained further that the Gestapo had told him Strasser would be sure to invite him to a meal and he should pour the poison in Strasser's beer or coffee. 'I thought the best thing to do was to agree to come to Prague, so that I could see you, and I guessed that you would find a way to get me out of this, for I shall have to have some plausible excuse for returning without having killed you.'

This was easily arranged. The phial was given back to Constantin and he was supplied with an order of expulsion from Czechoslovakia so worded that he appeared to have been detained at the frontier and never to have been allowed as far as Prague. With this in his possession, he went off and from that day to this Otto Strasser has never heard another word of him.

Nevertheless, there was a sequel, and a strange one. A former inmate of the Oranienburg concentration camp, now in France, saw in the press in November 1939, the pictures, issued by the Gestapo, of the mysterious man 'Georg Elser' who is supposed to have planted the bomb in the Bürgerbräukeller at Munich and was alleged by the Gestapo to have been the tool, in this act, of Otto Strasser and the British Secret Service. This man claimed to recognize in the pictures of 'Georg Elser' one Constantin, whom he had known at Oranienburg. Constantin, he said, was one of the better-treated prisoners in the camp and told him one day that he had been sent to Oranienburg by the Gestapo as punishment for his failure in a mission entrusted to him. This mission -- as Constantin told his fellow-prisoner -- was to go to Prague, to gain the confidence of Strasser, and to find out what relations Strasser entertained with the Czechoslovak Government.

If this is true, the man 'Georg Elser' is thus none other than that Constantin who went to Prague, and the handing-over of the poison was actually but another trick to get inside Strasser's guard. And if that is the case, 'George Elser' already stands revealed as an agent of the Gestapo. Unfortunately the chain cannot be quite completed. The missing link in it is that Otto Strasser either does not recognize, or will not admit that he recognizes, Constantin in the picture of 'Georg Elser'. 'I am unable to recognize Constantin in these photographs,' he says, 'but then they do not resemble each other. They give me the impression that either the man in the pictures has been made up -- he might be wearing a wig, for instance -- or that the photographs have been touched up. I cannot recognize anybody; but with the Gestapo, you never know.'

So there is an episode in Otto Strasser's tale of strange adventure that has already had one sequel, and may yet have a second sequel.

In Prague, Otto Strasser continued to work hard at his anti-Hitlerist campaign. His energy is hard to believe. During these crowded years he somehow found time to write several books, which I shall

describe later. Some of them are of much interest, and I wonder that none has yet been translated into English. All this time, the production of miniature anti-Hitlerist newspapers, of pamphlets and letters, was going on apace. From Czechoslovakia, as from Austria, they were smuggled in large quantities into the Reich, by reckless men who used the most audacious methods, who continually risked, and on several occasions lost their lives, for no other payment than the hope of contributing to the end of Hitler.



THREE SPECIMENS OF THE MINIATURE ANTI-HITLERIST NEWSPAPERS PRINTED  
ON FLIMSY PAPER BY OTTO STRASSER AND SMUGGLED INTO GERMANY  
FROM AUSTRIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND DENMARK

Germans, Sudeten-Germans, and even Czechs, helped in the work. They crossed the frontiers by secret paths at mid of night with knapsacks on their backs containing thousands of these anti-Hitlerist flimsies, already contained in envelopes, stamped with German stamps, ready for posting. When they reached Leipzig or Dresden, and had posted their burdens at some main post office, they would buy enough stamps for the next consignment and return for more.<sup>[3]</sup>

Once, Otto Strasser had an envelope of the German Medical Association sent to him in Prague and had fifty thousand facsimiles made there. These he filled with his leaflets, leaving the flap unstuck, and posted them, in Germany, as printed matter! On another occasion, he had the letterheads of the German jurists Association similarly copied; but that piously Hitlerist body must have had a shock when it learned of the literature that was being distributed in Germany on paper bearing its imprint.

Another method used by Otto Strasser in his one-man-war was to smuggle into Germany, and into the hands of his supporters there, millions of glued, stick-on labels, rather bigger than an ordinary postage stamp. These bore the sword-and-hammer badge of the Black Front and some such legend as 'The Black Front will oust Hitler'. One of them is reproduced below. These were pasted all over Germany - on doors, walls, windows, trains, trams, pavements, hoardings, National Socialist Party offices, Brown Shirt headquarters, military barracks and the like. It was so simple to hold one in the palm of the hand and swiftly stick it on in passing that it was almost impossible to catch the distributors of these stamps, which sometimes appeared in the most unexpected places - for instance, on the desks of Nazi leaders and the like.



At the beginning of March 1934, the shadow of the Gestapo fell across Strasser's path again. He gave a lecture on National Socialism at Prague University, which was widely reported, and the next day received the visit of a well-dressed Dutch gentleman, one Mr. Frank, who in faulty German,

interspersed with Dutch and English words expressed his admiration of the lecture and offered Strasser, on behalf of an 'American anti-Nazi organization' which he did not name, his financial support. He was accompanied -- this is a particularly interesting example of the ingenuity of Gestapo methods -- by a Jewish lawyer of Prague, Dr. Soundso, to whose sister he was said to be engaged. The use of Jewish agents by the Gestapo is a chapter to itself, and one of the most interesting, in that dark story.

Mr. Frank offered, without any conditions, to pay for five thousand copies of each number of Otto Strasser's weekly paper, which was being smuggled into Germany in the manner I have described, for a period of three months, in token of his sympathy with the cause; the genuineness of this sympathy was subtly underlined by the presence of his Jewish friend. The money was paid on the spot. (At the end of this episode, Otto Strasser was thus the richer by some 60,000 Czech crowns of Gestapo money, which had gone to swell the floods of anti-Hitlerist propaganda that was crossing the frontier, and this is his happiest memory of the one-man-war.)

At the end of the three months Mr. Frank appeared in Prague again, with a pressing invitation to Strasser to come to Paris and there meet Mr. Frank's 'chief', in the middle of June 1934. In the meantime Strasser had asked the Prague police about both Mr. Frank and his Jewish lawyer, and been told that nothing was known of Mr. Frank save that he had a good *British* passport, while the Jewish faith of his companion, Dr. Soundso, seemed to speak for Mr. Frank's good faith.

On this, Strasser went to Paris, and met Mr. Frank, who said that his 'chief' had unfortunately had to go to Saarbrücken (in the Saar Territory, not at that time reunited with Germany) to meet Konrad Heiden (the anti-Hitlerist writer) and would await Strasser there. This seemed plausible, for Heiden lived there and an anti-Hitler-Chief might well desire to meet him.

So Strasser agreed to go to Saarbrücken, but without telling Mr. Frank that he knew Konrad Heiden well; on arrival he visited that writer and learned that he had never heard of Mr. Frank, of the anti-Hitler organization, or of his 'chief'. Strasser then went on to keep his appointment with Mr. Frank, but, having been made suspicious, he noticed with still greater suspicion that between twenty and thirty SS men, whom his expert eye at once recognized by their high boots, their husky appearance, and their general behaviour, were standing about before the hotel. He was made still further suspicious by the manner of Mr. Frank, who was in a state of extreme nervousness, and continually left the room 'to telephone', although the room had a telephone. The fact that the German frontier was but ten minutes distant recurred forcibly to Strasser at this point, and the beauties of Saarbrücken, as the beauties of Austria on a former occasion, suddenly appeared stupendous to him.

He had to think quickly and find a way out of a trap. Telling Mr. Frank that he would gladly wait for the 'chief', who still had not appeared, but must first postpone a meeting which he had previously arranged, he left the room, disarming any suspicion on Mr. Frank's part by leaving his trunk behind. Then he walked calmly down the stairs, through the surprised SS men outside, and drove away in a taxi.

But Mr. Frank was persistent, and at the beginning of the next month, July 1934, appeared in Prague again and overwhelmed Strasser with reproaches for his desertion at Saarbrücken. He invited him forthwith to accompany him in a special aeroplane to London, and Strasser, with a broad smile, declined. On this Mr. Frank said: 'If you don't trust me, I am willing for your friend Dr. Hebrew to pilot the aeroplane'.

This was another most illuminating example of Gestapo methods. Dr. Hebrew, a qualified pilot, was another Jew, the son of the proprietor of a big store in the Leipzigerstrasse in Berlin. He was in

Prague as 'a fugitive from Hitlerist oppression' and had there met a school friend of his, one Franke, who was a collaborator with Strasser. By this means, he had come to know Strasser, who finds the Streicher-Stürmer form of anti-Semitism, as practised in Hitler's Germany, as stupid as it is repugnant, but in the Fourth Reich he dreams of would retain, in dignified form, measures of restriction against the excessive spread of Jewish influence. Dr. Hebrew had presented himself to Strasser as a violently resentful 'victim of Hitlerist persecution'.

Put a little off his guard, once more, by this apparent earnest of good faith -- for Dr. Hebrew seemed above suspicion in his anti-Hitlerism -- Strasser nevertheless telephoned the Chief of Police for an interview before making a decision. Dr. Hebrew overheard this telephone conversation, and when the police went to arrest Mr. Frank he was flown. Thereon Dr. Hebrew was arrested and the whole plot came to light. Mr. Frank (whose secretary was also arrested) was actually Dr. Wenzel Heindl, the head of the anti-Black Front section of the Gestapo. The abduction of Strasser at Saarbrücken had only failed through the potential victim's awakened suspicions.

The most interesting figure in this episode was that of Dr. Hebrew, who eventually confessed that he had been promised 'rehabilitation as an Aryan' for his part in the plot. On this bait, he bit. He was to have piloted the aeroplane, with Strasser and Mr. Frank in it, and to have landed in Germany. He received a long sentence of imprisonment from the Czechs, but afterwards became again a Gestapo agent and was last heard of in Copenhagen.

The sympathy which this type of man can claim, and usually enjoy, as a Jew, puts him among the most dangerous of Gestapo agents. Strasser, strangely, bears him no mortal illwill. But Strasser's hatreds are not quite clear to me. Although his war is against Hitler, his personal hatred is less for Hitler than for Göring, whom he regards as the murderer of his brother; Heydrich, the blond assistant of Heinrich Himmler, whom he believes to have been the actual gunman; and Goebbels in whom he sees the traitor who was chiefly responsible for the defeat of the Strassers in the struggle for the soul of the National Socialist Party.



GOEBBELS AND GÖERING

But the upshot of it all was that the Gestapo, once more, had Otto Strasser in its hands and let him slip through its fingers, and that he chortles to-day at the thought of those 60,000 Czech crowns.

Now came the most dramatic of all the acts in this vendetta of one man against a nation. It is a story that deserves a book or a play to itself.

A lonely inn, with a river flowing by. A lonely exile, fighting the men who outlawed him with the weapons of modern science. Avengers, with revolvers in their hands. The decoy, the beautiful

blonde - incredible, but she *was* blonde and most beautiful. The trap, the exchange of shots, the dying blonde and the dying exile. The startled, cowed innkeeper. The stampeding feet of the fugitive gunmen. The staunching of the blonde's blood in the river near by. The hurtling getaway in a fast motor car. The dash across the frontier.

Does it not all sound too bad to be true? And yet it all happened, just like that, the most fantastic thing in all this crazy Odyssey. This story, alone, justifies this whole book, if nothing else does. When I heard it, I had to write it. I cannot think why anybody can be bothered to read detective stories, when the world about us offers such things. Believe it or not, but I once knew a writer, a first-class writer, who was given a contract to write a series of short stories for a periodical read by masses of English people, and though he needed the money badly he had to send back the contract because his stories were required to conform to these rules, and this side of the grave he couldn't do it: 'They should be about pleasant likeable people; they should have plenty of action; they should tell of passion without sex; they should have a metropolitan setting; and remember that this magazine is much read at Eton and Harrow.'

Can you beat it? What sort of story fits into this frame? One about a castrated Don Juan dashing along Piccadilly with a Glamour Girl in a racing motor car and an old school tie, I suppose. And in a world where such things happen as the story I have now to tell! Listen to the story of Zahori - pronounced, if I may dangerously air my little knowledge, Zahorzi.

In the autumn of 1934, when Mr. Frank had withdrawn from the chase, the name of Otto Strasser's news paper, *The Secret Sender*, came true. He built secretly, and secretly operated, a Secret Sender.

At this present moment, when we are at war, this has become a commonplace. The Governments have millions to spend. From dozens of stations, every night, come voices, to which the Reich Germans eagerly listen, telling the tale of Hitler's crimes.

When I was in Paris, talking with Otto Strasser about this very book, the air was fouled every night by something called *Der Freiheitssender* - The Freedom Sender, or Liberty Radio. This dishonest fake pretended to be operating from within Germany. Every night you could hear the speaker telling how the Gestapo were close behind him, but to-morrow, no matter what the Gestapo did, he would pop up in Cologne, or in Hamburg, or in Breslau, or somewhere else. And anybody who cares to, and has not been in Germany, may believe this, if he be credulous enough. To anybody who knows Germany, and the closeness of the Gestapo net, the thing is farcical. Liberty Radio, when I was in Paris, was operating from Paris, and the Germans must have laughed themselves into fits when they heard it.

But for one man, poor, hunted and friendless, in 1934, to build and operate a Secret Sender, only a few miles from the borders of the Reich itself - that was a feat, if you like. This was the first Secret Sender, and the only Secret Sender that ever deserved the name, for it was operated by real men who risked their lives, as one of them lost his life, not by cosmopolitan buffoons working in the safety of a distant capital.

This was the greatest achievement of Otto Strasser in his one-man-war against Hitler. It was not his own achievement alone; it was only made possible by the skill of another brave man, Rudolf Formis, his close friend and one of the best radio engineers Germany ever had.

Formis, a small, dauntless man, did brilliant service with the Germans in Palestine in the World War (1914-18). He held a diploma for having built the first wireless reception apparatus ever used in Germany, and was the author of many inventions used by the German radio, particularly the short-wave radio, to-day.

His exceptional skill brought him to high office in the German radio organization, at last to the post of chief engineer for the Stuttgart Sender. In this post, he performed audacious exploits which made his name known throughout Germany. One of the earliest members of the Black Front, he demonstrated his contempt of Hitler, when Hitler became Chancellor, by cutting the cable during the transmission of an important speech of Hitler at Stuttgart. The entire Gestapo buzzed with feverish activity after this incident, but the culprit was never found. But when a series of 'technical defects' occurred during the transmission of Hitler's speeches from Stuttgart, Formis was dismissed and arrested. Luck enabled him to escape, and *his* crazy Odyssey began. It led him, by way of Austria, Turkey and Hungary, to his friend Otto Strasser in Prague. In Rudolf Formis, I commend you again to a German of the type that ought to be at the top in Germany; then, all might be well.

The result of this reunion in Prague was that in the autumn of 1934 Heinrich Himmler, the Gestapo chief, and his assistant Heydrich, an unusually handsome and revolting mass-murderer, called the senior officials of the Gestapo together and told them that The Black Front Sender, which for some time past had been dinning hatred of Hitler into the ears of millions of enchanted Germans, must at all costs be found and destroyed.

This was Formis's work. He had given Strasser the idea of a 'radio-war' against Hitler, and planned it in detail. The main obstacle was the want of money. The Black Front was a purely German organization, without the normal, usually Jewish, sources of financial support which are open to all other, internationally-affiliated, anti-Hitlerist organizations. But somehow these two men managed to smuggle funds from their friends in Germany, in spite of the stringent German supervision, and the work began.

The most important thing was the choice of a site for the Sender. It had to be technically suitable, for transmissions, and yet secret - secret from the Czech authorities, secret from the Gestapo. At last, Strasser and Formis found, about forty miles south-west of Prague, in the valley of the Moldau, that river which in such beauty runs through Prague itself, a lonely weekend inn, bearing the lovely name of Zahori. 'Behind the hills!' It was ideal. The owner did not bother himself overmuch with the strange activities of his new, and permanent, guests. He was a good Czech patriot, anyway; he died, afterwards. Autumn was taking all his other guests away; the valley grew chill. The spot was ideally lonely; or rather, that fatal loneliness then seemed ideal.

In this secluded spot, Rudolf Formis, German officer, patriot and anti-Hitlerist, built his Secret Sender. It was, as experts tell me, a technical marvel, and is -- or at any rate was, until Hitler invaded Prague and I left Prague -- one of the chief exhibits of the Czechoslovak Postal Museum. It was something entirely new. From this Sender, the news and views of The Black Front were delivered three times daily, in three transmissions of an hour each, into the heart of Hitlerist Germany. The Sender was cunningly built into the rafters of the loft of the little inn; in Formis's bedroom, only the microphone was to be seen. He could lie abed and open his heart to his fellow-Germans.

Neither Strasser nor Formis, after all they had been through, could have forgotten the danger they were in, or have gone in a sense of false security. They knew that their lives were at stake. And nevertheless - the Gestapo found them and struck. The real culprit, as Otto Strasser says, was their chronic need of money, which harassed and hampered them at every move. Formis went armed, and whenever the monetary position allowed, an armed companion went out to Zahori to stay with him, but that was seldom, and Strasser had to be in Prague.

Strasser's opinion is that the second armed companion would have saved Formis. My own opinion is that even the second armed companion, if he had been there, might not have saved Formis. These

beautiful blondes! But perhaps I am wrong. Indeed, on second thoughts I think I am. What a tragedy.

On January 16th, 1935, Strasser was at Zahori, and saw Formis for the last time. He brought him new gramophone records of recorded speeches to the German people; these were changed every month.

He also asked Formis if he had noticed anything suspicious. Formis answered that on the previous day, January 15th, a German couple, a pair of lovers, had been there, one Hans Müller, a business man from Kiel, and one Edith Kersbach, who was a games-teacher from Berlin and an exceptionally beautiful girl with golden hair.

Strasser immediately told Formis that he 'didn't like the sound of it', and advised him to have the innkeeper ask the police to check their papers and have a look at them. But Formis said he thought them to have been 'nice, harmless people'.

Consider that, 'nice, harmless people'. Is it not strange that a man who has knocked about the world, and fought in Palestine, who has learned about women from 'er in this country and that, and who knows that the Gestapo is close behind him and is merciless, is it not strange that such a man should be immediately blinded and bereft of all his senses and all his caution, and despoiled of his very life, by some nitwit of a blonde who comes along and smiles challengingly at him and allows her hand artlessly to rest a moment on his arm and her thigh to rub against his and has cold murder in her heart for a man she has never seen before and is saying by signs to some other man, this is the man you want, go on, kill him, all probably because she likes some other, third man - ugh, these lice. But happily, she paid.

Because Formis did not tell Strasser -- perhaps he had forgotten it, or perhaps he held it to be unimportant, or maybe he did not want Strasser to think that he had looked upon the blonde and lo, she was good -- that on the day before she had pretended to be cross with her lover, and had snuggled up to Formis, and said 'Let's be photographed together and make this grumpy fellow jealous'. Whereon Formis and the blonde were photographed together, arm-in-arm, by the smiling, attentive waiter, and the next day, as was later ascertained, the grumpy Hans Müller flew to Berlin with the photograph to make sure that Formis was the right man, and the Gestapo examined the picture and said, 'Yes, this is the man we want, go on, get him'.

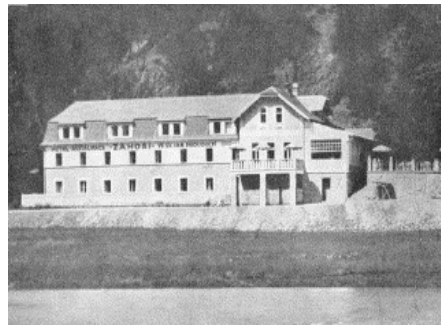
(You may be wondering how the Gestapo knew where to look and whom to seek. It is simple. The good Dr. Hebrew, who had been promised 'rehabilitation as an Aryan', told them.)

So Hans Müller of the Gestapo, accompanied now by a friend, whose passport-name was Gerhard Schubert, also of the Gestapo, took aeroplane back to Prague, and with the beautiful Edith the three -- this was also subsequently ascertained -- had a gay time in the bars of Prague, and this is only just, because Edith's gay life was to be a short one. On January 21st they stayed the night at Stechovice, not far from Zahori, and had their fast Mercedes car overhauled, and then they were all set.

On January 23rd, Edith and her Hans Müller returned to Zahori. They were received with cautious reserve by the innkeeper and Rudolf Formis, who had been put on his guard, but not enough -- this was the father and mother of all blondes -- by Strasser.

It was late. Neither the innkeeper nor the local police had a telephone, so that the police check-up recommended by Strasser could not take place that night. It would not have yielded much result, anyway; the passports of these three were as good as platinum.

Hans Müller, moreover, was *terribly* tired and had a *terrible* headache, and went immediately to bed. In the picture of the hotel, reproduced below, you will see the layout. His bedroom, which was also that of Edith, was on the first floor; two doors beyond it was Formis's room.



THE INN AT ZAHORI

*The first floor window half hidden behind the left-hand umbrella is that of the room occupied by EDITH KERSBACH; from it she was carried, dying, down the rope ladder by her accomplices. The window beneath the letter 'N' is that of the room occupied by FORMIS. The Secret Sender was built into the loft at the extreme left. In the foreground runs the River Moldau.*

Formis and Edith remained together in the *Gastzimmer*, or sitting-room, for an hour and a half after Müller went to bed. Edith now unburdened herself, told the whole tale of her lovelornness, of the brutality of her lover.

She did not know she was about to die, this strumpet, and she played a marvellous part. The artless pat on the hand; the accidental touch; the lingering glance. At 9.30 in the evening, when the innkeeper and his family made their way to their rooms in the far wing of the hotel, Edith and Formis sat together, the best of friends.

Nevertheless, I think Formis may have been latently suspicious, that his inner man may instinctively have distrusted the whole pantomime, but perhaps he belonged to those men who simply cannot bring themselves to box such a woman's ears. Anyway, at 10 o'clock they rose to go to bed and went upstairs, along the corridor, where Edith and her lover had room Number Three, and Formis the room two doors farther on, Number Seven.

Only Hans Müller and Gerhard Schubert know exactly what happened then; they were inside Room Number Three.

I have studied the layout and the details that are known very closely, and I think that Edith, who held one of Formis's hands in hers, opened the door of her room, as if to say good-night to him, and then tried to pull him in with her.

His latent suspicions awoke and he drew back. She drove her claws into him and tried to *drag* him in; the lacerations of the she-cat were found carved deep in his wrist.

And then - did he manage to draw his revolver and shoot her, or did she get one of the bullets that were meant for him? That we shall never know, unless Hans Müller or Gerhard Schubert speaks, and that is not likely.



Anyway, about 10 o'clock the obliging waiter, who slept in the basement, was awakened by the noise of many revolver shots. As he rushed upstairs, he was confronted by an unknown man with a revolver in each hand. He fell back, down the stairs, but first he saw Hans Müller dragging the body of Formis along the corridor to Room Number Seven, heard Edith herself screaming in mortal anguish. The unknown man (who was Schubert) drove the waiter and the chambermaid, who had also appeared, in curl-papers, on the scene, down the stairs and into the basement, where he locked the door on them. There, shut in, they heard further bangs and noises, but were too frightened to move. The inn-keeper and his family, in the far wing, neither saw nor heard anything of what was afoot.

Later, as rolling black smoke filled the basement, the captives, in fear of suffocation, broke out through the window and awakened the innkeeper. With the waiter, he rushed through this nightmare inn to the place of the tragedy. In Room Number Seven they found the petrol-soaked body of Formis, with two incendiary bombs, which had been prevented by the masses of smoke from taking full effect; they had only smoked and smouldered, not burst into flame. The microphone had been smashed to pieces by the murderers, but the Secret Sender itself, concealed in the loft, they never found.

A strange scene, now, in the chill and lonely valley. Clouds of smoke pouring from the inn. The waiter, rushing along the dark road to the nearest village. A sleepy and bemused village policeman, rushing back along the dark road to the lonely inn. Telephone calls from the village post office to Prague. Endless delays, before the police of the nearest town, the police at the frontier, could be reached. Meanwhile, the Mercedes car dashed through the night, dashed through the frontier posts without stopping. After that, the Czech frontier police always kept the barriers down - but only after that.

They found, the next day, a rope-ladder hanging from the window of Edith's room. That was how the unknown gunman, Gerhard Schubert, got in. They found, in Formis's head, a bullet, and in his chest two more. They found that petrol had been poured over his body, but had not caught fire. They found blood on the rope-ladder. The two gunmen had lowered Edith that way. In the river that runs past the little inn they washed her wounds; the bloodstained handkerchief was found there.

By a strange chance, the racing Mercedes was stopped in the township of Lobositz at one o'clock in the morning, because of its excessive speed. The driver's papers were in order, and it was allowed to go. The policeman Boehm says that it only had two occupants, the two men who sat in the front seats. In the back seat was 'a mound of rugs and coats'. That was Edith.

Later inquiries revealed that the Mercedes car crossed the German frontier between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning. In the Saxon township of Königsstein the two men brought Edith to a hospital. The doctors examined her and told them that she must be taken to Dresden immediately, for an operation. On the way there she died. (All these facts were established through Otto Strasser's subterranean channels of information.)

I apologize to all good strumpets for calling her a strumpet. I have a large vocabulary, but find no word in it for this - for Edith Kersbach, who was young, fair-haired, lovely, and a sports-mistress.

Müller and Schubert received the award of 10,000 marks which the Gestapo had put on Formis's head (as Otto Strasser's informants in Germany reported to him) and have a high place on the list of people with whom scores have to be settled when Hitler's regime is overthrown.

The methods of the German propaganda and Gestapo machine in this exploit are interesting to study. Just as Hitler's invasions and annexations were always heralded by a great press campaign of

complaint about the provocation offered by the country to be attacked, whether it was called Austria, Czechoslovakia, or Poland, so was this killing of one man in another country first announced with the usual plaint about intolerable provocation, in the German press.

The passion of the German mind for self-justification-in-advance, whether the potential victim be a State or an individual, is ineradicable. It is strange that Otto Strasser and Rudolf Formis, who were Germans themselves and knew the men and the methods they had to fear, did not hear the warning bell in that violent attack on Strasser and his 'intolerable Secret Sender' which appeared in the *Völkischer Beobachter* on January 12th, 1935 - the day before the murderers crossed the frontier in search of Formis!

Though the number of the Mercedes car, with full details of its occupants and their papers, was given, the German Government blandly answered that it had never heard of such a car, of such persons, or of such passports and triptychs, and when the Czechoslovak Government renewed its formal protests, the reply was that all research had been fruitless; no trace whatever of such a car, or of the passengers supposed to have travelled in it, could be found.

But four and a half years later, when the present war had begun and the Munich bomb explosion occurred, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, in accusing Otto Strasser and the British Intelligence Service of causing this, stated that his Secret Sender 'was destroyed on January 26th, 1935, by two SS leaders in execution of their orders'.

Actually, the Sender was not destroyed, but confiscated by the Czech police. Otto Strasser lost in Formis one of his most valuable and valorous helpers, as well as a weapon against Hitler which had become the talk of Germany.

Although the Gestapo had once more failed to kill him, it had dealt him a heavy blow, and Formis was also one of his closest personal friends. In the picture below, you see Otto Strasser, and another Black Front man, at Formis's grave.



OTTO STRASSER (right) AT THE GRAVE OF RUDOLF FORMIS

Once again, he had to start the one-man-war from the beginning. The episodes of Dr. Pollack and Dr. Hebrew had shown him that no man was to be trusted, the murder of Formis had proved how close the Gestapo still were behind him.

In Prague, the German Minister repeatedly inquired of the Czechoslovak Government 'when Dr. Otto Strasser is to be tried for operating a Secret Sender'; the harassed Prague Government, too, was paying for the hospitality it had given such refugees-from-Hitlerist-tyranny as Dr. Hebrew.

On January 6th, 1936, Strasser was duly sentenced to four months hard labour, without alleviating circumstances. The sentence was confirmed on appeal. It was never served, because under Czech law, if a plea for the quashing of a sentence were lodged on some legal grounds, the highest authority in the State had to confirm or quash it. The law, however, apparently laid down no time-limit for such a decision, and President Edouard Benesh just put the document back in his 'Pending' file each time it was put before him.

Two Czechoslovak years remained to Strasser and he used them to the full. He continued to publish his paper, until the hard-pressed Czechoslovak Government suppressed it. He continued the leaflet-war across the frontier. Unfortunately, some of the most stirring episodes of the one-man-war in this field cannot yet be told; this would imperil the lives of men who still live. Some were caught, brought before the People's Court and sentenced to death. Some were killed. Exploits were planned and carried out which still cannot be recounted.

Strasser spared neither his nerves, his strength, nor his affections; he used them all unsparingly, as a man should, and remained in spite of everything a merry fellow, a citizen of the world, a good German, a good European, and a Revolutionary Socialist.

Then came Munich and the British ultimatum to the Czechoslovaks to surrender to the German demands. Once again, the pursuers reached out a hand that nearly touched Strasser's shoulder. If he had stayed in Czechoslovakia after that, he would six months later have been caught like a rat in a trap, on that day, March 15th, 1939, when Hitler's armies closed in on Prague from all sides; even destiny would have needed to rack its brains to get him out of that. So, while those armies were taking their first slice of Czechoslovakia -- the Sudetenland -- he took an aeroplane, together with Wenzel Jaksch, the Sudeten-German Socialist leader, and flew away, over their heads.

In the country he left behind him, the tragedy of Zahori continued. It was not finished, is not yet finished. Formis's life was not the only life that was destroyed by it. The innkeeper, already a sick man, had his death hastened by the events of that January night and the days that followed it. His wife and daughter came to Prague and leased a little inn there. When Hitler arrived, the Gestapo sought them out. The daughter, a good friend and admirer of Strasser, was put in a concentration camp. A bomb was planted in the inn.

Otto Strasser, now in almost-penury, found quarters, with his wife and children, in a little hamlet, Herrliberg, near Zürich. The German frontier was not much more than a stone's throw away, and this, again, impressed the beauties of Switzerland on his mind. Here he had, from respect for Swiss hospitality, to curtail operations in his one-man-war, though his friends in Germany continued to smuggle news and reports out to him; but the war was continued on a small scale from Copenhagen, where one of his chief helpers held the strings of the Black Front together, and issued orders to the Black Front in Germany.

From Switzerland, Otto Strasser tried vainly to get to France or England. None would have him. The 'refugees from Hitlerist oppression' were admitted and petted in thousands, everywhere. For a man like this, the doors were closed. Here was 'a Red', a man who was 'too anti-Hitler'. None would ever have dreamed of describing this man as 'a victim of persecution'. He was this, though it would never occur to him to think of himself in such terms; he is, as I say, a man.

The war came and, a few weeks after its beginning, on November 8th, 1939, when the anniversary of that first Hitlerist Putsch of 1923 was being celebrated, according to tradition, by the Old Guard of National Socialism in the Bürgerbräukeller at Munich, the bomb exploded which was either meant to kill Hitler or, like the Reichstag Fire, was the act of his own men, a new blood-curdler for the German masses, who simply cannot live without the feeling that they are being encircled and

plotted against by secret and sinister foes. Like Tartarin of Tarascon, the Germans love to feel that 'they' are lurking in the shadows, waiting to spring.

Within a few hours of the bomb explosion the German police informed the Swiss authorities that Otto Strasser was the organizer of the plot (Himmler's statement issued on November 21st said that Georg Elser, the man arrested for complicity in the night of November 8th-9th, only 'confessed', and incriminated Strasser, after six days of obstinate denials, namely, on November 14th; but he apparently knew on November 9th what Elser would admit a week later.)

As I write, no light whatever has been cast on this dark affair. The German Secret Police announced that the culprits were: Georg Elser, the completely unknown individual arrested in Munich; Otto Strasser, the instigator and instrument of 'the British Secret Service'; and the 'British Secret Service' itself, which was described as having given Strasser the order to prepare the bomb explosion and the money for it; two British consular officials serving in Holland, Messrs. Richard Henry Stevens and Sigismund Payne Best, were on the day after the Munich explosion, November 9th, 1939, enticed to the German-Dutch frontier, there kidnapped by Gestapo agents, and held captive. They, Elser and Strasser were announced to be the accused men in a coming Munich Bomb Trial.

As a student of the Reichstag Fire Trial, which ended in a farce, I may draw attention to the extraordinary resemblance between that mock-trial and the Munich Bomb Trial which the German Government contemplated; whether it will actually be held, remains to be seen. In the Reichstag Fire Trial the half-witted Dutch vagrant, van der Lubbe, was the actual incendiary; in this case another equally obscure individual, Georg Elser, is supposed to have been the actual bomb-layer. In the Reichstag Fire Trail, Ernst Torgler, the German Communist Parliamentary leader, was supposed to be the German instrument of the malignant foreign foe that sought to destroy Germany - International Bolshevism. In this case, Otto Strasser is supposed to be the German instrument of the malignant foreign foe - Britain, bent on the destruction of Germany, and the British Secret Service. In the Reichstag Fire Trial, three Bulgarian Communist exiles, who chanced to be in Berlin at the time and had been earmarked for the part, were put in the dock as the actual, foreign-born representatives of the malignant foreign foe - Bolshevism. In this case, Messrs. Stevens and Best appear as the foreign-born representatives of the malignant foreign foe - Britain.

It is an extraordinary mentality, which runs in a rut. It is cunning up to a point, and childish after that point. Just as Germany, in the murder of Formis, used precisely the same method as in the invasion of Czechoslovakia, so is the same old bogymen fairytale being used for the Munich bomb plot.

I ought to add that I do not believe the Munich Bomb Trial will be held. After the farcical end of the Reichstag Fire Trial, which ordered the beheading of a mental deficient and had to acquit the other four men, because the possibility that world publicity would enable them to play the anti-Nazi trick of proving innocence had been entirely overlooked, no great mock-trial was ever again held in Germany. Instead, the People's Court, with a majority of officers, Storm Troop commanders, and high Secret Police officials among the judges, was formed, and such trials were held in secret, so that the trick of proving innocence could no longer be worked. This was much more satisfactory. I cannot believe, after that experience, that the Germans will again make themselves a laughing stock by staging another such judicial comedy.

But the Munich bomb itself remains a mystery. Otto Strasser has regretfully to deny all knowledge of a bomb which he would probably have liked to plant.

I happen to know, as I was in loose communication with him at the time about the then vague project of this book, that his financial circumstances were desperate; nobody, least of all the British Secret Service, showed any anxiety to relieve them. I know also that he had repeatedly been refused permission to come to England, and though no reason was given, it is most probable that this was withheld in the desire to avoid offending that German Government, and particularly its Führer, whose desire for peace remained until the end the incorrigible illusion of our own leaders. It is another illuminating commentary on our arrangements and our times that such a man should be implacably denied admission to England at a time when undesirables in thousands have been let through, welcomed, and even given preferential treatment over the native-born citizens.

Strasser is himself convinced that the bomb was planted by the Nazis themselves, from the same motive that led them to fire the Reichstag - to give the German people visible proof of the existence and implacable hatred of that malignant foe whom they accused of beginning the war, Britain.

The kidnapping of the two British officials is a very strange affair indeed. In its planning and execution it exactly follows the familiar methods of the Gestapo, as I have shown them in the repeated attempts to capture Strasser and in the killing of Formis. But one aspect of it is most important.

The two men, as our own authorities stated, were enticed to the frontier by the proposal of peace-parleys, put forward in the name of some important personage or group of personages in Germany. This tallies so closely with the devices used to disarm Strasser's suspicions (for instance, the offer of financial and other support in his anti-Hitlerist campaign) that I am convinced it was a Gestapo trick. A second, though less likely possibility, however, is that there *was* a peace offer, of which the Gestapo got wind and which they intercepted. In that case, the point of engrossing interest would be - who was the man in Germany who wanted to talk peace?

But I do not believe in this theory. All the details about former abductions point to my first explanation. In that case, the authorship of the Munich bomb explosion is clear to see. It was the work of the Gestapo, who timed the abduction of the two British officials for the very next day: they were to play the part of culprits.

For Strasser, the clutch of the Gestapo loomed murderously near, again, when the Munich bomb exploded. He was but a mile or two from the German frontier. War was in progress. The Gestapo had chosen him for the fourth man-in-the-dock, was demanding his extradition. By methods which I cannot yet describe, he succeeded, in this moment of danger, in breaking through the French refusal to have him in France. He obtained permission to go there, and in the twinkling of an eye he put Switzerland behind him and crossed yet another frontier.

He came to Paris, convinced that the end of Hitler's regime was now approaching, that the time for him to return to Germany and build his Fourth Reich was now drawing near. He had a very modest lodging, and few weapons with which to resume the one-man-war and conquer. But, bursting with energy, as ever, he set to work; wrote; negotiated; interviewed and was interviewed; tried to invigorate other men among the exiles in whom he had some faith, to form a German National Council, as a kind of shadow-government for The Day; and even found time to exercise his affections, which he never neglected. As I say, a man of enormous energy and unflagging enthusiasm.

In those circumstances, I met him. He had a crazy Odyssey behind him - well worthy of our Insanity Fair.

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## Chapter Nine

### NEMESIS IN THE SHADOWS

In the spring of 1939, Otto Strasser, in his Swiss retreat, felt the imminence of the war he had foretold for many years as the inevitable result of Hitler's abandonment of a social policy for a militarist one. For the second time in his life, he felt, the starting-gun was about to sound. The first war found him a young man, burning to be first in the field, then shattered his scheme of things about him and left him floundering in chaos. The second war would find him an exile and outlaw, with a price on his head; but he felt, too, that it would bring him homecoming, and the belated fulfilment of his dreams for Germany.

So he set about, in that spring of 1939, to overhaul his secret organization within Germany as best he could through his headquarters in Copenhagen, to instruct those waiting shadows what they should do and how they should act when war came. The order was 'Clear decks for action'; but the captain was on a distant shore, and the crew were stowaways.

In this book, I have not been able to give more than a hint, here and there, of the kind of man, in Germany, who is pledged to Otto Strasser, but I know some of their names, and I have seen letters from others, and can say that one day, if the enemies of Germany are skilful in their handling of this war, Hitler and his henchmen may receive a most unpleasant shock.

Now the moment has come, I think, to show in these pages how the Black Front worked, when the threat of war came near.

In Great Britain, the public was completely confused until the last moment. Many people felt intuitively, perhaps, that war was coming, but did not understand why or *know* that it would inevitably come. This was because the public was misled or misinformed by those whose duty it is to lead and inform it - the government and the press. One newspaper until the last moment repeated, moron-like, 'There will be no war in which Britain will be involved this year, some time, any time, ever'; to-day it could better prophesy that there will be no peace in which Britain will be involved this year or next, but it does not say that. At least two other newspapers kept up the same lunatic chorus until war actually came. Orgies of ostrichism, of wishbone politics, were celebrated.

This was unnecessary, unpatriotic and mendacious. The men whose business it was to study politics knew, or should have known, long before how events would move. To show this, I am going to quote at length the Order-of-the-day which Otto Strasser, from exile, issued to his Black Front, inside Germany, long before war broke out.

The war began, or began for this country, on September 3rd, 1939, and ever since then the people of this country, misinformed now as they were before it began, have been shaking their heads and saying they couldn't understand this war at all. At the beginning of May 1939, four months before the war began, Otto Strasser issued this order to his men:

'The course of events since March 15th, 1939 [when Prague was invaded] shows clearly that our old forecast, "Hitler means war", is rapidly approaching realization. Important signs, particularly the question of food supplies, suggest that the war will not break out until the late summer; an earlier or later moment is possible, but this is irrelevant to the main development.

'As far as it is possible to foresee the course of such a war, it seems likely to be a defensive war in the West and an offensive one in the East; in other words, it will be waged against England and

France only at sea and in the air, but against Poland on land. Contrary to Polish hopes, it may be confidently anticipated that the German attack in the east will be rapidly successful and that the Poles, possibly after heavy fighting and loss of life on both sides, will within six or eight weeks be pushed back behind the line which in the World War for years formed the German Eastern Front, and which probably satisfies the military and political aims of Berlin to-day. The air war, on the other hand, may lead to heavy losses for Germany and a rapid decline in the strength and efficiency of the German air arm, whereas the Western Powers, partly through American help, will be able currently to make good their losses. With the end of the Polish campaign, therefore, the situation of Germany in the air would have changed to the sensible disadvantage of Germany, and this would be of the greatest importance for the further development.'

The last two sentences contain one of Otto Strasser's few miscalculations in this remarkable order. He assumed immediately -- as Ribbentrop is said not to have believed -- that Britain and France would at once go to the help of Poland, but he further assumed, from that, that they would help Poland in the only way they could - by attacking Germany from the air. This, he foresaw, would cause the German air force heavy losses, and the further development of the war would be affected by such a deterioration in her air position. Actually, Britain and France, though they declared war in support of Poland, delivered no attack at all from the air, and thus the end of the Polish campaign, from which the German air force emerged almost intact, left Germany in a better position, at that stage of the war, than Otto Strasser foresaw.

The order, issued in May, 1939, continues:

'Even if Italy should fight at Germany's side, it may confidently be anticipated that the French and British fleets will quickly secure complete mastery of the Mediterranean. With the collapse of Poland, a new political and military stage in the war will be reached. Hitler will have no more success than Ludendorff had in 1917 in obtaining the hoped-for separate peace, and will, whether he likes it or not, have to prepare for an attack against the West. Whether he try the direct attack on the Maginot Line, or his darling idea of a landing in England, or the indirect form of attack through the northern neutral States, or a combination of these, is unimportant. The decisive thing is that he can no more avoid the attack in the West, after the crushing of Poland (and possibly Rumania) than Ludendorff was able to avoid it after crushing Russia and Rumania, and that this attack is just as certainly doomed to failure.'

I am not sure, as is Strasser, that Hitler will make this great attack in the West. I always gathered, when I was in Germany, that the West Wall was built for a war of this very kind, a war in which Germany had neither been able to find mighty allies nor to separate Britain and France, and the idea was in that event to sit down behind the West Wall, with an intact army and air force, and wait for the Western Powers, if they wished, to come and beat Germany. Rather than attempt that, the Germans thought, they would be inclined sooner or later to make peace, which would leave Germany in possession of that mighty, and intact, army, and ready to start again on new conquests after a breathing space. But perhaps Strasser is right; we soon shall see, if we have not seen by the time this book appears.

His order continues:

'At this moment [namely, between the collapse of Poland and the attack on the West] our task moves from the preparatory to the acute stage: we must overthrow Hitler through a domestic revolution in Germany, in order to save Germany. The whole strategy of our campaign, from the first hour of the war onward, must be ruled by the principle: "Only the rapid overthrow of Hitler can save Germany from partitioning". For only if the German Army is still strong, and capable of carrying on a defensive war for years, will there be a chance that the growing desire to destroy

Germany can be thwarted. Our most urgent task is to spread understanding of this fact, by every possible means, in the German army, the National Socialist Party, and the German people.'

Proceeding with his order, Otto Strasser says:

'Our tactics must be governed by circumstances to some extent. The things to aim for are the early formation abroad of a German National Council, composed of men of various political parties "between Fascism and Bolshevism"; the groups of the Black Front in Germany must work with other enemies of the regime towards the common end of its overthrow, and they should also preach this doctrine: "Neither Fascism nor Bolshevism, but the alliance of army, workers and youth".

'Our first task is to overthrow Hitler, probably between the defeat of Poland and his attack against the West. We know that only the possession of a strong army can save us from a second Versailles. But alongside that intact army, our best weapon against an excessive lust for imperialist conquest will be the establishment of a German Socialism. This is essential to our self-preservation in post-Hitler Germany. It is important, too, in relation to the questions of Austria and the Sudetenland. The just solution, advocated by us, of free self-determination in these territories will be favourably influenced in our favour by a reshaping of the economic and political order in Germany. The world will be distrustful of us, and the argument we must use is: "Do not partition Germany and preserve Prussia, as you did before, but partition Prussia and preserve Germany". This would necessarily bring with it the breaking-up of the Prussian administration, the big Prussian estates, and the Prussian army, and also a Federal system in all branches of German life.

'We must be ready to reject an Entente dictate, even if we should by this action be excluded for the time being from power in Germany. The development of the social question in Germany and in other countries would even in that event soon produce a favourable situation for us.'

I have given lengthy quotations from this order, because it was issued so long before the war openly began and shows how clearly Otto Strasser and his followers saw the course of coming events. Men who are so well instructed need to be reckoned with.

For that reason I quote something of another document, not this time an order issued by Otto Strasser to his men, but a report on the situation in Germany made by his followers there and smuggled out to him. In its exact forecast of events, and in some of the other things it says, it is even more remarkable, and excellently well illustrates the interplay, between Strasser in exile and his men in Germany, which was kept up until the outbreak of war and still has not quite stopped.

This document knows nothing of the doubts which at the time -- July 28th, 1939, nearly five weeks before the outbreak of war -- racked the British press and Britain's representatives on the score of Hitler's intentions. Was he bluffing, or was he not bluffing? Would he seize Danzig, would he not seize Danzig? Would he stop there, would he not stop there? And all the old dreary litany of the years 1933-39.

It says that Hitler's determination to crush and partition Poland by one means or another, 'à la Munich, or by war', is unshakable. 'None who knows him and his policy can have the smallest doubt that he will in 1939 fulfil his solemn undertaking to incorporate Danzig in the Reich. It is quite certain that he will do this - because by this means he can begin the dissolution of Poland, which is an essential condition of his further foreign policy. The Munich method would of course suit him better; but if this should not be possible he is just as ready for the "little war" with Poland as for the "big war" with the Western Powers.'



The document then goes on to give a precise forecast of the course of the Polish campaign - a concentric attack by four German armies, planned to bring about a Polish collapse and to overrun Warsaw within three weeks. This would enable him, after fortifying his new frontier, to transfer the bulk of the German Army to the West. About the summer of 1940, says the author of this document, the inevitable 'great war' would begin with the lightning-like occupation of Rumania and Denmark, as sources of oil and food supplies, and with an attack on Holland.

'The domestic situation in Germany', says the document, will first show signs of movement at that point, and may rapidly develop in a manner likely to make it a decisive factor in the further course of the war. It is beyond doubt that the German people will at first support the Hitler regime in a war against Poland. Not only the feeling for Danzig and the antagonism to the Poles are responsible for this, but also the expectation that England will remain neutral. This expectation may be illusory, but it must not be forgotten that the speeches and actions of the Chamberlain Government have nourished such illusions until quite recently. The immediate intervention of England in the war would thus at first only lend new popularity to the old tune of perfidious Albion, though it would unquestionably give the German people a mighty jolt. But this shock would have really deep and lasting effects only if the British and French air fleets should bomb German towns. It is true that a people with good nerves and a good conscience is rather provoked into stubborn resistance than cowed by air attack, but it is equally sure that the effect on a people with exhausted nerves and a bad conscience must sow the seeds of panic. But the German people in 1939 has these exhausted nerves, and in its great majority has also a guilty conscience, because it has had to suppress its better instincts and knowledge for so long from fear of the government's terror. As long as tidings of victory come in, they will cancel out the hatred of the enemies of Hitlerism and the latent panic of the masses. But as soon as it becomes clear that an offensive war against the Western Powers impends, a revolutionary situation will immediately develop in Germany, which can only be aggravated by attempts to repress it. The fate of Hitler and the war, of peace, and of Europe depend on the use that is made of that revolutionary situation in Germany.'

This document, also, like Otto Strasser's order, assumes that the great offensive against the Western Powers must come, and I am doubtful of this. Everything would be much simpler if it would come.

But in all other respects these two documents, written so long before the war, seem to me most apt to this story. They show a revolution in the womb. It may be stillborn or it may be a lusty infant, but the embryo is there, and in these papers you see it. They show how clearly, and with what a small margin of error, these unknown men looked into Hitler's mind, into the future of Germany, and into the war, and made their plans accordingly. That is the way a Black Front works.

This is the way that Nemesis stealthily approaches from the shadows. In the story of Otto Strasser and his Black Front these two documents are vivid illustrations.

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## Chapter Ten

### FOURTH REICH?

I have told the story of a German, Otto Strasser, as far as he has lived it. It has taken him to penurious exile in Paris, but he has never ceased to struggle and has never counted the cost. His day may dawn soon.

Hitler's day is already closing. He becomes the prey of the historians; in the tranquillity of a later day they will be able soberly to examine him. For us, who still have our lives to live, he is already yesterday's news, though he will plague us a while yet.

He was the destroyer; as Otto Strasser says, his part in our times was a destructive one, and he has accomplished it. He has wrecked the lives and homes of millions and may yet wreck those of millions more.

But his course is nearly run, and for us, who live in these times, the important things are: what men will succeed him; what sort of Germany will follow his Germany; shall we at last be able to live at peace with that Germany; shall we at last be able to plan our future and live for our countries instead of being called on every so often by elderly gentlemen to die for them; and, above all, is there hope that a better social order will come out of this war, that the high hopes with which the 1914 generation went to war can yet be realized; or is the 1939 generation to be a lost generation, too?

The hopes of a better order, as I think, are still not good, unless new men and new ideals arise in the later stages of the war. At its beginnings, men see far less clearly than at the beginning of the last war, what they are fighting for. Mr. Chamberlain, in the course of his weekly statements about the war, has only once said anything that a plain man could bite on, and then he used four words of French: *Il faut en finir*.

That is true; that a man can understand; that is the thing our inner voices tell us; we must have done with this nightmare. But after that Mr. Chamberlain always spoke in English, and said of course we did not want to pull up 'the old frontier posts' (are those planted by Hitler after his four invasions 'old?'), that we did not want 'a vindictive peace', and so on, and in the midst of war we were at appeasement.

The awful danger looms ahead that after this war the process of deterioration in all the standards of truth and justice and humanity will continue further; that it will not be used to wipe out the real evils that grew up between 1933 and 1939 and to resume the onward-and-upward movement that came with the nineteenth century and would probably have continued unchecked but for the lamentable discovery of coal and the invention of the new form of slavery, machine-slavery.

This period of destruction, in which Hitler has played the biggest part yet, has been going on for thirty-five years. In all that time Europe has gone from crisis to crisis and from war to war: Morocco crisis, Tripoli war, Balkan crisis, Balkan wars, a World War which left half Europe in ruins, then revolution, anarchy, inflation, Putsches, and gradually more little wars, the Turco-Greek war, the Abyssinian war, the Rhineland crisis, the bloodless Austrian, Sudetenland and Prague wars, the Albanian war, the Polish war, and now, again, the big war.

If this continues, we shall have the 'Chinese conditions' in Europe that I wrote about in a memorandum of 1936; a war would come in Europe soon, if it were not prevented, I said, and this

war would either end in a quick victory for Germany or in a protracted struggle which would degenerate into a kind of Chinese chaos in Europe.

If we are to survive at all, we *must* get back to a stable and an honourable order in Europe, and we cannot do that without Germany. For this reason, the Germany that will come of this war is, once more and yet again, the key to our own lives. You cannot resume the march towards civilization by barbaric methods, as Hitler proclaimed, and as our many influential old wives, terrified of the Reds with whom he presently linked arms, longed to believe.

And this is the greatest danger, as I think, in this war; that our rulers, though disillusioned about Hitler, will seek to establish in Germany a regime of men as much like themselves as possible, without regard for the longing that exists in men's souls for a better, a juster and a stable order - a longing that in perpetual disappointment leads to desperation and anarchy.

This is the reason why I shiver when I see the figure of Göring advancing upstage. Göring means fire and sword - the Reichstag fire and the present war.

Men who used to think that Hitler was a boon to mankind, or at all events to mankind of their own particular class, are now turning their eyes on Göring. We ought really to have known better about Hitler, they think; was he not a housepainter? Now Göring - ah, that's a man, a sahib. What a pity he was not the Führer! Perhaps he will be yet.

So you read that the Marquess of Londonderry on January 14th, 1940, though he was now convinced of Hitler's 'unbalanced mind', has 'a fairly accurate appreciation of Göring's character'. And this appreciation is that 'Göring is loyal and dependable in a crisis. He is a real German; he could be cruel and ruthless and unscrupulous, but I would sooner deal with Field-Marshal Göring than any German that I have met.'

And so too with Sir Nevile Henderson, whose delusions about Hitler and Hitler's National Socialism ('this great social experiment') persisted long. He did not know Germany well when he became our Ambassador there, a year or two before the invasions began, and took long to learn. 'Göring may be a blackguard,' he said, in January 1940, 'but not a dirty blackguard.' The distinction may seem a fine one to people of simple thought. To subtler minds it contains a great difference. A blackguard is just a man who might murder his fellow-officers and their wives, put thousands of his fellow-countrymen in concentration camps, fire a Reichstag and the like - all black deeds, perhaps, but not dirty. A dirty blackguard is presumably a man who consorts with Bolshevism.

So there we have it, all over again, in the selfsame words. The same illusion; or else, the same wish-to-be-duped. The same danger to this country, to Europe, and to our common future. Göring, the Reichstag fire-man, the shoot-to-kill order man, the executioner of General Schleicher, Frau Schleicher, Gregor Strasser and countless other defenceless people; the secret-rearmament wizard; the man who in his first speech after this war began proclaimed that 'if my soldier's heart had its way I would show these *Engländer* that they can be beaten'. He is 'unscrupulous', but also 'loyal and dependable in a crisis'.

*Il faut en finir.* How? We shall never have done with this thing our livelong day, if this mentality continues to govern England. Göring is as bad for us, for Germany, for Europe as Hitler, or worse. A consolation of mine, as a writer, is that nine months before this war broke out, at Christmas 1938, I wrote for an American paper an article which said that, when it broke out, this Göring racket would soon follow. I kept the typescript by me, and it is becoming, as the Germans say, *aktuell*, or highly topical.

I mention this because I want to say, in time, that any deal with Göring would be disastrous for us. Göring, more than Hitler, has led us to our present pass. He was the man who told Reuter's correspondent in December 1934: 'English anxiety about a threat from the air is senseless, for Germany has not the technical means to attempt an air attack. Of course we have a few experimental machines, but to suggest that we have hundreds of military aeroplanes is ridiculous.' And in that very same month, December 1934, Mr. Baldwin stated: 'It is not the case that Germany is rapidly approaching equality with us. If Germany continues to execute her air programme without acceleration, and if we continue to carry out ours at the present approved rate, we estimate that we shall have in a year's time in Europe a margin -- in Europe alone -- of nearly 50 per cent'. And just twelve weeks later, on March 12th, 1935, Göring, whose secret air force had in the meantime reached the desired point of superiority, ironically told another British newspaper correspondent: 'German aerial rearmament is now completed and an independent Air Ministry has been set up under my leadership'. A few days after that, again, Hitler told Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden that the German air force was as strong as or stronger than the British forces throughout the British Empire.'

To trust this man, who derisively hoodwinked our leaders, to treat with him on the basis that he is loyal and trustworthy, would be to invite disaster. This is only one of the things about Göring that should make any British statesman shy like a startled foal at any idea of a deal with Göring. I recall this particular incident because the Habsburgs and Bourbons show us that some people never learn.

As long as ill-informed or obdurately unseeing men have a word to say in affairs in England, we are likely to lose this war; that is to say, we cannot now, short of some inconceivable blunder, lose it in the field, but we should lose the peace, again.

For this is the position as I write in February 1940:

We cannot -- failing that gigantic blunder -- lose this war in the field now, because (1) Germany failed to separate us from France, or France from us, and to attack each singly, and (2) because Germany did not find an ally whose military strength, added to her own, would have made a total great enough for the two to attack France and Britain together and overwhelm them both.

The ally with whom she might have done that -- and this was the reason why I so dreaded that our leaders would inveterately pursue the ignoble policy miscalled Appeasement until it brought Germany and Bolshevy together -- was Soviet Russia. But she needed to do it, if she intended to do it all, immediately at the outbreak of war. A full Nazi-Bolshevist military alliance, a joint offensive with the full strength of those two armies, would still be a terrible danger for us, but at the least we can say that we are, or should be, in a much better position to meet it than we were six months ago.

There are two dangers between which we have to steer. The first is that Germany be crushed so completely and reduced to such exhaustion and chaos that she collapse into Communism, and this danger is remote.

The other, and greater danger is that, dazzled by the prospect of Hitler's *personal* disappearance, and thus of being able to claim that they had 'ended Hitlerism', our rulers should make what, by the three-card-trick method, could be represented as a peace, with somebody in Germany who would be left in possession of an intact German army and air force.

The name of this danger is Göring, and it is a mortal danger. In the Reichstag fire and in the secret-rearmament hoax this man has given proof of the greatest cunning; in the shoot-to-kill order and the mass-murder of people he disliked on June 30th, 1934, he gave the proof of the most complete

ruthlessness; his eternal dream is to humble England; and he is quite ready to be bluff and hearty with any influential foreigners he wishes to dupe if bluntness and heartiness will help.

A middle way between these two dangers must be found if we are to be left any hope of peace after this war. A Göring mock-peace would mean more wars; a completely ruined, Communist or anarchic Germany might not mean war, but who wants a heap of ruins in the middle of Europe?

The third way is the best - to support the men in Germany who want to build something new and want peace, and to pave the way for them, somehow, by destroying the German faith in German invincibility and by making Germany feel what Germany has never yet felt - the rigours, within her own walls, of that war which she has carried in the last twenty-five years into the lands of Frenchmen, Britons, Belgians, Spaniards, Czechs, Rumanians, Serbs, Poles and Russians.

This is tremendously difficult now, because of those locust-eaten years, but if we are ever to reach peace in Europe it has to be done.

When this war ends, or perhaps before it ends, when it reaches a certain stage, the men who do not count to-day, whose names are hardly known, will return to their countries - the exiles. That happened in and after the last war. Some of them returned for *good*, but not for good; their works were evil.

Lenin and Trotsky were plague-carriers, sent to Russia by the Germans to promote their war-aims. They did their work, and achieved what seemed impossible; they created in Russia a far worse tyranny than that of the Tsars, which in retrospect to-day looks positively benevolent beside it. Benesh and Masaryk returned to Prague, and put democracy into actual practice; this was the one example in post-war Europe of a State which truly embodied some of the ideals for which the 1914-18 war was fought - by the men who *fought*. It was a great achievement. Pilsudski returned to Warsaw, and was less successful.

But all these men had one thing in common - they were, until they returned from their exile, less known in this country than the obscurest, bottom-of-the-bill music-hall comedian, the last outsider at Epsom, or the second reserve man of the Galashiels second eleven. Yet, they played a big part, and if even Britain's most highly educated men, who live in a state of amazement at the things that happen in Europe, had known anything about them, we need not have come to this war.

Now the time for the return of the exiles is approaching again. This time, the German exiles are most important, for us. That is the main reason why I have written this book about Otto Strasser, and about the Fourth Reich that he would like to build.

What would it mean to us? Could we work with it? Would it leave us in peace? Would it stand for peace? How would it compare with the Göring, Reich that threatens us? Would it offer us the hope that reason and justice and humanity and liberty, but not libertinism as in the Germany of 1918-33, would return to Europe?

The answer to this question, What will the next Germany be?, is at once the answer to the question, What will our future be?

Before considering it, Otto Strasser thinks that the outer world should essentially understand a vital factor that it overlooks - what he calls the *deutsche Sehnsucht*, or German yearning, for something that we will call, in order to give it a name in a few syllables, Socialism, although it is not fulfilled by the Socialism of the present-day Labour or Socialist parties in any country, or by the Socialism of Moscow.

This longing, this yearning, this impulse, he says, is ineradicably present in the souls of the great majority of Germans, and the several incidents I have described in previous chapters show the writhings of this soul in its search for it. It is the product of the hope universally born in the minds of humane and simple men, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for a better social order, for a fairer adjustment of their workaday lives and human relationships.

As yet, he says, the groups in power have always diverted this mighty impulse, at the moment when they thought it dangerous to their own especial position or wealth or influence, into the channel of War. The people wanted something, clamorously; then give them something else, to keep their minds occupied.

As this is the background to Otto Strasser's whole political thought and philosophy, and to his plans for a new Germany, it must be understood. It is not difficult to understand. Simply expressed, this was the development.

In the first decade of this century this *deutsche Sehnsucht*, this German longing, first expressed itself openly in the rapid growth of the Socialist Party, a phenomenon only eclipsed in history by the still more rapid growth of the National Socialist Party in 1930-33. 'The Kaiser', says Otto Strasser, 'had a mortal shock when, in 1913, a third of the seats in the Reichstag suddenly filled with Socialists. That was why he made the war of 1914. The people needed to have their thoughts turned to something else, and the only thing that serves that end, in such a moment, is the old device of a war of imperialist conquest.

'Thus the *deutsche Sehnsucht* was disappointed the first time. The Socialists fell into line, voted military credits, cheered the Kaiser. The *Sehnsucht*, the deep-rooted impulse, was left leaderless and bemused, like a flock of shepherdless sheep. In order to forethwart a revolution, the Hohenzollern monarchy made the war of 1914-18.'

The loss of that war reawakened the revolutionary feeling, the *Sehnsucht*. 'But the times were chaotic,' says Strasser, and this longing and feeling had a completely chaotic and turbulent character, akin to those of a young man or girl who wants something ardently but does not know what. On all hands were inward despair and disbelief and hopelessness; risings and Putsches; the collapse of confidence; the break-up of the old family order; the licentious exploitation of the young; recurrent financial scandals; the mushroom-like growth of monstrous industrialist concerns, trusts and syndicates; the destruction, through the inflation, of the middle-class and the small manufacturer; anarchist conditions in art; the murder of Ministers.'

But out of this chaos, the old *Sehnsucht*, the longing, gradually reappeared. The masses still did not see clearly the goal they groped for, but the great bulk of the people were revolutionary-minded. They wanted to be rid of all these pestilent things and to be given something new.

Now came Hitler, and gave a single direction to this revolutionary longing and impulse. Immediately, the old problem raised its head. Was this clamant urge, this social *Sehnsucht*, to be satisfied, or was it once again to be blindfolded and nose-led in the direction of War? Was all that pent-up hope and energy to be misused once more for the ends of war, in order to preserve the things which the *Sehnsucht* wished to destroy?

Hitler gave the answer. This, as I have fully shown, was the eternal and unbridgeable gap between him and Otto Strasser. Hitler never admitted what he had done, any more than the Kaiser did, but, after gaining power by promising to fulfil the social *Sehnsucht*, he gave Germany the stone of war.

People who study these things, and try to look with intelligence into the future, should constantly bear in mind that at Hitler's first election, after the Reichstag fire, the last election to give any indication of the political thought of the German people, that of March 5th, 1933, *eighty per cent of the entire electorate* voted for Socialist parties. In a house of 647 seats, 502 were held by parties which had promised the electorate, filled with that social *Sehnsucht*, Socialism: 288 National Socialists, 120 Socialists, 100 Communists. The National Socialists received 17,000,000, the Socialists 7,000,000 and the Communists 5,000,000 votes; all other parties, about 8,000,000 votes between them.

These figures clearly prove the truth of Otto Strasser's statement - that by 1933 the old social *Sehnsucht*, diverted to the outlet of war by the Kaiser in 1913, was far stronger and far more clamant than ever. It is important to understand this, because he believes that Germany is in the course of a revolution, as was England in the sixteenth and France in the eighteenth century, which must come to its consummation, and that the Kaiser, Hitler and the two diversions of the *Sehnsucht* are but incidents in a historical process which is inflexibly going on. The task of Europe now, he says, if Europe is to live, is to contrive, (1) that the *Sehnsucht* should not a third time be used, by Göring or another such man, to bring about war, and (2) to divert it from turning to Communism - and that is where he comes in.

Hitler did just what the Kaiser had done twenty years earlier - he diverted the stream from the social outlet it sought to the outlet of war. Under him, all the mighty energy of the German people was applied to that end, with a ruthlessness and single-mindedness that far outdid the Kaiser's. One of his closest collaborators, General Konstantin Hierl, Commander of the Labour Conscript Army, in his *Foundations of German Military Policy*, put the whole thing in the proverbial nutshell, and opened the nutshell for our benefit, in these words:

'The terribly pressing burden upon our people of being a people without space will have a continually worsening effect upon the lowest and economically weaker strata of the workers and peasants. Sometime, the flame of indignation will flare up from among these strata. Unless we want the revolutionary will to liberation of the lower strata to lead to an explosion, we must transform it into a driving-force for our national liberation.'

There you have the full confirmation of Otto Strasser's words, and the reason for this war. The thoughts of the German people must be turned from that social *Sehnsucht*, which might ensure peace and benefit mankind in general, and clamped on War. In this way the *Sehnsucht*, the revolutionary longing for a better social scheme of things in Germany, was for the second time turned aside and allowed to blow off steam on Spaniards, Poles, Czechs, Britons and Frenchmen.

But, says Otto Strasser, the *Sehnsucht* is still there, stronger than ever after this second three-card-trick. Soon, in the exhaustion and disillusionment of war, it will break out again, more clamant than ever. Are the militarists, the monarchists, then, to be helped back to power again, so that they can keep up this game for ever? Or, failing that, is Germany to be crushed completely, so that the *Sehnsucht* will find its outlet in Communism?

These are the two dangers he sees, and of the two, he thinks the first the greater and worse - because the Germans themselves can avert the second if they are allowed.

The end of the second stage in the German Revolution, the two stages of frustration and misuse is coming. 'Hitler', says Otto Strasser, 'made it the epoch of destruction and in that sense may have played an essential part. He introduced a medley of half-conceived ideas which he never carried through. The State of Germany was to be organized anew, on the basis of the old German tribal divisions, or *Gaue*. He has never done it. The State divisions remain, with Prussia dominant as

ever. The Reich Parliament and the various State Parliaments stand to-day as they stood when he came to power - empty shells, but still they stand, with their Cabinets, Ministers and deputies. The Reichstag, which meets once a year or less to be drilled by Sergeant-Major Göring, who tells the 800 SS men and Yes Yes men when to stand up, when to sit down, and when to go home, is larger than it ever was, and every one of these men draws a large salary. Göring even has a body called the 'Prussian State Council', formed six or seven years ago, the members of which draw the handsome sum of 1,000 marks a month for their services - and have never met! The same thing happened with the Church. The Evangelical and Catholic Churches were to be dethroned in favour of a national church, a German Christian Church, under a Reich Bishop. Some confusion was introduced in the Church at the beginning, and the militant Pastor Niemöller, who protested, was interned; but to-day the position of the two great Churches remains completely unchanged. The State pays large subventions to the one, collects taxes for the other, and has done both an enormous service by appearing to be antagonistic to them, for this has driven masses of people who before Hitler had stopped going to church into those very deserted temples. The same thing happened in every other department of German life. Germany to-day is in the condition of a half-ruined house of which the foundations still stand - the old State divisions, the old Reichstag and State Governments, and capitalism.'

The only things that were completely destroyed were liberty of thought, the organizations of the working-classes, and the hope, that *Sehnsucht*, for a better social order. The only things that were completely effected were rearmament, remilitarization and war. The entire strength of the nation was turned to forging swords, in the interest of armaments makers and those who grow rich through wars, and the war duly came.

'When Hitler goes', says Strasser, 'the period of destruction will come to an end. The *Sehnsucht* will break through for a third time, and this time it must be fulfilled, if Germany and Europe are to find peace.' For this reason, he sees the greatest present danger to Germany and Europe, not in Communism -- the old bogey which was used to bring about this war -- but in the efforts which are now being made behind the scenes to restore the old, war-obsessed militarism in Germany under some new name.

Strasser sees three possible endings to this war, and thinks the fate of Europe in this century rests upon the choice that is made between these three:

(1) A fight-to-a-finish which would after a long, long time lead to a revolution *from below* in Germany; that is a violent eruption of the old, reawakening *Sehnsucht* among the exhausted and tormented masses and - Soviet Germany. He does not think this likely.

(2) A deal behind-the-scenes between monarchists, leading financiers, and the old ruling-classes generally, led by such people as Göring and Schacht, and men of the same kind in other countries, for the abdication of Hitler, the enthronement of Göring or another of his kind and possibly the recall of the Hohenzollerns and Habsburgs. This he thinks more likely and fears greatly; in it, he sees the forcible repression of the old social *Sehnsucht* for a third time, the beginning of a new period of great wars, and a continuation of the Gadarene gallop in Europe.

(3) The overthrow of Hitler by men of civic and social conscience *inside* Germany who would not be the instruments of international capitalism, big business, monarchism and the rest. These men he sees in a part of the Army, a part of the National Socialist Party, and a part of the workers; in other words, the men of his own Black Front. This would in effect mean that the development which, was broken on January 30th, 1933, when Hitler decided for collaboration with big business and big landownership and against the Schleicher-Strasser-Leipart coalition, would be resumed, the threads



picked up and joined together where they were severed, the promise of a German Socialism fulfilled.

He hopes for this ending to the war, in which he sees the fulfilment of the *Sehnsucht*, and the promise of peace. He calls this the revolution *from above*, and when I asked him if he, as a good revolutionary, thought that revolutions could be made from above, he answered: 'In Germany, *only* from above.' I had to admit the truth of this.

These three ways out of the war are worth closer study. The first, Otto Strasser does not take very seriously, because of the detestation of the majority of Germans, who long for their Socialism, of Communism. He sees it only as a possibility of an anarchic but as yet distant future, and thinks that, before that time comes, the men in Germany who think as he thinks will have intervened to prevent it - unless they are tripped up by cosmopolitan intriguers before then.

The second possibility he does take very seriously, and I know enough about what is going on behind the scenes to know that he is right. One of the most depressing thoughts to-day is the thought of that preliminary peace conference which is in progress between all sorts of ancient aristocrats, Jewish politicians, international bankers and moneyed wire-pullers generally; most of them are in Paris, London, and New York, and the spectacle of these people, none of whom will ever hear a shot fired, playing about with the jigsaw puzzle of Europe again, and fitting in the pieces in the way they think best for their own particular rackets, does not augur well.

The time is coming when these groups may achieve the substitution of Göring or some other man for Hitler, and they would then present him to the world, after his previous consent to various plans of their own, as the man to end Hitlerism, the man to avert chaos, possibly as the man to restore Hohenzollernism, and, quite conceivably, as the man to save the world from Bolshevism. The isms would come into their own again, and the old dreary-go-round of regimentation, militarism and war would begin again.

This is the three-card-trick that Otto Strasser most fears. 'To say, "After Hitler, chaos" is nonsense', he says. 'Hitler *was* chaos, and the end of Hitler is an end to chaos. The world is in danger, from fear of the future, of falling back on the past, which it fought the first World War to vanquish - on the Hohenzollerns, the Habsburgs, Göring, the Prussian generals. This is wrong. The thing to do is boldly to face the future and build something new.'

'For that reason' -- continues Otto Strasser -- 'I should not propose a return to the past in anything, neither in the colonial question nor in anything else, but offer a constructive plan to build a new order. This war came out of the old war; and Hitler and all the other misery came out of that; so that recourse to the old is no cure, no solution, offers no promise of peace or security or tranquillity. A restoration of 1913 means a restoration of the first World War. At first sight it may seem an alluring idea, because easily-frightened people tend to turn to the devil that they know rather than the devil that they do not know. By means of force -- inside Germany the German Army, and outside Germany the Allied armies -- it might be possible to set up a new order of this kind in Germany. But it would not satisfy Germany domestically and it would not secure peace in Europe. For the new Kaiser or new ruler would mean a return to 1914, when the social *Sehnsucht* first became acute which now exists in far more acute form; and in order to turn the people's thoughts to other things this new Hohenzollern Germany would, once again, immediately revert to its imperialist policy - a big navy, colonies and all the rest. Similarly with the Habsburgs in South Germany. A Habsburg *cannot* renounce the Habsburg claim to Slovakia, Croatia, Galicia, Trieste, Lemberg. They have to sign on the dotted line in Budapest that they will never renounce these claims. Precisely because they had been installed after a lost or half-lost war, they would energetically defend themselves against the reproach, which their own people would level at them,

that they were Kaisers by the grace of London or Paris, and would immediately set about to prove how patriotic and imperialist they were - as they have always done. Any such manoeuvre would mean that the legacy of this war would be worse than that of the last. It would defeat the only end worth fighting for - a real pacification of Europe.'

These words of Strasser are true. I have lived long enough in the countries of the Hohenzollern and Habsburg monarchies to know that they are true. Whether anybody in this country can understand their truth, I do not know. I have just read a book in which a professed expert on foreign politics reproaches President Benesh of Czechoslovakia with his stupidity in opposing the restoration of the Austrian monarchy, and as long as Britain has a mighty word to say in the affairs of Europe, but remains at this level of knowledge of them, I cannot see clearly how peace can ever be assured in Europe.

These are Otto Strasser's arguments against a deal, with some man or group of men in Germany, of the kind which may threaten us before long. It might be on the basis of a monarchist restoration, or on that of a common front against Bolshevism, but no good could come of it, only more and more crises, more and more wars, a further deterioration in conditions everywhere. We should find that we had been tricked again.

What, then, is Otto Strasser's own conception of an ending to the war that would be good for Germany and good for Europe?

Quite frankly, and it is difficult for a German to admit this, he does not hope for much at all until Germany feels the pinch of hunger and the rigours of war. But when that stage has been reached, as I said, he believes that Hitler, and not only Hitler but the equally dangerous men around him, can be overthrown by a movement representing Germans in all camps - and his own Black Front alone has its men in *all* camps, save the Communist camp but including the Nazi camp.

The coalition which could have saved Germany and Europe on January 30th, 1933, but for those intrigues of Papen, Göring and the panic-stricken rich men, was one of the Reichswehr, the socially-minded National Socialists and the trade unionist workers; this coalition was represented by the three names, General Schleicher, Gregor Strasser, and Leipart. After eighteen months of Hitlerism, and of public disillusionment, this coalition became a practical possibility again, and was again crushed, this time by killing its leaders, by Göring and his associates. Now, in the midst of war, it is raising its head again; its name now is The Black Front. Its greatest enemy is still Göring - for Hitler is finished.

Otto Strasser believes that this time the sound solution will come true, that this combination of forces in Germany can and will rise to destroy Hitlerism and, at long last, really build a new Germany. But -- how well he knows his Germans -- to that end these men in Germany need a man over them, a word of command. And to that end again, the German National Council, formed among the exiles, is in his view essential. As yet, he has failed to form it. He is one man alone, he has not the powerful financial backing available to any man who will make himself the tool of interested groups, and these groups, as I said, which have their own especial interests and not those of Europe or Germany at heart, are at present much attracted by the person of Hermann Göring.

The German National Council which Strasser is seeking to form, so that the men in Germany who await the word should have some organized body to look to, ready to give orders and accept responsibility for them when Hitler's house showed signs of cracking, would be formed of men of the type I have so often described in this book, men of his own type, of the type of Gregor Strasser, Rudolf Formis, of the three Reichswehr lieutenants, of the members of the Black Front - men, that is, of patriotic, Christian, and Socialist feeling.

Men whom Otto Strasser would like to enlist in a German National Council, when the war has developed further, are, to quote a few names, Heinrich Brüning, the former German officer and Catholic Chancellor who fought and failed to keep Hitler out; Dr. Hermann Rauschning, Hitler's former President of the Senate in Danzig, a former officer and Conservative politician, who, like Strasser, turned to Hitler and then away from him; Wilhelm Sollmann, one of the few clear heads in the old Reich. German Socialist Party; Lieutenant Commander Treviranus, a Conservative politician who was one of Dr. Brüning's chief collaborators. All these are men who have proved three things: their common humanity, their hatred of Hitlerism, and, in peace and war alike, their German patriotism.

Such a group of men, if it could be brought together in a German National Council, would be the keyboard from which the development for the overthrow of Hitler inside Germany could be controlled, when the war has developed further. Its other members, its active instruments, would be the men inside Germany who, like Otto Strasser's Black Front men, wait and long for the formation of such an alternative authority.

At present its formation is delayed, first by the protracted prelude to the war, and secondly by the rivalries and cross-currents among the exiles themselves. For there is, among these exiles, another anti-Hitlerist group which has its eye on the succession - the group consisting of the International Socialists, the Communists, the Jews, and assorted intellectuals. They would prefer the complete, and even annihilating defeat of Germany, her division into two or more pieces, and would not be averse from the chaotic, Soviet Germany. There is a wide gulf between the two groups, but their ideas and interests occasionally interlap and hinder, as yet, the emergence of a clearly-defined German National Council. Moreover, one or two of the men Otto Strasser would like to co-opt may be in two minds about that Göring peace. The prospect of Germany being left in possession of most of Hitler's ill-gotten gains, and also an intact army and air force, under Göring's leadership, can only dazzle any German. Well, he thinks to himself, if the world is as silly as all that, who am I to struggle further?

So that, as matters stand, Otto Strasser has as much to fight against, in exile, as he ever had to fight against in Germany. But if he succeed, what sort of a peace would he work for? This is what he says:

'The immediate evacuation of the Polish and Czechoslovak lands seized by Hitler, with the exception of the Sudetenland and the northern part of the Polish Corridor, as a pledge of goodwill. Then, peace negotiations, a new Vienna Congress. For this conference, the following proposals:

'The non-recognition in principle of all Hitlerist annexations and, in consequence, a referendum in two of the territories seized by him which would not be automatically and immediately evacuated - the Sudetenland and Austria. Direct agreement between Germany and Poland about the Polish Corridor and Danzig. The help of German arms in the reconquest of Eastern Poland from the Bolsheviks, in exchange for the retention by Germany of the northern part of the Corridor. A German proposal for the expulsion of the Bolsheviks from Finland and the Baltic area, as well as White Russia and the Ukraine, by a German-Polish army, with French and British collaboration in the command. War compensation to Poland and Czechoslovakia. Acknowledgment of Germany's old foreign loans, but not payment of interest; the reduction of the capital sum by yearly payments guaranteed by the leasing of a German tobacco monopoly to an international company.'

Only two of these points need any explanatory comment.

Otto Strasser envisages the immediate rendition, before peace negotiations begin, and as a pledge of good faith, of those territories which Hitler annexed in defiance of his own oft-proclaimed theory

of national independence - the Czechoslovak and the Polish lands. That means, the lands inhabited by Czechs, Slovaks and Poles not those parts of the former Czechoslovak and Polish States which were largely populated by Germans - the Sudetenland and the top part of the miscalled Corridor. To this extent, and also in the case of Austria and Danzig, he thus thinks of retaining something of what Hitler took, against the qualification that a referendum would be held in Austria and the Sudetenland and that the Poles would be helped to regain their eastern possessions in return for allowing Germany to retain the Corridor.

In respect of this last proposal, Otto Strasser was always an uncompromising enemy of any proposal for a war against Bolshevist Russia - as long as Bolshevist Russia remained where she was and kept the peace herself. He believes that by her recent actions she has lost the claim to be regarded as an enemy of aggression, and more particularly that she has come further into Europe than is good for the peace of Europe, and should be pressed back.

I have shown in this chapter how he hopes to see this war ended, and on what foundations he would, if he had the power, set about to build his Fourth Reich. The peace he envisages should appeal to the sensitive feelings of those good people in this country who believed that Germany would never have made this war but for the Versailles Treaty, which they never read; that Germany did not in that Treaty have 'a fair deal'; that Hitler 'had a good case' in wanting slices of adjoining countries; and that after this war there must not be 'a second Versailles' - not that they would read a second Versailles Treaty anyway, but that doesn't matter.

His proposals seem to me to be cleverly put together. Our own Lord Lloyd, head of that British Council which is said paternally to foster our relations with foreign peoples, has in explaining 'The British Case' said that we *are* fighting for the 'independence of nations' but that we are not fighting for 'the Versailles frontiers'; that is, we are *not* fighting for the one thing in the Versailles Treaty worth fighting for. A seeker after the truth might look for a very small needle in several large haystacks with more hope of success than he would have of discovering, from this definition, what is The British Case or what we are fighting for.

But Otto Strasser's proposals would even fit in with Lord Lloyd's definition, which only shows that Otto Strasser is, as I have indicated in this book, a remarkable man, who can not only discover needles in haystacks but even make camels leap gaily through their eyes.

I commend this conception of a European peace to careful study. It would leave Germany still much greater than she was before 1914. It would do the utmost justice, indeed more than justice to the principle of 'the independence of nations' in her own case. It would still leave unanswered the question how, if the rulers of Britain and France were no more resolute in the years after this war than they were after the last one, 'the independence of nations' could be ensured for such small nations as those of the Czechs and Poles, who live on Germany's borders. But then, if our rulers in those years should be no more resolute than in the past, there is no hope of peace anyway, and the peace that comes of this war does not much matter.

But if they should be resolute, then these proposals of Otto Strasser could form the basis of a good peace between the nations, a lasting peace in Europe. That, again, would depend on conditions within the German house itself. What of them? How does Otto Strasser envisage them? How would Germany be constructed and governed? What would his Fourth Reich be?

## NOTE

I feel entitled to add a brief comment of my own to Otto Strasser's outline of a good peace for Europe, or at any rate to one point in it. He proposes that German troops should automatically withdraw, before peace negotiations began, from a Little Czechoslovakia and Little Poland, as a token of good faith and practical acknowledgement that all Hitler's annexations were immoral *in principle*. These would leave Germany still in possession of the following territories which Hitler annexed: that part of Western Poland which German propaganda had labelled the Polish Corridor, the Sudeten-German part of Czechoslovakia, Danzig, and Austria. The feeling of the populations in these areas would then be ascertained by plebiscites.

Of these, I would say that, in my view, such a proposal should only be entertained for Danzig. The word 'plebiscite' or 'referendum' exercises a hypnotic effect on that part of the British character which is dignified by the name of 'a sense of fair play'. Actually, there is no such thing as a free plebiscite or referendum in a country occupied by foreign troops, and it is most difficult to ensure one in a country not so occupied. In the case of Austria, I should say, on the strength of my knowledge of that country, that the withdrawal of German troops from it should be as automatic and unconditional as in the case of Czechoslovakia. In the case of Czechoslovakia, the 'national independence' of that country, for which we are said to be fighting, cannot be ensured without possession of the ancient Bohemian frontiers, which include the Sudetenland; without them, the country cannot be defended, and the real infamy of Munich was that it took from the Czechs the possibility of defending themselves against the next attack. Poland, though I do not see that it has a sound claim to the eastern provinces annexed by Soviet Russia, cannot remain independent without its outlet to the sea. In fact, the garrulous ignoramuses who have been shaking their wise old heads in recent years about the wickedness of the Versailles Treaty will find themselves in much trouble when the European map has to be redrawn again - for those frontiers were, and remain, about the best that can be devised in Europe. They were the only good things in the Versailles Treaty, and they were also the most important things in that treaty.

Also, if Germany is left in possession both of a mighty army and of some of Hitler's ill-gotten gains, Germany will also be left with the feeling, once again, that she is the real winner of the war, that war pays her, and that the best policy for her will be to start again, soon, on the chase after world domination. Her next ruler, whether he were Otto Strasser or any other, might be a man of the best will, but he would in such circumstances soon be overthrown again by the warmakers inside Germany, as was Brüning, unless he himself reverted to the policy of militarism and war. In these circumstances, such a peace as that outlined would be wise only if the counterbalancing certainty existed that Germany would immediately be opposed by overwhelming might if she attempted to upset the new treaty - and what hope can any man have of such certainty, after the events of the years 1933 to 1939?

I feel that if I were to expound these proposals of Otto Strasser without comment I might be assumed to endorse them, and that would be the denial of everything I believe and have written about Germany. His proposals would, in effect, leave Germany greater, after two world wars, than she was in 1914. That, in my view, would so convince the Germans of the utility of war, and so steel them in the belief that their destiny is to conquer the world, that the last hope of peace and national freedom in Europe would perish. The destruction of *Prussia* would avail nothing to secure the peace if *Germany* were shown that war pays. If I were Otto Strasser, and were negotiating peace, I should certainly try for a settlement of this kind; but if I were a British negotiator I should not agree to it.

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## Chapter Eleven

### 'A GERMAN SOCIALISM'

Otto Strasser, a German exile now in his forty-third year, has spent his manhood days, as I have shown, in search of his 'German socialism'. I have gone to great pains to show what sort of a man he is, and shall now try to show what sort of Socialism he seeks, because, in the country where this book is due to appear, many people are spellbound or fascinated by words, and do not trouble to examine the things they describe.

This is particularly the case with the word Socialist. The Island Race, as one of our foremost satirists currently says, is mentally in its fourteenth year, or thereabouts, and the majority of people cannot picture anything other, behind the word Socialist, than an unmoneyed man who wants to take their money from them. Most of them do not even think as far as that. They just hate the word, and do not trouble about its meaning.

Otto Strasser, as this story has shown, had his Socialism partly bequeathed to him and partly bred in him by the world he grew up in. The war developed it: he detested the bullying brutes who put him through his first drills and to the present day retains his loathing of this class of man, whom he sees incorporated in the leaders of the National Socialist regime; but at the same time he took with him from the war an affectionate respect for the Officers' Corps of the old Imperial German Army and a deep sympathy for the doubts and perplexities of his men. He never for a moment saw the hope of his German Socialism in the Communist Party: indeed, he could not, for that Party is an international one and his Socialism is a patriotic Socialism; and he fought to turn the Communists out of his native Bavaria. Then, in search of his German Socialism, he went in turn to the Socialist Party and to the National Socialist Party, and left both in disgust.

He claims for himself the name of a revolutionary Socialist. But in one of his books I noticed that he called himself, just once, a Conservative revolutionary, and I think this name, coupled with the story of his life, actually gives the British reader a better idea of the man he is.

His loathing of those parade-ground tyrants of 1914 is equalled by his deep hatred of officialdom; he sees no merit in dispossessing one class of over-propriety and over-privileged people in order to put an aristocracy of officials in its place, as the Bolsheviks have done, as the average Socialist would do. This is to exchange one tyranny for another, without improving the lot of the submerged masses.

He sees no remedy for the social evils of to-day, no hope of social progress, in the simple confiscation of wealth from the wealthy, in making all poor and calling the result, which in practice is one nest-feathering gang in place of another nest-feathering gang, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. On the contrary, that is the negation of Socialism' as he understands it.

He sees Socialism in the gradual upraising of the unpropertied masses towards the level of those more fortunate; not in the violent depression of the propertied classes towards the level of the proletariat. Not the enthronement, real or illusory, of the proletariat (which my dictionary describes as 'the lowest class of the community') but the abolition of proletarianism is the aim he fixes his gaze on. To give this lowest class, this submerged mass, the feeling of independence, of co-ownership, of co-responsibility in the State is the ideal he fights for. Not to put a new despot, the Socialist State with its horde of limpet-officials, in the place of the other despots -- Kaisers, Hitlers, money-magnates and the like -- but to reduce the divisions between all classes is the goal.

Otto Strasser differs from most other aspirants to mould the future of Germany in that he has a detailed plan of his German Socialism, which has been on paper and in print for ten years. It is called *The Structure of German Socialism*, and he has never seriously modified it. This is the plan which, as he says, came to him, complete in all its details, almost vision-like, during a long railway journey between Berlin and Munich. His 'German Socialism' is therefore no nebulous thing, but a political programme which all may study, and if he wins through to power in Germany it will be of the first importance. For this reason, I am going to give a summary of it here.

'Socialism', as it has been put into practice, wholly or in part, in various countries since the war, has, as I imagine, repelled most men who in their hearts long for something, as I do, which this word should represent. The Moscow form of Socialism, which has put the Russian masses under the oppression of an imported alien regime for twenty years and has worsened instead of bettering their lot, is repulsive enough to be disgusting. The Socialist parties in other countries have mostly degenerated into bodies of mutually squabbling professors and trade union leaders whose domestic and foreign policies cannot usually be distinguished from the policies of the Conservative and other parties in these countries. Miss Jennie Lee's book, *Tomorrow is a New Day*, faithfully reproduces the feelings of an undeviating and idealistic mind about the degeneration of such a party, the British Socialist or Labour Party.

But even if such parties as these had untrammelled power to-morrow and Socialized everything, it is most difficult to imagine that any real improvement in social conditions would result. As far as the human mind can foresee, this would again be the regime of taking from those that have, without giving to those who have not, and I am not even sure about the taking from those that have.

In Berlin, predominantly Socialist rule meant chiefly an enormous increase in the Jewish influence in the city and the grant of 'freedom' in the sense of unchecked licence and libertinism; that is, there was unlimited freedom for the exploiters of human misery. A great improvement in social conditions, there was not. The only Socialists, in my experience, who really did anything to improve the lot of the masses, who actually did things which I recognize as Socialist -- that is, for the good of the *whole* community -- were the Socialists of Vienna, with their magnificent workers' settlements.

I think, after all that I have seen of politics and politicians all over Europe in the last twelve years, I am the last man to develop a facile enthusiasm for the theories or programme of any one politician, old or new.

Rather have I tended, after watching the brewing of this war for so many years, to think that they were all alike, from the politician of the poorest Balkan peasant country to the politician of the wealthiest Western State, men without steadfastness or truth towards their countrymen, and I held them all jointly responsible for the Gadarene gallop. Not one of them but could be convicted out of his own mouth of preaching one thing and doing another. Hardly one of them who, in the moment of crisis, played a man's part. Strange that he who, in such a moment, played the manliest part was one of the poorest politicians, in the tactical sense, of them all - Kurt von Schuschnigg. His bearing on that day makes him a greater man than all the rest.

But I, as compère and commentator, do find Otto Strasser's German Socialism a most stimulating and provoking idea. We do not know yet whether worse tyrannies and greater chaos are to come out of this war, or whether it will at last reopen the way to reason and humanity. It may lead him to power and I commend it to the closest study. I can only give it in outline, and here it is:

Otto Strasser begins his 'German Socialism' with a brief philosophical study of the roots of his thought. He has no theory of a superior race of Nordic supermen; he protests vigorously (in 1930!)

against 'the idolatry of race'. He believes the peoples of Europe (from which he excludes Russia) to be a mixture, in varying proportions, of four or five races; this at any rate is the verdict of science.

Out of these racially-mixed groups, all interrelated, landscape, climate and history have made the various 'peoples'. And growing consciousness of their own individuality has made of some of these peoples 'nations'. The World War, says Otto Strasser, fashioned the German people into a nation, the latest of the nations thus to take shape in the area of what we call, with dubious right, Western civilization'.

This brief summary shows how different is Otto Strasser's view of the 'family of Europe' (his own expression) from that of Hitler, and how much more akin to the feeling of well-meaning men.

In the history of the Europe that he thus pictures as a community of interrelated nations, Otto Strasser perceives a rhythm of recurrent epochs, epochs of communal or belonging-together feeling, and of individualist or egoist feeling. He sees such epochs recurring every hundred or hundred-and-fifty years, from the Reformation around 1500, to the English Revolution of 1640-49, and the French Revolution of 1789-99.

In each of these Revolutions he sees the recurrent conflict between these two primitive instincts - the instinct of self-preservation, and the instinct of preservation of the species. For him, the first of these is identical with that which we call Liberalism - each man for himself. The second, he identifies with that which he calls Conservatism - each man for the community.

The pendulum of history, he writes, swings continuously to and fro between these ideas of self and species. The English Revolution, he says, brought the victory of the Conservative, the French Revolution the victory of the Liberal, idea. The epoch of Liberalism, he wrote (in 1930), is inevitably approaching its end, and carrying with it that of Socialism as it was then understood, for the Socialist *Sehnsucht*, or yearning, first manifested itself at a time when the Liberal idea of each-man-for-himself was in its heyday and took so much from Liberalism -- for instance, internationalism, the doctrine of the class-struggle and materialism -- that it was bound to founder with it. (In 1930, when he wrote this, the forecast was a farsighted one; the disasters suffered by the Socialist Parties in Germany, Austria and Spain subsequently confirmed it.)

Thus Otto Strasser sees a new epoch of the second idea, each man for the community, or the preservation of the species, approaching. Since 1914, he writes, the pendulum of history has been swinging over towards a new era of Conservatism and its associated ideas -- Socialism, patriotism and national idealism -- and the violent eruption of these ideas in Germany will be the German Revolution.

Starting from these convictions, Otto Strasser sees the approaching end of capitalism, as we have known it, which he identifies with the Liberal era. (The reader must differentiate between his correct use of the terms 'Conservative era' and 'Liberal era' and the current use of these words in relation to two parties in England which seem to have no perceptible difference of principle or policy.)

Capitalism he regards as the child and the economic expression of the Liberal era, and he finds the economic system which existed, in Germany, before the Liberal era to have much in common with his Socialism, just as he finds Socialism, as it has been preached and partly tried in Europe in our time, to be but another form of capitalism - State-capitalism. The armies of unemployed, alone, are proof enough that capitalism has failed, he says. It is the ideal economic expression of 'Liberalism' - of the theory of each-man-for-himself, of the free-fox-in-the-free-henroost, of the democratic exploiter democratically exploiting the democratic exploiters in the name of Liberty. Its motto is



'the sanctity of private property', and the condition of its existence is that four-fifths of the people should have no property. The public mind instinctively feels that a system is immoral and unjust under which the community is divided into exploiters and exploited, and the overwhelming majority of the people dispossessed.

Thus Otto Strasser in his 'German Socialism', in his 'Fourth Reich', would abolish the 'sacred rights of private property' - in his own way.

How would he set about it?

He makes a sharp distinction between what he calls 'Monopoly goods' (that is, the land, coal, other products of the earth, and the means of production) which are only existent in limited quantities; and goods which can be produced without limit. The existence of the people, he writes, is based first and foremost on these monopoly-goods, and the fact that they are in private ownership, and that the owner may do with them what he will, places the population in a relationship of dependence to him which is 'the real curse of capitalism'. He would therefore abolish private ownership of land, or mineral resources and the products of the earth, and of the means of production.

This he calls the main demand, the cornerstone, of his 'German Socialism'. It is, as he emphasizes, identical with the demand of Marxist Socialism, - but his proposal for the further development is entirely different. That is where 'German Socialism' comes in.

His solution is derived from study of German history and the German character. It is not, therefore, an attempt to force an economic theory down the German throat; but an attempt to distil from the German nature and its traditions a practical economic system which suits the German.

The German, says Strasser, carries deep in his soul the *Sehnsucht*, the longing for an independent and creative existence. The lack of all means and all hope of fulfilling that *Sehnsucht* is the very cause of the dissatisfaction and aimlessness which the life of the German of to-day reveals. (This was written in 1930, and since then Hitler has given the German something to think about; but Strasser's whole argument, as I have explained, is that Hitler simply diverted the *Sehnsucht* towards rearmament, militarism and war, and that the hopelessness of winning the war will now soon send it streaming back towards the demand for Socialism.) The German -- says Strasser -- suffers under the feeling of his indigent existence, his unpropertied lot, the hopelessness of his old age and the dependence of his present.

This ineradicable *Sehnsucht*, writes Strasser, can only be cured by ending his proletarian state, and that is only possible if every German comes to share in 'the sacred right of private property', because this feeling of ownership alone gives that independence of thought, feeling of responsibility and creative energy which allow a man to feel that he is a man.

This brings Otto Strasser to the two first definitions of his German Socialism in relation to property. They seem contradictory at first sight, but are extremely interesting on closer examination.

No German shall in future own as private property land and estate, mineral resources, or the means of production;

Every German shall come to possession of land and estate, mineral resources, and the means of production.

(The distinction between 'ownership', which is a conception without any limits, and 'possession', which signifies an occupancy subject to limits, is important for the further understanding of this cardinal tenet of 'German Socialism'.)

Otto Strasser's solution of this main problem is the introduction of the hereditary fief, or fee. This is his own idea, derived from German history before the Liberal era, and is to my mind a most interesting attempt to devise a system which would retain the merits of the Socialist idea without its chief disadvantages.

'The Nation, that is, the community of Germans' -- continues his programme -- 'becomes the sole owner of land and estate, mineral resources and means of production, the management of which will be entrusted to individuals according to their ability and merits.'

By this proposal, Otto Strasser aims at finding a reasonable and practical middle-way between the unbridled right of one man to exploit, close, mortgage, or sell abroad, say, a great coalfield or coalmine, of immense value to the community, and the monopolistic, official-ridden Socialist State of the Marxists and Communists. His proposal is, of course, a reversion to a feudal practice, with the State or the community of the nation, in place of the prince or baron.

'To own a thing' -- he writes -- 'means to be able to do anything you like with it - to sell it, to damage it, to destroy it. To possess it means to administer it, to have its use and enjoyment, to hold it in usufruct, on behalf of another, namely, the "Owner".'

'The Owner will in future be exclusively the community, the Nation. But the Nation, through its outward form, the State, will not itself operate or manage; it will give the land to individuals or groups in *Erblehen* (hereditary fief), to operate.'

Here, then, is the solution which Otto Strasser offers for the age-old problem of the haves and the have-nots, of the wealthy few and the penurious many, of the community and the parasites. I find it extraordinarily interesting, and I believe many men who search for a practical Socialism, but see nothing to attract them either in Marxist or Moscovite Socialism, will also find it worthy of long thought. I particularly like its joining-up with old tradition and with old historical forms.

The abolition of the legal conception of 'the sanctity of private property', and the substitution, in the things vital for the nation, of this system of the hereditary fief, Otto Strasser describes as the foundation stone of his whole 'Structure of German Socialism'. It alone, he says, enables that marriage of private profit and general welfare which fulfils the Socialist *Sehnsucht* and does not outrage the law's of human nature. The capitalist system wrote its own death warrant when it made it impossible for the masses to lead their own lives in it, to progress, to come to possessions. The division of all possessions among the community of the nation, whether in individual or in collective holding, is necessary to abolish the evils to which capitalism has led. The system of the hereditary fief, which for centuries was the legal form of the German economic system, alone offers this possibility.

'German Socialism', says Otto Strasser, 'is at one with State Capitalism, to-day miscalled State Socialism, in the demand for the transfer of the entire *rights* of ownership to the community, as represented by the State, but it is passionately opposed to the operation of concerns by the State or its officials, because this would be the opposite of Socialism. It would neither raise the masses from their proletarian state, nor unloose their creative energy, nor give them a feeling of responsibility. On the contrary, it would aggravate all these existent evils, and the workers would have even less rights in relation to their employer -- the State -- than to the private capitalist. And I know all too well' -- he continues -- 'the annihilating effect of officialdom upon the individual. I know so well

the longing for independence of the German peasant and the middle-class German, and I should regard any reform as disastrous which condemned this striving for independence to be crushed under the steamroller of officialdom. I see the real torment of a proletarian existence in this deficient, or eternally repressed, urge for independence, and hold the most important task to be the creation of this feeling of independence for the worker, not the worsening of the lot of the peasant and middle-class man.'

Moreover, under State Socialism -- which, as Otto Strasser correctly points out, is really State Capitalism, one big capitalist in place of the few hundred or thousand who actually rule the countries to-day -- the worker has even less rights than under private capitalism (Jewish Bolshevism has clearly proved this), for the State is at once employer and lawmaker. Under private capitalism the State always has to keep up some pretence of impartiality, for the worker is after all a citizen, taxpayer and soldier. This fact, Otto Strasser continues, the revolutionary Marxists try to confute by representing the State as 'the dictatorship of the Proletariat', by pretending that the State is identical with the workers and that there can thus be no antagonism between them. Actually, their system leads to the rule of a new privileged class -- officialdom -- in place of the old privileged classes--aristocrats, money-barons, tsars, and the like.

This argument of Strasser's is correct. I have seen the thing in practice in Moscow. The working masses there have been driven deeper into the mire of ignorance and oppression than they were before, which is almost incredible and just shows what a Soviet State can do if it tries.

The only class in the land that enjoys privilege and preferment and perquisites and bodily comfort is that of the new tyrants, the officials; the majority of these are Jews, and Jews who not even by the longest stretch of the imagination can be called Russian. They are the equivalents of those recent newcomers to Britain who are already 'one hundred per cent British', whose incomplete knowledge of our language and ineradicable difference from ourselves is shown in the magazines and books they publish and the plays and films they make. Bolshevik Russia offers, I should think, the most astonishing example in history of an alien tyranny introduced into the land by sleight-of-hand and masquerading as something Russian. Even the general who led the unfortunate Russian soldiers in the farcical and calamitous operations against Finland, Stern, was a foreign Jew; he is a poor advertisement for that superior ability which the apologists of anti-Gentilism claim to be the chief attribute of the Jews.

I have tried at some length to make clear Otto Strasser's inveterate hostility, in his conception of 'a German Socialism', to the idea that social evils can be cured, the lot of the peasant and worker bettered, and the general condition of the whole community improved, simply by the creation of some monstrous thing called 'The State', which is supposed to symbolize the liberation and triumph of the submerged masses, but actually is as great a tyrant as any other.

For him, that inflated official-State is just a super-capitalist; and it represents for him the triumph, not of the submerged masses, but of the classes he particularly hates from his parade-ground days - the mean-souled and bullying nitwit dressed in a little brief authority, the ignorant clown who thinks himself a little god because he has the might of the State behind him, is undismissible, and has a pension waiting for him at the end of his service. 'Fascism and Communism alike', says Otto Strasser, 'vie with each other in the glorification of the State, in the repression of economic and individual independence, in the exaggeration of the might and success of organization, decrees, umpteen-year-plans and, particularly, the police!'

So, as the foundation of his German Socialism, Otto Strasser lays down his chief proposals: the cancellation of the dogma of 'the sanctity of private property'; the transfer to the State, as representative of the community of all Germans, of the title of *owner* of the things most precious to

the nation - land and estate, mineral resources, and the means of production; and the re-conferment, upon the previous owners, of the hereditary usufruct of their possessions, which they would hold and administer in fee from the State.

A main argument in favour of his plan is that the usufructuaries, though their occupancy is hereditary, would be unable to sell, mortgage, or otherwise alienate their possessions. In this manner, the joint *ownership* of the community would be safeguarded, and the most vital possessions of the nation secured against the secret, sinister and often anti-patriotic operations of big banking, international finance, and stock-market manipulation.

A main aim of Strasser's 'German Socialism' is to promote the back-to-the-land movement in Germany (in England, incidentally, this is an even more urgent need, but no hope of it seems to offer) and to check the process of over-industrialization, the growth of gigantic machine-slave-hives. 'The Liberal-capitalist and Liberal-Marxist ideal of a modern mammoth factory and a maximum output of goods', he writes, 'must give way to the Conservative ideal of a free existence used to the full ... Conservative thought cannot regard a process as retrograde because it will lead to a certain twilight of the mechanical gods. The time is coming for the German to overthrow the tyranny of the mechanical age, the rule of the machine, and to force mechanics and the machine back to their 'due part of servant, from which, to his misfortune, they have been freed ... For the conservative revolutionary, work is but the means to the maintenance of life.' Among other things, Otto Strasser would transfer the capital of Germany from Berlin or any other of the nerve-destroying mammoth settlements of present-day Germany to some such centre of history and tradition as Regensburg or Goslar.

I have explained, as best I can in a brief summary, the basic thought of Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism', which culminates in that stimulating idea of the *Erblehen*, or hereditary fief. Now for the way he would in practice carry it out.

First, agriculture and the land, which are, in Germany, and indeed in any sound-thinking State, the bases of all reform.

All land and estate would pass into the *ownership* of the community, represented by the State, and be reconferred, in hereditary fief, upon men able to work it, at the proposal of local Peasants' Councils. The governing principle of the distribution would be that no man should have more land than he could himself farm or less than is essential for the maintenance of himself and his family and a reasonable surplus.

Here Otto Strasser justifies his claim to be called a revolutionary Socialist, or, perhaps still more, a Conservative revolutionary. For his proposal would mean the confiscation of the great estates and their division among a small peasantry holding them in hereditary fee from the State. In practice, this would affect chiefly the great landlords of Eastern Germany; in the rest of Germany, a deep-rooted, long-standing, sturdy, land-owning peasantry already exists, freemen save for debt.

In this proposal Otto Strasser attacks the forces which have led Europe from war to war, which brought Hitler to power, and which have caused the present conflict. He also stakes his own political future, all his hopes, on the turn of a coin. If he were to compromise on *this* issue, as he has always refused to compromise, all roads to power in Germany might quickly and smoothly open to him, when the Nazi regime begins to disintegrate. If he remains uncompromising, the most powerful group in Germany will oppose his appearance in the political scene tooth and nail, with every weapon at its command. But he believes that the German social *Sehnsucht* implacably demands this reform and will never rest until it is finally carried out.

Remember that these Prussian magnates, the great landowning nobility of Eastern Germany, overthrew Chancellor Brüning, the man who might have brought Germany through to peaceful and prosperous collaboration in the family of Europe, on this very issue. He, too, wished to divide those vast estates, many of them hopelessly insolvent and deeply indebted to the State ('Help for the Farmer!') and to settle ex-service men on them. Indeed, this was but the fulfilment of a promise made by President, and Field Marshal, von Hindenburg to the soldiers he had led back from the World War when he offered himself to them as candidate for the Presidency. But when he became President, those Eastern German squires clubbed together and bought a great Eastern German estate for Hindenburg, who thus became one of themselves. And when Brüning proposed to partition their insolvent estates, they whispered: 'This is rank Bolshevism' to Hindenburg, who turned on Brüning, threw him out, and made Franz von Papen, the scion of heavy industry, Chancellor in his place.

That began the period of political chaos in Germany which ended in Hitler's triumph. But before his triumph another Chancellor, General von Schleicher, again tried to do that very thing, in the hope of rallying around himself enough Germans to rule against Hitler, and to vanquish Hitler. Again the selfsame thing happened. The squires whispered 'Bolshevism' in the ageing President's ear, and out went Schleicher (who was afterwards shot) and in came Hitler.

So that in taking up this gauntlet, Otto Strasser is doing a very daring thing. I explain it at length because it is the key to the understanding of the whole German situation and the test of his sincerity.

Hitler, even before he came to power, had ensured himself the support of those powerful East Elbian squires in a decisive moment by cancelling that item of the original National Socialist programme, the famous Twenty-Five Points, which demanded the confiscation of the big estates. When he came to power he enacted an *Erbhofgesetz*, or Hereditary Farmholding law, which alone, in all his legislation, bore some faint resemblance to his Socialist programme and to Otto Strasser's plans for the reinvigoration of the German countryside. It established a system of inalienable, hereditary ownership among the peasants; but among the peasants this already existed in practice, as far as the present capitalist order allows it to exist. What he did not do was to remove those things which in practice work against the establishment of a sound, prosperous, father-to-son peasantry. He left the capitalist order untouched, so that the peasant remains, not really a freeman, but the slave of the credits he has to raise from some bank or moneylender in the nearest town. He left unchanged the prevailing taxation system, that in its endless complication and onerousness demands cash payments from the peasant which repeatedly plunge him in indebtedness. He left unmitigated the burden of mortgage on farms which are supposed to be free, inalienable and bequeathable. And above all, he protected the great estates and thus destroyed the hopes of the peasant's second and third sons of achieving a peasant independence for themselves.

Thus Otto Strasser puts in the forefront of his programme, of his 'German Socialism', this greatest and most dynamite-laden of reforms. A reform that Hitler promised and jettisoned with every other promise he ever made. A reform that a Conservative and Catholic Chancellor sought to make, so that he is now these many years in exile. A reform that a Prussian General sought to make, so that he is now dead. A reform that the German mind undoubtedly longs for.

As I say, that he should uncompromisingly present it is the test and proof of Otto Strasser's sincerity. For if he abandoned it, how much financial and political support, how much friendly regard and influential backing he could find - even in his exile.

The peasant, farmer, smallholder, or what you will, who under Otto Strasser's system would thus hold his land in fee from the State, and bequeath it to a son at his death, would pay to the State one single due - a tithe, payable in cash or kind. In practice, the reform would mean that the vast

majority of peasants would remain on their present holdings, for of the 5,096,533 holdings counted in Germany at the 1925 census, only 18,668 came into the category of great estates; they comprised, that is, 200 hectares or more (a hectare is 2 ½ acres). But these 18,668 landowners held between them nearly a fifth of all German agricultural land. This is the land which would be taken for the creation of new peasant-holdings.

Under this reform, says Otto Strasser, the great bulk of German peasants would thus remain in occupation of their present farms. But they would for the first time become freemen - because the abolition of the legal status of 'private ownership', and the substitution for it of the legal status of 'hereditary fief' held from the State, would logically and necessarily carry with it the cancellation of mortgages. Land held in fee from the State is of necessity non-mortgageable.

Thus the peasant, freed from the burden of interest-payment, would, though no longer the private owner of his property, for the first time become a freeman, in free enjoyment of it. This liberation of German agriculture from debt, and the impossibility of incurring new debt, is similarly a major piece in the structure of 'German Socialism'. To preserve the creditors from ruin, existing mortgages would be exchanged for non-interest-bearing bonds, paying three-per-cent amortization annually, and these would be financed from the proceeds of the tithe-payments. The dispossessed great landowners would remain in possession of a sufficiently large piece of land, and would also receive compensation from the mortgage-elimination fund.

The process, as Otto Strasser conceives it, would take several years to complete, but he thinks that its practical fulfilment would be relatively simple.

So much for agriculture, the rock on which every well-found and soundly-constructed State must be built. All these ideas would have been described by Hitler, and were so described by him, as the ramblings of an 'intellectual crank', as Marxism, Bolshevism, Liberalism, Democracy, diabolism and whatnot. These are the words with which cheats and halfwits always seek to defeat the strivings of honest men. I leave it to the reader to compare the two men, their ideas, their works, and their lives.

What of industry? That, as Otto Strasser writes, is a very different question, and one which needs quite another solution. Agricultural undertakings rest mainly upon the labour of one man and his kin, industrial undertakings upon the collaboration of the owner and his workers. Agriculture depends upon the land and climatic conditions; industry upon the supply of raw materials and their distribution. The sources of raw-material supply are the German earth itself, for some of them, and imports, for others. In order efficiently to exploit, without plundering, the one, and adequately to obtain the other, Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism' demands an economic and trade policy of the greatest possible self-sufficiency, in Germany, and a foreign trade monopoly, for the supervision of exports and imports, within reasonable limits. By these means the State would gain sufficient influence over the supply of raw materials to safeguard the interests of the nation.

For that reason, the State would be represented, with the other participants, in industrial undertakings. A trinity of interests exists, says Otto Strasser - the interests of the owner, the workers, and the community; none of these has the right to absolute authority - not the owner, as in the capitalist system; nor the State, as in Fascism (though in practice the unchecked rule of the owner continues under that system); nor the workers, as in Communism (though that again is but a pretence, and the real rulers are the State and its officials).

The community, as represented by the State, would, in Otto Strasser's German Socialist Reich, become the *owner* of industrial undertakings, which, like agricultural land, would be held in hereditary fee from it. It would re-confer the undertaking upon the owner, as usufructuary, and, in place of the present-day taxes, receive from the earnings of the undertaking a single payment,

assessed from time to time, which would go to cover the expenditure of the State and would have precedence over profits and reserves.

Thus in industry a common-ownership order, equally shared between State, usufructuary and workers, would be introduced. The head of the undertaking would under that order, as now, depend upon his energy and ingenuity for a greater or smaller income. He, the community, and his workers would hold equal shares in the management, capital and profits of the undertaking. From their third-share, the workers would derive a payment, of necessity not very large, additional to their wages; but they would have the feeling of co-ownership and co-responsibility. They would be raised above the status of machine-serving slaves. Otto Strasser writes that this system would, in his opinion, breed a class of responsible industrial leaders, in sharp contrast to the capitalist privateer of to-day, on the one hand; and on the other hand the present mass of dispossessed, propertyless, dependent, to-be-seen-and-not-heard class of wage-bondmen would give way to a class of free workmen, who would enjoy the status of co-ownership and of co-responsibility for the prosperity of the undertaking.

Otto Strasser explains in this way the differences between his 'German Socialism', as it would affect industry, and 'Capitalism' and 'Socialism', in the contemporary understandings of the words, respectively.

It differs from capitalism in that the private *ownership* of the means of production would be abolished, and these could neither be bought nor sold, but only conferred by and acquired from the State in fee; so that great possessions in money or goods, though possible and desirable, could nevertheless not lead to the evils which distinguish capitalism unchecked; the workers and the State would be equal partners with the head or heads of a concern, who would thus not be unfettered 'capitalists' but usufructuaries; the obligation to sound economic methods and consideration for the interests of the entire community would be safeguarded by the two-thirds majority of the State and the workers in relation to the heads of the concern.

But it differs also from Marxist Socialism in that the personal initiative of the leaders of industry would remain, and be limited only by the needs of the entire community; within the limits of the State's economic policy, the competition of individual concerns would remain; the identification of 'the State' with 'industry', or of State-officials with the leadership of industry, would be avoided, and so would the exposure of the workers to arbitrary exploitation by 'the State'.

In industry, as in agriculture, the question arises of the practical fulfilment of these proposals. Their fulfilment depends first and foremost on Otto Strasser, or a man like him, coming to power in Germany, and then on the alteration of the laws governing Germany's economic system - on the abolition, that is, of the legal principle of private ownership unrestricted by any national, social, moral or other considerations whatever.

Once that fence has been taken, Otto Strasser foresees no great difficulty in putting his 'German Socialism' into practice in industry, as in agriculture. 'The simplest method', he writes, 'would be to transform all industrial concerns and great undertakings employing more than a certain number of hands into joint-stock companies; the tripartitioning of the property, its management and profits would then be possible without further difficulty. But these "shares" would be quite different from the shares we know to-day. They would be shares inscribed in the National Register of Property, exclusively in the name of the holder; they would be neither saleable nor mortgageable, in accordance with their nature of property held-in-fee from the State.'

The objection most frequently raised to his proposals for industry is, says Otto Strasser, that under his system new capitalists would arise. But this objection, he answers, overlooks the decisive

difference between a capitalist, the unhampered money-privateer, and his potential works-leader, or usufructuary. Above all things, it overlooks the fact that 'Capitalism', which means economic and financial power based on the unrestricted ownership of monopoly-goods, could not reappear, for not even the richest man could buy shares in an undertaking, since these would only be granted-in-fee from the State. He could buy unlimited quantities of those goods which can be produced in unlimited quantities, say toothpaste; but he could not buy those things which only existed in limited quantities, that is, land and estate, mineral resources, and the means of production.

After agriculture and industry, Otto Strasser, in planning the structure of his 'German Socialism', approaches his third main problem - that of the small man, the master craftsman and tradesman. Here again, he finds a new and different problem and offers a new solution.

Under this heading come 'the independent small concerns, which employ relatively few hands -- clerks, shop-assistants, workmen, apprentices -- and these have fair prospect of becoming masters themselves. These small undertakings differ fundamentally from the great concerns. In the great enterprises, the prosperity of the works, and therewith the wellbeing or illbeing of each individual worker, depends on the collaboration of all; but in the small ones this depends on the personality of the master'.

Thus, in the big undertakings Otto Strasser would, as I have shown, give an equal voice in all decisions to all three parties concerned -- the leader or leaders, the workers, and the State -- but in the small ones he would leave the management entirely in the hands of the master. 'But', he says, 'in a Socialist system such a degree of personal freedom is possible only if on the other hand the individual is subjected to obligations which safeguard the interests of the whole community.' To this end, Otto Strasser proposes the revival, in a form suitable to our times, of another good and well-proven German institution - the Guilds.

Under Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism', handicrafts-men, or if you will manual workers, traders, and men of the professions, would be organized in Guilds, which would receive from the State certain rights and in return undertake the collection from their members of the sum assessed as the contribution of the Guilds to the State's expenditure. The Guilds would bestow the master's title and the right to practise a calling, craft or profession. They would also decide how many apprentices might be employed, and the like.

'By these means it would be made impossible for any individual ruthlessly to promote his own especial interests or to misuse his economic freedom.' Under this system, says Otto Strasser, the workers in the small concerns would not, like those in the great ones, have a share in the ownership, profit and operation of it. They would thus seem to be put at a disadvantage; but in practice this is not so. As employees and apprentices they would have the certainty that, if they passed the necessary tests, they could themselves become masters.

'The supply of candidates, and their direction through the schools or universities towards the callings where they were most needed, would need to be regulated in accordance with demand and with the interests of the community; but such intervention with freedom of choice as this would entail would be compensated by the fact that assured existences would be available for those who sought them and that this intervention would not be from the State but by these self-governing bodies themselves, who would only themselves be subject to a minimum of supervision by the State.'

(It is a most interesting point, which I think deserves to be recorded here, that in one branch of German professional life the ideas advocated by Otto Strasser already exist in practice, or rather, have never ceased to exist. This is in the profession of the apothecaries. Only the State can in



Germany confer the right to open an apothecary's business, and these cannot be bought, sold, founded, bequeathed or inherited. On the death of a holder, the title reverts to the State, for bestowment upon the next candidate.)

The practical fulfilment of his proposals for the organization of small concerns and of the professions in Guilds, says Otto Strasser, would best be achieved by taking up such threads of the old Guild system as still remain in Germany. Here again he sees reinvigoration for a most important branch of Germany's economic life in the abolition of the fiendishly complicated and onerous burden of taxes as it has taken its satanic shape in our modern life; the Guilds would pay a lump sum to the State, recoverable in one contribution from their members.

The legal principle of unrestricted private ownership, under Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism', would remain intact in respect of house property - with the sole exception that any newly-built property would arise on ground not acquired freehold, but held, as in the other cases, in fee from the State.

I have given a brief, but I believe sufficient, description of Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism', of the economic system he would build in his Fourth Reich, of the just social order which he envisages.

The question follows, what would be the political structure of that State? Would it be a monarchy, a republic, a centralized or a decentralized State? Here again I find much that is of the greatest interest in Otto Strasser's plans. Those who now read his theory of the State should always bear in mind that it was put on paper ten years ago, and this lends the more importance to the fact that some of its ideas are those which the outbreak of the war, and the uncertainty of our future, have now, ten years later, caused vaguely to take shape and to surge and simmer in the minds of men in many countries:

First, the principles on which Otto Strasser would found the political structure of his German Socialist Fourth Reich. His governing principle, his golden rule, he says -- and in this book I have shown how he came to this conviction --, would be at all costs to avoid the demon of officialdom, of an enormous bureaucracy wedged in arm-chairs from which nothing can dislodge it. This is almost an obsession with him, and a healthy obsession.

Secondly, -- and this is particularly interesting, as dating from the time of the breach with Hitler -- the fullest possible self-government in every branch of German life. Farmers, and not officials, should decide how to milk cows; master-bootmakers, and not officials, should decide how to make boots; master-butchers, and not officials, should decide when to slaughter cattle; doctors, and not officials, should decide what reforms are needed in the medical profession; Saxons, and not Prussian officials, should decide Saxon affairs. (Hitler has imposed a horde of Prussians upon his fellow-Austrians.)

Thirdly, federation. This is the exact opposite of Hitler's theory, which he has put into practice, of centralization, of the merging of all power in the hands of one man, so that his word is law to the uttermost corners of the land, one capital, one parliament, and so on.

Otto Strasser would destroy the last vestiges of this system (his plan, as I say, dates from 1930, long before Hitler built his Third Reich) and build anew, on a federal basis. Local differences of religion, tradition, custom and character are too great in Germany, he says, for this central rule to succeed.

This as I think is the most important thing in all Otto Strasser's political thought - at all events, the most important thing for us to-day. At this very moment, statesmen and politicians, plotters and intriguers, are racking their brains to know what sort of Germany should be left after this war -- providing, as I say, that it can be decisively won -- and how to ensure that it does not again arise in awful militarist guise to destroy us, or try to destroy us.

The first, and vital, condition for that longed-for peace, if I may again interject a word, is that after this war the other countries shall be resolute to crush any new German attempt to alter frontiers by force, and shall not in dithering irresolution sit by and watch her destroy one country after another until the danger becomes so great that they have to rush to arms in a last-minute stampede.

If that resolution does not exist after this war, no conjuring-tricks with words, no appeals to Germany's better conscience, no urging of others to give Germany a Fair Deal, and no new regime in Germany, will preserve the peace. That is the fundamental condition, and without it, no Germany, not Hitler's Germany or Göring's Germany or a Hohenzollern Germany or even a Strasser Germany, can be counted on to keep the peace, for peacemakers would again be outlawed, tortured and killed, as they were by Hitler. Not Germany, but we, shall have the peace in our hands after this war, as we had it in the years 1918 to 1939.

But assuming that this simple truth somehow penetrates the minds of people in this country, and that our policy be shaped accordingly, it is nevertheless of the utmost importance that a Germany should arise after this war which would be led by men who wanted peace and which would see that peace paid better. What sort of Germany should it be?

To-day, men behind the scenes are playing with various ideas. They think vaguely of restoring the two Germanies, the Hohenzollern and the Habsburg Germanies, of putting back in power the Houses which the World War was fought to oust, the princes whose incorrigible imperialist ambitions can never be stilled. Others think of restoring *all* the monarchies, of resurrecting all the 'dear little Germanies' of the dear old nineteenth century, the little Kings of this and that. Very soon, these little Kings would be swallowed up once more by the King of Prussia, and the game would begin all over again.

Otto Strasser's conception of the future structure of Germany is extraordinarily interesting, considered in the light of these problems of to-day. It is as if he had looked ten years ahead and seen that these problems would be racking the world. Hitler's reign in Germany has proved to be nothing more than the triumph of Prussia, once again. His one-man-rule from Berlin is just that, and nothing else. His *Grossdeutschland*, his Greater Germany, is nothing but Great Prussia, with everything else in the Prussian stomach, and a new Prussian war of conquest on its hands.

That is why it is so remarkable that Otto Strasser, ten years ago, should have made the destruction of Prussia the foundation stone of his proposals for the structure of the new German Reich. (It is his main proposal to-day.)

'I know', he wrote, 'that every proposal for the dissolution of the Prussian State is attacked as anti-patriotic, because the creative energy of the Prussian spirit would allegedly disappear. I know too well the great part that Prussia and the Prussian spirit have played in the history of Germany to give way to any anti-Prussian feeling possibly deriving from my Bavarian homeland. But the very study of the German character and German history show that this Prussian solution for Germany's problems was but an emergency-outlet, though this does not diminish the services of Frederick the Great and Bismarck in using it. In the Liberal era the dominance of Prussia alone could form a firm basis for the Reich. But to-day the German people are becoming a nation, and this demands the melting-down of this exclusive, Prussian, little-German spirit and all its manifestations.' It was

wrong, he proceeded, to stamp 'made in Prussia' on all Germans alike. The times demanded, not the subordination of all types of German to the one, but the merging of these types, the wedding of the 'Prussian' and the 'Austrian' spirit, so that the real German could be born of them.

This real German, wrote Otto Strasser in prophetic words which command admiration, for he was writing at a time when Hitler was telling Germany that all the world, and especially all Europe, was Germany's relentless enemy, '*will then have that European conscience the lack of which is so sinister in the Prussian product*'.

I have stressed these words because they are of vital importance. Great courage was needed to say them, when they were written; they ran dead counter to the tide that was then flowing in Germany. They show a man who thinks as men of goodwill in other lands think - a man of peace.

For that reason, wrote Otto Strasser, the German Union of the future must not be centrally governed from one place. It must be a uniform Reich, but federally constructed, in *Landschaften* (say, Cantons) formed by breaking-up the arbitrarily-born States of to-day. There would be from twelve to fifteen Cantons, their boundaries drawn according to religious, traditional, historical, and *stammesmäßigen* (say, tribal) considerations.

This was a bold proposal in 1930. To-day, it is becoming practical politics. It is the only proposal I have heard that really offers hope of a Germany that after this war would collaborate in the family of Europe. That this new Germany should be inspired by the *will* to peace, depends entirely on the *will* of others to compel her to keep the peace; if that will is lacking, not even Otto Strasser's Germany would keep the peace, because he, or another man like him, would in time be overborne or overthrown by the old, powerful, warmaking groups inside Germany; but given such support from outside, a man like Otto Strasser could make out of Germany a land that *wished* to keep the peace, because the men who wanted peace would come to the top.

His proposal, prophetically inspired as it was, was for the destruction of Prussia. If Prussia remained, bigger than all the other German States put together, Prussia would, he knew, sooner or later impose her sway upon them all, exclude them from the European family, and lead them to war again - and precisely this happened, through the instrumentality of Hitler.

So Otto Strasser would destroy Prussia, and the other dynastically-derived States and Statelets, rub out the memories of princely feuds, and draw the map of Germany again - in Cantons. Of Prussia, nothing would remain but the Brandenburgers, in the historic Mark of Brandenburg - the *Landschaft* or Canton Brandenburg. Bavaria would be partitioned to yield the three tribally-derived Cantons of the Bavarians, Swabians and Franks. Hanover, the Rhineland and Hessen would reappear, as Cantons. Thuringia would become bigger through the incorporation of Erfurt, Saxony through the incorporation of Magdeburg. Swabia would swallow up Württemberg, Baden and the present Bavarian province of Swabia.

In this way the Reich would emerge as a Federation of twelve or fifteen equiponderant Cantons. The old bogey of Prussian domination, of militarism, of war, would disappear - providing always (this is my interjection) that the outer world were resolved to resist any rebirth of that spirit.

This is, in my view, a scheme that does justice to the Germans, and promises hope for Europe, and for my part I would commend it to the most careful study.

How, by whom and by what would this German Federation be ruled and governed?

The principle that the most competent Germans are those who should come to the leadership of the State excludes, says Otto Strasser, a hereditary monarchy. Human experience does not suggest, and human probability denies, that qualities can be bequeathed in such measure that the son of a leader should automatically become the next leader of the people. The system of hereditary rulers is also opposed to the principle that each member of the nation should have the same start in life. A system by which a man is assured the highest office in the State by reason of his birth is contrary to 'German Socialism'. The choice remains between an elected monarchy or a republic. Both have this much in common, that the head of the State is elected, in the first case for life, in the second usually for a limited term.

But such limited periods, writes Otto Strasser, carry with them the danger that the candidate, in order to secure re-election will make concessions to the electorate, and this in turn endangers the principle of impartiality in his office. It may lead to corruption, to cheap vote-catching methods. These dangers disappear if the head of the State be elected for life. This would give him independence of the electorate and enable him to make far-sighted plans, without taking account of the fickleness of public favour.

So Otto Strasser sees at the head of his federalist German Socialist Reich a *Reichspräsident* elected for life. History, again, votes for him; for centuries Germany knew this form of elected rulers. The name - Emperor or President - is a thing of indifference, he says.

Thus the Fourth Reich, as Otto Strasser would build it on a basis of German Socialism, would have a Reich President, a Reich Parliament, and a Reich Federal Council. Each Canton would similarly have a Cantonal President and a Cantonal Parliament, and the Reich Federal Council would be composed of the representatives of the Cantons, preferably the Cantonal Presidents. The Federal Council would elect the Reich President, as the Cardinals the Pope.

All parliaments, Reich and Cantonal, would be elected; not by political parties, however, but by five corporative groups: those of the peasants; the workers; the employees and officials; the employers and tradesmen; and the professions. The workers could only elect a worker, the professional men only one of their own kind, and so on.

Thus it would be impossible for 'the workers' and 'the peasants' to be represented in parliament, as they are in most countries to-day, by university professors, journalists, alien intellectuals and the like conglomeration. No one group would be allowed more than 49 per cent of seats in any parliament, but every group must be represented; this to avoid little local dictatorships of farmers in a predominantly rural district, or of workers in an industrial district. The officials in the Cantons would be natives.

Little more remains for me to say, in this brief summary of Otto Strasser's German Socialism, than to gather up a few loose ends. Under his Cantonal scheme Austria -- if at the referendum which he proposes it decided to stay with the Reich -- would immediately emerge as a self-governing Austria, called Austria, and administered only by Austrian-born officials.

In the Jewish question, Otto Strasser has the deepest contempt for the methods of Hitler, not only because they are vulgar and repugnant, but because they are stupid; the Jewish question has not been solved, any more than any other question save that of militarism and war, by these methods, and the sum effect of them has in practice been a world-wide publicity campaign in favour of the Jews in which the things they have suffered have been exaggerated and the evils which they promoted have been forgotten.

Gregor Strasser, as I have told, expelled Julius Streicher from the party many years ago; Hitler paid Streicher the most marked honour. Otto Strasser bitterly attacked Streicher's methods, in the newspapers of his Kampfverlag, the independent attitude of which was the main reason for his quarrel and breach with Hitler, years before the Hitlerist triumph; for instance, in an article published in 1928 which was called 'Anti-Semitism is dead; long live the national idea'. In his book on German Socialism, similarly, he attacks the 'idolatry of racialism', and indeed, as I have shown in this book, he regards Hitler's racial doctrines as beneath the contempt of a thinking or educated man.

But then again, these racial babblings of Hitler are no more seriously meant than his anti-Bolshevist ravings or anything else that he ever said; a Jewess, in the meaning of his own anti-Jewish Act, was his intermediary in important international negotiations with foreign politicians. He presented her with his signed portrait, and even gave her a testimonial, through his aide-de-camp, to the effect that she had made the Munich Agreement possible. Hitler's Gestapo, similarly, habitually uses Jewish agents.

Strasser's view on the Jewish question is the view that is coming now to be more and more widely accepted - that the Jews are an alien community, with a fiercely anti-Gentile religion that gives them a concealed inward feeling of antagonism towards the non-Jewish communities among which they live, and anti-Gentile religious laws far more rabid than Hitler's anti-Jewish laws, which are but a pallid inversion of them. That being so, and as they have this inborn, overriding, super-national, international, mutually anti-Gentile allegiance, they cannot claim, as they do claim, the full and unrestricted rights and privileges, and more, of the native-born citizens.

'Plenty of Englishmen, for instance', he says, 'live, in Germany, and trade there, and thrive there, but they do not expect to become leaders of the German people, to dominate and even monopolize professions and callings and trades, to obtrude an alien way of thought and way of living upon the Germans through literature and newspapers and the stage and the films. Then why should the Jews feel themselves the victims of discrimination?'

In Otto Strasser's Fourth Reich, therefore, methods of the Streicher kind would immediately cease. He would place such restrictions as the welfare of the whole community demands upon the spread of immoderate Jewish influence in the thought of the country, in the professions, and, through the power of money, in the control of power. His endeavour would be to find, in agreement with the Jews, a means by which they could lead a dignified and worthy existence in the State, subject to the limits which their own religion, ineradicable traits and implacable refusal to be assimilated dictate.

He knows that a limited number of Jews always can be assimilated, or as nearly assimilated as makes no odds, particularly in Germany, a country for which nearly all Jews feel a deep admiration. He knows too that the unassimilable core always remains and in its works is covertly hostile to the people among whom it lives. Otto Strasser, incidentally, has no anti-Jewish feeling; I have remarked this. He has had Jewish friends and in Prague, as I have shown, he had, or thought he had, a Jewish collaborator; this nearly cost him his life, and did cost the life of his best friend. His attitude towards the Jews in his contemplated Fourth Reich, nevertheless, is one of conviction, not of prejudice.

His attitude in this question is a further proof of his sincerity, for his years of exile have been always financially straitened and sometimes penurious, and he could have had all the financial backing a politician could desire if he had modified his views in this particular matter. About that, I too, as a writer, could sing a song.

In all his political philosophy, Otto Strasser has confined himself to the drafting of a 'German Socialism'. He believes, as he is entitled to believe, that he knows what is good for Germany; he does not claim or presume to know what is good for other countries. But he does think that the conception of Federation, which he laid down so long ago for Germany, should ultimately be extended to Europe. To-day, many people are saying and thinking this; he said and thought it ten years ago. He thinks indeed as a European, and is one of the very few Germans I ever met who do so think.

Many Germans talk as good Europeans, but you need only to put to them a question deftly designed to prick the skin - and immediately that spirit which Otto Strasser calls 'Prussian', which the world calls 'Prussian', peeps out. I did not find this so with Otto Strasser. As I said and repeat, with Germany the only guarantee of peace is for Germany to know that force will recoil upon Germany with even greater force; if that knowledge is not always present in the mind of the German masses, they will sooner or later become again the instruments of the warmakers, and such men as an Otto Strasser will be repeatedly thrust aside. But all his life and works show that here is a good German who is a good European.

I think I have given a true picture of Otto Strasser, of the man, of his struggles, of his fight against Hitler, of his ideals, of his plans for peace, and of the German Socialist Reich which he would set up.

For my part, and there can be few men more wary about the Germans than I am, as my other books have shown, I think that this is a German who, if he could, would work for the welfare both of his country and of Europe - in short, for peace. Whatever the future hold for him, and for us all, I am glad to have known him and to have written this book.

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## POSTSCRIPT

With regret, after a rousing and carousing farewell evening *chez* Perouse, I shook hands with Otto Strasser for the last time, said 'Well, I'll get along and write that book now', and, wishing to clear my head a little before I turned in, I set out to walk home.

The hour was before midnight, yet Paris was an empty shell. The city was not blacked-out, as was my native London; the lighting was just subdued, but the unpeopled streets stretched clearly enough before me in all directions. The night was fine and starry, with an invigorating breeze, and I thought, I may never have a chance to see Paris like this again and so, I wandered about, for some hours, until I was hopelessly lost and wondered how I should ever find my way home, for in those adequately lighted streets not a soul nor a taxi was to be seen. I had begun my wanderings somewhere on the Rive Gauche, I knew that, and had eventually to find my way back to the Avenue de l'Opéra in time to catch a train at eight o'clock in the morning.

However, it suited me very well, and I did not worry. All roads roam to Leeds, I thought, and I roamed. The moon came up, and I had never seen Paris so lovely. What man ever thought to see an unpeopled Paris, beneath the moon? I came upon the Seine, but did not know at which end of it I was, so I took a chance and turned left and after a while I came to the Ile de la Cité, and knew where I was, so that I set forth again along the Boul' Mich', thinking of Henry Murger, and walked and walked until I came to the Rotonde, which was black and dead, and I wondered whether any good pictures were on the walls there now. Then I came back through the narrow streets of the Quartier to the Seine again, strolled along and said Good-morning to a Zouave, about the only thing in the semblance of a man I had seen for some hours, and crossed the bridge and came presently to the Arc de Triomphe, which had one sandbagged leg and looked gouty. I am all for this sandbagging, I thought: one good thing might come of this war if someone would sandbag the Albert Memorial.

Paris, as I say, was never lovelier to me than in this night, when I walked its streets for hours and barely saw a soul. I could never have imagined a city so still, least of all Paris, which of old never quite went to sleep. Yet two ghosts accompanied me in this nocturnal stroll - the ghosts of Victory and of Peace, both of which I had known, scarcely twenty years before, in this very Paris. I saw the empty streets full of the men I had known, Britishers from the four corners of the earth, down from the line for a respite. I saw myself, spending spellbound days in Paris a few days before that Victory, the first time I ever saw Paris at all. I saw the girl who cheered those days -- gosh, how invigorating she was, after four years of war -- and her flat in the Avenue de Wagram, and wondered where she was now. I saw the actress who danced on a table at Maxim's. And now all these streets were empty, the lights were low, the tumult and the shouting had long since died, the men-depleted shops were shuttered, the glory of that Victory had long departed, and once again, after only twenty years, the politicians were fearlessly proclaiming that they would not furl the sword or sheath the umbrella.

Hell I thought, in lonely fury, brimstone and perdition take them all, these well-banqueted fearless ones.

By the time I had found the Place de la Concorde and the Place Vendôme and the Faubourg Sainte Antoine, where the Czechs had a recruiting office, and the Madeleine, Paris was astir again and I could take the breakfast I liked best of all breakfasts, coffee and a crescent, before going to pack.

When I had it before me, I sat back, slowly enjoying it, and thought, 'Well, here I am, in 1939, and here I was, in 1918, and there was a war then and there's a war now, and in between were so many things, lean and hungry days in England, and unemployment in London and map-selling in

Wiltshire and nights in Fleet Street, that flows with ink and money, and Berlin and Hindenburg and Brenda Mary and Hitler and Austria and the mountains and the Wienerwald and the Little Rocket and the invasion and Budapest and Belgrade and Moscow and Sofia and Prague and another invasion and homecoming and now the sum has worked out to the same total again - a café in Paris, a cup of coffee and a crescent roll.

In Paris every second woman had put on black. There, you didn't see Lady Deliria This and Lottie That 'doing their bit' in the illustrated weeklies, for which alone, seemingly, they live. You saw no doing-their-bit pictures of nude-revue actresses, wearing earsplitting smiles and a few beads in the first illustration, and in the second putting on clothes, as their sacrifice to the country's need, and going off in a cock-eyed steel-helmet to do duty as Air Raid Wardresses. No picture-papers suggested that this war was a Les Girls war, run entirely for the benefit of the Home Front and of people needing advertisement.

The French have a sense of dignity and congruity. Paris had not the soul-destroying black-out of London, which looks craven but is actually only silly. No civilian carried a gas-mask, and not many soldiers. But every street had its shuttered shops, where the men up to late middle age had been called away overnight.

At the Gare du Nord, where I caught my train, I saw the real black-out, the black-out of the spirit, the weeping women that I had seen, those many years past, all over Europe. Alongside my train was another, filled with French soldiers returning to the front, and until it left they stood on the platform, kissing, embracing, fondling, whispering to their womenfolk, and then the train steamed out and left the black-clad figures alone, waving, on the platform, and then it disappeared and they turned and came back and went out, with blinking eyes, and disappeared too.

Once more, after twenty years. How little has changed. Indeed, only the young men going away to war have changed. Many of the old politicians are the same men now as then. So are the armament lords, and this is more important.

I felt strange to be on a cross-channel steamer, a revolting substitute barge, in wartime, among British soldiers, and not to be of them. I was the only civilian on the boat, save for two ladies of such venerable age that I assumed them to have been entertaining the troops.

On the boat I saw a man I knew but who did not know me. I suppose most people have had this experience. Somewhere, sometime, a man has been pointed out to them and they have learned certain things about him which cause them to look at him with respect or dislike, and then, by chance, they continually see this man, who has no notion that they know him or are watching him, and each time they see him they think of that certain thing they know about him.

This was such a man. I knew of him that he had, long years ago, been a regular officer, in the last war; that for some reason he had retired or been retired from the army after that and had never found himself capable of doing a job of honest work in civilian life; so that he had lived on his wife, a hard-working woman and sometimes took the dog for a walk; but he never failed to remind anyone who would listen that he belonged to a higher caste, that his rank was captain, and that he held himself to be a superior person.

Now I saw this man on board, wearing on his shoulder the three stars which had been his in that other war. I watched him, thinking how glad he must be that another war had come and that he need not take the dog out any more. As I watched, I saw that he chatted, with what seemed to me unusual familiarity, with a sergeant-major.



A little later I sat in the dining-saloon, not far from this sergeant-major, who had a sergeant by him. Suddenly I heard the sergeant say, 'Here he comes', and make a disparaging remark, and from curiosity I looked in that direction. So did the sergeant-major. The man I knew strolled lazily in. The sergeant-major half rose and called 'Have a drink, sir?' The man I knew came over, leaned lazily over the sergeant-major's chair and murmured, just as lazily, 'Aren't you getting fearfully broke?' Apparently he had had a few from the same quarter already. The sergeant-major, a man, as I thought, of the too-knowing, old-soldier type, said jovially, 'That's all right, sir, I'll rub my magic button', whereon the man I knew murmured again, 'Then I'll have a whisky and soda'.

Well, thought I, that's not so good. But I suppose, I hope anyway, that this was an isolated incident; a leech of this kind can always find somebody to buy him drinks, in war as in peace, and if nobody else is available, why then he will take them from his own sergeant-major, and the contempt of his own men means nothing to him.

I watched this man with interest from my corner of the saloon, for in a small way he represented a type that I detest more than any other - the class that thrives on war. When I was in the British Army you would have needed to go a long way to find such a man as this, and you would, I imagine, need to go just as far to-day; it was the greatest fluke that I happened to run across him on that cross-channel steamer and to see him behaving in a way that showed the things I had heard about him were true. But there he was, anyway, and for him the war meant return to glory, and embroidered gold stars, and drinks at the sergeant-major's expense.

I contemplated those British soldiers. The last time I had travelled in a cross-channel steamer with men in khaki, homeward bound, had been when the other war was finished. It was night, and moonlight. I stood on an upper deck and thought 'Well, here I am, the war's over and I'm alive and how now?' In the stern of the ship, below me, soldiers -- not 'Tommies', I loathe this Tommy-rot -- many of them, stood in a group, leaning against the sides, the dark profiles of their faces clearly drawn against the moonlit sea, and sang softly, in harmony:

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland  
Any old song will do  
Round the old camp fire, a rough and ready choir  
Will join in the chorus too.  
You take the high road, and I'll take the low ...

Not much of a song, I suppose, and I think hardly any of them were Scotsmen, but we English have no songs left anyway, and have to borrow from the feelings and melodies of the Welsh, Irish and Scots on these occasions. But I have never forgotten the song or the scene. Callow youth, a hard war, and a hard-fought victory lay behind; the uncharted future lay ahead; and this song, softly sung in the moonlight aboard the steamer England-bound, seemed to say everything. It was a song of home and hope, and yet was sad.

Now, twenty years later, I found myself in another such steamer, again among such men, and I studied them closely. They were good-looking soldiers, better, I think, than the men who went that way before them, But they had none of that roistering, short-and-gay, here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow spirit of those men, who believed, many of them, that a better world would come of their victory. These men were quiet and businesslike. They looked to me as if they were without illusions. Not even the youngest of them, I should imagine, had much hope that their victory would save freedom, or the liberty of small nations, or national independence, or whatnot. They could not believe such things, unless they had grown up deaf and blind to all that happened around them.

But, in contrast to the hundreds of politicians and writers who claimed to tell them every day what they were fighting for and never did, they knew, as I think, what they were fighting for. It is quite simple, indeed, though for some reason none of our politicians has ever said it.

If they had not fought, at that moment, the Germans would have been in London next. We did, by the skin of our teeth, catch a bus that was nearly out of our reach. I think the inner voice of these men told them that, and this enabled them, uncomplaining, to go to a war which should not have been allowed to come. They have already shown that they can fight, if anything, better than their predecessors of twenty years ago. But in them is a seed of scepticism and disbelief, born of that other war and the things that happened after it. These men would be dangerous if they found that this was but another profiteers' war, at the end of which the soldier would again be the least honoured of men.

Leaving the saloon, where the little captain was still drinking with the sergeant-major, while the sergeant-major's comrades looked on with unveiled scorn in their eyes, I went on deck, found the windiest corner I could, and exchanged thoughts with the ragged and slate-coloured sea.

I thought back to that last war and to the high hopes with which the youth of the British Empire went into it, men from all the corners of the earth who were ready to come and fight to make the world a better place. Is that not inspiring, and is it not in gruesome contrast with the eternal humbuggery and word-juggling of the politicians? It is the difference between idealism and tactics, between a patriotic German and Hitler.

Incidentally, what greater dishonour was ever one to the spirit of the nation than the introduction of conscription in England - in Great Britain, if you prefer it. This is the one country in the world where you do not need conscription, where you could at a moment's notice have all the men in the land worth having as volunteers. Some months after the war began a call came for volunteers for the mine-sweepers, and within twenty-four hours, I believe, about twenty-four thousand men volunteered. At that time a German I know said to me, shaking his head in bewilderment, 'That is the thing I can't understand. Germans are patriots, and will immediately rush to die in the cause of patriotism, if they are ordered to; but to volunteer like this? No, that couldn't happen anywhere else.'

What an opportunity was lost, in 1934 and 1935 and 1936 and 1937 and 1938 and even in 1939, to show the world that it may yet believe in an ideal. Why conscript men you can have as volunteers, and then try to slur over the transaction, in that awful jargon of Eton-Balliol-Whitehall-Palestine, by calling them 'militiamen'? Universal military service is, socially considered, a just and honourable system, if it be justly and honourably applied, as in Switzerland, for instance. But if you have, by chance, a country where that conception of conscription has never been explained enough for it to be understood, and where the real men of the country are willing to serve at any moment without it, why make them conscripts?

If I had the decision in these things in this country, I would repeal conscription; and I would five minutes later show the world as fine an army as any it can produce, made of volunteers. Not all the politicians, publicity experts and cretinous film producers in the world could think out a better propaganda campaign -- unfortunately I have to use the disgusting jargon of our time -- than this. But its merits would never occur to them; their minds are too subtle to comprehend anything sincere; and they have not an ideal between them.

Moreover, they prefer conscripts. They do not want free men, who fight in their own birthright; they want morons, who will do what they are told.

Besides, under my scheme those volunteers would have first preferment in the life of the nation in peacetime, and the people who arrange wars would not like that. They never fight, anyway.

Thinking about these things, in that windy corner of the deck, my mind ranged over the years between these two wars, or these two instalments of one war, and turned to Germany.

I had seen this Germany after the World War which she professedly lost. I knew that, within ten years of her ostensible disaster, she was as mighty in trade and commerce as the countries that believed they had vanquished her. She was debt-free, through the conjuring trick of the inflation. After that, she incurred another enormous foreign debt in all the richer countries of the world, and spent the money on improving that handsome and valuable property, Germany. New stations, new power plants and gasworks, new sewage works, and civic improvements of every kind were made with that foreign money, so that, within fifteen years of the disastrous war, the country Germany, as I saw it, was better, house for house, town for town, street for street, park for park, sportsground for sportsground, than any other country I knew save the small, thrifty, diligent and prosperous democracies of Northern Europe and Switzerland.

That money, too, is lost; after this war Germany will not continue to repay it - save in exchange for new loans. But the things it bought remain, and make Germany, as the estate agents say, a first-rate property, with every modern improvement and in a perfect state of up-keep. She, the loser of that war, and as we think the potential loser of this one, has no slums or derelict areas in our understanding of the words. Is the same lunatic process to continue after this war? Then what are the fruits of our victory or victories?

After that period of foreign-paid civic improvement, Germany was left free to devote all her own money and strength to armaments, and in less than twenty years from the catastrophic defeat she was mightier again in arms, on land and in the air, than any country in Europe. By just leaning her weight in this or that direction, she was able to destroy, one after another, every penalty of the peace treaty, to regain all that she had lost and more, without any cost to herself. She was not only mightier than the others in arms, she was greater in territory, less than twenty years after her downfall, than she had ever been.

At that point -- put the date of it at August 1939 -- she was, as I think, one of the most enviable countries in Europe. The world, which has no conscience, was ready even to forget the annexation of Bohemia and Moravia; ready to look the other way if she annexed Danzig; ready, I think, to do nothing more than deplore and deprecate if she took a small slice of Poland, namely, the slice which she called The Polish Corridor; and ready, as I am pretty sure, to give her colonies in some form.

The world was ready to connive in all that, if she would then rest on her laurels and abstain from further conquest; in other words, if she would leave the Great Powers alone. At that point, I think nothing could have stopped her from becoming the greatest power in the world if she had then changed over, if only for the time being, from the method of armed conquest to the method of commercial, diplomatic and political conquest. That Hitler did not do this, when he had already gained so much and could gain so much more, is to my mind the proof that in his inmost heart he is a traitor to the German people.

And yet, how could the world hope or expect that Germany would do this? The Germans have an inherent passion for soldiering and war, and why should they not? Any German who at that point looked back over the preceding twenty-five years would perforce have said to himself that war paid Germany. Nonsense to say that war settles nothing, war achieves nothing. A German would have seen about him a country that, on balance, had profited even by a defeat commonly described by

historians as the greatest in history. Not only that his Reich was greater, his army mightier than before that lost war: but the civic condition of his country was better. Why, then, should his inner voice prompt him, at another decisive moment, to take the path of peace? Even a lost war would not seem to him an all too appalling prospect; while a victorious one would offer the most golden visions of wealth, territorial aggrandizement and glory.

And from all these thoughts, that filled my mind in the cross-channel steamer, arose a fear of the next peace. Assume for a moment that we *can* win through to a peace, in the normal understanding of the word, and that this war does not degenerate, as I thought in 1936 that it would if the unnecessary war were not prevented, into a Chinese chaos of warring generalissimos, local dictators and anarchy. Assume that we can somehow reduce Germany, in spite of the help given her by her confederate Bolshevy, to such straits that a peace can be made. Is that peace too to work out to her advantage a few years later?

This is a great danger, because the same minds still rule England that led her through a fools' paradise to this war. Still the peers and politicians and magnates, as I have shown in this book, continue in the midst of war their Crazy Gang chorus: 'No second Versailles'; 'no vindictive peace'; 'we are not fighting for the frontiers of Versailles'; 'we do not wish to pull up the old frontier posts' and so on and so on and so on.

This country has more than forty million inhabitants, I believe; more than forty million people in it have seemingly been led to believe by these imbecile slogans that the Versailles Treaty, and not the muddle-headedness of our own leaders, led to this war; and more than forty million people in Great Britain, I fancy, have never read the Versailles Treaty and do not know what it contained.

The vociferous group of Pall Mall experts who cried for so long that all would be well if France would only give Germany a Fair Deal, is preparing to renew this cry after a new peace.

Here, again, is a great danger to us. The French are very forbearing with us, but they have not forgotten how the rulers of Britain for nearly twenty years believed, or pretended to believe, that only the implacable malice of France stood in the way of a contented Germany and a pacified Europe. They have not forgotten how, when Germany cast off the mask and stood revealed as the mortal enemy, not of France, but of Britain, France was calmly expected to hold the Maginot Line until Britain should have changed out of golf clothes and made ready.

The Frenchmen I met, when I was in Paris, were all prepared to go through with this war, but looked with the greatest foreboding to the peace. They all asked me 'Will you be at our side in peace, or will that wrangle begin all over again? Shall we become the scapegoat of your politicians again? Will you nag at us to be nice to Germany until Germany begins another war - and then look to us to hold the Maginot Line until you come along some time later?' I found these men full of misgiving, and this is a perilous thing for us, because, as I write, the war has hardly begun, but French peasants have been for six months standing idly in the Maginot Line and worrying about their farms, French shopkeepers have been standing alongside them for as long and worrying about their shops, and this is a demoralizing business, and all the while German propaganda whispers into their ears that Germany has not the least wish to fight France, only to be done once and for all with these intolerable *Engländer*. So if there is any man in England who can induce a politician to listen to him, and to read a book or two about Europe, and try to learn something about France and Germany, I hope he will get to work and leave that politician no rest until he has come to understand a little about these things.

These cries, which so worry the French, of 'no second Versailles' and 'no vindictive peace' are seemingly the expressions of that peculiarly British form of Christianity which, hoping to be forgiven its own trespasses, is ready to forgive the trespasses of Germany against Poles and Czechs.

The League of Nations was the golden vision that was held before the people of Britain after the last war. This time it is to be called 'Federal Union'. Another slogan, another disillusionment-in-store, unless the will-to-prevent war is there; words won't stop it.

When this war loomed menacingly ahead, our rulers began to cry that 'The League of Nations' had failed. This is as if the managing director of some great concern were to attribute its bankruptcy to the shortcomings of his lady stenographer. France and Britain held about seventy per cent of the capital in that concern, and had its success or failure in their hands; it failed through their management, and to pretend that the crash was due to the conduct of such small shareholders as Iceland, Costa Rica, Haiti, or Bulgaria is ludicrous.

The League of Nations was a sound idea, if the leading shareholders were prepared to fulfil their duty to it. That duty was to lead the whole body of shareholders in implacable armed resistance to a peacebreaker. If the resolution to fulfil that duty exists, Federal Union can be made a success, but so could the League of Nations have been a success. If the intention is not there, the one slogan is as empty, the one institution as bankrupt at birth, as the other. The change of name will of itself accomplish nothing; and a very sinister gang may be hiding behind this new slogan of 'Federal Union'.

This is the vital issue, always slurred over beneath fine phrases, to which all thought about the future of Europe invariably returns. This is the reason why all these insidious whispers about 'Göring is a moderate', 'we are not making war on the German people', and 'no second Versailles' show that the next peace, if we can win through to one, may be more dangerous to us even than this war.

At the root of them lies that appalling class-and-caste feeling in Britain which is the real cause of our troubles. The awful fear that the idea of social progress might revive in Europe and in this country, that they might one day have one million pounds instead of two, leads influential people in this country to rack their brains for a way to inflict the appearance of defeat on Germany while preserving intact in that country the regime of its real rulers - the magnates and armaments-monarchs who before 1914 nose-led it through Kaiser Wilhelm and in 1933 put Hitler into power.

What sort of people these are, you may see from the case of Krupps. Krupps are foremost among the big-business, big-battalion and big-battle group which put Hitler into power on January 30th, 1933, the day when he openly bade farewell to his social and Socialist promises and became the Chancellor of heavy industry and big landlordry. During the present war, Krupps have been supplying artillery to the Dutch army. If Hitler should invade that country, his soldiers will be killed by German shells. Thus Krupps have no cause to fear overmuch about the result of the war.

The two-mindedness of our rulers, which was a chief cause for the dreary approach and outbreak of the war, may lead to the loss of another peace. Their attitude to their own people, not to the German people, is the real reason for our plight and for the indecision, the uncertainty, the bewilderment about the things-we-are-fighting-for, that plague us and obscure our future. They need to open their minds to the inevitability of social reinvigoration in England, and then they will no longer be in two minds about the peace they would make with Germany. 'We've got to be prepared' said, in execrable English, a bedraggled and rainstained banner at Marble Arch when the war approached. But that is not all. In England, we've got to be repaired.

History, destiny or what you will, played a grim joke on mankind when it invented the machine. Until that time, the development of mankind, at any rate during the centuries of our civilization, as we call it, had been an upward one.

Slowly, slowly, the belief in the dignity of man gained ground, and the dogma that his lot was to be the bondsman of a few lost ground. The claim that he was entitled to be a freeman gained an acceptance which spread and spread until it was on the point of gaining universal acceptance; the opposing theory, that he was born to be the serf of others who were born richer, a landless slave without rights either for himself or his daughters, approached universal rejection. Even some princes and aristocrats saw this; from their ranks came some of the most enlightened men, such as Ludwig I of Bavaria and Kossuth of Hungary.

The liberation of the peasants, the men who farmed the land and were thus the most valuable citizens of the state, gradually came to be a development recognized as inevitable, opposed only in islands of feudalism here and there which grew progressively smaller. The World War continued this development in Bohemia and Poland.

But at that very moment, when mankind seemed to be engaged in an upward march that was slow but yet perceptible enough to satisfy the minds of enlightened men, came the machine, the factory, the coalmine, and brought with them a new age of obdurate privilege-holders, entrenched in money, and a new race of landless serfs without rights - the machine-slaves. The millionaire, the magnate, the managing director, the mass-production monarch, succeeded, by right of wealth, to the barons and the princes. The old, age-long struggle has been resumed in another form.

This is the underlying struggle that explains all our wars, that confuses their issues, and leads to the recurrent bamboozling of the masses. They do not see clearly what is afoot. Their leaders, adept in the art of drilling them, feed them on phrases that satisfy their inarticulate longing for progress, but actually they do not move forward; of low intelligence, they think they march while they actually mark time.

Some men, and I think I am of them, see and regret this three-card-trick. This is what Captain Liddell Hart said in *The Defence of Britain*:

'The longer I have watched events, from a close-up view, the more I have come to the conclusion that most of our mistakes, and troubles, are not due to natural faults of judgment. But that the real cause lies in the habit -- on all sides -- of saying something less, or something more, than we know to be true. This almost universal practice of distorting simple matters of fact, whether by suppression or exaggeration, is inspired by concern for the interests of party, class, or profession - at bottom this so-called loyalty being too often self-interest. We are intent on "making a case" rather than on finding the truth. We play the part of counsel for the defence or for the prosecution. It is easier, and more popular, than the laborious effort of becoming scientific investigators. The results, as I have observed them in the sphere of governments and of public administration, are an endless chain of decisions taken in avoidable ignorance and of judgments marred by prejudice. The highest attainment of freedom is freedom from prejudice ... Truth may be hard to attain, as we all know; but the best chance of attaining it lies in consistent care to avoid untruth. That is a lesson that mankind has been slow to learn. Yet it is engraved on the whole course of history.'

This, as I think, expresses the truth of our recent history. We are being too clever, our rulers have found that the masses are too easy to delude. Thus we always hear a noble name for a shady transaction. 'Non-intervention' sounded fine; the thing that bore this name was in fact intervention in favour of the side which appealed to the ruling classes in this country. Munich was 'a heroic effort to preserve the peace', and is to this very day. But was it heroic for Britain -- for Britain, of

all countries in this world -- to send an ultimatum to a small State, expiring 'at twelve o'clock to-day', that demanded its surrender to a mighty neighbouring power?

Here is the eternal distortion of simple matters inspired by concern for the interests of party, class or profession. 'We were not ready to fight for Czechoslovakia' - yes, no one would quarrel with that. 'Our military preparations were not far enough advanced for us to enter a conflict at that moment on this issue' - none would quarrel with that. 'We believed that if Germany were enabled, at the cost of the independence of a small state, to expand in an eastward direction, she would come into conflict with Soviet Russia and we ourselves should be spared a war which we wish to avoid' - well, even that would command respect. But, 'a heroic effort to preserve the peace'? This is the kind of phrase that makes the seeker after truth, the seeker after better times, retch.

To-day, it is said often enough that the proof of Britain's democracy, of the freedom of speech in Britain, is given by the liberty which writers still have to say such things as I have said in this book - things which seem to me so obvious that they should be above controversy. Perhaps that is a sign that something sturdy and ineradicable remains of the British spirit.

Yet I am not sure of it. I think rather that the rulers of Britain feel so sure of themselves, are so firmly dug-in, have so little respect for the intelligence of the masses, such complete faith in their ability to find a three-card-trick for every emergency, that they do not very much care about anything that is said or written. The House is packed with hundreds of Members of such indomitable compliancy that they will, on Monday, pledge themselves to support the Government to their last breaths in its inflexible determination not to introduce conscription, and, a week later, cheer to the same echo the same Government's announcement of its decision to introduce conscription.

This happened!

It is a great danger for us that the lordly ones, those in high places behind the scenes who so incorrigibly pinned their faith to Adolf (Save-us-from-Bolshevism) Hitler, even now have so much to say in our affairs. Lately I heard the man they call Lord Haw-Haw, Mahomet knows why, quoting some of the things that Lord Lothian wrote and said three years ago. I hoped they had been forgotten, but no, they had been stored up in a Nazi card-index, and now, out they came, and strange sounds they made, in 1940. Lord Lothian is now our Ambassador in Washington.

For such reasons, I fear the peace, if we can win through to a peace - that is, some arrangement reached at a conference table after Germany has intimated that she does not wish to continue the war. And with such thoughts in my mind, I contemplated the homecoming soldiers in that cross-channel steamer and saw, among them, the shadows of the men who came that way twenty years earlier, their hearts glad with victory and big with hope for the world that heroes were to live in.

When I reached London, I stepped out into the black-out, and felt as if I had been plunged to my scalp in a bottle of ink. A terrible thing, this London black-out, and, as I believe, unnecessary, for my experience in the air tells me that nothing but a thick fog could hide London, with the broad silver ribbon of the Thames leading to it, from the eyes of enemy airmen, once they reached it. You cannot hide London from them, if they come. But you *can* fight them off.

I believe the best means of bewildering raiding airmen would be to floodlight London and its near countryside as brilliantly as possible; then they would have beneath them a dead-white and ghostly picture in which they would be unable to distinguish anything at all.

In the London I returned to, Mr. Chamberlain was speaking at the Mansion House about the dangers of an unbridled rise in wages. I suppose the world-famed British sense of humour causes a British Prime Minister, a rich man himself, to choose as his audience an assembly of other rich men, and as his platform the Mansion House, with its sanctified odour of tradition and turtle-soup, when he wishes to tell the workers not to strive after higher wages. Crumbs from the rich man's table!

Mr. Chamberlain, inevitably, said that 'a vicious spiral' would result if wages, crying 'Excelsior', set out on that hazardous climb after prices. I think all young boys and girls on the threshold of life and its perils should be acquainted by prudent parents with this excellent definition of the word 'vice'. When prices rise, that is a virtuous perpendicular movement. When wages follow them, that is a vicious spiral.

In that England that I found again, a fox-hunter had written to a fox-hunting magazine from his lines in France to complain that the French had refused him permission to hunt foxes across their fields. He evidently felt that they did not take the war seriously. But when he asked them why, they answered, of all things, that they took this war seriously, because it was for their country. How perfectly we love and understand one another, the French and British. My hotel in Paris had advertised a Scots speciality, 'Wels Rarebit'. One of the first British propaganda films, prepared to impress our allies and the remaining world with our might in arms, had just been released in Paris; it began with Crecy and Agincourt.

Ah well!

We are in the roaring 'forties, the fourth decade of the twentieth century, the year 1940, and the future lies more turbulent than ever before the generation, the children of the storm, cradled when the eighteen-hundreds were dying. The war-to-end-war never even ended itself, it has now been resumed. This instalment of it, as I write, has not passed out of the war-to-begin-war stage; it will not grow up.

What kind of a war is it? For freedom? Freedom dwindles every day; though licence grows; in the free henroosts of mass-regimentation, ever more impregnably enclosed, the free foxes of mass-exploitation revel in their increasing liberty.

Is it a war to end 'Hitlerism', to begin Göringism? Is it worth while sacrificing millions of men, in the roaring 'twenties, to take 'ism' off 'Kaiser' and 'Despot', only to allow 'ism' to grow on to 'Hitler' twenty years later; and in the roaring 'forties to sacrifice more millions so that the 'ism' may be transferred from 'Hitler' to 'Göring' or to 'Hohenzollern' again?

Is it a war for The Survival Of The Richest? A gentleman's, or Gentile-man's war, to enthrone the gentle anti-Gentiles? What on Jupiter is it? The man in the moon knows; we do not - yet.

For many centuries Europe moved, slowly but perceptibly, onward and upward towards the ideals of humanity and justice. During the first forty years of this century, Europe has moved steadily backward. Slavery, mass-regimentation and mass-exploitation, injustice, have returned, always masquerading under noble names, chief among them 'Patriotism' and 'Nationalism'; but the parasites, the exploiters, the anti-patriots, the slave-drivers, the murderers of souls, also misused the rise of 'Liberalism', 'Humanity' and 'Justice' for their own ends and contributed to the process of deterioration. 'What, you would persecute me because I keep a sweatshop or a brothel? What freedom, what justice, what equality is this?'



This war will show, at last, whether the slow progress towards noble ideals which many men, consciously or unwittingly, strive and long for in their souls, can be resumed in Europe; or whether it is itself but a part of the process of degeneration in standards of thought, of living and of behaviour which has uninterruptedly continued for forty years past.

Of freedom, so little now remains that the placards proclaiming the word seem like jests uttered at a grave. Before the 1914 war, a man could put on his hat and take a ship to the ends of the earth, without even a visiting card. Before this war, he needed passports, visas, currency permits, and a whole pocketful of authorizations, recommendations, permissions and what you will. Now, in the countries at war, he cannot leave at all, save he overcome enormous difficulties. He may not send a penny piece abroad without surmounting the same array of obstacles. In one country he cannot obtain tea or coffee; in another, butter; in a third, meat. This is at the beginning of a war to preserve freedom. What will the state of affairs be at its end?

This war had to come - because it was not prevented in time. When it came, we bought it at the top of the market, which is bad business in the commodity war, as in all else. Victory could have been had cheaply on one occasion. On three subsequent occasions, it could have been had, less cheaply, but at a reasonable price. Victory -- in the Waterloo sense -- is now, I think, unpurchasable; but nevertheless, we must pay the price of it.

For the simple commercial reasons I have stated, I watched the approach of this war with feelings of ever-deepening foreboding. For one thing, I was closer to it than most, and my feelings were those of a man who shouts to another man to jump out of the way of the motor lorry which is about to demolish him, only to be rebuked by the cold stare of one who does not care to be addressed by persons to whom he has not been introduced.

When the war came, I experienced, for the first time for many years, a glorious sensation - the rebirth of hope. The foul and unnecessary war had come, but after a few weeks I saw the death of my greatest fear - that we should lose. I still could not see how we could win - but we could no longer lose, and that was much gained.

The reasons were that Hitler's marriage with Moscow, which was clear to foresee and duly came, was not consummated; that the full, two-armies-that-strike-as-one military alliance was not made.

To marry the lady with the scarlet letter on her brow and yet not harvest the nuptial delights? Not the marriage, but the abstention from the marriage bed was the unexpected and inexplicable thing. Hitler seemed to be carrying his vows of abstinence to the point of absurdity. Only an autopsy or his own disclosures can ever explain this farcical denouement.

But it was good enough to me and, jubilant but scarcely daring to believe my eyes, I watched, in the first weeks of the war, the possibility of our defeat vanish.

Many other reassuring things came crowding on the heels of those glad tidings. Firstly, the quality of our Air Force and Navy. I had feared that these would have been infected by the political senility which allowed the country to drift into this war, but I was wrong. The men who had charge of the Services, at all events, had never forgotten their task and their duty, which was to keep Britain's defences strong and efficient.

I knew, from my years in Germany, the great hopes that the Germans reposed in the starve-out, and this was a major, though a secondary, danger for us. The Germans always believed that they brought us to the verge of starvation in 1917 by unbridled submarine warfare, and that we were only saved from it by American intervention. They hoped to reach that end this time by extending

the same type of warfare; the four weapons they had were the submarine, the mine, the aeroplane, and the ocean-going raider.

I began to exult when I studied the young Naval and Air Force officers and men I saw about. I had a good standard of comparison -- 1914-18 -- and soon saw that they were better than their predecessors of that day. They were, indeed, as good as they could be, and the way the Navy quietly but tenaciously mastered the submarines, and then began to master the mines, and the Air Force fought off the German raiders when they tried to bomb the fleet at anchor made me feel that I was being reborn.

But to be reborn is one thing, and to regain your birth-right is another. I felt that I had regained mine, which with many other Britishers I felt I had lost at Munich, on the day the *Graf Spee* ran for Montevideo harbour.

I had seen this ship, in Germany, and talked to the officer who eventually scuttled her. I saw her sister-ship, the *Deutschland*, launched. I knew that all Germans put some of their greatest hopes for the humbling of Britain in these ships. I knew that they had been especially designed and built for the starve-out. They were designed to make the quick kill and quick getaway. They were armed to outgun ships that could catch them; they were given speed to outrun ships that could destroy them.

By all paper calculations, they should have done enormous damage. The French and British navies, together, had only four ships which, on paper, could both catch them and outgun them. In the Great War the raider *Wolf* cruised the seven seas for fifteen months, sank 135,000 tons of Allied shipping, laid hundreds of mines - and she was but a 6000-ton passenger steamer of 11 knots, armed with 5.9 inch guns. The pocket-battleships, especially built for their task, could steam at 26 knots, had 11 inch guns. How could they be found; when found, how could they be overtaken; when overtaken, how could they be destroyed? Germans confidently foretold that they would sink a million tons of shipping each.

Yet those British ships caught, fought and vanquished the *Graf Spee*. The last dreams of the starve-out faded. Italy, if she ever thought of taking Germany's side, probably changed her mind that day. Of this magnificent exploit can it be said, more truly than it was said on another occasion in the last war, that 'Nelson came again'.

The men of our Air Force and Navy showed, what I had begun to doubt before the war, that the spirit of the British people stood as high as ever. They had this advantage - that from the word go they knew exactly what their job was, to fight Britain's enemies. That is a thing a man can understand; there is no ambiguity about it. The contrast remained, between this valiancy and clarity, and the mists that shrouded everything as soon as the gaze was shifted from Montevideo to Westminster.

What was the war about? Why was the trustworthy statesman of yesterday suddenly become the perjured villain of to-day, after only one more fib? Would to-day's enemy become the friend of to-morrow? Whither *were* we going?

I could never forget this contrast between the fighting-men of Britain and the politicians, never understand why men of their type could not win through to the control of civic affairs. Would this generation, too, be elbowed aside after this war, I wondered. In the Government, as a member stated in the House, only two Ministers of military age went off to the war they had undertaken. To me, it was incongruous that such a nation should be led by elderly gentlemen who took umbrellas to go flying in closed aeroplanes. The new Ministries, Institutes, Councils and whatnot, too, were filling up, once more, with the children of influence, with alien-born 'specialists' and other limpets.

These two scenes did not attune. The repugnant old profiteer-and-soft-job racket of 1914-1918 was beginning again.

Two other sunbeams fell on me out of a sky still overcast. The first was the response of the Empire, which, I think, surprised many people who had consistently had less forebodings than I. I suppose only men who knew France in 1914 and 1915 can understand the feelings with which I saw the Australians, Canadians, South Africans and New Zealanders of 1939. They, too, were better than ever. The exalting effect of their appearance was like that of champagne.

The other inspiring thing was that we did not make the one mistake that could have lost the war. The ghosts of Passchendaele and the Somme, where millions of Britishers were thrown without rhyme or reason or hope of victory against impregnable German fortifications, still prowled about the West Wall. I had a nightmarish apprehension that the longing of Wall Street for 'action' or 'a token of good faith', or the obsession of some text-book-bred commander, would lead to this. No man can say how we can *win* this war; but we could certainly *lose* it like that. It has not happened, praise be. If I did not, of all communities of men, most detest the Lettuce Brotherhood ('Lettuce hope that ...'; 'Lettuce not forget that ...'; 'Lettuce not think that we are fighting the German people'; 'Lettuce thank God for Mr ...' *ad nauseam*) I should say, let us hope that it will not happen.

For in this war, luck or what you will has placed us beyond the danger of defeat; now, we could only defeat ourselves, by impaling ourselves upon a proffered sword, or by allowing our enemy to find mighty allies, and as to this second possibility, even Russia, after that fantastic debacle in Finland, looks less formidable.

Our enemy cannot defeat us - but his mighty army and air force are still intact, behind an impregnable West Wall. He longs for nothing more than that we should attack him - it would give him a last chance of victory. He will *not* attack us, in full force. Do not believe the people who told you he would do this in the autumn of 1939: who now tell you that he will do it in the spring of 1940; and who will tell you, if he does not do it then, that he will do it in the autumn of 1940. These voices are criminally suspect; they are the voices of armament rings rabid for their profits, they want to accustom you to the idea that there *must* be a big slaughter, somehow, somewhere, somewhen. Probably there will be, with so many ghouls around, but it will not help any save those ghouls.

For in this war, for us, the best form of attack is defence. Captain Liddell Hart foretold it all, long before the war broke out. The great blood-bath would not win the war; it would increase profits; there is just a hope that the war can be *ended* -- not *won* -- without it. For our best ally, our best hope of victory, is the enemy within Hitler's walls: the pinch of hunger, the enemies of his regime, the captive peoples, and, ultimately, the effect of attack from the *air*, which we should not defer a day longer than we can help.

Hitler will not attack us with all his strength. I know, from my years in Germany, that the Nazi strategy, laid down long before the war began, was only to launch that great-attack-with-everything-that-Germany-has if (1) France and Britain could be sundered from each other, and this has not happened; or, (2) if Germany could find allies strong enough to overcome them both together, and that has not happened.

Failing either of these, that Nazi strategy, long prepared, is to sit tight behind the West Wall and wait for Germany's enemies to come and take Hitler's ill-gotten gains from her, snapping up the while any unconsidered trifles that may be lying about. That is the meaning of the West Wall; that is why the West Wall was built; that is why Hitler calls it the West Wall - not the Siegfried Line.

Behind that West Wall stand a mighty army and air force, and a mighty nation as yet strong and united. I do not know whether they can be tamed without a great military defeat, but I think there is a chance of this after a long time, and after enough air-bombing.

I do not see how a great military defeat can be inflicted on them, even after a long time. They already know they cannot defeat us, have known this since the beginning of the war; but they think we cannot beat them. I think the best hope of *ending* this war, since our privations would in any case be less than theirs, is to tire, squeeze, bore and bomb them into compliance.

Such an ending to the war might be a *real* victory, for peace. In 1918 we had a military victory, but no peace. It is a fallacy to think that the more bloodshed there is, the better the outcome of the war will be. That is military theory as preached by the armament rings.

If the German-Russian agreement was for a series of alternating, westward-moving blows, to be merged in a joint grand-slam at a given moment, it has suffered dislocation through the Bolshevik debacle in Finland. But for that, Rumania would have been partitioned between Germany and Bolshevy by now, Germany getting the oil, and if the Bolsheviks eventually succeed in Finland this scheme may conceivably be taken up. That would mean new conquests in South-Eastern Europe. But after the Finnish debacle, even a joint German-Russian grand offensive against Britain is hardly possible. Hitler's generals, now, would hesitate to carry it out, if he were to order it.

Two victors of this war already stand clear to see - the United States armament interests; and Italy. The Roman Umpire has given a masterly performance; never did a man sit a prettier fence than Mussolini. He had a hand in every warlike exploit as long as these were cheap, and acquired territory by them. They were not costly enough to imperil his popularity with his people; and when they threatened to become expensive and dangerous, he became, for his people, the Prince of Peace.

In the 1914-18 war Italy had a secret clause in her agreement with her ally, Austria-Hungary, that she should not take part in any war involving Britain, and that enabled her to keep out, and come in on the other side, as soon as the issue became clear, and reap the fruits of victory in territorial expansion.

She is not yet satisfied; she has a territorial grievance still outstanding from that war. This time, according to Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, the secret understanding behind the alliance with Germany, made in May 1939, was that it should not involve Italy in a European war in less than three years' time. Again, she stands aside. Again, she watches intently the course of the struggle. Again, she will either intervene, to ensure her further aggrandizement, when she sees how the struggle is going; or she will at the peace conference stake a claim difficult to withstand.

So how do we stand? There are only two possibilities. Either powerful groups in Germany will unseat Hitler, within a year or so, and make a bargain with France and Britain, on the basis that 'Hitlerism' has been destroyed. Or we are in for a long, long, long siege of the West Wall, for the extension of the war in this and that direction without direct influence on its outcome, for the gradual exhaustion of the peoples, for the further spread of disillusionment, disbelief and desperation - in short, for deterioration and the achievement of those conditions in Europe which I described as 'Chinese' in the memorandum I wrote for my paper in 1936: odd dictators all over the place, holding pieces of territory by means of armed bands, like the robber barons of old, a militarist chaos.

The first of these two alternatives would be the better - if the men who succeeded Hitler were better, and more trustworthy than he. But only one method exists to find Germans better and more trustworthy, and that is to make them so.

In other words, we should be back where we were after the last war. We should make an arrangement with Germany and we should preconcert measures to be jointly taken against her if she broke her undertakings.

If we then were resolute, and kept to our word, and did not condone her repeated breaches of her undertakings, if we always maintained enough force to defeat any attempt of hers violently to repudiate them and were always ready to use it - then she would strictly observe them, to the letter and even to the dot on the i. If we began wrangling with the French, she would begin feeling her muscles and throwing her weight about again. We should have another war a few years later.

We are at the beginning of the year which will begin to show us which way the die will fall - and always remember that the armament rings do not want a short war. I want now to cast a glance at the two countries chiefly concerned, for me: England, where I was born, and Germany, which will be with us all until we die.

In England, we have taken up arms 'to defend Freedom'. Our own ancient liberties however, have already been abolished, on paper, by one Home Secretary because 'the Irish Republican terrorists' recommended him to this, apparently; by another Home Secretary, because 'an anti-Semitic organization' instructed its members to 'make fun of the defence regulations' and 'a sudden attack on London' might then 'bring the Jews to their knees'. Not much about Germany and Hitler in all this.

But the liberties have gone - *on paper*. In practice, they exist, as yet, to a great degree. They could be abolished in practice at any moment, or by stages; and the reason given need not be any more worthy of belief than the two I have quoted.

Now, already, at the beginning of 1940, with the war only four months old, the 'manufacturers' of Britain, through their spokesman Sir Patrick Hannon, one of Mr. Chamberlain's most ardent admirers in the House of Commons, who is President of the National Union of Manufacturers and therefore a Field Marshal in big business, drew attention to the 'grave danger of a so-called spiral being created between prices and wages levels'. *The Times*, similarly, wrote that 'the financial demands of the war may compel resort to a lower standard of living ... what happened in the last war is a warning of what will happen again unless prevented. Wages soared to unprecedented heights but they never overtook prices, and the wage-earning classes as a whole were not placed in a better position. War sacrifices will have to be made ...'

These arguments were directed against the possibility that the Mineworkers' Federation would demand a sliding-scale, wages-to-follow-prices, for the war period. I commend them to close attention. A 'spiral' is a dangerous thing. A 'spiral' is an attempt of wages to catch up with rising prices. But, as war has already shown that they do not succeed, they should not try it in this one - for this would represent 'a grave danger', and do not 'the financial demands of the war compel resort to a lower standard of living'? In other words prices should, may, must rise - but not wages. The wage-earners as a whole in the last war 'were not placed in a better position' when they obtained higher wages; obviously, in this war, they will be in a better position if they do not obtain higher wages.

Was ever a mean thought clothed in nobler words? Does not the contrast between this sort of thing and the battle of Montevideo hit you in the eye?

We are fighting 'for freedom', 'to end Hitlerism' - over the North Sea, before the West Wall, in the South Atlantic. What are 'we' fighting for at home?

These quotations, and many other things I could say, suggest very strongly that the home-front-fighters are fighting to keep wages down. And what if the demand - that wages should try and climb after prices, disgusting thought, becomes more clamant, if the workers, some of whom fought in the last war, some of whom are specifically in 'reserved occupations', think that the profit-takers, as well as the wage-takers, should 'resort to a lower standard of living', should make 'war, sacrifices'? Is that what those special powers are lying on the table of the House of Commons for?

Remember that the sympathy of our rulers for National Socialist methods, now called Hitlerism -- we are fighting to end it, by the way -- was chiefly responsible for the we-are-in-two-minds policy that led to this war. Remember that the most vindictive enemies of the British working-classes are in England, nowhere else, and not always even among the moneyed-classes; did not a conscientious objector from Suburbia say that the British working classes were 'dirty, lazy, foolish and sub-normal in physique and mentality', though he certainly added that 'the upper classes are ridiculous figures of egoism, snobbishness and irresponsibility'.

Now, if you are interested in cause and effect, in the sequence of events, turn to an official booklet, *The British Case*, written by Lord Lloyd. Lord Lloyd is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Council, a body which is said to promote British relations with foreign countries. Among other things it sends peers' daughters to display British fashions to the bewildered natives of Croatia, gives 'sherry parties' to Austrian Jews in London, and dispatches English-language-teachers to Rumania, where Jews of mixed cosmopolitan origins learn the language before coming to this country, and all this costs the British taxpayer, including the British working-man, £386,000 a year, according to the press. Lord Lloyd's booklet, *The British Case*, invites perusal, because its title promises the reader an answer to the oft-asked, never-answered question, 'What are we fighting for?'

Lord Lloyd (who as the head of a body dedicated to foreign affairs should be an expert on foreign affairs, but does not distinguish between the head of a foreign state and the head of its government and speaks of 'President Schuschnigg of Austria') says, twice and with emphasis, that 'we are not fighting for frontiers'. He is disillusioned with National Socialism, (sorry, 'Hitlerism'), but not with Fascism. This, he says, 'threatens neither religious nor economic freedom, nor the security of other European nations'. (Albania is in Europe, but Lord Lloyd does not bother with unconsidered trifles when he is making a case.) Lord Lloyd also states that 'the political machinery of Fascism is, indeed, built up on trade unionism', and so on.

Here you have the same old story, that was told to you for years about Hitlerism (sorry, it was then National Socialism). 'This great social experiment' - Sir Neville Henderson, etc. etc.

I have quoted these things to show that the minds of some of Britain's rulers have not changed. The war came because they liked some things in Hitler's Germany so much that they simply could not bear the idea of being bad friends with her, and would not believe that nothing on earth could prevent Hitler's Germany, at the given moment, from turning on Britain. The things they particularly liked were the disciplining of the working-classes, the regimentation, the lowering of wages, the destruction of the trades unions, the enthronement of big business and dividends. They still have that idea enshrined in their hearts. Fascism? Ah, now, that's something like; Mussolini never made a pact with Russia.

So much for England, at the beginning of this war. On all the fighting-fronts, Britishers are doing their duty better than ever. On the home-front, the Government has in its pocket absolute powers; it

can at any moment make itself 'totalitarian', to use the beastly jargon of our times; one more mysterious Irish Republican document like that produced by Sir Samuel Hoare, or mysterious anti-Jewish plot, like that produced by the equally diligent Sir John Anderson, would do the trick.

The warning, 'wages must not rise, though of course prices must', has already been uttered. The grisly contrast between the things the people are told, the things they think they are fighting for, and the truth, the use that is being made of their enthusiasm, their devotion, their lives, is as great as ever. The old, old men behind the scenes, grabbing with vulture-like hands.

The greater contains the lesser - and the class-war seemingly is greater than the Great War, of which this is the second instalment.

In this coming year we shall see whether the British Government, in order to keep wages down, will exercise more and more of the dictatorial powers it has in a pigeon-hole. I don't know whether this sort of thing can be successfully done in wartime. In peacetime, it is like falling off a log. But in war? It has not yet been tried.

I think it would be dangerous. Watch and see. That is one side of the picture, England. And now for Germany.

Hitler, much sooner than I expected, is finished. The fairytale of Adolf in Plunderland may have a few more chapters yet, but its end is in sight. I cannot tell how long he will last, whether he will take an unconscionable time in departing, but his end is written clearly on the wall, and he put it there himself. It is an extraordinary thing, or rather, a thing for which no adequate adjective exists. The marriage with Moscow - without the wedding night. To make an honest woman of the Red Lady - and then not take the dowry? Some of the most powerful Reichswehr generals were always for military collaboration with Bolshevism - but collaboration without the military alliance, what in the name of duplicity is that? And then the Bolshevik military farce in Finland, where the Soviet Generals, chief among them the Jewish General Stern, made war as little Tommy makes war with his tin-soldiers in the nursery?

An amazing development - and, ultimately, the end of Hitler.

And, on top of that, the case of the *Graf Spee*. Adolf Hitler gave himself the name he will deserve in history - Adolf Scuttler. To order a great ship, with a good fighting chance, to sink herself in a Uruguayan harbour?

From that moment, Hitler is old news. Of our Calvary, no end is in sight, but among the gargoyles that flank it, we soon shall leave Hitler behind us. Assuming, that is, that if a Deal be made with Germany -- a Fair Deal, of course, at a square deal table -- our rulers do not make it with Hitler. But even I cannot imagine that.

Hitler is a yellowing page. Long enough he has absorbed our thoughts. The time is coming to consign himself to an upper shelf in the library, to look round for a book about his successor.

His successor will come either from inside or from outside Germany. If he is unseated by those powerful groups within Germany, the man will almost certainly be Göring. If he outlasts that danger, and is dethroned by some eruption of mass discontent in Germany, the man will come from outside. Then he may be Otto Strasser.

Consider Göring first. I wrote earlier that these developments are harder to forecast in wartime than in peacetime, because the factor of the bullet plays a large part, and bullets are incalculable; they

ricochet, they strike at a tangent. But I would say that Göring's chance of being the next ruler of Germany is greater than any other man's.

In his self-commiserating mood, Hitler once, years ago, announced that he had already chosen his successor; he thought that a harmless polyp in his throat, afterwards removed, was an incurable, malignant growth. He did not then say that Göring was the man, but I hazarded the guess, in an article which nobody then found important enough to publish, though I was paid an exaggerated sum for it. At the outbreak of war, Hitler stated that Göring actually was Führer-Elect Number Two.

In making that choice, Hitler only forethwarted the inevitable and, probably foreseeing this, may have saved his own life, for by this move he made it possible, when the time comes, for him to be bowed-off and not bumped-off, by his successor. A chaotic, Communist Germany would be needed for himself to be able violently to remove Göring; but I cannot imagine Hitler himself remaining at the head of that Communist Germany, because too many Germans have been in concentration camps for seven years only because they are Communists.

A better picture of Göring is given by the Life of his first wife, Karin, than by any book about himself. That book contains letters written by Karin when Hitler was in prison, after the unsuccessful Putsch of 1923, and Göring was lying wounded, in exile at Innsbruck, and Hitler's triumph of ten years later seemed only a vision for lunatics, yet these letters show the most perfect faith in Hitler. Such loyalty alone, if loyalty meant anything to Hitler, would have predestined Göring to be his closest helper and his chosen successor - but that was not Hitler's motive.

But now Hitler, little though his Germans imagine yet, is preparing to go. He has no chance to remain. He cannot *win* the war; even if he were to turn on Bolshevy, none would trust him now. Plenty-of people would like to do a deal with Germany on that basis - but not with Hitler, he might change his mind again a little later.

So, enter Göring. They always preferred him to Hitler, because he comes of the officer caste; his career was the army, his father was the first Governor of German South West Africa. They never really forgave Hitler his house-paintership, although they were glad to forget it until he made that pact with Bolshevy. How many of those influential people tried to get Göring to England, for instance; this, they thought, is a man very much like ourselves, with him we can do business.

Strange, you may think, if the war to end Hitlerism turned into a war to begin Göringism. Not in the least. It all boils down to the ism, in the end.

Just look at Göring's qualifications. As soon as he came to power, he put off the brown shirt and put on the Reichswehr or Air Force uniform; that puts him in the right drawer at once. Did he not so admire the British Air Attaché's mess-kit that he copied it for the evening-uniform of his own air officers? The man, is clearly a gentleman. Or, as the disillusioned big landowners of Germany say, as they glance apprehensively over their shoulders at the Bolsheviks, given them as their next-door-neighbours by Adolf (Save-us-from-Bolshevism) Hitler, 'Er ist doch wenigstens ein Herr'.

Now Göring advances upstage. *He* did not make the pact with Bolshevy (did he not tell the British Ambassador that none of them mattered a row of pins when the Führer was making a major decision). Perhaps *he* can get us out of the mess. What about levering Adolf out of his shoes and putting Hermann into them? And then, what about a reconciliation with Britain and France, ('Hitlerism' having been ended) and a common front against Russia?



Consider Göring's friends at court, at many courts. He has been Mussolini's friend since his exile-days in Italy in 1924. Prince Philip of Hesse, who married the King of Italy's daughter, was a very close friend of his, and was given a high Prussian appointment by him. The former Kaiser liked him and invited him to Doorn. The former Crown Prince pinned on his coat the very Iron Cross he wears. The Princeling whom the Hohenzollern family sent into the National Socialist Party, on the off-chance of a catch in the slips, August Wilhelm, is his friend since many a long day. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Queen Victoria's grandson, Old Etonian and aristocratic showpiece of the National Socialist Party, is a very close friend; the Duchess of Coburg even travelled especially to Austria to be present at the birth of his sister's child. Wales-Edward-Windsor played trains with him on the marvellous model railway in the loft at Karinhall.

He has not spoiled his chances with any of these people. He might be a King-maker; a common-front-against-Bolshevy-maker.

Almost a miracle would be needed, as this war is developing, to prevent this man from becoming the next ruler of Germany. He is, in private life, the most jovial, back-slapping, friendly fellow you could wish for, who loves children, flowers, and animals, animals so much that he forbade vivisection, dancing bears, and fox-hunting with hounds. This last is the only serious objection to him, in British eyes; a man who does a thing like that, think the friends-of-man in Leicestershire, must have a cruel streak in him somewhere.

One or two other things about him are interesting. He is the father of the concentration camps. The author of the shoot-to-kill order to the Storm Troops. The man who had a Prussian general and his wife shot in their drawing-room on a fine Saturday afternoon in June. The man who fired the Reichstag and threatened to hang a Bulgarian communist exile for it. The man who, if and when Hitler goes, may have the German army and air force intact, and Hitler's territorial gains in his pocket. He would probably be glad to lead a crusade against Bolshevy - but not at the price of giving up what Hitler filched.

The loveliest picture of Göring that I have in my mind is of him sitting enthroned in the Speaker's Seat of the Reichstag on September 12th, 1932, the day when he was elected Speaker, and giving an unforgettable performance as The Grand Young Man of Parliamentary tradition and usage.

As soon as he had taken his Speaker's seat, the Communists, ostensibly the archest enemies of the Nazis, tabled a motion for the immediate quashing of the decrees by means of which Franz von Papen, Hindenburg's protégé, was then ruling the land. Papen confidently expected the Nazis to oppose this motion and sat smiling in the Chancellor's seat with the Reichstag dissolution order -- he had obtained this in advance from Hindenburg in order to intimidate the Reichstag and be able to quell any outbursts -- in its traditional red portfolio on the desk before him. But the Nazis, having telephoned quickly to Hitler, decided to let the motion go through, and before Papen knew where he was Göring had ordered a division and vote. Now Papen, who knew that a vote, if one were allowed to be taken, would make him the laughing stock of the world (the actual result was 512 votes against and 42 for him) jumped up and presented Göring with the dissolution order, so that the vote might be thwarted. Göring motioned him aside, and when the red portfolio was placed on his desk pushed it aside again. 'No, no', he said, 'the vote is now in progress, and must be completed. I am not interested in the contents of your red portfolio. To interfere with the vote now would be a breach of faith, a breach with all parliamentary tradition, why, good heavens, it would be unconstitutional!' The discomfited Papen had to withdraw and suffer ludicrous defeat in Parliament (afterwards, of course, the dissolution was declared legal). When he had gone Göring, with grave and honest mien, declared:

'I am firmly resolved to maintain both the prestige of Parliament and, above all, the right of this elected assembly of the German people to continue its work in accordance with the Constitution.'

Five months later he fired this same Reichstag.

So, from the point of view of the outer world, the rose that is Hermann Göring possibly has a few thorns. That will not prevent him from becoming the next ruler of Germany - if the change comes about fairly soon, and is the work of the same, powerful, big-business and big-estate groups which put Hitler into power.

But if the change is delayed in coming, and the German people begin, like Vesuvius in a good sightseeing week, to show signs of simmering and boiling over, the man to follow Hitler will probably come from outside the country, he will be chosen from that group of men, now in the shadows of exile, who seem so obscure to-day, as Hitler seemed obscure only yesterday.

Then other men's names will come up, and foremost among them Otto Strasser's. For these reasons, because he may be important to us, because he may mean you, I began to think, in the summer of 1939, before war began, of writing a book about Göring and Otto Strasser. But then I thought, Göring has been written about nearly enough already, and anybody who still cherishes illusions about him is incurable anyway; I'll write about Otto Strasser.

So, when I came back to England, with the intention of writing a book, about this war and the next peace and Germany and Otto Strasser and the like, I went to a place on the south coast, and into a big hotel there.

It had an enormous apartment, called a Lounge, where a few people sat stiffly about in leather arm-chairs. In the middle was a glass-sided tank filled with water in which tropical fish swam bemusedly about, wondering, as I thought, what the devil they were doing in that galley, and from time to time one of the other occupants of the larger aquarium -- for The Lounge was a chilly, greenish place, where invalid ladies and water-proofed gentlemen languidly swam in and out, so that you started when you found one near you -- would occasionally approach this tank and contemplate its population, uttering faint sounds which might have expressed pleasure or surprise. I wondered what the other fish, inside the tank, thought of them.

There was an elderly gentleman of military bearing who knitted (Brig.-Gen., ret., late 1st Knitwits, I thought at random) and who was sometimes visited by his son, to whom he would snort complaints about things he had read in the paper ('Pampering these militiamen, I don't hold with it'. 'Yes, father'). There was an elderly lady who tottered from chair to chair and, between totters, nourished herself on the humour which *Punch* distils from that inexhaustible source of fun - the distinctions between the classes. Once a child came into The Lounge and was made much of by a Dutch lady, so that it began to laugh loudly; the elderly lady sent a waiter over with a reproof.

After a day or two, I swam out of The Lounge, which was unsympathetic to me.

So I took train and came, after a long walk on a very cold day, to my deserted village. The old lady with the gleaming eye was there, surrounded by her chickens and the wreck of the hamlet.

'Here I am, I said. 'I'm coming in for a day or two.'

'Well, I didn't expect you back again, Master, she said.

'Why not?' I asked, 'I said I was coming.'

'Well, I didn't think you'd come,' she said, 'this is a lonely place, and a cold place in winter, and I never had any visitors at this time before, and it's not very cheerful for you, with all these ruins.'

'It's the only unruined place in England,' I said. 'You haven't a radio, or a film-hell, or a fish-and-chip den, or a British Imperial Union Jack Corporation for the assembly of all-British gimcracks made by Polish Jews in New York; you haven't a Glamour Girl, or a Mayfair Man, or an air wardress; horoscopes, football pools and jitterbug dancing are unknown to you; cold it may be here, but think how much colder it is in Finland, or even in London at a full-dress rehearsal of a nude revue, and here you have no nude revues, and I saw enough of that racket in Free Germany and know what it means; you haven't a refugee, save myself, and I am the only real refugee in England; you haven't an Olde Antique Shoppe for the sale of mass-produced brass candlesticks from Birmingham; you haven't even a Tea Shoppe or a Pauper's Arms, where I should be sold warm whisky and cold port, if I were prepared to drink them standing, at certain hours of the day; you even speak English, which is a rare thing in this country; you haven't a Petrol-Station-and-Kozy-Kaffee combined; you haven't a crooner or a swing-singer, you need never listen to your own countrymen and countrywomen, in their blindness, singing 'Oh my bewdiful, yore so bewdiful'; your chickens don't even carry gasmasks; why, I never saw a place so unruined.'

'You talk queerly, Master,' she said, doubtfully, but her strange eye gleamed more indomitably than ever, 'there's enough ruins here, all round you.'

'Ah,' said I, 'you should see Chaucer's Canterbury and Drake's Plymouth.'

'Why?' she said, vaguely 'have they been bombing them?'

'No' said I. 'We have.'

'Oh,' she said, 'well, are you going to write your book here, Master?'

'Some of it, anyway,' I said, 'out of this very head. I'm bitten badly, by this book. I didn't know what to think about it when I left you, but now I'm all caught up in it, and I think Otto Strasser is a remarkable man, and a good German, and a man of peace, so lead the way, I want to work.'

And we went in.

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## Appendix One

### THE BOOKS OF OTTO STRASSER

I was surprised to find, when I learned to know Otto Strasser better and discussed with him at length his life and work, that he is the author of many books, not one of which, as I believe, has been translated into English. Two or three I had read myself, when I was abroad, and assumed that they had long since appeared in this country, but I had no idea of the number of his works, nor can I understand to-day how a man of his many activities ever found time to write them. But I have mentioned, among the first of his attributes, his enormous and almost unbelievable energy, a thing not uncommon among Germans which he possessed in rare measure. Somehow he contrived, while campaigning up and down Germany for or against Hitler, while campaigning against Hitler in exile, while moving from place to place and from country to country in escape from the ever-pursuing Gestapo, to write dozens of books and pamphlets. He says he is the only author who does not know how many books he has written, and he may be right.

His *Structure of German Socialism* (*Aufbau des Deutschen Sozialismus*) I have mentioned in this book. I find it among the most striking essays in constructive political thought, elaborated in detail, that I have ever read; and at the end of it, overlooked by the great world of readers for so many years, lay the record of the two long conversations with Hitler which give so much insight into that man's mendacity and hysteria. This book was published in 1931.

Another of his political books was *European Federation* (Europäische Föderation) published in 1935; to-day, everybody speaks about European Federation, and this book alone would put Otto Strasser among the prophets. Then he wrote *The German St. Bartholomew's Night* (*Die Deutsche Bartholomäusnacht*) an account of the Hitlerist massacre of June 30th, 1934, in which his own brother Gregor, killed on that day, plays the leading part. I was particularly surprised to learn that this book was never translated into English, because that bloody day belongs to history and the comments upon it of a man so well acquainted with all the leading figures in the tragedy and so closely related to one of them as Otto Strasser must be invaluable to historians.

In 1938 (I am not giving these books in chronological order) he published, in Zürich, under the pseudonym D.G., *Erlebte Weltgeschichte*, which might be approximately translated as *World History in My Time*. This is a well-written and quite absorbing story of the events that began on June 28th, 1914, when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was murdered at Serajevo, and continued by way of the World War to the triumph of Hitler, in 1933. Its last words are 'The Hitler system was born, which will shake Germany and Europe to their foundations'.

At one time and another came also *We seek Germany* (*Wir suchen Deutschland*), *Whither Hitler?* (*Wohin reibt Hitler?*), *Europe of To-morrow* (*Europa von Morgen*). The last of these is an interesting work, based on the ideals of T. G. Masaryk.

While he was still in Germany, and fighting against Hitler, Otto Strasser published another pseudonymous book, about his brother, called simply *Gregor Strasser* by 'Michael Geismeyer'. It was a delicate and difficult subject for him, because Gregor was still Hitler's chief lieutenant; he, Otto, was Hitler's chief antagonist. This played a part in a characteristic episode of those days. One day Otto Strasser appeared on the platform of the well-known Spichern Säle in Berlin in one of the famous debate-meetings which he introduced in Germany at that time. On this particular evening, his adversary was a Communist speaker, one of the weird alien 'intellectuals' who adorned the then German Communist Party, a 'Professor' Witfogel of the Lenin University. The Professor came off badly in this debate, before an audience consisting of three-fourths of uproarious Communists, and

sought to turn the tables and discomfit Otto Strasser by asking him, suddenly, 'Are you the author of Michael Geismeyer's book on Gregor Strasser?' This was an unpleasant question for Otto Strasser, who had written the book from two motives: first, to earn some money, since Hitler's purchase and closure of his publishing house had bankrupted him; and secondly, by a skilful artifice to strengthen Gregor Strasser's position, and the Strasser cause generally, within the National Socialist Party. It was, in fact, a little piece of Black Front strategy. Professor Witfogel had learned of this and knew that if he could convict Otto Strasser of the authorship of the book its purchase would immediately be prohibited for National Socialists by Hitler, and Gregor Strasser's position in the party would be seriously shaken. After a brief hesitation, Otto Strasser answered: 'You know very well that if I answer yes to your question the book will be boycotted and my income from it cut off, and you know that it contains nothing that is different from what I have said to-night and have always said. So you wish only to injure me financially. Nevertheless, the answer is yes, I wrote the book, and you are a swine.'

The unexpected result of this encounter was that the 2000 people present broke into loud applause and Professor Witfogel was not allowed to continue the debate.

Apart from these books, which are all that he can remember, if not all that he has written, Otto Strasser in these crowded years wrote innumerable pamphlets, all in the sense of and about the topics I have touched on in this book with one strange exception, a pamphlet, which I have unfortunately been unable to procure, on the Revolution in Male Attire. He thinks the male clothing of to-day, and I agree, to have touched the lowest depths of ugliness, drabness, discomfort and unsuitability that man's dress has ever reached, and, while pursuing doggedly his ideal of a German Conservative Revolution, he even found time to advocate in print another revolution - that in the habiliments of the men of our time.

The thing that strikes me about his books, especially the *Erlebte Weltgeschichte*, is that he writes very well, and I find it particularly strange, for this reason alone, that none of them appeared in England. Apart from that, he was, of course, in unique position to know Hitler and the other Nazi leaders, and all the other men who have played a leading part in Germany in the last twenty years, and had information about the inner truth of great events that was available to no other man. It is a curious comment on the state of the world's literature to-day that his books never reached a larger public, when scores of men who had no better sources of information than a file of newspaper cuttings were turning out the most sensational keyhole stuff about Hitler, Göring and the rest.

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## Appendix Two

### THE MILITARY SERVICE OF OTTO STRASSER

I have been at pains to check Otto Strasser's military and civil history - his record of service, that is to say, during the Great War of 1914-18, and his activities in civilian life, particularly his political activities, in the years that followed it.

For one thing, I have a passion for facts. For another, I have usually found that a man's past record gives the best key to his character. For instance, if our rulers had been guided by this principle, and if they desired to do the best for their country, Britain, they could never have fallen into the absurd error of believing -- if they really believed this, and I doubt it -- that Adolf Hitler was a man good at heart but misunderstood, a man who, handled with indulgence, would prove to be an honest treaty-partner, a champion of peace, and a first violin in the sweetly harmonious concert of Europe.

His record is too bad for any British statesman to have believed that. There are far too many gaps in Hitler's record, and they can have no other explanation than that he has something to conceal. He has never given a single detail, that can be corroborated, of his doings in Vienna in the years before the war. Of his service in the war itself much less is known than would be known if all was well; it is significant that towards its end, when it was going badly, he was lying in a distant hospital suffering from some affliction, vaguely attributed to 'gas', which strongly recalls the familiar tactics of the malingerer in that war. The most sinister gap of all in Hitler's record is that which I have discussed at some length in this book - the absence of all explanation for his presence in Munich at a time when it was under Jewish-Communist rule and when all good anti-Reds were gathering afar off to expel this Red regime by force of arms.

The known things about Hitler are even more damning than these damning gaps, for the whole record of his political career, before he came to power and afterwards, has been one of pledges given in order to dupe others and broken immediately the end was attained, without a single exception.

Thus Hitler's record contained not one single thing that could justify any foreign statesman in trusting him, and the gaps in it were even more ominous than the things that were known. Close study of this man's past enabled many writers accurately to state what his future acts would be, and this is the enormous importance, to us, to you, to me, of knowing a man and his past.

The same thing applies exactly to Göring. In Göring's record there are no gaps whatever. Everything is known about him. Everything he has done is creditable - judged as the acts of a man whose lifelong ambition is to humble Britain and to put Germany at the head of the nations of the world. To that end, Göring will use any means whatever; he will stick at nothing. The Reichstag fire; the shoot-to-kill order to the police; the murder of hundreds of his fellow-Germans; the stupendous 'black', or secret, rearmament of Germany, blandly denied to every British and other foreign statesman until a long lead had been established; all these are the unmistakable signs and proofs of Göring's implacability, ruthlessness and lack of all scruple in pursuing the end which he considers patriotic.

If British statesmen a second time ignore these things, and dupe the British public by pretending that Göring, or another man like him, will become the friend of Britain if he be gently and 'tactfully' handled, more disasters await us. Göring's life is an open book compared with Hitler's; but his only law is Germany and Germany's domination in the world, and to that end the destruction of all, chief among them Britain, who stand in the way.

For these reasons I have gone in detail into Otto Strasser's record in this book, and have also described his service in the war of 1914-18. Here is no ambiguity, here are no gaps, any more than there are in the record of his political life after that war. Chapter and verse are contained in the *History of the First (Prince Regent Luitpold) Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment*. The fourth volume of this history, which was published by the Bavarian War Museum at Munich in 1931, covers the years 1911-20, and therefore includes the war we once called Great. Otto Strasser is one of the most oft-mentioned of the hundreds of officers who appear in its pages. I give below the chief extracts concerning him. The first relates to the last and greatest German offensive in that war, that of March 21st, 1918. It says:

'The 24th Bavarian Infantry Regiment took the enemy first line in thick fog. Its left battalion, the First, had been allotted the task of taking Urvillers from the south-east. Lieutenant Strasser was with it and devoted himself to his especial mission, which was to keep the infantry pressing forward hard behind the curtain of fire. At this point in the line, the method was successful. He found the first enemy trenches flattened out and the few survivors offered little resistance ... Lieutenant Strasser and the scout officer of the First Battalion, Lieutenant Sailer (being held up in their advance by a British machine-gun nest), collected a few volunteers and with them pushed along a trench by means of which they were able to reach the British troops, whom they attacked with hand grenades. They captured the three machine-guns and their crews without loss ... Lieutenant Strasser pushed on some hundreds of yards farther and suddenly saw to his left British guns in action. He decided to take these. He surprised the British artillerymen with a quick attack from the north -- they were firing towards the east -- and killed some of the gunners, who had been reinforced by some infantry. He made prisoners of the remainder, whom he gathered in a dugout. Two British guns were thus put out of action ... Lieutenant Strasser then rejoined the staff of the First Battalion which, with one company of the battalion, was in a captured British trench. Five hundred yards away they saw a British battery in action and Lieutenant Strasser offered to attack it with Lieutenant Sailer. Taking a platoon of men with him, he was able to cover the five hundred yards of open ground and to reach cover midway between two British guns. Four guns, two machine-guns and a complete brigade staff were captured in this engagement. Machine-gun fire hindered a further advance, and Lieutenant Strasser decided to turn one of the captured guns upon the machine-gunners. But as the British artillerymen had rendered their guns useless, two hours' work was needed to make one of them ready for action. Lieutenant Strasser then served this gun himself, shooting over open sights.

'Lieutenant Strasser was nominated for the Max Josef Military Order for his work on this day.'

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This was the first big engagement in which Otto Strasser took part as an officer (he received his commission towards the end of 1917).

By August the German advance had ceased, American troops were pouring into France, and the German armies were on the defensive. On August 9th the great Allied counter-offensive (which ultimately led to the German collapse and the alleged end of the war) began. Of this day the *History of the First Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment* says:

'The news of the British attack east of Amiens made a deep impression on us. Lieutenant Strasser, who was carrying on in spite of severe sciatica, at this time wrote in his diary: "When I think of the feeling at home and of the condition of our infantry, I am filled with anxiety, the deepest anxiety. If only the whole army were like the artillery and particularly the artillery officers - ah, then!"'

On August 20th, 1918, the German line began to break and the German retreat began. The *History* describes how Otto Strasser saved his guns:

'When the advancing enemy was only eight hundred yards distant, Lieutenant Strasser ordered the withdrawal of all his guns save one, and sent an orderly with an appeal for limbers to get this gun away. He took command and fired all his remaining ammunition at the advancing French Colonial troops. At 6.15 p.m. he removed essential parts from the gun and ordered all his men save two bombardiers to retreat, giving one of them a message to say that the limbers must be sent at the gallop. He then went to a point on the road to await the coming of the limber, and saw there three Prussian guns which were bound to fall into the enemy's hands. Lieutenant Hieber, whom he had left in command of the gun, then arrived to report that masses of black troops had captured the battery position vacated by the other guns, and were advancing on the last gun. At this moment the limbers appeared at the gallop. They had already passed the last of the retreating infantry, who had tried to prevent them from coming on, saying that they would only fall into the hands of the French. Lieutenant Strasser succeeded in harnessing six-horse teams to two of the Prussian guns and then went to help Lieutenant Hieber rescue the last of his own guns. The enemy was now within bombing range. The noise of the explosions alarmed both men and horses, and escape seemed impossible. Lieutenant Hieber says: "I attribute our success in saving the gun at the last moment to the coolness and courage of Lieutenant Strasser, who called to the men: 'Steady, don't hurry. Just let them go on throwing their bombs', so that in the end all four guns, his own and the three Prussian guns, were saved". Lieutenant Strasser was the last man to leave the battery position, and came away cursing the French'.

Strasser, says the regimental history, was for his work on this day nominated a second time for the Max Josef Military Order. (He had been wounded, incidentally, on June 6th, but not seriously and did not leave his battery.)

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## Appendix Three

### THE COLONIAL PLAN OF OTTO STRASSER

The thing that has particularly impressed me about Otto Strasser's proposals for the reorganization of Germany is that they do not belong to the legion of such schemes hatched, or half-hatched, since this war began in September 1939. Since that happened, all sorts of people, among them many who earlier denied that the war would come, that Hitler would invade Austria, or Czechoslovakia, or Poland, and particularly that he would ever join hands with Bolshevism, have begun to offer *their* plans for the re-mapping of Germany and Europe after the war. The history of all their past pronouncements, if anybody remembered it, would show how ill-qualified they are to win a new peace, for they are the people who lost the last one.

Otto Strasser's chief proposal -- the preservation of Germany but the dismemberment of Prussia -- was made before this war began, before Hitler began his swoops, before he even came to power. It was first made immediately after Otto Strasser's breach with Hitler, in 1930, and was published in 1931, and the fact that it has become to-day, in 1940, of such enormous political importance shows that he is a man of the most exceptional farsightedness and a master of his subject. That proposal is the most important thing in this book. It has to be considered in conjunction with his other, domestic proposal for the expropriation of the great Prussian landowners. Strasser would ensure peace by destroying the forces inside Germany that recurrently and incorrigibly work for war, the forces that put Hitler in power and made this war.

It is the most striking proposal, and the most worthy of long examination, that I have seen, and puts him, as I believe, in the first rank of the political thinkers of our time, which can show barely a single statesman of quality, unless Mussolini is one. It entitles Strasser's whole political programme to earnest consideration, and gives weight to his ideas about colonies and Germany's title, to colonial activity.

Otto Strasser's proposals about colonies also date from many years back and were published in January 1938. These proposals, and the arguments with which he supports them, deserve comparison, once more, with Hitler's record in the same matter.

Hitler, in *Mein Kampf* and for many years after the publication of that book claimed to be an inveterate enemy of German colonial activity, on the ground that ambitions in this direction would bring Germany into antagonism with Britain, whose friendship was vital for her. This professed view about colonies was as mendacious as his hostility to Bolshevism and all his other avowed opinions; it was an attitude assumed to lull Britain into a sense of false security while German rearmament was being rushed forward, and our rulers inevitably succumbed to the blarney.

By the time of Munich, Hitler had got so far as to state his claim to colonies (to Mr. Chamberlain) and in the last years before the present war, indeed, this claim was an open and official one of Hitler's Germany. The Roman Empire, too, proclaimed the right of Germany to a colonial empire in Africa in October 1937, and this nobly selfless act of brotherly love, which was better calculated than any other to cut off any possible German retreat to London, was one of the astutest of Mussolini's moves.

Otto Strasser was at that time in exile, and fighting Hitler, but he did not, for the sake of financial support in his campaign or of political backing in foreign countries, take the line of least resistance, attack Hitler for his falsehoods in the matter of colonies, and call on his followers to fight against

any proposal for a German share in colonial activity. Instead, he put forward his own proposals, in these words:

'Nothing could be more unjust and senseless than to declare the present distribution of colonial territory unchangeable. German emigrants of the Left make themselves ridiculous when they emphatically declare themselves against Germany's colonial claims and thus make themselves the spokesmen of the British or French colonial empires. Mussolini's phrase about the "proletarian nations", the have-nots, and their antagonists the "capitalist nations", the haves, is simply the Marxist idea of class-warfare translated into terms of colonies. But the enemy of such class-distinctions must also be the enemy of such nation-distinctions. He cannot acknowledge that there are "privileged nations" with colonial territories ten, a hundred, or a thousand times as large as the mother country, while other countries pine in the confinement of their space and the meagreness of their raw-material sources. Who can deny that the high standard of living of the British and Dutch peoples, the sound basis of French and Belgian industry, in predominant measure rests on their wealth of colonies, while the low standard of living of Italy and Austria, the raw-material poverty of Switzerland and the Sudetenland is in large degree due to their lack of colonies? By what writ does Portugal, with a stationary population of six to seven million, dispose of a colonial empire of over two million square metres, or more than five times the area of Germany, while Poland, with an ever-growing population of thirty-eight millions, has no colonies?

'But' -- adds Otto Strasser -- 'this objective and just examination of the problem shows the monstrous mendacity of Hitler's colonial claims and their completely reactionary motive and aim, for he is not concerned about a useful solution of the whole problem, about justice, or about a new and better order among the nations. For him, the question is solely one of might, of a share in the booty. That achieved, his Germany would immediately rank itself with the haves and against the have-nots. So might a workman profess Socialist principles until he acquired property, and then with the utmost speed become a defender of the capitalist system against the other Socialists, thus proving that he was never a Socialist!

'The colonial problem cannot be solved by such means. The result would be but an eternal struggle for shares in the booty, while the prevailing order would undergo no change whatever. But it is not only a matter of a share of the booty. Only a fundamental change in the colonial system can lead to that durable settlement of the problem which is so important a condition of European pacification.

'How would the government of a new Germany, after Hitler, envisage such a new system, what would it strive for? The conception immediately arises of a joint colonial activity of all European states, especially the industrial states, that is, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Poland. This would remove from the problem those factors of prestige and might and rivalry which envenom it.'

(I ought to intervene at this point to mention that since Otto Strasser drew up his proposals for the colonial participation of European States, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland have been swallowed up by Hitler, and that even Otto Strasser's conception of a European peace would leave the industrial regions of the last two States, and probably all of Austria, within the Reich, so that a share in colonial activity based on industrial strength would work out very much to Germany's advantage. I also mentioned earlier in this book that I was not in agreement with Otto Strasser's proposals for Austria, the Sudeten-German area of what was Czechoslovakia, and that part of Poland which the Germans miscalled the Polish Corridor. I simply recorded his proposals.)

On the strength of these arguments, Otto Strasser proposes, as the practical means of ensuring a just distribution of colonial activity, the formation of a European Colonial Company, comprising all European states, with the exception of Britain, France, Italy, and Holland, which would be unlikely

to join. The chief members, he wrote in January 1938, would thus be Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Hungary, Portugal, Austria, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian and Balkan States if they wished to join. They would participate in the Company in proportion to the size of their populations. The territory to be put at the disposal of this Company would be the former German territories in Africa and the African colonies of Belgium and Portugal. The Company would be under the supervision of the League of Nations.

The former owners in the African territory thus administered by the European Colonial Company, proposes Otto Strasser, should receive from it annually a payment equal to the average of their earnings during the preceding ten years, this to be guaranteed by the League. All colonial services would be taken over by the Company, and would retain their pension and other rights. Flags and official languages would remain unchanged, but the Company's flag would be hoisted alongside, and bilingual speech (French and German) would be gradually introduced in all the Company's territory. New administrative staffs would be trained in colonial schools in the participating countries.

Such were the proposals for 'a just solution of the colonial problem' drawn up by Otto Strasser before Hitler's annexations had begun. To-day, regarded as 'just proposals', they are still attractive. Their practical possibility seems to have receded. They depend, for instance, on the readiness of Belgium and Portugal to place their great African empires under the administration of a 'European Colonial Company', and there is no likelihood of this unless some future peace conference develops in a way that now seems quite improbable. They depend, too, on the readiness of Britain to place the former German colonies in Africa under similar administration, and if Germany loses this war, or better said, if she does not contrive to win it, that seems less likely still. At one point -- by abstention from his last adventure, the attack on Poland -- Hitler could almost certainly have had some such concession in respect of the former German colonies in Africa; I have the strong impression that that card was always held far up the sleeve of our governments. But now?

To-day, these proposals even seem too kind to Germany, which has given the world cause only for ill-will, and none whatever for good will, since March 1938, ten weeks after Otto Strasser drew up this plan. At the time they were written, they were certainly reasonable, and who would say that they were not just? To-day, they remain to throw another light on the mind of a man who may yet play an important part in German affairs.

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## Appendix Four

### THE TWENTY-FIVE POINTS OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM

In order that the theme of this book, the dispute between Otto Strasser and Hitler, may be better understood I give here the 'Twenty-Five Points' - the programme of the National Socialist Party. This programme was already in existence when Hitler, acting as police-spy and agent of Röhm, discovered the little National Socialist Party in Munich in 1919. Afterwards, when he had ousted the first leaders of the party by means of the money with which Röhm supplied him, and had himself become its leader, the 'Twenty-Five Points' were proclaimed as the official programme of the party at its first large meeting, on February 25th, 1920, at the Hofbräuhaus in Munich. At the first congress of the party, on May 22nd, 1920, they were declared to be 'unalterable'. They thus represent the programme which was offered to the electors and show what the millions who voted for Hitler wanted.

The first ten and the last eight of the 'Twenty-Five Points' represent the *national*, or patriotic, part of National Socialism; to understand them, it should be borne in mind that Germany was at that time a chaotic land, groping in the dark aftermath of defeat; that an enormous number of alien immigrants, chiefly Jews, similar to that which has appeared in England and the British Empire in recent years, had come to Germany, swamped many trades and professions, made itself prominent in politics and dominant in the press, and was prospering while the German masses were nearly starving; and that many Germans detested these conditions and hoped against hope to remedy them.

The first ten Points were:

1. We demand the union of all Germans, on the basis of the right of the self-determination of peoples, to form a Great Germany. [This demand was far more than fulfilled by force, and not in virtue of self-determination, by the invasions of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland.]
2. We demand equality of rights for the German people in its dealings with other nations, and abolition of the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain. [This demand was fulfilled in respect of the Treaty of Versailles, which Germany repudiated, while her equality of rights was established by the passive acquiescence of others in this repudiation.]
3. We demand land and territory [colonies] for the nourishment of our people and for settling our surplus population.
4. None but members of the nation may be citizens of the State. None but those of German blood, whatever their creed, may be members of the nation. No Jew, therefore, may be a member of the nation. [This demand was fulfilled by the laws restricting the activities of Jews.]
5. Anyone who is not a citizen of the State may live in Germany only as a guest and must be regarded as being subject to the alien laws.
6. The right of voting on leadership and legislation is to be enjoyed by the citizens of the State alone. We demand therefore that all official appointments, of whatever kind, whether in the Reich, the provinces, or the small communities, shall be granted to citizens of the State alone. We oppose the corrupt parliamentary custom of the State, of filling posts merely with a view to party considerations, and without reference to character or capacity.

7. We demand that the State shall make it its first duty to promote the industry and livelihood of the citizens of the State. If it is not possible to nourish the entire population of the State, foreign nationals (non-citizens of the State) must be excluded from the Reich.

8. All further non-German immigration must be prevented. We demand that all non-Germans who entered Germany after August 2nd, 1914, shall be required forthwith to depart from the Reich. [The first part of this demand was fulfilled, the second part was not, although scores of thousands of the detested immigrants had actually come to Germany since 1914.]

9. All citizens of the State shall possess equal rights and duties.

10. It must be the first duty of every citizen of the State to perform mental or physical work. The activities of the individual must not clash with the interests of the whole, but must proceed within the framework of the community and must be for the general good.

At this point begin the vital seven Points, numbers 11 to 17, which comprise the *Socialist* part of National Socialism and, with the *patriotic* part, gave the Party its dual appeal to the electors. Without these socialist clauses, the party could never have attained power. They were taken over by Hitler precisely for that reason; his long debate with Otto Strasser, recorded in this book, shows that he never regarded them seriously. But Otto Strasser, and many more of his followers, did take them seriously. These were the parts of the programme which irresistibly appealed to that social *Sehnsucht* in the German people of which I have written at length. Not one of these Socialist promises was fulfilled. They were:

11. We demand the abolition of incomes not earned by work. [No step whatever in this direction was ever taken.]

12. In view of the enormous sacrifice of life and property demanded of a nation by every war, personal enrichment through war must be regarded as a crime against the nation. We demand therefore the ruthless confiscation of all war profits. [No action of this kind was taken; the armament-makers in Germany to-day, and during this present war, thrive as freely as those in other lands.]

13. We demand the nationalization of all jointly-owned concerns. [Nothing to this effect was ever done.]

14. We demand that there shall be profit-sharing in the great industries. [No measure to this end was ever enacted.]

15. We demand a generous development of provision for old age. [To the best of my recollection, no improvement was ever made in the old-age insurance or pensions schemes which existed when Hitler came to power.]

16. We demand the creation and maintenance of a healthy middle class, immediate communalization of wholesale warehouses, and their lease at a low rate to small traders, and that the most careful consideration shall be shown to all small purveyors to the State, the provincial administrations, or smaller communities. [This vision of multiple-stores, chain-stores and one-price-stores converted into small-tradesmen's bazaars particularly appealed to the hard-pressed small shopkeeper in the days of Hitler's fight for power and brought him much support from this class. No move to fulfil this promise was ever made.]

17. We demand a land-reform suitable to our national requirements, the passing of a law for the confiscation without compensation of land for communal purposes, the abolition of interest on mortgages, and prohibition of all speculation in land. [This demand was really the most important and vital in the whole programme. 'Confiscation without compensation' was aimed directly at the great warmongering landlords of Prussia, many of them incurably insolvent. The aim was to settle a sturdy stock of peasant smallholders on those bankrupt acres. 'Abolition of interest on mortgages and prohibition of all speculation in land' was aimed at the Jewish banker and usurer in the other rural districts, whose slave the peasant had become. This is still, to-day, a burning issue in the whole German problem, as I have shown in the chapter about Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism'. Not only was nothing ever done to fulfil this Point of the programme, but it was actually discarded long before the Party came to power, for Hitler, as an equivalent for the financial subsidies he received from the lords of land and industry -- one of them, Herr Thyssen, admitted to this in a statement he made after his flight from Germany not long ago -- on April 13th, 1928, added a rider to the famous Point 17 which said. 'It is necessary to reply to the false interpretation on the part of our opponents of Point 17. Since the National Socialist Party admits the principle of private property, it is obvious that the expression "confiscation without compensation" refers merely to the creation of possible legal means of confiscating, when necessary, land illegally acquired, or not administered in accordance with the national welfare. It is therefore directed in the first instance against the Jewish companies which speculate in land.']

[No land-reform was made, no confiscation-law passed, mortgage-interest was not abolished, nor was speculation in land made impossible. On the contrary, the great landowners were chief among the powers behind the scenes which made Hitler dictator.]

This comparison between Hitler's preaching and practice in the social section of his programme is necessary for the understanding of this book and of the German situation as it will take shape in the later stages of the present war.

The remaining eight Points are less important. They are:

18. We demand ruthless war upon all those whose activities are injurious to the common interest. Common criminals against the nation, usurers, profiteers, etc., must be punished with death, whatever their creed or race. (No 'profiteers or usurers' have ever been punished with death in Hitler's Germany, to the best of my knowledge, and very few of them have been punished at all, only a showpiece here and there for propagandist purposes. The only people who have been put to death were those who were charged with treason in one form or another - that is, with endangering the secrecy of Germany's rearmament.)

19. We demand that the Roman Law, which serves the materialistic world order, shall be replaced by a German common law.

20. With the aim of opening to every capable and industrious German the possibility of higher education and consequent advancement to leading positions, the State must consider a thorough reconstruction of our national system of education. The curriculum of all educational establishments must be brought into line with the requirements of practical life. Directly the mind begins to develop, the schools must aim at teaching the pupil to understand the idea of the State. We demand the education of specially gifted children of poor parents, whatever their class or occupation, at the expense of the State. [Nothing was done to fulfil the first and last sentences of this Point.]

21. The State must apply itself to raising the standard of health in the nation by protecting mothers and infants, prohibiting child labour and increasing bodily efficiency by legally obligatory

gymnastics and sports, and by extensive support of clubs engaged in the physical training of the young. [Germany, under all regimes, is among the leading States of the world in these matters, and very much was done after Hitler came to power to fulfil the second part of this claim, but chiefly from the motive of militarization and war.]

22. We demand the abolition of mercenary troops and the formation of a national army. [This Point has been completely, unreservedly, exuberantly, and enthusiastically fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. The history of German high-speed rearmament is a whole encyclopaedia in itself.]

23. We demand legal warfare against conscious political lies and their dissemination in the press. In order to facilitate the creation of a German national press we demand: (a) that all editors of, and contributors to, newspapers employing the German language must be members of the nation; (b) that special permission from the State shall be necessary before non-German newspapers may appear, these not necessarily to be printed in the German language; (c) that non-Germans shall be prohibited by law from participating financially in or influencing German newspapers, and that the penalty for contravention of the law shall be the suppression of any such newspaper, and immediate deportation of the non-German involved. It must be forbidden to publish newspapers which do not conduce to the national welfare. We demand the legal prosecution of all tendencies in art and literature of a kind likely to disintegrate our life as a nation, and the suppression of institutions which militate against the above-mentioned requirements. [Readers may judge for themselves how far falsehood was expelled from, and truth enthroned in, the German press by the regime of Goebbels. As for the last sentence of this Point, a good deal that was necessary and healthy was accomplished through elimination of alien and meretricious influences.]

24. We demand liberty for all religious denominations in the State, so far as they are not a danger to it and do not militate against the morality and moral sense of the German race. The Party, as such, stands for positive Christianity, but does not bind itself in the matter of creed to any particular confession. It combats the Jewish-materialist spirit *within* and *without* us, and is convinced that our nation can achieve permanent health from within only on the principle that the welfare of all comes before the welfare of the individual.

25. That all the foregoing requirements may be realized, we demand the creation of a strong central power of the Reich. Unconditional authority of the politically central parliament over the entire Reich and its organization in general. The formation of Diets and vocational chambers for the purpose of executing the general laws promulgated by the Reich in the various States of the Confederation. The leaders of the Party swear to proceed regardless of consequences -- if necessary at the sacrifice of their lives -- towards the fulfilment of the foregoing Points.

[Of this last Point, I need only say that the demand for a strong central power was most amply fulfilled, and that the leaders of National Socialism have not proceeded regardless of consequences to the fulfilment of any of the Points other than numbers 1, 2, 4, 22, and 25, while none of them has yet found it necessary to sacrifice his life - unless Ernst Röhm or Gregor Strasser were among those present at the meetings of February 25th and May 22nd, 1920, and I have not been able to ascertain this. If they were, they have kept their word, though not quite in the way they expected.

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## NOTES

1: Lady Oxford, writing in the *Daily Sketch* about the time war broke out, gave the perfect example of the British sense of humour and of the difference between these fortunate people, the British, who possess it, and those others who have it not.

She found herself one day -- she wrote -- seated next to Joachim von Ribbentrop at a luncheon table and said to him inevitably -- deary, deary me the horror of this inevitability -- 'The fault I have to find with the German race is that they have never had a sense of humour'. Neither Goethe nor Wagner, she added, had possessed one; the only great German writer who a famous humorist was the Jew Heine. Herr von Ribbentrop replied that Herr Hitler and himself had often rolled on the floor in uncontrollable laughter. 'Had he not said this seriously', remarked Lady Oxford, 'I would have suspected that he was pulling my leg. I said: "And do you really think that *this* shows a sense of humour? I can only say that if any of my children had done it I would have sent them to bed".'

2: In the German Republic of those days, the various states had substantial independent powers. Prussia was bigger than all the other sixteen states together; having 38,000,000 inhabitants of a total of 62,000,000 and an area of 113,000 square miles of a total area of 181,000, Prussia comprised over three-fifths of the entire Reich. Prussia and other North German states had at that time banned Hitler, as a once-convicted Putschist, from entering their territory, so that his activity was in practice restricted to the largest South German state of Bavaria, with 7,500,000 inhabitants. The political battle, however, was naturally waged first and foremost in North Germany, particularly Prussia, which was not only preponderant in size and population but also contained the capital, the seat of the Reich Government, and that of the powerful Prussian Government. Because he was thus unable to conduct his campaign on what was actually the battleground -- Prussia -- Hitler delegated the leadership there to Gregor Strasser (in this narrative the term 'North Germany', as indicating the area of Gregor Strasser's authority, for practical purposes may be taken to mean Prussia, although other small states in the North were also included). This meant that Gregor Strasser, although nominally Hitler's representative, was in a position of enormous power in the party throughout the greater part of the Reich. As his views differed from those of Hitler in essential principles, this led to a state of conflict between Gregor Strasser, at the head of the party in North Germany, and Hitler in Munich, and the history of his party's struggle for power and ultimate triumph cannot be understood without a knowledge of this simultaneous struggle between Gregor Strasser, supported by his brother Otto, and Hitler. It was actually a struggle for the soul of the party. Some years later, the ban on Hitler's appearance in Prussia and North Germany was lifted. Gregor Strasser's personal hold on the party was then gradually broken, by means which will be shown in the course of this narrative. The final encounter came on the eve of the attainment of power on January 30th, 1933, when the policy advocated by Gregor Strasser was rejected in favour of that recommended by Göring, and Gregor Strasser's rivals in the party, Göring and Goebbels chief among them, accused Strasser, to Hitler, of treachery. His relegation and disgrace followed; and his murder on June 30th, 1934, was the sequel, and the closing act in the drama.

3: This buying of German postage stamps, which had to be smuggled back to Otto Strasser in Prague and used for stamping new consignments of postal propaganda, which in their turn had to be smuggled into Germany and posted there, was in itself a most dangerous undertaking, for the Secret Police were doing their utmost to trace the source of the leaflets, and had probably instructed the post offices to keep a watch on anyone buying large quantities of stamps.

This very danger, as it is interesting to recall, caused the British authorities, in the 1914-1918 war, to forge German, Austrian and Bavarian stamps, so that the agents who carried the British propaganda leaflets across neutral frontiers for posting inside the enemy countries should not need to endanger their lives by buying large quantities of stamps at the post offices. These 'propaganda



forgeries' were apparantly never actually used, because the war ended just when they were ready, and for that reason none bearing a postmark has ever been discovered. But unused specimens found their way through underground channels to the stamp-dealing market and are to-day sought by collectors.

# SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SUEZ

by

Douglas Reed

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*To*

H.M.S. *AMETHYST*

July 1949

# PART ONE

## NEW LANDS FOR OLD

## Chapter One

### LONDON LEAVETAKING

I could find nothing more to pack or throw away. At last the house was bare of all trace of us, unless, in some cupboard-corner, still lay the fragment of a broken toy, or, in the miry little backyard, the sodden shell of a Roman Candle. The stillness of London in the small hours was intolerable. I would have given much suddenly to hear again the clatter-patter of feet and the uproar of voices which so often distracted me from my work when the house was full.

I had toiled all day, clearing up forgotten odds and ends, and now stood in the empty house among my bags packed for Africa, while a northbound train carried the others from me. Big Ben had long chimed midnight. It was time to go. I looked round the deserted rooms, thinking that to leave a home still warm with family life is to die a little. It was not right to go away from a place that liked us, and that we liked, so well. I went once more through the house, where now only the dust and shadow of a happy year remained.

It was one of the years that followed the second of the twentieth-century wars. London all around was unkempt, cheerless and underfed. My native city was not allowed to revive freely after its long ordeal, but was held by official decrees in an artificial twilight of troubled frustration. Our Chelsea year was therefore one of present discomfort and ominous prospect, yet for the family in that tiny house it was an unforgettably happy time, because its members were happy in each other and because London, in this purgatory, was so lovely.

God disposes, no matter what man may ordain. The enforced dilapidation of old London only enhanced its grace and beauty. Wren's churches, once hemmed in by the thrusting, elbowing, tiptoeing buildings of the City, now, as ruined shells, rode free and high like fine frigates in the razed area round St. Paul's. Bumbles might dim the very lights of London, but this gave greater brilliance to the red, amber and green disks at the street-crossings; these made carnival in the blue dusk and enchanted the homeward walks of a London family from Hyde Park, through Sloane Street, to the little house. The drab drapes of privation and disrepair lent fresh colour and importance to small human things that spoke of London's brave past, of its strength and endurance, and of the hope of a brighter future. We loved them all, during our Chelsea year: the artists who sold pictures in the King's Road and the pleasant cafés with striped awnings which men back from the war opened there; the Guardsmen who on summer afternoons played cricket by the great barracks, where anti-aircraft guns pointed minatory fingers at dangers past or to come: the Chelsea Pensioners, in red or black frock-coats, who contentedly watched the game while the bomb-holes in their historic home, next door, were slowly mended. Beyond, tugs and barges plied on the Thames, and children played in Battersea Park in the shadow of the great power-station which the bombers never could destroy. If ever we had a little petrol the five of us, packed into an aged two-seater, drove to old Putney Bridge, and Wimbledon and Richmond, turning again towards London Town in that jewelled twilight which made it, so battered and tattered, a fairy city still.

I was enchanted by this beauty of grey London in 1947. I felt a sadness in it and wondered if this were born of suffering endured and would pass, or if it were premonitory. I sometimes think that cities *do* become fey and, unless this was only in the eye of the beholder, I believed I saw in the Nineteen-Thirties a wistful, twilight loveliness in ancient cities over which great tribulation hung, like Vienna, Dresden and Cologne; today they are razed or sunken in sad oblivion, captive or half-free. I felt it in Prague and in Paris before the German invasions. To me the very stones of those cities, the air in their streets, the looks and voices of their people, joined in a symphony of presentiment.

With such memories in mind I looked at the loveliness of London, as the decisive second half of the fateful twentieth century approached, and hoped that when the final balance of this stupendous hundred years was struck it might still stand, sturdy as ever, while the hopes of men revived around it; it has a simple faith and a rocklike staunchness which may outlast the century's concluding storms. Under the spell of its beauty we passed as happy a year as five people were ever likely to know and from empty rooms I now looked back on this twelvemonth and scanned its ups and downs. Laughter around the table at Christmas, on birthdays, on Guy Fawkes Day. Dire anxiety for a baby and heartfelt gratitude when the danger passed. Great delight in unexpected parcels from Canada and Australia, New Zealand and South Africa; had we not been kept short of food we could not have known the joy of those feasts. The cruellest winter in memory, when Londoners were forbidden to warm themselves, and the loveliest summer we ever knew. The joy of finding a sitter-in who enabled us to have a rare evening out, and the added zest this lent to a modest dinner at the little club near Hyde Park Corner, to a new play by Noel Coward, and to the homeward stroll together beneath the trees of St. James's Park to Knightsbridge, the last look at sleeping babes, the footsteps in the quiet street as we fell asleep....

Now the lovely year was gone as wine from a pitcher. I felt the life fading from the house, like the light from a failing lamp. I wondered how I could have been foolish enough to disperse a happy family. Could I by incantation have resummoned them all, restored babes to cots, hubbub to quiet rooms, books to shelves, clothes to pegs, I would have done this. But there was no turning back now.

A man is usually two men. One of his selves belongs to his family and the other to his calling. If he is a sailor, or a roving journalist in this Gadarene century, that is bad for him and for his family. Before 1939, when I returned to England because the new war was at hand, my life was one of constant movement. Now my writer's blood was stagnant from eight years pent in my native island, and the gyves of this inaction had eaten deep grooves of impatience into my soul. In eight years I felt traveller's air against my face only during five brief escapes, or escapades: a journey to Paris before the German invasion, a cruise along the Channel with a naval convoy, a mad excursion to the Isle of Man (which I made to feel a ship's planks beneath my feet again, and because it was the only place outside his shores which an islander might reach in wartime), a visit to Normandy and a dash to Dublin.

Now one of my two selves longed to stay and the other desperately needed to get out into the great world-again, to see what was going on and who was behind what was going on. I thought that the great Plan, of imprisoning all men, everywhere, within their lands or islands, would continue during the coming half-century, and that the next decade or two might offer the last respite before the final showdown, when freedom would either return to the world or be banished for a long and dark time. This might be my last chance to sniff the air of liberty, to go like a freeman about the lovely world. Eight years of energy were stored in me like a compressed spring. Now it was released, and I was off like a bullet.

I opened the front door, put my baggage on the top step, and with a heavy heart closed the door; behind it lay a happy year and in front of it the future stretched as obscure as the night itself, which was pitch dark. I am not often abroad after midnight and did not know, until this moment, that the street lights of London were actually put out at that hour. I expected little light, in a time of such lunatic edicts, but not no light at all. The street could never have been darker during the war's blackout. This was a blow, for I had to find my way, afoot and laden with baggage, to the Airways Terminus at Victoria.

The baggage consisted of a large and a small suitcase, my typewriter, a briefcase and a fifth item typical of the traveller who stood on that doorstep and felt for the street with his foot. At the last

moment of clearing-up, I found in a drawer, to my great remorse, a file of papers about Palestine lent to me for perusal by a neighbour who spent many years in that country. I could not think how to restore these to their owner at such a time: my aeroplane was to leave in two hours. Finally I resolved, as the only possible way of delivering them, to leave them on his doorstep in a parcel. The ransacked house contained neither string nor paper, but after long search I found a derelict baby's cot-cover and a mysterious dressing-gown girdle, of unknown ownership. I wrapped the papers in the plush cot-cover and tied the bundle with the silken cord.

Now I gathered all these belongings, carrying some in my hands and clutching others to me with my upper arms, while the heavy bundle dangled from a free finger by a loop in the cord. Thus laden, I set out on my first major journey in the Nineteen-Forties (it was to take me to many parts of Africa and of North America, and to I do not yet know where). I wished as I toiled blindly along that the watching world might by some device of television see how an English traveller set out on far travels in the third year of his first Socialist Government.

The night was damp and foggy, and so dark that I could hardly find my neighbour's house, though it lay near and round a corner. When I did discover it, by touch, I groped until I discovered the door-handle, to which I tied the odd-looking parcel. Much later I learned that it was still there when my surprised neighbour opened his door next morning. He disapproves of the Zionist invasion of Palestine and of the complicity of great powers in it, for he clings to old-fashioned notions about the wrongness of unprovoked aggression on weak and harmless peoples. He has often stated these opinions publicly. When he saw, attached to his door-handle, something wrapped in blue plush and tied with a white cord, he suspected a visit of vengeance from the Stern Gang, and sent for the police. The ceremony of opening my parcel was performed with respect.

Little thinking what excitement I was bequeathing, I staggered on, groping for another door, for I had a second call to pay in these difficult circumstances: I wished to drop the key of our bereaved house through the letter-box of a house-agent in Sloane Street. In the governmental gloom I could not be sure of the door, and eventually chose the wrong one. I still wonder what the maiden lady thought who found a strange key on her doormat in the morning, with a note implicitly inviting her to call and let herself in at a given address.

I never looked forward to carrying my baggage to Victoria in the small hours, but did not foresee just how arduous this would prove. For some reason, heavy suitcases are heavier and more awkward to carry in darkness than in light, and by the time I reached what I thought must be an open place, and probably Sloane Square, I feared I should miss my aeroplane. Then, suddenly, the usual heaven-sent London taxicab appeared and stopped; the driver saw my bowed and laden form in his headlights and invited me to jump in if I were going to the Airways Terminus.

Thankfully I entered a gloomy interior containing two invisible beings who seemed to be cursing each other in Polish and enjoying it. In this way I came once more, after many years, to a journey's beginning, and reflected that much was changed for the worse in the lot of an English traveller since I passed that way before, in 1939.

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## Chapter Two

### ‘PASSENGERS FOR JOHANNESBURG ...’

The airways bus rolled out to Northolt, along the great new road which we five often took, in our old two-seater, so that the children might watch the silver airliners land from Cairo or leave for New York until bedtime called them homeward, through the begemmed dusk, to Chelsea. A chill November dawn is a comfortless time for a man who is about to put half the world between him and his family and as I jumped from the bus I longed to be on my further way.

For the last time for many a day I ate the food of the British islander at this period. Paste sandwich, tomato sandwich, lettuce sandwich: the much-lampooned railway-station sandwich of yore was a feast compared with these poor morsels, which under glass cupolas waited sadly for the coming and the parting guest. Those sandwiches, the few starved-looking publications in the bookstall, the slabs of chocolate (only to be had against ‘points’), the dreary morning and the thought of my family, and English folk everywhere, leading this bread-and-skilly existence, exasperated me, and I was glad when a voice called ‘Passengers for Johannesburg’.

There was still one delay before embarkation. Those about to fly had first to pass through a shed in which men stood at pedestal desks. These officials were new; they were not there in 1939, when a man to examine passports was held to be enough. Like the sad sandwiches and the rationed chocolate, they represented the achievements of a new era and a new régime. They were concerned to know what cash law-abiding travellers carried, and thus were imitations of the ‘foreign-currency police’ I first knew in Hitler’s Germany. I was expecting to see them, because I had read that the Minister for Civil Aviation was recruiting ‘a substantial force of security police for airport duty’ and from experience I knew that the business of security police is not to ensure the citizen’s security, but to diminish it, until at last it disappears. The daily news of the years which have passed since I made that journey has shown that these new airport police have not been able to hinder the big operators in surreptitiously removing large sums of cash, and even military aircraft, from England. They will, however, have a precise note of the small sums taken abroad by travellers who have gone on modest and lawful errands, including the two pounds in Portuguese pesos which I took to Lisbon.

I was not a gun-runner, political agent or currency-smuggler, and found many obstacles put in the way of my professional undertakings. For instance, I resolved to go to Africa by British aeroplane, wishing, at a time of such constant lamentation about our ‘dollar shortage’, to pay my passage money to a British line. At Airways House, however, was another type of new official, and he demurred. He did not say: ‘We won’t take you, because the Government does not want bona fide travellers to go abroad.’ He said courteously: ‘It would be much simpler if you could go to the Ministry of Information and get *priority*.’ (He spoke the word as if it were made of Turkish delight.)

‘No!’ I said. ‘I’ve been fighting priority all my life, first under the Tories, with their old school tie, then under Hitler and now under this régime of Communist-propelled Socialism, no offence meant and none taken, I’m sure. When can you give me a seat, without your precious priority?’

‘Well, we’re booked up a long way ahead,’ he said. ‘Of course, if you could get *priority*....’

‘You know I can book a passage at once with an American, Dutch or other foreign company,’ I said. He nodded. ‘Well, then, will you give me a seat or not?’

He shifted uneasily. I saw he wore an R.A.F. tie and felt sorry for him; I wondered what he privately thought when he read ministerial speeches about the dollar shortage. I left him and called on an American airline. They offered me early passage from Lisbon to Johannesburg and a seat in a *British* machine from London to Lisbon. Thus my money for the Lisbon to Johannesburg flight went to the Americans, and also, I suppose, a commission on my journey by British aircraft from London to Lisbon. I met many people who, having lawful occasions abroad, were forced in this way to use foreign services and thus aggravate the 'shortage' of foreign currency which was used to justify privations in England. The Lynskey Report and other matters which have appeared in the news since then have shown the type of traveller who often receives favoured treatment under the system of 'priorities'. To watch it rear its head in England made me sadder than most because I had seen, in many countries, to what evil results it leads.

I took my seat and soon London was pirouetting beneath. I sat in a British aeroplane, my ticket bought at an American counter; after all the trumpetings, this was what Planning meant. Soon London fell behind and the Home Counties began to slip by. My life has been full of leavetakings; they began in 1914 and have never since ceased for long. I can hardly count now how often in thirty-five years I have looked back at England falling astern and wondered whether I would see it again. Below the wing, now, the coast appeared, and a town with two piers.

What memories Brighton held for me! Pierrots on the sands, when the century was young and had not yet unveiled its satanic features. Hospital in the first war. A brief visit, and an astonishing glimpse of prosperity and unconcern, between the wars. Bombs falling while a baby was being born there, in the second war. Loud-speakers announcing the invasion of Normandy. Flying-bombs trudgeoning overhead to London while a second baby was being born there. No bombs when the third was born, but instead, a bitter winter, deep snow, icebound roads and the Shinwell blackout to imperil the midnight drive to London that saved her week-old life....

How will they all fare in the second fifty years, I thought, looking down at Brighton? Picturing the perils they survived in their cradles, I yet found that I did not ask myself: 'Will they be killed in a new war?' but 'Will there be life for them to live, when they are full grown?' I do not know how far a man is entitled to wish future things for his children, but if I were to wish mine what I wish myself it would be, not security, but the dignity of liberty and a freeman's adventurous span of years. The diminishing beauty of life, more than any prospect of violent death, is to me the dark lesson of the first fifty years and the menace of the second fifty.

Then Brighton was gone, and with Brighton such thoughts, and suddenly we came down out of cloud to Bordeaux, where were bomb debris and an airport restaurant full of good food, fruit and wine for those with 'currency' to buy. The people wore the countenance of hope deferred, which the French, I believe, have carried since the revolution of 1790. I watched while two sardonic Frenchmen in a corner cynically ate a large sole each, and then two great entrecôte steaks, with a mound of golden fried potatoes on each occasion. The French have for more than a hundred and fifty years been unable to extricate themselves from the morass into which they, first of all European peoples, were flung, but they still eat well.

To fly after eight years is the next best thing to a first flight and, with England but two hours behind me, I felt anew the old invigoration of new scenes and experiences. I liked the Viking in which I travelled. It had good leg room and large windows. I would have liked to go to South Africa in it and next day, when I transferred to the more famous Clipper, found this less comfortable. Around me were wealthy South Africans returning from America and Europe, English families going to settle in South Africa, and a few passengers bound for intermediate places. Among this company were a friendly and talkative woman who quickly struck acquaintance with nearly all aboard, and a silent middle-aged lady with white hair and a good, unravaged skin who sat quietly in her place and

spoke to none. In an eventful life I have seen nothing so curious as the meeting of these two. It appears to me the perfect comedy, performed by two strangers who were thrown together in a flying-machine over Spain.

The voluble lady may have been provoked to find a woman aboard with whom she seemed unlikely to exchange a word (for the other sat like a statue in her place). Suddenly, after sending inquisitive glances across, the first woman jumped up, went to the other, and said: 'You're beautiful.'

If women dream, I suppose their happiest vision must be that a stranger should one day accost them and say: 'Forgive me, but I cannot help myself. I *must* tell you how beautiful you are!' Now this fantastic and lovely thing happened to a woman who was not even young, and was stone deaf (for so she proved)! Could fate play a more spiteful prank? Chosen from all women in the world to receive this delightful tribute, she could not hear it! Politeness, however, bade her pretend that she wanted to know what was said, while zeal forbade the other woman to desist, so that the impulsive one tried to drown the noise of two engines, which drove us through the air at about two hundred miles an hour, and stood there shouting louder and ever louder, 'You're beautiful ... I say you're beautiful ... YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! ...' To this day (unless someone later enlightened her), the deaf lady does not know what she missed.

Spain slipped by, with the bright blue sea breaking on its golden coasts and the peasants scratching a hard living from the thin soil on the mountainsides and the bull-rings lying alongside the towns. We flew over Portugal, I caught a glimpse of the Tagus, the wheels touched down and then I was again a travelling writer in a foreign country in peace-time. Immediately I was in trouble.

As my journey was from one part of the 'sterling area' to another, I needed enough 'foreign currency' for the expenses of one night in Lisbon. For this purpose I had through my bank applied, in the manner of a Christian slave at some Babylonian court, for some Portuguese pesos. Knowing the pitfalls of foreign travel I asked for eight pounds, a small amount which yet contained a modest margin to cover accidents. The anonymous department of practical jokers which administers these regulations granted me two pounds. This was its way of saying: 'We wish to help you to as much trouble as possible during your journey: always at your disservice....'

On landing at Lisbon I was required to pay two pounds 'city tax'. This left me nothing to pay for a night's hotel, food, tips and taxicabs. Fortunately, among my fellow passengers was one of those Englishmen who at the crack of doom will with quiet urbanity treat the event as unimportant and unexciting. He had come in quest of orders for steel, which he was prevented from manufacturing and delivering by some other department of practical jokers. He already had many outstanding orders, booked on earlier visits, and hoped in course of years to be allowed to begin fulfilling them. He was entitled to this hope because his country's government, though it felt that the steel industry was too efficient and prosperous to be left alone, had not then taken actual steps for its ruination. Since then its 'nationalization' has been decreed and this admirable man will presumably end his days flying to Portugal to collect orders for steel which his governors at home will not let him supply, and this occupation will be most typical of the twentieth century.

He was my saviour. The Portuguese were so grateful to him for accepting their non-fulfillable orders that he had important friends. One of these, hearing from him of my plight, at once paid my city tax. He thus left me my £2 worth of pesos to pay my way in Lisbon, and probably made all three of us guilty of some grave offence, high reason or the like. He seemed surprised when I mentioned repayment (I knew no way of making it). The return of his money probably appeared to him as novel a notion as the delivery of his steel. Perhaps either would have upset the delicate balance on which the trade and commerce between nations rests in these enlightened times.

By strange chance I was never before in Portugal, and Lisbon suddenly reminded me that I was in one of the last untouched corners of the Europe I loved. Here was an old city unscathed, with the strata of the generations plain to see in stone and statue. Not many such remain in Europe; most are half-ruined or enslaved. Lisbon was once a small ship among the stately cities of the old continent. Now that so many were sunk it seemed bigger and more significant.

I am not young enough in my calling to think the Portuguese hold themselves lucky in their lot. They have many complaints, which I had no time to study, but they still enjoyed many things which others lacked. After the eight drab years the colour of life in Lisbon dazzled me, so that I almost needed to shade my eyes. The native hues of England are soft and gentle, not brilliant. The background is grey, green and brown; it is lovely, but needs the touch of warmth and colour here and there to keep it from becoming drear. Give a man a good house, a good fire in the grate and good food in the belly, good clothes to wear and a good holiday from the great cities, and it is a gay country. Take away these things, forbid a man to warm himself, eat his fill, buy a new suit, escape from bricks and mortar, and only the grey background remains. The chapfallen governors of England after the second war systematically drained off these colours from life.

I felt now like a man who came from a cave into bright sunlight. I left London on winter's eve and found myself in apparent midsummer. Wide boulevards ran between flowers and palms; fountains played and peasant women, carrying great baskets on their heads, went beneath a warm blue sky; through an old town of fine houses and squares busy streets ran down to a broad river where ships lay. These brilliant native colours of a friendly climate and fortunate situation were the background to a picture of abundance and animation. People with full bellies are undoubtedly brisker in mien, gait and manner. If they are bound somewhither they look glad to be going there, and if they only stroll seem actively happy to be strolling. The Englishman abroad, at that period in his island's story, felt like the waif in a famous advertisement, who with wistful bliss sniffs through an open window the odours from a well-fed man's table. I thought of the workhouse fare at home and of the occasional 'concessions' of an ounce of margarine or of sweets, for which the British islander was coming to return thanks in his parlour.

God bless the Minister 'of' Food,  
He keeps us hungry for our good,

this being a suitable adaptation to the present day of

God bless the Squire and his relations  
And keep us in our proper stations.

How circumstances alter cases! In 1939, when I last travelled abroad, Lisbon was but one of many pleasant places that the visitor might choose among, taking each for granted. In 1947 it was no longer something that always was and always would be; it was a symbol and sample of something that was becoming rare. It meant more to me, perhaps, than to most who might pass that way. It meant the European continent which I loved and hold still to be the lighthouse of a darkling world; if it is destroyed nothing is ready to take its place, and a long time might pass before the world could hope to see again anything equal to the group of Christian nations which in nineteen hundred years grew up between Vistula, Danube and Seine, between Cracow, Vienna, Rome and Avignon.

Looking back next morning, as the Clipper rose above Lisbon into a lime-coloured sky, I thought of all the peoples and towns and tongues, the spires and towers and gables I knew, and hoped I might yet one day return to Europe, which now fell away astern, like England the day before. Among the gravest consequences of the second war was this: that the writer of *Somewhere South of Suez* was cut off from his especial field of toil. I spent twenty years studying Europe and would gladly have

ended my days as a wandering writer among its varied peoples. This was something passing the love of women. I loved to come into some old town in France or Poland, Germany or Bohemia, Hungary or Austria or Slovakia, to seek a modest lodging, remain as long as fancy ruled, and for a brief time to become part of its life, while remaining one apart. To be the guest at every feast and the onlooker at every spectacle; to stand aside and see the good in men who call each other evil; to watch the charlatans and cheapjacks in the public places and learn their tricks; constantly to come on fresh and delightful things which to those rooted in a place have become dully familiar: these are rare and piquant enjoyments, hardly to be found on the path of any other calling.

But the bisection of Europe, and all the bans, left me like a fiddler bereft of his fiddle. I needed to travel, and to write, and so I now went first to Africa. Looking back, I saw the south-westernmost tip of Europe fade into the mists. *Au revoir* to all that, I hoped. We hung in a blue haze somewhere between Europe and Africa, suspended on waves of vibrant sound. Our slender, shining craft was a thing of beauty, from without. Inside it looked like a cramped saloon car in a train. Some fifty people sat in pairs, facing forward, divided by a central aisle. So they would sit for an afternoon, a night, a day and most of another night. Below them the lion would rend its prey, the monkeys swing on ropes, the snake slither through the grass, the witch-doctor smell out his victim. Inside their glittering capsule, insulated against tropic heat, these voyagers would pass obliviously overhead and at their destination be met by limousines, the replicas of those which brought them to the airport at their start.

Air travel, in its present stage, is dull. Here fifty people crossed Africa by night and day, and that is still a great experience. Only half of them had small portholes, and many of these were blinded by wings or engines. Few could see out of the vehicle in which they travelled. But for three landings and rare peeps from portholes temporarily deserted by other passengers, I should have crossed Africa from tip to tip without seeing it until I landed at its southern extremity. If large windows cannot be fitted, then passenger aircraft would more suitably be made of some transparent substance. However, my fellow-passengers seemed content to be borne unseeing across a continent. They sat upright, looking at the head of the passenger in front, or tilted themselves by a lever into a half-recumbent position.

At last I caught a glimpse of Africa, and of the Canaries to starboard, through a borrowed porthole. There lay the curving coast as I remembered it in my school atlases; the blue sea broke against it in a white and lacy border. What man born in the heyday of Rider Haggard could suppress a thrill at this first sight? Not I; I should have come to Africa long before, had not Europe kept a writer so busy during the roaring Thirties. Now we drove down the coast, flying a little inland and always lower, until the eye could almost count the sands of the desert.

The great African desert is a startling thing. Even from the security of an aeroplane the feeling of menace is tangible. Red, angry, brutal and threatening, it is the naked face of nature risen in rebellion against man. It was not always desert. Carvings found in parts of it accessible only to a well-equipped expedition *provided with camels* show that it was once well-watered land teeming with giraffes, ostriches, gazelles and even cattle, but *no camels*! Africa, beneath the improvident touch of man has been drying up for centuries. Those who see the result in Northern Africa, and wonder how it came about, may read the answer to the riddle in Southern Africa, where rains sweep the over-grazed topsoil away by the ton, exposing the menacing rock. The southern deserts are spreading; the warning to man, be wise or begone, is plain.

The quick dusk came down. A sickle moon and a silver star glistened in the western sky, like some Sultan's banner planted on the dark rampart of the night. Out to starboard a ship spoke to us in bright flashes of light. Then the moon went down, the night grew misty and black and we were fifty white folk flying through space in an argent bullet above the most mysterious of the continents.

Tilting our chairs we reclined like favourites in a harem; but we were less beautiful. We were as gods in our indifferent acceptance of marvels, but we were not elegant or urbane. Hardly anything remained for us to conquer or discover and we could accomplish more by pressing a button than Leonardo da Vinci or Francis Drake achieved in a lifetime, but did we know as much as our fathers of faith and honour? Below, dessicating Africa inscrutably watched us pass. We flicked cigarette ash and wriggled ourselves into more comfortable attitudes; beneath, lambent green eyes glowed in the night.

‘Fasten your belts’, said a red-lettered sign, weights pressed on my eardrums, wheels gently bumped on ground, the noise of engines ceased, the door opened and I got out. A bright airport light played on the upturned face of a man who held steps, on its blubbery lips, rough-hewn jaw, great cheekbones and mahogany skin. The primeval face of Africa greeted the white man in his machine.

Nowadays you drop from the night sky and dine in Africa as casually as you might turn from an evening stroll into a Soho restaurant, and the few Europeans, wherever the traveller alights, have stamped the marks of their several nationhoods clearly on these remote settlements. Dakar’s shabby little airport restaurant might have been by the Eiffel Tower, for all the African night, noises, heat and black waiters. In a corner a woman, exquisitely chic and *soignée*, sat with a French official. Food and cooking were French, each table had its bottle of wine, and the bread, served by the yard, was that which only Frenchmen bake.

Then on again, from this corner of Paris. I was weary, but cannot sleep in trains or aeroplanes. I idly watched the ‘air-hostess’ make her charges comfortable for the night. She was pretty and of slightly peevish mien, as any girl might be who has to worry about a hair-do-and-facial from New York to Johannesburg and back once a fortnight. The air-hostess is the most important thing in air-travel; that, at any rate, is implicit in the advertisements, which usually show a very large and beautiful air-hostess in the foreground and a very small aeroplane in the background. I feel, however, that she is a mistake. What this cramped form of travel needs is a buxom and motherly stewardess who will help you to be sick, if that is your pleasure, and who is thinking about her boy, not about her boy friend. Many air-hostesses may themselves be the victims of those misleading advertisements. They may picture themselves (in a delightfully becoming uniform) roaming the skies of the world, Meeting Such Interesting People, and (if I am not too cynical) eventually marrying one of these, a man with an air of romantic melancholy and mystery. In the event they find themselves for ever trotting up and down a narrow gangway or sitting in their back-seats: any interesting people aboard are too sunken in gloom to notice the new hair-style and the attentive one is a Cypriot bagman from Brooklyn; make-up is a bother during a trans-African flight; and if a really thrilling man appears he stares from his porthole as in a trance and absent-mindedly gets out in the central Congo at midnight, never to be seen again. Thus these charming creatures often wear an expression which seems to say that a girl’s life is full of disappointments and they might as well have tried Hollywood, it couldn’t have been duller than this....

The dawn, and Accra. Anyway, the dawn; Accra must be far from the airport, for I could see no sign of it, or of a coast, or of gold. Propped on leaden limbs I saw with bleary eyes only a few airport sheds and huts and thin bush around. Yet this was England, as Dakar was France. I saw no white man (this was dawn), but the spick and span uniforms of Native soldiers and officials said: ‘This is British territory.’ Also, little white posts, freshly painted, with rope or chain suspended between them, guarded nothing in particular against who knew what. Little buckets, of sand or water, stood here and there. I recognized a familiar air of preparation and expectation. When I went to the lavatory, where I met a praying mantis at its devotions, I saw on the wall a typewritten ‘Inventory of Contents’, though these were hardly rare or costly enough to deserve the honour of listing and public proclamation.

These were the authentic touches of a hand I knew. This was Camberley or Aldershot, awaiting The General; those neat uniforms, that cleanly swept parade-ground (I mean, airport), those freshly painted posts and buckets dressed-by-the-right, the list of contents....

This was not a conscious piece of reasoning (I was hardly conscious myself at such an hour after such a night); it was the mechanical deduction of a trained journalist's mind. It was correct. I found a Native official reading the morning newspaper and this said Field-Marshal Montgomery was due to land at Accra that day, in the course of an African tour!

I took my first daylight look at Africa, and it was an illuminating one. The Gold Coast long counted as the white man's grave, a hot and hopeless place where the white man went down and the black man never rose, but whether it ever deserved this ill-renown I do not know. Today I repeatedly meet people, in many countries, who speak with great enthusiasm of Accra and its beaches and long to go there, so that I intend myself to explore it one day. Anyway, I did not expect to find there up-to-the-minute Native newspapers and the evidence of lively Native politics. Yet the newspaper which my Native official read, while his white masters slept, was written and printed by Natives and already distributed by dawn! Its views were keenly on the heels of the news, which was the impending arrival of Field-Marshal Montgomery; it reminded him that, long before the British withdrawal from India, Indian officers had received the King's commission and served with white ones. This meant, I judged: 'Now do the same in Africa, and then depart.' I thought the world would grow dangerously small for the European man if he were to leave Africa, too, and felt he ought to stay there, for his own good and that of its peoples. This was the matter which most interested me in Africa.

With sorrow I met once more in Accra the Mother-Hubbard-like fare of my native island. I do not know whether under the Colonial Office system orders from Whitehall go out to all the Colonies saying that paste sandwiches are the utmost that must be offered to transcontinental travellers, or whether zealous colonial officials think to please superiors in London by reproducing in far-flung outposts the fare which the British islander now accepts as his due at King's Cross station. Anyway, when I met these miserly scraps again, all unexpectedly, at Accra airport, I said, 'Mr. Strachey, I presume,' and turned away.

After Dakar, untidy and well-fed, and Accra, tidy and ill-fed, I was not surprised to find Leopoldville a busy, bustling little Brussels on the equator, with a fine airport and a thriving modern restaurant, a meal at which (fortunately for the currencyless British traveller) was included in the fare. The Belgians should be more numerous; they know the secret of living well in all conditions. They are also among the most successful, and probably are *the* most successful of the European countries in Africa, particularly in their handling of the African Native in the towns and in industry.

In Leopoldville I had time, in the full noon of an equatorial day, for a first leisurely look at the land which long had fascinated me from afar. Attractive buildings were going up, everybody was busy and everybody looked happy because he was busy. There were colours between the high clouds in the sky as if a rainbow had broken up and strewn its fragments around. There were new roads and new white houses, with cool awnings and blinds. On all sides raw bush crept up, and through it and along the roads moved women with babies on their backs and baskets on their heads. They were so many, all moving at a uniform step and pace, that it was as if the country were covered with conveyor-belts, in human shape. They passed with superb grace; had I been Buddha, sitting at this roadside, I would have been content to contemplate, not my own navel, but this almost hypnotic movement of the burden-carriers, which was like that of statues walking amid the shimmer of heat.

Their pace never varied, despite the load on their heads, the baby behind and the bare feet on stony ground. When they passed each other it was like the passing of ships. They did not stare or glare or stop to gossip, as they might have done in Kensington High Street. They drew near, met and drew apart again like dark swans on a timeless stream. There was much beauty in this pageant of toll beneath the coloured sky. Whence, I wondered, came the humble dignity and pride that these moving figures expressed: from simple poverty, from heavy labour, from the humility of lowliness, from primitive darkness, or from what? Would they lose it if they became prosperous, employers of others, liberated, enlightened? And if so, why?

The aeroplane started again and flew deep into another night, through thick white vapours, over invisible mountains and deserts that violently disquieted the air, so that the roaring silver missile was thrown up and down and about and the queasy were sick. I could not sleep and, being so high above the earth, fell to thinking about it as a globe with continents sketched on it, and about the changing shape of the world as I have seen it in these thirty-five years and foresee it in the future.

What is the world, I thought, and what are continents? It has four continents, not five: that is, four great land masses detached by water from other continents. Europe is not, geographically, a continent. It is a tiny western fragment of Asia, and rose to the courtesy rank of continent only by virtue of its especial, supreme achievement: Christian civilization. Its peoples were those most responsive to the apostles from Arabia who brought news of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. The acceptance of those teachings produced a common spirit among its peoples, even when they fought each other, which led them to a state of civilization, far from complete but higher than the planet ever knew before. They so far outpaced all other peoples of the earth that the petty part of it which they inhabited came to be called, wrongly, a continent. Before that it was an unimportant region somewhere north of Babylon.

Through the second twentieth-century war, I thought, looking back, the masses of Asia, organized in two powerful political forces born in the first war, returned to and engulfed half of Europe. If that process continued, the end of the decisive century might bring the end of the fiction that 'Europe' was a separate continent; the area and period of Christian civilization would be wiped out and something new appear in its place.

This was the great question which I expected to see answered between the years 1950 and 2000. I could not, however, persuade myself to believe, as so many believed, that it would be answered by the military result of a third war, because the second war brought the Asiatics half way into Europe and showed that the proclaimed causes and the military results of the twentieth-century wars have nothing to do with the political results. These are arranged behind the scenes. The two Asiatic movements which arose in the first war and reaped the victory of the second one were Soviet Communism and Political Zionism. Their conquests, however, were not achieved by arms, but by the skilful application of a new science: that of gaining and exerting power through the men in charge of great affairs in all countries. To see the shape of the future, it was necessary to realize that the advance of Soviet Communism to the centre of Europe was enabled and approved by the leaders of Britain and America at conferences, held while the fighting continued, which were kept secret from the public masses. It was necessary to realize also that the Zionist invasion of Palestine, which in my opinion was but the prelude to much larger events in that part of the world, was similarly promoted and made possible by the leaders of Britain and America. This process, or these processes (for Communism and Zionism moved hand in hand from their emergence in 1917 on) began in the first war. Neither the Communist occupation of half Europe nor the Zionist annexation of Palestine was ever proclaimed among the aims of the second war, but these results of it vastly transcended all others achieved. The ostensible aims of the war were in fact hardly achieved anywhere at all, for even those countries which were 'liberated' were required to submit to a new



international agency, for the nonce called The United Nations, in which these secret influences were clearly likely to be paramount; they were proved so at the outset in the matter of Palestine.

If the process were carried to its conclusion in the second half of the century (and I felt sure for myself that the attempt would be made) then its aims, I thought, would be three:

(1) To complete the destruction and enslavement of Europe, possibly under pretext of saving and liberating it, as in 1939-45; (2) to complete the expulsion of Europeans from Asia and from other footholds overseas; (3) to complete the reversal of the story of the last 1950 years by setting up a new pagan empire, probably based on Palestine and New York.

These aims might conceivably be accomplished without a third world war (though not without the use of force) if the new international agency could be made servile to them and powerful enough to enforce them. Failing that, I thought the twentieth century would probably see its third war, with these ulterior aims. What I could not believe, in the light of the two wars and their results, was that a new war, declared at the outset to be one between 'East and West' or 'Capitalism and Communism' or 'Freedom and Despotism' or 'Democracy and Dictatorship', would be allowed to lead to the liberation of Europe and the resurrection of Christian liberty there. That could only happen if there were a much livelier public awakening to the facts of the second war than seemed likely.

In any or every event, however, I expected Africa to become of major importance during the next fifty years. In the case of war it would be the white man's right flank against the Asiatics, even if he again found, when he had beaten them, that his victory had been turned into his defeat in New York and London, Tel Aviv and Moscow. He would have to turn to Africa for food, and possibly for manpower. Even apart from war, now that India and the Far East were closing their doors against him, he would need an outlet, in a shrinking world, for his energy and population. If Europe and the white man were to survive, he would need Africa for the next century at least. After that Canada, Australia and New Zealand would be big enough to take a full share in the guardianship of European civilization.

I had with me a population map of Africa. The white-inhabited area was marked in red. It amounted only to a thin coastal strip on the southernmost tip of the huge continent, and a few small blobs inland. A map of Normandy, showing the position of the invading armies a few days after the landings of June 1944, would have looked much the same. The European occupation of Africa was but a foothold, after three hundred years. Would the bridgehead be established and the interior occupied, or would the intruders be swept into the sea? In the twentieth century they had a new foe to reckon with: the powerful agitation of the Asiatics among the black men.

From a distance I had judged that the outcome in Africa depended chiefly on South Africa, which is the only part of Africa with a substantial, though still small, white population. In South Africa were some two and a half million white people and eight million Natives; in Africa as a whole were about five million whites and one hundred and fifty million Natives. South Africa was clearly the place to begin an African journey....

'Please fasten your belts.' I borrowed a porthole and saw jewels flash out against the dark velvet of the night, diamonds and rubies and emeralds, a great scintillating heap: Johannesburg. I made ready to land and took leave of a friendly fellow-passenger, a South African, who knew of me and offered to lend me a car, an offer which I thankfully accepted in the spirit in which it was made. It enabled me to shorten the period of strangeness and to find my bearings quickly in a land different from any I knew. This token of goodwill, made before I even set foot on South African earth, was the first of innumerable others. I never knew anywhere such hospitality and helpfulness as I met there, from

South Africans of British stock and from many Afrikaners, while I always received courtesy from those Afrikaners whose inveterate dislike of my country disables them from offering friendship to any Englishman.

The wheels touched down and I looked at my watch. Three days and nights were gone since I locked the door of the little house in Chelsea. I wondered when I should again see those who filled my thoughts. In the twentieth century you never can tell. It was likely to be a long separation at the best, and physical distance makes such a separation seem even longer.

Documents, questions, delays, a bus ride through dark, mysterious places into a sleeping city. I found myself at length, with my belongings again clutched in all my hands and arms, decanted in the small hours among tall buildings in a town where I knew not a soul. I had in my pocket, however, another token of goodwill: a letter offering me the hospitality of the Rand Club. Where might it be and how should I get to it at this hour? Before the airport bus could melt into the night I asked the driver, who nodded a casual head towards a doorway opposite.

‘Glory be,’ I said, and with the sleeplessness of three nights in my eyes and legs I staggered towards it.

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# PART TWO

## SOUTH AFRICAN YEAR

## Chapter One

### FEET OF GOLD

In Johannesburg, again, I blinked in the radiance of full shop windows by day and of bright lights by night. I believe the lights, at least, have now returned to my native island, but when I left it was dark and I am still unused to brilliant illumination, though for two years twinkling city twilights and gleaming harbour fronts have gladdened my eyes in Africa and America. 'Let there be light' was a divine command and the British Ministers of the years after 1945, when they cut the people's light and heat, as well as their food and clothing, to my mind acted as the instruments of a malignant purpose, whether they knew it or not.

I soon found in South Africa (and later in America) that, though there was light, the tentacles of this world-wide design had reached the land, like all others in the world today. Opposing political parties, as in England, when they successively came to office showed that they all followed the master principle: that there were 'shortages' which demanded 'controls'; that these necessitated growing armies of unproductively employed officials who clamoured for the producing masses to work harder and harder for the prospect of less and less. The shadow of the servile State approached even this fortunate land, as I subsequently found it creeping towards the wealthiest one of all: America.

The root shortage, as in many countries, from which all the other shortages and controls and threats of new trammels sprang, was that of 'dollars'; by the financial legerdemain of the last thirty years nearly all governments today pretend to assess the wealth or poverty of their countries, not in terms of their own pounds, francs, marks or whatnot, but in the currency of the United States. How could this strait jacket possibly be laid on South Africa, one of the greatest gold-producing countries of the world? It only needed to sell its gold freely to be immune from such constraints. But like other lands it was held in the toils of this octopus-like system of the twentieth century. By chance, through landing in Johannesburg, I came to the best place to study the working of this fantastic mechanism of world-power.

Johannesburg is not South African as Cape Town and Durban, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, Fort Elizabeth and East London are South African, any more than New York (as I later found) is American as Washington, Richmond and Boston are American. It is a city apart. Fifty years ago, when the Boers were invading Natal from the Transvaal and the British were coming up from the coast to meet them, Johannesburg was but a few houses and shacks. The struggle seemed clearly to be between Cape Town and Durban on the coast, for the British, and Bloemfontein and Pretoria, the inland strongholds of the Republics to which the trekking Dutch farmers from the Cape withdrew, for the Boers.

Far in the rear lay a shanty-town which was to become larger and more powerful than any of them. Johannesburg has the gold, control of which seems to be the master-switch in the powerhouse of world politics today. While the gods smile, the victory in South Africa does not lie with Cape Town and Durban, as seemed the case in 1901, or with Pretoria and Bloemfontein, as looks to be the case in 1950. The true victor, until the great plan of the twentieth century is completed or finally fails, appears to be Johannesburg. A cartoonist once aptly summed up the situation by depicting a Boer and a British South African quarrelling over the ownership of a cow while a smiling Zionist milked it.

Here in Johannesburg begins the master-process of the twentieth century, which appears to me to operate above the comprehension of republican farmer and colonizing Britisher alike. Here the gold

is taken from the earth which is then sent to America and reburied, retaining even in its second entombment some magic property which enables it to vitalize or withhold loans and credit operations, to selected political ends, all over the globe. So marvellous a mineral is gold that, the deeper you inter it, the more potent it is. Here in Johannesburg are born martial aid and Marshall Aid, lend-lease and UNRRA, gifts of arms and money alike to the Soviet State and its satellites and to those who may be called on to oppose them. (I noted with delight a report from Washington, dated July 16th, 1948, that 'pressure will be brought to bear on countries which show reluctance to accept Marshall Plan loans'.) So subtle and yet simple is this process that even the country which supplies the gold which is the basis of credit, may be denied credit if its government is disliked by the guardians of the gold at its re-interment. Thus, South Africa itself, when it elected in 1948 a government which was disliked by some quarters in New York, was promptly and repeatedly told that it could not hope for 'a loan' until this government mended its ways or a new one were returned. As *all* South African Governments (and as far as I know all governments) are members of an International Monetary Fund which dictates the price of gold, escape from this thrall through the free marketing of gold was closed, and the 'shortages' immediately began. The gold continues to flow, as if it were a river beyond the control of man, to its tomb in Kentucky, and the political operations everywhere to be directed from the power-unit it operates there. Another great hoard is accumulating in the dark interior of the Soviet Empire. This appears to me to be the reality of world-power in the twentieth century, operating through or despite all parties, politicians and governments everywhere. A man need but learn who controls the use of the gold to know the secrets of this century.

In Johannesburg he may see where the political rainbows begin. Around the city are great dumps, the size of Durham slag-heaps but of different colour. They are usually grey, sometimes with a yellow tinge, and to the newcomer may appear dull; but some hold that they are lovely in sunset or moonlight and to the visitor of future times may appear as exciting as the Pyramids. These little mountains are made of the waste matter from the gold-mines. They are the dross: the gold is on its way to Fort Knox, there to supply arms to Stalin or deny them to Chiang Kai-shek, accord recognition to Tito or withhold it from Franco, strengthen Israel or weaken Egypt. To watch this mysterious movement of gold at its source is a memorable experience for time's traveller. Here he sees something vastly more mighty than turbines or jet-propulsion, something only less omnipotent, indeed, than God. In the city built on gold the jewellers' shops, like those of London and New York, have little gold to sell. It is all going or has gone to Fort Knox, or is hidden in Asiatic Russia. During one recent year that buried gold increased by about £500,000,000, which is equal to all the gold produced anywhere in the world (outside darkest Russia) for two and a half years. In the next ten years nearly all the monetary gold in the world will at the present rate go there. While men in streets waste talk on atomic bombs, they ignore the real source of world-fission: that amassed and buried and potent gold.

Johannesburg in some ways reminded me of Berlin in the Nineteen-Twenties (later I discovered its spiritual affinities with New York). This was partly due to the large and recent Jewish immigration from Eastern Europe, which has made a deep imprint on the city's life, as it has in New York and did formerly in Berlin. The effect on politics was similar, too; politicians, municipal and national, felt moved to support Political Zionism in order to obtain election, and the Johannesburg seats were thought, at that time, to tip the balance in Parliament. It is an invigorating, busy place, where something exciting seems always round the corner. It stands six thousand feet high and during storms the thunder crashes on the rooftops of the multiplying high buildings as if some gargantuan trap-drummer rub-a-dub-dubbed there. Such an altitude places exceptional strains and stresses on the human organism, and adds something to the tension which other matters combine to create.

It is a jostling, acquisitive, absorbing place by day, where the old-clothes-man from Kovno may become a millionaire almost overnight. In it great financial projects are always hatching, and some

huge embezzlement, violent crime or lurid official scandal is often under interminable legal investigation. Of these affairs Johannesburgers habitually tell each other, 'You see, nothing will happen,' and they are frequently right. Like Chicago and Los Angeles in America, Johannesburg in South Africa appears to approach a state of lawlessness; officials who are tempted to show zeal in upholding the law sometimes complain of mysterious intimidations and relegations, and of the 'framed' accusation, 'pinned' on the zealot.

Like Berlin twenty years ago and New York today, Johannesburg is well supplied with Communist and Zionist book-shops, literature, newspapers, films and talk. Its night-clubs, too, reminded me of Berlin; in one I felt I was back at the Haus Vaterland and almost expected to see the mechanical thunderstorm on the Rhine. To the traveller fresh from London, where motorists were driven from the roads by every means short of machine-guns, the number of its American cars was astonishing. They were like whales with great chromium grins, seeming to grow ever bigger, and a good friend told me that South Africans of modest means, if they are in monetary straits, will sell their shirts rather than default on payments for the car. This is natural, for in a country of such distances life becomes sorely restricted without one.

Their number and bulk produced a parking problem similar, again, to that of New York. When Johannesburg was taking shape 'corner stands' were much sought and therefore most valuable, so that its builders compressed as many streets into the area as possible, and intersected them frequently. In this, too, Johannesburg stands apart. In most other South African towns the streets were made wide enough for an ox-wagon with eight yoke of oxen to turn in them) so that they are nearly broad enough for even a 1950 Mammalac to revolve in. By using a midget, skin-tight car of the kind made in Italy the Johannesburger might save himself much tribulation, but he likes large and glittering things, and would rather toil round his city in vain search of a place to put his supercharged, supergrinning Mammalac than use a baby car.

The days are invigorating in Johannesburg. By night the tension descends. The Johannesburger, after his hard day's pursuit of gain, golf-balls or parking-room, is denied the oldest and simplest of the townsman's pleasures: a stroll with his wife, sweetheart or friend. The dazzling streets are almost empty an hour after dusk. (In this Johannesburg is not different from other South African cities; it is general.) The white man cannot safely go about at night, with or without his womenfolk. At dusk the more dangerous characters among the town-spoiled Natives, and some outcast whites as well, come out from their dens. The urban police forces are weak. Figures for highway robbery are high and would be higher if white people went more numerous abroad at night.

Thus the Johannesburger at night steps into his car and from it into club, restaurant, picture-theatre or concert. (As in many parts of America the theatres have all been turned into cinemas, so that he rarely has the chance to see live plays.) When he returns home a dim figure at his gate rises from a soapbox-seat to salute him; this is his private Native guard, hired to protect his household. 'We are living in a state of siege,' a friend told me. In the cities of white South Africa, after nightfall, the white man withdraws into his home and yields the town to the dark man. Tenancy of the country does not appear to have been made into secure freehold yet.

I expected when I went to South Africa to find new things to write about, and welcomed this. For a man who lived among them from 1914 to 1939 the political feuds and obsessions of Europe, and the deterioration they foreseeably led to, were mournful things and I was glad to put them behind me, as I thought, for a spell. I was not more than a few days in South Africa when I realized, with surprise and sorrow, that distance from the turbulent centre, abundance, sunshine, prosperity, spaciousness, unscathedness, liberty and a splendid country made the white man no happier. I found there (and later in America, too) festering resentments akin to those of Europe, and other troubles besides. Among this small white population, insecurely encamped amid dark masses on

the southern tip of Africa, grudges and fears persisted. I met no man who did not speak, sooner or later, of the Boer's hostility to the British or of the menace of the Native.

For third parties, international aspirants to world power who sought to raise the dark man against the white one, and to divide the white men among themselves, South Africa was a land of opportunity.

Every traveller to South Africa will encounter this same experience. The thing is not to be ignored, because those he meets talk of little else; he cannot close his mind to it even if he would. I thought at first that matters of relatively small importance, in the great scheme of things, were being given exaggerated importance in their own land. Gradually I came to realize that they were affairs of life and death, ultimately, for the white man in Africa generally, not only for those immediately concerned.

In Johannesburg I watched the dark man of few words on whom the white men spent many words, the man to whom they left the streets at night, to whom they felt superior but about whom they felt uneasy. At his present stage of development he is a queer fellow, this African who goes to the zoo on Saturday afternoons to gaze open mouthed at lions and tigers, which he has never seen but often heard about. He will tell his employer that his entire tribe is dying, to gain an advance of pay with which to buy a guitar, and then will be blissful, strumming eternally on one note. He apes the white man, whom he dislikes, and, strutting importantly in weird rags from the slopshop, makes himself a living caricature of his master, like the monkey on the barrel-organ. He is only in degree less of an intruder than the white man. The true 'Natives' of South Africa were the Bushmen and Hottentots of the Cape, whom the early Dutch settlers exterminated as thoroughly as the Americans the Red Indian. The 'Natives' of today came to these parts from Northern and Central Africa, and then were conquered by the white newcomer.

They come to Johannesburg as mine-workers or as odd-job-men of all kinds, in the second case often illicitly. The Native miners are under supervision and are kept in touch with their tribes, chiefs and headmen, their wives and families. But Johannesburg is full of the others, the 'lost ones' of Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, who have forgotten their kraal, put on a white man's cast-off shirt and trousers, and belong to no society but that of the shacks and shebeens. No man knows how many they are, whence they come, what they do, or how they live. In a country where the dark man outnumbers the white by four to one, they are a growing and incalculable black proletariat. They live in holes and corners, often on open ground where harassed authority either allows them to put up shacks of corrugated iron, plywood and tin, or closes an impotent eye when they do this without permission.

Such shanty-towns as Moroka and Alexandra are rife with disease and the danger of epidemics, and yet the people in them are much less unhealthy and miserable than the inexperienced visitor would expect. They are used to living rough. Moreover, these conditions are in a large part produced by the Native's determination to come into the white man's cities. A hundred years after the industrial revolution in England, South Africa is passing through a similar phase. In England the hungry smallholder or the squatter expelled by the enclosing squire was driven to the factory towns and their slums. So it is, to some extent, in South Africa. The Native Reserves are too small to support the great Native population; the Native must earn money to pay his tax; these two factors join to drive him, like last century's Englishman, towards the factories which are springing up around the cities. But that does not explain why Natives from far *outside* South Africa's borders pour into Johannesburg.

They are not forced or invited to come. The city lights call in the Congo as in rural Ireland or Wales. The dark man wants to see the white man's town, to earn a few coins, to buy enchanting

things in the white man's bazaars. One day he disappears from the kraal and travels perhaps hundreds of miles through scrub and bush. He slips across the frontier and soon another lost one joins Johannesburg's dark legion. These men forget their native land, their people, the laws and customs they once obeyed. They become almost as rootless as the Negroes of America. From the ranks of the white men one welcoming hand is extended to them, in the spirit in which Mephisto gave his to Faust over a good bargain (but these men have never heard of Faust). The Communist Party courts them, tells them the white man hates them and they must hate the white man and drive him one day into the sea. The driving-power of the Communist Party is supplied, as in other countries, by men from Eastern Europe, or the children of such. The newcomer thought himself lucky, perhaps, to put behind him the dullness of village life and come to the city. He was not aggrieved, but now white men tell him how badly treated he is.

Compared with the lost ones herded in the shanty-towns (which, by the way, are not worse than places I once saw in Moscow) the Native mine-workers are happy. They are well fed and paid more than a miner in the Soviet State, and as much as miners in France or England were receiving forty years ago. Moreover, they are not lost; they are still part of their peoples. The mining companies take care of them from the kraal to the kraal, returning them there, time-served, with enough money to buy a cow to acquire another wife. Their health is looked after. The ebon statue I saw beneath a shower in a mining-compound, the man who lazily let his body sway to the beat of a rumba from the loudspeaker there, the other who made himself a xylophone-like instrument from old tobacco tins and sheep's membrane - all these were more fortunate men than the outcasts of Moroka. They still knew where they belonged.

Nevertheless, their servitude to the disruptive forces of the twentieth century seems as plain as that of the waifs in the shanty-towns. These last are the black revolutionary mass in training which, if the instigators could contrive it, would one day be turned against the white man in Africa; the Communist Party by all account currently helps smuggle fresh bands of 'lost ones' into Johannesburg to increase the overcrowding. The Native miners are the slaves of the gold which appears to be used to promote the revolution of destruction from the upper level, the seat of power. At the flash-point these two explosive schemes (the use of the revolutionary mass and the use of gold) seem to me to meet in a common purpose of destruction. That looks like the plain lesson of the Soviet Revolution in 1917 and of the extension of the Soviet area to the middle of Europe in 1945; in both cases gold, not mobs, played the chief part.

In South Africa, as in other lands and later in America, I had this feeling of some powerful, hidden force using the troubles of men and the treasures of the earth as instruments in a supreme plan. 'The gospel of gold and the philosophy of power'; the words, strangely, are from a character of Oscar Wilde. General Smuts, when he was Prime Minister of South Africa, once told a visitor from London, 'I am sure there is some hidden pressure behind all the worries of Europe, America and Russia.' He did not explain, and I cannot guess, exactly what he meant, but to me the signs of this 'hidden pressure' seemed in few places so clear as in the gold-mines and the shanty-towns of Johannesburg. I wondered vaguely, as I looked at the yellow dumps, whether gold carries in it some inherent curse, which comes into play when it is largely amassed or evilly used. I wondered this again, later, when I saw the derelict 'ghost towns' from the old gold-rush days in America, and considered the ultimate fate of some of the great fortunes accumulated around them.

In due course I fared further on my way. I drove past Alexandra and took with me a vivid last glimpse of Johannesburg. On some rough ground between shanty-town and main road a huge Native stood poised in the taut attitude of muscular exertion. Silhouetted thus against the sky, he made a striking figure of primitive man challenging civilization. He was not naked, however, his hand held no spear, and at his feet, towards which he gazed, lay no stricken foe or slain beast. He wore ragged European clothes, he wielded a golf club, and his eyes were fixed on a little white ball.



If there is a moral in that I do not know it, unless it is that the white man and the dark one, for better or for worse, now share the same lands and have to find some way of living together.

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## Chapter Two

### FIFTY-FIFTY?

I could hardly believe, after driving a little way, that Johannesburg was still near or even existed in this parched and empty land, thirsting for rain, which seemed new from the pains of creation. This was the Transvaal, where after long drought the threatening desert peeps out from between withering grass-stalks, then vanishing, like the demon king in the transformation scene, when the rains bring their green miracle.

Johannesburg was a kaleidoscope made of little brightly coloured pieces of Manhattan Island and Tel Aviv and an earlier Berlin, of Wall Street and Lombard Street, of Petticoat Lane and Dahlem, of Beverly Hills and Harlem, of Basutoland and Swaziland and Zululand. It was a jewel by night and a gimcrack by day. The feeling of the mining-camp was still in its clubs, where men's feet, you felt, instinctively sought the brass rail when it was no longer there, and prodigal thousands were spent on an annual Ladies' Night.

How old Paul Kruger, brooding on his stoep at Pretoria, must have hated it, I thought. Like William Cobbett in the last century and Hilaire Belloc and G.K. Chesterton in this, he presciently distrusted and feared the twentieth century. Johannesburg was alien corn in the vineyard he loved. With feelings rather similar to his an English yeoman might have looked from his house to the stockbroker's castle rising across the fields.

But escape is not the answer and I sometimes think that the good God keeps a suitable reproof, stern or mild, for any who seek to evade the challenge of his mysterious ways. Johannesburg was a warning promptly given to those who once called themselves Boers (or farmers) and today name themselves Afrikaners, or racial republicans (they are not Dutch, for they have much other blood and are separated by centuries from the Netherlands). In 1838 they wanted, like the famous film actress of a later day, to be alone; or, like the crooner of the Nineteen-Forties, to

leave the world behind and go and find,  
A spot that's known to God alone,  
just a spot to call our own....

and in this quest they set out from the coastal strip of South Africa where the white man was settled. They put behind them the detested British Government, the magistrate who stood between the farmer and his slaves, the distant parliament which set slaves free, the tax-gatherer who demanded revenue and the interfering busybodies who wanted to limit the size of a man's farm and even reserve land for the Native.

They much resembled the Americans of last century. After those colonists cast off British government, many of them disliked their own governments and moved westward, over the mountains, to be alone. The story of that moving frontier was the story of America until those trekkers reached the other coast and no more empty, governmentless spaces remained.

The Boers set out into the unknown interior, skirted the mountain wall of Basutoland and took the lands which they might call their own: the Orange Republic and the Transvaal one. The Natives were driven out or allowed to remain only as share-cropping farmhands. The Boers were alone at last, and around their two capitals, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, arose tiny white republics which an eminent English traveller, Lord Bryce, judged to be 'ideal commonwealths' when he visited them in 1895. But is an idyllic seclusion truly the simple justice the Boers held it to be in a world where

Jesus of Nazareth could not obtain justice? Is it even possible? There are not enough Transvaals or South Sea Islands for all.

The way of the Transvaaler was to be hard, for the land was barely wrested from the Natives when gold was found on the Rand, and no further from Pretoria than Haywards Heath is from London. Johannesburg began to rise towards (and in the Boer's opinion to cry to) Heaven. Instead of going by, the world squatted on his doorstep. Pretoria filled with strange faces and figures, with Fagins and Artful Dodgers, with smart financiers and hungry concessionaires, all smoking and drinking and bribing; in fact, it was like a priority-hunt in London in 1950.

President Kruger, in his massive frock-coat and top-hat, smoked his pipe and loathed it. He was the symbol of political power in this conquered land. Now a new symbol of political power, in the Transvaal, in all South Africa, throughout the world, took shape next-door. The republican dreams of the old century were dying. The new Caesar, Mammon, was come. It might put on the mask of republicanism for its own ends, but would be the cruellest emperor of all. The Voortrekkers were come a long way; and now this cuckoo in the nest!

I thought of those things as I drove towards Pretoria. The Transvaal reminded me a little of Prussia and a Prussian officer I once knew. He spoke of 'these cold, hard acres' as something which must be known if the Prussian soul were to be understood. Such lands may mould the minds of the men who inhabit them; the cold Prussian acre may help to generate that periodic Teutonic fury. The great spaces of the Transvaal in the arid season may help heat the brooding grievances of many a backveld farmer.

My earliest memories were of British soldiers riding out from St. John's Wood barracks to go to the South African war, but when I went there myself fifty years later I had almost forgotten it. I found, however, that its memory flourished like the green bay tree. The young Afrikaners sang 'Sarie Marais' as often and fervently as if it were just beginning. Who was Sarie Marais? Why, who were Madelon, Püppchen, Bluebell, Sari Maritza, Lili Marlen'? None of them existed, but their names meant home and warm lips to fighting-men at many times and in many lands. Sarie Marais, to judge by her name, had Boer and French and perhaps other blood. Anyway, she waited 'in the old Transvaal' for her soldier boy, just as Dolly Gray waited for hers. The British soldier sang about Dolly Gray when the fight was on, the young Afrikaner about Sarie Marais fifty years later. It was the symptom of a fever as old as antiquity, which, if it is not reduced by the timely treatment of wise leaders, may become dangerous.

The memory of the two great wars has not left a deep imprint on the minds of men in South Africa (where at least a quarter of the white population dissociated itself from them both) or, as I later found, on those of men in America. The Anglo-Boer war, in South Africa, and the North-South war in America, are vivid, living realities. In America masses of people, in their souls, are still fighting the war between the States and still do not clearly know which side they are on. For some reason not easy to decide, those two wars between white men fighting in new countries oversea have left deep scars of bitterness. I sometimes wondered if the dark background ('the treatment of slaves') against which both were fought might be the reason. Even that does not clearly explain the thing, for in America I was told by a good judge that if compensation had been paid for slaves, who were at that time legally acquired property, no war need have been fought. In South Africa compensation was paid, but this did not diminish the enduring Boer resentment which exploded in the later wars. All men of goodwill whom I met in both countries agreed that these were two of the most unfortunate wars in history 'and should never have been fought'. If the white man's place in the world were to shrink and collapse, they would lie at the beginning of the process, for the matters at issue are ideal for exploitation by interested third parties.

I reached the end of the grim brown veld and saw Pretoria before me. Its name and situation were South African history. It was called after a Voortrekker, as Durban was after a British Governor, and stands at the end of the Great Trek. Here is a city plainly built by men with the Christian and European heritage in their blood; every cock would crow if that were denied. Pretoria is, consciously or unconsciously, an answer to Johannesburg, rather as Washington is to New York. It is a place of fine buildings, wide streets, pleasant homes and gardens, of a leisurely way of life. Neither great wealth nor obtrusive bad taste has invaded it; its industries are made for Pretoria, not Pretoria for the industries. If bluebells grew on trees, they would look very much like the jacarandas of Pretoria; the carpets which these spread on the roadways are of nearly the same colour as those of English woods in spring. To Pretoria Winston Churchill was brought a prisoner and well treated, and hence he gallantly escaped. Here Oom Paul sat on his stoep and was conquered. I found his house and realized that I was making pilgrimage to it. I could no longer imagine that, even as a child and even in wartime, I ever felt anything but respect for this dour peasant-president.

Pretoria today is the central point of one of the most significant dramas of our time. There will be decided whether white men are capable or incapable of brotherhood among themselves, and probably whether the white man will stay in or vanish from Africa. The old Boer capital is crowned by the superb Union Building designed by an Englishman, Sir Herbert Baker, who was discovered by another Englishman, detested of the Boers, Cecil Rhodes. It is as if the genius of one race set a diadem on the genius of another, for it is the symbol of union after disunity. It is as if the gods wished to set up, somewhere in the racked -and riven world, a monument to the things men might achieve by welding old enmities into a common purpose, and founding a nation on that. Fifty years ago the Transvaal was ravaged by war (I once read, with surprise, a statement of General Smuts that the ruination there was even greater than anywhere in Europe during the two world wars). The Union Building, surmounting prosperous and handsome Pretoria, proclaims that making peace can be more heroic than making war, that the Great Trek led through disunity to unity. It expresses the ideal of Kipling who, when he edited *The Friend* at Bloemfontein during that war, wrote

Later shall rise a People, sane and great,  
Forged by strong fires, by equal war made one,  
Telling old battles over without hate,  
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

(‘his name’ refers to the gallant Boer General Joubert).

Fifty years after the words were written, their opposite has happened. The Union Building is the promise of what might be, but might yet be the tomb of what might have been. Not far away the Voortrekker Memorial was erected. Another fine work, it could have been the complement of the Union Building, a monument to the achievements of one of the races now united in a nation. At its consecration in 1949, on the fiftieth anniversary of the South African war, however, all emphasis was laid on past resentments and disunity, and little was left undone to wound the feelings of British South Africans, although they had contributed largely to the memorial. The celebrations were held almost exclusively in Afrikaans and for many weeks bitter speeches about the long-dead war, the need for a republic, the abolition of the Union Jack as a twin flag and much more embittered the air. Prominent Afrikaners declared that intermarriage between the two races must cease and that antagonism between them ‘must always exist’.

The Voortrekker Memorial could have been given the meaning that the long trek ultimately led to reconciliation, as expressed by the Union Building. The other meaning was deliberately chosen and the memorial set up as a denial of the Union Building and not an assent. Unity in South Africa was in fact first destroyed by the Great Trek; the clear challenge thrown down by these festivities was

that the Great Trek went on, and had not ended in or at union. The whole future of the white man in South Africa and Africa was thrown afresh into the balance.

The British South African, I found, usually feels a deep respect for the Afrikaner and the achievements of his fathers. As an outside onlooker, I felt great admiration for both breeds. They are of the best European stock and in unity would now be on the verge of founding a nation of the first quality, one of Suid Afrikaners and of South Africans. Their achievements are great, they are physically fine (the Afrikaners outstandingly so), make excellent soldiers and in sport excel. The British South Africans, though they are little over a million and play games only at weekends, produce cricketers and tennis players of the highest class. The Afrikaners, who are not much more numerous, are the best rugby footballers in the world; the sight of a sixteen-stone Afrikaner covering a hundred yards of rugby field, in about ten and a half seconds is one to remember.

I have had good friends of both races, before I ever saw South Africa, and treasure the memory particularly of an Afrikaner pilot with whom I flew in the first war, and of Colonel Denys Reitz, whom I knew in London during the second one. Could the Boers who fought in the South African war have lived longer, unity would be safe; the bitterness of today is fostered by elderly men who were too young to fight or by younger ones who were not then born. Colonel Reitz, as an emissary of surrender in British hands, wrote, 'The British, with all their faults, are a generous nation, and not only on the man-of-war, but throughout the time that we were among them, there was no word said that could hurt our feelings or offend our pride, although they knew we were on an errand of defeat.' Mr. Winston Churchill, as a Boer prisoner, wrote: 'The Boers were the most good-natured enemy I have ever fought against in the four Continents where I have seen active service.' That war was in fact the last chivalrous one of this century and its story abounds in heartening instances of soldierly generosity on both sides; the contrast between the spirit in which it was fought and that in which today's politically poisoned legends about it are spread by men who had no part in it is part of the general deterioration of this century. The affair has left the field of fact and entered that of propagandist agitation, which knows no hedges.

A book about South Africa, by Mr. G.H. Calpin, bore the title *There are no South Africans*. I thought the present truth might be differently put. There is a nation on the verge of foundation and on the brink of destruction, and the decision is yet to come. The quarrel seemed to me to be in its essence more between Afrikaners than between Afrikaners and British. The British turn the cheek of native patience to all rebuffs and injuries, and might continue to do so, but if they were relegated to a place of inferiority no white nation could be built in South Africa, for the Afrikaner's numbers are too small to hold this place alone, in overweening pride against all others. The saddest plight is that of those Afrikaners (they probably amount to between thirty and forty per cent of the whole Afrikaner population) who want to build a united nation and who see the future dark and threatened by this feud. It spreads a spiritual gloom throughout the land.

For my part the only fault I felt able to find with the white folk of this splendid country was that they were too few: too few to assure the survival of the white man in South Africa or in Africa. The feud, artificially kept alive, hinders the increase of the population either by intermarriage or by immigration. These obdurate men who, as they themselves proclaimed, 'had forgotten nothing' (even if what they remembered was outside their own experience) were by the mid-century near to gaining a sway over all the Afrikaners as complete as that which the Nazis gained over all Germans, or the East European Zionists over all Jewry, and the plight of the remainder was as difficult. These men were building up a mystic legend round the ox-wagon, the beard and the Voortrekkers comparable with that which the Nazis built up round Frederick the Great and his grenadiers. They denied and wished to wash out the British share in building South Africa, to erase all its symbols one by one and to declare a republic, not of reconciliation but of resentment perpetuated. Once more they wished to be alone, but not this time in the Orange Free State and the

Transvaal; they wished to return to the Cape and Natal and rule over the whole, that is, to reverse the story of 150 years. That was not all: they expected to expand, to incorporate the formerly German South-West Africa and the three British Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland, thus enlarging to an area nearly that of Europe. This was a large ambition for a united nation (it was also the vision of Cecil Rhodes) and looked hopeless for a small republic of mutually resentful racial groups.

When I first saw South Africa in 1947, and during the year I remained, the power of this highly organized section of unforgetting and unforgiving Afrikaners was great and clearly growing, and feelings either of abnormal anticipation or gloomy foreboding were general throughout the country. When I returned in 1949 the picture was darker, and the chances of preserving unity were lessening. A great drawback about a policy based exclusively on past resentments is that you cannot check it when the grievances have disappeared. The bone of contention is yours, but your supporters will not on that account embrace the other contender. They have come to love contention more than the bone. This is the danger in South Africa today.

The irreconcilable Afrikaner's ill-will, through this process, has grown in proportion to the tokens of goodwill showered on him. Thus Mr. Winston Churchill, marching towards Pretoria in 1900, wrote that: 'the British flag must be firmly planted in Bloemfontein and Pretoria', the capitals of the two Republics later defeated. By 1906 the British Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, immediately upon his election restored self-government to the Republics. This was supposed so conclusively to establish amity that in 1910 the former foes (the two British colonies and the two Boer Republics) joined in the great Union. The next result was that in 1914 a Boer General and Prime Minister, General Botha, brought the Union into the first war.

Another Boer General, however, General Hertzog, was still unappeased and opposed this. That continuing resentment was surprisingly large appeared when he was elected Prime Minister after that war. He, too, was convinced in time; returning from London in 1931 with the Statute of Westminster, which made the Dominions sovereignly independent (thereafter their only link with the British Crown was their own wish to remain connected, and power to break away was theirs), he said there was no further freedom that South Africa or the Afrikaner could aspire to.

He again opposed South Africa's entry into the second war and was repudiated by the South African Parliament, so that the country entered it under a third Boer General, General Smuts. When I came to South Africa in 1947 I soon felt that his prestige in South Africa was not as great as the outer world thought it to be. The reputations of public men outside their own countries in the last thirty years have often depended on their attitude towards Zionism, which in my experience is astonishingly powerful among the world's newspapers. General Smuts, like Mr. Winston Churchill, was from the first war a leading supporter of Zionism, which inside South Africa counted for little, save among Zionists. This, however, had little to do with his defeat in 1948; that was due to the appeal of the old cry: 'Away with the Englishman, his King, his Empire; we want to be alone.'

With General Smuts's defeat the supply of Anglo-Boer war generals ended, and the old resentments reached a higher level than ever before when affairs passed into the hands of men who had not fought in it. The whole edifice of union was threatened, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, could he have surveyed them, might have been surprised and saddened by the results of Liberalism's master-stroke: conciliation towards the defeated Boers. That is not to say that a thing prompted by a good motive must not be done because its results are bad; nevertheless, Liberalism stands condemned more by the events of today in South Africa than any of its other effects, which seem to amount only to the dissipating of a patrimony and the begetting of abortions, Socialism, Communism and the servile World State.

The new Prime Minister (Dr. Malan) and all his colleagues were Afrikaners. For the first time since Union the Cabinet contained no British South African. During the time that followed a week seldom passed without some speech or act aimed at wounding the feelings of nearly half the population. The Afrikaner Nationalists, however, had not a clear majority, and achieved one only by coalescing with a small, more moderate party (the Afrikaner Party), the leader of which, Mr. Havenga, spoke the language of statesmanship. 'To build the future on mere dissatisfaction is risky; the government, therefore should solve the great problems confronting the country in a manner that the broad mass of the people can support ... Freedom under the Republics could not have been greater than that enjoyed today by sovereign, independent, united South Africa.'

Such counsel was merely irritating to men who had ridden to importance on the horse of old resentments. They appeared to live self-enclosed in grudges about matters they had known only as infants or not at all, and were somewhat remote from all else. No living current of feeling remained between them and Holland; for instance, in 1940 a section of Afrikaner Nationalists condoned or applauded Hitler's cheap triumph over that ancestral 'small nation' of the Boers, apparently because it worsened the British plight. In 1948 they were genuinely surprised that the Netherlands still remembered this and did not welcome emissaries associated, justly or unjustly, with such sentiments of 1940.

The Nationalist Afrikaner victory of 1948 was a fascinating political event, technically considered. It was the victory, achieved by thirty years of hard work, of an organization with one dominant aim: to sever the British connection. This was the Broderbond, a band of brothers formed in 1918 of which General Hertzog said in 1935: 'We now have to do with a secret political society accessible to and existing only for Afrikaans-speaking members, the moving spirits of which are out to govern South Africa over the heads of the English-speaking people among us and who are out to raise Afrikaans-speaking Afrikanerdom to domination in South Africa, ignoring the rights and claims of the English-speaking section of our population.'

In 1944 General Smuts said that the Broderbond had 2500 members in key places (that is, among politicians, priests of the Dutch Reformed Church, which plays a part in South African politics similar to that of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, university professors, government officials, officers, editors and teachers), and that 'dreadful things could happen in our country if it were not fought and its stranglehold on public life broken'. In 1948 the constitution of the Broderbond became public. It stated: 'Let us bear in mind that the main point is for Afrikanerdom to reach its ultimate goal of dominance in South Africa. Brothers, our solution for South Africa's troubles is that the Afrikaner Broderbond must rule South Africa.'

In May 1948 the Broderbond triumphed. The new Prime Minister, the majority of his ministers and of the members of his party were members of it. An uncertain future opened for South Africa, and the visitor could feel a deep spiritual distress in a country which, from afar, seemed to have everything to make it the envy of less happier lands. What the Broderbond desired to do was known, and its members made their resolve to do it plain at every opportunity. The only restraints on them were the fragility of their majority, public discussion of their actions and any sobering influence which the more prudent Afrikaners might exert. As to the fragile majority, they set about to enlarge it to a point where it would give them invulnerable power. Though South-West Africa was not officially annexed or incorporated, South-West African seats were added to the Cape Parliament, and the Nationalists confidently expected to win most of these from German voters, because they had opposed both European wars. German political leaders in South-West Africa appealed to all Germans there to vote for the Afrikaner Nationalists at the next election, stating that the German vote, if thus cast, was enough to ensure the continuation of Afrikaner Nationalist government. It appeared, therefore, that the ultimate decision in such matters as the proclamation of a Republic and the progressive elimination of the British South Africans from the joint patrimony

might lie in the gift of the small German population, which might thus be able to pursue its own vengefulness through the vengefulness of others. A move was also made to restrict the Cape Coloured People's right to vote, not because they were coloured, but because they habitually voted against the Afrikaner Nationalists.

In 1900 Mr. Winston Churchill, campaigning through Natal, mentioned the title of a brochure written by Colonel Denys Reitz, *A Century of Wrong*, and wrote: 'God send us now a century of right.' By 1950, after a half-century of propitiation, the Afrikaner Nationalist, now ruler of the land, appeared to feel he had endured another half-century of wrong, and chief among his objections to 'Slim Jannie' was probably General Smuts's question, on the score of British magnanimity, 'Has such a miracle of trust and generosity ever happened before?' Only worse than that remark was his own representative's declaration, after the announcement of the Statute of Westminster, that 'When the present Status Bill is passed by Parliament South Africa will be freer than Paul Kruger's Transvaal.'

A greater injury than stealing a man's purse or honour is to steal his grievances. If I judge him fairly, the Boer of the predominant type that gained power in 1948 is not happy without his injuries. He curries them each evening for supper, and broods on stoeps in lonely places. His blood is mainly Dutch and German and mixes well with that of the Scots; he is a dour man. He dislikes to talk of anything but politics. He has dignity, simplicity and strength and commands the respectful liking of Englishmen, but he does not like to be liked. Until 1906, when the British righted the wrongs on their side of the previous century's ledger, he counted as a Christian soldier, who fought, and fought well, for his small people's liberty and independence. Perhaps the British understood that and him better than any others in the world could understand. But by 1950 he was no longer a Christian soldier; he was in the grip of a pagan nationalism, and bent now on subjugating others, not on liberating himself. The men he followed did not desire merely to wipe out the last trace of defeat, but to reverse the result of an old war, put themselves in the position of victor, impose the penalties of defeat on those who had won by relegating them to an inferior status and obliterating their symbols.

History shows few examples of a small number of determined men clinging so obstinately to an idea. The case of the Zionists is not analogous, for they are many times as numerous and powerful in all the capitals of the world. This section of the small Boer nation which lived only to see the British ousted from South Africa bred in its early manhood sons more fanatical than itself, whom it could not check when it reached a gentler spirit in old age.

Anthony Trollope, on holiday from Barchester, in South Africa in the 1870s wrote (of the 1850s): 'Already had risen the idea that the Dutch might oust the English from the continent, not by force of arms, but by republican sentiment ... The idea is grand, but such ideas depend on their success for their vindication. When unsuccessful they seem to have been foolish thoughts, bags of gas and wind, and are held to be proof of the incompetency of the men who hold them for any useful public action.' By 1950, a hundred years later, the grand idea came much nearer to success than ever seemed possible. Trollope could not imagine that by the middle of the next century no British soldier would remain in South Africa, that the Transvaal with its gold and the Orange Republic with its diamonds would have been handed back, that the Union Jack would be almost gone, that Pretoria would be the seat of South African government or that an Afrikaner Governor-General would bow to an all-Afrikaner government at Cape Town, that the basis of all this would be voluntary relinquishment by Britain and that the rest would have been achieved through the single-minded pursuit of an ambition by political means, or that the exclusive Afrikaner Republic would be at the door.



The Boers, by 1950, had shown what remarkable results can be obtained by the skilful use of political weapons. They had accomplished as much as could have been attained through a successful war, and entered into possession of a very fine realm, in the making of which they took an essential but not the major part. The moment was come to say 'No' when their host, destiny, proffered the bottle and said, 'A little more? One for the road?' It is the moment when statesmen say No and politicians say Yes; the twentieth century has seen hardly any statesmen since 1914. The Nationalist Afrikaners, or at all events the Broderbond said Yes. The prospect opened of a third crisis like those of 1914 and 1939, and the issue, I thought, depended more on those Afrikaners who wanted unity than on the British South Africans. On the issue, again, depended the future of the white man in Africa, for if he could not stay in South Africa he was unlikely to remain in the other, hotter places where his kind are much fewer. The white men were far from numerous in South Africa itself, and this white bridgehead might eventually collapse if the white men on the beaches spent their years and strength in dispute with each other.

The traveller in South Africa finds all Europeans there, Afrikaner and Briton, preoccupied with problems, so diverse in different places and so complex in all, that after listening to the great argument about them he might think: 'Here is something which only God can now put right, not man, and He is surely preparing his millstones.' Of all the many opinions I heard, however, one seemed to me likely to be right: that there is in truth only *one* problem, and that if it were solved the others might disappear as the white ants vanish when the burrow of their huge, slug-like and spawn-laden empress is exposed. It is that of the small white population, which is caused by the political feud. Had South Africa ten million Europeans, instead of two and a half, the problem of 'white survival' might fade away, and with it the other problems, which in fact are all vari-coloured facets of this central problem. The inferiority of numbers makes the white man fear the prolific darker man among whom he lives and hesitate to help this man's advance, so that he puts himself in a light which he himself dislikes. Equality of numbers, and a movement towards superiority, would establish South Africa as a white man's country, the cornerstone of a great continent of boundless prospect. The Afrikaner does not admit that. He believes immigration would swamp his Afrikanerdom, which he is resolved to make supreme. He is right to the extent that it would make the exclusive Afrikaner Republic impossible, but I met no sober judge who thought South Africa could long survive in that form; the splendid future, all agreed, was only open to a united nation.

The Nationalist Afrikaner victory of 1948 was an immediate deterrent to immigration. The other States of the Commonwealth, formerly apathetic about immigration, actively encouraged it after the lessons of the second twentieth-century war. Canada, Australia and New Zealand set about to increase their European population and welcomed British settlers foremost. The Nationalist Afrikaner took the other road. I do not presume to suggest that British immigration alone could produce the greater numbers which South Africa needs. White immigration from anywhere in Northern Europe would be as good, but it is difficult to see from what other quarter sufficient numbers could come, and I believe the Nationalist Afrikaner is in fact opposed to large-scale immigration from any direction, fearing the submergence of dominant Afrikanerdom.

Only one other force in South Africa (as in England) is equally hostile to immigration (or emigration), namely, the Communist Party. Its newspapers in England constantly attack the treatment of British immigrants in South Africa: its newspapers in South Africa attack the British as imperialists and 'jingoes'. If the white man were as numerous as the dark one it would lose its only appealing street-corner cry: that the great *majority* of South Africa's inhabitants is denied all rights and opportunity. The Nationalist Afrikaner does not see what Trollope saw seventy years ago, long before the appearance of an international party of revolution with branches in every country:

‘At present the Native is altogether excluded from the franchise. But the embargo is of its nature too arbitrary - and, nevertheless, would not be strong enough for safety were there adventurous white politicians in the Colony striving to acquire a parliamentary majority and parliamentary power by bringing the Zulus to the poll.’ (*South Africa*, Chapman & Hall, 1879.)

The adventurous white politicians have appeared and are active in all countries, fanning the disputes of white men and the grievances of dark ones for their own end, the servile World State. The Nationalist Afrikaner, a rare white man among multiplying dark ones, still sits on the stoep of his homestead among the gum trees, with six thousand flat acres around, nursing ancient rancours and spiting the times. ‘Do not let us put our small handful against the world,’ once said General Smuts, ‘you have a great country, a great continent with great mineral resources ... You will not be allowed to remain in Naboth’s vineyard ... in a state of isolation you will always be in danger ... We have received a position of equality and freedom, not only among the other States of the Empire but among the other nations of the world. Shall we now throw away all these advantages to get back to our old antheap? It is dangerous, it paralyses a people, to live in the past.’ Wise words, even though General Smuts, by some strange twist of reasoning, thought it good for the East European Zionists to live in an even more remote past, and one not even theirs.

I came away from Pretoria, over which the shadow hung of old animosities, of the approaching celebrations of the fifty-year-old war, of the declaration of a racial republic. It darkened the Union Building, which seemed the symbol of a unique work of peacemaking in a world that otherwise knows only how to make war. Pretoria is one of the Union’s two capitals. Parliament sits at Cape Town, the Government offices are in Pretoria. That is as if Westminster were at Land’s End and Whitehall at John o’ Groats. The ministries and the foreign missions have to keep a great store of boxes and crates, in which all the files and papers are packed in January, when politicians and parliamentarians, diplomats and documents, disappear to Cape Town, reappearing thence in the mid-year. I heard many arguments, of time and toil and cost, against this unusual though picturesque arrangement, but many in favour could be offered. The twin capitals were the basis of the whole edifice of fifty-fifty on which the Union was built and grew. Over them as yet fly both flags, on State occasions. In them two languages are spoken and officially recognized.

The spirit of union, however, was low in the town that lay at the foot of the great building. A deep division rent the land and on either side of it were unhappy people, or unsure ones; some who wanted to intermarry and mingle with those on the other side and were hindered, others who had mixed and now found their homes riven and others again who stayed encamped on one side of the gulf and thought to find happiness in looking bitterly across it. Hatred, like absinthe and opium, brings the passing illusion of bliss.

A disconcerting undertone, which I knew well from days in a distracted Europe, ran through life in this distant and pleasant place. I drove away from it hoping as an onlooker that the Union Building might yet fulfil its promise. I began a long journey through a land of infinite possibility, trammelled only by old grudges, which attached themselves to all life like the grey beards of the Spanish Moss to the live oaks of Louisiana. I discovered a quality in the air and light of South Africa, a magic in its colours, which entranced me, so that later, when I was far away, I longed to return.

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## Chapter Three

### NATAL THE BELEAGUERED

I left the Transvaal and made for Natal, the former British colony, and its port, Durban. The way leads through Heidelberg (leaving Frankfort on the right) to Newcastle (leaving Dundee and Utrecht on the left); if you then keep straight on, ignoring the tempting signpost which says 'To Richmond', you naturally come to Durban. The distance is about four hundred miles and the difference similar to that between dour north-of-the-Tweed and dulcet south-of-the-Thames.

A hundred miles out of Johannesburg mountains rose beneath the spacious sky and I began to feel the presence of two influences which may help shape the white man here: loneliness and remoteness. Even this road, possibly the busiest of all, has gaps of fifty miles between *dorps* (the word means village but connotes also spiritual isolation). On a run equal in length to that from London to Brighton you may see hardly a habitation or creature. If you have a breakdown the next driver who passes will stop, help if he can or carry a message to Nextdorp, and send back aid. This friendly helpfulness on the road is a warming thing, and I missed it later in America, where such succour is rare (I was puzzled by that until an American friend told me that it is held unwise to stop for either hitch-hikers or drivers apparently in trouble).

These unpeopled gaps along the road may signify that inland South Africa, after one hundred years, is not yet a white man's country. The white man has built little settlements far apart and strung wire between them to stake his claim to the land, but he has not closely populated or intensively cultivated it, or harnessed the rainfall. The small white population is a fundamental weakness, however little South Africans today may like the thought. Plenty of white people in the world would gladly live on less than six thousand acres apiece. If they are debarred, the multiplying masses of Natives and Indians will press harder on the fences. The lonely traveller may see a few human beings, but probably Natives, who do not understand him. If he loses his way, he will soon realize how few the white men are in the land. On these roads the only sound is the occasional whoosh-swish of the white man flashing by, separate from all around him in his wheeled, enamelled capsule. He roars past and is gone; behind him the dust settles, the pop-eyed piccanin returns to his play, the grim mountains look down; Africa thinks it over.

'Civilization has barely touched Africa at a few selected points,' wrote General Smuts, 'and in the course of the ages the contacts of Africa with civilization have never been permanent or long-lived. After a casual acquaintance with her sister continents she has always shaken herself free and returned to her wild ways. Her spirit has been alien and aloof from that of the rest of the world and her charm continues uncontaminated by the conventions of civilization. The European invasion which began in more recent years has to some extent affected her peoples ... but in her heart of hearts she is and remains wild and unaffected by the invading influences.' (Foreword to *The Low Veld*, Col. J. Stevenson Hamilton, Cassell, 1929.) On this far journey I felt that Africa was weighing the white man in the balance and saying: 'Well, I never was conquered yet. And you, little man, do you think to do it with two and a half million souls?'

When I told people in the Transvaal that I was going to Natal they showed grief. 'Natal!' they said. 'Durban! But my dear fellow, Natal is just not South Africa. And the Natal British - they are like nothing else on earth. Don't waste your time; get out among the ordinary people.' When they heard that I was to stay at a small place called Nottingham Road they were still more pained. 'What, stay at Not-at-home Road!' they exclaimed. 'Then why did you leave Kensington?'

In many countries I have met the city which 'is not South Africa' (or France, or England, or America); the only ones, in respect of which the phrase seemed to have clear truth and meaning, were Johannesburg and New York. As to the enchanting class of 'ordinary people' or 'just folks', in whom all wisdom and virtue reside, I have found them nowhere and doubt their existence. In this case the disparagements of Natal only caused me to approach it with greater curiosity, and it was an exciting moment when I saw before me at the roadside the notice: Natal.

It is a lovely name, and the world seems to have been a lovelier place four hundred and fifty years ago, when Vasco da Gama sailed the seas and, discovering new land one Christmas Day, called it Natal in honour of that Nativity. Men had great faith and confidence then and these still ring in the names they gave to the places they found. Were Natal discovered today it might be named Unonia. As I drove into it I wondered idly if Rupert Brooke, had he lived a hundred years later, would have ever been moved to write.

If I should die, think only this of me,  
That there's some corner of a foreign land  
That is for ever UNO.

Almost as soon as I crossed the invisible line that separated Natal from Sarie Marais's Transvaal the country changed its hard, bare lines for undulating ones, verdantly clothed. It had a provocative touch of England; fortunately nature, and not the colonists, was responsible for that. However, nature did not erect the notice which I soon saw at the roadside: 'Stop for tea at the Buttered Crumpet, fifty yards down the road.'

From 'A Little Boy Called Taps', I thought, to the Buttered Crumpet! I had in spirit travelled this road before. The names I came to now were imprinted on my earliest memories. Down this road the invading Boers rode into Natal and up it came the British, Mr. Churchill with them, the two meeting in their hardest battles before besieged Ladysmith. I stopped the car, got out and looked up and down that historic road. Mr. Churchill came up it praying for 'a decisive victory ... which would plant the British flag firmly in Pretoria and Bloemfontein'. The Boers drove down it praying for a decisive victory which would carry their quadricolour to Cape Town and Durban.

Where are the decisive victories of yesteryear? The British won theirs and handed it back, like a sword rendered to a gallant enemy. The Boers thereafter, by the arts of politics, won theirs. But who has lost and who has won in this caucus race? Behind the contestants, fifty years ago, appeared other, shadowy, unarmed invaders bent on profiting by the wars of others. I said that a thin red coastal strip denotes the only part of South Africa, and Africa, effectively colonized and populated by Europeans. But since 1900 another colour, brown, has been overprinted on this red area in Natal, and especially in Durban; without firing a shot the Indian has occupied substantial areas of the old Colony. At the other end of the road the decisive victory, for the present, is that of Johannesburg, a main power-station in the process of gold-manipulation which clearly dominates our century. The last laugh is not with either Boer or Briton.

I started again and drove slowly, revelling in the colour of this land. A widow-bird rose and struggled across the road in front of me. Its dress was black and its tail so long and heavy that it could scarcely keep in the air; it looked just like an unhappy lady borne down by the weight of her woes and her weeds. I should think it is the most aptly named bird in creation.

And just round the next corner was another lady, Lady Smith herself, whose husband, Harrismith, is at the other end of the turning on the right. The world *was* good when a young Spanish girl could give shelter to a young English officer, prosaically called Smith, during the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and end her days as the wife of the Governor of the Cape, so much loved by all that two

South African towns were named after the pair. What memories her name brought back now to a Londoner born in the Nineties! My father kicked his top hat through city streets at the relief of Ladysmith and Mafeking.

The little town has a hallowed air. I had not known that the dust of old wars is so fragrant, or the gentle spirit of brave men so tangible in the place where they died. In South Africa I gained a deep respect for the British soldier who fought all over this hard country for a hundred years. What a staunch man he must have been, what hardships he must have endured, and what obstacles have overcome. He was not held in much regard in his time. Only those who could do nothing better (was the general feeling) would join the Army. I think he was even called a mercenary, on account of his daily shilling! The conscript of today has a big task if he is to equal that man. I looked down the little street and pictured the Dublin Fusiliers, in honour of their especial ordeals and bravery, leading in the relief column nearly fifty years ago, and Winston Churchill riding with the staff.

There is a little church in Ladysmith which, no matter what might happen in the world, will ever be a corner of a foreign field ... The vicar, though I could not find him, was a brother of Field-Marshal Montgomery. On the other side of the main street was a large café-cinema, where, although the hour was early, those melancholy girls called usherettes stood about in trousers. Hollywood was come to Ladysmith; for this relief much thanks.

I went on, to Colenso. This was a journey back through time. The battlefield lies hard by the road, as I remembered it in the picture-books of my childhood. Caton Woodville's drawing of 'Lieutenant Roberts saving the guns at Colenso' is clearly before my eyes still, and I knew the pitiful, open field, without any cover, and the hill from which the Boers poured down their fire, before I saw them. I recall that I was sad for Bobs, V.C., and his son, V.C. Now, as I looked at the son's grave, I felt no trace of that childish sorrow, only a reverent gratitude. The little battlefield is as it was that day. No Imperial Commissioners have collected and removed the dead. They lie where they fell, among the Wait-A-Bit bushes (a thorn with spikes longer than they seem, which arrest the unwary stranger as neatly as a button-holing acquaintance), marked by simple monuments, rough stones and barbed wire. Over them lies the brooding stillness of Africa, which the traveller feels everywhere in 'white South Africa' outside a few High Streets. The feeling of an old battle is lively in the air. I saw Roberts and his gunners sweating and straining, the horses rearing and showing the whites of their eyes, the puffs of smoke from the hill; I heard the bullets whine above and between them, and the dull thud of impact....

Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Far on the right of the hot and lonely road lay the high Drakensberg, the Dragon Range. Beyond those mountains lay lands still mysterious and untamed. The endless riddle of the twentieth century was all about me on this road, for this was where it all began. The Anglo-Boer war was the Pagliacci of the century:

I am The Prologue ... Ring up the curtain.

It was the first of three wars which, if they may be judged by their results, have been brought about by super-national managers for purposes different from those which seemed at issue. Was the real stake the gold, the power of which runs like a scarlet thread through the two later wars? General Smuts once said, in London: 'The world is facing one of the great revolutions, perhaps the greatest revolution, in all human history. It began where I began, with the South African war ...' General Smuts began on this road, and Mr. Churchill too. It is a great historical highway of our time.

I drove along it slowly, looking for a certain place. 'A few hundred yards from Frere Station': this might be the very railway cutting. I got out, looking for some memorial, but found none. Then, beside a dead tree, I stumbled across a rough gravestone with a legend traced on it in cartridge cases: 'Here lieth the remains of those who were killed in the armoured train, November 15th, 1899. Erected by the Border Regiment in memory of our comrades of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.'

So this was the very spot where the most famous and baffling figure in the tragi-comedy of this century made his first great entrance in its Prologue. Here Winston Churchill appeared on the great historical highway which still stretches into the mists of the future. Here, after just failing to free the armoured train from the boulder with which it was neatly ambushed, he was captured by the Boers. Elbowing his way impatiently into the twentieth century, he looked that day much as he looks now, fifty years later. I judge so, at least, from the description of an old burgher, Frans Changuion, who was among his captors, 'he had the appearance of a great fat schoolboy'. The words are not chosen to flatter, but the enigmatic man of the second world war is recognizable in them (they were recorded by Peter Quain in the *Natal Daily News*, October 7th, 1948).

Many people still in Durban (I later found) remember the day when Mr. Churchill, escaped, returned there, was carried shoulder high from the point and spoke from the steps of the City Hall. 'Only one possibility is excluded,' he then wrote, 'an inconclusive peace.' Ah, these jests of time and history! Not far away young Jan Smuts, at the head of his commando, similarly hoped for a conclusive victory. At either end of the historical road were these two men, whom enviable and splendid careers awaited in the twentieth century. There, as they appear in the Prologue, they may be considered: Christian patriots both. To my mind the greatest riddle of the time is the support which both these men gave to the cause of Political Zionism, from which, as I believe, great tribulations will spring in the next half-century. My conjecture is that these two famous men, and many others of their generation from President Wilson to President Roosevelt, from Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Baldwin, took up that cause in good faith and goodwill and never realized that a long spoon is needed at such suppers.

I wondered why no memorial stood at the place of Mr. Churchill's capture. Later I learned why. In 1946 the Historical Monuments Commission of South Africa decided to put up a commemorative plaque there, but Boer objections were raised and it changed its mind. The Afrikaner does indeed lay down old grudges like wine, rolling them over his tongue after many years with the gusto of a connoisseur. (In Durban, however, a private resident set up a bas-relief to commemorate the speech from the steps of the old City Hall.)

I drove on from the scene of the armoured train's ambush. I had felt from the moment of leaving the Transvaal that I might be in a different country, for in each township and dorp I noticed a new colour in the pattern, another kind of squalor in squalid corners and other smells in smelly ones. Briefly, Indians were everywhere. Each part of South Africa has its peculiar problem inside the greater problem, and this is Natal's particular one. It has nearly all the Indians because the Cape, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State virtually debar them, leaving Natal, which imported them, to lie alone in the bed it made. I stayed a happy while at Nottingham Road and then went on through the mist-belt, past a fine school that might have been Rugby and another that looked like Roedeian, and came one lovely morning over a hillcrest to see Durban below me and the blue Indian Ocean beyond. It was the fulfilment of a boyhood dream.

Through a lucky mishap, *Glück im Unglück*, I spent much longer in Durban and Natal than I expected that day and think this one of the happiest periods of my life. The polychrome human scene and the climate delighted me, while this coast, the white man's southernmost front line, must be among the loveliest in the world, marked by the four fine citadels of Durban, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London, guarded in the rear by the inland strongholds of Pretoria, Bloemfontein,

Grahamstown and Stellenbosch. In unity, a resplendent future should fill the empty spaces of the land between and the dubious gaps of the political prospect.

Natal has for forty years been given the part of him who gets slapped among the provinces of South Africa. It has nearly all the Indians and more of the Natives than any other. It is the one of the four where (a heritage of British rule) the most substantial proportion of the land, about half, is reserved 'for the Native. It has no single representative in the present Union Government and bit by bit is being elbowed out of control of its own affairs. Its flag was once the Union Jack and it still retains this as one of two, but is constantly threatened with the abolition even of that, while it is habitually told that the tiny Union Jack remaining on the second flag must be removed to make that one 'clean'; its people, I gathered, would not much object to that if only the pledge, given at Union, to fly both flags on State occasions were kept, but this is widely and ostentatiously ignored. Durban once had a flying-boat service direct to England, and I should think this was an air-service unique in the world. The splendid flying-ships made a leisurely way southward through Africa, more like men of taste travelling in olden times than the blindfold aerial globetrotters of today, and alighted in Durban's magnificent harbour, on the doorstep of their passengers' homes or hotels. Apparently a direct link, even of transport, with Britain was an affront to Afrikaner opinion and today the flying-boats use a reservoir in the Transvaal. Durban, like other South African and many American cities, once had good theatres, but someone turned these into cinemas and now it has none.

The Nationalist Afrikaners dislike Durban because they identify it with England. If the gibe, 'more English than the English', was ever true, I fancy the time must be long past. My experience was that the English-speaking people of Natal wanted to build a South African nation, of two equal languages, but at that very point the Nationalist Afrikaners would not meet them, being intent on an Afrikaner Republic. Having seen that even a republic would not necessarily mean the end of association with the Commonwealth, many Natalians, I found, were less opposed to one than formerly, if it were a republic of *union*. After all, in days before Union Natal was once angry enough with England to threaten to set up one of its own!

'Jingo' is another word the Nationalist Afrikaners (and the Communists, for that matter) like to use about the folk of Natal. The jests of time and history are often played through songs. Long ago a music-hall comedian in England sang:

We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too!

and the last line was, 'The Russians shall not HAVE, Constantinople!' How many music-hall singers have covered up their lack of ideas by letting the curtain fall, in wartime, on a bellicose ballad ('They've *got* to applaud that!'). Lyrics, bought and sold for a few shillings in the Charing Cross Road, have long legs. For nearly a century the word jingo has gone trotting about the bushveld and backveld from one Boer homestead to another. The joke comes, like so many others, in the middle of the twentieth century, for now the dingo, jingo, having been contemptuously kicked from many stoeps, has lain down on them and been adopted by new masters. The bellicose patriots are now on the Boer platteland, certainly not in Natal. The authentic language of jingoism, by the Nineteen-Forties, came from those lonely farms:

'A German victory is without question a precondition for the formation of the Afrikaner Republic.' 'As long as there are two languages in the country, there will never be a united nation.' 'There should be no intermarriage between Afrikaans- and English-speaking South Africans because of the unfortunate effect this has on the Afrikaans language.' 'No Afrikaner woman should do anything that her great-grand-mother would not have done.' 'Een land, een volk, een taal.' The last phrase woke loud and ugly memories in my mind. I heard one like it still from the night of my birthday,

March 11th, 1938, in Vienna: 'Ein Volk, ein Reich ... ein Volk, ein Reich' - all night long into the dawn it continued then.

The people of Natal, as they watch the political beard of the Nationalist Afrikaner appear in increasing numbers in the public offices and services of their province, often reproach each other with 'apathy' in accepting so many ill-deserved affronts so passively. However it must surely lie in the nature of reasonable men to be long-suffering and slow to quarrel. That may look like weakness at first but often has proved a source of strength later. In South Africa, at all events, it will take two to make a nation, so that ultimate wisdom may lie in leaving the quarrel to one. For the present Natal (and for that matter English-speaking South Africans generally) are passing through a phase of doubt, unsure of themselves and uncertain of the future.

Many influences have combined to shape the character of the people of Natal, who often complain of each other's political indifference to the stealthy deprivation of their share in the common patrimony of South Africa. They may have been softened on the surface by a lenient climate, long years of good living gained without over-arduous toil and the cushioned feeling which the attendance of native servants gives, but are hard enough at core. They saw the Boer invade and retreat; they saw the victory over him cancelled; now they see the Nationalist Afrikaner return (the distinction between Nationalist Afrikaner and Afrikaner is important), bitter as ever. If they call the British island 'home' he says they are not 'true South Africans' but he will not have them share in making a South African home and they are not to blame because he has no European home. They have seen a Liberal Government in London hand them over to Afrikaner domination without guarantees and a Socialist one abolish the designation, 'British citizen'. The age is a confusing one for them.

For all the easy comfort of their present existence, they are white men, clinging to the edge of dark Africa. Their future fate is between egg and clutch; with many other chicks it should be hatched before the century ends. I thought that Durban, somewhat remote in thought and space from the great processes of the century, might be a front-line city in the great clashes and conflicts, armed or unarmed, of the next fifty years. Would its future be that of a declining club or what its position entitled it to be: that of an advanced stronghold of the Christian area, gazing over the ocean towards the surging masses of the East? The white men would decide that in the end. At present they were divided among themselves.

*Since this chapter was written events have overtaken the reference on page 82 to Mr. Winston Churchill and the armoured train. Just before the 50th anniversary celebrations of the Relief of Ladysmith, in March 1950, a suitable memorial to that event was erected on the spot of the derailment and of his capture.*

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## Chapter Four

### ‘THIS IS OUR ENGLAND!’

One day I made my way back from Durban to the signpost marked ‘Richmond’, turned left and drove a thousand miles, to Cape Town. Even with a break in the middle it was for a solitary traveller an arduous journey and increased my respect for Anthony Trollope, who covered long South African distances by mail-cart and Cape cart seventy years ago. The Barchester novelist was a keen observer; hardly a word of his *South Africa* is wrong or out of date today.

To travel alone is the best way to learn the loneliness and emptiness of this country and the gulf between white man and black. On the Johannesburg-Durban road the traveller may persuade himself that he is riding through a land populated, if sparsely, by white people, but I lost that feeling when I turned towards The Cape and never truly recaptured it (save at East London and Port Elizabeth) until I crested Sir Lowry’s Pass and saw The Cape thirty miles away.

As you go westward the white man’s houses become rarer, until only the wire proclaims that these are his lands. His villages are specks in vastness. Richmond was hardly more than a name on the map; Umzimkulu a hotel which, surprisingly, gave me vegetable soup, Lancashire Hotpot and sago pudding; Ixopo (where you may try your tongue at the clicking consonants) was a main street and a cross-road, shanties and huts, white men’s bungalows around and two signs: ‘Village Tea Room’ and ‘This way to the Golf Club’.

The male Native still went dressed in some tatterdemalion remnant of white man’s clothing; the shirt, worn outside the trousers, seems now the emblem of his manhood and exploits, like the assegai and man-killer’s necklace of old. But men were few. Women greatly predominated and these were quite different from the beaded, nearly naked Zulu girls further east. They wore heavy blankets and turbans. Their hair was trained with brown clay into long rats’ tails, and from these matted wigs looked savage faces. They talked to each other over their shoulders but without turning their heads and when they laughed looked as if they were playing white mouth organs.

Whence came the Bantu (a generic word, meaning simply The People, for all those Natives other than the nearly vanished Bushmen and Hottentots, the aboriginals of the country). These turbaned and blanketed women, and others who wear helmet-like wigs, put the traveller in mind of old Egyptian carvings and the Arabs of North Africa. Some of the Bantu may have made a long southward trek, long ago, in the vain ambition to be alone. I would have liked to stop and study these people, not to dash past so much of interest in a wheeled box, but in South Africa you cannot learn much by casual inquiry. The white folk often resent it and the dark ones resist it. The great divide is wide. If I could make this journey again I would go in an open lorry or truck, with a tent and unlimited time. The world is full of places where a man should stop awhile from sheer wonder at its creatures; to whiz by in a limousine is like going through the National Gallery and the British Museum on a scooter.

Few countries can be of such delightful and variegated complexity. I expected to find the western border of Natal but an invisible line running over a mountain, on both sides of which the same grass grew, but it was not like that. There was a tangible difference. In East Griqualand, beyond the line, were faces and forms again quite distinct from those of Natal. Here were the remains of something which the Nationalist Afrikaners (and for that matter many who are neither Afrikaners nor racial politicians) fear and abhor, ‘a coffee-coloured nation’.

‘In South America’ (the present South African Prime Minister once declared) ‘the policy of letting this develop has brought about nothing less than nations of half-castes.’ The Griquas were such a nation, sprung from the original Hottentots, the earliest Dutch colonists, and the Malay slaves of these last. When white women were few in distant settlements scruples of colour were rare, and the Griquas grew up, a small nation of vagrant folk whom the British Governor at The Cape thought to help when he persuaded them to go and settle in the far eastern corner of the Colony, where they set up a short-lived State under British suzerainty. ‘British rule in distant parts’, wrote Trollope, ‘is so precious a blessing that men will have it, and the old hen is forced to stretch her wings again and again.’

The Griquas trekked to those distant, unknown, untamed lands. Did their achievement disprove that ‘the half-caste has all the vices and none of the virtues’ of his progenitors? Or did the sequel uphold that tediously iterated phrase (for they proved incapable of maintaining their little State, or themselves on their farms)? Possibly all that is proved is that they had what others wanted and were too few to hold it; they settled on some of the finest and most drought-resistant land in South Africa. Through this excellent pastureland I drove towards the former capital, Kokstad, of Adam Kok, King of the Bastards (for Griquas were called Bastards until a Scots clergyman persuaded them to change the name and he set up to be a king).

Thinking of these things I pondered the mysteries of colour. Not far away, on my left hand, was the place where the *Grosvenor* was wrecked in 1782. The three white women aboard reached land with the captain’s party but were never seen again, and soon a whisper spread, and grew into a story that has made the stuff of books and plays until the present day: that they were taken, and taken to wife, by black men. What evidence exists suggest rather that they died of exhaustion, but nevertheless curiosity about and compassion for the fate they might have suffered filled the hearts of white people for generations. All these generations, however, overlooked something much stranger, namely, that the human beings they met on this savage shore were descendants of white women whom this very fate had befallen long before. Oddly, that bothered the world not at all.

‘The castaways met several Natives’, says Professor Percival Kirby in *New Light on the wreck of the Grosvenor*, The Africana Society, Johannesburg, 1945, ‘and being unable to speak the language of the Natives they were unaware that these tribesmen were descendants of white people. They were of the AbeLungu clan, which was probably even then under the chieftainship of Mdipa, son of Gquma, a European woman who had been shipwrecked many years before and had become chief wife of the paramount AmaPondo chief, Tshomane.’ Eight years after the wreck the Governor of The Cape sent an expedition under Jacob van Reenen to search for the survivors (so great was the continuing interest of the world in this matter). Van Reenen reported that, although he found no trace of them, he came across three other old women of white or mixed skins. They knew nothing about their nationality or origins.

The great authority on the subject is Mr. J. Henderson Soga, the son of a Scots-educated Gaika chief and a Scottish lady, who became a Native minister of the Presbyterian Church. In his book (*The South Eastern Bantu*, published in English in 1930 by the Witwatersrand University Press, Johannesburg), he says that in the one hundred and fifty years before the wreck of the *Grosvenor* the Pondoland coast saw many recorded wrecks and some of the survivors, from necessity or choice, settled among the Natives there. The crew of the wrecked *Stavenisse*, in 1687, found at least one survivor of earlier shipwrecks living there and when the survivors of the *Stavenisse*, years later, were rescued ‘five persons preferred to remain’. This community was joined in 1713 by fifty-seven European survivors from the wrecked *Bennebrock* and in 1714 another vessel found seven of these still there, of whom ‘three remained with the Natives’. In 1738 the expedition of Hermanus Hubner found three Europeans, Miller, Clerk and Bilyett, in Pondoland with numerous wives and children, and finally, in 1790, Van Reenen found the three old women, one of them called ‘Bessie’.

‘Bessie’ was the daughter of Gquma, the European girl cast ashore on the Pondoland shore, and taken to wife by the paramount chief Tshomane, long before the wreck of the *Grosvenor*. They had three sons and the daughter, Bessie; the eldest son, Gela, in time became paramount chief. The chief of the AmaTshomane clan in 1930 (when Mr. Henderson Soga wrote) was the great-great-grandson of Gela.

The world mourned the white ladies of the *Grosvenor* so long. It never concerned itself about Gquma (the name means ‘Roaring of the Seas’) who retrieved from her fading memories, possibly of a Scottish home, the name Bessie and gave it to the baby girl, who, as an aged woman, would meet van Reenen on this wild coast, and be unable to tell him who she was. I wished that I might step into a time-machine which would take me back for a talk with Gquma in her mud-hut....

‘Good morning, Gquma.’

‘Ah’ll thank ye not to call me that. Jean Mcphairson’s ma name.’

‘I’m sorry. How long have you been in Africa, Miss Macpherson?’

‘Och, long enough. Not that Ah’ve kept count. It could be thairty years, or forty, or fifty.’

‘And what are your impressions?’

‘It’s a heathen country. Ah wish masel safely back in Glasgae.’

‘It must have been a terrible ordeal for you. I wish I could tell you what I feel.’

‘Mon, do not be sae peetiful aboot it. Ah do not question the ways of the Lorrd.’

‘You accept your lot in a spirit of Christian resignation!’

‘Cairtainly in a Christian spirit, but not one of resignation. Ah’ll have ye know Ah’m a Scotswoman. It is surely not what Ah was brought up to expect and Ah suppose it was bitter at first; Ah forget, it was so long ago. Ah’ve too much work to be sorry for masel.’

‘Work?’

‘Aye, Ah said worrk. They’re a puir, heathen lot, idle and sinful, and it takes me all mah time to drive a little Christianity into their thick heads. When Ah first came here mah husband - that’s Mr. Tshomane, ye ken, the laird, he is the big man in these parts - mah husband expected me to worrk in the fields while he sat ootside the wee hoose in the sun all day, smoking and drinking beer. Ah soon showed him that’s not the way we do things in Scotland, Ah give ye mah worrd.’

‘Ah see ... I mean, I see. May I ask you something? The world has been deeply concerned about some other ladies who were cast ashore near here.’

‘Dae ye mean the three from the *Grosvenor*? Och, the puir bodies! They were no equal to the hardships and fatigues. Puir leddies, they were weak and delicate, Ah think they were English. As soon as they set foot ashore they lay doon and dee’d.’

‘Is *that* why you are sorry for them?’

‘Of coorse, why else. It’s a sad thing for a Christian body to dee before reaching the allotted span. But the Lorrd will have had His good reasons. Well, good day to ye, young man. Ah must go and see how that lazy girl’s getting on with dinner for mah good man and the bairns.’

‘What do you give them?’

‘Porridge, of coorse.’

‘But surely you have no oatmeal here?’

‘No, but Ah soon showed them how to make it from maize. Good day to ye.’

Unhappily I had no time-machine in which to visit Roaring of the Seas, *née* Jean Macpherson, and as I came out of this reverie found myself in my four-wheeled one coming down a hillside and over a bridge into Kokstad, eager to see the Griquas. The Great Trek of 1838 forms the basis of Afrikaner mythology, but the one of the Griquas was possibly an even greater trek at an earlier date, and still more arduous.

Adam Kok’s ragged courtiers or their descendants, still strolled, chatted, joked and jostled each other in the streets of Kokstad. Here were no blanketed and bewigged figures telling a tale of Araby or Egypt. These folk wore the white man’s tatters and were the waifs and orphans of the Tavern of the Seas, the posterity of lonely, virile settlers and of native or slave women. Here were new gradations of colour and faces that spoke more of Europe and of Far Eastern places than of Africa. Here the mills of God ground slowly, and to what ultimate end the limited vision of man could not perceive.

Between two large pieces of Africa lay a long main street with a few intersections. The life of the place was busiest and thickest around the most central of these crossings, and in the throng went gentlemen who might have been yeoman farmers in Somerset, ladies who could have been matched in the elegant teashops of the Pantiles in Tunbridge Wells, and some most superior-looking schoolgirls: their noses, at an angle of forty-five degrees, seemed to say: ‘A fig for Roedean.’ In the background were an hotel and a cinema, a beauty-parlour and a store, and a sign saying: ‘To the Polo Ground.’ I would have liked to put this enchanting place and its people on a stage and, as the curtain rose on The Griquas’ Opera, have them all sing:

THE WHITES	Ah, ours is the White Man’s Burden, An onerous load to bear;
THE GRIQUAS	But this is the White Man’s Guerdon: <i>We</i> carry the lion’s share.
THE WHITES	We may come a terrible mucker In doing the White Man’s Task;
THE GRIQUAS	But sundowners follow the chukka, What less can a White Man ask?
THE WHITES	The White Man may have a fault or three But never a one sinks <i>so</i> low (No matter how hard up he may be) That he has to give up polo

THE GRIQUAS        (*dancing off*) You're the cream in our coffee ...

THE WHITES        (*dancing off*) We're the milk in your tea....

A man who likes to sit by the wayside and contemplate his delightful world may find infinite profit and pleasure in Kokstad. I had only an evening there, which I spent playing billiards with a Scotsman who suffered from golf and a duodenal ulcer, an agreeable Jew who knew of me and (oddly) agreed with all I said, so that he spoke only ditto voce, and an Irishman who had never been outside Kokstad, having been begotten there.

I left before full daylight and in the dimness asked another lonely early riser, whom I saw crossing the street, which of the two visible roads was mine for Cape Town. He gave me, in the accent of London, the familiar countersign: 'Sorry, but I'm a stranger here myself.' I wondered how new he might be in this remote place, that he did not know which of two roads was the main one. However, I know that if there are ever lost men in a place where I am lost my instinct will lead me to them like a homing pigeon. Once, with a desperately ill baby in my arms, I drove round London in a freezing blackout looking for someone to tell me where Great Ormond Street was. I found two living creatures, of whom the first was a Chinese and the other a Pole, both lost and unilingual.

By trial and error I hit the right road and soon found myself continually ascending into and descending from mountainous land, between green downland, timbered slopes or bare, grim walls of rock. The feeling of secret reserve, of a continent withholding judgment, was strong in these high fastnesses. The lonely road rose ever higher, always disappearing into horizons beyond which, I felt, must be a huge, precipitous drop, yet each time I reached what seemed the top of the world I saw the white ribbon ahead, winding downward and then rising into higher mountains still. Riding along the ridges between them, I felt like a fly on a horse's back. The warm day grew imperceptibly grey and chilly and all at once I was in cloud, with but a few yards of rising road visible before me. I felt as if I were on an endless stairway that might lead to Saint Peter. I had been crawling on the roof of the world and now had left it altogether and would go on for ever, up and up, into this white nothingness.

In fact I did leave behind the world I knew, for this cloudy ride brought me into the Transkei, which is another world, the black man's. The population map of South Africa has a few black patches where the black man's land is his own, not to be acquired by white men. They amount to little in the Transvaal and almost nothing in the Orange Free State, but to a large part of Natal. The biggest single Reserve (a bequest from British rule) is this Transkei, in the eastern part of the Cape Province (formerly Cape Colony). The Transkeian Reserves spread over fifteen thousand square miles. The traveller who enters them through the stark, beclouded gateways on the east leaves the white man's empty country for a full one. Rarely is he out of sight of human creatures or habitations.

'The red Kaffir is here - the man who dyes himself and his blanket and his wives with red clay', wrote Trollope. Today the red Kaffir is in Johannesburg, probably wearing a costume resembling that of an Argentine cowboy and surplus-stock army boots of which he buys the largest size when he finds that the mad white man charges no more for big boots than for small ones. The red Kaffir's wife is still here, in multitudes, and comes across the fields with a movement like that of the wind stirring a cornfield or a sailing-ship gliding before a steady breeze. These women are a joy to the beholder. The home-dyed blanket, which at the wearer's movement falls into classic lines, is seldom red; it falls into an infinite variety of shades from rust and bronze to copper and saffron and beyond. Each blends with the next and with the hues of this African scene; there is something here which the taste of cultured folk cannot achieve. The women carry on their heads loads varying from

a great bundle of wattle to a small parcel or a bottle, and often babies, strapped on their backs, with lolling heads ride astride their hips.

I have never seen so perfect a symphony of line, colour, movement and background. On every side stretched the neatly thatched clay huts, which like the ochred blankets blended subtly with the surrounding scene. Agaves, with their huge bayonet-like leaves, were planted to form cattle-pens. These squares of grey-green bayonets looked like bivouacs left by some departed, fantastic army. The mealie patches spread around, the naked piccanin scuttled across the road, a naked girl stood at the roadside to watch me pass, and two more, their heads turned towards each other in the way of secret-exchanging girls everywhere, disdained to give me a glance.

How would the black man live if he could? Here he was left more or less alone, and the contrast with the picture of the locations, compounds and shanties in the towns was startling. Only the superficial traveller would take the scene at its surface value, which was that of a pastoral idyll. But it survives to show that the Native in his tribal state, under his chiefs, *had* found a way of life which was idyllic, if pagan. In boyhood he romped around the kraal or tended the flocks.

When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I....

In puberty the wise men took him and others of his age, daubed them with white clay and segregated them in an initiation school, while the girls who were on the same threshold went to another. I have not seen what happens in them and thus cannot agree with or differ from Trollope: 'There is much in these ceremonies which is disgusting and immoral.' However, I have met a trader's wife who knows much of what goes on and has great respect for a custom by which the secrets of sex are unveiled, solemnly and with ceremony, to boys and girls at a point in their lives which is as important to them as a twenty-first birthday to Jack or Jill. She even thought this more civilized than the process of accidental and episodic revelation which is accepted in the white man's countries. She distrusted what Trollope called 'the anxious endeavours of missionaries to cause the cessation of these ceremonies'. In Africa the missionaries often seem to concern themselves too much with sex. They put the Mother Hubbard next to godliness; attacks on divorce are fruitless in lands where plural-marriage is the law and the initiation ceremony is apparently chosen as the next best target.

After that plunge, into manhood or womanhood the tribal Native soon married. The man deposited cows with his wife's father, which were held as a forfeitable or returnable stake for his kindness and her fidelity, and sat down at the door of his hut to watch her tend his fields. Thus he might watch his cows calve in the comfortable knowledge that these new recruits would bring him another toiler in his fields. When he tired of squatting there he wandered off from kraal to kraal in search of a beer-drink. The land was commonly owned under the chief. The witch-doctor often wielded the real power, playing a part similar to that of 'Advisers' in our civilization. If the Native did not propitiate the witch-doctor he might be 'smelt out' as an evildoer and thereafter live unhappily or die painfully; if he appeased the witch-doctor with gifts he might hope for preferment (in more enlightened lands called 'priority'). This easy-living man had a definite job: that of protector, hunter and warrior. His work began when wild beasts ravaged the kraal, or another tribe attacked it, or his chief sent him to raid a neighbour clan. When he died he was buried where he had lived.

Only in the Transkei, Zululand and parts of Natal can this tribal picture still be seen, not much impaired but without the warfare and hunting. In the Boer Republics it was wiped out, and it would have vanished from Natal had the Boers retained their Republic of Natalia of 1839, of which they were dispossessed when a British garrison of 247 men returned in 1842. 'The Volksraad in August

1841 deliberately resolved that all the Kaffirs should be removed from Natal; of course, quietly if possible, but if not, by force of arms, wrote Mr. George Russell in his *History of Old Durban* (P. Davis, Durban, 1899), 'Sir George Napier, the Governor of The Cape, then appealed to, foresaw without any difficulty that bloodshed must ensue and, on instructions from the British Government, proclaimed to its misguided and erring subjects, the emigrant Boers' (that is, emigrant from The Cape) 'that Her Majesty's Government intended to stop the effusion of blood and to resume military occupation of Natal, promising at the same time to respect the rights, laws, religion and landed occupation of the farmers so long as they did not interfere with the Natives and submitted to the Queen's authority.' After the reoccupation most of the Natal Boers also migrated to the Transvaal and Orange Republic.

The British principle everywhere was to disturb the Native as little as possible in his tribal laws and the occupation of his land. The Boers tried to drive the Native out or enslave him. There was a perfectly honest and sincere cleavage of opinion here which has continued until the present day; though none now think of re-enslaving the Native the dispute about the way of handling him remains a living issue in South Africa as in the southern States of America. The South African election of 1948, which surprised the world, showed how fierce the clash of conviction still is.

The British in the last century did not extend their frontiers from mere acquisitiveness. The old hen, as Trollope said, was forced ever and again to spread her wings. Britain might today be richer and safer if it *had* concentrated its energy on Southern Africa rather than India, for it had the minerals and foodstuffs the twentieth-century Briton would need, and was open to being populated, not merely ruled, by white men. Where they went, however, the British were drawn by the first rule of all good government, which is, to prevent bloodshed and maintain order. They legally succeeded to The Cape, and the Dutch farmers were the Queen's subjects; they could not let these exterminate or enslave the Native in British territory, or even withdraw and do these things on the other side of the fence. The British annexed territory after territory, not because they wanted them (they were surfeited) but because they were compelled to preserve order and protect the conquered Native.

Hypocrisy is easy to read into the process. 'I think it must be intelligible that the British philanthropical system of government was an hypocritical abomination to the Dutchman who knew very well that in spite of his philanthropy the Englishman still kept taking the land,' wrote Trollope; but he added. 'Had justice only been done there would have been no United States, no British India, no Australia, no New Zealand, no South Africa. Humanity, forbearance and Christianity must put themselves as closely as possible into alliance with physical supremacy - and together make the best they can of the bargain.'

This last sentence contains the philosophy that embittered the Dutch farmers, so that their descendants today have inherited a resolve to undo the whole process of last century, if they can, and bring matters back to where they were before the King of the Netherlands in 1814 ceded The Cape to the British. The practical philosophy of seeking to do rough daily justice, within the bounds of larger transactions which may be right or wrong or partly both, ever infuriated the Boer. He believes that he has always been prevented by the British from doing what God enjoined him to do.

The old Dutch settlers came mostly from a sect in Holland which in its rigid austerity was comparable with the Quakers of England (who themselves, when they went oversea, saw nothing incongruous in exterminating the North American Indian and in expressing pious horror at the enslavement of the Negro). The Boers seldom had more than one book in their homesteads, the huge Dutch family Bible, by which they lived and swore. Trollope, Mr. Churchill and other students agree that they found their fierce faith in the Old Testament. In Deuteronomy the Israelites are enjoined either to slay or to enslave. The Boers seized on this as the literal word of God. They slew or enslaved the Bushmen and the Hottentots of The Cape, the Natives of the Transvaal and

Orange Republic. They believed in a stern Old Testamentary God, not in a mild New Testamentary one.

That is at the root of the matter. I have sometimes wondered why the Old Testament and the New are bound together in one book without interleaving explanation. Is the Old Testament *Christian*? If that is so, it must mystify the black man, for it contains tales of tribal massacre, vengeance, patricide, incest and all corruption, in which the Native might recognize his own history before the missionaries came.

Anyway, the Trekboer believed that by slaying and enslaving he obeyed the word of God and was ready to fight for this belief. He called his first Transvaal republic 'the South African Republic', 'as though', wrote Trollope in 1877, 'it were destined to swallow up not only the Free State but the British Colonies also'. By 1950 that aim was far advanced. The Briton, while he ruled at The Cape, equally believed that Christianity forced him to prevent the Boer, not from settling, but from slaying or enslaving the Native. The great Transkei (with the Natal reserves and Zululand) were the sum of what the British achieved for the Native in this belief.

The difference in honest conviction must be one of the most stubborn in history. It was irreconcilable a hundred and ten years ago when the Trekboers turned their backs on The Cape and the British. 'We first took and cultivated and civilized this Cape Colony,' Trollope pictured them as saying then, 'but as you want it in God's name take it, and use it, and do with it as you list. But let us go and do as we list elsewhere. You don't like slavery. We do. Let us go and have our slaves in a new land ... anything will be better to us than your laws and your philanthropy.'

It was as obstinate forty years later, when Trollope himself came to South Africa. 'That attempt to strike down the Native with the right hand and to salve the wound with the left was to the Dutchman simply hypocritical. "Catch the Nigger and make him work", that was the Dutchman's idea. "Certainly - if you can agree about wages and other such matters", said the British authorities. "Wages - with this savage, with this something more, but very little more than a monkey! Feed him, and perhaps baptize him: but get work out of him", said the Dutchman.'

It was as persistent in 1900, when Mr. Churchill arrived. Boers asked him: "Is it right that a dirty Kaffir should walk on the pavement without a pass? That is what they do in your British colonies. Brother! Equal! Ugh! Free! Not a bit. We know how to treat Kaffirs." Probing at random I had touched a very sensitive nerve ... What is the true and original root of Dutch aversion to British rule? ... It is the abiding fear and hatred of the movement that seeks to place the Native on a level with the white man. The British Government is associated in the Boer farmer's mind with violent social revolution. Black is to be proclaimed the same as white. The servant is to be raised against his master; the Kaffir is to be declared the brother of the European, to be constituted his legal equal, to be armed with political rights. The dominant race is to be deprived of its superiority; nor is a tigress robbed of her cubs more furious than is the Boer at this prospect.' Mr. Churchill went on to imagine a meeting between this Boer and Mr. Morley, a Liberal leader of that day, and to imagine the purring delight with which the Boer would listen to Morley's eloquence about liberty and the rights of nationalities, the horrors of war and the crime of aggression, and the jarring note that would interrupt this harmony when the question of the Native arose. Mr. Churchill, however, in the passage I have quoted, appears to suggest that enlightened white men, if they were not Boers, would unanimously approve of the black man 'being constituted the legal equal of the European'. If that was his meaning, he was in my experience completely wrong. Neither in South Africa nor in the American South have I met any large proportion of white men, of any race, having to live with the black man and not merely to moralize about the subject from afar, who would agree to that equalization in any measurable period of time. It is a solution urged almost exclusively by those



who do not live with the black man and feed their vanity on the condemnation of those who do. It was proved wrong and impracticable in the American South after the war between the States.

The great argument, of which the passages I have quoted summarize a century's content, continues today, and today is completely artificial. It is kept alive, inside South Africa, by one group of politicians who find in it the easiest way to office and importance. Through them those two-thirds of the Afrikaners who by their vote in 1943 implicitly applauded Hitler, are kept in fear and dislike of the British as a French child might be whose nurse constantly frightened it by singing *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*. Yet British power, wielded over South Africa from outside, has ended, and to picture the English-speaking group inside South Africa as being solidly opposed to the Afrikaans-speaking one in the matter of policy towards the Native is an absurdity. What the Afrikaner and the South African Britisher equally have to fear now is the power of those 'adventurous politicians' whose rise Trollope foresaw, and who work today to divide white men and to gain a universal thrall over them through some international agency, at present called The United Nations. The pertinent lesson for South Africa is that of the period of 'Reconstruction' after the American war between the States, when unscrupulous white men and Negroes hopelessly unready for emancipation were let loose to ravage the defeated South.

In South Africa individual attitudes towards the Native often differ little between the backveld Boer and the English-speaking South African. The Natal British, for instance, commonly 'like' the Native and 'dislike' the Indian, but I fancy this is in the spirit in which the Shanghai Anglo-Americans formerly 'liked' John Chinaman and 'disliked' the Jap. The Native (like John Chinaman, is poor and unambitious; the Indian (like the Jap) is industrious, acquisitive and often rich. Many Afrikaners are deeply troubled in their minds about the lot of the Native and the artificial cleavage between themselves and the English-speaking population. Nevertheless, the Afrikaner Nationalists continue to present the matter to the simple-minded as if it were one exclusively one between 'true South African' and 'English Liberal' and would have been settled for ever, had South Africa kept out of the last war, or Germany won it, and the last Englishman been ground into the dust.

So the great argument, skilfully fanned from outside, goes on, and meanwhile the densely populated black Transkei survives among the sparsely peopled spaces of white South Africa. In these Reserves are no fences; wire is the white man's emblem. Here the black man goes beneath the brazen African sky with a different gait, and even rides a pony. Here he *is* a man, for a' that. Yet few men are to be seen among all the women who tend the flocks and fields. They are away, working in the white man's mines, farms and factories. They go to earn the hut-tax, of 10s. a hut with a minimum of £2, for coins do not grow in the ground. Perhaps, also, they want to go. The white man's way of life seems to call them, as the Pied Piper's tune called the children of Hamelin. 'The Kaffir himself is determined to come to Kimberley', wrote Trollope seventy years ago, 'because he has learned the loveliness of 10s. a week paid regularly into his hand every Saturday night.' Diamonds are not what they were, but Johannesburg offers, at the lowest, more than 10s. a week, and plenty of food in the mines, broadcast music in the compounds and the pleasant vision of a return to the kraal, with some cash in pocket, for a rest and the propagation of the species. (The holiday seems even more important than the money; a Native who will not respond with harder work to the offer of more pay, may perform prodigies of labour if he is told he may knock off when a chore is done.) On the South African Railways he may earn today £10 a month. The girls, too, encourage young men to go to the cities, twitting them with their callow inexperience if they stay at home. Thus, although the policy of all governments (according to an official statement) is not to encourage full-time farming in the Reserves, but to impel the Native by the hut-tax to seek a livelihood in the mines or in the Boer farmer's fields, the lure of the white man's cities alone is enough to attract him.

About half of the eight million Bantu now live in the Reserves. The rest are landless farm-labourers or workers outside. Even so, the Reserves are supposed to be over-populated and over-grazed to starvation point. As long as the Native uses cows for currency, valuing them merely by the number of their horns and not by their breeding or milk-giving quality, this will continue. The Natives outnumber the Europeans by nearly four to one; an eighth of the land is theirs. Such figures are loudly used by the humanitarian intellectuals of Johannesburg and Cape Town, who, like those of Bloomsbury and Manhattan Island, cannot bear to see any human creature denied the equality among all men which rules in Siberia, or the undisturbed use of ancestral land which the native Arabs of Palestine enjoy. This chorus, transmitted across oceans by diligent Communist and Zionist agency, produces the reproachful expression which the international agency sometimes likes to turn on South Africa, the rooftop of which constantly hears the rattle of first stones.

Creation, however, contains no such thing as a complete, self-contained, all-demonstrating and incontestable fact. In the Transkei I saw other facets of these particular facts. The 'denuded and eroded soil', which the Red Kaffir retained through hard-working British administrators of the past, is some of the best in South Africa. Its poverty is due to the excess of currency-cows. By the cultivation and marketing of crops it could be brought to produce great wealth. If authority puts obstacles in the way of that, under-privileged peoples elsewhere have succeeded despite such opposition, and if the Transkei be compared with the teeming lands of India or Japan it is not even overcrowded, but pleasantly open. The male Native does not revere diligence or acquisitiveness, which are both foreign to his inherited traditions.

The peoples of the Transkei did not look unhappy to me, but merely different. The great National Road, which the white man has driven from end to end of the Union, is always under repair at one point or another by native labourers, working under white supervisors who sleep in tents beside their task. At these places the traveller must deviate by rutted track which often takes him far from the highway, through the mealie fields, between the kraals. Here he is as near to the heart of this corner of Africa as he will ever be. As I drove along, jolting and bumping, I passed women working in the fields. The hearing of the Native is peculiar. Its range is incomparably greater than that of the white men, yet seems deficient at short distances. Often the Native appears only to hear the approach of a motor car when it is nearly abreast of him. These toiling women swung round as I drew near, suddenly presenting startled faces daubed with red ochre. For an instant primeval and savage Africa gazed through an abruptly parted curtain, which closed behind me as the deviation ended and I returned to the great highway.

On this the white man may not stay, in the Transkei. Unless he is an official or trader he must go on and out. I felt it must be a priceless thing to the Native to have this place which he may call his own. I even found the Transkei a green and pleasant land, and imagined its people would think of it in such terms. I did not dimly imagine that they might compare it, for its freedom, with England! Yet it was so.

I came over a mountain range to a place which, if it was not a white man's town, was at any rate one with many white men. Umtata differs from nearly all other towns in the Union. It resembles the capital of a colony, where a few thousand white folk, mostly officials of the colonizing power, live among a million dark ones. In it is the fine building of the Bunga, or Native Council, where the chiefs exercise some influence over the Transkeian Native's affairs under the guiding hand of white magistrates. One day, when I was in those parts, the Bunga saw a lively debate about a motion to regulate the large-scale brewing of Kaffir beer, which is even more important to the Native than ale to an Englishman. One chief rose, like a baron at Runnymede, to protest against restriction of this great liberty of the people. The consumption of beer, he cried, should not be limited, and to show how great a principle of human freedom was at stake he added, the Transkei is our England, our only home where we can go up and down'.

This was a tribute akin to one of gold, frankincense and myrrh. It meant that in the Transkei a man was a freeman still, might drink his beer, and 'go up and down' freely, without being stopped to show his 'pass' and imprisoned if he could not. (The pass-laws are detested. The late Colonel Denys Reitz once startled South Africans by stating that in 1939-41 348,907 arrests under the pass-laws were made in the Transvaal, Orange Free State and Natal and that in 318,858 of these cases convictions followed. In 1948 a Zulu chief's son, convicted of a pass-offence, said in court: 'The King of England came here and visited the Zulus. We are the descendants of this land and such being the case we do not need to produce passes.')

The twentieth century is the jester among the ages. The Transkeian Natives, I reflected, did not know that in England now men *do* carry passes, without them may not 'go up and down', and if they move about their country need to 'register' like the Native outside the Transkei, where the resident Red Kaffir is in fact freer than they in this matter, having inherited from British rule a freedom which was self-evident to Englishmen ten years ago!

The matter of the pass-laws has long been a chief complaint among those raised by the 'adventurous politicians' and the vaguely compassionate abroad, on behalf of the South African Native. The Native's abiding bitterness about it is shown in an anecdote of Mr. Winston Churchill, who tells how Natives in Pietermaritzburg jeered at Boer prisoners, calling to them 'Where are your passes?' The compulsory identity card, and its attendant documents and registrations, in fact amount to the same thing. Amusingly, the British Socialists, who first made these documents a permanent peacetime infliction in England, still rail against 'laws that compel coloured Africans to carry special passes'; a Private Member's Bill for their abolition in British Colonies was announced during 1949. Meanwhile in Kenya Colony, presumably under stimulation from Whitehall, an Ordinance was issued to compel the small white population, not only to 'register' and carry identity cards, but also to have its fingerprints taken, for the purpose of 'controlling movements' and the like! The most ironic development was in South Africa itself, where the Nationalist Afrikaner Government, so much reproached by various interested parties abroad for its treatment of the Native, announced the intention to extend the pass-laws, in the form of identity cards, to its *white* population!

All these humorous events made me smile, albeit with one dry and one moist eye, when I read the Transkeian chief's words: 'This is our England, where we may go up and down!' He was, I reflected, a little behind the times, though I hoped these would in due course restore truth to his words. In high good humour with the Transkei, I drove out of Umtata towards East London.

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## Chapter Five

### THE PROBLEM!

Between the Transkei and East London, and on later and further journeys, I thought as I drove along about 'the problems' of South Africa. The traveller, even if his wish were only to collect butterflies, could not escape them, for all thought and conversation are dominated by these matters of present controversy and future menace, more than in any other country I know. 'The problems' are legion, and of them General Smuts once said, in a tone of enthusiastic resignation. 'Look at the other Dominions. No quarrels! No problems! Everything smooth and easy! How empty! How dull! Now the Union - there isn't a human problem under the sun we haven't in this one Union of ours: black, brown, yellow, white - we have them all. Can it be said that we are a peaceful, amiable nation? Of course it can't. But it cannot be said that we are not an interesting nation. How exciting life is here! How there is a passion here that creates a sort of genius! I wouldn't - no, I wouldn't - be anything but a South African for the world.'

The words fit the feelings of an impartial onlooker like myself, who is able to stand aside and contemplate 'the problems' with a detached though passionate interest, to watch the fall of cards on the green baize table of fate and the ball spin in the roulette-wheel of the future. For him South Africa is a land of endless exhilaration, a kaleidoscope that never palls. He cannot ignore, however, that South Africans do not always feel this zestful enjoyment. They have another mood, of presentiment, which General Smuts also once described: 'What a nation we might be - with our qualities and opportunities, what a great powerful people, if only we could leave off quarrelling, if only we had not so many hates.' Like its own great game reserve, the Kruger National Park, South Africa is unique in the world. Here are species and specimens, found nowhere else, living in a fantastic propinquity. Here is God's laboratory, and no man yet sees the meaning of the experiment.

In some countries (fewer now than formerly) a handful of white men rule over millions of dark ones; there they serve in the office of chiefs, and the arrangement works efficiently. In others substantial native minorities (like the Maoris of New Zealand) are ruled by a white majority, and this also functions smoothly. In yet other countries, such as North America, the original dark-skinned inhabitants were virtually exterminated, leaving the white invader in possession; this solution, for obvious reasons, is effective, and was efficacious in South Africa until the trekking Boers brought new dark masses, whom they were not allowed to remove, into the borders of South Africa by moving ever deeper into the interior. In effect they did by this what the American Colonists did by importing Negro slaves; they joined their future with that of the dark man. In their case, however, they joined it with that of a black majority much more numerous than themselves. In the American South the Negroes remained a minority, though a very large one, and in the whole of the United States were a small one.

Thus was created what South Africans think of as *The Problem*. 'It is not the familiar problem of a repressed minority', wrote Mr. H.V. Morton when he went *In Search of South Africa*, 'but the more puzzling one of a vast majority on a lower plane of development which, if given privileges, might swamp its masters and imperil the future of a painfully built-up civilization.'

Thus God's Wait-A-Bit bush, which arrests and delays the South African white man on his quest for an assured future, is this spiky question of the dark man, four times as numerous, who is denied liberty outside the Reserves and yet is impelled to leave them, so that the mines and farmers may have labour, or because he wants to go. To the white South African this appears, among the many 'problems', as *The Problem*! To me *The Problem* seemed the obverse: the small white population,

not the large dark one; but I was an outside observer and I found few South Africans, Afrikaners or British, who enthusiastically shared what I thought an obvious assessment.

It is as if the good God once more had his little joke, saying to the Dutch farmers: 'So a little farm at The Cape, where the Native and the Coloured man had a limited franchise, was not enough? You needed six thousand acres of cattle-ranch apiece in the Orange Republic or the Transvaal? Then take them, but take also this little matter that goes with them.' The little matter is the Native Problem, that of eight or nine million Natives who lean the deadweight of their mere presence on a demand for betterment, while the white men, who refuse to increase, are but two and a half millions in number.

'Though defeated in war, the Afrikaners won for themselves, through the arts of statesmanship, the predominant place in a self-governing, and later independent, Union of South Africa', wrote Mr. Donald B. Molteno (one of the three Native-elected white M.P.s in the South African Parliament of 1945-48). Now the Native is learning these arts, or rather, unscrupulous white politicians in distant lands are pursuing them through him. 'We are busy teaching the Bantu the lesson that the Afrikaner learnt after the Anglo-Boer war,' wrote Mr. Oswald Pirow, a leading Afrikaner Nationalist, 'namely, that it is possible to carry on a national struggle with the ballot-paper as weapon.' If the Nationalist Afrikaner still broods only on undoing the Anglo-Boer war, the black man may similarly long to undo the eight Kaffir wars of the last century, which the Dutch farmers could not alone have fought.

Trollope, seventy years ago, saw this shape of the South African wood, of which so many today seem to perceive only their favourite trees. 'When once the Kaffir shall have learned what voting means there will be no withstanding him, should the system of voting which now prevails in the Cape Colony be extended over a South African Confederation ... The condition of the Kaffir has been infinitely improved by the coming of the white man; but were it to be put to the vote tomorrow among the Kaffirs whether the white man should be driven into the sea, or retained in the country, the entire race would vote for the white man's extermination. This may be natural; but it is not a decision which the white man desires, or by which he intends to abide.'

Trollope, like all but corrupted white men today, would no more consider a general extension of the vote to all Natives than suicide. He added presciently: 'It is not that I think the Kaffirs will at once swarm to the poll ... They will care nothing for the franchise and will not be at the trouble to understand its nature. But certain Europeans will understand it - politicians not of the first class - and they will endeavour to use the privilege for their own purposes. Such politicians will not improbably secure election by Kaffir votes ... and after a while the Natives will learn the powers they possess as have the Negroes of the Southern American States.'<sup>[1]</sup>

That was an uncommonly accurate forecast. The international parties of the Nineteen-Fifties fulfil the Barchester novelist's prophecy of 1878: the 'European politicians not of the first class' have appeared and seek, generally from outside South Africa, to use the Native for their own purposes. His side allusion to 'the powers possessed by the Negroes of the Southern American States' is also of current interest. He wrote not long after the North-South war there, at a time when those powers seemed greater than they proved in the event to be, in the hands of people who were not equal to understanding or using them. Today, however, the Negroes of the South are much courted by the Communists and East European Zionists, who seek to mobilize their vote by putting 'colour' in the front of their programmes. In countries where the main parties (say, Conservative and Socialist, Republican and Democrat, Liberal and Conservative, or Afrikaner and British) are nearly equal in voting strength, some special group of the population with a separate grievance, if well-mobilized, may turn the balance of power. In 1948, for instance, the Negro Council in Chicago announced that

its three million voters in Illinois, Ohio and California were instructed to vote for Mr. Truman's re-election as President and did so almost to a man; if this was truly so, they decided the issue.

Thus Trollope was right when he wrote: 'The power of voting in the Southern States of the American Union is creating a political confusion of which none of us can foretell the end', but has not yet been proved right in adding, 'but as to which we are all convinced that in one way or another a minority of white men will get the better of a majority of coloured men'. The South African dilemma may be a coin with two heads. If all Natives had the vote, the white population would have to jump in the sea. If they are represented, en bloc, by a few European members, these may come to hold the balance of power, so that the white man is in effect outvoted. The apparent solution, more white folk, seems to be eschewed by general consent, so that, for the present at least, *The Problem* must continue to grow.

Can such a situation be rigidified? That is the doubt which the visitor feels in the air. *The Problem* lies heavy on the white man's mind. Nobody knows what is in the black man's mind. He keeps his side of the white man's barrier, apparently because he is told to; but let the white man approach it and he comes up against a wall indeed. In his schools the white man learns more about Dingaan's Day than about the Native of this day, more about old Kaffir wars than the way the Native now lives. The Native knows this and encloses himself in his mind's reserve. Men who often say, 'I know the Native', cannot answer simple questions about his life, or even learn (I found) why he daubs his face with clay; if asked, he tells them, 'It is against sunburn', and they may vainly search for a glint of mockery in his eyes.

He is an enigma, caught between tribal past and the white man's civilization. I only met one Native who showed me something of his mind, a highly educated Zulu, whose impulses mastered him enough for him to say, 'Sah, we *despise* the white man!' I said that made him the counterpart of the poorer-quality white men, who despised the black man. He was embittered because the white man had taken his tribal life and faith from him; perhaps the early Britons felt so towards the Romans. 'We understand the conception of God, sah,' he said, 'it need not even be explained to us. We were never idolaters or sun-worshippers. We worshipped God. But do not try to explain to us about the Mother of God and the Son of Man. We cannot understand that.' He was torn between hatred and admiration for the white man's achievements. I could not imagine, much as he loved the old ways and feared the new, that he would, if he could, put on the leopard's skin and monkey-tails again. 'When I go to my home, sah,' he said, 'my brother thinks I am a spoiled man, a black European.' 'And that grieves you?' I asked. 'Yes, sah,' he said. 'Do you wish to live among your people?' 'Yes.' 'Do you wish to live in a kraal?'

A pause. 'No, sah,' he then said, 'I would like to have a house.' He wanted the lights that switch on, the plug that pulls. The white man's magic was powerful; if the white man passed there would be no return to the savage idyll. The life of the Transkei was but a relic. Whatever lay ahead for the black man, it would be something different. What part might Christianity play in it? Has the missionary achieved anything, and if he has not, is that his fault or is the Christian lesson fading? I could not tell. Yet I had a mission-girl servant (that is, she was once a girl and was mission-trained) who seemed to me the model of a Christian. I never knew anybody with a stronger sense of duty and goodness to others. Her faith gave her strength to endure a hard lot, and dignity too; it was impossible to imagine her doing any mean thing. The Native would be strong if there are many like her. Perhaps there are. I could not tell and do not think anyone knows, for their armoured and self-protective secrecy is impenetrable.

They remain beyond the white man's ken. What can you make of a Native who goes out in heavy rain wearing an overcoat with collar upturned and proudly carrying on his arm a lady's umbrella, tightly rolled. Many white men assuage their worries about the Native with the thought that he has

‘a low ceiling to his brain’. Sometimes he seems so. I have seen a Native enter a store and find himself confronted by an ascending staircase from the basement, which he wished to reach. His thoughts were plain to read. ‘Why does the white man make the stairs move against me? I do not know, but that is his magic. I must go down the stairs that walk up.’ He stepped on the escalator, was borne back, walked faster so that he remained stationary, increased his pace until he made a little progress, and then ran for all he was worth, looking back, when he at last reached the basement, with a pleased smile. What the white man could do, he could do!

Natives will come far to fill bottles from the Indian Ocean. Why? None surely knows, but they say it is to show their folks in the kraal that they have seen The Big Water. I have watched them drink this water; even the Atlantic, to a white man, is less unpleasant. Once I watched one run after each receding wave, holding his bottle in the water with its mouth pointed seaward. Between waves he held the bottle to the light. He showed neither wonder nor disappointment that it remained empty and might be running after each wave now but that I turned the bottle in his hand until it pointed towards him, when it immediately filled. At the other end of the scale are Native men and women of high ability. If they are few, that is largely because training is scarce and subsequent opportunity insignificant.

The mere presence of this enigmatic, silent multitude oppresses the white man. In the country the Afrikaner takes them to the magistrate for a few lashes or administers these himself, if they do not work. In the towns the white manual workers are sometimes most hostile to them, because they fear the black man’s growing ambition to do their own, not very difficult jobs. In the towns, too, are the white intellectuals who use the Native and his grievances as pawns in the Leftist political game. At the top of *The Problem* are a group of harassed Native Affairs officials who strive to improve the Native’s lot but are hindered by insufficient funds and authority and by the constant growth of *The Problem*; and a few highly enlightened white men who search for a way of jointly securing the white man’s future and bettering the black one’s plight.

Such men, if pressed hard for the ultimate solution of *The Problem*, sometimes aver that they foresee, one day, a great mingling of white and black. Having said that, they shrink back as if a serpent had reared its head and hurriedly add: ‘Not for five hundred years, of course.’ Clearly they cannot bear to contemplate, in the world they inhabit, something they imagine in a distant future, and in that they are at one with all others, including the Natives but excepting the Leftist intellectuals.

What, then, will come of *The Problem*? The wanderer in South Africa might wonder less if the white South Africans were not so preoccupied with it. They were worried about it when Trollope was in South Africa, and before that, and remain so now. In 1913 Mr. G. Heaton Nicholls (who later became South African High Commissioner in London) wrote a novel, *Bayete!*, which showed *The Problem* exploding in a Native rising. He was reluctant to publish it but finally felt impelled to do so ‘as a note of warning’. That was thirty-seven years ago and nothing of such dimensions has happened. Possibly the last Zulu rebellion, of 1906, was in 1913 still large in the author’s mind. That affair, however, may have made another rising less likely, not more: the single European casualty was a lesson and warning to the Native. Dingaan at least wounded three white men before his three thousand Zulus were killed on December 16th, 1838 (the Nationalist Afrikaners celebrate this date every year as ‘Dingaan’s Day’, though his it clearly was not).

In 1947, Dr. Arthur Keppel-Jones, of the Witwatersrand University, also foretold a Native rising in a book called *When Smuts Goes*. It foresaw intervention by the United Nations Organization on behalf of the Native. As this body, at that very moment, had in effect ordered the Zionist invasion of Palestine, from which the Arab Natives were driven into homeless destitution, the moral argument of this book was hard to follow; the reader was entitled to infer that, if any motive should

ever prompt the United Nations Organization to such an expedition into South Africa, it would not be humanitarian concern for Natives. The book also imagined a violent 'persecution of the Jews' by an Afrikaner Nationalist government (presumably because that party does not include Jews among its representatives, any more than the Zionists include Gentiles). When the Afrikaner Nationalists came to office just after the book's publication lively negotiations for Jewish affiliation began with a Jewish gentleman who declared he found 'anti-semitism' in other parties but not among the Afrikaner Nationalists, and added that the Jews were 'the most nationalist of all peoples'. Zionist and Afrikaner newspapers both pointed out that anti-British feeling should provide common ground, and one Afrikaner journal explained that Afrikanerdom and Judaism both believed in racially exclusive marriages. No sign of 'anti-semitism' appeared, and at the prompting of a visiting Jewish journalist from New York the new Afrikaner Prime Minister ordered the exclusion from South Africa, as an undesirable immigrant, of an obscure English visitor to Natal who was falsely stated to have set up a 'Hitler institute' there.

Thus Dr. Keppel-Jones's book could not be taken as a sound guide to the likelihood of a native rising in South Africa, though it might eventually prove correctly to foretell the interventions of some international body (Trollope's 'adventurous politicians'), on this or that pretext, in the affairs of various countries. Strangely, its author thought that Communism would not play much part in the Native revolution it foresaw. I felt, on the contrary, that if any large Native rising ever came in South Africa it would be prompted by those 'European politicians, not of the first class' whom Trollope foresaw, and would not assume importance unless outside help were given it by interested parties, pursuing ulterior ends. Short of that Trollope still seemed a truer prophet than these later writers. Substitute 'South Africa' for 'Natal' and 'Natives' for 'Zulus', and his words give the facts of today.

'I have no fear myself that Natal will be overrun by hostile Zulus ... I cannot bring myself to fear that any number of Zulus will long prevail against white troops.'

Nevertheless, *The Problem* grows and the tension it causes continues. The basic facts are that, whether European man remains in Africa or not, the black man will remain: that no European race has yet established a permanent civilization on this continent: and that the Europeans of South Africa have not yet, by natural increase or immigration, achieved numbers sufficient to make their settlement permanent or secure. Meanwhile, the grooves and furrows of concern are more to be seen in white faces than dark ones. That, however, may mean only that the man without a shirt is the happy one.

Does it matter, anyway, what two and a half millions of white folk decide to do, who use up their strength in dispute with each other? It matters greatly to the white races as a whole, for the survival of which Africa will be important during the next century. South Africa is 'the key to all Africa; if the white man failed to establish himself in the Union he would not remain elsewhere.

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## Chapter Six

### IMMIGRANTS!

I drove into East London, noticing with mild surprise that bilingualism had bestowed on a place with so famous a godfather the Afrikaans second name of Oos Londen (I did not see in the Transvaal or Orange Free State such English alternatives as Johnstown, for Johannesburg, or Bloem's Fountain, for Bloemfontein). Before seeking a lodging I went shopping. I had a *cri de coeur* from England ('they're absolutely threadbare, and I shan't have any coupons for ages yet').

I found and entered a shop. Two very pretty girls smiled at me. East London, I felt, had something of the friendliness of old London. The main street was called Oxford Street, and in the air was that stimulating feeling of ships and seamen being just round the next corner, which all good ports should have. I was intercepted on my way to the two pretty girls, however, by a friendly man of my own years.

'Nylons, sir?' he asked; I am evidently identifiable at sight as an Englishman. I said no, and told him what I wanted. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'it must be very hard for the ladies at home. They ought to take *those* off the ration at least.'

'Well, I don't know about *hard*,' I said, 'but it's cold. I think it is the new *sans culottisme*. You are from England, then?'

'Yes, he said, I'm from London, East. Now, what size, sir? Small women's, women's, or large?'

'Well, now, I said, I've never thought of it just like that, and I'm not an expert, but let's take the middle size. Moderation in all things. How do you find life here?'

'Very good indeed,' he said, 'although there's not the same friendliness shown now that there was during the war - I was here during the war. The Afrikaners have the upper hand and they're anti-British and want a republic. Let them get on with it as far as I'm concerned, if it makes them any happier, but I don't think it will. Now, these are very nice, sir....'

This East Londoner in far East London was one of the first immigrants I met. Afterwards I knew many others. Those who streamed out towards the Commonwealth countries amounted to a large army and many more would have gone if they could. I wondered, as I watched the process, if the God who looks after the great family were performing a new wonder here. Its first need was for more people in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa; if the second war showed anything at all, it showed that. The British emigrant of these years seemed to me, on average, a recruit any government might welcome or unpeopled country be glad to get. The surface softness of the between-war years was gone. Perhaps it was a product of prosperity. Nothing daunted the British emigrants of the Forties. I saw them come to South Africa, and other parts of Africa, overland and by sea, by bicycle, motor bicycle, jeep, lorry and horseback; by invasion boat, Brixham trawler, sailing yacht, steam yacht and by small aeroplane. I met an elderly lady who made her way across half Africa alone in a caravan, and a man who, from a total capital of £1130, paid down £1100 as part-purchase price of a ship in which he ultimately reached Cape Town with enough passengers to pay for the £12,000 vessel and its running.

Since the white man first began to colonize great lands, oversea the story of emigration has often been one of friction between the established settlers and later migrants, and of the disappointment of the last. This seems to be a main cause for the emptiness of the great Commonwealth States,

which is a danger to the future and to the whole. The earliest Dutch settlers landed at The Cape in 1652. By 1750 the 5000 Europeans there were protesting against 'The Immigrants', and this has gone on ever since. It is a curious thing, not easy to explain. Mr. George Russell, who described himself as 'an emigrant of 1850' in his *History of Old Durban*, 1899, wrote: 'The familiarity and mistaken kindness of the Emigrants towards the Natives scandalized the old settlers.' In 1850 the oldest settlers had not been in Natal more than a few years. In present-day South Africa, which appears urgently to need a larger white population, a critical or hostile attitude towards immigrants is fairly general among the Afrikaners and the English-speaking population alike. I have heard British residents of two or three years' sitting complain of The Immigrants, or explain that, while they welcomed immigrants, the new ones were 'not of the right type', which appeared to have become exhausted when they themselves landed.

These complaints refer usually to British immigrants, and specifically to the habit, thought to be common among them, of criticizing the new country they have come to and comparing it unfavourably with 'home'. My own impression is that this is true in about half the cases, and that it is a cause of friction which would be quickly removed if emigration were a thing encouraged and organized at the source, instead of one which is hindered there, so that individuals have to make their way out through a mesh of obstacles.

I think that in loose talk the critical bent of some British emigrants is much exaggerated, and the quiet reserve and modesty of the others given too little credit. The best of the many stories I heard concerning the first characteristic concerned a member of an effete aristocratic family which, in the manner of the type, has in the present generation produced successful Socialist politicians, successful business men and successful fox-hunting sportsmen and squires. A South African friend of mine, who occupied a club bedroom in a South African town next to that of this man, was wakened one night by a noise and saw a Native rifling his wardrobe. He sprang out of bed with a yell and the Native, looking round, saw a huge, ominous and naked white man coming for him (my friend sleeps in the buff in hot weather, as I do, if I may intrude a personal item). The Native ran out of the open french window on to the broad club balcony and to the end of that, whence no escape offered save by jumping to the ground twenty feet below. Forced to choose between that and an encounter with the terrifying white figure which bore down on him, he screamed and jumped, abandoning some loot which he had in his hands; by wonder he must have been spared grave injury for he vanished into the night. My friend then picked up the loot, which proved to be clothing belonging to his neighbour, the Englishman. He went through the french window into this man's room, wakened the sleeper and told him what had occurred. The Englishman remarked, 'Well, of course in England we should just send for the police and they'd soon nab the beggar', and went to sleep again.

Before the second war governments at both ends of the trail showed indifference towards emigration. After it Canada and Australia set out to encourage useful immigrants and to populate their huge, empty lands. The Australian Government received 70,000 immigrants in 1947 and announced that this number would be increased to 100,000 a year. Mr. R.G. Casey, a leader of the Australian Liberal Party, which in 1949 succeeded to power, said it ought to be raised to 200,000. Mr. T.E. Holloway, the Premier of Victoria, said in November 1948 that Australia wanted ten million British immigrants in the next twenty years. Mr. A.J. Hooke, Provincial Secretary in the Government of Alberta, in April 1948 stated that the British island was over-populated by more than twenty million people and that Alberta would welcome as many of these as it could get.

South Africa, under the Afrikaner Nationalist government of 1948, reverted to an anti-immigration policy, announcing that it would 'maintain the composition of the population in its present proportions'. This meant, since no source of Afrikaner replenishment offered, that a government elected to ensure 'White survival', was resolved to keep the white population in a minority of one

to four, and to perpetuate a ratio, inside the white population, of one and a half Afrikaners to one British South African. It meant the continuance of a small white population, instead of its increase. The Boer instinct of survival is one which British South Africans understand and respect, but in this rigid form it leads straight to the menacing questions of the future.

A paradox may be seen in this, which runs through politics in many countries today. The Afrikaner Nationalists' action, in checking British immigration, coincided with the aims of Communism, which they detest. In England a chief Communist objective is to prevent emigration, particularly to Africa and to South Africa. Clearly Africa looms large in Communist plans for the second half of this century; supreme importance appears to be attached to preventing the rise of great white populations there, and South Africa is plainly seen as the key to this matter. This is the real reason for the constant attacks on South Africa in London's Leftist newspapers. Similarly, in South Africa the Communists actively support the campaign against The Immigrants, telling the rural Afrikaner that 'the Jingo' will swamp his Afrikanerdom and the Natal British that they will encroach on employment and housing. The South African newspapers' practice of publishing pseudonymous letters facilitates this agitation; obviously doubtful epistles, expressing violent distaste for South Africa, appear over such signatures as 'Blighty for me', 'I've had it', and so on.

Mr. A.J. Hooke, the Albertan Minister who spent three months in England in 1947-48 for the purpose of promoting immigration to his part of Canada, perfectly understood this Communist technique, of which I find people as a whole surprisingly unaware. He said. 'Only on two occasions did I find any opposition to an immigration policy being pursued by the Province of Alberta. It is interesting to note that the opposition was voiced by Communists who argued that England was not over-populated and that she required all her people at her home in order to man her industries. Many people from Alberta wrote to me while I was in England, expressing themselves in favour of the idea of bringing British immigrants to our Province. Among these letters we received one, the writer of which was most critical of our plans to bring Britishers into Canada. He argued that we had all we could do to take care of the people we now have and that to bring immigrants at this time would result in swelling the unemployment ranks. This letter was from a Communist well known to me. It is quite easy to understand this technique ... If England can be kept in a weakened condition by over-population, and Canada prevented from becoming stronger by under-population and industrial development, they both become an easy prey for Communist aggression.'

Another measure which might have been devised as a lethal weapon for the Communists to use against intermigration between the Commonwealth countries was the housing-and-letting-control which was almost everywhere introduced. In the particular case of South Africa the same paradox becomes visible in another form: housing-and-letting-control was introduced and rigidly applied, not by the Afrikaner Nationalist Government (which eventually relaxed it) but by the earlier one, which claimed to be in favour of immigration. It enabled the Leftist newspapers to tell readers in England that if they went to South Africa (or, for that matter, to Southern Rhodesia, or one of the African colonies) they would be unable to find a house or flat; at the other end, it enabled them to tell South African readers that The Immigrants were preventing them from getting a home.

Substantial white immigration, British or any available other, seemed more important for South Africa than for any other country in the world, but in these various ways it was reduced to a trickle, if it was not stopped. The vision remained an empty dream, which Mr. Churchill saw in 1899, when he looked from a ship at the lovely coast of Natal:

'All nature smiles and here at last is a land where white men may rule and prosper. As yet only the indolent Kaffir enjoys its bounty and according to the antiquated philosophy of Liberalism it is to such that it should for ever belong. But while Englishmen choke and fester in crowded cities ... there will be those who dream another dream of a brave system of state-aided - almost state-

compelled - emigration ... a system that shall remove the excess of the old land to provide the deficiency of the new and shall offer to the most unfortunate citizens of the Empire fresh air and open opportunity. And as I pondered on all these things the face of the country seemed changed. Thriving ports and townships rose up along the shore and upon the hillsides inland towers, spires and tall chimneys attested the wealth and industry of man ... rows of stately buildings covered the grassy slopes; the shipping of many nations lay in the roadstead; above the whole scene waved the Flag and in the foreground on the sandy beach the great-grandchildren of the crossing-sweeper and the sandwichman sported by the waves that beat by the Southern Pole or sang aloud for joy in the beauty of their horde and the pride of their race. And then I came back from the land of dreams....'

The reality, fifty years later, has not yet caught up with the dream. There are no thriving ports along that coast south of Durban, and the only new township of any size, I fancy, is called Margate and counts as a seaside annex of Johannesburg, the victor of that war. Testimonies to the wealth and industry of man do not yet abound. The south coast has not yet a good road, though it has a railway which, the Natalians say, Christians can only love because God made all creeping things; possibly the Afrikaners, who now control the South African railways, do not greatly desire the development of Natal. Where a flag flies over this scene it is not usually the one Mr. Churchill had in mind, and if any sing on the beaches they probably sing 'Sarie Marais'. If they merely talk, and in English, they may well be complaining about The Immigrants.

For that matter the dreamer himself has changed from the dreamer of 1899, who saw visions about on the coasts of Pandoland and Natal. In 1947, when the State, far from 'aiding and almost compelling emigration', put many obstacles in its way, Mr. Churchill attacked those who wished to go, calling on them to 'remain at home and fight it out'!

'... Now these are very nice, sir,' said the salesman, producing something pink from a packet. They're American, made of run-resist material.'

'Really,' I said, 'run-resist! It sounds most suitable. Put them in an envelope and I'll post them right away. So you are a refugee from Social Security?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I'd like to find a country where there are no controls, no pensions, no contributions, no unemployment pay, no state health schemes, no compulsory full-employment - nothing but the right to live where you want, do any job you like if you can get it, and starve if you can't. I don't want to be either controlled or mollycoddled, or to control or mollycoddle anyone else. Of course, that's only how I feel. I expect there's a lot to be said for it, really, but I don't like it.'

'Don't be so British, I said, 'you're like Somerset Maugham's lonely jungle Englishman who used to dress for dinner each night, though in a different way. There's nothing to be said for it. May I borrow a pen?'

So I posted my urgent packet with a hastily written note from East London, which said. 'It seems strange to have to come seven thousand miles to get these for you, but since they are what you need, I send them, with my love.'

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## Chapter Seven

### GREAT CLOSED SPACES

I drove out of East London by Oxford Street (leaving Fleet Street on my left hand) and then (past Hanover, Braunschweig and Frankfort on my right) to Potsdam and Berlin (the route, of course, leads to King Williams Town, Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth).

I had the pleasant sense of old acquaintanceship whenever I found German villages like Potsdam and Berlin in South Africa, and later, in South-West Africa, Swakopmund. I have never lost my admiration for the native Germany of the poets and thinkers, of the little ducal courts and sturdy peasants, of the lovely old towns and thriftily farmed countryside, and these places reminded me of it, like the German settlements in Serbia, Rumania and Hungary. I do not think the white man's civilization will be safe again unless and until Germany is free within in its own borders, for a divided Germany is a potent instrument of war-making put in the hands of third parties, and this was the truth behind the propagandist fictions of the wartime conferences of Teheran and Yalta.

When I made this journey, less than three years after those ominous parleys, the propagandist knob was being turned again and Germany was being 'saved from Communism' by means of 'the great air-lift', so that the simple man in the news-reel theatre in London and New York applauded loudly to see this proof that his leaders' eyes were opened and that their hearts were strong. He did not perceive that the great air-lift was in the nature of a smoke-screen for his own confusing, and that on the other side of it the same process continued: by means of help from afar, this time chiefly American, the Soviet area was extended across China. When Chiang Kai-shek was gone the way of Mihailovitch, General Anders, King Peter of Serbia and most other allies in 'the fight against Hitlerism', the great air-lift suddenly ended and all was as before: Germany remained divided and, for the present, no more and no less submerged by Soviet Communism than before. Then, suddenly, there was 'a revival of Nationalism' in the non-Soviet half of Germany, so grave that the only man who for twenty years fought both Hitlerism and Communism was forbidden to return to his native Germany. This was Otto Strasser, who by order from Washington remained, nominally free but in truth captive, in Canada. To have been, not only an enemy of Hitler, but also a patriot and an enemy of Communism, continued in fact to be a political death-sentence, and in many cases a physical one. Behind the greater scenes, that 'western movement of the capital of world Communism from Moscow to Berlin' appeared still to be encouraged which Mr. John Strachey, British Minister for Food in the Nineteen-Forties, hopefully envisaged in the Nineteen-Thirties. This was the reality behind the appearance.

The real effect of the second war, and as I believe the real aim of those who directed it through the men apparently in power, was to continue the destruction of nationhood everywhere; from this supreme point of view the anti-Communists and the anti-Hitlerists were equally unwelcome and both were just as mercilessly treated or abandoned. The points at which this theory may next be tested are in Germany and Greece; the case of China has demonstrated its continuing validity. In my judgment, nationhood is as indestructible as matter, and I think that when the great experiment, or plot, of the twentieth century has culminated in the attempt to destroy 'national sovereignty' everywhere, the many nations, no matter how reduced, will be found more lusty than ever.

Whatever part Germany may have cast upon it in the final stages, Germany seems indestructible. These German settlements in South Africa were still the counterparts of all the others I knew, and retained the distinctive signs of diligence, order and thrift. Each had its Lutheran Church and in the little churchyards the tidy stones, row on row, told in German the old story of Christian family life I remembered between Mecklenburg and Bavaria:

‘Here lies my dear wife, our dear sister, our dear mother Hedwig Schmidt, born Braun.’

These German villages did not change, I thought. The enormous farmer, the model of a beer-drinking Bavarian *Bauer*, with whom I shared a glass looked at me with quick curiosity when I spoke to him in German, but said little when he learned I was English. Deep longings for a German victory must twice have stirred the hearts of these people. In the porch of one little church lay copies of the parish magazine, printed in German. Its outer pages were filled with the advertisements of firms which offered to send food-parcels to Germany.

Germans have never emigrated to South Africa in masses and their present numbers are small. The German influence, however, may yet prove great. General Hertzog was of German descent and claimed at Versailles that one-third of the Afrikaners had German blood. In his case German blood may have warred with his simple Boer faith in 1939. He claimed to wish to keep South Africa neutral in its own interest, but his words hardly upheld that exclusive motive. He depicted Hitler as a man embittered by the injustice of Versailles and said, ‘I have gone through this struggle myself’. However, a man who thought of national justice alone would have felt for Poland, not for Poland’s invader. Today the Union has taken the first steps towards incorporating the former German colony, South-West Africa, which Hitler claimed (and which Britain originally conquered, then presenting it in token of goodwill to the Kaiser).

The names of Potsdam and Berlin, encountered in this African countryside, set my thoughts busy. They seemed always to have stood, like danger signs, at the edge of my life’s way. I thought of days in the other Berlin and the other Potsdam, days not old which yet seemed already to belong to some dead and stratified past. Berlin and Potsdam! A canoe on the Havel and a waterside café on the Spree; a swim in the Wannsee and the lime trees in the spring; the street-sellers’ fir trees at Christmastide and strolls with Nadya in the Tiergarten; tennis on the unbuilt lots in summer and skating on the same, flooded, in winter; ‘Die Strasse Frei’ and the ‘Internationale’; the Kaiser’s sons at the Garrison Church, the Reichstag burning, Hitler’s massacre of his captains; good people and bad politics....

I hoped I might live to see the other Berlin and Potsdam again, at peace and thinking about peace, as I drove on through the changing South African scene. Lush green lands turned into bleak mountainsides dotted with ant-hills as big as native huts, and then into what looked like original jungle, and then again the road ran between banks covered with the prickly pear. When this hideous vegetable gathers in great masses by a roadside it is as if an inferno has given up its victims and these, in tortured, mocking or suppliant shapes, menace or implore the traveller on his way. Or, in the imagery to which my experience particularly moves me, it is like a mass-meeting of Communists in the Red Square, of Nazis in the Alexanderplatz, or of Zionists in Madison Square Garden.

If the prickly pear grew in Bloomsbury or Manhattan it might be a case of protective formation, just nature trying to imitate Epstein, but it grows in remote places and makes the traveller ponder on God’s mysterious ways, for his limited vision can conceive no reason why it was included at the creation. It spreads like wildfire and life ceases where it goes. It seems part of nature’s practical joke on man. Elephants love it, and as the small Addo Game Reserve, not far from these parts, contains some two dozen elephants still, I wondered why they and the prickly pear were not brought together; this would have been a happy ending worthy of Hollywood. That, however, would be bad for fences, so the elephants and their favourite fruit are kept apart, and possibly even elephants forget in time. The extermination of the prickly pear is pursued by infecting or injecting it with a fungus which also loves and devours it (there may be the germ of another problem here, because the fungus might spread to the non-prickly pear, which is planted for cattle-feed).

Ladybirds love the fungus which loves the prickly pear, and eat it greedily. Nature's circle continues to revolve like the earth itself.

In these early travels I gained a deep respect, which later continued to grow, for the achievement of the white man. I often had to remind myself that South Africa, which is twice the size of the British island, contains only enough white people to populate the cities of Liverpool and Glasgow. Yet a railway or road has been cut to the most inaccessible places (even fifty years ago Mr. Churchill remarked on the comfort of the trains). The rivers may be waterless channels of sand and boulders: a South African writer, Mr. Leonard Flemming, once said of the Orange State rivers that if a man fell into one he just brushed off the dust and walked along until he found a place to climb out; but the white man has bridged them all, somewhere. He has built four great ports, and in their suburbs factory-towns are going up as if the future were sure to be as quick-growing as that of the United States (though it hardly can be so if immigration continues to be hindered). He found the gold and set up Johannesburg on it. He found so many diamonds that the fields have had to be sealed. He has sought but not yet found oil (Mr. Carol Birkby's *Thirstland Treks* contains a dramatic account of an oil-boring venture at Dubbeldevlei in the lonely Karoo which was continued for sixteen years before being abandoned as hopeless), but is preparing to distil it from coal. He operates air-services and shipping-lines. He produces athletes and sportsmen to give the best in the world a run for their money. In war he puts small armies of first-rate soldiers and respectable air-forces into the fight, and he is founding a navy. Every second family owns a motor car (the South African gives the car first place among his necessities, and this does not denote a luxurious or easy standard of general living), and only about one man in ten pays income tax.

The white man has built up all that in a hundred years (for nothing outside The Cape is much older). The Cape Liberal's objection that 'the Natives did the work' comes merely from the place where even herrings are red. The greater share of this achievement was British. The Boer made the Orange Republic safe for Afrikanerdom and the Transvaal safe for Johannesburg but the patrimony which the Afrikaner Nationalists seek exclusively to inherit (in defiance of their own Roman Dutch law, which knows no prior rank among sons) was mainly British. The British built the ports and railways, supplied the capital, opened the banks and shops and bore the long heat and burden of frontier duty.

A surprising mark of this achievement, to me, was the extent of the white man's wire. In my English youth I used to ask myself how a man could say to himself that this was his own, his native land, when, since enclosure, almost all of it was hedged about with wire or wood. I suppose this enclosedness of England made my pulses beat for the great open spaces; similarly, wire may have set the Boers a-trekking away from The Cape, and made the Americans 'go West'. Now I found that, in this distant land, the wire ran beside my car like its own wheels, impartially enclosing green pastures and barren hillside, growing crops or arid scrub; it surrounded places so unfertile and remote that I would not have expected any to visit or covet them. Only where herds of lean and nondescript cattle, grazing amid kraals, said 'Native Reserve', did the wire disappear.

The open *veld* (like the open range, as I later found in America), has vanished from the world. The prairie is no more, the great empty spaces, even if they are not full, are all enclosed, unless any still survive unfenced in South America or Australia. The sons of yesterday's adventurers live in a shrinking world today. The white man no longer needs to inhabit a stockade or fort, for safety against Red Indian and Kaffir, but he builds a spiritual palisade for himself.

Over a hillbrow I came on Grahamstown. It long held the frontier against the Kaffir and now lay below me, asleep in the blazing sunshine of mid-December: Colonel Graham's town. I drove up the pleasant main street, which was nearly wide enough to take a battery of horse artillery abreast, round a great church which seemed to have been dropped in it by parachute from some English

shire, towards the house of one of Rhodes's dreams, where glittering white walls, beneath concave red roofs, leaned against a brilliant blue sky.

Grahamstown looks as if, when it stopped fighting, it set out to grow into a respectable cathedral town like Exeter or Ely. It is like nothing else in South Africa, where nothing is like anything else, save in the question it prompts: is this the cradle of something great, or the monument to something past? Inevitably, with all the questions of the future in the balance, this palpable doubt hangs over many places in South Africa today. If once they are affirmatively answered Grahamstown, like all the others, is ready for a period of great growth and development.

I suppose it is to the British what Stellenbosch is to the Afrikaner, among the university centres of South Africa. Stellenbosch is the fountainhead of fiery Afrikaner nationalism, Grahamstown is the opposite, being neither fiery nor nationalist. Indeed, in its present phase it rather reminded me of Oxford in the Nineteen-Twenties, when the confusing philosophy of Mr. Bernard Shaw gave birth to the 'We won't fight for King and country' resolution. The only political forces which make an organized effort to capture the malleable mind of university youth, Communism and Zionism, have today been recognized and rejected by later generations of students at Oxford and Cambridge. At Grahamstown (and later around Yale and Harvard) I had the impression that these movements were still having some success in gaining control of university magazines, debating societies and the like. On the whole, Oxford and Cambridge seemed to me to be about twenty years ahead of the South African and American universities in these matters, or perhaps a truer judgment would be to say that they have twenty years' more experience of the *via Dolorosa* along which a weak acceptance of internationalist slogans leads.

At Grahamstown, and in the mist-belt of Natal, are the English-type public-schools which some Afrikaners dislike. Yet, in spite of cathedral, university college, schools and the present sense of arrested development, the feeling of a hard-fought frontier is still tangible in the air, like a benediction. Not long ago Grahamstown's youth caught up with it; during the second war the presence of the Royal Air Force, at the great training-camp and flying-field, enlivened it. The young airmen came down into the little town, courted and married the girls and bore them off. ('But most of them have come back and settled here now. Conditions in England are difficult and our girls are used to native servants....')

I left Grahamstown to its pleasant reverie, wondering how it would feel if the Union gave way to an Afrikaner Republic based on past resentments, with exclusive flag, dominant language and single national anthem. Folk of British descent might find that a hard ordeal. The British South African does not think of the British island as a physical home, but does venerate the British achievement, in which peoples of so many breeds have joined, as a spiritual one, and if he were deprived of it would be a sad man. However, the other alternatives were not dead: those of reconciliation, and the birth of a dual nation, either within the Union or within a united republic still member of the Commonwealth.

The present uncertainty bears hard on these South Africans who have chosen to be South Africans but cannot deny their blood. I knew a man in Durban who went to South Africa in 1910 and in 1924 returned to London, where for ten years he had an office in Ave Maria Lane with windows overlooking Stationer's Court and an old plane tree which grew there. The call of South Africa was too strong and in 1934 he came back for good. When he heard of the fire of London, of December 31st, 1940, and the destruction of Ave Maria Lane he wrote to a friend in London asking, not 'How many were killed?' or 'How many million books were burned?' but 'Was the old plane tree destroyed?' It survived among the ruins and to this day he still thinks of the land that bore him in terms of a green tree by old St. Paul's.



On wings of dust I sped from Grahamstown towards Port Elizabeth. I was not thinking of ostriches, which is odd, when I consider how often I have taken their name in vain, and was startled when, suddenly feeling that I was not alone, I looked up from my reverie and into the eyes of one which gazed at me over the wire. The smile of Mona Lisa would have looked artless, set against its significant leer, which would have reached its ears, had it owned perceptible ones. It winked, with a movement like the lowering of a carriage hood, as its bulging eyes met mine. I saw at once that I was wrong in so often complaining that these birds bury their heads in sand; this was the best they could do with them. I was puzzled by its mien of sardonic amusement until I recalled that the ostrich has had the laugh of the white man in the long run (and who would not run a long way from such indignities?). Forty years ago an ostrich could not call its tail-feathers its own and an endless and degrading servitude faced the breed. Then Anthony Hope's Miss Dolly, in Mayfair, noticed that Somerset Maugham's Liza, in Lambeth, was also wearing these feathers, and from that moment the ostrich has had ever less cause to look back. The great brass weights, which once were used to balance the feathers in the feather market at Port Elizabeth, now adorn the hearths of people with a collector's flair, as the warming-pans of old England now hang over many a fireless grate in the new one. The ostrich today may almost without anxiety wear his panache, even at the wrong end, and is approaching a state of utter social security, so that he should before long be as extinct as the dodo.

The approaches to Port Elizabeth run through sad sand flats covered with scrub or prickly pear. Here I saw ahead of me a bridge, and a motor car with a man waiting by it. I expected that a good friend, not yet personally known to me, would await me by a bridge and was to recognize him by his car, a two-tone grey Mammalac. The waiting car was one such. I stopped, ran gladly to the waiting man, and eagerly shook his hand.

'How *are* you?' I said.

'Thank you, I'm very well,' he said pleasantly.

'Have you been waiting long?'

'Oh no, just a few minutes.'

'It's very kind of you to drive out and meet me,' I said.

'I didn't,' he said.

'Are you not Mr. A?' I asked.

'No,' he said.

'Are you waiting for someone?'

'Yes.'

'This is impossible,' I said. 'In this huge country there *cannot* be two different men waiting for someone at this very moment by a bridge, in a two-tone grey Mammalac. Is there another bridge?'

'Yes, he said, a mile on.'

So I drove on and stopped by this second bridge, where no car waited and I began to suspect the kind of practical joke which fate likes to play on me. Beside the bridge was a wide lagoon, into

which a spit of sand ran, and at the extreme end of this, as if they stood on the edge of the world, were eleven people, nine of them Natives in European clothes, gathered round a preacher and his assistant who looked to be white. These adult children sang melodiously and sadly by the turgid water's brink. The preacher took one of them by the hand and led him waist-deep into the lagoon, while God's chillun on the shore sang louder and louder. Then the singing abruptly ceased and the preacher took the convert and vigorously ducked him three times. He came up the third time and thus was saved. The singing broke out again, even more loudly, and I saw a two-tone grey Mammalac come across the bridge.

We drove past rising industrial areas, with great factories where American packing-cases go in at one door and fully assembled motor cars roll out of the other, through the longest High Street in South Africa and into a hospitable town. The world hears much about the Dutch Voortrekkers of 1838 and little about the British settlers of 1820. Four thousand four hundred and twenty-three of these people were sent over by the British Government, at a cost of £50,000 and at the request of Lord Charles Somerset, who saw that Kaffirs must be opposed not only with muskets, but also with colonization. The 1820 settlers suffered great hardships and the venture was badly organized, yet they held on, multiplied and built this fine port. Had they been fifty thousand the words 'White South Africa' might need no interrogation mark today.

It was good to break a long journey at Port Elizabeth, to rest and read a while, and to find cordial shelter at a club which in its hospitality remained what Trollope called it seventy years ago, 'a pattern club'.

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## Chapter Eight

### WHITE CHRISTMAS

Father Christmas, wiping his sweaty brow, handed me a leaflet and asked me, in his gummy beard, if it were hot enough for me. His sad old eyes were those of his kind; it is marvellous to see a child look up with wide and trusting gaze at these careworn veterans in the red cap, coat and breeches. In the steaming shop-window behind him pieces of cotton-wool were strung on threads, to make him feel at home. Paper holly and mistletoe decorated plum-puddings in tins. On Christmas cards, lights gleamed cosily behind the windows of snowbound cottages where Christmas revelry went on and the footprints of merry-makers led to the door. A Native, who wore a funny hat, solemnly studied these cards. He was evidently the spirit of Christmas present in Port Elizabeth, I thought, and I wondered what he made of them. Few showed African scenes. They were mostly of homestead lights, becanthed cakes, waits, church bells ding-donging over white fields, wise men, angels and mangers....

It was Christmas Eve and meltingly hot. I was still unused to the sight of abundance and, looking at these shop-windows, thought rancorously of the political Christmas-Day-in-the-Workhouse, with the Minister for Rationing as Bumble, and 'bonuses' of sixpennyworth of sweets to which the old festival had been degraded in England. It was lovely to find at the post office throngs of people who sent off parcels to England. Everywhere I went, even in remote places, I saw the separate counter or corner for the food-parcel service, and knowing the short commons which my fellow-countryfolk endured, I felt abiding gratitude to these who tried to help so far away.

The politicians everywhere still have much to do before they can destroy goodwill among Christian folk. I know of an Afrikaner lady whose parents' farm in the Transvaal was burned during the South African war, when she was a child. Homeless and destitute, they were greatly helped by a parcel of clothing from Britain, and her mother enjoined her never to forget this godsend. In 1948 she remembered this counsel and sent several parcels of food to the country from which, nearly fifty years before, the gift of clothing came. This is the other side to the story of the Boer grandmother, of whose sufferings, many South Africans complain, they hear endless complaint from politicians who did not fight and will never be grandmothers. Similarly, I know a South African lady of British descent whose husband and three brothers were all killed in that old war, and whose home was pillaged and burned. She feels no resentment, only a sadness that the ancient quarrel is not allowed to heal. This sorrow darkens the present and future for many South Africans of both races who have played in the same eleven or fifteen, fought side by side, mixed and married and respect each other's pride of race.

My parcels dispatched, I wandered about Port Elizabeth. A man far from his home and his own is alone in the thickest and kindest throng on Christmas Eve. The streets emptied; the white men mounted their petrol-driven steeds and galloped off to blue lagoons, to country clubs and golf-courses, to mountain inns or places on the coast where the big fish waited. The spirit of Christmas, nevertheless, knew no distinctions. I saw a happy Native in a green zoot-suit who carried a shooting-stick. Hollywood, I thought; this was the result of Mr. Clark Gable's appearance in the dress of a dashing southern gambler in *Gone with the Wind*. Another Native came towards me who blithely sang, 'I'm dreaming of a white Christmas'. In what sense, I wondered, could he possibly mean it? But he did not mean it in any sense; like the white folk, he was Tin Pan Alley's parrot.

I drove, with my lonely thoughts, to Amsterdam Hock, which looks as if the illustrator of W.W. Jacobs's books might have built it. A line of bungalows runs along the curving bank of an estuary, with many little landing-stages and boats. Ten miles away the silhouette of Port Elizabeth rises

above the horn of the bay. Old Sam and Ginger would feel at home there, and in this delightful place, for the Christmas week, I was king of a little castle. While its hospitable owner went to Cape Town I used his bungalow and was cared for by his servants. Now, as I sat on the veranda, a mahogany infant with an ivory mouth organ brought me tea; I took her for fourteen and later found she was the mother of two. Below, the boat-boy dug for prawns. They were bigger than any prawns I knew and on being discovered frantically doffed a small steel-helmet which they wore at the end where they would sit down if prawns sat down. They seemed to acknowledge a courtesy, but I guessed that the prawn's enemies might find a death-dealing sting beneath those hats.

At the end of the estuary, a few hundred yards away, the breakers of the Indian Ocean came charging in like white cavalry on a blue field. On this coast I found the best bathing and swimming in the world as far as I know it. I have for fifteen years cherished, and still cherish, the hope of returning to Lake Geneva at the Montreux end, where the blue water comes straight from heaven by way of the Dent du Midi, and that is the only other I know to compare with that of the Indian Ocean between Port Elizabeth and Durban. It has an incandescent glitter and a living quality that I have never found in the Atlantic or Pacific or in any river save possibly some of the mountain streams of Austria, and is equally delightful for surfing or where there are pools fed by the tide, for actual swimming.

On the railing of the landing-stage below the veranda sat a fowl out of *Alice in Wonderland*; it had a long nose, a crest at the back of its head as if its hair were streaming in the wind, a stumpy body on short legs, an abbreviated tail and white horn-rims round the eyes. It looked at me solemnly, and I returned its stare. Round about, death chased life in and out of the glistening water beneath the molten sky. Here was a place for a philosopher to sit and observe that life and death are part of a circle, merciless, rhythmic and lovely, beginningless and endless as time and space. Silver bellies showed as fish jumped out of the water. Did they jump from joy of living, or to catch an insect above, or to escape a pursuer below? Whatever their motive, the circle of life and death continued: the watching tern saw them and plummeted down, not on to but deep into the water, reappearing with gleaming morsels in deadly beaks. The curlews went hunting with beaks as long, in proportion to their bodies, as elephants' trunks. The elegant white herons picked their way as daintily among the reeds as an Edwardian lady holding her skirts high above a muddy street.

Nature knows no eternal peace, but only the law of survive or perish. Where is the dodo now? It was a ponderous pigeon with a hooked beak, stout yellow legs, a plump body twice the size of a turkey's and tiny wings. 'The dodo' (a notice in the British Museum says) 'is exhibited here as illustrating quite a serious principle: that in wild nature the creature which-finds itself in easy surroundings and allows its powers to fall into disuse is likely to be exterminated when faced with new and more exacting conditions.' It is the heraldic bird of Social Security and should be burned in effigy on Parliament Green when England is free again.

The ebbing tide uncovered a sandbank. It lay like a platter of dull gold in the blue water and the seagulls gathered on it, dispersing and returning each time a boat passed. I noticed a laggard among them, who was always last to rise and last to land, and then saw he had but one leg. He reminded me of the club-footed sparrow for whose return I used to watch each spring at the Café Donau in Vienna; both were the antitheses of the dodo and accepted life as something to be fought for, against all odds. A seagull needs two legs for the quick run before becoming airborne and the few quick steps on landing. This one had to get up enough speed for the take-off by hopping on one leg, and in landing to alight plump on it. The spirit is more than the flesh, and I applauded his courage and performance.

Clouds came up and the sun went down. Heaven's lime-light-man alternated the slides in his lantern and in swift, entrancing sequence the colours changed. The sandbank turned from a golden

platter into a rose-pink one, and then into a pewter dish with a thin pink rim, lying on a dark cloth. The lights of Port Elizabeth sprang out, the Christmas beetle began to harp on its one shrill note, darkness came down, and still I sat. A little light moved out from the shore and plied to and fro on the silent water. It was that of a fisherman enticing the jumping mullet, which seems to be the simple village maiden among fish: it cannot resist the bright lights, jumps out of its element, and if it is lucky falls back; if not, it flounders in the deceiver's arms. The jumping mullet also has a place in political heraldry; on the coat of arms of Social Security it might appear as the dodo's supporter.

I could not rest for memories and longings and drove into Port Elizabeth. One or two friendly souls were not gone the way of all flesh (to Muizenberg) and I had a drink, and after that dinner, a meal that seemed to be served by time-machine from last century: soup, fried sole, asparagus, liver-on-steak, chicken with sausages, ice-cream and savoury. Either my organs have contracted with the years of rationed food or years are changing them; I cannot now do justice to such banquets, even on Christmas Eve. I thus had time for table-talk, with a charming lady who told me that people in England were better fed than ever before, though of course the diet was rather monotonous, but look at all the milk the children now received! 'I know,' I said, 'I know, and Mussolini made the trains run on time. Have you been in England lately?' No, she said. 'Ah!' I said, and soon after that drove back to the philosopher's rest.

The Port Elizabeth wind, which is never far away, had risen and now howled across the flats in an exaggerated way, like the storm in a Hollywood ketchup-and-thunder melodrama, when the heroine, with unscathed tresses, vanishes into swirling mists of fate. I was glad to be back in the pleasant bungalow, less glad to be alone with my thoughts of other Christmases. Like unbidden guests they crowded round me: Christmas in the trenches ... Christmas in hospital ... Christmases in Berlin and Vienna and Prague and Budapest ... last Christmas ... the one before that ... the children and the tree ... the one in London during the bombardment, with Lorelei....

I sat in darkness, looking at the lights of Port Elizabeth. Among them those of a great wheel turned; I thought of the long-vanished Big Wheel at Earl's Court, of the one in the Prater that I so often watched from Cobenzl. Christmas Eve, Christmas....

I switched on the radio and a faint glow crept from it into the dark room. After a moment it made a noise like dishwater running down a blocked drain: the Drool Sisters Plugged A Number. I quickly revolved a knob. It gave out sounds like those which might come from the two ends of a dog with a tin-can tied to its tail: the Drool Sisters sang of love. Another turn of the knob, and again the Drool Sisters. The Drool Sisters, I thought in despair, had occupied the universe, or perhaps the end of the world was come and my immortal soul was alone in endless space with these inescapable anthems, the last echoes of the world left behind. I turned the knob again, in the faint hope of salvation. A cultured voice said. 'And now, we bring you the hit of the week from Mozambique: "Holy Night"!'

'The Hit!' I thought. Of the *Week*! From Mozambique! Was it possible? I waited to hear the Drool Sisters spread tidings of joy:

0 Boy! Blessed are the meek!  
0, ye shall find if ye shall seek!  
C'mon, c'mon, say, it's unique!  
It's the hit of the week  
From Mozambique,  
From Mo ... Mo ... Mo-zam-bique!

(Prolonged crescendo, full brass, roll of drums and salute of twenty-one guns by a battery of UNO artillery.)

Instead the soft and lovely music I knew flowed into the room:

Silent night, holy night,  
All is still, all is white....

and grace and truth returned to Christmas Eve, via Mozambique. Still ... white: all was still and white when I last heard that sung as it should be sung. It was on Christmas Eve of 1937. Now I looked back from this bungalow by the Indian Ocean and saw again the Stefansdom in Vienna, the archbishops and the priests and acolytes at the high altar, the humble folk around. I felt that night that nearly two thousand years of spreading Christian enlightenment were moving to ... to what? A barbaric end? A dark interlude? We still do not know; the darkness is now twelve years old and no tunnel's end appears. My instinct was right, that night. Before 'Stille Nacht' could be sung again in the Stefansdom the barbarians were there, and when they were driven out others more barbaric followed in. Vienna has known many silent nights since then, but no white ones, only a long black night that brings no dawn.

I listened, in Africa, to 'Holy Night' with these memories of Europe. When it was done I turned the knob and a new voice said 'Christmas in England.' When it added 'Messages from British film stars' I almost switched off, for I feared to hear a fanfare of golden trumpets, followed by the muted song of the choir of heavenly angels which the broadcasting authorities everywhere apparently retain to supply background music to such songs as 'Bongo, bongo, bongo', or 'I love you so much it hurts me darling that's why I'm so blew'; after that, I thought, would come the sound of B.B.C. reindeer snorting and studio sleighbells ringing and then voices saying, oh so sweetly. 'A very happy Christmas to all my fans overseas.'

Happily I was patient, as ever, and was transported by the magic of this invention from Africa to my native London. No mechanical device ever gave so much power over the minds of men as this one, or was ever used so subtly to poison them:

... Juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment....

the words of the King of Denmark's ghost neatly fit much of the mixture which comes seeping through these machines from the enemies, avowed or masked, of God, honour and country. But radio, well used, has great power to reach the heart, destroy distance and reunite families far dispersed. I felt now, as I listened to the pleasant voice that broke on the air (that of John Mills, I recall) that I looked down on my native city, by some supernatural aid hovered over its roofs, lifted one here and one there, and peeped at well-loved scenes and people. Beneath a humble roof were father Jack Warner and mother Kathleen Harrison, telling daughter Patricia Roc that their manners were fully good enough for her young man. Under another, in club armchairs side by side, sat Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, trying to remember where they met before and at last recalling that they had proposed each other for membership; a neat jest, excellently done.

Ah, England, London, I thought: how good-humoured and balanced you still are in a rancorous and unstable time. The next roof might have been the one I would have lifted, had I had this power. Under it a woman wrote to her husband oversea. Her voice, like the other voices, brought especial memories to me; I remembered seeing the gifted and beautiful Ann Todd on the first night of a play, 'Lottie Dundass', at the old Theatre Royal in Brighton. Now her voice was the authentic one of devotion and sincerity. This broadcast, I felt, must have been prepared by someone who knew the ordeal of unavoidable separation, and many lonely men may have felt that it was addressed singly to them, that Christmas Eve. The last words of the woman's letter to her husband lingered

tenderly on the air: 'Don't spend Christmas at the club. Try and get in with a family: after all, we are all one family - under God!'

I was spending mine neither in a club nor with a family, but alone, for I had work to do. As the last of the broadcast stations closed down, I wrote a long, long letter, far into the night....

On Christmas morning the mahogany child wakened me with tea and said: 'Kissimus bokkis, mastah.' The dark folk have learned the white man's potent greeting, Christmas Box! I put on bathing trunks and went out. A great blue jellyfish, as big as a large footstool, lay stranded on the sand. It was a golden morning and the white chargers thundered from the blue field upon the bright shore. It was a new day, Christmas Day, and nearly a new year; Father Time had his finger on yet another bead of his abacus. The world was still wide and lovely. Ahead of me lay Cape Town, then Basutoland, Rhodesia, Tanganyika; after that, I hoped, Madagascar, Mauritius, Réunion....

Reunion! That was a cloud in the sky. I did not know if the new year would bring me reunion. I breathed an ardent wish and dived in.

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## Chapter Nine

### MARCH OF THE COONS

Never was I wakened so early on New Year's Day, or by such strange music. Dawn was only starting when these sounds brought me to my bedroom window in 'the comfortable and hospitable club at Cape Town' where Trollope long ago found the friendliness accorded to me. Peering down into the gloom I saw fantastic revellers crossing Church Square in clamorous masquerade. They passed out of sight and their oddly disquieting music dwindled, but there was no more sleep, for at once a second distant band approached and grew louder, more merry-makers danced dimly across the square and vanished, and then, as the daylight waxed, came more and more and more....

The evening before, when I was still dog tired from a long journey, the words 'Coons' Carnival' caught my eye in a newspaper, causing me to wonder what it might be. This was it; I dressed quickly and went down. Incessantly they crossed the square, the Coons, in little groups of musicians and of marching men. There were violin-and-guitar bands, trumpet-and-saxophone bands, concertina bands, saxophone-and-guitar bands and cymbal bands. The white folk in the streets paid them little heed, being familiar with a spectacle which enchanted me. Behind the bands came marchers, some beating time to the music with walking-sticks, which they tapped on the roadway, others with handclaps.

Each group wore an especial uniform, secretly devised and saved for during the old year and sprung upon the public eye on this great day, the first of the new one. One wore grey flannel suits, grey soft hats and brilliantly striped ties; a second, white trousers, red pullovers and black soft hats; a third, grey trousers, coloured blazers and straw hats; a fourth, coster-like suits of bright, varicoloured silks; another, Zulu-like robes and feathers. The delegations of sober associations, proud of their European blood, marched to Christian hymn tunes quickly played; the gangs of District Six shimmied and shook with lolling heads and rolling eyes to the dirges of Tin Pan Alley. Some paraded as Christy minstrels or white-eyed Kaffirs; faces already dark were daubed with blacking and great red mouths were painted on them.

In front of each company went the Cape Town Coons' male counterpart of that high-stepping, baton-whirling 'majorette' who leads the parades of Shriners and Nobles in America. Perhaps the Cape Town Coons borrowed this procession-leader from the Americans, who borrowed him from their own Negro carnivals, which imported him from their ancestral Africa, so that he has now returned, in devious manner, to the continent of his origin.

In endless sequence they came, these Coon leaders, prinking, preening, prancing and pecking like cock-ostriches in the mating-season, and behind them the tireless Coons strummed and strutted, tapped and clapped, shuffled and shimmied in the high spirits of children freed to play. It was the carnival of the world which is neither all white nor all black, and it debauched from its native mean streets to claim right of way in the central broad ones. For two days its music waxed and waned and at every second corner the traveller saw the cock-ostriches prancing towards him and the glittering silken uniforms fluttering in the sun, all in a strange, stirring, inescapable symphony of sound and colour.

I often heard the comment of the Harlem nightspots, 'They *do* understand *rhythm*!' but for me there was more than rhythm in these curious airs, this unusual beat. There were inarticulate memories and hopes, seeking expression. There were the gipsy violinist's song of homelessness and the Styrian peasant's song of home, the childish melancholy of the negro spiritual and the tom-tom's call. I heard familiar melodies but could not at first identify them because time and emphasis were



changed to suit the impulses and feelings of a little nation without past or future. I tried to recognize the tune to which one gaily cavorting troop jerked and perked and stamped and pirouetted. Suddenly I knew it; I often heard The Forces' Sweetheart sing it in the blackout:

All the world is waiting for the sunrise  
Every flower is heavy with dew.  
The lark on high his sleepy mate is calling,  
And my heart is calling you.

A lament in quickstep, past the Old Slave Tree.

Its stump stands at the corner of the square which these dancers crossed. None of them glanced at it, yet it is the monument of this people and its roots are their only roots. It was probably planted by van Riebeeck, the first Dutch Governor of The Cape, somewhere around 1660, and from the slave depot opposite (now the Old Supreme Court building) the slaves were brought to be shown, appraised, pinched and sold beneath its boughs. Slavery was abolished in 1838 but the old tree remained until November 1916, when all save the stump was removed because of age and decrepitude. In November 1917 slavery was reintroduced, not in Africa or America, but in Asiatic Russia, whence it has now spread back to the centre of Christian Europe, and this was the first of the great hoaxes of the twentieth century.

Where this tree-stump stands, the nation of the Cape Coloured People was born ('coloured' in South Africa denotes a person of mixed descent, not a Negro, as in America). Here the slaves from East Africa and Madagascar were sold whose blood then mingled with that of the original Hottentots, now vanished, and of Europeans. Two hundred years ago none heeded if a few lonely white men in mysterious lands afar fathered children by dark wives or women, and those early settlers could not foresee the great future problems which they also begat. Now the Cape Coloured People are a small nation, formed by processes similar to those which other nations, big or little, once passed through but have forgotten. They have no parental country, no history, no traditional religion or language, and no monuments save the Old Slave Tree. They are nearly a million in number, not many fewer than the, Afrikaners or the British South Africans. Most of them live in Cape Province, and most of those in Cape Town.

Thus they are a nation without a country but one with a city which on one day in the year belongs to them. Their skins may enable them to 'pass for a European' or condemn them to be 'mistaken for a Native'. The distinction is important. If one can pass for a European he may rise high. None with a skin so dark as to preclude that simulation has ever reached eminence. They were once 'His Majesty's Coloured Subjects' in fact, and their present status is vague. They have a limited franchise which, if declared intention be realized, is to be withdrawn or curtailed.

Thus they seem forlorn, poised between the white empyrean where they fain would be and the black void into which they fear to fall. However, their mere presence appears to trouble the European's mind almost as much as if they were a mighty host at the gates. Thought and conversation in Cape Town are largely dominated by them, as they are in other South African cities by the Native or the Indian. Like a shuttlecock the great argument passes to and fro between the Oldest Member, who asks angrily, 'How would you like your daughter to marry A Coloured?' and the Cape Liberal, who murmurs between compressed lips of spite: 'Open any European cupboard you like in this town and you'll find a Coloured skeleton in it.'

South Africa produces strongly marked types. The backveld Boer and the Durban British have not varied much in a hundred years. Cape Town has 'the Cape Liberal'. He may be of British or Dutch, Huguenot or German descent. If he has a Dutch name the Afrikaner Nationalists scornfully call him

one of 'the loyal Dutch'. The taunt appears long out of date, because it originally meant 'loyal to England', and the Cape Liberal of today is more likely to look towards Moscow. The cause of the Native, Cape, Coloured and Indian, is publicly espoused most loudly by this group, which is a misfortune both for them and for the many enlightened South Africans, of Boer or British descent, who work both for Anglo-Afrikaner reconciliation and for an improvement in the lot of the dark men.

Distrust of this group, I was often told, was mainly responsible for the defeat of General Smuts in 1948, which surprised the outer world. Many good South Africans felt they could not, for all his great services, vote for a party which was likely soon to pass from his leadership (he approached eighty) to that of his acknowledged 'political heir', Mr. J.H. Hofmeyr. The election was in fact fought on trust or mistrust of Mr. Hofmeyr, and mistrust won. The Afrikaner in Standerton who told me, 'We won't have Hofmeyr. He wants mixed marriages and five pounds a week for the Kaffir', was possibly misled by artful suggestion. Mr. Hofmeyr (who died soon after the election) probably never said that. But the recorded things he did say, many South Africans maintained to me, showed that popular distrust of him was fully justified.

To understand Mr. Hofmeyr, a most typical figure of this period, the story of Liberalism, everywhere, must be considered. Fifty years ago 'Liberalism' was in its heyday. On all hands 'small nations' longed for national freedom, and on all hands men thirsted for individual liberty. 'Liberalism' was the champion of both great causes, which inspired men everywhere. Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania were barely free of the age-old Turkish occupation; Serbia and Bohemia complained of the Austro-Hungarian one; Poland was partitioned between Russia, Germany and Austria; in Russia individual freedom was but beginning; on all sides the chastening of 'expansionist countries' and of 'despotic rulers' alone seemed necessary to bring about the freedom of small nations and of individual men. The much worse tyrannies which would be practised in the name of republicanism and of the common man could not be foreseen. There was a great work of liberation to be done. 'Liberalism' seemed clearly the force to do it.

Today, fifty years later, politicians in all countries, calling themselves Liberals, have promoted the re-enslavement of small nations and the destruction of individual liberty. 'Liberals' were foremost in supporting the extension of the Soviet area, across the borders of many small nations, and the Zionist invasion of Palestine. The thing has been turned into its opposite. The fragmentary Liberal parties of the present are but the stalking-horses of Communist Imperialism, Zionist Imperialism, and behind those, of the servile World State. The shining dream has gone, like the golden glitter from a gilded brick. Only the once-radiant name remains, and the use that may yet be made of it, for ulterior motives, among under-privileged peoples such as the dark-skinned ones of South Africa.

For these reasons many South Africans, when they studied the utterances of Mr. Hofmeyr, felt they could not reconcile them or trust him, or see in him an opposite to Afrikaner Nationalism, whom they could support. He claimed to stand or fall, as a Christian, on the treatment of the Native, and often used the phrase 'honour is better than survival'; however, he glorified the deed when half a million Natives (of Palestine) were driven destitute into the desert. He attacked 'Nationalism' in South Africa but adulated Zionist Nationalism. He wanted 'national sovereignty' abolished everywhere but desired that Zionist national sovereignty should be set up. He even thought the victory of Zionism the most important thing in the world (and therefore more important than anything in his own country), for he told a Zionist audience in Pretoria, 'I say to you, hold fast to that Zionist ideal whatever happens, for it *alone* can save Jewry *and the world*' (my italics).

Like nearly all leading politicians of the last thirty-five years, he appeared to accept the shape of the Master Plan and to drop Christian principles at any point where they conflicted with it. The man

and his mind are of the greatest current interest because his recorded utterances may equally reveal what moved in the minds of Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George, President Wilson and President Roosevelt, and still moves in the minds of living leaders in great countries today. The open contradictions are astounding, though they may be too familiar, among the politicians of this time, to startle anyone.

For instance, he told a Zionist audience: 'In all the annals of the world there is certainly nothing so remarkable in human experience, probably no phenomenon of such historical significance, as the preservation by the Jewish people of its national identity ... Though men might torture the body of Judaism they could not crush its soul. The lamp of national feeling was kept burning ... The Hebrew people is one of the small nations ... and from Palestine there will again flow rivers of living water for the healing and enrichment of the nations.'

These appear to be the words of an ardent upholder of the cause of 'small nations' and of 'national identity'. But Mr. Hofmeyr, as South Africans pointed out to me, in fact seemed to hold that *only* the small Hebrew nation should be 'preserved', for in an article on world affairs he wrote: 'All powers, small as well as great, insist on the maintenance of their sovereign rights. The desire to seek peace and ensure it is strong in the hearts of men but seemingly not strong enough to prevail against their determination as citizens of a particular state to insist on the maintenance of the sovereign rights of that state ... The United Nations Organization must become ... some sort of world government, at the expense of the sovereign rights of individual nations.'

Finally, as South Africans remarked to me, there was the astonishing variation in Mr. Hofmeyr's opinion about the way to treat Natives. Of the Natives of South Africa, he wrote: 'The policy of repression would involve us in the hopeless task of building a permanent European civilization on the basis of a repressed, discontented, hostile, majority Native population.' Yet he held that the repression of the Native of Arabia, by armed intruders from overseas, would 'save the world', and should be pursued by any means and at any cost. The sum of his beliefs, if he was sincere in both opinions, seemed to South Africans who discussed them with me to be that 'the treatment of the Native' was a useful political issue inside South Africa, but that in the greater scheme of things the success of the small group of Political Zionists was more important than anything else, and that they ought to rule over the all-sovereign World Government. If he did not mean that, these South Africans thought, his mind must merely have been full of confusions for which no other adjective offers than 'Liberal'. In either case, they held, he was not a man to trust with the future of South Africa. Listening to them, I recalled that he was, however, a man with powerful political counterparts in England and America.

Mr. Hofmeyr, then, was for better or worse the representative of 'Liberal opinion' in South Africa, the cause of General Smuts's defeat and of the victory of the Afrikaner Nationalists, at a critical moment in the country's story. A sincere and genuine liberalism, South Africans told me, might have had a great future in the land, but they could not understand or believe in 'the Cape Liberals' as embodied in him.

The dilemma represented by Mr. Hofmeyr is, I find, present in all countries today; he was but the South African example of a universal type. South Africans, of either race, who would have liked to vote against Afrikaner Nationalism could not bring themselves to vote for him. He avowedly supported another, alien nationalism. Similarly in England men who would like to vote against a degenerate Socialism and for a patriotic party, find when they examine the Conservative one that it is subservient to Political Zionism, which is an alien cause. Exactly the same phenomenon appears in the United States; Americans who distrust the course of the Democratic Party and Democratic Presidents, if they turn to the Republican Party find it trying to outdo the Democratic one in championship of that alien enterprise. No party, anywhere, yet dares to dissociate itself from this

ambition, so that patriotic national policies are in pawn everywhere and the man who wishes through his vote to serve his own and his country's interests is deprived of the means to do so.

At The Cape itself something in the air seems to breed a gloomy kind of conversation which puzzled me. I thought the famous Cape must be one of the loveliest places in the world, lacking, for better spirits, only that which its white inhabitants apparently do not wish it to have: more white inhabitants. The first sight of it (and every new sight of The Cape is a first one) is of those experiences in life which never disappoint. I have come into The Cape by road, by air and by sea, and felt a greater thrill each time. The picture of Table Mountain, the white man's uttermost southern bastion, rising beneath its cloud-cap above the town and harbour, is unforgettable, a delight that increased, for me, with each renewal.

Yet the tone of talk there today is often similar to that which Trollope heard seventy years ago: 'It is a beastly place, you know' (said one Cape Town gentleman to him), 'a beastly place. But we have plenty to eat and plenty to drink and manage to make out life very well. The girls are as pretty as they are anywhere else and as kind - and the brandy and water as plentiful.' The brandy and water are still plentiful, and the good friends I made said much the same kind of thing; they ate, drank and refrained from being merry. I once dined with three residents of whom the first said the white man would sink into second place in the land and the dark one become uppermost; he had long thought of migrating to Australia. The next added that the only solution to *The Problem* was miscegenation, which was 'an impossible solution'. The third, though he said nothing, seemed to give silent assent to these forebodings, which rang strangely in my ear in so fine a place. Wherever I went I was told by angry patriots that miscegenation would never occur and had never been known, or by pallidly irritable intellectuals that The Cape was rife with it. These last showed a somewhat morbid interest in miscegenation; I was surprised to find the odour of Bloomsbury and Manhattan so strong in a place constantly swept by ocean breezes.

I saw a good deal of the Coloured people during their carnival and later. The luckier ones lived in tiny flats stuffed with bulbous furniture; the heart's longing to attain the levels of 'white civilization' was plain in their case, too. I saw them also in the dens of District Six, where the police go in pairs and only if they must; that is where the *skollies* live, the roughs or hoodlums. I saw them again living almost like wild men among the bush and scrub of the Cape Flats, their *pondokkies* often hidden from view until they were actually reached. A *pondokkie* is a shack built of pinewood, sacking, flattened barrels, tin, or any available scraps of material. A dropped match may set fire to hundreds of these, and once nearly a thousand of these people were made homeless by a fire which swept through the shacks like a tidal wave, a mishap which was of minor account because by next noon new ones were up.

*Skollies in pondokkies*: problems within problems, like wheels within wheels, some contracting and some expanding, so that always there is a point of friction somewhere. Yet, as in Durban and Johannesburg, the white men seemed more anxious than the dark ones, for a' that. The mills of God would grind out some solution, if the white man could not. The pageant I saw on New Year's Day could not have been enacted by people so hopeless as the Cape Coloured folk, like the Native and Indian, are depicted to be by the 'Liberal' of the Nineteen-Fifties, with his adjustable humanitarianism, his compassion at home and incompassion abroad. I have seen or heard tell of many pageants: the dance of the Catherinettes in Paris, the Battle of Flowers in Nice, the great processions of Brussels, the Lord Mayor's Show in London, Mardi Gras in New Orleans - all rooted in national history, old custom or deep tradition. Here was one of a people without a past and it was to me the most fascinating of all.

As New Year's Day waned I watched it from a seat on the veranda of the club. At the other end sat the Oldest Member. 'They do understand rhythm,' he said, 'it's a funny thing, I've watched them for years and I've never found out where they go to when they turn that corner.'

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## Chapter Ten

### ... FOR EVER JAVA!

I went to a Malay wedding, and felt that I passed from a noisy market into a quiet garden. The bride in her golden diadem sat among her maidens, raised above the guests who faced each other across laden tables set at right angles to her throne. She wore pink and the bridesmaids blue, but she would change at successive reappearances, perhaps into green and then into silver-grey and finally into white, being taken in a coach with plumed white horses to each of the several houses where guests awaited her. If a Cape Malay bride is poor she may change less often, but, rich or poor, her wedding is a fine affair, not to be forgotten.

A bridegroom (not her bridegroom, whom, she would only rejoin towards evening in her new home) sat on another throne among his groomsmen. These men all wore dinner-jackets and black ties, save he who wore a white tie with a black lining, which by reversal was apparently suitable for less joyful occasions: a thrifty arrangement. He smoked cigarettes and seemed far away, perhaps in spirit with his own bride.

The guests sang wedding songs in rising and falling cadences of half- and quarter-tones. They sang in Afrikaans, which has become the Cape Malay's language, as English is now that of the American Negro. One after another intoned the first bar of a new song and then all joined in. Sometimes the leader was the bridegroom, sometimes a groomsman, sometimes an older man or woman among the guests, and when these veterans struck up I saw the slyly mocking glances of youth pass between the girls, but this was hardly to be noticed because they were all people of great Native decorum, and dignity filled the room.

The songs sounded sad, but may not be so; they may have been full of the beauty of youth and hope and mating and merely pitched on a note unfamiliar, and of mournful ring, to the European ear. If the melancholy of captivity or exile remained in them, this was natural, for they were the songs of a people cast far away from their country, who in the slave-days were not allowed abroad after nine o'clock and spent their evenings making songs, weaving legends and telling tales of home. The name of the Baas ran through them. All weal or woe depended on the Baas, in those days, and his stern figure still moves through these melodies. I heard in them a sound akin to Poor Ole Joe's lament.

Poor Ole Joe, however, would have felt strange in this fine company. There was elegance here, and serenity and beauty. Among the girls on the bridal dais and around were faces perfectly oval with a smooth calmness of brow and eye seldom found in Western physiognomy. Many of the women wore a headdress, usually in some enchanting shade of blue, which seemed to be an adaptation of the veil, a daughter of the yashmak, a thing of gossamer cunningly falling from the temples and caught up beneath the chin.

Of the bridesmaids, one was dark brown with features slightly negroid; another, light-skinned and grey-eyed, could have passed for an English girl; the third, whose almond eyes were set in an oval, olive face, was of pure Malay type; the last, being dark with rather sharp features, might have been a Frenchwoman. As they came down from the dais, to go in state behind the white horses to the next reception, the grey-eyed one, from her untutored dignity and calm, gave me a smile of the most natural friendliness. I would have liked to fall in with the procession and discuss with her whatever matters a Malay girl in Cape Town likes discussing....

In the Cape melée the Cape Malay stands apart. Among the throng which fills The Tavern of the Seas with its great argument, he remains quiet. He is of a lost tribe which is not lost. The Coloured people do not know to which colour, country or creed they belong. The Cape Malay has no clearer or brighter future than theirs, but he has the inner balance which membership of a great and distinct community gives. He is not a hopeless litigant against destiny because he has the comfort of a universal religion: Islam. Accepting the omnipotence of God, he takes pride in his daily service to Caesar. He is diligent and law-abiding. Having a spiritual home, he is not homeless.

There are only 35,000 Cape Malays. They came of two main stocks. First, the Dutch rulers of The Cape, from 1667 to 1767, imported slaves from the Malayan Peninsula and its adjoining islands for the benefit of the burghers. Second, the Dutch rulers of distant Java sent to the Cape Malayan political leaders who resisted their efforts to subdue that country. Thus the highest and the lowest join at the roots of the Cape Malays. Afterwards came many infusions of other blood; Arab, Indian, Ceylonese, Chinese, European, Coloured, Negro and a little Bantu. Yet a fairly pure Malay strain survived dominant, and the centripetal force of Islam, whose followers are called Muslims, has proved stronger than all centrifugal forces.

The welding process began with the great Sheik Joseph, who fought the Dutch East India Company in Java in the Sixteen-Hundreds. He was taken prisoner and imprisoned in the Castle at Batavia, but from his prison still exerted so strong an influence on the Malays that in 1693 the Dutch exiled him to the far-off Cape, where he died in 1699, and where his soul thereafter went marching on. He was a pious prince, a great priest and great warrior, so that the tradition of God, honour and country lived on among the Cape Malays; his power over these uncomplaining people is now as great as it was when he lived. His shrine at Faure, overlooking False Bay, is a place of pilgrimage for them at all seasons, and from it other shrines stretch in a rough circle round the Cape Peninsula. Within it, the Muslims believe that followers of the Prophet will live 'safe from fire, famine, plague, earthquake and tidal wave'. There they have their being and obey the injunction of one of their traditional teachers: 'Be of good heart and serve your masters, for one day your liberty will be restored to you.' Liberty from personal slavery *was* restored to them. Islam gives them a spiritual home in exile.

Their religion affords these people what Christianity once gave lost, outcast or oppressed peoples, and may yet again give them: a bond of union with hundreds of millions of others of diverse races, stations and languages, strewn about the earth. It is the common faith of all these, and it has a common tongue, for Arabic remains the language of the Koran and of the mosque everywhere. 'It overrides the racial, national or social distinctions which must needs exist between a scholar in Egypt and a farmer in Java, a tradesman in Morocco and a journalist in Syria' (*Islam Today*, edited by A.J. Arberry and Rom Landau, Faber & Faber, 1943). Of the uniting force, across frontiers, which Christianity once was, the underground Christian churches of Bulgaria (which were built against a Muslim Sultan) still bear witness. Today, when Zionism has begun a war which may similarly unite and raise the Muslim world, the lesson of those subterranean churches is forceful.

I was once again impressed in Cape Town and Durban by the resemblances between the faith of the Crusaders and of those they fought. The Muslim worships God, though he holds Mohammed for the prophet of God, not for a divine being; he also regards Jesus of Nazareth as a prophet, but not as the Son of God. The Christian feels a respect for the dignity and simplicity of the mosque that he cannot feel among the horrific idolatries of Hindu temples. The mosque is the house of God) not of gods, and that he can understand. A familiar peace is in it, and from it springs the spiritual strength which upholds the Cape Malays.

The shrine of Sheik Joseph is their link with their ancestral homeland, Java, which they will never see. The mosque is their link with the holy city of Islam, Mecca, which they will by all means see

before they die, at any cost in thrift and hardship. Crammed on the decks of chartered vessels, they set out for Jeddah and from there, two to a camel, to Mecca, where the great mosque is lit by thousands of lamps and so crowded with pilgrims that the newcomer must bide his turn for kneeling-room. The vision of a lifetime is fulfilled.

‘It was beautiful, the great city which we all had longed to see: white in the moonlight, the mountains around us, the countless trains bustling about us, all lifted our hearts so that we jumped up and shouted for joy. I cannot tell you what I felt, what we all felt, on looking at the place we had all dreamt about so much from our youth.’

People who have such dreams, and make such journeys, are not homeless, and the penniless Cape Malay, returning a *Hadji*, is a man happier and fortified. For him his mosque in Cape Town and the voice of the muezzin calling from its minaret will ever after be Mecca. He keeps all the fasts of Islam and like Muslims everywhere begins the great one of Ramadan, when his elders, watching from the hills or rooftops, see in the night sky the first tiny silver sickle of the moon, no bigger than a paring from a houri’s little fingernail.

The sojourner in Cape Town, unless good fortune brings him to the right guide, will find the townsfolk uninformative about the Cape Malays and their quarter. Yet these are of the greatest interest. The quarter is a rare, if not a unique place, infinitely picturesque, with its lanes of terraced houses and its retiring mosques. Today overcrowding and slum conditions ‘have succeeded in tarnishing its beauty but not in destroying it’, as the great authority on this subject says (Dr. I.D. Duplessis, whose book, *The Cape Malays*, Maskew Miller, Cape Town, 1944, is an erudite and charming study). The Native is seeping towards Cape Town and its accumulating factories and seeks any corner where he may sleep of nights. Shebeens have sprung up; runners disguising themselves beneath a Muslim’s fez bring low-grade liquor in; the dagga-smoker sometimes runs amok. The Municipal Council has declared the Malay Quarter a slum area, and unless other counsel intervenes the place where the Cape Malays were happy in their fashion and preserved their customs and traditions may be swept away....

I was sorry to leave the feast. The bride was gone and the bridegroom who was not hers followed, because his own bride was due. I wondered whether he already had a wife or wives, and whether there were so fine a pageant for each new one. The Muslim may have four wives. However, the law of his religion is that he must treat them all alike, so that if he is tempted to buy the new one a pair of nylons he may be deterred by the thought that the others are entitled to share. If the Cape Malay seldom has more than two wives nowadays, this may be the reason.

I admired the dignity with which these people suffered the presence of an inquisitive stranger. They still sang as I came away. Later I heard a Malay choir sing the most famous of their many folk songs, which has nothing to do with home and Java and on the face of things is a surprising one to hear from people once enslaved. It is ‘Daar Kom die Alabama’, or ‘There Comes the Alabama’. Apparently the Cape Malays rejoiced equally with the other populace of Cape Town on that July day in 1863 when the famous raider appeared off Cape Town. Their hearts, apparently, did not beat for the slave-freeing Yankees, but for the slave-owning Southerners. In the light of this century’s events their instinct may have been sound; anyway, the American Negro has remained in the South.

But I felt they were not singing about the ‘Alabama’. The emphasis was on the words, ‘far across the sea’. They must mean very much, in any context, to folk who came, as exiled leaders or captive slaves, from so far across the sea.

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## Chapter Eleven

### PARLIAMENT AT THE CAPE

I wandered along Parlement Straat - Parliament Street - and watched the end of the Greater Trek. At intervals motor lorries stood against the kerb and muscular natives passed heavy boxes and cases across the pavement, through doorways and up stairs. The Ministers and Envoys were returned by special train from the one capital, Pretoria, to the other, Cape Town, for the session of the Union Parliament. With a blare of brass the Governor-General's procession, in rehearsal, approached; a fine troop of mounted men in pith helmets, holding carbines before them, some infantrymen in lightweight battledress, some sailors. The South African, of Dutch or British descent, is a soldier born, astride, afoot, afloat and aloft, and rejoices the eye which has beheld parades in many lands. I watched with memories of Delville Wood and of South African comrades in the trenches and in the air. Nowadays the memory of Dingaan's Day in 1838 is kept green each year but that of Delville Wood in 1916 has been nearly buried in oblivion.

A few days later I watched, as a guest, the ceremonial opening of this young but historic parliament. A strong tree grows when the buds of separate ambitions are grafted on a common trunk, tradition. Here was the tradition of the Mother of Parliaments, adapted to South Africa's needs. Mr. Speaker, in his great wig and robes of black and gold, faced Mr. President of the Senate, who might have been the Lord Chancellor. The Ministers and Members of Parliament were on the left of Mr. Speaker and the Senators on the right of Mr. President. The Royal Salute sounded outside and Black Rod came in; he bore a Huguenot name. His Excellency, in plumed hat, was an Afrikaner, and the officers of the three Services, behind him, had Afrikaner or British names, perhaps in the proportion of three to two. The Governor-General passed between ladies who performed a movement like the breaking of a roller on a smooth shore, and ascended to the Throne. In his person the King was present, who in person occupied that Throne and opened Parliament the year before. Perhaps that was the last time South Africa was generally happy, until it finds kindness and a common cause again. The King's visit briefly supplied that uniting force which South Africans long for. It joined masses of people who are otherwise kept divided by a political harping on old resentments. Whether a Nationalist Afrikaner republic could provide a similarly uniting force is something which remains to be tested.

Once Royalties or British generals represented the King in this parliament. Now an Afrikaner performed the office with the same dignity. This was tradition in the making, and admirable. Once the Admiral (from the Royal Navy's Simonstown, round the corner) stood at the Governor-General's right hand. He was the symbol of the sure shield, as the Governor-General was that of the uniting force. Now the Admiral was relegated to a place behind South American chargés d'affaires. That seemed pointedly ungracious, but tradition, wisely guided, may outgrow such things.

I watched this impressive scene with thoughts of many other parliaments in my mind. There was General Smuts, painted by Rembrandt into the canvas, gazing inscrutably towards the Throne. At his side sat his political heir-elect, Mr. Hofmeyr, a much younger man who nevertheless was soon to die, though not before an election was lost and won over him. General Smuts I studied with deep curiosity. No other life, in this tumultuous half-century, can compare with his for shape and colour save that of the man he fought against fifty years ago, Mr. Churchill.

This man, I thought as I looked at his fine head, has watched the great chaos for fifty years. He was perhaps one of the only surviving two, in public life, who could explain all its mysteries. Did he himself understand them, and did Mr. Churchill? Both were enigmas to me. I could not understand their support of an ambition which, I believed, might make the second half-century more chaotic

than the first: Political Zionism. Apart from that, both their life-lines were clear, straight and comprehensible. Both spoke the language of Christians and patriots; both upheld lonely and unpopular causes when they thought right. Yet the lifeline of each contained this one inexplicable loop. I wondered if both had been caught up by something, the consequences of which were unforeseeable when it began, but are now becoming plain. 1917 was the year of this century's calamity, not 1914 or 1939, 1918 or 1945.

It was a rare privilege, later, to meet such a man, and I wish I could have obtained from him the key to this central riddle of the twentieth century, but short acquaintance was not enough for such deep-reaching discussions. I found that his mind dwelt on the heights of a lofty and philosophic detachment, from which, I thought, he looked down on the world with a growing conviction that God alone now could, and would, restore order. 'It all began with the South African war', he said, in allusion to the great confusion of today. I mentally agreed, thinking of the rise of the money-power between Johannesburg and New York, but probably he did not intend such a meaning.

He said on another occasion (not to me): 'I am sure there is some hidden pressure behind all the worries of Europe, America and Russia. It is a pressure that may bring a lot of good in the end. Do not think only of wars, of the wars we have just got through and the possibility of another great war. Hitler was an experiment to unite the nations. But it was an experiment of slavery and the Devil, and it failed. The goings-on behind the Iron Curtain are another experiment and this will fail too.' Yet these epithets seemed to me to apply equally to Political Zionism, of which he continued a foremost supporter, which his heir, Mr. Hofmeyr, called 'an ideal' to which the Zionists should 'hold fast'. As to that, again, General Smuts once gently rebuked the Nationalist celebrations of Dingaan's Day in these words: 'In my old age, and as leader of my people, in these dark days when far greater and more inhuman tyrannies' (than those of a Zulu chieftain) 'threaten the human spirit, hold hard to the jewel Christianity.' The astonishing perplexity remains: what place has the jewel Christianity in the diadem of Political Zionism? To that question no answer ever comes but the one that echo gives, yet I think it might lie at the root of 'all the worries of Europe, America and Russia'. However, it may 'bring a lot of good in the end', since truth must out.

To me the devotion of these two famous men, General Smuts and Mr. Churchill, to the Zionist ambition is the most fascinating conundrum of these fifty years. All the other politicians of international status who sponsored it died before they could see its first-fruits, but these two have witnessed whither it is leading. Each has so vast an experience, so sweeping a vision of the world and the age, that continuance in its support, in the lurid light of the present, becomes a major mystery.

My eye travelled on from General Smuts and his followers to Dr. Malan and his, who were on the eve of victory, and then to the ladies who sat facing the Throne. They were beautiful and well gowned, and many wore large hats with ostrich feathers. I surmised that they had not troubled their dressmakers again that year but were delighting the onlooker with the exceptional array on which they had spent many dreams the year before, when the Queen was there. Then the Governor-General began to read the Speech from the Throne, first in Afrikaans and next in English, for in this Parliament, like that of Ottawa, two languages are spoken. It is another example of the infinite adaptability of a good parliamentary model to diverse circumstances.

I suppose Trollope referred to Afrikaans, in its beginnings, when he wrote of 'coloured persons in Cape Town who among themselves speak a language which, I am told, the Dutch in Holland will hardly condescend to recognize as their own'. Its future was destined to be much brighter than his informants foresaw. Many Afrikaners today who were brought up to speak Dutch have had to learn Afrikaans. It is a vigorous and thriving language with many newspapers and a growing literature. To my ear it is well suited to poetic metres and the drama and has much of the resonance of

German. It has established itself and now claims the respect of all, without the condescension of any. If it can hardly become a universal language, that is because the Afrikaner's numbers are few.

Yet the political controversy about Afrikaans, like the whole dispute between Boer and Briton, seemed to many of my South African friends an artificial thing, artificially kept alive. The longest-lived of the Nationalist Afrikaner's grievances is that 'all Afrikaners speak English but the British won't learn Afrikaans'. The matter is not so simple. The chief virtue of this grievance may be, once more, that it is a grievance, the removal of which would offend the Nationalist Afrikaner very much. He usually breaks into English if a conversation is begun in Afrikaans and is apt to make wounding fun of the English-speaking struggler who strives to speak the tongue he claims to long to hear. The possession of a separate language (he has to speak English for reasons of trade and commerce) is in its way an effective political weapon. Speaking English, he knows the mind of the English-speaking community. Inside his own he uses Afrikaans, and his mind remains largely closed against the English-speakers. This is a chief reason for the gulf between Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking South Africans, but it is one which the Nationalist Afrikaner would not willingly see closed. However, his generation can only have its day.

His Excellency the Governor-General, Mr. Brand van Zyl, ended the Speech from the Throne and, preceded by Black Rod, returned between the curtsying ladies to the street beyond. I heard the music of the two national anthems; first 'Die Stem van Suid Afrika', and then 'God Save the King'. The whole ceremonial was full of dignity, tradition and common achievement. I hoped it might be part of a process of continued unity, not one of disunity and deterioration.

I joined an amiable host for lunch beneath a portrait of Cecil Rhodes. The Members all around were hearty, and their ladies gay. My hostess wore a big muslin hat, which I admired, saying it was not only becoming but must give its wearer an especial thrill by the thought of the agonies of envy and spoiled vision it would inflict on the one behind, who on such an occasion could not say, 'Would you mind taking off your hat!'

She smiled. 'I wasn't there, she said, 'but you seem to understand something of women's minds.'

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## Chapter Twelve

### NOCTURNE

The moon was white and high and its twin lay like a pearl in the oyster of Table Bay. The distant lights of Cape Town clustered in gleaming carnival round the dark mountain and sent little expeditions to climb its side in bright foray. On the hillside around were vineyards and the scent of flowers. I stood on a cool and colonnaded veranda among gathering guests. Behind us was a graceful room where shaded lights softly multiplied themselves in silver and cut-glass and wine, and good pictures hung above the mellow furniture of fine craftsmen.

My spirit rose to the beauty of the moment, while I privately repined over its one imperfection, the flaw in the diamond. 'On such a night as this ...'; it was a night for two to share and I was the only lonely guest. It was a night of stars, if not, for me, of love. The moon travelled slowly to meet its twin at the end of a silver pathway across the water, and perfume lay on the caressing breeze. It was a night for gladness, I thought, as we went to dine; one when wit should share with the golden wine the freedom of the table. Outside the door, like pretty serving-maids, the topics waited only to be called: beauty, music, tales of strange lands, the play and many more.

It was not to be. I think most travellers in South Africa find that the old resentments and the present problems dominate all talk to a degree that at first surprises them. This gives a sober, or even sombre note to social and sociable occasions which is hardly to be matched elsewhere. From Slagtersnek to the Peace of Vereeniging, from the Native to the Indian, from the Jameson Raid to the Coloured vote and back again the debate travels, and seldom deviates. I wondered if this grave state of mind derived from the climate and the dourness of the first Dutch settlers. That may be so; Mr. Ralph Kilpin, in his *Romance of a Colonial Parliament*, Longmans Green, 1930, relates that the members of the old Cape Council of Policy in the late eighteenth century had many an angry brawl, culminating in one when the Governor himself drew his rapier against a troublesome Councillor. Sometimes I wondered if men, or at any rate white men, were changing. Would the people of The Cape today, who often seem to find it a place of dour foreboding, devise for it, if it needed a name, that of the Cape of Good Hope?

Instead of the pretty serving-maids, the dark-visaged problems entered with the soup. I heard the tale of the Boer Spy. 'When I was a boy,' my neighbour said, 'my mother entertained an English officer in the dining-room while my father gave food to a Boer spy in the kitchen. You would need to spend a lifetime here to understand these things.'

I often inferred that my intelligence, even during a lifetime, would not suffice for their understanding, but on this lovely night my spirit rebelled a little against the problems and I tried, possibly with discourteous obstinacy, to strike a lighter note among the tolling of mournful bells. I suffered utter defeat. Thus, another guest reproached me with the British Government's critical attitude towards South Africa's treatment of the Natives. I thought the British Government a bad one in most things, but had never before heard that it took any attitude, condemnatory or other, in this matter. However, I said that if it were so, I fully agreed: the British Government treated the natives of England so ill that it should mend its own glasshouse before throwing stones. After deep thought the other man said he did not understand this; he was under the impression that there were hardly any Negroes in England.

Of all sad words the saddest are those which contain a jest unrecognized by its hearers. However, I unwisely rushed in again. The talk turned to the long, enforced separation of the South African Native from his wife or wives when he is recruited for the mines. I said mildly that, as a native

Englishman far from his kraal, I held this for a great hardship. Another guest rejoined gravely that at such short acquaintance I could hardly understand enough of these matters to form an opinion.

I tried again, in higher hope, when the debate, between two male guests, left the problems and turned to rams. One told the other of a man who had bought some rams in Australia and lost money on the transaction. His hearer remarked: 'Well, if I were buying rams I should get an opinion from a good authority first.' I said: 'But surely ewes are the only real authority about rams, and ewes won't tell.' My hostess seemed amused, but the earlier speaker, having given the matter consideration, said: 'I don't see what ewes have to do with it.'

So I fell to smiling amiably at all and communing with myself. There is a certain hostility to fun in South Africa. I do not criticize that, because I do not know if fun is A Good Thing: I just like it. This seriousness is not confined to people of the one race or the other. Trollope encountered it: 'I liked Pietermaritzburg very much ... but whenever I would express such an opinion to a Pietermaritzburger he would never agree with me. It is difficult to get a Colonist to assent to any opinion as to his own Colony. If you find fault, he is injured and almost insulted. The traveller soon finds he had better abstain from all spoken criticism, even when that often repeated, that dreadful question is put to him, which I was called upon to answer four or five times a day, "Well, Mr. Trollope, what do you think of ... South Africa?" Even praise is not accepted without contradiction.

I never felt any difficulty in answering the dreadful question, because I loved South Africa, but it remains true that praise and dispraise are equally likely to arouse objection. Nor is silence accepted without contradiction. My experience often was that the nod or encouraging smile alike drew a glance of suspicion and the remark, 'You are probably thinking that we ...' The views thus foisted on me were then demolished with stern reproach, for the speaker could not be deterred from thinking he or she knew what I thought. Once I lay in hospital, injured. A pretty nurse entertained me, during her visits, with complaints about The Immigrants. I mentioned casually that I was not an immigrant. She paused in affront, thought and said, 'Why not? Don't you like this country?' Had I said yes she might have been hurt, so I went to sleep.

South Africa is, in white population, a small country, but the great argument, about it and about, is the greatest I have heard in any land. It has not yet led, though, to a great increase in the white population or to that substantial betterment of the lot of the dark one which could be achieved only through such increase. I listened to it, on this and many other nights, without intruding myself into it, because I was a visitor, and never tried again to lead it towards a lighter vein, for that is plainly not in the hearts of the debaters.

The ladies went out, the talk went on, we joined the ladies and presently we went. I drove slowly through the fragrant night towards Cape Town, thinking of matters far outside the great argument: of my own folk. The road wound through woods and crossed the shoulder of a hill and I saw below me ships' lights in the bay.

I stopped to look at those lights. At the other end of the road which the ships had travelled lay home. I wondered what they were all doing. The children would be asleep in bed, their mother might be reading my letters or writing hers. If wishes were ships, I thought! Why could she not be with me at this moment and place; both were made for the likes of us. Not for many years had we begun a new year apart. I thought of the first New Year's Eve we spent together, and in the dark waters of Table Bay saw the fires of burning London; we watched them from the same window, that night.

The moon and its twin met and went away together. The night was left full of brighter stars. I drove down into a sleeping city, and soon its roofs rose between me and the ships' lights in the bay.

## Chapter Thirteen

### JUST NUISANCE!

For many years the pigeonhole of my ambitions contained an ardent wish to follow the Marine Drive southward from Cape Town along the Cape Peninsula to the fabulous Cape itself. Now, one blithe morning, I set out, put Llandudno on my right, turned across the Peninsula, ignored a signpost that invited me to Clovelly, and found myself in Devon.

Whatever the maps may say, Simonstown lies in that county. Here were the tang of Portsmouth and the air of Plymouth Hoe; intangible captains and seamen thronged the quiet dockyard streets; shadowy armadas of sail and steam, wood and steel, filled the bay. There was an exquisite little basin where once heart-of-oak lay in blue water and Nelson's buckled shoes helped hollow the worn white steps; I feel sure of that, for his spirit is in the air there. If his shade were to ascend those steps today it might pause to cast its one curious eye on the now-deserted Wrennery of 1940-45 and the little stockade which the propriety of My Lords placed between it and the merry sailormen. From tarred pigtail and straw hat to a jaunty cap set on bright curls! 'Emma would have looked fine in a blue tricorn with a gold badge', Nelson's shade might reflect.

In the Residency the Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic, yet lives among the engraved portraits of his eighty predecessors. It is a fine old Dutch house, adapted, among lovely gardens which face the magnificent bay, and has a cool grace given to it by generations of Admirals' ladies. Once, in a company far from this place, I asked: 'Why do admirals always have such exceptionally charming wives?' and was told: 'That is why they are made admirals.' If it is so, My Lords of the Admiralty must be wise men in more than seamanship. Even admirals' wives, however, need to be watched, I learned at Simonstown. In a corner of the Residency, like a large rocket, hangs the King's Colour, furled and enclosed in a brass-capped cover. This flag represents the person of the King, and through him the body and spirit of the nation, or family of nations, and may only be moved with the ceremonial befitting such an emblem, and a King's Guard. One startled Admiral, newly arrived at Simonstown, found his lady discussing with her head servant plans for sending the King's Colour to be dry-cleaned!

There was a sad void in Simonstown, as there must be in any naval base after a war. The great armadas, the captains and the seamen were departed, and only a few care-and-maintenance men remained in the dockyard. From the windows of the little Council Chamber, which said to me 'Here is the West Country', the mayor and aldermen, in their becrested chairs, looked out on a gleaming but almost empty bay. Only a cruiser and two sloops were in port. I went aboard one of the sloops, under friendly guidance, for a glass of beer. The spirit was the same as ever; the Navy, if reduced, was ready. I liked the way the senior lieutenant, approached with some query by a younger officer, said with easy strength: 'Use your common or garden loaf vulgaris.'

The Royal Naval Club, too, was at this moment a place of shadows and memories more than of living people. Kipling loved it and spoke of it in his tales. Here he sat with Cecil Rhodes and dreamed of the future. I do not like to walk on dreams and hoped I trod in the footsteps of living history still. After the most elevating cocktail I ever drank (it was jet-propulsion in a wineglass and I have its secret) and the most agreeable luncheon, I went to visit the grave of a dog.

That place, whatever might come about in the world, will remain for ever England. It was in a deserted camp on a mountain-top, overlooking the bay. Twice in this century the camp was filled with British seamen. The vibrations were still in it, for me, as it lay forlorn beneath the blazing sun. I heard the whisper of voices from Devon and Somerset and Lancashire and Scotland in the breeze,

and saw the sailors cocking their caps, chucking their chests, pulling their blouses down, as they set out along the steep road for a glass of beer in Simonstown or Cape Town.

Dogs ever loved the stir of a camp. Just Nuisance, a Great Dane, attached himself to this one during the war and became famous in all the seas. He travelled each day to Cape Town with those holiday-making sailormen, rejoined them in the last train back, went to sleep, and as it approached Simonstown ran through the carriages barking to waken other sleepers, whom he shepherded uphill to the camp. He died two months before the invasion of Normandy and, wrapped in a Union Jack, was buried with full honours of firing-party and Last Post on the mountain-top. My good friend of this day, who commanded the camp at that time, said he 'nearly blew up' as he made the funeral speech. Behind him the sailors, instead of sucking sarcastic teeth, shed salt tears. Above the grave a memorial finer than any seaman would aspire to now stands. It says: 'Great Dane, Just Nuisance, Able Seaman R.N., H.M.S. *Afrikaner*, 1940-1944, died 1 April 1944, age 7 years.'

I lately read the comment of an American returned from Europe: 'The world was a better place when it was run by the British Navy.' He might be right; nothing yet offers to fill the place which its passing would leave. Simonstown is one of the pillars of its strength, a British naval base within the sovereign Union of South Africa for as long as the Admiralty needs it; that was a condition of the compact. In both wars it played a vital part and in each was an offence to the Afrikaner Nationalists. The very thought of its loss alarmed those who see a future for South Africa only within the larger family. That the Nationalists should desire to deny the Navy Simonstown seemed an intolerable breach of faith, and even General Hertzog would not face that reproach.

But the beauty of the Commonwealth method may be that insoluble disagreements, treated with sweet reasonableness, often dissolve. Twenty years ago the question of Simonstown was explosive enough to blow up Union. In 1948 the Admiral publicly suggested that 'South Africa should accept greater responsibility in naval defence', with the ultimate aim of taking over Simonstown. The recommendation must have been approved by the British Government and hardly raised comment in either country. Its meaning apparently was that South Africa might assume greater part in the common defence, and in that sense might take over Simonstown. The Afrikaner Nationalist newspapers replied, in the traditional tone, that South Africa ought certainly to take over Simonstown merely for its own satisfaction, not for any greater purpose.

Whatever the future of Simonstown, or of union in South Africa, the British association freely gave South Africa a basis of self-defence, in all three elements, which it could have obtained in no other way. During the second war, when Durban was of great strategic importance, the British Government (or its taxpayers) built a naval base on Salisbury Island in Durban Bay; at the end this was handed over gratis to the South African Government and now serves the small but excellent South African Naval Force. The South African Air Force was born with the British gift of a hundred machines in 1921, and continued with the construction of airfields and training-schools during the second war. The South African Army (Union Defence Force) was supplied with British arms and equipment. The Nationalist Afrikaner Minister of Defence in 1948 announced that it would be reorganized 'so that it would become independent of co-operation from sources outside the Union' and 'modernized in such a way that it does not dishonour the sovereign independence of the Union'. In that spirit, apparently, the British military model and nomenclature were done away with and the Boer Commandos revived, with their ranks from Field Cornet to Commandant; in the opposite spirit, perhaps, the British Army in 1940 adopted the old Boer name, 'Commando'. The Minister also decided to rearm the Boer rifle associations, with weapons which (Senator Heaton Nicholls pointed out) were British-donated ones.

All in all, the story of South Africa's armed forces has been that of the strength which unity gives and which is dissipated when

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny.

Or so I thought, as I looked down on Simonstown.

This was one of the best of many memorable days I spent in South Africa, where something new and different begins and ends each day's journey. I came back to Cape Town thinking fondly of Just Nuisance and the sailormen, and proud of the British share in making this land.

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## Chapter Fourteen

### BRAND FROM THE BURNING?

Oddly, on the road between Simonstown and Cape Town my thoughts were suddenly transplanted from South Africa to Europe, to the great events I saw in the bud and the red blossom. For a little while the African scene faded and I saw again the greater one and its central figures: Berlin, Hitler, the war and its mysterious results. This happened in a curious way. My writer's road took me to a lady who lived in a lonely part of the Cape Peninsula. Her home was made of two *rondavels* (the circular one-roomed huts with a conical, thatched roof which the white man has adapted from the Native kraal) joined together by a small kitchen and bathroom. It was as cosy and comfortable as that which the urban agents would call a modern two-roomed flatlet with every convenience, but was set, far from neighbours, in woodland that was nearly wilderness. In wartime she even had to keep the blackout, so that it was a very solitary abode then, ideally suited to the telling of mysterious tales and the curdling of blood.

There, in 1942, she told me, she read aloud to her family a play of mine, 'Downfall'. It was written round my belief that when the climax of the second war came Hitler, That Wicked Man, would not be killed, but be spirited away. She said that, through reading it aloud in that remote and darkened place, she felt herself projected into the centre of the world's great hubbub and into the scenes, and the minds of the men, at its core. It was, she said, an eerie experience and remained so vividly with her that something of the eeriness returned with my appearance in her house.

When I saw her a book of mine, *From Smoke to Smother*, was in the press in which I said that the evidence, to me, suggested that in the actual event Hitler did not die but was helped to disappear. It was published in June 1948. A little after that a matter came to light which, I think, supports my anticipation of 1942 and my opinion of 1948. I feel pretty sure today that Hitler, whether he is now dead or alive (and I do not attach great future importance to his own survival, only to the lesson for the future) did not die in his encircled Chancellery in Berlin. I should be happy if I could live to see proof or disproof of this, for it is a large root in the couch-grass of truth, which has many roots and no one beginning or end. To me one of the most astonishing things of this incredible century is the way the masses of mankind, having been told for years that Hitler was The Guilty Man above all others, and that with his death good would return to earth, placidly accepted dubious evidence of his end and at once forgot him. The implication of that is that the power of suggestive information, or 'propaganda', over the mass mind is almost boundless, and that again is something more important in the future than the question whether Hitler is *now* alive or not.

I must for clarity recapitulate this fascinating story as far as it now goes. Early in his twelve years of might I began to suspect that Hitler was not what he professed to be: merely an arch anti-Communist and anti-Jew. His actions, I thought, would clearly help Communism and Political Zionism (and the outcome of the second war proved this). I was at first puzzled that he did not see so plain a consequence. Later I thought he *did* perceive it and was the accomplice of these two powerful forces. Twenty years ago the theory might have been beyond credence. Today, in this century of masks and secret allegiances, it is reasonable. The man of one sworn loyalty, and a different, hidden one, is now a familiar figure in all countries; he has appeared in the trials of Dr. Alan Nunn May and Dr. Fuchs in England, of an M.P., officers and officials in Canada, and of certain persons in America. I thought Hitler a man of this type, but risen to the highest place instead of just to a high one. It seemed to me that, for great successes, which they could not otherwise achieve, Soviet Communism and Political Zionism needed an apparent antithesis, as a heavyweight champion needs a sparring partner. I believed Hitler played this part, and think the results of the last war uphold this reading of his part in our affairs.

For one thing, his appearance was as mysterious as his disappearance. Although the British and Americans, when they reached Berlin and Vienna, were able to put their hands on a mass of documents one would have expected to be destroyed, the Viennese police dossier of Hitler's formative years before 1914 has never been published. Chancellor Dollfuss is supposed to have been killed, in 1934, because he knew of it. His successor, Chancellor Schuschnigg, may also know of it; he was present at the Nuremberg Trial but was not put in the witness-box, although the invasion of Austria and his own treatment were matters in the indictment. At every turn a blank wall opposes those who try to find out what manner of man Hitler was, what he did and with whom he consorted in those significant years. Who enabled him, then, an obscure nobody apparently without a past, to spring into the central limelight of affairs in 1919, like the demon king in pantomime? I never learned an answer to these questions, but by 1938 I thought the Rabbi of Prague (see *Disgrace Abounding*, 1939) might be proved correct, who said. 'Hitler is the Jewish Messiah.' Not all rabbis agree that Political Zionism is Messianic, but this one thought so and by that standard could today claim to be right.

Therefore I conjectured that this man-from-nowhere might in truth be the accomplice of Communism and Political Zionism, two forces which have always supported each other. His 'Fascism' thus seemed to me to be merely the third prong of one trident, with which the cauldron of our century is kept stirred. This theory, I calculated, would be proved or disproved at one definite, foreseeable moment. If Hitler were genuinely what he claimed to be, he would die when the ring closed on him. If he were *not*, his escape would be contrived by other conspirators.

The testing moment came. Hamburg Radio announced on May 1st, 1945, that Hitler committed suicide in his dugout on April 30th. That was the kind of announcement which my theory foresaw. But was it true? In 1947 the available evidence was assembled in Major Trevor Roper's book, the title of which, *The Last Days of Hitler*, contained the summing-up. In *From Smoke to Smother* I said that this evidence seemed to me *not* to establish the death. I thought a case for a preconcerted escape could equally be built on it. The significant points in the whole matter, I held, were these:

Apparently by prearrangement between President Roosevelt and Stalin at Yalta, the Allied advance on Berlin was so ordered that Soviet troops should take the city. One might surmise that the matter was presented to the dying President as an unimportant one of 'prestige'. In Hitler's dugout, as the ring closed, was a General Hans Krebs who 'had served in Moscow for a long time before the war' and who (Major Trevor Roper's book revealed) was sent out on the night of Hitler's alleged suicide to parley with the oncoming Soviet commanders. He has not been seen again, and appears to me likely to have had a hand in any contrived escape, if there was one. The bodies of Hitler and Goebbels were not found, and no trustworthy witness verifiably saw Hitler dead. Hitler and Goebbels, the two chief leaders, were not included among the accused at Nuremberg. If their death was held proven, why was not also that of Martin Bormann, Hitler's Deputy, who was tried in *absentia*? The evidence of his death or disappearance seemed not much more or less convincing than that of theirs.

Thus my reading of what was known was that Hitler, Goebbels, Krebs and perhaps Bormann were enabled to escape by confederates, possibly among the approaching Soviet forces. If that were so my theory about Hitler's real allegiance and motives was established, at least to my satisfaction. To this point I carried my argument in *From Smoke to Smother*.

Then came the sequel. After the publication of that book I read one published in America, namely, the private papers of Mr. Harry Hopkins (*Roosevelt and Hopkins*, by Robert E. Sherwood, Harper, 1948). Mr. Hopkins was one of the somewhat mysterious advisers of President Roosevelt. President Roosevelt died twelve days after Hitler's alleged suicide. Mr. Hopkins died nine months later. After President Roosevelt's death he was persuaded by the new president, Mr. Truman, to undertake a

last mission to Moscow. His reports to President Truman of his conversations with Stalin, whom he met in Moscow about a month after Hitler's supposed death, are contained in this book. He records that Stalin told him:

*(1) In his opinion Hitler was not dead but hiding somewhere; (2) He even doubted if Goebbels were dead; (3) The various tales of funerals and burials struck him as being very dubious; (4) He thought Hitler, Goebbels, Bormann and probably Krebs had escaped and were in hiding; (5) He was 'sure Hitler was alive'.*

Stalin was the man-in-possession and had first call on all authentic evidence. His statements may be compared with my deductions in *From Smoke to Smother*; they are almost identical. To the best of my knowledge they were not made public until they appeared in Mr. Hopkins's papers, years later.

The impressive fact emerges, for the unhappy future historian to ponder and wonder over, that the masses of mankind were led to believe that The Guilty Man was beyond doubt dead and that the Nuremberg Trial was staged in that tacit assumption, while the man best placed to know thought him alive. The American President knew of Stalin's opinions, and presumably communicated them to the British and other parties concerned. The four governments which joined in the Nuremberg Trial agreed in striking Hitler's name (and Goebbels's) from the indictment, although all must have known of Stalin's disbelief. Every word that Stalin utters is today what the Americans call 'headline news'; in this little matter his view was not worth considering or publishing.

His open expression of scepticism suggests that he was not privy to any preconcerted arrangement, if there was one. That does not explode the theory, any more than it explains why the Soviet dictator did not publish his own doubts. If Hitler escaped I should think he had helpers in places where the public at large would least expect to find them. I think there may have been a superior coterie of conspirators which joined hands across all the 'fronts' of the war, and that its results point to this. At all events, these particles of truth come through the sieve: that Stalin was one of the three most powerful men in the world at that time, that he did not believe in Hitler's death, did believe him living, and nevertheless joined with all others concerned in staging a show trial at which the chief accused was not even charged because he was assumed dead, while lesser tools and dupes were hanged wholesale.

If I could have three wishes granted, the first would be to know Mr. Churchill's opinion in this matter. He was the most vehement accuser of 'the wicked man' who, in the event, was not even accused. Mr. Churchill, by strange chance, had earlier experience of a wanted man who mysteriously vanished from a citadel, burning and apparently surrounded on all sides, and therefore has an especial qualification to judge the possibilities of such an escape. Many years ago he supervised the siege, by armed police and soldiers, of a building in Sidney Street, in the East End of London, where a gang of anarchists, of the Communist or Stern Gang type, was trapped. The chief of them was one Peter the Painter, a man similar in his type and obscure origins to Hitler and Tito.

When the house was burned down the bodies of his accomplices were found in the ashes. Peter the Painter's was never found. Somehow, he was spirited away....

*Since writing this chapter I have received reports, openly published in the German newspapers of the British zone, that Martin Bormann, Hitler's Deputy, is alive, in the Soviet zone, and in Soviet employ.*

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## Chapter Fifteen

### THE FICTION OF FOOD FACTS

On an eerie African night, shrill with insects, I drove through what seemed to be jungle to a rough clearing in which I discerned the dim shape of a house. As I got out I stumbled against a motor car, and then another, and by peering found that half a dozen stood around, beneath great trees. Only one light burned in the house.

‘Is it a big household,’ I asked, ‘or is there a party?’

‘Oh no,’ said my companion, ‘these are all Hendrik’s. He just leaves his old cars here as he uses them up and buys new ones.’

I liked the notion of leaving old cars to die in their tracks; there was a lordliness about it, and in South Africa, outside the suburbs of the cities, the tidy-front-lawn tradition is not needed. It may not even be possible, for lawns are hard to grow. True, the bowls enthusiasts, who are numerous, succeed in producing them, but golf-course grass is a major problem in South Africa. However, what is misery to the green-keeper may be joy to the player; the first hole at the Royal Johannesburg course, which is five hundred and ten yards long, was done in one during drought!

These motor cars were a sign of two difficult problems which, men told me, harassed the South African farmer at that time. The first was whether to buy, or not to buy, a new supercharged Mammalac. The second was where to find an accountant who could keep the revenue wolf from the farmer’s door. He was having wealth thrust upon him. He was the victim of circumstances which at this moment enriched and later might impoverish him.

When you travel about the world you see the reverse, or fictional, side of what are advertised in England as Food Facts. The politicians there have discovered the luscious word ‘shortage’ and the delight of proclaiming it a permanent thing. This enables the ‘emergency’ of war, with all its delightful powers over people, to be made a perpetual emergency of peace; it allows new ministries to be set up and staffed, taxes to be maintained at the highest level, ‘rations’ to be issued as to a prison population, informers to be engaged, and the citizen reduced in hope and spirit by thin diet and the constant threat of worse. Since the condition of Permanent Shortage was foolishly not provided for at the creation, never before existed, and would never be produced by act of God, the illusion of it needs to be created by the hand of man, and this is done by placing artificial barriers between the growers and eaters of food. The arrangement is called Food Control, by which governments drunk with sight of power forbid growers freely to grow and sell, merchants freely to seek and buy. The name reveals the purpose. If Food Control were meant to increase and cheapen supplies it would be called Food Promotion. A Food Promoter (or Housing Promoter, Fuel Promoter and Letting Promoter) who did not supply food (or houses, firing or rooms) would soon be out of his post. A ‘Controller’ will clearly never need to fear for his because his job is to perpetuate a want; the greater and longer the ‘shortage’, the more secure his tenure.

By some natural law of compensation, however, the creation of an artificial deficiency creates a surplus somewhere else; it is like squeezing a tyre. By producing a deficit of supplies in the public mart, an excess is caused in the clandestine one round the corner. By repressing the energies of honest traders those of illicit ones are expanded, and any section of the population which, by tradition or training, is especially skilful in eluding such restraints is enriched.

Hendrik, my host of this amusing evening, was by the chance of the moment among the honest men enriched by this process. He was an enlightened Afrikaner, who knew a great deal of the outer world which he had never seen, and dimly perceived the design, of universal enslavement, behind the smoke screen of 'shortage'. He was a big fruit farmer.

'In former days,' he said, smiling in his beard, 'we used to grade and market our own fruit, find our own buyers, and be well satisfied if we got three shillings a box. Now we have A Board, which tells us how much we may grow, lumps all the fruit from all the farms together, and sells it to your government at a price agreed between it and some clever gentleman from your Ministry of Food. I'm sorry for your people.'

'Why?' I said.

'We get twelve shillings a box now,' he said, 'and large bonuses drop on us from the skies.'

'Bonuses!' I said.

'Yes,' he said, 'five, eight, ten thousand pounds.'

'But why?' I asked.

'Don't ask me, he said. 'I don't know. Look here.' He showed me official figures: 'In 1946 the Fruit Board paid out sums of from £5000 to £50,000 to 30 farmers; in 1947, sums of from £5000 to £50,000 to 143 farmers.' He smiled again. 'We would have done well with much less than that,' he said.

'You certainly do well,' I said. 'Do you complain?' 'No,' he said, 'but I still don't like it. We could grow more and sell cheaper. What are your people paying for this fruit in London? Two shillings and sixpence a pound for grapes, perhaps? It's farcical.'

'What would you like changed?'

'I would like to grow fruit in my own way, to my own standards, he said, 'find my own buyers and sell as much as I can grow as cheaply as suits me. I'd like to think that the people who eat it can eat as much as they want at a fair price.'

I thought of this conversation when I read, in a report from England, that the Minister for Rationing told Scottish housewives he 'completely disagreed with them that food subsidies should be abolished; that would be ruinous to the interest of the working people'. The price these pay for fruit appeared to me, in the light of Hendrik's remarks, to contain a very large subsidy.

The mystery of food in England presents itself in many new aspects to the English traveller when he studies it from afar. I privately disagreed with Hendrik when he said the system was 'mad'. If Food Control were considered innocently as an honest attempt to feed populations, such consequences would indeed prove it mad. But if it is a carefully planned way of inflicting political servitude on people it is sane enough. By that measurement sanity might be found in the advertisement I found in a South African newspaper:

'Britain Wants British Goods To Re-enter Britain; send your friends at home ...' (and here followed a list of British products which British people in their homeland are forbidden to buy). This story of ships steaming to distant lands with British food or manufactures and then taking them back to Britons who may not acquire them until they have made the return journey is one of the non-

advertised Food Facts. However, the double journey is not strictly necessary. For those who have the money and the friend in South Africa (or, as I later found, in America) anything from a British motor car to a packet of British biscuits may be obtained *in* England, if the order is placed in the oversea country. I could not guess how often the actual cash is paid there; the important thing appears to be that a book-keeping transaction should occur in the distant land before delivery is made in England. In many oversea countries the large stores show notices offering delivery of goods from British firms to recipients in Britain. Personally I should like to see the system made use of by every single inhabitant of the British island, because then the whole sham of 'shortage' and 'control' would collapse and Britain would prosper again.

Hendrik was, as I say, an enlightened man. 'You know that £80,000,000 loan,' he said as I left, 'well, I don't think we were giving much away when we made it. I fancy a lot of it will come back this way in the form of our bonuses and your high prices. Why do your people suffer it?'

'I don't know,' I said, 'they're very long suffering.'

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## Chapter Sixteen

### SOUND OF A HORN

I wrenched myself with regret from The Cape, hoping soon to return. The gods, when they picnic, must often choose to sit at that homeric, white-clothed table between two oceans and look down in jovial content on the town below, with its brief but brilliantly patterned history and its kaleidoscopic human scene. Johannesburg is the kinsman of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles; Durban is a beleaguered white man's outpost like Shanghai and Singapore; Cape Town, for all its Coloured People and Malays, is distinctively an outcrop of old Europe. Fortunately I saw it often again.

Strange mischances often befall me on journeys and early in the four hundred miles of this one my horn began to sound, first intermittently, then incessantly. That happened to me once in my Little Rocket in the Ringstrasse of Vienna and I then first knew the sensation of being (as they say) the cynosure of all eyes. On this day, having far to go, I resolved to press on. In these wide and unpeopled spaces, I thought, my horn will neither disturb others nor bring me embarrassing attention.

A self-sounding motor-horn, however, is a strangely tyrannous thing. After a hundred miles, and two dorps, mine began to unnerve me. I turned on the radio full blast to drown it. Somebody sang 'I'm nobody's baby'. Five minutes later I conjectured that the self-same mechanical defect must have occurred at the same moment to an unknown broadcasting station; it could not stop transmitting 'I'm nobody's baby'. With a foolish impulse of self-preservation I stepped on the accelerator, madly hoping to leave both the note of my horn and of nobody's baby behind. Louder yet, both accompanied me. I tore through Africa in a pandemonium of noise; I doubt if so uproarious a traveller ever passed through those silent expanses before. It was exhausting, and I knew when I was beaten. I stilled the clamorous orphan. The horn continued, now on a triumphant note.

I cannot account for the feeling of guilt which an irrepressible horn awakes in its owner. I began to look nervously around. I found that the Cape Province was not so sparsely populated as I earlier imagined. Startled faces, usually dark, popped up on all sides like Jacks-in-the-box. I lost one of my boyhood's illusions: that of reverent admiration for gallant colonial warriors who held their fire until they saw 'the whites of the enemy's eyes'. What valour (I always thought) to wait until the imps were so near! I now found that the whites of eyes, particularly those of imps, are plainly visible at a full quarter-mile. Scores or hundreds of these eyes converged on me, all big with the accusing question, 'Why?' Though I thought the answer should be obvious, I tried to fill my face with so poignant an exculpation that they would understand. It was no use: a huge and indignant interrogation awaited and followed me along that road.

I grew rebellious. After all, it was my horn, and I could not stop it anyway; who knew when I would find a mechanic? I tried to look as if I habitually drove with sounding horn and disdained to meet those impeaching eyes. Then I came to mountain passes with endless hairpin bends, a precipice on one side (my side) and sheer rockface on the other. I saw without surprise that all the white motorists in South Africa were coming the other way. On upper slopes, I saw heads thrust out of limousines to see who called so clamantly afar off, and each time I edged past another car, with an inch between myself and annihilation, harsh voices called 'All right, all right, man, we can hear you, turn it off, can't you!' There is little compassion in the world, I thought, but as I could not stop or turn back, and did not choose to hurl myself over the brink, I passed toilsomely up that mountainside, between abyss and abuse, down its other side and came to George.

George is quiet, cool and shady, no place to enter with loud trumpetings. It lies below a great mountain, like Innsbruck, has one long street and some intersecting ones, and a tiny cathedral. It has lovely two-storeyed white houses, gay gardens with gigantic flowers and fine avenues. It has elegance and dignity. There is something of The Cape about it, and of New England, and even of England. It is in parts Georgian, and should be so, being named after the third George; it seems truly to keep something of his graceful time. It has a hotel with a veranda and a picture-theatre with Carmen Miranda. It contains many British residents and its countryside is populated with Afrikaner farmers. The twain unhappily do not mingle much and on the hotel veranda I have seen groups of Immigrants (early Afrikaner) looking daggers at groups of Immigrants (later British), an unprofitable thing, because the British never know when they are being looked daggers at.

‘The prettiest village in the world’, Trollope called it, and so it is, though the words might also be used of Stellenbosch, at greater risk of offence, because Stellenbosch, while its population is less than that of George, would object to ‘village’ where George would not demur. Both places have oaks, cool white houses, character and tradition. Stellenbosch is, however, a better place to study an Afrikaner institution, that of sitting-on-the-stoep. On those wide, stone-floored verandas families gather in cool of eve to watch and discuss the passer-by, neighbour or stranger. Sitting on a level higher than the street, these groups look like members of the last tribunal, and their stern mien reveals their judgment: perceptibly it is that the passing stroller will come to no good end.

I averted my face as I drove through the scandalized streets of George, pulling up with final fanfare at the first garage I saw. The horn immediately stopped. I explained what was amiss and hurried out of hearing in search of a night’s lodging. I could not face a further journey that day.

The next morning the mechanic said he had not found ‘much wrong’ but thought I would have no more trouble. When I was too far from George to turn back the horn began to sound again, first in pips and squeaks, then in unbroken sequence; once more the heads popped up from behind hedges and hummocks. I pressed the accelerator home and drove like a man pursued by demons to Knysna, which surprised little township I entered like a conqueror, with arrogant and brazen fanfaronade.

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## Chapter Seventeen

### THE HOUSE THAT GEORGE BUILT

The name George follows the traveller through this little patch of Africa like a refrain which he cannot quite recapture. It begins to haunt him at George itself and when he reaches Knysna he is still saying, 'Now how does it go?' Not only the little town fifty miles behind him is called George, but the whole district, and another man called George built Knysna. Moreover, these two small places, set in a remote African countryside where the poor whites multiply, near primeval jungle where the last wild elephants linger, tangibly belong together and have a common urbane character that links them with England far away.

If coincidence alone made neighbours of these two townships, one named after George Rex, King of England, and the other founded by George Rex, Esquire, it was a strange one. Was George Rex, Esquire, the son of George Rex, the king? What became of Johann Orth, who was The Man in the Iron Mask, why did the Crown Prince Rudolf die, was the Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha the Duke's son? The dividing line between historical mystery and old wives' tale is often hard to find. A semi-official South African guide-book baldly says that 'George Rex was the son of King George the Third, who married a beautiful girl named Hannah Lightfoot, assistant in the shop of a Quaker linen draper'. The authority is not given and, as far as I can determine, cannot be furnished. The story is old; it was told in *The Fair Quaker*, by Mary L. Pendered, published in the last century, but the authoress, although she believed it, wrote that no conclusive evidence could be discovered either of a marriage or of George Rex's royal birth.

What may be verified, then, is merely this: that a man bearing the remarkable name of George Rex appeared at The Cape late in the eighteenth century, when it was a place of remote oblivion, and between 1795 and 1797 was appointed to the equally remarkable office of 'Marshall of the British Vice-Admiralty Court' there. At the brief Dutch occupation of The Cape between 1802 and 1806 he, like other British people, went away from there to Knysna, then barely a name on any map. There George Rex, Esquire, presumably by mere chance, settled down next door to the village named after George Rex, the king, who may or may not have been his father. There, after the British return to The Cape, he acquired, partly by Government grant, estates of some twenty thousand acres, built a fine mansion and lived as a great squire in these far African lands, dying in 1839 among much public sorrow.

The grant of land suggests that he was a person of importance. If he was a plain private citizen, merely endowed with a name likely to arouse curiosity, the truth of his parentage has eluded a hundred years of discussion. If he was of royal blood, this showed itself in his taste and large enterprises which, if not regal, were princely. He was a man of unusual vigour and vision. The travellers' tales of that time speak of the great mansion on the hill near Knysna and of his courtesy and hospitality. It was larger than Knysna itself, a very settlement with its own carpenters, masons, saddlers and gardeners. He set out to make a port of Knysna and to found a shipbuilding industry there, and he built a famous vessel, the *Knysna* brig, which men say may be somewhere afloat even today, and by means of which the port of East London was found and founded. It was made of timbers from the stinkwood tree, ungraciously so named, for I never found that it stinks and it is a magnificent wood.

Now all is gone. Like Uptake, the house that Rex Whistler depicted, the mansion has vanished, and with it settlement, gardens, shipyard, brig. Only a memory and a mystery remain, and an unkempt grave. I went to see this, crossing a railway track and a field, and passing a hovel where a poor white woman and many children gaped over a fence. In untended ground enclosed by a crumbling

brick wall, within sight of the hill where the mansion stood, was this neglected grave with the plain stone: 'George Rex.' Next to it was another, broken.

They say (I cannot verify how rightly) that marriage officers of The Cape were, by high authority, instructed not to wed George Rex, and that he took to himself one or more wives, as most lonely white men did in those times, when there was none to say Nay or even Fie! Thus the Rexes, of station high and low, are numerous in Knysna today. Many stones in the churchyard bear the name. A Mayor of Knysna once tried to have the Historical Monuments Commission care for George Rex's forlorn resting-place. Surviving Rexes asked him not to interfere with private property.

Something lingers in the air there, like the faint echo of a protest. Either chance or man has tried to erase the memory of George Rex, Esquire, to cover up trails, to hush dispute. Yet from an untended grave and the site of a vanished house his personality still impresses itself on this whole place. Is it better to call the past dead and seek to bury it, or to treat it as part of the living present and decently debate it? A Hamlet might soliloquize eternally about that.

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## Chapter Eighteen

### POOR LITTLE WHITE GIRL

There were two girls in an untidy room with beds for five. One, who lay face down on her bed, raised her head as we entered and then buried it in the clothes with strange giggles, as if she might be accustomed to abrupt male visitations and thought they called for this coy pantomime. My companion glanced at me with an excusing shrug: he had previously told me that the bagmen sometimes claimed prescriptive right of way through these quarters. The other girl looked at us with dull, suspicious eyes. She frowned with the effort to understand when asked simple questions. 'Did you go to school?' She looked vacantly towards her companion, who, giggling and wriggling, ploughed herself anew into her pillows. 'Yes,' came the answer after two repetitions of the question. 'How many teachers were there in your school?' She could not reply.

My guide, as we went away, said it was 'a tremendous problem'. 'Little better than morons,' he said. 'Look at the condition of their rooms. We have shown them how to be clean but they cannot learn. Most of them have never been outside this place. I asked them all the other day and found only one; she had been, once, to George. They're baboons.' I knew this contemptuous epithet from the oft-told tale of the stranger from oversea who asked his farmer host if any shooting were to be had and was told he might get a baboon in the thicket across the fields. Returning later, he said he had killed several baboons but was surprised to find them wearing scraps of clothing and uttering half-human noises.

'Good heavens, man,' protested his host, 'you've shot the van der Merwe family.'

Later I saw all the girls from these back-rooms. They served my meals and were disconcerted by any request, for instance, for a spoon or for salt. They wore green-and-yellow frocks and green-and-yellow bows in their hair, smiled from reddened lips, or glanced from between blackened lashes at the predatory bagmen. They knew no way, however, to give sparkle to their lustreless eyes.

The poor white is another of South Africa's Problems, but not peculiar to South Africa. He occurs, as a mean white or as poor white trash, in the Southern States of America. Huckleberry Finn's 'paw' was one. The world of today may know more of him than formerly through an American novel and play, 'Tobacco Road'. In my experience, however, this work depicts him on the basest and most sordid level, much below the true mean. He is poor in cash, but also in wit and spirit, in countries where the white man claims an inherent or acquired superiority, so that he is a standing affront to his fellows, and may also be the instrument of God's reproof. He is of the white aristocracy. Be he never so humble, a Native does his chores, yet he often lives below the level of a self-respecting Native. Thus he lets down his side and, in that sense, is 'poor' or 'mean' or 'trash'. The words do not allude exclusively to his poverty or signify mixed blood; he is white.

Many explanations are given for the poor white in South Africa. The chief of them are that under the Dutch system of inheritance large farms, being equally divided among all sons of large families, in time become severally too small to earn a livelihood for their owner; that the poor smallholder, thus evolved, deteriorated into a share-cropper on another's farm; that he knew no other way of earning a livelihood and was unequal to the struggle with life in the cities, when the factories began to arise; that he gladly takes the meanest kind of work, which Natives should do if white supremacy is to be maintained; and much more.

I wondered, however, specifically in South Africa, if the chief cause might be remoteness from the great white masses and from his kind. A country with so small a white population, spread over a vast space, cannot provide adequate education for innumerable, scattered, tiny groups. The poor white often cannot read. Until radio arrived the umbilical cord between him and the white countries was quite severed. He lived in a country where a man, if he lacks a roof, may sleep under the sky and where he may usually find a mealie or a slice of water-melon to eat (and some bilharzia-infected water to drink). Deterioration is easy in such circumstances. The poor white may be only an example of what whole white races might become under conditions similarly unfavourable.

Later, in the American South, I felt that loneliness and remoteness from white masses could not wholly explain the poor white, for those factors do not operate there, anyway in the same degree. It seemed to me then that the poor white emerges where large white populations mix with large black ones, and specifically in areas where the black one was formerly enslaved. Then again, I wondered if the poor white were in truth a separate, problematic species at all, or merely one which showed up with especial sharpness against a black background. The bums and hoboos of West Madison Street in Chicago seemed to me human beings of the same type and level; but they were not 'poor whites' because there was no black background. They counted merely as white men in poverty, not as 'poor whites'.

If the 'poor white' is in fact a separate species and problem, then clearly he appears where white men and black ones meet, and especially where the black men were once slaves. Is this the vengeance of slavery? Two hundred years ago one of the Dutch Governors of the East Indies, van Imhoff, when he visited The Cape, said: 'I believe it would have been far better had we, when this Colony was founded, commenced with Europeans and brought them hither in such numbers, that hunger and want would have forced them to work. But having imported slaves, every common or ordinary European becomes a gentleman and prefers to be served rather than to serve. We have in addition the fact that the majority of the farmers in the Colony are not farmers in the real sense of the word, but owners of plantations, and that many of them consider it a shame to work with their own hands.'

The words of enlightened men ring sadly down the centuries; during the war between the States in America many southerners felt as van Imhoff felt a hundred years earlier. The penalty of restricting the white population and using slave-labour, in countries claimed for the white man, was the deterioration of a substantial mass of the white population to the level of the dark man, or lower. The same factors, in South Africa, hinder the process of regeneration today; slavery has gone, but the poor white still expects his household chores to be done by Natives, and the smallness of the white population delays great works of saving either soil or souls.

The poor whites mainly live in rural communities near such places as Humansdorp or Knysna, or seep towards the cities and their factories like the fellow-villagers of Adam Bede and Tess of the D'Urbervilles. The streets near the stations attract them, in Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban. You may see them whittling a stick beneath a palm tree on the Esplanade, mumbling to themselves in the City Square, or passing the cheap sherry to each other in Dock Road. In such remote places, as Knysna Forest they build themselves ramshackle hovels of corrugated iron or petrol tins, which may sometimes be seen peeping out of the trees, but not often, because these folk, living so near to the animals, like to keep hidden.

They are not a constant body of the population. Some lift themselves out of the mass, a few descend into it from a higher level. They are unfortunate people who are now passing through an experience which befell many Europeans a hundred years ago, but one which in their case has a menacing black background and less certainty of future emergence. They are of many kinds, some despondent and others hopeful. I once went, with a man whose work took him much among the

poorest folk of Cape Town, to see a poor white woman who had had nine children by a first husband and was just recovered from her sixth by a second. I was prepared for grim squalor and found, instead, a respectable body, clean and neatly dressed, whose spotless dwelling would have gladdened any parson's heart in an English slum. My guide was astonished. Believing that the human animal is gregarious, I thought this was likely to be a common effect of urban surroundings in such a case.

Then again, one night, I drove with two young doctors for thirty-five miles through Knysna Forest to a poor white woman of forty-two who was having her seventeenth child. Knysna Forest is original jungle in the middle of the Cape Province. The last wild elephants still inhabit it. It is an impenetrable tangle of climbing and creeping and crawling and intertwining trunk and tendril and vine, almost sealed against the light. It is the home of one of the largest communities of poor whites.

We passed right through it and came to a lonely cottage. The seventeenth baby did not live, but there was nothing poor of spirit about the mother, her other children or the house. There were all the signs of fortitude in a pitilessly solitary life. The old drama was played with dignity in this place not much better than a manger. The doctors saved the mother, and in the early morning set out through the jungle to their homes, thirty-five miles away.

There are no set rules about anything, I thought next morning, when my poor white girl brought my breakfast. The bow sat oddly on her unkempt hair and I thought she had not washed much before encarmining her lips and blackening her lashes. She was inarticulate, her thoughts went in slow motion, a request for sugar started a process of laboured and painful cogitation behind her dull eyes. She was of Europe, a lost one, a half-wild woman of the woods. I wondered how long wise teachers would need to quicken her wits. Not very long perhaps, I thought, but in a small white population there were many poor whites (they are computed to number about 300,000, or nearly one in eight of the total) and few teachers. Unless the white folk increased their numbers, it might be a slow process.

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## Chapter Nineteen

### AFTER US THE DESERT?

I drove along a baked road between scorched red mountains. A dust-devil went pirouetting in front of me, a whirling little dancing-dervish of a thing made up of scraps of dead grass and sand and other of nature's unconsidered trifles, caught up and whirled along by the wind. This was the country of the Karoo, the high and dry plateau which stretches for hundreds of miles when you climb inland from the green coastal belt of the Cape Province. Mr. Winston Churchill, surveying the Karoo, once wondered for what purpose God might have created it. It looks like desert, but it carries a tiny, almost invisible bush on which sheep thrive, so that farmers prosper. They need such consolation, for life in the Karoo is hard and burdened by ever-present anxieties about rain and water. The implacable sun blisters the very mountains and subjects the human organism to peculiar tests and trials. If it is stony ground for all else but the little weed, it may be good soil for old resentments, for here those of the unforgetting Afrikaner are long-lived.

I came to a little town, clustered round a church which was modelled on St. Martin's in the Fields, and joined some friendly folk for that brief hour which is cool and not yet dark. A woman said, reflectively, 'We only begin to live at this time', and suddenly I realized how true the words might be. That twilight, moreover, is short! The night that follows may be cool, but it is night, and in South Africa people go early to bed. It is the land of lost evenings, and who that ever loved a woman or a play would willingly picture his life without its evenings?

The Karoo is another of the problems, for, like the white man, the Native and the Indian, it is an invader, and none can surely foresee whose invasion will win. Large parts of it are desert and it has driven back the pastureland about 150 miles, from west to east, during the last hundred years. The geologists, who count in much longer periods of time, say they can trace four desert invasions of South Africa, each of which killed or drove out all that went on four legs or two, and they think this might be the beginning of the fifth.

Is it the work of men, in scorning the vengeance of nature, or the reproof of a higher power, if this is the fifth invasion? Suppose, for debate's sake, that the cultivation of the land in small holdings had been pushed outward from The Cape: would that have strengthened the soil, preserved the rainfall and beaten back the Karoo? I do not pretend to lay the finger of little knowledge on the all-explaining first cause, but the conjecture is fascinating. Instead of an expanding area of cultivated land, the trekkers spread the expanse of great cattle-ranches. Cattle was their wealth, and the Native's. They only grew what they needed to eat, on a small patch of cultivated land round the homestead, and the cattle roamed over the rest of their six thousand acres ('The claim of each Trekboer to a farm of not less than six thousand acres became ultimately an inborn right'; *A History of South Africa*, by C.W. de Kiewiet, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1941).

The cattle grazed the land bare, loosened the soil, and made tracks down the hillsides to the homesteads. The rains deepened these tracks into ruts, grooves, gullies and then ravines, into which new rains carried the thinning soil, and thence into the rivers. The same thing happened in the Native Reserves, where the increasing press of people brought multiplying flocks and herds. In many parts of South Africa today you may watch the rain washing the red soil from the hills into the watercourses, and the rivers carrying this lifeblood to the sea. Here and there men make valiant defensive efforts; they plough across the hillside, so that each furrow throws up a little earthwork against the downrush, or plant trees to fill the gullies. But erosion is great and, once more, the defenders are few. The policy of six thousand acres to a man, and to each man all the cattle he

could graze, claimed a penalty when the ranch was divided and sub-divided among sons and grandsons.

The Great Trek of 1838 destroyed South Africa's national unity until this was mended in the Union of 1910, which is threatened again today; some South Africans fear that it also may have ruined the land. Others wonder if nature here is too fierce to be tamed for long. The great friend, rain, for which all pray, becomes the great enemy when it carries off the soil. The universal longing for rain, the oft-heard comment that 'this country would be the finest on earth if we only had water', has to be set against the fact that the South African rainfall is in fact abundant, but that the way to conserve it has not yet been found, and that at present it produces erosion. Only a much greater white population, and the greater resources which this would bring, could enable works of rainfall-conservation and soil-preservation to be carried out on a big enough scale; that was the opinion I found among good judges.

Meanwhile the fierceness of the sun, the yearning for rain and the thinning of the soil combine to produce, in such places as the dry and lonely Karoo, that brooding state of mind in which old spites seem peculiarly to thrive. I went to a *Vleisbraai*, or barbecue, a picnic beneath the moon where chops and sausages were grilled over an open wood fire and were moistened in the eating with that brandy of which Trollope mildly remarked 'the merchants have not as yet found it worth their while to store their wines for any lengthened period'. It was an excellent feast and began in great heartiness, but soon that restraint emerged which the traveller will often experience in these parts, so that the merry-makers dissolved into separate groups beneath the trees and sombrely debated among themselves. There was a young man who sometimes mixed jovially with the others and sometimes sat apart, looking straight before him. He wore a ring taken from a dead British officer's hand by his father in the old, old war. I was told the dead man's family had once learned of this, and because the ring was an heirloom had asked him if they might not reacquire it. He was not willing. Its possession gave him happiness. Yet he did not look happy....

It was a fine picnic, in a cool green valley between the scorched red hills. I never ate such chops and marvel still that the lambs of the Karoo can be so tender. I understood the strain and tension of life there. A jovial fellow told me he longed for the Karoo while he was fighting northward through Italy. 'I suppose it looks like a desert to you,' he said challengingly. I forbore to say yes or no, believing that either would displease. More rain, less sun; that longing possessed these good people, I thought. What they might need even more, I felt, was something they would not allow: more neighbours.

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## Chapter Twenty

### IN BLANKETLAND

About half way between Johannesburg and Durban, during that first journey in South Africa, I saw on my right a magnificent mountain range. At its foot lies the Natal National Park and its Hostel, which I briefly visited; it is a place to make any traveller regret that he must quickly depart. Overlooking it is the eastern bastion of Basutoland, the Mont aux Sources, a mountain in the shape of a semi-circular table. It looks as if it were set there for the dispensation of justice on Judgment Day. It is overwhelming in its majestic proportions and seems to await a magistrate equally high and huge.

Beyond it lay Basutoland and that day I resolved to go there. Now, several months later, I made my way towards Basutoland through the Orange Free State, once described by Mr. Leonard Flemming as having 'more country and less scenery than any other part of the world'; it looked a pleasant land to me and I intended soon to return to it, but a later mischance upset my plans.

The Union of South Africa contains one territory, Basutoland, still 'administered by the British Crown', and two others, Swaziland and Bechuanaland, march with it. All three were British-ruled long before the Union was dreamed of. In virtue of pledges given to their inhabitants they remain under British rule, through a High Commissioner who divides his time between Cape Town and Pretoria, periodically visiting them. The Act of South African Union, however, made vague provision for their 'ultimate inclusion in the Union'. Their Natives, divided in many matters, unitedly object to such inclusion. They do not want to become part of the Union. Successive South African governments have urged that the time for inclusion has come. London has not yet agreed. At the British end the matter can only be one of principle, for the three Protectorates cost the British taxpayer money.

The entrance to Basutoland is marked merely by a modest archway over the road and a police post, but the traveller passes into a different world. This is not alone because the mile of approach to the tiny capital, Maseru, seems to have been laid out by a British Board of Works official with memories of Surrey in his mind's eye (and most attractive it is). A Basuto policeman admits the visitor and in Basutoland he will meet no white folk but Government officials, traders and missionaries. These may not own land; Basutoland belongs to the Basuto. Here a black race breathes freely.

That is the work of a wise chieftain, old Moshesh, who knew when to cry: 'Peace, enough!' Nearly a hundred years ago, after a lifetime of wars against other tribes, Boers and British, he sent a message from his unsubdued mountain stronghold, Thaba Bosiu, saying: 'Let me no longer be considered an enemy to the Queen: I will do all I can to keep my people in order in the future.' When this request was granted, and Basutoland preserved from the Orange State Boers, he rejoiced that 'my people have been allowed to rest and live in the large folds of the blanket of England. My country is your blanket, O Queen, and my people are the lice in it'.

It is a rare statesman who knows when to stop fighting and from which adversary to seek protection. 'What I desire, wrote Moshesh to Sir Philip Wodehouse, 'is that the Queen send a man to rule with me.' His desire was fulfilled and by that stroke of diplomacy he preserved a small nation in its own lands. He could have achieved the result in no other way. The Basuto remain today the only unconquered and independent Bantu tribe in South Africa. They are free in a world which knows no absolute freedom, but only the continuing battle for freedom, never won. There are not four freedoms, but only two: the freedom of a nation, and the freedom of a man within a nation.



The Basuto have more of both than any other dark man in South Africa. Their freedom remains balanced in the delicate equipoise established by Moshesh. While the Queen remains (her picture adorns their huts and later rulers are but her sons) the neighbouring Orange Free Staters cannot overwhelm their national freedom; while 'the Queen's man' rules over their chiefs, these chiefs cannot wholly destroy their individual freedom. The Crown stands between them and foreign invader and domestic tyrant alike. It is no empty word or worthless emblem: The Crown hangs chiefs if they kill and The Crown as yet preserves them from other rule.

It is fascinating to study the battle for freedom in this isolated, mountain-walled little country about the size of Wales (small lands coveted by others seem usually to be of that extent; Palestine was often so described before it was liberated from its native inhabitants). Basutoland is remote and not rich; cannot it be left alone? The contending coveters persist, and new ones appear. Not only do the Afrikaner Nationalists want it. Stranger ambitions make themselves felt, and I believe this may be the reason for mysterious things that are happening in Basutoland today.

The long arms of those two great forces which appear to me to join in wreaking the havoc of our time reach even into this little fastness. The money-power and the revolutionary-power both spread their grasp over it. In every little town stands the office of the Mines Recruiting Corporation, and through its doors passes the constant stream of Basuto going to Johannesburg to dig gold for entombment in Kentucky. In the reverse direction, across the mountains from Johannesburg, come the Communist organizers, Natives who have received 'education' in this sense and operate the little printing-presses in Maseru or work among the tribesmen. No land is too small or remote for the Communist Party if it offers the prospect of setting white man against dark one, tribesman against chief, or Boer against Briton, in pursuit of the larger design.

The Basuto chiefs have grown uneasy. They understand the Queen and the Queen's man, and They understand the Boer, and of the two prefer the Queen's man. But will The Crown continue to protect them, and for how long? If not, whose is the succession? Who are these new intruders, and why does the Queen suffer them? What is happening in the great world outside, where they hear of these new folk, Communists, spreading over half Europe and all China with the help of the white man, and of something called The United Nations which promotes war and invasion in Arabia, nearer home? Is the Queen less strong? Has old Moshesh's arrangement outworn its usefulness? Has his diplomacy lost its magic? In their perplexity of the Nineteen-Fifties the Basuto chiefs have recalled earlier tribal ways of warding off misfortune. Finding the times incomprehensible, they have been turning to the witch-doctors.

In tiny primitive countries and great advanced ones the root question is always the same: Who truly wields the power, who rules whom? President Roosevelt appeared supreme during fateful years, but who really prompted him? Chiefs may be destroyed through witch-doctors, and these in turn may have hidden mentors. Who controls the witch-doctors? Qui bono?

Before Moshesh successfully tried European diplomacy, the Basuto had other ways of fending off disaster. They were not in essence different from the use of herbs for balm or of the bark of trees for remedies, but they went much further and were used only against the gravest dangers to the nation or to a tribe, as embodied in its chiefs. For such emergencies as those only the strongest medicine (or 'drastic remedy', to give the true meaning) was useful, and it could only be made by taking various parts from a living human body, the eyes for sight, the tongue for fluency, the blood and other things for potency. Such was the ancient tribal wisdom, before The Crown came to Basutoland, and of late years the witch-doctors seems to have been advising the chiefs, in their perplexities of the mid-century, to have recourse to it.

'You need strong medicine' say the witch-doctors; strong medicine, to smear the pegs which then are placed round the chief's hut to ward off all dangers to the kraal and the tribe. The chief submits. Then the gleam of The Crown appears inexorably in these inaccessible mountains. The chief is hanged and his fellow chiefs are told that if the practice continues the very thing they fear will befall them: they will be reduced. The Crown agreed to protect the Basuto for the equal good of all, chief and tribesman alike, not for such deeds.

But whom would the ruin of the chiefs benefit? Not the Basuto, or The Crown, or the South African Union, should it one day succeed to the country. The hidden third party alone would gain, which is hostile to all. In effect these killings, committed by chiefs who are prompted by witch-doctors, seem to be a bid to destroy the achievement of old Moshesh, Basuto freedom, and I think that might indicate the motive and the real culprit.

For the present the Basuto remains a free man and proud. He is a figure of dignity in his blanket and plaited straw hat, on his tripling pony. Even without saddle or stirrups he seems part of his horse, which is the sign of his manhood; you will not see a mounted Native in the Union outside the Transkei. He is respected by the white folk who live with and rule over him. His country has one road running along its western edge and all the rest is mountain range; it is indeed like Wales. Over these mountains, which may be traversed only by pony and the stony Government Path, great storms perpetually rage while the verdant western plateau lies beneath a cloudless sky.

Along the one road lies a line of little townships, Mafeteng, Maseru, Teyateyaneng, Leribe and the rest, where the Resident Commissioner and the District Commissioner and the other officials of The Crown live. These places are still called 'Camps' from the old days of the Gun War and the armed occupation, and in them the British soldier has left a gentle memory of hard duty quietly done, and an honourable peace. This country reduced my respect for such gigantic enterprises as that of Mulberry Port. I wondered how companies of foot soldiers and troops of cavalry ever reached and maintained themselves in such places, eighty years ago. How did they ensure supplies, cross these fierce mountains, survive such storms, transport their ammunition; above all, what must they have suffered when they were wounded! I was badly wounded once and know what it means even to be transported quickly by stretcher and ambulance and ship to first-aid post and dressing-station and field hospital and hospital at home. My imagination quailed at the thought of lying out on these mountains in the 1880s without much more hope than that of a field-dressing.

I once took tea with a handsome old lady and gentleman at a place called Fort Hartley, set among a vast loneliness. There was peace and grace in it and at first I credited this entirely to the trader and his wife. Then I asked, 'Why "Fort" and why "Hartley"?' and learned that a British fort once stood near where a Major Hartley, long ago, won the Victoria Cross for bringing in a wounded man under the nose of the tribesmen. Near the fort was a tiny hospital, not bigger than a small barn. Now it was the trader's house. I wondered how the redcoats had found and whence they hauled the bricks, the beds, the instruments and medicines for it, in the Eighties. Sitting in the trader's garden I looked at its white wall and pictured the wounded man being brought to it. I went in and looked round the tiny ward. It was cool and still filled with a blessed peace. I hoped the wounded man recovered and that his rescuer survived....

Maseru, with its lovely Residency, appealed to me. I particularly liked its little daily pageant, the procession of the prisoners. These are the Basuto who have incurred the displeasure of The Crown and are in benevolent captivity; there is a much-told tale that on race-days the captives take their jailers out to see the sport. They are marched out, the men in red jerseys, and the women separately, in voluminous skirts, to do various chores. They are not shamefaced, but comport themselves as citizens who enjoy an especial and enviable status, and take apparent pride in their marching. The women, with their rhythmically swinging skirts, look like a Basuto Black Watch. The men throw

out their chests and chins as if they were bound to the changing of the guard in Whitehall. They enliven the Maseru scene and I commend them to any moving-picture photographer who may chance that way.

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## Chapter Twenty One

### THE CROWN AND MALEFU

Picture an infinitely lonely Basuto village set between heaven and earth. In a flat place with a little pasture, among rocky walls, are ten or twenty Basuto huts. Half a mile away may be the next group of huts; more probably, it is much further distant and out of sight. Around, mountains rising into mist and cloud, and the twilight thickening....

A woman comes out of a hut, gazes towards the grazing herds and calls, Malefu, Malefu! No answer comes. Malefu is her niece, a child of seven, sent by an ailing mother to stay with its aunt. Just so might Millie be sent by her mother in Kilburn to spend a week with her aunt in Islington, and just as Millie might be told to fetch a newspaper, so has Malefu been put to mind the goats. In these parts the children begin to herd goats and cattle almost as soon as they can walk.

The woman stands at the entrance to her hut, gazing and calling. Then she goes across the fields, pausing to ask another child if it has seen Malefu. No. She goes on, casts this way and that, calls, shades her eyes, and at last comes back in agitation. Other women come out of their huts and join her. They point and gesticulate. None dares say what is in her mind. They round up a man or two (the mines take so many men away!) and again figures spread out across the pasture, seeking, calling. Again they come back and chatter excitedly around the huts. Soon it is dark.

Malefu lies on an animal-skin in another hut, far away among the mountains. She is doubly unfortunate to be there, for the witch-doctor said 'a twin-child' and she is not one of twins (twins are apparently abhorrent to many tribes). Half a dozen men share in this blood sacrifice; a chief, the witch-doctor, a headman and others. Those who know them best deny that they know this to be a gruesome crime; they are tribal-law-abiding men who revert to an old belief. Nor are these deeds correctly described, according to good authority, as 'ritual murders'. They have nothing to do with the tribal religion. They are committed to obtain the strongest medicine or most potent remedy, against threatening dangers.

Even a woman crouches behind the men and watches, feeling ... who shall say what? None can with certainty say what passes in the minds of primitive people; that, at least, is my conclusion. Whatever her feelings, they are not those of a mother. She is there by the witch-doctor's command; 'a barren woman', he said.

Perhaps Malefu did not suffer much, although the witch-doctor's prescription demands that the cuts should be made and the blood drawn and the other things done while life is in the body. The woman said Malefu seemed in a stupor, and that may have been so. The witch-doctor's skill with herbs is equal to inducing one. They say that in one of these sacrifices a drug, unknown to science, was used to keep the victim alive and in a coma for two or three days. In another a Basuto took part who was by day assistant to the white medical officer of the region. He purloined some chloroform for the purpose and appeared in the dress of a surgeon about to operate, with rubber gloves.

The victim may be man or woman, child or ancient; that may be mainly a matter of who can be ambushed. Lips, eyelids, other parts and blood are the things the medicine horn must have. Thus the strong medicine is mixed and later two naked men, the chief and the witch-doctor, stealthily surround the chief's hut with pegs smeared in it. It will confirm the chief in his position or protect him against reduction, strengthen his village and fortify the tribe generally. If it fails, that is the victim's fault, who was too weak, and a better victim must be sought. The witch-doctor cannot go wrong.

Thirty-eight men, chiefs, headmen, witch-doctors and tribesmen, were hanged in one recent twelvemonth for such murders. Many others lie under sentence of death or in prison as I write. The chiefs and people were warned not long ago by the High Commissioner that if the killings do not cease the system of indirect government through the chiefs will after ninety years be ended. Neither the warning nor the hangings have been effective. No white man knows for certain why the murders so suddenly began and have so long continued. They began in 1941, when they had been unknown for many years. Old Moshesh himself put the death penalty on them; but today old Moshesh's medicine is under doubt.

I felt that the chiefs must be in the grip of a greater fear than that of death or deposition. The only greater one I could imagine was that of the end of Basuto freedom. Perhaps they read the signs of the times more clearly than many white men and cannot understand why the white man allows these accumulating perils to approach. In consternation and confusion, perhaps, they have returned to the witch-doctor and his strong medicine, his stern remedies.

By doing so, however, they relinquish to the witch-doctor the power they wish to keep. His becomes the real power in the land, and who prompts the witch-doctor? The theory which seemed to me most likely came from a Basuto who should be an authority. Chief David Theka Makkaola was for some time acting Paramount Chief of the Basuto and he served with Basuto troops in North Africa, Asia Minor and Italy. He said the murders were instigated by 'certain political bodies which are using the witch-doctors as instruments to further their aims'. The immediate object, he added, was 'to break the power of the chiefs and leave the people leaderless ... this, in some measure, has been achieved, since many of the principal chiefs now stand accused of participation'.

That seems to me an explanation too probable to be wrong. That chiefs should lend themselves to a conspiracy to ruin chieftainship, and make the engulfment of this little country easier, need astonish none who have followed the doings of public men in the enlightened West during the last thirty years.

I met one of these witch-doctors. When I met him he was a herbalist. The witch-doctor is always a herbalist when he is facing a white man; when he turns his face towards a tribesman he becomes a witch-doctor. The fiction also has its counterpart in the greater world: Mr. Facing-both-ways who is at once a humane Liberal and a ruthless Communist. This jovial fellow, who looked like any other blanketed Basuto, reined in his horse and greeted my companion and myself with loud hallo. He was reputed to cure madness (by herbs, of course) and I hoped to see some of his cured patients, but finding them standing round his house when he was absent, I did not tarry, lest the cures should be incomplete, and met him as I drove away. A few weeks later he was charged as the instigator of one of these murders and, on being sentenced to death, broke into a frenzy of rage (or madness). Seizing a sjambok, which was among the exhibits of the case and lay within his reach, he laid about him with such ferocity that a scene followed rare in the history of any High Court, even in a small Protectorate.

The rule of these sacrifices apparently is that the body must be left to be found; otherwise the strong medicine would not be effective. But for this the murders might never out, for the victims seldom escape. I only know of one such case and oddly also met that man, for he was one Joseph Solmakol, who had charge of the pontoon on which I crossed the Orange River between Mohaleshoek and Quthing. Riding home one evening, he was stunned by a blow on the back of the head. Then he was either left for dead or his assailants were disturbed. He recovered consciousness, minus an ear, part of his nose and an eyelid, and was able to crawl to a hut.

Unhappy is the Basuto chief or tribesman who puts his faith in witch-doctors; whatever awaits Basutoland, they will not help him much. The bodies are found. The Basutoland Mounted Police,

under their white officers, ride out to these remote places and slowly piece the tale together. Beads of perspiration stand out on the brows of the men and women they question, so great is fear of the witch-doctor, but the pursuers do not desist.

Then the last act begins. In the High Court of Basutoland the Honourable Mr. Justice So-and-so takes his seat and the Attorney-General unfolds the case for The Crown. The compact made by Moshesh is still in full force. The blanketed men in the dock watch inscrutably and, I judge, fearlessly. None knows, save they, what their real motives and standards were. All know that they will receive inexorable retribution by the code to which they submitted in return for protection.

‘The case put forward by The Crown is very briefly that the accused, or one or more of them, kidnapped this girl, kept her in captivity for some time and eventually murdered her and mutilated her body, the motive being to provide medicine for accused No. 1 so as to secure him in his position as headman. In other words The Crown alleges that this is a ritual murder such as is unfortunately not uncommon in this territory. No. 1, the Chief, told Mofela, one of his councillors, that he intended getting a doctor to treat him so that when Chiefs were being reduced he would not be deposed ... The Crown will show ... The Crown submits ... The Crown demands....’

There is a gallows in Maseru and The Crown avenges Malefu to protect her kind.

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## Chapter Twenty Two

### BASUTO MASQUERADE

The blanketed tribesmen rode up on their ponies from all directions, dismounted and joined the solid, semi-circular phalanx round the clearing where chairs were set. It was a *Pitso*, a gathering of the tribe in open forum. The District Commissioner sat in the central chair, his police officer beside him, and behind him a few white guests, of whom I was one. Next to the police officer sat the suspended chieftainess, with her son. Both were involved in the latest strong-medicine killing. She was a study in mahogany impassivity, never moving a muscle or eyelid while most damning things (by the standards of The Crown) were said. Her mien matched that of the tribesmen gathered round. Every face was a mask or a blank, I could not tell which. What they thought was any white man's guess.

On the other side of the District Commissioner sat the chief who was to administer her territory, and he spoke first, opening the *Pitso*. He was a great man in the land, a direct descendant of Moshesh, who asked for a 'Queen's man' to rule the land with him. He faced the blanketed tribesmen in a white man's blue suit. He was an educated man and spoke English almost as fluently as his own tongue. If any face there showed expression it was his. It suggested deep concern, implied that he was on the side of the white angels, regretted this dark affair, and wished his hearers to mend their ways. He said as much. The displaced chieftainess stared before her like a graven image. The listening tribesmen stared at him from inscrutable faces. Did she feel guilt, did he or they feel repugnance? Who knew? Only one thing was certain; they knew that a life had been taken and that the white man's law demanded the killer's life. Doubtless they accepted that as just; whether they thought it right was another matter.

The District Commissioner spoke plainly. He said there had been foul murders, that their chieftainess was suspended and her son arrested until the inquiry was complete, and another chief put in as trustee. He scarified them, taunted them with cowardice for not coming forward to tell the police all they knew, and asked what they feared: 'The chiefs? The witch-doctors? The gallows? Or all three?' He spoke of terror in the kraals, of human packs hunting human victims, of villagers afraid to open their doors at night. An interpreter translated his words in ringing tones of rebuke. They stirred me. Did they move those others? The surrounding faces, although they might well include those of the next witch-doctor, next killer and next victim, remained masked or blank. The wicked chieftainess gazed unflinchingly before her. Only the good chief, her supplanter, seemed slightly to respond.

The District Commissioner finished and cried, 'Khotsa!' and suddenly all these faces opened like one opening face as they roared back, 'Khotsa! ' 'Pula!' he cried again, and that mass-mouth opened to reply, 'Pula!' All agreed that they wanted peace and rain, whatever they thought about chiefs, witch-doctors and strong-medicine killings. The chieftainess was led away. I noticed that the interpreter of the resonant voice shook her hand as she passed.

My writer's eye, which often goes its own gait, rested speculatively on the good chief, the man put in the wicked chieftainess's place. He was trusted by the white man. He wore with his natty suit a wide black-and-red belt, a Margate cummerbund in a later model, which showed behind his open jacket, and on his head that which the Americans call a snap brim hat. He reminded me of an amusing caricature of a Latin American gigolo I once saw; the caricaturist was Cyril Ritchard in Noel Coward's revue, 'Sigh No More'. I drew no conclusions from this outer appearance, however. Obviously any man from these parts who has cash (the senior chiefs receive a fair stipend) to visit the slopshops of Johannesburg is likely to emerge magnificent in his own eyes, but a little

overdressed in those of men born to the pinstripe. What sort of man, I wondered, really lay beneath the white man's suit and the dark man's skin? Did he truly understand the ignominy of these murders? Would he genuinely combat them and their practitioners? Did he feel abhorrence, had he in fact inherited from his ancestor Moshesh respect for the white man's law and faith in the strength of The Crown? Many high chiefs, from some violent inner conflict or fear, were turning to the old superstitions.

The trained journalist, who has lived with politicians and leaders and human convulsions in many lands, cannot discipline his intuitions. Later I visited this chief in his village. It was a natural fastness, standing on a high plateau between a steep abyss and a screen of trees. In this space was a stockade and behind that palisades and more palisades, and a maze of huts. When I arrived, two magnificently dignified tribesmen, cloaked in their blankets like Neapolitan bravos of old, argued a dispute about fields before the chief's councillors. In such matters these people govern themselves, and this, with the undisturbed possession of their lands, is the priceless thing which makes them fear inclusion in the South African Union. Each of the disputants in turn advanced to the centre of a small open space and stood question and answer; wise elders separated right and wrong and quoted precedents; a clerk made notes; judgment was given.

Then I visited the chief's chief wife in the innermost enclosure. She lay on a mattress, in impregnable isolation. She might have been a million miles, instead of ten, from the nearest white man's township. With difficulty she raised herself to a sitting position. She must have weighed twenty stone and I could hardly believe she was the slim girl, in European clothes, that I later saw at his side in a wedding-picture, taken only ten years before, in his own house. I think she was about twenty-eight. I wondered if she could put on flesh at that rate and live long. Buxomness is admired in women, in these places; I do not know whether it ever becomes an unadmired obesity. It seems a sign of rank and caste, in a great chief's senior wife, to do nothing and to move seldom.

She lay and grew fat. I do not know if she had many children, but she reminded me of the white ants' queen, whose size is many times that of the other ants and whose function is but to spawn. Her fatness, however, was not repellent. Her face was fine in feature; she wore a red-and-white striped head covering, turban-like in shape, and a red blanket which were picturesque and even beautiful. She received an incursive stranger with perfect composure and dignity, overlaid, however, with some impenetrable restraint. The atmosphere of the place seemed to me vibrant with unspoken things. Because of them I felt guilty of a rude intrusion. A white man in such places cannot guess the mind of people whose tongue he does not speak, and whose thoughts he would not learn if he could. But, once more, I could not rule my instincts. I felt this mountainous woman lived with fear. The feeling it imparts to the air is the same in all countries, and does not vary with the colour of skins.

I went my way and later, on the return journey, passed her husband who waved a hand and flashed teeth from the driver's seat of a thirty horsepower Mammalac. Few, if any other Basuto, own Mammalacs. He had been a pleasant host. He still had old Moshesh's own uniform coat and stick, and was thought to be an enlightened man. He was something of a craftsman and adorned his own hut with curious carvings and mouldings, which he coloured with pale pink and green and yellow washes....

About a month later he, with two other chiefs and eight or nine tribesmen, set out to replenish his medicine horn. The undertaking must have been well advanced that day when he spoke at the *Pitso*, when I visited him and his wife in their village. I would call this *The Case of the Four Brothers* if I were compiling a case-book, for the victim was sold by his brother and the killer was then accused by *his* brother.



All was done with decorum. The victim once chosen, his brother was summoned to a secret meeting where the chief announced that he 'wanted something from a person who would be killed', and was asked if he would sell his brother for £100, to which he agreed. Presumably he need not have been told at all, any more than the bodies need be left to be found; these are indications of the guiltless frame of mind in which the blood-sacrifices are approached. The victim was ambushed, the mutilations were made and the blood let, and the body was thrown into a gully.

Many months later The Crown caught up. The chief's own brother described the secret meeting, the other brother's agreement, the ambush and the killing, and was thus the chief witness for the prosecution. The Attorney-General once more presented the case for The Crown, and once again the Honourable Mr. Justice So-and-so gave judgment.

What a case, what characters and what a climax! The upright chief, with a strong-medicine killing in his plans, standing beside the deposed chieftainess and rating [ed: prating?] against strong-medicine killings to the tribesmen. Masked or empty faces around: small wonder! The old witch-doctor, privy to the plan, jovially greeting my guide and myself as we drove from his house towards that of the chief, whom he had probably visited to discuss the matter. The huge woman on the mattress in the innermost palisade, who seemed to live with terror. The choice of the victim and the assent of his brother; the killing and the accusation by the killer's brother. Sentence of death and the mad old witch-doctor running amok in the court with a sjambok until he was overpowered and carried raving from the room. The appeal, and my Lords of the Privy Council in grave debate between breakfast in Kensington and lunch in St. James's. The rejection of the appeal and the gallows in Maseru....

I was far from Basutoland when I read the accounts of the trial. Vivid pictures leaped into my mind's eye. The chief: was he wearing the snap-brim hat and the natty suit at the killing and did he drive to it in his Mammalac, or for that occasion did he wear the blanket and ride a horse? The great turbaned woman who seemed married to fear; it cannot be agreeable to know or suspect that your husband has such purposes, which the white man repays with death. The grinning old herbalist-witch-doctor, showing the gaps in his teeth as he bent towards us from the saddle.

What unimaginable things, I thought, the hands we shake may do - by our standards.

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## Chapter Twenty Three

### THE GOVERNMENT PATH

Basutoland is the most hospitable place to the stranger. From the Residency all through the line of camps to the loneliest trading-station friendly hands helped me on my way, and to the fulfilment of two ambitions. The first was that born when I looked up at Judgment Seat from Natal: to penetrate to the real Basutoland beyond. The second was to go on horseback, but as the journey could only be made that way the two ambitions converged. In a less friendly land neither could have been achieved, for more time and effort than I could spare would have been needed to learn the way, procure guides, hire pack-saddles and pack-horses, buy or borrow a tent, collect provisions and avoid the many pitfalls which await the novice on such a trek.

These difficulties were magically removed. The British traveller is a fortunate man. If he can but emerge from his native island the world beyond remains well-disposed to him. He enjoys a credit of confidence amassed by generations of his fellow-countrymen who went before, and perhaps for the first time realizes how substantial that balance is. I met by chance in East London a man with business interests in Basutoland, and through him met another, in Cape Town, who was able to help. This was Sir Ian Fraser, of whom I knew much but not, until then, that he was of the famous Frasers of Basutoland, which was an unknown place when young Donald Fraser opened a store there in the 1870s, just after Moshesh's request for British protection. Today there are fifty Fraser trading-stores in Basutoland.

From that moment difficulties vanished, and one morning early I set out with two companions, thus fulfilling my ambition to make the journey on horseback. The full truth of that matter, however, is that I wanted from my boyhood to make *a* journey on horseback; in fact, to ride. I never had a leg over a horse until six weeks before, in Natal, when I sat on one for half an hour each morning of a week. That week left the canter an unsolved mystery, but I achieved one brief, precarious gallop, to the memory of which, as I set out into inner Basutoland, I clung like a shipwrecked man to a spar. The future, with a four-day ride before, looked Pregnant With Possibilities (as They say).

I first took a heroic breakfast at Matelas, where the bountiful trader killed a lamb for us, of which, I think, I ate the greater part, probably from some disordered notion about ballast. I wore a borrowed hat of the kind called ten-gallon, in which I felt self-conscious even in the wilderness; its broad brim, however, and various unguents were not enough to keep my lips and chin from cracking like sausages on the grill in that mountain air. I was advised to cover my seat with sticking-plaster, but did not, trusting to its good, pre-war material. We set out in fine cavalcade, two guides, three pack-horses, three riders, three spare horses. Our good hosts waved us encouraging farewell, but I felt expert eyes appraise my horsemanship. The things I do, I thought, and rode boldly towards the mountains, muttering to myself:

Your head and your heart keep up,  
Your hands and your heels keep down.  
Your knees press into your horse's side  
And your elbows into your own.

These golden rules unhappily leave a large margin for human error.

That was a journey of two days, or a thousand years, each way. Fortunately my pony knew the route and seemed to have been sired by an armchair. Nevertheless I was glad when we reached the

end of the plain and the beginning of the steep Government Path across the mountains. Not even I, I told myself, could fall off a *walking* horse.

The Government Path went up and down, but much more up than down. It was between two and three feet wide and constant rains had removed the soil, leaving sharp and jagged edges, between which the horses unerringly picked their way. It went in zigzags, perhaps thirty yards to the left and thirty to the right, and they plodded up it with a disconcertingly jolting step or sidled down it with forelegs and hindlegs set as brakes. Each time it climbed the shoulder of a mountain a higher one appeared and over it went the zigzag line. The men who made this track performed a miracle of toil.

At close acquaintance mountains have a damnable iteration. As these rose higher, and the fertile valleys became rarer, they grew bleaker and lonelier. The Government Path, however, is not lonely. Though no sign of human life may offer on either side, there is continuous activity along it. Always there is a Native from some forgotten corner, driving his asses, mules and oxen to a trading-station with wool or grain, and he will readily travel two or three days further if rumour tells him of a distant trader who pays a penny a pound more. So the pack trains continually pass and follow each other, and the Government Path through wilderness is sometimes like a London street in the rush hour. Instead of motor-horns and the remarks of taxicab men, there are the crack of whips and the cries of pack-drivers. The strangest figures mingle there. Some, in battered billycocks and white man's rags look like characters from *Ally Sloper's Annual* (if any remember it). Others, surmounting the hill as the traveller approaches it from below, seem, with the sky behind them and a pitcher on their heads and their blankets falling into the folds of antiquity, to step out of a Bible story.

These heads, however, seldom carry a pitcher, and usually shoes, baskets, bottles, packages, bales. Fine raiment is for the kraal or the store, not for the Government Path; I saw a woman carrying a pair of worn European shoes and a white woman's hat in a basket on her head. For an hour my horse plodded behind a young girl who, without pause or sign of fatigue, carried a heavy suitcase on her head up and down the track. She never put hand to it; without whipping, my horse could not overtake her. Probably her lordly brother, returned from the gold mines to rest at the kraal, had sent her back to Maseru to fetch it. I heard of a woman who carried a sewing-machine, with table and treadle attached, over the mountains in this manner.

The men are the lords of the Government Path, in virtue of their horsemanship. They do all the things forbidden in European riding schools. I saw one, drunker than any lord should be, unable to fall off his horse when he wanted to; at least, I judged that he must be trying to fall off and could not. He had no saddle and the reins, in two pieces, hung down on either side of his galloping horse's head. He groped for them, but without much interest, and I watched him for half a mile until, swaying like a Holy Roller but clamped to his steed, he was borne from sight.

'How far?' I asked the guide as noon retreated behind us. 'One hour, he said. For any but a trained and habitual horseman the motion of a horse on the Government Path is a major ordeal, approaching Chinese torture. 'How far?' I asked, an hour later. 'Two hours,' he said. At about five o'clock the gathering storm broke. A knife-like rain stabbed down and cloud swirled round us. I dismounted and put on an army greatcoat, the loan of another friendly hand. It was made for a much bigger man and trailed on the ground. The ten-gallon hat was like a small tent on top of a larger one. I remounted with difficulty, hauling slack after me. The coat covered most of the horse. It was not easy to find stirrups or reins, for coat. The blanketed horsemen who passed saluted me; clearly they thought that, thus attired, I must be a very great chief. I bowed, not daring to release reins which I might never find again.

Suddenly the Government Path came to a level green plateau and without warning my horse broke into a fast canter. I had not encouraged it and was puzzled. Until then I was rather anxious for the horse. I had felt its heart pound as it toiled up those endless zigzags, heard its breathing grow laboured and seen the sweat pour down its sides. I hated to use a horse like that. Now I realized that it concealed secret reserves of strength. This animal was not exhausted. It went faster and faster. Incommoded by the coat, slipping about in the wet saddle, I vainly tried to check it. I rolled like a barge in the Bay of Biscay. First one foot came out of a slithery stirrup and then the other, and always one waved wildly in the air while I desperately recalled the golden rules. However, I still clung on; at one moment I believe I hung below the horse's belly and looked up into its big brown eyes, but I clambered back and at last it slowed down and stopped. I saw two sheds in the mountain mists. I realized then that these animals know when their night's resting-place is near, and like to reach it quickly.

This was a lonely trading-store, and a rest-house with bedsteads and blankets for such wayfarers as I, in the mountain-tops. It was owned by a white man but was in the charge of a lonely Basuto. The trader had left a note of welcome, with some food and brandy; I said this was a friendly land. Thankful to be whole, I wrote a letter and went to sleep, and the next morning early the horses were straining and sweating and panting up the flinty zigzags again, which for two hours crossed the shoulders of mountains bleaker and more barren than any I knew. Travel by pack-train is arduous and delaying, and I became surfeited with the savage splendour of these mountains. Here, where human life ends, nature is most alive and vengeful, and here its vengeance begins if man drives it into too tight a corner. When the dark men are pressed close together, in lands too small for them, they send their flocks ever higher until these nibble the mountainsides bare, and the rains sweep the unbound soil away, with the lean herds, into the ravines, driving the invaders back on those behind them. The arid desert begins on these mountain-tops where there is always rain.

This grey-brown wilderness was empty of all colour until we came over a crest and saw bright red battalions storming the mountains in front. In their sides the down-rushing water makes an indentation, like the groin between human thigh and belly, and leaves in these a deposit of the stolen soil. In these depressions grew myriads of Red Hot Pokers. Broad at the base of the column and thinning to a single leader near the mountain-crest, they were like regiments of redcoats, fighting up the slopes. Never grows the rose so red: I wondered if British soldiers, in those old campaigns, ever penetrated to this place.

Then we came to higher mountains still where only isolation and desolation remained. High places like these are the ends of the earth, for Land's End and Finisterre and all other places where earth meets water are only land's ends, and both land and sea belong to the one planet. But this is world's end. If you raise your arm here you reach into what lies beyond this minor planet. Here life ended, I thought, and then saw that it did not, quite. High overhead two great birds wheeled. I thought they must be eagles and they went in great, slow, unending curves. They had mastered problems which still defy the atom-splitters; they were lords of time and space. They could go on wheeling and never tire. They merely spread their pinions and let the wind do the work; not once did I see a pinion beat. They sailed on, majestically, indolently, and floated regally out of sight.

Yes, I thought, those are the lordly ones, the freest of all creatures that on earth do dwell, because they hardly dwell on it, remain at its extremities and put it behind them at will. Then I remembered that they too are tethered by the flesh in those wide wheelings that looked so fancy-free. They watched with keen eyes for a rat or rabbit and were not likely to see many, for in these altitudes the rat is held edible. However, they survived and had many consolations.

We came at last to a high green valley, and this time I had firm check on my horse, who knew it was near long before I saw it. In it, among surrounding kraals, lay a trader's store. The Government

Path and every mountain track converged on and ran past it. Here was salesmanship at its subtlest. No horseman or herdsman was compelled to buy his blanket or sell his wool at the store, but wherever he came from or went to he had to pass it, and the implicit invitation was strong. At this remote place, one Christmas Eve, the trader bought £120 worth of goods and sold £352 worth.

How come a big store and good house (and the mission church not far away) to a place hard enough for a mounted man even to reach? Every brick, plank, sheet of iron, pane of glass, pot or pan, must come over the mountains on four legs. There was an ox which carried a safe over these mountains to a store: it died as the safe was unloaded.

The store is the centre of Native life, where the men chat and the more numerous women gossip, between the fingering of blankets or the bargaining over hides. It is High Street for these countryfolk and for those on the hills around. While I was there a boy stole some trifle and was chased. He had barely emerged from the store when an excited chattering broke out on the hills around. From kraal to kraal, half a mile, a mile and more distant, went the news: 'There's something going on at the store ... it's young Maloi ... he's stolen something ... they're after him ... they've got him ... they've taken it away from him....'

The white traders of Basutoland lead a good, but a hard and lonely life. They are among the last of the frontiersmen. There are regular dynasties of them, like the Frasers and the Yeats; others again who were born there, perhaps of a British soldier-father, and own a single store; and others, young men who have come in from outside. At this Fraser store at Marakabei was a young man back from the Tank Corps, who was a talented black-and-white artist, painted fair watercolours and made the furniture for his house. The itinerant writer's life has many compensations, and among mine was that of finding, with astonishment, that my books had travelled on ox-back to some of these isolated places. An even more surprising experience befell me at the store near the historic mountain of Thaba Bosiu, now kept by Mrs. Bailey, the daughter of John Stephen Yeats. She told me that on March 22nd, 1940, she read an article of mine in a South African journal which foretold what happened in France a few weeks later; 'It all came about as you wrote,' she said. I could not recall the article at all; I have written so many. 'How in the name of wonder do you know the exact date of it?' I asked. 'It is my birthday,' she said.

The next morning was gloriously fine (the *mornings* usually are) and I woke to strange sounds. I went out and saw the women from the kraals coming in twos and threes to cut the chief's corn. As they came they gave a long, shrill cry, and were answered by the women already at the distant corn. It was as if they called 'Here we come' and the others responded 'Here we are', and sounded merry, and the cries echoed and re-echoed round the mountains. These voices carry by some trick of pitch (for the callers do not shout) which is outside the white man's ken. I saw our guides talk, almost quietly, to watching tribesmen on slopes a quarter-mile away, noticed the perceptible pause between question and answer as the one went and the other returned. After this journey I understood the speed with which news travels from tribe to tribe.

To cut the chief's corn is a communal, woman's duty, paid by a beer-drink. The women wore bright dresses; they choose the gayest colours from the lengths at the store and make them in the style favoured by Queen Victoria, whose picture hangs there. While they worked their lords caracoled about on horseback; the horses, from which they demand everything and to which they give nothing, flashed delicately and swiftly up the slopes on slender legs.

Later I watched the women return, having laid the corn and the beer low. They sang and swayed a little and laughed loudly; they were happy people. They gave a little roadside show for the stranger; four of them squatted and made music with voices and hands, and four others squatted facing them

and danced with rippling backs and shoulders. It was gay and infectious. They Do Understand Rhythm, I thought....

I was sorry to leave Marakabei and sorrier still when, high in the mountains, the afternoon storm broke on us. This was a melodramatic, barnstorming storm, which tore the sky to tatters, to very rags, and split the ears of us groundlings. Behind and in front of us was tropical heat; here the cold was icy, the hailstones were like pebbles, and I was quickly soaked to the skin, greatcoat and all. The thunder and lightning were incessant and soon the Government Path was a mess of mud through which sharp edges protruded. The panting, steaming horses struggled upward or slithered downward, and on all sides the soil slipped by the ton into the ravines and rivers. This was soil erosion in the act, and alarming to watch.

Just as night fell we made the half-way house and built a smoky fire of cowdung, hoping to dry our clothes. I wished the storm might stop, chiefly for the horses, which were out in it, and largely for ourselves, for in such rains the gullies become torrents, too deep for horses to cross. You may set out, cross two or three, and be halted at the fourth, where you must wait until the waters fall. That is uncomfortable in a tent. We had not a tent.

But next morning the sun was up, the path was drying, the fords were normal. In the afternoon we came again to the green plain leading to Matelas, four or five miles away. I felt my horse quicken and gave it its head. I paid the penalty later, but would not undo that glorious gallop for anything. I wanted all my life to sit on a horse going full out. I loved this horse now like a brother, and in a reasonable world would never have parted from it again. I felt that it would not allow me to fall off, and cannot otherwise account for remaining on its back.

I was in the lead, and once my horse set the pace, and the unsaddling place was in sight, the rest of the cavalcade was not to be held. Pack-horses and spare horses came streaming up, with manes and tails lying horizontally on the wind. Once an arrogant mule, a gate-crasher, passed us and my horse did not dispute the affront. I touched it with the whip, a mere nudge, as one friend to another, and the mule disappeared astern like a dead pig thrown overboard from a ship. I could not believe that animals, having such a journey behind them, could move so fast. I knew there was no place like home, but never before saw the force of its appeal so clearly proved. I just touched my horse with the whip again, a tickle it was; the cavalcade fell fifty yards behind. The beast seemed to have endless reserves of speed; it was fresher than at the start, four days before. My ten-gallon hat flew off; bereft of reason, I reached out and caught it just before it was too far away. I could not put it on again so I waved it in the air and whooped. Faster and faster we went. I never had more than one foot in the stirrups and not often one, but my guardian angel rode a-pillion behind me. The cavalcade drew near again; I flicked my horse's flank and, producing another fifty horsepower from some secret reservoir, it went like a rocket for the home-fence, now a quarter-mile away. I thought of jumping it, but decided in time that this would be unwise without at least one foot in a stirrup, and contrived to rein in.

I was seldom so happy in my life. For nearly five days I was proud of that gallop.

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## Chapter Twenty Four

### WHAT PRICE PROTECTION?

As I drove away from Basutoland I pondered on the human instinct for acquiring land, for territorial aggrandizement. Only the simple-minded or the superficial, I felt, would dismiss it as a disease of governments; it must be some deep instinct of the individual soul, given mass expression through governments. Was it a base instinct of mere greed and vainglory, or did it spring from some deep-rooted impulse of security and survival? It ran through the whole story of the time I lived in and through all history before that, as far as I knew it. The covetousness of some for the lands of others was ever the key to the rise and fall of nations and empires. It was the gospel of power and would not cease or become bearable with the rise of 'World Government'; that would be the greatest triumph, for as long as it lasted, of the impulse to strive for power over others.

I thought of all the lands, small or large, which in my own day caused disputes or wars between countries big and little. Macedonia, Thrace, Cuba, Herzegovina, Montenegro, the Sudetenland, Slovakia, Palestine; where are they now? I recalled how often, between 1933 and 1939, I wondered why Hitler harped on the Polish Corridor and prepared a war about it, when Germany's future clearly could only be happy in peace. The answer to that riddle, I decided in time, was that Hitler was in his heart the enemy of Germany. My own country, I reflected, was the only one I knew in history which, after the lesson of the American colonies, freely yielded self-government to its growing daughter-nations oversea, handed back the fruits of victory to the enemies of yesterday, relinquished rich lands to their native inhabitants or prepared subject races eventually to rule themselves in the remaining colonies. The final result of this new method was yet to see, but for the nonce, at all events, England on this different path, while suffering great tribulations, had been spared annihilating ones.

Here in Southern Africa I watched the old instinct at work again and wondered what its outcome might be. Alone among the great sovereign States which sprang from the British Empire, South Africa sought more territory. The demand was loudest among those Nationalist Afrikaners who most clamantly attacked English Imperialism, in its day. Was it a thing of reason, or of the old emotional instinct? If South Africa were in truth a white man's country, with a large and vigorously increasing white population seeking new outlets for its powers and prowess, good reasons might be advanced for it. But the white population was small, and the intention was to keep it small, and the preponderance of the black population was the ever-present problem which worried the white men. Why, then, aggravate *The Problem* by bringing in new masses of dark men who did not wish such inclusion? Their lands were not even rich, but for the greater part poverty-stricken by the white man's standards; only the black man could be, and was, happy in them after his fashion.

I could see no reasonable explanation, but the spread of boundaries was in the political air. This was an ambition of all South African governments, not only of the Afrikaner Nationalist one which took office after General Smuts's defeat in 1948. It merely took on with that change a note of some belligerence, the new Prime Minister, Dr. Malan, saying in 1949: 'It is unheard of that in a sovereign independent country like the Union there should be territories subordinated to a foreign country. South Africa is getting impatient.' Only in the twentieth century, probably, could a political leader choose and use words of ill-omen so recently proved; they unhappily recall certain allusions of 1938 and 1939 to Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

The actual policy of outward extension, however, was no different from that of Dr. Malan's political opponents and predecessors. It probably reaches a good deal beyond the three Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland. The native African Chairman of the

British Government's Gold Coast Commission said in 1949: 'We are not unaware of the fact that the Union of South Africa places its horizon at the equator.' That may be the case, and it was also the vision of the man the Nationalist Afrikaners particularly dislike in memory, Cecil Rhodes (although he envisaged it to contain the much greater white population which the Nationalist Afrikaners will not allow, apparently because they consider the British, who would presumably have to supply the increase, as 'the fifth column of an overseas nation', to quote Dr. Malan's words). The Nationalist Afrikaners have emigrated in such substantial numbers to Northern Rhodesia as to disquieten the Natives there and to form a political block, the weight of which is used to promote the gospel of Afrikanerdom. In Southern Rhodesia their numbers are proportionately smaller, but still enough to constitute a political factor.

When the fewness of the Afrikaners is considered, and the fact that the Nationalist Afrikaners are only a section of those few, the unease which their ambition spreads over an enormous area of Southern Africa is surprising. That shadowy State 'reaching to the Equator' would be one of the largest in the world, and under full development one of the richest. What mortal brain cannot conceive is that it could be built up on a republic of a few white people and of resentments in all directions. Moreover, the value of these resentments seems to be entirely confined to vote-catching. It is much more a matter of words than deeds. In practice the actions of the Afrikaner Nationalist Government of 1948 towards the English-speaking and the black population, were not much different from those of other South African governments. The picture which was given to the American and English newspaper reader, of the black population suddenly coming under 'a reign of terror' (Mrs. Roosevelt), or of English settlers besieging the ships to get away, was an absurd invention of 'adventurous politicians' afar who seek to grind an axe in South Africa.

Nevertheless the Nationalist Afrikaner Government was one of subtraction rather than addition; of reducing the place of the English-speaking South Africans in the Union and of diminishing the rights of the black population, rather than of adding to either. This, in its effect within the Union and among peoples outside whose inclusion was desired, was just as bad as a régime of actual oppression, because it darkened the future.

It seemed also, in the last analysis, to be an absurdity, without any real truth in the living present of South Africa at all. Thus the Nationalist Afrikaner Government planted the banner of *Apartheid* on the highest tower of its castle. This means apart-ness, or segregation; the separation of the white from the black race. In practice hardly anything happened or will happen, for the simplest of reasons: namely, that the Afrikaner farmer would probably spring to arms if he were deprived of cheap black labour for his farms. This makes *Apartheid* impossible, though it is a thing which the white South African of either race, and all the black population would adore if it could be done. It is the dream-solution of Lincoln and of other great Americans for the problem of the American-Negro, and found a sad little attempt at realization in Liberia. It could only be thoroughly tried if white men were ready to yield territory to black ones and do their own chores, and even then its results are not sure to forecast. For the present it is an empty word, much used by Communist and Zionist writers in America and England for the pursuit of their own ends. It is a strange sign of the twentieth-century times that the astute Afrikaner Nationalist politicians should be ready to incur abuse in those quarters for a thing they do not intend to do. As van Imhoff said long ago, much might have been better had it been done at the start. Today it seems as near an impossibility as any mortal transaction.

Since politics take no account of realities if they are based on resentments, the ambition to swell the boundaries of South Africa by enclosing within them the three Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland is taking clearer shape. They were there long before the sovereign Union was formed, so that to depict them as an offence to its sovereignty is a rhetorical flight. Their peoples asked for British protection and, though they would doubtless prefer to be quite alone,



regard it today more than ever as the priceless boon which it seemed to them in Trollope's day. The Basuto have been reminding London that they hold to Moshesh's compact with the Queen (who, as I say, still lives for them). The wise man, Tshekedi Khama, who long ruled over the Bamangwato of Bechuanaland as Regent (until his nephew brought a white wife to the kraal) has for many years been fighting in London to avert inclusion. The Swazis are equally alarmed and hostile to it.

Why any South African Government, let alone the Afrikaner Nationalists, should covet the three Protectorates is something which, perhaps, can only be explained by the age-old instinct for acquiring land. They are, in effect, Native Reserves, and one of the Union's main troubles is that its own Natives have not enough land. Their inhabitants would swell the black mass, a satisfactory manner of handling which has not yet been found. Their land is theirs now; if the white man's system of tenure of freehold were to be extended into it, failing some large outlet for the Natives elsewhere, that would but enlarge other present problems.

But in high politics such matters often seem to be decided in the interest of ulterior parties who are only seen at much later stages of the dispute. The fate of the Arabs in Palestine, at the hands of an international agency arrayed against 'racial antagonisms', is the best case in point. Thus the names Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland may in coming years, for a little while, occupy the headlines like those forgotten ones, Macedonia, the Sudetenland or Thrace.

The eventual inclusion of the three Protectorates in the South African Union was 'provided for' in the Act of Union of 1910. Why the British Government of that day made such provision is not much more clear than the reason why the one of 1917 issued the Balfour Declaration; perhaps the future looked different then. In the intervening forty years successive British Governments have resisted the requests of successive South African ones, to complete the process, by saying that no decision will be made until the Native populations have had a full opportunity of expressing their views. Possibly this stalemate has checked the Afrikaner Nationalists, up to now, in proclaiming the Afrikaner Republic in South Africa. The presence of British enclaves, with populations unitedly anxious to remain outside Afrikaner rule, would be a great blemish in their eyes. They might try to break the deadlock by petitioning the King, through the Privy Council, to fulfil the 'provision' of 1910 and have the Protectorates transferred to the Union.

Who knows, in that event, how far 'the wishes' of the Basuto, the Swazis and the Bamangwato could make themselves heard? The wishes of Native populations have played small part in great affairs for the last thirty years. On November 3rd, 1949, the British Government reiterated the undertaking of earlier governments about consulting the Native population before taking any decision. On November 6th, however, *The Times* remarked that 'On the question whether ... the Natives of the territories might not be better off within the Union, the Union have a case which should be sympathetically heard ... It is possible that these peoples may be persuaded to prefer a different allegiance, but while they continue to claim the protection that has been promised it cannot fairly be denied them.'

As in the case of Palestine, this seemed to foreshadow the translation of the debate to another plane: that of whether 'the Natives would be better off' instead of that of where they have a right to be. I have great respect for these premonitory hints of *The Times*. As I pointed out in earlier books, the British Government of 1943 in official statements still recognized the legal Polish Government in London and still fought for the liberation of Poland, but by March 1943 *The Times*, under the headline 'Security in Europe', declared that 'The sole interest of Russia is to assure herself that her outer defences are in sure hands; and this interest will be best served if the lands between her frontiers and those of Germany are held by governments and peoples friendly to itself.' The British Government of 1943 followed this counsel, and the intervening six years may have shown the

attentive newspaper reader how far the surrender of Poland served the security of Europe (or they may not).

Similarly, in September 1938, *The Times* recommended the cession of the frontier area of Czechoslovakia to Germany, and the British Government of that day, which promptly repudiated that advice, immediately followed it at Munich. The subsequent events did not much fortify the security of Europe.

Thus I feel that some high, invisible authority may some day decide that the Basuto, the Swazis and the Bamangwato would be 'better off' somewhere else than where they now are and fain would remain. The precedents are not happy for them, but such is the twentieth century. The arrangement would not, I fancy, be come to from respect or liking for the Afrikaner Nationalists; it might be part of one by which 'a more reasonable' authority came to power in the Union, and for this improvement the three Protectorates might be part of the price. The genuineness of the improvement would then have to be tested in the event. Even in the remote mountains of Basutoland the feeling of high politics was tangible. In the greater coteries of supernational politics a vision of a huge South Africa reaching to the Equator may also prevail; but not one under Afrikaner, or for that matter under South African, domination.

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## Chapter Twenty Five

### SOLILOQUY IN PLASTER

I landed on the Eleventh Dorsal (which is not a date in the French Revolution) and thought: 'That is the most jarring jolt I have had since I was hit on the Somme, longer ago, ahrrm, Than I Care To Remember.' Then other thoughts followed, implanted in childhood by the *Boy's Own Paper* and its like: 'If you are thrown remount at once; grin and bear it', and so on. So I remounted (today I wonder how) and lashed the horse. I found that galloping was done for that day. I was not happy even at a walk, having a swelling round my middle, so that the waistband of my breeches oppressed, and a lump in my throat, not caused by grief, which prevented me from answering my companion's inquiries, then and for an hour. We rode home. I was in the grip of a great fear. All who have been hurt will guess this dark foreboding: bed-pans. I was right.

Memory, I think from several similar experiences, must be a nerve or membrane, in appearance like the tape of a ticker-machine. If it suffers a sudden shock the injury extends a little on either side of the damaged part. I have often noticed that unconscious men, when they recover, forget not only what happened after the blow, but something of what went before it. Thus, although I fell off, I do not remember the fall. It was the penalty claimed by my horsemanship and by an acquaintance I incorrigibly seek to deny: fatigue.

I lay me down and when I tried to stand again folded like a jack-knife. After four days I was borne to the nearest place, some forty miles away, where my internal affairs could be photographed (this was in Natal). The photographs, excellent likenesses no doubt, showed something between a bamboo cane and the Leaning Tower of Pisa, with an upper section cracked, compressed and protruding. Then, in blissful unconcern, I first heard the word 'plaster'.

I have been onlooker at or participant in some strange affairs but shall never again share in so memorable a performance as that in which I now took the leading, though a passive part. It was a symphony in white. The background, an operating theatre, was white. The two doctors and five charitable sisters wore white. The bandages were white. The plaster was white, and wet. I wore my skin, which is said to be white. I was suspended between two tables. On one my arms rested, and my head on them; on the lower one, some distance away, rested my thighs. The essential me, in between, hung in the kind of curve once associated with the name of Gibson. All the beauty of line must have been in it, could I have surveyed myself, and in this shape I was to be rigidified.

In plastering, I found, speed is essential, and when the operation began I realized where slapstick and custard pies were born. Feathers never flew like that plaster. None escaped it; my devoted helpers received as much as I and the room a good share. I think the matter continued for over half an hour, although I was in no position to take precise note of time, and when it ended the place was a shambles in white, where white-robed figures tenderly removed from two tables the unmelted half of a snowman. It seemed to me a theme for ballet.

I lay stiffly abed and pondered on unwariness and spines. We forked radishes are nothing without our vertebrae. How silly a tree would look without its trunk! Strange, I thought, but there seems a jovial justice in this. My faults, if I have any, are that, loathing restraint and loving liberty, I go too far and too fast in search of it, and here I am, imprisoned in a penitent's shirt of concrete, a one-man pillbox; the penalty fits the offence! Though I could not now contemplate my navel, I remained philosophic enough until a thought occurred to me which made me shiver inside my cement corset, a thing easy to do, for it refrigerated the essential me, while what was left outside melted in the South African heat. To suffer the risk of heat-stroke and pneumonia together is

unusual. Ultimately I had a large coal fire built and remained huddled over it, with lobster-red face and chilled innards, until the plaster dried.

The thought which shook me was, 'What if this had happened in those mountains, two days' ride from aid?' I could not have ridden to succour, and did not think my spine would have liked being slung between two horses. I thanked my guardian angel for delaying this mischance a few days; they made a great difference.

There were strange pains in my back, and not only at the Eleventh Dorsal, but I saw no gain, once plastered, in lying on it. 'Can I go?' I said. 'If you keep it on and *go easy*,' they said. 'How long must I wear it?' I asked. 'Six months,' they said. 'Will my spine be all right then?' 'Well ... it *should* be,' they said carefully, 'if you keep it on and *go easy*.'

A man plastered from collarbone to pelvis receives the corporation and carriage of an alderman. Supporting these on weak legs, I returned to the outer world. Gone for the time were my dreams of Rhodesia, Nyasaland and Tanganyika, of Madagascar, Mauritius and Réunion....

Reunion, however, was near. She was on her way to me. She did not know about the plaster.

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## Chapter Twenty Six

### DAWN RENDEZVOUS

I stood on the dock's edge at Cape Town and peered seaward into the breaking dawn. Mysterious, ownerless golden lights spangled a thick blue haze. I could not tell if they belonged to the ship I awaited, because I could not see the harbour mouth. My back, inside the strait-waistcoat, felt that it would collapse like a concertina if that armour were removed. I had come fifteen hundred miles, by road, rail, air and on my feet, and on any other journey should have fallen by the wayside far back, but this rendezvous I would have kept, at need, by crawling on all fours.

Slowly the dark blue veil thinned and I saw the shadow of a great ship, to which the lights attached themselves. I fixed my eyes on them and saw that the shadow moved, slowly, through the haze. Tantalizingly deliberate is this last mile of a reuniting journey. The sun was up, the sea aglitter and the deserted dockside busy before the lavender liner came close enough for me to see them at last: Lorelei and the children. A man lives more than two thousand million instants in his time and of all those only a handful remain ever brilliant, a jewelled chain of living moments that never dulls. This one was the central pendant in mine. We did not speak, but smiled and waved. Words are vain when a train pulls out or a ship approaches and so we waited until we could be together. I knew I could not go aboard for several hours.

As the gap between hull and harbourside lessened, however, I felt my appearance demanded that I should shout one explanation to the deck far above, for I already saw the dawn of a question in her eyes. No trousers of mine would button over that plaster, so I wore some borrowed from a man of greater girth. As my jackets also would not meet, I had been lent a lightweight tunic made for its owner by the master tailor of a cavalry regiment in Palestine in 1917 (I never saw such tailoring and it was as good as new). I had the figure of Tweedledee, together with an unnatural and pompous erectness. My face was wan.

The children shouted with glee, and their mother smiled delight, but also with some perplexity. 'I'm very sorry,' I called up, 'but I've fractured my spine. I'm wearing a plaster, that's why I look like this.' She still smiled, but differently: with the smile of Niobe and of La Gioconda. 'I really couldn't help it,' I called up. 'I didn't say anything,' she called down. 'You looked a lot,' I said. The smile I knew returned. 'Tell me all about it later, she said. 'Wait there now. I must get you aboard somehow. You can't stand there like that.'

On the evening of that enchanted day we sat on deck alone, for most of the passengers from England went ashore for the evening while those for Durban were not yet come aboard. I wanted to show her the lights of Cape Town, where they climbed from the Bay to the Mountain, but they were dimmed by a thick mist.

'We've come a long way,' I said, 'from London in the bombardment to this place.'

'It doesn't seem long,' she said, 'it seems no time at all.'

'Don't deprive me of an instant of it,' I said, 'it was a long and lovely way, and every moment better than the last, and this is the best of all.'

'I always told you we should be here together, one day,' she said. 'I wish the mist would lift, so that we could see the lights. I'm so starved for lights.'

‘It will, I said, ‘for us. I’m sorry to give you this shock.’

‘You are a ninny,’ she said. ‘Couldn’t you wait until I was here, to crack your back?’

‘I’m the sufferer,’ I said. ‘You can’t imagine how I overdrew my account at the bank of anticipation, on your behalf.’

‘I can, she said, ‘your letters made that quite plain.’

‘I lived this moment, when we would be on deck together, a thousand time, in imagination,’ I said. ‘The warmth and feel of you were palpable. And now I can’t get near you at all. I might as well be a man in a barrel, with two holes for my arms. What a cunning hoax has been played on me.’

‘Don’t worry,’ she said, ‘it won’t be long. Look, the mist is lifting. Do you know, I’ve never seen anything like this before, anyway, not that I can remember.’ Soon the whole jeweller’s shop-window lay before us in bright display. Through the dark sky above it fell a shooting-star. ‘That went a long and lovely way, too,’ she said, ‘and so quickly. Tell me some more.’

‘Of Thee and Me?’ I said. ‘I will, and then some more of Me and Thee. I wish I could get closer to you. If only I could get out of this contraption....’

She smiled. ‘What funny things happen to you,’ she said. ‘How long must you wear it?’

‘Six months,’ I said, ‘they *say*. Let them say.’

‘Now, now,’ she said, quickly, ‘you *must* do what they say, for all our sakes.’

‘It’s going to be a very quiet life,’ I said. ‘Quite different from what I hoped. I wanted to travel with you and show you so much in this lovely country. Now we shall be stuck in one place waiting for me to get well.’

‘Do you want anything better?’ she said.

‘You know how I love to go on and on, especially if you are with me, I said.

‘Do you want anything better?’ she persisted.

‘No,’ I said, ‘I never deserved or expected anything half so good. I can’t quite believe it yet. Thank you for coming.’

‘Thank you for having me,’ she said. ‘What a marvellous world it is and how fortunate we are. What a lot many people must miss!’

‘Did I ever tell you,’ I began, ‘that you ...’ and I said various things. She listened. ‘No,’ she said when I paused, ‘you never told me any of those things before. Tell me again,’ and so I did, and we sat on deck far into the night, and for nearly a week after that we sailed through sunny days and starry nights, humbly happy in the most delightful experience that human beings know: reunion against a background of enchantment. We loved the great ship and the quiet officers and stewards who had served the line in peace and war, sometimes in two wars, for many years. The Union Castle Line offers an example of union to the Union of South Africa which it serves. Fifty years ago Union ships and Castle ships would not speak to each other in passing! Mr. Churchill, steaming to the war in the S.S. *Dunottar Castle* in 1899, recorded that ‘We passed a homeward-bound liner,

who made great efforts to signal to us, but as she was a Union boat the captain refused to go near enough to read the flags ... It is difficult to see how the public can be the gainer by this silly antagonism.'

We came to Port Elizabeth and East London, finding hospitable friends at both places, and to Durban, where I was to be kept relatively inactive for many months. This was the hottest season of the South African year and I found the wearing of a concrete vest to be a torment which the Chinese forgot to invent. One day, maddened by its constriction, I tried to cut it off with a pen-knife behind a rock on the beach. After half an hour I was exhausted and bled a little from one or two cuts, and I browbeat my wife into completing the task. I did not realize the size of the thing until it was off. It snapped back into its torso-like shape and, being slightly bloodstained, looked like the gruesome relic of some nameless crime. I threw it into the Indian Ocean, which, retriever-like, obstinately returned it to my feet. At last I hid it in the bush.

I found at once that its rigidity had concealed from me certain matters in my back which now became clear. I thought of the X-ray photographs of an upper section of the Leaning Tower protruding from its alignment. I looked at the ocean rollers and an idea came to me. I chose a suitable spot, entered the surf and took my stand there, turning my face to the shore so that these rollers might break on the Eleventh Dorsal. I had a mad notion that nature's surgery would thus drive the projecting piece into its place. Also, I wanted to be cleansed of all memory of that plaster.

The cleansing was glorious, but the surgery did not work, and next day I went penitently to a doctor. He listened ironically and spoke casually of 'a collapse of the spine', thus giving me a vivid picture of the Leaning Tower crashing in ruins. I asked if nothing but plaster could secure this precious monument. I doubt if anything would have reconciled me to a second plaster, in that temperature, and I fancy he understood. I received a surgical brace. 'How long must I wear this?' I asked. 'Eight months,' he said. So, clamped in leather and metal, and becrutched under the armpits, I put aside all plans of travel for some time to come and settled down on a balcony overlooking Durban, to contemplate the mad and lovely world.

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## Chapter Twenty Seven

### CITY OF SUSPENSE

The man is lucky who spends a year of his life in Durban, half way between Australia and Argentina, even if a cracked backbone puts him there. It is a city of wide views and far vistas, a place from which the spinning earth may most agreeably be surveyed. It faces the brilliant ocean and at its back lies the high Valley of a Thousand Hills. On either side of it, up and down the coast, stretch the lovely sugar lands. Its scene was set by the gods in their most lavish mood, but an even greater enthrallment, for me, came from its multicoloured human drama. This in its bright hues fills every day with zest, at all events for such a stranger as I am. It is as if a great play went on before an audience, indifferent if not asleep. 'A world drama is being enacted in South Africa, part of the great drama of human life; we are in the midst of it, playing our part, and most of us do not know it' (*Black and White in South East Africa*, by Maurice S. Evans, C.M.G., Longmans Green, 1911). The words are apt. Durban is a front-line city of the twentieth century, but appears not to feel that.

Among the South African cities it is not alone exposed to the impact of future events. It is perhaps nearer to greater problems than the others. It hangs suspended in space between 1850 and 2050. In 1850 it was hardly created. In 1950 it is a great city. What will it be in 2050 when the questions of the twentieth century have at length been answered and the great adjustments made, when, in all probability, mankind will for a while have settled down again?

Its people are not conscious of being actors in a Greek tragedy; I use the comparison, not because I think the course of events must of necessity prove tragic, but because of their apparent feeling that these events are not for them to shape. In South Africa itself Durban (and all Natal) has been relegated in the last forty years to an ever-diminishing share in national affairs. Outside South Africa, it looks across the ocean to teeming India, the vanguard of whose millions already has a firm grip on the East African coast, and particularly on Durban. Whither is that process to lead? The people of Durban feel, somewhat resentfully, that they face 'a difficult, perhaps insoluble problem' (Mr. Maurice Evans) but do not show any sense of its immediacy. They are tolerant and good-humoured, slow to take affront and easy-going, and often tell each other that they live in a back-water. The state of mind may be one which grows in this latitude, for the line of the earth's periphery on which they live also runs through Perth and Brisbane, to the east, and Buenos Aires and Valparaiso to the west, and these places, too, count among the sleepier hollows in the mountainous conflicts of this age.

Durban makes no conscious choice between suffering in the soul and taking arms against a sea of problems, preferring the first as nobler. Its people often complain of their soul's sufferings and reproach each other with inactivity about them. The lament about Native and Indian encroachment is often heard, and the many remedies are as often discussed, but on the whole Durban prefers to leave matters there. The shape of the great puzzle seems fairly clear. It is that the white folk live among two other peoples, Native and Indian, who practise polygamy and multiply fast; also, as Cecil Rhodes pointed out, the white man has stopped the Natives killing each other and are thus keeping their numbers low. The consequent outnumbering of the white folk could only be avoided by white polygamy or white immigration. The first is not feasible; to the second Durban, on the whole, seems not much less opposed than the Nationalist Afrikaner. An aversion to Immigrants is in all oversea countries often to be found in those who have migrated.

Thus Durban occupies in the twentieth century the place of a beleaguered city, and life there is extremely pleasant. The white folk occupy the better suburbs, the sea-front, and a diminishing part of two central business streets. These lead to a spacious and admirable square, with various



buildings for civic duties and for performances, dances, films and other entertainment, to which the white people transport themselves by car from the suburbs at night, returning in a few hours to their homes. The climate is enchanting and the night-scene lovely, but empty of white people save at this central point, and that is only thronged until about eleven o'clock. To the north is Zululand and all around is India. The Zulus are blithe and the Indians are diligent. The white people worry about both. A few enlightened white men see the future in its entire shape and realize that the only answer, favourable to the continued foothold of the white man, is to be found in the Book of Numbers. The white population lives on a fortunate island, in these stormy times, but the ever-present problems prevent it from feeling itself particularly fortunate.

Durban in wartime was world-famous for its hospitality to British and Allied troops. This began when *The Lady in White*, whom countless thousands remember as the first expression of that universally friendly reception, sang songs of welcome to the troopships as they entered the splendid harbour, and it continued warmly and generously until they left. Some of these men, returning in 1948 and 1949, were disconcerted by the change they found, for the voice of the Nationalist Afrikaner and the Communist, campaigning against Immigrants, was loud even in Durban. Hearts warmed to British ships and fighting-men when the Japanese were reported to have established a naval base on the Madagascar coast and to be preparing an attack from the sea on South African coast towns, when listeners in Durban heard a voice from Zeesen ironically telling them the names of ships that had left the harbour a few hours before. But in 1949 the German South African who broadcast from Zeesen was back in South Africa, a freely pardoned man among his friends who sent him that information.

Durban, however, could not help that it was one of many things done in the name of the old quarrel which, with the other problems, oppresses all life in South Africa today. Durban dislikes these things but does not grow ill-tempered about them. It placidly goes its way into the second half of the twentieth century, somewhat anxious about the outlook but refusing to be much disturbed. Least of all front-line cities in the world has it the feeling of being part of 'a world drama', and perhaps that is all to the good; an excess of histrionic feeling is a dangerous thing, and an absence of it refreshing in this century.

It is a place where the most delightful things happen quite naturally. In 1928 a female hippopotamus began an unaccountable stroll from Zululand which took her, in thirty months of wanderings, all through the populated Natal coast and through Durban, where she startled two late revellers in the chief thoroughfare, West Street, one early morning, and thence to the borders of the Cape Province, four hundred miles away. Natal loved her until she was shot by an illiterate farmer, who unhappily could not read newspapers, in the Keiskama river, becoming in death 'Huberta the Hippo' where she had for the two and a half years of her fame been Hubert.

Monkeys sometimes came to the garden which my garden overlooked and another one, where I also rested my back, harboured a snake or two. The monkeys were amusing visitors, to me, though not to those who grew fruit or vegetables. The snakes: well, who likes a snake. They gave me food for thought. Why, I wondered, of all the wild things that once had their being in these parts, have the ape and the viper alone (save for that solitary hippo) remained, in small numbers, near the haunts of the white man? Were they the rearguards of nature, or its fifth columnists, left to bide its time and see whether the expulsion was final. Who knows? 'Fifty years of civilization have not brought sufficient wisdom to the intelligent Colonist to enable him to circumvent the white ant', wrote an eminent resident of Durban, Mr. George Russell, in 1899. Today, fifty years later, the matters of the white ant, the Native and the Indian, have not been solved. Durban, however, continues as unhurriedly as ever on its pleasant journey down the years and through the problems.

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## Chapter Twenty Eight

### I, CYPRIAN!

It would be easy, and is tempting, to write current history in the metre of a Cautionary Tale:

And now Augustus is the boy  
Who blacks the boots at the Savoy!

Take the Zulu. He, too, was deathly proud and now blacks boots. His humbling might be a clear warning to others. He was full of soldierly valour and lacked the civic sort. His regiments, unequalled in magnificence, stand apart in military history, yet the lion-mane and leopard-skin must have covered a coward. The Zulu, so brave in combat, suffered a fearful tyranny at home and his courage, if native to him, was yet maintained by fear. Decimation and self-impalement, in the Roman Legions, were petty penalties compared with those which the Zulu *impis* and their captains knew.

The Zulus beat all goers (for none cared to come to them and only the Basuto withstood them) until the white man arrived with his hornless cattle, called horses, and his fiery pebbles, called bullets; but they never rose against their worst enemies, King Chaka and his brother and murderer, King Dingaan. Chaka the Terrible, the Mighty One whose spirit the Zulu still fears, was the greatest of a fantastic House which ruined the Zulu nation; a Moshesh might have saved much more for it. Chaka put seven thousand people to death when his mother died, killed any of his five hundred concubines who bore him a child, forbade his warriors to marry, made men kill their wives, sons their fathers and sisters their brothers.

The colours of such holocausts fade quickly from time's canvas, while those of charging *impis* remain bright. Those glistening men beneath the nodding plumes, spurred on not by their own vaulting ambition but by the prick of fear, remain real and vivid; the victims are mute, shapeless and incomprehensible. Disraeli said the Zulus were 'a remarkable people; they defeat our generals, they convert our bishops, they have settled the fate of a European dynasty'. Actually they defeated *a* general, one of their chiefs deluded one confiding bishop about his attachment to Christianity, and they ambushed the Prince Imperial. The Zulu lives long and if you give a penny to an ancient sitting on the kerb in Durban today you may place it in the hand that assegai'd that Prince. You may also present it to an old man whose sons would formerly have cherished him, in his declining days at his kraal, but who are now lost in the shanty-towns of Johannesburg, possibly in the company of Native girls who have become prostitutes. This effect of the impact of two races, one advanced and one backward, upon each other in the shadow of the mines and factories weighs heavily on the thoughts of enlightened white South Africans.

On the Berea, the residential ridge overlooking Durban, where the resplendent Zulu once hunted, he now works as houseboy, in white shorts and moujik-like blouse. He lives in a little *kia*, or house, apart from his employer's, who might rest tranquil if he slept in servant's quarters within, but now worries often about undesirable guests in the *kia*. This is the small reality of *Apartheid*, the separation of races, an ideal the total realization of which both parties would fervently welcome if it were practicable. They are in fact inexorably cast together, each needing the other, unless one ousts the other. The houseboy will die a 'boy', no matter how old he grows, and cannot aspire to that right of manhood, the opportunity to advance.

In the town the Zulu works in shops, offices and factories, or pulls a ricksha. The ricksha-boys look the happiest of a congenitally happy breed, and clearly rejoice in fine feathers and the parade of

masculine strength. About twenty years ago some letters, on a suitably high moral level, were exchanged in the correspondence columns of *The Times* about the indignity of ricksha-riding for white people. The writers were offended that dark men, between shafts, should pull reclining white men; the difference between such labour and that of a white ferryman on an English river might be hard to explain. Anyway, the days when 'the white inhabitants are practically the only ones using the ricksha' (*Black and White in South East Africa*, 1911) have gone. Today the rickshas seldom carry white folk, and often Indians or Natives. The ricksha-boy remains one of the blithest beings in Durban.

Durban contains over a hundred thousand Natives, mostly Zulus. Where do they sleep, if they are not houseboys? Though the Indian may, the Native may not own a house. That is the practice, whatever the law, and few Native householders are to be found anywhere in South Africa outside a few model settlements like those of Port Elizabeth and Stellenbosch and the pattern villages of the Tongaat Sugar Company in Natal. The polite fiction is that the Native sleeps either in his *kia*, if he is a houseboy, or in a barracks for males only, if he is a factory-worker; and that he retains his native kraal, returning to it, and to his womenfolk when his term is up. In fact the Native male population far outnumbers the *kias* and the beds in the barracks, and constantly increases. There is a single hostel, much over-crowded, for the female Native population. Women with children are debarred and one strangled a newborn infant, rather than leave, just before I visited it. Rider Haggard's name was among the signatures in the visitors' book; he went there forty years ago.

Multitudes of Natives, then, sleep here, there and everywhere, in sheds and shanties, under the sky, where they can. Yet they are not so miserable by their own standards as by the white man's. If you grew up in a beehive hut, you do not find a shanty intolerable; if your mother bore you in a field, you do not rebel against bearing your own child in an ambulance. The great debate about the Native is mainly carried on by people far away who do not know what he thinks or wants, but assume he feels what they would feel in his place, which is a different thing. I never met a white man in South Africa who was sure he knew what was in the Native mind. The wall between the races is huge. What I think, however, is that these deprivations may count less with him than the denial of any way to better himself. That arises from the numerical inferiority of the whites and their disinclination to increase themselves. The vents are closed and the pressure grows.

If verdicts were being bandied about (as they constantly are by a long line of far-away critics from Mr. Keir Hardie to Mrs. Roosevelt) the true one might vindicate the white man in South Africa by this simple test: the dark man survives and multiplies. He has not been almost exterminated like the North American Indian (as an Afrikaner Minister, Mr. Eric Louw, aptly remarked at a United Nations debate, 'We have at least left enough Natives to *have* A Native Problem'). His numbers grow, he effortlessly retains his separate individuality, and his physique overcomes the ills, tuberculosis and venereal disease chief among them, which the white man's cities have brought and which appal the enlightened white men. Some force, incalculable if it is not divine, as yet protects him from the epidemics which humane investigators fear ('In the shacks amoebic dysentery is rapidly spread by the ingestion of human faeces and tuberculosis by the inhalation of contaminated air. And should smallpox or typhoid or bubonic plague once make an entry there, the consequences will be devastating. Moreover, the criminal statistics are appalling. In the Cato Manor district alone during six months there were twenty cases of murder and six of rape ...'; from Mr. Justice Broome's Report on 'the legitimate needs and grievances of the Native population of the City of Durban in respect of housing, health welfare, etc.,' 1948).

In spite of all the Zulus, next to the Basuto the greatest of the Bantu races, have remained a nation. They still have much of their Zululand, a bequest from British rule, and mainly hold to their tribes, kraals and king, for all the 'lost ones' of the Rand. The Zulu in Durban is luckier than the one in Johannesburg; his home is near and his women visit him in the city, or he them in the kraal. He

does not look an altogether luckless man as he goes through the streets with his trail of bright-eyed little hens behind him, he in town finery, they in their best beads. Save for the ugly singlet which someone has persuaded them to wear over their breasts, they are as they were in Chaka's day, oiled, glistening, plaited, and walk with timid dignity behind their lords.

At the other end of their trail, too, around the distant kraals, they are pretty to watch as they wait in the fields on a Saturday afternoon for their lover's or husband's visit by Indian bus. They are naked save for the little kilt and the beads, but love to adorn themselves with a white man's towel, gaily striped. This they scrub in the river until it gleams, and wear, draped or negligently hung on their shining brown bodies, with the grace of a duchess in ermine. They are one big smile, and none need pity the Zulu his homecoming, or even his polygamy. The men most to be pitied are the white Native Affairs officials in the locations and barracks, who have to pit insufficient resources against ever-growing overcrowding.

In the Royal House on a hilltop some two hundred miles north of Durban lives Cyprian, King of the Zulu, the ruler of this nation once feared, now humble, still virile. A factual book about South Africa, where everything is disputed, could hardly be written, so I must at once qualify this description: I cannot swear that he is a king, or rules, or that by any judgment but mine the Zulus remain a nation. His status varies with the eye of the beholder, South African or Zulu. In 1948 he was confirmed by the South African as Chief of the Usutu tribe; in Zulu estimation, however, the Usutu are the chief Zulu tribe and their chief is the King.

Whether he is merely a tribal chief by white man's sufferance or King by Zulu law, the hills awoke again to the mighty shout of the war cry and to that thunder of feet which makes the very earth shake, when he was installed. Five, thousand Zulus, in small bands under their headmen, gathered at the Royal House (a modest bungalow, much less impressive than Chaka's beehive city). The old barbaric splendours of a Royal feast were renewed; the beasts were killed and roasted, the gourds of beer passed round, and the warriors became excitable enough to worry their headmen. Cyprian wore raiment resembling that of a Salvation Army bandmaster. His warriors were ragged caricatures of the old impis. They wore the skins, of leopard and monkey and buck, but beneath them the tattered shirts and trousers and pullovers which they can no longer bear to discard. Yet these covered thews and sinews not much less than of old.

That was a strange episode in the comedy of black and white. Three months earlier a general election left the Afrikaner Nationalists with a slender majority in the lower House, but none in the Senate. Three months ahead lay a minor election for a few 'Native Representative' seats in the Senate; victory in these would have given the Government control in the Senate as well. Between these two elections Cyprian was confirmed Chief of the Usutu and publicly told by the Minister for Native Affairs: 'The question of his being declared Paramount Chief of the Zulus will be gone into later and much depends on his own conduct. It is now up to him, and the Zulu chiefs and the people, to show that he is worthy of being made Paramount Chief and that they wish to support the Government....'

This statement was made on the eve of polling-day. Subsequently the Afrikaner Nationalist candidate distributed to the Zulu voters a circular saying: 'I, Cyprian, make known to the country that after having deliberated over the candidates for the election, I support the Nationalist candidate ... I ask the people of my father to support him.' The signature was rubber-stamped: 'Cyprian'.

Such strong support for the Afrikaner Nationalist cause was somewhat unexpected in Zululand and this circular awoke much interest and comment among all classes of the community, Native and European. This led the Nationalist candidate to make an explanatory announcement: He had, he said, visited Cyprian at the Royal Kraal 'and drew his attention to the remark passed by the

Minister for Native Affairs'. 'No inducement', he added, 'was held out to the Chief to support me', but a few days later he received through the post 'a letter bearing the Chief's rubber stamp'. As time pressed he had it copied and distributed by post to the Native electorate. These circulars were similarly rubber-stamped 'Cyprian'.

In the event the Zulu voters rejected the advice thus given, for the Nationalist candidate's opponent was elected by 372,184 votes against 68,414.

The matter of the Paramount Chieftaincy, like all else in Africa, remains for the future to settle. In the mind of the Zulu, as far as the white man can plumb it, Cyprian appears to be firmly enthroned and the Zulu Royal House to be firmly established. In this particular case the pull of the towns, of the factories, of urbanization, of the politicians in distant continents who seek to grind axes on the differences between dark men and white men in the African one, had not yet been enough to alter that. Zulu nationhood continues, at any rate for the present, a virile force, and the Zulu seems often to revere the memory of Chaka and Dingaan as a Frenchman might revere that of Napoleon or a German that of Hitler, for a' that. This is something above (or below) reason.

Meanwhile, the Zulu laughs easily and habitually; it seems to be his normal countenance. Often white folk wonder what he is laughing at, or if he is laughing, child-like, at nothing.

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## Chapter Twenty Nine

### PASSIVE AGGRESSION

By whichever road you enter Durban (save the wet one, and even that is the *Indian* Ocean) you must pass through the encampments of the besieging Indian Army. They lie athwart the coastal roads from north and south and the inland one from Johannesburg. They proclaim themselves, even to the stranger, by colour and squalor, by long hair and bright saris, by furtive houses and fetid hovels. Where the Indians go, say the white folk, all life withers; but the Indians thrive and increase. Where they squat no blade of grass apparently wishes to grow, yet they have few equals as growers of fruit and vegetables and can make a pumpkin sprout on a pump-handle.

The inner city is encircled by them again. The white man has two parallel thoroughfares, West Street and Smith Street, but even in the bright noonday avoids the other parallel streets, which the besieger has occupied. This is siege by commerce and invasion by purchase. If it were a battle of arms the communiqué might announce that the attackers had established themselves across the main approaches, penetrated the fortifications, and nearly surrounded the central citadel. Everywhere the white man has fought to the last, only yielding when the price offered was beyond his strength to resist.

When young Mr. Winston Churchill and young Jan Smuts were campaigning against each other between Durban and Johannesburg and thinking of decisive victories either way, a third young man of the twentieth century was discovering, in Durban and Johannesburg, his theory of passive resistance, which now looks like a novel one of unarmed aggression, in the light of the results it has achieved in Natal. Mr. Gandhi may or may not have foreseen this, but his idea is proving an effective new strategy in the pursuit of old aims. The wrongs (as he thought them) of the Indians in Natal produced his new theory that armed resistance was vain, improper or unnecessary, and that oppressive edicts could be broken by non-violent means. For instance, people forbidden to use a certain street could sit down in it in thousands during rush-hour. Then their rulers were forced either to shoot them, which they would not do, or to remove them, which they could not.

This simple notion is capable of infinite variation and is of much charm, but in its later stages became a form of passive aggression, the counter measure to which has not yet been devised. In India it changed the shape of world affairs. Mr. Gandhi bequeathed it to the colonizing Indians of Natal and the East African coast generally and they have made good use of it. His invasion of Natal (of invading which both Boers and British were accusing each other fifty years ago) has gained much ground without a shot fired.

The Indians were brought, as slaves, to Natal in 1860, after the British settlers had been hard at work for twenty years. Their position in South Africa, therefore, is analogous to that of the Negroes of the American Southern States, with one great difference that they were almost immediately freed. In Natal and in the American South one striking and unforeseeable result has followed from the importation of slaves; that the freed slaves are in both countries today much more prosperous than the original dark-skinned population, the Native of South Africa and the 'Red Indian' of the United States. Apparently this consequence springs in both countries from the refusal of the Red Indian and the Bantu alike to adopt or submit to the white man's creed of hard work and acquisitiveness.

The Indians, the hopeless underlings of a rigid caste system, were as glad to leave India as the planters were to have them, for the Zulu would not cut sugar. His tribal tradition and training tell him that field work is women's labour. He sees no indignity in domestic labour, and would rather

cut the white man's corns than the white man's corn. So the Indian came, leaving behind the overbearing Brahmin, famine, suttee (but not child marriage), and found in Natal opportunity beyond his dreams. Twenty years later his condition already surprised Anthony Trollope: 'I have passed through a village of coolies where the men had their wives and children and were living each under his own fig-tree. Not infrequently they hire Kaffirs to do for them the heavy work, assuming quite as much mastery over the Kaffir as the white man does.'

Trollope was astonishingly farsighted. Long before Natal grew really uneasy about its Indians (they have never penetrated in numbers into the other three provinces) he wrote, in 1879: 'There is a side to the sugar question in Natal which to me is not satisfactory ... There are 320,000 Natives in Natal ... yet the work of the estates is done by Coolies from India ... It seemed to be so sad that with all that idle strength standing by, requiring labour for its own salvation, with so large a population which only labour can civilize, we who have taken upon ourselves to be their masters should send all the way to India to do that which it ought to be their privilege to perform. But so it is. There are now over 10,000 Coolies domiciled in Natal, all of whom have been brought there with the primary object of making sugar ... After his five years of compulsory service the Coolie may seek a master where he pleases, or may live without a master if he has the means.'

There are now over 230,000 Indians in Natal and today's traveller may vainly wonder why the Indian was allowed from the start to acquire land and dwelling, shop or business in a way denied to the Native. Even those who are readiest to say they like the Native but cannot stomach the Indian do not answer that question. The constant complaint is heard that the Indian will soon be much more numerous than the white man. He may already be so; none can count how many Indians go into one motor car or how many children run round an Indian shack. He breeds with gusto and is a polygamist, and on that account alone his passive resistance to certain white ordinances, which exclude him, becomes a form of passive aggression. If all are to have 'equal rights' (for instance, to family allowances or pensions) where is the equality of right between a man who marries and supports one wife and three children and leaves one widow, and he who has two or three wives and fifteen or twenty children working for him, and bequeaths several widows? The Indian birthrate in Natal is 37.1, compared with 33 in India and 19.1 in England and Wales.

The Indians who came to Natal were 'Asiatic labourers from densely populated areas in India belonging to the lowest classes who had been living in a state of semi-starvation', according to Mr. Gandhi. Today the Indian community contains many poor men, but as a community is wealthy and owns a large part of Durban, where the Native owns nothing. It includes very rich men, who have luxurious clubs at Isipingo and other outlying places. The Coloured girl in Durban often finds her way to these places and sometimes goes through a Hindu wedding ceremony, later being cast off without any or all redress.

All things are comparative, and the outcry which is often raised at United Nations meetings, about the treatment of the Indians in South Africa rings false to those who observe how seldom the roofless Bantu is mentioned there. The Indians of Natal enjoy the same advantage, in these international poker-games, as the Political Zionists. They are wealthy and have powerful friends in those places; the Native, like the native Arab of Palestine, has none, so that his rights or wrongs go equally unheard. Thus Mother India, which cared not a fig for these orphans when they went to seek their own fig tree in Natal, is loud on their behalf, and is often supported by the humanitarian Liberals of London and New York, who rejoiced to see the Palestinian Arabs driven from their native sands. What Mother India's game is may emerge in the next half-century, as the unexpected results of Mr. Gandhi's political thought have appeared from the last one. Pandit Nehru once remarked with emphasis that 'India happens to have 300,000,000 people', and on another occasion that 'Colonialism must end'. Indian Colonialism, however, may be just beginning.

The sheer weight of that great mass of population, and of its passive method in colonization, is being felt all down the east coast of Africa. Of the islands in between, white men casually say that 'Mauritius is already lost'. In Tanganyika and Kenya the growing pressure is increasingly felt, and in Fiji, on the other side of India, too. In Natal such authorities as Senator Heaton Nicholls think that: 'India, already overpopulated, is looking for other lands to which the people can migrate. The land they are looking at is Africa. Does anyone think that a handful of Europeans in Africa, and especially South Africa, are going to thwart the policies of a huge nation like that.'

The debate ever returns to that 'handful' and to the disinclination of South Africa to let it grow. That appears to be the breach in the ramparts. Meanwhile the discussion about the Indians, like that about *Apartheid*, revolves round an empty word: repatriation. All parties are theoretically in favour of it, as they are of *Apartheid*; the Indian Government nominally accepts it; and none intends to carry it out for the obvious reason that you cannot repatriate a man from his own *patrie*, the land of his birth. You can only expatriate him, if someone will receive him. South Africa is these Indians' *patrie*. I cannot guess their feeling for unknown Mother India, but a celebration of Indian independence, which I watched on the beach at Durban, was a spiritless festival without inner fire. They will stay in Natal and they breed faster than the white man, who can outdo them only by procreation or immigration. The sum seems simple but the result is unacceptable.

With many gifts, the Indians of Natal do not endear themselves. Mr. Gandhi's son often seems to despair of them and has been howled down for saying: 'I am a believer in God and there are many people here who are non-believers.' They are often so inefficient that their prosperity seems at first sight strange. It chiefly derives, however, from the two great wars. Bans on normal commerce, which the white man of the twentieth century automatically accepts as a normal part of these affairs, automatically enrich a community which has an especial aptitude for extra-legal commerce, so that it can supply that which lacks in the open market. When these prohibitions are continued long after the fighting ends (a practice also accepted as normal in many white countries today) the enrichment of those highly qualified in clandestine buying and selling mechanically continues. It is another facet of passive resistance, or passive aggression, and the white man has never yet matched the Oriental in this talent, though he may have to learn.

The Muslims are few among the Natal Indians, and are quieter, soberer folk. The Hindus predominate and their displays of fire-walking and the festival of the Tai-Pusam may be publicly witnessed. This religious exhibitionism is startling enough, even to those who try to respect the customs of others. It is marvellous to see men and women, with rolling eyeballs, having silver tridents stuck through their protruded tongues so that they cannot retrude, or to watch hundreds of hooked pins being stuck in to a man's chest and back, as if he were being baited for fishing, and these hung with limes and little jars of milk, and a heavy processional car then hitched to the hooks in his stretching skin, and this drawn to the temple by him, while he walks on sandals with sharp blades and pointed nails set in them, all without the spilling of a drop of blood. These mysteries, and the fire-walking on unscathed soles, are beyond the white men's ken. They are also repugnant to him, and if his star has set him to live in Natal, which has the Star of the Nativity in its heraldic arms, he feels he must protect himself against domination by such widely different folk.

The white South African, however, does not suit any action to such thoughts. He complains about Immigrants and Indians impartially and keeps the first out while the second increase. He winces when a Mayor of Johannesburg says, 'Durban is now an Indian and Native city from which the Europeans have withdrawn to the suburbs' but refrains from even retorting that the kettle is no blacker than the pot. He says cheerfully, 'Durban will soon be another Bombay' and goes happily off to a game of bowls, possibly in the spirit of Drake.



Sir Maharaj Singh, Governor of Bombay, who was formerly Agent-General of the Indian Government in South Africa, in 1948 said: 'As one who has travelled a great deal in South Africa I can say, without hesitation, that within the lifetime of many of us there will be a revolution by the non-Europeans against the Europeans, in which the former are bound to win in the long run and will have the support of all Africans, all Asiatics and also a large number of Europeans.'

The moral basis for this opinion seems doubtful, for liberated India, or at all events Hindustan, was among the countries which upheld the European invasion of Asiatic Palestine. In any case, if the implication is that the Indians of Natal, specifically, have cause to rise, that seems absurd in view of the manner of their coming to South Africa, their present lot, and the immense advantages they have over the Natives, who by no means find common cause with them, but particularly resent them. For that matter, I can foresee no major revolution in a South African vacuum. That could only happen through outer encouragement and support, of the kind which led to the expansion of the Soviet area into Europe and China and to the extermination of the natives of Palestine. At that point, however, the matter passes into the sphere of the super-national poker-game, in which the Indians of Natal are but one small though useful card.

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## Chapter Thirty

### CRY HUE!

I wandered by night through one of the Native locations of Durban, a great block of barrack-buildings where the male Natives who come from their kraals to work in the city are supposed to sleep at nights. Thousands of men packed themselves into it and thousands more could find no corner in it and slept who knows where. The growth of the problem overwhelms each separate attempt to reduce it; thus a fine new building there, originally put up as a recreation hall, by sheer pressure of natural instinct was now surrendered to the visiting wives from the kraals. 'Man must have his mate': the wartime song was true. 'The present inadequacy of accommodation necessitates indecent overcrowding and unduly hard restrictions on the length of visits; it should be mentioned, however, that Durban is the only city in the Union that supplies this sort of accommodation at all' (the Broome Report, 1948). The hall was thronged with reunited, though nearly invisible pairs. Their marital bed was the floor, as it would have been in a kraal. Two benches apiece, set on their sides against the wall, made for each pair a small, triangular bedchamber behind fences not much higher than a recumbent human form. I hastily withdrew, and went across the compound between sleepers scattered on the grassless ground.

I saw a tall, pale and spectral figure approach, ghostly against this background of black night, black men and dark buildings. It was a white man, wearing only a blanket which left shoulders, arms and legs bare. The eerie figure picked its way between the dark prostrate forms and halted at a word from my guide. Pink eyes looked at us from negroid features and suddenly I knew: it was an albino, a black man whiter than any white man. He answered questions dully or reluctantly and went his way, nature's outcast among his kind. What circles within circles: here, among millions of dark men who might resent the wider life that lay open to those of fairer skin, was one who must long to be black, like his fellows! The inscrutable destiny which made pigmentation also made his lack of it. It must be hard, I thought, to be pallid and yet suffer the disabilities of being swart.

The mystery of colour is among the greatest of our little planet and I never met a wise man who thought he knew the truth of it. They all believed, however, that if a mingling of colour is the final answer of providence, that must lie in some future too far off for them to see. In South Africa (and the American South) colour is, or has been made by politicians to be, an ever-present topic, which none can escape. The fear of mixing is so great that, in a country where rugby football is a passion, even the visit of the famous All Blacks from New Zealand prompted dark forebodings lest they include some Maoris and be not All White.

Yet I do not believe that there is any natural antipathy between men on account of *colour*. Any aversions between differently coloured groups arise 'from the instinct of survival, not from the variations of hue at all. That may be most easily tested in South Africa, where the Nationalist Afrikaner's fear for his Afrikanerdom makes him as resentful of the British, who are of his own colour, as of any other. Indeed, he appears to be ready to destroy himself for that aversion, which causes him to refuse to replenish the white stock in South Africa through immigration from other white areas. He does not want to be dominant merely because he is *white*; he just wants the chief place in the land over all others, and for that ambition even accepts the risk of submergence by the rising black tide. The *colour* bar is a lie of politics. There always were suspicions and resentments between peoples of different origins, customs, speech, ability and advancement. When England was rural, people at different ends of the same village distrusted each other as foreigners, and the Islanders of Wight still call the mainlanders 'overners'.

The real question of colour is not that of an inhuman discrimination merely on account of the skin's tinge, as it is presented to the mass-mind in the great centres of white population. It was made by God and man has not found the answer. It is as complex as time and as mysterious as space, and enlightened men, in my experience, cannot come to any conclusion about it. It is not simply a matter of black mating with white, and thus producing equation. It goes much deeper than skin, far down into incompatible ways of life and beliefs that cannot be equated in any foreseeable time. There are enormous gulfs which could only be bridged in long ages, if ever, and may be lethal penalties for any who would leap across without looking. The colour of the skin is an insignificant trifle among much greater matters, a tiny part of something as dangerous to touch as an adder. It is a matter of the dark man's soul as much as, perhaps more than, that of the white man's. Mere mating and the opening of ranks are no answer to witchcraft and the bloody superstitions, initiation ceremonies and the cow-dung floor, the fish-hooks and idolatries of Tai-Pusam, blood sacrifices and strong medicine, child marriage and polygamy; all this would not be solved if a sudden end were put to 'discrimination'!

Sometimes the thing is tested, and rarely with auspicious results. Long ago a Scots girl married a Gaika chief, who became a Presbyterian minister and brought her back to South Africa. In Scotland, among her white folk, the matter seemed simple; in Africa, among the dark ones, it was not. She remained, as all would expect, 'an upright, conscientious, thrifty Christian Scotswoman', but her husband added to this last tribute the words to his sons. 'Take your place in the world as coloured, not as white, as Kaffirs not as Englishmen ... You, my children, belong to a primitive race of men who amid many unamiable points stand second to none as to nobility of character. The Kaffirs will stand high when compared in all things with the uncivilized races of the world. They have the elements out of which a noble race might be made.' The words, from such a source, ring more proudly and truly than those of 'down with the colour bar' from another; the white man might often learn from the black one. Pride of race seems to me a good thing in all men, since it derives from a power greater than man.

The mingling, not so much of colour as of the things which colour connotes, is being tested again today in one of the British Protectorates in Southern Africa, Bechuanaland. There a highly educated and cultured chief, Tshekedi Khama, as Regent for his nephew, Seretse, long applied the Western knowledge and training he acquired to the preservation of his tribe, his race. Many years ago he was deposed for imprisoning and flogging two white men, an act which infuriated neighbouring South Africa. Time showed, however, that he did not beat them with a *colour* bar, but rewarded them less severely than his own tribesmen would have been punished for the same deed, and he was restored. The chief danger he foresaw to his people was that of engulfment in the Union. His nephew, however, also went to be educated in England and on the approach of his majority there threw up a new and unexpected problem by marrying an English girl.

That was a great dilemma for the race, but it was not in essentials one of colour, any more than the matter of Mrs. Simpson (the nephew, Seretse, justified himself to the assembled chieftains in words rather different from King Edward's; he said he loved his people and wished to assume the burden of chieftainship, but with his wife beside him. King Edward first ascertained that this was unacceptable and then laid down the burden). Ancient faiths and beliefs were at stake, and the future of a race, not merely the complexion of a face. An expostulating chief told the young heir to the Bamangwato throne. 'Nobody can cast fire among the people he loves. If you bring this woman, the tribe will scatter and then, will you be chief of these poles?' So might Mr. Baldwin have spoken, and the Lord Chancellor of that time might have uttered words not dissimilar in meaning to Tshekedi Khama's: 'Tswana law is not yet written, but yet is law. We thought you might be the one to write it, but you have poured earth on it. Khama changed certain laws, but he did so as chief. I will not alter the custom by which the chief's wife regulates the courtyard.'

These two examples show the operation of 'the colour bar' in the reverse sense from that which is given to it in the great argument of today, and also show that it is not a *colour* bar at all, but something going far below the skin. Mrs. Simpson was a white woman, but the objections raised to Seretse's marriage were the same.

Among the white races of today, a lively understanding and fear of these things is most marked among the peoples of Northern Europe, the Germans, Hollanders, Scandinavians and British, and folk of these stocks in North America. Noticeably, those white races which contain some admixture of Mediterranean or North African blood, like the Spanish, Portuguese, Italians and French, remain indifferent to the matter in their homelands, in their African and other colonies, and in the South America they settled. Whether the mingling of blood has produced the weakening of their energies, which has shown in recent centuries, is a thing for ethnologists to ponder. An alternative theory is that they are simply more reasonable about the thing, holding it to be one which God will in due time regulate, and on which men need not waste heated words today. They do not grow excited about colour, for or against.

If that is their frame of mind, it may be the best one. It is, however, one which the twentieth century will not allow the other white men to enjoy. 'Colour' has plainly been chosen as an ideal question for setting white men against each other by the forces which aspire, by the end of this interesting hundred years, to rule the world. It appears to be a very good one for arousing the moral indignation of people far away from the issue. It was used to cause the bloodiest civil war in history, that between the Northern and Southern States of America, and to lay the foundations of future world-power in a polyglot New York. The student of today may smile at the picture of The North, as it tightened its grasp around the throat of the few surviving Red Indians, making war on The South about the treatment of the slaves. The North contained hardly any Negroes, though it earlier thrived on the trade of supplying them to The South. Those who detest sin in others have always flourished in northern latitudes, both in America and England, and in 1907, when the Red Indians had almost disappeared, the Congo Reform Association of Boston, glaring at the Belgian Congo, thundered that: 'If other powers do not take the first step, in the name of outraged humanity, the United States should.' The frame of mind remains familiar today, from Greenwich Village to Chelsea, and those who yield to it are the chosen instruments of stronger, astuter forces bent on destroying the white man.

Thus the remainder of this century will hear the welkin ring, until the great decisions come, with the cry of 'colour', 'the colour bar', and 'down with all discrimination of race, creed and colour'. It comes, perceptibly, from the two powerful political forces which the two wars have thrown up on the border of Asia: Soviet Communism and Political Zionism. These are the 'adventurous politicians', bent on reaching ulterior ends through the use of the black man and abuse of the white one, whom Trollope foresaw.

They most loudly cry 'colour bar' in South Africa and the United States, where they may reasonably hope to keep the white voters fairly equally divided by constantly placing the colour bogey between them, and to exercise real power by tipping the balance whichever way they desire. In the United States they have in fact achieved that position, and in South Africa are not far from it. Their chief allies are the humanitarian intellectuals who lament the lot of the dark man while declaring that 'Only Zionism' (or only Communism) 'can save the world'.

The parallelism of these two movements, which sprang from the same part of Eastern Europe, is constant and significant. Clearly they work towards the joint final purpose of reducing the white man and the dark one to a common low status in a world governed by them. It is a feature of the twentieth century that political forces advance by attacking what they most ardently practise, so that words mean always their opposite. Thus the thing which Soviet Communism and Political

Zionism alike practise is that which they use to inflame white man against white man: discrimination. Soviet Communism discriminates ruthlessly against political opponents; Political Zionism against non-Zionists. Discrimination against the Christian religion is doctrinal throughout the Soviet area. Intermarriage with Gentiles is fiercely opposed by the Hebrew faith (and was described by a Zionist speaker in a broadcast debate in South Africa as 'race suicide'; of this particular discrimination Hitler's law against intermarriage with Jews was merely the obverse, justified in similar words).

The directing minds of the two great new movements of this century have clearly made a thorough scientific study of the weak points of human nature, on which they operate like a dentist drilling on a nerve. More accurately, they have continued this scientific study, for their knowledge of a satanic subject is too complete to have been amassed in a lifetime; this is something which reaches back through generations of conspiracy, at least to the French Revolution. A group of men who have made such a discovery and are able to apply it throughout the world is in a position of immense strength. By dividing you may rule the world, but you must first learn where to divide. The weak points in human nature are primitive resentments and suspicions, and fears of submergence by neighbours. They are but pimples in themselves, but by constant injections of a virus disguised as a cure may be brought to erupt in violent outbreaks.

This is the function of the cry 'colour bar' in the poker-game of super-national politics, as it is played, chiefly between Moscow and New York. 'Cry Hue! and let slip the dogs of hatred!' The operators have discovered that you may inflame the passions of the 'do-gooders' in Boston, Lincs., and Boston, Mass., alike by telling them that dark men are being ill-treated far away. You may move them to demand in 1907 'in the name of outraged humanity' that the United States should take steps in the Belgian Congo, or in 1957 perhaps, that in the name of outraged humanity the United Nations should take steps in South Africa. In countries where white men have to live with dark ones, you may thus keep their fears fanned, where the matter might otherwise find an amiable solution. In the great United States, particularly, you may keep North against South, white man against white man, indefinitely, while the régime of the servile World State is prepared; this is the American situation today.

In such a cause, of inflaming resentments and not of allaying them, the great chorus of complaint about 'the colour bar' is raised throughout the world. The Communist and Zionist newspapers maintain it in England and South Africa, but the great bulk of it comes from America, where I later studied it with fascination. It is an amazing example of the subtle encouragement of passions. Negro Communists are paraded as typical specimens of an oppressed race (the Negro population as a whole is unresponsive to Communism). Some guiding hand gives a specious trend to all literature and entertainment. The book supplements of the leading newspapers each week review a mass of books about 'the colour bar', and mysterious committees make 'awards' to many of these. If an objective book about the subject appears in some other country, it may be taken over and made into a play which proves to be anti-colour-bar propaganda. The theme is constantly introduced into radio programmes, films, dramatic plays and even musical plays; London playgoers will find it in some of the great American successes performed there in recent years. Most of the big newspapers 'run' it as incessantly as the comic-strips. The publication of a book giving any other side of the matter than that of 'the party-line' is almost impossible to imagine in America today. In Hollywood, as I found when I went there, each new 'programme' of pictures by some unwritten but unchallengeable law has to contain a certain proportion about 'the colour bar' or 'anti-semitism'. Producers and players are aware of this incubus on their work and resent it, but are powerless to alter it.

If all this were sincere, it would show that the great heart of the white world beat more for the American Negro and the South African Native than for any other being anywhere. It is not sincere.

The Negro and Native are stalking horses, used to pursue different game, and their betterment is not the aim. The moral always drawn is that 'discrimination' is mortal sin, but in truth the discrimination thus attacked is not any which the Negro or Native suffer. The stealthy insinuation is that any resistance to subversion, in the Communist or Zionist form, is 'discrimination'. Any opposition to the admission of unlimited numbers of Asiatic immigrants from East Europe, to their employment in the highest places, or to their territorial ambitions in Europe or Arabia, is 'discrimination'. For this reason the chief parts in these suggestive books and plays are sometimes interchangeable. The persecuted Communist or Zionist began at one time to appear in them, but was publicly unpopular. He was supplanted by the persecuted Negro (when *Home of the Brave* was a book, the victim of 'discrimination' was a Jewish soldier, but in the film he became a Negro). The Negro is the stalking-horse.

For this reason South Africa, and its white and black inhabitants, will play a large part in the events of the next half-century. It is a good place to seek the stuff of propaganda, in the pursuit of great designs which are more closely concerned with Europe and North America. In South Africa itself (as in the American South) the truth of colour is very different from the specious picture painted by the would-be World Governors of tomorrow. Colour is only skin-deep; the things that really divide lie in the heart and soul. If all the restraints were suddenly removed today, tomorrow might see some strange pairings in Johannesburg and Cape Town, as in New Orleans and Nashville. They would be few, however, for the desire to mix exists only on the lower levels of both sides. The proud and the prudent would still remain apart, not from disrespect of the others but from respect for themselves, and between those who rushed together the abysses would remain. Naidoo, one day, would feel the need to skewer his tongue, and black Hilda to consult the witch-doctor.

There is no colour bar of the kind depicted by the East European aspirants to world power; there are many other barriers, though less rigid ones than those which imprison the forced-labour slaves of the Soviet area and those which exclude the natives of Palestine from returning to their land. Nevertheless, like many other fictions, the colour bar may play a great part in preparing the final conjuring-tricks of this century, which always produces from the hat something other than the anticipated rabbit. The only man in the whole throng who can rightly complain of a *colour* bar, however, is that unfortunate albino.

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## Chapter Thirty One

### JOURNEY'S LOG

One day I made ready to continue my mid-century journeyings from South Africa to America, glad to have remained longer than I expected and sorry to go, for South Africa is a country of magnificent scenes and the most stirring possibilities. Hardly anywhere else in the world does an equal prospect still offer to the white man, of a huge and spreading expanse of territory where, under his leadership, all races might share in an improving future of boundless scope.

South Africa is the natural basis of that development, if it is ever to come about, but at present the realization of the vision is arrested by the artificial perpetuation of an old and empty feud and by the virtual suspension of white immigration. This hung like an avenging sword over the future of the white man, not only in South Africa, but throughout all Africa. At the end of 1949 General Smuts, speaking to a Zionist audience in Johannesburg, implicitly alluded to this unhappy deadlock when he felt able to claim only to have been 'associated with at least one thing in my life which has been successful', the erection of the Zionist State in Arabia. Whether even that was in fact a successful undertaking, from the larger point of view, the second fifty years of the century will show. General Smuts, in the evening of his days, appeared at last to feel an awakening doubt, for he spoke of 'a sort of estrangement between the British and Jewish peoples' and said if this were to be the abiding result it would be 'a calamity'. Yet this result of today was as foreseeable as the earlier estrangements which the Political Zionist brought about, and as that between the American and Jewish peoples, which they will in the continuance of their ambition bring about tomorrow.

While South Africa continues to be disabled from ensuring the white man's future in Africa, which should be its natural function, the task devolves on the British African territories to the north, if any shoulders there are ready and able to undertake it. Chief among them, and the only one equal to the mission, is Southern Rhodesia, which in its name at all events still honours the vision of Cecil Rhodes. Its Prime Minister has long been Sir Godfrey Huggins, who said in September 1948: 'There is going to be a United States of Africa as sure as the sun comes up. It will happen, first, through the linking together of the two Rhodesias, North and South. Then will follow the entry of Nyasaland with us into the great Middle Dominion of Africa. And at the end the federation of every one of the territories of this continent into one United States.' (What Sir Godfrey Huggins envisaged might better be called a Union of Southern Africa; the name 'United States' appears to have a magic appeal which it does not inherently deserve, and is often loosely applied.)

The great argument about the future of the white man in Africa has long revolved around such schemes of unification or federation. They sound splendid, but ignore two important obstacles: white inhabitants and the subtle opposition of the Colonial Office in London. If you cannot make bricks without straw, you cannot build a durable Union of Southern Africa without white settlers. Southern Rhodesia, though it has no internal feud like that of South Africa and complains, rightly, about the Colonial Office, by paradox is not much more hospitable to white immigration than South Africa. At every point in the circle these strange hindrances intrude. While the numerical inferiority of the white man continues to increase, no basis offers for the durable establishment of a larger federation or greater Union.

Only with many more white inhabitants would a larger Union, however fine it sounds, be likely to fulfil the prophecy of an American observer, Professor Lowell Ragatz of the George Washington University: 'Britain has an ace up her sleeve ... Britain built and lost two great empires, in America and India, but the prospects are that the third, in Africa, will be the greatest.' In this case the ace, if it is there, seems a long way up the sleeve. Under Socialist rule in London the formation of the

larger Union is firmly blocked, at any rate in the only form which the white settlers would accept. From the other end, Southern Rhodesia, it is in effect prevented by the smallness of the white population; only a much greater one could give this country the strength which would enable it of its own vigour to build one.

Southern Rhodesia stands before three doors, two of which are closed to it from the other side, while the third, strangely, it keeps closed itself. The first door, which it would use if this were feasible, is that of integration with the Union of South Africa. The racial vengefulness of the Boers in South Africa deters the white folk in Southern Rhodesia from taking that way; they hear responsible Afrikaner politicians affirm that hostility between Boer and British South Africans must ever continue and that intermarriage between them ought to cease. The second door is that of union with northern neighbours to form Sir Godfrey Huggins's 'Middle Dominion'. It is kept closed by Colonial Office insistence that the Native would have to be represented by Natives in the Central Government from the start. That is the demand, the true meaning of which Trollope saw seventy years ago; it would let in the 'adventurous politicians' from elsewhere who would use the Native for their own ends and would in the end mean the submergence of the white man in the country he conquered and settled.

The third door, in Southern Rhodesia as in South Africa, is that of increasing the white population to a point where it would not need to fear the numerical superiority of the dark one, and would develop resources capable of uplifting the lot of all. In this matter Southern Rhodesia, curiously, goes the same way as South Africa. Its restrictions on immigration are fairly stringent, and appear to amount to the dismantling of the foundations of a house (the greater Union), the erection of which has been declared necessary. This, too, is a matter in the sovereign control of Southern Rhodesia, and cannot be ascribed to Colonial Office opposition. One of the great planners of the invasion of 1944, Major-General Sir F. de Guingand, speaking at Bulawayo expressed concern about this and said that any 'difficulties' (such were pleaded in excuse of the restrictions) ought to be overcome if safety were to be achieved.

Throughout the British territories in Africa, the saving lifestream of white immigration continues to be dammed, and small heed is given to proposals such as that submitted to the Central African Council by Mr. G.A. Jellicoe, for mass-immigration of five million Europeans by 1975. These alone, however, could supply a real basis for the erection of an enduring Union of Southern (or of Central) Africa. In these circumstances no great reality seems to attach to Southern Rhodesia's choice of the third doorway into the future: 'It seems then that we shall have to go forward on our own and build a new Dominion' (Sir Godfrey Huggins, December 4th, 1949). Not even a great Dominion, let alone a greater Union, can be built with a few score thousands of white settlers.

The public men have long agreed that something ought to be done. General Smuts once said: 'Africa is the last reserve continent of the world, the last to be developed. You need it and we need it. Britain must fill the void left by India and Burma. A new dominion in Middle Africa could heal that grievous wound. And for us in South Africa and Africa, that Middle Dominion would be a stabilizing force and a friendly bastion against the threats which may come from the north.'

To this larger shape of the next half-century Major Lewis Hastings also referred: 'It is a fair assumption that if a threat ever arises again to what we call the Western world, it will come from some sort of aggressive dictatorship situated on the mainland of Europe ... Africa is the one great continental land mass that stands between a possible European dictator and the rest of the world. With its sea and air communications Africa is also the natural focal centre and rallying-point in any struggle which finds the great maritime powers aligned together ... In fact, all that the continent lacks to complete the picture of a focus of energy, sufficient to deter the most hopeful totalitarian, is a more fully developed industry, with its natural concomitants of a highly integrated road and rail



system. That merely adds force to the reasons already given for believing that the chief Imperial task of the immediate future is to develop Africa.'

If that is the chief Imperial task it is not being undertaken. Industry, roads and railways are wants that could only be made good through a much larger white population, and the wealth it would bring. In sovereign South Africa the vendetta of the Nationalist Afrikaners prevents that. In Southern Rhodesia some incomprehensible opposition produces the same result. In the lesser British territories to the north the deadweight of Socialism in London leads to a similar stagnation. The finger-printing of white folk in Kenya is an example of the sterile thought that has come out of London to Africa in these years, and the only large example of 'Colonial development' that has been seen there has been a prodigiously costly venture in peanuts in Tanganyika, which appears to have been ordered by the Minister of Food. Whether this enterprise, which in its first year cost the British taxpayer £29,000,000 will ever supply him with peanuts in any quantity, or whether he wants these, are things yet to be seen. What seems clear is that harbour and railway work has been undertaken which would be inherited by the successors of the British in East Africa, if Colonial Office policy were pursued to its logical end.

It is curious to see that, while the white settlers of British Africa complain of 'Colonial Office policy', they in fact work to the same end by opposing large-scale white immigration, so that 'the chief Imperial task' is hindered at both ends. Of Colonial Office policy, Sir Godfrey Huggins once said the federation of the two Rhodesias, and larger developments hinging on that, 'have always been stopped by the attitude of the United Kingdom Government, but they cannot go on resisting this for ever unless they want to dam up Africa in perpetuity'. (Not all the interferences of Whitehall, however, could dam up Africa for the white man more effectively than its own barriers against immigration.) On another occasion he said: 'Because the British Government would require representation of Africans by Africans in the central government from the start, and because Africans are not yet ready to assume such responsibility, the federation movement seemed to have reached a deadlock.'

'Deadlock' is in fact the position of the white man's future in Africa today. The deadlock could be broken from the African end by mass-immigration, but this solution is rejected. In the case of Southern Rhodesia this appears particularly unfortunate, because the action of its government in 1949, in abolishing the 'controls' which have been squeezing the life out of so many countries in these years, made it a place which millions of people of free spirit would go to if they could.

In 'Colonial Office policy', however, the workings of those stealthy and invisible influences may be traced, which operate through the apparent wielders of political power. Under Socialism, 'Colonial Office policy' is a product of the mysterious Fabian Society in London, in which Communist, Political Zionist and alien influences generally are strong (see *From Smoke to Smother*, p. 194); that is to say, it is not a body qualified to uphold native British interests in Africa or anywhere. The Fabians, like the Boston ladies of 1907, are zealous for 'African freedom and self-expression' (if not for those of Palestinian Arabs or of Poles and Czechs) and in effect their work would lead to the self-surrender or exclusion of the white man in or from Africa. That would be something in the line of the expansion of the Communist Empire and erection of the Zionist State. In 1946 forty-one members of the British Government were Fabians and the number will not much have changed since. A founder of the Society was Mr. Sydney Webb, who as Lord Passfield became Secretary of State for the Colonies in an earlier Socialist Administration, that of 1929. In 1930 he issued a White Paper which laid down a 'new policy' for the treatment of the Native in East Africa, a place unknown to him. Then visited by some expostulating white settlers from those parts he confessed that, had he been acquainted with the subject, he would not have published his proposals, and they died an ignominious death. However, he also died and the Fabian Society and

its 'Colonial policy' went on, in distant ignorance of the matter at issue and in high moral disapproval of white folk who lived in Africa.

Outside South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, no third territory is big enough to give a lead in ensuring the white man's future in Africa. Those two countries either restrict or do not much encourage white immigration. The other territories are hindered in their growth by the Colonial Office interventions and perhaps by the parochial state of mind which tends to appear among white people in overseas lands.

Thus by the mid-century the prospects of a great re-invigoration and of a rapidly growing new Union in Africa, within which white and dark men alike would find a future of rising promise, were in abeyance. The picture was similar to the one I knew from Europe before the second war, of country after country falling into a line that could not lead to advancement, and of a world that, even at this extremity, seemed caught in invisible toils from which it could not escape. The ace up the British sleeve and the chief Imperial task were both but figures of speech. The white man in Africa was too few in numbers for the fulfilment of the great vision which at the century's beginning held all far-seeing minds in its grip. Only a change of heart in the matter of white immigration, I thought, could yet secure the future. For the present the racial squabble in South Africa, the paltry white population of Southern Rhodesia, and the Colonial Office's opposition in the other territories combined to form great road-blocks on the white man's path.

However, all these things may be but unsubstantial shadows of the moment, which will flicker across the screen and presently vanish with changing governments, broadening outlooks and a revival of the white man's spirit in the coming half-century. If that happens, the prospect is boundless. In any case the shadows of the present could not spoil my personal delight in South Africa. I liked to think that, in its present or a greater form, it would yet fulfil the great visions of liberty and achievement which filled its founders. So splendid a land, I thought, deserved better than to be used by a handful of white folk as a shunting-yard for rusty old disputes, clanking and clanging to and fro; it was fitted to be a main line, where great purposes went strongly and swiftly to their accomplishment, and I hoped it would yet embrace its own happiness.

Having drunk of the waters of Africa, I resolved to return if the twentieth century allowed, and was later able to do so. Not for anything that I can afford would I have missed the evening with conspiratorial Germans and Afrikaners out in the *Platteland*, the Coons' Carnival at Cape Town, the fire-walking Indians of Durban, the chat with the murderous Basuto chief or the ride into inner Basutoland, the hour at the sad grave of George Rex, the *Vleisbraai* in the Karoo, the Zulu wedding in the Natal hills or the Christmastide at Amsterdam Hoek. South Africa gave me many bright pages in the album of a lifetime, and even the best one of all: that of a golden dawn of reunion in Table Bay. It gave me a friendly welcome and, for more than a year, a fine balcony from which to watch, and try to sketch, the twentieth century exactly as it goes.

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# PART THREE

## BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM

## Chapter One

### BALCONY OVER DURBAN

For a year, from a high balcony over Durban, with the bright city and blue ocean below, I sat back and watched the whirling world spin like a grindstone, and the sparks fly from it as the political banditti of the twentieth century whetted unassuageable knives. After pressing my nose against the great events of the last thirty-five years I was glad for a while to sit in the gallery, among the *enfants du paradis*. A high place and far vista constantly remind the beholder that this planet is small and a stage at that; that the strutting terrible ones and their victims alike are merely players and that the run is short. Behind the scenes of each new melodrama another is ever in rehearsal. There are no final curtains, only the eternal play.

The current melodrama, a heavy one, plainly approaches its third act and climax. It might be entitled Judas is an Honourable Man, or The World in Fetters, and will be concluded, I think, before the century's end. Whichever ending it reaches, the villain's triumph or his undoing, another play will follow; the human comedy does not finish, and put in its right proportions is finally comedy. The timeless universe contains some two thousand million stars, the nearest about twenty-five million miles from this earth; there are thousands of other universes and the Astronomer Royal holds that life exists in several other worlds. The white men form a minority of the little earth's population and if the present melodrama took them back to the caves, to start again, that would be but another beginning. These proportions of the matter looked clearer than before, from a balcony over Durban, and in this spirit, not in that of any gloomy scribifax or chapfallen oracle, I watched the unfolding shape of the play.

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## Chapter Two

### FULL FIFTY YEARS

Within our unimportant scheme of things, the year 1950 appears important. Like a ruled line, it closes a half-century of large events (by our standards) of which a sum may now be made. They crowded on time's traveller like mountain peaks, too near and massive to be separately comprehended while he was among them. Now that he may look back on the great range, its form and proportions begin to assert themselves.

There were two great wars; they were the storms which obscured his vision as he went along but now he may turn and survey the landscape they have left. From it arise two shapes which were not visible at all when he set out in 1900: Communism and Zionism. All else has been laid low or reduced. These two beanstalks, though neither is Russian, sprang from a common root in Russia. Before the first war they germinated secretly in the cellars and ghettos of Russia. They appeared above ground together in 1917, when the alien Communists were helped to usurp power in Russia and the Zionist ambition was espoused by a British Government. Through the second war, the Communist area was stretched by the mid-century to include half of Europe and nearly all of China, while the Zionist State was set up in Arabia and foreseeably would spread from there. These achievements were brought about through arms, money and political support given by American and British politicians, wielding wartime powers. They were not final, but marked the end of the second act, as the appearance of the two new forces in 1917 concluded the first.

In the further course of the comedy, I argued from my playgoer's seat, the twain would press on together towards the culmination. That, I foresaw, would be (in Disraeli's words) the triumph of 'the destructive principle' everywhere, the overthrow of 'tradition and aristocracy, religion and property', and the destruction of 'ungrateful Christendom'. The dress-rehearsals of the play reached back to 1790 and to the unsuccessful productions of 1848, 1895 and 1905. In 1917 and 1945 came the two first acts of the successful one. The third act, I thought, if it were played out as written, would see the spread of 'the destructive principle' to what remained of Europe, to the British Commonwealth and to the American Republic; and the erection of the servile World State ruled from New York and Jerusalem. That, I opine, is the sum intended when a line is drawn beneath the mystic figure '2000 A.D.'. After it the significant initials 'A.D.' might be discarded. The symbolism of the play in its first two acts must not be ignored by the attentive play-goer, who aspires to foresee the dénouement. The Nuremberg trial was given the significance of a Communist and Zionist vengeance; at the trial of the Oberammergau Passion Players the only performer left uncondemned was Judas!

Against the background of Christian advancement which the little planet had reached by 1899 these two forces of the twentieth century look to me like dinosaurs, extinct monsters suddenly re-emerged. They seem also only as separate as two boughs of the one tree. Disraeli's words were that the destructive design is promoted by 'secret societies who form provisional governments, and men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them'. With the important qualification that they profess the Jewish faith but are *not* of Jewish *race* (as I hope I show later) this remains true, after a hundred years, of the two great new forces of today, which were secret societies in his time. It was true of the earlier Communist governments and proves true today whenever disclosure or study are made of subversive Communist work in America, Canada and other countries. The fiercest propagandists of Zionism, who come from the same place as those others, constantly instruct the Jewish masses that the Communist State is their truest friend.

Thus by the mid-century Soviet Communism and Political Zionism stand in the comedy's central limelight, while other players, who only seemed to play leading parts, are gone or are humbly grouped in the background. These two forces have achieved their successes by a unique method: the conversion or subversion of others by persuasion or coercion, flattery or threats, enrichment or ruination. In this their rise appears different from all the petty planet's other barnstormers. The methods by which they brought public men in all leading countries to support their ambitions, and to contrive the situation of the play at the beginning of its third act, seem to me only comprehensible by studying the approach of Svengali to Trilby. The capture of souls was successful. Possibly many who entered into such relationships saw no danger in them and may only realize this when the third act comes to its melodramatic denouement in the next fifty years.

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## Chapter Three

### THE SECOND ACT

The plan that gestated in Russian cellars, though its seeds went back to 1790 and 1848, first broke into open and obvious blossom at the end of the second war, which was mysterious during its course. Now that a few more years have rolled, its place in the great design is clear. Time's traveller, looking back, may see shapes which the mists of war concealed, for in America great disclosures have been made about twists and turns in the course of the war which seemed inexplicable at the time. In England, only Mr. Winston Churchill could illuminate the larger mysteries, and his narrative is still incomplete. In America the numerous books of revelation are remarkable alike in what they divulge and in the calm public reception of it. A grand indifference apparently prevails about those deeds of yesterday which prepared today's disappointments and tomorrow's third act.

In *From Smoke to Smother* (1946-48) I recalled the strange change which came over the second war in its mid-journey. Until 1941 England was nearly alone, outnumbered and outpowered, but the battle still seemed clearly to be for a Christian cause and for liberty. Then, after the Soviet State was attacked, after America came in, after the war was enlarged, came the subtle transformation. All who fought with us or under our wing were, by a sudden shift of propagandist emphasis, turned into suspects or enemies. The Polish government was disowned, Poland was thrown to wolves which had already devoured the Baltic States, without much audible protest. Mihailovitch was deserted and later killed with the weapons of his allies, his king was discarded, a Communist dictator set up. The King of Greece was vilified and only kept his throne because his own people obstinately recalled him. De Gaulle was derided and arms were lavished on the French Communists; the Germans who wanted to kill Hitler found neither hearing nor aid and were themselves killed in thousands by him before he vanished. His chief adversary, Otto Strasser, was held a virtual prisoner in Canada. Those who thought to swim with this new tide were just as cruelly drowned when they later became hindrances to the great design: Jan Masaryk fell mysteriously from a window and Benes died mysteriously not far away.

This abandonment of half Europe to the Communist order on which Hitler's own order was modelled (as he truly told Rauschning) was preconcerted between three men, one sometimes reluctant, who *appeared* to wield imperial power. The plain effect was to promote the expansion of the Communist Empire, which protruded Political Zionism before it like a serpent's tongue. The war was lost while it was being fought, and when American soldiers were most heavily engaged became the 'phoney' one they wrongly thought it before they joined in, when it was genuine. Not four freedoms, or any freedom, were restored, but the pagan area was spread far, through secret conferences of three men. The American general who eventually commanded the great invasion called his book about it *Crusade in Europe*; by no conceivable standard did the second war re-establish the Christian purpose or area.

Whose was the purpose behind these transactions? President Roosevelt was chiefly concerned in them. Like President Wilson, who in the first war began the course he followed, he was ill. His statue in London shows an erect and challenging figure; in life he could not stand unaided. This statue is much larger than George Washington's, but he was spiritually of lesser stature and poorer clay. He was first elected President in 1932 and remained so until his death in 1945; Washington declined a second re-election, while Roosevelt, dying, sought even a third. His 'first major act of policy, in 1933, was to recognize the Soviet State, against a pledge that it would not seek to spread Communism in the United States or otherwise interfere in his country's household affairs. During

his thirteen years, especially the wartime ones, the highest doors were opened to its infiltration so that in 1949 (when I visited America) public scandals were rife.

He seemed the most powerful man in the world. In reality power was apparently wielded through him by others who, if they may be fairly judged by the result of his actions, sought to promote Soviet Communism or Political Zionism, or both. Many of these he put in high places. His most secret documents, before the war, were betrayed to the Soviet State, and during the war men involved in those transactions accompanied him to the momentous, secret conferences. He admitted ulterior prompting in the paramount transaction (the bisection of Europe) which made the third act of the century's melodrama certain; and it may be plainly traced in his whole activity. The corrupting effect of 'absolute power', observed by Lord Acton, is visible in this President, and also the other thing discerned by that great student of the process of this age: the presence of 'managers' who served the grand design through him.

He was repeatedly warned, from first to last, of 'hidden pressure'. At the start Mr. Lewis E. Douglas (who resigned as Director of the Budget in 1934 in protest against the New Deal policy of deficit-spending for welfare purposes) said to him: 'Mr. President, I do urge you to open your mind to the possibility that among the men surrounding you there is a kind of purpose you are not aware of.' The President scoffed, and persisted in that obduracy for thirteen years. At the beginning of the war Mr. Isaac Don Levine, a prominent Jewish writer, strove through ten public men to open his eyes to the fact (proved true in 1948) that high officials were passing secret papers to the Soviet (then Hitler's ally); the men concerned remained in their places or rose higher. Mr. Levine also informed the British Ambassador in Washington at that time that there was a Soviet spy in the code-room of the British Cabinet, and another in the Committee of Imperial Defence; he knew this from General Krivitsky, former Chief of the Soviet Secret Service in Western Europe, who in 1939 was a fugitive in America. Lord Lothian was at first dubious but later urgently asked Mr. Levine to persuade General Krivitsky to go to London. One of the spies was detected, convicted of treason and shot in the Tower of London (I do not know what happened about the other); General Krivitsky returned to America and in February 1941 was found shot dead in a Washington hotel. None of all this could impress President Roosevelt. From 1939, at the latest, until his death he was repeatedly warned of the dangers to which he exposed the American Republic, yet he could not be brought to scrutinize the persons with whom he surrounded himself, or their purposes. After his death his successor constantly opposed the exposure of this hidden mechanism, which has been revealed, not in its entirety, but has been dug up piecemeal by parliamentary and other investigators working against great odds.

This President was to rule for thirteen years, and despotically in the last four, something the makers of the American Constitution never foresaw. In October 1940, seeking a second re-election, he said: 'While I am talking to you mothers and fathers I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.' He reserved, however, the natural human right 'to fight in case of attack'. In November 1941 he presided over a Cabinet meeting of which one of his ministers, Mr. Stimson, recorded, 'The question facing the Cabinet was how we should manoeuvre the Japanese into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves. It was a difficult proposition' (from *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, by Charles Beard, Yale University Press, 1941).

Therewith the great empowerment began and the war, enlarged, took another course. The story is most plainly told in a series of articles published by Mr. William C. Bullitt, who was American Ambassador to the Soviet after President Roosevelt recognized it in 1933, and later Ambassador in France, during the German invasion. Mr. Bullitt, returned to America, found himself among those whom the President would not heed. He says the President was informed long in advance about the



Soviet-German alliance which in 1939 was to begin the second war; he reported in 1934 that Hitler could have this pact whenever he wanted it. When it came about his counsel was ignored. President Roosevelt (he says) 'had often said that President Wilson's failure to achieve solid settlements in Europe after the first war was due to the fact that he did not insist on specific acceptance of his specific programme while the opponents of the Kaiser were dependent on the United States for victory. President Roosevelt was warned that if he should help Stalin to victory without previously obtaining from the Soviet dictator definite, written, public pledges with regard to the future of Europe and Asia, he would find himself in a far worse situation at the end of the second war than that in which Woodrow Wilson found himself at the close of the first - the weight of power in both Europe and Asia would have passed from the United States to the Soviet Union'.

Nothing availed. 'When the President was urged in the summer of 1941, by myself and others, to give lend-lease aid to Stalin only after the Soviet dictator had given formal, written public pledges to respect the eastern boundary of Europe as it existed in August 1939, and to raise no objection to the formation of a confederation of European States, and to make no demands on China, it seemed reasonable to believe that he would act favourably on the suggestion. But he rejected it on the ground that, although there was no doubt Stalin would make such promises, there was equally little doubt that he would break the promises as soon as it might suit him.' The immediate result, says Mr. Bullitt, was that in December 1941 Stalin demanded British recognition of the Soviet annexation of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, portions of Finland and Rumania, and half of Poland, and that the President, being informed, 'took the cringing position that the test of our good faith should not be our willingness to agree to the recognition of extended Soviet frontiers at this time, but rather the degree of determination which we showed loyally to carry out our promises to aid the Soviet Government with equipment and supplies'. Stalin got more than £250,000,000 worth of lend-lease aid in the end, but gave no pledges.

The President's duty, continues Mr. Bullitt, since he was under the Constitution also Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, was to make certain that the means employed by the military commanders to achieve victory would not make it impossible to achieve peace *after* victory. Instead, he consciously took the risk that, after the defeat of Germany, the Soviet Union 'would occupy and dominate Eastern and Central Europe, and, after the defeat of Japan, would threaten the independence and territorial integrity of China'. Mr. Churchill uttered warnings and periodically suggested a secondary attack through the Balkans or Trieste, so that the Danube valley should not be in Soviet hands at the war's end. Adoption of this project 'might have saved a large portion of Central and Eastern Europe to the free world, but General Marshall opposed such an expedition and President Roosevelt supported him'.

Mr. Bullitt says the President was much under the influence of Mr. Harry Hopkins, his 'chief adviser', who was of 'infinite ignorance' in foreign affairs (these had never engaged his attention; he was a New York welfare official!). Counselling by Mr. Hopkins, who in turn was much under the influence of other persons, President Roosevelt hoped to achieve 'the conversion of Stalin' by giving him everything he asked for to prosecute the war without asking anything in return; persuading him to adhere to vague professions of benevolence like the Atlantic Charter; telling him that 'the influence of the White House was being used to encourage American public opinion to take a favourable view of the Soviet Government'; and inducing him to accept democratic ways and Christian principles at the famous 'face to face' meetings.

Mr. Roosevelt, then, if he was not conscious of the purposes for which he was being used, suffered from the same infantile delusions as Mr. Chamberlain. A final conversation between him and Mr. Bullitt ended, after a three-hour discussion of a memorandum which the Ambassador was asked to submit, with these words: 'Bill, I don't dispute your facts, they are accurate. I don't dispute the logic of your reasoning. I just have a hunch that Stalin is not that kind of man. Harry says he's not,

and that he doesn't want anything but security for his country, and I think that if I give him everything I possibly can and ask for nothing from him in return, *noblesse oblige*, he won't try to annex anything and will work with me for a world of democracy and peace.' Mr. Bullitt said dependence on the rule of *noblesse oblige* was unwise, since the President was dealing with a Caucasian bandit, not with a belted earl, and Mr. Roosevelt rejoined. 'I am going to play my hunch.'

Thus was the great twist given to the declared purposes of the war. In this atmosphere of 'Harry says' and hunch-playing the fate of millions was regulated and the path laid which led to Yalta and to the third act of this century's melodrama. The President 'began to be swept away by the waves of propaganda he and Hopkins had started. Able and patriotic officers of the Department of State and the Foreign Service, who knew the truth about the Soviet Union and refused to lie in favour of the Communist dictatorship, were moved to unimportant posts. Clever young men who knew the truth but cared more about their careers than their country, and were ready to testify that "Stalin has changed", were promoted rapidly ... A network of Soviet sympathizers was created in Washington and apologists for Soviet policies were sent as American advisers to the Chinese Government and to Latin America ... While our fighting-men were winning the war, our government went blithely on losing the peace'.

Such were the things that happened behind the curtain in 1942 and 1943. At the Teheran Conference in November 1943, says Mr. Bullitt, President Roosevelt 'on the plea of an attack of indigestion absented himself from the crucial discussion of the future of Poland between Stalin and Mr. Churchill', but agreed to the bisection of Poland, which meant in fact, foreseeably, the bisection of Europe and the continuance of the twentieth-century war. He also agreed to the desertion of Mihailovitch and the setting-up of Stalin's agent, Tito. At that time, Mr. Bullitt recalls, the President could still have stood up to Stalin's demands, for 'Hitler's armies were yet on Soviet soil and Stalin needed the full flood of lend-lease supplies even to regain the frontiers of his alliance with Hitler in 1939'. Mr. Bullitt records that the President was by then 'more than tired. He was ill. Little was left of the physical and mental vigour that had been his when he entered the White House in 1933. Frequently he had difficulty in formulating his thoughts and greater difficulty in expressing them consecutively'. Other American colleagues of the President at this time wrote that he 'looked horrible', that they 'couldn't stand it', that they were 'profoundly depressed' and 'frightened'.

Thus the all-powerful man, infirm in body, beclouded in mind, surrounded by mysterious advisers, encircled even by treason. Outside, the waiting multitudes of mankind, confident that the war was being waged for justice and liberty. Just enough strength and time remained to this unhappy man to go to Yalta and do the last deed.

At Cairo in November 1943 he, with Mr. Churchill, publicly declared to the Chinese leader, Chiang Kai-shek, that 'all the territories Japan has stolen from China, such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores, shall be restored to the Republic of China'. At Yalta in 1945 he made a secret agreement (also signed by Mr. Churchill) 'giving' to Stalin the Manchurian port of Dairen and naval base of Port Arthur, as well as 'pre-eminent interests' in the railway which traverses Manchuria from the Soviet Union to Dairen. This was a secret breach of the public pledge and was given because Stalin demanded these things in return for a promise to enter the war against Japan 'two or three months after Germany has surrendered'. Two years before Stalin had already given that promise, without any conditions. Before the President went to Yalta the American military commander in the Far East, General MacArthur, informed him that Japan was in a mood to surrender and appealed to him 'not to let the Soviet into the war against Japan', urging that the later results would be disastrous. The dying President brushed the telegram aside with the words: 'Our most brilliant general and our poorest diplomat.' For the sake of a nominal participation of a few

hours in the war against Japan the Soviet dictator was 'given' China and the Chinese ally was betrayed, a stroke of diplomacy hardly brilliant.

President Roosevelt further agreed that the Communist State which had been set up in the Chinese province of outer Mongolia should be permanently detached from Allied China, and that the southern part of Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands, helpful places in aggressive designs, should be annexed by the Soviet Union. This agreement was kept secret from the public, even from the President's companion at Yalta, Mr. James F. Byrnes, who a little later was to become Foreign Minister.

Then President Roosevelt returned to America, having defeated all allies and his own country, and died. He bequeathed the strange policy and the secret undertakings to his successor, who adopted both. The Anglo-American armies, at that moment, were advancing into Germany on a broad front. Field-Marshal Montgomery, much earlier, had proposed a spear-like thrust on a narrow one, being confident he could thus quickly reach Berlin and end the European war. The American Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, demurred; he was bound by orders from the failing President. When the new one succeeded time still remained for the American and British armies to take Berlin, Vienna, Prague and a great part of Germany, Czechoslovakia and all Austria; in fact, to reduce if not to thwart the bisection of Europe which meant the continuance of the twentieth-century war. President Truman (Mr. Bullitt relates) was 'advised' to let the Red Army capture Berlin 'and it was so ordered'. The design which Mr. Roosevelt's acts had furthered was carried further still. The fighting ended, the American armies and the great equipment of war were precipitately dispersed.

Thus the Soviet Union was put in possession of half of Europe, not by its own strength but by American and British political support, armed aid and the retarding of the American and British onslaught. The dividing line ran through Berlin and the middle of Germany. The Germans in the eastern half, which contained the German food-lands, were delivered to the Soviet. The western half contained their only means of earning money to buy food (since the Germans there were deprived of their own supplies): the industrial Ruhr. The British, in their share of the western half, undertook to make this impossible by dismantling German industry. This meant, if the plan were carried out, the destruction of the most numerous people in Europe by division, enforced idleness and starvation. It was like depriving a market gardener of his plot and forbidding him to work for any other living.

This 'plan for Germany', the western counterpart of the eastern transaction about China, ensured the spread of Soviet power from Berlin to Vladivostock. Its author was supposed to be a Mr. Henry Morgenthau, junior, an American Treasury official; at all events, it was called 'the Morgenthau Plan'. It was strongly opposed by two senior American Ministers of great experience, Messrs. Cordell Hull and Stimson. President Roosevelt prepared the enforcement of it before he died but in his last days admitted (according to one of his intimates, Mr. Robert E. Sherwood) 'that he had yielded to the importunities of an old and loyal friend when he affixed his initials to the document'. The name is not given, and the disastrous thing was done, or at all events begun. The hand of the unknown third party is seen again in this decisive transaction. It enables the Soviet, in the shaping of the third act, constantly to play the eastern Germans against the western ones, and all Germans against the Western world, by depicting the Americans and British as the destroyers of German unity and German industry, and by dangling before all the Germans the bait, in any future competition for their military manpower, of the restoration of their eastern lands, now under Soviet-Polish rule.

These things were done in war. If they were not moves in the furtherance of a secret design, but merely mistakes honestly made by men unversed in great affairs, this should have shown when the

war ended. The war did end. President Truman succeeded President Roosevelt. In a short while the ill-faith and dark intentions of the Soviet Empire became too clear to be denied and were supposed to have been recognized by all, so that loud accusations became common and as a sign of changed heart and clearer purpose the 'great air-lift to Berlin' was begun. In truth, however, the great design was woven further, in peace as in war. Though there was much talk now of inevitable war between East and West, Capitalism and Communism, free America and slave Russia, democracy and dictatorship, the master process went on, and the switch of suggestive-information from Appease Stalin to Oppose Stalin did not stand scrutiny at any point.

That was most clearly shown in China, where President Roosevelt's undertakings of Yalta were in fact more than fulfilled, long after he was dead. There, effective opposition could have been offered and was not. President Roosevelt was not long dead when (in 1945) his Ambassador to China, General Patrick J. Hurley, returned to Washington and resigned after saying publicly that his work had been nullified by the Communist infiltrators who, during the Roosevelt era, had crowded into the American Foreign Office and Foreign Service. In the following excitement General Marshall was sent to China. He did not know that country and was briefed by similar counsellors, who said the Chinese Communists were 'mere agrarian reformers who had no connection with Moscow'. Chiang Kai-shek was by this time rare among the wartime allies in that he was not quite deserted. General Marshall persuaded him to sign an armistice with the Communists on January 10th, 1946. On April 14th, 1946, they broke it by attacking Changchun. They were well armed, having received American supplies through the Soviet. Thereon General Marshall forbade any further military aid to Chiang Kai-shek's government! He stated, later, that 'it was in effect an embargo on military supplies', and it continued until, in 1949, Communist success was sure and nearly complete.

Thus the story of the war-behind-the-war in Europe repeated itself in China, after the end of that war. The embargo on arms for the non-Communists was even declared because Chiang Kai-shek resisted the demand that he open his government to them! As soon as the great design was completed in China, it showed signs of further extension in Europe. The Communist dictator in Yugoslavia, 'Tito', a man of origins as mysterious as Hitler's, was found to be a different kind of Communist from Stalin, and in 1949 American support began to be given to *him*, in various forms. As he was the enemy of Greece, shadows now begin to form around one of the last of the wartime allies. The prospect also opened that, if the 'war against Communism' came about, it would find the anti-Communists leagued with a Communist dictator, so that no man would know what cause it really served. If by chance the Stalin-Tito quarrel were *not* genuine, American supplies would continue to find their way by that route to the central stronghold of Communism; the Communists and anti-Communists would fight each other with arms and money from the same source. This possibility, despite the lessons of these years, either entered into no minds in high places or its public discussion was discouraged.

Mr. William Bullitt's narrative of the second act in this century's thriller is supported by several American books. One, remarkable for the virginal innocence of its disclosures, is *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, by Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, Harper, New York, 1948. In it the strange emissary who flew above the din of war to discuss uncomprehended things with unknown men in unfamiliar places leaves his opinion of the calamitous Yalta Conference:

'We really believed in our hearts that this was the dawn of the new day we had all been praying for and talking about for so many years. We were absolutely certain that we had won the first great victory of the peace ... The Russians had proved that they could be reasonable and far-seeing and there wasn't any doubt in the minds of the President or any of us that we could live with them and get along with them peacefully for as far into the future as any of us could imagine. But ... we all had in our minds the reservation that we could not foretell what the results would be if anything should happen to Stalin. We felt sure that we could count on him to be reasonable and sensible and

understanding - but we never could be sure who or what might be in back of him there in the Kremlin.'

President Roosevelt it was who died, however, and Mr. Hopkins, and nothing yet has happened to Stalin. These books, and current happenings, have cast some light on those who were in back of President Roosevelt in the White House. Who is in back of Stalin seems less important. His happiness when the Yalta Conference ended is on record. The picture of the second act, now taking ever clearer shape, is that of a few men, freed from all restraints, privately handling the affairs of millions and concerting arrangements which were bound to defeat the professed purposes of the war.

Mr. Winston Churchill's part in the melodrama of the Three Men is a somewhat different, and curious one. His own narrative has not reached the later stages as I write, but these American books show him protesting at this and striving to avert that. He had his own aberrations, particularly in the matter of Tito and of Political Zionism, which he strove from the start to further, but at other times perceived that Europe was being handed to a darker tyranny, and was apparently helpless to prevent this in a trio of which the central figure was resolved 'to give Stalin everything he asked for'.

The moral of the second act, if playgoers ever bothered about morals, is that in wartime political leaders need to be under increased public restraints, and not freed from all restraint. The dogma, now commonly accepted, that in war they must be given divine powers, and left unhindered in the use of them, has now twice been proved false. It places real power in the hands of 'old and loyal friends', that is of Lord Acton's 'managers', who continue 'the design'. From Lord Balfour's Declaration of November 1917 to President Roosevelt's undertakings of 1945, the full fruits of which in both cases will in my belief appear in the third act of the twentieth century's play, runs a straight line.

However, these things have a humorous aspect and the spectacle of the President of the American Republic imperially presenting Sakhalin to the Soviet Emperor is one for some mirth.

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## Chapter Four

### THE RISE OF ZION

Surveyed from a balcony over Durban, the rise of Zion appears to me something new in a world which otherwise is ever the same, the more it changes. The Roman Empire and the Church of Rome in their day wielded great power over vast areas, but they were visible bodies and their sway was limited, in practice, to Europe. Political Zionism (as distinct from the religious Jew's vision of an Arabian paradise) seems to me a once secret conspiracy for power and territory, pursued in all great countries of the world through power over public men and now partly revealed through successful accomplishment. The method was never tested on a grand scale before and the rate and range of Zionist progress have been too great for the masses to comprehend while it was happening.

No empire in history rose by such means. It has all been achieved in a half-century (save for the forethought that went before) by bending Gentile politicians to the Zionist will, and the future historian ought to be stupefied by the triumphs reached, even if the end be a mighty fall. For over thirty years political leaders of the Christian West have grouped themselves like Rodin's Burghers of Calais, with a Zionist halter round their necks. If their motives were as noble as those self-sacrificing patriots', the final event might sadly deceive their posterity.

The magnitude of these events is best seen, again, if they are surveyed as a mountain range on the plains of time. From smallest foothill to present peak they occupy but fifty years and now dominate the present landscape and cast great shadows into the future. Only in 1882 came the first whisper of Political Zionism from the ghettos of Russia, where a community of people lived hardly known to the great Christian world, and not till 1897 did Theodor Herzl convene his first Zionist Congress at Basle. He said: 'From the first moment I entered the Zionist movement my eyes were directed towards England, because I saw by reason of the general conditions there the Archimedean point where the lever could be applied.' By the Sixth Congress, in 1903, Max Nordau said: 'Let me tell you the following words as if I were showing you the rungs of a ladder leading upward and upward: Herzl, the Zionist Congress, the English Uganda proposition, the future World War, the peace conference where, with the help of England, a free and Jewish Palestine will be created.' Here is foreknowledge of the highest order; it may be compared with the flounderings of Mr. Chamberlain or President Roosevelt.

The first world war arrived and when it was three-parts run, in 1917, came the Balfour Declaration, punctually to this forecast. Lord Balfour once described the story of the human race as a discreditable episode in the life of one of the minor planets; his Declaration fits the description. We were pledged to liberate the Arabs from the Turkish yoke and could not rightly dictate their choice of guests, let alone inflict new hosts on them. They were no more consulted than the British people; in wartime the politicians claim unbridled power. The Declaration was the result of persuasions brought to bear on the British Government by secret canvassers of whom, and of whose cause, the public knew nothing. Mr. Asquith's overthrow in that war seems now to have been due to his refusal to support Political Zionism.

With the Declaration Political Zionism first openly, though vaguely, appeared among the world's contestants for power and territory. It merely 'viewed with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people'. British Ministers repeatedly affirmed that the 'national home' did *not* mean 'a Zionist State'. Zionist immigrants from distant lands, however, were brought into Palestine, under British rule, until the Jewish population there, which in 1917 amounted to about seven per cent of the whole, was about a third. An injected *majority*,

nevertheless, would clearly never be achieved in this way. Frequent Arab risings of protest occurred and at length the British Government, fearing a major war, announced (in 1939) that it would not continue this enforced intrusion unless the native Arabs of Palestine acquiesced in it. At that a major war broke out in Europe.

Ten years before (in 1928) a leading Zionist, Lord Melchett, had spoken rather in the vein of Mr. Max Nordau in 1903: 'Let me take you back to 1913. If I had stood here in 1913 and said to you, "Come to a conference to discuss the reconstruction of a national home in Palestine", you would have looked on me as an idle dreamer; even if I had told you in 1913 that the Austrian Archduke would be killed and that out of all that followed would come the chance, the opportunity, the occasion for establishing a national home for Jews in Palestine. Has it ever occurred to you how remarkable it is that out of the welter of world blood there has risen this opportunity? Do you really believe that this is an accident? Do you really in your hearts believe that we have been led back to Israel by nothing but a fluke? Do you believe there is no greater inner meaning to the opportunity we have been given? After two thousand years of wandering in the wilderness we have a chance and an opportunity bestowed upon us, and many sit back and say that it is of no interest to us. I wonder if they have thought of that train of circumstances.'

If the words meant, as they appear to mean, that the God in whom Political Zionists believe ordained the murder of an archduke and a welter of world blood in order to bring about the National Home, they could with slight alteration be used of the second welter of world blood which brought about the Zionist State. The speaker, had he lived, might in 1948 have asked, with as much or as little truth as in 1928, whether this was nothing but a fluke.

The second war proved at its end that two of the chief war-waging powers, though they claimed to differ in all else, agreed in two cardinal purposes: the expansion of the Soviet Empire and the establishment of the Zionist State. The second peak in the range was reached. The British Government at the last shrank from the act, but other hands continued the course set by the ominous misdeed of 1917. Power in the world again proved to lie with secret canvassers who had access to public men apparently powerful. The Zionist State was not among the aims proclaimed when the masses were mobilized against each other, yet an international agency called The United Nations Organization was set up at the war's end and a majority of its members, who included such redoubtable powers as Liberia and Haiti, awarded the ancestral lands of the harmless Palestinian Arab to invaders from Eastern Europe. Arms, money and invaders were forwarded and arrived from America and Russia (subsequently a Zionist Minister complained that of the £100,000,000 which the affair cost Israel, 'only £25,000,000 was borne by outside help').

Thus, in an atmosphere of bogus sanctity and mock legality, aggression was proclaimed moral in one case and place alone. By this act the leading politicians of the non-Zionist world denied every moral right and principle they ever preached, and the entire cause of the two world wars. History knows no instance of aggression so strange or shameless, and in the later life of this body many of its members may vainly cry: 'Out, damned spot!' and wish they could undo it. The crowing of cocks might have filled the rather forlorn suburb of New York where the thing was done. The new United Nations Organization proved itself at birth a much more malevolent and dangerous society than the old League of Nations. It planted in Arabia a time-bomb more lethal to Western mankind than even the one in the middle of Europe; I think the remainder of the century will prove this.

Thus the Zionist ambition rose from its foothill, the Balfour Declaration in the first war, to its first great peak, the Zionist State, in the second. Its future vertexes as yet lie shrouded in the mists of the next fifty years. The ends already reached are the more impressive when compared with the means used. At the start, fifty years ago, there were merely a Zionist organization and Zionists, spread over the world. The weapons used were simply arguments privily brought to bear on leading

politicians, editors and public men generally. The arguments were clearly powerful, because the Zionists were everywhere able to mould men, called great, to their will as if they were of clay even softer than mortal. The mastery of the prompters, and the sternness with which they punished any player who spoke out of his part, remain astonishing.

The details of the culminating event are fascinating to contemplate. This paramount result of the second war revealed itself only at the fighting's finish, when President Truman at once 'requested the admission of 100,000 displaced persons to Palestine'. This was in fact intimation that the war was to end by beginning another war, or that the one twentieth-century war was to continue (for the final spread of the war in Palestine is still incalculable to foresee). In his Presidential Message to Congress in 1947 President Truman said. 'We shall approve no territorial changes in any friendly part of the world unless they accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned. We believe in the eventual return of sovereign rights and self-government to all peoples who have been deprived of them by force. We believe that all peoples who are prepared for self-government should be permitted to choose their own form of government by their own freely expressed choice, without interference from any foreign source. That is true in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, as well as in the western hemisphere. We shall refuse to recognize any government imposed upon any nation by the force of any foreign power.' A few months later, at American prompting, the United Nations 'agreed' to partition Palestine, the Negev to be Zionist and Western Galilee Arab.

In March 1948 the American Foreign Secretary, Mr. (or General) Marshall, persuaded President Truman to recant the American vote, telling the Foreign Affairs Committee of the American Senate that partition would bring about another world war; 'it would be just like touching off a powder keg'. That is the fact. Mr. Marshall's achievement was the second false dawn in the Nineteen-Forties (the first was our victory in the Battle of Britain); inexcusably forgetting the warnings of long experience, I added a hopeful postscript to *From Smoke to Smother* on account of it. The American Government seemed to have halted on the brink; the third act appeared to have been cancelled just as the curtain rose.

The prudent retreat, however, was too good to be Truman, as a current observer remarked. A few seconds before British rule in Palestine ended (because doubt about the American President's attitude made its continuance impossible) Mr. Truman, on May 14th, 1948, 'recognized the State of Israel'. Zionist newspapers gleefully recorded the startled surprise of the American delegates at the United Nations Assembly; the American representative, a Mr. F.B. Sayre, 'lamely explained that his delegation had no confirmation of the news'. Far away, I wondered that Mr. Marshall did not resign and made a note, 'He must be waiting to see if President Truman is re-elected'; true enough, he went when that happened. The President announced that he had been guided by 'the highest humanitarian purpose'. Later he told a Zionist audience. 'Six-twelve p.m. on Friday, May 14, when I recognized Israel, was the proudest moment of my life.' The year ended with a Presidential gift to White House employees of a bookmark with the words, 'I would rather have peace than be President'.

He remained President and war went on, for the nonce only in Palestine and a strip of Egypt. The event itself must be without its like in recorded history. From Beirut the President of the American University wrote to the *New York Times* to say that the news arrived in the midst of 'truce negotiations' in Palestine, which an American delegation was striving to further. 'The only comparable situation in our present experience', he remarked, 'was the attack on Pearl Harbour, while Nomura and Kurusu were supposedly conducting negotiations in good faith in Washington. On that occasion we were at the receiving end, and we did not like it.'

After President Truman's encouragement the war in Palestine became so fierce that the United Nations sent a mediator to restore peace. Zionist wishes at once spread further than even the



boundaries of the new State ordered by the United Nations. Count Bernadotte thought to induce them to accept those boundaries and was immediately killed. Some hundreds of members of the Zionist group called the Stern Gang were arrested by the new Israeli Government and put in jail at Acre, where 'about four hundred of them obtained a gramophone and had a dance until two in the morning ... they smashed cell doors, tore out window bars and pulled down barriers between the men's and women's quarters' (*Daily Express*). The Stern Gang claimed responsibility for the deed (according to the *Zionist Record*), but the men arrested were not charged with it. Two of their leaders appeared in court, but only on charges of 'belonging to the outlawed Stern Gang'. The prosecutor made the strange and striking statement that Count Bernadotte's murder was 'just as well planned as the attack on Pearl Harbour'. The men were convicted, given short sentences and immediately amnestied. Some time later the Mayor of New York turned out a police band to welcome a leader of the group to the city from which Count Bernadotte went forth to make peace and be killed.

There seemed no humiliation to which the political leaders of the countries leagued in the United Nations would not submit. It had performed the task for which, apparently, it was called into being, namely, to give an air of sham-legality to the destruction of a small people. It could hardly be expected to shrink in horror from the lesser murder, even of its own emissary. The killing of Count Bernadotte was completely successful in its purpose. The Zionists would not allow that 'the Negev should be Jewish and Western Galilee Arab'. They took both the Negev and Western Galilee. It was vain for an American delegate at the United Nations (Dr. Philip Jessup) now to remonstrate: 'If Israel wishes to keep Galilee ... it should be prepared to give the Arabs at least a part of the Negev in exchange.' The Zionists were determined, above all, to keep the Negev for to give that up 'would deprive Israel of the waters and minerals of the Dead Sea' (the American Zionist Emergency Council, in a full-page advertisement a few days after Count Bernadotte's murder).

These Dead Sea minerals seem to be the key to the matter (See *From Smoke to Smother*, pp. 296-8, and *The Palestine Mystery*, by Arthur Rogers, Sterling Press, London, 1948, 2s.). An official publication which may now be found only in such places as the British Museum and the House of Commons Library, called *Production of Minerals from the Waters of the Dead Sea*, says the minerals there amount to more than forty million metric tons of potassium chloride, magnesium bromide, sodium chloride, magnesium chloride and calcium chloride, together with inexhaustible supplies of potash. The value of the chemicals alone, at the market rates of 1925, was estimated at £240,000,000,000; a prominent French scientist once estimated that there is much gold there also.

This wealth in the Dead Sea may explain the enormous output of energy which has been devoted to acquiring Palestine, and might serve as the basis on which world power would be built there. If that is the explanation, Count Bernadotte cut right across the design. Therefore, with perfect logic, he was killed. *The Times* of December 12th, 1948, said: 'Count Bernadotte proposed that if Israel were allowed to keep the Arab territory of Jaffa and West Galilee it should *give up the Negev*; that the Palestinian Arabs, having failed to form their own State, should consider union with Transjordan; that the Arab refugees should be helped in their distress and permitted to return to their homes if they desired; and that Jerusalem should be administered by international agency - a recommendation that undoubtedly *incited* certain Jews to kill Count Bernadotte.'

My italics are intended to draw attention to the vital point, and particularly to the use of the word 'incited'. The other proposals were equally deadly to the great design. The one about Arab refugees was warmly supported by a Jew, Dr. Judah Magnes, who was President of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, in these words: 'Refugees should never be made use of as a trump in the hands of politicians. It is deplorable, incredible even, after all that the Jews in Europe have gone through, that an Arab problem of displaced persons should be created in the Holy Land ... Bernadotte has done more to advance the cause of peace and conciliation than all the other persons put together. I

am convinced that most of his suggestions will form the basis of discussion in any future attempts to find a peaceful settlement of the intricate Palestine problem.'

These noble words may count as Dr. Magnes's epitaph; he died almost at once, having spoken more courageously than almost any responsible politician in the Christian West.

I followed all these events in a new way: through the Zionist newspapers, which I only occasionally looked at before. I discovered that the perusal of these journals, in comparison with that of the non-Zionist, mass-circulation prints, was like looking through a lighted window into a house, all other windows of which are darkened. These publications, which are almost exclusively read by Jews, plainly tell the truth of many things which is hidden elsewhere. The whole shape of the great design is not unveiled to the Jewish masses, but the moves in the game, and the men and means used in it, are clearly illuminated.

A feeling of superior knowledge and foreknowledge pervades these newspapers. Take, for instance, the vital matter of the Negev. On November 16th, 1948, the Gentile reader in the world's capitals learned from his newspapers that the Security Council had 'ordered the Jews to leave that part of the Negev which they had recently occupied', and presumably inferred they would do so. The *Zionist* reader had already learned on November 5th that they would *not*, from the Israeli Premier, Mr. Ben Gurion: 'The ability of the United Nations to implement its decisions, the efficiency of the Arab League, the fighting ability of the Egyptian forces and the ability of the Israeli troops - all these were tested in the Negev battle, and all failed except the last.' After the order to depart, however it was apparently decided (on November 19th, 1948) that the appearance of withdrawal might be tactically advisable, so that London newspapers told their readers 'Israel has agreed to withdraw in the Negev' and Dr. Ralph Bunche, Count Bernadotte's successor, described this as 'gratifying'. The *Zionist* reader (on November 26th) learned the truth of the matter. 'In actual fact the position in the Negev will remain unchanged and despite the fact that certain Israeli troops would leave the area Jewish forces will still retain their dominance there. It is pointed out by observers that the mediator's staff in Palestine are not in a position to check whether the Israeli troops now stationed in the Negev exceed the number there before the October military operations.'

The methods by which the conquest of Palestine was effected were equally candidly reported in these publications. In May 1948 a friend of mine, after reading them, cabled to the Air Ministry in London the warning that certain British aeroplanes were likely to make unauthorized departure from R.A.F. aerodromes for Palestine, and urging alertness. Nothing was done; the aircraft duly disappeared in September and October, while London newspapers expressed amazement. A Zionist newspaper in July 1948 reported that German-model fighter aircraft, made in Soviet Czechoslovakia, were being flown from Prague to Palestine at the rate of two a day. In January 1949 British Governmental 'revelations' to this effect, laid before the United Nations and there ignored, were hilariously reported in the Zionist newspapers. Similarly, a Zionist newspaper proudly reported on December 10th, 1949, that 'the number of Americans in the Israeli army is kept secret but is quite considerable'.

The risk Count Bernadotte ran was as plain to foresee in these newspapers as the resignation of Mr. Marshall. The American President was often reminded of the power of the Jewish vote. A note of sustained fury, and astonishment, was (and is) maintained about Mr. Bevin, because his removal is taking so long to effect. Delight was expressed when, midway between the murder of Count Bernadotte and the shooting down of five R.A.F. aircraft over Egypt, Mr. Churchill protested against 'a sulky boycott' of the Zionists being supported by Mr. Eden and by *The Times*, which reported the existence of 'a formidable consensus of Christian opinion against the Arabs'. In my service with *The Times* I did not encounter any machinery for measuring Christian opinion and fear the phrase is without verifiable content.

The Zionist reader, in any case, was able to infer that the Conservative Party in England, though it 'supported the Socialist Government's foreign policy', would oppose that policy in one matter: Zionism. He learned from a leading Zionist spokesman of the visits of a Conservative Party official to Palestine on Mr. Eden's behalf, and was told that 'Mr. Bevin persists in sulking but the position might change in due course'. He knew of Mr. Churchill's support before the House of Commons learned of it, because a Mr. Bernard Baruch told fellow-Zionists, through a New York publication: 'Mr. Churchill told me last summer that he favoured British recognition of Israel.' Thus the three-line whip to Conservative M.P.s, to support the attack on Mr. Bevin in the matter, was no surprise to the well-informed Zionist reader. He was led to believe, what the British elector of 1950 may not know or dream of, that the Conservative Party's first duty will be to accept the paramountcy of the Zionist ambition, as Mr. Hofmeyr accepted it in South Africa, and as the American President clearly accepts it. Seen through the Zionist press, the process of playing off party against party, politician against politician, in the Gentile countries of the world by forcing this issue between them assumes the shape of a fascinating and superbly played game.

The lot of the Arab refugees, too, is more candidly, though pitilessly, presented in the Zionist press than in the great mass-circulation journals. Count Bernadotte, before he died, telegraphed to Mr. Marshall that the fate of these apparently forgotten people 'threatens to become a sudden human disaster comparable to an earthquake or tidal wave'. This description is supported by many reports in Zionist newspapers.

'There is not a single Arab left in the whole of northern Palestine. The entire Arab community of Safad fled during the action. This amazing exodus of 14,000 people took place in less than six hours ... One must pass through Arab towns and villages to realize where all this has led the Arabs of Palestine. More than one-third of all Palestine Arabs have left or lost their homes and there is little doubt that most of them have lost their dwellings for good ... The many Arab towns and villages which have been evacuated should be occupied by Jews from the Middle East countries ... All the time I was in Israel I saw hardly any Arabs. Jaffa is a city of the dead.'

To many pages of such reports the Zionist press was able happily to append the news that: 'The International Refugee Organization, which is mainly supported by the United States and Britain, announces that the Palestinian Arabs are not eligible for its assistance. The organization has allocated £1,500,000 for the Jewish Agency's resettlement programme. Half the amount will be used for youth immigration to Israel.' On January 28th, 1949, this body decided by all votes against the British one, to expend £1,000,000 on sending 50,000 Jews *into* Palestine. The word 'refugee', like many others in our time, seems to need defining anew, when invaders are paid a million pounds and fugitives denied a penny.

The point of the jest came on December 19th, 1948, while the Arabs were being driven destitute from their native land. *The Times* then reported that: 'The United Nations General Assembly tonight unanimously agreed upon a draft convention on genocide which is now declared to be a crime in international law. Genocide is defined as acts intended to destroy in whole or in part national, ethnical, racial or religious groups; and rulers, officials or individuals are made punishable by state or international penal tribunals not only for the crime but for the conspiracy, incitement or attempts to commit it. In a separate resolution the Assembly requests the International Law Commission to study the possibility of establishing a criminal chamber of the International Court of justice for the trial of persons charged with genocide.'

Hypocrisy on this scale assumes a grandeur of its own, beyond criticism. The Assembly which drafted the convention was the same which at the same moment genocided a completely inoffensive (though weak) national, ethnical, racial and religious group. Every member of the unanimous Assembly was indictable under every count. A Syrian proposal to refer the genocidal

deed then being perpetrated in Palestine to the International Court was opposed by the Canadian delegate in these words: 'To open now the general question of the legal basis upon which the United Nations is acting in regard to Palestine seems neither necessary nor desirable, for it would inevitably hinder and postpone negotiations for a peaceful settlement.'

The word 'genocide' was first invented for the Nuremberg trial and applied especially to the case of the Jews. The draft convention, if that origin and the genocidal act in Palestine are borne in mind, appears to mean only that any opposition to Zionism is to be declared genocide, while anything done by Zionism is exempt. It is to be an international law of lese-majesty, under which dire things may befall any simple peasant girl in the courts of Zion who cries: 'The king is naked.' It was drafted by a Zionist professor from Eastern Europe, and the American Jewish Committee, in 'hailing its adoption', pointed out that 'it contains clauses recommended by the Consultative Council of Jewish Organizations and other groups'. Its origins and intentions are unmistakable.

Thus the peaks of the fifty Zionist years are the first Zionist Congress in 1897, the Balfour Declaration in 1917, the partition of Palestine by virtual order of the American President, the armed invasion and establishment of the Zionist State, and the Genocide Convention, clearly aimed only against anti-Zionism. The thing is fantastic, unimaginable before it happened and unaccountable in the event, for the complicity of two generations of Western politicians remains inexplicable.

A particularly fascinating aspect of the story is the energy devoted by those who were depicted as enemies of the Jews to finding States for them. I told in earlier books how Hitler, Göring and Goebbels devised schemes for Jewish States. Field-Marshal von Manstein, at his trial, told of Hitler's plan for a Jewish State under German influence on the German eastern frontier. Sir Oswald Mosley, long portrayed as a great foe of Jewry, in his book *The Alternative* (1947) proposed the partition of Palestine in their behalf and in addition the opening of Abyssinia to large Jewish immigration. Another man similarly reproached, Mr. Oswald Pirow of South Africa, revealed in 1948 that in 1938 he negotiated with Mr. Chamberlain, with a number of Jewish leaders and with Hitler about 'an adequate national home for Jews' in Tanganyika, Madagascar or British Guiana. The Soviet State maintains a Jewish republic in Birobidjan.

It is an amazing achievement that a small community, spread over the world, should be able to set all the Gentile politicians of the world, friend and alleged enemy alike, racking their brains and searching their atlases in this way. However, all efforts to divert the Zionist ambition from Palestine were wasted time. Palestine was wanted, for the reason which I think I may have shown. At the end of the second war it was obtained, through the American Government and through the Soviet one, which, while at home it professed to be 'anti-Zionist', supplied the leaders, the main body of the immigrants and most of the armed aid for the conquest; the rest, and the money, came from America. Obviously, this was not the end. In 1917 the Zionists (from Russia) in London and New York were rejoicing in the defeat of allied Russia; in 1938 they were organizing a boycott of Germany in London; in 1948 they were organizing a boycott of Britain in New York. The erection of the Zionist State is clearly but a stage in a process which will continue. So much energy was not generated for this small purpose.

Until the armed invasion of 1948, the mounting successes of the Political Zionists seemed to be achieved solely by political pressure in the capitals, parliaments, parties and newspaper offices of the world. Closer scrutiny shows that this is not so; murder and other intimidations played the decisive part. The British Government was faced, in Palestine, with the choice of two alternatives; either to use its armed strength to set up the Zionist State, or to quit and leave this to the Political Zionists, supported and armed by America and the Soviet. The British Government might have evaded the dilemma, but for one thing: the readiness to force a choice upon it by killing its representatives. This happened repeatedly, but the men on the spot were never allowed to visit

punishment on the killers. The intimidation of death, in Palestine, was coupled with the intimidation of political pressure in London. No British Government, in thirty years, dared take up the challenge, and in the end withdrawal was the only way out.

The workings of intimidation in Palestine are described in Mr. J.M.N. Jeffries's book, *Palestine, the Reality*, and in most other books written by British authors about Palestine. Its efficacy was just as great at the other end, in the political and editorial offices of London, Washington and other capitals, as all who know them are aware. Always there was the intervention of a master hand, which overruled orders and duty. In 1920, Jabotinsky, the first of the leaders later called 'terrorists', mocked his judges, telling them that whatever sentence they passed on him would be quashed, and he was right. The number of British officials, police and soldiers who were shot in the back, stabbed, strangled or hanged ran into many hundreds in the following years. It included a British Minister, Lord Moyne, one of Mr. Churchill's colleagues; his murderers, alone, were judged and executed, apparently because they killed him in Egypt, not in Palestine.

A Royal Commission once reported that the Zionists in Palestine had 'a very efficient Intelligence Department from which the Administration could keep very little secret'. Captain Roy Farran, in his book *Winged Dagger* (1948) wrote: 'I was compelled to seek information from the C.I.D., and all government departments, police stations and army camps employed Jews in large numbers. The intelligence system of the Jewish underground is the best in the world because it starts with the advantage of agents at every level in the Administration.' Captain Farran was sent to Palestine to combat this underground organization and was eventually charged with murder. Acquitted, the master hand mercilessly followed him to England and killed his brother, whose initials were the same, by an explosive parcel addressed to 'Captain R. Farran'. Captain Farran ends his book with the words: 'I prayed to God for a meaning to these last eight years ... Oh Lord, give us back the driving force of national pride. Oh Lord, let me not live if I am to see the liquidation of all my forefathers' estates in my time. Show me the way to use my freedom and tell me that it has not all been in vain.'

He was the last of a long line of British representatives who tried to do the duty they were sent to do in Palestine, and found that, on the one hand, they might be killed, and that on the other, some hand protected the killers. These killings seem to me to have been committed, not in hot but in cold blood, as a means deliberately chosen to enforce a political ambition, if all else failed. That is their importance and lesson: the success of the Political Zionists has in fact been achieved by the killers, and by those who were able to protect them. These killers have always been depicted to the world as a small group of reckless terrorists, at the edge of Political Zionism. In truth they form its core. Theirs was the hand which enforced the British withdrawal and killed Count Bernadotte when he seemed likely, at the last moment, to thwart the further plans. Therefore, for the purposes of the future, they *are* Political Zionism, and they will not hesitate to pass from smaller killings to greater ones: that is, to seek larger ambitions still through war.

The process is plain to foresee. Like all forces that seek power and territory, Political Zionism shows the working of a natural law: that with success they gather a momentum which sweeps aside the first modest ambition and carries them to ever higher crests of vainglorious demand. Leon Pinsker in 1882 set the boundaries of the first Zionist dream around 'the purchase of a small territory in North America or a sovereign Pashalik in Asiatic Turkey', and warned against coveting Palestine; soon the hoop he set in motion left him far behind. Theodor Herzl eclipsed him but still thought only of a place for the surplus of Jews and exulted over the British Government's offer of Uganda. He was called 'traitor' for recommending its acceptance and young Chaim Weizmann thought him a laggard in his ideas. Today President Weizmann, contemplating the Stern Gang, might wish that the thing would stop at his little Zionist State in Palestine.

Today, however, the head of steam is too great for such small boilers. The dynamiters and killers will not be ready to hear of sweet reasonableness in the matters of Jerusalem, the Negev, the return of Arab refugees or anything else. Why should they? They have shown that they can sway the governments of the Gentile world to their will. They know that the body called The United Nations is their servant, not their master; to make that plain they killed Count Bernadotte. They must believe that their power over it is great enough to deter it from challenging them, as their power over successive British governments was enough to deter these from protecting their own and from punishing murderers. The Zionist State in its first form was not, in the last analysis, the work of Pinsker, Herzl or Weizmann, but of the Stern Gang, which was ready to answer any challenge with death and powerful enough to remain immune. It follows then that men of that school will shape future events; they are Asiatics, not Jews, by race and will act in concert with Soviet Communism. The greatest shocks of the third act, I think, will come from this quarter, not from bisected Europe. Clearly the men who have achieved such astonishing things will feel they are in a position to enlarge the enterprise and use force on a bigger scale. Why should they not, when the concern in New York approved the first foray? Palestine seems to me clearly the Archimedean point at which the lever of ambitions now boundless is to be applied.

What are, first, the further ambitions; who are, second, the men? I think the foreshadow of the expanding ambition may be traced in the utterances of various leaders or supporters of Political Zionism:

In 1922, Nahum Sokolov, at the Carlsbad Zionist Congress, said: 'The League of Nations is a Jewish idea. We created it after a fight of twenty-five years. Jerusalem will one day become the capital of world peace.' (The description of the League of Nations appears to me to apply even more to the United Nations.) In 1923, at the French Zionist Congress, Vladimir Jabotinsky said: 'If England does not give Palestine to the Jews, we will be the dynamite that will blow the British Empire to smithereens.' (The great sovereign States of the Commonwealth all sprang to the side of Britain in 1939; in 1948 all their representatives voted against Britain in the matter of Palestine.)

In April 1948 the *Palestine Post* quoted Professor Harold Laski as saying, in New York: 'The first guns fired in Palestine after May 15th' (the date of the British withdrawal) 'will echo round the world for they will be the first shots fired in that global third war which will end for our generation the prospect of civilized life. Those who leave the Jews to die for a dream will themselves be destined to perish, not for a dream but for a nightmare.' A South African newspaper gave a different version of the last sentence: 'for a nightmare full of sound and fury, but without meaning to those whom it will destroy'. In either form, Professor Laski's opinion appears to be that the war in Palestine was the beginning of the third global war, a view which I share and one which Mr. Marshall expressed to President Truman.

In May 1948 Mr. A. Abrahams (Political Adviser to the World Revisionist Executive) wrote in a Zionist newspaper: 'We must regard ourselves as the mighty nation that we are, and not as a third-rate State conditioned by the small territory we at present hold. All the resources of the world are at our disposal. All the knowledge of science and technique are with us for use. Throughout the world we have mighty hosts of Jews eager to help, to provide, to devise and to fight. Nothing dare be left to chance. There is no known weapon in the world without Jews who know its construction, who have taken part in its development and construction. It is for the Government of Israel at this historic hour to call upon all its sons to come and offer their gift of brain and muscle ... Provided we think and act as a nation at war, planning for total victory, and drawing together all our resources, we shall triumph and shall be restored in full strength and power, marking the first stage of our liberation and clearing the way for the second and final stage - the return of all Israel to the whole of the Land of Israel.'

In October 1948 a Mr. Ben Hecht, a prominent Zionist living in America, said: 'Within the next twenty-five or fifty years Israel will get the territory they need and go on to become one of the five leading nations of the world.' In September 1949 another prominent Zionist in America, one of Mr. Truman's followers in the House of Representatives, Mr. Emmanuel Celler, was reported by the *New York Times* as saying: 'Maybe the Israelis may have to give the Arabs another lesson and cut through their forces again like a knife through hot butter. Only this time the pleas of the United Nations will not deter them. They will shoot their way clear into Beirut, Amman and Alexandria.' In November 1949 Mr. Elias Sassoon, an official of the Israeli Foreign Ministry, was reported by the United Press as saying that: 'Israel is prepared to carry the war into Arab territory if the Arabs started fighting ... Permanent peace is further away than it was at the beginning of the year.'

These are a few of many similar utterances of which I have record. Through them, I think, runs that note of superior foreknowledge which is so distinct a feature of Zionist debate, and which lacks in the greater Gentile argument. They may be compared with the statements about humanitarian purposes and enduring peace which leading Gentile politicians habitually emit when they make moves in support of Political Zionism.

The shape of the expanding ambitions and of future events is, in my opinion, clear in them. Who are the men behind them? The twentieth-century melodrama would not be itself if those who rose to power on the claim that the Jews must be restored to the ancient birthplace of their race were themselves by race Jews. They are not, so that the joke is complete.

Political Zionism and Communism emerged together from Russia, and Jews there supplied the driving-power of the one movement exclusively and of the other in great part; the process in its beginnings may now be studied in Dr. Chaim Weizmann's autobiography, *Trial and Error*. Today the leaders of Communism *outside* its parentland are still in great part Jews from Russia or Russian-occupied Europe, or the children of such. The leaders of Political Zionism everywhere remain, of course, exclusively Jews; in the great majority they are Jews from Russia or Russian-occupied Europe or the children of such. This particularly applies to the 'terrorist groups' and their troops; that is, to the bold men who in my judgment will shape the course of future events from Palestine and to the great mass of recent immigrants, which was furthered there by the Soviet State.<sup>[2]</sup>

Political Zionism wielded one great argument in the lobbies of the Gentile world: that the Jews had an unchallengeable moral claim to return to ancestral lands from which they were driven in far antiquity, and that any opposition to this claim arose, not from genuine doubt of its validity, but from an inhuman, antipathetic instinct called 'anti-semitism'. The Eastern European Zionists, however, are not Semites (though the Arabs are), have no semitic blood, and their remote forefathers never trod Palestinian earth. They are Asiatics from innermost Russia who in olden times embraced the Hebrew faith. They are no more Semites than the ancient Britons, who also embraced a faith born in a semitic country. The Bosnian Slavs who embraced Mohammedanism might as well claim to return to Mecca because it was the birthplace of Mohammed.

Mr. Benjamin Freedman, a Jewish industrialist born in New York, wrote in the *Economic Council Letter*, published there, on October 15th, 1947: 'Political Zionism is almost exclusively a movement by the Jews of Europe. But these Eastern European Jews have neither a racial nor a historic connection with Palestine. Their ancestors were not inhabitants of the Promised Land. They are the direct descendants of the people of the Khazar Kingdom, which existed until the Twelfth Century. The Khazars were a non-semitic, Turko-Finn, Mongolian tribal people who, about the first century A.D., emigrated from Middle Asia to Eastern Europe. There they created one of the largest kingdoms of their time ... About the seventh century A.D., the King of the Khazars adopted Judaism as the state religion, and the majority of inhabitants joined him in the new allegiance.

Before that date there was no such thing as a Khazar who was a Jew. Neither then nor since was there such a thing as a Khazar whose ancestors had come from the Holy Land. The semitic people who established Judaism in Palestine many centuries before the Khazars became converts to the Hebrew faith, *did* mostly emigrate from Palestine. But none of them emigrated to the Khazar Kingdom far to the north.'

This is a historical fact, verifiable by any who care to confirm it. Mr. Freedman was challenged, unwisely, by a Zionist objector who derisively referred to 'the legend of the Khazars'. He replied soberly that this was an historical question which could be settled by historical evidence, and invited his challenger to accompany him to the Jewish room of the New York Public Library (the collections of which, I may add, are exhaustive). There they could together examine the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, volume I, pp. 1-12, and the published works of Graetz, Dubnow, Friedlander, Raisin and many other noted Jewish historians, which, as well as other non-Jewish authorities, 'establish the fact beyond all possible doubt'.

Mr. Freedman, some time before Mr. Truman's 'proudest moment', wrote: 'The threat of Political Zionism to the welfare and security of America is little realized ... There may soon take place in Palestine an explosion which will set off another world war ... The influence of the Zionist organization reaches into the inner policy-making groups of nearly every government in the world - particularly into the Christian West. This influence causes these groups to adopt pro-Zionist policies which are often in conflict with the real interests of the peoples they govern. This condition exists in the United States ... New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts and California control 151 electoral votes out of a total of 531. In these states are concentrated the overwhelming majority of Americans of Jewish faith. In these states Jews hold the balance of power. Zionists claim that they can 'deliver' this vote. Although a great majority of American Jews are not Zionists ... the Zionist minority has found means to silence them, and to convince nearly everybody that anti-Zionism means being anti-Jewish. In the light of this, and in the light of past elections, the present administration, with its eye on the next elections' (which President Truman's supporters won) 'has been strongly pro-Zionist. The pro-Zionist, politically motivated declarations of the President have been accepted throughout the world as official statements of American foreign policy. Yet it has always been a cardinal principle of American policy that all civilized peoples have a right to enjoy their own freedom ... Soviet Communism will succeed in its attempt to conquer the world in direct proportion to the support which America gives to Zionism ... It will take courage for Americans of whatever origin to think these facts through and take public positions upon them. They will be smeared. They will be slandered. Already, Zionists have been able to bring about the economic ruin of many Christians and Jews who have dared challenge the right to claim Palestine for a Jewish national State.'

Later, in America, I was able to confirm for myself the accuracy of this description. Mr. Freedman hoped to avoid the partition of Palestine. After it was ordered, he added: 'This is but the beginning of sorrows - not only for the Jews of Palestine, but for the Jews of all the world. And the Jews of America, in majority non-Zionist, but intimidated by the fury of a little group that is leading on to ruin, may some day recall with regret the prophetic words of Jacob Schiff and the elder Morgenthau, for the sins of the few will surely be visited upon the many.'

The elder Morgenthau referred to was Mr. Henry Morgenthau, senior, father of him whose name was given to the Morgenthau Plan for Germany. The father wrote: 'Zionism is the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history ... The very fervour of my feeling for the oppressed of every race and every land, especially for the Jews of my own blood and faith ... impels me to fight with all the greater force against this scheme, which my intelligence tells me can only lead them deeper into the mire of the past, while it professes to be leading them to the heights. Zionism is a surrender, not a solution. It is a retrogression into the blackest error and not progress towards the light. I will go



further, and say that it is a betrayal; it is an Eastern European proposal, fathered in this country by American Jews which, if it were to succeed, would cost the Jews of America most that they have gained of liberty, equality and fraternity.'

I too believe that Jews and Gentiles are equally involved in this affair and will alike suffer through it in the third act. It only looks like an issue between Jews and Gentiles because the masses of Jewry have yielded to an intimidatory conspiracy from Eastern Europe. This is recognizably a disease of the twentieth century. The Germans followed the wrecker's light of an unknown man of undiscoverable origins with an alien creed. The Gentile politicians of one great country after another have lent themselves to the aims of alien conspirators from dark places in Russia. In all countries, as yet, the men of goodwill have been overwhelmed. The fate of the enlightened Jews, foretold by Mr. Morgenthau, is only that of the Germans, of all classes and parties, who first resisted and then tried to kill Hitler. In England, thirty years ago, enlightened Jewish leaders fought hard against Political Zionism, foreseeing the same outcome that Mr. Morgenthau depicted. They were swept aside by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Balfour and other Gentile politicians, just as the protests of enlightened Jews in America are drowned by President Truman's eulogies of Political Zionism today. The 'guilty men' of the mid-century are in fact Gentile politicians and non-semitic Jews from East Europe. Between them the masses of enlightened Jews and of Christian Gentiles alike are caught.

Thus Political Zionism is mainly led by men who are demonstrably not Jews by race, have none of the blood of Shem, and no ancient tribal roots in Palestine. It is tempting to see in them those indicated in the words, Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie' (Revelation, iii, 9). The conquest of Palestine is not a return of dispersed Jews to an antique homeland, but a Mongolian expedition, and one designed, as I judge, to set up world-power there.

An eminent authority, Professor Lothrop Stoddard, wrote in 1926 that these Ashkenazim, the Eastern European Jews, are neither Jewish nor semitic, but a mongrel breed of minor Asiatic races with a strong admixture of Turko-Mongol blood; in other words, Khazars. The true semitic Jews, from Afro-Asia, he wrote, are the Sephardim, who are slender of figure, long-headed with fine-cut noses, while the Ashkenazim are short in stature, round-headed with large noses of coarser shape. A Jewish writer, Arthur Koestler, writing from Tel Aviv in December 1948, made some germane remarks. He thought Oriental Jews (that is) the true semitic Jews who live permanently in Palestine) then formed only from 25 to 30 per cent of the population of Israel. Of the growing generation Mr. Koestler remarked, 'the young male's most striking feature is that he looks entirely un-Jewish ... there can be no doubt that the race is undergoing some curious biological alteration'. The infusion of non-semitic blood from Eastern Europe might make the alteration logical. 'A considerable part of the population comes from Eastern European countries', wrote a Zionist reporter in December 1948, and in January 1949 the Jewish Agency at Tel Aviv announced that '250,000 Jews will be brought to Israel in 1949, most of them from the Slav countries'. Mr. Koestler also reported that: 'There is discrimination in fields of employment ... There is favour towards those of Russo-Polish descent. To oppose the organizations which promote this may sometimes mean economic ruin.'

Such are the men, then, who stand near the powder-keg, fuse in hand. They are not Jewry, but use it. In the third act of this century's melodrama the attentive playgoer should seek the character behind the mask, and not judge him by it. These men came from the same place and are of the same race as those who founded and spread Soviet Communism, and the two have ever sought their purposes hand in hand.

The means by which they have gained their hold over Jewry puzzles many, though the methods by which they have obtained the docility of politicians throughout the Christian West seem to me more astonishing. Both achievements appear to be the result of evil knowledge amassed through generations of secret conspiracy, and continue to baffle those who have not personally experienced any thrall. I often found people perplexed to know how Russians or Germans could be brought to such abasement even by concentration camps and secret police, or how innocent men could be induced to confess uncommitted crimes. Once the thing has been seen with the mortal eye no mystery remains.

In the case of Jewry, spread over the world, such surrender to a sway remains inexplicable to the mass-mind. It is achieved by the same method, intimidation, practised in different ways, and has proved just as effective in the hands of men armed with this evil knowledge of the weakest places in human nature. There are concentration camps without fences and penalties without triggers.

Control of a community dispersed over many lands is largely effected through the rabbis, the most eloquent and fanatical of whom are often zealous Zionists. A well-known Jewish journalist of New York, Mr. William Zukerman, wrote in April 1948: 'No one is swifter and easier in the use of the word peace than are Jewish rabbis. The word is so much on their lips and in their sermons that it has become with a good many of them nothing but a cliché. They are always ready to denounce warmongering in others and praise it when it comes to our own ranks. War to them is, of course, a terrible evil, but it depends on what kind of war. War by the Germans, Russians, British or Arabs is evil, but war by our country and people is patriotism and the holy of holiest duties of man. It is a source of shame to many Jews who are lovers of peace (and in spite of the rabbis, Jews *are* the most peace-loving people) that throughout these terrible years not a single voice of a rabbi has been raised against collective slaughter, no matter whether it is performed on our side or on another ... The future historian of our times will have to mention with regret that Jewish rabbis as a group were more nationalistic than spiritual leaders of their people in a time of great crisis.'

A rabbi who is a Political Zionist has many scorpions in his hands. I have the words of a Chief Rabbi, who, calling in the Synagogue for funds to support 'the cause of fighting Israel', took as his text: 'Command the children of Israel that they put out of the camp every leper and every one that hath an unclean issue and everyone that is unclean of soul.' He said 'deliberately' that a Jew who refused to do his share placed himself outside the pale of Jews entitled to social, communal or religious honours. He was a menace to the community and must be treated as such.

This is a fair example of much oratory in and around the synagogues. The Jewish pale is real, and exclusion from it a thing of penalties greatly feared. In Mexico City ten Jews were put on trial before a Jewish Community Court for not contributing to such funds and nine of them yielded at once rather than incur further penalties (this practice also derives from Eastern Europe, where Jewish boards had legal power to impose taxes on Jews and to enforce them at law). 'Dissent' (Mr. Zukerman also wrote) 'has become synonymous with treason.' In Buenos Aires contributions to the war in Palestine were fixed, by Zionist tribunals, at two per cent of the assets of business men and manufacturers and half a month's salary for workers; any who failed to pay were to be excluded from Jewish functions of every kind by withholding the special card needed for admission, and would be denied burial in Jewish cemeteries.

Such religious sanctions, used to promote aims of territorial conquest and of political power, are much feared. While the Zionist State was being set up rabbis all over the world sought to strengthen within Jewish communities the 'infamous Nuremberg law', enactment of which was supposed to be so base a sign of Hitler's anti-Jewishness. In Switzerland, a Zionist newspaper reported, 'There is not a single Swiss rabbi who will convert Gentiles or marry couples of mixed religion. In addition no *Mohel* will perform a *Bris* on a boy of a mixed marriage. In this way a clear separation has been

made between the traitors and the Jews' (the Zionist Press, however, reported with satisfaction that 'A famous London Mohel circumcised Prince Charles'). In September 1948 the rabbis of the American zone in Germany demanded that the Israeli Consul should refuse visas for Palestine to Jews married to non-Jewish women, even if a rabbinical certificate were produced showing that their wives had embraced Judaism. Hitler's model was ardently followed. In the Zionist State itself a great struggle went on to have his law against intermarriage introduced in its full splendour; Mr. Zukerman and Mr. Koestler recorded that the religious leaders were fighting hard to have a clause included in the Israeli Constitution to make mixed marriages 'a crime punishable by law'.

The rise of Zion has been a fantastic thing in the first two acts. I think I have shown the identity of the men who raised and now control it, the methods which were used and the direction in which their, or their successors' ambitions must lead. None who wish to comprehend the melodrama of this century should take their eyes off that part of the stage in the third act; it is more important even than the flashpoint in Europe, which in the great design is now a secondary one, a means rather than an end. Mastery over the Jewish masses and over Gentile governments have alike been demonstrated and are clearly too great for the thing to stop now, even if the men by the powder-keg wished that. This is world-power in the making, and the attempt will continue to its end, probably to final discomfiture of the aspirants, but to much discomfort for many others in its course.

'Champagne flows in Tel Aviv, reported the Zionist press on May 15th, 1948. 'In Jerusalem pyjama-clad women danced to folk music outside the Jewish Agency's building', they added, and 'Large crowds of young Jews celebrated in Times Square, New York, until the early hours of this morning, singing the Zionist national anthem and waving the Zionist flag', they continued. I saw one of these blithe festivals, recorded in the following words: 'From the Wolmarans Street Synagogue to the Johannesburg City Hall a procession of Zionist youth, carrying banners and torches and followed by thousands of people, marched through the main streets of the city, singing and acclaiming the rebirth of Israel.'

The face of the crowd, following a myth, is everywhere the same. That one in Johannesburg, with its torches and songs, was essentially the same as the one I saw in Berlin fifteen years earlier, on the night of January 30th, 1933. There were torches there, too, and songs, and in the shadows elsewhere, on both occasions, hunted men fled for their lives. Watching the Johannesburg parade, with the memory of the earlier one and many others in my mind, I doubted if Zionist nationalism would bring the Jewish masses much joy, or was meant to, any more than German nationalism brought it to the German masses. I think it might bring great tribulation to Jew and Gentile alike.

However, I was very glad to have seen the two parades, and hope in time to record whither the second leads, too.

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## Chapter Five

### THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

A former American Ambassador in London, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy (who in 1940 thought Britain was beaten), in 1946 wrote: 'The British Empire has progressively declined since the turn of the century - a process substantially accelerated by the events of the last ten years ... The British Empire is now the third and last of the really great powers and is clearly in a category below the United States and Russia.'

Such opinions are often heard in America and may reflect surface appearances rather than deep realities, or derive in truth more from things heard in early class-rooms and playgrounds than from living events. About that time I was beginning to be puzzled by the note of dejection and alarm I found in letters from American friends 'who seemed to feel that much was wrong in the American Republic. To me it looked, from afar, invulnerably powerful and inexhaustibly rich; secluded between two wide oceans its national safety and domestic prosperity seemed impenetrably secure; but they did not feel confident or even safe. When I had enforced leisure, on a balcony over Durban, to study a mass of literature on the subject, I began to find the reasons for their anxiety (and later saw these more plainly in America itself). The outward strength and security of the Republic were plain, but it had been much reduced from within through the two wars. It could tranquilly face the four corners of the world in arms, but might not be safe from strangers in its midst; against these the straight boulevards of Washington, planned by a French military engineer to give long field of fire against rioters or invaders, would not avail, for they did not come with arms, or openly. The Republic was going through a process of undermining from within similar to that which began in England in 1917, and this was far advanced. It was 173 years old and, by all the signs, its great strength was being subtly diverted to serve the ends of external, alien causes in distant parts of the world.

These causes, as everywhere, were the twins Soviet Communism and Political Zionism, which found ways to enter the Republic, to penetrate to high places or plant pliant men in them, and to dictate or divert major undertakings of American policy to their ends. The hidden mechanism revealed itself in the deviations of this policy during the second act. It was more dangerous in the American Republic than anywhere else, because of the strength and wealth of the country, and, I think may fairly be added, because of its inexperience in handling explosive world affairs. The prudent drafters of the American Constitution did not provide checks, if any are feasible, against such manipulation of the Republic's power and of a presidential and parliamentary system. They did not foresee invasions by mass-immigration, or the use of votes so gained to 'deliver an election', or the loosing of presidents in wartime to pursue any aims without public control, or the consequence of these things: the irremovable or semi-permanent president.

Thus the American letters I received were in the disconsolate tone of Cassius:

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone ...  
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings ...  
Age, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

The authors felt themselves underlings, lamented the feeble temper of their presidents in this time, and saw the shadow of Communism and Political Zionism rising over them like a two-headed Colossus. They could not see how to escape the thrall and cried that Washington's Capitol had lost the breed of noble bloods. Outward power and glory might be theirs, they said, but no longer their own Republic.

This development of the American Republic, they thought, was in the line of the Communist Revolution, the Balfour Declaration, the expansion of the Soviet Empire and the erection of the Zionist State. They read it to mean that, while the Republic is predominantly European in population and tradition, much power there has passed into Asiatic or Eurasian hands. The energies of the Republic, in these years, have visibly been diverted to the furtherance of ulterior causes. The comedy, they said, continued with the rhythmic inevitability of Greek tragedy, in which the gods are masters of the plot, that men cannot avert or alter.

The process first became apparent, like all else, in the first war, when an American President received that large empowerment which is more dangerous than any Absolute Weapon; indeed, my belief is that atom bombs and poison gas are only brandished before the public eye in order to distract it from this much more lethal peril. President Wilson, before election, said: 'We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world - no longer a government by conviction and the free vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and the duress of small groups of dominant men.' Through him and his successors, many Americans told me, the words gained more truth than they then contained, for in his Presidency appeared the beginnings of new groups of dominant men whose dominance has hardly been interrupted since.

The first, and still the greatest, of the Advisers was a Mr. Bernard Baruch. He accompanied President Wilson to the Peace Conference of 1919 and then remained counsellor to five later presidents, Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman. This is a phenomenon of the twentieth century, and I offer it for study as such. The results of his advisership cannot be adjudged because overt acts of policy were always those of the President or Government. Non-accountability is inherent in the institution; the responsible figure passes in time, and the non-responsible, but possibly more powerful ones, go on. In this case the lifework of a man who once described himself as the most powerful in the world, over a considerable period, and who continues to wield very great power, cannot be audited at all from public results. Surmise alone is possible, and a general inference from the development of the American Republic during his time. The innovation, in a rare case, might be good, but as an established source of power tends of itself, like that of kings, presidents and wartime prime ministers, to grow dangerous to the community, if immune from parliamentary and popular supervision. The Americans I met thought so; they did not so much fear the consequences of Mr. Baruch's own advisorships as the great expansion of the system of semi-secret advisorships which sprang up, once the seed was sown. This they held wholly wrong and perilous.

Mr. Baruch in the first war represented this new, and previously unimaginable, prodigy in affairs of State: the non-elected, non-accountable, non-supervisable potentate in a parliamentary land. He is not solely important, only generically so as the archetype. Beginning in a small way, the advisory system has in these thirty years spread outward and downward through every department of American life, so that today even American generals in the American zone of Germany, for

instance, have Zionist advisers beside them, to whom, apparently, they must defer. The masses of the Republic are almost oblivious of this mechanism of remote control and of its workings.

During the first war Mr. Baruch was chairman of a War Industries Board. Its powers reached beyond anything previously imagined possible and substantial public uneasiness arose concerning them; the public mind was much more sensitive then than in the second war. An American Parliamentary Committee was set up after the war's end to inquire into the extent and use of its despotic authority. This inquiry, though it led to no future restraints, remains for the future historian one of the most revealing documents of the century. Mr. Baruch was asked: 'You determined what anybody could have?' and answered: 'Exactly; there is no question about that. I assumed that responsibility, sir, and the final determination rested with me ... That final determination, as the President said, rested with me; the determination of whether the Army or Navy would have it rested with me; the determination of whether the railroad administration could have it, or the Allies, or whether General Allenby should have locomotives, or whether they should be used in Russia or used in France.' 'And all those different lines' (he was asked) 'really, ultimately, centred in you, so far as power was concerned?' He answered: 'Yes, sir, it did. I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war; doubtless that is true.'

Clearly the nature of the power thus wielded far transcends that of the persons, political or military, outwardly responsible for the conduct of a war. It was not merely that of expediting the output and delivery of the stuff of war, but of deciding who should have it and in what theatre of war. That is power on the supreme political and military level; in a world conflict it is world power. By the second war this startling innovation was become recognized wartime usage.

Mr. Baruch, and others of the growing community of advisers, retained great influence throughout the peace, especially under the long presidency of Mr. Roosevelt. Just before the second war began Mr. Baruch was told by Mr. Winston Churchill (according to Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*): 'War is coming very soon. We will be in it and you' (the American Republic) 'will be in it. You' (Mr. Baruch) 'will be running the show over there but I will be on the sidelines over here.' Mr. Churchill did not remain on the sidelines long. Mr. Baruch has not publicly stated if, or how far, he ran the show during the second war, when President Roosevelt was publicly thought to be all-powerful, but his influence remained large and perennial.

After the second war, in any case, he bade fair to become the most powerful man in the world again, if he had not remained so, for he was appointed head of what, in his own conception of it, was to be the most potent body of all, the Atomic Development Authority, or Ada. This was to take over matters atomic, in which British research led the world until Mr. Churchill transferred the British discoveries to exclusive American use under his empowerment of the second war. In 1946 (according to the *Yorkshire Post*) Mr. Churchill said there was no man in whose hands he would rather see 'this awful problem placed' than Mr. Baruch's. Mr. Baruch's plan (see *From Smoke to Smother*, pp. 126-7) was that Ada (a committee of a few men) should have a world monopoly of atom bombs, worldwide powers of inspection to prevent their manufacture by others, and sovereign powers to drop them on any 'who violate the agreements that are reached by nations'. One example of an 'agreement reached by nations' was the agreement to partition Palestine. Had Ada then been in existence, it would presumably have been empowered to drive the Arabs from their Palestine; were it in existence now, and 'the nations' agreed that the Zionist State needed more territory, it would presumably move to enforce such agreement. The implications of this seem boundless and exempt none, anywhere, either in America or outside it.

This Plan, however, has as yet been delayed in fulfilment, though President Truman in October 1949 reaffirmed that he would continue 'to back the Baruch Plan to the hilt'. It seemed from such incidents that the American Republic's major actions of State policy by this time were no longer

fashioned between government and parliament but took shape in the Plans of advisers, adopted by presidents. Two of many instances indicate this. The atom bomb, and atomic bombing, were to be entrusted to a committee under such a Plan. The punishment of Germany was laid down in a 'Morgenthau Plan' signed by President Roosevelt at the urgency of 'an old and loyal friend'! Mr. Roosevelt later said he 'had no idea how he could have initialled it' and Mr. Churchill still later said, 'I did not agree with it and I am sorry I put my initials to it'. This Plan was supposed subsequently to have been dropped, but in fact the bisection of Europe on the Berlin line, which in my judgment makes a third war as inevitable as any human act could make it, was the fulfilment of its very spirit.

The identity of the 'old and loyal friend' remains unknown, as the initialling of the Plan for Germany itself remained unknown to President Roosevelt's own competent Ministers until after their President initialled it. By that time the disease of power appeared to be rife in a whole line of counsellors who were publicly unknown. The long exercise of power exercised in such a manner may of necessity have an insidious effect on men who wield it. The Plan for Germany, when it ultimately became public, had horrified all responsible, men who saw it, particularly the Ministers who, in a parliamentary republic, would expect to be consulted in such paramount affairs; they thought it satanic.

But the damage was done and remains to be mended, if that is possible, and that is the point which worries Americans today. By the mid-century they felt that the system of advisers, non-accountable to parliament, and of plans, born in anonymity and fathered on presidents, had so entwined itself about the machinery of government in the American Republic, at all levels, that its public representatives were coming to seem shadow-shapes, while its actions could no longer be forecast by standards of merely American interests. These conditions also, they felt, were ideal for the working of forces which pursued aims outside America through the American Republic. Such statements as those, quoted above, by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, increased their alarm. They could not see the shape or course of the future if the foremost political leaders remained oblivious to the true meaning and consequence of such grave measures, put before them.

Mr. Roosevelt, particularly, surrounded himself with mysterious, non-accountable colleagues, and the books of disclosure suggest that this was the source of his most fateful actions, particularly those decisive ones, when his appearance 'frightened' those about him and he contrived the capitulation of Yalta, which set the scenes for the third act. The most remarkable was Mr. Harry Hopkins. From a friendly portrait in *Roosevelt and Hopkins* and a critical one in Mr. John T. Flynn's *The Roosevelt Myth* (an essential source-book for the period) he seems to have been a runabout between the President and superior advisers, less in the public eye. Mr. Hopkins lived in the White House. At first he was concerned mainly with quickening war-production. Later he toyed with cosmic matters, rather like Hitler with the globe in Chaplin's 'The Dictator'.

In the earlier capacity he was clearly useful, having long experience as a charity-appeal organizer (American friends say he was of the type known as 'little brothers of the rich') and a natural bent for accelerating the work of others and cutting through dead wood. In the later one, he might leave the later historian prostrate with tears or laughter, assuming that the transactions into which he rushed leave any later historians. His private papers, as presented by Mr. Sherwood, show a trio of ghost-writers (Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Sherwood and a Mr. Sam Rosenman) preparing President Roosevelt's speeches for him in permanent session at the White House. Mr. Hopkins instructed the other two to insert in one speech (without the President's knowledge and before the Republic entered the war) a Proclamation of Unlimited National Emergency. Mr. Roosevelt retained it in his speech. Later Mr. Hopkins advised the President not to meet Mr. Churchill 'without Uncle Joe'. When he learned that Mr. Churchill was to meet Uncle Joe and that Mr. Roosevelt 'was dispatching a cable to Churchill ... with the implication that he was content to let Churchill speak for the United

States as well as Great Britain', he gave orders that the transmission of the President's confirmatory message to Stalin be stopped'. The sober-minded might shudder to see world affairs thus handled. Mr. Sherwood describes the exploit as 'one of the quick and arbitrary actions, far beyond the scope of his own authority, which had gained for him the affection and admiration of Roosevelt ever since the beginnings of the New Deal'. (Another telegram, implicitly warning Stalin not to conclude any arrangements with Mr. Churchill, was then sent by the chastened President.)

Mr. Hopkins is portrayed (in his own documents) making stern interventions, by means of cable direct to Mr. Churchill and the like, in matters of monarchy in Italy or Greece, two countries unknown to him, and generally handling the affairs of millions like dimes. At the final, fatal meeting at Yalta he told the President what to do through notes passed to him. 'The Russians have given in so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down. Let the British disagree if they want to.' Sometimes the wording and writing of these notes, and Mr. Roosevelt's scribbled comments seems to show two men hardly master of their powers: 'All of the below refers to Churchill's opposition to early calling of conference of United Nations. There is something behind this talk that we do not know of its basis. Perhaps we better wait until later tonight what is on his mind.'

At the end of that astonishing fiasco the mood of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins was one of 'supreme exultation' (writes Mr. Sherwood). From Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Balfour and President Wilson, through Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Horace Wilson, to President Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins: the Yalta Conference was the continuance of a course and a curse. When I studied the story of Yalta, in the self-revelations of its participants, my mind's eye went back to Budapest in September 1938. There I followed the story of Munich, through radio items heard by chance at the British Legation or in my own flat with the lights of Buda spread below me, or read on sunny café terraces in the columns of the *Pester Lloyd*. I felt again the shame I then felt, as a man and an Englishman, at the spectacle of men who frivolously handled affairs far outside their ken, and the sensation of inevitable tragedy which finally filled me from that moment. After that, all hope of averting the second war was gone. Yet the meeting of Munich, the part played in it by the unqualified Sir Horace Wilson and the joy of Mr. Chamberlain, all shrink into pallid triviality compared with the meeting at Yalta, the part played by the unqualified Mr. Hopkins (soon to receive a Doctorate of Oxford!) and the exultation of Mr. Roosevelt. All hope of averting the third act went then, in my judgment. The only difference was in my own playgoer's feelings; I was come to think the thing a comedy, after all.

Nevertheless, the world might pay pilgrimage today to the tombs of the professional diplomats and ambassadors of old, who knew the stuff they handled and were Christian patriots. If there are clubs in any life beyond this one, I like to imagine the sardonic amusement with which Wolsey and Richelieu, Metternich and Talleyrand, Pitt and Palmerston will receive the men of the Balfour Declaration, of Munich and of Yalta.

When Mr. Hopkins died, a little after President Roosevelt, and both soon after Yalta, an American newspaper wrote: 'Americans need not concern themselves now whether Harry Hopkins was great or little or good or bad; their care should be that the phenomenon of a Harry Hopkins in the White House does not recur.' That meant also that the phenomenon of a President irremovable save by death should not recur, and that of the whole system of non-accountable advisers. It was, too, a world problem, and not simply an American one; in many leading countries power over parliaments and parties was by this time wielded by 'small groups of dominant men', whose motives and actions could not be publicly scrutinized or audited. In the American Republic the phenomenon continued after President Roosevelt's death; the machinery for pursuing other than American interests through American power remained intact. An earlier President Roosevelt, Theodore, was asked at the century's turn 'how long he gave our government to live', and



answered, 'About fifty years'. The question and answer presumably meant, the constitutional American Republic, and the time is about up.

Throughout his presidency Mr. Franklyn Delano Roosevelt pursued the policy of opening the doors of the American Republic to new men who pursued one or other of the two new ambitions of the twentieth century, Soviet Communism and Political Zionism. Whether their hearts beat for the American Republic first and foremost was something only they could know, but their support of either or both of these causes was a likelihood in the first case and something often avowed in the second. Both were distinct from the native interests of the American Republic, so that time alone could show if their espousal by American Presidents was to its good. As far as I know President Roosevelt did not publicly declare, like Mr. Hofmeyr in South Africa, that Zionism alone could save the world, but his actions led towards the establishment of Political Zionism in a place of power from which it could dictate the world's salvation or ruination. He placed avowed Political Zionists in posts of visible power. Simultaneously, at lower levels, he opened the gates to Communist infiltration and penetration of the whole edifice of power in the Republic. The process was one of the surrender of power from above, and corruption from below.

In 1932 a Jewish writer, Mr. Walter Lippman, wrote: 'It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt is not the leader of the forces behind him' (in his first presidential campaign). 'He is being used by them. They count heavily on controlling him because they look upon him as pliant.' (This pliancy, proved in the next thirteen years, may count as President Roosevelt's most marked characteristic.) In 1936 a rabbi, Mr. Louis Gross, wrote: 'The Roosevelt Administration has selected more Jews to fill influential positions than any previous Administration in American history.' (A similar development, the *Jewish Chronicle* once stated, occurred in Russia after the Communist revolution there.) In 1938 the *New York Times* wrote, 'after an interview with Mr. Roosevelt, Senator Wagner said the President is prepared to take a "more than formal action" to safeguard the Jewish National Home in Palestine and to prevent any restriction of Jewish immigration. "I believe", added the Senator, "that we are so situated that we can make our protests to the British Government effective."'

These quotations, and many others which I have, give glimpses of the 'phenomenon' of this century in action: of power being wielded through an elected president to achieve aims far outside his country's bounds or interests. For a great country to become bellicose and expansionist in its own behalf is a familiar and recurring thing in history; for it to show these traits, in lands half across the earth, on behalf of a third party is unique, as far as I know. The only comparable affair is that of Pontius Pilate, which, however, did not entail territorial conquest. The process begun with Lord Balfour, Mr. Loyd George and President Wilson, was continued through President Roosevelt and his successor to its logical finish. Towards the war's end a prominent Zionist sympathizer in America, a Mr. La Guardia, was appointed head of the body called UNRRA, the funds of which were in the event largely used, in Europe, to promote the 'second Exodus' which made the war in Palestine. General Morgan's attempt to expose the thing before the clock struck too late was punished as quickly as if he were an American. Mr. Truman's proudest moment was the next stage. His precipitate recognition of the new Zionist State may be regarded as the beginning of the third act. In the American Republic political leaders *outwardly* responsible and elected representatives were swept aside. General Marshall's protest, as Foreign Secretary, was as unavailing as that of Mr. James Forrestal, Secretary for Defence.<sup>[3]</sup>

One Congressman, Mr. Lawrence H. Smith, said that the partition of Palestine would lead to 'a war of annihilation', and another, Mr. E. Gossett, that the American Republic 'had perhaps planted the seeds of World War III'. Many Jews spoke in similar terms of warning; all alike were derided or ignored.

The Political Zionists had their way and the results may be appraised in due time. The American Republic took over from Britain, now alarmed, the leading part in promoting the rise of Zion, and, I fancy, in promoting its own decline, for countries are no longer free which allow themselves to be used for exterior designs. Mr. James Truslow Adams, in his *Epic of America*, wrote: 'As we compare America in 1931 with the America of 1912 it seems as though we had slipped a long way backwards.' Were a comparison drawn between the America of 1950 and that of 1931, I think the result would show a much greater slipping-backwards, despite material wealth. The same deterioration, in greater or lesser measure, shows in all countries which have accepted the paramountcy of Zion at a high level and allowed the permeation of Soviet Communism at lower ones.

In the American Republic the rise of Soviet Communism went side by side with the rise of Zion. The Political Zionists worked from above: that is, from the seats of the mighty and from the control of key-states in the Republic's electoral system. The Soviet Communists permeated from below, corrupting parties from within and seeping into government departments. The 'hatred of Americans for Communism', in which the mass-newspaper reader of all countries believes today, is an illusion. That is to say, it may be a native, inherent trait of the mass of Americans, but it does *not* find expression in the major acts of the Republic's State policy; these have in their effects often promoted the spread of the Communist State in the last eight years. The rise of Soviet Communism in the American Republic is not an increase of numbers or votes, any more than it was in the Eastern European countries or China, now enslaved by foreign-supplied arms. It is the rise of influence through penetration, permeation and infiltration. It is the old stratagem of the Trojan Horse in a new form. The invaders, however, come or derive from the same place as the Political Zionists: Russia or Russian-occupied Europe. They are in the majority Khazars.

Under President Roosevelt many measures were taken to disguise the numbers, nature and political allegiance or motives of people entering the Republic. To inquire into such matters began to be presented as 'discrimination of race, colour or creed'. After 1941 the practice of keeping records of Jewish immigration from Eastern Europe was abandoned. A policy was adopted which Mr. Hilaire Belloc once described thus: 'A deliberate policy ... not only to use ridicule against anti-semitism but to label as anti-semitism any discussion of the Jewish problem at all, or for that matter any information even on the Jewish problem. It was used to prevent, through ridicule, any statement of any fact with regard to the Jewish race save a few conventional compliments and harmless jests ... If a man did no more than call a Jew, a Jew, he was an anti-semite.' Any Jew who opposed Political Zionism was equally attacked. In these years the truth of G.K. Chesterton's dictum was shown: 'Journalism is a false picture of the world thrown upon a lighted screen in a darkened room so that the real world is not seen.'

Under cover of this deterrent to public comprehension, two important results were achieved. The administrations of President Roosevelt were 'permeated at almost all levels with Jewish appointees, many of them Communistic', according to the *Economic Council Letter* of December 15th, 1947; and masses of newcomers were brought into the Republic without the customary checks. Thus the present Jewish population of the Republic can only be estimated. At the last 'religious' census in 1936 it was about 5 millions and fair conjecture puts it at between 6 and 8 millions today, mainly concentrated in the seven 'key-States' of the electoral map. The bulk of the increase came from the Eastern European area which produced both Political Zionism and Soviet Communism.

A new mass of persons of loyalty and origins not clearly discoverable, therefore, entered the Republic during President Roosevelt's period. After his death a powerful campaign was waged to ensure the continuance of the process, in favour of 'displaced persons' from Europe.

Under the hypnotic spell of wartime propaganda, the public expression of doubts about Communism in high places, or even about Communism itself, was akin to treason. Young men who sniffed the wind rose in their careers in the American Foreign Service and other departments and prudent seniors were relegated. Arrangements were made for someone called 'Tito' to have Yugoslavia, for the Soviet State to spread westward to Berlin and even (*after* the war) eastward across China. Watching the lighted screen in the darkened room, the masses did not demur. When the war ended, however, and for the purposes of the third act the new legend, 'Don't trust Stalin', was flashed on the screen, public anxiety in the Republic revived. If Communism had been wrongly trusted in Europe, why was Communism still powerful enough in the Republic to surrender China to the Soviet Empire? Ah, to start 'a witch hunt' would be anti-semitism, came the answer. One eye of the Trojan horse blazed in virtuous affront; the other winked.

Nevertheless, the business of fooling all the people all the time is a hard one, and the task of preventing discovery difficult. If political leaders are sincere, this shows itself when they find that the suspicions of others were right and their own confidingness was wrong. Next door to the American Republic lurid disclosures were made. The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King at that time, was incredulous when he learned from Igor Gouzenko, the fugitive from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, that treasonable aliens had permeated Canadian services and departments and had succeeded in suborning native Canadians and Englishmen. Once convinced, however, he knew his duty. He set judges to work, unearthed and published the full truth, had the culprits tried and sentenced. Also, he secretly flew to President Truman and Mr. Attlee and informed them that 'the situation is as serious as ever existed in Canada at any time'. Further he told them that it was only part of even graver situations in their own, more powerful countries.

From that moment further concealment was inexplicable, yet no governmental action or announcement followed, in either country, to match the Canadian one. If the 'situation was as serious as ever existed in the American Republic and England (and I think it is), it continued to be concealed, even when the tone of public references to Communism *in Europe* switched to one of alarm, reproof and talk of war.

In all countries, unless they have a government as dutiful as Mr. Mackenzie King's, the only hope of public enlightenment lies in the efforts of persevering individuals, who persist in trying to expose what they see as a national danger. By doing so they court quick retaliation from the powerful and organized forces, which forbid opposition to Soviet Communism and Political Zionism alike. Mr. James Forrestal's resignation and the smear-campaign which drove him to suicide are the counterparts, in the American Republic, of the attacks which led to General Morgan's retirement. Parties which claim to uphold the patriotic cause, like the Conservative Party in England and the Republican one in the American Republic, seem just as hostile to them, and thus show that they too accept that secret dominance. The reluctance of the Conservative Party to accept Captain Roy Farran as a candidate, and its manager's marked aversion against Mr. Andrew Fountaine are in the same long line.<sup>[4]</sup>

In the American Republic the spearhead of this individual effort to expose the undermining of elected government by alien and treasonable infiltration has been a parliamentary committee, The House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities, which for years has dug among the evidence. The hidden strength of Communism throughout the world is shown by the derision which is poured on this body by newspapers in many countries (including Conservative ones in England), and by the sustained 'smearing' of its leaders and members. Its best known chief, Mr. Martin Dies, was 'smeared' into oblivion. When the Democratic Party is in power, as it has been for a generation save for two years between 1946 and 1948, the majority of the committee appears to be automatically used to frustrate its work. Nevertheless a minority of its members persist and in

those two years they accumulated material which a generation ago would have been enough to send any government crashing in ruins.

The committee, between 1946 and 1948, sought to bring about a public investigation comparable with that of the Canadian Report. Just before President Truman's re-election in November 1948 it published a Report (September 27th, 1948). This referred to the Canadian Report, saying the American people were deeply shocked by its disclosures and also 'by the disloyal operations of some of Canada's prominent citizens who were working in collusion with Soviet agents'. Without specifically mentioning Mr. Mackenzie King's intimation that matters were even graver in the American Republic, it said, 'the American people applaud the vigorous manner in which the persons involved were brought to trial and, in view of the fact that the major effort of developing the atom bomb was being carried on in the United States, presumed that similar prosecutions would follow there'. These never came and 'the Committee has been endeavouring to find out why'.

The reason was bluntly stated: Presidential opposition. The Report says an American General testified on oath that he was prohibited by 'a Presidential directive of August 5th, 1948' from 'discussing with you or your committee any information relating to the loyalty or integrity of any government employee or former government employee'. He added, 'as a general opinion' in the matter, that 'there was continued and persistent and well-organized espionage against the United States and particularly against the atom bomb project, by a foreign power with which we were not at war and its misguided and traitorous domestic sympathizers'. The General said he had informed President Roosevelt of this in a report which the President read in his presence 'just before he left for Yalta', and that the same report was put before Mr. Truman by him immediately the new president took office. The Un-American Committee's report adds that it covers only one small, local field of its investigations, and in this found 'three separate acts of treachery by scientists ... which required immediate prosecution to the full extent of the law'. It mentioned by name several persons of Eastern European birth or secondary origin and concluded that the full story of the conspiracy could not be told 'because the Presidential veto denies Congress access to the evidence in the files of the Executive branch of the Government ... The iron curtain imposed by Presidential directive must be forthwith lifted'.

That appeared to raise a clear and major issue between Parliament and President, even more clearly stated in Senator Homer Ferguson's words: 'Congress is rapidly being pushed into the intolerable position of having either to legislate through a blind spot or compel the President to answer for his conduct in an impeachment proceeding ... Congress is charged with the responsibility of protecting the security of our people through legislation. But if, when it tries to do so, the President can deny to Congress the information it needs to legislate intelligently, then the President has gone beyond the prerogatives of his office and threatens the very foundations of representative government.'

The issue between Congress and President was obscured by one of those timely interventions which are so distinct a feature of this century's deterioration; at moments when the rot seems about to be stayed, something happens to ensure continuance. Five weeks after the issue of the Committee's Report Congressional elections restored to the Democrats their majority in the House of Representatives. At once the political writers foretold that the Un-American Activities Committee would not be allowed to make much more trouble. Since then its minority members have been consistently baulked in their efforts and constantly 'smeared'. All this, moreover, was in the period when the menace of Communism was supposed to have been recognized and the chief aim of the American Republic's policy was presented as the stopping of its spread.

Thereon the Committee, suspecting that its further inquiries might be impeded, published the material already accumulated. This seemed, in perusal, even more startling than the Canadian Report, and if its statements were true they appeared to bear out Mr. Mackenzie King's belief that

'the situation' in the American Republic was even graver than the Canadian one. The witnesses heard by it included a Mr. Whittaker Chambers, until then a senior editor of the mass-circulation journal *Time*, who from remorse confessed to have been earlier a Soviet secret agent and courier. He said he had obtained, and forwarded to Moscow, secret papers of the highest importance to the American and other Allied Governments. He accused a high State Department (Foreign Office) official of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration (who was a member of that President's staff at the fateful Yalta meeting) of making these documents available to him. The official brought a libel action.

At this stage President Truman called the affair 'a red herring' and during other, later inquiries and disclosures frequently and irritably used the same tone. In some instances, as judicial and other investigations were under way, these comments might have been held to amount to contempt of court in any other man. The President several times placed himself in this way between demands for investigation and the matters at issue.

Accused of libel, Mr. Chambers led detectives of a Grand Jury, which seemed to be slowly coming into the affair, and of the Un-American Committee to his farm in Maryland and to his pumpkin plot, where he pointed to one, the top of which had been sliced off and put back. Inside were found masses of microfilm photographs of secret documents about American and British tanks, aircraft and war vessels, and diplomatic reports covering many parts of the world. This proved that Mr. Chambers, as the investigating Committee of the House of Representatives stated, had in fact procured documents of the highest secrecy, from whatever source. As to that, the appeal of the official concerned, from a conviction in the first instance, pends as I write.

Five days later a Mr. Laurence Duggan, also a State Department official during President Roosevelt's time, fell to his death from the sixteenth storey of an office building in New York. The Un-American Committee forthwith released material showing that he had also been accused of complicity in these matters. The acting chairman of the Un-American Committee suspected murder, and so did an eminent colleague of President Roosevelt, Mr. Sumner Welles, who said: 'I find it impossible to believe that his death was self-inflicted.' I know of no inquiry arising from these suspicions that Mr. Duggan was murdered. The matter seems to have been passed over.

Within a few months a Minister for Defence, barely resigned, and two officials of the American Foreign Service (the second was Press Attaché at Santiago, in Chile, and his death may or may not have been connected with these matters) died through falling from high windows, while three other high officials or former officials, of various Departments, justly or unjustly accused in this or similar affairs, died suddenly; one was found in the river with his throat cut and another committed suicide in the Justice Building. During this period many other disclosures or charges were made, relating to espionage in government departments or to conditions in the atomic research plants. If these reached juries, the verdicts were usually of guilty; if congressional committees examined them they were generally pronounced empty. A broad picture emerged of secret and subversive influences working through the organizations of the American Republic. A persistent effort to conceal this was equally visible.

The various incidents I have enumerated formed a series of disclosures which, at any former time in almost any country would presumably have led to an irresistible public demand for complete investigation, exposure and the determination of responsibility and the punishment of any found culpable. In the condition into which public debate had fallen in the American Republic in the years following the Roosevelt era it appeared possible, at any rate for a long period, to confuse the issues in the public mind by the intensive 'smearing', through the press and radio, of any who pressed for full inquiry and exposure. Nevertheless there was always someone who would not be deterred, and this led, at the end of 1949, to the most remarkable disclosure of all.

A former American Air Force officer, a Mr. George Racey Jordan, who during the war was Lend-Lease Inspector at Great Falls, Montana, whence Lend-Lease aircraft were flown to Moscow, stated publicly in a radio interview that in 1943 and 1944 substantial quantities of atom-bomb compounds and uranium were sent to the Soviet Communist Government. He further averred that, becoming suspicious of the large amount of baggage which Soviet officers were carrying in these aeroplanes, he had a search made and discovered a large quantity of highly secret American State Department documents, in carbon-copy or photostat facsimile, from each of which the stamp 'secret, confidential or restricted' had been cut away. In one suitcase, he alleged,, was a letter on White House notepaper with the name of Mr. Harry Hopkins (who lived at the White House) printed on it. This letter, he stated, contained the words, I had a hell of a time getting these away from Groves'. ('These' referred to the secret documents; General Groves, who at that time was in charge of atom-bomb research, was the officer who told the Un-American Activities Committee after the war that he was debarred by Presidential veto from testifying before it about espionage.)

Mr. Jordan further stated, in this broadcast statement, that Mr. Harry Hopkins instructed him to expedite certain freight shipments to Soviet Russia, to say nothing about them, even to his superior officer, and to keep no record of them. He said: 'Mr. Hopkins was the button the Russians touched every time they needed emergency help.' Mr. Jordan's statements did not receive the full and public investigation which their gravity seemed to demand; they were scouted and he was 'smeared'. They lead to two fascinating fields of thought....

The first is this: at the time the atom-bomb compounds, uranium and information were being sent to Soviet Russia, at Mr. Harry Hopkins's prompting (if Mr. Jordan's statements are correct) the public at large had not even heard of atom bombs. The thing happened in 1943 and 1944, if it happened. The public first learned of the atom bomb when it was dropped in September 1945. The initial research work was done by British scientists and the results of this were transferred to the American Republic by Mr. Churchill under his sovereign empowerment of the war. Presumably he thought that his own country would benefit by the American development of atomic research, and apparently he was wrong, because in 1949 (when I was in the United States) the British Government requested access to information and experiments and seems to have been denied this; at any rate, those American columnists who had been clamouring for the Soviet Government to be given all atomic information at once joined in the chorus that 'the atomic secrets must be nailed down'. Presumably, also, Mr. Churchill thought that the further development of those atomic mysteries which he entrusted to America would remain secret from the Soviet Government and for that matter from all other countries, for some time after the war's end he declared that exclusive American possession of the atom bomb was the one solid guarantee of continuing peace. He seems again to have been wrong, for the secret originally yielded up by Britain to America, was by then no longer in exclusive American possession.

That appears to be a fact, irrespective of the accuracy or inaccuracy of Mr. Jordan's statements, for no sooner were they made than the American State Department (apparently prompted by them to these charges) announced that in 1943 (two years before the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima) four export licences were granted for shipping uranium compounds to the Soviet Government. That was in 1943. From the first public appearance of the atom bomb in 1945 until 1949 leading politicians in America and other countries were telling their peoples that peace was only safe while the atom bomb remained a secret in American keeping, and would become insecure when the Soviet, despite this secrecy, of its own ingenuity solved atomic mysteries. Late in 1949 President Truman suddenly announced that the Soviet 'has the atom bomb'. If readers of *From Smoke to Smother* were puzzled by a somewhat ironical, or even flippant note in my references to contemporary debate about The Absolute Weapon, they may now see the reason. All students of the Roosevelt era shrewdly suspected these things, which are now coming to light piece by piece.

Seldom in the course of human events have the realities been so different from the appearances, or the facts of what was going on from the official statements.

The second field of reflection now opened to public survey by Mr. Jordan's statements is larger still and even more interesting. Mr. Harry Hopkins was President Roosevelt's chief counsellor at the Yalta Conference. The nature of the advice he gave is available for all to read, in his own handwriting or in his own notes. The Yalta Conference was the fourth decisive event of this century. The first two were the establishment of the Communist State and the Balfour Declaration; the Reichstag Fire and the Yalta Conference cleared the way for the expansion of the Communist State and the erection of the Zionist State. At Yalta the scenes were set for the third act of the melodrama, for the second half of the century, for the continued pursuit of these two ambitions, in peace and war, to the point where they meet in the servile World State. President Roosevelt was so close to death that he may not have understood all that was done at Yalta; by his own words, he did not understand the Plan for Germany when he initialled it. Thus the personality of his chief adviser there, who was also so near to death, becomes of great interest to the future historian, and if Mr. Jordan's statements should not be publicly disproved a wide area of surmise is left open.

These were the things, I found in course of study, that caused my American friends to fear that, despite its outward power and wealth, the American Republic was in decline, its energies were being used to further exterior causes, and the patriots were not strong enough to stop this.

The young republic seems to be caught, like other countries, between the pincers of Soviet Communism and Political Zionism, of the revolutionary power and the money power, of advisers in high places and infiltrators at lower levels. The method was implicit in Theodor Herzl's words: 'When we sink we become a revolutionary proletariat; when we rise there rises also our terrible power of the purse' (*A Jewish State*). It is dangerous for the American Republic, and dangerous for the world, because in the third act the world will not be able to judge for what *real* aims the power of the Republic is being used.

Early in 1949 Mr. Truman's first full four-year term as President was officially inaugurated on the steps of the Capitol in Washington. 'Capitol' might be a name of ill-omen; the first Capitol was the Roman Temple of Jupiter, king of the pagan gods, and Rome 'lost the breed of noble bloods'. Amid cheers the President, who was wont to rebuke investigators into the Communist infiltration of the Republic, announced a policy aimed at 'conquering Communism without war'. In the twentieth century the mass often looks like Bottom the Weaver and wears the ass's head as it is led towards the dark abyss. This particular throng needed only to look over its shoulder to see that Communism was conquering China *through* war, against adversaries denied arms by the American Republic. Before 1949 ended the Communist grasp on China, achieved in this way, would be nearly complete and the familiar process of disowning the allied government and recognizing the Communist one, was beginning all over again. When 1950 began the likelihood was growing daily plainer that the process would continue to be extended. As in China, American support in many forms began to be given, at President Truman's prompting, to Yugoslavia, the enemy of Greece, under the pretext used in China: that Yugoslav Communism was of a different kind. British troops were being-withdrawn from Greece, and unless that brave little land unaccountably escapes once more from the toils, I fancy that before very long the question of abandoning its legal government and recognizing a Communist one imported from outside its frontiers will once more arise. At that point, the last wartime ally east of the iron curtain would have been betrayed, many years after the war's end. Behind the smoke screen, 'Down with Communism', the reality of the design would become too plain to be ignored by any who wished to see it.

On the steps of the Capitol in Washington, however, the crowd cheered 'the new policy' of 'conquering Communism without war'. Simultaneously the policy of promoting Political Zionism

was pursued, ever more openly now and without any sleight-of-hand. With the deliberate symbolism which is so striking a feature of the process, President Truman in 1949 chose the Day of the Dead, November 11th, to speak to a gathering of 'The National Conference of Christians and Jews' (a body regarded by experienced American observers as a 'Zionist-front-organization') in Washington. He announced that he was preparing new laws 'against bias', and held up the Declaration of Human Rights and the Genocide Convention as two achievements, of the American Republic and the United Nations, particularly worthy of celebration on the day when the millions of dead fighting-men and civilians of the two wars are commemorated. Those two documents, in fact, appear to be clearly the denial of all those dead ones may have thought they died for; they declared aggression a human right and resistance to it genocide, and that was proved by the affair which was in perpetration in Palestine when they were drafted and proclaimed.

The shape of the third act seems to loom up fairly clearly behind all these things. In the Nineteen-Forties and up to the mid-century the American Republic went marching on, but not towards the goal of its native interests. Its strength had been used, and seemed likely to be further used, for alien causes, and this was the secret of the inner process of decline which alarmed its most enlightened men. Clearly, that course would not change, at the best and earliest, until a new generation of politicians had grown up and supplanted those of the mid-century.

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## Chapter Six

### THE BUNDLE OF HAY

The third act of the melodrama, the next fifty years, therefore will see the shape of the great design grow, ever clearer. It will in my judgment continue to be that of mounting Soviet and Zionist power, culminating in the attempt to set up the servile World State and to reduce the Christian area to slave status. As the prospect becomes plainer the number of patriotic men in all countries who perceive it will increase and these, in peace and in war, will need to carry on a running, second battle against the secret thralls to which their own governments, politicians and parties have yielded in the twentieth century. That is the decisive battle of the age and if they succeed in it the attempt will fail. If they fail the attempt will succeed and the long process of gradual uprising against tyranny will then need to begin again. The century has shown that liberty is a self-closing door, not one which remains open when it has been forced. By some perversity inherent in human nature its tendency is to begin shutting again the moment after it has been prised open. In the second half of this century it is closing on Christian liberty in Europe; the pressure comes out of Asia and is exercised, from Russia and Palestine, through governments in the Christian West.

Because they instinctively feel themselves threatened with the end of the world they know, many people fear that the end of the world is near. That is a very different thing, however. A man needs but spend a starry night on a ship's deck at sea, or an hour in a planetarium, to come to his senses about that. To me, on my balcony over Durban, the smile on the face of the Man in the Moon appeared broader than before and if he watches events on this globe the cosmic lamplighter may well be entertained. I fancy he knows that the reassuring tidiness of space will not be disarranged and that his noisy children from the tiny planet Earth will not succeed in taking the smile off his face, even if they one day contrive to alight in the middle of it. For that matter, unless he is keenly observant he might not even notice the gap if this planet disappeared.

I doubt if it will. More probably, Earth's children will one day investigate or invade other worlds, and the comedy may then be continued on a larger stage. I should like to see the day when the United Nations enlarge themselves into the United Planets, when the World Atom Authority is expanded into the Firmament Fission Force, when the initials become paramount in space, so that U.P. sends the F.F.F. to partition the planet Pallas, on behalf of those who discover that it is their lost homeland (and contains platinum). On that happy day, when all is U.P., Cosmic Peace, with all its horrors, will break out.

For the time, the mind of man seems bent more on the destruction of this planet than on the discovery of others (but, as I say, the moon's smile widens). It is amusing to remark, at this moment in the twentieth century, when men's schemes are rising from terrestrial to celestial explorations, that they appear chiefly to think of the damage they might do to Mother Earth, left behind, and not of the goodwill they might spread to other earths. In the American Republic, as 1948 ended, the unfortunate Secretary for Defence, Mr. James Forrestal, referred to researches which might lead to 'earth satellite vehicles'. The American Republicans, whom a satirically intended broadcast once brought out in masses to repel Martian invaders, pricked up their ears and asked for more information. They learned from newspaper interpretations that platforms would one day be established in space beyond the force of gravity (though not, I hope, of levity) from which long-range rockets might be directed 'very accurately' at the earth.

Then Mr. Harry Ernest Ross, of the British Inter-Planetary Society, explained that it should be possible to fire, to a height of 20,000 miles, rockets carrying prefabricated sections of a 2000-ton platform 200 feet wide. Such platforms, assembled in that high emptiness, once they entered their

orbit would continue to fly for ever, keeping the same position, relatively to the earth, as the moon. A newspaper added that 'in later stages of development it is conceivable that a group of scientists might be stationed there' (I felt that in the earliest stages large groups of political gentlemen, and small groups of dominant ones behind them, might suitably be stationed there).

However, it may not be necessary to go so far, in order to dent the earth, for a Dr. Fritz Zwicky, 'one of America's foremost jet scientists', thought it could be drilled like a Gruyere cheese without even leaving it. He foresaw, probably in his own lifetime, 'a new weapon capable of travelling right through the Earth'. This opened a new problem: how much of Earth would remain to attack other worlds or to repel invaders from them? As to that, Dr. Olaf Stapledon ('a philosopher and sociologist who addressed the British Inter-Planetary Society') remarked that 'the present inability to reach an East-West agreement was not a hopeful sign that man could agree with neighbours in space, and there would therefore probably be some sort of universal war'. At this prospect, on my balcony over Durban, my journalist's pulses leaped; I only hoped I might live to see it, the causes which would be proclaimed at its start, and the purposes which would emerge at its end. I should hate to miss a war in space, begun to overthrow the tyranny of Mars, and finished by setting up the tyranny of the Saturn State (with its satellites) and the partition of Pallas. I should love to write a cosmic *Insanity Fair* from a platform in space. I only feared I would not live that long, since at present 'even our best liquid fuel motors unfortunately are only about half good enough for a moon shot' (according to Mr. G. Edward Penray, a co-founder of the American Rocket Society).

For the nonce, then, and probably for my time and the remainder of the third act, this planet spins in space, as it ever did. Its disintegration into particles is not yet possible and therefore cannot be threatened by those who aspire to rule it. The most that can be offered in those quarters is the extermination of the people on it by violence and by starvation, and these things are continually threatened. They are in my belief imaginary dangers, which cannot be realized, but since the days of poison gas (which has claimed far fewer victims in the world than snake-bite) the Awful Weapon of the next war has been the favourite one of politicians who seek power in the world through stampeding the fears of the masses.

Thus, since 1945 threats of universal extermination have repeatedly been addressed to all mankind by those who claim to rule the earth through exclusive possession of the atom bomb. The facts and the fictions about the atom bomb are widely different. The earth, after all, though relatively small in space, is relatively large in bombing. A meteor nearly as large as Belgium is said to have fallen somewhere in Asiatic Russia during the first war and only to have been noticed many years later. A spectacular result, for future political use, was achieved by dropping the first atom bombs on defenceless, thronged populations in flimsy houses, against the wish of the military commanders engaged in that theatre. They were supposed, in 1945, to have destroyed, not only existing life, but the seed of all future animal and vegetable life, something, I fancy, which, only God could do. By October 1948 Japanese scientists reported that, although 'there was practically no insect life in the areas of the bombs for more than a month afterwards', 'soil fertility was greatly increased at Nagasaki and Hiroshima after the atomic bombs were dropped'. Three-fourths of the buildings destroyed had been rebuilt, shops were crammed with food and goods and a brisk trade was being done. Large cracks, however, were appearing in a monument erected there to 'Eternal World Peace'.

Nevertheless, in the Christian West the Awful Weapon continued to be held over the heads of all men as a threat to make them 'surrender national sovereignty' and submit to 'world government'. The attentive reader should remark that these threats almost invariably come from politicians with an axe of power to grind, and hardly ever from fighting-men. That they could come from that one exclusive quarter at all was due to the transfer of the atomic discoveries, in their early stages, by Mr. Churchill to President Roosevelt under his wartime power. Development in the later stages was

kept out of military hands by President Truman, so that the Awful Weapon became the property of a committee.

As to its potency in use, as distinct from its employment as a Damocletian sword in politics, opinions varied with the source. The Dean of Canterbury complained of an unnamed United States official who, he said, claimed that 'the United States is now in a position to kill 75,000,000 Russians in twenty-four hours'. The claim, if it was made, is a stupendous absurdity which none of mature years should heed. An Australian 'radar expert', a Mr. David F. Martin, said at Sydney, if he was truly reported, that: 'Britain would be indefensible in atomic warfare but the number of atom bombs which could be made in the foreseeable future could not cripple either Russia or the United States.' These are examples of the use of the Awful Weapon, poison gas, atom bomb or other, in political argument. The views of non-political authorities, military and other, are different. The British Atomic Association stated the truth: that through the development of atomic weapons alone no nation could gain a quick victory over a great power having widely dispersed industries. (The dispersal of industry is a matter interlocked with that of emigration; I have recorded the unhappy restraints on emigration to Africa.) Field-Marshal Montgomery put the dazzlingly obvious in other words; he said the atom bomb did not essentially alter warfare at all.

Through the smoke left on the little planet by the Awful Weapon, however, appeared the figures of the non-combatant World-Rulers, crying: 'Submit to us or to the Awful Weapon!' This group of men, spread over all countries, is not clearly identifiable with Soviet Communism or Political Zionism, for its members usually profess an antagonism to Communism and frequently are not Jews. Their efforts, however, visibly help to close the grip of those pincers. They are for 'World Government', which foreseeably would be world dictatorship by a small group of dominant men, not necessarily revealing themselves in the persons of the frontal Governors. They are to be found in all governments and government departments at all levels.

I think of these men as the Infatuati, holding that they intellectually descend, by way of the Intelligentsia, from the Illuminati, the secret authors of the French Revolution. Theirs is, in effect, a black religion. Some of them may not know that all of the time, and all of them may not know it some of the time, but I do not think all of them can be ignorant of it all of the time. A few must comprehend that they aim at the destruction of civilization while crying that they alone can save it. I use the word 'civilization' in the false but generally accepted sense of the white-populated area of the planet; clearly you cannot destroy the teeming millions of Asia, China, India and Africa. Enforced depopulation could only in the event apply to the white races, and raise the differently coloured ones over them. Yet such depopulation is the demonstrable aim. It first appeared in the tenets of the secret societies behind the French Revolution and is the aim of World Government today. At such presumption the moon might grin from ear to ear, but the project is in serious preparation.

An enterprise is afoot to set up a World Government by 1955. An 'unofficial People's Constituent Assembly' is to be held at Geneva in 1950. How is it to be constituted? Why, 'elections' are first to be held 'all over the world', by means of voting-papers sent to 'every registered voter'. 'Registered voter' means one thing in England and America, and quite another, if it means anything at all, in the huge areas of Asiatic, Indian and African population. Obviously any representatives from those preponderant areas of population would not represent 'registered voters' and would be bogus; yet without such this would not be a universal body. For this 'election', about one hundred candidates' are to be chosen by some self-appointed selective body, and the 'registered voters' will be invited to choose from the paper list one 'representative' for each million of his country's population.

The 'representatives' thus 'elected' would form the 'People's Constituent Assembly', which would draw up 'a Charter for World Government' and disperse. At that stage the 'electors', for what they

were worth, would vanish from the scene. From that moment on the task 'of all the peoples' and of their 'elected representatives' would be 'to bring pressure on national governments to ratify the Charter. In other words, a group of men, claiming to be the members of a World Government, would spread out among the national governments and parliaments of the world and 'bring pressure'. The results obtained by such pressure-groups in the last thirty years are sufficiently startling for this project to be seriously followed.

The 'authors of the plan' believe they can 'prevail on a sufficient number of the public all over the world by 1955 to enable the first World Government to be created by that year'. The 'pressure' is apparently to be effective, because 'If national governments are convinced that public opinion is behind them they will have no choice but to transfer a part of their sovereignty to the new level of government as soon as this is brought into existence'.

Although 'the Charter of World Government' has yet to be drafted and approved by the 'elected representatives', the 'authors of the plan' apparently know what its most important provision is to be; namely, one that: 'When fifty per cent of the nations of the world, or the nations representing fifty per cent of the peoples of the world, have ratified this Charter, the Legislative Authority herein described shall be deemed to be set up.' At that point the new World Government will claim the right to make laws for the planet! In achieving the necessary fifty per cent of support such formidable states as Dominica, Haiti and Liberia would no doubt be valuable allies, and pressure in their lobbies would be great.

What would this World Government do, if it could, in 1955? The Constituent Assembly of 1950 will be required to draw up 'a clear statement of Human Rights'. Whose rights would they be, and whose wrongs? The United Nations ordered the destruction of a small people and declared their own deed of 'genocide' a crime while it was being committed. Would its successor or rival, this new World Government, define Human Rights in the same or a similar sense? Nothing I have seen in the literature of World Government suggests anything different. On the contrary, if its intentions may be judged by the words of its supporters it would continue to sow ruin throughout the white-populated area of the world, with the inevitable result that peoples of different skin would submerge that region.

I have pronouncements about World Government and the need for it by politicians, scholars, scientists, lawyers, Zionists, economists, writers and officials, mostly British or American, who must be presumed to mean what they say. In all this mass of argument may be found a common and central proposition: depopulation through the denial of the right to give birth! That is what World Government means, but only to people in white-populated countries where the thing could be enforced; African tribesmen, desert Arabs, Chinese peasants and Indian coolies cannot be stopped from procreating in the bush, sand-dunes or paddy-fields. Thus the Man in the Moon may chuckle at the spectacle of the Earth's white men arguing whether the white-populated area may best be emptied of life by explosives or by starvation.

Mr. Joad once wrote: 'It is now about one hundred and forty years since Malthus<sup>[5]</sup> alarmed our ancestors by pointing out that human fertility was so great that the human race would presently increase beyond the ability of the planet to feed it. But the growth of science quickly dispelled the alarms occasioned by Malthus's gloomy prophecy ... The effects have been a rapid increase in the world's population. At the beginning of the war it was some 2000 millions and is now roughly 2150 millions. That is to say, in spite of the destruction of six years of war, there were between 150 million and 200 million more people in the world at the end of it than there were at the beginning. Sir John Boyd Orr has estimated that in fifty years time there may well be 1000 million more people in the world than there were at the beginning of the war, that is to say, for every two alive then there will be three. But while the number of people has grown, food supplies have diminished.

Not only are there no more continents to open, but we are exhausting the fertility of the soil of the existing continents ... Broadly speaking, there are three methods of keeping down the population. First, famine and starvation; secondly, war, which is partly the result of famine and starvation; thirdly, the deliberate limitation of populations by birth control ... The obvious need is for some kind of authority to fix an optimum population for each nation and then ... for the governments to plan the populations of each nation in accordance with the figure prescribed. This means fixing the number of children that each couple should bring up. Now all this, of course, implies a World Government, and, until we get it, nations, instead of limiting their populations, will try to increase them, in order to gain advantage over one another in case of war, and to provide cheap labour in time of peace.'

Mr. Joad's argument may be analysed thus: famine and starvation 'partly' cause war and all three combine to keep down population, which has been proved greatly to increase in spite of them, so that some more lethal method must be tried. Sir John Boyd Orr (who is named among the sponsors of the World Government plan) wrote: 'It is estimated that in about forty years the pre-war population of some 2000 million will reach 3000 million ... In the nineteenth century the population of Europe increased from 188 million to 390 million ... The additional food needed was obtained from the virgin lands of new continents ... Today there are no new easily cultivable virgin lands and no new continents ... Of those who have studied this problem some think that the position is hopeless. Our Western mechanized civilization which has destroyed the resources of the earth with accelerating rapidity is, they say, doomed ... We must look forward to a long dark age during which the earth will have a chance to recover from its wounds, after which a saner civilization will begin to evolve, *probably in Asia*' (my italics). 'Some Americans take a very drastic view of the situation. Among them is William Vogt ... who adopts the Malthusian theory that increase of food production cannot keep pace with increase in population ... The only cure is universal birth control and the decimation of surplus population by famine and disease ... Both foolish sentiment, keeping surplus impoverished people alive to the detriment of the standard of living of their benefactors, and democratic free enterprise which enables natural resources to be exploited for the benefit of the few, must be ruthlessly curbed. He believes ... American aid should only be given to countries which have applied birth control to maintain population at the level the land will support.' (Mr. Vogt's book is called *Road to Survival*, and I was left wondering, whose survival?)

Malthus did not foresee the great increase in food supplies from new countries, which falsified his dark forebodings. Tomorrow an increase in food supplies from new planets might equally nullify these fears of today. That men should recommend such remedies, however, might make one hope, on balance, that their kind will not reach new worlds. Another contribution came from Mr. D.E. McCausland, K.C., who wrote: 'When Malthus wrote one hundred and fifty years ago he based his prophecies of starvation for the human race on three main postulates: the limited amount of agricultural land, the natural laziness of man in cultivating it and the reproductive instinct which is quite independent of the food supply. As to the first and second he proved to be very wrong' (and as to the third also, I interpolate with an eye to Asia and India) 'but this development does not necessarily invalidate his theory ... We are falling back into the position visualized by Malthus ... Undoubtedly scope still exists for a considerable increase in food production ... and for some years yet science may be expected to keep pace with demand. But how long can the equation last if population continues to bound up, also under the stimulus of science through improved hygiene and a constantly falling death rate? If definite limits must be placed upon the world's food supply, we are thrown back on the question whether any limits can be placed upon the increase of population. That this is essential is the view taken by Mr. Warren Thompson, of the Scripps Foundation for Research into Population Problems. He gloomily predicts that the increase in populations, if maintained, will consume the increase in production and lead to devastating famines and a higher death rate ... From time immemorial over-population has been a fruitful cause of war. Whole

civilizations have been wiped out by the attacks of barbarians who contrasted their numbers and poverty with the riches and fewness of their neighbours.'

The strange paradoxes of this argument can be seen again in this case, as in Mr. Joad's. Rich, civilized peoples, not numerous, were wiped out by more numerous barbarians. The moral drawn is that in future rich, civilized peoples should reduce their numbers! Obviously this would lead to them being wiped out again by barbarians, whose increase cannot be limited! Mr. Kenneth Walker (quoted by Mr. Joad) was reported to say to an International Congress at Cheltenham: 'I can imagine that when the question of national and world supplies becomes more and more prominent, there is the possibility of family planning by the individual being displaced by government control of the number of children each couple should bring up. I pray that we shall never determine sex; otherwise I foresee a more serious turn of events. I see the time coming when parents may be refused a government permit to have a daughter because they have failed to provide their quota of sons to fill the mines or the armed forces.' In Washington, a Dr. Brock Chisholm, 'Director-General of the World Health Organization', said that 'worldwide birth control measures were as necessary to human welfare as increasing the world's food production'.

A conclusive objection to these recommendations suggests itself. It is, that if they had been made and enforced a century ago Mr. Joad, Sir John Boyd Orr, Mr. McCausland, Dr. Brock Chisholm, Mr. Warren Thompson and Mr. William Vogt might never have been born. The argument is that unless 'some authority' prevents us from being born, we may be hungry, or starve, or die, so that it would be better not to be born at all. Euclid would disdain to prove that absurd, yet the proposition is seriously advanced in the twentieth century. For my part, I would prefer to have the experience of life, no matter how hard.

The fact remains that public men holding substantial offices in many countries wish to set up a World Government and aver that, as the foremost among the Human Rights it would protect, it should deny the right of giving birth and of life. Though they may not all perceive this, the reality is that such a measure is only possible in the white-populated area, and that it would expose this to submergence by 'barbarians'. That is also, in my judgment, the aim behind Soviet Communism and Political Zionism, so that in this cardinal ambition three powerful forces of the mid-century converge, those two and the World Government one. 'Barbarians' cannot be prevented from multiplying; any man who has seen Asia or Africa knows that. The lethal scheme is only enforceable in countries where men and women have been 'registered' and given identity cards, where food-supplies have been 'rationed' and may be reduced or withheld for some ulterior purpose, where artificial restraints have been put on the free growing, sale and purchase of food. Behind this plan, indeed, lies 'a long dark age', but for the white peoples of the earth *alone*, and something new, which might or might not be 'civilization', in Asia. Probably not all of its supporters realize that, but then, did President Roosevelt realize what he did at Yalta?

By the mid-century, anyway, public debate in the Christian West was dominated by men who spoke of destroying mankind with Awful Weapons or by depopulation. In each case the threats, if they were analysed, meant, not 'mankind', but 'the white peoples' or 'the Christian area'. Among these white peoples the voices of those who upheld the old ideals, of Christian principle, national freedom and individual liberty, were for the moment almost drowned. I expected to hear them become loud again during the decisive third act.

Perversely, my nearest interest, as I watched from Africa (and later from America) these great schemes for ruling the earth, depopulating the white man's lands, setting up World Government, unveiling 'new civilizations' in Asia, invading space and visiting other worlds, remained the present lot and future prospect of my small native island. In my judgment it is the target of all present conspiracy. By 1950, five years after the end of the second act, the fictions of propaganda

were dead and it was in a sorely vulnerable and beleaguered plight, as it was always accustomed to be. I think this condition in which it emerged from the war was well foreseen by those groups of dominant men who proved so powerful at its end. It appears to me today to be surrounded by more than deep sea, and greater skill than ever before will be needed to preserve it from defeat by back-doors during the second half of the century. It was always able to produce a Drake, Nelson or Wellington against visible invaders. But this is the century of the invisible invaders, of conquests through secret conferences, of private transactions about countries and continents while the fighting still goes on.

England, I thought, needed a politician who in his own craft would combine the skill and courage of Drake, Nelson and Wellington. If it found one, it would find a statesman again.

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# PART FOUR

... THE CARAVAN GOES ON



## DANCE OF THE FIREFLIES

From my imaginary seat in the gods, where I watched in foreshadow the melodrama of the next fifty years before the millennium, I was abruptly recalled to earth, to Africa and to today. From the pleasant contemplation of the cosmic comedy I came suddenly down to the present reality of human hopes and fears, of individual longings for liberty, of life and death on this planet. I forgot the great play while I watched a little one, one of the many little ones which go to make up the whole. There were shots in the night, and shouting, and the glow of rising fires. I was back in the world of human events; the chance that seems to guide me put me once again in the middle of what men call news.

My bags were packed for America and the sadness of a new separation lay heavy on us as we sat together on the balcony, one January evening, and waited silently for each dusk's entertainment, the pageant of the fireflies. These little travelling stars, which were easy to capture and hardly big enough to see when they rested on your hand, came out just as twilight thickened into night and in undulating, circulating flight patrolled the darkness for just half an hour; then they were gone and came no more until the next dusk. We often wondered: did their batteries run down after thirty minutes, so that they flew thereafter without lights; or was this by firefly law the prescribed limit of their evening's liberty; or were they able in that short time to find all the food they needed? We wished they would have stayed longer, but they never did.

On this evening we watched our little lamplighters with heavy hearts, because of the new parting, but also with uneasy ones, for the dusk they patrolled was full of disquieting human vibrations. There was some inaudible difference in the stillness, some premonitory hush that was not like the usual evening hush. I was already prepared for something, but did not know what. I had spent the afternoon in a Native and Indian quarter, one of those throbbing places in the pulsating city, from which the white man habitually averts his gaze. The Natives there sang and shouted to each other on a higher note than the one with which I was familiar and their eyes showed the beginning of the cataleptic look which they assume in violent excitement. They walked about with huge grins and sometimes broke into a few dancing steps. I went home sure that something brewed. Durban has so persuaded itself that it lives in a vacuum, not in a boiler with a growing pressure of steam, that a newspaper later said an atom bomb could not have been more unexpected than what actually occurred. In reality, the moment of its occurrence alone was unforeseeable.

While we watched the fireflies the Zulu newspaper-boy came with the evening paper. It reported, with surprise, that riots had begun. Suddenly, in those streets running parallel with the two main thoroughfares which the white folk avoid, Natives had attacked Indians, smashed their panes, plundered their shops. After nightfall they would clearly attack the Indian quarters and shanty-colonies on the city's edge.

They did. That night, and for two more, the fireflies were harbingers of death. Below our balcony was a wide valley, with the lights of white men's houses on the other side of it and beyond them the glow of central Durban, its coloured signs and its harbour. In the centre of the dark valley between shone always one light, that of an Indian store set among Indian fruit and vegetable plots. It was a furtive place, where Natives bought food in a gloomy shop; innumerable Indians teemed in its mysterious interior and in shacks around.

While we watched the fireflies the light went out and the valley filled with fear and strange sounds. The Indians, like all the others in the swarming shacks of Jacobs and Wentworth and Cato Manor, barricaded themselves behind tin walls and wood-shuttered shop-windows. Through the plantations of banana trees and pineapple plants came the bare-footed Natives, reverted to their tribal stealth, as

dark as the night itself. We heard them clicking their sticks on each other in a weird and menacing rhythm, as if they were the spear-shafts of old, and uttering old war-cries.

Watching from the balcony we could not see, but only imagine what was happening, until the fires began to redden the sky. Once before we had watched fires together: those, far greater ones, of burning London. Now every dog in Durban began to bark; this clamour went on for the three nights. The riot-cars and fire-engines and ambulances, which carried sirens like those used for air-raid warnings in England, filled the nights with wailing. Between all those noises was another, in the dark valley; the thud-thud of stones and bricks, hurled by the besiegers, on the roof and shutters of the Indian store. From the blackness came shots and shouts, and once a scream. This was the death-cry of the only white man killed. He was a neighbour and lived next door. He ran down the hill to offer to help the police and, being welcomed, said he would run home to fetch something he needed. As he ran an Indian cried. 'There goes one!' to a policeman, who shot him through the head.

I have lived through many nights of violence in many countries, but few as eerie as that, when the Native's savage soul burst its bonds in the darkness and the stones thudded and the dogs barked and the sirens wailed and the fires blossomed. Durban was unprepared for such an outbreak. The Durban City Police are a fine body of men, but too few for an affair of such size. The South African Police, posted in handfuls at scattered points around the city, have been progressively taken over by the Afrikaners, and this virtually excludes any reinforcement, in numbers or efficiency, which English-speaking recruits might bring. Hardly any troops were available near at hand.

On the third day large reinforcements of police were brought in by road, rail and air, and the matter was ended sternly. A week later the number of Indian dead was stated at fifty-three and that of the Natives at eighty-three. The Indian figure may be correct, for the Indians are a closely-knit community where the fate of each individual may be ascertained. As to the Natives, the number might be higher. The birth or death of a Native is not recorded by the white man and the very number of Natives in Durban is necessarily a matter of wide guesswork (the estimate is that they are more numerous than the Europeans and Indians, of whom there are about 125,000 each). No inquests were held and the Natives complained that they did not know what became of many of their own.

Problems within problems: here one of the many burst into flame for a moment. The outer world, astonished by the sudden blaze, was told that it resulted in some way from the 'colour policy' of the Afrikaner Nationalist Government. I hope I have shown that this is a political fiction, used by interested parties who seek certain ends through the cry of Hue! It was quite untrue; whatever the merits or demerits of that government, it had nothing to do with this fierce eruption, or at any rate, no more to do with it than any other South African government of any sort or time. The Indians of Durban and Natal are for better or for worse Durban's and Natal's problem, and one almost as old as Durban and Natal themselves. In those days I often heard from the white folk the opinion that the Indian brought the trouble on himself by his 'exploitation of the Native'. However, the Indian did not bring himself to Natal, nor did the Native bring him. The condemnation is as if the squire rebuked the butler for oppressing the scullion, while refusing to allow the scullion ever to rise above dish-washing.

The trouble was, is and will be what Trollope perceived seventy years ago, that: 'The Indian asserts quite as much mastery over the Kaffir as the white man.' That is something incomprehensible and bitter to the Native soul. The white man is his lord by right of conquest and colonization; the Native does not demur at that ancient law. But a second party, the Indian, who was neither fighter nor coloniser, was brought in as slave and then given all those chances to uplift himself which the

Native is still denied. The white man authorized that and does not mitigate the thing, though he complains about the Indian.

The Native is used to what the white man would consider a hard lot, and I do not think he is embittered nearly as much by poverty, homelessness, short commons and arduous labour as by this unaccountable preference given to the Indians. Nearly every way by which he might raise himself above his low level is closed to him, but many are open to the Indian. The Native may not, for instance, become a hawker or pedlar; the white man will not follow these occupations himself but in practice reserves the essential licences to the Indians, who hold them nearly all. The fruit and vegetable businesses in Native or Indian quarters are bestowed on Indians in this manner, and many of the grocery businesses too. In practice the Native may not own a house or land; the Indian may. The white man liberally licences buses to Indians, and in these the Native must travel to and from his work, for he is not allowed to operate his own transport. The Native sees the Indians riding in limousines while he goes barefoot or is lucky to own a pair of shoes. The grievances of the Indian are cried night and day in the newspapers of the world; the Native, however, when he contemplates the Indian's enviable lot, is unlikely to believe in a 'colour bar', though he is well aware of the existence of great barriers.

In the upshot a judicial Commission of Enquiry was appointed, the result of which I have not seen. It followed closely on an earlier one (Mr. Justice Broome's) which in its turn was appointed by General Smuts because a Durban City Councillor expressed the view that: 'In Durban we are sitting on a volcano', while a Durban newspaper wrote that: 'Native confidence in the white man's system of justice and civil administration has been badly shaken ... worse still, the impression has been created that physical protest alone will stir them to action' (this was during General Smuts's administration).

Those few South Africans, of both races, whom I found able to take an aloof and long view agreed that no local inquiry or local action can solve the great South African problem, of which this and other outbursts are merely symptoms. They could see only two answers to the question of the future, of which one would have to be chosen. Either rusty hatchets must be buried, South Africa made in fact 'a white country' through a great increase of the white population, and the lot of the Native improved as part of the general betterment which this would bring; or the white man will in the end be unable to maintain his foothold in South Africa and the other African territories which he has colonized in insignificant numbers.

After three days, and the last night of rifle and machine-gun fire in the darkness, the light went on again in the Indian store, the dogs ceased barking and the sirens wailing, the Indian filed his insurance claim and the Native resumed his mask. The fireflies did not interrupt their dusk carnival at all and we continued to keep rendezvous with them each evening until I took my bags, once more waved adieu, and went on a long, long journey, indeed, the longest one I have ever made.

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## POSTSCRIPT

Eighteen months have passed between the beginning of this book and its publication. It appears at a moment envisaged, without confidence, fifty years ago by Olive Schreiner, the authoress of one of the most famous books about South Africa, *The Story of an African Farm*. Writing in 1897 she said: 'It is the far future of Africa, during the next twenty-five to fifty years, which depresses me. I believe we are standing on the top of a long downward slope. We shall reach the bottom at last, probably amid the horrors of a war with our Native races, then not the poor savage or the generous race we might have bound to ourselves by a little generosity and sympathy, but a fierce, half-educated, much brutalized race, who will have their own! I see always that day fifty or sixty years hence and it is with reference to it that I judge of many things in the present.'

The mid-century period which she considered has come and down the years many other South Africans have written similarly. 'The terrible proletariat which we shall create for our own ultimate undoing' (as she also wrote) is in formation, and apart from that, a different and separate problem, has come about the great Indian lodgement all down the eastern seaboard of Africa, something which she possibly did not foresee. Even so, I as an onlooker from outside do not see the war with the Native races, *generated by spontaneous combustion inside South Africa*, which she and others sadly forecast.

The tale of 1900-50 seems, at a long view, certainly to be one of fifty lost years, for during that time the white population could have been doubled and doubled again, so that the white man's fear of the dark one's preponderance would have subsided and, inside the process of growing industry, income and resources, the dark man's lot, political and social, would have improved. All the racial feuds and fears have prevented that. History shows that if a Christian nationalism becomes inflamed into chauvinism it always defeats its own objects, and the Nationalist Afrikaner, by yielding to that oft-proved error, might at the last bring about the opposite of that which he desires: Afrikaner, or even white, dominion. At all events, by 1950 the rise of a South African white nation, uniting all the strains, was imperilled, and I knew many South Africans, of both Afrikaner and British descent, who could no longer see the solution. Though the throng at the great Voortrekker Monument celebrations at the end of 1949 clearly showed that it wanted reconciliation between the two strains of white South Africans, the tone of politics continued to be one of harping on old resentments, and 'racial problems' weighed ever more heavily on the minds of reasonable men whose home South Africa is. They dreamed of a government of national reconciliation which would keep clear of international or supernational coteries, but saw little chance of that.

Nevertheless, the Native war which many South Africans have long feared seemed to me an illusion, at any rate in the form they imagined it. If it came, the Nationalist Afrikaner was as stubbornly ready, and as unafraid, to fight it as he was to fight the British at the century's beginning. I thought he might deceive himself, however, about the sort of thing that might happen, of which Anthony Trollope, thirty years before Olive Schreiner, seemed to me to perceive the shape much more clearly. The 'European politician' (or the Asiatic one) working through the dark man, not the impulsive uprising of the Native, appeared to me to be the danger, and one that threatened all white men in Africa equally, not only the Nationalist Afrikaner in South Africa.

For at the mid-century something became clear, the suspicion of which first awoke my lively interest in Africa and led me to it. In my judgment, which is strengthened by what I see as I go along, the coming half-century will witness the final stages of an attempt, for which the first two twentieth-century wars were preparation, to put the world under a pagan dictatorship, ruling by terror or the threat of it. If that aim could be achieved through some such self-enthroned committee as the one which now calls itself The United Nations Organization in New York, it would be; otherwise, it would in my belief be pursued through a third war.

In either case, Africa, the neglected continent, will be right in the middle of these events, a major piece in the game. If the third war comes it will not, like the first one, be something that goes on half a world away; or, like the second one, an affair which for a while rumbles faintly 'up North'. It will be fought very largely from, if not on, African soil; in its course or aftermath Africa's problems will come to the surface and all sorts of folk from far away will claim the right to dictate their solution.<sup>[6]</sup>

The *military* view of what may happen was lucidly given by an American specialist in the use of air-power, Major-General Hugh H. Knerr. He advised that Africa should be made 'a full partner' in the next war because the Communist Empire would (he thought) 'neutralize the British island in the first phase of the war'. In the secondary phase, Africa would be indispensable, for the war would then become: 'Inter-continental air warfare based on the American and African continents - the American continent as a strategic base for initial retaliation, and the African continent as a tactical base for the building up of air power to support ground operations aimed at the ultimate occupation of enemy territory.'

I believe that is a sound *military* forecast of what might happen and that many other good *military* judges would agree with it. But the military course of a war and its political results are two entirely separate and different things, as the outcome of the second war plainly showed. The political results are preconcerted by political leaders who have seized despotic powers in the name of 'an emergency' and who dispose of the millions of mankind, of their countries, and even of continents at private parleys while the military leaders carry out their orders. Thus almost the whole of Asia, and perhaps yet the whole of it, and half of Europe were handed over, at such private conferences, to a dictatorship worse than the dictatorship which mankind was mobilized to overthrow.

What, then, would be the *real* lot or fate of Africa at such hands, in a new war? That raises the question of the political reality behind the military appearance, of the *true* motive behind that which might be called at its outset a war between, say, 'East and West', or 'Democracy and Dictatorship'. The argument or pretext offered to the patient masses of mankind would be that the occupation of Africa was necessary 'as a base', 'to stage the counter-attack' for (let us say) 'the liberation of the world'. But what would in fact happen to Africa? For what part would it in truth be cast in that plan of setting up a world-dictatorship which, in my belief, would be pursued behind the military fog of the third war?

That is the root of the matter, to use a phrase which Mr. Churchill liked to apply in admiring description of one of President Roosevelt's strange advisers, a Mr. Harry Hopkins. Now that the fog of the second war lies five years behind us, the truth may be seen: that the men who acted so imperiously, and seemed all-powerful, often were unaware of the consequences of what they did, and were prompted to it by other men whose real power, thus exercised, was quite unknown to the masses. President Roosevelt, for instance, could not later understand how he had come to 'O.K.' the 'Morgenthau Plan', which in effect bisected Europe and set the stage for a third war. Similarly, he handed China to the Communist Empire, apparently without knowing that it would be taken. The *reality* of American state policy during the second war, as distinct from its appearance, was that it promoted two causes which were never declared to the masses at any time during the war and would never have received public sanction had they been explained: the advance of the Red Army to the centre of Europe and the Pacific coast of Asia, and the erection of the State of Israel in Arabia. In this way *two* detonation-points for the next war were established, one in the heart of Europe and the other in the heart of Araby.

The next reality was that this course of American state policy was continued, behind an appearance of resistance to the spread of the Communist Empire, through the years following the war. Assistance to the anti-Communist forces in China was discontinued and China abandoned to the

Soviet Empire. At American insistence the Political Zionist invasion of Palestine was upheld by The United Nations Organization, and all countries voting for it thus set a grave precedent in respect of their own territories. The leaders of this new State declared that the 'ingathering' of the ninety per cent of Jews, whether they were Political Zionists or not, who remained outside Israel was their aim; clearly this could never be achieved save by the conquest of much more territory, at present held by several neighbouring Arab States. The Communist Empire, and the captive countries forcibly attached to it by the abandonment of half Europe, received lavish gifts of American money and equipment. This at first occurred through a body called The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. By the time it was wound up the mistake of subsidizing Soviet aggression was supposed to have been realized and further American monies, given under such heads as 'Marshall Aid' or 'European Recovery', were limited to the 'free' countries of Western Europe, which were to be fortified 'against Communism'. One of the captive countries, however (Yugoslavia), was then discovered to be 'anti-Stalin', and because of this was allowed to participate. It remained a Communist country, and thus the prospect at once opened that if the war 'against Communism' broke out, one Communist country, or one group of Communist countries, would in fact be supported against the other, merely because its leaders disliked, or were portrayed as disliking, each other.

Thus the *political* falsity of any third war was clear to see before it began. It seemed fairly obvious that occult groups, probably in all the countries concerned, were producing this *appearance* of inveterate hostility in order the better to pursue their final attempt at a world dictatorship more tyrannical than any that might be overthrown.

At this point in the game the shape of the design for Africa began to show through the smokescreens, at any rate in my perception. It seemed clear once more that, whether or not the political leaders understood this, actions of high state policy in the United States and the Soviet Empire, particularly, were bending towards a common aim.

Early in 1949, when he inaugurated his first full term as President, Mr. Roosevelt's successor, Mr. Truman, announced a programme for saving the world from Communism. It contained a 'Fourth Point' which at that moment was unclear in its purpose or implications. This proclaimed 'a bold new program' for 'undeveloped areas', a programme to 'foster capital investment in areas needing development', to 'greatly increase the industrial activity in other nations' and to 'raise substantially their standards of living'.

During 1949 and 1950, in America and Africa, I watched for light about this dim undertaking, having learned from experience that the most fateful enterprises for mankind often lurk behind such mysterious pronouncements. Gradually, as twelve months passed, more and more light emerged. Africa was the object of it. In December 1949 the news came that, at 'Marshall Aid headquarters in Paris', the representatives of Britain and other powers with interests in Africa, had been asked by the United States to draw up 'a new defence master plan to open up Africa south of the Sahara'. A 'huge project' was called for, 'under which new roads and railways would be built between the African possessions of Britain and those of other countries, new air bases established and scores of ports modernized'. South Africa and Southern Rhodesia were both enlisted in this project, and soon it became clear that a blueprint of enormous developments in Africa was being prepared, on the strength of which Congress would be asked to vote further tremendous sums. The whole scheme, the South African Minister of Transport said, was 'one of the biggest plans in the world at the moment'.

The prospect of a Cape-to-Cairo motor-road running alongside a uniform-gauge Cape-to-Cairo railway, and of branch roads and railways being built in all directions to new ports appears to be more than the fulfilment of all African dreams. If it is all simply to serve the military purpose

described by Major-General Knerr, and if the political course of any third war were to be kept parallel with the military one, it might indeed be an enterprise worthy of the American taxpayer's support and of the thankful admiration of all others.

However, the realities, as separate from the appearances, of American state policy since President Roosevelt was elected in 1932, make a prudent caution desirable in examining the matter. During the course of these initial investigations, which were preparatory to President Truman's appearance before Congress with the complete blueprint and the request for funds, a report from Washington cast a little further light on the matter. This said that the American officials 'concerned with President Truman's Point Four' were working to the principle of 'a new type of benevolent imperialism, designed to spread prosperity without exacerbating political nationalism'. In other words, if the gigantic undertaking went through, 'American nationals will serve on the Governmental as well as the technical level in the politically independent countries concerned. Although this will be a startling innovation in Asia and Africa, it will in fact be merely an extension of a system which is already in operation in Latin America'. 'The formula' (this report explained) was devised by 'the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, which, originally founded as a wartime agency, was given permanent status this year and is now planning to drop its name and stretch its activities to the Middle and Far East.' Teams of Americans, it added, would be incorporated into the appropriate departments of the government of the country receiving aid; the chief of each team would be directly responsible to the Minister and would also have a veto power over any project involving American funds. The statement concluded by saying that 'at present 325 American administrators supervising 9500 nationals were inside the government departments of sixteen Latin-American republics'.

This opens up quite a new prospect for Africa, for the Nationalist Afrikaner in South Africa, and for European powers or persons in Africa generally. An old truth is exemplified anew: that nobody does anything for nothing. If the military contingencies of a third war alone were in question, the surrender of political authority would hardly be necessary. Would there be any, or many, Communist or Political Zionist agents among these appointees?

All this made me, personally, curious to know from what source President Truman's sudden, and at the time surprising, interest in 'the undeveloped areas of the world' (which proved to be Africa and Arabia) might have come. I could not but remember President Roosevelt's subsequent surprise that he could ever have signed so disastrous a document as the Morgenthau Plan, and the other regrets, concerning other of his actions, which seem to have been rising within him when he died.

Pursuing with diligence this line of thought, I came to a discovery which, after long experience in these matters, no longer astonished me. The only earlier exposition of this stupendous scheme for developing Africa which I could find was in a Communist book! This was *Teheran, Our Path in War and Peace*, published during President Roosevelt's period by Mr. Earl Browder, who then was the American Communist leader.

President Truman's 'Fourth Point' was 'a bold new program for underdeveloped areas', a programme 'to foster capital investment in areas needing development', to 'greatly increase the industrial activity in other nations' and 'to raise substantially their standards of living'. (It did not specifically mention Africa; that application emerges in the event.)

Mr. Browder's words were, 'America can underwrite a gigantic program of the industrialization of Africa ... It must initiate a general and steady rise in the standard of life of the African peoples ... Our government can create a series of giant industrial development corporations, each in partnership with some other government or group of governments, and set them to work upon

large-scale plans of railroad and highway building, agricultural and industrial development, and all-round modernization in all the devastated and undeveloped areas of the world.'

Mr. Browder thus *did* mention Africa, which President Truman's Fourth Point proved to have as its object, or as one of its two main objects. Mr. Browder also said: 'Closely related socially, economically and politically with Africa are the Near Eastern countries of Arabia, Iraq, Iran, Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, and Trans-Jordan. Here also a broad program of economic development is called for.'

Only those near to President Truman can know who persuaded him of the merit of the idea. It is obvious, however, where the idea came from in the first place. Once more the paramount fact of our time is established: the actual aims of American high policy and of the Communist Empire are not separate or opposite, but the same. There must be in America, under President Truman as under President Roosevelt, some group or force strong or persuasive enough to 'sell' Communist aims to the political leaders, and simultaneously to convince them that these will 'stop Communism'. Here is a Communist idea presented to the American congress and people as one of several ways of thwarting Communist expansion. It is in fact exactly what the Communist Empire wants, for its own longer-sighted ends.

Who, then, would inherit Africa, in the sequence of such events? I believe the clue is given in Mr. Browder's linking-up of 'gigantic developments' in Africa with similar enterprises in several 'closely related' countries of the Near East. In this matter, too, President Truman's Fourth Point, in execution, is following the Communist desire. 'Gigantic developments' in Arabia are also under consideration. In March 1950 it was reported that, if Egypt refuses to allow the transit of Iranian oil through the Suez Canal to the refineries at Haifa in Israel, Britain and America may proceed with plans to cut a new canal which will abolish the need for using the Suez Canal'. A 'difficulty' is mentioned: namely, that 'they would have to traverse several different nations foreign to those from which the oil was originally tapped'.

This appears to be an example of the way in which a great supernational design, for reshaping the earth so that Europe is left a slave-area and a World Government set up, apparently with its power-centres in New York, Jerusalem and Johannesburg, is pursued throughout and behind the confusion of the years. This scheme of the new canal to take the place of the Suez Canal was presented to the newspaper-reading public at the start of 1950 as one arising from the refusal of the Egyptian King, in its turn arising from the war with the Political Zionists, to allow Near Eastern oil to travel through the Suez Canal to the refineries at Haifa in the new Zionist State. The route for the new canal, however, was surveyed in 1939, under the British mandate, long before the Zionist invasion, and before political leaders anywhere admitted the intention to set up the Zionist State. It would run through the present Zionist territory, would apparently be built with the British and American taxpayers' money, and would clearly and vastly enhance the strategic importance of the Zionist-occupied area. If the territory of the Zionist State were to be expanded through local wars or through any third world war, this huge project would plainly lay the foundation of such expansion and would apparently place the keys of empire in the Near East in Zionist hands.

I think the shape of the final secret may be faintly discerned in this 'development of Africa' and 'linking-up' of Africa with several Near Eastern countries. To the best of my knowledge their inter-relationship is not so close that they need be bracketed together even in Mr. Earl Browder's recommendations or in the blueprints prepared for Mr. Truman's Fourth Point. But here the matter seems to touch the very heart of the great supernational game.

The State of the Political Zionists claims that its mission is to 'ingather' all the Jews of the world, whether they wish to be gathered or not. To do that it would need most of the territory of the



neighbouring states mentioned in Mr. Browder's book. It would also need a great deal of money. 'Marshall Aid' money being professedly reserved for countries opposed to Communism, it refused to apply for any, not wishing to offend one of the two parents which gave it birth (the Soviet State) or its own Communists. That being so, it still needs money in large sums: at a Zionist meeting in New York a speaker put the amount it wanted for the next three years alone at \$900,000,000. Under the Fourth Point it would presumably be eligible for these gigantic American gifts and would not hesitate to receive them, knowing from Mr. Browder's book, or doubtless from still better sources, that no Soviet disapproval need be feared.

Thus the Fourth Point may in the real event allow the money-stream to be kept running not only into Africa, but also into the Zionist State, as it has run into the Communist area. I do not suppose that at the outset of a third war (which if it comes about may well prove to be, in terms of Bible prophecy, the decisive phase of Armageddon), the expansion of the Zionist State into a great Near Eastern Empire would be proclaimed as an aim; but in the outcome, as the result of the second war shows, it might well prove to have been the real aim. The logic of the second war, if it was logic, was that there was an anti-Jewish dictator in Germany and that therefore the Arabs must be driven from Palestine, and this was the most terrible outbreak of anti-Semitism in history, the inoffensive Arabs being Semites and the newcomers non-Semites. By that precedent, at the outbreak of a third war, a régime somewhere else in Europe, or Asia, might be proclaimed to be anti-Jewish and the Arabs, in the later event, be scourged from the remaining Arab countries. (If a violent anti-Jewish eruption were suddenly discovered somewhere in the Communist Empire, I think this might be regarded as a timely notification that the third war was not far distant.)

This greater Zionist State, according to sufficiently numerous remarks by Political Zionist spokesmen, would be the real power-centre of the world, and Jerusalem the real, if not the nominal, capital of the world. If that were to be the outcome of a third war, as I believe it is the project envisaged in some powerful places in all countries, the convergence of the real aims of American and of Soviet policy, as policy has been controlled in both countries, would become clear; the first point at which this became plain was the co-operation of the two countries in setting up Political Zionism. At that point, also, the greater Zionist State, all-powerful in the Near East, would inherit an African continental hinterland with roads, railways and ports ready made for it, and the political authority already partly transferred to the nominees of the 'Fourth Point'.

Thus the changing shape of things, according to the viewpoint. The opening-up of Africa as a strategic enterprise is sound enough, in the clearly-worded exposition of such military specialists as Major-General Knerr. But the military leaders, as Generals Eisenhower and Omar Bradley have remarked, do what the political leaders tell them, and the shape of the political ideas behind the Fourth Point in Africa is different, dark and ominous. If in any third war political policy ran parallel with military operations, all would be well. But to be sure of that the peoples of the great nations would have to cure their leaders of the habit of assuming imperial power in wartime, closely control their acts in wartime, and scrutinize the groups behind them. That day seems still afar off.

Great events portend for Africa, but I do not think they will take the shape of the spontaneous, localized 'Native war' feared by so many who have examined the future with misgiving. Africa is now a kingpiece in the game and a great hand hovers over it; the hand which built Johannesburg on feet of gold and buried the gold at Fort Knox, which reaches down for mining labour into the loneliest kraal, which spread the Communist area, by arms and not by conviction, from the centre of Europe to the Pacific, which set up the Political Zionists in Arabia.

The future, for Africa, will be absorbing to watch. In the final throws of the great twentieth-century game, it has been added to the stakes.

## FOOTNOTES

1: The disdainful word 'Kaffir' is seldom used today; like Giaour or Goy it means infidel or unbeliever, and to the Native is a stigma and a reproach, signifying people without a country, chief or tribal status.

2: Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan, who in 1946 publicly called attention to this 'second exodus' which was to produce the new war in Palestine, was another victim of the secret intimidations to which I earlier referred. He was vilified for stating the fact (see *From Smoke to Smother*, pp. 256-9), and later was retired from the Army. An official announcement said this retirement was 'at his own request'; however, I believe he did not retire voluntarily.

3: Both remained at their posts until Mr. Truman was re-elected, some months later, and both went soon after that. Mr. Forrestal, who like General Marshall feared the enforced partition of Palestine would ultimately breed the third world war, was subjected to intensive 'smearing' by Zionist writers. This did not spare his family and, with his fears for the future, so reduced him that when I went to America a friend of his told me he was near the point of suicide. A few weeks later he killed himself by jumping from a window. Friends of his told me they held him to be as much a victim of Political Zionism as Count Bernadotte or Captain Roy Farran's brother. The public was told that he was 'as much a victim of the second world war as any soldier killed in action', the suggestion being that his wartime work in office had broken his nerves. Under this specious device an official ceremony of homage was paid to his memory!

4: See *From Smoke to Smother*, pp. 293-4. At the Brighton Conservative Conference in 1947 Mr. Fountaine, a delegate from Norfolk, demanded action to 'root out subversive activities', saying that 'within living memory loyalty to the king, honour, patriotism and common decency have been defamed on every hand'. The central Office coterie on the platform shied like a startled horse from this proposal and tried to sidetrack it, but the feeling of the conference was so strongly for it that they were instructed, by a great majority, 'to make public the evidence of subversive and anti-democratic activity in this country'. If anything *was* made public it has escaped me. The most violent Central Office opposition to Mr. Fountaine became evident, however, and as I write this seems likely to obstruct him from becoming a candidate in the 1950 election, unless local feeling overrides the party managers.

5: Nearly all these writers quote Thomas Malthus, who in 1798 published his *Essay on Population*. His biographer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* prophetically says: 'The views and methods advocated by those modern upholders of small families who call themselves Neo-Malthusians would have received nothing but condemnation from Malthus.'

6: A mild foretaste of what would, in my anticipation, be a very severe rule in the world was given in 1949 when, at the behest of an enthusiastic women's rights society in London, some United Nations 'trustees' climbed three thousand feet into the remote mountain fastnesses of the British Cameroons to investigate a complaint that the venerable Fon of Bikom there had six hundred wives. That amiable centenarian, unable to confess that he had (as was charged) recently brought a maiden to his harem by force, pointed out that he did not take it on himself to express opinions about the habits of the Christian, or even of UNO society. He was living in peace with merely 110 wives, forty-four of them very old ladies inherited from his predecessor. Of the others, those still able to bear children had but one regret: that he was too old to sire any.

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# The Battle For Rhodesia

by

Douglas Reed

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*Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. – (Philippians 2 v 28)*

These are the golden rules for a writer. The qualities enumerated are hard to find in the picture of our times, but I have tried to discern them as I went along and to give them their place in this chronicle of events as seen by me.

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## Chapter One

### INSANITY FAIR, 1966

Respected reader, To those of you who know my books (a diminishing band: but aren't we all?) and to those who know them not, let me recall that in 1936, sitting at a window in Vienna, I wrote a book, *Insanity Fair*, about the coming Second World War. In 1966, sitting at a window in Salisbury, Rhodesia, I find myself writing this book about the coming of a Third World War. This is where we all came in. The scene has shifted from Europe to Africa, but the new post-war years have seen the same ladderlike process calculably leading to war.

In these latter years I did many things, and writing was of the things undone, for my writ, I felt, ran out. There was only the oft-told tale to re-tell and its constant iteration came too near the praising of myself, for every fool can play upon words. If "warnings" were needed, let others warn, and probably in vain, for by a divine instinct men's minds mistrust ensuing danger. So I sought other paths and spent many years in South Africa.

Man proposes: looking for pastures new, I found myself in the centre of another world conflict in the brewing. Africa was this time the scene of the preparatory steps, and Southern Africa the last rung of the war-ladder. The British Government's onslaught on Rhodesia, in 1965, returned the world to its plight of 1937, when war was two moves away and could yet have been averted by obvious countermoves.

Let me briefly recall those days to you, senior and junior classmates. From 1933 Hitler's patent intention to make war was fore-told by all competent observers in Berlin. Even the date (about five years ahead) was accurately estimated, in its despatches to London, by the Berlin office of *The Times* (where I was a correspondent).

The London government, however, to the end encouraged Hitler on his warpath by the method called "appeasement" (throwing children to pursuing wolves until only the parents remain, in the fleeing sleigh, for the wolves to devour). German rearmament was let pass, then the seizure of the Rhineland, then the recreation of the German air force (in 1935 Hitler personally told the British Foreign Minister of its massive strength, as I then reported).

That left two pieces on the board, and they provided the final test. If Hitler kept within his frontiers, "appeasement" would be vindicated. If he forayed out of them, it would collapse and war follow. Seeking to reach the public mind, I wrote in *Insanity Fair* "Austria means you" and "Czechoslovakia means you".

Austria was invaded as the book appeared. One last move remained. If he were allowed to invade Czechoslovakia, world war was certain. I repeated this in a second book, *Disgrace Abounding*, and also opined that the Second War would begin with a Hitler-Stalin alliance.

Six months after the Austrian invasion, the British Prime Minister, from a meeting with Hitler, sent a timed ultimatum to the Czechoslovak President to surrender his defensive zone. M. Benesh, saying "We bequeath our sorrows to the West", capitulated. Mr. Chamberlain, back in Downing Street, announced "Peace in our time". Hitler took the Czechoslovak defences, disclaimed any further "territorial demands", and six months later invaded the rest of Czechoslovakia. Six months after that, punctually to the foreseeable moment, the Second War began.

As the German tanks entered Prague, I left (as I left Vienna a year earlier, after telephonic warning from my London office that the Gestapo disliked me, which I knew). Soon I quitted journalism, too, for *Insanity Fair* was not popular with the highpriests of appeasement, a sacred word at that time. My editor, a Mr. Dawson, was a foremost advocate of it and told me "*Insanity Fair* is an excellent book, but not one for *The Times*" (I had submitted it before publication as in duty bound) so I resigned. (*The Times*, in its later *Official History*, confessed error about its policy of 1933-1939 and in the same breath unrepentantly sneered at "junior members of the staff" who resigned in protest. The *History* also admits that *The Times* had "abandoned the practice of basing a foreign policy of the paper's own upon the dispatches, published and private, of 'our own' Correspondents abroad". Had *The Times*, then a powerful force in the world, *maintained* that policy it could, in my judgment, have averted the Second War. Today, 1966, it still does not base policy on the information of trustworthy correspondents abroad: if it did, it could not support the policy pursued by British Governments in Africa since 1945, of destroying order in Africa and thus preparing new war. (Incidentally, the term "junior members", quoted above, should be read in the singular: in fact the resigner was a singular person called Douglas Reed).

*Insanity Fair*, in 1938, gave a true picture of the wrath to come at a time when it could have been averted. It was simply prognostic and *not* "prophetic".

These are my credentials, good reader, for returning, in 1966, to write one more book. I have briefly retold the events of 1933-1939 in Europe to draw the comparison between them and those of 1960-1966 in Africa, and to say: "Rhodesia means you".

Ten years ago a major war beginning in Africa was inconceivable. While wars, "hot" and "cold", went on elsewhere, Africa was a continent of order. It was steadily moving to an improving future for all its peoples under the colonial powers, as they pursued the established policy of gradually uplifting the tribespeople towards an increasing part in the management of affairs. With folk separated by millennia from every "Western" concept, gradualism was the only method. Violent interruption of this process meant (as is now being seen) reversion to a chaotic tribalism of slavery, warfare and disease, the things of which Africa was slowly being purged.

Only one power in the world *admittedly* desired this. Lenin, in 1920, decreed that the expulsion of the colonial powers from their territories was vital to the achievement of world communism. In the years 1960-1966 Western "liberalism" openly supported this Leninist aim. This partnership, indeed, between the governments of the "free world" and communism, their professed enemy, is the basic fact of the years 1960-1966 in Africa. Only when that is understood does the picture of what has happened become plain, as a photograph emerges from a film in developing liquid.

The "wind of change" speech began it all. I see Mr. Macmillan now, mellifluously addressing the Cape Town Parliament. Icy rejection underlay the courtesy of the Afrikaner Members who listened, and their unspoken comment was, "Here we have it again: perfidy". I recall my own feeling that day: "This is Mr. Chamberlain again". I thought of the days, thirty years before, when British policy towards Hitler was formed by knickerbockered figures at country-house parties, during weekends on grouse moors or beside trout streams, in too-substantial midday meals at the Carlton and Athenaeum Clubs, far from the madding truth of events in Europe. Had, any been there to watch, t'would have been pitiful to see me wring my hands and murmur, Oh dearie, dearie me, here we go again.

The "wind of change" speech began the era of Doubletalk, the use of words to disguise, not express intention. These particular words suggested a natural process, uncontrollable by man: the wind bloweth where it listeth. They meant a political decision to abandon Africa to turbulence and war.

From that day fiasco followed on perfidy in Africa as if some grisly Quixote, followed by his Sancho Panza, rode on skeleton mounts through a dark vale of bones. The sudden change of policy was as if a good ship, built to ply the seas until in high old age it should be honourably consigned to the wreckers' yard, were scuttled in mid-ocean.

Almost at once Belgium, under the mysterious outside "pressure" which governs governments in our time, jettisoned the Congo, and for three years killing and rapine followed. Under American pressure, "United Nations" troops, now of unhallowed memory, were sent, not to preserve life or restore order, but to prevent the secession from chaos of its one orderly and well-governed province, Katanga, and to drive out the only black statesman produced by Africa until that time, M. Moise Tshombe.

The London government, under similar occult pressure, offered 1,000 lb. "blockbuster" bombs to help subdue Katanga and M. Tshombe. Rhodesia's Sir Roy Welensky redeemed the name of England at that moment by refusing to allow "the transit of bombs which we know are destined to be used against almost defenceless people who are fighting for their homeland, but who have ranged against them at least one of the great powers of the world today". Mr. Macmillan, when Sir Roy refused to withhold this statement withheld the bombs. (This incident of blockbusters to be used "strictly for defensive purposes" against black people in the Congo is a classic example of Doubletalk).

After that the rot set in which, in the next five years, moved swiftly from the north of Africa southward, destroying the fabric of orderly development as white ants devour a good floor.

Ghana was then already independent and Nigeria followed at once. These were held up as the showpieces of Western-type, parliamentary government, successfully transplanted. In those two dark pools the Western "liberals" thought to see, Narcissus-like, their own fair reflection: blood had not yet surged across the surface, blotting out this illusion. They were given paper constitutions of the Western kind. Titles and orders of nobility were bestowed on their leaders. This was to be The New Commonwealth.

The destructive process quickened as one new "State" after another, lacking the resources or experience to qualify it for state-hood, was hurled into independence. The vote-for-all, after one-vote-once, became a free-for-all. Massacre was followed by tribal wars (simmering beneath the surface during the period of colonial control, these revived when it was removed). One-party rule, military governments and dictatorships appeared on all hands, "Strong men" popped up and were ousted by other strong men, soon to be ousted. Foreseeably, "the army" took over in many places. "Army" does not mean, in Africa, what Western folk understand, with their mental images of West Point parades, Changing the Guard, or stomping Red Army masses. It means, the few men who have guns. Where no law runs, he with the gun prevails, as at Tombstone, for instance, in Wild West days.

The tribesman accepts strength as the ultimate. Force, deliberately used, is to him unanswerable: unintentionally used, it amuses him. I have seen a Zulu struck in the forehead by a cricket ball travelling at something near the speed of sound: whether he lived I know not, but his friends around laughed themselves into the ground.

Mrs. Dugauquier (*Congo Cauldron*) gives two illustrative examples. A silent film of the trial and execution of Jesus was shown in a Catholic Church to Congolese tribesmen. At the whipping, "excited cries of 'Pika! Strike! rang out ... quite naturally, as in a Western film we cheer on the goodies and boo the baddies, they were encouraging the strong against the weak". In another film, showing the white man's suppression of the Arab slave traders (their hereditary enemies), "each



slash of the long whip on the wretched black man's back was cheered wholeheartedly" and when the rescuing white man was floored by the Arab slaver, "their shouts reached a crescendo of support for the Arab, not as representing a race, creed or idea, but simply because he symbolized power and force".

A Basuto chief, who impressed me by his authority, dignity, good English and knowledge of the great world, was later hanged for a ritual murder (a "strong medicine" killing: parts taken from the living victim, are used to reinforce a compound potent against spirits hostile to the chief or the tribe). This was nothing personal against the chosen victim. The chief had no sense of wrongdoing, and the tribespeople (save possibly for the child victim's parents, and they would not dare protest) respected his motive and act.

In short, people are not only funny but different, and the hundreds of tribes now more or less "represented" by the 35 or 36 new African "States" at the United Nations were truly not ready for the responsibilities thrust upon them.

However, these new apprentices, with the support of what is called "the Afro-Asian bloc" and of the Soviet group, acquired a majority at the United Nations. In December 1965 this combine voted out the rule about important issues requiring a two-thirds majority and changed it to simple majority. By that time the London and Washington governments were on the verge of using force to compel "one-man-one-vote", with the same foreseeable result, in the small remaining area of orderly government in Africa. They appeared constantly to retreat before 'the demands of the newly-created majority in the United Nations, where Togo (population 1,500,000) had about 175 times the voting power of the United States (population 180,000,000): yet these governments must have foreseen what would happen in New York when they brought into being this new voting-mass.

The new "States", inevitably, began to clamour for their powerful godparents, in London and Washington, to use "force", for, as I have shown, force is the thing they understand, and they could by this time count on a majority, artificially created, at the United Nations for any warmongering. By this means they did, in 1966, bring the world to the very verge of another world war, and the danger is not past.

There remained only, in 1966, as the last bulwark of order in Africa, the last dam against the waters of chaos, South Africa, Rhodesia and the two Portuguese territories, Mozambique and Angola. Punctually to the moment, a sound like that of jackals in the African night arose from the building on East 42nd Street, as the new "majority" imperiously demanded that war be made against Rhodesia, which stood between them and their supporting cohorts of "Western liberalism" and the real target, South Africa.

The war they wanted was to be waged, not by them, but by Britain and America. These two countries, by their actions between 1960 and 1965, gave enough cause to fear that they might do even this bidding.

At that moment in the debacle Rhodesia declared independence and opposed itself to the outer world gone mad. Two sentences from Mr. Ian Smith's independence day speech leaped at me when I heard them: "To us has been given the privilege of being the first Western nation in the last two decades to have the determination and fortitude to say, 'So far and no further' ... We may be a small country but we are a determined people who have been called upon to play a role of worldwide significance".

Was it possible, I thought, that at last a country, this little country in Africa, would oppose itself to the Gadarene process of these last three decades (I would say three, not two: because all this began in the Thirties)? Might one still hope that the rot would be stemmed, the destructive process held and turned back? To me, more perhaps than to any other hearer, Mr. Ian Smith's words fell into the context of world events stretching back to 1933 and into a historical perspective of my own experience.

For I saw Austria and Czechoslovakia fall. They would have resisted if they could, but the foe was too close and mighty, and all their friends false. Now Rhodesia was in their plight, and faced a world entire of foes bent on its destruction for a purpose further beyond.

If this wonder could happen, I knew, if Rhodesia *could* in fact stand fast and hold out and win, the prospect for all our tomorrows would vastly change and improve.

Thus, dear reader, that busy little bee your humble servant, having watched what brewed from South Africa for many years, went to Rhodesia to watch the outcome of this epic struggle, for on it depended the future: chaos in all Africa and general war; or stability restored in Africa and peace in Africa, at least for some time yet.

Rhodesia means you, good people, as Austria and Czechoslovakia meant you. This is a warning book about a coming Third World War. So was *Insanity Fair*, in 1938. Now, as then, it need not happen, and that is why I have written. Room and time remain to avoid war, in 1966 as in 1938. Had Hitler been stopped at the gates of Austria and Czechoslovakia in 1938, no Second War would have occurred. If simple reason prevails, and Rhodesia survives, there will be no Third World War, beginning in Africa: those who desire one will have to look elsewhere for a pretext.

It is simple enough, a mathematical calculation. Rhodesia means you, from Whitehall to Washington, Wisconsin to Worcestershire, Wigan to Wilmington and Winnipeg, and you cannot escape it. Rhodesia is no distant, isolated African episode: it reaches into your very home, however far away you be.

And now, good companions, let us look at this "little country far away, that we know nothing about": Rhodesia.

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## Chapter Two

### ON MOVING FRONTIERS

In 1890 the American frontier halted. The last Indian hunting-grounds were overrun and the Redskins (in Canada too) left in enclaves similar to South Africa's "Bantustans" of today, (save that these are to become self-governing states).

In Africa the moving frontier went on moving. In both places the pattern was the same: the horsedrawn covered wagons and the oxen-drawn trek wagons formed laagers when the attack came: Custer's Last Stand of 1878 and Major Alan Wilson's last stand of 1893 alike left no white man alive. Destiny was "manifest" in each case and "pioneer" was a brave name.

It was an old name, too, for pioneering began four hundred years earlier, when Bartholomew Diaz reached and Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape. The seas were uncharted and their seamen feared to fall off the edge of the world. Da Gama's feat of seamanship in reaching and planting the Cross on Natal's shore on Christmas Day 1498 (hence "Natal", for the Nativity) in his wooden cockleshell was great, for these are treacherous waters where even in the 1960's big steel vessels such as the *Aimée Lykes*, may strike the shoals. Then in 1652 Jan van Riebeeck was left at the Cape to store water and grow vegetables for Dutch ships eastward bound, and out of this market-garden sprang a new nation, Afrikanerdom, now a growing moral force in the world.

In 1776 the American colonists proclaimed their independence of government from three thousand miles away. The word "colonialism" then meant this mismanagement by remote control: today the word has been turned upside down and is used as a reproach against government-on-the-spot.

The Boers followed the American example when the Dutch ceded the Cape to England in 1806. They too, could not endure the distant hand and proclaimed UDI in their own way: they inspanned their wagons, trekked over the northward mountains and across the Orange and Vaal, and set up their own republics. Therewith the moving frontier moved far inland and with the Portuguese settlements on the western and eastern coasts, Southern Africa became the white man's settled domain.

Remained the unknown middle part of Africa, a dark enigma, and soon the moving frontier moved thither. Into that unknown land, in the 1840's and later, came first the missionaries, led by those great Scotsmen Robert Moffat, his son-in-law David Livingstone, John Moffat, James Stewart and others. The world hailed them, too, as Christian pioneers, and America shared the sense of pride when the Britisher, Henry Morton Stanley (late of the U.S. Navy), sent by Gordon Bennett and the *New York Herald* to search for Livingstone, found him in 1871.

Even today Central Africa is a formidable place and the dangers these men endured, though different, were not less than those braved by those later pioneers, the astronauts of today. Slave raids and inter-tribal wars, wild beasts and reptiles, malaria, dysentery, blackwater fever, yaws, Little Irons: all these made for nightmare journeys and the men who achieved them were held in the awe that is the due of Spacemen now.

The world they left behind was solidly with them, for their great purpose was to root out slavery, which the warrior tribes and the Arab slave-traders together practised. They were the banner-bearers of Christian civilization in Central Africa, and all Europe and America, in that Victorian heyday, shared this belief. So did the "settlers" who followed.

From the day when Livingstone, seeking the source of the Nile, discovered the Thundering Smoke (Victoria Falls) and went on to explore the Zambezi River, the frontier began to move northward again, into what is today Rhodesia. Its original peoples, the Bushmen and Hottentots, had been exterminated by warrior tribes and the area now was held by later comers, the newly-arrived Matabele in the west and the Mashona in the east. The Matabele, under King Moselikatze, some decades earlier split off and fled from the Zulus of Natal, under the terrible Chaka. They were warriors and scorned the Mashona "dogs". (After seventy years of the white man's peace this feud still simmers and would at once burst out if one-man-one-vote were imposed here, for the Mashona are far more numerous than the Matabele, who would not submit to this "majority rule": for this reason both groups want the white man's protection to continue).

Into this dangerous scene stepped a clergyman's son from England, Cecil Rhodes, who by 1878 gained control of the Kimberley diamond industry. His vision went beyond money and a diamond empire. His conviction was that the white man was best fitted to open up Central Africa, the dark enigma. Like Livingstone, he believed that white enterprise alone could save the continent from poverty, slavery and disease and that British rule would be a blessing for its peoples. Britain, he held, could not afford to stand aloof: without her overseas possessions the little kingdom would be but an overcrowded, insignificant island in northern European waters. Today his belief is receiving its ultimate test (and you, dear insular reader, will see the answer).

Rhodes looked northward, wondering if another gold and diamond empire might lie in the land that now bears his name. In 1888 John Moffat<sup>[1]</sup> obtained from King Lobengula, Moselikatze's successor, the concession of "all metals and minerals" in the Matabele Kingdom for Rhodes and his "British South Africa Company". In 1889 Queen Victoria signed the Charter empowering the Company, in effect, to govern the territory.

Next came the task of moving the frontier across the territory thus assigned, where were only a tiny handful of white men, isolated among Lobengula and his redoubtable impis and the Mashona. Rhodes formed the Pioneer Corps of some 200 picked men, accompanied by 500 British South Africa Company police.<sup>[2]</sup> This column succeeded in by-passing the hostile Matabele and on September 12, 1890 reached the spot which they called Fort Salisbury: the beleaguered Salisbury of today.

With that the moving frontier halted and the white man established himself in the land. The Pioneers ("duke's son, cook's son ...") dispersed and were given mining claims and farms. Among them was an American, William Harvey Brown. He called his farm Arlington (after Arlington, D.C.) and travellers landing at Salisbury Airport today alight on its site.

The white man was in Rhodesia but three wars had to be fought before he was secure. King Lobengula had agreed that he might mine for gold, but the Matabele warriors did not agree that they must cease from enslaving the Mashona, who in turn deduced that the white man was too weak to protect them and refused labour for his mines and farms. In 1893 Mashona were massacred near Fort Victoria and when the Matabele king refused to give up his claim to the Mashona raiding grounds, war began. Lobengula burned his capital and fled. Major Alan Wilson with a small force tried to capture Lobengula in his kraal and failed: all were wiped out. Lobengula escaped and died, possibly by suicide, Matabele resistance collapsed, and in later time a great city, Bulawayo, rose on the site of Lobengula's kraal.

After that the number of settlers quickly increased, but in 1895 the collapse of Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, which dimmed Rhodes's prestige, and the consequent absence of white troops from Matabeleland, again persuaded the Matabele that the white man could be crushed: he was weak! They rose in 1896 in the usual manner: 130 unsuspecting white men and their families were

shot, stoned, bludgeoned or speared. A force of 2,000 white and 600 black troops was raised to put down this rising but (as in the later South African war) an elusive enemy, fighting on his home ground of precipitous kopjes, rocks, boulders and caves, proved hard to find and fight.

Then the Mashona, of whom the white folk had adopted the Matabele's opinion, surprised all by rising too. They also thought the white man was weak, that the Matabele would win, and that they, the Mashona, would pay the price if they did not help crush the white man. Their rising followed the Matabele pattern: servants thought faithful suddenly turned and did women and children to death, murdered prospectors in their camps, miners in their shafts, storekeepers behind their counters. (In the 1960's this pattern was often repeated, in Kenya, the Congo and other newly "independent" places: the old ways reappeared).

The Mashona were subdued in 1897. In the meantime Rhodes performed his legendary exploit of pacifying the fierce Matabele. With a small, unprotected party, including two women, he met the Matabele chiefs and induced them to lay down their arms. They gave him the name "Lamula 'mkunzi", "Separator of the Fighting Bulls", for this, his greatest triumph. This, the start of seventy years of peace, is today a memory as vivid and significant in the Matabele and Mashona mind as that of Magna Charta or Independence in the British and American one. For them, a new life began that day.

(Seventy years later, a Mr. Arthur Bottomley from Walthamstow met the Matabele and Mashona chiefs, to whom Rhodes and his achievement were a living memory, as they repeatedly told him. He could not at all grasp the significance of the episode: they found him unintelligible; and although the African chief is a model of courtesy in such debates, one of them in despair was moved to say, "If I had my own way we would walk out of this meeting and leave Mr. Bottomley here alone". Kipling was right: when two strong men stand face to face they can understand each other, no matter what their skin or language. Between such as Mr. Bottomley and these tribal leaders no communion of minds was possible. Across the great gulf fixed between them, the chiefs looked and saw the living emblem of the white man's weakness, to them the fault beyond forgiving).

The two rebellions cost the whites about one-tenth of their numbers in casualties, a percentage, I believe, never otherwise known in war. "The white folk never faltered or thought of quitting. They stayed and (as Mr. L. H. Gann says<sup>[3]</sup>) "Their will to rule remained unbroken. They felt that history was on their side, that Europe stood behind them, and that they formed the vanguard of civilization in Darkest Africa ... The whites in Rhodesia never experienced that clammy sense of moral and political isolation, which weighed down their successors two generations later".

That means today. If "history" is that which is manufactured in our time by machines that reach the ear, eye and mind of millions, then it is against the whites. But they still believe what their grandparents believed. When a British Minister told Rhodesian representatives. "We have lost the will to govern", one of them told him "But we have not". In Rhodesia, and in South Africa, the white man's will still "remains unbroken" for a' that, no matter what may happen in Rhodes's overcrowded little island in the North Sea or elsewhere.

The moving frontier halted at last, in 1897, seven years after the American one stopped. Followed seventy years during which no black man needed fear the slave-raiders or the outcry of enemy tribes in the night, around his huts. There was peace in the land.

Today the attempt is to destroy all that thus was gained.

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## Chapter Three

### THE RISE OF RHODESIA

In following years the territory encompassed by the moving frontier was divided into three parts: Southern and Northern Rhodesia (effectively governed by the Company) and Nyasaland (governed directly from London). Between 1900 and 1910 slavery and tribal wars were stamped out in all.

Southern Rhodesia (today's Rhodesia), the area of the original conquest, was a case by itself. Its white population was greater and its development quicker: the African bushveld began to blossom like the rose; and the settlers grew restive under the hand of a board of directors in London, as the American colonists, earlier, under that of King George. As the date for the renewal of the Company's charter from the Queen approached, their demand for self- government swelled. In 1922 the voters were offered, by referendum, self-government or (at Mr. Winston Churchill's suggestion) union with South Africa. Much talk of a republic was heard from South Africa and the Rhodesians, intensely loyal to The Crown, chose Responsible Government, which London granted in 1923.

Rhodes was dead, but his work flourished. From that day, 43 years ago, Rhodesia has governed itself, London retaining only some control over laws affecting the tribal population and safeguarding them against any discriminatory disabilities. The successive Constitutions have contained no racial discrimination. The qualification for the vote requires moderate amounts in cash, property or income.

In practice the black community votes little, for reasons which lengthy residence among them alone can make clear. Most of them find "voting" unintelligible: their immemorial tradition is against "choosing" and for decisions reached in pyramidal tribal conclave, of villagers, village elders, district headmen and chiefs. The notion that "the children", at the bottom level, should challenge tribal authority and unanimity is as Chinese to them. They believe that the tribe's spirits, or ancestors, consulted through the chief's medium, or oracle, ultimately decide the tribe's weal or woe.

For example: in one tribe a child was sacrificed, at the spirit's bidding, to the rain-god. The Chief was imprisoned for eighteen months and on the day of his release rain fell. The tribespeople drew the obvious conclusion (incidentally, their beliefs are respected by white folk who *live* among them).

Again, the educated and well-to-do African townsman, with a business, remains subject to his tribe's communal custom of sharing possessions. If a man has six wives and sixty-one children, (a cast known to me), he well may not wish to declare even the modest amount of property qualifying him for a vote.

Time and patient responsible statesmanship might in time produce a harmonious solution to the most difficult problem of the world. Only an irresponsible interruption, engineered from outside, can endanger that. The British Socialist Party, founded in 1900, never yet obtained a majority of *votes*, yet it seeks to force the dogma of "black majority rule" into Africa's resistant soil, which is like trying to grow cokernuts in Camberwell.

The only statesmanlike leader yet produced by that party, Mr. Clement Attlee, in 1952 told one of the now-now politicians from Northern Rhodesia, "You have a long way to go in this field. look how long it took our British Parliament to achieve fully responsible government". To Mr. Nkumbula's reply, "We have received guidance, we can reach political maturity in much less time", Mr. Attlee

rejoined, "I don't think you are right on that point. Constitutional government can't be learned from textbooks. You're trying to rush things. My experience has taught me that it takes a long time to get a democratic idea working effectively".

Had Mr. Attlee's successors been men of such balance, the world would not find "Rhodesia" in the headlines every day. Statesmanship takes time. Given time, it works: denied time, all falls into a smouldering shambles that can only be kept down by the lid of force. This result has been seen everywhere in Africa where Britain and America have "tried to rush things".

I discussed these things with African leaders of the opposition in and out of Parliament, and also with Chiefs and tribesmen in the tribal districts and the towns. The political gentlemen were against gradualness and for immediacy (black majority rule now): what political gentleman would not be, with great outside powers threatening to bring the world in arms to enforce everything-now and all-at-once.

The Chiefs were strongly for orderly development which to them meant peace in their districts. The man-in-the-kraal took guidance from them. As to the African man-in-the-street, I quote a French journalist, with an interpreter, who once stopped the first black man he saw in a Salisbury street and asked whether he wanted the white folk to stay or go. To stay, the man answered. Why, asked the Frenchman. "If you had been here last year" (1964, the time of the killings and burnings by communist-trained terrorists from outside) "you would not ask", said the man, "we want them to protect us".

Gradualism produced results, in the form of increasing African<sup>[4]</sup> participation in Parliament and all walks of life. However, gradualism, though the best expedient now and for the near future, is *not* a solution. The solution, as I will later show, lies elsewhere.

In thirty years of self-government, 1923-1953, Rhodesia strode ahead as if on seven-league boots. The astonishing thing is how much was done in how short a time. That impressed me in South Africa, too, but South Africa has a white population of some millions and has had three centuries to build. Rhodesia has a white population of about a quarter-million and has had but seventy years.

At the start the land was scrub, constantly impoverished by the tribal method of farming and by erosion. The lifegiving waters drained away into the Indian Ocean. Disease, tribal raids and wild beasts ravaged the people and the land. It was still, as James Stewart found it in the 1860's, "a lonely land of barbarism, of wild beasts, of timid and harried but not unkindly men, harassed by never-ending slave raids and inter-tribal wars".

Today water conservation in Rhodesia is a model for the world. The lethal diseases, killing and slavery have been stamped down and almost out. The white farming areas show crops, the equal of those in the Mid West or anywhere in the world. The tribes occupy more than half the land, but the contribution of this to the economy is insignificant because the tribesman clings to his immemorial custom of growing just enough to eat, grazing the land bare, and when it is denuded, breaking up his huts and moving elsewhere, there to repeat the process.

The allegation is often heard that the tribes "only get the poorest land". The matter may be checked, by any who care, at the great Triangle sugarlands in the Rhodesian lowveld. This land was raw scrub in 1912 and little that looked less promising could have been found when another indomitable Scotsman, Tom MacDougall, saw it then. The First War delayed him but in 1919 he began with his hands to clear a patch or two. A secondhand mill, bought in Natal, needed two years to reach him, by lorry and ox-wagon, from the border at Beit Bridge. By 1935 he produced ten tons

of sugar. Today, when big concerns have taken over, twenty thousand acres are under sugar and the endless crops gladden the eye of man.

The land problem may be studied at the Domboshawa Training Centre, near Salisbury, where men from the tribal districts receive instruction in local self-government. It was formerly an agricultural training centre and still has a farm, where fine crops grow. On the side of its fence is tribal land, bare and denuded, where, one might say, nothing would grow. The land on either side of the fence is the same: only the method is different.

The white man's achievement may be studied, for example, in little Umtali, which reminded me of a mountain village in the Blue Ridge Mountains. It has 9,000 white and 35,000 black people, and the white ones provide nine-tenths of its revenue. Over the years this small place has built some six thousand houses for the African community and (from beer-hall proceeds) a stadium for the black folk costing £75,000, a swimming pool, picture-theatre, infant schools and crèches and much more. I doubt whether an English or American town of comparable size could equal this achievement.

Rhodesia's growth was always fast but the great acceleration came after the Second War, in 1945. The next twenty years brought probably the most rapid development the world has ever seen. Still building on the tradition of sound administration and probity in public affairs which it thought to be its rocklike heritage from England, the country flourished exceedingly, managing its own affairs and spending nobody's money but its own.

Within Rhodesia the people, white and black, grew in beauty, as one might say, side by side. The emphasis is on *side by side*, as distinct from together, and here lies the difference between the temporary expedient, gradualism, and the ultimate solution, separateness.

Before Responsible Government was granted in 1923 the Rhodesian delegates in London raised the question of territorial segregation and Mr. Winston Churchill (then the Minister competent) agreed that the existing law might be changed if an impartial enquiry upheld this method. Seldom was so emphatic a judgment delivered as that of the Commission then appointed (under Sir Morris Carter):

"The evidence ... leaves no doubt as to the wishes *of all classes of the inhabitants* ... an *overwhelming majority* of those who understand the question are in favour of the establishment of *separate areas* in which each of the two races, black and white, should be permitted to acquire interests in land ... However desirable it may be that members of the two races should live together side by side with equal rights as regards the holding of land, we are convinced that in practice, probably for generations to come, such a policy is not practicable or in the best interests of the two races. Until the Native has advanced very much further on the paths of civilization it is better that the points of contact between the two races should be reduced and a lengthy period afforded for the study of the whole question of the future of the relations between the two races in an atmosphere which is freed as far as possible from the setbacks which would ensue from the irritations and conflicts arising from the constant close proximity of members of races of different habits, ideals and outlook upon life" (my italics).

This was then, and today is the immutable African truth, unpalatable to those who live snug, and perhaps smug, on Boston's Back Bay or Bournemouth's beachfront, and very anathema to those high initiates who seek through chaos in Africa to set up the World Dictatorship. Wisdom spoke then. Today, the pressure, and the menaces, from London and Washington are used to enforce the very opposite of this prudent ruling, to exacerbate "irritations and conflicts", to set the two races against each other, and to foment an atmosphere of war.



But if the future is to be one of improving relationship between white and black folk, and of mutual betterment in material things, separate life in separate lands is the only longterm solution. In Rhodesia policy followed this recommendation and the white and black areas are distinct, but dotted in enclaves over the map. What the chief and tribesman most would like would be a separate homeland, side by side with a white homeland, in Rhodesia, and for this reason he gazes approvingly across the frontier at the Transkei, South Africa's first "Bantustan".

The end of the Second War and the great boom which followed gave impetus to an idea, long discussed, for closer union between Rhodesia (then Southern Rhodesia) and its two neighbours, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Together, these would have provided a hard core of political stability, and a great source of common wealth, in the heart of Africa. Out of this came conferences in 1949 and 1951, when the British and the three territorial governments together drafted a scheme for a Federation "which would be a much-needed stabilizing factor in a continent which is in such a state of flux". The Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister of that time, Sir Godfrey Huggins, said, "It is up to us to save Central Africa by our exertions and Africa by our example".

Of all sad words ... In 1953 the great Federation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland was set up, and a splendid future opened for Central Africa. The London government, as now transpires, at that time was already set on a course which could only worsen Africa's "state of flux" into a state of shambles. Within ten years the British Government destroyed the Federation created by it and all Africa was deprived of the gyrostabilizer in its central hold.

Let us now take a look at those years of Doubletalk which left Rhodesia alone in a world determined to incite its races against each other.

As to that, there is one simple test by which the white folk's supreme achievement in Rhodesia, in relation to the black ones, may be measured. If life be the greatest gift of all, then the white man gave the black one life. Seventy years ago some 400,000 tribespeople occupied this area, and but for the coming of the white man they would not be many more today: disease, the assegai and the slaver would have seen to that. Today they number over 4,000,000, half of them children. They have been rid of disease, infant mortality, death by the spear and burning, and abduction and sale to the bordellos and harems of Arabia.

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## Chapter Four

### THE DECADE OF DOUBLETALK

The Federation began like a rising sun. Three territories, separately small, by joining their resources formed a great union with a productive capacity enough to ensure the betterment of all its peoples. Investment money and immigrants poured in, and, symbol of the brightening future, an old dream was at once realized: the Kariba Dam was built to store the Zambezi's waters and fructify the lands on either side and far beyond.

This hope and confidence were in fact illusory, for the Federation rested on two buttresses, one in London and one in Rhodesia, of which the London one was a hollow sham. The compact between both parties there, to abandon the African possessions, already existed, and that inevitably meant wrecking the Federation and producing a war situation in Africa: the years have shown this. For a decade the Rhodesian leaders struggled against what they thought was delusion in London but in truth was resolve. At the end they found themselves on the ruins of Federation and facing a levelled gun.

Quickly, then, the sunburst paled as the years of doubletalk followed, when the Rhodesian leaders tried to sink anchors into the pledges and assurances of London and found no hold. Sir Roy Welensky's tale of these 4,000 *Days* shows the development to a high art of the use of words to confuse and confound all who sought to cash them at face value. Sir Roy and his men, struggling to pierce this mass of wordage, passed from trust through perplexity to dazed unbelief and at last gave up, defeated.

The process gave a new word to the Barotse people (who were among the black folk sacrificed to the dogma of "black majority rule"): "ku-makmirana". Its definition, according to their Litunga, is "to discuss at great length and get nowhere: from the English Makmirana, or Macmillan". This way of employing speech now seems to have become general British usage (new in the West, that is: it is ancient in the Orient).<sup>[5]</sup>

When the decade of decadence began, the phrases "Safe as the Bank of England", "A.1 at Lloyds" and "An Englishman's word is his bond" were as the law and the prophets to folk of British stock in Southern Africa. The Afrikaner's cold disbelief and the Frenchman's talk of Albion's perfidy brought smiles: they did not understand us. I saw the British in Rhodesia and Natal, where they were predominant and devotedly loyal, gradually veer during this decade to the Afrikaner's side in distrust of London government. Inwardly they remained true to the ancient Crown and the British heritage as *they* understood it, but when menaces against themselves were put in the mouth of the Crown's wearer they feared that the ultimate intent must be to degrade or even destroy the monarchy, for such things seemed to them to deprive the concept of "constitutional monarchy" of meaning.

The fiasco of the Federation was in truth ordained before it was born, for in 1948 Sir Roy Welensky, canvassing support in London for an amalgamation of the two Rhodesias, was told by both Socialist and Conservative spokesmen that no government, of whichever party, would ever consider placing the control of the black folk in the hands of the fewer whites. This *was* the existing situation, and no public statement of its abandonment was ever made. Therefore the future deed was already foreseen.

However, at that point Sir Roy was put off the scent by a hint that "some form of federation" might be acceptable: and conferences between 1949 and 1953 hammered out the framework of a

federation of the two Rhodesias and of little Nyasaland. By that time the Mau Mau killings had shown the indifferent world the facts of life in Africa, and a foremost authority, Lord Salisbury, said, "If England abandons these Central African territories they will go straight back to the conditions in which we found them, until they are gobbled up by people far less enlightened than ourselves". The years have shown and will show the truth of this.

Obviously the Federation, if it were to be set up at all, had to be built to last, or have that appearance. Lord Swinton (Commonwealth Secretary) said he knew of no federal constitution anywhere that contained a secession clause (save, he added smiling, in the Soviet Union). The Federation would need loans, and could never raise a penny if its continuance were in doubt. Mr. Lyttelton (Colonial Secretary: during the decade the harassed Rhodesians had to struggle with two distinct departments of State in the distant government) concurred, adding that they must have "legal assurance that the Federation could not be dissolved without the consent of *all* governments engaged". (Lord Swinton agreed, but commented, prophetically, that "You cannot legislate against the United Kingdom Government going off its head").

On this basis the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland was born in September 1953. Within it Southern Rhodesia was fully self-governing, as for thirty years: the other territories remained protectorates of the Crown. A review conference was foreseen in about ten years, but *not* (said London) "to decide whether Federation has succeeded or failed, or should be abolished or continued": it would merely recommend "such alterations as experience of its work has shown to be necessary during the first decade of its life".

The decade was to see many strange things. As it began the Korean war ended. It was supposedly waged against Chinese Communist aggression, yet Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, through General Marshall, set up Communism in China. The American commander was not allowed to win that war, which ended (like the Second War in Europe) in partition, the most fertile source of new war. America's part in world affairs became another riddle inside a mystery within an enigma. The great Republic stood fast, in words, against Communism, but, by deeds, showed growing hostility to countries which repressed Communism in their territories. And during this fateful decade America's mystifying presence began to be felt in *Africa*.

After three years came the Suez debacle, and London began to peel off its African possessions as at a clearance sale. Westminster-type paper constitutions were bestowed on them and Socialist politicians agitated loudly for the Federation to receive one patterned on that of Ghana (the working results of which have now been seen). In 1960 Mr. MacMillan, in Africa, announced his "wind of change" and British newspapers immediately claimed that this meant the end of the Federation, in the sense that any of its members now were free to secede.

Like hounds unleashed by these encouragements, "African nationalist leaders" (as the press called them) thronged to London, vociferating for "independence now" and were courted and fêted there as the voice of Africa. The Conservative government gazed, not at Africa, but at the next by-election, where the Socialists beat the big tomtom of "independence now": and the Socialists, when they came to office, would gaze, not at Africa, but at their own left-wingers, clamouring for "independence now". Chaos in Africa was being made on the British hustings. "Black majority rule" was a vote-getting slogan from London's slums to Manchester's suburbs (as was "Chinese slavery in Africa" sixty years before). Lenin's plan for Africa was being realized in London.

In 1960 Belgium overnight abandoned the Congo, which fell into chaos. Troops from various distant lands, with "U.N." painted on their helmets, arrived to prevent the secession of Katanga (no "secession" there!). These men, and their countries, had no conceivable interest in the Congo and, as they were paid, might be considered mercenaries. Those who were called "mercenaries" were a

handful of fighters, mostly from Southern Africa, to whom most of the white hostages rescued owed their lives.

By 1960 the London government's actions, after Suez, had released a tide from the north which menaced the Federation. Katanga bordered it and thousands of refugees crossed into Northern Rhodesia. The involvement of Britain and America in the Congolese fiasco brought not only danger to the Federation but peril of general war. American troopcarriers were used against Katanga and, the "defensive bombs" from Britain were withheld only at the last moment. The world, in 1960, was again very near a brink.

Thus the Federation was in a closing cage as the time for the "review" approached. In Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland the "African nationalists" began by terrorism to force London's hand: any move to put them down was checked and rebuked by London. The Nyasaland Governor, at one point, was forced to use police and troops, and an investigating Commission (appointed at the instance [ed: insistence?] of the clamorous African nationalists and their Socialist friends in London) found that he had so to act "or abdicate". The London Government's choice was the same, and its decision was already plain: abdication.

The Conservative government, ever in retreat before the sound and fury of the Opposition and the African nationalists", then appointed a Royal Commission, under Lord Monckton, to enquire into conditions in the Federation. This obviously supplanted the Review Conference originally foreseen, which was committed to "no secession": once more the ulterior intention showed through the verbiage. Sir Roy Welensky said that if all that was needed to produce a Royal Commission was to stage a riot, the future was dark. He was soothed with a syrup of words.. it would not be like that at all. Well then, asked the Rhodesians, suspicious but still loath to suspect, "what are to be the terms of reference?" Mr. Macmillan, in an exquisite exercise in phraseology, told the House of Commons:

"I regard the Commission as free in practice to hear all points of view from whatever quarter and on whatever subject ... it is never wise to be too specific or rigid in interpretation ... the terms of reference ... include a very wide possibility for Lord Monckton and his colleagues to conduct their affairs in such a way as to bring about the result we all wish ..." and so on and so on.

Sir Roy urgently asked what was this result so devoutly desired and Mr. Macmillan said he had "not yielded and would not yield an inch on the Commission's terms of reference." These, according to his statement quoted above, were elastic enough to stretch to infinity, so that an inch was of little moment, but Sir Roy still struggled to get down to brass tacks. Were the terms of reference to include *secession*? If so, he referred Mr. Macmillan to his pledge of April 27, 1957. Mr. Macmillan emphatically assured him that the British Government would *not* include secession in the terms of reference. Sir Roy so informed Rhodesia. Lord Shawcross, a member of the Royal Commission, then announced that he felt "completely free to entertain the views of any people on the whole future of the Federation". Mr. Macmillan, arrived in Salisbury, told indignant Rhodesian Ministers that he had been misunderstood by English newspapers which reported him as pledging "no forcible federation in Rhodesia". "I was not", he said, "referring at all to the possibility of secession from the Federation".

By this time it was clear that, in fact, the British Government would permit, and even prompt the two lesser members of the Federation to claim their Unilateral Declaration of Independence, but the game of words went on. Back in London, Mr. Macmillan ordered the release of Dr. Hastings Banda, then under detention on security grounds after the violent disturbances in Nyasaland. This was to the African nationalists the familiar "sign of weakness" and even louder uproar at once broke out.

To the very last the Rhodesian leaders thought that truth and the pledged word were somewhere to be found, if they could only discover where, and they burrowed on. They invited Lord Home (Commonwealth Secretary) to Salisbury and once more were engulfed by words:

"It is not inconceivable that, in the hypothetical event of an over-whelming volume of evidence being in favour of secession, the Commission may have to consider whether, in fact, it can report within its terms of reference or whether it may not have to say that it is unable to report."

The efforts of Sir Roy and his weary men to get to grips with their problem during all the years are wondrous to behold. Ever and again they thought they knew which thimble contained the pea and always they were wrong. The Monckton Commission next recommended that "the British Government should declare its intention of permitting secession" (UDI). However, the Commissioners "regarded with concern" the possibility of the Federation's break-up, now that they broke it up, and hoped that, given proper safeguards, a right of secession might prove a "valuable safety valve", and far from weakening the Federation might enable it to survive. This is Parkinson's theory of seacocks, that the more water is let in, the likelier the ship is to remain afloat.

After "this terrible piece of high explosive" was dropped from London into Salisbury, Sir Roy reminded Mr. Macmillan of all the pledges given between 1952 and 1959, and culminating in the Governor General's Speech from the Throne even in 1960, stating that secession was *not* to be considered by the Monckton Commission. Mr. Macmillan replied that the matter was indeed very delicate and difficult and Sir Roy again felt himself enveloped "by clouds of chilly cotton wool". He then hastened to London, to be confronted by Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Duncan Sandys (Commonwealth Secretary), Mr. Ian Macleod (Colonial Secretary) and "a huge array of African nationalists", and listened to "many hours of their oratory with all its prejudice, racial hatred, special pleading and demand for immediate and total political power". Then all were taken for the familiar "full treatment" of a weekend at Chequers, where Messrs. Kaunda and Banda demanded the immediate dissolution of the Federation, and Sir Roy asked bluntly if the British Government intended to destroy it. He could obtain no answer but was wished a happy Christmas and safe journey home.

All was over but a little more doubletalk. Two months later the "Commonwealth Prime Ministers" (by this time including many new, "emergent" personages) met in London and forced the withdrawal of South Africa by the methods which thenceforth provided a majority for any irresponsible warcry from the "United Nations". In February 1962 Mr. Sandys personally conveyed to Sir Roy Dr. Banda's demand for Nyasaland's secession, and being told that a firm exercise of authority would keep Nyasaland peacefully in the Federation, replied (says Sir Roy), "No, you see, we British have lost the will to govern."<sup>[6]</sup> Sir Roy says this incident left him with a severe migraine and the British High Commissioner in Salisbury went home and vomited.

In London, at last, the two departments, Commonwealth and Colonial, were combined under a single Minister, Mr. R. A. B. Butler, who for thirty years looked like the next Conservative Prime Minister but was not destined to reach that office. The wonder is that he now undertook the executioner's task, and the strong possibility is that he did not know the purpose for which he would be used. This is indicated by the fact that in July 1962, when the Federation had but nine months to live, Mr. Butler, speaking in London, in specific terms urged investors from Britain and the Commonwealth to put their money into the Federation and assured them of the British Government's determination to back them if they did. Mr. Butler would not have said this, had he not believed it, and the only inference to be drawn is that, once more, somebody knew more about the government's intention than even he.

A few months after his speech he informed the House of Commons, and through the High Commissioner in Salisbury Sir Roy Welensky, that the British Government agreed to Nyasaland's withdrawal from the Federation. Sir Roy replied, from Salisbury, "... there is little if any honour left in dealing with the British Government. I say that Britain ... is utterly reckless of the fate of the inhabitants of the present Federation".

In March 1963 the Federal Ministers were invited to London to see if at least the two Rhodesias could not be kept together in the Federation. The pattern of events repeated itself: Mr. Kaunda, already in virtual control in Northern Rhodesia, refused to attend the meeting unless his terms were accepted, and Mr. Butler told Sir Roy, "If we were free to decide, we would like to see the closest links between the Rhodesias ... but we haven't any forces in Central Africa to impose our will".

Three days later came the end, when the Federal Ministers saw Mr. Butler again. "He looked wan and grey and ill", says Sir Roy, "averting his gaze he spoke rapidly and tonelessly". His message now was that *any* territory might secede, (ergo, Northern Rhodesia *and* Nyasaland).

Sir Roy asked Mr. Butler to inform Mr. Macmillan that he and his Ministers would not be able to lunch with the Prime Minister: "I don't want to be discourteous but I cannot accept the hospitality of a man who has betrayed me and my country". Mr. Butler "sat in silence, looking stricken", while messengers scurried away.

Sir Roy raised a last matter, that of the Barotse people in Northern Rhodesia, who wished to secede from Mr. Kaunda.<sup>[7]</sup> Mr. Butler, says Sir Roy, remained silent. "He seemed so near to collapse that I changed the subject."<sup>[8]</sup>

Such, in March 1963, was the end of the Federation, begun with such brave hope in 1953. This reduced the area of stability in Africa to a last bastion, composed of Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, and the two Portuguese territories. After that, the deluge.

All that remained was the formal liquidation of the Federation and the matter of Southern Rhodesia's independence. Independence had been thrust on the two lesser territories, both backward and unready for it. The logical next step was independence for Southern Rhodesia, far more advanced than the others, self-governing for forty years, raised by its own bootstraps to its status, without monetary or other help from others. More than thirty new "States" had been fabricated out of the tribal complex of Africa and were being propped up with British money while they clamoured for war in New York.<sup>[9]</sup> It was unimaginable, in 1963, that to Rhodesia alone, in all this continent, independence should be denied.

But this was the case, as the next eighteen months of doubletalk showed. Mr. Winston Field, Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister, now took up the burden. Looking back on Sir Roy Welensky's four thousand days, he resolved not to be washed away with waves of words. Firmly he informed Mr. Butler that his government would not attend the liquidation conference "unless we receive *in writing* from you an acceptable undertaking that Southern Rhodesia will receive its independence" concurrently with the secession of the two other territories.

Mr. Field felt that he had at last pinned the issue down. Mr. Butler's reply, smooth as silk, "accepted in principle" that Southern Rhodesia should "proceed through the normal processes to independence" and then stated "what we consider should be done" *before* independence could be granted. There should be many discussions on various matters before ... and so on and so on.

Nothing *in writing*. The game of words went on.

Mr. Winston Field repeated his demand for an undertaking "in writing" and submitted that the record and achievements of Southern Rhodesia already constituted much more than "the normal processes to independence"; moreover, the other territories had been given independence without going through any such processes. This argument is unanswerable, but the London Government was not interested in arguments: it already knew the facts, and just wanted to keep Mr. Field stringing along.

Mr. Butler's reply was affable and as elusive as a soaped eel. Yes, indeed, he well knew Southern Rhodesia's proud record of achievement, and his Government repeated its acceptance, "in principle", that Southern Rhodesia should proceed "through the normal processes" and so on and so on. Above all, he said, Southern Rhodesia was still a member of the de facto defunct Federation, which could be brought to an end only by the passage of United Kingdom legislation enacting that the Federation already destroyed in London should cease to exist and so on and so on.

(I imagine that the lawyers who draft these communications must writhe with mirth as they devise them. Sir Roy Welensky relates that he and his colleagues, after wrestling long with one such earlier message, tried to understand it by means of a diagram, and at last threw the diagram away in despair).

By now Mr. Winston Field, like Sir Roy before, was hopelessly befogged. His next letter no longer requested an undertaking "in writing" and asked only that Southern Rhodesia should receive independence "not later than the date when the dissolution of the Federation occurs". Apparently failing to perceive the trap, or still unwilling to believe in anything less than utter sincerity at the other end, he then invited Mr. Butler to discuss "the terms on which Southern Rhodesia would proceed to independence on the dissolution of the Federation".

Mr. Field was undone. Mr. Butler's legal advisers pounced on that phrase, "the terms", like eagles on a brood of chicks. But of course, of course, they replied (through Mr. Butler) more affably than ever, Southern Rhodesia should have its independence - "subject to the satisfactory conclusion of the discussions about *the terms*." (Mr. Kaunda's Northern Rhodesia and Dr. Banda's Nyasaland gained all they wanted without any palaver about "terms").

Thus the liquidation conference was held, in July 1963, and Mr. Winston Field and Mr. Ian Smith who accompanied him, came empty away. All that was determined was that the Federation, already dead, should formally expire in December 1963. Mr. Field and Mr. Smith were told privately that the matter of their independence would be finalized once the conference ended, but they had nothing "in writing", and when it was over found themselves in Southern Rhodesia, alone, and facing a sea of troubles, which, after two more years of doubletalk, Mr. Ian Smith and his government resolved to oppose and end.

Historically, the outstanding event of this ten year story was the decline of the Conservative party in England, once a powerful element of stability in the world. The eclipse of its leaders was not brought about by advancing years but was the penalty of recurrent fiasco. Its headlong retreat from responsibility showed it to have lost the sense of purpose and national interest. It repeatedly ran away from any loud clamour, whether from the Opposition benches or from the petty demagogues who hastened from Africa to London to exploit its weakness, and supported their demands by organized terrorism in the countries they left behind them. Its pretence that these represented "the people" was painful to watch, for it knew better. It offered the world the spectacle of a great government reacting like puppets on a string to the manipulation of any here-today-and-gone-tomorrow upstart who paraded himself in London as an "African nationalist". Above all, it set up a coterie of such in New York as a tribunal with authority to dictate the world's affairs.

If, as Mr. Sandys said, it has lost the will to govern, it has little claim to govern again, for it squandered the British heritage of faith-keeping and would command little confidence. If it cannot find in its ranks new men of another kind, who will stand for the British heritage (as Rhodesia stands today) its day may well be done.

The Socialist government which succeeded continued the method of doubletalk and out of that came at last what is colloquially known as Wilson's War. However, Mr. Wilson but continued in the Conservatives' ten-year footsteps. This was not a party matter, whatever else it might be. Some occult clutch seemed to drag both parties from fiasco to fiasco.

These fiascos led, in November 1965, to the Battle for Rhodesia.

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## Chapter Five

### THE CROSS AT KARIBA

The monument to the great Federation is the Kariba Dam, the symbol of what might have been and, if the Western governments returned to reason, what might yet be again. Power began to flow from it in 1960, when it was declared open by the Queen Mother, but the truth behind the splendid ceremonial of that day was that the Federation was already being destroyed thousands of miles away.

Thousands of Italian workmen built it in three years and a whole township of houses, schools, hospitals and roads sprang up on Kariba hill, in a country wild, peopled by primitive tribes, remote and previously inaccessible. Now the Italians are gone and when I was there, in 1966, the settlement was almost a ghost town, for petrol rationing kept away the throngs of visitors and fishermen from far away who otherwise would have reanimated it.

The Italians, nevertheless, left behind something greater than the dam: a token of man's indestructible hope and of the Christian's faith. They worked six-hour shifts, six-on-six-off, to beat the timetable, and succeeded, against great odds of flood and mishap. Some of them, and some African workmen, died of the heat, down there far below the Zambezi's bed. Yet the Italians, during their six-hour respite, built on the very top of the hill the loveliest church a man may see in many a day's march. They were craftsmen as well as artisans and adorned it as only men from Italy, perhaps, know how to adorn a church. It is circular and open to the air, because the congregation, then, was more than it could contain, and many knelt outside.

They dedicated it to the patron saint of workmen and to those who died during the toil: the names, Italian and tribal, are engraved on a common plate. They knew they would soon be gone and for the simple love of God built this exquisite place where they might worship while the work went on. The task, once done, was meant to uplift men on both sides of the great river, fertilize their lands and improve their lives: what better signature to it than the sign of the cross? On the church's roof they set a great cross, which boatmen on the lake made by the dam, if they lose their bearings, may see from forty miles away.

The waters stored by the dam rose to form the biggest man-made lake in the world: an inland sea it seemed when I flew over it. The spreading lake, too, brought new problems. The people who lived on the river's banks from time unknown, the Batonka (they with quills through their noses and front teeth removed) violently objected to this, the white man's disturbance of their solitude, but in time they were persuaded, moved away, and contentedly settled in new lands. Then came the game, big and small. The larger animals were able, with encouragement, to swim to land as the water rose, but the smaller ones had to be tenderly caught and saved. This rescue operation by means of rafts, boats, nets, nylon ropes and tranquilliser drugs was something new in the world, an epic, done by devoted men of the Game Department. Only the rhinoceros, among the big creatures, sometimes refused to shift, and their transport to dry land was an undertaking, unimaginable before it was achieved.

What followed was as darkness to light. Today, on both sides of the river, soldiers keep watch against each other, and from either side aeroplanes patrol to see what goes on. The great turbines have to be guarded by day and night. From the northern side Radio Zambia incites the tribesmen on the southern one to murder and arson. The Moscow- and Nanking-trained terrorists slip across the 400-mile border in the darkness, and in Rhodesia a handful of police and helicopters watch to stop them before they get too far with their Chinese and Russian bombs and weapons. But for the

Western governments and their patronage of these "African nationalists", save the mark, all would now be as it was before. Law and order would reign and men on both sides of the river, black and white, would live in amity, sleep secure at night, and work unafraid by day.

On the hilltop the cross stands between the new severed territories. The church is not quite deserted, though its congregation is gone. The Italian priest has stayed: I was told that he would not leave because he believed he had much work to do among the Africans. Three nuns are there, too, and early each morning he celebrates Mass, alone with them.

I went to the church and on the steps met a lady with (I thought) a Northumberland accent, who looked at me and said, hesitantly "I'm not a Catholic". "Shall we go in?" I said, and we went. The three white nuns prayed and told their rosaries and presently the priest came in, with an African acolyte, and celebrated mass as the sun rose over Kariba.

The Mass, whatever your belief or unbelief, is a majestic ritual, worthy of a king of kings. In this setting, beneath the great cross and the blue African sky, with dogs of war waiting to be unleashed around and the distant world howling Havoc, I felt in it a particular meaning and poignancy.

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## Chapter Six

### THE TERROR BY NIGHT

Before we watch the Battle for Rhodesia itself, come with me, gentle reader, and look at the means by which matters were brought to that pass, by which the Western world was persuaded (or for some ulterior motive professed to be persuaded) that "African nationalists" spoke for "the people" of these parts and that the white man must be driven hence.

Imagine (but in your secure, watertight, all-electric, main-drained abode this will be hard), imagine a thatched, mud and wattle hut in the African bush, in the silent and unholy night. The desert itself is not much more lonely. The next kraal is a mile away, the nearest township twenty miles, help, in effect, a million miles. At the weekend thousands of young men have come from Salisbury, Bulawayo or another place, among them the town-tainted wastrels and neerdowells (all cities, white and black, produce quantities of these, as many British and American citizens well know today). Among these, again, are those few who have been trained in arson and murder cattle-maiming and crop-destruction, in faraway Asia, and around them are a larger number who have not been so far but have listened to those others and caught the taint.

You, in your thatched hut in the black, lightless night, cannot read or write. Your world is bounded by the tribe and its tradition, which is just what memory has handed down from the remote recesses of time. Because you have no "history", as the West knows it, your memory is long and keen and vivid, and although you have always slept in peace your flesh still chills at the elders' tales of those other, million and one African nights, stretching back to the unknown beginning: the nights which were rent asunder by the sudden clamour of "Kill, kill" around the huts, the shrieks of the old men and women (the young tribesman might not marry before his assegai was blooded and this blood was cheapest) and the roar of flames. A few minutes and all was done. The captives were gone, to the slaver, and the bodies lay among the embers, which cast a fading glow into that black, black, friendless night.

Now these nights, suddenly and violently, have come again. The young men have been and gone, and before they left spread the word among the kraals: wreck the dips, poison the fodder, hamstring the cattle, stone the white man's car, slash his crops: do all this, or we will burn you when we come again.

So you lie and fear to sleep, in your lonely, thatched hut. Or perhaps you take your babes and creep away into the bush, to try and sleep in a cave or beneath a tree. If you stay in your hut, then at last you *do* sleep, deeply, immovably, unwakeably, as tribespeople sleep. You do not smell the burning bark-strips, even when the flames rise to the thatch, for the smoke goes upward, until with a sudden roar the roof falls on you.

This is original Africa, now, after seventy years of peace, being rekindled as ancient embers might be stirred. This is the African reality which Western politicians call "African nationalism", which newspapers, radio and television conceal from the mass-audience.

Next morning, if you live, you talk endlessly with the others around, and try to understand. Why are "our children" doing this? The only world you know ends at the headman's boundary, but you gather, without comprehending, that "the children" are being told in the outer world to do these things, that mysterious outer world where your protectors have lived from the time of the great Queen who first made your nights secure. What is this new thing? Why cannot the Chief protect you, or your white "fathers".

What would you do, gentle reader, if you were the Chief of 70,000 tribespeople in this district of some 120 miles by 30: or if you were the District Commissioner, with his six white and twelve black police? What would you do if you were in *their* place and you were told that the distant Protector would no longer protect you, because you do not speak for "the people"?

I went over the story of one such affair on the spot. It occurred during the eighteen months following the destruction of the Federation and was meant to force the hand of London into capitulation in Southern Rhodesia, as it had been forced by the same means in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The word had gone round: the white man is weak: strike, strike!

This particular reign of terror (other districts suffered similarly) was brought under control in two days, by the arrival of a small force of black troops and the use of a few helicopters. The eyes watching from above unnerved the terrorists and reassured the tribesfolk, who slowly returned to their huts to sleep after spending cold nights, men, women and children, in the bush. Freed from the terror, they began to report the presence of any "intimidator" who showed himself. Today the district is a picture of peace, where the people work and sleep without fear, the cattle thrive, dipping goes on as authority insists. Any who go there may see a tribe happy in its fashion.

These are the facts of what happens. The other fact is that such deeds of criminal violence are presented to the Western world by its newspapers, radio and television as the gallant exploits of "freedom fighters", "guerillas" and "outlawed African nationalists". This constantly happens, and has happened again as I write; the burning and killing of black folk by black folk are presented as an understandable reaction against the white man's authority.

Let me show you, good reader, what truly occurs. These men are picked up somewhere in Rhodesia and smuggled over the border to Lusaka in Zambia, where are the terrorist headquarters. They seem to be studied there and after a few weeks are forwarded by road to Dar es Salaam in Tanganyika, which today seems to be a Communist outpost, or colony, on the north-eastern coast of Africa. From there they go by air to Moscow, Nanking or North Korea, are trained in the use of weapons, explosives and petrol for some months, and then return by the same route to Dar es Salaam, Lusaka and Rhodesia.

I have seen the statements made by many of these men, who were captured, and they all tell the same story, save for the few who refuse to say anything at all. The others describe their experiences similarly and in detail and by cross-checking one can see that they are true. They are all provided with a "cover story" for use if captured, and it is always, the same story: that they were induced to go to Moscow (or Peking, or North Korea) by the offer of "a scholarship" which would qualify them for a better post on their return to Rhodesia: they say they would not have gone if they had known the real purpose; but they all agree that, when they discovered it, they submitted without ado to the training in weapons, explosives and the rest. Some of them have been caught with caches of Russian- and Chinese-marked weapons and bombs.

The communist budget for this Operation Africa must be enormous. The permanent shuttle-service by air between Dar es Salaam and the terrorist training-centres in Moscow, Nanking and North Korea alone must be most costly. During their stay there, and in Dar es Salaam and Lusaka, they have to be housed, fed, clothed and given money. A large staff in the Russian and Chinese embassies at Dar es Salaam is needed to supervise their reception and transport, and this in addition to the cost of all the instructors and buildings at the other end.

When British politicians in London and American ones in Washington and at the United Nations in New York insist that a solution "acceptable to the African people" must be attained in Rhodesia, they mean *these* people, for they refuse to listen to their victims, the tribespeople, their headman

and chiefs, who are the true "people". The arrogant and ignorant disdain shown by politicians from England, particularly, towards them during the last five years has been a spectacle, as humiliating to responsible white folk as was Mr. Chamberlain's performance at Munich and President Roosevelt's at Yalta. Every day now the question poses itself larger and ever larger: why is America, and Britain under America's wing, supporting communism in Africa? Why are they fulfilling Lenin's plan?

But for that, peace would return to Africa. The terrorist gangs were brought under firm control, without great difficulty, in the year preceding UDI, and but for the organization in the communist East and the support it receives from "the free world" in the West, they would never be heard of again. In fact, very much will be heard of them during the rest of 1966 and in 1967 if general war has by then not occurred, because this is considered to be the now-or-never time for the complete subjugation of Africa. The greatest possible amount of violence will for this reason be unloosed in order that The Voice of America (today, apparently a Mr. Goldberg) may declare that this is The Voice of Africa speaking.<sup>[10]</sup>

From the support of terrorism in Southern Africa to war is but a short step. Such a war, obviously, would not be one "against Communism", but, in truth, in support of it, because the impulse comes from that quarter, and the encouragement from the professedly opposite one.

This is the time set for that war, and if the world somehow skids past the peril in coming months it will be blessed indeed. As by careful planning, all the sources of war conjoin at this moment in time: the case against South Africa at the International Court, the published plan for war on South Africa (see a later chapter), the siege of Rhodesia, the communist terrorism in Rhodesia, the war-mongering majority of irresponsibles in the United Nations, and, above all, the now public incitement by the United States (if its representative there speaks for the President, as one must assume, and not against him).

A perilous brink, my masters, and I trust that you may think on these things when next you hear or read about "freedom fighters" or "guerillas" in Rhodesia. May your minds then conjure up the image of that constant shuttle-service between Lusaka, Dar es Salaam and the distant communist terrorist-camps; of the encouragement given to all that by your politicians in London, Washington and New York; and of that lonely mud-and-wattle hut blazing in the night with black folk trapped inside.

Let us go back for a moment to that place. Near the charred site of such a hut I talked with the Chief, in his good suit, white helmet, and chief's badge. A German film-cameraman, in search of the picturesque, once asked the District Commissioner here if he would ask the Chief to pose "in his ostrich feathers". This one, who has been half round the world twice, had none and if he ever saw an ostrich feather, then perhaps in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue. The only tribal costume ever known in this tribe was nothing, and today's tribesman there has long worn white man's clothing.

I sat beside him in his little court while he adjudged what I thought must be a small matter, for he tried it in a room and few came to listen, whereas for anything of tribal importance the people would have gathered in thousands around the big indaba tree outside. Thus I was surprised when he murmured to me the dread word, "Arson", for I knew the terrorists were gone.

Benign and judicial as any High Court judge in the West, he questioned the complainant (a woman) and I learned, as he translated for me, that the matter was but a domestic one. "I want to know," said she, "why my husband burned my hut". The Chief looked at the husband: "Well", he said, penitently, "I came home from a beerdrink and went to her hut" (she was his second wife) "but she called out 'I am tired'." Such words are not unknown in the West, I am told, but the husband did not

put the proverbial Western counter-question. He was a tribesman and knew a woman's place. He demanded to know what she had been doing, that she was tired, whereon she admitted him. But his question, repeated, remained unanswered, so that he removed the children and whatever else the hut contained and burned it (an act, I believe, of symbolic meaning). The Chief quietly interrupted his eloquence (the tribesman, if allowed, will talk forever) and asked, "Do you love your wife?", and the husband said, Yes, but he was very, very drunk that night. Thus the Chief sorted the thing out, in a few moments, to its happy ending, and as we left the tribesfolk outside made respectful farewell, hands clapping in unison and a shrill, birdlike call.

These, fellow seekers after knowledge, are "the African people". Given the protection, against other tribes (today, against the outer world) which they have had for seventy years, they know how to manage their affairs and live in content. This Chief, and nearly all the people I met, black and white, spoke bitterly of the earlier terror by night, applauded what had been done to end it, and prayed only that it might never return. Word had reached them of what went on in neighbouring, now "independent" territories and their fear, outweighing every other thought, was that the old times of killing and burning should come again.

I asked the Chief if he had spoken for independence at the great Indaba of over six hundred chiefs before UDI. Yes, he said, they had discussed and debated for five days, every man his say, and every one agreed that, as the protector no longer protected and was weak, they must "cut the strings" and look for protection to their own government.

Was all well now, I asked. Yes, he said, very well: the people no longer went in fear, they could sleep and tend their cattle and work their fields in peace. He had been to London, been turned away, and could not comprehend why the great men there listened to "our children" (the terrorists) and ignored the leaders of the people. I recalled a day, just before Independence, when a British Prime Minister (after one week in Rhodesia and meeting forty-six people) said in the Commons, "The Chiefs cannot, by the widest stretch of imagination, be said to be capable of representing the African population as a whole".

A lot of ignorance is a dangerous thing. Unless and until the tribal system can be destroyed (and it goes back beyond any time that we can record) they and only they are so capable, and a man who thus frivols with the basic fact of African life is as a child who plays around a gusher with a firecracker.

"What do you think of one-man-one-vote?" I said. To the ordinary tribesman even the question would be incomprehensible. The Chief was a travelled man and knew what was meant. These people, from chief to kraalsman, always choose words which will not offend, and, fearing to affront, he said deprecatingly, "I think that is not good here. This country must grow", he made a gesture towards a tall tree, "like that". "Is there anything you need here?" I asked. "Yes", he said, "more big schools" (he meant secondary schools: two days later, as it happened, the Government announced a new African education programme providing for three hundred new secondary schools in the next ten years).

As I came away I thought of smoking ruins, of wrecked dips, dead cattle, hamstrung beasts unable to rise, of a lonely white farmer or two gunned down through an open window. All that was done, and could not come again unless it came from outside. But the voices from across the border, from London, from something incomprehensible to "the African people" called the United Nations in New York continued their incitement: the shuttle-service between Dar es Salaam and communist Asia plied on ...

The terror by night still lurked in the alien shadows.

Picture the burning hut to yourself, gentle and listless reader, for with your tacit assent and that of your Members and Congressmen these things are done.

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## Chapter Seven

### ON REPRESENTING THE PEOPLE

During the two years that followed the break-up of the Federation the alien-organized terrorism continued in the kraals and the chiefs clamoured for the help which their government could not give, because of the obsession, or pretence, in London that the terrorists "represented the people".

In June-July of 1964 Mr. Ian Smith arranged for twenty-nine senior chiefs to visit many countries of the strange, new world. They were received with ceremony by the Pope in Rome and by Ministers in India, but the British Prime Minister refused to see them and they achieved only two half-hours with Mr. Duncan Sandys, who told them that in London's opinion the "African nationalists" had the following of the people. The chiefs pointed out that whatever following these had came out of intimidation by murder and arson. Mr. Sandys intimated that methods did not concern him, he was satisfied that they *had* the following. Thereon the chiefs said they were law-abiding people but by calling out their impis they could soon show who were the true leaders.

Mr. Sandys at once retreated, with the familiar cry of "no violence": on all these occasions the chiefs were told that "a following" produced by violence had been "demonstrated" but that they must not demonstrate a following by replying to violence with counter-violence.

The chiefs returned to Rhodesia humiliated and angry and, after taking counsel with all the other chiefs and headmen, told Mr. Ian Smith of their strong support for independence, the only way in which peace and law could return to the kraals. Mr. Smith went to London, for some more doubletalk, and was told that Southern Rhodesia could only receive independence if the British Government were given "evidence" and "views freely expressed by the population" that the majority supported him. (During seven weeks of this period 1,725 acts of terrorism, from murder down to cattle-maiming, were committed, the two "African nationalist" parties were banned, and the kraals became peaceful again).

Mr. Smith, still hoping to satisfy London, then set about to "ascertain opinion" in the only possible way, in Africa, by consulting the chiefs and headmen, some seven hundred of whom gathered at Domboshawa in October 1964 and for five days reasoned together in the traditional tribal way.

Each in turn rose at the end and called for "the strings" to be cut, that is, the bond with England severed, and independence be given. They were embittered by the indignity of their leaders' reception in London, by the refusal to see, listen to or learn the truth, and by the deference shown there to the organizers of terror. Some of their words deserve record:

"It is amazing that anyone who lives six thousand miles away should think they understand conditions here."

"We have asked the British Prime Minister to come here and confront us ... The thing that depresses us is that his representative is here next door in Northern Rhodesia and has not the courtesy to come ... You see for yourselves the manners of a person who lives six thousand miles away."

"There is no such thing as one man, one vote, casting your vote on a piece of paper. This is quite foreign to our way of life. By our customs, our method of voting is to discuss the matter openly, as we are doing today in this hall. After a matter has been fully discussed anyone who has any objection is invited to stand up and give his reasons for objecting. This is our traditional method of



reaching unanimity ... We have seen that Britain does not wish to respect our customs, she is destroying them."

"I am one of those who visited Britain. Face to face they said to us, they no longer recognize the chiefs, they only recognize two people who are our children, Joshua Nkomo and Ndabaningi Sithole" (the leaders of the two banned parties which were identified with the reign of terror).

"Right from the beginning we were recognized as the leaders of the people, by the missionaries to whom the chiefs in council first gave land: by Rhodes and by Queen Victoria when he sent Chief Lotsha to her as his representative: in 1914 and again in 1939 it was we chiefs who called our people to the aid of Britain. The King, with his Queen and their two daughters, came especially to thank the chiefs for that. When the Queen Mother came here I, together with all the chiefs, presented her with our token of loyalty ... Now I wonder if the London we have always known still exists. This is perhaps another London which has emerged because they suddenly cannot remember all that the chiefs have done ... It makes us believe that it is the British Government that is saying to these young thugs, 'Go and kill your fathers'. In London they know about the deeds of these young thugs yet they have not bestirred themselves nor yet even raised a voice in protest. This convinces me that they are the ones who are behind it all ..."

"Where Rhodes met the chiefs in the Matopos there was an enormous boulder high up above them on the hill. Recently that boulder tumbled down to the bottom. This is a sign that we who are gathered here must come to a decision ... When that rock fell it indicated to us to cut the strings and have our independence so that we can live our own life in this our land."

You observe, companion of these pages, that these people, who do not write down their history, carry living history in them. Everything that has gone before is there, in its proper place and given its rightful meaning. And by their "traditional method of reaching unanimity" they reach truth. Consider those words, "This convinces me that they are the ones that are behind it all". They recall the child's cry at the court of the unclothed king: "The king is naked". What folk in the enlightened West fear to say, these people discern and utter.

Consider also that fallen boulder. A hundred years from now that event will be part of their living, though unwritten history, in its right place and given its apt significance: "The protector is gone: we must cut the strings".

1965 began and the doubletalk continued: "every time we moved nearer to them, they moved away", said Mr. Ian Smith later. In February, at last, a British Minister agreed to meet the chiefs in another great indaba at Domboshawa. The kopje at Domboshawa has an especial place in the beliefs and customs of the local tribes. They believe it to be the haunt of spirits, and not of benign ones, apparently, because when the Queen Mother was there tribesmen were posted round about with guns, which they fired to keep the spirits away. This did not happen when Mr. Arthur Bottomley, Commonwealth Secretary, arrived; possibly one may attribute the unhappy outcome to the hostile spirits.

I have contemplated political gentlemen for nearly forty years and cannot recall one who seemed less suitable for the post he filled. Hailing from Walthamstow, he seems to have risen in politics through the Labour Party machine, and knew nothing of Africa (he once confused Zambia with Gambia). He was a natural master of the *mot injuste* and aroused in others that unease which the sight of a hippopotamus walking on eggs would cause. His mind moved in a world of ballots, shows of hands, card votes, motions and amendments, points of order and rulings from the chair, and he tried hard to ascertain that the chiefs had consulted their people by such methods: when this baffled them, he thought they were evading his interrogation.

Some of the chiefs remembered Rhodes and Lobengula and even the four Household Cavalry officers sent by Queen Victoria<sup>[11]</sup> to impress that king. When they contemplated Mr. Bottomley they felt that the boulder's fall was significant indeed.

Mr. Bottomley, facing the red-robed figures, courteously instructed them that there were "some differences of opinion among the African peoples": however, he would listen to their views. His advisers were also maladroit, for someone put into his mouth two native proverbs, "A river is filled by its tributaries" and "The breast of man is a granary". The use of tribal idiom is perilous, unless you have some acquaintance with the allusive and indirect form of speech used by tribesmen, and Mr. Bottomley asked for one Chief's comment, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

The Chiefs spoke in Sindebele or Shona yet their tongue was nearer to that which Shakespeare spake than the man from Whitehall's. Their theme was always the same: protest against the present Britain, and reminder of the British past:

"You know full well that many people have died, have been incinerated in their huts, that our huts are thatched with grass. It seems clear that the British Government has no concern for us. You said we have proverbs that say this and that: to my mind it would have become you better to come here humbly to learn from us Chiefs what the position is in this country. I stand here in fear because my home may be burning ... You do not realize that we do not sleep of nights because of this fear that by the morning we and our children may be dead ..."

"I am astounded to hear that the Chiefs and headmen are not the leaders of the people. What have you been doing for seventy years that you have not discovered this before?"

"We waited here for you a whole week in October and then heard you were gone back to England ... You, sir, if you had a thatched roof and your wife and children were incinerated in it, would you be content? Many of the Chiefs and Headmen here present have had their wives and children killed."

"A person from the British Government came through these parts and said there would be a wind of change and because of what the British Government then did the whole of Africa is now in turmoil and strife ... Everywhere the people are fighting like dogs over a bone because the power was let fall into wrong hands ... We live in fear because the Europeans overseas are giving our youngsters bombs and weapons ... When we went to London ... the British Ministers ran away and hid. One of them said, 'I can see you for thirty minutes' and then had the nerve to tell us, 'You are not the leaders of the people, Nkomo is the leader'."

"I stand so that you can see me, your servant who has had his houses burned and children and wives killed."

Then the repeated reminders of the past, with its pledges and protection given. Ever and again these men retold the story of peace that began with the meeting between Rhodes and Lobengula, the period that began with the Separator of the Fighting Bulls and now ended with the crashing boulder. That meeting in the Matopos was a monument, erected in their minds, which was more real to them than any marble statue to a white man:

"Rhodes set us our great example when he said that everybody must work together, put down their weapons and work as one community, and we did this and have lived very happily together. Had we known that this would be changed, we certainly would not have laid aside our weapons."

"From the time when I was a child, brought up by my fathers, the old people, they always made me understand that the British word and the British sense of justice was something that one had to look up to and therefore I have grown up to be what I am today ... Now we have doubts whether England is still England, or whether she is standing on one side with some ulterior motive, and we are left with the impression that those who hold the reins in England are no longer British, probably some other nationality. And I say this because I am certain that the British in the past would never have allowed this state of affairs to continue."

The reader will see that these men, though they spoke their own tongue, spoke with what was once the voice of England. Today one may borrow the words of a song and ask, Where are all the flowers gone? These eloquent words appeared to fall from Mr. Bottomley as water from feathers, and the next encounter (a week later he met the Council of Chiefs, twenty-six senior Chiefs elected by the rest) was still unhappier.

Mr. Bottomley began by informing the Council that he had seen the "African nationalist leaders", and my readers may care to put themselves inside the skin of the men who heard that, with their minds full of pictures of burning huts and death. He then asked the Chiefs to "demonstrate that they represent the bulk of African opinion", and informed them that they used "the ballot" in the election of traditional chiefs within the tribes. Even for Mr. Bottomley, this was an astounding assertion: chiefs are chiefs by tradition of birth.

One Chief, stung beyond endurance, said, "It is obvious to us, Sir, that however much truth we speak it is not the intention of our honoured guest to be satisfied with what we know to be the truth. If we take him to the grave of people killed, to the graves of children murdered, to wrecked churches and schools and diptanks, he still would not be satisfied that this was done by the African nationalists. If I had my way, I would say, 'Let us get out of this meeting. Let Mr. Bottomley hand over government to these people and see what would happen ...'"

Any meeting of minds between Mr. Bottomley and these men was impossible. To them, Mr. Bottomley was a hostile and incomprehensible figure: to him, they were slippery customers who would not stand up to questions about "ballots" and "votes". From first to last Mr. Bottomley ignored every reference to what was the very root of the matter: the terror in the kraals. At the end, when one chief personally asked him, "What *do* you want? If you want us to demonstrate our following, let us call out our impis and restore law and order", Mr. Bottomley patted his shoulder and said something which sounded like, "Oh, Oi pray yew, no violence".

The meeting had to be wound up, when its hopelessness became clear, by a man of different kind, young, able, active, airman, farmer, now Minister: Mr. William Harper, of Internal Affairs. He spoke language which both parties could understand, saying (for the benefit of Mr. Bottomley) that they were on "completely different wavelengths", and (for that of the Chiefs) that "the hippo and the lion do not talk the same language". Possibly in a last, faint hope of reaching Mr. Bottomley's mind, he explained that the tribal system and the Western electoral system were as worlds apart, and that the best evidence of the hold of the tribal system on "the people" was that those who sought political power in the land had to resort to force to try and upset it.

With that Mr. Bottomley went his way, having learned and forgotten nothing, 1965 wore on, and the course of human events neared the point where Rhodesia would be driven to declare independence, if only to be able to put down the terror and settle the land again. At the last instant (in October) Mr. Harold Wilson consented to meet the Council of Chiefs (for ninety minutes). He refused to have the proceedings recorded so that no verbatim exists (a fortnight later Mr. Wilson tape-recorded and published a telephone conversation with Mr. Ian Smith, without informing Mr. Smith).

From notes made by the Chiefs (who protested against the refusal to have the meeting recorded) it is clear that they spoke as they had spoken to Mr. Bottomley: that is, they recalled the British past, pointed to the terror in the kraals and to the "African nationalists" as its organizers, and said they wanted independence so that they could handle it, as the British Government encouraged it.

Like Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Wilson, when he reported to the Commons, ignored the great issue, the terror. He disparaged the Chiefs as being "paid by the Rhodesian Government". They do receive up to a maximum of about £550 in salary and allowances. British M.P.'s get £1,750 and have been heard to ask for more.

Finally, Mr. Wilson fired his memorable dictum, based on a non-recorded meeting of ninety minutes, that the Chiefs were not capable, "by the widest stretch of imagination", of representing the African population as a whole. This stupendous misjudgment cleared the way for another period of "African nationalist" courtship in London, and produced an impasse in the Rhodesian negotiations which could only be broken by "cutting the strings" and declaring Independence.

The descents on Africa during these twelve years of British Ministers, Conservative and Socialist, and their performances there, made people who live in Africa writhe with embarrassment: they were as some quite new form of human life. The same sensation was experienced earlier by those who lived in Europe, for instance, at the time when Mr. Chamberlain spoke of "plucking this flower safety from this nettle danger" by abandoning "a little country far away" to Hitler's invasion.

Six months later, when "sanctions" were in top gear and "talks" between London and Salisbury were arranged, in hope of a settlement, President Kaunda of Zambia renewed his clamour for Britain to attack Rhodesia. The London government, the newspapers then announced, assured him that "the rights of Rhodesia's four million Africans will be fully protected".

And the rights of *Zambia's* Africans? Zambia's independence was ushered in by the massacre of the Lumpa sect. They were Africans. Nobody in England cared or remonstrated. The "rights of four million Africans in Rhodesia", if London had its way, would obviously be "protected" in the same measure.

Their only true hope of protection lay in independence, and it was given them.<sup>[12]</sup>

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## Chapter Eight

### MISS PHOMBeya'S TOE

The propagation of falsehood about Rhodesia by newspapers, radio and television has chiefly brought about the present "ridiculous situation" (Mr. Ian Smith) between Rhodesia and the mesmerized masses of the outer world, and in a later chapter I shall seek to persuade you, good people, of the means by which people are persuaded of that which is not true. I pause here to give a classic illustration of the method. Hoping that you, percipient reader, will bear it in mind when in future you read, listen or look. It is the case of Miss Phombeya's toe which, with a little more forethought and planning, might have caused a big war.

For great wars may from small beginnings grow, and as Captain Jenkins's car caused one between England and Spain (which enlarged into the greater war of the Austrian Succession) what might not Miss Phombeya's toe have effected, efficiently handled by the machines of mass-information? True, Captain Jenkins, de-eared by a Spanish coastguard, was left earless for eight years before the Commons heard his tale (did he say, "Those who have cars to hear ...?") and rose in fury against Spain. Possibly a bellicose reason was desired in 1739 which was not sought in 1731: "history" does not say.

Then again, the goods and chattels of Don Pacifico, a Portuguese Jew, nearly caused a war, for he was by chance of birth in Gibraltar a British subject, so that Lord Palmerston sent the British fleet to Greece to obtain redress for that act of pillage in Athens.

Therefore the world may have been fortunate in being spared grave consequences arising from Miss Phombeya's toe.

Miss Phombeya, a Malawi girl of twenty was one of a "Number of Ladies Present at the Scene" (Mr. Justice Southworth uses the public-convenience labels throughout his report and one hears a chuckle coming from the chambers where he prepared it) when Mr. Macmillan arrived at Blantyre in Nyasaland (now Malawi) in January 1960. He had just announced "the wind of change" at Lagos; this, being reported everywhere as an intimation that Nyasaland would be allowed to break up the Federation, encouraged the Malawi Congress Party to arrange a nice little demonstration for him at Blantyre, to reinforce his faith in the desire of "the African people" for independence now, now, now. The representatives of *The Times*, the *News-Chronicle*, the *Standard* and the whole of the daily press also were there.

The reports which reached London that evening, and from there the world, variously estimated "the Number of Ladies and Gentlemen Present at the Scene" at two hundred up to two thousand. They spoke of "shaming scenes" and "a sickening spectacle" provoked by "the stupidity of the Nyasaland white police officers" and "an ugly situation" provoked by "a few young undisciplined policemen" who "stamped with heavy boots on bare feet" and went "berserk" and were "frenzied", of "baton-swinging", of "hysterical white settlers" of "Africans being seized indiscriminately" and "bundled roughly with punches and whip slashes into caged lorries", of other Africans being "grabbed and hurled, yelling and struggling" into a jeep, of Black Marias, and much more.

Through all this Mr. Macmillan, in Ryall's Hotel, quietly ate his pheasant especially flown from Scotland (one report changed this to "grouse", as being more suitable fare for a Scotsman: another added local colour to the tumultuous scene by putting in some non-existent "eucalyptus trees").

By that evening the "build-up" of the story had begun and one of the white police inspectors engaged remarked to his wife, as he listened to the B.B.C.'s depiction of what had occurred, "They must have gone to another incident than the one I went to". An African merchant who also heard it also was "surprised when I heard there was a rioting and beating, and so on ... because there was no such thing at all". An American missionary of twenty-three years residence in Malawi, Mr. Barr, said when he heard the incident described as "a riot", "Riot. What riot?"

No matter: the build-up went on in the manner familiar to those who know the news-rooms of British and American newspapers. By the time it reached the Swedish *Stockholms Tidningen*, it took this shape, in shrieking headlines: "THE AGGRESSION OF THE WHITE POLICE FRIGHTENS THE BRITISH", and the report of the "violent riot" continued:

"The black masses acted calmly and with restraint until white police started to tear their banners away and attacked them with their truncheons. With uncontrolled brutality they whipped the black women and men and received willing assistance from local white civilians. The incident was also immediately echoed in the English Parliament where the Minister for Colonial Affairs promised the indignant home front to undertake at once an official investigation ... the incident has opened the eyes of the English public to the Police State conditions which prevail in Rhodesia and Nyasaland ... aggressions by the whites ... something has to be done to curb the white extremists ..."

In ever-growing form these reports spread over the world, until, two days later the *Daily Herald* in big headlines demanded, NAME THESE GUILTY MEN! STOP THESE BULLIES ONCE AND FOR ALL! It went on to speak of "a shameful, brutal, UNNECESSARY clash between police and African demonstrators, provoked by senior British police officers". What happened could not be denied, it said, because it took place "under the eyes of experienced reporters". NAME (it cried) the plain clothes officer who, in a state of frenzy ... started the whole thing. NAME the senior officer who started lashing out with his baton. NAME the officer in charge of the whole operation. This brutal, barbarous, bullying attitude of mind must be kicked out of the colonial administration. No wonder that "hatred boils up in the hearts of friendly coloured folk when boneheads are let loose to knock them around with batons. NAME the men ... PROSECUTE them."

By this time the affair was an international headline one. Questions In The House had been asked, and the thought of such gives Ministers nightmares.<sup>[13]</sup> The Minister yielded, fortunately as it transpired. Mr. Justice Southworth of the Nyasaland High Court was appointed to investigate the matter. He is evidently a man of subtle humour, as well as judicial impartiality, and his report greatly adds to the gaiety of nations, if any of that commodity remains. I recommend any who enjoy a good laugh to read it, even if they have to go to the British Museum for it.

At enormous expense the enquiry was held. It lasted four weeks and two days. Eighty-one witnesses were heard, including ten news paper correspondents who were invited to substantiate what they reported (although the day was cool when he was examined, one of them perspired so much that he appeared to be wearing drop earrings, a friend tells me). Six counsel were engaged, including the Nyasaland Solicitor General. The report covers 125 pages and its author's grave portraiture of The Ladies and Gentlemen in the witness-box deserves publication in paperback form throughout the English-speaking world.

It deflates the newsroom-inflated balloon to the size of a shrivelled pea. The brutal white police were thirteen in number, and one plainclothes one who took photographs (fortunately, because many of these showed what in truth occurred). They wore light walking shoes (not "heavy boots") and seven of them carried swagger-sticks weighing four and a quarter ounces (not "batons" or "truncheons" or "whips"). Some of them were former "London Bobbies" or from other British police forces (some of the reports said there would have been no trouble if only "London Bobbies"

had handled the affair). They rapped and prodded unruly demonstrators with these swagger sticks to get them back on the sidelines.

The crowd, Mr. Justice Southworth estimates on the strength of all the evidence, was between eight hundred and a thousand people (not 2,000), nearly all of them onlookers, come only to look. The actual demonstrators numbered between fifty and eighty, but he thinks fifty nearer. The police had a landrover and a Bedford truck, the truck covered with wiremesh against stone-throwing, (not "Black Marias" or "caged lorries"). Thirty-five demonstrators were removed, but not "hurled" or "bundled" into these vehicles: they fought to get in, to the perplexity of the reporters present, who do not know that "Get arrested" is an instruction given on these occasions.

The actual demonstrators were a small group who broke out of the cordon into the road. These were headed by five Young Ladies, of whom Miss Phombeya was the most active, the prima ballerina, as it were. The behaviour of these Young Ladies, again, appeared to the newspapermen, unfamiliar with the African scene, to indicate irrepressible emotion and enthusiasm for some cause, for they shouted and danced themselves into a frenzy (one of the young men around them threw himself into a mud-puddle, tore off his coat and threw it at the police). Those who live in Africa know that dancing is the native form of self-expression among the tribal peoples, and often ends in an eye-rolling condition where the dancer throws himself or herself or falls to the ground. Miss Phombeya and her friends were in fact dancing (and between you and me, friend reader, if ever you are in my part of the world I can show you something of this kind any Sunday you choose).

They continued to self-express themselves in this manner in the truck which took them away. Mr. Barr, the American missionary, says "The girls and several of the boys were carrying on their dancing rhythm similar to a normal village dance, inside the van". Mrs. Warr, a white lady, also describes one of the Young Ladies in the truck "giving us all a little dance, clapping her hands and seeming quite happy".

In the course of the little *melée* someone trod on Miss Phombeya's toe. Perhaps then, or perhaps at the climactic moment of her dance, she fell to the ground, and was courteously helped to her feet by a police inspector. A photograph of this episode was published in London and over the world as "Police slap down girl demonstrator".

Says Mr. Justice Southworth, "In the course of the disturbance, two or three of the demonstrators kicked or struck European police officers, and three European police officers kicked or struck demonstrators. One young lady had her foot trodden on by a police officer, and sustained a slight injury. The two officers who kicked demonstrators say they did this to make the demonstrators let go of them when they were dragged into the crowd: and the officer who trod on the lady's foot has explained how this was done by accident, an explanation which on the evidence one would not be entitled to reject. One other young lady may or may not have had her foot trodden on on this occasion, but if this occurred, it appears to have been done accidentally by someone in the crowd. The distance between the two furthest points between which the demonstrators moved throughout the course of the demonstration is about eighty yards. The entire incident took place on a straight stretch of road covering an area less than one-sixth the size of a football field ... and appears to have occupied not more than forty minutes".

Mr. Justice Southworth's concluding sentences may have given him as much pleasure as they give today's reader. They place his report high among the literature of humour. More than that, if this standard of reporting were kept by newspapers, radio and television, peace in Africa, and in the world, would be secure:

"As far as can be ascertained the amount of skin lost by both police and demonstrators as a result of injuries received on this occasion would hardly cover an area of one square inch, probably no more than the area of a penny postage stamp: and it does not appear that the amount of blood that was shed would be sufficient to test the capacity of an ordinary mustard spoon. Contemplating the measure of the injuries sustained by the demonstrators, one cannot avoid the reflection that when the face of Helen launched a thousand ships, and brought Agamemnon and the great Achilles to the shores of Phrygia, it hardly achieved as much as Miss Phombeya's toe when it brought the paladins of Fleet Street in the aerial argosies of our day across two continents to appear before your Commissioner in the remote highlands of middle Africa."

May you bear those words in mind, reader of mine, when next you read or hear such tales of mystery and imagination as those which I have quoted earlier in this chapter.

And may I, in the role of old Polonius, lay one more precept in your memory. The tale of Miss Phombeya's toe, which reached you in such inflammatory form, might be said at least to have been founded in fact. Miss Phombeya *had* a toe, probably ten, and one was trodden. Even such a grain of truth, the size of a mustard seed, is not to be found in many reports published or depicted about Southern Africa today. I have a collection of a score or more of such reports, completely invented, and will enumerate some of them later.

I think you never heard one word about the massacre of 480 people, black, white and brown, men, women and babes, in Angola in March 1961. You heard a great deal, as you have now seen, about Miss Phombeya's toe in January 1960.

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## Chapter Nine

### INDEPENDENCE

November The Eleventh, and famous words (slightly changed) coming over the air: "Whereas in the course of human affairs ..."

I foresaw this five years earlier and then made plans to go to Rhodesia and follow events, but was hindered. I had long stopped writing: now the phrases, "The first western nation in two decades to say 'So far and no further' ... and "A role of worldwide significance" jolted me into the resolve to fare once more unto the breach.

Particularly the words, "a role of worldwide significance". This pricked my interest like a spur. Nowadays, among governments, truth hid its head: there was only cant about "world peace" and "the United Nations" while the body so-called obviously was devised as the instrument of new war. These words of Mr. Ian Smith and the men around him seemed to mean that they saw the whole shape of the great Plan to obliterate nations in a world state and, like the Chiefs at Domboshawa, were not afraid to say "The king is naked". They wanted independence, in truth, from this scheme and only from Britain because of Britain's part in it. They realized that Rhodesia was the linchpin in the remaining area of peace and stability in Africa, and if it were knocked out, the way would be clear for the final move in the great game. I wondered that men so far from the hub of international machinations should see so clearly what all others, at the naked king's court, professed not to perceive. When I came to know these men, later, I was equally surprised by their clear understanding of what was in truth at stake and by their determination to hold the pass.

November The Eleventh! As I heard the words, somewhere in South Africa, I saw myself lean against the wall of a Flanders farmhouse in the drizzling dusk and watch the horse-gunners riding to their lines, with guns behind them that at last were quiet. I remembered many other Eleventh of November's: in London, where the multitudes stopped and stood with bowed heads as the eleventh hour struck; in villages where the scene repeated itself in miniature around the green; in small colonies abroad, when a few expatriates gathered for this annual homage in the English Church. I remembered, as the years passed, how true meaning gradually faded from this celebration, while the shadow of new war grew, and it became little more than an empty form. The course of human events led to no better future but doubled back towards the old shallows and miseries.

Now, after nearly fifty years, another Eleventh of November dawned and brought with it what sounded to me like a new note of truth. Might this be the turn in the disruptive tide? I thought of the other acts of Independence, all of them achieved only by blood, and wondered if this time reason would prevail, or England again go from folly to fiasco.

I remembered my children playing in the British trenches and on the British cannon at Yorktown. How bitter a war was that, and how long and vain a wrangle followed it. As late as 1796 Talleyrand wrote to his English friend Lord Shelburne (a friend of the Colonists):

"The only obstacle that I foresee to the rapid improvement of relations between the two countries is the incredible folly of the British Government, in doing everything that could possibly offend the susceptibilities and alienate the affections of the Americans. Their diplomatic representatives are treated with contempt in London and England is represented in America by men who are known for the fervour of their opposition to the cause of independence or else by minor officials of no importance."

Were we to go through all that again, with a Mr. Wilson playing the part of King George? We were, as the reader now knows, whose cars have heard all the uproar about "rebellion" and "an illegal act" and "restoring the rule of law" (where else in the world, these twenty years, has the rule of any law been invoked, upheld or restored? The rule has been that of war, not of law).

Here let me interpose a thumbnail sketch of a Rhodesian "rebel", for the reader's album. About seventy years ago a Rhodesian trooper, quick to go to England's side, rode behind a convoy of wagons carrying Boer women and children to safety. A woman in one wagon called that the children were hungry and the troopers must find food for them, so they rode off right and left, and found apples in an orchard, which they stuffed into their shirts and gave to the children when they rejoined the convoy. This trooper jogged along behind a wagon, over the tailboard of which leaned a little girl of some ten years, munching one of his apples. Nine years later he returned and married her. Some sixty years later their son, an Air Marshal serving as Minister of State in the British Embassy at Washington was putting on his best uniform and decorations (on November 11, 1965) when he was summoned to the *chargé d'affaires*, who informed him that Rhodesia had declared independence and he must declare his loyalty.

The Air Marshal answered that his loyalty was to his country, his government and The Crown. That was not enough, he was told. He must plainly declare his loyalty. His loyalty, he said, was to his country and government. His interlocutor solemnly wrote "Traitor" against his name!

American independence was the first, and Boer, or Afrikaner independence the next. My first memory in life is of seeing, from a nurse's arms, British soldiers move off from Saint John's Wood barracks to the South African war. My infant ears were filled with tales of dum-dum bullets (Boer) and infant Boer ears at the same time were filled with tales of powdered glass (British) in food: always the home-front propagandists besmirch the valour of the fighting men. The "wicked man" of those days was Oom Paul Kruger, whom I learned later to have been a genial and sturdy old farmer. When I lived in South Africa I came deeply to respect the hundred-year struggle of the Afrikaners for their independence and their eventual achievement of it after defeat in war. Today, steeled in the fire, they stand as an example in a degenerate time of a nation forged out of adversity and resolved to remain a nation. But what a waste of years and wars on England's part!

Then came Ireland, another small nation which persevered for three hundred years after Cromwell and at last won back its nation-hood. Through the centuries were wars and talk of "rebels" and at the end the Black and Tans, but nothing availed. At the last, full-scale war appeared imminent. There was, as all agreed, no hope or possibility of compromise between London and "the rebels" in Ireland (as today in Rhodesia). By 1921 three British divisions were in Ireland, waiting the order to shoot. Then, quite suddenly, it was all blather: there was no difficulty at all: and the Irish delegates walked out of Ten Downing Street with Independence in their pockets (and today some of my grandchildren play happily around the shores of Dublin Bay).

And now, the fourth in the line of protestants against colonial government from distant London: Rhodesia. This was a different case. If "force" were to be used once more, to prevent a claim for independence obviously just by any moral law (as the former three were proved by time to be), the war that ensued would not be a local one, as in Virginia or the Transvaal or County Dublin, but general war, in Africa first, and then ballooning into another total war. This war, though "unnecessary" as Mr. Churchill called the last one, would not come from any chapter of errors. It would have been deliberately brought about and the true purpose (as in 1945) would only appear at its end.

To me, the theory of "unintentional" or "unwitting" follies, leading to war, is patently untenable today. The London and Washington governments must have known that by creating thirty or forty

new "States" in Africa and installing them in the "United Nations" with as many votes (against America's and England's two for their 225 millions: Africa's total population is somewhere around 250 millions) they would put power of war into the hands of irresponsibles, who in the event clamoured for war as soon as they arrived there. What is more, London and Washington, by withholding their veto at any moment, could unleash these dogs of war, and they must have known that too.

Clearly we are in the period when some league *above* nations is to be set up, through war, over nations dispersed. Mr. Ian Smith and his colleagues, I saw with surprise, realized this and opposed themselves to the furtherance of the grand design.

Thus Rhodesia's Declaration of Independence was in fact a thing of "worldwide significance", affecting all of us, not a localised or limited quarrel (incidentally, cocks must have crowed in the shades when America and Ireland joined in the blockade).

The outcry that followed UDI unhappily followed the pattern of those earlier ones, of 1776, 1880 and 1916. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the van, told the British Council of Churches that Christians should support the use of force (ah, these apostles of the Prince of Peace and Love!). Possibly murmurings were heard, for he later added that force should not be "resentfully" used, thus adding the theory of non-resentful force to the military manuals of the globe. He was stoutly upheld by four Canons of Westminster Abbey, where Kings and Queens are crowned. When other voices demurred that British soil should not be manur'd by British blood, the Bishop of Accra remarked that such talk of kith and kin was a form of "racialism", a word worth pondering by those who cherish family ties. Several other bishops joined in the warcry, and from America a Mr. Goldberg, appeared cometlike as United States representative at the United Nations, told "the misguided rebels" in Rhodesia that they should heed his warning voice "if the problem is to be solved by peaceful means and not by violence".

In the babble of bellicosity the only tranquil place, I found, was Rhodesia. While Mr. Wilson instructed the Bank of England to seize Rhodesian funds and Lloyd's to refuse payment on Rhodesian claims, and the Queen at Jamaica found in her hands a Speech from the Throne which "supported all measures which may be used to put an end to the illegal Government in Rhodesia", people in Rhodesia went placidly about their affairs, peace reigned, and the squeeze of "sanctions" was equably borne.

In earlier times such situations, broadening down from precedent to precedent, invariably ended, after the waste of wars and words, in confessions of error in London and recognition. The outer world stood aside and let the issue decide itself. Today we have the bogus concern in New York, where petty communities far distant from the matter cry that they cannot endure "the rebellion" and demand war to end it, and the London and Washington governments pretend that they must submit to this source of "international law".

While Rhodesia remained tranquil, "emergent" Africa, whence came the loudest uproar, was in a constant flux of revolt, rebellion and bloodshed. Against this background Mr. Wilson flew to Lagos, in Nigeria, to concert with other "Commonwealth Prime Ministers" measures to end "rebellion and chaos" in Rhodesia.

In former days public derision, I think, would have toppled the British Government at that juncture, for immediately after Mr. Wilson's departure the Nigerian Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Knight of the British Empire, Privy Councillor of her Majesty the Queen, was murdered and left lying by a tree for some days (with his eyes gouged out, I believe). The rising had actually begun before Mr. Wilson reached Lagos and its extent has only lately become known by the

evidence of mass graves. Mr. Wilson reported that "despite some of the gloomy forecasts made before I left London, the Commonwealth has emerged stronger than ever": it had been entirely devoted to Rhodesia and "the principle of one man one vote is regarded as the very basis of democracy and should be applied". The Nigerian "rebel régime" was forthwith recognised in London.

Then Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana, Privy Councillor to Her Majesty the Queen, went to his spiritual home, Communist China, and while there was deposed by the Ghanaian military (immediately recognised in London). The day before this happened *Punch*, which has developed from its "elderly party" phase into a sort of leftist pamphlet, published an article by Dr. Nkrumah which began: "When a social system becomes as diseased as that of Southern Rhodesia, a point is reached where the only alternative to constitutional change is a violent revolution". For once *Punch* made a good joke: and Dr. Nkrumah, returned to neighbouring Guinea, threatened to lead a violent revolutionary army into his native Ghana.

During all this period military uprisings (a large name for the true, tribal events) occurred in Burundi, Congo Leopoldville, Dahomey, the Central African Republic and Upper Volta, and the three southern provinces of the Sudan were in violent rebellion, claiming to secede into an independent republic. In Tanzania, once peaceful, a second revolution brewed and Zanzibar islanders suspected of complicity were shot or buried alive by the "Revolutionary Council's" gunmen. In Zambia, whence came the loudest clamour for British force to be used against Rhodesia, the Barotse people were persecuted, on the Copperbelt the Bemba tribe were resuming earlier tribal feuds, and, of course, the Communist-trained terrorists were foraging into Rhodesia.

All this happened in parts of Africa where, ten years before, an African might walk and work in peace and look for redress if he were wronged. It was the foreseeable result of forcing independence on unready groups and of encouraging terrorist-trained ones to move into the vacuum under the pretence that they "represented the people". Reason might have expected that his turmoil in Africa, which is but beginning, would cause second thoughts in London, but reason had no place in all this: only some ulterior motive can account for the attempt to force Rhodesia, the one peaceful and orderly place, into the northern chaos.

Such was the scene when this wandering scribe arrived in Rhodesia. I found that great argument still continued about the timing of UDI, whether the moment chosen was right, or too early, or too late. As to that, I have no opinion for I was not there and am not Rhodesian and of all glad words of tongue or pen the gladdest are these: I do not know. But from the moment of the Declaration the issue became a world one, affecting all who here on earth do dwell, and that was why and where I came in.

I found that Rhodesians are inveterate controversialists and that even when the country was engaged in a struggle of life and death they continued vigorously to dispute with each other about the colour in which the parish pump should be painted. However, in the matter of Independence, now that it was declared, they were all at one, and each new move or menace from the outer world brought them closer. If they survive, a second white nation in Africa will have been created at this point in time. Before there were people living in Rhodesia. After UDI there were Rhodesians.

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## Chapter Ten

### PORTRAIT OF A REBEL ...

Try, agile reader, to put yourself in the place of the quiet man in this quiet room, whom destiny has matched with the hour of Rhodesia's independence. You are forty-seven years' of age and twenty-five years ago you, and many of the men around you, were of those to whom England, still inviolate in the silver sea, looked upward and gave thanks for island freedom preserved. You were of those to whom America too, having thought that England's day was done and that Hitler would wring its neck chickenwise, as he undertook, began to look with admiration and a changing mind. You are of those who, without a second thought, hastened from far away to fight the battle for Britain. You are Rhodesian-born but your blood and loyalty are British, and, as you once wrote, you would have to unlearn to be British than to do otherwise than you now do.

Today you are "a rebel" and the head of "an illegal régime" and invective is showered on you from the island you once helped defend, and you may ask yourself, where, oh where is loyalty bred.

Mr. Ian Smith, a quiet man in a quiet room, sits in the quiet eye of the storm, for sunwashed Salisbury outside and the lands around are peaceful and tranquil, in violent contrast to the sound and fury in Africa beyond and in London and Washington further still. Never a hard word has gone out from here.<sup>[14]</sup> The epithets "liar", "frightened little men" and "bunch of thugs" are those of The New Statesmanship in London. At this end of the disagreement is dignity and words are measured before they are used, which is not too often.

Provocation is ignored. What did Talleyrand say nearly two hundred years ago: "... the British Government is doing everything that could possibly offend the susceptibilities and alienate the affections of the Americans" (today, the Rhodesians). When I saw Mr. Smith he, in agreement with Mr. Wilson, was just about to send three negotiators to London to see if the matter in dispute could not be composed. The anonymous, and sometimes scurrilous "spokesman" in Whitehall, where "news" is "managed" nowadays, announced through the press, when they arrived, that they were "rebels under safe conduct". Even this was ignored in the quiet room where Mr. Ian Smith sits.

The Queen's portrait is on his wall there. His table is bare and tidy. A few papers lie in the familiar red box, opened before him. Here is calm. The menaces put into the Monarch's mouth brought from him only the comment, "This is a very serious matter".

If a destiny shapes our ends, it prepared Mr. Ian Smith for this hour, for everything in his life formed him to meet as grave a responsibility as ever fell on any human shoulders. I met men who knew him at school and university and their common recollection was of a *quiet* fellow to whom others turned without any exercise of attraction on his part. The gift of leadership was his, and of courage inherited from a Scottish father and strengthened by the nature and climate of the country where he was born and bred. Head Prefect at his school (Chaplin), and captain of rugby, cricket and tennis. Senior Student at his university (Rhodes), and colours for rowing, rugby and athletics. Then the Second War and the Royal Air Force.

He flew in the Desert, in Italy and on the Western Front and was twice brought down, once behind the enemy lines. He fought for five months with the Italian partisans, then escaped to rejoin the Allied forces and serve out the war. The traces of plastic surgery are still to be seen on his face.

He is about the same age as Washington when the struggle for American independence was fought. Like Washington, he is a farmer. They called it "country gentleman" in those days: well, Mr. Smith is a gentleman whose farm is in the country and, like Washington, he grows tobacco.

The difference is in the task before him. Washington had but one antagonist, the King in London and his soldiers. Mr. Ian Smith faces a rabble of demagogues who think to use the United Nations to bring the world in arms against him. What the sequel will be if he gains the day, none can yet tell. Today it seems doubtful that Washington succeeded in creating a nation in the United States, for national interest no longer governs that country's acts. Mr. Ian Smith, if his Davidian contest with the Goliath of engineered menace be won, might succeed where Washington may have failed.

His strength lies in the fact that he is not a professional politician and has a population behind him which is small but staunch and determined. It is predominantly of British stock but nearly a third of it is Afrikaner. In these two groups his country has a bedrock of granite, and if it survives a splendid future lies ahead.

I have met a host of political gentlemen in my time, among them many Most Forgettable Characters, such as Hitler, Litvinoff and Mussolini, and count this meeting with Mr. Ian Smith as exceptional and memorable. I felt in him the quality of leadership remarked by others who knew him earlier and well, and which I remember encountering only once before in my life (all the officers in No. 16 Squadron, R.F.C., in 1917 felt it in a young major who in the Second War became head of the Royal Air Force, and after it was one of four resplendent figures grouped around the Queen at her coronation).

Mr. Smith is modest, disciplined and informed: as cool as if the business in hand were that of an interim board meeting.. void of heat or rancour and, above all, candid and honest. He is the kind of man of whom any other knows at once that his word is his bond, words once held in high esteem in England.

When we talked the Battle for Rhodesia had reached a most dangerous point and you, enclloistered reader, may be thankful that the moment passed without much worse befalling.

From Portugal Dr. Salazar the silent, who never lets words become his master, if, unspoken, they may remain his slaves, had warned the London Government that "one more false step" would set the world aflame. From South Africa Dr. Verwoerd, a master of prudence, in measured but weighty terms conveyed a similar message.

The moment of no-return was nearly on us all then, and this was one of the things we privately talked about. Another was the matter of a republic, for which some people in Rhodesia, finding the provocations too much, began to press. What he told me, on this point, was what he has publicly said, so that I may repeat it. A republic was not in his thinking at that stage. In this, I judge, he may have been a wiser head than some outside who were impatient.

The Rhodesians have an indestructible loyalty, which indeed can only be destroyed by others, for it is their birthright and pride, as once it was England's. They are true to themselves and cannot slough off this quality like a skin. Even if they were forced to declare a Republic, this inmost faith would remain for long to come. If they survive, they, and their neighbour Afrikaners, may regenerate the name of the white man in Africa, and one day effect the rebirth of the old quantities in England.

I took leave of Mr. Ian Smith, a leader beleaguered and unafraid, and walked through the park nearby, where the war memorial bears seven simple words, "We fought and died for our King".

Salisbury was tranquil and pleasant. The people around went their ways unhurriedly. A few empty shops and flats marked the damage done when England destroyed the great Federation at the behest of those who now clamoured for war. This, and what more might come, dismayed none. it was part of the price of survival.

In the room I left Mr. Ian Smith, beneath the portrait of the Queen, turned without haste to the red despatch box and the few papers in it. Only when I left him did I recall that this was the third time in my life that I sat and talked to a head of government, at whose door invasion bade to knock. Dr. Schuschnigg in 1938, in the Chancellery where Dollfuss was murdered: years in Nazi captivity awaited him, and then reclusion in a quiet American university. Dr. Benesh in the Hradjin at Prague: years of exile in London lay before him, and then assassination when he returned to Prague. For Mr. Ian Smith, I hoped, time had better things in store.

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## Chapter Eleven

### ... AND OF A REBELLION!

History, as the late Mr. Henry Ford truly observed, is bunk: somebody's version of past events, tinted to taste and moulded to the historian's idea of what ought to have happened. Living history cannot be made by stitching events onto a framework of dates, any more than a skeleton can be reclothed with flesh and reanimated with coursing blood. True history is best written before it occurs and that is why I write this book about the brewing of a third world war for the purpose of setting up a World Directorate. The advantage of this method is that it can be checked. A disadvantage is that such books, at occult promptings, soon are withdrawn from shelves in public libraries. The public is not desired to enquire within on everything, only on such things as are held good for it to know, this being the purpose of "History". I like to study, with a psychopathist's interest, the image of the Hitler period in Europe which "History" has left on the mass mind. Most people now living, I suppose, experienced it, either from afar or, like myself, at first-hand, but the mental impression retained by nine folk of ten is remote from the truth of what happened: "History" has been at work on them.

Knowing well that our good old friend, The Future Historian, will not be deterred by my or any other's account from setting down his own version of events, I nevertheless want to describe the great Rebellion in Rhodesia while I am watching it.

I conjecture that the word "Rebellion" conveys a picture of violent revolt to the mass mind, especially if it is printed in capital letters. If doubt about the violent nature remains, this is probably removed when "rebellion" becomes "rebellion and chaos" (Mr. Wilson's words, I believe). The rebellion in Rhodesia, as I saw and am seeing it, presents a somewhat different picture.

One evening, six months after UDI, I sat with a gifted Rhodesian lady in a Salisbury picture-theatre. She never saw England and her heart and soul were in The Rebellion: that is, in Rhodesian independence. Nevertheless, her British blood and birthright were the most precious things in her life and not even the England of 1966 could deprive her of that heritage, which would stay with her while life lasted, whether Rhodesia were independent or not, and even if England sank below the sea. As the curtains drew apart she complained to me that the Queen's anthem had not been played. I was able to tell her (having read this in my newspaper) that other complaints had been made, that the theatre manager explained that the film of the Guards' Band playing the anthem had been damaged, and that he would soon procure another.

Continuing in search of rebellion (as Mr. H. V. Morton might say) I found myself on a day in one of Salisbury's verdant avenues, on my way to see Her Majesty's representative. His occupation gone, Sir Humphrey Gibbs was still in the Governor's mansion and his flag, the golden Crown on a blue ground, still flew there. As was to be expected, the Queen's portrait dominated his room. On the other side of the avenue, in another mansion, sat the rebel Prime Minister, head of "the illegal régime", Mr. Ian Smith. As might not have been expected, the Queen's portrait dominated his room. At the time of independence Mr. Smith referred to "this lady whom we love so much" and these words described the feelings of Rhodesians of British stock, who combined a personal devotion to the wearer of the Crown with their loyalty to the ancient monarchy as such. In some this was destroyed by the Jamaica speech, but even then it survived in most, I think, and the betrayal was separated from the speaker and laid at the door of "advisers".



I imagine that the British newspapers of this period will have received a picture of Sir Humphrey Gibbs and his vis-a-vis in that avenue, Mr. Ian Smith, as sworn antagonists, facing each other in melodramatic enmity like Montague and Capulet. The truth is other.

Sir Humphrey may be the most unpopular man in Rhodesia.. so they say and they may be right. People wished that he had resigned at the moment of Independence. As to that, I would not care to have been in his dilemma, a sore one indeed for a man of honour. I did not ask him about this, because I could not expect him to speak of it, but from what others tell me I believe his choice was made at the last instant and then under certain "pressure" most difficult to withstand. (I kept my conversation with him to matters that would not embarrass and what I have to say about him here, though well founded, comes from other sources).

Sir Humphrey is another country gentleman, or farmer, with a big ranch near Bulawayo: tall, distinguished, courteous, a little tired from the burden of a task as yet thankless and efforts still unknown, the model of a breed now nearly gone: the Royal Governor.

His decision to remain, which Rhodesians bitterly resented, may prove to have been their greatest blessing. One cannot say that it *will* so prove, because the end is not yet, but it *may*: too many others, irresponsible men, have a hand in this for any optimism to be justified yet. While Sir Humphrey stayed one line remained open with London, and with it the faint possibility that the parties at either end might yet reason together.

Probably the most terrible responsibility that could be laid on one man's back was put on Sir Humphrey's when Mr. Wilson stated that he would not use "force" unless the Governor called on him to restore law and order. At that time, as London knew better than any, the Moscow- and Peking-trained terrorists in Zambia were straining every nerve to contrive some incident which could be represented, by the press, radio and television in England, as a disturbance of law and order. Imagine, good reader, whither that phrase of Mr. Wilson's could have led, had a lesser man been at Sir Humphrey Gibb's post in Salisbury.

Instead (and here again I quote others who should know, not himself) he toiled away to get some sort of discussion started, and the heat reduced. I believe he reached the point where he hinted that he could not continue *unless* this happened. This was around the time when Dr. Salazar warned London against "one more false step", and at that point "the talks" between Salisbury and London at last began. As I write, they afford at least a breathing-space and in this fateful year of 1966 any man who can help bring even that much about deserves the gratitude of mankind.

Continuing my hunt for the rebellion and chaos, I went to see another of the figures in this drama, so small in itself, so big in its importance to the world (for, as you know, well-informed reader, independent Rhodesia constitutes a grave threat to world war and for this reason is the object of the present organized attack).

In a developing situation, new expedients have constantly to be devised to maintain continuity until the new edifice of state is finally completed. Mr. Ian Smith and his men have shown extraordinary ability about this, worthy of experienced statesmen of the older school. They play it cool and long, in the modern phrase, and have never yet made a false step.

Here was the strange situation that Independence was proclaimed and at the same time unbroken loyalty to the Crown expressed, whose Ministers in turn declared the Independence Government to be an illegal one, with whom the Queen's Representative in Salisbury must have no truck. Various ways of filling this gap were considered, among them the appointment of a Regent. Had this been done the Minister for Defence, Lord Graham, might have had to fight hard not to have the honour

thrust upon him, for he is in fact the Duke of Montrose, and looks it (and genealogists might determine that he is also the rightful King of Scotland). This would have produced a *tableau vivant* of Shakespearian proportions, with Scotland's famous Duke acting as Regent for a Queen whose speech-writers declared the Rhodesian government unlawful and rebellious.

The idea of a Regency paled and the problem was solved by the appointment of an "Officer Administering the Government", Mr. Clifford Dupont, whose part might be described as that of proxy for Sir Humphrey Gibbs until the issue is determined, one way or the other. He opens Parliament and delivers the Speech from the Throne in which governmental policy is outlined.

Mr. Dupont presides over another mansion, also with the Queen's portrait. In him I found another cheerful and most able man, unalarmed, with a keen legal mind and a distinguished war record in the Desert.

My memories of political gentlemen in many lands cover a long and wide range. In addition to the Most Forgettable Characters earlier mentioned, they included many worthy personages from Herren Luther and Stresemann, through Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald and John Simon, Drs. Schuschnigg and Benesh, to Messrs. Anthony Eden and De Valera and General Smuts. Thus I considered the men around Mr. Ian Smith with a practised eye and found them to be something new in my experience.

They were not professional politicians. They were all active men, not sedentary ones, mostly flat stomach'd, younger than the run of their counterparts in other countries, many of them farmers, several with exceptional war records on land, at sea and in the air, quiet in speech, candid and not evasive, and they looked you in the eye. I felt myself again among men of the kind I grew up to think of as typical Britishers, a breed which seems to have diminished greatly in England, and I found this climate rejuvenating.

These men spoke the language I understood and I felt at home. Take Lord Graham, for instance. Eton, Oxford, an agricultural degree and then to Rhodesia to farm. Then the war, and years at sea as a destroyer commander, and after that, back to farming in Rhodesia. I think his heart is in farming, but the ominous "wind of change" in London, and the threat to all that had been achieved in Rhodesia, pressed him into politics, as it pressed others whose natural bent was not that way, and now he has, under Mr. Smith, the heavy onus of Rhodesia's defence.

Consider, again, Mr. William Harper, of Internal Affairs. Here is another "rebel" who was a Battle of Britain pilot, one of those "few" whom Britain so lauded and decorated then and vilifies now. He has the courage one would expect, and a quick brain and understanding of the greater picture of what is truly at stake. He, too, came to Rhodesia to farm, and started at the beginning there, built his first abode with his hands, and came up the hard way. Like many of these men, he has a large family, and the spectacle of Africa to the north falling into chaos brought him, also, into the political battle for survival.

Mr. Desmond Lardner-Burke, of Law and Order, is South African-born. On him fell the brunt of the task of putting down the terror, and the obloquy from London that followed. He has the power to "restrict" persons identified with the terror, and in exceptional cases to hold in prison for a limited period. The "restrictees" have four hundred square miles where they may move freely about, are fed, clothed and housed, and may run a business if they will. His power of restriction is used with restraint. There are in Rhodesia no concentration camps such as that which President Kaunda in neighbouring Zambia (whence comes the terrorists and the loudest outcry for war) blithely announced in May 1966 that he was preparing for political opponents on a remote lake

island, Chibue. This, he said, would have a stockade around the central part with "big-thighed policemen" to prevent escape: and to it would go Zambians who "misbehaved".

I found instruction in comparing these men, as I saw them, with the picture of them presented to the masses overseas. When I met Mr. Lardner-Burke, for instance, he was receiving messages of thanks from Africans in the townships (and even the odd gift of the traditional rooster) for enabling them to sleep safe at nights. At the same time I saw a two-page "spread" about him in one of London's Sunday newspapers. A large picture of him appeared under the headlines, "Hatchet man ... Behind his mild manner the ruthless boss of a new police state". "He looks like a benign bank manager" said the caption, "but a stroke of his pen puts hundreds in gaol without a trial". The number of persons in gaol was fifty-two, and these were dangerous saboteurs.

As to Mr. Ian Smith, whose true acquaintance you have now made, good reader, vilification knew no bounds. At this same time I read in a London daily an allusion to him, dragged by the ears into a paragraph about a rowdy election meeting at Birmingham. It spoke of "screaming yahoos" who placed themselves in "the same sub-level class as the agents of Dr. Josef Goebbels and Mr. Ian Smith who, with anything from bludgeons to blue pencils, try to eliminate all opposition".

I knew Hitler's Germany and Dr. Goebbels, the Storm Troops and the concentration camps, very well at first hand, so well, that I wrote books to warn England about them. The writer of the words just quoted knew them not, and knows Rhodesia not, unless by some fleeting visit. I consider his words as foul a calumny as could be found. Those who visit Rhodesia will never see a bludgeon, very rarely an armed policeman, and seldom a policeman at all. As to blue pencils, many an English writer could tell a tale.

Meeting these men was a rare and refreshing experience for me, and I wondered what the future held for them. Would they one day become as legendary as the men who signed the other famous Declaration (I hoped they would) and if so, would their work endure better than that of those others (for America is no longer truly "independent")? Or would they be swept away? The odds were stupendous; and yet, a few resolute and courageous men, convinced of a just cause, had often accomplished seeming miracles.

Between meeting them, I roamed around Salisbury and Rhodesia, studying the great rebellion. Everywhere the British flag still flew. In every government office hung the Queen's picture. The guns were being readied for the traditional twenty-one gun salute on her birthday.

The chamber beneath the room in which I saw Mr. Ian Smith was a replica in miniature of the House of Commons (and perhaps that was a mistake, to try and transplant Westminster ritual and customs, unchanged, to any and every foreign clime and soil). The usher, with his measured tread and chain and badge, came first, calling "Mr. Speaker" to clear the way until the little procession reached the chamber itself.

Next that grave and reverend seigneur, Mr. Speaker, wigged and gowned, and after him the Sergeant at Arms, silk-stockinged and besworded, bearing The Mace. The Government benches, where Mr. Smith and his followers sat beneath yet another portrait of the Queen: the Opposition benches, where the thirteen African Members sit. Mr. Speaker's chair, with the Royal Arms. Members, black and white, entering and bowing to the Chair: leaving, and bowing to the Chair.

All most decorous and traditional, and, you will agree, a *different* kind of rebellion.

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## Chapter Twelve

### "POLICE STATE"

After searching for and finding the rebellion, as I have described it, I went in search of the "police state". Mr. Wilson, in his acts towards Rhodesia, only continued what Conservative governments began, but he gave his actions so personal an imprint of rancour and vainglory that his name must forever attach to the outcome, whatever it may be, and for this reason the phrase, "Wilson's War", became current in Southern Africa.

He especially liked to call Rhodesia a "police state", and was so attached to this term that he congratulated the Liberal Mr. Jo Grimond on using it, saying that made three of them, the Conservative Mr. Edward Heath having employed it earlier (Hansard, 21/12/1965).<sup>[15]</sup>

In my judgment, two words have seldom conveyed so much mis-information to so many, and I am led to wonder what picture your mind, perceptive reader, received from their iteration. Does it resemble this:

"Every bank and government building is guarded day and night by machine-gun-toting gendarmerie" (a report from Conakry in "emergent" Guinea in March 1966).

Or perhaps this:

"Twenty-six determined soldiers with automatic weapons trained in one's stomach surround one as one steps off the airliner at Accra Airport" (from twice-emergent Ghana, March 1966).

Or possibly this:

"Police mustered a security force of 13,000 in the capital, including armed riot police and one thousand --- troops. Extra-ordinary precautions, including the scaling of the 180-mile border were in force. Armoured cars patrolled the frontier to keep out suspected members of the ---. At sandbagged strongpoints armed police made close checks on cars crossing the frontier."

That seems a fair picture of a police state, judicious reader, and if you fit into the blank spaces which I have left the words "British" and "outlawed Irish Republican Army" you will see where it was. This Reuter message describes the precautions taken on Easter Sunday 1966 on the border between Eire and Northern Ireland (where the dogma of "majority rule" apparently stops).

Rhodesia is much bigger than England and Scotland together and is menaced on all sides, but it could not raise a "security force of 13,000 in the capital" or "seal off its four hundred miles of northern frontier. "It has one white policeman and less than three black policemen to every two thousand of its four million inhabitants, a total force of something under two thousand white and around five thousand black police. Its entire army is under four thousand strong, and of these less than one thousand are Europeans. The police go unarmed, save on some night patrol, and the visitor and the Rhodesian in the street alike very seldom even see a policeman.

In truth then, as I found in my search, Rhodesia is less a "police state" in any honest meaning of the word than any African country since Africa "emerged", and I speak from knowledge. That law and order are kept by so insignificant a force is due to four factors: first, to the seventy years of peace which the tribes have known under the white man; second, to the clamant wish of the tribes, after their experience of the Communist-sent terrorists, that this peace may continue; third, that the men

who govern Rhodesia know how to live with the tribespeople; and fourth, that the numerically tiny British South Africa Police, like the Mounties in Canada, are an élite force, bred by tradition and experience to understand and deal with masses of tribesfolk in great areas of remote, wild and lonely country.

I have already given the picture of a tribal district, as visited by me. When Mr. Wilson was briefly in Rhodesia he was invited to visit, unled and unescorted if he wished, any tribal district he chose, but did not avail himself of this offer to "see for himself".

Is there any conceivable sense in which an honest man could call Rhodesia a police state, in our world of today, full half of which now lives under literally terrorist régimes? Rhodesia has "emergency laws", renewable by Parliament every three months, of the kind which England repeatedly has used in times of violence unrest. These were forced on it by the encouragement given in London and New York to the terrorists called "African nationalists" (a meaningless term in any context, let alone that of a continent containing a multitude of different, mutually antagonistic races, peoples and tribes. Are there, then "European nationalists" and "Asiatic nationalists"? Would the United States tolerate the idea of "South American nationalists"?).

Against these young, detribalized men who are spirited to far Cathay and Muscovy, for instruction in murder and arson, emergency laws were the least that was needed. They were not needed before, and could lapse at once if the incitement given these men in London and New York were stopped. If people in the West could see what has been done by them in Africa in the last few years, they would themselves rise against it, I imagine, but the massacres are hidden from them.

Little was ever heard there of the massacre of the Lumpa Sect at the very moment when Zambia, with the blessing of London "emerged" into independence: that was its birthmark. This sect was founded by one Alice Lenshina who, after a long coma brought on by illness following childbirth, said she had communed personally with God and obtained a very large following. Her achievement, near unbelievable to people who know African tribal life, was to liberate her followers from the fear of witchcraft. She ordered her adherents to destroy all the charms and practices associated with it and they would be immune. Her fame, as a woman who could confer immunity from the witchdoctors and their spells, spread rapidly and the number of her churches multiplied.

The Lumpa Church refused absolutely to have any part in politics or the campaign of violence and intimidation by which, for the benefit of London, the demand for "independence" was being supported. They resisted all attempts to force them into participation and the strife between them and the "African nationalists" became so heated that African troops, under British officers, were sent to preserve order.

This was a tragic episode in the British story because it occurred while Britain was still legally ruling. The excitement engendered among the African troops by the near approach of "Independence" was too much for them. Their officers could no longer control them as they reverted to tribal ways and went berserk. While the British officers vainly tried to stop them (one "with tears running down his face", I was told) they mowed down some eight hundred of the Lumpa people with machine-guns. Forty-five women and children were butchered in a church.

Photographs of this massacre exist but are unlikely ever to reach the outer world (similarly, the Rhodesian Government's report on the deeds perpetrated by "U.N. troops" in Katanga was withheld at London's request).

One published document exists which, if it were widely distributed in England, might at last awaken opinion there to what has happened and will happen in Africa, and so produce a restraining effect on London and New York. This book, *The Fabric Of Terror*, did achieve publication in America (the publisher, Mr. Devin Garritty, tells me that "no one in England would dare touch it").

It is an unemotional account, by a Portuguese writer, Mr. Bernardo Teixeira, of what was done along a 500-mile stretch of northern Angola on March 15, 1961, by terrorists from a communist camp across the Congo Republic border who, says Mr. Robert Ruark in his introduction, "did not hunger and thirst for freedom: they hungered for rape and thirsted for blood", massacred more than five hundred brown, black and white folk that day, from aged men and women to newborn babes and even babes unborn. The peak of obscenity was reached when living victims were bound to planks and passed through a sawmill.

The leaders of the usual "African nationalist" organization which carried out this massacre (called, in this case, the "Union of the People of Angola") were interviewed in New York four months later by M. Pierre de Vos of the leading Paris newspaper, *Le Monde*. They confirmed, and even boasted about all that was done. M. de Vos said there was proof of tortures perpetrated upon men, women and even children: "Do you deny these massacres?" "No, all that is true ... They massacred everything". "Women and children included?", asked M. de Vos. "Yes, why deny it". M. de Vos then asked about the sawmill killings, and one of the group, "with a broad smile", said, "We sawed them lengthwise".

Nothing of this reached the mind of the outer world and the men involved continued to be courted in the corridors of the United Nations, and to pursue their propaganda there, "and in the chancelleries of those many nations which judge, for one or another reason, that they have something to gain from sailing with the African wind", says an eminent American writer, Mr. James Burnham, in his afterword to the book. He adds, "on the political warfare front impressive victories have been won, as the votes of the U.N. bodies and the anti-Portuguese bias of most of the press demonstrate".

Then he says, "Not the least of the propaganda victories has been the concealment of the events of March 15, 1961".

Well, the book, with its photographs, is to be had, by those who wish to know. But as yet the Western world only hears of such things as Miss Phombeya's toe, and the political gentlemen continue to talk about the "police state" in peaceful Rhodesia.

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## Chapter Thirteen

### ON PERSUADING THE PEOPLE

Empires invariably pass: that is something old under the sun. The Roman Empire declined: other empires progressively decayed: some crumbled under defeat in war. The British Empire seemed until recent times to have found a new way of gradually liquidating responsibilities too heavy for it and yet maintaining strong bonds with the lands come of age and able to manage their own affairs.

The sudden decision, apparently made in some secret compact between the two political parties, to *abandon* the African possessions, immediately after a victory in war, was something new in the story of empires. It was in the nature of a fraudulent bankruptcy, rather than an honest liquidation, for long after the decision was made the white folk were being assured that Mother England never would desert them.

The first results have been seen, in the form of chaos in northern Africa, but the strangest result was that which followed after November 1965. Revolutions are said to devour their young: the spectacle of an empire devouring its young, Rhodesia, was novel in the pattern of decline.

The physical attempt to starve Rhodesia into submission, by means of warships, aircraft, seizures of money, repudiation of claims and the rest was one side of the unusual affair. The other aspect of it was to my mind more repugnant. This was the siege by words, spoken, written and illustrated.

What we now call propaganda is nothing new. It might be accounted among the oldest professions in the world, despite other claims to this seniority. A famous instance comes down to us from two thousand years ago, when "The chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that ..."

Ever since then the multitude has been persuaded of one thing or another, and usually to its own undoing. In our time the means of such persuasion have vastly multiplied, and only retirement into a cave can offer escape from them. Before the last war radio was added to them and during that war the audience on both sides of the battle was equally persuaded. "Juice of cursed hebena ... and in my ears did pour the leperous distilment", said the British when they heard the Rundfunk: "juice of cursed hebena ... etc.," said the Germans when they heard the B.B.C.

After the Second War, and in good time for any third, came television, so that the multitude might be optically as well as aurally persuaded. Television encompassed almost the whole world and from this time on innumerable millions spent hours each day, on bar-stools or in armchairs, watching images on a screen, and in this shadow-show thought to see their world exactly as it goes.

Came the moment when this great apparatus of persuasion was to be turned, from England, like a swivelling weapon, against Rhodesia. "Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound?" asked Shakespeare's Bishop of Carlisle. All that was mere racialism, said the new-age bishop already quoted. In this nutshell lie three hundred years of England's story and decline.

This war of words and flickering images was to me the strangest part of the siege of Rhodesia. I was amazed by the lengths to which the bombardment by falsehood was carried. Could this be the B.B.C., during the war dear for its reputation through the anti-Hitler world? With a shock of alarm, I looked at myself and wondered: had I stayed in England these forty-five years, not wandered the globe, would I have believed all this?

As a political writer of very long experience in many lands, and an intimate knowledge of the various methods of presenting, suppressing or distorting information, from open dictatorship and censorship down to "slanting" and insinuation in countries where "press freedom" supposedly prevails, I was astonished to find how completely the outer world's press, radio and television were scaled against faithful, factual and objective reporting from Rhodesia.

The country's stout nerves were proved by the serenity, and sometimes detached amusement, with which it suffered this new kind of beleaguerment. To an Englishman it was painful to watch. I had to believe my ears, but no longer recognized the country where I was born.

Every night the B.B.C. came on the air with "The World And Rhodesia" (the world, mark you, not Britain). The "Voice of America" joined in from various points in the globe, and was often more violent. The B.B.C. set up a station in Bechuanaland, just across the Rhodesian border, set a guard of British troops around it, and fired salvoes of persuasion into Rhodesia. From Zambia, where Dr. Kaunda repeatedly called for "force". Africans in Rhodesia were incited to kill, burn, maim and slash.

The explosive background to all this was provided by Mr. Wilson's statement that he would use force against Rhodesia if invited by Sir Humphrey Gibbs to restore law and order there. Compare that with what a speaker from Zambia said (in Sindebele) to Rhodesia on December 10, 1965: "The English troops will come if there is terrible disorder ... That is when they will come. That is when all nations will come". (In these programmes B.B.C. news and talks were also relayed).

The B.B.C.'s French service from Mauritius (of all places) advertised in the local newspaper, *Action*, the offer of a transistor as prize for the best letter to Mr. Ian Smith or Dr. Verwoerd "to convince them that they should renounce their policies". The "best letters" were to be broadcast by the B.B.C. in French and English.

The B.B.C. and British newspapers frequently carried reports from the terrorists at Dar es Salaam, an obviously communist source and one a thousand miles distant from Rhodesia, about "riots" and "fighting" in Rhodesia. I can vouch, from my years as a foreign correspondent, that in earlier times reputable broadcasters and newspapers would not have given currency to such reports without first checking with their "man on the spot", in this case, in Rhodesia. The worst instance of this came at the very moment when, after six months, talks were at length announced to begin between London and Salisbury.

The attempt was at once made to wreck these talks by producing some incident in Rhodesia which, magnified out of all recognition (like Miss Phombeya's toe), might be presented to the listening myriads overseas as a sign that "law and order" were tottering in Rhodesia. A band of terrorists slipped across the Zambezi by night with grenades, guns and explosives. Although the Rhodesian police are so few, they were detected (helicopters are useful in this kind of country) and in a short encounter near Sinoia seven of them were killed and their cache of arms discovered. The incident only briefly disturbed the calm of a very small area.

A few days later, as the Rhodesian negotiators were packing their bags for London the B.B.C. broadcast every hour on the hour between 6 and 9 a.m. the statement of "a spokesman for one of the outlawed African parties" at Dar es Salaam "that African guerilla fighters in Rhodesia have killed five policemen ... and shot down twelve Rhodesian planes".

This is fiction without even a toe of foundation in fact: I was there and vouch for it. No policeman was killed or aircraft shot down: the district was completely calm. The B.B.C. had its own representative in Salisbury and did not check with him before broadcasting this "news" in its



"World News": a telephone call to Salisbury would have shown its falsity. In fact, reports from Dar es Salaam or Zambia about Rhodesia should never be published or broadcast without verification. (In this case the B.B.C. next day gave out a casual "disclaimer": disclaimers never correct the original impression made on the mass mind).

Two instances (of many reported to me) have been verified by me, of "persuasion" by television. The Rhodesian managing director of a big international concern, happening to dine with an M.P. in Belfast, saw on television pictures of a large building burning "during current riots in one of the main cities of Rhodesia" and thought of returning at once: he said to his wife, "Things must be getting bad." Then the smoke cleared; he saw through it the name "Meikles", and realised that the picture was of the burning of Meikle's department store in Bulawayo many years before.

The daughter of the Rhodesian Minister for Law and Order, Mr. Lardner-Burke, was similarly alarmed when, in Britain, she saw pictures of "rioting in Rhodesia". Then a friend said, "What are those camels?" Rhodesia has no camels and these were pictures of rioting in the Sudan.

A leperous distilment indeed! I would like to live the day when, of the machine of persuasion as now employed from England, one might again say that it is honest, just, of good report and deserving of praise. Between November 1965 and June of 1966, as I write, there may, for aught I know, have been things true and of good report in it, but they were drowned in this thunder of persuasive falsehood, a sound which, as I listened, reminded me of the great barrages on the Somme in 1916.

I thought then that nothing could ever be more deafening, incessant and destructive. Now I am in doubt, for minds can be destroyed as well as men.

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## Chapter Fourteen

### GREEN AND PLEASANT PLACE

Chance alone brought me to Salisbury. I had ties elsewhere and felt no impulse to go there, thinking that it would differ only in its more recent beginnings from other of the white man's cities in Africa. The chance was fortunate (I mean, the chance of the attack on Rhodesia) for I found it the most agreeable city I ever knew, and to my taste it is the best achievement of the white man in Africa.

Totting up, I see that I have lived (that is, spent six months or more) in eight of the world's great cities (London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Budapest, New York and Durban) and spent shorter times in innumerable others, from Moscow to San Francisco, Warsaw to Washington, Belgrade, Sofia and Athens to Salt Lake City, New Orleans, Los Angeles and many more). Vienna I dearly loved: in Budapest and Prague I would fain have pitched my tent, but that Hitler drove me away; Durban became my home.

Of them all, Salisbury, to my great surprise, was the best for a man of my mind, and my mind is that of a townsman: I am not drawn to rural life, though I could be happy in a shack on some seashore if I had a boat. But the world's cities today are too big for a townsman of the kind I am: they become great cages, inescapable. This young, small city, Salisbury, had all that I desire in a city, and yet was not a concrete trap. You may walk out of it (but this rare pleasure may be one savoured only by me: I seem to be the last city-dweller who likes to go afoot).

Give a city a good ground plan to start, and the rest, I think, takes care of itself. It grows organically and may hope to be spared the laboured artificialities of town-planning.<sup>[16]</sup> Salisbury was blessed among cities when Cecil Rhodes, as they tell me, ordered that the streets must be wide enough to turn a span of oxen. I was fortunate to spend a night in Rhodes's house, the first one built (around 1898, perhaps). A photograph shows it standing alone on a slight eminence in the bare African scrub. not a tree in sight and, a mile away, a few shacks and wattle-and-daub huts. Out of that has sprung today's city and Rhodes's house, which looks as if it would last for ever, now is lost among its neighbours. I wondered how, in those remote and dangerous days, he contrived to get the materials and builders for this sturdy, foursquare and attractive dwelling.

Rhodes's original ground plan saved Salisbury from the squeeze of "the accursed rent values" which has made most modern cities into places of deep ravines between high concrete cliffs, wherein the midget, man, feels himself all cabined, cribbed, confined and bound in, and produced the most spacious city I ever saw.

A good site helps a good ground plan and Salisbury was well chosen when the Pioneer Column halted here in 1890. On this roof of Africa, the high Central African plateau, you are on top of the world. Nothing is higher than you and even the tall buildings are set so far apart that they do not oppress. The land is flat, so that you may look along any of Rhodes's broad avenues, perhaps in the dawn when the traffic's blur is absent, to the end of the world, and reach up and touch the boundless sky, arching down to a man's level on every side. Here a man can fill his lungs and lift his head. At night the stars are bigger and brighter than elsewhere, presumably because you stand higher and nearer to them and there are no roof-shapes between.

Rhodes's avenues are, for me, Salisbury's especial charm. The men who made the town were generous with space in a measure I have seen nowhere else, and two span of oxen, not only one,

might turn in some of these verdant places, for the green verges are often wide enough for a double line of magnificent trees. The houses, too, are set well back and apart, seldom cheek by jowl.

It is, predominantly, a white city, of spacious ways, with the tall green spires of cypresses for background almost any way you look. It is still small, and you may stroll for a few minutes between tall buildings and suddenly find you have left it behind. A city, to my mind, is always best at this stage of its growth. In our time cities get too big too quickly, and that sad day, presumably, must come for Salisbury too.

For a boulevardier of my taste and experience it is now just what a city should be, and astonishingly mellow, for its youth. In other modern cities of Africa the contrast between the old single-Storey wood-and-iron buildings is often violent and displeasing, perhaps because of the lack of Salisbury's spaciousness. Here they seem to blend and nestle side by side, and are often embowered in flowers and gardens. Salisbury, too, by some means has been spared the great outcrops of shack-and-shanty settlements which disfigure other African cities. It has some, but far fewer than elsewhere.

I never expected to find a siege so pleasant. The menace was near and very real, but I shall always remember the months I spent in beleaguered Salisbury as some of the most agreeable of my wandering life.

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## Chapter Fifteen

### HALF-YEARLY AUDIT

Before we leave Rhodesia, enquiring reader, and explore the larger scene of which its beleaguerment is a part, as is the keystone to the arch, let us look back from the observation car of our departing train upon this land which has set the world agog; and see how it looks six months after Independence.

You will leave Salisbury, its tall white towers, green spires and peaceful populace, behind. As it diminishes you will pass between rich pastures and tribal lands, good farms and African villages of thatched huts, a fair land strewn everywhere with the fantastic shapes of kopjes, great rock-castles and boulders left by some convulsive surge of nature in times unimaginable. Everywhere people, black and white, going placidly about their business.

Sanctions have not weakened the spirit of the people or very much harmed them, as a whole. You have seen the shops and flats left empty by folk who went away when the Federation was destroyed. You may see an empty building where the American Information Service was until, from lofty moral indignation, it was closed when "the course of human events" led to Independence here. You may see a great oil refinery idle, because the blockade stopped supplies, and a big British automobile-assembly plant on half-time because the parts were withheld. None of this has had the ruinous effect desired. Independence has proved itself and the people are firm.

British governments, Conservative and Socialist, refused to allow this independence unless they were given "evidence" that the black folk were behind their government in desiring it. Now the evidence is conclusive. They could have had it long ago by going into the tribal lands, seeing the other "evidence", that of the terror, and testing the wishes of "the people" on the spot. They would not and continued the pretence that the men behind the terror were "the leaders of African opinion".

After six months the pretence has worn threadbare. The evidence they professed to want has shown itself, incontestably. The land has been independent six months, has faced pressures and strains never hitherto known, is quiet and orderly. "Chaos and rebellion" occur nearly everywhere else in northern Africa, but not here.

Now "Talks" have begun in London and if they do not produce an accommodation before this book appears, that will not be the fault of any in Rhodesia. From the moment of UDI Mr. Ian Smith repeatedly said he was ready to talk at any time, without preconditions. These offers fell on stony ground. At one point, a European country was willing to act as mediator, and that method of conciliation too was rejected. If London ultimately agreed to these talks, the reader has seen why.

And now, what will the harvest be? If this were in truth just a dispute between "colonial rebels" and a Mr. Wilson, cast by mischievous prank of time for the part of King George in a revival of an earlier Comedy of Errors, the end of the play would be foreseeable: recognition and confession of error from London.

It is much more than that. Rhodesia is the present stumbling block in the way of the furtherance of the great design for World Government. For that reason the name "Rhodesia", whatever comes next, long will occupy the headlines, and the machine of public persuasion continue to distort the news about it in the columns beneath them.

These six months brought me, at least, the greatest experience of a wandering writer's long trek through scenes of trouble and tribulation, for when was ever seen so strange a siege as this, from Troy to Paris? British soldiers on the western border, guarding a radio station beamed against Rhodesia. British aircraft on the northern border, where terrorists beam their incitement against Rhodesia. And on the East ...

If Lord Nelson did not turn in his grave (and Captain Horatio Hornblower quit his quarto-deck) at the sight of the British Navy, of glorious tradition, toiling to starve Rhodesia into submission, then at least there was a coincidental symbolism in the fall of Nelson's statue in Dublin (as in that of Rhodes's boulder), even though Irish Republicans caused this.

About that time, good urban and suburban reader far away, another war breathed down the necks of us all. The British Navy stopped a Beira-bound oil-tanker on the high seas. What would have followed if its master had refused to stop? Would the warship have fired? On an *oil* tanker?

Another tanker slipped through the blockade and reached Beira. At that point Mr. Wilson, who had said specifically that he would not "alone" call for a naval blockade of Beira, applied to the body in New York for leave to start a naval blockade of Beira, and that moment of untruth was nearly the moment of no-return.

Then Dr. Salazar warned against "one more false step" that would kindle a great flame. Combined paratroop manoeuvres were being carried out in England under the code-name "Exercise Lifeline". Here let me tell you, good reader, something which you will not know, or at any rate very few among you will know. Dr. Salazar, whose information is usually of the best, said he believed these troops were being made ready to land at Beira. He forthwith ordered reinforcements of troops and aircraft to Beira and gave his warning. At the same time he asked Mr. Ian Smith, for the sake of peace, not to offload the oil, and Mr. Smith, unwilling to leave a neighbour in such a dilemma, reluctantly but amiably agreed. These two men may have averted grave things at that time.

Whether Dr. Salazar was well or ill informed, one cannot know, but the incident shows the great dangers inherent in the "ridiculous situation" produced by London's actions against Rhodesia. A fortnight later the news-managing "spokesman" in Whitehall "scornfully dismissed" the rumours about contemplated military action at Beira. I doubt (but cannot check this) whether these rumours reached British readers, listeners or viewers, and if they did not, perhaps he protested too much. In any case, and sad to say, denials from London by then were a somewhat devalued currency in the world. Had not Mr. Wilson denied that he would ever blockade Beira?

This was the third time that England came near being embroiled in war through its actions in Africa. The episode of the "defensive bombs", proffered for use in Katanga and then withheld, I have related. The other incident occurred in 1961, when the great Federation began to crack under British pressure. Sir Roy Welensky then learned of a concentration of British troop-carrying aircraft at Nairobi, and believed that they could only be intended for use in effecting such political changes in Northern Rhodesia as London desired. He took steps to put radio beacons out of action, obstruct runways, and have smallarms fire in readiness if any aerial ingress were attempted.

Dining with Mr. Macmillan in London, later, he mentioned this matter. He says, "The tears rolled down Macmillan's cheeks. 'Roy, do you really believe that I, who have seen the horrors of two world wars, would have tolerated a situation in which Britishers would have been shooting down Britishers, their brothers, alongside whom they have fought on many a battlefield?' 'Before you go any further, Harold' (cut in Sir Roy) 'you'd better understand that I sent a Canberra up to Nairobi last month. I know you were gathering troops and aircraft there. Where else in the world were you going to use them except against us?' 'But of course', he sighed, 'of course, Roy, we all make

mistakes. Those aircraft and troops weren't to be used against you. We were collecting them in case you needed them, and we should have had them there ready for you'."

Dr. Salazar, as may be seen, was not vapouring when he warned against "one more false step", or foolishly panicking when he ordered troops and aircraft to Beira. By mid-1966 not one truly stable state remained in northern Africa, of the many newly-created in the preceding few years. The shambles foretold by Lord Salisbury, and for that matter by every competent and unprejudiced observer, many years before was spreading all the time.

In Uganda, a "fully independent member of the Commonwealth" for nearly three years, the old tribal wars burst into flame. The President, a Mr. Milton Obote, abrogated the constitution bestowed by departing Britain, under which Uganda, on paper, became a federal republic of its four provinces, with the central and chief one, Buganda, retaining an especial status under its Kabaka, or king. He deposed the Kabaka from the Ugandan presidency, and made himself president. The Kabaka thereon told Mr. Obote to remove his government from Buganda soil, and Mr. Obote thereon sent troops to attack the Kabaka's palace. Fierce fighting followed and the numbers killed may one day become known, though I doubt this. Sir Edward Frederick Mutesa, Knight of the British Empire (the Kabaka), a former Grenadier Guards officer affectionately known as "King Freddie", escaped and eventually reached England.

In Kenya, next door, the paper constitution and the incomprehensible (to the African mind) idea of one-man-one-vote seemed to be on the way out, as President Kenyatta's ruling party pressed hard for a one-party state with "preventive detention" powers. In Nigeria, whence Mr. Wilson emerged in January saying that the "Commonwealth leaders" there were agreed that one-man-one-vote was the very basis of democracy, the rebel régime which took over on his departure announced in May, through its military head, General Ironsi, that all political parties were abolished and that "the army" would remain in power three years.

But for the rising toll of blood, the thing would have turned into pure *opera bouffe* in May when President Kaunda of Zambia, in a shrieking speech at Lusaka which included several references to the "idiots" in London, announced that he would propose the expulsion of Britain from the Commonwealth unless the Rhodesian Government were promptly removed by it: he could not endure the continuance of rebellion there. At this a Mrs. Judith Hart was sent to Lusaka to placate him: a new figure on the troubled scene (though well known to members of the "Movement for Colonial Freedom", a body which often embarrassed the Socialist Party, in earlier days, by its activities) she was now, the newspapers said, "Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations". As to these relations, one learned at this moment that a Mr. Arnold Smith was "Secretary-General of the Commonwealth Secretariat" and he, too, continued to be deeply concerned about the issue of "racialism in Rhodesia", which, he said in far Ontario, might break up the Commonwealth. The "great potential value" of this institution, he said, was that "it represented a cross-section of humanity, races, ideologies and creeds". He was right: very cross.

Unhappily, the *opera bouffe* had a bloody background. The terrorists from Zambia were evidently instructed to change their unsuccessful tactics when they slipped over the border into Rhodesia and to concentrate on lonely white farmers in isolated homesteads. Two of these were shot through a window just before Mr. Kaunda spoke, and he made inflammatory references to the murders, for instance, that "more innocent people" were likely to die as the result of "the explosive situation in Rhodesia".

Then, as earlier, no explosive situation existed *in* Rhodesia: the only explosives were those brought into it from Zambia by the communist-trained terrorists.

Yet in the House of Commons Mr. Bottomley, questioned about this matter, attributed it to UDI, until he was shouted down by indignant Members, when he retired into the worn formula that he was against violence from any quarter. The reader will remember that the terrorists were active long before UDI, that Mr. Bottomley was repeatedly begged to satisfy himself of their external origins and masters, and that he continued to the end to allude to them in respectful terms as representing "African opinion".

Similarly, in the House of Lords Lord Salisbury asked whether the government would condemn such incitements to murder as President Kaunda's reported words on May 12, 1966, that "blood has got to be spilled" to oust the Rhodesian government. Lord Longford, the government spokesman there, dragged out again the hideous cliché about the government "opposing violence from whatever quarter", and being pressed to say whether this applied to the particular case in point (Mr. Kaunda's words) said he would not "pass criticism on the head of a friendly Commonwealth country" (Mr. Kaunda's country, lest the reader be in doubt). Lord Salisbury said, "That second answer will be regarded by many people in this country as condoning violence, and even murder". This writer certainly so regards it.

In this darkling scene of manmade confusion and evil, where London and New York seem witch-bent on making a brew of powerful trouble, things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, virtuous and deserving of praise are few and hard to find. The faithful scribe, however, must seek them out, and here I show the other, better side, where some promise may be discerned of a return to peace, stability and order in tormented Africa.

If Rhodesia's independence is maintained, there are the makings of a strong group of "States" in the true sense of the word in Southern Africa, three of them strong and self-supporting in themselves, and three neighbouring weaker ones moving in the orbit of the greater. Together this group would give Africa a firm basis of order, stability and improvement which in time would project its influence into the present northern confusion and exert a stabilizing influence there.

The three small British protectorates in or near South Africa and Rhodesia, Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuanaland, always feared to be engulfed by South Africa. Today their fears are quite other. They see, on the one hand, murder and mayhem everywhere in the north, and, like the Africans in Rhodesia, fear that more than any other thing on earth, for they, with tribal "history" living in them, know just what it means. On the other hand, they see order and progress in Rhodesia and South Africa, and in South Africa the policy of separate native homelands (Bantustans) which greatly appeals to them. These organic processes of development attract them much more than the prospect of tribal and other war offered by the chaotic north. Also, they already feel the near presence of the terror from Dar es Salaam and Lusaka, and have within their own communities men who would like through terror to become such "Messiahs" as Dr. Nkrumah once in Ghana.

Therefore all three of them, through their heads, Mr. Seretse Khama of Bechuanaland, Chief Jonathan of Basutoland and Prince Makhosini Dhlamini of Swaziland, have announced that when independent they will pursue "policies of a healthy, good understanding with neighbour states" and of non-interference in the internal affairs of other countries. Chief Jonathan, an enlightened man, once remarked that Africa had "become a laughing stock in the world" through events in the north.

Then in Malawi, on the other side of Rhodesia, Dr. Hastings Banda, who played the chief part in wrecking the Federation and today might regret that, looking at the chaos around has repeatedly spoken against "force" and for constitutional ways. He seems at the moment to have mellowed greatly and enjoys increasing prestige among men white and black. He recently spoke to his parliament at Zomba in words which true men for years have vainly hoped to hear from London and Washington:

Childish resolutions were proposed at the United Nations and at the Organization for African Unity. "I have my own ideas. I am not going to vote in a certain way just because I am an African. When they do the right thing, then I agree. When they do the wrong thing, I do not agree. Other Prime Ministers follow what their friends do. If I think my best friend is wrong, then I disagree with him. Those who are calling the tune are not in a position to pay the piper. Too many ignorant people are in power in Africa today. That is the tragedy of Africa, and that is why Africa is in a mess."

There speaks truth, but the "ignorant people in power" are not only in Africa: there's the real rub.

Dr. Banda has extended this advice personally to Africans from other countries and, as his reputation is high, this has had effect. In Rhodesia the leader of the 13-man African opposition in the Salisbury Parliament, Mr. G. Chipunza, also interjected a word of wisdom into the great argument. He advised leaders of black African States against interference in Rhodesian affairs and particularly against harbouring exiled terrorists in their countries. This advice, clearly directed first and foremost to Mr. Kaunda in Zambia, goes to the very root of all evil, the one which British Ministers, from Messrs. Macmillan and Sandys to Wilson and Bottomley, refused to see or know.

Mr. Chipunza's words (may they at last be heeded in London and New York) are those of a statesmanlike politician:

"What this country needs for a solution of its problems is the co-operation of all reasonable Rhodesians, white and black, towards the eventual creation of a non-racial State. This can and must be achieved. But the delay or prevention of such achievement is caused as much by the extremism of African leaders to the north as by extremist white politicians in Rhodesia itself. What our situation calls for above all else is statesmanship by all parties concerned. The leaders of other African states are not directly concerned and their interference is both unwarranted and unhelpful."

With these words of truth, rare in a time when the great machine of public persuasion works at top speed to make the multitude think differently, let us, friend reader, take a last look at Rhodesia, stable and peaceful, from our observation car, and fare forth into the outer world, where all the trouble has been engineered.

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## Chapter Sixteen

### THE LAST BASTION

When you cross Beit Bridge, good reader, you will leave Rhodesia behind and from your observation car see another country around you, also a thriving, stable and improving one. Consider it well for, between you and me, this country, not Rhodesia, is the real object of the exercise which I have described. Rhodesia is a hindrance between our One Worlders and the place they really thirst to get at: South Africa. It is the last bastion of white nationhood.

My first memory in life is of being held up to see British troops move off to South Africa. That was in the time of the great Queen, whose oleograph may even today be seen in an African hut or two in the bleak mountains of Basutoland. Then in the First War I found myself alongside South Africans, of Afrikaner and British stock, in the trenches and the flying corps. I remember burying what remained of one, in a blanket, somewhere near Lens.

In the Second War I met a notable Afrikaner, Colonel Deneys Reitz, who killed his British trooper in the South African war and fought beside the British in the next one. His book, *On Commando*, gives the picture of a Christian soldier, fearless and irreproachable. He came to believe in Empire and was not beloved by many of his fellow Afrikaners, who deeply distrusted Britain and the purposes behind our Twentieth Century wars.

That was about all I knew of South Africa, until 1947. Today I find that if I live as long as most of my progenitors<sup>[17]</sup> I shall have spent more of my years in Southern Africa than anywhere (for I have passed only the Second War years in England since I went to the first one at nineteen).

When the Second War ended a happy instinct took me away from the returning inertia of England and to South Africa. There I met General Smuts, the commando leader of 1900 who became an outstanding figure of Empire. He played a great part in many great events and his name and fame were universal (save, as I soon found, in South Africa).

Full of years, honours and acclaim, Rembrandtesque in feature, he looked darkly into the future as he talked to me. Until then I thought of South Africa as a fortunate isle, spared the direct hand of world war, free, abundant in natural wealth, a mine of opportunity. At that instant I dimly felt that this was not quite so. The elder statesman, renowned in every capital of the world, a bestarred and bemedalled field marshal (the Boers disliked that, who thought of war in terms of their everyday clothes and broad-brimmed hat, a horse, a gun and a bit of biltong), the intimate of great councils in London and Washington, here at the Cape of Good Hope was not sanguine but somewhat careworn.

I saw him again when he spoke to a crowd in Durban. From long experience I can feel the mood of a crowd. These people were unresponsive to the world statesman. I thought then that the great man's day was nearly done. It was: a little later I watched election results in a cinema and saw that he was defeated on his home ground. I was in British Natal then and around me was an uneasy stir. These folk read in the eclipse of the champion of Empire and reconciliation the approach of all they feared.

That was in 1948 and in the following years I watched the Afrikaners, whose chief recreation is the discussion of politics, prove themselves highly skilled and tireless organizers. They went from strength to strength until their control of the country was complete. This was not entirely their own achievement. It was largely due to the British abandonment of Africa. From Kenya, Uganda,

Tanganyika, and after the destruction of the Federation, from Rhodesia, white folk came to South Africa, as once British armies to Dunkirk. From this Dunkirk, however, there would never be any thankful relief by small boats. This was a last ditch.

Such people, deserted by their homeland, turned to the Afrikaner government. As the northern turmoil grew, even the British in Natal began also to turn that way. When Rhodesia took independence and was at once besieged and threatened with invasion, this gradual movement became a surge, and in 1966 Dr. Verwoerd and his men gained an electoral victory which showed that Natal, too, now stood with them.

In twenty years British governments, chiefly Conservative but headed at the decisive moment by a Mr. Wilson, laid the foundations of two white nations in Africa. Before, there were no "Rhodesians", only people living in Rhodesia, most of them deriving their heart's blood from England and giving it back in a uniquely staunch loyalty. Today a Rhodesian nation is in the throes of birth. Similarly, a South African nation of Afrikaners and British-descended South Africans is coming into being.

These two communities are strong enough together to overcome many a sea of sorrows; at any rate, another total war would be needed, in my estimation, to reduce them. As to that, we were on the verge in April and May of 1966 and for the moment a reprieve is probably all that can be counted on.

The common cause produced by the menace from the chaotic north has, on the long view, a basic flaw. The instinctive movement of the white folk in Rhodesia towards South Africa and of the British in South Africa towards the Afrikaners is a negative, not a positive one. It is the mutual reaction to a common danger, not a conversion of minds. In the matter truly at issue, the survival of white nationhood in southern Africa, a gulf is still fixed between two ways of thought. If this continues, even an established independent Rhodesia would only mean a respite, leaving the gap through which the international mob, crying Havoc, would through Rhodesia one day descend on South Africa.

The Afrikaners, absolutely devoted to the survival of their nation, have evolved a practical way of ensuring it among the black folk. The Rhodesians are for the nonce caught up in the delusive theory of "racial partnership" which binds them, under the usual made-in-London constitution, to a process leading to the opposite: black domination. By that path they can gain only time, not survival. At its end, the all-black state would arise on South Africa's border and the breach be opened for the final assault.

At this point, allow me to explain, truth-seeking reader, that the Afrikaners are the *only* nation in Africa, unless the Egyptians may now be so classed again. They have been here for over three hundred years and in 1806, when the British took over the Cape, were cut off from their imperial mother-country in Europe. Then they moved away, far inland, to breed a new, separate nation, born in adversity and now with its own language, tradition and birthright. They are Africans: a white nation rooted in African soil.

Nothing will induce them to surrender this birthright, but since General Smuts was defeated in 1948 they have devised a practical means of ensuring separate peace and separate freedom for black and white people, both. They already had within their borders two tribal enclaves, Swaziland and Basutoland, British dependencies which are now moving towards independence and are committed to amicable relations with surrounding South Africa. They have created a third out of their own territory, the Transkei, which has been fully self-governing since 1963, under complete black supremacy (its leaders will have no truck with "racial partnership" and are not desired to).

This "Bantustan" method will be continued. In South Africa it is practicable because the large tribal areas are fairly plainly outlined, for instance, "Zulustan".

I now know a little of Africa and judge that this is the only way of enabling white and black people to live together in one territory in a relationship of mutual respect and betterment, while ensuring the survival of white nationhood.

As to white nationhood, a man who watches South African and Rhodesian children on the beaches, on the farms and in the mountains, may see that it is still the great race, having more to offer the world than another for long to come. This, to the vituperators of London and New York, is "racialism" and anathema, but it is the truth and their motive is an ulterior one.

The Rhodesian case is different. For Rhodesia too the survival of white nationhood is an imperative: for that, in truth, it has faced the world, alone, in 1965 and 1966. Anything less would be vanity: a palliative and not a cure; a stay of execution ending with submergence in the northern chaos. The difficulty in Rhodesia is that, although the tribes own more than half the land, this is scattered in pieces over the map. The Bantustan method therefore is less simple to apply, and delicate surgery would be needed gradually to achieve the white homeland and the black homeland under white control. If it were done, Rhodesia would become a stable neighbour of South Africa and stability in Southern Africa would be re-assured. Unless some such rearrangement be effected, even Independence, in the long run, would prove illusory.

The Afrikaners perceive that chink in the armour. Despite their prudence in international affairs (Dr. Verwoerd has shown himself to be one of the very few statesmen remaining in the world) they are a far cry from the hub of international machinations, and were taken by surprise by the fury of the assault released against Rhodesia. It jolted them into realization of their own endangered position in the world. The Afrikaner is not easily perturbed and long shrugged off the outer world's ravings and railings as the verbal outpourings of "Liberalism", which from every instinct he despises. He suddenly saw the wolfish fangs behind the sheepish mask, and knew then that menaces which he thought theoretical and distant were perils real and near.

Liberalism! The word is used today as the wolf wore Red Riding Hood's grandmother's nightcap, and the motive is the same. I sought it in the dictionary and found that it originally meant "becoming a gentleman". This meaning is described as "now rare", and I would imagine might be called obsolete. Later, it came to denote a person of generous and open-minded spirit in all things. Finally, it signifies today one who is "favourable to constitutional changes" and there you have it. That definition, by the cumulative and overwhelming evidence of our century, covers revolution, assassination, the one-party state, invasion (does not the cry of Havoc and Force come from our Liberals?), bully-boys with automatic weapons, the lot.

Liberalism today is a cover-name for every purpose that is destructive of nationhood, familyhood, (both of these are now "racialism" in the Liberal vocabulary), religion, liberty and peace.

Let us now, good friends and neighbours, consider what Liberalism has in store for South Africa, and the part played in it by good old Andrew Carnegie, who also might writhe in his tomb if he could see what is being brewed in his name.

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## Chapter Seventeen

### BLUEPRINT FOR BATTLE

When Scottish-bred men, among others, were pushing the moving frontier westward in America, and Scotsmen, among others were pushing it northward into Rhodesia, young Andrew Carnegie from Dunfermline was amassing great wealth in America. As he grew older his fortune increased until it was almost beyond computation. He was a great man and a good one. His benefactions were innumerable and many of them were given in directions which, he thought would help to promote peace in the world. This vision of peace was indeed uppermost in his mind. Among many other things, he was among the first and most generous in contributing to the erection of a Temple of Peace at The Hague. (Whether this survives, I know not: if it exists, possibly a little peace may be found within it; in that case, it is a rare sanctuary in our contemporary world).

The Book tells us that a camel may easier pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man enter heaven. Even more difficult, perhaps, is it for a rich man to ensure that his money, which he may not take with him, shall promote purposes dear to him, for instance, Peace.<sup>[18]</sup> Old Andrew, who by good intention qualified for unchallenged entry into heaven, did what mortal man can do to make sure that when he died (in 1919) his dollars should help establish that enduring peace in the world which he and all true men devoutly desired.

To that end he founded the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the world applauded this magnificent bequest, which in ensuing years developed so many noughts behind the original figure that it grew into treasure beyond the understanding of that common man who is the darling of our age.

Therefore, good people, let us now look with pleasant anticipation at the Carnegie Foundation's work for peace, as manifested in 1965.

Where there's a will there's a way of reversing its intention. The Carnegie Foundation in 1965 (forty-six years after its founder's death and a few weeks before the assault on Rhodesia) published, and distributed to all 114 representatives of the United Nations in New York (whose equanimity it disturbed not at all) a 170-page book entitled "Apartheid and United Nations Collective Measures" which contained a blueprint, worked out to the last detail, for an attack on and invasion of South Africa.

The introduction contained an expression of thanks to an officer of the "Department of Social Sciences"<sup>[19]</sup> at the Military Academy at West Point (the American equivalent of Britain's Sandhurst) for his help in planning "U.N. military measures necessary to achieve the goal of transforming the South African social and political structure".

The detailed estimate of the forces necessary includes 30,000 assault and 63,000 other troops: 145 warships, transports and supply vessels and 300 aircraft: and 200 transport aircraft requiring "3,000 total flying hours for direct assault". The cost of a 30-day attack by 93,000 ground troops with air and naval support is estimated at \$95,000,000. The document is a highly professional product, plainly the result of long experience, research, work, and thought by persons devoted to the aim of achieving war through the United Nations. The *Chicago Tribune*, in reporting it, said that "according to reliable sources, it carried the approval of U Thant, the U.N. Secretary General."<sup>[20]</sup>

The Carnegie Endowment, being tax-exempt as a body promoting good works, is in fact subsidized by the American Government. A foreword to the Battle Plan, supplied by the Foundation's

president, a Dr. Joseph E. Johnson (formerly of the U.S. State Department) stated that the reason for its issue was our dear old friend, the "explosive situation" in South Africa. (You, good reader, having destroyed your newspaper, television set and radio, know this to be rubbish).

Two other contributors to the Battle Plan are also former State Department officials, and one of them is still an "adviser" of it. The Endowment itself is now under the dominant influence, through its officers and trustees, of the U.S. Council on Foreign Relations, a body nominally private which has come to be regarded by many Americans as a shadow State Department and invisible government of the United States.

This Council appears to work closely with the African Affairs Bureau of the State Department itself, which has long been in conflict with the responsible heads of the State Department (at this moment Mr. Dean Rusk and his Under Secretary, Mr. G. Hall) on the issue of using "force" against South Africa. Its efforts resulted in a group of ten Congressmen and three Senators going to London in May 1966 to "press for more liberal U.S. policies in Africa".

One purpose of this "Liberal group" (said the Liberal *New York Times*) was to strengthen the hand of those United States officials "who believe that an imaginative, even aggressive policy of support for black aspirations is necessary", to which end they were prepared to risk conflict with "economic, military and diplomatic interests". "The Liberal outlook" of this group, added the paper, "has its origin in the African Bureau of the State Department, which often feels itself ignored by top-level officials". However, it continued, Mr. Arthur Goldberg, the U.S. Ambassador at the United Nations, "has proved a staunch ally to the Africanists" (I quoted earlier Mr. Goldberg's menaces addressed to Rhodesia).

The "Liberal outlook" of all these gentlemen is presumably indicated by the Carnegie Battle Plan against South Africa.<sup>[21]</sup> The Battle Plan appeared just before Rhodesia declared independence.

The South African population was told little about it at the time (the leading newspapers are foreign-owned and "Liberal") and for that reason not much heed was taken of it. The attack on Rhodesia shocked Afrikaners into realizing that it must be taken seriously.

The Battle Plan even set a time for the attack on South Africa, saying that if the International Court of Justice at The Hague (you remember, dear reader. the place where the Temple of Peace is, or was) ruled against South Africa on the South West Africa issue, the American Government would probably support United Nations action "to enforce the ruling". Proceeding from this, it suggested that American Negroes could exert pressure on the American Government in this direction, and "bring interest in the situation in the South to a level seldom achieved by any foreign policy issue", by identifying their civil rights campaign in America with the Liberal call for an attack on South Africa.

The World Court's judgment will probably come before this book appears, and therefore may provide the next moment at which "one more false step" could set the world ablaze. I believe that mass Negro demonstrations (Liberal ones, of course) are being organized for that day, so that you, well-informed reader, will be able to see what transpires.

So now we come to South West Africa, on our excursion through the scenes behind the scenes. Climb again into our observation car, observant reader, take a last look at South Africa, peaceful and prosperous, and come with me to this harsh, arid and bitter place where the desert reaches down to the dangerous sea, where the whales wallow, flamingo flock and the fins of sharks slide through the surf. Here is a lonely, little-inhabited place indeed.

South West Africa! Who ever thought, or even heard of it until our Liberal One-Worlders saw in it a place where war might be unleashed.

It was a scrap thrown to the Kaiser in 1884 to appease his colonial ambitions and his envy of his grandmother's farflung possessions across the sea. The old Governor's residence still stands in forlorn Swakopmund, and the statue of the German warrior outside it. You may still take *Kaffee und Kuchen* in the little tearoom: still drink German beer in the restaurant: a few flowers have been wrung from the reluctant sand: and in the bandstand, for all I know, perhaps *am Sonntag Abend die Dorfmusik* still plays. For the white folk here are mostly Germans and once, driving across the desert, I most unexpectedly encountered another traveller, driving a truck to Walvis Bay, who stopped and hailed me with "Ach, Herr Reed, ich erkenne Sie wieder". This was a German whom I briefly met in a Cape Town-bound ship.

One of the strangest experiences of my writer's life befell me in this desert. I turned aside from the recognizable road and followed a track, sometimes visible and sometimes vanished, which brought me over a hillock of sand into, of all things, a green and thriving farm of trees, flowers, fruit and vegetables, with a homestead set in it. The explanation of this seeming miracle was that the place lay in a dry river bed which collects enough moisture from the rare rains to keep the soil fertile. A disadvantage of this idyll is that the still rarer heavy rain may, and once did turn the dry course into a raging torrent, which sweeps away farm, farmstead and all. When I was there I was given good Viennese coffee and *Apfelstrudel* and, beneath the furious sun, thought of the Ringstrasse and the Cafe Bristol ...

This is still Germany, for all that the white folk long ago became British subjects and are now South African ones. In Swakopmund the German barracks still bears the German regimental badges, and in the *Kneipe* opposite I thought to hear the echoes of clinking beermugs and of *Trink', trink', Bruederlein, trink'*.

What is South West now? A land of 500,000 people, black and white, with good cattle country far inland, fish for the catching in the sea, and diamonds along the coast. So mighty is the Diamond Empire that this coastal strip is guarded and patrolled like a king's treasure chamber, lest any beachcomber pick up an odd gem or two.

The South Africans took it from the Germans, at the cost of a few skirmishes, in the First War, and after that war it was entrusted to South Africa under "mandate", which entailed periodical reports to the old League of Nations. There were three classes of Mandate, A, B and C, and South West fell into the C category,<sup>[22]</sup> which came nearest to virtual transfer. The C Mandates were those which could "best be administered under the laws of the Mandatory *as integral parts of its territory*" (my italics) "subject to safeguards in the interests of the indigenous population".

The indignant population, according to our Liberals, now thirsts for release from this thrall. The indignant ones are the Hereros, who form less than a tenth of the 500,000 population. They were discovered some years ago (I believe the chief discoverer was a Liberal cleric, subsequently requested to depart from various countries where he sought a Cause) and in the sequel Ethiopia and Liberia, none other, desired the World Court to rule that South Africa had violated the obligation to "promote to the utmost the material and moral wellbeing and the social progress of its inhabitants".

In an earlier act of our *opera bouffe* the old League of Nations (a less bogus outfit than the present one in New York) found, through its Slavery Commission, that slavery still survived in Ethiopia (then Abyssinia) and Liberia. Don't look now, good reader, but this is still the case.

Thus, in the current act, the world will find "South West Africa" loom large in the headlines, on the television screen, and in the broadcasts. The readers, viewers and listeners should make the most of the opportunity for thereafter they are likely to hear as little about South West Africa as they ever heard before.

In the realm of truth the case is different, again. The South African Government has pursued large and costly development schemes in South West, for the benefit, among others, of the Hereros. In the old "native township" at Windhoek, made of flattened oil cans and drums, the Herero leader, Mr. Clement Kapuuu (he is not the Herero Chief, but Hosea Kutako is 96 years old and dwells quietly in a Herero reserve) lives in his little store among sacks of meal. He and his followers refuse to move into the modern township built at the other end of the city. He has a keen politician's mind and knows his present abode to provide a scene more attractive to Liberal opinion in the distant world. As to that, he is confident that "international justice" will prevail and that South Africa will be "forced" to withdraw.

That brings us back to the Carnegie Battle Plan: the political music goes round and round and the menace of war always comes out there. Soon the Rhodesian matter may, or may not, be settled or shelved. Let none relax. Soon will come the International Court's judgment, and if it be what Liberal Opinion desires the welkin again will ring with cries of "force".

Whose force, then? The Carnegie Battle Plan says that lesser military powers might well provide the "ground force" of 93,000 against South Africa, but that one major power might have to come in for the final showdown.

What offers, then? America? The Soviet? Britain? Who will volunteer to strike the blow for Liberalism and Free South West Africa?

Thus, companion of these pages, we come in our observation car to the coast of South West Africa and must turn our enquiring faces towards George Washington's great Republic across the sea. For there are all the answers, at the heart of the riddle inside a mystery within an enigma which America has become. We will continue, by ship or air, Americaward, where independence began with the Boston Tea Party. Where is that party now? The guns at Georgetown bear witness to the Independence which came of it. Where is that independence now? Into what hands has power passed in those United States?

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## Chapter Eighteen

### AMERICA GONE AMOK?

... on your left, latterday pilgrims, the Statue of Liberty, then the Battery, Wall Street (there's the Woolworth Building, madam), have your custom declarations and passports ready, please ...

Here it is. Soon these United States will be two hundred years old, and where has all that led: the landings on the unknown shores of Virginia and Massachusetts, the bitter toil, the wars with the Redskins, the Westward thrust, the Civil War, the irresistible force, the insuppressible energy, the stupendous output, the gigantic wealth? Liberty or death: land of the brave and home of the free: from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripolee: Monroe Doctrine: "no entanglements": what is the sum of all that now?

Sometimes I heard choirs or glee clubs of personable young men, from Harvard, Yale or elsewhere, sing a song in tones of sorrow fitted for such laments of other lands as *Over The Sea to Skye* or *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*. The dying strain of melancholy suited the closing words, "Doomed from here to eternity".

I wondered what the American story might contain that induced this doleful foreboding in a land, greater than any other in material things, and in young men, beginning manhood, who came together to sing. After hearing the mournful number die funereally away several times I abruptly realized that these were Kipling's words, set to music. *Gentlemen Rankers Out On The Spree* was written in a South African setting a half-century before. Originally it ran:

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way  
Baa-baa-baa,  
We're little black sheep who've gone astray  
Baa-baa-baa,  
Gentlemen rankers out on the spree,  
Doomed from here to eternity,  
God ha' mercy on such as we  
Baa-baa-baa.

The words had some meaning then, though Kipling may have over-dramatized the plight of wastrel sons of lordly houses who, their heritage squandered, rode off with Somebody's Horse to the far Transvaal: they were not inevitably doomed or so pitifully in need of divine mercy, and some did well enough. Yet these words made such appeal to young America that the glee clubs took them altered one of them ("rankers" into "songsters") and sang it so.

"Gentlemen songsters out on the spree". In that form it made no sense that I could see. Why should *songsters* be doomed from here to eternity and hope only for a forgiving beyond?

In America I often sensed this uneasy feeling about the present and future, contrasting violently with the wealth and power around, that sounded in the recurrent theme: doomed from here to eternity. Something in the songsters needed to express itself in this dolorous ballad lifted out of another time, place and context.

In three lengthy sojourns in America I felt this sub-surface apprehension, or fear of the future, more and more tangibly. I think its cause is becoming clear. It lies, in my diagnosis, in incomprehension of today's America. Americans have lost earlier beliefs because these have been taken from them;



they have no clear sense of purpose because none is now to be discerned. American State policy, as declared, is to maintain America as a citadel of "the free world" against the further inroad of the destructive revolution, bent on obliterating race, nationhood, familyhood and religion. American State actions, since 1917, have progressively promoted the spread of that revolution. No adult American can remain blind to this contradiction between word and deed. Two stricken Presidents, each re-elected on the promise of peace, brought America at once into world wars, which in the sequel after victory increased the area and power of the revolution.

The twenty years following the Second War have seen the continuance of this. America makes local forays "against Communism" which leave no dent in the thing itself and end in semi-fiasco (witness Korea, Vietnam, Cuba). Betweenwhiles, American State patronage of the revolution in reality goes on and is plainest to see in Africa, where implacable American pressure for "black majority rule" has helped bring about the present chaos of racial and tribal warfare in northern Africa, under cover of which communism, leaping over the Middle East and the Indian Ocean, has planted its first overseas colony-in-embryo at Dar es Salaam on the East African coast, whence "news" about the rest of Africa reaches the ears of "the free world" through the B.B.C. and the Voice of America.

(in parenthesis, here a small but relevant digression. The "Free World" has received the communist-inspired picture of a "racial" conflict in Africa between two races, one big and black and the other small and white. The black people, however, are not of one *race*, but of many races. The war, in progress as I write, between the self-appointed president of Uganda, a Mr. Obote, and the deposed president, the Kabaka of Buganda, is a *racial* one with deep roots in African memories: Mr. Obote's followers are Nilotic and the Kabaka's Bantu. The endemic warfare in the Sudan, again, is a *racial* conflict between the northern Semites and the southern Nilots. The conflict in Kenya is also a *racial* one between President Kenyatta and his followers, who are Kikuyu, and his antagonist Mr. Odinga and his Nilotic supporters).

The policy of America, as proved by deeds, is not an American policy. It is that of the force, masquerading as "Liberalism", which has infested and infected every government of "the free world". By penetration it has gained control of all means of public persuasion and the public masses are today, in fact, hypnotized by it: glued to their newspapers, radio and television, a wall has been put between them and truth. The general multitude has been reduced to that state of bewilderment and confusion which in the Liberal plan of action is the essential precondition for a final bid to clamp down World Government. In this situation American State actions (as distinct from proclaimed "policy") are as a high voltage cable severed and thrashing destructively about in the world.

The picture of the confused American mind might be found in the words of a Canadian professor who told his students that "the result of studies among United States high school students showed that more than half of those interviewed think most Americans are not capable of deciding themselves what is right or wrong." Such a beliefless condition would naturally produce a mass incapable of resisting any strong lead, to whatever purpose. I do not quote what else this statement contained because the source of such "studies" is obviously suspect and unverifiable and their effect could only be to implant the sense of helpless bewilderment in Canadian hearers, too.

That particular "result", however, may be near truth. Americans today are in fact utterly confused about their country's purpose and its relationship with the other world.

Americans, gazing into the future with rapt look, often used to me the phrase, "the American dream". When I asked just what this was, they seemed unable or unwilling to define it, and were even somewhat embarrassed. I think it meant, to them, a longing for human improvement towards a

time when man to man, the world o'er, should brothers be, but looking at the land around they felt that these hopes might be going agley and leaving them nought but grief and pain for promised joy.

Today the American dream, whate'er it be, looks like to become an American nightmare. The high voltage cable thrashes about. The "Boys" go away, unquestioningly and uncomprehendingly, to Korea, Vietnam and whither else. Senators, Congressmen, their spokesman at the United Nations, the Secretary General thereof, the Carnegie Planners, the listen-box and the look-box all accustom them to the notion that tomorrow they may move off, in the same apathetic confusion, towards Southern Africa. Is not Liberal the word and Force the action?

Thus America of the Pilgrims and the Pioneers as it stands, facing both ways, in the mid-sixties of our century. Doomed from here to eternity ...? Is this dirge to be tomorrow's marching song, not Dolly Gray or We'll Be Over?

Let us continue, fellow sightseers, on our way. On your left the Central Library, turn right into 42nd Street, on your left Grand Central Station and, at the end of the street, a building somewhat in the shape of a tombstone ...

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## Chapter Nineteen

### BENIGHTED NATIONS

... and this monstrous edifice, folks, is the haunt or habitat of the Benighted Nations, or B.N. As you know (or if you don't after reading this book you never will) the B.N. constitoots a permanent threat to world peace and is chiefly maintained, at enormous expense, by the United States and British Governments. It is untiring in its great work for war and in seeking out places where an explosive situation of peace exists, so that these areas may be brought to heel by the threat or use of force. It is indefatigable, also, in giving aid, derived mainly from the sources above-mentioned, to under-developed countries to help them develop their expenditures.

The B.N., friends and neighbours, this great experiment in the story of mankind, has grown vastly since it began, in 1945, as the corporate organization of the free world. Today it includes nearly every State in the world, from China to Peru, so that almost the entire earth is now, *ipso facto*, free and ain't that somep'n. Only a few remaining places, such as Southern Africa, now constitoot a threat to world war and the B.N. will know how to deal with those bums.

Great things from small beginnings flow, ladies and gentlemen, and the B.N. comprised only about fifty of the world's States when it was born at San Francisco in 1945. Who bore it? Ah'm glad you asked me that question, Ma'am. Well, its parent, as you might say, was Mr. Alger Hiss, anyways he was the first Secretary General, and he was privately devoted to the interest of the great Soviet Union, thus foreshadowing the spreading influence of that great country in the counsels of the B.N. as the years went by.

Today, friends, its membership includes nearly 120 countries. This increase is mainly due to the grand work, accomplished under the pressure of the B.N., of releasing the great black race of Africa from its white oppressors. As you will see from this new map of Africa, which looks like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle chewed over by dogs, this produced nearly forty new recruits to the free world and to the B.N. These, together with other eminent members of the free world from Asia and the Middle East, are now able to command a majority for almost any proposal favoured by them, and this has firmly established the authority of the B.N. and its status as a permanent threat to world peace.

The B.N., ladies and gentlemen, has already done many doughty deeds, yes sirree. One of its most notable undertakings in the cause of world war was its famous expeditions to the far Congo, where its brown troops, with a firm foot put down the rebellious acts of black ones against its authority, yessir, the B.N. surely showed them boys. No rose but has its thorn, my friends, and, regrettably, some of them new chums is tardy with their dues. But aid to them will no doubt be forthcoming from the treasuries of the West to enable them to catch up with these and develop their under-development, so that the membership of the B.N. shall not diminish nor their majority for its decisions decrease. Under-development by the people of the people for the people, to quote the Constitootion of the United States or was it the Gettysburg speech, I don't rightly remember, shall not perish from the earth.

And now, folks, follow me through these marble halls. Observe this press of busy girl secretaries, the thronged and well-stocked bar, the quiet (and empty, I see, well that's how it goes) Non-Denominational Place of Prayer, the whole grand mechanism of speeches and motions and resolutions, of amendments and counter-amendments, of minutes and interpreters and translators and printers, of delegates confabulating in corners, of telephones ringing, typewriters clacking, duplicating machines clicking, guides guiding, rubes rubbernecking, hayseeds gawking, them durn

tourists touring, of black men, white men, brown men, yellow men, all brought together, here on the East River in little ole New York, beneath the roof of the great B.N., to unite and uphold the cause of permanent world you know what. This, folks, as you now have seen is Democracy in action, Democracy plus.

And now, as our time grows short, we will proceed by way of the Lincoln Tunnel and U.S. Highway 55 (unless I have forgotten my America) to Washington, a place where, according to the poet Southey, shines "a light for after times". Well, let us see about that ...

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## Chapter Twenty

### DESTINY NON-MANIFEST

... "Something is rotten in the State Department" said an American acquaintance to me in Washington in 1949. I was intent on learning what hidden power, invading the American machine of State, had diverted the use of American armed might in the Second War to produce the result in 1945. That came from the order to General Eisenhower 'Supreme Commander, to hold back the Allied advance and thus let the Soviet Empire extend to middle Europe, obliterating Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic States: and the later order to General Marshall to support the Chinese communists in driving the free Chinese into the sea and setting up another Soviet Empire in mainland China.

The war to end dictatorship thus ended in the vast spread of that dictatorship on which Hitler modelled his. The world was left as a stage behind a dropped curtain, while the scenery was changed for another total war, intended to complete the destruction of nations and establish the World Dictatorship.

By 1949 the picture of what had gone on behind the American scenes was becoming clear. Several leading participants published books of revelation which (particularly Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's account of conditions in the White House, where he was one of several resident familiars) in other times would have produced enough moral indignation to sweep clean any stables.

Nothing happened and as I looked around I found (in 1949 and again in 1951-3 and 1956) only a strange quiescence. People knew but were not stirred. They were like the man who, being warned that the card-game was crooked, said he knew that, but it was the only game in town. I remarked this again, in a different context, during the Kefauver enquiry into the operations of the Crime Syndicate. Everything was brought to light, as the lid might be taken off a box of vipers, and all America watched through television. Again nothing happened and the Crime Syndicate (which today seems to be extending its groping tentacles into England) grew stronger. This Sicilian-born thing does not discernibly reach into politics, but its effect on the national morale must be lethal.

Then came the public exposures, first that of Mr. Alger Hiss by Mr. Whitaker Chambers. Both were captured by communism in youth at their universities. Twenty years later Mr. Hiss, risen to high office, was an exposed Soviet sympathizer, set in a place where he could do the maximum disservice to his country and the world. Mr. Chambers was by then a disillusioned ex-communist. Mr. Hiss was President Roosevelt's right-hand "adviser" at Yalta, where the deeds were done of which today we inherit the consequences.

Mr. Roosevelt's pictures at Yalta showed a man obviously dying. Mr. Churchill's physician, Lord Moran, in his diaries (now published), wondered "how far Roosevelt's health impaired his judgment" and led him to sign the infamous "Morgenthau Plan" for starving postwar Germany. At Yalta, the President "intervened very little in the discussions, sitting with his mouth open ... I doubt, from what I have seen, whether he is fit for his job here ... He has all the symptoms of hardening of the arteries of the brain in an advanced stage, so that I give him only a few months to live" (in the event, two months).

But Mr. Hiss was young and fit, and from Yalta went the orders that misshaped the world and the future. Six years earlier Mr. Chambers, horrified by the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939, reported Mr. Hiss's espionage work to President Roosevelt and was contemptuously brushed aside. More postwar years passed (during which Mr. Hiss was United Nations Secretary General at San Francisco) until

at last the efforts of a few writers and Congressmen revealed the truth. Mr. Hiss, confronted with a mass of highly secret documents conveyed by him to Moscow, was tried and sentenced for perjury (he was never charged with treason or espionage).

In 1913 some eleven hours passed between the detection of Colonel Redl, who for years had sold Austria's military secrets to Russia, and his suicide with a revolver given him for the purpose. Ten years passed between the denunciation of Mr. Hiss and his conviction for perjury. Today another generation has grown up and by these mid-1960's its members, if caught, merely remark "So what" or something equivalent.

Disclosures in America, Canada and England followed quickly. The lid was blown off and the truth was there for the public masses to see, if they wished. The effect on their individual lives should also have been clear to them: the growing shadow of one more war, which would be twisted to serve the same destructive purpose. There was little public response, and during the 1950's and 1960's the infestation of governments grew apace, and became more widespread than in the earlier generation of Mr. Hiss and Mr. Chambers. The new generation, all undeterred, built on the experience of the one before and white-anted away at the fabric of government in America and England alike.

In America, Mr. Hiss, as the exposures showed, was but one of a group of termites in and around the State Department. They too were exposed: some died or committed suicide, others went into the shadows. But others of the new generation took their places and in this must lie the explanation of American State policy since the Second War, which I have compared with the thrashings of a high-voltage cable broken loose. No manifest destiny is perceptible in it, only actions which must promote the advance of the revolution of destruction while purporting to oppose it.

In this process, the apparent inability of many Americans to grasp the nature of problems in the outer world, or to perceive consequences, may play a supporting part. At Yalta, for instance, Lord Moran noted "The Americans are leaving with a sense of achievement, they feel they are on top of the world and that, while other conferences had been concerned with proposals of policy, Yalta has been the scene of important decisions that may influence the future of the world".

True enough, but in the directly opposite sense of what they thought. Mr. Harry Hopkins (the chief White House intimate) also about to die, "lying on his sickbed 'is firmly convinced that a new Utopia has dawned ... What is more remarkable -- for Roosevelt is a sick man -- the Americans around him do not seem to realise how the President has split the democracies ... They cannot see that he is playing Stalin's game". (Lord Moran could not guess, when he made his notes, what sort of man moved among those "Americans around" or that some of them were privily committed to play "Stalin's game".)

"A new Utopia", thought the dying Mr. Hopkins. Then let us look at the world today, when America has announced its intention of creating another Utopia, in Africa ...

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## Chapter Twenty One

### AMERICA MOVES IN

... and therefore, good reader, we will gaze at Africa through the wrong end of the telescope, that is, from Washington, where we have now arrived, and consider the chances of this new American dream becoming a reality.

To Americans, when I came to know them, Africa was but a name, and South Africa and Rhodesia barely that. Any "national interest" of America in embroiling itself in Africa, then peaceful and improving, could not be imagined. "No entanglements" was still a remembered tenet, despite the two wars, and if new entanglements were yet to come, Africa was the last of the continents whither Americans would have expected to be dragged by them.

I first realized in 1949 that America was to become involved in Africa, and as I lived there, and had seen the effects of Utopia-making in Europe, misgiving filled me. President Truman then announced a programme for saving the world from communism. It contained a "Fourth Point" related to "undeveloped areas". It was to "foster capital investment" in them, "greatly increase the industrial activity in other nations" and "raise substantially their standards of living". Later in the year this project proved to be aimed at Africa.

Britain and other "colonial powers" were invited to co-operate in "a new defence master-plan to open up Africa south of the Sahara". Under this "huge project" new roads and railways would be built between the African possessions of Britain and those of other countries, new air bases established and scores of ports modernized." Evidently a blueprint of stupendous developments in Africa was in preparation, and Congress would need to vote great sums.

Wondering whence came this sudden interest in Africa, I did some research. The only earlier source of similar ideas that I could find was a communist book publishing during Mr. Roosevelt's period by the then American communist leader, a Mr. Earl Browder. Its proposals bore great resemblance to those evolving under Point Four: "America can underwrite a gigantic program for the industrialization of Africa ... it must initiate a general and steady rise in the standard of life of the African peoples ... Our government can create a series of giant industrial development corporations, each in partnership with some other government or group of governments, and set them to work upon large-scale plans of railroad and highway building, agricultural and industrial development, and all-round modernization in ... the undeveloped areas of the world."

Here were two minds with a single thought, the one in Moscow the other in Washington. Without being grossly cynical, I reasoned that Mr. Browder's heart beat for the world revolution, not for the African peoples. Here, it seemed, was the original blueprint of the Point Four blueprint for Africa, and someone must have sold it as an original to somebody in Washington, as dealers have occasionally been known to pass off a bogus painting as a genuine Old Master.

Mr. Browder's proposals, in any event, were essentially the same as President Truman's, so that, once again, the aims of American policy and of communism were not opposites, but the same, and this time they converged, as the prongs of the pincers, in Africa. Everything that has happened in Africa since 1949 shows this pincer method at work. When Britain attacked Egypt in 1956 (a mistake in my opinion: but once begun, 'twere best carried through) America and Russia joined to stop the operation. After that Suez fiasco came the deluge in Africa, with America ever pressing for "black majority rule" and communism creeping into the vacuum thus left, arming terrorists and esconcing itself at Dar es Salaam.

The event of 1949 seemed to me to show that, although Mr. Hiss. was gone, infiltration of the American governmental machine went on, as the new generation stepped into the preceding one's shoes. President Truman, a staunch man, evidently believed that this project would in fact help produce a new Utopia, armoured against communism, in Africa. He was new to world machinations, knew Africa not, and was wrong.

The Fourth Point took clearer shape as the years passed. Officials, bureaus and money were needed for it, and a report from Washington announced that these new-age officials were working to the principle of "a new type of benevolent imperialism, designed to spread prosperity without exacerbating political nationalism". (In time the exacerbation of what came to be called "African nationalism" proved to be the chief effect). Then, "American nationals will serve *on the governmental* as well as the technical level in the politically independent countries concerned" (my italics).

This notion of politically independent countries governed by nationals from elsewhere seemed novel at the time but passed without comment. Up to this point, gentle reader, I have briefly summarized what I wrote seventeen years ago, when the name, Africa, had not even impinged on the mass mind. In the intervening years, when I turned to other things, I forgot much of what I earlier wrote, and was agreeably surprised when a good friend in Rhodesia, realizing this forgetfulness, induced me to read an old book of mine. I found that I had accurately diagnosed the course of events and the present shape of them, seventeen years ago.

From this point, then, I take up the story of the great defence master plan against communism in Africa, as it has developed since I wrote in 1949.

In following years a whole crop of nominally private bodies sprang up in Washington around the Africa programme. They proliferated like toadstools after rain, and like the gentle rain from heaven much monies dropped on them from the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Ford Foundations. The only admittedly official one, nesting within the government, was the African Affairs Bureau of the State Department, which, as I earlier mentioned, began to carry on a running feud with its titular superiors of the State Department in the matter of "more Liberal policies" towards Southern Africa. I cannot find whether this department earlier existed or was itself a growth of Point Four, but it developed prodigious energy in the matter of applying "pressures" in Africa.

Outside the official building, but so interlocked with it through past members of it that none could discern just where policy ended and politics began, was, above all, the Council for Foreign Relations. This, again through interlocking memberships, identified itself with the Carnegie Battle Plan in 1965. Many other groups mushroomed up and joined in the hue and cry of havoc against Southern Africa. A prominent one was the African-American Institute of New York, also closely interlocked with the others, and this produced, on behalf of the whole mass, the "United States-South African Leader Exchange Program" of 1958, which was in effect the first bid to effect in practice the appearance of "American nationals" at "governmental levels in politically independent countries" (see above).

At American universities new faculties, called "Centres of African Studies" then began to appear. Several of these were conducted by former State Department officials and members of the Council on Foreign Relations, and two of them contributed to the Carnegie Battle Plan of 1965.

Supporting these central bodies in the wider field of mass agitation were numerous groups of the most varied pretensions, ranging from the Non-Denominational Crusade for Free Africa to the Crapshooters for African Democracy (these are not the true names gentle reader, but you will get the idea). Any who wish to acquaint themselves with the ways in which "pressure" is brought to



bear on governments in our day will find much information in *The Puppeteers*, by Messrs. Harold Soref and Ian Greig (1965). This shows the English counterparts of the American rabble-rousers at work and presents a lively picture of canny clerics, infuriate intellectuals, bellicose Liberals, pamphleteers, poets, actresses and the rest, all clamouring for action against the white man in Southern Africa, six thousand miles away.

Most of these folk are the "useful fools" mentioned by the Venezuelan communist leader, German Lairet, in the following passage: "Through front organizations and useful fools we must demand the release of communist prisoners, howl for freedom of the press, if a communist newspaper is suppressed ..." Our old friend Georgi Dimitroff of the Reichstag Fire Trial (he appeared in the first book I ever wrote) when he became Secretary general of the Communist International, also referred to these useful but non-initiated servitors of communism: "As Soviet power grows there will be a great aversion to Communist parties everywhere. So we must practise the techniques of withdrawal. Never appear in the foreground: let our friends do the work. We must always remember that one sympathizer is generally worth more than a dozen militant communists. A university professor who, without being a party member, lends himself to the interest of the Soviet Union, is worth more than a hundred men with party cards".

The attentive student who reads *The Puppeteers* or American publications on the same subject will usually find, low down in the list of members, patrons, sponsors, sympathizers and supporters the unobtrusive name of the fully-trained communist organizer.

These groups, in America and England, are able at any moment to produce a picket line, a little riot outside an embassy, a mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square or Madison Garden, speeches by Congressmen and M.P.'s, slanted paragraphs in the newspapers and broadcasts, Negro demonstrations, petitions to the United Nations, delegations to Washington and Westminster.

Expenditure was prodigious under President Kennedy's improvement on Point Four, when he created the Agency for International Development (A.I.D.). This, yet another new body, rests (according to its Fact Book) on the theory that "the future of a schoolboy in the United States may well depend on whether an African lad sits at a desk in a classroom or is forced to live out his life as an uneducated pawn of the power-hungry", a massive theorem which Euclid might require to be demonstrated. Among the principles governing its gifts are that the recipient country must show "social progress" (chiefly defined as "land reform"), "forego luxuries" and "accept sacrifice and discipline". A.I.D. experts and technicians are to help them towards these ends (ultimately, one supposes, at "governmental levels").

The gifts are lavish but "about 80 percent of current funds for grants and nearly 100 percent of the funds for commodities are spent in the United States". This presumably means that some of America's surplus output is sent to these recipients, who make a book entry, while the American supplier gets governmentally paid. In 1953 about 70 per cent of the expenditure of some six billion dollars went to finance the Korean war, a different form of A.I.D. Another function of A.I.D. is "to maintain access for U.S. military bases on other nations' soil".

Fear the Greeks when they come bearing gifts? If any doubt remained about American intentions towards Africa it was removed in the 1960's when President Kennedy appointed a Mr. Mennen Williams Assistant Secretary for African Affairs and sent him to Africa. At that point "African affairs" became an official activity of the American Government. Here was the President's own representative, roaming round Africa.

This might be the oddest diplomatic appointment ever made. Mr. Williams expressed open hostility to the governments in Southern Africa. Once he was smitten on the nose by an enraged white man,

I believe in Rhodesia. He took no apparent umbrage and went his way, unrepentant and vocal. After some years he was seen on television, talking about "bringing down the South African Government". Even Dr. Verwoerd's renowned patience then gave out and at his remonstrance Mr. Williams's resignation was accepted by President Johnson who "deeply regretted that we will not have your fine and steady hand in critical assignments, which you have discharged so well and faithfully". This was at least a way of putting it. Mr. Williams retired to stand for Senator in Michigan (where an unorthodox American citizen undertook to raise a fund for a memorial to the man who smote the Williams nose).

His resignation could not change the now visible fact. America was deeply involved in the African turmoil, which by the time of his disappearance enveloped all northern Africa, and was demonstrably intent on spreading its area. The United States Ambassador at the United Nations continued to mouth menaces at Southern Africa and its Secretary General on television demanded a blockade of South Africa, a demand which the reader may compare with the Carnegie Battle Plan.

Even in a mad world nothing like this was ever seen. The Secretary General of the body in New York should be at the most a rapporteur or impartial recorder, authorized to effect actions decided, not to decide actions. In the nightmare atmosphere of East 42nd Street, this little man from Burma already felt himself in command of world events.

By 1966 nothing remained of the great master defence plan against communism of 1949, or of the great undertakings originally pro-projected under Point Four. The railroads, irrigation projects, modernized ports and the rest had not materialized. All that came out of the seventeen years was a political agitation aimed against Southern Africa, where the mass of white folk live, and chaos in northern Africa. Out of that, again, came the blockade of Rhodesia, the threat of blockade against South Africa, and the menace of actual invasion.

No Utopia, then. Instead, the great American Republic teetered on the brink of ruinous courses, drawn thither by the invisible power that has propelled it in this direction, since the start of the century, with increasing momentum. It was tied, like the London government, to a destructive dogma.

In the time when national interest governed American affairs of State, a president, by name Lincoln, said in 1858: "There is a physical difference between the White and Black race which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality."

That truth of 1858 is the truth of 1966. The two races can only live, in peace, *separately*, and then on terms of social and political equality.

In 1966 another president, Mr. Lyndon Johnson, announced (while talks for a settlement went on in London) that "legitimate government" must be restored in Rhodesia and only then could steps be taken to "open the full power and responsibility of nationhood to all the people of Rhodesia, not just six percent". He added, "The foreign policy of the United States is rooted in its life at home. We will not permit human rights to be restricted in our own country and we will not support policies abroad which are based on the rule of minorities or the discredited notion that men are unequal before the law".

President Johnson must have observed by that time how greatly "human rights" have been reduced in all of northern Africa since America began its pressures there. Bloodshed and tommy-gunned minority rule are everywhere there. Even as he spoke one more new State, Uganda, fell into the spreading chaos; the Prime Minister there deposed the President, and the gunman régime took over on the ruins of one more Westminster-and-Washington-style paper constitution.

Armed minorities had grasped power at gunpoint in one "emergent" State after another in northern Africa, and more were yet to follow. In these circumstances, plain to all, the American President and men around him continued (as in the words just quoted) to address public remonstrances to the only remaining area, Southern Africa, where parliamentary government survived and where men who believed themselves wronged could appeal to that "law" which was disappearing everywhere else in Africa.<sup>[23]</sup>

Against the background of carnage in the rest of Africa (where the numbers of people indiscriminately slaughtered in the last few years must by now amount to the casualty-list of a major war) such statements as that just quoted are grotesquely unreal. American presidents are honourable men and the fault must lie, not in them but in those "advisers" who have played so ominous a part in American affairs in the last two generations. Presidents today seem to be surrounded by a stockade of misinformation and misguidance and this has become plain to see in the literature emerging from the periods of Presidents Woodrow Wilson and Roosevelt, and particularly in that of infiltration during President Roosevelt's time.

President Johnson succeeds to an edifice of apparently absolute power which is demonstrably weakened at all levels below the peak by this infiltration under the cover-name of Liberalism. He finds himself in that position at what might be the most dangerous moment in all our history, and is certainly perilous to his own country.

Let us, then, gentle reader, consider The Powers Of The President ...

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## Chapter Twenty Two

### THE PINNACLE OF WEAKNESS

During the last war Mr. Churchill once told the Commons, "The United States is now at the highest pinnacle of her power and fame". President Roosevelt, learning this, said, "What Winston says may be true at the moment, but I'd hate to say it, because we may be heading before very long for the pinnacle of our weakness".

Whatever he may have meant, the ominous words remain. The weakness was already there; its source lay in the infestation of the circles around him and the way in which others used his, apparently absolute power. The "Fireside Chats" gave America the Big Daddy image (and today television is infinitely more potent in projecting this vision into a myriad homes). The forces around and behind a President are not seen.

None of the presidents in whom increasing power came to be vested in truth wielded it. President Wilson was the captive of men around him, as those who study Colonel House's *Papers* and strange novel, *Philip Dru*, may see. Congress applied the checkrein to President Wilson after the First War and that might be the last time that Congress proved able to curb a president. After that, in President Roosevelt's twelve years, the presidential power grew and grew until, during the Second War Mr. Anthony Eden, concerned about various territorial rearrangements which President Roosevelt had suggested to the Soviet's M. Molotoff, enquired in Washington about the President's constitutional authority for reshaping the globe. Mr. Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State, was consulted and replied that the President could do anything he liked "without any Congressional action in the first instance" and "the handling of the military forces of the United States could be so managed as to foster any purpose he pursued".

*Managed!* That was in war, and who *wielded* this power and *managed* the purpose. A strange family of familiars and intimates inhabited the White House then, and some were spiritual kindred of the agents of revolution who had crept into the State Department. The chief one, a Mr. Harry Hopkins, was described to me by Americans as a "smalltime fixer" and "little brother of the rich". The appearance of such a man at the peak of American affairs at so dangerous a moment must be something unique in any history.

His biographer, Mr. Robert E. Sherwood (also an inmate of the White House) says of him that until the war's end (which was also his and the dying President's end) he was in decisive matters "the de facto President", yet he had "no legitimate official position nor even any desk of his own except a card table in his bedroom".

Mr. Hopkins in fact wielded the world power vested in the President. He was given charge of the distribution of treasure, munitions and supplies under the Lease Lend bill, and diverted the bulk of it, unknown to the public masses, to the Soviet Union. If any copies of Major Racey Jordan's *Diaries* have survived the literary terror, readers may in them study this, the most stupendous transfer of wealth from one country to another ever known; and all done, in his own unfettered right and discretion, by "Harry the Hop".

Being irritated by suggestions that the Soviet should provide information about its military situation, as did the British, before further supplies were sent, Mr. Hopkins decreed:

"The United States is doing things which it would not do for other United Nations without full information from them... There is no reservation about the policy at the present time but the policy

is constantly being brought up by various groups for rediscussion. I propose that no further consideration be given to these requests for rediscussion".

Here is imperial power in action, wielded by a Mr. Hopkins. He resumed, on a much vaster scale, the policy begun by the men around President Wilson, who in 1917 spoke of "the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening in the last few weeks in Russia" and the next day granted the provisional government there credits amounting to \$325,000,000. The hammer-and-anvil process, by means of which the revolution in Asia and high finance in America, while grimacing at each other as if at daggers drawn, in fact combined to beat the world into a flaccid mass ready to receive the iron imprint of World Government, was thus continued.

Mr. Sherwood, an adoring habitué of the White House in war, when he looked back later was deeply concerned by what he saw with a soberer eye. He then developed an "alarmed awareness of the risks that we run of disastrous fallibility at the very top of our Constitutional structure". There was "far too great a gap between the President and Congress", he decided, and noted that "the extraordinary and solitary constitutional powers of the President remain and, in times of crisis, they are going to be asserted for better or for worse".

Today "the gap" has even widened. The President can do what he will, for better or worse. We live in a time of permanent, though engineered crisis. An eminent authority who perceived the mortal danger long before Mr. Sherwood's illusions faded, Dr. Charles A. Beard (in *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, 1941) said:

"At this point in its history, the American Republic has arrived under the theory that the President of the United States possesses limitless authority publicly to misrepresent and secretly to control foreign policy, foreign affairs, and the war power." Dr. Beard saw the period in which we now move as "the supreme test of American statesmanship" and feared the future because there was now "no divinity hedging our Republic against Caesar".

Such are the legacy, the post and the power bequeathed to President Johnson (by the accident of another's assassination). Texan politics are a far cry from the realities of world events and one must wonder if he perceives the true shape of his time. His words, quoted at the end of the previous chapter, are of ill omen in that respect.

He has on his hands at the moment a war in Vietnam which, like the Korean one, seems to be of those new-age wars which must not be won. For that reason it is unpopular in America. Nevertheless, he has been reported as saying that whenever he makes peace moves his popularity rating goes down. Here is another example of the dangerous influences around a President, who must be guided by national interest above any other. None can know how or by whom these "public opinion polls" are operated, but they are evidently made use of by the "advisers" who nowadays surround American presidents.

About the same time the President proposed to the Kremlin that the Moon be not used for military purposes and that other planets be peacefully explored. A draft treaty to ensure this happy consummation, the reports added, was to be laid before the United Nations. (At this point I was disabled for a while from work on this book, suffering from prostration following an attack of hysterical laughter.)

The President has matters to think on here in Earth before he glances Moonward. His governmental machine, by all the signs, is still permeated by agents of the revolution, and a great uproar of "witch-hunt" goes up at any attempt to winkle them out. Around them, again, is the clamorous mass of "Liberal" bodies, all crying for "force". At the United Nations, African politicians with one-man-

one-gun dictatorships behind them, scream (I use the word literally) for an American-British war against Southern Africa.

On his pinnacle of weakness stands today's American President, immune from Congressional guidance and control, hemmed in by "advisers". A terrible responsibility rests on the one man in the world who can, alone, unleash another total war. Between it and him, in fact, lies only a four-letter word: veto. The greatest of the pressures brought to bear on him is to prevent him ever using it.

Our century has seen that the power vested in American presidents has become absolute, but in the recent past has been wielded by others. Then what do these others want, to what ultimate purpose do they use any power they can exert?

Here, at last, we come to the very root of the matter, and of evil, good friends. This way please, to a place as dark, sinister, tortuous and intricate as the Labyrinth of Hawara or the catacombs of Rome: to the world of WAPWAG ...

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## Chapter Twenty Three

### THE WORLD OF WAPWAG

In this century we have seen empires and kingdoms, monarchs and princes, presidents and republics crumble and go. Each step was supposed to lead to something "new" and better, and each was followed by deterioration. No pattern of improvement, of a rising brotherhood of man, emerged from it all. The only pattern, if such it can be called, was that of destroying old things without putting better ones in their place: witness the world today.

However, one discernible *thread* ran through the disorderly process. It was that of world revolution leading to despotic world government. For this reason the process could not stop, any more than a stone rolling downhill. It had to come to fruition or finally fail, and this moment of decision now bears down on us all.

Students much more erudite than I, who have examined this matter, find that their search takes them into olden times, indeed, into ancient ones. Let us here take it up at the point where it became visible in our recent world, and carry the story, briefly, through to this day.

It all began then, for our purpose, with the chance discovery (as accidental as that of Mr. Whitaker Chamber's Hiss-incriminating "pumpkin papers") by the Royal Bavarian Government in 1787 of the documents of a secret society, the Illuminati of Adam Weishaupt, a university professor. Obviously this plan for world revolution (the papers can be read by any who care to undertake the research) cannot have sprung, as by demoniac birth, from the mind of one man: a long history of organisation and conspiracy clearly preceded it.

However, these documents for the first time proved the existence of the revolutionary conspiracy which we know today as communism (it has had various other names). It is identifiable from them as the same thing, for all the aims and methods are there: the cell system of organization (only when the papers were published did most of the Illuminates know that Weishaupt existed or was the head); the use of aliases (cover names); the employment of "useful fools" (high clerics and princes, believing themselves to be of "Liberal" mind, were among its members, and a Duke of Brunswick, when he saw the real aims, made anguished confession of his duplicity); the denunciation of parents; the use of ciphers, poisons and explosives; and all the rest. The aims were the eradication of religion, family, nations and the establishment of world government.

The Illuminati played a large part in the secret societies behind the French Revolution and then extended their influence to America, so that George Washington expressed himself "fully satisfied that the doctrines of the Illuminati have spread to the United States". They were exposed by three writers, Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse and one of George Washington's last acts was to thank Mr. Morse for his work, "the dissemination of which would be useful, if spread through the community" (Mr. Whitaker Chambers, in 1939, received a presidential recommendation to 'go jump in the lake' when he offered his revelations). I was surprised to find how far control of the press in America had gone even in that time: Messrs. Barruel, Robison and Morse were "smeared" out of literary existence.

The revolutionary conspiracy then went underground for a time and after Napoleon's fall emerged behind a Christian cover-name, calling itself The Holy Alliance. It was perceived to be an attempt at a supernational dictatorship and that name faded out, but the subversive work continued and appeared in France again towards the mid-century under one Louis Blanc, who worked for "World Revolution" and the super-State.

Probably few people in Texas, even today, ever heard of Louis Blanc, but thirty years later still a young Texan, one Edward Mandell House, was absorbing ideas "reminiscent of Louis Blanc and the revolutionaries of 1948" (the editor of his *Papers*).

This "Colonel" House, when the new century broke, became one of the group of men who chose a little-known university professor, one Woodrow Wilson, to be candidate for the Presidency. Mr. House boasted (his *Papers*) that he infused ideas into other men's minds; the ideas, as has been seen, were those of Louis Blanc.

At that time Mr. House's "ideas" about the total shape of the grand conspiracy were limited. The hero of his novel of 1912 (when Mr. Wilson became president) was an American dictator who wished to bring about "an international grouping or league of powers founded on Anglo-Saxon solidarity" (a very different thing from what later developed). Nevertheless, the central idea was there: some body *above nations*.<sup>[24]</sup>

Mr. House was virtually president during Mr. Wilson's two terms (the *Papers*) and thus wielded the presidential power. He discussed the great "idea" with the ailing British Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, and the shape of it changed again. The two men now talked about some super-national body that should combine against States which committed inhumane acts in war. The central idea continued: some authority *over nations*. Sir Edward fell into the trap and then proposed "some league of nations *backed by force*". Later Sir Edward, with the familiar Liberal dislike of words revealing intention, backed away from "force" and substituted the genteel-sounding "sanctions".

But not for long. In 1916 Mr. House prompted President Wilson publicly to support the plan for "some league of nations" before a body then newly-formed: The League To *Enforce* Peace. Thus the Plan became clearer: peace was to be enforced by war. Lord Robert Cecil demurred at that point, reminding Mr. House that the Holy Alliance too began as "a league to enforce peace" but in fact became "a league to uphold tyranny" (today's demonstrable concept).

Then Mr. House set up a body called "The Inquiry" to draft the plan of "a new world order". The drafters were three little-known persons: a Dr. Sidney Mezes (Mr. House's brother-in-law), a Dr. Isaiah Bowman, and a Mr. Walter Lippman, (whom I believe to be still with us). In all this President Wilson played no part beyond giving his public blessing to The League To Enforce Peace: Mr. House says that the President "never seriously studied" the matter and was not the author of the League of Nations, with which the First War ended. Nevertheless, the obedient Mr. Wilson then insisted on a new "general association of nations", so that, out of all the earlier spadework behind the scenes, came the League of Nations of 1919.

That League collapsed in 1939 and throughout the Second War the leading men of the West continued, as if possessed, to declare that the creation of another super-national body must be a foremost aim of victory. During that war the grand design was unremittingly pursued and again persons behind the scenes proved in the event to know more about the outcome than presidents, prime ministers and the public masses.

For instance, a Mr. Moritz Gomberg was presumably unknown to the multitudes embroiled when in 1942 he popped up with a "Group for a New World Order" and published a map showing the rearrangement of the globe. He foresaw that at the war's end the communist empire would extend from the Pacific to the Rhine (Berlin is not far from the Rhine), that a Hebrew State should be set up in Palestine (which happened), that the remnant of Western Europe should disappear in a "United States of Europe" (something which is now being actively pursued), and that the African continent should become a "Union of Republics" (it is becoming a shambles, the same thing).



Mr. Churchill then seems to have become aware that all was not going as he thought the war's purpose to be, and remonstrated: "Let me make this clear, in case there should be any mistake about it in any quarter. We mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire ... Here we are and here we stand, a veritable rock of salvation in this drifting world". (His then son-in-law, twenty years later, said "We have lost the will to govern", according to Sir Roy Welensky).

The war ended. The United Nations was ushered into being by Mr. Alger Hiss and twenty years have shown what it has done and yet might do. By 1953 the One-Worlders, waiting for the sunrise, evidently thought that the great day was at hand, and also the instrument, the United Nations.

In that year the full shape of the Grand Design, the Master Plan at length emerged. This, in our current idiom, was It. In this document the world might see just what awaited it, if all the "ideas" took shape. Here is no longer any vague talk of some league to enforce something. Here is the Grand Design worked out in detail, so that any man can see just how it would affect him, his family, his future and his world. This is the plan which, in my estimation, our One-Worlders aspire to carry through under cover of another war, if the American president of the day can be prevented from saying: "Veto".

It came from a body calling itself The World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, or WAPWG. To make this unutterable hieroglyph utterable, I will borrow a vowel and call it henceforth WAPWAG. It is, or was, but one of the un-numerable "front" bodies working towards the revolutionary end. However, this one produced, at its second conference in 1952, the Master Plan. It deserves a chapter to itself.

Come, gentle reader, and consider Wapwag's Master Plan for the world ...

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## Chapter Twenty Four

### THE MASTER PLAN

The Wapwag, conference of 1952, then, found before it a blueprint of "The World Organization". This, said the document, "will take over the existing facilities of the United Nations". That being done, The World organization would set up a directorate composed of A World Director; eight Zone Directors; five Commanders; and fifty-one Regional Directors. The World Organization's charter would "effect World Security so that the people of the World may live in freedom from fear of war" (for which purpose substantial land, sea and air forces would be stationed around the globe). It would control the production and distribution of basic foodstuffs, raw and strategic materials, and allow Governments "the maximum freedom of action within the understanding of World achievement".

So much for the broad outline of this global rearrangement. Next, the details:

All these high world officials would be nominated, subject to the approval of The World Director, by the governments designated. As to the super-despot, The World Director, that is the only blank in the plan. By whom *he* is to be nominated or appointed, is not stated, so presumably He (or She) will appoint himself or herself. As He, or She, is to rule The World, the method of selection, or self-election, might be of universal interest, but that point is left open.

Beneath Him, or Her, the eight Zone Directors would administer the globe, each at some place far distant from his native land. The Swedish Government, for instance would appoint the Director of the Australian Zone, with headquarters in Sydney. The Chinese Government would nominate the Director of the African Zone, headquartered at Khartoum. France would send the South American Zone Director to Rio, England supply the Polar one (based on London), India the European Director at Paris, the Soviet the Zone Director for North America, who would dwell in Chicago, the American Government would supply the Zone Director for India, at Delhi, and South Africa would provide a Zone Director, resident at Shanghai, for China.

This is what an English North Country comedian would call "a proper mook-oop", but it is seriously intended, witness the high personages who adorned Wapwag. They were mostly of the Liberal kind who can be plucked from the trees of credulity and vanity like nuts in the fall. They were originally supposed all to be "parliamentarians", but this qualification was widened to include "former members of parliament", which in our times would let in all sorts and conditions of men. The membership of Wapwag contained many persons of the kind mentioned by Georgi Dimitroff as lending themselves to the interest of the Soviet Union without being party-members and being "worth more than a hundred men with party cards". In the lower echelons the figures of a few true initiates could be perceived.

The fifty-one Regional Directors, subordinated to the five Zone Directors who would be subordinate to the One World Director, would similarly be distributed around the world on the far-from-home pattern. A female Soviet citizen, for instance, would administer the Desert Region from Goa, and a Finnish woman the Congo from Brazzaville; a Brazilian woman would rule the Balkans from Belgrade and a Danish one Central Europe from Prague. Liberia would supply Scandinavia with a Regional Director, based on Stockholm, and Holland a Dutch one for Egypt, posted at Cairo; and so on round the earth.

All this would rest on a rearrangement of the world's armed forces, which would come forthwith under The World Director. They would be combined in a World Security System under five

Commanders: the World Security Commander, the Air Security Commander, the Sea Security Commander, the Untersee Commander, and the Research and Development Commander. A point that caught my curious eye in this list was that of "Untersee Commander". The Plan is couched in English throughout save for this one term: Untersee Commander, used in apparent preference to "submarine" or "underwater". Probably some significance lies in this particular choice of a word, with its memories of the dreaded "U-Boats", but I cannot divine what it may be.

All ground armies of the world would come under the Land Director, and would be used in the following proportions and places. The Soviet would supply four garrison and two field divisions to be stationed at Mobile in the U.S.A., Dar es Salaam, Madras, Shanghai, Australia and Canada. The United States would supply an equal number to Argentina, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, India, and Australia. The remaining white members of the British Commonwealth, Britain, Eire, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand would provide six divisions for China, the United States, Russia and Latvia.

In this way a total of forty-nine garrison and nine field divisions would be distributed as forlorn foreign legions throughout the world, the only essential being that they should be fed up and far from home, and the further the better. Any land forces remaining after this rearrangement would be disbanded and "absorbed into industry and agriculture".

As to naval and merchant forces, all vessels, personnel "and equipment whatsoever of national, union or commonwealth sea forces would be reallocated as required by the Commander Sea Security". Any surplus "would be disposed of under orders issuing from the World Organization". Sea bases would be handed over to it "if necessary, on lease from the owner nation".

Similarly in the domain of the Commander Air Security: all aircraft, airfields and personnel would be incorporated within the World Organization scheme for air security and come under his command. The Commander Untersee would take over all underwater craft "and paraphernalia whatsoever", use what he wanted "and dispose of the remainder". The Research and Development Commander would take over "all scientific research establishments".

Service in this World Security Force would be by "professionals", that is, conscripts, who would serve for between fifteen and twenty-two years. All petroleum, metals and commodities usually designated as strategic materials, and shipping completed and at sea would come under the World Organization, which "operates in the acknowledgement that a world system is necessary". All trade agreements between governments, and their plans for future development of basic needs, would be coordinated by the World Organization, which would maintain "the World Account" (in "World Marks").

So there it is, the last word in World Planning. I hope not to have prompted derision by this summary, for it is to be taken seriously: how far have we not already been brought in this direction, behind the smokescreen of two world wars?

I do not know if Wapwag exists today. Whether or not is no matter, because a vast complex of kindred groups and bodies carries on the work, and they have had much success in furthering it to this stage. I had the impression when I first drew attention to this Master Plan (in 1953) that it might have erred in letting a copy or two out of the bag. Anyway, I was much vilified at the time for the modest public reference I made to it.

Postscript: I said, above, that the Master Plan was the last word, to which nothing could be added to make intention clearer, and once again I was wrong. As I write, perspiring reader, I learn that our One-Worlders already have extended their plan to the very Cosmos.

In 1966, after President Johnson proposed a treaty to prevent the Moon being used for military purposes and for the peaceful exploration of other planets, I foresaw the day when, the Moon having been colonized and settled by valiant pioneers, our One-Worlders would surge thither in their footsteps, crying One Moon and Moon Government, so that the whole business would begin again up there.

Sure enough, a few days later The Committee to Study the Organization of Peace, (COMSOP), recommended that the United Nations should take over ownership of the high seas and outer space. Seventy "scholars, writers, editors, union leaders and business executives" signed this report, which urged that the General Assembly of the United Nations should "declare the title of the international community" to the high seas and outer space.

WAPWAG first, and now COMSOP. Angels and ministers of grace ...

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## Chapter Twenty Five

### INSANITY FAIR, 1967?

... and now that we have journeyed together half round the world, and seen how the mechanism of power-politics is operated, let us return by air to the place where all this began: Rhodesia; and look at the world again from there.

Even the ancient truisms are being exploded in this, the century of destiny, among them the one that there is nothing new under the sun. Man's conquest of space *is* something new. Even in our time that was but an eccentric's fantasy, and now it is happening. Soon no mysteries will remain save that of life itself, and its meaning.

Man is about to move into space and to other worlds. He has no choice about that, for he is over-populating his Earth. This century is the period of the great acceleration, in all human things. A small span of years has carried man from his first power-driven flights to the recoil-propelled capsule in which he seeks the stars. This same, sudden acceleration, as if a foot were abruptly pressed hard down on a pedal, is evident in all mortal things, and most of all in the headlong increase of population, at a rate of multiplication never before known. This is a thing of our time.

We have not reached the result which Malthus foresaw, the point where the numbers of human beings would far outrun the supply of food, and are not likely to come to that for a long time yet, because of those methods of increasing food supply which he could not envisage. The population-explosion is leading to another effect than that of mass starvation: to overcrowding. Even between two neighbours frictions arise, and the future which now is opening to Man on Earth is that of an intolerable propinquity. Man is not meant to live either alone or in a hive. Our cities grow too big and sub-urbanization spreads ever further into the surrounding country until the very cities begin to meet: this process is to be seen in every land known to me.

Man has to go elsewhere or ultimately perish, and precisely at this point he begins to move into Space. Thus he is not going of his own volition, but is impelled by forces beyond his ken. Sublime paradox: Man never looked more like a performing flea, controlled and directed by an uncomprehended hand, than at the moment of his greatest triumph: The Conquest Of Space!

Nevertheless, the contrast between the culminating achievement of the white race in space and its inert confusion on earth is startling. Up there in the stratosphere all is valour and striving: down here in the catastrophosphere all is villainy and strife. For the nonce we can but look around and marvel at the mundane pandemonium and then look up and ask whether, when we people Space, we shall pollute it too.

For there, too, the doughty "pioneers" whom we watch today will be followed by hardy "settlers" and "colonists", and when they have made all secure, the generation of vipers, bearing the yellow flag of "Liberalism", will follow too, crying for Space Government and a Space Director. Most ominously, a Moon Peace Treaty has already been proposed (as I reported earlier), so that the Moon, now serenely shining, in course of time would also become a permanent threat to Space Peace, and the clamour for Space War, in the councils of the United Planets, may already be heard in the distance.

Considering our Earthly affairs as they look at this point in time, it might be better that we do not colonize Space at all. The wiser course, at all events, would be to tidy up matters on Earth before we go there. To use the vernacular, I recall the homely phrase of the British soldier from the wars

returning around 1919, when the name "Mesopotamia" was being dinned into his ears: "Never mind about Mesopotamia: let's clear up the mess-up at 'ome 'ere".

And that brings us back again to the place where we began: Rhodesia. It is a small place in the crazy chequerwork of our world, but at this moment plays the vital part in our affairs, as the arm of the legendary Dutch boy, thrust through the hole in the dam, kept out the waters.

From here, on the sunlit roof of Africa, you get a wide, clear view of the raging, confused, tumultuous sea, so oft encarnadined, which is the outer world. Here an epic struggle, in the truest sense of the word, has been fought by a few men who, having taken the time in the affairs of men at what may be its turn, might yet lead their country and the world to better fortunes. If they fail, worse days await us all.

Rhodesia, having earned its independence decades since, has in the past seven months (June of 1966, as I conclude this book) established and proved it. Behind that dam, clear water and safe anchorage spread over all Southern Africa, and given time and the acknowledgment of its just cause, the chaotic waters in Africa north of the Zambezi will withdraw and settle too.

The American President, in his most recent speech as I write, said that until recent times darkest Africa was not so dark as America's ignorance of it, and that, I vouch from my own experience, is a true word. He added that Africa was now seen to be "a mosaic of peoples", not one black mass clamouring unanimously for liberation, and that these peoples should be let or led to form nations in their own fashion. This is another true word, indeed, it is two-thirds of the way to the whole truth of Africa. The remaining, and most important part of truth, is that the mosaic is not an all-black, but a black and white one, in which white nations too must build their nations as they need. If that last stage in the realization of truth comes to the White House, peace will become secure again in Africa, and another total war, beginning in Africa, be averted (on more than one recent occasion the world only just skated by that danger, as a blindfold skater a hole in the ice). After that, we might with clearer conscience and better hope turn our minds to The Conquest Of Space, and its colonization.

The name "Liberal" has been identified with what has happened in Africa in the last ten years, and for that reason has come to stink in the nostrils of people who live in Africa and have understanding of, and a true feeling for the black folk among whom they live. It is repugnant to think that so much carnage has been caused in the names of "Liberal opinion", "world opinion", democracy, one-man-one-vote and other false slogans. I would like to see these good people taken to the scenes of massacre and mass graves, mutilation and indiscriminate slaughter. Tribal wars have begun again on all hands, slavery has reappeared, and in time tribes which once were cannibal will resume their ancient practice.

The worst effect, among these effects, is that of slavery resumed. White people who live in Africa do not form moral opinions about the ways of black ones, for they know how deeply rooted these are in beliefs and customs rooted in centuries beyond compute. Some of them hesitate morally to condemn even human sacrifice in such places (for instance, Basutoland) where it is part of a tribal religion, shared and accepted by the tribe. It is punished by the white man, while he rules, but wisdom and experience forbid them to cry "Holier than thou", or to pass moral judgment as they execute a legal one.

But in one matter all agree. Slavery is wrong by any standard. To take the responsibility for black tribes' reversion to this trade is to assume blood guilt. Remember, good reader, that slavery was not an iniquitous thing practised solely by Arab captors and traders. It was a method of commerce practised by the warrior tribes on the weaker ones. The captives were saleable commodities and

were considered as such. This was a two-way traffic of supply and demand, and the black men supplied the black victims.

When the white man came and stamped it out, slavery was already beginning to depopulate eastern and central Africa. That is one reason why only 400,000 people remained in what is now Rhodesia, where now are over four million black folk. In Africa north of the Zambezi, now that the protecting hand has been withdrawn and "pressure" from America has been used to extend the area of such "liberation", the condition is returning of which the great Arab slaver from Zanzibar, old Tippu Tib, said a hundred years ago, "The man with the gun is the king of Africa".

Once again: the white man demonstrably gave the black one life, in Africa, and when the white man goes the black folk begin again to kill, mutilate, burn, publicly hang and enslave each other. They have not had time to learn otherwise, and do not yet *wish* to change. Against the further spread of this evil stand Rhodesia, where law, order and protection in the white man's understanding of the words prevail, and its neighbours in Southern Africa.

They stand also against the menace of a third general war, which in my judgment must inevitably come out of the African shambles if England and America continue their effort to extend the area of chaos southward from the Zambezi.

Can any book avert a war? A book can *make* a war. That has been done. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* so incensed the North and embittered the South that in time the smouldering quarrel burst into the red flame of one of the most destructive wars in history.<sup>[25]</sup> Obviously no book or books could stop war as such, for it appears to be something inherent in human nature, as male infants begin to fight as soon as they can walk.

Just possibly, however, a book might help avert a *particular* war, another "unnecessary" one like that of 1939-45. Such was my vain hope in writing *Insanity Fair* and is my motive in writing *The Battle For Rhodesia*. I aim to show you what is truly at stake, gentle reader: to give you a little information which you will not otherwise receive, and to bring you to my way of thinking. The world has been brought near the verge of another "unnecessary" war through the situation artificially created in Africa. Now is the moment to recoil and reverse the process.

Rhodesia's is a just and good cause, and I was fortunate to be able to conclude a writer's life by watching the siege of 1965-6. Had the quiet men in Salisbury cracked, we would all have been a big step nearer the big war: tribal warfare and general chaos would be starting now in Rhodesia and the attack would have been turned, through the gap thus made, on South Africa and the Portuguese territories, with redoubled vigour. The outcome is not yet clear: the future still hangs on the razor's edge. If the Rhodesians prevail, they will have done the white man everywhere, and the world, a decisive service by resisting and turning back the destructive tide of the last fifty years.

SALISBURY, 1966

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## Chapter Twenty Six

### THE SUMMING-UP

This year of disgrace, 1966, has reached the month of July and the international *opera bouffe*, with the bailiffs waiting in the wings, continues on a mounting scale.

A British Prime Minister has publicly congratulated himself on obtaining leave from the carpetbagging assembly in New York to blockade Beira and so to convert "an act of piracy into a legal act of peacemaking". Shades of Pitt and Palmerston, and of the British sea-captains who a century ago drove the slave-traders from these very waters! England's proudest boast, the freedom of the seas, falls into the waves like a struck flag on a scuttled ship.

The British Government, after blockading Rhodesia for seven months, was itself blockaded for seven weeks by its own seamen. It took "emergency powers" against this menace and its head accused the Communists (he named names) of instigating this attempt on the life of the nation. Nothing escapes Mr. Wilson's eye, as the reader will observe: and yet, in Rhodesia, he would not allow that any but the Communist-prompted terrorist parties spoke for "the people".

Would I could live to see, and chuckle over, what our learned friend, The Future Historian, will make of this time (but I think I know: I have already seen what he made of the years leading to The Second War and of its results). This present scribe is troubled to know whether to tell today's tale in terms of comedy, farce, burlesque, comedy, melodrama or tragedy. If he were not, like of all of us, involved in it, and in mankind, he would have to use the analogy of the harlequinade, for never were such double-somersaults of doubletalk, such whackings with the bladder of cant, such chases by Keystone Kops apeing true guardians of the law, such pratfalls on the banana-skin of reality, such fantastic contortions of truth, where the face of mockery, bent over backwards, peers from between the straddled legs of propaganda. However, in this pantomime Capitano Horribilicribox carries no cardboard sword, but a tommy-gun: the clown, no string of sausages, but grenades made to a diagram supplied from far, Asiatic workshops; and the four horsemen wait at the stage-door.

In this comedy of terrors, harlequin (if I may be forgiven the word) leaped on to the African stage, waving the wand of sophistry, in the person of a young political gentleman, a Mr. Robert Kennedy, brother of a murdered president and by general assumption aspirant to the next, or next-but-one term in the White House.

I have shown the unfettered power wielded by, or at any rate used in the name of American presidents today, to the unhampered last use of which the events of the fifty years have brought them. I alluded then to the present incumbent, Mr. Lyndon Johnson. After Mr. Kennedy's leap into Africa, and the things he said here, the contemporary historian must record that the danger inherent in that state of affairs in the White House will be even greater in future.

Diplomacy is a dead thing, and the B.N. building in New York is its gravestone (prayers might well be offered in the churches for the return of "secret diplomacy" in these times when all is open and nothing is revealed). Now, even ordinary manners seem to have dropped from international usage, for when before did ever a president-presumptive, or even a responsible politician, cross the ocean to an unknown, friendly foreign country and behave as this political gentleman behaved?

Mr. Kennedy came six years after Mr. Macmillan's "wind of change" speech and thus, if he came "to learn" (as he said) could have learned of the chaos and carnage which have come on all Africa north of the Zambezi in the sequel to that speech. Instead, he made another "wind of change"



speech, which to people living in Africa meant that, if history repeated itself, the area of chaotic Balkanization would be spread to the remaining, still orderly area of the continent.

He was led from meeting to meeting of university students, of an age and kind similar to those of Mr. Alger Hiss and Mr. Whitaker Chambers when they were infected by communism at their American universities forty years ago. These young, unwary, inexperienced folk can be, and are, whipped into a frenzy of excitement by anyone from a pop-singer to a politician, if the advance publicity be loud enough, and in this case they responded to the propagandist persuasion in the way to be expected.

Apart from that, Mr. Kennedy moved from group to group of "liberal intellectuals", many of whom were, by their records, demonstrably associated with the communist plan to bring about outside intervention in southern Africa. These people have unhindered access to world publicity for their notions: on the rare occasions when they have come under examination by trained questioners, and have had to account for what they have said and done, they become so confused by the record that they collapse like pricked balloons (I have a notorious example in mind).

Moving in these circles, Mr. Kennedy, who knew nothing of Africa, gave no glance to the chaotic conditions in the north, outside peaceful southern Africa. After his few days here he flew blithely over Uganda (where the latest massacre was in progress: that of the Buganda tribespeople by the gunmen of the self-appointed dictator, a Mr. Obote) and landed happily at Dar es Salaam. This, as I have shown, is the Tanzanian port used for the continuous shuttle-service of outward-bound trainees and inward-bound trained terrorists, to and from Moscow, Nanking and North Korea. (This fact is known to every government in the world). Mr. Kennedy, on arrival, said there was "a special bond of friendship between the United States and Tanzania", which was due partly "to a common commitment to work for human justice and equality" (the Zanzibar part of "Tanzania" groans beneath a Revolutionary Council at this time).

Looking back on orderly South Africa, Mr. Kennedy, as was to be expected, brought out the dear old phrase about an "explosive situation". If the situation there did not change, he announced after some ten days in Africa, it could become "very explosive", not only for South Africa but also for the rest of the continent.<sup>[26]</sup>

The reader might now consider the background of African events over the last two decades, so that he may understand the true significance of Mr. Kennedy's observations.

President Truman's "master defence plan against communism in Africa" of 1949 has during this period changed into its opposite. None can believe today that American policy towards Africa has anything to do with its defence against communism: it is aimed against the three southern States which defend *themselves* against communism.

Lenin's original dictum, that the colonial powers must be driven from Africa, has been half-realized: not because they were driven out, but because they abdicated in all of northern Africa after Mr. Macmillan's "wind of change" speech. That leaves the southern part. How is that to be submerged in the northern chaos, and the disintegration of the entire continent achieved?

When the South African police located and raided the secret communist headquarters at Rivonia, near Johannesburg, in 1963, several of the leaders were caught and a mass of documents found. These were put in evidence at the subsequent trial and the plan for the completion of Africa's ruination became public.

It goes into the remotest details of organization, but the main heads will suffice here. The first stage is the training of terrorists in Moscow and elsewhere, and their use, on their return, for acts of sabotage: full instruction is given them in the manufacture and use of explosives, in arson and other acts of violence.

The next stage, if terrorism is successful enough, is the organization of "guerilla fighters", in companies and squads, for actual warfare: the methods used in China and Cuba are closely studied.

None of this would ever achieve anything in stable, well-governed countries like those of southern Africa. It only succeeded in the north because the protecting hand of law and order was withdrawn. An internal "rising" (the darling notion of our bellicose Liberals) cannot happen, because the native masses, having seen what happened in the north, do not want to be massacred, burned or blown up by terrorists of their own colour.

Therefore the whole plan rests on the idea of outside intervention, and the hope is that, if this were estimated to be possible, the terrorists might cause enough internal trouble for the propagandist machine in London and New York to announce that the "explosive situation" had arrived, which liberals everywhere foretell. The communist plan, which tallies exactly with the Carnegie Battle Plan published in New York, envisages a two-phase development. First, a blockade of South Africa, during which the terrorists in the country would be ordered to do as much damage as they could: the second, actual invasion on the pretence that the "explosive situation" demanded it. (The blockade of Rhodesia and the threats of "force" which have been used show how near to reality this, once unthinkable thing might be.) In the final analysis the communist plan could only succeed through such an actual armed invasion by a foreign power or powers, masquerading as a "United Nations" peace expedition on the Congo model.

The reader who has toiled through these pages has seen that over years a political mechanism was built to produce a war-situation at a given moment, that of the decision in the South West Africa matter. Here was no "drift to war" but a process engineered as by high precision tooling, and 1966, I judge, was the appointed year.

A glance at the map of Africa will show how the process was engineered to reach this point. In 1960 Africa was a continent of order. By 1966 Africa north of the Zambezi was an area of chaotic disorder. To show himself what happened the reader might take a crayon and black out that area. The southern area is what remains of the once-orderly whole.

In the grand design, I judge, the reduction of all Africa to the condition now prevailing in the northern part, so that the whole becomes a vacuum waiting to be filled is held to be the essential next step in the three-phase strategy of which we have seen the first two phases: the League of Nations of unhappy memory, the United Nations of unhallowed present, and The World Organization of repellent future menace.

The southern area contains three territories of stable government and order. The plan in 1966 was evidently to cut out the two areas (the Rhodesian and Portuguese ones) flanking the greatest one, South Africa, on the east and west, and thus to leave South Africa isolated, vulnerable on both flanks, and open to the concluding attempt by blockade or invasion (or blockade *and* invasion) foreseen by the Carnegie Plan.

The Rhodesian resistance unexpectedly held up the great plan on the eastern flank. It was touch and go in April: I remind the reader again of Dr. Salazar's warning: "One more false step ..."

Then in July the judgment in the South West Africa case foiled the plan on the western flank. Again it was touch and go: "one more false vote" would have tipped the scale.

Thus the great plan failed for the nonce and the conspiratorial groups behind it now must recast their whole strategy for the next attempt. That will take time, and meanwhile the southern African states grow stronger, not alone in themselves but in the minds of folk in the outer world, who begin to understand the justice of their cause and to perceive the nefarious plan through the ubiquitous propaganda.

This is no happy ending, for the One Worlders, in their various guises and disguises, will not desist, but it does mark a tangible improvement in our prospect and opens a more hopeful future. For this the world has to thank the quiet determination of Mr. Ian Smith in Rhodesia, of Dr. Salazar in Portugal, and in particular the exemplary prudence and resolve of Dr. Verwoerd in South Africa. During this perilous time only calm words and few have ever broken the silence from southern Africa. The Pharisaic moralizings and menaces have come from Westminster, New York and Washington, once the homes of measured words and well-weighed actions. There the clay of the demagogue has come and that of the statesman has faded.

The world may now hope to see this fateful year of 1966 pass without a war wantonly begun in Africa. It was within "one more false step" of that in April, and if the South West Africa judgment had been other it would have come again to that brink in the late summer or autumn of 1966, for then a deafening clamour would have gone up from the Tower of Babel in New York for another "act of piracy" to be "converted into a legal act of peacemaking"!

Thus the writer of *Insanity Fair* of 1938 finds himself, for the first time, able in 1966 to conclude this second volume of *Insanity Fair* on a more hopeful note, a new and pleasant thing in his experience. "So far and no further", said Mr. Ian Smith in his Independence speech, and the world has been waiting for those words for many, many years. The leaders of Rhodesia and South Africa, by opposing themselves to the sea of sorrows which loomed, have not ended, but staved them off. The world is still a mad one, my masters, but it looks a little better now than it did a year ago.

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## Postscript

The ominous year, 1966, draws to its end and once more, as in 1938, I wonder whether, when this edition appears, it will be an autopsy on things that have happened, instead of the analysis of cause and impending effect which it is meant to be. I have the same sense, now as in 1938, of events quickening and thickening, like swarming stormbirds, towards a dark, lightning-rent horizon, for much has happened since this book was written (March-June 1966) and first appeared (in August 1966).

1918-1939, 21 years; 1945-1966, 21 years. If this should be the appointed time for another human ordeal, the appointment is not with destiny or the fault in our stars. The appointment is man-made, and made in what we call "The West", for there the build-up towards war suddenly accelerated, as by a foot pressed on a pedal, in 1966. If we have not yet had war, it may have been averted only by the Rhodesian stand and the Hague judgment. The unwary, unseeing multitude has during this year been like Charlie Chaplin teetering blindfold on the edge of an abyss: from this simile they may see the precarious plight in which the peoples have been.

The two respites, which seemed so Godsent, have been only respites, as later events have already shown, and the pressure and prodding towards war continue unabated in London and in New York.

Those who today still think of "Moscow" in this context lag behind events, for the shape of these is changing. I might try to make this clear by borrowing the language of filmdom. If "Oscars" or "Academy Awards" were given for conspiratorial performances, Moscow Communism today would at the utmost qualify for the "best *supporting* player" trophy. That for the best *leading* performer would have to go the conspiratorial force which masquerades as "Liberalism", has its particular citadel in the United Nations building in New York, and has gained a monstrous power within and over the British and American governments.

The immediate and direct threat of *war* at this time comes from there, not from Moscow, and folk who look eastward for it look the wrong way. The world revolution has assumed yet another guise, and "Liberalism" today includes Communism. Africa, in today's planning, has been chosen by this conspiratorial power as the starting-point for another war. But Moscow cannot *directly* attack Southern Africa, and if it tried to, even "The West" could hardly emulate Hitler's deed of 1939 and join hands openly with that Communism which it professes to oppose. Indeed, from very shame "The West" would have to march against it.

Therefore, if the Communist plan to destroy ordered government everywhere in Africa is to succeed, "The West" must be given the daggers and make the attack, so that the true origin and motive be concealed. This is what makes the events of July and September of most significant portent. The open, spelt-out menace of war has come from America (not at the wish of the American people, but against it) and the student of events now must look towards New York, not Moscow, if he seek the true shape of coming events.

I recorded earlier that the World Court judgment of July 18 was a beneficent thing which at that moment thwarted the war-plan. I did not know then (what all the world should know now) that three days *before* that judgment the United States Government delivered a message to the South African Government stating that it would feel bound to support United Nations action on the judgment. The only possible inference is that the American Government expected the judgment to go the other way and was threatening coercion. Compared with this, I submit that even Mr. Chamberlain's visit, with his umbrella, to Herr Hitler in 1938, when he ordered a small, harmless, peace-loving country (Czechoslovakia) to surrender to Hitler, becomes of less significance in the history of ignobility.

For this, unprecedented and hitherto unimaginable, action can only be understood in the light of, and cannot be considered separately from the Carnegie Battle Plan against South Africa which I summarized earlier. The Carnegie "Endowment for International Peace" in New York enjoys tax-exemption, presumably because of the peaceful mission expressed in its name, and therefore must be held to be officially subsidized, for the act of remission amounts to that. The funds of which it disposes were used, among other things, for the production of a detailed plan of the invasion of South Africa, published last year. This was described as a plan for "United Nations Collective Measures" against South Africa. In its Note the American Government committed itself to support United Nations collective measures against South Africa!

The Carnegie invasion plan says that lesser military powers might well provide the "ground force" of 93,000 troops against South Africa, but that one major power might have to come in for the final showdown. The American Government cannot have been unaware of this document (it was distributed to all representatives at the United Nations) and in its Note, by obvious implication, put itself forward as that "one major power". I do not see that any other inference can be drawn.

The Carnegie invasion plan set a point in time for the attack on South Africa, saying that if the Hague Court ruled against South Africa the American Government would probably support United Nations action "to enforce the ruling". Three days *before* the judgment, the American Government informed Pretoria that it would support United Nations action on the judgment. The only reasonable deduction from all this is that the "Liberal" forces behind the Carnegie invasion plan were strong enough to have their way inside the American Government. That is as grave a matter, and produces as dangerous a situation, as can be imagined, and from this moment the part which America, under such occult pressures, is to play in all our tomorrows becomes a thing of vital concern to Americans and to the public masses everywhere.

I might try again to make plain what this is all about by using another simile: that of our space-age rockets. There is a three-stage operation, as the veriest teenager knows. At the start the rear section of the rocket, the booster, propels the vehicle upward. At a predetermined point, the booster falls away, mission accomplished, and the middle section of the rocket takes over. When it has done its part, it too falls away, leaving the frontal section to continue under its own power and complete the mission.

So it is with World Government, and in our day, unless God otherwise disposes, we are about to see the third stage of the three-stage operation attempted. The first stage was that of the League of Nations, which fell away. The second stage is that of the United Nations, which is intended (after another war) to fall away, leaving the World Organization to encompass our little globe.

None of these stages could have been achieved without war, and the concluding stage cannot be accomplished without another war. The first war was begun in the name of "destroying Prussian militarism": nothing was then heard of any "league of nations". At that war's end, the great object of it proved to have been the establishment of this "League of Nations" (within a few years Prussian militarism was stronger than ever, and that made the second stage of the operation possible, by ensuring the necessary war).

This second war was begun with the proclaimed object of "destroying dictatorship" and liberating "small nations" ensnared by it. Such ideas were soon discarded and when the war ended the area of dictatorship was far greater than before, merely the name having changed from Fascism to Communism, and several more small nations had been engulfed by it (under President Roosevelt's orders from Yalta). The main purpose of the war proved to have been the establishment of the United Nations in New York whence, in the last few years, has come all the clamour for another

war. The bogus, rabble-rousing issue ("slavery" in 1860: "apartheid" now) has been found and will serve until the war begins, if one is in the event achieved: thereafter, it will soon drop from sight.

The reader may now perceive, before any third war begins, what would come of it at the end. Unless he is extremely shortsighted, he may also foresee the nature of the "World Organization" which would, in truth, be the purpose of it.

While the conspiratorial groups in and around the United Nations, heartened by the American Note, continue their outcry for a war to be begun in Africa, their chorus is echoed across the Atlantic at the conferences of "Commonwealth Prime Ministers". There the raging tumult against the "illegal regime in Rhodesia", and the demand for its destruction, never ceases.

Possibly Gilbert and Sullivan, in collaboration with such as Laurel and Hardy, might do justice to these gatherings, in the form which they have taken today. In the group-pictures, ranged around the Monarch, which are a traditional part of these affairs (dating from the time when they *were* in truth meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers) the student may entertain himself by picking out, from among the figures surrounding the smiling, bestarred and beordered Queen, those who are present by dint of assassination, murder, violent usurpation, and rule by tommy-gun and one-man-no-vote in general. Credentials of legitimacy, in *this* case, evidently are not required. One "President" in the group is he who a few weeks earlier ejected his rightful President from palace and country by bullet and grenade. Another represents a "Prime Minister" who became so by the murder of his predecessor, who had previously murdered *his* (both in the current year).

Should the gods laugh or weep at these spectacles in London and New York? The moralistic poses which are struck in these assemblies invest them with the hue of a cynical hypocrisy: to me they seem like the attitudinizings of a bogus priest at a mock marriage.

Thus 1966, the year fraught with peril, moves to its end. The World Court judgment vindicated South Africa: now the United Nations moves to elect new judges, in the obvious hope that on a future occasion some new judgment will give the mask of mock-regality to some new warlike undertaking. The judgment vindicated the mandatory Power: promptly, the United Nations declares that the mandate is at an end and that means must be devised to take over South West Africa.

The dying year brings some cause for better hope. The actions, or antics, of the United Nations begin to disillusion and repel ever-growing masses of people, all of whom cannot be fooled all the time. In Africa north of the Zambezi the process of disintegration goes on apace: each week brings some news of chaos and carnage.

By contrast, the stability of the Southern African countries becomes ever plainer to the mass-mind. Three of the newly-independent small African states in the South have shown that they see their future to lie in reliance on the ordered States behind them, the South African, Rhodesian and Portuguese ones.

But the key to the whole issue remains Rhodesia. The "talks" which began in April and still continued in October led many people in the outer world to think that "something would be arranged", but this was a false lull. The deadlock remains absolute. Rhodesia will not surrender its independence, now established for a year. Mr. Wilson, in London, still avows that if Rhodesia will not yield he will let the United Nations take over. What that would mean, all now know: renewed clamour for war.

On the outcome still depends much more than the independence of Rhodesia. If Rhodesia survives the strength and stability of Southern Africa will gradually effect an improvement in the now-

disintegrating North, and therewith a return to stability in Africa as a whole. If Rhodesia falls, the move for war against South Africa will immediately gain momentum in New York, and in the sequel to that the multitudes of people far away, who have no immediate concern with Africa or any interest in its ruination, will find themselves drawn as into a vortex.

There has been a false lull, in these mid-year months of 1966, but the decision has yet to come, and now impends.

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## Appendix One

### INTERVIEW WITH MR. IAN SMITH

Ten months after the Declaration of Independence, when this book had already appeared in Southern Africa and was going to press in the United States, I sought an opportunity to learn Mr. Ian Smith's feeling about the dramatic events of these months and about the future prospect. I expressed my admiration of the stand taken by Rhodesia under his leadership and my own conviction that it was just and right and historically of major importance for the future of Africa and of the world: this was the conviction that originally brought me to Rhodesia to tell the tale of Independence, and I recalled that when I arrived, early in the year 1966, the issue seemed very much to hang on a razor's edge. Prudence and firmness, I thought, had vindicated themselves, and the outlook, though still unclear, was, in my opinion, a good deal better now than then.

"Can you tell me, Prime Minister," I said, "what shape the events of the last nine months now have in your mind?" "The most significant factor that comes to my mind," he said, "is the way in which we have created a Rhodesian nation; a nation which is strong, courageous and determined to maintain a civilization in Rhodesia based on Christian teachings and ideals. I have also been tremendously impressed at the unanimity of resolution amongst all Rhodesians, ranging from our children at school, at the one end, right through to our aged people at the other."

"Yes, that is the picture I have gained," I said, "and how do you now see the future development of the matter."

"At the moment we are holding talks with the British Government," Mr. Smith replied, "and much depends on the outcome of these. It is difficult to prognosticate on how these talks will end but I can say that Rhodesia is prepared for any eventuality."

Then I expressed my personal view, as a political observer and writer, that the real object of the actions taken by "the Wets" in 1966 was South Africa. The intention as I saw it, I said, was to "pinch out" the hindrances on South Africa's eastern and western flanks, namely, Rhodesia and South West Africa, and thus leave South Africa isolated, open and vulnerable to concerted action by blockade, in order to force the change in South African domestic policy to which the groups operating in the name of "the West" were committed. I asked the Prime Minister if he felt able to express an opinion about this.

He said: "Your reasoning that South Africa is the ultimate target seems to me to be sound and logical. I believe that the reasons for Rhodesia's stand are clear for all the world to see -- the forces of Communism -- this is what makes the actions of the Western nations seem more incredible."

Again expressing my own view, I said I thought that this "pincer movement" had been blunted by (1) the successful Rhodesian resistance, and (2) the judgment in the South West African case. I recalled that in the early stages of the Rhodesian blockade Dr. Salazar of Portugal had given warning against "one more false step" that might set the world ablaze, and hazarded my own opinion that in July "one more false vote" might have brought similar dangers with it. Again, I asked whether Mr. Ian Smith cared to comment on this, my reading of events.

"Again I cannot but agree with the thoughts that you have expressed," he answered.

I said that I thought the term "liberalism" had in our century lost its original meaning and was now a cover-name for all manner of dangerous plans and plots, and that I hoped this was beginning to



dawn on the mind of the public masses. In this respect, I thought the resistance of Rhodesia had played an invaluable part in awakening large bodies of opinion overseas. Did he care to say anything about that?

"There is no doubt in my mind," said Mr. Ian Smith, "that liberalism is being used as a cover by the Communists to further their own political ideologies. Communism, as you know, is a creed which has tremendous appeal to the 'have nots'. The fact that those who have anything in this world have obtained what they have through their own initiative, enterprise, ability, skill -- in other words, on merit -- is quietly pushed out of the way."

"Do you, Prime Minister," I asked, "feel able at this stage to say anything about the future prospect of 'The Talks'?"

He smiled. "I am always optimistic," he said. "More than that I do not believe I should say at this stage."

Among many reports, I said, was a recent one to the effect that Mr. Harold Wilson, who could no longer believe in the efficacy of sanctions, contemplated throwing the matter into the hands of the United Nations. In my own view, I said, I could hardly credit that he would do this, after the experience of earlier months leading up to the moment of Dr. Salazar's one more false step warning. What could Mr. Smith say, if anything, on this point?

He considered. Then, "I find it difficult," he answered, "to predict Mr. Wilson's actions. However, I do not believe that he would wish to hand this matter over to the United Nations, for two reasons - firstly, this would be a desperate gesture which would probably aggravate the position for both Britain and Rhodesia; secondly, by so doing, Mr. Wilson would be going back on much of what he has said to date. This would be tantamount to conceding defeat on the Rhodesian question. I am doubtful whether Mr. Wilson would be prepared to do this."

I ended by expressing again the admiration I felt, as an Englishman, for the stand taken by Mr. Ian Smith and the Rhodesian Government at a moment when, in my judgment, capitulation would have had the effect of spreading into the last remaining stable area of Africa the condition of chaos and carnage now rife in the north. I recalled the phrase in Mr. Ian Smith's Independence speech which shook me out of my resolve never again to write about political things, and said how glad I was to have been a witness of the siege of Salisbury. From the time of Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, I said, true men everywhere had been waiting to hear the words, "So far and no further!" and at last they had come from the place where the Pioneer Column outspanned and Cecil Rhodes built his home. It would always be a happy memory to me to have come into the act at this late and, in my opinion, happier stage.

I left Mr. Ian Smith as I first found him, calm, unhurried, imperturbably courteous and quietly resolved. Looking back on my life's experience as a writer, and witness of so many years of abdication and retreat in the West, I wished him and his country, from my heart, and for the good of all men, success in their memorable stand.

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## Appendix Two

### POLITICAL ASSASSINATION

I said earlier that during the years when I wrote nothing I forgot much of what I had written. A friend reminded me of something I wrote in my book *Far and Wide* (published in 1951), which I had forgotten, and I re-read it with feelings of growing interest and surprise.

At that time (1949) I was led, by a visit to the Ford Theatre in Washington, to study the circumstances of President Lincoln's murder and, proceeding from that, to make some study of political assassination in general. I found (with Mr. Truslow Adams) that investigation never uncovers the deep background of such deeds, and that they are recurrently disposed of with the explanation "madman", whereas all signs point to thorough organization based on long experience.

Re-reading that chapter, I was astonished to find how closely it fits the circumstances of Dr. Verwoerd's assassination, and, what is more, how remarkably similar the background to the murder was in *both* cases. By substituting the word "apartheid" for "slavery" and "Verwoerd" for "Lincoln" in that chapter<sup>[27]</sup> an almost identical picture of the backgrounds, underlying motives and hoped-for consequences may be obtained, in both cases. The background to President Lincoln's murder, as I reconstructed it in 1949 from the annals and my own observations, is to my mind identical with the situation in today's America, where the same bogus issue (apartheid: slavery) is being used to inflame passions (against "the South" then: against South Africa now) in the direction of a wanton war, which could only lead to "a sea of infamy and misery" (Mr. Truslow Adams).

I find the eight pages I then wrote so apposite to today's state of affairs, particularly as it has been shaped by the destruction of Dr. Verwoerd that I asked the publisher to reproduce it as an appendix to this book.

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## Appendix Three

### OF MURDER AND MOTIVE

... This mystery has four chief parts: the man, the moment, the murderers and the motive.

The man, like the victims of other comparable crimes, was a unifier and reconciler. He fought the South to preserve the Union, *not* to abolish slavery: "My paramount object is not to save or destroy slavery ... If all earthly powers were given me I should not know what to do with the existing institution" (of slavery). Though he unwillingly issued the slave-freeing Proclamation he never departed in conviction from the original, declared aim of the war: "It is not for any purpose ... of interfering with the rights or established institutions of the Secession States but to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired." He intended to defeat only the claimed right to secede;<sup>[28]</sup> then to restore the Union and leave the legal institution of slavery to be gradually modified into abolition by judicial courts.

In that policy the Leftist Republicans around him saw the danger of the conservative Democrats returning to power. They introduced the false issue of slavery into the war to perpetuate the Republican Party in power by taking the vote from the Southern States and the Southern whites and giving it to the negroes, of whom not one in a hundred could then read. (Similarly the aims of the Second World War, when it was half run, were changed from the liberation of countries overrun and the restoration of parliamentary governments to "the defeat of Fascism", which meant their surrender to Soviet Communism.)

Lincoln's Republican Party contained the mass of Leftists, who were near to dominating it. Lincoln knew that they raised the bogus issue to inflame passions and prolong the war; his own Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton (who with Thaddeus Stevens headed this group), said so: "The great aim of the war is to abolish slavery. To end the war before the nation is ready for that would be a failure. The war must be prolonged and conducted so as to achieve that." (The Second World War was similarly prolonged, through wasteful detours, to achieve "the defeat of Fascism", but *not* the original aim.) Lincoln was an obstacle to the forces of destruction in his own party.

Such was the *man*. The *moment* of his murder was that at which he was about to fulfil his policy of reconciliation and accomplish the declared aim of the war. Two days before Lee at last surrendered and Washington was lit up. At the very moment Lincoln's emissary, General Sherman, was negotiating with the Southern leaders a truce following Lincoln's constant line: no confiscation or political disablement, recognition of the Southern States governments if they took the oath to the Constitution, reunion, conciliation. (That was as if President Roosevelt, at Yalta, had upheld the war aims originally understood by the Western peoples, instead of surrendering half of Europe to a regime resembling that endured by the South after Lincoln's death.) At Lincoln's last cabinet meeting, on the day he was killed, he said he was glad Congress was adjourned; the extremists in it would not be able to hinder the work of reviving State governments in orderly fashion. "There must be no bloody work", he would have no part in hangings or killings; the task was "to extinguish resentments".

At that moment the man was killed. In the choice of time and victim the crime startlingly resembles four others, which also struck down unifiers and conciliators just when they seemed likely to impede the process of universal revolutionary destruction. Alexander II of Russia emancipated twenty million serfs in 1861 and pursued his work of reconciliation until he was murdered in 1881; of that crime Soviet Communism and Political Zionism were born. In 1913 the Archduke was killed at Serajevo; he had the reputation of a unifier and conciliator who might have saved the

Austro-Hungarian Empire from war and disintegration, *had he lived*. In 1934 Alexander of Yugoslavia was killed at Marseilles; he was a unifier who could not have been turned from his throne by an ally, as his little-known eighteen-year-old son Peter was in effect in 1945 by Mr. Churchill, and a Communist dictator set in his place. In 1948 Count Bernadotte was murdered as he completed a plan of truce and pacification in Palestine.

Each of these events changed the course of history for the worse. Together with the wars and annexations to which they led and the revolutionary movements which profited by them, they produced the state of affairs with which the Western world finds itself faced at this mid-century. In each case the men marked for death were ones who stood for reconciliation, unity, orderly judicial reforms and "the extinguishing of resentments", as Lincoln said. In each instance (save that of Count Bernadotte, where no pretence of justice was done), nondescript individuals were publicly presented as the culprits. On each occasion a powerful organization obviously stood behind those puppets and each time all was done to prevent its exposure.

None can doubt today that Lincoln was removed to prevent the reconciliation of North and South and the consolidation of the Union. Though the wound did seem later to heal, the events of today show it still to be raw, so that the conspirators' aim of 1865 cannot yet be said, in 1950, to have failed. Time has yet to show this result, with all others.

The culprits displayed to the populace were the usual group of obscure individuals, who clearly could not have carried out the deed unaided. Lincoln's killer, the actor John Wilkes Booth, escaped for a while. A benchful of generals promptly executed one Lewis Paine,<sup>[29]</sup> a youth called David Herold who accompanied Booth in his flight, a mysterious German, George Atzerodt, and a woman boarding-housekeeper, Mrs. Suratt. Pending trial, the prisoners were kept in solitary cells, with empty cells on either side, and made to wear thick padded hoods, with small holes for nose and mouth, over head and shoulders. The only plausible explanation is that communication with any other person whatsoever was to be prevented. These four, and four men sent to a remote island, all *knew* Booth and his associates. Men who helped him escape, but did not know him before, were not even charged.

That looks as if the capital offence was to be in possession of information about Booth's movements and acquaintances in Washington. For that the State prosecutor seems to have demanded death and the four men sent to an island only escaped it because the generals shied at wholesale hangings without evidence of complicity. Studying this aspect of the matter, I recalled van der Lubbe, the vagrant found in the burning Reichstag. I believe he was kept drugged during his trial and until his beheading; he alone could have said who put him in the Reichstag. The demeanour of Rudolf Hess, at the Nuremberg Trial, was similar to that of van der Lubbe; none but he could publicly explain the wartime mission on which he was sent to England.

The circumstances of Lincoln's murder speak for themselves. Booth fired the shot into his neck as he watched the play. The door of the box was unlocked, but on the inner side of it someone had placed a wooden bar and a mortice, so that Booth could ensure that none entered it *after* himself! At the door should have been Lincoln's armed bodyguard, a Washington policeman, recently enlisted, called John F. Parker. Only his empty chair was there and no word survives in the records to say why he was not in it! This collapse of protective vigilance was a feature of the Serajevo, Marseilles and Jerusalem murders. President Lincoln's danger was well known. That very afternoon he asked his Secretary of War if Stanton's stalwart aide, a Major Eckert, could accompany him to the theatre for his protection. Stanton refused and Eckert, asked by the President himself, also declined (on the next day Stanton telegraphed to General Sherman that he too was in danger "and I beseech you to be more heedful than Mr. Lincoln was of such knowledge").

The missing bodyguard, Parker, was appointed less than a fortnight before the murder, during Lincoln's absence from Washington, so that the usual presidential confirmation of his appointment was never obtained. In three years service serious complaints of "neglect of duty" were several times made against him and in April 1864 he was dismissed. In December 1864 he was reinstated and in April 1865, immediately before the deed, allotted to the President's personal protection! After the murder he was again charged with "neglect of duty"; the trial was secret, the complaint was dismissed and the records of the hearing have vanished from the files. Three years later he was once again charged with dereliction, dismissed, and at that point vanishes from history!

Thus Booth walked into an unguarded box, shot the President, jumped on to the stage, ran through unguarded wings to the back door, jumped on a waiting horse and rode away. He caught his spurred boot on some bunting as he jumped, fell awkwardly and broke a small bone in his leg.

This alone seems to have prevented him from getting clean away. He rode across the Anacostia bridge and along the well-known route to Virginia which the Southerners, throughout the war, used for spies and communications with the North. Behind him galloping cavalymen were sent to scour the country, north and west, which he obviously would avoid. This one southward route, which a flying Southerner would clearly take, was left open long enough for him to escape. His unforeseeable injury prevented that; unable to go on the actor went into hiding.

If his escape was desired, this naturally threw up a new problem. After a few days his whereabouts became known and the chase was converging on him when the military Provost Marshal, who led it, was suddenly recalled to Washington and the pursuit entrusted to the head of the secret service, one Colonel Lafayette C. Baker. He was given "twenty-six cavalymen" commanded by "a reliable and discreet commissioned officer", Lieutenant Doherty. This officer, however, was placed under the orders of two of Colonel Baker's detectives, his cousin, ex-Lieutenant Luther B. Baker, and an ex-Colonel Conger, who "by courtesy was conceded the command". Whose courtesy is not recorded, though Lieutenant Doherty's chagrin is. This force eventually surrounded the barn where Booth lay hidden, with strict orders to take him alive. Of the twenty-nine men none could clearly say later who fired the shot which killed him. Baker thought Conger did; Conger denied it.

Clearly Booth would have escaped but for his damaged foot. With his death none remained who could tell the whole truth; those who knew most were quickly hanged or exiled.

Thus the *man*, the *moment*, and the *apparent murderers*. The *motive* today seems as clear as the organization behind it remained, and remains, obscure. It was to remove Lincoln because he was an obstacle to the destruction of the South. The student from afar, who finds Lincoln honoured equally with Washington, on deeper study learns how lonely he was when he died. To the collapsing South he was the destroyer; to the North he was the enemy of further destruction. Today's traveller may perceive a great flaw in the array of memorials erected to Lincoln in his country. Suggestively, they commemorate his [ed: him?] as the slayer of slavery, first and foremost. It is the continuation of a falsehood; that was not his primary aim, he was against violent demagogic actions, preferred judicial gradualness, and had at heart only the unity of the Union. Thus his memory is misused today in the further pursuit of ulterior schemes; the false issue, the falsity of which he saw, is raised in his name and his words and monuments are presented as its also.

In the South the news was received as a last unaccountable blow of destiny. In the North different feelings were expressed. Clerics, frequently thirsty for a vengeance claimed by God, avowed that the deed must be a divine act, albeit mysteriously performed. A Republican Congressman, Mr. George Julian, later recalled that his party met the day after the murder "to consider a line of policy less conciliatory than that of Mr. Lincoln"; while everybody was shocked the feeling of the meeting was overwhelmingly that the accession of a new President "would prove a Godsend to the country".

Mr. Truslow Adams's *Epic* dismisses "the conspiracy of a handful, led by a half-madman, which destroyed the one man who stood between his country and the powers of evil and plunged us all into a sea of infamy and misery". The description of the deed and its effects is accurate, but the theory of the recurrent madman grows thin. Coincidence did not drop Gavril Princep at the spot where he could kill the Archduke, Vlada the Chauffeur into a Marseilles street as King Alexander went by, and the deadbeat van der Lubbe into the Reichstag (I saw him and his trial and can vouch for that). Even if coincidence's arm were so long, it could not always reach to the suppression of inquiry in these cases.

This is a chapter by itself in our times, and in my opinion the most important. I remember how governments combined, at the League of Nations in 1935, to shelve the inquiry into the complicity of other governments in the murder of King Alexander. The same thing happened in the case of Count Bernadotte; the United Nations dropped the matter of its own emissary's murder as if it were a hot coal. The truth is not, as American writers put it, that "history shrinks" from exposing these things. Politicians recurrently cover them up and conceal the continuing process. The study of Lincoln's murder did more than anything hitherto to convince me that it is a continuing process, with an enduring organization behind it. It shares identical and recognizable features with the later series of murders, which all led to the spread of the area of destruction. These conspiracies cannot be improvised; obviously the experience of generations, or centuries, lies in the choice of moment, method, line of retreat and concealment. The little folk who are trotted out after each such deed may be "the handful", but the hand is never seen. Particularly in this matter of covering-up is Lincoln's murder of present-day significance in America. The same resolute and efficient methods are used to defeat public curiosity about Communist infiltration into government departments, the public services and high places. In America (and for that matter in England and Canada), a cat sometimes slips out of the bag, a Dr. May, a Dr. Fuchs, a Mr. Alger Hiss. But then the bag is tied more tightly than before, and the public mind forgets.

Booth was not a madman. He kept a diary and the entries he made while he lay hidden show a sane man, even though pages were apparently removed before its existence became known, two years after it was taken from his body! He wrote among other things, "I have almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do" (the anonymous bullet effectively prevented his return to Washington). A Congressman asked, "How clear himself? By disclosing his accomplices?" A parliamentary commission also set about to find who were the persons "many of them holding high positions of power and authority ... who acted through inferior persons who were their tools and accomplices". Nothing much came of that in 1865, or of similar efforts in 1950.

Among high persons of that time the eye of today's curiosity falls chiefly on Edwin Stanton. As Secretary of War in a country at war he was almost supremely powerful. All communications were under his personal censorship. All acts tending to deflect Booth's pursuit, or after Booth's death to obscure the trail, seem trace-able to him and the Leftists around him. Within a few hours of the murder he wrote to the American Minister in London of "evidence obtained" to show that the murder was "deliberately planned and set on foot by rebels, under pretence of avenging the South". Just so did Goering claim to have proof that Communists fired the Reichstag, while it still burned. Stanton may have pictured himself as dictator; he nearly achieved such status in the sequel of events. He forced through Congress a Reconstruction Bill to dissolve the Southern States and degrade them to military districts, and a Tenure of Office Bill framed to deprive the new President of the constitutional power to dismiss himself, Stanton. When President Johnson did dismiss him he refused to resign and only failed by one Senator's vote to secure the President's impeachment. Andrew Johnson proved a stauncher man than the Leftists expected when he succeeded Lincoln. Among the most arresting questions of American history is, what would have ensued had Johnson's

impeachment succeeded by one vote, not failed. Since President Roosevelt revived the political issues of Reconstruction days the conundrum has gained new and current interest.

Sitting at my restaurant window I pictured Booth riding away from Ford's Theatre. "There you go," I thought, "Wilkes Booth, Gavril Princep, Marinus van der Lubbe, Vlada the Chauffeur: whatever your name, your unimportant shape is clear, but the darkness around you hides your masters ..."

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## NOTES

- 1: In the haste of writing this book, I over-compressed the events outlined earlier, and did less than justice to one of the two brave men. John Moffat, at Rhodes's instigation, played a great part in securing the preliminary treaty, but the galant C. D. Rudd secured the final concession, which bears his name.
- 2: The British South Africa police have retained the name and still keep order in Rhodesia today. This is an élite force with a magnificent tradition, comparable with the Mounties of Canada and the Texas Rangers.
- 3: In his classic *History of Southern Rhodesia*, Chatto & Windus, 1965.
- 4: I dislike to use this misleading word: white Rhodesians and South Africans, of two, three or more generations in the land, are as much "Africans" as any black folk. However, in today's idiom its use seems unavoidable to describe a man of black pigmentation.
- 5: The African Chairman of the "Anti-Colonial Committee" of the United Nations in 1965 complained that the British delegate, after urging him privately to vote one way, himself voted the other way. Being told, "There should not be the slightest suspicion of any attempt to mislead you", he replied that his knowledge of English (which is excellent) was not such that he could understand all the fine shadings: "British delegates are resourceful in the use of words".
- 6: During the second War Mr. Sandys was a son-in-law of Mr. Churchill, whose words, "I have not become His Majesty's First Minister to preside over the disintegration of the British Empire" now echo faintly down the years.
- 7: Among the Federal delegates was Mr. Lewanika, a son of King Lewanika of the Barotse, whose territory was guaranteed seventy years before by treaty negotiated with Queen Victoria. Mr. Lewanika asked Mr. Butler if Barotseland were to be allowed to secede from Northern Rhodesia: "the Barotse are not prepared to be ruled by Kaunda or any other African nationalist. My father, at his own request, made treaties with the British Government which you are now going to break". Followed a flurry of whispering among Mr. Butler's officials, but no answer was given. Sir Roy said, "Why can't you be honest with my Minister? Why can't he be told, so that he can tell the Litunga, that the Barotse have been sold down the river?"
- 8: Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Butler both retired from political life soon after this, as Mr. Eden after Suez.
- 9: In the five years 1960-1965 "Commonwealth" States in Africa received some £194,000,000 in grants, loans and technical assistance from Britain. At least three of these, Tanganyika, Zanzibar and Zambia, harbour the terrorist bands, trained in Moscow, Nanking and North Korea, which sporadically cross the Rhodesian border with instructions to "kill, burn, slash and maim", (vide Radio Zambia).
- 10: In May 1966 Mr. Goldberg announced that the United States was determined to see that Mr. Ian Smith did not succeed and that the principle of "majority rule" must prevail in Rhodesia. The reader has seen that in London and Washington the reign of terror instigated from Moscow and Nanking is always represented as the expression of "the majority".
- 11: They wore full regimentals, plumed helmets and shining cuirasses, thigh-high bespurred boots and white buckskin breeches, scarlet coats and aiguettes, golden swordbelts and tassels and the



rest and were kept waiting a fortnight by Lobengula, who when at last he saw them asked only if the cuirasses would keep out bullets.

12: A few paragraphs back, alluding to Mr. Wilson's revelation to the House of Commons, which he made in tones of horror, that the Rhodesian Chiefs were "paid by the Rhodesian Government", I said that they received up to £550 in salary and allowances, whereas the British M.P.'s get £1,750. I took this information from an authentic, but apparently outdated source, and a Member of the House of Commons corrects me. "British M.P.'s now get £3,250," he says. I am happy to be able to give the full truth of this matter, as it stands at the moment (I believe complaints have been heard in some quarters of the House that this £3,250 is inadequate and ought to be increased.

13: A literary curiosity: Mr Nicholas Monsarrat's novel *The Tribe That Lost Its Head*, published several years earlier, gives an exact picture, in fictional form, of such an incident, progressively swollen by newspapers until all resemblance to the original happening is lost; in the imaginary case presented by him the same pattern is followed, leading through Questions In The House to the involvement of the government, and to a climax of killing and rapine. Fortunately, the case of Miss Phombeya's toe came to a ludicrous end, but the denouement might have been much graver.

14: Mr Ian Smith may have studied, for he certainly practices, old Polonius's precept: "Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thoughts his act ... Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice".

15: I recall that Hitler, about to invade Austria and Czechoslovakia, claimed that he merely wished to liberate oppressed Germans from "police states".

16: A very real peril. In Rhodesia certain town-planners, new come from the Northern Hemisphere I believe, forgot that they were in the Southern one and planned their townships the wrong way round, that is, in the way to which they were accustomed, with the industrial areas to the north and the residential suburbs to the south. In these parts the reverse is the natural order of things, as governed by climate and other factors: residential districts to the north and industry to the south.

17: A longlived and disputatious clan. In America once I found "Reed" on so many stones in a Connecticut churchyard that I made enquiry and learned that the sire of them all was a Roundhead colonel, John Reed, who left my own West Country for America rather than submit to King Charles's restoration. A hundred years later Reeds were still divided on this issue. A dozen Reed patriarchs, descended from him and mostly aged around eighty or ninety, met to debate the rebellion of the Colonists. About half of them decided to join it and the others took boat for Canada, there to live under the King.

18: For general information on this fascinating subject, in a non-political context, I commend the chapter The Founder's Intention, in Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian's autobiography *Pantaraxia*. This describes Mr. Gulbenkian's nine-year struggle to have the funds of the Gulbenkian Foundation administered according to what, in his opinion, was his father's intention.

19: I always wondered what went on at these faculties "of social sciences" introduced in our time at many universities. Now I feel that I begin to have an inkling.

20: This is made credible by the television interview given by U. Thant in 1966, when he called for South Africa to be blockaded by sanctions. Questioned about the war in Vietnam, then in progress, he said the U.N. had no jurisdiction in that quarter. A few weeks later the Kabaka of Uganda called for U.N. intervention when he was deposed as president of Uganda by the Prime Minister there,

Mr. Milton Obote, who then made himself President. No reply was given, and when the Kabaka's palace was attacked, burned and looted by Mr. Obote's troops, a "spokesman" at the U.N. said that U. Thant could do nothing as the matter was "an internal affair".

21: The American public, like the British one, is prevented by various impediments from learning authentic information about Southern Africa. For instance, a three-man delegation from America which visited Rhodesia in January 1966 (Congressman Ashbrook, Dr. Max Yergan, a South African negro, and Mr. Ralph de Toledano, a wellknown author) stated that "important publications have been told that the Rhodesian Government is not admitting accredited journalists, a totally false charge". These enquirers found that the Rhodesian government "commands the virtually unanimous support of the white population and the respect of a preponderance of Africans". Similarly, an American judge who visited Rhodesia in April 1966 said he was told by the State Department before he left that communism was developing in Rhodesia: From my experience and the information I have picked up here, that statement was unwarranted. There is no likelihood that conditions here could lead to a communist takeover and it is impossible for me to believe that this could happen".

Similar interferences with information about South Africa and Rhodesia occur in London.

As to the Carnegie Endowment, it might be significant that Mr. Alger Hiss, later convicted of perjury for denying his activities on behalf of Soviet espionage, was once its president.

22: I believe this is the only one of all the Mandates in which the outer world, as instructed by its mass-persuasion machine, has ever taken any interest whatever. The Palestine Mandate, a British one, ended after the Second War when the Zionists from Eastern Europe with American support, drove out the indigenous Arabs. This action received the unanimous approval of the United Nations and that was, indeed, one of the first acts of this body.

23: The powers of detention sparingly used in South Africa and Rhodesia against acts committed by communist-trained terrorists and saboteurs from outside are exceptional ones employed by many, if not most governments in the world at one time or another against violent outrages, and do not justify the charge that men in these countries are "unequal before the law". The point is that in northern Africa there *is* now no law, with local exceptions which seem likely soon to disappear.

24: *Philip Dru* is unreadable as fiction but politically and historically of major interest. Mr. House shows in it the process of picking a man to be used by others as their instrument when in power. It also contains a remarkable disclosure: that mechanical eavesdropping (known as "bugging" in our day: a device whereby such men may gain a "hold" over their chosen victim) was known in 1912, or earlier! I fancy that Mr. House's motive in writing this strange book may have been to hint to others in the group that he "knew something" about them which could be used if they were to "rat" on him.

25: President Lincoln, when he met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, greeted her as "the little lady who started the big war". Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when she visited the ruined South and (like Lizzie Borden) saw what she had done, would fain have lured back and cancelled out *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or at any rate part of it, written in ignorance of reality.

26: In one speech he appeared to imply that he felt himself to be accompanied by the saints and martyrs of the Church. That, at any rate, seems a reasonable interpretation of his strange remark that "from birth to death we are surrounded by an invisible company of men who never served a lesser loyalty than the welfare of mankind".

27: Of Murder and Motive, *Far and Wide*, published 1951 by Jonathan Cape, London.

28: The secession dispute itself is one of history's recurrent jests, summed up by an American humorist in these words: "If you admit the right of secession, sir, my sympathies are with the South; if you deny it, God bless his Majesty!"

29: Who simultaneously attacked, but did not kill, the Secretary of State, Frederick Seward, the only other man in Lincoln's Cabinet who unfalteringly pursued reunion and reconciliation.

# The Grand Design of the 20th Century

by

Douglas Reed

published: 1977

*"The appalling thing ... is not the tumult but the design"*

*Lord Acton (Essays on the French Revolution).*

## INTRODUCTION

The ways in which people try to explain what is happening in the world around them, whether in politics or economics, can be divided roughly into two classes. Or, as some would put it, there are two theories of contemporary history.

The one held by the majority of people hardly deserves to be called a theory, but if that word must be used, then let us call it "The Idiot Theory". Why "The Idiot Theory"? Because it insists that no one is to blame for the way history unfolds; things just happen. Likewise, the actions and policies of politicians, when they produce results we don't like, are simply the product of mistaken ideas, misunderstandings, lack of sufficient information. Or, as some Americans would say: "History unfolds as the cookie crumbles" - the precise way in which the proverbial cookie crumbles being beyond all human control.

The late President Roosevelt, possibly in an unguarded moment, made a simple statement of the rival theory when he remarked: "Whatever happens in politics, you may be sure there is someone who wanted it to happen and made it happen". He would have had much to answer for if that test had been applied to all that happened while he was President of the United States.

Douglas Reed was foremost among those who declared, with Roosevelt, that when things happen in the world of politics and economics, especially when they continue to happen with marvellous consistency, then they are being made to happen and are meant to happen.

His experience before World War II as the London *Times's* Chief Foreign Correspondent in Europe, his familiarity with all the principal actors in the unfolding dramas and tragedies of those years, left him in no doubt that politicians, as a rule, are activated always by motives, and very often by motives which they take the greatest care to conceal.

The real task for the investigator, therefore, is to look for and find the motive.

Like so many before him and after him, Reed had merely rediscovered a piece of ancient wisdom which the Romans summarised in two words pregnant with meaning: *Cui Bono?* Or, as we would say when trying to unravel some political mystery: Who stands to benefit?

In this little book Douglas Reed presents in a highly compressed form the story which emerges when this simple test of *cui bono?* is applied to all that has happened in the world since before the beginning of the 20th Century, right up to the present day. It is a simple, well written story which helps us to understand that changes in the world which disturb most ordinary people, leaving them confused and worried about the future, have been deliberately brought about and are part of a conspiratorial jig-saw puzzle which he has described as "The Grand Design".

Reed rendered a most valuable last service shortly before his death in August 1976 by reducing to some 13,000 words a history of our century which could be expanded into enough books to fill a large library.

Those wishing to emancipate themselves from that sickness of mind and heart engendered by what they are told by the mass media will be greatly helped by this brilliantly written summary which serves as an introduction to the masses of excellent literature available.

Indeed, there is not a page in Reed's little book which could not be expanded into a large book. In many cases the necessary books are already available. The mention of the American traitor Alger Hiss, for example, reminds us that a long shelf would be needed to accommodate the books which

have been written on this subject alone, the best of them being *Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers, the former Communist, whose evidence it was which sent Hiss to prison for three years.

Can the story of The Grand Design be still further compressed? We can but try! Conspiratorial activity has been going on from time immemorial, conducted by different groups with different ends in view.

Winston Churchill, writing with all the authority of a member of the British Cabinet, made it clear in 1922 that he regarded the Bolshevik Revolution, like the French Revolution over 100 years earlier, as part of what he called "a worldwide conspiracy".

That, however, is only one half of the story of The Grand Design of which Douglas Reed writes.

The other half can be traced back to Cecil Rhodes, the South African multi-millionaire mining magnate, who had grandiose visions of a world government to be run mainly by people of his own Anglo-Saxon race, with some assistance from their cousins the Germans. This scheme he launched with his millions and it blossomed after his death into the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, the Royal Institute of International Affairs and similar organisations in America, the most important of these being the Council on Foreign Relations.

Cecil Rhodes, we may be sure, would turn in his grave if he could see what has happened to his own secret and semi-secret enterprise, with its huge funds and its highly intellectualised and inflated "idealism" supplied by John Ruskin, high priest of Britain's so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement in art and literature. Rhodes would find that it has been taken over by that other lot of conspirators (mentioned by Churchill), whose "ideal" of world government is best exemplified by what has happened in the Soviet Union.

So today the conspiracy is like a hijacked airliner. Many of the passengers, still hypnotised by the Rhodes "vision" think they know where they are going, while the hijackers, with 2000 years of conspiratorial training and experience behind them, KNOW where they are going - and it is not the destination the passengers have in mind.

It needs only full exposure to thwart and destroy a criminal conspiracy which has many well-intentioned but misguided people in its thrall - and no one has contributed more to the process of exposure than Douglas Reed.

IVOR BENSON  
February, 1977.

## Part One

### THE CENTURY OF THE GRAND DESIGN

*"... We are beginning an era that will make the achievements of the past look like two bits. No limit to our progress can be seen ... by 1930 we shall be the richest and greatest Country in the world!"*

*(The Razor's Edge by Somerset Maugham)*

Thus spoke one of Mr. Somerset Maugham's heroines in the 1920's and all agreed that he accurately captured the sanguine American mind. Today, fifty years later, the words sound like a joke. The 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence has been celebrated and the state of America is woefully different from that prognosis: indeed, George Washington, were he to return, would shrink appalled from the shape he would behold.

Inextricably held in the coils of an international conspiracy of which the last eight Presidents were the prisoners, his republic is becoming, *de facto* if not *de jure*, a satellite of the Soviet Union and will not see the year 2000 in anything resembling the shape he bequeathed to it. By "covert and insidious methods" (his phrase) the principles and admonitions of his Farewell Speech have been abandoned, and America, like a pirated ship, has lost all control of course and destination.

The conspiracy against nations has succeeded in hijacking the American inheritance of wealth and energy and diverting it to the purpose of destroying nations and setting up the world dictatorship.

Now that the 20th Century is three parts done, the track of the conspiracy can be charted and its promoters identified. Only the lunatic fringe and the perjured public men still deny that it exists. The initiates have long since made public their plan for a world where nationhood would be a punishable offence, a plan, in fact, for a world concentration camp. The great Plan now overshadows our every day and is the reason why we live in a present without a future.

The conspiracy has gained so much ground in this century that the attempt to bring off the final coup by the time the Christian clock strikes two thousand seems certain to be made. The instrument is ready: the Mafia-like mob in New York called the United Nations: it was *created* to destroy nations.

The conspiracy is so old that efforts to trace its ultimate source flounder in the sands of time: the fanciful might picture it originating with the devil in council. It has reappeared periodically through the ages and between times seemed to become dormant or defunct: but it was always there.

### DIALOGUE IN HELL

Five hundred years ago Machiavelli propounded the basic idea of world government: rule without any scruple of justice or humanity. Then the conspiracy hibernated for three centuries until the Bavarian Government in 1785 discovered the documents of Adam Weishaupt's Illuminati, which showed that it was fully active and as evil as ever. Weishaupt's disciples gave the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution its satanic character.

Then in the mid-nineteenth century Maurice Joly revived Machiavelli's ideas in his *Dialogue in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu*. In 1897 the most explicit exposition of the methods of the conspiracy appeared in Russia: The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

This title was probably chosen for purposes of obfuscation: too many non-Jewish names have appeared, down the centuries until today, in the story of this conspiracy for the Protocols to be considered the product of an exclusively Jewish cabal. The thing is evidently a compendium of earlier manuals of conspiratorial practice, but it is the clearest and most evil of them. To peruse the Protocols is to look into a dark pit filled with writhing, evil shapes: the work induces in most people feelings of nausea, of intimate communion with evil. All evil thought since time began is in these few pages.

By the methods there laid down America was infected when this century began: the disease spread there and then into the surrounding world, like a cancer. So effective are the age-old practices prescribed that the American Republic has been taken over, as it were, by sleight of hand or pickpocketry: the victim has remained unaware of his loss or of his own helot's plight resulting from it.

The Protocols were translated into European languages in the 1920's, and the effect was explosive. Their truth, attested by results already visible, was immediately seen.

*The Times* (then still a trustworthy newspaper) asked, "Which malevolent society made these schemes and is now triumphing over their realisation? ... From where does the weird gift of prophecy spring that partly has come true and is partly to be realised? Have we fought these years to destroy the nefarious organization of the German Empire, merely to discover behind it a much more dangerous conspiracy because of its secrecy?"

*The Times* was right: that was exactly the fact of the matter. But when, 25 years later, the outcome of yet another war even more clearly revealed the existence of "a much more dangerous conspiracy" *The Times*, with all the world's newspapers, had nothing to say about it. By that time *The Times*, and all the others, themselves observed that "secrecy" which it thought so dangerous in the 1920's.

## CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

When the Protocols were published "secrecy" (people might have thought) was finished. Far from it: the public debate about the Protocols was immediately quashed by a frantic clamour of "forgery" and "anti-semitism" from all parts of the world.

Following the precepts of the Weishaupt papers and the Protocols, the conspiracy proved that it was able to control the public debate, and from that day no public man has dared mention this, the most important document of our century and the recognisable blueprint of our universal catastrophe.

"Secrecy" is no longer necessary when open debate is forbidden, and that has become the case.

A notable authority, Lord Sydenham, took a lonely stand against this conspiracy of silence, to which by the 1940's all the world submitted. The *source* of the Protocols, he said, was an irrelevant matter: the vital thing was the vast store of evil knowledge they contained and the results already achieved. As to that, O. Henry or Damon Runyon might have said, in the American vernacular, "You ain't seen nuthin' yet".

Lord Sydenham died before he could see the much greater spread of the conspiracy and the suppression of all public mention of its manual, (in some countries, by actual official ban: in others, by tacit agreement among politicians, newspaper owners and editors). The *content* of the Protocols, as Lord Sydenham perceived, was the paramount thing, not the origin. Here some mind or minds



knew everything that was to happen in the new century, and how it was all to be brought about. The same mind or minds knew how the Bolshevik revolution was brought about.

Even before that revolution America (all unknown to its people) became the creature and financier of it. The first open sign of this came in 1917, when America entered the First War. President Wilson then welcomed "the wonderful and heartening things" that were happening in Russia (the revolution) and the next day authorized credits amounting to 325,000,000 dollars for the provisional government there.

### **PLENTY OF MONEY**

This was the start of something that has continued ever since. Without American money there would never have been Communism, or the abandonment of hundreds of millions of people behind the Berlin line to a concentration camp lethally enclosed by electrified wire, mines, machine-guns mounted on sentry-towers and searchlights that play all night.

While he was still in Europe Lenin wrote to Angelica Balabanoff, then secretary in Stockholm of the International: "Spend millions, tens of millions if necessary: there is plenty of money at our disposal".

The flow of American wealth and treasure in every imaginable form went on through the fourteen Rooseveltian years, and those of Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson and Nixon and continues today. It began with a man who until his death remained unknown to the American masses and of whom few Americans since have heard. This man, behind the scene, enabled the conspiracy to reduce the Washingtonian Republic to the plight of hired man of the revolutionary conspiracy.

He is one of the great wreckers of the 20th Century, and in the destructive effect of his scheming the peer of Stalin. His name was Edward Mandell House, and he prefixed it with an unearned military title: "Colonel" House. The unusual middle name, "Mandell", probably held some allusion recognisable to fellow-conspirators (who often identify themselves to each other by code-names, as the Freemason knows a brother by his handshake).

This obscure Mr. House, long before the conspiracy triumphed in Russia, was its creature in America. He shunned publicity, but engineered the choice of Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912. Mr. Wilson was the first of the marionette presidents who were required by their captors to do what they were told. President Wilson's welcome to and financial support for the revolution in Russia were acts dictated to him, and so was his introduction of the graduated income tax according to Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto.

The historian owes gratitude to Mr. House (mankind owes him only tribulation) for the revealing picture he left of a conspiracy "managing" the frontal politicians from behind the scene. In 1912 a leftist American publisher issued a "novel" (*Philip Dru, Administrator*) authorship of which Mr. House disclaimed and then admitted. This described in fictional form a "conspiracy" (the author's word) which succeeded in electing a puppet-president by means of "deception regarding his real opinions and intentions".

### **THE PRESIDENTIAL ADVISER**

A character in the book (evidently Mr. House himself) enlists the support of a group of wealthy men in choosing a candidate for the presidency, and invites a potential candidate to dine "in my rooms at the Mandell House". The candidate (called "Rockland") is instructed that he must never

go against the advice of his sponsors. (Here is seen the start of the regime of "the advisers" who haunted the White House for the next sixty years and dictated the actions of successive presidents).

The best known of these "advisers" was Mr. Bernard Baruch, also recognisable in the tale as one of the stern "sponsors" of the new puppet-president. Mr. Baruch, who came to be popularly acclaimed as "the adviser to six Presidents", was an obsessed advocate of despotic world government and to his "advice" may be traced the disastrous course of American foreign policy which to thoughtful Americans (as Mr. Gary Allen says) "for the past three decades has been a compounding mystery and concern. Administrations have come and gone like the Ides of March but spring never arrives"

But Mr. Baruch went on forever, or nearly, and advised his six pupils to follow the path leading to despotic world government. The mob, led by the kept press, and ignorant of the kind of advice he was giving or of its effect on themselves, lustily applauded the veteran "adviser" through six presidencies.

*Philip Dru* is enthralling reading for the student of this century's managed ordeal and of the conspiracy. "Rockland" (the president-select) "once or twice asserted himself and acted upon important matters without having first conferred with the 'advisers'. For this indiscipline he was bitterly assailed by his sponsors' newspapers and made no further attempt at independence ... He felt that he was utterly helpless in these strong men's hands, and so, indeed, he was".

President Wilson presumably read the book and if he was capable of feeling humiliation, must have suffered severely. He pined into senility and at last was pushed out of the White House (or locked away inside it by his second wife, a determined woman who was for some time the *de facto* President).

Another fascinating glimpse of life behind the conspiratorial scene is given in this "novel": namely, that "bugging" was already known to the plotters of 1908! Another man in the plot, a Senator, visits one of the big-banker group and tells the whole story of "Rockland's" nomination and rigged-election campaign. He also describes "Rockland's" "effort for freedom" and his recall to duty, "squirming under his defeat". The "exultant conspirators laugh joyously" at this.

Their mirth is shortlived because they find that the conversation has been recorded by an eavesdropping machine concealed in the next room and given to a newspaper, which publishes it.

The attentive reader will note that, sixty years later, President Nixon was brought down by "tapes" recording his conversations, to which his enemies' ears listened.

I append a footnote of my own to this strange story. Mr. Baruch went on his advisory way from president to president, but no doubt retained a healthy respect for "bugging" devices. This, I fancy, is the reason why he came to be known as "the park-bench statesman". He could do no wrong and the suggestion of "folksiness" implicit in this description made him even more popular with the idiot mob.

The first puppet-president, Wilson, died, the stomach of America having revolted against his "League to Enforce Peace" (obviously, by war!) and its amended version, the League of Nations, the first trial world-government. The world owed a debt to the America of that period, still with its healthy love of country. Wilson was followed by three Presidents, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, who were non-Illuminist, as far as one now can tell, and then the Gadarean slide was resumed with the choice and election of Mr. Roosevelt, who hastened from the nomination convention to Mr. House in Massachusetts, from whom, evidently, he received the same instructions about his duty to his "sponsors" as "Rockland" (Wilson) received in *Philip Dru*.

Mr. House told his biographer in the 1950's that he "was still very close to the centre of things, although few people suspect it." He was (for the second time) "close to the movement that nominated a president" (Roosevelt), and this new president gave him a "free hand in advising the then Secretary of State".

Such was the ominous sponsorship of a most ill-omened presidency.

## THE ROOSEVELT ERA

Now followed the disastrous fourteen Roosevelt years. Briefed (as were "Rockland" and Wilson) by Mr. House, what Mr. Roosevelt was told to do became clear as soon as he entered the White House. He recognised the Soviet Union forthwith and resumed the financing of the Soviet which Wilson began. This continued throughout his fourteen years and parallel with it went infiltration of Soviet agents into the American Administration, at all levels.

Roosevelt, a crippled man, was evidently as putty in the hands of his "sponsors": when a repentant Communist informed him that a Soviet agent held a high post in the government, he told his informant to "go jump in the lake - but only in much cruder language". The man he protected was the traitor Hiss, who "managed" the Yalta Conference to abandon half of Europe to the Soviet plague and was a founding father of the United Nations, the second trial world government.

Under Mr. Roosevelt the conspiracy spread its cancerous capillaments ever deeper into the American body politic. Its mastery of the press and all means of public misinformation produced in the American masses that condition of bewildered inertia which the Protocols foresaw as ideal for the consummation of the great Plan. Two decades of this treatment anaesthetized the healthy instinct which led "the rubes on Main Street" to reject the Wilsonian League. Now the men behind the scene worked feverishly to have the world slave state come out of the approaching war against slavery.

"Colonel" House died on the eve of the Second War. Mr. Baruch, his collaborator in the selection and disciplining of President Wilson, now became the chief manager of the Washingtonian Republic's decline. Unlike the secretly scheming House, Mr. Baruch was publicly known and adulated by the lapdog Press as the permanent adviser of presidents and "park-bench statesman". This name particularly endeared him to the mob, which thought to see in him "the man in the street" who from simple fellow-feeling sat among the common "folks" in Central Park. (I think I might be the only spectator who related his park-benchmanship to the "bugging" episode in *Philip Dru*, and understood why he took an obvious precaution against being taped).

Mr. Roosevelt, responding mindlessly to the articulated mechanism of the marionette, may yet have realised that he was being used for the aggrandisement of the Communist Empire and the ruination of his own country. This is implicit in "a strange statement" (Mr. Robert Sherwood, a Roosevelt biographer and White House intimate) which Roosevelt made when urged to quote in a wartime speech Mr. Churchill's encomium: "The United States is now at the highest pinnacle of her power and fame". Roosevelt objected, saying "We may be heading before very long for the pinnacle of our weakness".

This looks like the open confession of purpose by a man of long servitude to the conspiracy who had come to make its destructive ambition his own. This revelation of truth, as always, went unheard by the public masses, but probably was bruited around with glee by the Communist conspirators who were rife in the Roosevelt Administration.

When Hitler's attack in 1941 on Russia brought the Soviet Union into the Allied side, Mr. Baruch's influence became even more powerful, and also his ability to direct the course of the war towards the consummation devoutly desired by him. He was ever insistent, in both wars, that the times demanded "one man" as an administrator, not a board. In the First War he *was* the "one man", becoming head of an "Advisory Commission" to the Defence Council, of which an investigating committee of Congress said after that war (in 1919):

It served as the secret government of the United States ... it devised the entire system of purchasing war supplies, planned a press censorship, designed a system of press control ... and in a word designed practically every war measure which the Congress subsequently enacted, and all this behind closed doors, weeks and even months before the U.S. Congress declared war against Germany ... There was not an act of the so-called war legislation afterwards enacted that had not before the actual declaration of war been discussed and settled upon by this Advisory Commission ...

The 1914-1918 war ended before Mr. Baruch could show all that he had in store for the American people. In 1935 he stated "had the 1914-1918 war gone on another year our whole population could have emerged in cheap but serviceable uniforms", shoe-sizes being the only permissible variation.

Mr. Baruch in these words revealed his vision of a future America: a faceless mindless mob allowed only to do allotted labour, provided with identity numbers and bread cards.

Mr. Baruch was not appointed to be the "one man" when the Roosevelt War Production Board was set up, but the man who was appointed was a creature of his, one Harry Hopkins, and even Mr. Baruch could not have disposed of America's wealth more autocratically than he or more perfectly in accordance with the Plan.

### **THE PRESIDENTIAL "FIXER"**

I am not aware that this Mr. Hopkins ever received any particular appointment enabling him to act as an imperial despot. Presumably Mr. Roosevelt, who loved to picture himself as the common man, just said, "Go right ahead, Harry".

Anyway, this Hopkins was the product of the conspiracy and could only by this qualification have become permanently resident in the White House. Even Mr. Churchill was taken in by this almost illiterate "fixer" who could have boasted (like Mr. House), "No important foreigner has come to America without talking to me ... All the Ambassadors have reported to me frequently ..."

In past times, when the West was toiling upward to some state of civilization, men who came to high places in their countries brought with them some token of experience and qualification. Mr. Hopkins had no such background. Like Dr. Kissinger thirty years later, he was publicly unknown when he began to bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. He had hopped around in the East Side from the claque for Caruso and Geraldine Farrar to a stint with the Red Cross in 1917, returning then to charity appeal work in the slums. Acquaintances depict him: "an ulcerous type, intense, jittering with nerves, a chain-smoker and black coffee drinker".

This man, says Mr. Sherwood, was "in all respects the inevitable Roosevelt favourite", (a more damning disparagement of Mr. Roosevelt could hardly be imagined). He was a dying man from 1937 and under Roosevelt in the next eight years became the global replanner and dispenser of billions. The American Congress and people alike were by that time bamboozled by their president and the corrupted press into thinking that all was well, but an occasional voice was heard in

Congress asking to know more about the uncontrolled, and unrecorded, transfer of treasure to Moscow. This annoyed the bountiful donor, who dealt with Congress as the conspirators dealt with "Rockland" in Mr. House's novel.

"The United States" (he said, in answer to a proposal that before further aid was given to Soviet Russia full information should be required about their military situation), "the United States is doing things which it would not do for other nations without full information from them. This decision to act without full information was made with some misgiving ... but there is no reservation about the policy ... it is constantly being brought up by various groups for rediscussion. I propose that no further consideration be given to these requests for rediscussion".

Thus spoke Mr. Hopkins from East Side, and lo! it was so! (Whereat the conspirators no doubt "laughed joyously").

The conspiracy had taken firm grip on the American Republic. When the Second War ended with the "peace" conference at Yalta, Stalin saw his own henchmen (including Hiss) on the other side of the table so that the parley ended with the abandonment by the Western allies of half Europe to the Communist conspiracy.

The Yalta Conference, historically considered, marked the end of the Washingtonian Republic and of the British Empire. The process of dissolution began there. Mr. Roosevelt and his "inevitable favourite", Hopkins, both returned to America to die. These two men did more to destroy the West than any invader could have achieved.

## **THE "NO-WIN" WARS**

Roosevelt was succeeded by the Vice-President, a Mr. Harry Truman from Missouri, who soon gave proof of following dutifully the Wilson-Roosevelt (and House-Baruch) course. Re-elected in 1948, he declared war on "the Communist aggressor" in Korea in 1950. For a moment the American people thought the debacle of the Second War was to be amended and the Communist invader trounced. Few, if any of them had read *Philip Dru*, or they would have known that their rulers always practised "deception regarding their real opinions and intentions".

The American people responded loyally to the call to rescue at least one small country from the Communist plague, and their wartime allies, Britain, Australia, Canada, South Africa and the rest sent troops to join in the crusade.

It was all "deception". When the successful American commander, MacArthur, wished hotly to pursue a beaten enemy across the Yalu, Mr. Truman sacked the general. Then Korea was partitioned, like Germany and Europe, and the Communists were left in possession of the northern half. This was the first of the "no-win" wars in which American troops were sent to fight against aircraft, artillery and armour supplied during the war by Mr. Hopkins to the Communists.

At this time Hiss had been exposed, the Canadian Government had published the full story of Communist agents and spies infiltrating into its administrative machine, and the story of British traitors was also beginning to become known. "Communism in government", therefore, was a matter which even the American masses could understand and the cry for a cleaning of the stables was growing to a clamour. At this very juncture Mr. Truman (no doubt recalling Mr. Roosevelt's "Go jump in the lake") dismissed the public demand to "clear out the Communists", as merely "drawing a red herring" across the debate, and the American tragedy (unless it is a comedy) continued.

Mr. Truman was succeeded in 1952 by General Eisenhower, the formerly unknown American army officer who was catapulted over numerous seniors into the supreme command of the Allied invasion of 1944. This general used his command power to reject the British General Montgomery's plan to shorten the war by striking hard for Berlin after the successful invasion of Normandy. The effect of this obviously politically motivated action was to reserve Berlin, and therewith half Europe, to Communist annexation.

## **THE WORLD GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT**

Historically, General Eisenhower must be seen as a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy. He cannot have ignored the obvious effect of his action. He was indeed one of a growing number of men in high places who supported the aims of the conspiracy through their membership of an invisible-government-type body called the Council on Foreign Relations, which effectively operated as a secret world government organisation inside the American machinery of government (it was formed in 1921 after the failure of the first experiment in world-government, the League of Nations, and with growing strength pursued the ambition all through the inter-war years).

General Eisenhower began his presidency with the now common, almost obligatory obeisance to Mr. Baruch, whose biographer, evidently after consultation with the great Adviser, summarised the recommendations which Mr. Baruch would probably make to the new Administration.

General Eisenhower quickly and dutifully confirmed this prognosis, telling Los Angeles electors, as if to demonstrate his servitude, "I believe if Bernie Baruch were here tonight he would subscribe to every one of them" (he was referring to recommendations which, according to the biographer, "related entirely to preparatory mobilisation for war, controls, global strategy" and the rest of Mr. Baruch's oft-repeated recipes for a "one man" controller, or dictator).

When the Second War ended Mr. Baruch was 75. His vigour was unabated and his imperial vision boundless. The two atom bombs, exploded in August 1945, prompted him to still greater ambitions. Like some ancient Hebrew prophet, he cried, "I offer you living or dying". "Hasten", he cried. "Hasten" (or, as the Broadway barker might have put it, "Hurry, hurry, hurry"). "Hasten, the bomb will not wait while we deliberate." What was needed, obviously, was "one man".

Mr. Baruch availed himself of the seeds of human panic sown by the two bombs to proffer himself "for the most vital undertaking of his life, the devising of a workable plan for the international control of atomic energy, and for achieving its adoption by the Atomic Energy Commission of the United Nations" (his biographer).

President Truman duly appointed Mr. Baruch U.S. representative to the United Nations in March 1946. The "Baruch Plan" was then worked out "on a park bench" (where else?) together with a crony from 1919 Peace Conference days, one Mr. Ferdinand Eberstadt. In those days Messrs. House and Baruch had worked hard to push through a "League to Enforce Peace", but a few responsible statesmen were still extant then and they talked it out.

Nevertheless, all through the between-war years of 1918-1939 the conspirators worked away at their pet proposal to set up a supernational high command with "teeth" to enforce its dictates, and now Mr. Baruch's Plan of 1946 went as far as even the most zealous of them could wish.

He presented his Central Park Plan to the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission in June 1946. He began, in Hebrew-prophet vein, by saying: "We (sic) must elect world peace or world destruction." Atomic energy must be used for peaceful purposes and its warlike use be precluded. To that end,

"we" would have to provide for "immediate, swift and sure punishment of those who violate the agreements that are reached by nations".

So the "League to Enforce Peace" idea was dished up again: merely, the word "penalisation" was substituted for "enforce", but the same *thing* was meant: a supernational dictatorship with "teeth".

Mr. Baruch's crowning proposal was for a Nuremberg-type court, apparently of permanent nature, to be set up to inflict this "penalisation". He explained that "individual responsibility and punishment" could be prescribed "on the principles applied at Nuremberg by the Soviets, the United Kingdom, France and the United States".

Finally, Mr. Baruch proposed the creation of "an Authority" (one man?) to supervise all atomic energy activities potentially dangerous to world security. "Immediate and certain penalties", continued Mr. Baruch, were to be fixed for illegal possession of an atom bomb or for "wilful interference with the activities of The Authority".

Even the embattled conspirators in the Western governments and in the United Nations choked slightly on this heady stuff, and despite the compliant Mr. Truman's announcement that the White House and State Department endorsed The Plan, it was talked out and shelved - to be brought out again after any third war.

Mr. Baruch then resigned and resumed his permanent Advisorship. He died in 1965 having greatly harmed his fellow men and his country. A numerous phalanx of powerful men, ensconced in the Council on Foreign Relations, carried on the House-Baruch world-government conspiracy. No escape from these toils offered the American Republic in the last quarter of this century.

## **ENLIGHTENED PROGRESSIVISM**

From the start of his presidency, General Eisenhower revealed his continuance of the House-Baruch line. He looked on the Republican Party, which still contained a dwindling number of conservative-minded men, as his enemy, and thought of founding a new party which would offer the electorate "enlightened and progressive ideas" (as propounded by Marx and Lenin). He only abandoned this idea when Senator Robert Taft, the natural Republican leader, died, and when Senator Joseph McCarthy was "censured". These events left Eisenhower in control of the Republican Party, for its sins.

At that time masses of Americans saw in McCarthy the only man who told the truth about Communist infiltration of government and America's involvement in the world-government conspiracy.

General Eisenhower, himself tarred with this brush through his abandonment of half Europe to the Communist conspiracy, particularly hated Senator McCarthy. This became known and as at a given signal the kept press opened up a deafening chorus of "witch-hunt" against McCarthy. Any who have kept copies of this Senator's speeches and pamphlets can check for themselves that he did not make unsubstantiated charges. He had no need to: what had become publicly known about the treachery of Hiss and the group around him was ample enough to support McCarthy's arraignment of successive presidents.

But the strength of the conspiracy was shown by the way McCarthy, like others before and after him, was politically destroyed. The Senate "censured" McCarthy for "conduct unbecoming a Senator", and Eisenhower warmly thanked the chairman of the censuring committee, one Watkins, for "doing a splendid job".

When the Eisenhower presidency ended, in 1960, he had served the conspiracy well through suppressing public discussion of Soviet infiltration and espionage by his attack on McCarthy. His presidential years were rife with Soviet efforts, through a horde of spies in the United States, to gain full knowledge about the atom bomb and its method of production. These efforts succeeded, so that the Communists made their own bomb.

The eight Eisenhower years showed that subservience to the World Revolution continued to be the paramount rule of American governmental policy.

Under this paramount law, American generals if they encountered Communism anywhere in the globe, were forbidden to defeat it: the Soviet arsenals and armouries were kept bulging with armaments paid for with American loans and credits: these were used to kill many thousands of American and allied soldiers: and each successive American president became the patron and protector of Communism within the governmental ranks.

### **CONVERGENCE WITH COMMUNISM**

In 1960 Eisenhower was succeeded by John Kennedy, scion of an immensely wealthy Massachusetts family. He was assassinated before his first four-year term ended, but his previous career showed that there would not have been any change, had he lived to complete his term. The reason for his assassination has never become publicly known. His life was cut short before he could show what he could or would do, but all the signs are that he too would have followed the course set by his four predecessors.

A story was put about that he had "stood up to Moscow" by demanding, and obtaining the withdrawal from Cuba of Soviet missiles there, pointed Americaward, which were discovered by aerial photography. If this were true, he would have mortally offended the Revolution, and this would offer a feasible explanation for his murder.

The story was as manna in the desert to the American masses, thirsting for an affirmative answer to Senator Robert Taft's question, "Do we really mean our Communist policy?"

Unhappily, the story was never confirmed and in the context of American policy in this century seems improbable, so that the murder remains mysterious.

Another mysterious event of the short Kennedy presidency was the attack on Cuba by an ill-organised force of Cuban exiles, which ended in such an appalling fiasco that it might have been betrayed beforehand by someone in the State Department or Council on Foreign Relations.

The Vice-President, Mr. Lyndon Johnson, took the dead president's place and occupied it until 1968 without diverging from the House-Baruch pattern.

American presidents, because of their subservience to the overriding dogma of world government, tended to become shadowy figures and Mr. Johnson was not more sharply focussed than others before him. He may be said to have shown zeal in following the Baruch-House, Wilson-Roosevelt-Truman-Eisenhower-Kennedy line.

About that time the "Insiders" of the Council on Foreign Relations let slip a phrase which indicated what that line was. Allusions to a "convergence with Communism" appeared here and there in the all-powerful, and all-subservient "media", so that Americans could have gained some idea of what was coming to them.



In 1968 the bewildered mass of Americans thought the end of the long dark tunnel of their frustrated hopes was near, for Mr. Richard Nixon stood and was elected with a thumping majority. He was the man whose name was connected with an event of 1949 in which Americans of traditional allegiance had seen one bright light during the bewildering years: the exposure and conviction of the traitor Hiss. True, Hiss was only convicted of "perjury" in denying that he was a Communist agent or had abstracted top-secret documents and transmitted them to Moscow: the influence of the conspirators was strong enough to protect him from the graver charge of "treason" and the greater penalty. Still, he *had* been forced into the light and had been convicted, and Congressman Richard Nixon had done it.

It seemed that deliverance had come, like a cleansing wind. Here, thought the electors, was a man who really "meant his Communist policy". He had proved it, nineteen years ago, true: but that was not forgotten. It was so rare, in these times of presidential protection for spies and traitors, to find a man who believed as honest folk believed and suited his actions to his beliefs. There had only been one other such, McCarthy, and he had been "smeared" and was dead.

It was one more illusion, Mr. Nixon was no different from the other presidents. He too was made to toe the line. Electioneering, he promised a drastic rooting-out of Communists in government: little, or nothing was done.

Nixon surpassed even previous presidents in deficit-spending on "welfare state" notions. He made the familiar pilgrimage to Moscow and virtually wrote off the Soviet wartime Lend-Lease debt of \$9,100,000,000, and offered a further \$2,500,000,000 in credit for the purchase of American exports.

Fifty years after Wilson, America was still to be the banker of the Revolution.

### **THE WATERGATE AFFAIR**

Mr. Nixon was accompanied on his Moscow trip by the recently-discovered Dr. Kissinger, born in Germany, who in his rocket-like rise to international power and vast undertakings reminded me of that other "profoundly ominous man", Harry Hopkins.

His first four presidential years showed that Mr. Nixon was doing all he could, by zeal in following the Roosevelt-Truman-Eisenhower line, to expunge from the memory of the conspirators his achievement in obtaining the conviction of Hiss. It was in vain: all through the twenty years between the "media" had maintained an unremitting tirade against him. He had mortally offended the conspiracy by that and they could not forgive him or let him forget.

The conspirators prepared to "get" him. They followed one of the precepts laid down in the Protocols for gaining control of politicians or agents likely to be useful. It is, to obtain knowledge (or manufacture knowledge) of some shady episode in a man's past, some scandal which can be used to cow or blackmail him. Every Scotland Yard or FBI detective who has had to do with the tactics of Communist espionage can quote instances where this technique has been used.

Now President Nixon's turn came to suffer this ordeal by forged evidence and mass intimidation. Had he read *Philip Dru*, or understood why Mr. Baruch preferred to do business "on a park bench", he need never have fallen into the trap.

Early in his second term the American Secret Service installed a monitoring system in the White House which in its omniscient knowledge of what went on there probably excelled anything in the world. The sound of a human voice automatically set the tapes working. The President could not

stir in the White House without his movements being recorded and followed by buzzers and flashing lights on the monitoring apparatus. Every word the President spoke was recorded, (as he thought for his private benefit).

The reason for this elaborate set-up became clear when the word "Watergate" became part of mob-parlance. The Watergate building contained the Democratic Party's offices. The burglary was done with the utmost publicity short of placards proclaiming or loudspeakers announcing: "The Democratic offices are being burgled by the President's order". After the initial "discovery" one burglar returned to the scene of the crime and was found to carry a notebook with (guess what?) a White House telephone number in it.

The word "Watergate" then spread over the world. I was in various countries at the time and grew to loathe the spectacle of the booboisie telling each other all about "Watergate" as if they had consulted the oracle and now were privy to the most closely guarded secrets of doings and goings-on in high places.

Mr. Nixon, not having read *Philip Dru*, was taken aback by the sound and fury of the attack on him and at first, probably knowing nothing of the "burglary" but what the press told him, could not take the affair seriously, so that he refused assent when a Senate Committee, investigating the affair, called for tapes of his private conversations (unhappily for him, these were not "private": they were overheard by those out to "get" the president).

The tapes! They had been spinning endlessly, recording every word of his innumerable conversations. The president thought them privileged, private. But someone had listened to these miles and miles of tapes, someone on the watch for the smallest slip or contradiction. The President appealed against the Senate Committee's order to produce the tapes and the Supreme Court upheld the Senate Committee's order. By this time it was obvious to all that the tapes contained something which might be used against the President, and that someone knew what it was. The exact portions of the tapes to be produced were specified. The President, obviously, had been surrounded by spies in his own White House.

The plot thickened to its appointed end. On June 23, 1972 the President's voice had directed the Central Intelligence Agency to halt the Federal Bureau of Investigation's enquiry into the "burglary". On May 22, 1973 the President had made a public statement denying that any use had been made of the Central Intelligence Agency "for domestic political purposes".

A gasp of horror went through the great country where two presidents had refused to remove the Soviet arch traitor from the State Department (in Mr. Truman's case the Canadian Prime Minister, no less, had provided the ignored information) and had given him protection to do his worst for the United States: the same country where a third president had used all his influence to have the one consistent anti-Communist censured and made politically outcast.

Now the kept press and radio kept up their clamour that President Nixon was guilty of the heinous crime of "covering up" (the burglary) and of "obstructing the course of justice". In the White House the cloaked men, the keepers of "the tapes", gathered round the president and whispered "Resign, resign!"

The cumulative strain was too much for Mr. Nixon, who already had twenty-five years of this unrelenting vituperation behind him. His physical collapse was visible in the pictures shown. By the methods described in the Protocols and in Mr. House's "novel", he was thrown out of office, the first American President ever to be so humiliated.

The conspiracy won its greatest victory. What American president would dare to step out of line, after this!

## THE MONEY POWER

The Vice-President, Mr. Gerald Ford, succeeded to the White House. He was an *appointed*, not an elected vice-president, having been chosen by Mr. Nixon when his original vice-president, Mr. Spiro Agnew, fell by the wayside somewhere along the line.

In the light of preceding events 'It was difficult to see Mr. Ford doing anything so unorthodox as rebelling against the forces which had proved too strong for all preceding presidents in this century. He, in turn, *appointed* Mr. Nelson Rockefeller as vice-president, who is on record as saying "When you think of what I had, what else was there to aspire to?" (but the White House). His appointment brought him (as Mr. Gary Allen commented) "within a heartbeat" of the White House.

Mr. Nelson Rockefeller is a member of an enormously wealthy family, or dynasty, whose interests are worldwide and deep-rooted. The "conspirators" of Mr. House's *Story of Tomorrow*, (which has proved to be a photographic forecast of all that has happened in and to America in this century) were immensely wealthy men. The massive fortunes accumulated in America by a relatively small group of men in the last hundred years have been put to serve the purpose of the Revolution, and of the world dictatorship designed to come of it.

These great fortunes have usually left behind them great bequests ostensibly to be devoted to noble-sounding purposes, particularly "international peace". Most of them have in fact served as hidey-holes for agents of the conspiracy: they are exempt from the "graduated income tax" introduced by Woodrow Wilson at his "sponsors'" behest.

The fact is demonstrable that the Communist revolution was from the start financed by money from America and that the great fortunes substantially contribute to the "invisible government" (the Council on Foreign Relations) which for decades now has been steering America towards "convergence with Communism", and towards the ultimate world super-state. Thus Mr. Nelson Rockefeller's appearance on the stage at this late (possibly penultimate) stage in the game is of particular interest.

The student of these affairs constantly finds himself confronted by other, less-advanced seekers to truth who snarl at him, "Why would rich men support Communism, eh? Explain that. It doesn't make sense!"

This writer always advises such innocents abroad to accept the incontrovertible fact that the thing *is*, and to work back from that point to the "Why?" He might take as starting point the testimony of an unassailable authority, Professor Carroll Quigley (*Tragedy, And Hope*, Macmillan, London, 1966). Professor Quigley, who has the advantage of himself being of the "Insiders" with inside experience of the conspiracy at work, says, "There does exist and has existed for a generation an international ... network which operates, to some extent, in the way the radical Right believes the Communists act ... This network ... has no aversion to co-operating with the Communists ... and frequently does so."

Another diligent explorer, Mr. Gary Allen (*The C.F.R., Conspiracy To Rule The World*, American Opinion, Belmont, Mass., 1969) says, "Why would international bankers and financiers be interested in promoting a Socialist World Government? Clearly, socialism is only the bait to obtain the support of the political underworld and to create the structure necessary to maintain dictatorial control. What this small group of financiers and cartel-oriented businessmen are interested in is

monopolistic control over the world's natural resources, trade, transportation and communications ... something that despite their great wealth they could not achieve otherwise. Therefore the super-capitalists become super-socialists, realising that only a World Government under their control can give them the power necessary to achieve their goal. Only this could explain why these extremely wealthy men would be willing to support movements which seem to be aimed at their own destruction."

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## Part Two

### THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLES

I quoted at the start the word of Mr. Maugham's American heroine about the boundless future of the United States: "... by 1930 we shall be the richest and greatest country in the world ... no limit to our progress can be seen ..."

About the same time (the 1920's) Mr. Noel Coward was composing a patriotic milestone drama about England, *Cavalcade*, which met the public yearning for reassurance about the future and made him, as he says, "extremely popular". As the curtain fell, *his* heroine, glass in hand, drank "to the hope that this country of ours, which we love so much will find dignity and greatness and peace again ..."

The positive expectations of Mr. Maugham's "Isabel" and the wistful hopes of Mr. Coward's "Jane" were alike doomed to disappointment.

England, in fact, was caught in the same world-government conspiracy that was destroying America, and its leaders promoted the aims of the conspiracy as effectively as Presidents Wilson and Roosevelt.

The plight of the American Republic, seventy years after the House-Baruch partners "captured" President Wilson and set him to work preparing the One Government Of All The World, was bound to have some effect on the other English-speaking country across the Atlantic, the one where I was born.

### CHURCHILL: MAN OF PARADOXES

Mr. Winston Churchill once during the Second War said that England and America were going to get "somewhat mixed up" and added that he could not stop that process even if he wished: he welcomed it.

He was a man of occasional, strange paradoxes. A patriot of patriots, he never explained that strange statement, which to most Englishmen, and probably to most Americans, was inexplicable and unwelcome. He had no brief for so disputable an assertion. When he made it America was evidently, to any diligent observer, in the grip of a conspiracy which was dragging it towards "convergence with Communism" and the World Slave State. Mr. Churchill's whole life-story seemed sure to make him shun any involvement with "world government" plans.

Oddly, like all American presidents of this century, he was a devotee of Mr. Bernard Baruch, whose world-government efforts went back to the first World War and the bid at the Versailles Peace Conference to set up a "League to Enforce Peace"; a first attempt to establish world government in the confusion following a world war, which was foiled by the able Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing, who clearly saw the intention to foist war upon the world in the name of peace (Mr. Lansing was soon removed from office, the first of a long series of Americans who paid the price for opposing the conspiracy).

A significant incident in Mr. Churchill's career was the receipt of a deathbed letter to him from President Roosevelt asking him "to see Bernie Baruch as soon as convenient ..." Mr. Churchill answered that "Bernie is one of my oldest friends and I am telegraphing to say how glad I am he is coming. He is a very wise man."

The two had "long and intimate talks". During these Mr. Baruch presumably spoke of the atom bomb soon to be exploded (it would never have been dropped without the foreknowledge and approval of the great Adviser) and may have informed Mr. Churchill of his intention to propose the establishment (once the bomb had been exploded) of an authority with monopolistic rights in its use and control, and power to inflict quick and condign punishment on any who offended The Authority.

History does not record what Mr. Churchill thought about this, the greatest Baruch Plan: it would obviously have meant that "dissolution of the British Empire over which I have not become the King's first Minister in order to preside".

### **THIS WORLDWIDE CONSPIRACY**

The dissolution of that Empire followed before his death. His inner feeling about the world government, which was evidently meant to be set up in its wake, is unclear. In 1920, when the revolution in Russia and its authors were subjects of lively public discussion (this was before an occult censorship effectively stopped all free discussion of such matters) Mr. Churchill wrote an article in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* which showed that he perfectly understood the nature and authors of the revolution and the methods of conspiracy. Being asked in 1953 for permission to reprint that article, he had his secretary refuse.

Certainly, Bernie ("a very wise man") would not have approved of that article, for his favourite notion, the despotic world government with powers of enforcement, was the very child of that revolution. Mr. Churchill must certainly have been aware of the world government conspiracy because in various forms it preoccupied the minds of many leading men during his lifetime and he moved in their company.

In the later decades of the 19th century, when England and the Empire were at the zenith of their might and renown under the great Queen, the world government conspiracy (as the developing fluid of time now reveals) was already eating, cancer-like, at the entrails of the Commonwealth. The conspirators were no cloak-and-dagger persons of the *Cafés des Exilés* type. They were public men of renown and great wealth, as in America.

### **THE NEW IMPERIALISM**

The man whose name first appears in the story on the eastern side of the Atlantic, although his ideas obviously grew out of earlier conspiracies such as that of Weishaupt, was John Ruskin. He was of the type for which the modern vernacular has found the name, Do-Gooder, a tribe of which may be said that the evil they do lives long after them. He was deeply moved, in that period of the industrial revolution, by the contrast between great wealth in Victorian England, and the poverty of the lower orders, and became famous, in his day, for his impassioned championship of "the downtrodden masses".

Ruskin's life ended with a mental breakdown, as is sometimes the lot of beings who come to think themselves godlike. Ruskin's "new imperialism" rested on the theory, which he imparted to his aristocratic students at Oxford, that their privileged lot in life could not be preserved unless the English lower classes were absorbed into it, and it extended to "the non-English masses throughout the world".

Ruskin's ideas made a great and fatal impression on the mind and life of Cecil Rhodes, the gold-and-diamond multi-millionaire from Kimberley. Rhodes's name is commemorated in that of the little country, Rhodesia, which seventy years after his death is waging a lonely struggle against a

world of enemies, leagued together in the world-government-conspiracy, on the path of which Rhodesia is a small but obdurate obstacle.

What Rhodes's ambition was is a question befogged by the different opinions of his biographers, who assert variously that "the government of the world was his simple desire" or that he wanted to "paint the map of Africa red" (i.e. British).

The words of his first will should make the matter clear (but where, in conspiracy, which always deals in "deception regarding real intentions and opinions" is anything ever quite clear?) for he states the ambition of "extending British rule throughout the world ... and founding so great a power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the interests of humanity". World-government proponents always proclaim that eternal peace will come of their plans, and simultaneously contend (as Mr. Baruch ever contended) that war must be made on any who question their dominion, so that this verbal flourish need not be taken seriously.

What is clear is that out of Rhodes's initial moves grew the world-government conspiracy that undermined all good government in England and America in the century that followed Rhodes's death in 1902.

Rhodes's wills set up the secret society which was to pursue his ambition through the century to come. The first (the secret society will) took the Society of Jesus as organisational model (Weishaupt similarly used the Jesuitical structure as model for his Illuminati).

### **THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS**

Another will endowed the "Rhodes Scholarships" under which young men from the Empire, Germany and America were to be brought to Oxford for specialised training so that "after thirty years there would be between two and three thousand men in the prime of life scattered all over the world, each one of whom would have impressed on his mind in the most susceptible period of his life the dream of the Founder, each one of whom, moreover, would have been specially, mathematically selected towards the Founder's purpose ..."

What, then, *was* the Founder's purpose? Was it "simply the government of the world" or "the extension of British rule throughout the world"? Rhodes's planning took definite shape in 1891 when, with his collaborator and literary apostle, William Stead, he formed his secret society with himself as leader and Stead, Lord Esher and Sir John Milner (later British High Commissioner for South Africa) as members of an executive committee. A "Circle of Initiates" was to be formed with Mr. Balfour, Lord Rothschild, Sir Harry Johnston and other personages prominent on the South African scene. The outer circle (the pattern of circles-within-circles used by Weishaupt and the Communists) was to be an "association of Helpers" (in the Communist vocabulary such "helpers" are known as "friends" or "useful fools".)

If Rhodes's dream or purpose was in fact "to extend the British Empire to encompass the world" its dissolution within sixty years of his death in 1902 was this "imperial statesman's" mocking epitaph. If his "simple desire" (a biographer, Mrs Millin) was "government of the world", the conspiracy he set in motion was far advanced towards this aim after those sixty years.

He left behind him a "circle" of publicly renowned men who were (privately) devoted to that ambition. Outwardly they appeared to be rocklike pillars of Empire (as their counterparts in America *seemed* to be steadfast upholders of the Declaration of Independence).

Lord Milner became leader of the Round Table organisation begotten by Rhodes's secret society of 1891. When I joined *The Times* in 1921 I became vaguely aware of the existence of a band of brothers known as "Lord Milner's young men". I little recked, then, of what they might be at, or could ever imagine that their work, fifty years later, would entwine itself, poison-ivy-like, around my life and lot. One of them, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, became editor of *The Times* in my day.

Another initiate was Mr. Philip Kerr who held many offices in British South Africa and became, as Lord Lothian, British Ambassador at Washington. Another was Mr. Lionel Curtis, who took over leadership of the Round Table group when Lord Milner died. Something in the South African air seems to have produced this abundant crop of Round Table schemers at that period.

Some of these gentlemen took the loftiest view of the shape their future world government would assume. Lord Lothian held that "we should strive to build the Kingdom of Heaven on this earth" (and added that the leadership in that task "must fall first and foremost upon the English-speaking peoples"). At that phase in his scheming "Colonel" House across the Atlantic was also talking about rebuilding the world on a basis of the "solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples".

On both sides of the Atlantic the conspiracy was from the start one of wealthy men: in South Africa, Rhodes, Lord Rothschild (to whom Rhodes at one stage bequeathed his money), Sir Abe Bailey and Alfred Beit: in America, the great money-dynasties of Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie and others. One might naively wonder if these great men ever considered the human suffering their ambition would involve, particularly during the Second War, which brought the conspiracy a giant stride nearer its goal. Probably not: great men as a rule are completely cynical about any whom the Juggernaut crushes, provided that the Juggernaut continues towards the destination which they desire.

## INSTITUTES OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

The great men involved in this often had differing views about the shape of the consummation desired by them. The languid and lispng Mr. Balfour, a typical *fin de siecle* figure, much in demand by the ladies for their Victorian patball parties, held that the world government should be a Jewish one. Mr. House, across the Atlantic, wrote of establishing "Socialism as dreamed by Karl Marx" as the golden rule of world government.

Before and after the First War the conspiracies of Rhodes and House began to converge. In the antechambers of World War One the schemers were already busy preparing to set up world government on the ruins. The attempt, at that first bid, was foiled by the American people, who spotted the thief in the woodpile, and discarded President Wilson.

The One World conspirators at once regrouped and reorganised their forces for the next bid, through another war. Mr. Lionel Curtis was charged to reshape the Round Table group and established throughout the "English-speaking" lands separate "front organisations" (to use the Communist phraseology) each pursuing the common ambition behind a facade of fine-sounding designations.

In England this became the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which absorbed the membership of the *ci-devant* Round Table group. In America Mr. House's dictum about "deception regarding real opinions and intentions" was honoured in the name chosen for the new body which was incorporated in 1921: the Council on Foreign Relations.

In the next fifty years, until today, this became the invisible government of the United States, supplying the government with increasing numbers of its graduates and in fact directing American



state policy towards that "convergence with Communism" which is the truth behind the official protestations of undeviating antagonism to Communism.

This CFR has become the protégé of the great banking dynasties and its membership now comprises fourteen hundred leading names in American banking, industry and communications. This invisible government has provided the men to fill nearly all the top posts in the Administration during the past forty-five years. Hence the course of American foreign policy, which by rights is the domain of the Secretary of State. For many years every Secretary of State has been a CFR man, and when he was not, a CFR appointee was leapfrogged over him. Witness President Roosevelt's Harry Hopkins in the Second War and Dr. Kissinger today: both these publicly unknown men bestrode the narrow world like a colossus and the groundlings paid the price.

The innocents abroad (and who is not "abroad" in this dark and haunted terrain of international conspiracy?) can always be heard plaintively asking, "Why?", or alternatively, "How can wealthy men back those who seek to destroy them?"

I am not in these great men's minds but think the answer is contained in some words which I heard the late Lord Birkenhead use, once long ago. This was in the late 'Twenties, when even to hint that peace might not be eternal was to earn the epithet, "Warmonger". Lord Birkenhead, a realist said warningly, "There are still glittering prizes to be won" (by making war), and the next morning had the whole coyote-like press pack yelping "Warmonger" at him.

I see no other explanation for these dealers in death (for such their worldwide concentration camp would be) than this dazzling allure of the glittering prize. The One-Worlders aim at monopolistic control of the sources of wealth, of which they now control only "a piece". Total control cannot be acquired by purchase and payment: only world government offers the ultimate seat of power. In Karl Marx's paradise this absolute power would obtain: in that utopia the human being would be nothing, a zero.

An authority with long-term inside knowledge of the conspiracy, (Prof. Carrol Quigley, *Tragedy & Hope*, Macmillan 1966) says:

There has existed for a generation an international network which operates to some extent in the way that the radical Right believes the Communists act. In fact, this network, which we may indicate as the Round Table Groups, has no aversion to co-operating with the Communists, or any other groups, and frequently does so.

In the two decades following its incorporation in Paris in 1921 the CFR went from strength to strength, and prepared, through its stranglehold on American foreign policy, to prepare the way for the next attempt to set up world government after another war. When it came, its agents were able to present the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour (of which warning had been given to and ignored by President Roosevelt) as a dastardly surprise ("a day which will live in infamy").

While the war went on the CFR was busy, through an Advisory Committee on Post-War Foreign Policy completely staffed by its appointees, laying the basis for the World State designed to come of it. This group designed the United Nations as the keystone of the World Superstate, and at the founding conference at San Francisco in 1945 the man subsequently convicted as a Communist traitor (Alger Hiss), was Secretary General.

## FROM FAR AND WIDE

When the Second War ended I, and many other British writers, left the suffocating climate of post-war England, where the Socialists waited, like vultures on a bough, for the England where I grew up to breath its last.

I was already, in my little way, a victim of the great conspiracy. Before the Second War I published a book which gave warning of its imminent approach, and because it broke out promptly I was held up as a man of brilliant foresight and insight. My eminence lasted but an instant. When I saw, and wrote, that the war was being fought merely to build up Communism, I was howled down as a Fascist and soon found that I was on every publisher's black list.

Thus I brought no illusions with me to South Africa where I arrived, like Othello, my occupation gone. For the next thirty years the spate of anonymous letters and newspaper attacks continued, that is, until today. Humble workaday scribe though I was, I found that the world-government conspirators could not, or would not forget me: no sparrow might fall from a roof, I gathered, but that their minions plausibly presented this as a foul, reactionary and counter-revolutionary deed.

Even I was not beneath their notice, I found from this unending vituperation. That was not the worst: I saw that the last chapter of my life, like the twenty years between the two wars, was to be spent in the shadow of another threatening war: and it, like the other two wars, was designed to be one more move towards world government.

After two years in South Africa I paid a visit to America and was there when the abominable Hiss was at last exposed and (reluctantly) convicted. I saw how numerous were his friends and patrons, how powerful they were to protect him and cover up his deeds. I saw that the man who denounced him was pilloried on every hand, reduced to poverty, kept in fear of his life (he soon died: the other still lives). I saw how the Widow Roosevelt, the "Madame de Farge" of the conspiracy, openly placed herself before him and even referred jeeringly, in court, to his accuser as "the defendant".

I felt in my journalist's bones that this America could not long survive in the shape hitherto familiar to the world: it was rotting at the core. I learned of things more directly menacing to South Africa, and to me and my young wife and her babes who lived there.

I learned that President Truman, having stepped from the vice-presidential into the presidential shoes on Roosevelt's death, had grandiose plans for Africa, where he had never been, of which he knew nothing.

I saw the red light at once. Had Mr. Truman inherited the House-Baruch plan from Mr. Roosevelt? If so, life in South Africa was going to be precarious.

Mr. Truman soon showed that he had indeed inherited the fatal "sponsors". I believe he was never outside America before he became president: he was a typical product of the American political machine, which, as manipulated by the House-Baruch group, produced presidents pre-tailored to a pattern of submissiveness.

Now Mr. Truman, or someone in his name, produced a programme of bountiful undertakings in the world, Point Four of which related to Africa, a place quite unknown to him. Under "Point Four" he proposed to build great roads and railways, ports and airports and the like more. Obviously he had neither the knowledge nor the experience to have hit on such notions unaided. Someone was speaking through him, Charlie McCarthy-like.

Simultaneously, the Communist leader in America (at that time, a Mr. Earl Browder) came out with a programme of gigantic undertakings in Africa which was in its essentials a duplicate of Mr. Truman's Point Four.

Neither of these benefactors, America and the Soviet Union, had any presence or foothold in Africa. How, then did they propose to get there and do these wonderful things? At this point my blood ran cold, as the saying is: I saw what was coming and returned to Africa with visions of earlier thundercloud days in Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland heavy on my spirit.

I wrote a book about my discoveries in America (*Far and Wide*). I think it was the last one I was allowed to get published in England and it brought me even more obloquy than the preceding three or four. This book acquired a habit of vanishing from library shelves. Librarians, consulted by me, said they knew this was happening but could not catch the "book-burners".

## **AMERICA AND RUSSIA**

The parallelism of American and Soviet policy, under the invisible guiding hand of the CFR, was again shown by this announcement of the two great Plans. The two "World Powers" (with the enfeebled British one trotting behind them like a carriage dog) were united in the resolve to carry out Lenin's dictum that the expulsion of the colonial powers from their territories was essential to the achievement of the world revolution. The Soviet power avowedly desired this: American presidents continued to preach opposition to Communism and to practise support of it. President Roosevelt protected the Communist traitors in his administration: President Truman sacked the American general who wanted to win the war against Communism in Korea.

The game went on, plain for all to see, but very few perceived its meaning.

Next, President Truman, evidently desiring to show zeal to his sponsors, sent a roving emissary to Africa, a Mr. Mennen "Soapy" Williams, who stumped the continent calling for South Africa to be "brought to its knees".

Africa (this became obvious) was to be the new area of Communist expansion, aided and financed by America.

Following Mr. Truman's lead, every aspiring politician and newspaper editor in the world joined in furious attack on the White governments in Southern Africa, and this continues as I write, nearly thirty years later.

This down-with-the-White-man campaign was immensely popular with politicians everywhere, who always rejoice to be able to divert attention from matters at home by pointing a finger at countries far away, and the further the better. Thus, politicians in places as distant from the scene as Australia and New Zealand, the enslaved countries behind the Berlin Wall, and the banana republics of Central America happily stayed in office year after year by this simple method of crying "Fie!" and sternly gazing in the direction of South Africa, thousands of miles away across the oceans.

## **THE PLAN FOR AFRICA**

Africa at that period was a continent of order under the colonial powers, Britain, France, Belgium and Portugal. Unnumbered centuries of infant mortality, lethal diseases, slave raiding and tribal wars had left it a depopulated continent until the white man came, who put a stop to all those things, so that in the 19th century it rapidly became an over-populated continent.

The orderly process, and the rule of law, were all to be changed when the conspiracy took Africa in hand. America and the Soviet Union set out hand in hand to destroy everything that had been gained, and to recreate Darkest Africa. American politicians fell into paroxysms of simulated moral indignation about the colonial powers and their treatment of the Black man (who soon would look back on the colonial era, when a man could call on the law even against his chief and the witch doctor, as the golden age).

In America all the politicians saw in the anti-White man campaign a vote-winning ticket. Macaulay might have said of America at that time, even more truly than of the England of his day, that "We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the public in one of its periodical fits of morality". For example, a Mr. Robert Kennedy (younger brother of the late President John Kennedy) came to Africa with his wife and was accorded the hospitality of Natal University for a violent diatribe against the South African Government. I watched this disreputable performance with the eyes of a man who had seen two generations of politicians whipping the mob towards its own destruction.

In America, too, Mrs. Roosevelt, gave much vent (publicly) to her feelings of indignation and compassion about the Black man, and helped (privately) to arrange for supplies of arms to the terrorists in Angola.

What was coming was clear: America, under any president at all, was to help Communism take over Africa.

For a decade this farce continued and then, lo presto and behold, the colonial powers revealed that they too were in the plot. There was no irresistible pressure on them to quit. They received their marching orders from somewhere and just upped and went. One day they were there and the next they were gone, reacting like marionettes to the hidden strings. Belgium went first, then France pulled out of Algeria, and then ...

Ah, then! Was Britain to desert and dissolve the Empire, and to abandon alike the White people there and the Black ones who still in some places seen by me kept the picture of the great Queen in their kraals and trading stores?

Yes, even that. The man chosen to read the dictated death sentence was the British Prime Minister of the day, a Mr. Harold Macmillan. He spoke with the turn of voice and phrase which the frontal politicians of my unfortunate country are adept in using to gloss over an act of perfidy.

"The wind of change", Mr. Macmillan told the Cape Town Parliament, was blowing Britain out of Africa. The wind of change! In any anthology of political prevarication this rates a high place. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no "wind" was blowing the Empire away. It was being broken up by decisions reached long before in secret conclave, and its demolition was done to clear the way for the world-government conspiracy.

Followed, in all the British territories, the pantomime of abdication: flags being lowered, plumed hats and gold-encrusted uniforms worn a last time, a Royal Personage handing over the deeds and so on. The only truth behind this woeful pageant was that the Black man was being handed back to slavery.

## **BACK TO DARKEST AFRICA**

In the next ten years the Black man foretasted the future which had been arranged for him. "Independent" Black states emerged on all hands, and in all of them the politician with the most guns shouldered his way to the front and took over, to be thrust aside a little later by another of the

same kind who had been supplied with weapons by someone or other. The tale of carnage and chaos will never be told: it followed the same pattern everywhere, and the world was indifferent to it anyway. Darkest Africa was back.

Of the White man's era only South Africa remained (which immediately broke away from the Empire), and Rhodes's Rhodesia, which saw that it was to be betrayed and proclaimed Independence on the Washingtonian model on November 11, 1965, and the eastern and western coastal territories of Mozambique and Angola, where the Portuguese had been since before the British Empire or the America Republic were thought of.

The Sixties and Seventies, therefore, were filled with the enraged clamour of the outer world (particularly America and England) against these remaining White-governed territories. In England the Socialists were in office and they had long awaited the moment of imperial demise, like vultures on a bough intent on the victim's last breath. The Socialist leader, a Mr. Harold Wilson, habitually used the language of George III's prime minister, Lord North, about the Rhodesians. They were "rebels", he declared.

After canvassing the feeling of the British army about an attack on Rhodesia, and drawing blank, he announced at Blackpool (to the cheers of terrorists in the balcony) that he would give "unconditional support" in arms to the Communist bands which succeeded to power in the Portuguese territories neighbouring Rhodesia when the beleaguered Portuguese, after thirteen years of siege by the entire world, collapsed in 1973.

I was in Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique during these years, and although my own part in the imbroglio was but that of one small leaf in a gale, I felt that I was hard done by, after my embittering years in Europe between the wars, in being caught up in yet another chapter of the great conspiracy's expansionist thrusts.

I returned from Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola to South Africa to await what yet might come. What came, in 1975, was the proof that Mr. Truman's "Point Four" of 25 years earlier, was a simple restatement of the parallelism of American and Soviet policy, jointly leading to a Communist takeover in Africa.

Angola gave clear token of that. Soviet arms, originally financed by America, were supplied to one of the contending factions which fought for power when the Portuguese left, and the Soviet called in Cuban troops to ensure the victory of that faction.

The American President at that time was named Ford (the only difference between successive presidents was that of name: in subservience to the overriding world government conspiracy they were all alike) and he was seen, a shadowy figure on the television screen, making sounds of formal disapproval of the Soviet and Cuban incursions into Africa.

The real effect of these *sotto voce* remonstrances was nil: America led the world in tacitly accepting the deed and the appearance of Black Communist states on the eastern and western shores of Africa.

By this time it was obvious that no American president, with the example of President Nixon's overthrow ever in his mind, would presume to affront the pupils of the House-Baruch school, embattled in the Council on Foreign Relations. Whichever contestant might win the 1976 presidential election, nothing would change: and that would hold good for any subsequent election.

## THE CONSPIRACY OF TRUTH

Thus I awaited my closing years in South Africa. Already, many years before, one of the enormously wealthy "peace" endowments in America (the Carnegie one) had produced a battle plan, complete to the last ballistic detail, for an attack on South Africa by air, sea and land. This open involvement of America in the Communist conspiracy has hung over South Africa ever since it was published in 1965. From my personal eyrie, overlooking the turbulent scene, I saw in it the co-ordination of another holocaust, the essential third stage in the conspiracy to bring about the super-slave-state.

At the age I have reached, for a' that, my personal interest in the great melodrama is only to see to it, if I possibly can, that any tombstone of mine shall have the inscription, "He survived!" My ambitions are modest, and for more than that I do not hope. The conspiracy has progressed so far that it will not, possibly cannot stop now. Too many leading men are enchained to it for that.

While they are in power over us, we shall all continue to be Gadarea-bound, and the new age of darkness is nigh upon us. When that comes we shall all need to start again and work for another renaissance. Many good men and true are preparing now for that, and tomorrow's day will be theirs. The perjurers and their kept press will call it the counter-revolution. Its proper name will be The Conspiracy Of Truth.

\*\*\* prepared by Truth Seeker - [www.douglasreed.co.uk](http://www.douglasreed.co.uk) \*\*\*

*Know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free*

(John 8:32)

# THE PRISONER OF OTTAWA: OTTO STRASSER

by

Douglas Reed

published: 1953

\* this PDF prepared by [www.douglasreed.co.uk](http://www.douglasreed.co.uk) \*

I am taken captive, and I know  
not by whom, but I am taken.  
SENECA

If you wish to be someone, dare  
to do something worthy of  
banishment and imprisonment.  
JUVENAL

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## EXORDIUM

Early in 1940 I sat at a Devonshire window that overlooked the English Channel and wrote a book about a German, Otto Strasser. I had for many years written against time, so that the waiting presses might have their daily record of violent historic events that consummated themselves around me, and once more I felt in me the familiar urgent need to complete my story (this time a book) before an invasion prevented me (I had finished two others, *Insanity Fair* in 1938 and *Disgrace Abounding* in 1939, just ahead of such armed incursions). Thus I scanned sea and sky, between writing lines and chapters, for the oncoming shapes of German ships or aircraft. However, I hoped that Germany would lose and my native island survive the Second War and was immensely curious about the shape which the later future would take in that happy event; chiefly for my own sake, no doubt, for the years after the war, if I survived it, would probably include the second half of my own lifetime. I looked ahead, and wondered whether the Second War would restore peace and equilibrium to the world in the second half-century, or whether the Gadarene process of 1914-39, which in my adult years I had watched and described, would be resumed after it. That, my experience told me, would depend mainly on the treatment of Germany after Germany's military defeat.

With such thoughts in mind I wrote my book about Otto Strasser at a time when few, if any friendly books were being written about a German, Germans or Germany. I believed that the only wise course for the military victors would be to restore Germany to the care of men who had proved themselves to be the unpurchasable and incorruptible enemies of the Revolution of Destruction in either of its guises, National Socialist or Communist. Otto Strasser was the sole apparent candidate of importance who fulfilled such conditions. He had fought Hitlerism and Communism impartially (he knew them to be the same) in Germany and from exile for ten years, from 1930 to 1940. On that verifiable record he was a man in whom a truly peace-seeking outer world might put confidence. In him, I judged, men of goodwill everywhere might at last find what they so long had sought: a German ally who would recreate, rebuild, restore, pacify; anyway, no other offered with equal claim to a chance of self-justification. Moreover, he had a great following in Germany and had retained this despite difficulties hardly to be imagined, even when they are described, by people far from the central turmoil.

I thought the story of such a man might be of use and showed him as a candidate in the wings, who might well appear centrally on the German stage when events gave the cue. This was logically to be expected, too. After the First War the victors (at least until Hitler appeared) had upheld their allies, succoured their friends, honoured their bonds, and protected helpless civilian populations thrown on their mercy. In 1940 a man could still hope that that course of honour and prudence would be followed again, and this time be pursued to the end.

For two years after I wrote that book, until 1942, the shape of the war and of Otto Strasser's political fortunes conformed to that earlier pattern. After many years of perilous adventure he was in an extremity of danger helped to escape his Nazi pursuers and to reach Canada; his very life, probably, was then saved by British and Portuguese help. He was everywhere accorded the respect and sympathy due to his ordeals and to his achievements as the only leading German politician who had long and *actively* fought Hitler. High responsibility in Germany clearly beckoned to him, once the fog of war had cleared. Thereafter he would justify himself or fail, on his own merit or demerit and the reaction thereto of the German people.

An abrupt reversal in the behaviour of his hosts towards Otto Strasser came after Hitler and Stalin fell out in 1941; his prospects, and in my opinion the hopes of the entire West, then suddenly darkened. The great picture of the war from that instant began subtly and ominously to change; it was as if a new painter superimposed the evil outlines of Calvary on a canvas of the Resurrection.

Where the scene had been that of the redemption of Europe it was transformed into one of the crucifixion of Europe between two thieves, the fighting-men of the Christian West being cast merely for the part of Roman soldiers. In the sequence things happened such as never stained the story of 'Western civilization' since it began, and in outline they may be recapitulated here because they form that whole, of which Otto Strasser's story is but a part:

Fifteen thousand Polish officers were massacred, but in this case no 'war crime' was adjudged by British and American justice at Nuremberg. Ten thousand Frenchmen were shot with British or American weapons donated to French Communists; only seven years after the war's end was their number even established, and then casually included among the lesser 'news items', and no 'war crime' was ever seen in this holocaust. A dozen European countries, and then half of Europe, were thrown to Asiatic wolves, and at the end soldiers from remote Mongolian or Tartar lands were halted outside German villages only while they listened to the broadcasts of a harangue recorded in Moscow; in it an alien writer incited them particularly to fall on *pregnant* women. These things were made possible by the *unconditional* surrender of money, arms and political support to the Communist rulers by Britain and America. The political leaders there lent themselves to such deeds, as they later affirmed, from fear of losing the war, which they thus could only lose, politically. They submitted equally to the infestation of their own administrations by the agents of the Revolution of Destruction. In the American President's entourage such agents, later exposed, drafted the plans for destroying Europe, and with almost lifeless fingers he signed. Corrupted men appeared even in (and later disappeared from) the British diplomatic service, and in the most secret laboratories of all Western countries other emissaries garnered information to help the future misdeeds of their distant masters. Where Germany and Europe might have been redeemed, a bisected Germany and a chaotic Europe were left. History never saw such a shambles made of an honourable victory. The pieces were rearranged on the chessboard in the order which had enabled the Second War to begin; the world was left in a state of permanent warfare, the climax of which, a Third War, was made as inevitable as any human event can be. Germany was abandoned to the constant temptation (to which Hitler had betrayed it in 1939) to seek revenge and recover lost ground through the help of its natural foe, barbaric Asia; the Communist Empire was given the means to use German hopes and fears at every stage in its design to destroy all Europe. Equally it became probable that the course of a climactic Third War, if one were professedly begun to amend this situation, would similarly be diverted to further the aims of the Revolution of Destruction.

Until Hitler and Stalin came to blows, and this master-plan for the Second War slipped smoothly into gear, Otto Strasser was on all hands given the status due to him as a distinguished German exile and proven foe of Hitler and Hitlerism. He was by deed and avowal as constant an enemy of Communism. When the Communist Empire, being attacked by Hitler, was elected part of 'the free world' by the wartime propagandists of the West, the bait of puppet-employment in Sovietized Europe was dangled before Otto Strasser by an emissary of Moscow. He refused it; thereon his second persecution began, which continues to this day.

It was persecution, this time, by the governments of the West, which connived in it until the end of the war and for more years thereafter than the war lasted! He was in their territory, and they lent their aid as, step by step, from 1942 onwards, his political extermination was attempted. First, he was forbidden to speak publicly, communicate, write or publish, and by such bans, which deprived him of his livelihood, was driven to ever remoter and humbler dwelling places and to that brink of destitution and starvation where a man can only save himself by natural ingenuity. When the fighting ended, in 1945, these bans were nominally raised, but in their place another, openly unscrupulous one was imposed which has made him, for the last eight years, the Man in the Iron Mask of mid-century politics. He was in effect forbidden to return to Germany! Hitler first drove him from it and deprived him of its nationality. The Western Governments, acting in concert at

some unacknowledged behest, availed themselves of that useful law of 'the wicked man' to keep his foremost enemy expatriated!

The reason (only admitted many years later) was that in spite of all persecution Otto Strasser's following in Germany, notwithstanding his long absence and the bans, remained large and cohesive; and that someone desired his continued exile. Had he returned to Germany he would have assumed there the political place, whatever it might prove to be, to which his native talents and record entitled him; he would at length have been able to demonstrate his true level, high or low, in his own country. Evidently it was thought, in the curtained quarters whence the enmity to him derived, that his place there would prove to be a very high one, for the natural process was dammed. The American, British, Canadian, French and West German Governments have performed this service, from 1945 to the present day, for those who do not desire his return or the public test of his quality. The might of the effort which has been put forth, through the compliant Western Governments, to keep this solitary man out of his own country is at least proof, convincing enough to surprise even me, of the accuracy of my estimate of his standing in Germany, as I stated it in my book of thirteen years ago.

The campaign against him began on the day, at the turn of the years 1941-42, when he refused the invitation from Moscow to assume the leadership of a 'Free German Movement' under Communist auspices. That fact throws up the obvious question: why do the Western Governments continue to lend themselves to such courses? This question, again, leads into the whole dark complex of events from 1941 to the present day, which also need brief elucidation here for the reader's better understanding of the motives behind the persecution of Otto Strasser:

From the moment when the Communist Empire was by Hitler's act, and not by any better impulse of its own, transformed from his ally into his enemy, Moscow pursued one war aim which was from the start crystal clear (in contrast to such rhetorical professions as those of the Atlantic Charter, which were at once belied by private communications behind the political scenes, and by the ultimate deeds in Europe and Palestine). This aim was perceptibly more important to Moscow than the destruction of Hitler or of Hitlerism itself; indeed, the substance of Hitlerism, being identical with that of Communism, was not meant to be destroyed. This, plainly dominant Soviet aim was: to prevent the rise to power *after* the war, if possible in any country, of patriotic leaders who had gained large national followings through their distinction in the fight against Hitler. Lenin's dictum that all wars must be turned into *civil* wars was strictly followed; Moscow always fought the men who might succeed Hitler in Germany, or his *Statthalter* in the occupied countries, more vindictively than it fought Hitler himself. This was patently the motive for the massacre of the Polish officers, for the betrayal of the Polish Resistance Army at Warsaw, and for the vendettas pursued in all countries against patriotic leaders, such as General Mihailovitch, General de Gaulle, the King of Greece, General Bor, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and all the others. The aim was the obvious and logical one of destroying legitimate claimants to the succession, and of thus leaving in the various countries a chaotic vacuum in which Communism could seize power. The great question, never answered, remains: why did the Governments of London and Washington lend themselves to the promotion of this aim during the war, and after it until the present time?

Otto Strasser was a man of this, to Moscow dangerous type, a proven patriot, a Christian one to boot, a leader with a following, and an undeniable claimant, in the legitimate line, to some eminent responsibility in Germany, once Hitler was gone. His return to Germany would have been a serious setback for Communism. The political leaders of the West prevented it. By that time they were publicly parading in the sackcloth of repentance for their misplaced confidence in 'Uncle Joe', but their deeds, as distinct from their words, showed no genuine reform. Some occult influence continued to mould policy in the West in the shape desired by the tsars of anarchy in Asia, or at least to impede its correction. Long after the fighting in Europe ended the course of events, so

puzzling to the masses, first in China and then in Korea pointed to this. The publicly unknown case of Otto Strasser clearly proved it. His treatment was in the straight, or crooked line of those strange and secret wartime arrangements made at Moscow, Teheran and Yalta, in respect of which the Western leaders concerned, by the nineteen-fifties, were crying, 'We have erred! We have most grievously erred!'

For eleven years now Otto Strasser, a man without a stain on any political records save those kept by the Nazis, the Communists and their heirs, the World-Staters, has been in effect kept captive in Canada. Thus his story today has been transformed into something different from the one which I wrote thirteen years ago, and into something then unimaginable. In the tale of human sorrow which has filled the last decade his personal tribulations are but a grain of sand and I do not tell this altered story chiefly on that account, although it is a *cause célèbre* in the annals of human injustice. I tell it because my experience informs me, in 1953 as in 1940 and 1938, that all our tomorrows depend on Germany. Today they depend on the amending, in some form, of the almost incorrigible deed of 1945, in the consequences of which we all might yet be engulfed. If it is to be undone, the undoing will need the help of a man or of men in Germany of the type of Otto Strasser. It cannot be undone with the help of puppet politicians and puppet governments, and even less, unless the central issue be faced, by means of bogus and enforced amalgamations of rump Germany with other remaining European States.

Therefore I think that once more a true record of this man may be useful to a wide range of readers, who will not be allowed to read one unless I write it, and whose own future is involved in the destiny of such as he and of Germany. Apart from all that, it is a most fantastical tale in its own right, even without the moral that I draw from it. We of the twentieth century lead interesting lives, worth any tale-teller's time and pains. Those who follow us might even envy us the excitements and hazards which we have known, for they may be spared the bitter taste of dishonour and betrayal which spoils them for us of today. Otto Strasser's life thus far is exceptional even in this age in its range of adventures and perils survived, in its extremes of perseverance and adversity, in its colours of courage and good humour. It is the story of a German, of Germany, of Europe, and ultimately of the entire West, either on the edge of oblivion or on the threshold of revival; that is to say, it is the story of us all, in the Western world, as we stand at this mid-century.

DOUGLAS REED

Ottawa 1952-53

# PART ONE

1897 – 1918

## Chapter One

### FIN DE SIÈCLE

A mystic moment impended for the Earthlings. For the nineteen hundredth time since the event by which many of them measured time, the infinitesimal mote, Earth, hurtling through boundless space at sixty-six thousand miles an hour, was about to complete its journey around the insignificant star, Sun. The end of another of their centuries was at hand, one of constantly improving stability, security and prosperity. The Earthlings, on their beginningless and endless voyage between nonentity and infinity, had never felt so firm on their spinning planet or so confident of its place in the universe. The whizzing whirligig seemed to them to be a vehicle set on a fair and propitious course.

It was a good time to be born on Earth, better than any of the eighteen earlier centuries' eves. That, at least, may have been the thought of any bewhiskered Papa of that day, in his good broadcloth suit, and of becorseted Mama, in her flounced gown, as they gazed fondly on a cradle, while at the door Nurse waited for its occupant and in the street the carriage and pair, for themselves. Had they but known, the babe in the cradle would achieve much if it merely survived to manhood, let alone to middle age, in the new century, for this was to be a tick of time of quite a different sort from the one in which they had been born and grown. Most mothers shed a tear of premonition at the thought of those mortal tribulations which await even the luckiest of the small beings born of their travail. The mothers of that particular moment had more cause than most for that prescient pang amid their happiness.

Papa, possibly, might not have flinched, had something of the future been revealed to him, for many men of his age then complained that life was become too secure, humdrum, dull and adventureless. It had not changed very much since the horse was first harnessed and the first wheel invented, save for the violent interruption in France, which seemed to have raged itself out and dissolved like a summer thunderstorm. The first motor cars had been made, but hardly anybody had seen one. Some contraption, rumour said, had lifted itself into the air for a few yards, but few could vouch that they had truly seen space between it and the ground, and the thing was generally disbelieved. The accelerating speed of the daily mortal cruise between nowhere and nothing was yet to come. The conquest of the air was still almost inconceivable and the conquest of space a notion nearly blasphemous; probably most people still felt in their hearts, even if they could answer questions about the movements and measurements of the solar system, that Earth was the centre of the universe.

The affairs of mankind, being ever better conducted, were visibly improving. The dignity of man, during the century nearly done, had become more and more widely recognized, established and protected. Serfdom, then slavery, had gone. The absolutism of kings was ended, and now they ruled on the bit and bridle of constitutional and parliamentary restraint; how admirable a balance had thus been achieved!

There had been wars here and there during the century, true; but they had been fought with chivalry and concluded with forbearance (save for the American civil one; and as for that the outer world knew little and understood less of the barbaric vengeance wreaked by the North on the South). The French Republic, like a courtesan become genteel, seemed to be expiating in maturity the rapine and bastardy of its birth. The American one appeared to be exclusively devoted to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness between the Atlantic and the Pacific (for the *Maine* had not yet been, though it soon would be mysteriously sunk in Havana harbour; an event as mysterious and momentous as certain assassinations and arsons of the century to come).

During those ten decades Western man had honoured law and order, legality and legitimacy, too; for that reason his affairs were in good shape. Attempts at violent upheavals, of the French kind, when they occurred throughout Europe at the mid-century and in Russia towards its end, had everywhere broken limply on public hostility and resolute resistance. The mortal concern, it seemed, was gaining experience and being ever more prudently run, and Western man assumed from what he saw about him that this ordered progress would continue in the century about to begin.

The great age of institutions and of rulers alike helped to implant this suggestion in the public mind. The Widow at Windsor and the Old Gentleman at Schoenbrunn had occupied their ancient thrones longer than most people could remember; they were in themselves potent symbols of reassurance and continuity. The Young Man in Berlin was no longer so young (he had already been Kaiser for a decade) and appeared to be mellowing. The Sick Man on the Bosphorus retained only a toehold in Christian Europe and in the lands whence he had been expelled churches, once hidden below ground, now raised their cupolas to the freed heaven. On the most vulnerable boundary of the West, the one that faced Asia, the semi-barbaric Tsardom was becoming Christianized and constitutional; parties and a parliament were taking shape; and the Russian peasants were at last coming into their own land.

The West, the area of Christian civilization, never looked so strong, so united in its deepest and most lifegiving beliefs, or so secure against outer assault. In the West the dignity, liberty and enlightenment of man seemed sure to increase, and from the West to spread eastward, not to be driven back. If, among the myriad stars, the puny planet Earth was destined to shine more brightly, the West was clearly to be the source of that greater radiance.

At that interesting moment the subject of this book, its writer, and many of those who will read it were born.

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## Chapter Two

### ... FATHER OF THE MAN

Otto Strasser was born on September 10th, 1897, at Windsheim in Bavaria, the third of four brothers. That was the heyday of the virile, rising and ambitious Reich, founded on military prowess and aspiring to naval might, over which the young Emperor in Berlin ruled with his lieges, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony and Wuerttemberg and the many hereditary princes and grand dukes. All these lesser rulers were soon to be swept away with the superior one, leaving a gap never yet filled: their blood and domains, and consequently their interests, were also those of their peoples, who thus were happier then than now. Their passing was part of a German drama apprehended by Goethe, when he became engrossed with the theme of Mephisto and Faust, and by Wagner in his thunderous foretellings of Germanic calamity.

Goethe and Wagner were not very long dead, in 1897, but their presentiments were still beyond the range of ordinary minds, and Frau Strasser, in that halcyon time, was probably spared any foreboding of what awaited her four sons in the coming century. The eldest, Gregor, was to be killed by a man called Hitler; the youngest, was to be conscribed into the same Hitler's army and to vanish in Russia. The central two, Paul and Otto, were to be hunted from country to country by this unimaginable Hitler's emissaries and to save their bare lives only by going into exile on the other side of the world. If any chance at that time took Frau Strasser across the Austrian frontier, which was not very far away, and through a village called Braunau, her glance may have fallen indifferently on a nine-year-old boy in the street there who was this Adolf Hitler.

The child is father of the man, but what makes the child? Heredity first, and then the time in which he lives, which expresses itself in his environment, experiences, upbringing and associates. Not enough has yet (or may ever) become known about Hitler's blood and the associations of his formative years for his being to be assayed; he may have been anybody's agent. Everything is known or can be learned about Otto Strasser (subject to the qualification that every man is, ultimately, a mystery, even to himself).

He inherited at birth three things: German blood and an ancestral German homeland which he loved; a deep religious feeling; and strong Socialist convictions. These are the three influences which formed him and have been strengthened by all the experiences and ordeals of his life. Only the third of them needs clearer definition, especially for those many who do not read but merely scan a book, and this one aims to make Otto Strasser's Socialism clear, as the half-century has shaped it. A patriotic and religious man cannot be a Socialist of any of the varieties, from Lenin to Hitler, Mussolini to Stalin, Laski to Tito, or Trotsky to Blum, which these fifty years have produced.

If such a man is to be understood it is not even enough to say that he inherited 'German blood' and 'an ancestral German homeland which he loved'. He was born not only in Germany but in Bavaria, and not only in Bavaria, but in the Franconian part of it. If there is any central stronghold of the West's two-thousand-year old struggle against the destroyers of Christian civilization, it is Franconia. It was the home of the great Emperor of the West, Charlemagne, who first set Christian civilization firmly on its feet in Europe, drove the invading Arabs back into Spain, and founded that enlightened Empire, based on the best achievements of Rome, which lasted a thousand years, until the destructive revolution emerged again in France. Not far away is Vienna, where the Turkish tide reached its high water mark in 1529 and again in 1683 and which the Mongol and Tartar tide has reached again today. No man whose forefathers dwelt in Franconia, unless he be a corrupted one, can have any doubt about the need to keep barbarians out of Europe.



The words 'The West' mean much more to a man born in Franconia than to men born in Brittany, Gloucestershire or Illinois, just as the words 'the trenches' mean more to a soldier in the front line than to his comrades in the reserve ones or at the base; yet the destiny of all of them is equally involved. Western Man, as he grew out of the darkness into an identifiable figure, and the best the planet has yet evolved, is by any definition a product of Western Europe. He could never have founded, and could not today live well and safely in Vancouver and Washington, Melbourne and Cape Town, Auckland and Houston if Western Man, who remained behind, had not through the centuries held that Eastern bastion in Franconia, around Vienna and on the Baltic shores. If that bastion falls, he may not long continue to enjoy his inheritance in those far distant cities oversea, but may sink to the level of a subordinate breed. A man does not need to learn this lesson if he was born in Franconia; it comes with the bloodstream; this is heredity.

Franconia itself is the material inheritance of that heredity. It is as lovely as any countryside in Europe and contains towns as noble as may be found anywhere there. It is a period piece, preserved for the instruction of twentieth century man, of what the West was, and again could be, at its best. Rothenburg,<sup>[1]</sup> the finest surviving example of a medieval town, lay within its walls and towers a few miles away from Windsheim. Otto Strasser's mother came from Dinkelsbuehl, which in beauty vies with Rothenburg, and grew up there in the famous wooden Deutsches Haus, for her father had an inn in that ancestral home of a Bavarian noble family. He was a well-to-do peasant and owned a brewery. In England good connections with beer have sometimes brought the accolade or the patent of nobility. In Bavaria, though they did not lead to such heights, they were a source of high esteem because of the respect in which the beer itself, deservedly, is held; it is supreme of its kind.

Simple and substantial folk, then, at the turn of the century, and devout Catholics all, the Strassers, their kith and kin, and their neighbours. They were cut to a pattern which had proved its worth. If they differed in any detail from the pattern, as a man's jacket in the 1950s may vary slightly from that of his father's in the 1900s, it was in their Socialism. However, Socialism in the 1900s did not mean what it means in the 1950s, when its survivors from the 1900s might wring their hands, if they are men of probity, to see the shambles they have helped make of the West.

The world and its problems seemed simple to mend, at the start of this century. It was a simple calculation in black and white: merely take away 'feudalism' and 'vested interests' from 'the haves' and 'the under-dog', and the resultant sum would be happiness for all. If the bough of a tree enshadowed your house, cut it off, but sit on it before you began to saw. As property was ill-distributed, abolish the right to property, and then all alike would have none. All men being inherently equal, 'classes' were sinful; therefore, incite the under-privileged class against the over-privileged class until the classes changed places, and, the lower becoming the upper, sinlessness would be achieved.

The great masses of people were only beginning to be literate and these primers of political science were adequate to their needs. Throughout the West Liberal parties, already strong, preached this gospel of self-enslavement and called it one of liberation. In their wake came the vanguards of the growing Socialist parties, singing more threatening psalms more loudly. They were both but the bailiffs of the real mortgagor who pressed on them from behind, resolved to foreclose: Communism. They played Faust to the red Mephisto; they were put through the Western window, Oliver Twist-like, to open the door to the Communist Bill Sykes. By the mid-century the Liberal Party was but a mumbling wraith, clanking its chains in the haunted house of oblivion; the Marxist one, with one foot over that same threshold, still tried to look as if the morrow belonged to it.

These developments of the fifty years to come were not to be foreseen in 1900. Men wanted changes. Feudalism, seignury and privilege in fact were dead or dying and only traces and trappings of them remained; but mature men habitually fight against what aggrieved them in youth,

not what injures them in maturity (demagogic politicians of the 1950s, when they become eloquent, often explain that they are determined to redress wrongs which embittered, but vanished with, their own long-vanished childhood). To this habit of mankind the Liberal and Socialist parties of the West probably owe their transient blooming of the twentieth century. (*see note, below.*)

Thus Otto Strasser's father, in 1900, may have been embittered less by the conditions of that time than by those of 1850. Perhaps he felt cramped by the influence of the Court, and by the continuing power of the purse, of family and of position in Bavarian life. Anyway Peter Strasser was a revolutionary Socialist in 1900; whether he would call himself so, could he survey the West in 1950, one cannot guess. He was the son of a countryside where political thought and discussion are endemic. Franconia has supplied more famous German politicians than any other German land, among them Stein, Metternich, Baron von Dahlberg, Franz von Sickingen, Ulrich von Hutten and Florian Geyer. Peter Strasser was outwardly a diligent, middle-rank civil servant in the judicial service. His mind was discontented with the things he saw, at a time when that eternal human trait, sycophancy, still attached itself to courts (because courts still survived) and he wrote and published under a punning pseudonym, Paul Weger, a book called *Der Neue Weg*, which set out his ideas for A New Germany. Nearly all Germans, then as subsequently and still, were thinking about new ways and a new Germany.

It was his last published book. He wrote another, but his wife intercepted it. The premonitions of women may often be well founded. She rose, as in defence of her young, against anything that might endanger the secure, pensionable life to which her husband might look forward if he kept his views to himself. Peter Strasser, a man of peace, locked his manuscript away. The course of the twentieth century might have been different, had more women thus prevailed on more husbands, or it might not. In any case, this particular source of household dispute goes back to the start of time. The selfsame controversy repeated itself in the life of Otto Strasser and had the opposite outcome; he parted company with his first wife rather than cease from political fight. In his own home, despite the unpublished second book, he and his brothers inevitably absorbed their father's views and grew up in an atmosphere of lively political thought.

That, then, is the background of his earliest years: a South German homeland deeply impregnated with the feeling of Europe's fight for survival against the barbarians; a religious upbringing; and a political interest both inherited and developed from childhood on. It was a time of hard work for little money; good food and drink at cheap prices; diligence, thrift and security; rigid social gradations vexing to the ambitious; stout roofs overhead even for the humble; uniforms and bands; pomp and etiquette; ritual and sycophancy. It was good and bad, like all life at all times; but it was, or seemed, well founded, strong and enduring. It was, by any standard, good in comparison with what was to come.

Otto Strasser, like many men in many countries at that time, felt cramped. He read avidly, underscoring and annotating every third or fourth line (as he still does), thought, talked and seethed with ideas. When he was sixteen he left school. Gregor was at the university and Paul at a grammar school; Peter Strasser could not afford fees for his third son and Otto became an apprentice in a textile factory. That was in 1913, and he remained there a year, six months in the counting house and six months in the workshops. In the counting house he learned only to fill the inkpots, copy the letters, stick stamps on envelopes and fetch food for the clerks and workmen at ten o'clock. In the factory he learned merely packing and today still can 'make a wonderful parcel'.

In spite of all that has befallen him, his family, his home and the world in the forty years that have passed he says reminiscently that it was 'a terrible year'. For the writer of this book, whose memories of 1913 are somewhat similar, those three words cast a brilliant light on the minds of the young men of that time, in all countries. The humdrum corridors of daily life cramped and

restricted them and their spirits impatiently awaited release. The tedium of peace lay heavy on them; the monstrous tedium of war they had yet to learn, and when they had learned it they would be unable to impart the knowledge to their sons, so that the process would continue. There is, perhaps there ever was and long will be, in robust young men an impulse towards war just as strong and inquisitive as the first stirrings of a girl's heart towards young men. This will not be denied by those who recall the eager haste with which the youths, on both sides of the conflict, ran to offer themselves in 1914. The words, 'first fine careless rapture', are, or at any rate then were, as true as the later disillusionment was complete; but the disenchantment was never yet bequeathable, and those who profit by war have a useful tool at hand in this recurrent instinct of the young male animal.

Thus the words, 'a terrible year!' uttered as the speaker's eye looked back across four decades at 1913, illuminate something of the human mystery, of our time and of all times. By all rational standards, 1913, contemplated from 1953, might call forth from any Western man the heartfelt cry, 'A wonderful year! May we soon look on its like again!' for no year ever so clearly marked the end of an era in which so much was good. The confident present and untroubled future, the cheapness of home and the ease of travel, the good manners of men and decorum of women, the strength of institutions and the trustworthiness of justice, the spreading dignity and liberty ... ah, life was very good then!

But men are not so. By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust ensuing danger, and so men, even today, feel it their destiny to press on, heedless of the past, perhaps to a harder future, but anyway: On! On!

Otto Strasser's 'terrible year', like the 1913 of so many millions of other men, was but an interlude. In September 1914 he was to have resumed his studies, for which the fees had become available. In June the event occurred (as mysterious in its origins as the sinking of the *Maine*) which was to change the lives of most people who will read this book and the whole shape of the twentieth century. The Archduke was shot at Serajevo, and on August 2nd, 1914, the First War began. None of us today, not even those who then were yet unborn, can guess what our lives might have been but for that. Otto Strasser's life then truly began.

**NOTE:**

I like to construe the misuse of the name 'Liberal' in this century, and the consequent extinction of the 'Liberal' parties, as the fulfilment of prophecy: 'The vile person shall no more be called liberal', Isaiah xxxii, 5. D.R.

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## Chapter Three

### TO THE WARS, MY BOY ...!<sup>[2]</sup>

If greatness is size, not excellence, the Great War was truly great (and for horses it was the war to end wars). Never before had so many young men fought each other over so large an area, and never again, possibly will so many fighting men be destroyed in action (the Second War, its child, brought massacres of defenceless civilians on a scale never before known or imagined to be possible in the future). If greatness is quality, not quantity, the Great War was great only in one respect: the staunchness of the soldiers, in all armies, who endured its ordeals, which today are hardly to be believed even by those who experienced them.

Men who are now in their fifties, when they look at the pictures of those battlefields, may ask themselves incredulously how they, and millions like them, supported the burden of their existence in ditches, potholes and mudholes under constant bombardment, where they merely awaited death or wounds, without the incentive of action, for years on end. The withdrawal of the horse in favour of speedier means of attack, the incorporation of the petrol-driven engine in machines of war on the ground and in the air, brought a war of immobility, a long artillery duel with infantrymen for sitting targets. It remains the unbelievable war and the fortitude of those huddled, anonymous figures in the pulverized ground must remain for ever astounding. They were the young men of 1914, experiencing war. They could not, on either side of the line, guess to what purposes their courage and patience would be put.

Somewhere among them was Otto Strasser. On August 2nd, 1914, when he was not seventeen years old, he became the youngest soldier in the Bavarian forces. The brave or brilliant uniforms of the past were being put off for the last time; they only survive today in the State pageantry of one or two countries. Possibly the memory of them made Strasser apply first for the light cavalry (those long overcoats, shining sabres and clanking spurs!) but after being locked in a riding-school with three hundred other forgotten recruits for three days he broke out and was accepted (on six weeks' probation, because he was weakly!) by the Fourth Artillery Regiment.

This brief period of his life is important for his political thought because he retains from it a vibrant hatred of the fat, red-faced and bullying sergeant-majors of that day. The masses of other countries were at the time also instructed to dislike these traditional figures of the Germanic parade-ground and the tales that Otto Strasser tells of them show that they were tyrants indeed.<sup>[3]</sup> Strasser considers these illiterate sadists to be an eternal type and holds Hitler's SS-men to have been of the type. 'The SS spirit,' he used to say during the Hitler years, 'was born on those parade-grounds, and I have a hatred of these people which nothing can kill.' Such men are the backbone of any secret police state, Nazi, Communist or other. (Otto Strasser himself, at the front, was driven to draw a revolver against one such tormentor and at his court-martial was acquitted, the sergeant in question being punished; later in the war he was by chance sent to a battery which Otto Strasser was then commanding and, being caught at his old tricks again, was tried by court-martial, degraded, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.)

Like the other young men of 1914, Strasser feared that the war would end before he saw action, and thus it came about that during its first few weeks he was successively light cavalryman, artilleryman, and then, at his own request for transfer, infantryman-in-action. The Sixth Bavarian Reserve Infantry Division consisted of four regiments, the 16th, 17th, 20th and 21st. Otto Strasser, just seventeen years old, was posted to the 20th and went into the trenches in Flanders, to find first the Sikhs and then British troops facing him, at Wytschaete and Warneton. A barrack-room lawyer

named Adolf Hitler was in the 16th, not far away; however, he was a headquarters orderly, well behind the front.

This was Otto Strasser's first action and it is, or was, a legendary one in Germany, comparable with the baptisms of fire of the Honourable Artillery Company and the London Scottish on the other side. Many of the German volunteers were students of his own age or little more and they went into battle singing *Deutschland ueber Alles*. Strasser's company lost seven-tenths of its men to the British fire at Warneton.

Thereafter his part in the Great War was similar to that of many men, on either side, who served at and not behind the front. In March 1915 his battalion was sent post haste towards the Russian front and then rushed back again to hold the British attack at Neuve Chapelle. He was re-transferred to the artillery, awarded the Iron Cross after a British attack at Armentières, seriously wounded by a shell splinter in May 1916, promoted warrant officer in May 1917 and artillery lieutenant in October 1917.

This marked another stage in his life and in the development of his thought. That was the first war in which masses of men, in all the armies engaged, who had grown up in a world where officers represented a superior caste, themselves all unexpectedly became officers. Otto Strasser has never swerved in his Socialism, which, however, is distinctly *his* Socialism, and excludes class, religious or national prejudices and resentments. Together with his hatred for the bullying *Unteroffizier* of that time, his respect for the German Officers Corps has survived all the events of these forty years. He found in it in many ways a truer democracy than he had encountered anywhere else. He likes to give this example of its working:

'No candidate was admitted to the Officers Corps, that is, to the rank of lieutenant, without the *unanimous* agreement of all officers in the unit; this rule was most jealously kept, and without such unanimous support the King of Bavaria himself could not appoint an officer. A Bavarian Minister of that time was much annoyed that his son, the ensign Count X., was not made an officer. The colonel of the regiment asked our battery commander, Count von Hertling (a nephew of the German Chancellor of about that time) why he would not propose Count X, and Hertling replied, "He is incapable, cowardly and useless." Then came an urgent message from the aggrieved Minister in Munich saying that His Majesty wished to make Count X an officer at Christmas. The colonel called a meeting of all officers, hoping to have Count Hertling voted down. He addressed them, saying, "Now, gentlemen, this is the son of a leading Minister and it is the express wish of His Majesty. Count X may be all you think, but this is causing an uproar in the Court at Munich." Count Hertling answered, "The lives of the soldiers whom Count X would command are more important than the feelings of Court circles in Munich," and the officers assembled thereon by large majority endorsed Count Hertling's view. The King and his Minister were left no choice but to find Count X a lieutenancy in some obscure regiment with a very low number, like the 46th. The First Bavarian Artillery Regiment, however, ranked with the Guards. Combatant officers and soldiers of many armies might feel in themselves a sympathetic response to that anecdote.'

The King of Bavaria, his Minister, Ensign Count X and Otto Strasser were soon to have quite other problems forced upon them, for now came the last great convulsions of the Great War. Russia collapsed, and the alien Communists sent there from New York and Switzerland chastised the wretched Russians with scorpions worse than any Tsarist whips. The curtain of the future was impenetrable, and the events in Russia then seemed a blessing for Germany. The German rear was set free, Ludendorff threw his whole strength against the British Fifth Army and once more the German tide flowed towards Paris. On that day, March 21st, 1918, Otto Strasser was in the front wave of the attack, south of Saint Quentin. As a forward observation officer for his battery he took command of some ground troops and captured a British battery, and later a British brigade staff,

receiving the Bavarian Distinguished Service Order and a recommendation for the Max Josef Order. This was the rarest German decoration for valour, more highly coveted even than the Prussian Pour le Mérite, and carried the predicate of nobility with it, so that Otto Strasser nearly became Ritter Otto von Strasser, as John Brown may become Sir John Brown, K.C.B. (the recommendation vanished, with much else, in the German collapse).

In those days, for the last time, the young Germans of 1914 seemed to be near to victory; but the advance slowed down, the tide turned, the Americans began to disembark in great numbers at French ports, and on August 25th, 1918, Otto Strasser, who had been falling back from position to position with his battery, saw before him the shape of defeat:

'We had no mail, no trustworthy communications with headquarters or with our flanks. We dug ourselves in by a bridge over the canal near Soissons to hold up the black French Colonial troops whom we expected while the main body of our men retired. Some hours passed and to our surprise we saw no sign of the enemy. With an orderly I rode cautiously across the bridge and into no-man's land, which was a mile broad at that point. Suddenly I saw in front of me, about half a mile away, turning a tree-hidden corner in the road, endless marching columns of troops. Their equipment was brand new from their steel helmets to their boots, and they sang. Four years earlier we had marched off to war looking like that. For the first time fear rose in me, that we should lose the war. Our shells and machine guns mowed down these incautious lads, just as we had been mown down by the British in Flanders in 1914. But of what use was it? This human torrent was so mighty, so relentless, that we were bound to drown in it.'<sup>[4]</sup>

This was his first sight of the newly-arrived American armies, which, in that war and the next, marched towards a victory which was to be turned into political defeat. As the last months of the war passed he fought one rearguard action after another and brought his guns back home. In September he was so ill from the effects of a wound that he could neither walk nor ride. A sick man on a stretcher returned to a chaotic Germany and as the German collapse drew near he lay in hospital in Munich. On November 6th, 1918, a veteran of twenty-one, he was allowed out, on crutches, for the first time to visit his parents, who were then at Deggendorf. Returning to Munich on November 7th, he heard the roar of a mob and as the train drew into Munich station the rioters swarmed aboard it, arresting all officers save Strasser (because he was crippled). They tried, however, to tear off his officer's shoulder-straps, so that he drew his revolver. At that moment a man unknown to him, who wore the red armband of the revolutionary Soldiers', Sailors', and Workmen's Council, intervened and escorted him to an hotel.

It was a different homecoming from the one which the German soldiers, on the strength of those three victories in the preceding century, had pictured: the traditional, triumphal welcome of flower-tossing maidens, cheering crowds, bands, bugles and beer. The Germany of 1900 and 1914 was crashing and crumbling around him; the future was a wall of fog.

Not only for this man; not only for the other Germans; but also for those who thought they were the victors. Behind the smoke and smother of the Great War ulterior purposes had been pursued which were to breed another war, and of that one, none yet knows what may come, though all can now see that its end was more ominous than the conclusion of the first one.

A strange new world dawned in 1918. Not only the kings and hereditary princes were gone but, with them, the statesmen! In the great American Republic an ailing man, who knew little of the stuff he handled, was President, and that unhappy event was to repeat itself in even more dangerous form in the next war, with results so much the worse. In the British island, for the first time, a demagogic politician with equally little knowledge of Europe held untrammelled power; and by his own statements, later published, he had privately made territorial arrangements of the direst

consequences in the Middle East. The foundations of the Zionist Empire had there been laid and the seeds of endless embitterment and war had thus been sown among the Moslem millions. The Communist Empire had been set up in Moscow by a horde of conspirators arrived there from New York, and from New York too their funds came; both those things are now on record. Neither of these things was ever admitted to be among the purposes of the Great War when it was begun; both were gravely dangerous to the West, and would prove to be so before another twenty-five years had run.

Towards this new, then unimaginable world, Otto Strasser and millions like him in many lands of the West turned their faces, in 1918.

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# PART TWO

1918 – 1933



## Chapter One

### WITHERED GARLAND

Otto Strasser, on two crutches, looked about him and saw vast differences. Indeed, the entire history of the West had never brought about such changes as these which the four years 1914-18 had seen, unless in France during the Revolution and possibly for a brief period, soon overcome, in England during the nearly forgotten one there. No physical ruins met the returning German soldier, in 1918, but there was a spiritual shambles. All values and standards had been turned upside down, and not only in Germany; the future was a dark cloud in the shape of a question mark. The 'barriers' of class and sex, and perhaps of clarity and sense, had gone. Henceforth men would find little in the nature of hereditary privilege to prevent them from rising; they might in time, however, find quite other 'barriers', possibly more onerous. Women, everywhere, had thrown down the last 'barriers'. The womanless textile factory of 1913, with the womanless parliaments and offices of that era, might have been but a dream, so swiftly had they all vanished. The girls of the new century's first decade, who in their bedrooms had vicariously shared in the escapades of Mr. Wells's Ann Veronica, or of her literary counterparts in other countries, themselves had kicked over all traces during the war; in the nineteen-thirties as mothers married or unmarried, and in the nineteen-fifties as grandmothers of uncertain status, they might sometimes wish that they had left all those traces unkicked. They had had the fun of throwing down 'the barriers', but, in the light of experience and mature reflection, might wonder if it had been such fun, and if they had been barriers? Had they not given some spiritual security which, in retrospect, seemed much to be desired? In Germany the old rule for women, Church, children and household, had been swept away, and in its place freedom reigned, or what reigned was so called. It was the time of disenchantment, not much less for the soldiers of the victorious armies than for those of the defeated ones. 'O, wither'd is the garland of the war, the soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls are level now with men.'

Out of this German shambles of 1918 many politicians were made, and one of them was Otto Strasser, who in 1913 might have aspired to become a notary, an apothecary, or an office manager. Henceforward politicians would have to be bred out of the events of the day, as they were no longer to be born. The system of ruling families, constantly replenished by the more forceful from below, had had one great advantage; that of cadets who inherited a knowledge of, and from their youth were trained in public affairs. As the conduct of these affairs, called policy, is not the simplest but the most difficult of the sciences, and as no universities exist especially to impart instruction in it, that source of recruitment was of some value to peoples and States. From the time of the First War onward the qualification for a high career in politics was in most Western countries to be success as a lawyer, as a journalist, as a mob orator, in business or in a trade union; and, more important, the favour of powerful groups which sought to control policy, in the various countries, through the advancement of such candidates. The final result of this process, for the West, has yet to be revealed. Lenin, Stalin and Hitler were products of it in Europe and Eurasia; the reader must judge for himself how it has worked in the British island and the American Republic.

Otto Strasser, today, is a product of that process on its reverse side: that of the rejects, or discards. He was never among the favoured candidates. The result of that is that his experience of the last thirty years has given him the equivalent of several university educations, specifically in policy and political science. That training began in 1918, when he never expected to become a politician, and had only such political knowledge as he had acquired in his father's home. The events around him shaped his future; politics were thrust upon him.

Propped on his crutches, he had no thought of a political career, but only of reintegration and a livelihood. First, he meant to resume those studies which had been interrupted in 1913 by lack of

money for fees. Curtailed university courses were open to such as he, but he had only his officer's pay, and that only while he was on the sick list; he resolved to complete the one year course, somehow, in six months. The destiny that shapes our ends, intervened even then; he went first for a short convalescence to a Bavarian spa, Bad Eibling, and there found health, but also politics.

By such chances may a man's whole life be given a different shape. Up to that moment Strasser's only active political work (if it can be so called) was towards the end of the war, when General Ludendorff ordered that officers give their men 'patriotic instruction to improve the spirit of the troops', then beginning to crumble. Otto Strasser was among the officers selected for this duty in his unit, and in dugouts and billets sought to dispel his men's doubts about the war and its results, and 'the things' for which they (like other soldiers in other armies) were supposedly fighting. One night he lectured a group of soldiers on their duty to the Fatherland, and one of them subsequently said to him, 'Sehen S', Herr Leutnant, that's all very fine, what you say, but what does "Fatherland" mean to me. My father doesn't own any land, and nor do I; I'm a day labourer. To me "Fatherland" means the land that owns my father. When we defend the Fatherland we defend the rich who own it and who own us. If we were defending our own land our hearts might be in it.'

An incident observed, a snatch of talk overheard, a phrase read, sometimes have the effect of sudden revelation. Strasser never forgot this terse and cogent summing-up of a simple man's thought. It helped to guide and govern his entire political thought, up to the present day. 'Talking with that soldier, I realized that Germany should build a society that would give everybody a stake in the nation, an economic system in which all could participate as co-owners.' These origins of Strasser's political thinking should be kept in the reader's mind when he comes to consider Strasser's plan for 'German Socialism' (now 'Solidarism') as it is summarized in a later chapter.

The question he was asked that night, and other questions which he had to answer in those circumstances and at that time, were put by men who were among the early buyers of the Socialist and Communist goldbrick, the gilt on which was still fresh in 1918; the sons and grandsons of those men would have to find their own way back to the continuing verities of human life. Otto Strasser, who counted himself to be a revolutionary Socialist, understood the working of these soldiers' minds and was wont to discuss such incidents in the officers' mess, where he would urge that the governing classes (which then still survived in Germany) ought to give guidance and leadership to, rather than try to repress, the longing for a just social order which was fermenting in the German soul. This made him somewhat suspect in the Officers Corps so that he (who was to take arms successively against a Communist dictatorship and a reactionary Putsch and was later to be exiled from his own country at Communist behest) became known there as The Red Lieutenant.

That was the total political experience of the man who in December 1918 went to Bad Eibling, in a Bavaria whence the king was gone and where the Republic had been proclaimed, and one evening was catapulted into violent political controversy. He learned that the Communist leader from Munich, Kurt Eisner, was to address a meeting in Bad Eibling and went to see what transpired. Otto Strasser was by then on two sticks and in civilian clothes; he had to conceal the fact that he was an officer from the peat workers of the neighbouring Kolbermoor, many of whom, were Communists and trouble-makers.

That evening the curtain went up on Otto Strasser's political life. This man in the gallery, with his two sticks, called himself a revolutionary Socialist. The man on the platform called himself a Socialist and Communist. That sounds as if there might have been little difference between them. They were in fact worlds apart.

Strasser, whether he then realized it or not, first saw the true and wolfish shape of the force which had used the 'Socialism' of Western man as a stalking-horse. Kurt Eisner was no German, save by

form, but derived from that dark Eurasian borderland which from the 1890s to the present day has supplied the leaders of Communism in Russia and in all other countries. He had long hair and beard, spoke defective German and had spent the war years writing for the Socialist *Vorwaerts*. What this Socialist on the platform said made the Socialist in the gallery 'mad with rage'. Eisner was a master of mob-incitement and shouted that Germany had been guilty of the war, that the officers had swilled and guzzled while the troops were driven into the enemy's fire, and the like more. Both his speech and that of an obese cattle-dealer who followed, one Gandorfer, were directed mainly against 'the officers'. Strasser, in the gallery, boiled over and repeatedly called down, 'Liar, liar'. He was challenged to come down to the platform and went, thus making his first public appearance in politics.

He had never spoken before, was twenty-one years old, crippled, almost incoherent with indignation and faced a hostile audience, but his words took effect. He said that the casualties among officers had in fact been much higher than those in the ranks and that not 'the officers' had enriched themselves but 'the war profiteers, like Herr Gandorfer here; and for the rest, where were you in the war, Herr Eisner? You who sit down there: ask these loud-mouthed gentlemen what they did in the war and if they only had sixpence a day pay'. At this instant Gandorfer, who had been making inquiries, sprang up and shouted, 'Comrades, he's an officer!' The peat-workers, who carried knives in their boots, surged angrily towards the platform. The men on it hustled Strasser towards the back door and threw him out.

Such was the revolutionary Socialist's first introduction to what might lurk behind 'Socialism'. Soon afterwards Kurt Eisner was shot in Munich by a Count Arco.<sup>[5]</sup> Thereon the Communist Republic was proclaimed in Munich. Until that moment there had been a Left Coalition government (Socialists, Independent Socialists and Communists) of the pattern which became familiar in the Second War as the formal preparatory to the seizure of power by the Communists in many countries; the governments of London and Washington in fact forced Communism on such countries as Poland and China by compelling governments there to form these Communist-containing coalitions, or in other words, to lay their heads on the block. Levine, an emissary from Moscow, was the controlling spirit in the Munich Soviet, and other characteristically un-German figures in it were Ernst Toller and Erich Mühsam.

Two things are important about this short-lived Bavarian Soviet. The first was the shooting of hostages, who were ostensibly arrested as a means of warding off an attack by anti-Communist forces from outside Munich. Among these hundreds of hostages were twenty-two Members, including several women, of the 'Thule Society', a small and unimportant body which fostered the cult of old German literature, traditions, folklore, legends and the like. Its devotees were elderly professors and noblemen and their wives and it had no political importance or the possibility of achieving any. It was anti-Christian and anti-Jewish. Precisely these twenty-two men and women were taken out and shot by the alien governors. There is a deep symbolic significance in this act of discriminate vengeance which is also to be found in several happenings in Europe at the end of the Second War.

The other remarkable thing about the brief Bavarian Communist Republic is that one Adolf Hitler, who disappeared when the Communist armies entered Berlin in 1945, in 1919 was a serving soldier in Munich at the time of the Soviet Republic and *stayed there*, so that he must have been under its orders! The red regime there lasted from November 1918 until May 1st, 1919. According to his own account in *Mein Kampf* Hitler, cured and discharged from hospital, reported to his regimental depot in Munich towards the end of November. His battalion there was under the orders of the revolutionary Soldiers' Council. This so disgusted him, according to *Mein Kampf*, that he contrived to be sent to a camp at Traunstein, a few miles away, but he returned to Munich 'in March'.

For about two months, therefore, he was in Munich, a serving soldier under the rule of a commissar sent from Moscow. Hitler's book, which devotes so much space to abuse of the Communists and Communism, calmly passes over these two months of his life in Munich. It says no word about events there, though it rails at length about massacres in distant Moscow. The only reference to this period is the unintelligible remark that Hitler was 'nearly arrested' three days before the Communists were driven out; from that he passes to a sentence beginning 'A few days after the liberation I was ...' There is nothing about the horrors of a Communist regime personally experienced or about the severe fighting that preceded the liberation, and nothing about the triumphal entry of the liberators. The man who says he had already taken an oath to fight Bolshevism when he was in hospital at Pasewalk is silent about those days and happenings!

This remarkable period in Hitler's life becomes more remarkable still when it is related to the striking incompleteness of published information about the associations of his formative years in Vienna and to the mystery of his disappearance in 1945. These facts are clear: that serving soldiers who did not accept the Communist Republic escaped from Munich to join the exterior forces which were preparing to overthrow it, and that Hitler, who stayed in Munich, presumably stayed of his own will. The inference is equally clear: that he must, as a serving soldier under discipline, have worn the red armband and in some capacity have taken part in the resistance to the liberating troops. Otto Strasser himself first drew the present writer's attention to this singular gap in Hitler's story, which might be of such great significance, and added that in later years there was often much puzzled shaking of heads among the National Socialist leaders if any of them ever ventured to ask, 'What was Adolf doing in Munich in March and April of 1919?' The answer was always a perplexed shrug of the shoulders or shake of the head, and a change of topic.

The revolutionary Socialist who is the subject of this book, however, clearly realized that Eurasian Communism was not what he had ever conceived as revolutionary Socialism. Otto Strasser was also in Munich, in convalescent hospital. He slipped out and at the risk of his life made his way to the anti-Communist force which was being improvised at Ohrdruf in Thuringia by General von Epp, a famous German officer who had commanded such elite troops as the Bavarian Guard and the Bavarian Alpine Corps. When the Epp Free Corps took shape, Otto Strasser was in it. So was Gregor Strasser, an immensely popular man whose own life was once more to embody the German tragedy. Gregor brought together a troop of 2000 infantrymen, 3 field batteries and a 15cm. howitzer battery, with full war equipment and munitions (such things were possible in the Germany of that day). Gregor Strasser was for a while Lord of Lower Bavaria, but as he had to tend his apothecary's shop by day and could only become a Free Corps leader at night he took a helper, a young man who was to be his own murderer: Heinrich Himmler. Gregor Strasser and a large part of his miniature army at once joined with von Epp (Himmler did not; here is another characteristic mystery, similar in its nature to that of Hitler's unexplained presence in Munich).

Then the Epp Free Corps and a regular Prussian division began the march on Munich. In two days of fighting, while Hitler lurked somewhere in the city and Himmler watched from far away, the battle was fought and won. Munich was taken; the commissar from Moscow, Levine, was court-martialled and sentenced. Otto Strasser, the revolutionary Socialist, was in the van of those who fought to rid Munich of the Communists and became entitled to wear on his left sleeve, when in uniform, the golden lion of the Epp Free Corps.<sup>[6]</sup> Among those whom he and his comrades liberated (or who changed sides after the liberation), was the man yet unknown to him: Adolf Hitler, the arch anti-Communist.

On May Day, 1919, came the triumphal entry into Munich. The Bavarian soldiers had dreamed for four years of such a home-coming, and in November 1918 had found awaiting them instead an alien-led mob which spat at every soldier who did not wear a red armband and tore off the officers' shoulder-straps. But on this day, with the promise of summer in the air, Munich was a mass of

flowers and cheering people. The red ghouls had been driven from the stricken field; now Germany could rebuild. The returning troops did belatedly get posies for the muzzles of their rifles and for their helmets. Otto Strasser and his comrades seemed to have recaptured a broken dream; a little later, the dream came true.

Or so it seemed, that May Day of 1919.

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## Chapter Two

### IN SEARCH OF SOCIALISM

Bavaria was free and Otto Strasser was twenty-one. Despite lost war and wretched peace,<sup>[7]</sup> life had to be lived and, for such men as he, lived to the full in success or adversity. It was an urgent matter of bread and a roof, of a livelihood and a future, of adjustment to the new scheme and shape of things German. Like millions of other men, of all the countries which had fought each other, he had to elbow his way back into a society that showed little interest in making room for him and his like.

This is the place to give some picture of the man whom the reader will accompany through the rest of this story. Otto Strasser is of middle stature and homeric spirit. His astonishingly sanguine outlook could only survive, after so many years of pursuit and persecution, in a man deeply and inherently religious; he has perfect faith in the future, no matter whether triumph or disaster is to be his own ultimate lot. His energy is astounding and would exhaust most companions, though it leaves him quite unconsumed. These qualities, which in any circumstances would be remarkable, shine the brighter against the drab background of lonely exile and victimization which has so long been his. He is a fighter to the last gasp, a lover of women and laughter and a judge of wine, a scholar, and a talker so endlessly zestful that he would tire all listeners, had not his life, experiences and reading given him so much to tell that is worth hearing.

He and his brothers set out to make up for the lost years, in the Germany of 1919. Paul, the Benedictine priest, says that the lost war only impelled them to intensify their studies 'without giving way to the widespread hopelessness of that time, which later provided so fertile a seedbed for the teaching of Hitler'.

Gregor completed his university studies and then gave his days to his pharmacy and his evenings to his private army. His part in the liberation of Munich and his leadership of this force brought him much in contact with General Ludendorff, then honorary patron of all such semi-military formations, which held themselves ready to suppress any new Communist ventures, and also with one, Captain Roehm, chief-of-staff of the Epp Free Corps. General von Epp and Captain Roehm had installed a non-Socialist government in Bavaria after the liberation, against the wishes of Socialist-ruled Berlin; they hoped to use Bavaria as a base from which the rest of Germany could be similarly rid of leftists.

Roehm was the real ruler of Bavaria and thought he had found a way to establish himself there permanently when he sent an agent (a nondescript fellow called Hitler, whom he had found somewhere in liberated Munich) into the little National Socialist German Workers Party there, with enough money to gain control of it. Roehm counted on remaining master of the movement through the Storm Troops; he made the formation of this Brown Army a condition of his support. Things then unimaginable were germinating; Roehm's petty hireling was to become his executioner, and Gregor Strasser was to be murdered by the henchmen of the bespectacled young man he had taken on to do the orderly-room work of his Lower Bavarian Storm Battalion. But in 1919 Gregor Strasser was the most powerful man in Lower Bavaria, the trusted comrade of those famous German soldiers, General Ludendorff and General von Epp. None could guess what ill-omened lesser figures those were, that attached themselves to the three great men.

The vacation came at Munich University, and while all this went on in Bavaria Otto Strasser hastened to Berlin to continue his studies there. He was twenty-two, in that autumn of 1919, had no time to waste, no money, and one paramount problem; his daily bread. It was the first chaotic era in Berlin, and few who saw and shrank from it would have believed that a worse one would come

twenty-five years later. Young Englishmen and Americans, when they arrived in the Berlin of that time, were taken aback to hear older compatriots, who had known it before 1914, speak respectfully and even longingly of that former period of tidiness, stiff decorum, sycophancy at the Court, parade-stepping Grenadiers, besworded policemen, and, above all, Order. The younger men began to wonder; they had fought for four years to change the behaviour of Germans and thought they had succeeded; were they now to be told that they were wrong and had made it worse instead of better?<sup>[8]</sup>

All conventions and standards, had been broken down. 'Regimentation', which the peoples of the West had set out to destroy while they themselves marched, like somnambulists, towards similar regimentation, had given way to a licence that was libertine; youth was the prey of the free foxes in the liberated henroost. Religion, patriotism, the family, chastity and tradition were all pilloried in books, on the stage and on the screen; Berlin was full of newcomers from Eastern Europe. Inflation was beginning; the mark was worth but twenty pfennigs and in another three years would be rated at 4,200,000,000,000 to the pound, so that incomes, pensions and savings would vanish and anybody who had a cousin in New York with a 100-dollar bill to spare might buy an apartment house. The moneylenders were at the helm. 'Glamour' was openly bought and sold in the marts of sexual perversion which plied their trade beneath blazing electric signs; youth, of both sexes, was the prey. Financial scandals multiplied as one trickster after another decided that the time for bankruptcy was ripe. In the West the Allied armies held the Rhineland; in the distant but ever-dangerous East the Cossack nightmare was become the Communist nightmare.

Amid this turmoil Otto Strasser groped his way towards the future. He studied from eight in the morning until noon at the university and then, to earn money, went to the Reichstag to work as stenographer for the parliamentary correspondents of the Socialist provincial newspapers. This went on until six or seven o'clock, when he hurried out for his meal at Aschinger's, one of the cheap chain-restaurants operated by that firm in Berlin. From eight until ten he took unpaid evening classes for workmen, to whom he taught German history and stenography, and after that he had to prepare his next morning's work for the university. When the evening classes were discontinued he used the hours thus set free to study Japanese at the Oriental Institute. Astonishingly, he found time for love.

Even so his mania for work was not sated. Conditions at the university led him to organize a League of ex-Service Students on behalf of men whose studies had been interrupted by the war. The universities were overcrowded and even the compressed emergency courses introduced for such men were being swamped by women, immigrants and others who had not served. Otto Strasser, at the head of his League, raised loud complaints and succeeded in having these conditions improved. Another aspect of the students' misery at that time was the plight of thousands of young men who starved themselves to finish their studies and could then obtain no employment. Leading German industrial concerns joined to form a Students Emergency Association, charged to find employment for these masses of despondent young men who were wandering aimlessly about. The secretary of this body was Dr. Heinrich Bruening, the later Chancellor who fought and failed to keep Hitler from power, and Otto Strasser worked in close collaboration with him. These early experiences and experiments in organizing his fellows for some cause, though they were not political, were of practical value to Strasser later, and they also show something of his mind.

Then, in the spring of 1920, came his second brief appearance in politics. He calls himself a revolutionary Socialist and was in search of socialism as he understood it; that is, a just social order on a religious and patriotic basis. He thought he would look for it in the Socialist Party, which he joined. The Socialists in Berlin then formed an *Einwohnerwehr*, or Civilian Defence Corps, as an answer to the Communist threat of violent uprising. Otto Strasser strongly advocated membership of the *Einwohnerwehr*, arguing that if the Socialists did not keep it firmly under their wing the

reactionaries would take it over. In his district, the populous quarter of Berlin called Steglitz, he carried the day. Steglitz joined, and Otto Strasser became the commander of Steglitz's *Hundertschaft*, or Hundred.

He was not destined to lead his Socialist Hundred against the Communists. Something quite different happened. There was a march on Berlin, as there had been a march on Munich, but the marchers were reactionaries, not Communists, and this time Otto Strasser was among the defenders, not the besiegers. Strasser, before he was twenty-three, thus gave proof of that constancy to his beliefs which he has always shown.

The Kapp Putsch was 'the first attempt of the old ruling classes to sweep away by armed force the newcomers who had succeeded to power in Germany'. The writer of this book has quoted the kind of description which was used at the time and which may be an over-simplification. In this century of infiltration and counter-infiltration it is hard ever to know just who is behind such an exploit as the Kapp Putsch and whose ambitions would truly be served by its success. If it really was organized by 'the old ruling classes', they chose strangely in selecting as their Press Chief so typical a figure of Communist conspiracy as the ex-Jew from Hungary, ex-Anglican clergyman, ex-British Member of Parliament, convicted traitor and Buddhist-monk-to-be, Trebitsch Lincoln!

However, that is the comment of time and experience. At the moment, in 1920, the Kapp Putsch seemed to Otto Strasser plainly to be a reactionary rising, and perhaps it was. At all events, the difference between it and the march on Munich in 1919 was clear. In Munich there had been an illegitimate revolutionary government led by an emissary from Moscow. In Berlin there was a predominantly Socialist government which was undeniably legitimate; it was *German* Socialist and contained no imported Moscovites. The Kappists were what would today be called Fascists, that is, Communists in differently-coloured shirts; a few years later, in Germany, they would have been called Hitlerists. Otto Strasser had no doubt what to do; he stood to arms against them, and this is the second evidential episode in his political life.

The Kappists ruled Berlin with their machine-guns for five days; then the general strike called by the fugitive Berlin Government caused their discomfiture and withdrawal. While they were in Berlin, however, they never cared to attack Steglitz, where Otto Strasser, once more armed and in uniform, and his Socialist *Hundertschaft* waited to receive them. Steglitz, surrounded but never occupied, was left a peaceful Socialist island in Kappist Berlin.

Later Hitler violently reproached Otto Strasser for his part in foiling the Kapp Putsch, and thus showed whose child it truly was. Yet in the sequel to it (and this is typical of the twentieth century, wherein a true man is always a lonely one), Strasser later left the Socialist Party. The withdrawal of the Kappists left the Berlin Government greatly strengthened and with ample power to carry out its Socialist programme; equally, it left the Socialists clamant for that fulfilment. The coalition government (Socialist-Centrist) gave the Socialist delegates, at Bielefeld, a written undertaking to dismiss the Police Minister, Noske (whose weakness towards 'the reactionaries' was held responsible for the Putsch), to socialize heavy industry, and to partition big estates. The Socialists thereon laid down their arms. That being accomplished, the government disavowed the promises, made at Bielefeld.

Otto Strasser was in search of his national and Christian socialism and for him those promises were important. He was never and is not now a socialist of the universal-confiscation creed; had he been that he could long since have found a political home in the Communist Party. But he did and does see the essence of a just social order in the community-ownership (as distinct from 'State control'; his theory is explained later) of land and industry. In 1920 it appeared to him that a great opportunity for necessary reforms had been basely betrayed by the disavowal of the Bielefeld



agreement. Indeed, the 'betrayal of Bielefeld' played a part in the controversies of German Socialists somewhat comparable with that of the 'MacDonald betrayal' of 1931 in the recriminations of British Socialists. In both cases the question of perfidy is arguable, in the light of passing years, but at the time seemed beyond doubt. Otto Strasser was among the loudest and bitterest critics and consequently was attacked by the Socialist Party leaders, who even denounced him as 'a police spy' (a curiously illogical charge, as both the Police Minister and the Police Chief were Socialists). Thus it came about that Otto Strasser, having commanded a Socialist *Hundertschaft* against Fascist besiegers, left the Socialist Party in disillusionment and disgust!

The course of truth in politics never runs smooth and the Socialist *Hundertschaftler* from Steglitz found himself equally unpopular when he returned to the university, where most of the students had favoured the Kappists. One morning Otto Strasser found a notice on the board announcing that he had been debarred from further study 'pending a disciplinary investigation'. When he angrily asked the reason he was told that his war record was suspect. The production of the official war history of his regiment quickly settled that question, so that a contrite Rector withdrew the insinuation in the presence of the entire Students' Corps in full regalia. In such a matter as this 1920 was better than 1950; by that time the newspapers of the world habitually published equally false statements about Otto Strasser and consistently ignored requests to print the disproof.

After these experiences he felt that he was homeless in politics and for three years stood aloof from them. His first meeting with Hitler, in the autumn of 1920, in no wise changed his mind about that. This was the encounter at which Hitler rebuked him for his part in foiling the Kapp Putsch.

Hitler, using the money with which Roehm supplied him, had by this time succeeded in shouldering aside the original leaders of the insignificant National Socialist Party in Munich and in gaining control of it. He had taken over its programme (the famous '25 points') and was busy perverting it and the little party. He had acquired a small local sporting-sheet, the *Voelkische Beobachter*, and through the use of it and his own talent for mob oratory was beginning to attract public attention. He had thus come to the notice of General Ludendorff, who was striving to amalgamate all the semi-military and ex-servicemen's organizations and to associate them closely with political groups of similar views. From Ludendorff's point of view the most important man to enlist was Gregor Strasser, and one day the General took Hitler to visit Gregor at his home in Landshut. Gregor asked Otto to be present, and Otto, who by chance was on holiday at his parents' home, went to Landeshut to see what was afoot.

It was a fateful day for both brothers, and a fatal one for Gregor. General Ludendorff was as great a hero to any German officer then as Generals Alexander or Montgomery, MacArthur or Eisenhower to British or American officers of the Second War; to meet him was something not to be missed. Otto Strasser recalls today that General Ludendorff, in the flesh, made a deep impression on him. Hitler repelled him. 'He was too servile to Ludendorff and behaved like a battalion orderly before a general officer. Ludendorff was like a block of granite; Hitler was nervous and half-hysterical. I told Gregor that I did not want to join the party; the only thing I liked about it, I said, was the name, National Socialist, *und Dich* ("and you"). Throughout 1921 and 1922, when I was out of politics, I had many disputes with Gregor about Hitler and the party. I never felt drawn towards it and would not join. Hitler, after that lunch, always spoke of me as an *Intellektbestie*' (roughly, 'an intellectual crank').

However, Hitler achieved something that day which may have sealed the fate of Germany for the next twenty-five years and much longer. He had persuaded Ludendorff either of his merit or of his usefulness; generals are often much more easily beguiled in politics than they would allow themselves to be in battle. As a result, Ludendorff prevailed on Gregor Strasser, who undertook to place his Lower Bavarian Storm Battalion under the overriding military command of General

Ludendorff and under the political leadership of Hitler. Gregor also took over the leadership of the National Socialist Party in Lower Bavaria; until then it existed in skeleton form only in Munich and this was its first extension outside that city. Gregor Strasser brought it the first substantial accretion of strength.

This step, which in the sequel was to prove suicidal, appeared perfectly logical then. Gregor Strasser knew that he could not much longer keep his private army of foot and artillery together. The war and the Red Republic in Munich were both receding, the men were settling down to civilian life, forgetting to clean their rifles or to turn up on parade. Gregor Strasser knew that he must either disband his organization or turn it into a political one. He would have done better to transform it into a political party under his own leadership, and if he had done that might have been Chancellor of a peaceful Germany today. But he had his pharmacy and family, his livelihood and his dependants, to consider; he could not give all his time, and here was a man who lived only for politics. Thus the die was cast; Gregor Strasser became *Gauleiter* for Lower Bavaria and his little army passed into Hitler's grasp.

Otto Strasser returned to his studies and in March 1921 took his doctorate in law at Wuerzburg. That opened the door to a minor appointment in the Ministry of Food in Berlin, where he prosaically represented the interest of authority in artificial fertilizers and the cultivation of moorland. In 1923 he was found at his departmental desk by Count von Hertling, his commanding officer in the war, who had become head of a big industrial concern, in which he offered Otto Strasser a promising post. Thus, for two years, Otto Strasser, as he says, 'sat quietly in the Ministry or got on with my job in industry and hardly touched politics'.

He was twenty-six, rising now, and successful. He was financially secure and settled, for the first and last time in his life. As his brother Paul writes, 'He heard the call of politics once more; from that hour on Otto was never again a prosperous man.' Nor was he ever again, until the present day, to be secure, comfortable or carefree; only insecurity, struggle, flight, pursuit, exile, hardship and persecution awaited him.

What was it all for, and what was it all about? What impelled Otto Strasser to give up prosperity and security and set out again in search of his socialism? When the reasons are told that which happened in November of 1923 will be easier to understand.

First, his heredity, his father's house and his historic homeland bore and bred him to be a national Christian Socialist, and the war and what followed confirmed him in being that. Then there was the seething, prescient unrest of Germany in the 1920s, which perhaps can only be comprehended by those who experienced it. Was it nobler in the mind to suffer, or to take arms against a sea of troubles ...? Most Germans were racked by this dilemma, by the wretchedness of the present and the darkness of the future, and by the restless impulse to take the sorry scheme of things and put it right, for each man's own sake, for his children's sakes, for his country's sake. Strasser was not the man to suffer in the mind; it was his nature to oppose troubles; and he believed that the way to end them was through a national Christian socialism.

Today's reader, then, must consider (if he does not already know) that in 1923 national socialism was already a thing of some age. It had existed long before Hitler, had nothing to do with Hitler, and had not yet been perverted by Hitler; it is necessary to know that to understand the thought of a man like Otto Strasser in 1923 and long before. Mr. Churchill correctly says (*The Gathering Storm*, page 15), 'As Fascism sprang from Communism, so Nazism developed from Fascism.' Both Fascism and Nazism are derivatives of Communism and bear the same recognizable features. The continuing failure of conservative people to grasp this fact, and their continuing delusion that Fascism and Nazism were opposites of Communism, is a great source of weakness in the West.

The father of true 'National Socialism' was T.G. Masaryk, and none other. In about 1887 he delivered a crushing attack on Marxist Socialism, his main arguments being that it was wrong because it was international and anti-Christian. He inspired, by these arguments, Klovacs, a young Czech labour leader and Socialist member of the Vienna Parliament, who about 1892 seceded with the Czech workers from the Socialist Party in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire because the leadership of that party was 'Jewish, international and German'. In 1897 Klovacs founded the first National Socialist Party in the world. T.G. Masaryk had a few years earlier founded his Realist Party, of which he was the only member in the Vienna Parliament. This united with Klovacs's party and Masaryk became president of this first National Socialist Party until his death, with Edouard Benesh as his second in command. About 1903 the Sudeten Germans took up Masaryk's idea and founded a second, German National Socialist Party in the Austro-Hungarian Empire under Jung and Knirsch, both members of the Vienna Parliament. In 1907 the Austrians followed suit, with a third, Austrian National Socialist Party. From these Czech, Sudeten German and Austrian models, the Bavarians in their turn took over the idea in 1917, when Harrer and Anton Drexler formed the Bavarian National Socialist Party, the *fourth* in the line of direct descent. The guiding principle of all these parties was Masaryk's original one: Christian and national socialism, as opposed to anti-Christian and international, or super-national, Marxist socialism.

Hitler, the destroyer of the idea, intercepted the process in 1919 when, at the bidding of Roehm, he attended a meeting of the little Bavarian party, subsequently gaining control of it by purchase. He changed the whole idea and outlook of the party under the influence of Italian Fascism, which had a quite different history and other antecedents, and was inspired by Communism. Hitler turned the National Socialist movement into 'Hitlerism'; in its original form it was something entirely different. Nor was Hitler, as he claimed in *Mein Kampf*, the party's 'seventh member'. Apart from the other, earlier parties, the Bavarian one already had several hundred members when this Mephisto was sent to report on it and became the seventh member of its executive committee, in charge of publicity.

Thus national socialism, as Otto Strasser continued in search of it, was quite unlike what Hitler later made of it, but in 1923 Strasser could not foresee that. He later explained what he sought in his book, *The Structure of German Socialism*, published in 1930. It joins up with original and genuine national, Christian socialism, and was then, and remains today, fully consistent with all his words and deeds; although he has changed the name to Solidarism, he has not sensibly changed the content, which is summarized later in this book. It is a political theory deriving directly from Masaryk's idea, as developed by Strasser's own life and experience.

In 1923 he could not know what this newcomer Hitler would do with national socialism. Nobody knew, for the thing had not been put to the test. Then something happened to make him wonder if he had been right in his distrust of the new man, Hitler, and to awaken in him the hope that the party led by this Hitler might, after all, lead to the Christian, national socialism which he sought.

In November 1923 there was yet another 'march', this time again on Munich, but not against Communists. General von Epp, the liberator of 1919, had long since been outmanoeuvred by men more versed in politics and no longer controlled affairs there. His eclipse was also that of his chief-of-staff, that soldier of misfortune, Captain Roehm (who, having started Hitler on his demoniac course, had gone to continue his soldiering and his sexual aberrations in Bolivia). The politicians were in control in Bavaria again and they had set up in Munich what, to such men as Otto and Gregor Strasser, seemed plainly to be a reactionary government, composed of persons akin to those who had made the Kapp Putsch in Berlin. It may be hard today to recall, or realize, that Hitler's first bid to seize power (this Munich march of November 1923) to many Germans looked like a praiseworthy attempt to rid Bavaria first, and Germany next, of men who embodied the most detestable characteristics of the old regime; but so it was, and they could not then know what sort

of man Hitler would prove to be. Men like Gregor and Otto Strasser, although they would have fought Communism anywhere and at any time, and although they respected many things of the earlier system, were appalled at the idea that the old idols should be restored intact, and were as resolved to fight 'reaction' as Communism.

They came of the *fin de siècle* generation which in its youth had inwardly rebelled, not against monarchy and its manifestations in themselves, but against the stiff, stifling and cramping forms of life in Wilhelmine Germany in particular. The symbols of that era, when they looked back, still repelled them: the frock-coats, 'stand-up collars', whiskers and stovepipe hats, the whaleboned mamas, the dark dwellings and unlovely entertainments of the rigidly segregated middle class, the ossified caste distinctions, the inelegant formality, the whole lifelessness of life. Things of this kind, their mind's eyes saw when they thought of 'reaction', and they did not want them back. They felt, in this respect, that the lost war had in a sense been a sacrifice on the altar of the future. It had brought them for the nonce to a worse state of affairs, which they wanted to put right; but in amending it they were resolved not to restore the social structure which had so galled and irked them in their youth.

Otto did not take any part in the new march on Munich; he was out of politics and merely watched from Berlin. Gregor marched on the Feldhernhalle as commander of his Landeshut Battalion. In the front rank, side by side, marched General Ludendorff and Hitler, still a little known, untested quantity. They were met by the bullets of regular troops. Hitler ducked, fled, was arrested and imprisoned. Ludendorff, continuing erect, was hit, and never again would have anything to do with Hitler. Gregor was sentenced to imprisonment.

This, to many Germans almost unbelievable event (German soldiers firing at Ludendorff!) shook Otto Strasser in his opinions of the National Socialist Party. He was convinced that the regime in Munich was a reactionary one. Until then he had held the National Socialist Party, under Hitler, to be half-reactionary itself. 'A cheap edition of reaction with a red cover on it to delude the buyer.' But those bullets persuaded him to the contrary. 'My brother was right after all,' he thought, 'this *is* a revolutionary socialist movement. Hitler's flirtations with the generals and big business will have to stop now' (such terms, 'the generals' and 'big business', which again look like oversimplifications today, were the current coin of politics then).

He was strengthened in this view by Ludendorff's famous subsequent words, 'Now I know that the salvation and reconstruction of Germany are not possible in collaboration with the reactionaries', and still more by the fact that Hitler was now out of the way for five years; he was in prison! Ludendorff solemnly discarded all further caste-fellowship with his kind. Otto Strasser's regiment sent a circular letter to all members of its Officers Corps telling them they must choose between Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, the heir to the abolished crown, and General Ludendorff, and must make a declaration of loyalty in this sense. Otto Strasser chose for Ludendorff and was forthwith excluded from the officers' association of his regiment.

In this way Otto Strasser, the fervent admirer of the German Officers Corps, the anti-Communist soldier of Munich, the Socialist *Hundertschaftler* of Steglitz, was drawn once more from the shelter of his substantial post in industry towards the whirlpool of German politics. It did not happen all at once, but in another two years, by 1925, he was in the net, for better or for worse. It was to be the crowning misfortune of his life, if comfort and material success are taken as the standards of judgment; but it was his destiny and may in the end work to his own good, that of his country and of others.

The course of events was slow, but the deadly certainty of destiny can be traced in it. Nobody yet knew what National Socialism would do or prove to be; the outer world as yet barely knew the

name. It would be what it was made, and that would depend on the men who made it. Hitler was in prison, apparently for five years, that is, until 1928! The events of Munich had shaken Otto's aversion for the Party. In 1924 (and here is the first intervention of destiny) Gregor Strasser was elected to the Bavarian Diet and this carried with it his release from imprisonment. Soon afterwards he was elected to the Reichstag in Berlin. Hitler was still in prison, so that Ludendorff, the great man whom Otto admired, and Gregor, his own brother, took over the leadership of the National Socialist Party, and extended it at once by absorbing the Folkist Party of von Graefe. One of their first acts was to exclude from the party two of its most ill-omened men, Julius Streicher (who was executed at Nuremberg) and Hermann Esser; later, when they had been readmitted by Hitler, the hatred of these two helped to bring about Gregor's murder.

Thus Otto, in 1924, looked out on a completely different picture. He was a national Christian socialist; he saw a growing National Socialist Party led by one of the most famous living Germans and by his own brother; the man who was later to pervert it was behind bars. Here was an opportunity to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them; in fact, to find the socialism he sought and make National Socialism what he wanted it to be.

Even then he did not join the Party, but he set to work to give it the guidance it needed. First, he took the famous '25 Points', which were merely large statements of principle without any defined methods of practical application to practical problems of economics, industry, agriculture and foreign policy. Otto worked out these rules for practical application, which became known under the name, famous in German political history, of 'the Bamberg Programme'; it formed the basis for the embittered conflict between 'Strasserism' and 'Hitlerism' which ended only with Otto's flight into exile and Gregor's murder. Gregor fully approved this Bamberg Programme, and the reader who studies Otto Strasser's 'Solidarism', as it is summarized later in this book, may see what National Socialism would have become in Germany, had the Strassers prevailed. Otto carried on his work through a series of articles which appeared under the pseudonym Ulrich von Hutten in the *Voelkische Beobachter*. This produced the spectacle, inconceivable in the later days of that journal, of a violent running controversy between the apostle of true Christian national socialism, 'Ulrich von Hutten', and one Alfred Rosenberg (also executed at Nuremberg), who in the enforced absence of his master upheld the Hitlerist conception.

At that moment the future looked more promising for Germany, and therewith for the world, than at any other in the years between the two wars; had the Strassers been able to guide the party, there would have been no Second War. And at that very moment destiny, which appears to have been incurably malignant but no doubt is working in mysterious ways towards some good end, intervened again. It used for its fell purpose, this time, an obscure politician named Guertner, Bavarian Minister of Justice in Munich.

Dr. Guertner, in 1924, released Hitler from his imprisonment at Landsberg, where he had been sentenced to remain until 1928! The reasons have never to this day been learned; the persevering reader may notice that, with all the development of newspapers, broadcasting and other means of public information, the public is seldom informed about those questions of our century, the answers to which would explain its apparently fore-ordained and mechanical progress, like that of Greek tragedy, from bad to worse.<sup>[9]</sup> However, when Hitler came to power a decade later the obscure Dr. Guertner received his reward; he was made Reich Minister of justice (and died comfortably in bed during the 1939-45 war).

The demon king popped up through the political trap door. General Ludendorff at once resigned. The Strassers were left far out on a limb. Looking back, and considering the matter merely from the aspect of their own comfort, they would have done better to follow General Ludendorff's example. But that was not then clear, and anyway, it would have been to choose the alternative of suffering

nobly in the mind; neither of the Strassers were men of that kidney. Moreover, the reappearance of Hitler at that time did not appear fatal to all their hopes and work. There were many good reasons to think they could still hold and guide the party and preserve Germany.

For instance, the Austrian Hitler, though free, was not allowed to travel freely, or to approach the central scene of the political battle; he was restricted to Bavaria. The Western Allies, in destroying 'Prussian militarism', had been careful to preserve Prussia (and to destroy the benevolent Austro-Hungarian monarchy). Prussia formed two-thirds of Germany and contained the Reich capital and parliament; in Prussia the great decisions would be made. Gregor could travel freely whither he wished (in more than one sense; as a Reichstag Deputy he held the coveted free railway-pass, which was most important in those impoverished days). It looked as if the Party could be developed in North Germany more or less independently of Munich, where Hitler was exiled. Gregor decided to take up the fight for the soul of national socialism and of Germany, and at last prevailed on Otto to join him.

Such were the circumstances in which the third political period of Otto Strasser's life began. It was a bid by these two brothers to save the party for Christian 'national socialism. Today, because somebody wants to keep Otto Strasser out of Germany (this is another question to be added to those on the previous page) he is often portrayed as just another of 'Hitler's gang', which is the reverse of the truth. There seemed a fair chance to save the party from Hitler, and the future of Germany was at stake.

At last Otto allowed Gregor to prevail on him. He gave up his lucrative post in industry and nominally joined the Party (he never wore its shirt or badge), in 1925. He used the substantial sum which he received from his firm to found in 1926, with Gregor, a publishing house in Berlin, the Kampfverlag. They began to issue two weeklies, the *Berliner Arbeiterzeitung* and *Der nationale Sozialist*.

The name of the second (*The national Socialist*) is significant. It was a direct intimation to Hitler that if the Strassers prevailed the party would be *The national Socialist Party*. Hitler and Rosenberg violently protested and demanded that the name be changed to *Der Nationalsozialist (The National socialist)*; the Strassers refused. There is much more than a squabble about initials in this. It was a matter of life and death, as the sequel showed. For the Strassers the social content of the party's programme was always the dominant thing, and that was the whole essence of their dispute for the leadership (when Otto Strasser later withdrew the headline of his announcement to his followers was, 'The Socialists leave the National socialist Party!')

All that was in 1925 and 1926. The years of chaos were receding; the German genius for order reasserted itself. The political struggle for the soul of Germany, however, grew daily more violent. Save for the cosmopolitan crowds on the Kurfuerstendamm, Germans thought and talked of little else but politics. They ran to and fro between the parties like lost sheep and some of them bleated 'Heil, Heil, Heil!' and others, 'Rot Front, Rot Front, Rot Front!'; in an illumined moment of despondent foreboding one of them sat down and wrote, as the title to a novel, 'Little Man, What Now?' The memory of the past and dislike of the present oppressed that nation, and in its loins it already felt the pains of the monstrous future. It was a moment when men of goodwill and statesmen were needed; for some reason which only time can reveal men of illwill everywhere prevailed. One of the worst of them was Hitler in this troubled, anxious Germany. Otto Strasser set to work to wrest the party from him.

He was twenty-eight and had had a remarkable political career, having adamantly and constantly upheld his beliefs at all costs through every change of circumstance. As a German he had fought against an alien Communist regime in Munich; as a Socialist he had taken arms against Fascist (or

'Kappist') invaders in Berlin. He had joined the Socialist Party, been embittered by its default on measures which he held to be vital, and left it. Now he gave himself wholly to politics and resumed the fight, within the National Socialist Party and against its titular, exiled head, who had been prematurely released from prison but still could not appear anywhere in Germany outside Bavaria.

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## Chapter Three

### TO GAIN OR LOSE ...

The fight lasted just four years, from March 1926, when the Strassers founded their publishing house in Berlin, until May 1930, when Hitler at last succeeded in destroying it and them, and also the last hope of saving the National Socialist Party and Germany.

It can be seen now that the fight was lost, for the Strassers, at its start, when Dr. Guertner in Bavaria released Hitler from prison; but that was not to be foreseen then. Otto Strasser fought to the end, as he had before and has ever since, and he stands today, on the verifiable record, as the *only* leading personality who openly and adamantly and on a clear principle opposed Hitler inside the National Socialist Party. Strasser did not fear his fate too much; he put it to the touch without regard to personal loss or gain.

The present writer must repeat that it is all on the record. There is no room for question about the part that Otto Strasser played in those years and the obscuration of it in today's newspapers and political literature can only derive from the deliberate intention to obscure, for the facts can be verified from the abundant records of the time. The files of the innumerable newspapers, books and pamphlets published by the Strassers from 1926 to 1930 prove the undeviating fight they waged against Hitlerism.

The idea for which they fought was that of Masaryk's true Christian national socialism as applied to the needs of Germany and of Europe. Otto Strasser had incorporated it in his 'Bamberg Programme', which laid down rules of practical application for the rhetorical and imprecise '25 Points'. This book cannot be extended to include all the documents, but the Bamberg Programme is accessible to all present-day writers who wish to verify the facts; however, the aspect of today's newspapers suggests that the verifying breed is extinct. The Bamberg Programme was equally the basis for Otto Strasser's *German Socialism*, published when he left the National Socialist Party and summarized later in this book.

The differences between the Bamberg Programme and Hitlerism were vital, and the whole 'historic struggle' of those four years turned on them.<sup>[10]</sup> Otto Strasser advocated, above all, the federalization of Germany, and passionately opposed centralization, in which he clearly saw the danger of the totalitarian State and dictatorship. Here, at once, he incurred the mortal enmity of Hitler. It may seem almost humorous today (but could not then be foreseen as hopeless) that the Strassers should have hoped to convince Hitler of the evils of dictatorship. Probably Otto had no such illusion, and only hoped to guide the party away from that fate; Gregor, a more confiding character, may have thought that 'Herr Hitler' (the two brothers never used the form of address, 'Mein Fuehrer') could by sweet reasonableness be persuaded.

In the field of foreign policy, again, Otto Strasser was an equally ardent advocate of a European Federation, whereas Hitler argued that Germany must be supreme on the European mainland. (Otto Strasser's conception of federation, for Germany and for Europe, is the exact opposite of the 'World State' idea, either in its total form or in that of its subdivisions. Federation, to him, is the means of preserving the individuality of nations and of different breeds within nations such as the Scots and the Welsh, the Bavarians and Rhinelanders, the Bretons and the Provencals. The plan for a World State, and for its regional substitutes, is clearly designed as a weapon to destroy nations and breeds.)



The second great field of dispute between the Strassers, with their Bamberg Programme, and Hitler was that of economics, where the question of socialism arose. The Strassers took their socialism seriously, and the root of this controversy lay in the suspicion that Hitler was selling out the socialist items of the '25 Points' to certain interested parties in return for monetary subsidies; one of the aims of the Bamberg Programme was to nail him to these socialist undertakings. Point 13, for instance, demanded 'the nationalization of all jointly-owned concerns' and Point 14, 'profit-sharing in the great industries'. The most controversial Point, however, was 17, 'We demand a land-reform suitable to our national requirements, the passing of a law for the confiscation without compensation of land for communal purposes, the abolition of interest on mortgages, and prohibition of all speculation in land'.

Hitler had added a rider to this Point 14 which in effect annulled it (long afterwards the surmise that he had received payment for so doing was confirmed by the German heavy industrialist Thyssen, after his flight from Germany). The writer of this book is conscious that readers at this point, if they are new to the subject, might conclude, that the issue was between the Strassers, intent on Marxist confiscation, and Hitler, resolved on moderation. That assumption would be the opposite of the truth. Hitler had no respect for property, though he was ready to pretend such respect if it were made worth his while. His policy was bound to lead, and did lead, to the destruction and confiscation of property on a scale never before thought possible. The Strassers' socialism, though earnestly intended, was contained within a prudent framework of reform (witness the *German Socialism*) which was devised above all to extend, not to diminish, the benefits of property.

In this connection, the kind of question which agitated opinion within the party in those days, and played a part in this particular controversy, was that of the property of the former reigning dynasties. On the ground that war-disabled men, inflation victims and others had received no compensation, the Strassers and their supporters were for expropriation. Hitler, who was constantly bargaining with interested parties behind the scenes, was against it.

The third, and possibly the deepest dissension between the Strassers, embattled in Berlin, and Hitler, secluded in Munich, turned on religion as the basis of national socialism. The Strassers believed in God and would have put Christianity and the interests of the Christian churches in the forefront of the party's programme. Hitler, the racial mongrel from the Vienna Destitutes' Home, looked disdainfully on religion and the churches as subjects of his total State to come, only to be tolerated if they submitted to its authority. Whatever his heredity may have been (and it may have been anything at all, in the Bohemian borderlands whence he derived) he had no inner understanding for, but only an outcast's spite against the Christian West. In this, too, he was the complete antithesis of the Strassers.

Such, then, was the shape of the conflict; federalization against the total State ruled from Berlin; Christian socialism against Nationalism without socialism; Christianity against paganism.

It was *not* a struggle for power. None could then guess whether the party would ever attain to power. What was important was that it should stand by its principles; for these principles, and for the soul of the party, the Strassers fought. It became a struggle for supremacy within the party itself only because Hitler, as all the world saw long afterwards, was never interested in principles, but only in tactics, so that he invariably tried to get rid of any who, by seeking to pin him to principles, cramped his tactics. To him, they were intriguing foes within the walls and he turned on them, to destroy them. They naturally resisted, believing that they were right.

The struggle shaped very well for the Strassers at first. Gregor was the real head of the party, for he controlled it in North Germany, from which Hitler was barred, and Otto was its guiding brain. Victory seemed even to have been won at the famous Hanover Meeting of October 1925, when all

North German *Gauleiter* (with the lone exception of Robert Ley, who in 1945 committed suicide, if report was true, on his way to Nuremberg) voted to substitute the Bamberg Programme for the '25 Points'. Dissatisfaction with Hitler was openly expressed at 'this meeting and Rust, the later Schools Minister, declared, 'We will not tolerate a Pope in our party'. The conference resolved that all North German branches of the party (that is, in North German States outside Prussia) should amalgamate under Gregor Strasser, and that the Strassers' publishing house should take over all press and publicity work for the party in North Germany.

This apparent triumph soon dissolved in a discomfiture which was mainly brought about, once more, by one of the jackals who prowled around the party camp. Hitler called a counter-meeting at Bamberg, Bavaria. None of Gregor Strasser's fellow-leaders from North Germany obeyed the summons to attend, but he went himself and took with him his secretary, whom he paid two hundred marks a month. For this post the ill-fated Gregor had chosen a malignant hobgoblin named Dr. Joseph Goebbels. Goebbels then for the first time saw Hitler and his attendant panoply of salaried officials and motor cars. Promptly Goebbels declared his repentance for proposing, at Hanover, that Hitler be expelled from the party. In a packed meeting Gregor Strasser was left completely isolated (later, at his downfall, Goebbels was to prance round him with jeers and taunts).

However, that was by no means the end. From 1926 to 1928 the Strassers controlled the National Socialist Party in North Germany and through their publications carried on the struggle for the mind of Germany. They were already lost but could not know that, for the reasons were beyond their range of vision. That strange and sinister process had begun, which continued until the very outbreak of the war: potent and invisible forces supported Hitler in everything he did. The reader may recall the later, more apparent manifestations of that process: his march into the Rhineland was tacitly approved; in London *The Times* gently encouraged his designs on Austria and Czechoslovakia (and in 1952 candidly confessed that the editor of that day had somewhat erred); President Roosevelt thanked him by telegram for graciously deigning to accept the gift of Munich; Mr. Chamberlain flew to bestow it on him; the German generals who were about to overthrow him fell back, stunned by the news.

All that was later, but it was all in the same line. In the years 1926 to 1928 the money power and what other support he needed was at Hitler's disposal. In 1927 he appointed Goebbels *Gauleiter* for Berlin and supplied him with the funds to start a newspaper, *Der Angriff*, in opposition to the Strassers' publications. Gregor Strasser was still Hitler's deputy, and as head of the North German party the real leader of National Socialism. The dwarf whom he had helped was sent to undermine him. The vendetta was carried on with tremendous bitterness, and the vendors of the rival newspapers fought each other in the streets.

Then the decisive blow fell. Just as Hitler had formerly been released from imprisonment by the mysterious Guertner, now he was liberated from his enforced seclusion in South Germany. Through the years he had been building up his Brown Army, the Storm Troops. This was another point in dispute between him and the Strassers, who demanded that the Storm Troop detachments should be under the orders of the local party branches, and be members of the party. Hitler refused both demands and insisted that the Storm Troops be organized as a Brown Army independent of the political party and its political programme. The subsidies he received from big industrialists at that time enabled him to make this, originally somewhat ludicrous private army into a force impressive enough to attract the approving notice of the regular army, the Reichswehr. The Reichswehr, in the suicidal spirit which seems to inspire so many activities of the West in this century, prevailed on the Prussian Government to raise the ban on Hitler; thenceforth he was free to travel and speak where he liked. At once he appeared in North Germany and Berlin and joined battle with the Strassers.

It took him another two years to destroy the Strassers' publishing house, which continued its crusade. He came in person one day to Otto Strasser's office in the Nuernbergerstrasse and tried by threats to induce him to suspend publication of the *Berliner Arbeiterzeitung*, asking what Strasser could do if Goebbels's Storm Troopers came along one day 'and smashed the place up'. That interview ended, with Hitler shouting abuse, when Strasser opened a drawer and showed him a loaded revolver. Strasser regrets today that he did not at that moment openly break with the party, for the brothers were in a very strong position. Once more Gregor prevailed on him to avoid the open conflict.

In 1929 and 1930 came the first great increase in strength of the party, which in 1930 caused the outer world at length to turn uneasy eyes towards Germany and it. The circulation of the Strasser publications grew so rapidly that several weeklies had to be transformed into dailies, and Hitler's anger rose in proportion. At last he sent for the Strassers and their partner, one Hinkel, to come to Munich, where he 'behaved like a madman. He shrieked and roared at us one moment and flattered us the next. He offered to buy the Kampfverlag at any price we liked to name and offered Hinkel and myself deputy's seats in the Reichstag. Gregor was ready to sell, but his share was only a third. I refused point blank and contrived to get Hinkel to refuse also. The conversation lasted many hours and I felt I was in bedlam. At one point I remarked mildly, "You are wrong, Herr Hitler", whereon Hitler shouted, "I cannot be wrong, everything that I do and say is history".'

At the third attempt, on May 21st and 22nd, 1930, the Strassers' stronghold fell, with Otto Strasser as the only non-capitulant. Hitler came to Berlin and had two very long meetings with Otto; at the second Gregor was also present. These two encounters seem to the present writer also to be of some historic importance, because as far as his knowledge extends, they are the only occasions on record when Hitler ever entered into debate! Possibly the most extraordinary thing about his rise, from petty political spy in Munich to Fuehrer of the German Reich, is that he never once in all that time stood question and answer. In his private conclaves he alone spoke, while his captains and lieutenants leaned forward, reverently and assiduously ready to say 'Ja, mein Fuehrer'; at his public meetings his Storm Troopers saw to it that any interjections were answered, but not from the platform; he never entered Parliament until he was Chancellor and all questioners there had been stilled; to these three assertions the present writer can testify from personal observation. Finally, when he was Fuehrer of the Reich he would receive foreign heads of State, emissaries, ministers and ambassadors with tempests of one-way oratory from which they would emerge amazed, bemused and bursting with retorts which they had not been allowed to make; the present writer was also witness of such humiliating and red-faced exits.

Thus Otto Strasser's two homeric arguments with Hitler seem to be unique, first because they occurred, and second because they are recorded in print. The irrepressible Otto put them down immediately afterwards, as literally as he could remember them, and published them as an appendix to his *Structure of German Socialism*, which appeared a little later. The mere fact that Hitler, who detested debate above all things, nerved himself to these two tremendous altercations shows how vital to his plans he held the destruction of the Strassers and their Kampfverlag to be. If there were room they would be reproduced in this book, but they are much too long; Hitler could say a lot in two days. They are of permanent, if melancholy interest, and should be published in English. The historian may reflect that they were available for study years before Hitler even came to power and ask himself what possessed the politicians of the West, that they encouraged such a man.

The engagement began with shouted complaints about the tone taken in the publications of the Kampfverlag and a demand for its immediate dissolution. When Otto Strasser rose and said he was ready for a discussion, but not for an ultimatum, Hitler at once became calm and friendly. Thereafter the discussion ranged to the ends of the earth and to extremes of irrelevance, with Otto Strasser, in the manner of a rodeo cowhand on a steer, always trying to bring it to the point. The

point was the programme and principle of national socialism, and that was precisely what Hitler, the tactician, did not want to debate.

He complained of an article which, he said, had 'differentiated between the Idea of National Socialism and the Fuehrer, and even subordinated the Fuehrer to the Idea'. Strasser, while disclaiming any respect for Hitler, said that was in fact his belief, a Fuehrer 'might become ill, or die, or conceivably deviate from the Idea, but an Idea is of divine origin and eternal'. That, said Hitler on a rising note again, was 'bombastic nonsense hatched out at a debating table and the worst sort of democratic bunkum. The Fuehrer and the Idea are one and every National Socialist must obey the orders of the Fuehrer, who embodies the Idea and alone knows its ultimate aim'. 'That, Herr Hitler', rejoined Otto Strasser, 'is the doctrine of Rome, and equally of Papist and of Fascist Rome. For me, the Idea is the vital thing, the Idea of national socialism, and my conscience decides when a gap appears between Fuehrer and Idea.' Hitler's answer to this was inevitable: 'Discipline!' He asked, 'Do you intend to submit yourself to this discipline, as your brother does, or not?'

That was Otto's Achilles heel: Gregor, who in spite of everything thought that he could remain with Hitler, guide Hitler, and direct the party in the spirit of the Bamberg Programme. His next brother, Paul, says today that 'Looking back, I find it hard to understand how Gregor, after this meeting, could still have yielded to this hope'. However, Gregor was gigantic in good nature and optimism, as well as stature, and the satanic spirit that invested Hitler was probably beyond his power even to imagine.

The hours of recrimination, cajolery and attempted bribery went on. Hitler offered to make Otto Strasser Press Chief of the party (the man who became Press Chief, Dietrich, was gently handled at Nuremberg and later was remuneratively employed in German heavy industry) if he would come to Munich and work there under Hitler's supervision. Strasser said he would only do that if they could agree about fundamental principles of policy, and to that end an exhaustive discussion of all questions, particularly those of foreign policy and socialism, would be necessary; he would be ready to come to Munich for that purpose for four weeks and thrash out all such matters with Hitler himself and with Alfred Rosenberg (the spiritual prompter of Hitlerist National Socialism).

The answer was one later to become familiar: 'My patience is exhausted', and an ultimatum. Hitler threatened, if Otto Strasser would not accept unconditionally, to expel him and his associates from the party and formally to excommunicate the Kampfverlag. Otto Strasser replied that such a step would confirm his suspicion, that Hitler's real motive was a fundamental antagonism to the socialist principles which the Kampfverlag upheld; if Hitler wished to destroy it, that could only be because he meant to collaborate with the reactionaries.

When the two antagonists met the next day Hitler had an experience, for him unique. He had to listen to a very long, prepared statement, read by Strasser, of his socialist views and of the way to apply them in practice; in other words, to a verbal exposition of Christian national socialism and the Bamberg Programme. It was Otto Strasser's theory, from which he never would deviate, of a German Socialism. It did not aim at the brusque dispossession of property-owners in favour of the unpropertied masses, or at the enthronement of a super-capitalist called The State in place of the body of individual capitalists; its essential objective was that the unpropertied majority of the German people should be admitted to co-ownership, co-management and co-responsibility. It differed from the '25 Points' in that it was worked out in detail, for practical application.

The world today has long since known that time spent on trying to pin Hitler down to such trivialities as these was time wasted; but in 1930 even Otto Strasser could not be sure of that. Anyway, he tried. The outcome is now old history. The great debate broke up. Hitler and Goebbels opened a national campaign against Otto Strasser, who retaliated with the famous manifesto,

published in all his papers, 'The Socialists leave the National socialist Party'. Hitler expelled Otto Strasser and his supporters throughout the country. One last unsubdued stronghold remained: the Kampfverlag itself. Gregor Strasser capitulated and sold his one third share to Hitler. At last the other partner, Hans Hinkel, surrendered too (and was later rewarded with the post of Reich Commissioner for the Jewish Question; being captured by the Americans in 1945, he was handed over to the Soviet armies. In 1952 he reappeared in Western Germany and there applied to the courts for 'de-Nazification').

The Kampfverlag was Hitler's and he at once closed it. Otto Strasser's one third share (for which Hitler on the earlier occasion had offered him 80,000 marks) was lost, and he was left penniless.

'... To gain or lose it all.' It had been a good fight, well fought. No other leading German had fought Hitler, openly and inside his party, for a clear principle, to the last inch and pfennig. The fight, however, was not over, but only beginning. There was to be no return now to a desk in a ministry or a well paid post in industry, for Otto Strasser. He was thirty-two and was in the fight for the rest of his life. Three years before Hitler attained his goal, power, Otto Strasser set out to fight him alone. As yet, the outer world, insofar as it knew the name Hitler at all, knew it only as one with a vaguely troublesome ring. 'Some German politician, isn't he ...?'

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## Chapter Four

### SOLIDARISM

The world was not long to be left in that daydream. 1930 ended the between-war years of illusion; after 1930, though the masses long remained oblivious, students of affairs could no longer doubt that powerful forces were preparing the enormity of another world war.<sup>[11]</sup> There is a vibrant quickening in the overture in the tense moment before the curtain rises and reveals the beginning of the drama; such was the atmosphere in 1930.

In May Otto Strasser in the great two-day duologue had reduced Hitler to angry silence and threatening exit. In June Hitler completed the destruction of the Kampfverlag. On July 4th its newspapers appeared under Otto Strasser's direction for the last time, with the headline, 'The Socialists leave the National socialist Party'. In September an election revealed that the Hitlerists, until then an insignificant group, commanded six and a half million supporters and a hundred seats in the Reichstag. There was a sudden, uneasy stirring in the world. Even the masses, floating on the stream of indifference, felt the first faint pull of the yet distant vortex. They were quickly reassured, by their next day's politicians and newspapers: what if this Hitler had so many followers and seats, he could never gain a majority or come to power! When, three years later, he came to power, without a majority, they were again, and for six more years, reassured: what if this Hitler was all powerful in Germany, he was no doubt a peaceable and reasonable man! (From 1944 onwards they were similarly lulled: what if half of Christian Europe were abandoned to Asiatic barbarians, the 'free world' was still 'democratic' and Stalin might yet prove to be a reasonable and peaceable man! Perhaps a 'man to man' meeting with him would yet save the peace; and if the Red prophet would not come to Munich for it, one could always go to Moscow; indeed, one had already been there, and were the results not propitious?)

Before 1930 life had been hard enough for Otto Strasser; from 1914 to 1930, from his seventeenth to his thirty-third year, he had known a comfortable security only during the two years of his post at the Ministry of Food and his job in industry. After 1930 his life was to be as dangerous and desperate as that of a frontier outlaw, and as he always fought those who had usurped power, and their backers, he was by the law of might in fact an outcast. Thus his remaining story is one of strange adventure, more thrilling than most tales of any Deadeye Dick, secret service agent or underground patriot. He was a man fighting for an inheritance of which he had been robbed and before the tale of his exploits and escapes is told the motive which inspired so brave and lonely a struggle needs to be explained; otherwise the meaning of all the adventures would be lost.

His socialism derived from his father's teaching, from the experiences and environment of his boyhood in Wilhelmine Germany, and from the Christian national socialism first expounded by Masaryk (before Hitler was born) as a corrective to the anti-Christian and anti-national perversions of Karl Marx and his breed. Otto Strasser has kept to this strait and narrow path of Christian national socialism from his first thinking moments until today, because he believes it to be right. On that straight course he fought the Communists; entered the Socialist Party and fought the reactionaries; left the Socialist Party; entered and left Hitler's party. To have acted differently at any of those points would have been to betray his beliefs.

He first codified these beliefs in the Bamberg Programme which, if the Strassers had prevailed, would have given the '25 Points' of the little party suborned by Hitler practical application in the form of Christian national socialism. He further developed his creed, in great detail, during a long railway journey between Munich and Berlin about that time. When Hitler destroyed the Kampfverlag Otto Strasser published this political programme in a book, *The Structure of German*

*Socialism* (Wolfgang Lindner, Leipzig, 1930), and it became the political bible of the supporters who have remained constant to him through twenty years of exile. After the war, when he expected to return to Germany and gather them around him, he republished it in German in Buenos Aires, under the title *Deutschlands Erneuerung* (Trenkelbach, Buenos Aires, 1946). Until the present day the British and American occupation authorities and the Bonn Government supported by them have prevented the issue of this book in the 'free' half of Germany.

In this book of 1946 he reproduced his programme for (a German Socialism' almost unchanged, but for the name, which he altered to 'Solidarism'. The writer of the present book has not inquired his reason for the change, but could imagine one. If one's family name is, say, Plantagenet, and one finds that it is being assumed by a long series of convicted embezzlers, murderers, burglars and impostors, one may feel driven to change even so noble a cognomen. There is an issue involved, as between a genuine suit of armour and one tacked together by a theatrical costumier's tinsmith. Otto Strasser knew what he meant by Christian national socialism, but how was his meaning to be made plain to the masses in this age of name-borrowing when such as Marx, Trotsky, Stalin, Blum, Hitler, Laski, Mussolini and all their breed have called themselves 'Socialists'?

Otto Strasser's dilemma is clear. In one of his books he called himself a conservative revolutionary, and perhaps that makes clearer what he truly is. He is in the line of the barons of Runnymede and the American colonists, whose spiritual descendants are in a kind of spiritual exile today, equally in England and in the American Republic. Such men, who fight against tyranny from above whenever and in whatever form it appears, are the true and continuing revolutionaries of all the generations, the revolutionaries of construction. The 'revolutionaries' of Moscow in 1917 and of Berlin in 1933 are the counter-revolutionaries, the revolutionaries of destruction.

This difference of motive, constructive motive and destructive motive, is the difference between Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism', or 'Solidarism', and the bogus socialisms of Moscow, Marx and Hitler. He wanted to preserve Germany; Communism and Hitlerism alike aimed at its destruction (this is plain, in the second case, from Hitler's statements, made in an expansive moment, to Hermann Rauschning, and is implicit in his deeds).

Solidarism stands today as in 1930, as Otto Strasser's programme for the salvation of Germany. Its origins are important to understand. The programmes of Marxist and Fabian Socialism were hatched out in cellars in Moscow, café-tables in Berlin and committee-rooms in Bloomsbury by Eurasian conspirators and Western professors and journalists; they had no roots in the life and needs of peoples; they were governed by the diseased ambition merely to destroy existing things and were the products of sedentary, unfulfilled men with malevolence towards mankind in their hearts and disappointment in their heads. Otto Strasser's Solidarism is a living thing rooted deep in the history and needs of the Christian West, and then moulded by the hard experience of his life. The difference between the two is in fact that between death and life.

The goal towards which he looked in drafting his programme was the gradual upraising of the unpropertied masses towards the level of those more fortunate, not the violent depression of those now propertied towards penury; the abolition of 'the proletariat' (which the dictionary describes as 'the lowest class of the community') and not its pretended elevation. His aim was to give that lowest class the status of independence, of co-ownership and of co-responsibility. An aim is one thing; a detailed plan for achieving it is another, and this is what he supplied.

He began his manifesto, which was a public challenge to Hitler, with a brief philosophical study of the roots of his thought. He began by protesting vigorously against 'the idolatry of race'; this was in 1930, when Hitler began his rapid rise to power on the steed of Nordic racial superiority. Strasser held that 'the family of Europe' was a mixture of four or five races, out of which intermingling,

topography, climate and historic events had made the various 'nations', the last of these to take shape being the Germans. He rightly excluded Russia from this grouping.

In the history of Europe, which he thus pictured as a community of interrelated nations, he perceived a rhythm of epochs recurring about every hundred or hundred and fifty years, from the Reformation of around 1500 to the English Revolution of 1640-59 and the French Revolution of 1789-1799. In each of these revolutions he saw the recurrent conflict between two primitive instincts, those of self-preservation (which he identified with 'Liberalism', or each man for himself) and of the preservation of the species ('Conservatism', or each man for the community). The pendulum of history, he wrote, swung continuously to and fro between these ideas of self and species. The English Revolution had brought the victory of the conservative idea and the French Revolution that of the liberal idea. The epoch of liberalism, he wrote in 1930, was inevitably approaching its end and bringing with it that of Marxist Socialism, which had borrowed so much from liberalism (for instance, internationalism, class-warfare and materialism) that it was bound to founder with it.

Otto Strasser, in 1930, saw a new epoch of the second idea approaching. Since 1914, he wrote, the pendulum of history had been swinging over towards a new era of conservatism and its associated ideas, true socialism, patriotism and national idealism, and the violent eruption of those ideas in Germany would be the German Revolution. It was for this future that he planned. He identified 'capitalism', as we have known it, with the liberal era; and Socialism, as it has been perverted and practised in our time, with State capitalism. Its governing principle, in either form, was 'the sanctity of property' (whether held privately or by the State) and the condition of its existence was that the masses of the people should have no property. Any system under which the community was divided into exploiters and exploited, and the overwhelming majority of the people denied the right of property, was in its nature immoral.

Thus Otto Strasser, contemplating a 'German Socialism' in a 'Fourth Reich', sought a way that would preclude State-capitalism and unbridled private capitalism alike. The cornerstone of *his* German socialism was the abolition of 'the right of private property'. This basic tenet appeared to be identical with the primary demand of Marxist Socialism, but was in fact entirely different in the application which he proposed; this was where the historic origins of his Christian national socialism came in.

His solution was derived from the study of German history, the German character and German needs. The basis of his thought was that what was needed was to make more people well-to-do, not fewer people rich. He desired in fact to give every German 'the right of private property', because he held that this feeling of ownership alone gave the independence of thought, sense of responsibility and creative energy which allow a man to feel himself a man. Thus the means (abolition of the dogma) was to the end of establishing the reality.

He defined his 'German Socialism' in relation to property thus: 'No German shall in future *own* as private property land and estate, mineral resources, or the means of production; every German shall come to *possession* of land and estate mineral resources, and the means of production.' He attached cardinal importance to this distinction between 'ownership', a conception without limits, and 'possession', which signifies an occupancy subject to limits. 'To own a thing', he wrote, 'means to be able to do anything you like with it; to sell, damage, or destroy it. To possess it means to administer it, to have its use and enjoyment, to hold it in usufruct on behalf of another, namely, the Owner. The Owner will in future be exclusively the community, the Nation. But the Nation, through its outward form, the State, will not itself operate or manage; it will delegate operation and management to individuals or groups in *Erblehen* (hereditary fief).'



This was Otto Strasser's solution to the great dilemma, his answer to the age old problem of the propertied and the unpropertied, the insiders and the outsiders. The abolition of the legal conception of 'the sanctity of private property' and the substitution, in things vital for the nation, of this system of the hereditary fief, was the foundation stone of his 'Structure of German Socialism', then, and is that of his 'Solidarism' today. It alone, he said, enabled that marriage of private profit and general welfare which the common weal demanded. The division of all possessions among the community of the nation whether in individual or in collective holding, was necessary to end the evils to which capitalism had led. The system of the hereditary fief, which for centuries was the legal form of the German economic system, alone offered the practical means.

He was in 1930 (and in 1953 has much greater cause to be) 'passionately opposed to the operation of concerns by the State or its officials, because this would be the opposite of true socialism. It would neither raise the masses from their proletarian state nor unloose their creative energy, or give them a sense of responsibility. On the contrary it would aggravate all these existent evils, and the workers would have even less rights in relation to their employer (the State) than to the private capitalist. I know all too well the annihilating effect of officialdom on the individual. I know so well the longing for independence of the German peasant and the middle-class German, and I should regard any reform as disastrous which condemned this striving for independence to be crushed under the streamroller of officialdom. I see the real torment of a proletarian existence in this deficient, or eternally repressed, urge for independence, and hold the most important task to be the creation of a feeling of independence for the worker, not the worsening of the lot of the peasant and middle-class man.'

Otto Strasser's emphatic warmth in this question also derives directly from the experience of his life. In his Bavarian boyhood he felt the oppressive constraint of Wilhelmine bureaucracy. He met the same spirit again in those parade-ground tyrants of 1914 whom he still ardently detests, and again in Hitler's SS-men. Then he encountered it repeatedly in other countries when he was trying to save his life from his pursuers. 'Officialdom', to Otto Strasser, is a synonym for stupidity, callousness, brutality and misery. For him the triumph of the totalitarian State, super-State or World State would be the triumph, not of the submerged masses, but of the very type of man he particularly loathes.

Thus the main proposals of Solidarism were: the cancellation of the dogma of private property; the transfer to the State, as representative of the body of the nation, of the title of owner of land and estate, mineral resources and the means of production; the re-conferment, upon the previous owners, of the hereditary usufruct of their possessions, which they would hold and administer in fee from the State. The usufructuaries, though their occupancy would be hereditary, would be debarred from selling, mortgaging or otherwise alienating their possessions. In this manner joint *ownership* by the community would be safeguarded and the nation's vital assets secured against the operations of international finance and stock-market manipulation.

Having stated the governing proposals, Otto Strasser went on to give a blueprint for their practical application in the three main fields of German life: agriculture and the land; industry; trade and commerce.

All land and estate, he wrote, would pass into the titular *ownership* of the community, represented by the State, and he re-conferred, in hereditary fief, on men able to work it, at the proposal of local Peasants' Councils. The governing principle of the redistribution would be that no man should have more land than he could himself farm or less than was essential for the maintenance of himself and his family, and a reasonable surplus. The peasant, smallholder or farmer would thus hold his land in fee from the State and bequeath it to a son at his death, and would pay to the State one single due; a tithe, payable in cash or kind. This would in effect mean that the great bulk of German peasants

would remain in occupation of their farms but would for the first time become freemen, because the abolition of the legal status of 'private ownership' and the substitution for it of that of 'hereditary fief' held from the State would necessarily carry with them the cancellation of mortgages. This liberation of German agriculture from debt, and the preclusion from incurring new debt, was similarly a major piece in the structure of Strasser's 'German Socialism'. To safeguard the creditors, he proposed that existing mortgages should be exchanged for non-interest-bearing bonds, paying three per cent amortization annually, these to be financed from the proceeds of the tithe payments. Large landowners would be left in possession of a sufficiently large piece of land and would receive compensation for what they forfeited from the mortgage-elimination fund.

This was, in 1930, a dynamite-laden proposal. The root evil of German agriculture (and of German politics) was the maldistribution of land. Of the 5,096,533 agricultural holdings counted in Germany at the 1925 census only 18,668 were 'great estates' (450 acres or more), but these 18,668 large landowners between them held nearly a fifth of all German agricultural land. They did not or could not use it efficiently, were often in debt, and through their political power (they were mostly entrenched in East Elbia) were often able to ward off insolvency by prompting subsidies from public funds. Two of the Chancellors who sought to keep Hitler from power, Dr. Bruening and General Schleicher, sought to gain public support by proposing such land reforms, and both appear to have been overthrown at the instance of those indignant and ill-fated squires, who were apparently responsible, at the last, for setting their own destroyer on his perch in Berlin. If 'Strasserism' had prevailed over Hitlerism, this major problem of Germany would have been solved without war.

The next problem of practical application was industry. That, Otto Strasser wrote, was a very different question, requiring quite another solution. Agricultural undertakings rested mainly on the labour of one man and his kin, industrial enterprises on the collaboration of the owner and his workers. Agriculture depended on the land and climatic conditions; industry on the supply of raw materials and their distribution. Germany produced some and imported the rest of these raw materials. In order efficiently to exploit the native ones, without plundering them, and adequately to obtain the imported ones, Otto Strasser proposed an economic and trade policy of the greatest possible self-sufficiency in Germany and a foreign trade monopoly, for the supervision of exports and imports within reasonable limits.

In industry, he said, a trinity of interests existed: those of the owner, the workers, and the community. None of them had the right to absolute authority, not the owner, as in private capitalism, or the State, as in Communism and Fascism. He proposed that the nation, as represented by the State, should become the *owner* of industrial undertakings which, like agricultural land, would be held in hereditary fee from it. The undertaking would be re-conferred on the owner as usufructuary, and in place of the multiple taxes of today a single payment, assessed from time to time, would be demanded from it, which would go to cover the expenditures of the State and take precedence over profits and reserves.

A common-ownership order, equally shared between State, owner and workers, would be introduced. The head of the undertaking would continue to depend on his energy and ingenuity for a greater or smaller income. He, his workers and the community would hold equal shares in the management, capital and profits of the undertaking. From their third-share the workers would derive a payment, of necessity not very large, additional to their wages; they would gain the feeling of co-ownership and co-responsibility. Otto Strasser wrote that this system would breed a class of responsible industrial leaders, distinct from the capitalist privateer, and on the other hand the mass of unparticipated wage-earners would acquire the status of co-responsibility for the prosperity of the undertaking.

Otto Strasser explained in the following terms the differences between his Solidarism, as it would affect industry, and capitalism and socialism in the contemporary understanding of these words:

'It differs from capitalism in that the private *ownership* of the means of production would be abolished, and these could be neither bought nor sold, but only conferred by and acquired from the State in fee, so that great possessions in money or goods, though possible and desirable, could nevertheless not lead to the evils which distinguish capitalism unbridled. The workers and the State would be equal partners with the heads of a concern, who would thus be not unrestricted 'capitalists', but usufructuaries. The obligation to employ sound economic methods and to consider the overriding interests of the entire community would be safeguarded by the two-thirds majority of the State and the workers in relation to the heads of the concern. It differs equally from Marxist Socialism in that the personal initiative of the leaders of industry would be encouraged and be limited only by the needs of the community as a whole. Within the limits of the State's economic policy the competition of individual concerns would remain. The identification of 'the State' with industry, or of State officials with the leadership of industry, would be avoided, and so would the exposure of the workers to arbitrary exploitation by 'the State'.

The simplest method of accomplishing this change, Strasser added, would be 'to transform all industrial concerns and great undertakings employing more than a certain number of hands into joint-stock companies; the tripartitioning of the property, its management and its profits would then be possible without further difficulty. But these shares would be of a new kind. They would be shares inscribed in the National Register of Property, exclusively in the name of the holder; they would be neither saleable nor mortgageable, in accordance with their status as property held in fee from the State ... The objection most frequently raised to these proposals for industry is that under such a system new capitalists would arise. But this objection overlooks the decisive difference between the unrestricted private capitalist and the proposed works-leader, or usufructuary. Above all, it overlooks the fact that private capitalism, which means economic and financial power based on the unrestricted ownership of monopoly goods, could not reappear, for not even the richest man could buy shares in an undertaking, as these would only be granted in fee from the State. He could buy unlimited quantities of those goods which can be produced in unlimited quantities, say, toothpaste; but he could not buy those things which only exist in limited quantities, that is, land and estate, mineral resources, and the means of production.'

After agriculture and industry, Otto Strasser approached his third main problem, that of the small man, the master craftsman and tradesman. Under this heading come 'the independent small concerns employing relatively few hands (clerks, shop-assistants, workmen, apprentices), who have fair prospect of becoming masters themselves. Such small undertakings differ fundamentally from the great concerns in that their prosperity, and therewith the welfare of each individual worker, depends primarily on the personality of the master'. In these cases Otto Strasser's proposal was 'to leave management entirely in the hands of the master, but such a degree of personal freedom would only be possible subject to obligations which safeguard the interests of the whole community'. To that end, he proposed the revival, in a form suitable to the times, of a well-proven German institution; the Guilds.

Under Otto Strasser's Solidarism, then, handicraftsmen, manual workers, tradesmen and professional men would be organized in Guilds, which would receive from the State certain rights and in return undertake the collection from their members of the sum assessed as the Guild's contribution to the State's expenditures. The Guilds would bestow the master's title and the right to practise a calling, craft or profession. They would also decide how many apprentices might be employed, and the like.

'By these means it would be made impossible for any individual ruthlessly to promote his own especial interests or to misuse his economic freedom. The workers in small concerns would not, like those in the big ones, have a share in ownership, profit and operation, but as employees and apprentices they would have the certainty that, if they passed the necessary standards, they could themselves become masters. The supply of candidates and their direction through the schools and universities towards the callings where they were most needed would need to be regulated in accordance with demand and with the interests of the community. However, such limitation of the freedom of choice as this might entail would be compensated by the fact that assured existences would be available for those who sought them, and that this intervention would not come from the State but be regulated by these self-governing bodies themselves, which would be subject to a minimum of supervision by the State.' (The solution suggested by Otto Strasser in this field already exists, or survives, in the profession of the apothecaries. In Germany (and in some other countries) only the State can confer the right to open an apothecary's business, and these cannot be bought, sold, bequeathed or inherited; on the death of a holder the title reverts to the State for bestowment on the next approved candidate.)

Finally, the legal principle of unrestricted private ownership would be preserved intact in respect of house property, under Solidarism, save that any newly-built property would arise on ground acquired, not freehold, but held, as in the other cases, in fee from the State.

Such is the rearrangement of German day-to-day life which Otto Strasser proposed in 1930 and still proposes. The plan throws up another question: what of the house in which that life was to be lived? He knew, in 1930, that the Germany tacked together by the victors at Versailles, the Weimar Republic, would not survive. When Hitler came to power in 1933 he was equally sure that the Hitlerist Reich would not endure. He had already, in the book of 1930, made his proposals for the structure of the Fourth Reich, the house which Solidarism would inhabit, and he has not changed those proposals today, either.

His governing principle in this matter is at all costs to prevent the rise of officialdom, of a swollen paper-bred bureaucracy, self-multiplying and self-perpetuating; this is almost an obsession with him. Arising from that, he proposed the fullest possible degree of self-government in every branch of German life. Farmers, master-bootmakers and master-butchers, not officials, should decide how and when to milk cows, make boots and slaughter cattle. Doctors, not officials, should decide what reforms are needed in the medical profession. Saxons, not Prussian officials, should decide Saxon affairs. (At the time when this was published the Bohemian or Austrian Hitler was setting up to dictate all conduct in all walks of life, so that these remarks were pointed.) Next, he proposed to destroy the last trace of centralized rule in Germany and make a federation of German Cantons. This again was a direct challenge to Hitler, whose *Grossdeutschland*, or Greater Germany, was nothing but Great Prussia all over again. In 1930 Otto Strasser made the destruction of this ill-omened Prussian hegemony the cornerstone of his proposals for the rebuilding of the Reich.

'I know,' he wrote, 'that every proposal for the dissolution of the Prussian State is attacked as anti-patriotic' (in Germany) 'because the creative energy of the Prussian spirit would, they say, disappear. I know too well the great part that Prussia and the Prussian spirit have played in the history of Germany to yield to any anti-Prussian feeling, deriving possibly from my Bavarian origins. But the study of the German character and German history shows that this Prussian solution for Germany's problems was but an emergency-outlet ... In the Liberal era the dominance of Prussia alone could form a firm basis for the Reich. But today the German people are becoming a nation, and this demands the liquidation of the exclusive, Prussian, spirit and all its manifestations ... The real German will then have that European conscience the lack of which is so sinister in the Prussian product.'<sup>[12]</sup>

Those were his proposals, then: destroy the Prussian hegemony, federalize the Reich, banish the tyrant State.

He elaborated in detail. The German Union of the future must not be centrally governed from one place (the titular capital he would transfer from Berlin to some such centre of Western and Christian history and tradition as Regensburg or Goslar). It would need to be a uniform Reich but federally constructed, in *Landschaften* (Cantons) formed by breaking up the arbitrarily-drawn States and tracing new boundaries which would closely follow religious, traditional, historical and *stammesmaessigen* (approximately, tribal) considerations.

Thus Otto Strasser would destroy Prussia and the other dynastically-derived States and Statelets, rub out the memories of princely feuds and marriages, and draw the map of Germany again, in Cantons. Of Prussia, nothing would remain but the historic Mark of Brandenburg in its new form, the *Landschaft* or Canton of Brandenburg, with the Brandenburgers in it. Bavaria would be tripartitioned to yield the three Cantons of the Bavarians, Swabians and Franks. Hanover, the Rhineland and Hessen would survive, as Cantons. Thuringia would become bigger through the incorporation of Erfurt, and Saxony through the absorption of Magdeburg. Swabia would swallow up Wuerttemberg, Baden and the present Bavarian province of Swabia. In this way the Fourth Reich would emerge as a Federation of twelve or fifteen equiponderant Cantons and be rid of the unbalance caused by Prussia, its spirit and its domination.

So much for the Fourth Reich, inhabited by Solidarism, which Otto Strasser planned. How would it be ruled?

The principle that the most competent Germans should rise to the leadership of the State, he wrote, excluded a hereditary monarchy. Human experience did not suggest, and human probability denied, that qualities could be bequeathed in such measure that the son of a leader would qualify automatically to become the next leader of the people. The system of hereditary rulers was also opposed to the principle that each member of the nation should have the same start in life (or that, as the American colonists said, 'all men are *created* equal'). A system by which a man was assured the highest office in the State by reason of his birth was contrary to 'German Socialism' (or 'Solidarism'). The choice remained between an elected monarchy or a republic. Both had this much in common, that the head of the State was elected, in one case for life, in the other usually for a limited period.

But such limited periods 'carry with them the danger that the candidate, in order to secure re-election, will make concessions to the electorate, and this in turn endangers the principle of impartiality in his office.'<sup>13</sup> It may lead to corruption, to cheap vote-catching methods. These dangers disappear if the head of the State be elected for life. This would give him independence of the electorate and enable him to make farsighted plans, without taking account of the fickleness of public favour'.

So Otto Strasser set at the head of the Solidarist Fourth Reich which he was planning a *Reichspraesident* elected for life. Again he looked to history; Germany for centuries knew this form of elected rulers; the name (Elector, Emperor or President) is a thing of indifference, he says.

The Reich President would have a Reich Parliament and a Reich Federal Council; each Canton would similarly have a Cantonal President and a Cantonal Parliament; the Reich Federal Council would be composed of the representatives of the Cantons; the Federal Council would elect the Reich President, as the Cardinals the Pope. All parliaments would be elected; not by political parties, however, but by the five corporative groups (those of the peasants, the workers, the employees and officials, the employers and tradesmen, and the professions). The workers could

only elect a worker, the professional men only one of their own kind, and so on. Thus 'the workers' and 'the peasants' could not be 'represented' in parliament, as they are in most countries today, by lawyers, university professors, journalists and the like conglomeration. No one group would be allowed more than forty-nine per cent of seats in any parliament, but every group would have to be represented; this was intended to avoid little local dictatorships of farmers in a predominantly rural district or of workers in an industrial area. The officials in each Canton would be natives of that Canton.

This, in brief summary, is the outline of Otto Strasser's 'German Socialism' of 1930 and 'Solidarism' of today. It shows plainly the issues on which he broke with the German Socialist Party, fought with Hitler for the soul of the National Socialist Party, and then, when that fight went against him, broke away to continue the fight against Hitler and the National Socialist Party.

A Fourth Reich, presided over by an Elector, composed of historic Cantons in skilful equipoise, from which the shadow of Prussia has been cleared; a German Federation at the heart of Europe, possibly at the heart of a European Federation; a country where men may possess land and property but not monopolize it; where simple acquisitiveness is held within the bounds of the common weal but diligence and ingenuity may obtain their reward!

Such was his vision of 1930. Such was the Germany he would have built; it may be compared with the one Hitler set up, only to destroy. Was it all a house of dreams, a castle in the air? Not if the West survives, because then Germany will be rebuilt one day, and here is a plan at hand.

At present there is no Germany. That was something which very few people in the world could imagine in 1930 (though Otto Strasser foretold the danger of it in 1937) or even in 1944. Who could have foreseen that, while the British and American troops pressed on from Normandy, a Colonel Bernstein would agree with a Mr. Morgenthau, in Washington, that the measures proposed against Germany were not sufficiently severe, and that in the sequence an American President would lend himself to the bisection of Germany and set up the eastern barbarians in the heart of Europe?<sup>[14]</sup> Otto Strasser's reflections of 1930 about the influences which may be brought to bear on presidents elected for a limited term were prescient indeed. He could not have guessed how prophetic were his words about the dangers of short-term presidencies, or how power groups would be able to prompt an American president to a mortal blow against the West.

That was the direst deed in all the history of the Christian West, this abandonment of its eastern marches and population to the barbarians. In consequence of it, all plans for the future of Germany are as tumbleweed for the present; they have no roots. Otto Strasser himself has told his supporters that the German problem at this moment can be reduced to one word: survival. Germany and the Germans have to survive, if they can, and only when that question is answered does the next one arise: what kind of Germany is it to be?

The writer of the present book will interject a forecast here. The Moscovites and Mongols will *not* stay in the middle of Europe, because that is impossible, and those who put them there must have known it. The Asiatics will either retire to their natural frontier (and if they do that without war it can only be by the dispensation of God) or they will advance to the western borders of Europe. In the second case, the question of Germany's future will be swallowed up in a much larger one: that of the survival of the remaining Christian West. In the first case, the future shape of Germany will become a matter of immediate importance, and Otto Strasser's plan with it.

He discharged it, in 1930, as his opening shot in his new war against Hitler, whom all the world was coddling. Otto Strasser had no such illusions. He knew now what manner of man aimed to be

the next warlord of Prussia and therewith of Germany. He formed his Black Front and for the next three years fought Hitler and the Storm Troopers all over Germany.

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## Chapter Five

### THE ICEBERG THEORY

The battle continued, in Germany, from July 1930 until January 30th, 1933, the day when Hitler, the steeplejack, appeared at the pinnacle of power. After that, it was carried on from outside Germany until April 30th, 1945, the day when Hitler, by death or escape, vanished from the scene (after that, all unexpectedly, it had to be waged against new antagonists: the Western governments, which denied Hitler's foremost adversary the right to return to his country; in that form it continues until the present day).

On the day in 1930 when the Kampfverlag was torn from his grasp and the battle began, Otto Strasser had never held any office in Hitler's party, worn its shirt or badge, or accepted any proffered reward; he had refused alike the invitation to become the party's Press Chief, a deputy's seat and the offer of money. He had founded the Kampfverlag with his own money, that of his brother and of the third, renegade partner, and had lost everything at its destruction. The whole meaning and story of the Kampfverlag, as its publications show, was a fight against Hitler, so that the actual battle in fact began long before 1930; it began in 1926, when the Kampfverlag was founded. It was fought for the principles, which Otto Strasser thought were being betrayed by Hitler, of 'National freedom; social justice; European collaboration'; those, its original slogans, are Otto Strasser's political principles today.

The years 1930 to 1933 were in Germany the last ones of party politics in the old form. Seven major parties and many smaller ones contested against each other. Gregor Strasser, a doomed man, continued to fight for his beliefs inside the National Socialist Party and only failed by a hairbreadth to save its soul, and Germany. Otto Strasser at once declared open war on Hitler and for the waging of it formed his 'Black Front'.

He is a man of highly original thought in all matters whether of high politics or of daily life. In forming the Black Front he again applied an original idea, that of the 'iceberg theory', or mass of which only a small part is visible, the main body being submerged and hidden. It is a conception midway between that of the open political party, where all is seen (save for the power-groups who exercise supreme control) and that of underground political warfare, where all is unseen. The Black Front was in part visible, but its greater strength lay in its hidden bulk; its followers in great part remained within, or went into, nearly all other political organizations, and most particularly the Hitlerist party, the destruction of which was its reason of existence.

Language is a difficult thing and the simple translation of *Schwarze Front* into Black Front does not at all convey what *Schwarze Front* meant to Otto Strasser, his followers, the Hitlerists and Germans generally. The meaning was 'secret' or 'shadow' party. In England an opposition leader who believes himself likely to win an election usually selects the men whom he will appoint Ministers, after he has kissed hands at Buckingham Palace, and these form 'the shadow cabinet'. Thus the *Schwarze Front* was, and was by Germans understood to be, a vengeful shadow, tracking Hitler. The translation into 'Black Front' did not carry this significance to the mind of the world outside Germany, and sometimes led to curious confusions. (When Otto Strasser later, as a distinguished anti-Hitlerist exile entitled to respect, addressed a large meeting at Windsor, in Ontario, on the subject of 'The Black Front', he was somewhat nonplussed to see rows of black faces among the white ones; they belonged to negro workers from the automobile factories in Detroit who, having seen the bills, had crossed the Peace Bridge in large numbers in the expectation of hearing something stirring about colour questions.)



He saved from the wreckage of the Kampfverlag one weekly newspaper, which he began to publish, first as *Die Schwarze Front* and later as *Die Deutsche Revolution*. It continued to appear in Berlin until Hitler came to power (and thereafter in Prague, until Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia). The Black Front grew rapidly enough for two new weeklies to be founded, in Breslau and Munich. All these publications of the Black Front, like those of the Kampfverlag in the preceding years, survive today to show any seeker after truth how consistent were Otto Strasser's words and acts in his war against Hitler. The headlines of his manifestoes confirm it: 'The Socialists leave the National socialist Party' (1930); 'Social Revolution or Fascist War' (1933); 'Hitler means war' (1934); 'The Danger of the Partitioning of Germany' (1937); 'Hitler must die if Germany is to live' (1938); and so on. He was attacked by Hitler and Goebbels as 'a national Communist' (and in Canada after 1942 was to be driven almost to destitution when he refused to head Moscow's 'Free German' troupe!).

The Storm Troopers were set on him as he campaigned up and down Germany. He was beaten insensible in Bremen, nearly killed in Brandenburg, and rescued by the police, then still impartial, from Nazi mobs in Halle and Rostock. The progress of the Black Front was remarkable. The Berlin Storm Troops, under Captain Stennes, left the Hitlerist party and many joined Otto Strasser; the Danzig Storm Troops, under Bruno Fricke, followed suit. His open war against Hitler made a deep impression on the younger and more idealistic generation. Richard Schapke, who had a large following among the National Socialists of Silesia, came over to him, and so did many of the revolutionary peasants of Schleswig-Holstein, then led by Klaus Heim. The famous coterie of rising young men called the *Tatkreis*, whose foremost figures were Hans Zehrer and Ferdinand Fried (author of a celebrated book called *The End of Capitalism*), and the Young German Order of Lieutenant Artur Mahraun joined forces with him. These men and their movements represented what was best in Germany at that time. They all ardently desired the national liberation of Germany, but also a new social order, and their common fear was that Hitler would betray them and merely bring them to another period of militarist adventure instead of the reformed and cleansed Reich for which they longed.

Many of these men were to pay with their lives for their struggle to save Germany and the world from Hitler and his war; the fate of some of them will be recorded as this book proceeds. Before the end the casualty list amounted to many thousands. Otto Strasser himself, almost alone among the leading figures, escaped death, the concentration camp or prison. The story of one other survivor is fairly typical (save in the point of survival) of the martyrdom all suffered. Dr. Grantz, a small and indomitable man, had been a popular National Socialist leader, publicly extolled in emotional words by Hitler for his part in a free fight between Storm Troopers and Communists at Woehrden, when four Brownshirts were killed and thirty injured. Having seen through Hitler, he joined the Black Front and after the Reichstag fire in 1933 was thrown into a concentration camp from which he emerged alive, twelve years later, after Hitler's disappearance in 1945; then he at once resumed his work for Otto Strasser.

It was, in essence, a struggle for the Christian West, not only for Germany, that Otto Strasser fought in Germany during those years, and he appeared in scenes that are living pages from the story of this tormented century. Soon after he began his open war against Hitler came the famous trial of three young officers, Lieutenants Wendt, Scheringer and Ludin before the Supreme Court at Leipzig. This was the moment when the outer world received a first unheeded warning of what might impend in the heart of Europe: Hitler then declared that when he came to power 'heads would roll'. The three lieutenants were themselves most typical of the time. They were racked with despondent doubts about the future of their country and were groping to find a way to its salvation, and on that clouded path had become infected with the Hitlerist virus, so that they were charged with suborning their comrades. Hitler had given evidence, ostensibly on their behalf, but his words and demeanour had antagonised them. In their fortress imprisonment they asked Otto Strasser to

visit them and explain the whole political conflict. He went to them three times, and twice they confronted him with emissaries of the Communist Party, which was making a bid for the souls of such as these young officers by pretending (then as now) to desire 'the national liberation of the German people'.

In the dining-room of Gollnow fortress Otto Strasser fought the Communists for Wendt and Scheringer; Ludin was separately confined, in a South German prison. The first time Strasser had an easy task, for the Communist spokesman, Leow, commander of the Communist Storm Troops (or Redshirts) was a street-corner rabble-rouser, unable to convince or convert German officers (the present writer recalls this burly fellow who after Hitler's triumph fled to Moscow and there was 'liquidated'). The second Communist emissary was a very different man. Captain Beppo Roemer, a distinguished German officer who had fought with the Free Corps and followed Hitler in the 1923 Putsch at Munich, was a patriot and idealist. Caught in the eternal German quandary, he had decided that the better hope of 'national liberation' lay in 'co-operation with the East' and had gone over to the Communists, who made great play with his name. In the upshot Captain Roemer left Gollnow with the allegiance of Lieutenant Scheringer, who had been told that he need not join the Communist Party but would receive political and other support if he founded a 'patriotic-Bolshevist' group in loose affiliation with it and would publish a newspaper. Otto Strasser gained Wendt for the Black Front. The third lieutenant, Ludin, remained a Nazi.

The further careers of these three confused young men of the despondent nineteen-thirties were typical of the times. Scheringer broke with the Communists when he found that their ardour for 'the national liberation of the German people' was a tactical, and reversible, slogan; today report says that he survives in West Germany and in that case he is again faced with the old dilemma. Wendt, who openly joined the Black Front on his release, was arrested when Hitler came to power and has never been heard of since. Ludin, who was given high office in the Hitlerist Party, was taken prisoner by the Americans at the war's end, handed over to the Czechs and by them publicly hanged.

Otto Strasser went his way, speaking, writing, organizing, fighting. He introduced the platform-debate type of meeting, and challenged Hitler and Goebbels by public placard to confront him at any time or place they chose. He had many stormy platform-battles with the leading spokesmen of other parties, particularly the Communists, Willi Muenzenberg and Kaspar (Strasser was again to meet the first of these two adversaries, Muenzenberg, in a Paris concentration camp, where the French authorities put them both at the approach of the Germans in 1940; both escaped but Muenzenberg was by some hand murdered; Strasser broke through the net; Kaspar, like Leow, was later killed in Moscow). The Nazis, for their part, refused every challenge and never would appear on a platform in public debate with Otto Strasser or his Black Front.

All these were the visible activities, the part of the iceberg which showed above the surface: the Black Front, its newspapers, its meetings, its battles with the Storm Troops. The greater part was the secret organization. Everywhere, and especially in Hitler's party, the Black Front had its men. It was this secret organization, beneath the surface, which enabled Otto Strasser through the years to know so much of what went on inside the Nazi Party, and to make precise, public forecasts of its intentions at a time when the outer world was still persuading itself that Hitler could be guided or tamed. It enabled him, also, to make good his many escapes and later to continue his battle from one foreign country after another; his followers helped constantly with shelter, information, false papers, money and in every way they could.

In 1932 it was still far from certain that any of that would even be necessary. The battle then was not yet lost or won. The prospects of success seemed good for Otto Strasser and his supporters. The Black Front was gaining ground fast; the Hitler Party was going downhill. In November 1932 it lost

two million votes; Goebbels in his diary wrote that the financial position was 'hopeless' and that Hitler had threatened to commit suicide. Gregor Strasser, still inside the party but still fighting for the ideals of Christian national socialism, had good reason to think that he might yet save it and Germany. He had heard from the ageing President von Hindenburg's own lips that the Old Gentleman 'would never make the Bohemian Corporal Chancellor'. The country, worn out with political turmoil, street-fighting, repeated elections that never produced any clear result, economic troubles, and the general condition of permanent-crisis and permanent-emergency, seemed ready to be cured at last.

It was one of those decisive moments, when the future of many nations and millions of human beings hangs in the balance. There was a choice of courses, and the full consequences of the choice which was made cannot even today be approximately assessed; the ruination of the last twenty years is only part, and perhaps only the beginning of them.

One way led to hope. It was that of a coalition between the great masses of National Socialists, disillusioned with Hitler, who would follow Gregor Strasser, reinforced by the followers of his brother Otto, and the great masses of trade-unionist workers, who were equally disillusioned with the German Socialist Party; the whole to have the benevolent backing of the determinant force in the unhappy country, the Reichswehr.

That was the solution to Germany's ills which seemed to be at hand in November 1932. It alone could produce a parliamentary government with a broad basis in the country; Gregor Strasser's name was a guarantee for moderation (had he not expelled Julius Streicher from the Party, and was not his brother Hitler's chief adversary?); Leipart, the moderate trade union leader (a German Ernest Bevin), was ready for it; the Chancellor, General Schleicher, had intimated that the army would show the necessary benevolence by publicly proclaiming himself 'a social general'. Above all, the Old Gentleman had given the Bohemian Corporal a parade-ground dressing-down, raised his crutched stick as if in menace, and sent him away, tail-between-legs.

The present writer well recalls those dank November days of 1932 in Berlin; who that lived through them could forget them! They seemed full of promise. The satanic spirit that was abroad in the land would yet be laid! Gregor Strasser had been twice received by Hindenburg. How could the venerable President even think of entrusting the Chancellorship to a man who surrounded himself with such notorious characters as, for instance, Roehm (long since back from Bolivia). Why, Hindenburg had once disparaged even Goethe as a man of immoral habits and on being reminded, 'But, after all, he wrote *Faust*', had rejoined, 'Yes, that is his only excuse'. Besides, he had told Gregor Strasser that he would never do it.

Then followed those days and nights of intrigue which transformed the scene. Hindenburg had much earlier dismissed Chancellor Bruening for trying to foreclose on the land of those insolvent East Elbian squires, hopelessly indebted to the State, and use it for smallholdings. 'I hear that you have Bolsheviks in your ministry,' the Old Gentleman said, reading from the brief prepared for him by other hands, and out went Bruening. Now General Schleicher, feeling for a broad basis in the land, and trying to prepare the ground for the coalition which was to rest on it, brought up this same proposal!

Behind the scenes there was a stirring, as of some mammoth in a cave: the most powerful groups in Germany gathered themselves for the counterblow. Rather Hitler than this! Let the Bohemian Corporal become Chancellor; they had tanned worse than he. The industrialists in the west had invested too much money in Hitler, and the East Elbian squires were too much alarmed for their acres, for either of them to be ready now to acknowledge the Christian national socialist, Gregor Strasser, as Chancellor, the 'social general' Schleicher as Vice-Chancellor, and the labour leader

Leipart as Labour Minister. Gregor Strasser, going to Hitler to tell him that the President refused to make him Chancellor, but might be ready to bestow that office, or the Vice-Chancellorship, on Gregor Strasser, was brusquely told that Hitler had different information from another source. General Schleicher, being informed of this, set police agents to watch his fallen and envious predecessor von Papen, who was photographed leaving the house of the Cologne banker, Schroeder, after a talk with Hitler; at this meeting Papen had agreed to recommend that his avowed 'comrade', von Hindenburg, should make Hitler Chancellor on the understanding that he would remain the political ward of a majority of non-Nazi elder statesmen, none of whom he might dismiss, in the cabinet which he was to form. On this condition the banker Schroeder renewed the empty Hitlerist treasury and Goebbels's diary began again to take a more optimistic note.

It was the end, save for one more ingenious ruse; the last little touch which the tottering edifice needed to make it fall. The Hindenburgs, father and son, belonged to those East Elbian squires who were rallying in defence of their acres; they had adroitly achieved that by presenting the Hindenburgs with a large property. Now an agent of von Papen brought to the Presidential palace in the Wilhelmstrasse the story that General von Schleicher intended to march on Berlin with the troops of the Potsdam garrison. The Old Gentleman with trembling fingers signed the deed appointing Hitler Chancellor.

The bankers, the industrialists and the landowners, like Dr. Guertner and the Reichswehr earlier, intervened to save Hitler. They were all ranged at this moment against the men who, by saving Germany, would have saved them, their banks, their factories and their land. The Strassers were fighting overwhelming odds. Gregor Strasser was from that moment a broken man, who saw that all he had fought for was to be destroyed and felt, if he did not clearly realize, that he was doomed. He never appeared on the political scene again.

Otto Strasser went on fighting, during those last days of the climacteric, in November and December of 1932 and January of 1933. Towards the end of January he dined in a restaurant Unter den Linden with one of those peripatetic travellers who supply the masses of the world with their 'Inside Information'. Unless they are exceptionally discerning, these diligent inquirers cannot be better informed than their informants, and Madame Genevieve Tabouis, a familiar figure of the political periphery in those days, probably had a happy sense of having penetrated to the innermost kernel of Inside Information that day. She had just come from General Schleicher, she said, who had extended his clenched fist, in the manner of a man crushing something, and said, 'I've got Hitler like that!' Otto Strasser replied, 'Well, if Herr Schleicher really has got Hitler like that he'd better hurry up and crush him, or it will be too late'.

A day or two later the deed had been done. Hitler was Chancellor and deep into the night of January 30th, 1933, the bands and the torchbearing Storm Troopers tramp-tramp-tramped through the Wilhelmstrasse, huzzaing as they passed a closed window behind which an Old Gentleman stood nodding at them and then an open, floodlit one from which Hitler, leaning forward, looked down on his triumph.

The world may have forgotten that the terror did not begin immediately. There was a pause, a kind of false spring, which lasted exactly a month, until the night when the Reichstag burned. During that month life went on without violent alteration; hope and illusion enjoyed a month's extension of lease, and the Hitlerists, as Goebbels's diary later revealed, prepared their master stroke. Germans could not imagine what was to happen: that the methods of the barbarians in Moscow would be imported to Berlin. The outer world waited to see Hitler settle down comfortably as the political ward-in-chancery of the majority of non-Nazi ministers in his government.

One significant incident disturbed this hush before the storm. Hitler did not wait for the Reichstag fire to strike at his chief enemy. Even the Communists as yet were left unscathed! But on February 4th, four days after Germany fell into his clutch, Hitler declared that Otto Strasser's Black Front was 'national Communist' and proscribed its newspapers throughout the Reich. (It may be recorded at this point, for the reader's information, that Otto Strasser's Black Front was the *only German* political organization which did not support Hitler's dictatorship. All the German parties save the Socialists (the alien Communist party was excluded from the vote) voted for the Enabling Bill on which Hitler founded his dictatorship after the Reichstag fire.

Otto Strasser still did not leave Berlin, although he did not sleep at home and took care to leave no compromising papers in his dwelling. He even held a last public meeting during this period (an astonishing exploit, seen in retrospect) in North Berlin. It was an enthusiastic one, and his followers successfully dealt with the Storm Troopers who tried to break it up. For the rest, Strasser took all precautions. The documents and weapons of the Black Front were secreted. Plans were made for a second line of unknown regional leaders to spring into being, and into inter-communication, throughout the country if the known leaders were arrested. The Black Front headquarters office in the Wilhelmstrasse, not far from Hitler's Chancery, remained open, but only a telephonist and a couple of Black Front guards were left in it.

The final coup was brewing, from the effects of which, Germany and the entire West still have not recovered. On February 1st, the day after the triumph, Goebbels had written in his diary: 'We set to work at once ... We discuss new measures for combating the Red terror. For the present we shall abstain from direct action' (hence the four weeks lull). 'First the Bolshevist attempt at a revolution must burst into flame. At the given moment we shall strike.'

On February 27th the Reichstag obligingly 'burst into flame'; this was immediately proclaimed to be 'the Bolshevist attempt at revolution'; and Hitler 'struck', first and foremost at the Black Front. On the morning of February 28th the headquarters office was raided and wrecked and the few unfortunate men in it were taken away. All known leaders and members throughout the country, some thousands in all, were rounded up and taken to concentration camps, where some remained until Hitler's downfall twelve years later.

Although he did not even then immediately leave Germany, that was the start of Otto Strasser's life of flight, pursuit, escape, unrelenting battle, exile and persecution, which has continued for twenty years now, and, in 1953, has left him, one man against a hostile world, in a remote and lonely Nova Scotian village. He was thirty-five when he went underground to carry on his war against Hitler.

**NOTE:**

I have referred [on page 113] to Strasser's 'precise, public forecasts' of Hitler's intentions at a time when the outer world was still persuading itself that Hitler could be guided or tamed. A good example, though it came at a time when the world had at last almost given up these illusions, is his article which appeared on July 15th, 1939 in the *New Statesman*. This foretold with remarkable accuracy the moment when war would break out, the battle-plan of the German armies, the later occupation of Denmark, and the general course and duration of the war. D.R.

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# PART THREE

1933 – 1945

## Chapter One

### INTO EXILE

On that night of February 27th, 1933, the writer of this book saw the first flames leap out of the Reichstag as he drove through the Tiergarten, so that he turned aside and watched Goering and Hitler arrive at the scene and stamp around in simulated horror. Not far away, at the Anhalter Station, Otto Strasser also saw the glow in the sky. The glow and the news spread and from the first startled groups the murmur of fear and surmise passed on to hundreds, and thousands, and then millions of people, who all discussed the event and wondered what it might portend, until all Germany was abuzz with chatter. Very, very few of all those millions, if any at all, could guess that the night's work would alter the entire course of their lives, and of their sons' and grandsons' lives.

One man knew at once what it meant to him personally: Otto Strasser. He asked a taxi-driver what the glow in the sky was and received the answer, 'The Nazis have fired the Reichstag!' (one may wonder fleetingly what became of that astute man in the ensuing calamities). Strasser at once turned back from the train he had intended to catch, to take him to his suburban lodging, and went to an hotel. In this manner began the fantastic journey which continues today, twenty years later.

His survival, in the first six of those years, was the result of his preparatory work in secret organization. He had his unacknowledged followers in all political parties in Germany save the Communist one. They remained at their posts in ministries, party offices, Gestapo bureaus, police headquarters and military formations. Through them and their help Otto Strasser was often able, during the years when he carried on his war against Hitler from outside Germany, to see through doors and walls, to learn of secret orders and conversations, to peruse the contents of his own dossier at Gestapo headquarters, to read the report made by a man who was sent to kill him, and to identify other agents of the Gestapo who were ordered out to track him down. He received correspondence from senior commanders in Hitler's SS, who were ready to venture anything to overthrow their Fuehrer, and from officers in the Reichswehr. These invisible supporters inside Germany supplied him with funds to carry on the struggle in which he had sunk all his own money, sheltered his emissaries and helped him to obtain false passports. On his escape from Germany he travelled for long distances in a car driven by a senior Storm Troop commander, who wore the brown uniform. Had Otto Strasser and his followers received help, later, from those Western countries which were supposedly leagued together to destroy Hitler, Hitler would very much sooner have been destroyed. But in the course of events the rulers of these countries turned against Hitler's chief adversary as vindictively as if he had been Hitler's friend. His sin, apparently, was that he was also the enemy of Communism.

While the Black Front headquarters office in Berlin was being demolished and ransacked, on the morning of February 28th, 1933, Otto Strasser was already on his way to a little Thuringian holiday resort which had long before been chosen as the first secret headquarters in such an emergency. From there he issued the following order to his followers throughout the country: 'All members of the Black Front who are not known as such to the police are immediately to apply for membership of the Army, the National Socialist Party, the Storm Troops and the SS, and to continue their political activity inside those organizations.'

This order became known to the Gestapo and Black Front men in the concentration camps were tortured to make them betray their associates. Thanks to the precautionary selection of second-line leaders, who were not known to be his men, Otto Strasser was able from his Thuringian hideout, by means of simple telephone calls, to keep all the threads of his organization in his hand, to issue orders and receive reports; in those early days telephone calls were not tapped. Then, after a week,

he received an urgent code message from one of his men inside the Gestapo, informing him that a Black Front man had broken under torture and revealed the approximate location of Strasser's hiding-place. He at once left the Thuringian inn (the day before the Gestapo arrived to arrest him, as he subsequently learned) and went to his second secret headquarters, in a Bavarian village, and then, at the end of March, to a third, a lonely house in the Teutoburger Forest. There he held conference with his four chief helpers in West Germany; they met on the shores of Steinhuder Lake (while some thousands of Storm Troopers paraded nearby with bands and flags), agreed their plans, and dispersed.

In the middle of April Strasser returned to Bavaria; this was the occasion when he was driven by a uniformed Storm Troop commander and was shadowed, through town and countryside, day and night, by a Berlin police-tender full of SS-men. Strasser gave them the slip by a quick side-turn into a barn and got clean away, afterwards receiving from his men in Gestapo headquarters a copy of the report made by these pursuers in excuse of their failure to catch him: 'Otto Strasser is known as a violent man who habitually carries a machine-pistol; for that reason, my plan was to wait until darkness fell and then blind his oncoming car with the beam of the searchlight before proceeding to the arrest.' Before 'darkness fell' Strasser had eluded them by that sudden duck into the barn.

These were his last days in Germany. The odds were too great and capture was certain in the end, unless he escaped abroad. He held a last fantastic *Fuehrerbesprechung*, a conference of leaders, on the green slopes of the Bavarian Alps within sight of the Austrian frontier, and very nearly tested his luck too far that day. Armed SS frontier guards on patrol appeared over the shoulder of the mountain, questioned the four men suspiciously and then sat down a little way off to keep an eye on them. Friendly nature solved that dilemma for Otto Strasser and his captains; a sudden and torrential deluge came out of a sky cloudlessly blue a few moments before and the SS men, after standing their ground for a few moments, decided that their suspicions were not worth getting drowned for and made off.

That was the end, and even then Otto Strasser had been living on borrowed time for more than three months. On May 8th, 1933, the Nazi Minister of the Interior, Frick, was moved by some impulse of earlier comradeship to warn Gregor Strasser that Goering had learned of Otto's hideout, on the Chiemsee, and had dispatched a special commando of killers thither. Gregor at once took aeroplane to Munich and sent warning and a motor car to Otto, whom he entreated to escape at once. Thus the terrorists, when they reached the lonely farmhouse near the Chiemsee, found it empty of Otto Strasser. However, he had not crossed the frontier; some premonition would not let him leave without seeing his brother. He made his way in disguise into Munich on May 9th, 1933, and there met Gregor, for the last time, in the house of a mutual friend who was also a senior SS commander but loyal to his old friendship with the Strassers.

Gregor, says his brother, was spiritually broken. He had been betrayed by those to whom he had looked to save the country and the party. He had been within an inch of success, had almost become Chancellor of the broad national coalition which would have averted all that happened after January 30th, 1933. Now outcast, he knew the consuming spiritual loneliness of the good man in an evil time. He had been encouraged to feel secure in his Berlin chemical works, but knew that he was not so; the foreboding of his appalling end was heavy on him. He now saw the emptiness of the hope, which he had so long cherished, of reforming Hitler; life was a darkening desert for him. There had been a time, many years before, when Hitler's niece, one Gely Raubal, had come to a sudden and mysterious end, never yet explained; Hitler then had raved and stormed and foamed like a madman for days and nights on end and Gregor Strasser, never sleeping, had nursed and restored to reason the man in whom he then saw the hope of salvation for Germany.



His mood now was that of fatalistic resignation. The difference between these two brothers is most clearly shown by their words and bearing at that last meeting. 'Goering will shoot us both,' said Gregor sadly. 'Or we him, that is certain,' retorted Otto hotly. Otto entreated Gregor to accompany him into exile and resume the struggle from across the frontiers. Gregor was past that; he had not the strength to go on. His destiny was resignation and surrender; Otto's was resolve and resistance. They shook hands and Otto went. Gregor returned to Berlin. In June 1934 he told a friend, 'Don't come to my house any more. I am surrounded by murderers and spies. But see to it, you and all our friends, that you carry on our struggle for a German socialism. Hitler and his creatures never understood it; they never had any ideas or ideals, they only wanted power. The tragedy of these people is that they have no reverence and no humility.' On June 30th, 1934, Gregor Strasser was seized in his home, taken to Gestapo headquarters and there shot in a cell.

About twelve hundred people, as far as can be learned, were shot during that first of Hitler's massacres. In 1945 and later the occupying Powers, and the Western German governments set up under their protection, although they investigated and tried all manner of 'war crimes' and other questions, never deigned to reopen the matter of the 1934 bloodbath, or tried to bring the murderers to book. Many of the people killed were innocent even of any participation in politics, let alone of any crime; one man, for instance, was shot because his name chanced to be the same as that of another man, against whom some Hitlerist gunman had a grudge. The killing of Gregor Strasser, General and Frau Schleicher and many others was murder impure and simple, without any vestige of extenuating circumstance. Hitler's conquerors allowed it to remain unpunished. Some inquiry seems since to have been carried out by the West German Government, but with little result.

That very night of May 9th, 1933, Otto Strasser was driven to a place in the Bavarian Alps near the Austrian frontier. About midnight, led by a guide who knew every inch of the way, he began to climb, along narrow and precipitous paths made by the hooves of the chamois. As dawn broke on May 10th, 1933, he crossed the frontier and in the evening he reached Kufstein, whence he made his way to the new headquarters of his war against Hitler: Vienna.

He had lived to fight another day and knew that hard years lay before him, but had he been able to foresee all that would befall him in the next twenty years he might have paused and asked himself whether it was all worth while. Being the man he is, he would certainly have answered yes even to that question and have gone on.

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## Chapter Two

### ... FOR HIM THAT GOETH AWAY<sup>[15]</sup>

Nevertheless, even a stouthearted man may be thankful that his morrows' disappointments and tribulations are hidden from him. Otto Strasser, coming down at dawn from the Bavarian Alps into Austria, breathed the sweet air of freedom and of safety and his spirit sang the song of triumph over pursuers foiled. It was May; it was good to be thirty-five in 1933, and free and full of fight. *Morgen ist auch ein Tag*, he thought as he looked back at Germany and wondered how soon he would return. It would not be long; it could not be. Germany would not much longer suffer the curse that had come upon it, or if Germany did, then the world would not. The end of Germany would be the end of Europe and of the Christian West. That was inconceivable, in 1933. He turned his face towards Vienna and tramped on, in good heart.

Exile is a hard thing. All through history upright and courageous leaders have been forced into exile because it was the only way to remain alive and at liberty and to carry on their fight. Their lesser known followers, who remain silent in the homeland, are spiritually exiled even there, because they cannot confess or uphold their beliefs, and for Christian patriots such an existence as that is but living death. Otto Strasser was one of the very first of the greatest multitude of exiles, in this sense, which the Christian West has seen since it began. Today millions of men, still living in their native lands, have been made exiles of the soul by the things which their governments have done. Five years after Otto Strasser crossed that first frontier great masses of Englishmen felt that they had been mockingly deprived of their birthright when a British Prime Minister helped Hitler to the territory of 'a small country far away'; and did so, not in the tone of humble powerlessness to prevent the spoliation, but in one of arrogant self-righteousness. Even that was a petty misdemeanour compared with the capital deed of seven years later, when an American President and a British Prime Minister abandoned half of Christian Europe to the Asiatics. Millions of Americans, too, then lost their spiritual patrimony and became exiles in their own country. The redemption or extinction of the Christian West depend on this great mass of unknown exiles in all its countries, who as yet are constrained to acquiesce in things which their souls abominate, and on their ability, or inability, to check the rakes' progress of their rulers. For such men, in all countries, Otto Strasser is not just a German exile; he is of themselves; his lot diminishes them too, because they are all equally involved in the fate of mankind in the Christian West.

In that May of 1933 he hoped to continue his fight against Hitler from Austria until it was won, for he could not foresee the future or imagine that Western politicians would take up the lackey's work of stretching the red carpet before Hitler's feet, where Dr. Guertner, the Reichswehr, the German bankers, industrialists and landowners had laid it down. After four months it was becoming clear, indeed, that Hitler was befouling Germany by deeds of a kind of which Europe had seemed to be for ever cleansed; they were recognizably Asiatic and were inspired by Soviet Communism. Even so, it still remained unimaginable that his Gestapo would kill and kidnap *beyond* the German frontiers. That was a criminal insolence undreamed of in Europe, before it happened; today, only twenty years later, a public kidnapping by the Communist Gestapo of some British, American or German citizen is so commonplace a thing that it does not greatly disturb the surface of the day's news. But in 1933 Otto Strasser was entitled to think himself safe in Vienna. He learned differently in less than two months, for Hitler struck at him almost immediately and as the summer waxed he was once more on the run.

Before leaving Germany he had made all preparations to continue his one-man war from Vienna. His followers there were ready to print the first Black Front newspaper outside Germany's borders; it was called *Der Schwarze Sender*, or *The Secret Sender*, and from the moment of Strasser's arrival

it began to be printed and smuggled across the frontier into Germany. In addition, small-type pamphlets on thin paper were prepared, which could at need be screwed into a tiny ball and swallowed, and these were sent over the mountains in large quantities, fifty thousand at a time. The content of these publications was always the same: that Hitler had betrayed Christian national socialism in return for monetary and other support from interested parties, that he was leading Germany headlong into war, and that this war would end disastrously. Strasser even then saw the mortal danger of that partitioning of Germany which was in truth to be the partitioning of Europe, and of the Christian West; he comprehended this greater significance of the coming event which cast its shadow over his country.

The present writer is able to testify to the hatred which the Nazis bore the Black Front. Arriving in Vienna two years later, he attended the trial of some Austrian Nazis on charges of dynamiting. The leader of these men, in defending himself, deviated into a long and violent attack on the Black Front and clearly showed that he and his companions were taught to regard Otto Strasser's organization as their foremost enemy.

That was in 1935. In 1933 Austria still was, or seemed to be, an independent and sovereign state, much troubled by the activities of Hitler's Austrian supporters but resolved to maintain its authority; the Western governments and the Italian dictator, Mussolini, professed to be equally determined, though for different reasons, to uphold its independence. Otto Strasser saw no reason to fear any hindrance in his work. He was in a citadel of anti-Hitlerism and was fighting Hitler. The sudden disillusionment came on July 4th, 1933.

He was living in Vienna as Herr Müller, his supporters in Germany having obtained for him a German passport in that name. In two months he had greatly intensified his campaign and the stream of anti-Hitlerist literature, pouring across the mountain passes, was seriously worrying Hitler, Goering and Goebbels and bringing down their wrath on the head of the Gestapo. At this same time the Austrian Nazis, on orders from the Reich, were exploding bombs and committing other acts of violence in various parts of Austria. On July 4th Otto Strasser returned to Vienna late from a precautionary visit to Prague, where he had surveyed the ground for yet another secret headquarters, should need arise. Finding that his key, for some reason, would not open the door of his dwelling, he wakened the janitor, who told him, 'Oh, Herr Müller, the police were here today and arrested your landlady; they have sealed off the apartment.'

Strasser was bewildered (was not this the Austria of Dollfuss, that fought for its life against Hitler?) but was at once on guard. After a moment's thought he decided to keep on the move that night, a decision to which he was helped by the fact that he had returned from Prague with exactly one Austrian *Schilling* in his pocket (during all these years the money problem was an enemy nearly as harassing as Hitler). The night was chilly and he had neither overcoat nor (as he remarked in telling of this adventure), the wherewithal to seek that warmth which the pleasures of the town might offer in such a dilemma. Thus he walked about all night and when the first cheap coffee houses opened he went into one to buy, for half of that solitary Schilling, a cup of coffee, with sugar and whipped cream, and a roll. It entitled him also to the morning newspapers, and the sleepy *Ober* brought him one. He opened it and received his first major shock since leaving Germany. It said that the Black Front was responsible for the bomb outrages, that the leaders of 'this criminal organization', seventeen men and two women, had been arrested during the night, but that *the* Leader, one Dr. Otto Strasser, had unfortunately escaped.

He was shaken and stupefied. Why should he, Hitler's arch-enemy, and his men try to destroy Austria? Its survival meant their survival; its life or death was their life or death. Everyone knew who was planting and throwing these bombs. For what conceivable reason could he and his Black Front have been saddled with the blame?

Otto Strasser's astonishment, that morning, gives the standard by which the deterioration of our times may be measured. Even in 1933 a traitor was an almost inconceivable thing. Later the world became accustomed to the spectacle of suborned men, in many countries, who betrayed native lands to serve Hitler; many of them were executed for it. Thereafter the world became even more accustomed to this same spectacle in an even more repulsive form, but one which, by some strange alchemy, gained a kind of respectability. The scientists and politicians and journalists and professors who served and deserted to the Red Tsar (instead of the brown one) became numerous and familiar in the daily news, but seldom were they punished or even too harshly reproached; a subtle machinery of condonation was in their behalf set in motion.

Otto Strasser was one of the earliest victims of such a man, of the brown variety. The explanation for the baffling news he read in that morning's newspaper became known a year later, in July 1934, when Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered and his own Viennese Chief of Police, Dr. Steinhäusl, was found after the suppression of that revolt to have been among the conspirators (he was given a long term of imprisonment but after Hitler's invasion of Austria was restored to his police chiefdom). In July 1933 this Dr. Steinhäusl was trying to serve his secret masters by destroying Hitler's chief adversary, Otto Strasser.

Thus at his first brush with the Gestapo outside Germany Strasser escaped only by the fluke of absence. He could not at that instant even guess at the truth, but he knew that danger was upon him. He had to get out of Vienna, at once; and he had the equivalent of sixpence. His cousin (who was also his landlady) was under arrest. He could think only of one possible source of help. She was secretary to an editor in the employ of the Ullstein publishing house. To this man's office he went, a long walk right across the city after a sleepless night and a spoiled breakfast, and gained admission under another false name. He still laughs today when he tells of that encounter.

The man behind the table looked up, showed horrified surprise, and sprang up with hands spread before him as if to ward off some apparition. 'Go away, go away at once!' he said. 'Not without a hundred Schillings to get to Prague,' said Strasser, 'and if you don't give them to me I'll stay here and be arrested in your office, and you will be arrested too.' Frightened though he was, the man immediately recalled that the fare to Prague was but sixty-nine Schillings. 'But I want something for a taxi and food,' insisted Strasser. 'Here you are then, take it and go,' said the man. 'I'll send you a receipt,' said Strasser. Up came the protesting hands again: 'No, no, don't give me a receipt, just go away from here, go away quickly.'

Pushed out of the door, Strasser found himself in the street. He was a fugitive again, and could not then imagine why; he only knew that he had to escape quickly, but how? He assumed now that the police had identified him with 'Herr Müller' and that all frontier stations would have been warned to watch for a man with a passport in that name. After much thought he decided that there was only one thing for it, namely, to try the tram.

This relic of the past ran from a terminus in the middle of Vienna, only a few yards from that conjuncture of the Ring and the Kaerntnerstrasse, where the Opera stands, which is the city's equivalent of London's Piccadilly Circus. The tram went from there straight along the main road to Bratislava, two hours away. It was a survival of the happy days that ended in 1914, when Bratislava (then Pressburg) had been to Vienna as Windsor to London. That was in the time of Austria-Hungary, and now Pressburg lay just across the frontier, in the new State of Czechoslovakia. Where so much had changed, decayed and gone, the tram still ran, as if the decline and fall of this and the rise of that meant nothing to it. It even claimed still to be bound for 'Pressburg', whereas the Slovaks at the journey's end claimed that there was no such place, but only 'Bratislava'.

The present writer himself used that tram some years later and recalls the easygoing *Gemuetlichkeit* which prevailed aboard it. There was little supervision of the travellers who used it; many of them were people who came and went every day, commuters who for a few years yet were to be allowed peaceably to commute. Sometimes passports were not even examined; it was a pleasant ride in those darkening years.

This was a chance, possibly a last chance, in July 1933, and Otto Strasser took it. He walked down the Ring and got aboard and two hours later was in Bratislava, a free man in free Czechoslovakia. He had not even been asked to show Herr Müller's passport. He has had an astonishing run of luck, as this book will show. At the baccarat table it would have broken any bank ten times over.

Now he put his second frontier behind him. Still ignorant of any reason why he should be driven from Austria, he turned his face towards Prague, and began all over again.

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## Chapter Three

### AN EPIC OF DEFIANCE

Vienna, behind him, was an imperial city on the twilit edge of oblivion; the monuments of its great history, the natural beauty of its site, between river, plain, woods and hills, and the heavy feeling of tragic expectation that overhung it in those years combined to fill the sensitive beholder with an almost painful sadness. Prague, which in different ways was nearly as beautiful, appeared to be its opposite: the vassal city liberated from the imperial thrall, eagerly inhaling the air of its new freedom, looking forward and upward to greater days yet to come. Yet both were equally cities in suspense; though the mass of their inhabitants, as they went about their daily tasks, seemed unaware of the menace, it was clear to the present writer, and so was its ominous meaning for the outer world. Vienna, Prague and Budapest were outmost citadels of the Christian West. Their fall meant its own more imminent peril. The relative indifference of the West to their lot in 1938, and its apparently complete indifference to their fate in 1945, was the clearest sign of the torpid or confused mood into which the people and the area of Western civilization had fallen during the third and fourth decades of the twentieth century.

Otto Strasser carried on his war against Hitler from Prague for five years, until the fatal day when the British and French Prime Ministers and the Italian dictator, with the cordial approval of the American president, opened the doors of Czechoslovakia to Hitler. He fought all through those years, at the daily risk of his life and at the cost of many of his supporters' lives.

In the judgment of this writer he is rare, if not unique among political exiles in that he *fights* and has always fought. The political exile often deserves sympathy, but seldom do his deeds command that respect which is due to Otto Strasser's. Usually he becomes a man of the Café des Exilés and the reading room, a sad debater in little restaurants where he foregathers with his fellow-exiles, a writer of letters to the *New Statesman* or *New Republic*, a speaker to little indignant assemblies of the intelligentsia and the literati in Bloomsbury or Greenwich Village; the present scribe has attended many of these melancholy meetings in a dozen capitals. The German Socialist, Centrist and Democratic politicians who went into exile were all of this type, and the Communist ones were as ineffective as they until Mr. Roosevelt imperially conveyed the title deeds of Eastern Europe to the Red Army, when beneath that iron umbrella they became bold. Otto Strasser was the only one of them all who *fought*.

His remarkable energy and talent for organization alone enabled him to continue that fight. Not the outbreak of war, or even the width of the Atlantic, could later break all the threads he had woven with his supporters in Germany, or subdue his irrepressible resolve to renew and extend that network. In 1933 in Prague he very quickly gathered friends around him and was supplied with enough money to resume his campaign. Through them, also, he was provided with a new German passport bearing Hitler's swastika on it. It was a genuine passport, though not his; it belonged to a supporter in Germany whose appearance and description approximated to his, and his picture had been skilfully substituted for that of its owner.

He informed the authorities of his arrival and identity and of the name under which he was living (as a lodger in the dwelling of an unsuspecting postman and his wife). He felt safe in Prague; he knew that no Czech policeman would want to deliver him to Hitler. He was given a desk in the office of a friend and set busily to work; he resumed contact with his followers in Germany, began to publish a newspaper and to print masses of thin-paper literature for smuggling over the frontier, and prepared his masterstroke: a secret radio transmitter.

Only five months passed before Hitler struck at him again, in the heart of united Czechoslovakia. As he lay abed, in the early morning of November 25th, 1933, his corpulent landlady burst in, exclaiming breathlessly, 'Police!' Close behind her pressed two detectives with levelled revolvers, who addressed the sleepy man in the bed in harsh and voluble Czech. He asked them to speak German, whereon they asked if he were 'Herr Müller' (the name he had used in Vienna). He said he was not and showed his admirable new passport. The date, name and the swastika on it non-plussed the two men who, after insisting that Herr Müller must live there, at length retired, muttering. Soon the landlady waddled back into the room, excitedly saying in broken German, 'Outside two policeman more, with revolver, by big motor car, all very cross.'

Having informed the Prague police of his assumed name and identity Strasser surmised that some strange mistake had occurred and was not much alarmed until he went to Police Headquarters to ask an explanation. There he was told that the Prague police never used motor cars and that no such visit had been made by them. Later inquiry revealed that the waiting motor car with the four pretended detectives in it had carried a German number (the IIA of Munich), and that before driving away in disgust they had thrown down in the gutter (where it was found) a chloroformed gag.

The chain of events was eventually pieced together thus: Otto Strasser had evidently been seen and followed to his lodging by someone who knew him and the name he had used in Vienna, and had betrayed him to the Gestapo. Abduction across the frontier (a thing now familiar but then unknown) had been planned, but the Gestapo needed for this purpose men who spoke fluent Czech and could pass themselves off as Czech detectives. To that end they used Sudeten Germans from the bilingual borderland, who spoke perfect Czech indeed but could not personally know Strasser. The possibility that he would have acquired yet another name and so convincing a passport had evidently been overlooked, and the sham detectives had been thrown out of the stride of their purpose by its production; they could not afford to make a mistake and assumed that their informer had erred.

This affair shook Prague badly. It was a warning, not only to Otto Strasser, but also to the Czechs. For the first time they realized, in November 1933, how near and how daring their enemy was; people who lived through the later climax of Hitler's violence may have forgotten how unready the world was, in those earlier years, to believe him capable of such things, and in this respect the Czechs were not much less complacent than others further away. Strict precautions were taken to prevent any further exploits of the same kind, but they were restricted to Prague, so that a later fantastic stroke of the Gestapo against Otto Strasser and his friends was murderously successful, as this story will show.

For the moment he had a respite of three months; not until March 1934 was the next attempt upon him made. He used the time well, and produced masses of miniature anti-Hitlerist newspapers, pamphlets and letters to his followers. From Czechoslovakia, as from Austria, these were smuggled into the Reich by reckless men who risked and often lost their lives for no other reward than the hope of contributing to the end of Hitler. Germans, Sudeten Germans and Czechs all helped in the work. They crossed the frontiers by secret paths at night with knapsacks on their backs containing thousands of these flimsies in envelopes stamped, with German stamps, ready for posting. When they reached Leipzig or Dresden and had posted their loads at some main post office they would buy enough stamps for the next consignment and return for more. These purchases of postage stamps, which were essential to the campaign, were in themselves most dangerous undertakings, for the Gestapo were doing their utmost to trace the source of Otto Strasser's missives and had instructed the post offices to keep a watch on anyone buying large quantities of stamps. This very danger had caused the British intelligence service in the 1914-18 war to forge German, Austrian and Bavarian stamps (they are still sometimes to be found in the stamp-dealing market) so that their

agents inside the enemy countries should not run the risk involved in purchasing stamps at post offices.

Otto Strasser is at once a student of political warfare and a man of natural ingenuity, so that some of the methods he devised and practised in his one-man war against Hitler were original and amusing. He had an envelope of the German Medical Association sent to him in Prague and made fifty thousand facsimiles of it. These he filled with his leaflets, leaving the flap (with its respectable legend) unstuck, and posted them, inside Germany, at the printed matter rate! He had the letterheads of the German Jurists Association copied and used for the postal distribution of violently anti-Hitlerist literature. In such enterprises as this his helpers inside Germany were invaluable to him. He smuggled into Germany several millions of glued, stick-on labels, rather bigger than an ordinary postage stamp, which bore the emblem of the Black Front and some threatening message addressed to Hitler. These were pasted on doors, walls, windows, trains, trams, pavements, hoardings, Nazi party offices, Brownshirt headquarters and military barracks all over Germany. It was simple to hold one in the palm of the hand and leave it somewhere in passing with an almost imperceptible movement, so that these little black warnings sometimes appeared on the desks of high Nazi leaders; similarly, the habitués of German cafés, as they opened their newspapers, often found Otto Strasser's smuggled newspaper neatly folded inside them.

In March 1934 the Gestapo made its next bid for Strasser's head. This was a subtle undertaking, clearly long thought out and well prepared, and it involved the treachery of one of his closest companions and the complicity of two Jews, who were added to the cast of the plot to disarm any suspicions he might have.

Today treachery is an epidemic disease, and the professional student of politics can trace its spread and course back through its tributary, Hitlerism, to its parent stream and fount, Communism, as a district medical officer, once an outbreak has been recognized and charted, can trace the contagion back to the original carrier. It is the deadliest disease of the twentieth century, more malignant and lethal in its effects than cancer or any other, for it kills nations. It is a killer of individuals too, directly and by infection; it produces physical death on the scale of a virulent plague. Its spiritual ravages are worse than, and ultimately show themselves in physical deterioration; treachery has its own face, as recognizable as that of dipsomania, for it is a poison. The tribe of Judas is the most miserable of all the peoples that on earth do dwell; its numbers are at this passing moment greater than they ever were in the history of the Christian West, and each separate traitor's end is as wretched as that of the original Judas; from that there is no escape. The book of traitors of the twentieth century, if it were written, would be a many-volumed encyclopaedia of human degradation and a physically healthy man might fall sick in the writing of it. If the Christian West were to be crucified, the Judases would have done it, and they would hang themselves or be hanged immediately after.

In 1934 all that was still in the egg, or barely out of it, and was too new and unbelievable a thing for the reaction against it to have occurred; indeed, the disease has only been half-identified today, twenty years later. In 1934 it was still customary to accept as genuine the allegiances which men professed, for until 1914, or 1917, it had been each man's pride to wear the rose of his loyalty, to speak his mind and say the truth. Otto Strasser knew that he was a man with a price on his head and was alert, but he had not yet sat at table with treachery and is by nature candid and loyal himself. He assumed that others who appeared to be exiled in Prague for the same reason as he, and who seemed ready to share his own dangers in the fight against Hitler, were what they claimed to be. This trustfulness almost cost him his life, once more, but thereafter he was an infinitely wary man, most difficult to entrap.



Two attempts to capture him by force had failed. This time flattery and trickery were tried; from the recipes of political witchcraft the methods and disguises of the confidence man were chosen and applied. There was the rich man with a bag of money, looking for someone trustworthy enough to help him distribute it; there were the two friends, of respectability so patent that it subtly guaranteed his own probity; there was the victim, Otto Strasser. That is the ancient and traditional grouping of a confidence trick; it has been so played in innumerable hotel lobbies and ship saloons.

On this occasion there was a fifth player, added to give even greater emphasis to the rich man's integrity and wealth. This key-man, who became involved, was Alfred Franke-Griksch. He was one of Otto Strasser's chief and most trusted helpers in the war he was waging from Prague, and, like Strasser, went under an assumed name there: Hildebrand. (He will be called Hildebrand in this chapter to avoid confusion between him and the rich man, who when he set out to ensnare Otto Strasser called himself 'Mr. Frank'.)

Mr. Frank presented himself in a winning way and under good auspices. After the unsuccessful attempt made by the sham detectives, Otto Strasser's presence in Prague had become publicly known and in March 1934 he gave a lecture on National Socialism, which was widely reported, at Prague University. The very next day he received the visit of a well-dressed 'Dutch gentleman', this Mr. Frank, who in faulty German expressed great admiration for the lecture and offered Strasser financial support in his war against Hitler on behalf of 'an American anti-Nazi organization', which he did not name. He was accompanied by a respectable Jewish citizen of Prague, to whose sister Mr. Frank said he was engaged. Here was the first subtle warranty for his good faith; what Jew of Prague would not want to help Otto Strasser and 'an American anti-Nazi organization'? The Gestapo knew how to stage a confidence trick.

Mr. Frank offered, without any conditions, to pay for five thousand copies of each number of Otto Strasser's weekly paper (which was being smuggled into Germany in the manner I have described) for a period of three months, and put down the money. (The walls of Otto Strasser's tiny room in Nova Scotia ring with his laughter even today when he recalls that at the end of this episode some sixty thousand crowns of Gestapo money had gone to swell the stream of his anti-Hitlerist literature as it flowed across the frontier into Germany; this is his most beautiful memory of the twenty years.)

The gilt edge of Mr. Frank's credentials having thus been tested and verified, he reappeared in Prague three months later with a pressing invitation to Strasser to go to Paris and there meet Mr. Frank's 'chief'. This was in June 1934 and Mr. Frank on this occasion spoke portentously of great political upheavals which were about to occur in Germany; these, he said, would show the strength of the 'anti-Nazi organization' which he represented. (Mr. Frank was well informed, although the information he thus imparted to Otto Strasser was the opposite of what he knew. Great events in fact impended in Germany, for June 30th, 1934, was to bring the great massacre. It seems clear now, in the light of that event, that the aim of the Gestapo was to get rid of Otto Strasser on the same day as his brother Gregor.)

Otto Strasser was a wary man by this time and took every precaution he could. He asked the Prague police about Mr. Frank, and also about his Jewish companion, guarantor and supposed brother-in-law to be. The reply seemed reassuring as far as it went. The police said they could only ascertain that Mr. Frank had a good *British* passport (that was at first sight surprising but on reflection also appeared reassuring) and that his close acquaintanceship with a Jewish citizen of good professional standing, seemed to vouch for his good faith. From Strasser's point of view, there was every reason to avail himself of this, his first offer of outside support, if it were genuine. The two great difficulties under which he and his friends constantly laboured in their fight against Hitler were, precisely, the lack of funds and the absence of foreign support. Help in both these forms was

available lavishly and continuously to the Communists, from Moscow, and to the Jews, from Political Zionism, but plain patriotic Germans could obtain none, and this situation has continued right through the Hitler years until the present day. Thus the trap which the Gestapo laid for Otto Strasser in June of 1934 was cleverly baited.

He continued to be cautious, but there is one peril against which a man in his position cannot devise any complete precaution. This is the treachery of a trusted colleague. Strasser had to have helpers, and of these had to trust some more than others; otherwise he would have had to abandon the fight, for he could not be everywhere at once or do everything himself. From the instinct of caution he conducted his negotiations with Mr. Frank through the man in whom he confided: Hildebrand. He learned later, as this story will show, that Hildebrand had been suborned and was preparing to disclose information concerning the Black Front and then to desert to Hitler. At this point, therefore, the confidence trick had taken shape; Strasser thought he was dealing with devoted and resolute anti-Hitlerists in Mr. Frank and Hildebrand and in fact had to do with a Gestapo agent and a deserter.

Having done all he could to check and verify, Otto Strasser made the journey to Paris to meet Mr. Frank's 'chief'. Mr. Frank was there, alone, and said his 'chief' had unfortunately had to go to Saarbrücken (in the Saar Territory, then still under League of Nations administration) to meet Konrad Heiden, the anti-Hitlerist writer, and would await Strasser there. That seemed plausible and Strasser agreed to go to Saarbrücken, but did not mention that he knew Heiden well. On arrival he visited the writer, who said he had never heard of Mr. Frank, the anti-Nazi organization, or the chief!

Strasser's suspicions immediately erected themselves like a porcupine's quills. He kept his appointment with Mr. Frank, but now thought to notice signs of great inner excitement in Mr. Frank's manner. It was suddenly borne in on Strasser, also, that he had seen a number of husky SS-men (recognizable, to his practised eye, by their high boots) hanging about the street in front of the hotel and that the German frontier was but ten minutes distant. He made an excuse about a telephone call, left his bag under Mr. Frank's eye in token of his intention to return (as one confidence man to another), walked downstairs, jumped into a taxi outside the hotel and drove away while the nonplussed SS-men stared uncertainly after him. A few days later came the massacre of June 30th, 1934, in Germany.

Even then Mr. Frank did not give up. He appeared once more in Prague in July, reproached Strasser severely and sorrowfully for his desertion at Saarbrücken, and depicted the events in Germany as the proof of his earlier words about the 'anti-Nazi organization'. All had been ready for the overthrow of Hitler, but unhappily the gun had backfired! Now the need to rid the world of that wicked man was greater than ever.

He found Strasser sharper on his guard than ever before. The bloodbath in Germany had, for a brief moment, even appalled the listless world, and Strasser himself now had reason, not only for deeper hatred of Hitler than he had formerly felt, but for even livelier awareness of his own mortal danger. He was by this time the last man on earth to walk into a snare. However, his suspicions were still only suspicions, as far as Mr. Frank was concerned, and Mr. Frank did not give up. He knew that unusually convincing arguments would be necessary, if Strasser were to be persuaded, and he played his trump card: Hildebrand, in whom Strasser still had perfect faith.

Mr. Frank urged Strasser to go with him at once, by special aeroplane, to London to see 'the chief'. Strasser firmly declined. Thereon Mr. Frank said, 'If you don't trust me I am willing for your friend, Dr. Mahr, to pilot the aeroplane'.

This was the trump card. Dr. Mahr, the son of the proprietor of a famous store in Berlin, was the second Jewish character in the drama. He was in Prague as an actively resentful 'refugee from Hitlerist oppression'. He was an old and close friend of, and had been introduced to Strasser by, Hildebrand, whose schoolmate he had been in Germany. Strasser's implicit confidence in Hildebrand extended to his friend, Dr. Mahr. Thus Mr. Frank's offer to have Dr. Mahr pilot the aeroplane was implicitly vouched for by Strasser's own chief helper of that time; and Dr. Mahr also appeared (as Mr. Frank's other Jewish acquaintance had appeared) to be above all suspicion in the sincerity of his anti-Hitlerism.

In circumstances so grouped, even a man in Otto Strasser's position might be put off his guard. After all, if there was a genuine 'anti-Nazi organization' behind all this, ready to help him in his lonely and difficult campaign, the opportunity was not to be missed; none such had come his way. However, he telephoned the Prague Chief of Police before making a decision. Dr. Mahr overheard this telephone call and when the police went to interview Mr. Frank, the bird was flown.

On that, all Strasser's suspicions awoke and he felt that he could trust no man. He had both Hildebrand and Dr. Mahr quietly watched by the Prague police and in the autumn of 1934 Hildebrand at last revealed himself by taking flight, to Switzerland. Thereon Strasser had Dr. Mahr arrested, who confessed the whole plot (he was sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment; the story is told in a book by Dr. Caspari, *Mord Zentrale X*, which was published by the Reso Verlag in Zurich). Dr. Mahr asserted that Hildebrand had taken money from Mr. Frank and had revealed secrets of the Black Front; Strasser believed that this led to the identification of many Black Front men in Germany who then disappeared in concentration camps. Hildebrand went to Germany, became a colonel of SS troops, and made a curious reappearance in German affairs after the war. Strasser thought that he or Dr. Mahr must have revealed the location of Strasser's secret radio station, which was the object of the next Gestapo attempt. Dr. Mahr confessed that he was to have landed the aeroplane with Mr. Frank and Otto Strasser in Germany. After his release he was vaguely heard of in Copenhagen, then faded from the scene. 'Mr. Frank' (it later transpired) was one Wenzel Heindl, head of the anti-Black Front section of the Gestapo.

Hildebrand's desertion was unique among the Black Front leaders; most of the others gave their lives for their cause. He returned to Prague in 1939 with Hitler's invading armies. Two of Strasser's foremost helpers, Kremmin and Doepke, were then arrested and beheaded. No complicity of Hildebrand in their deaths has been established.

The two Jews who played parts in this little drama of five men belong to the tale of Hitler's Jewish agents. It is a long one, ranging from the woman who received a personal letter of thanks from Hitler for her help in bringing about his triumph at Munich to the man who was Hitler's leading representative in Spain throughout the Second War; but it will never be told because the politicians of our day unite in suppressing this chapter of the whole story. It has no separate significance (apart from the great significance of this suppression). Treachery, being a disease, knows no distinctions of race, class, colour or anything else; if there are traitors there will be Gentile and Jewish traitors, rich and poor traitors, traitors white and traitors black.

Their appearance in this narrative, however, offers the appropriate opportunity to discuss Otto Strasser and the Jews, because Political Jewry (that is, Political Zionism) joined its influence to that of Communism in perpetuating his exile and preventing his return to Germany. Strasser is honest and candid in his opinions about Jewry, as in all political questions. He holds this to be an important political question, and he never courted political support by echoing the sycophantic slogans of those who (as a Jewish, anti-Zionist writer said) for one reason or another seek Jewish favour. He is above personal or generalized antipathies; a Christian cannot yield to these (and his brother and he expelled Julius Streicher from the imprisoned Hitler's party). To him, Mr. Frank's

Jewish companion was implicit guarantee of good faith; to him, Dr. Mahr's sincerity was beyond question; and when these two were exposed that in no wise changed his feelings towards *Jews*, but only towards them as men. Among the few writers who have done him any justice is a Jew, Dr. Kurt Hiller, who in his book *Koepfe und Proepfe* (Rowohlt Verlag, Hamburg, 1950) says among other things:

'... He is unquestionably a man of honour. I knew him as such during four years in Prague and protest against cheap disparagements of this personality ... The feasibility of a synthesis between National Socialism and Socialism may be denied. Hitler falsified it. Strasser took it seriously. From the moment when he realized that Hitler was lying he became Hitler's open enemy.' Dr. Hiller goes on to speak approvingly of Strasser's manner of discussing Jewish questions, and says, 'Why should Strasser be subjected to public expectoration? From 1930 onward, first in Germany and then in exile, he fought an undeviating and valiant battle against the wehrwolf in Germany, whereas in 1933 in the Reichstag the party politicians, in betrayal of their own liberal electors, empowered Hitler to set up his dictatorship. To reward these gentry with ministerial seats and to forbid Strasser to return home: I cannot follow such logic! Probably it derives from false information.'

The last sentences refer to the men placed in office in Western Germany after the war by the occupying powers and their protégé government in Bonn. The purpose of this book is to correct the 'false information' on which, as Dr. Hiller says, such actions must have been based, if the best construction be placed on them. In any case, Political Zionism supported Communism in prompting the ban on Otto Strasser, and the reasons can be briefly stated.

He has never concealed or changed his opinions about the political aspect of Zionism; he states them honestly now, as always. They are objective, not subjective. He held (long before events vindicated this view) that the Jews had the choice between assimilation, in the countries where they had settled, or remaining an alien community with religious laws no less harsh than Hitler's anti-Jewish laws, which were but the inversion of them. He saw that the most powerful organized forces in Jewry were opposed to assimilation and that if they prevailed Jewry would come under the sway of a nationalist doctrine more exclusive than Hitler's. How could a man who fought so bitterly against Hitler and his 'idolatry of race' befriend himself with that. He knew that one section of Jews wished to and would assimilate, and that another section cherished its inassimilability as the very meaning of life. Given the wealth and power of Jewry, he considered that the victory of this section must lead to an intolerable supremacy of alien thought in Germany, or for that matter in any country. In his contemplated New Reich he would, with the other regulatory devices he proposed, have placed such restrictions as the welfare of the whole community demanded on the spread of immoderate Zionist influence in the thought of the country, in the professions, and above all, through the power of money, in the control of power.

The victory of Political Zionism over the masses of Jewry, in the ensuing two decades, proved the correctness of his anticipations. The Zionist State was crueller than Hitler in its exterminatory expulsion of the helpless and harmless Palestinian Arabs, and as exclusive as Hitler in the structure of its State, the representation of its inhabitants and its laws. It claims to represent *all* Jewry everywhere ('the in-gathering of *the exiles*'), and thus reopens the tormenting spiritual conflict for Jews, which the last century seemed at last to have ended. Otto Strasser's thought, in this matter, coincides with that of many Jews who today, equally with him, are prevented from expressing it. It is the truth of tomorrow and will not long be kept out of the public debate. It was one of the two reasons for the hostility to him which manifested itself in 1942 and which pins him in exile today. Political Zionism, having gained power over the masses of Jewry and the Western governments alike, was able for the time being to have its way.

So much for the confidence-trick of 1934, and the men who played their parts in it. When they had all gone their way, Otto Strasser completed the preparation of his greatest exploit. The name of his newspaper was *The Secret Sender*. Now he built a secret sender and began to speak directly to Germans, with his own voice and through the voices of his helpers.

Later, in the war, the ether was filled with voices challenging and defying, arguing and counter-arguing, accusing and retorting; it was pandemonium. The governments spent millions on this war of words and, merely by reason of their ability to speak some foreign tongue or of their claim to know some distant land, agents and spies innumerable slipped cosily into new departments of new ministries. After the war the monstrous thing grew even more monstrous; Dr. Goebbels's much-reviled Propaganda Ministry spawned offspring all over the once peaceful and prudent West. By 1952 the State Department of the American Government had one sub-department (The International Information and Education Activities Unit) which presented budget estimates of \$115,000,000 for the year! A sub-sub-department of this sub-department ('The Voice of America') demanded \$25,000,000 for radio broadcasting alone! The French-language sub-sub-sub-department, in July 1952, contained only one American-born broadcaster; she was dismissed (according to the New York newspapers of that time) on the morning after she broadcast a favourable review of the book written by Mr. Whittaker Chambers, who had exposed the Communist agent in the State Department, Mr. Alger Hiss!

Thus, by 1952, the purposes which all The Senders were truly serving, in 'the war against Communism', were hard to discern, but it was clear that political broadcasting had become a major industry, that queer people often acted as 'the voice' of the different countries, and that the taxpayers and treasuries of the West were being hard pumped to supply the stream of funds, whatever the end.

For one man to build and operate a secret sender on the borders of his enemy's country, in 1934, was a very different undertaking. It was heroic. This was the only secret sender that ever truly deserved the name (save for the wartime underground ones). It was operated by men who risked their lives. It was made possible by the skill of an outstanding German technician, Rudolf Formis, who was another of Otto Strasser's chief helpers in Prague. He had a fine fighting record in the First War, built the first wireless reception apparatus ever used in Germany, and was the author of many inventions used by the German radio, particularly the short-wave radio. In Germany he had risen to the post of chief engineer at the Stuttgart station, and was famous in the Black Front for having cut the cable during the transmission of an important speech by Chancellor Hitler. The culprit was never detected, but when a series of similar mishaps occurred at Stuttgart, during the transmission of Hitler's speeches, Formis was dismissed and arrested. Luck enabled him to escape and he made his way through Austria and Hungary to Otto Strasser in Prague, where he resumed the fight by constructing the secret sender. It was to a technician a thing of beauty and later became a prized possession and exhibit of the Czechoslovak Postal Museum; what happened to it after Hitler invaded Prague is not known.

After his escape from the clutches of Dr. Frank, Otto Strasser was left alone for nearly seven months, which was about the longest period of immunity he ever enjoyed during those years. It probably would not have lasted longer than that in any case, but when the secret sender began to tell Germans what Otto Strasser thought about Hitler the time-factor settled itself at once. This was in the autumn of 1934; in Berlin (as Otto Strasser afterwards learned) Himmler and Heydrich called the senior Gestapo officials together and told them that the Black Front station must at all costs be destroyed.

It was being operated from the rafters of the loft of a lonely little inn on the Moldau about forty miles south-west of Prague. It was cunningly built in. In Formis's bedroom only the microphone

was to be seen. He could sit at his desk or lie abed and open his heart to his fellow-Germans. In this manner the news and views of Otto Strasser and the Black Front were delivered into the heart of Hitlerist Germany three times daily, in one-hour transmissions. The place was called Zahoři, 'Behind the Hills'. It was ideally lonely; or rather, that fatal loneliness then seemed ideal. The innkeeper was a good Czech and did not bother himself overmuch with the strange activities of the new, and permanent, guest in his weekend hostelry.

For what followed, Strasser says, the real culprit was their chronic need of money, which harassed and hampered them at every move. Formis went armed, and whenever funds allowed an armed companion stayed with him at Zahoři, but that was seldom and Strasser had to be in Prague most of the time. He went to Zahoři last on January 16th, 1935, taking with him new records of speeches to the Germans. He asked if Formis had noticed anything suspicious. Formis answered that all was quiet; merely, on the previous day, two German lovers, had visited the inn; they gave their names as 'Hans Mueller from Kiel' and 'Edith Kersbach' (a good-looking girl) 'games-teacher, Berlin'. Strasser immediately said he 'didn't like the sound of them' and advised Formis to have the innkeeper and the police make inquiries about them. But Formis said he thought them to have been 'nice, harmless people'. They were his murderers.

Eternal vigilance is difficult for honest men, because their instinct is towards truth and trust, and this impulse may disarm them even though they know their lives to be in constant danger. Strasser had nearly fallen victim to the confidence trick. Formis had in fact already succumbed to the Delilah trick. He did not tell Strasser (possibly he had not even thought it important enough to remember) that the girl had squabbled with her lover and, in pique, had said to Formis, 'Let's be photographed together and make him jealous'. Then they were photographed, arm in arm, by the smiling, attentive waiter, and the next day (as was later ascertained) Hans Mueller flew to Berlin with the photograph to make sure that Formis was the right man. The Gestapo examined the picture and said, 'Yes'.

Thereon Hans Mueller, accompanied by one Gerhard Schubert, both of the Gestapo, flew back to Prague and the girl, and the three spent hours of revelry in the night clubs and bars. On January 21st they stayed a night at Stechovice, not far from Zahoři, and had their fast Mercedes car overhauled, and on January 23rd Edith Kersbach and Hans Mueller reappeared at Zahoři. Gerhard Schubert was not with them; a rope-ladder which was found the next morning hanging from the window of the girl's room showed how he was able to appear inside the inn at the denouement.

The two arrived late. Neither the innkeeper nor the local police had a telephone, so that the police check-up recommended by Strasser could not be requested that night. Hans Mueller had a headache and went to bed at once. His bedroom, Number Three, which was also Edith Kersbach's, was on the first floor; two doors beyond it was Formis's room, Number Seven. Formis and the girl remained in the *Gastzimmer*, or public room, for an hour and a half; the waiter heard her unburden herself of a tale of lovelornness and of a brutal lover. The innkeeper and his family retired to their rooms in the far wing of the hotel. At last Formis and the girl rose to go to bed and went upstairs.

It was a still night, and this was a lonely place in a lonely valley. There was no friend near, save possibly the sleeping innkeeper in the distant wing and the sleeping waiter in the basement. There were no other guests in the hotel. As the two went along the silent, empty corridor Edith Kersbach paused at the door of room Number Three. She held out her hand to say good night and as Formis took it she tried, apparently, to drag him inside the room, where Mueller and Schubert were; the lacerations of her nails were found deep in his wrist.

The best made plans ... Something went wrong then: either Formis contrived to draw his gun and shoot her or she received one of the bullets meant for him. The waiter, sleeping in the basement,

was awakened by the crash of shots. Rushing upstairs, he was confronted by an unknown man with a revolver in each hand. He fell back, but saw Hans Mueller dragging the body of Formis along the corridor to room Number Seven, and heard Edith Kersbach screaming. The unknown man (Schubert) drove the waiter and the chambermaid, who had also appeared, in curlpapers, down to the basement, where he locked the door on them. They heard further bangs and noises but were too frightened to move. The innkeeper and his family, in the far wing, neither saw nor heard anything of what was afoot.

Later, as rolling black smoke filled the basement, these two captives, in fear of suffocation, broke out through the window and alarmed the innkeeper. With the waiter, he rushed through this nightmare inn and in room Number Seven they found the petrol-soaked and bullet-riddled body of Formis, with two incendiary bombs, which had been prevented by the mass of smoke from taking full effect; they smouldered but had not burst into flame. The microphone had been smashed by the murderers, but they never found the secret sender (it was later seized by the Czech police).

A strange scene now, in the wintry valley. Clouds of smoke pouring from the inn. The waiter, rushing along the dark road to the nearest village; a bemused village policeman, rushing back along the dark road to the isolated inn. Endless delays, before the police at the nearest town and then at the nearest frontier could be reached. The Mercedes car dashing through the night and through the frontier posts without stopping; after that the Czech frontier guards kept the barriers down, but only after that.

The next day bloodstains were found on the rope-ladder; the two men had lowered the girl that way. They had washed her wounds in the river; the bloodstained hotel-towels were found there. The racing Mercedes had even been stopped once during the night, because of excessive speed, at the Czech township of Lobositz. The policeman, who had found the driver's papers in order and allowed him to go on, had seen only two occupants and, on the back seat, 'a mound of rugs and coats'; that was the girl. In the Saxon town of Koenigstein the men brought her to a hospital. The doctors said she must be taken to Dresden immediately for an operation. On the way there she died.

All this Otto Strasser subsequently learned through his subterranean channels of information. He also learned that Mueller and Schubert had received the price of ten thousand marks which the Gestapo had put on Formis's head. Hitler's government, although the number of the Mercedes car and full descriptions of its occupants and their papers were given by the Czech authorities, blandly denied all knowledge of any such car, persons, passports and triptychs. Nearly five years later, after the Second War began, the *Voelkische Beobachter*, in accusing Otto Strasser and the British Intelligence Service of the Munich bomb explosion, equally blandly announced that his secret sender 'was destroyed on January 26th, 1935, by two SS leaders in execution of their orders'.

Rudolf Formis was brought back to Prague and buried. Otto Strasser stood at his grave, with another trusted helper, Heinrich Grunow, who was to come to a similar end through operating a second secret sender.

The death of Formis, who was at once a close personal friend and an invaluable helper, was a heavy blow to Strasser. Once more he had to start all over again, and now knew that he could trust hardly any man and that the Gestapo was ever close behind him. In Prague the German Minister repeatedly inquired of the Czechoslovak Government 'when Dr. Otto Strasser is to be tried for operating a secret sender', and that harassed government, on which the West was turning its back, at length gave way. On January 6th, 1936, Strasser was sentenced, for this offence, to four months hard labour without alleviating circumstances. The sentence was never served because, under Czech law, if a plea for the quashing of a sentence were lodged on some legal grounds, the highest

authority in the State had to confirm or quash it. No time-limit was laid down, and President Edouard Benesh returned the document to his 'Pending' file each time it was put before him.

Strasser struggled on. He continued to publish his paper, until the hard-pressed Czechoslovak government suppressed that too. Then he carried on with the leaflet-war across the frontier. His amazing energy displayed itself in the production of books; he wrote several at that time. Even in the desert there are oases, and even in such a life as his there are respites. He contrived to take a holiday on the Dalmatian coast, with a good companion, and snatched idyllic days from the press and turmoil of his century. He thinks today of their beauty, and also of an incident which suddenly, and symbolically, recalled him from the sunshine and the peace to the grim reality of his times. He was wandering among marble ruins on a green island set in the blue sea when, abruptly and sinuously, a dark serpent writhed out of a crumbling tomb, slid evilly past him in the golden sunlight and in an instant vanished into some other cranny of mortal corruption.

He never gave up, but after each escape or setback set to work harder than ever. Czechoslovakia could no longer allow him the means to carry on the fight against Hitler; then he would try France. It took him two years of untiring effort to get a second secret sender made and transported, in the face of endless difficulties, from Prague to France, where another of his supporters, after the death of Formis, had offered to instal it in his villa. At last all was ready. Strasser stayed at his battle post in Prague; on a note of triumphant defiance the second secret sender began to operate from France.

That was in 1937. He could not know it, and would not have desisted had he known, but the odds against him were overwhelming. He was no longer fighting merely Hitler, but the embattled might of the West. The political leaders of the West were moving to fall into line behind that long succession of Germans, from Dr. Guertner to von Hindenburg and von Papen, who step by step had paved the way for Hitler, frustrated his enemies, and sent him on his path victorious. They seemed transfixed in wrong intention, like figures in a bas relief; they moved from foreseeable fiasco to foreseeable catastrophe, like characters in a Greek tragedy; and the American president was yet to outdo them all in the apparently hypnotic continuance of wrong courses.

1937 brought an event, not directly related to this process, which to the present writer (who then was also in Prague) seemed in the circumstances of that time as ominous as the beating of great pinions in darkness. This was the death and funeral of Masaryk, the father of Christian national socialism and Otto Strasser's mentor. Of all the displays of mass emotion which this writer has seen, that one stays most poignantly in his memory. The hilarious or frenzied multitudes, when he looks back, appear ludicrous or repellent; that spectacle of the weeping millions in the old streets of Prague was charged with more sadness than even the passing of Masaryk could explain. It contained the prescience of the time to come, when his successor and his son would come to wretched ends and his country know days much more evil than any in the past from which he had, he thought, set it free. Masaryk was dead, but something much greater was dying, and the heavy foreboding of that filled the air.

The reality of it soon followed. In the spring of 1938 Hitler invaded Austria. In London, *The Times* found much that was reasonable in such an expansion of Germany's frontiers. In Vienna, the correspondent of *The Times*, who had already expressed his feeling about this obviously imminent event in *Insanity Fair*, packed his bags and departed, rancorous with incomprehension and indignation. At one move Otto Strasser's pursuers came much nearer to him and his line of retreat was greatly narrowed. He carried on his war, but in a world which now began to be inexplicable.

Nevertheless he was on the point of victory. His work and war, and the efforts of those in Germany who shared his horror of Hitler, were about to bear fruit. As the racked summer went on the German army at length realized into what hands it had fallen and there was at the beginning of



September 'a definite plot to arrest Hitler and his principal associates' (Mr. Churchill, *The Gathering Storm*, confirmed by Mr. Chester Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe*). Just when all was ready for the coup the men who were ready to strike received the stunning news of Mr. Chamberlain's flight to Hitler at Berchtesgaden, and within a few days Hitler's triumph, consummated at Munich, was so complete that no German or Germans could hope to overthrow the man whom new backers, this time outside Germany, had set up. Hitler, with such high sanction from the West, took the only defensible part of Czechoslovakia. *The Times* opined that this was reasonable enough; and the correspondent of *The Times* in those unhappy regions resigned and wrote *Disgrace Abounding*.

At this fell blow, which smashed so much else, Otto Strasser's work of years also was ruined. His pursuers drew even nearer. Whatever any others may have thought, he knew that they would now take the whole of Czechoslovakia and would soon close in for the kill, of that country and incidentally of himself. Not through his own fault, his war from Czechoslovakia came to an end, but he had no thought of abandoning the fight.

He took aeroplane and flew over the heads of the German armies to Paris, on October 1st, 1938; had he stayed in Prague he would have been caught when the trap snapped six months later. He was accompanied by Wenzel Jaksch, the Sudeten German Socialist leader (who, strangely, returned to Prague and was there when the Nazis marched in; with the present writer, who was also there and also on the Nazi black list, he took refuge in the British Legation and one day walked out of it in disguise and got clear away).

Otto Strasser, now forty-one, began yet again, in Paris in the autumn of 1938. He was as full of fight and optimism as ever. The Gestapo had killed his friend, deprived him of the secret sender and driven him from yet another country; but the new secret sender was working well. Surely the French would hold fast and allow him to wage his war against Hitler until it was won and he could return to Germany!

**NOTE:**

In this chapter I have referred to Strasser's books written during these years. The proceeds from them helped to finance his long struggle. In Prague he wrote the *German Bartholomew's Night*, *Europe of Tomorrow* and *History in my Time*, the last of which also appeared in England. In the period now to be described, when he was in Paris after the outbreak of war, he wrote *Hitler and I*, 120,000 copies of the French edition were sold in a few weeks and it was translated into five languages. But for this fortunate event he would have been without money to make his escape from France possible. D.R.

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## Chapter Four

### FIGHT IN FRANCE

'We shall fight in France ...' said Mr. Churchill two years later, and the words resounded through the world as the pledge of indomitable 'defiance in defeat'. Two years earlier Otto Strasser, driven from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, had begun to fight in France. For the third time the headquarters of his organization had been destroyed; of his three most trusted helpers who remained and carried on in Prague, two had but a few months left to live before the incoming Gestapo caught and killed them and only the third escaped.

He set up his new headquarters in Paris, and his second base in Copenhagen, where the Silesian peasant leader, Richard Schapke, went to work. The new secret sender was installed in a villa at Le Cannet, near Cannes, belonging to Robert Trenkle, a former police captain in Germany who had emigrated to France after Hitler's triumph and, on Formis's murder, had offered the use of his house for the Black Front broadcasts to Germany. Trenkle was technically qualified to operate the transmitter but had little political experience, so that Otto Strasser sent Heinrich Grunow, his right hand man in Prague, to take charge of the broadcasts. All these men were before long to share Formis's fate.

Once more the campaign was resumed, from Paris, Copenhagen and Le Cannet. For a moment the prospects of success seemed better than ever before. The outer world had awakened from the passing intoxication of Munich to its grim hangover and for the first time appeared aware of the peril in which it stood. Illusion and deception were no longer possible, thought Otto Strasser and men like him everywhere.

The disillusionment, once more, was his and theirs. He had not been in Paris three months when the German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, arrived there, in December 1938, to sign a treaty of eternal friendship with the country which Hitler was to invade two years later. He requested the arrest of Otto Strasser and the French Government at once complied; in their treatment of this one man the governments of the West have vied with each other in perfidy, in the last two decades.

God moves in a mysterious way, and the present writer discerns a straight threat of reassurance running through the long, and otherwise melancholy story of Otto Strasser's experiences during the last twenty years. Whenever he has been in the direst need or danger help has unexpectedly come, and often from some person or persons unknown to him whose actions have been prompted by indignation at the injustices done to him. This is a declining race of men at the present time, but still numerous enough repeatedly to have succoured this man against whom every other man's land seemed often to be turned, and but for them he would hardly have survived. His few friends in Paris did all they could to gain his release, but might not have succeeded without the dignified protest of the Spanish Ambassador, a cavalier whom Strasser bears in grateful memory.

He was released, but was expelled from France; such acts are the outward and visible sign, as characteristic as the streptococcic display of erysipelas, of the disease which infects the West today. The already long trail which had taken him from Berlin on the night of the Reichstag fire, to Bavaria, Austria, Czechoslovakia and France, now led him to a little Swiss hamlet called Herrliberg, near Zürich. It was but a stone's throw from the frontier of German-occupied Austria; here the enemy was nearer to him than ever before.

Poor, hunted and harassed, he had to work cautiously and with restraint in that little place, where every sound and movement by day or night was known at once to his pursuers, waiting so near at

hand. He could not afford to embarrass the Swiss authorities; where next could he go, if he were driven from this country too? Nevertheless, the one-man-war went on. The secret sender continued to speak to Germans from Le Cannet; his friends in Germany still smuggled their news and reports to him; through Richard Schapke in Copenhagen he held the strings of the Black Front together and issued orders and messages to it.

In Herrliberg he was reunited with his wife and children. Those remaining months of 1939 were the last he was to spend with them until the present day, or ever if the governments of London, Washington and Ottawa maintain their present one-man concentration-camp law against him; he has never seen his children since.

As the summer died the Second War began and the fourth phase in his life opened. During it he was by a series of miracles to slip through the closing ring and escape to the transatlantic part of that which they call today, 'The Free World'.

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## Chapter Five

### A PEECE OF THE CONTINENT ...<sup>[16]</sup>

Only those who have been in similar plight, perhaps, can understand the feelings of Otto Strasser when the war began and he found himself cornered, like a hunted stag, in this tiny Swiss place near the German border. The war itself did not take him by surprise. He had long foretold it and its calamitous end for his country; this evil and wantonly unnecessary thing was the greatest of all his reasons for the long struggle against Hitler. Now that it came its personal menace to him was nearer and deadlier, thanks to Herr von Ribbentrop and the French Government, than he had ever calculated. His pursuers were very close and if they struck he would have hardly an instant's time or any way of retreat but that of a man running blindfold. His family was endangered with himself. None could guess, in 1939, that Switzerland would be spared. By walking a little way he could look into his pursuers' very faces. He had no way out. He tried to get to France, again, and then to England, but every door was closed against this one 'refugee from Hitlerist oppression'; all those who so loudly declaimed against Hitler's wickedness seemed equally resolved to pin Hitler's adversary down where he would not have even a dog's chance of survival.

Ironically, Hitler by his own act released Otto Strasser from that one of his many tight corners, although this effect of what happened was not to be imagined at the time. What occurred came, if not as a bolt from a clear sky, nevertheless as a startling interruption of that ominously quiet period which was called 'the phoney war'.

Two months after the Second War began, on November 8th, 1939, a bomb was exploded in the Buergerbraeukeller at Munich, where the Old Guard of National Socialism was assembled, in traditional fashion, to celebrate that first, abortive Hitlerist Putsch of 1923 which, at the time, had so surprised Otto Strasser. Hitler was not present (though he was awaited, as the German reports asserted) when the bomb went off. Within a few hours the German police informed the Swiss authorities that Otto Strasser was the organizer of the plot and that his extradition would be demanded. In this manner his enemy's hand reached out, without an instant's warning, and hovered over Otto Strasser in his humble refuge just across the frontier. Life and death once more contended for him at his very threshold.

Before describing the sequel, the present writer might here interpolate some information about that curious bomb plot; he was at the time asked by the British Ministry of Information to write a monograph about it and is thus qualified. On November 21st, Himmler, the Gestapo chief, issued a statement to the effect that a mysterious being called 'George Elser' had been arrested on the night and near the spot of the explosion and after six days of obstinate denials (namely, on November 14th) had 'confessed' and incriminated Strasser. However, as the German police had accused Strasser immediately, they apparently knew on November 9th what George Elser would admit on November 14th.

The Gestapo stated that the culprits were this George Elser, who was never heard of before or since; Otto Strasser, the instigator and 'agent of the British Secret Service'; and the British Secret Service itself, which, the statement declared, had given Strasser the money and the order for the explosion. Two British consular officials serving in Holland, Messrs. Richard Henry Stevens and Sigismund Payne Best, were in the hands of the Gestapo and, by astounding coincidence, were co-responsible for the plot. There was to be a great trial when Strasser had been handed over. (The pretext on which Messrs. Stevens and Best were lured to the German-Dutch frontier on the day following the explosion, and there kidnapped, was, according to authoritative British statements, that some important personage or group of personages in Germany wished to talk peace.)

Thus, of the four 'culprits', only Otto Strasser was not in Gestapo hands and his extradition was demanded. It appears now, from the timing of the abduction of Messrs. Stevens and Best, that the whole affair was one more elaborate plan to lay hands on Otto Strasser. The present writer, who had seen the Reichstag fire and attended every session of the subsequent trial, pointed out in his monograph at the time that the staging of the Munich bomb explosion, the announcement of the culprits' identity, and the shape of the proposed trial followed in every detail the pattern of the Reichstag fire.

The chief culprit in the Reichstag Fire Trial had been an unknown vagrant, one Marinus van der Lubbe, apparently picked up on the highway or in a destitutes' home; the chief culprit in the Munich Bomb Trial was to be the similarly mysterious 'George Elser'. In both cases there was the German 'agent' of the 'foreign power': in the Reichstag Fire Trial Ernst Torgler (leader of the Communists in the Reichstag) and in the Munich Bomb affair Otto Strasser. In both instances good fortune had delivered into the hands of the Gestapo living representatives of that foreign power: in the Reichstag case, the three Bulgarian Communists (Dimitroff, Popoff and Taneff), and in the Munich affair, Messrs. Stevens and Best of 'the British Secret Service'. The present writer, in his monograph, recalled that it had proved impossible to maintain so obviously fabricated a story in any open trial and that the Reichstag one had been a fiasco. He went on from that to say that the Munich Bomb Trial would never be held, and was right in the event, though wrong in the premise, which was that even Hitler would never court a second public exposure so humiliating as that of the Reichstag Trial. In fact the Munich Bomb Trial would not have been public; it would have been held in the black secrecy of a Hitlerist People's Court (as later events in Germany showed) which was exactly the same thing as a Stalinist People's Court. It seems certain today that the Munich Bomb Trial, in that form, was never held for one reason alone: that the man whose head was needed, Otto Strasser, at the last instant broke through the net again.

He was without money or the means to go to another country; the threat of extradition was imminent. At that moment his situation was mortally desperate. He had no knowledge of a bomb which he would most gladly have planted. If he could still be amused, he may have smiled to learn that he had been receiving funds from the British Secret Service, or any kind of help from any quarter; he was almost in penury. The present writer, who was then in communication with him and disliked his inability to assist, knows how grave his plight was; this was probably, in degree of peril, one of Strasser's worst moments. He had been repeatedly refused permission to go to England, for reasons as mysterious as those which cause his treatment today. An enticing offer came only from one source, in those days. Before the Munich bomb exploded Otto Strasser was offered four hundred thousand Swiss francs to cease his campaign against Hitler; the proposal was made to him through a Swiss Cantonal Councillor who was also a Socialist! Strasser refused and informed the Swiss authorities of the offer, naming the man concerned. Later, through his supporters in Germany, he learned that Himmler (who conducted the negotiations with the Cantonal Councillor) had told Hitler, 'Otto will never fall for that'. Hitler answered, 'But his wife would like a villa on Lake Geneva, and she'll talk him round'.

His reprieve came in the nick of time. It looked more and more possible that the Swiss Government might not feel able indefinitely to resist the extradition demand, or at any rate Strasser and his friends, after their experiences with so many other governments, could not confide in its ability to resist. In Switzerland also, however, were a few people of that diminishing race which will not see an honest and honourable man martyred if it can help. By means which still cannot be related, he was able to gain entry to France again. Now that France was at war with Hitler, he assumed that he would be safe at least from new molestation there. He would wait and work in Paris until the day came for his return to Germany. When the thing was ready he slipped out of Herrliberg, put Switzerland and the nearness of his pursuers behind him, and came again to Paris.

Paris in 1940! How different it was from the droolings of Tin Pan Alley. 'The last time I saw Paris, her heart was young and gay ...' The present writer also went to Paris in those early days of 1940, to see it and Otto Strasser, and felt the imminence of catastrophe heavy on the city. It was in the faces and voices and gait of the people and the air they breathed; here was yet another city in suspense, but in a different kind of suspense from that of Vienna and Prague. There is, and in this writer's acquaintanceship with it always has been, an enduring pessimism in Paris, a weary and cynical disbelief which to him seemed to have sprung from the experience of 1792, so different is the spiritual atmosphere of Paris today from what it was in earlier centuries, if the literature of the period was true. At the start of 1940 a tangible and embittered melancholy filled the lovely city, and a discerning man could not expect to see valiant resistance or long endurance sally from its gates.

It was a sad, twilit place, and in this twilight Otto Strasser and the present writer met and talked and walked and ate and tried to look into the future of Germany, of Europe, of the Christian West. The writer had his island behind him and was thus a fortunate man compared with his companion, but he remembers Strasser in those days as a man of infinite jest, courage and optimism. None who did not know his lot could have guessed how grave it was. The only outward sign of it to those who knew him well enough, was the revolver which lay ever by his bed when he was at home or was in his pocket when abroad, and the rare, and quickly banished, moments of complete despair which seized him.<sup>[17]</sup>

The writer returned to England. In Paris, Strasser had another respite of a few weeks and worked away as hard as ever, organizing, writing, and preparing for the day of his return to Germany. Hitler invaded France on May 10th, 1940; the following extracts from a message and order issued to his Black Front by Otto Strasser *in May 1939* are thus of interest:

'... As far as it is possible to foresee the course of the war, which probably will not break out until the late summer, it seems likely that ... even if Italy should fight at Germany's side the French and British fleets will quickly secure mastery of the Mediterranean. With the collapse of Poland a new political and military stage in the war will be reached. Hitler will have no more success than Ludendorff had in 1917 in obtaining the hoped-for separate peace and will, whether he likes it or not, have to prepare for an attack against the West. Whether he tries the direct attack on the Maginot Line or his darling idea of a landing in England, or the indirect form of attack through the northern neutral states, or a combination of these, is unimportant. The decisive thing is that he can no more avoid the attack in the West, after the crushing of Poland ... than Ludendorff was able to avoid it after crushing Russia and Rumania ... We must overthrow Hitler through a domestic revolution in Germany, in order to save Germany. The whole strategy of our campaign, from the first hour of the war on, must be ruled by the principle: "Only the rapid overthrow of Hitler can save Germany from partitioning".'

That was the kind of thing Otto Strasser told his supporters before the war began and a year before Hitler invaded France, on May 10th, 1940! On May 14th, 1940, Strasser was arrested by the French Government and put in the Buffalo Concentration Camp, near Paris; presumably some suborned official wished to make the work of the Gestapo easy. Today, when the infiltration of all governments of the West by suborned agents is a thing of public knowledge, that seems unquestionably to have been the motive. There were enough Dr. Steinhäusl's and Dr. Klaus Fuchs's and Mr. Alger Hiss's in the French Government of May 1940.

Before very long, in Buffalo Concentration Camp, Otto Strasser began to hear an ominous sound, like the knocking which a man in a condemned cell awaits. It was the noise of German guns, first far distant and then coming daily nearer. He was trapped at last, and this time the French did his enemies the service. He had at that fateful moment of deadly danger only one remaining friend in

Paris who could spend all time and energy in his cause. The name of the devoted companion, who from this point on will frequently appear in the narrative, cannot be given, so that the pseudonym of 'Hans' will be used. Hans performed miracles of entreaty and persuasion in his behalf, and even penetrated to the inner sanctums of General Georges and of the Prime Minister, M. Reynaud. The days dragged by, the knocking at the door grew louder, and nothing availed. In the concentration camp Strasser encountered his old adversary of the platform-debates in Berlin, the Communist Willi Muenzenberg. Muenzenberg now passed the time telling all who would listen why he had quarrelled and broken with Stalin.

At the end of May Hans's efforts at last succeeded and Otto Strasser was once more free. His life on this occasion may have been saved by the space of twelve hours. Just that much later the camp and its inmates were removed southward, to be out of the way of the oncoming German armies, and communications between it and Paris were soon cut. Many of the captives fell later into Gestapo hands; Muenzenberg was 'liquidated' by some unknown hand during the transfer of the camp. Otto Strasser returned to his humble room in a little hotel on the Left Bank and listened to the guns that came nearer, nearer, nearer....

**NOTE:**

The present author should add that 'Hans' is personally known to him and that he can from personal observation on some occasions vouch for the part played by this energetic and intrepid person. D.R.

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## Chapter Six

### WHENCE ALL BUT HE ...

The row of dots at the end of the last chapter may have led the reader to his own surmise of what happened to Otto Strasser next, and he will certainly have been wrong; nothing is predictable in the tale of Strasser's adventures, which at each new turn takes unexpected shape. Given his long experience of close pursuit and narrow escape, his obvious course would have been to make himself scarce and safe at once, while he yet could. He did the opposite. As if nothing threatened, he stayed in Paris and worked harder than ever to enlist the support of the West in his campaign to destroy Hitler and save Germany and Europe. He even thought himself on the very verge of success, at long last. Then, one morning when he went to clinch the bargain, the government was gone and the Nazi armies were at the gates!

No other episode in his life is so characteristic of the man. It cannot have been an act of bravado, for he is not a posturer, and it cannot have been one of simple ignorance or illusion, for he knew better than most men the might and implacable hatred of his enemy. In the writer's judgment, it may not have been a conscious deed of defiant courage, but was more probably the expression of an invincibly sanguine spirit. The world could not believe that France would fall until France fell. Otto Strasser, who knew these things so much better, and had so much at stake, cannot quite have yielded to that simple faith, but his upbringing and nature convince him that God and the right will in the end prevail and so he stayed in Paris until, once more, his head was in the noose.

He was released from the Buffalo Concentration Camp at the end of May and the Nazi armies entered Paris on June 14th. During that fortnight he besieged the French government departments (as if nothing much were happening) with his proposals to mobilize the Freedom Front in Germany against Hitler and to support him in his efforts to that end. He was able to talk to the Ministers of the Reynaud Government. The Daladier Government, which had arrested him at Herr von Ribbentrop's request in December 1938 and at the outbreak of war had confiscated his second secret sender, acquired and installed with such pains at Le Cannet, was gone. The Reynaud Government was different; he was able to reach the Prime Minister himself and another Minister, M. Mandel.

To them he expounded his theory of the war, which, he said, was not a war of peoples as such but of opinion and counter-opinion. The 'Quislings' in the various countries were not 'paid agents of foreign powers' any more than he, Otto Strasser, was. They represented the party of the totalitarian or all-powerful State, and against them, in all countries, were ranged the millions of supporters of the party of freedom. Thus the dividing line cut clean through nations, classes and families, just as the cleavage between 'Catholic' and 'Protestant' had divided nations, classes and families in the religious wars of the Middle Ages. Mankind was confronted once again by the question whether it should arrange its affairs on the principle of rule from above or of responsibility shared, and in view of this spiritual conflict divisions according to race or blood-groups became insignificant. The party of freedom, he vigorously urged, had millions of supporters in the countries of Central Europe, in Germany and Italy, and for years they had carried on their struggle without outer support while the leaders of the West had sought to placate and appease the new tyrants.

Thus he pleaded to be helped in organizing the party of freedom in Germany, for the quicker ending of the war, and at last he made an impression. M. Mandel had listened earlier, before the invasion began, and had asked 'Will Hitler attack in the West and what are his prospects of success?' Strasser had answered, 'He will attack, because his domestic situation compels him to attack. The result will depend on the inner strength of France.' This answer alone, in the light of



what had followed, entitled him to respect, so that he was cordially welcomed and attentively heard in those early days of June, and on Saturday, June 8th, received a telephone message from the office of M. Reynaud, the Prime Minister, War Minister and Foreign Minister of France, asking him to call in the course of the morning. All was agreed and ready, M. Reynaud's secretary assured him; his proposals for a campaign to invigorate and organize the party of freedom in Germany were approved and would be supported.

At the War Ministry on June 8th, he saw the Commander-in-Chief, General Weygand, run up the steps ahead of him, looking blithe and confident, and he was then told that because of the general's visit his own interview must be postponed until 11 o'clock on Monday morning, June 10th. The details of the campaign would then be finally approved. He was in high spirits, therefore, on Sunday, June 9th, even though Free Czech soldiers, at the midday meal, told him they had orders to leave Paris that afternoon. At four o'clock he watched their trucks leave for Baz-sur-Mer, and the safety of England, and refused an invitation to accompany them. Its acceptance would have spared him much, for England could not then have refused him sanctuary. He thought of the reassuring communiques and of the meeting with the Prime Minister on the morrow. The long fight seemed to be won at last. He stayed and watched the Czech transport disappear down the Avenue Bourdonnais.

The next morning he was at the War Ministry again in good time for the decisive interview. Once more General Weygand went up the steps ahead of him, slowly this time, tapping his high boots with his riding switch, watched by officers and officials now ominously silent. Otto Strasser sent in his name and M. Reynaud's chef de cabinet came out.

'What!' he said, with hands and eyebrows raised, 'are you still in Paris?'

'Of course. I am at last to have a definite answer today.'

'Ah, too late, mon cher, all too late. Save yourself. Leave Paris at once. We are going south in half an hour.'

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## Chapter Seven

### SAUVEZ VOUS

Sauvez vous! Two small words, easily spoken; and they were the simple prelude to thirteen years (up to the present) of flight, concealment, escape, exile and persecution. The good man who uttered them did his best to lend them meaning; he gave Strasser a safe-conduct, an exit-permit for England and a pass for all war zones. They shook hands and Strasser, who had gone to the French War Ministry in such high hope, went out into a grim world where the lines of green army trucks outside the government offices, the long trails of heavily-laden vehicles, from handcarts to limousines, the sound of guns, the frightened faces of the people and the rumours of treason that filled the air now all held a personal, deadly message for him.

He was almost without money. His bank account was still impounded (in connection with his internment in May), and his publisher refused on the same grounds to part with a substantial balance owing to Strasser. His literary agency, the Opéra Mundi, came to the rescue by paying not only a balance due but an advance and Hans by some miracle, succeeded in obtaining two tickets on the last train from Paris to Lausanne. They burned their papers, gave away what they could not carry of their belongings, and set out; before very long they were to be forced, in the stress of the flight, to abandon everything but what they wore. When they went into the street they found a Paris gone mad. The Italian declaration of war had become known and millions of people were making their way blindly southward, as if scourged by furies. They had to fight their way into the station, losing several pieces of baggage and a typewriter on the way, and at last found themselves in a lethally overcrowded and blacked-out train travelling through blacked-out stations, they knew not whither.

It dropped them, the next morning, June 11th, near the Swiss frontier, which was closed. Otto Strasser could not in any case have crossed it, having been denied permission to return when he left, on account of the extradition demand against him in connection with the Munich bomb; the Swiss Government did not want any more trouble about that. They hired a taxicab and drove back to Dijon, whence they hoped to be able to make their way right across France to a little place not far from La Rochelle where a friend had a house. From La Rochelle a way of retreat to England might be open at need; they did not even then think that Hitler's armoured divisions would ever cross the bridges of the Loire.

Early the next morning, June 12th, they started off, again by taxicab, on this nightmare journey, through old Autun, past Nevers, and then by innumerable detours to the Atlantic coast. For the first time the possible magnitude of the disaster was made clear to them by the huge, rolling flood of refugees that filled every road, street and path, town and village. For two days and nights they went on, and still hoped, when they reached their destination on June 14th, to be able to wait there until 'the battle of France' ran itself to a standstill. Even at that point Otto Strasser's thoughts and plans were directed only to finding a place, in France, but beyond reach of the German armies, where he could resume his campaign.

Nevertheless, the things he saw and the things he heard baffled him. Although the picture of the refugees was calamitous the French radio continued to reassure, and even denied a London broadcast about the dispatch of French emissaries to German headquarters. The torturing uncertainty led him one evening to listen to the German broadcasts and he knew at once that if they were true ('We have crossed the Loire on a broad front, there is no longer any unified front line') catastrophe was complete. He resolved to learn the truth and drove, with the daughter of his host, to see the Town Commandant of La Rochelle, on Friday, June 21st, 1940. Then, at last, he was forced

to realize that, for the time at any rate, the game was up and that there was nothing but life itself to be saved, if that were still possible.

After the first exchanges he comprehended that he had come to the end of any road he knew; what lay ahead was dark and uncharted.

The Commandant advised him at once to take ship for England and, brave man, gave him a special recommendation to the Harbour Commandant. The Harbour Commandant said the last ship had sailed for England twenty-four hours before: 'We are lost, M. Strasser; sauvez vous!' He went back to the Town Commandant. 'Yes, we are lost, M. Strasser, sauvez vous! I'll give you from army stores enough petrol for you to get away from here and continue your flight. Go to Bordeaux or Bayonne and from there to England. England is our last hope, all of us!'

Times without number Otto Strasser has been saved by one brave and honest man or woman among a horde of hostile or indifferent folk. The Town Commandant gave the petrol, but there were no cars for hire or taxicabs. The German armies were advancing without opposition, people everywhere were beginning to turn their coats and look for whom they might denounce. His host's daughter came to the rescue this time. In an ancient Ford, the top speed of which was less than thirty miles an hour, she set out from her parents' house (which twenty-four hours later was occupied by German troops) for Bordeaux, with Otto Strasser and Hans. They left before dawn on June 22nd and towards noon came into Bordeaux, which was a madhouse, a picture of collapse at its worst. A town of a quarter-million people, about one and a half millions were crowded into it, most of them without food or lodging, and all of them frantic with fear and bewilderment. Otto Strasser says today that he cannot recall any such picture of chaos in his experience, and he had known the German collapse of 1918 in such storm centres as Munich, Kiel and Berlin.

There was no point in staying in Bordeaux and the girl offered to drive them on to Biarritz, where the head of Strasser's literary agency was staying. Through an eerie countryside of cork woods and marshland, where the few inhabitants went on stilts, by devious and little known roads they went and at last reached his friend's house, where, once again, his cash was replenished.

They held a rapid council of war and, learning from the radio that the German-French armistice had been concluded that evening, decided that Strasser's one remaining hope of salvation lay in flight to England. The next morning, June 23rd, his host, with Hans, went to request an exit permit for Strasser from the Prefect of Bayonne, to whom he was personally known. They succeeded only, at first, in obtaining an identity card entitling the bearer to admission to the Prefecture itself, but even that was an invaluable document in those days of confusion. In the afternoon they had to fight another battle, even with this ticket, to gain access to the Prefect, but at last it was done and Otto Strasser and Hans fought their way out again through the battling throngs with visas on their passports enabling them to leave France by ship in the direction of England.

The next step was to get into the Harbour Commandant's office, which was besieged by thousands of people and guarded by troops. Ultimately Strasser's host contrived once more to get in and to procure one more entrance card, for the following morning. The girl who had driven them south set out to try and reach her parents' home, three hundred miles way, and Otto Strasser and Hans, after a night's sleep, made another attempt to get into the Harbour Commandant's office, where, in drenching rain, many thousands of people fought, kicked, and in many languages shouted and screamed to be admitted, and were pricked back by the soldiers' bayonets when they tried to climb the high railings. In such a situation only a man with local standing can have any hope of success and Strasser's host once more succeeded, after many hours, in getting through and returning with tickets for a small freighter going to Casablanca; all ships to England had long since left. When the fugitives reached the quay they saw the ship just moving away. They struggled through the milling

crowds once more to the Harbour Commandant's office and got tickets for the very last, and even smaller freighter, also bound for Casablanca. His bitter experiences must have been assuaged for Strasser by the unending efforts which a few people have made on his behalf, and the valour of his host and his other friend's daughter on this occasion reveal the spirit of true French people.

Nevertheless, it was all unavailing. Otto Strasser and Hans did succeed, at the cost of the last of their luggage, in getting aboard that last tiny vessel. Twenty-four passengers were to be taken and he candidly says that, knowing what awaited him if he missed the ship, he was resolved that he and Hans should be among the twenty-four. He achieved that, but unwillingly recalls the scene and says that only the pen of a Dante could describe it. Thousands of people besieged the little craft and tried to force, cajole or bribe their way aboard, through the lines of armed marines who guarded it. Luggage and struggling people fell or were pushed into the sea, and he still sees the face of a Spanish republican who, by a desperate exertion of strength, forced his way to the side of the ship, was thrust back by the sailors, screamed like a madman and held fast with one hand while he fought with the other, until his fingers loosened, one after the other, and he fell into the water.

Strasser and Hans, with their valid tickets, got to the gangway. A member of the crew, who knew Strasser's books, told the captain that his was 'a special case', and so, at the last, they were allowed aboard. Then the captain announced that the ship was full and immediately the crowd began its final assault. The soldiers were thrown aside or into the sea, people began to shin like monkeys up the gangway, or tried by jumping across the widening gap to catch the rail and haul themselves aboard. The sailors beat on their heads and hands with bars and hammers, cast off the ship's gangway, which fell into the sea with men hanging to it, and the little freighter moved away.

Otto Strasser and his companion were safe at last. Behind them, the men of the Black Front were paying with their lives for their efforts to overthrow Hitler. Strasser's chief lieutenant, Richard Schapke in Copenhagen, had fallen when the Nazis invaded Denmark. On that morning of April 9th, 1940, the Gestapo went straight to his dwelling, but his friends contrived to get him away and put him and some of his Black Front men in a fishing boat bound for Malmoe in Sweden. The Gestapo learned of that, too, and followed him with a motor-boat, firing on Schapke's boat in Swedish waters until it foundered and then shooting at its occupants as they swam. All but two or three were killed and the survivors later recovered the bodies of their dead comrades, who are buried in Malmoe. Down at Le Cannet, where the second secret sender had been operated, Heinrich Grunow was arrested by the French and after the armistice handed over to the Gestapo. Between 1942 and 1944 several Black Front men met him in a concentration camp and later reported the tortures to which he was subjected. Robert Trenkle, in whose house the sender had been installed, remained safe until the landings in Africa, when the Germans occupied Southern France; then he too was arrested by the Gestapo and taken to Berlin, where he and Grunow were beheaded together. His grave was later discovered by his widow.

Such was the fate of the Black Front leaders, and thousands of their followers shared it. Now Otto Strasser himself was safe, at sea, bound for Casablanca. He and Hans huddled on deck in the streaming rain, for with the turn of events in France the sailors had turned hostile, denied them access to any covered place and said they should have neither food nor water. All that seemed of little importance to the two fugitives. When a man has just saved his life from deadly peril he is filled with a spiritual elation that elevates the body above the need of food and drink. Those who have experienced it know the all-sufficiency of this thankful and triumphant feeling.

It did not last long. The ship moved out with the tide into the open sea and darkness fell. Then came midnight and the start of another day, June 25th, 1940. For Otto Strasser and Hans, the night was filled with gladness and on its black curtain their minds' eyes saw, in golden letters, the word 'Casablanca'.

About three o'clock in the morning the engines stopped, and the twenty-four passengers' hearts nearly stopped with them. At once the strangling sensation of despair returned, even before the cause was known; the cessation of that reassuring pulse was in itself sure token of danger. The soldiers who were aboard put the covers on their anti-aircraft gun and threw their steel helmets in a corner. 'La guerre est fini,' they curtly said in answer to questions. In a little while the truth was out. At midnight the French-Italian armistice had been signed, and therewith the previously concluded German-French armistice had entered into force; one of its provisions was that no more French ships should leave France and that any at sea should receive telegraphic orders to return to their departure Ports.

In obedience to the radio order the captain put his ship about and began to return to Bayonne, but he did not do this compassionately or reluctantly, or even silently. Thus far Strasser had been fortunate in his emergencies; now he was unlucky. The captain looked at him derisively. 'You'll find the Germans waiting for you when we get to Bayonne,' he said, 'they've already occupied the harbour!'

Sauvez vous! It was easily said. With twenty-four captives aboard the ship made Bayonne about eight o'clock in the morning of June 25th, 1940.

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## Chapter Eight

### DIE NUERNBERGER HAENGEN KEINEN ...<sup>[18]</sup>

Fortunately for two of these captives (what became of the other twenty-two one cannot guess) the captain's malice was father to his words, which were not true. The Germans had not yet occupied Bayonne Harbour when the ship docked; that twilight interlude prevailed, between the collapse of French authority and the assumption of authority by the Nazis, to which Otto Strasser was repeatedly to owe his life. The twenty-four passengers sprang ashore from the ship, aboard which they had fought their way a few hours earlier, and like beings disappearing in fog lost themselves in the chaos of Bayonne, where swarming mobs of despairing people raided shops for the food which they could no longer buy.

Otto Strasser at once got rid of the papers he had obtained from M. Reynaud's chef de cabinet; anything with his true name on it was now his own death warrant. He brought out his last card, a fairly respectable looking passport in a different name and different nationality which he had acquired, with much difficulty, against such an emergency as this. The last hope now was the Spanish frontier; some soldiers aboard the freighter had told them that two large British vessels were still lying at anchor off St. Jean de Luz (the southernmost port of France, about two miles from that frontier), where they were waiting to take off remnants of the British, Polish and Czech forces. At a high price they engaged a taxicab and at noon reached St. Jean de Luz.

The picture was as hopeless as that of Bayonne. Two British steamers were just visible, on the horizon, and tens of thousands of people gazed dully at their distant shapes and at the barred and bolted office of the Harbour Commandant. Near by, the great bridge leading to the Spanish frontier town of Irun was strongly guarded by troops. In the crowd Strasser met an old friend from Paris, a French officer, who, after a brief council of war, hurried away to the aerodrome, hoping to persuade the commandant there, whose friend he was, to fly him and them to General de Gaulle. He returned with the news that German aeroplanes had just landed occupation troops there.

There was no time even for reasoned thought. To be anywhere but where they were; that was the next move. Hans raced off in search of some vehicle to take them inland. The French captain, a picture of resignation, went back to his men, who were standing dejectedly in the market place. Suddenly a small detachment of German soldiers, ten or twelve men, came tramping down the street to the harbour. They marched past Otto Strasser, who was now alone. The heads of the people in the great throng turned and watched them for an instant in silence as, looking neither left nor right, they marched towards the Harbour Commandant's office. Then, with an inhuman noise, a multitudinous shriek or roar, the tens of thousands abruptly broke into a surging mass which streamed towards the bridge, swept aside the guards there, and rolled yelling towards the Spanish frontier, which was closed by the Spaniards and now guarded by the Germans as well.

Strasser was left in an almost empty street, and had to stay until his companion returned. When Hans appeared, without a car, he looked at the changed and lifeless scene in astonishment. Then, without wasting words, they both faded into the town.

This seemed the end, for Strasser at all events. He was inside the ring now, and there was no way out; he could but go on, running blindfold, until he was caught. Then, in the hysterical crowds, they saw a few unexcited Royal Air Force men led by an officer and pressed towards them in search of information. This was once again their salvation. They learned that the Germans were not to occupy all of France, but only the Atlantic coastal belt to a depth of sixty-five miles inland, leaving the countryside beyond unoccupied.

Inland, then! For fifteen days they had been striving desperately to reach the coast, and a place on it whence they might escape to England. Now the coast was deadly; the net had closed around them and the only hope lay in retreat from the coast to the centre of the net, where there was still a little room. Escape, when it reaches this stage, is no longer a thing of planning but of instinctive reaction, like the hare's twists and turns, or that manoeuvre of elusion which pilots in the First War called splitarsing, and in the second one weaving. A man must run and run, whichever way he can, and ever avoid a corner until, at last, he escapes or is cornered.

It was dusk. Otto Strasser went into hiding while Hans ransacked the town for a car. Whatever his chances had been before, Strasser would certainly not have survived the remainder of his ordeal without the help of this one unflinching companion, who was able to go where he dared not be seen. Hans was fortunate in having a 'respectable' passport, that is, a genuine passport of a neutral country; he was also a person of the rarest intrepidity and ingenuity. He returned at ten o'clock with a Belgian refugee who was ready to drive them to the unoccupied zone for fifty francs a kilometre, if he were satisfied, after personal inspection of Strasser, that they were 'harmless'. He was so satisfied and left, promising to return at seven in the morning.

Otto Strasser then spent, in occupied St. Jean de Luz, what he still describes as the worst night of his life to date. At six-thirty in the morning the Belgian's son arrived with a message to say that his mother would not let his father go. This was one of Strasser's black moments, of the kind mentioned in an earlier chapter. He was inside the ring, saw no hope left and was resolved to make an end rather than be taken alive. Hans dissuaded him from this purpose, told him to wait and went out to see the woman. By dint of persuasive skill and the offer of another fifty francs a kilometre he succeeded at the last instant in appeasing her, and at seven they set out on their bid to cross the occupied zone and reach the unoccupied one.

They drove through a countryside now apparently lifeless; the flood of refugees had rolled on and spent itself on the coast, and here the people, locked in their houses, awaited the coming of *les Boches*. Once more the two fugitives were saved by the fraction of time that intervened between the passing of the old order and the advent of the new. At every entrance to and exit from a village the barriers stood, but they were unmanned; the French had deserted them and the Germans had not yet taken post. By noon they were in the unoccupied zone, breathing again, and after an attempt to enter Pau (which was so full of French soldiers fleeing from capture in the occupied zone that it had been closed by the police) they came in the evening of June 26th, 1940, into Tarbes. All the barriers behind them were occupied by the Germans two hours after they passed through.

Once more they were filled with relief, not the elation they had known on the freighter bound for Casablanca and freedom, but at any rate the uplifting feeling of reprieve. Again, it did not last long. For the first time for many days they saw a newspaper. It contained the full text of the armistice terms, and one clause hit Otto Strasser like a blow between the eyes: it required the French Government to surrender to Hitler refugees on its soil who were sought by him! On that list, Otto Strasser occupied the first place! As the country was under martial law, travellers in any part of France had to report to the police; his identity card (which all had to carry) bore his own name and this meant that for as long as he stayed in France he would have to remain in hiding, pursued by the entire French police as well as by the Gestapo. His passport did not help in this dilemma, because of the obligation to carry an identity card; also, though it was of its kind a very good passport, it had one great defect: it bore no entries showing his sojourn in France and thus would have been immediately suspect to any French *agent* or official.

Without Hans he could not have stayed alive. Hans bought food while Otto Strasser stayed in his room at an obscure inn. After three days they realized that they could do no good in Tarbes. It was too far from the only remaining open frontier, the Spanish one, to attempt an illegal crossing and

contained no consulates where they might have tried to obtain the necessary papers for a legal departure. From their dwindling funds they took enough for one more taxicab and on June 29th came to Toulouse. The state of chaos and overcrowding in that city was worse than any they had yet experienced and after many hours they only succeeded through the charity of a Spanish nursing sister in finding an attic with two chairs in it in an old and vermin-ridden house. Hans went out and bought good maps, and for two days they planned their escape into Spain. They concluded that the frontier was most likely to be unguarded in the neighbourhood of the world's smallest republic, Andorra, and so, on July 1st, 1940, they set out in another taxicab for Ax les Thermes, which was but five miles from the Andorran frontier; from there they meant to get over the mountains into Andorra by night and afoot.

They got as far as Tarascon, six and a half miles from Ax. The present writer wonders now that the very name did not impel Strasser to take another route, for he knew his Tartarin, if not, until then, Tarascon itself. At such a time Tartarin was sure to be more than usually vigilant. However, there may have been no other route. Any way, Otto Strasser and Hans passed safely through Tarascon and then, at the townlet's exit, a policeman found them suspicious and took them to the police station, where Tartarin himself sat in state. Two foreigners in the neighbourhood of the frontier could only be spies! (What there was yet to espy, in France defeated and in collapse, did not concern him; he was alert to catch Them, and They should not pass.) He telephoned a description of the two strangers to Toulouse and received orders to send them there. Fortunately he had none to send with them, so he gave their driver orders to deliver them to police headquarters at Toulouse.

The driver, saying he was 'no informer', took them to Toulouse but not to the police. They returned to the attic, greatly alarmed because the Toulouse police now had their descriptions and would be watching for them, sat down on the two chairs, and at once began to devise a new attempt at escape. They decided that for Otto Strasser only one possibility remained, which involved obtaining three documents in succession, each being prerequisite to the next: first, a visa to enter Portugal; second, a transit visa to travel across Spain to Portugal; third, an exit permit enabling him to leave France.

Only those who are utterly desperate would even attempt such a task; in France at that time it must have looked to be an impossibility. Ten days passed before Otto Strasser could gain a card of admission to an interview with the Portuguese Consul. That meant waiting each day from eight o'clock to noon outside the Consulate, among a great throng of fear-ridden people, and in constant fear of recognition. This ordeal was slightly diminished by the fact that after eight of the ten days had passed they succeeded in finding a lodging with a bed and were able to sleep. When at last Strasser reached the Portuguese Consul (who was later to prove another good Samaritan) he learned that Portugal was now granting only transit visas, which could not be given without an entrance visa for some American country and the production of a ship's passage, already paid.

That seemed again to be the end. Only Chile, of American countries, had a consulate in Toulouse, which was not granting any entrance visas. There was but one course left, if it was a course: Otto Strasser still had good friends among patriotic officials of the French Government, now removed to Vichy (soon afterwards they shook the dust of Vichy from their shoes) and all American States were represented there. If he could but reach these friends, one of them might help him obtain the scraps of paper, without which he was a man bound hand and foot. He did not dare himself to go to Vichy; he only needed to be asked for his identity card by some zealous *agent* and he would have been in the hands of the Gestapo at once.

Hans made the attempt. He went to Vichy, taking Otto Strasser's passport, and was away eight days. For these eight days Strasser sat in his lodging and could not go out at all. He was provided with just enough frugal food, bread and cheese, and red wine was still to be had for from three to



five francs a litre. He thinks the good red wine of France saved him in those days, and blesses it still. For a man on the run the street is bad enough, but to sit in a room and await a loud knocking at the door is a torment that can drive almost to madness. Strasser says that these eight days were worse than weeks in the front line in the First War.

At last Hans returned, with funds replenished but no exit permit! Strasser's friends at Vichy all sent him the message he had already so often heard: *Sauvez vous!* but they could not help. They implored him to get out of France because his extradition had already been demanded and the German Government had repeatedly pressed for it. 'Of course, we are only looking for Herr Otto Strasser, and not for Herr X.Y., as your friend is now called', they had smilingly told Hans (and Hitler's government later informed Vichy that it saw 'a proof of ill faith' in this attitude). But with all their friendliness, none of them had any longer the influence or the courage to give Strasser the trumpery exit permit which he needed. The only good result of it all came from a chance meeting between Hans and the head of the *Opéra Mundi* agency, who once again supplied them with money.

It seemed to be the end of the road. They had tried everything and were cornered. The wit of man could not, even in their desperate situation, devise any way of escape.

However, God disposes. What other power can it be that leads a hunted man like Otto Strasser, who cannot go out by day, to seek out a quiet canal bank for a stroll in the friendly dusk and there to meet another man who proves to be the little Portuguese Consul? Strasser recognized and addressed him, and the Consul listened while Strasser, without revealing his identity, again told the tale of his needs. Suddenly, in that dark and hopeless situation, light broke through. It was as if a captive found in a corner of his dungeon the key to its heavy door.

A good deed in a naughty world! The Consul had the simple combination that would open all locks. He said quietly, 'Go tomorrow to No. 8 Avenue Strasbourg and get a tourist's visa for Curaçao; then we can book the ship's passage by telegraph and after that I can give you a Portuguese transit visa.' The mysterious address proved to be that of the Netherlands Consulate, which was still open, although the Netherlands had been invaded (soon afterwards the consulate was closed at Hitler's order). The official who received Strasser there was another of those men who try to mitigate, and not to aggravate human suffering, and without inquisitive questions he provided Strasser (and dozens of Jewish emigrants who had followed the same tip) with a tourist's visa for Curaçao. Thereafter the Portuguese and Spanish visas were quickly obtained. There remained one last obstacle: the elusive French exit permit.

Hans performed the incredible exploit of obtaining it, on behalf of a third party! Those who know officialdom (and who does not, in these times?) will realize that this would be a remarkable achievement at any time. In France at that moment it was a miracle. Strasser could not go himself into any French prefecture or police station; he might never have emerged again. Even the necessity to go out for the purpose of obtaining the other visas had almost proved his undoing. He had on three occasions been recognized and accosted in his own name by former fellow-internees from the Buffalo Concentration Camp and could never be sure that one of these would not denounce him. He had to trust to Hans, and Hans succeeded, by means which are not fully known even to the present author. All the signatures, scraps of paper and rubber-stamp impressions which Saint Bureaucratius required, even at such a juncture, were now in order.

At last the noose around Strasser's neck slackened. He spent a last night on French soil, in Gêrbère, and took leave from Hans (who had reasons to stay in France awhile and, with his 'respectable' passport, was able to do so). On August 1st, 1940, after a hunt that had lasted seven weeks, Strasser, a respectable traveller with all his papers apparently in order, passed yet another frontier station, Port Bou, and was in Spain!

## Chapter Nine

### EUROPE THE LESSE ...

A man never knew what he was going to find across the next frontier in those days. There was no precedent or pattern for this new kind of war, in which Hitler and his Gestapo had their agents everywhere (just as the Communists have theirs everywhere today). Otto Strasser had expected, when the train put him down in Barcelona, to find himself in the quiet Neutratia of former wars, far from the clutches of his pursuers. He was at once undeceived. The public rooms and lifts of the hotels in which he stayed, first in Barcelona and then in Madrid, were full of men who looked to him very much like Gestapo agents, of others who wore the Nazi badge in their buttonholes, and even of Germans in uniform. From fear of being recognized he had to avoid regular meal times in the dining-rooms, the use of the lifts, and the terraces where he would have liked to take his coffee. The hair on his scalp began to rise again and he was impatient to be on his way to Portugal. There his brother Paul, the Benedictine priest, after adventures almost as exciting as his own had reached a seminary on the coast. Paul had been arrested and released in Constance in 1935, and had then received warning that the Gestapo was after him too, so that he escaped by way of Austria, Switzerland and France to a Benedictine monastery in Luxembourg. At the outbreak of war he went first to Belgium and then to France, and from Paris, after a perilous journey, to Portugal.

Otto Strasser was warned by friends not to use the Madrid-Lisbon train and sought to make his way to Portugal by detours. He took a bus from Madrid to Salamanca, a local train from there on, got out a few miles beyond the Portuguese frontier and took another bus to Villa Real on the coast, only to learn from the porter at the seminary that his brother had removed to a monastery in the interior. He was lucky to meet an old man, a prisoner of war in Germany in the First War, who was proud of his German, and who helped him with the inevitable paper-formalities at police headquarters and put him on another bus which brought him to his brother's monastery.

He was greeted as one, risen from the dead, the radio having recently announced that he had been captured and killed by the Gestapo. The brothers drank a glass of port in honour of the German adage, *Dass die Totgesagten am laengsten leben*, and exchanged narratives. This was another idyllic respite on the hard path; outside Strasser's cell was an orange tree that bore both blossom and fruit, and the monastery garden, in its perfumed quiet, was like paradise.

For Otto Strasser no respite endures long. He reached the monastery in the second week of August 1940 and one day in September, as the abbot and his monks were crossing the garden, a motor car drove into the courtyard. Two well-dressed men got out and asked to see the abbot, who gently praised the elegance of their vehicle. Without any embarrassment one of them answered, 'We should be most happy to make you a gift of one exactly like it if you will do something for us.' The abbot, somewhat taken aback, invited them into his study and afterwards informed Strasser of what transpired. His visitors informed him that they knew one Dr. Otto Strasser to be residing in his monastery under an assumed name. Dr. Strasser was a notorious traitor, whose extradition had already been applied for by the German Government. If the abbot would 'co-operate' and hand over the traitor to them, they would make a donation of a hundred thousand escudos to his monastery, in addition to the motor car already offered.

The abbot reached for the telephone and called the police. 'By all means inform the police,' said one of his visitors, 'we have no objection', and he displayed a diplomatic passport. The two strangers were the Military Attaché and the Press Attaché of the German Legation in Lisbon. The police arrived, but could do nothing in view of the diplomatic passports; the two gentlemen politely but coldly withdrew and drove away.

Otto Strasser thinks of that place as paradise and was sorry to be driven so soon from it; by supreme irony he was later for many years to live in a Nova Scotian hamlet actually named Paradise, where he was compelled to remain much against his will. On this occasion his idyllic reprieve was abruptly ended. It was obvious that the Gestapo would not stop at that attempt, and notorious that they did not shrink from violence. He could not expose the friendly abbot to such risks and slipped away that very night. He was alone again, his brother having flown to the United States to take up a professorship in a Benedictine college. However, one or two people proved their goodwill towards this hunted man again, and he was enabled to go into hiding in a little fishing village in the north of Portugal. His money worries were at this moment assuaged from another source; his English publisher 'contrived to transmit a balance due to him.

In this tiny and remote spot he found a little peace again, a peace even then disturbed, however, by the impatient wish to get somewhere where he could resume his political fight against Hitler. His only link with the outer world was the radio and he spent the greater part of the day and night listening to the B.B.C. broadcasts about the Battle of Britain. His heart rose again as he heard them. It had seemed that nothing could stop Hitler, but now, at last, the Royal Air Force was holding him, and throwing him back. Strasser vividly recalls those accounts, heard on a lonely but sunlit coast; they gave him fresh spirit to go on with his own fight. Meanwhile he tried as best he could, from that little place, to arrange his further journeys, to get to some place from which he could gather up the strings and resume his campaign. He did not wish to live in concealment; he wanted to be in the fight and in the open.

The problem of his immediate movements was solved for him by others. In the early morning of September 30th, 1940, a motor car drew up before his little abode, and a man stepped out of it who was covered with dust and visibly very tired. He addressed Strasser in French without any preliminaries, telling him that he must get away at once, that Hitler's government had learned where he was, that a Gestapo attempt on him was being prepared and that in addition the German Government had now made an official demand for his immediate extradition. The stranger presented himself as a citizen of a country which from a distance had followed Otto Strasser's fight against Hitler with great interest and sympathy for many years and wished to preserve him from falling into the hands of the Gestapo if it could. The country was Britain.

Otto Strasser gave his visitor the kind of look which he would have bestowed on an unknown man who affably tried to sell him a gold brick in the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin. By now he was prepared to see a Gestapo man behind every bush. He answered coldly that he thought his visitor to be in fact a Gestapo agent, who only wished to get him, Otto Strasser, into that waiting car. The stranger was not offended but admitted the force of such suspicions. He agreed that Strasser should hire a local taxicab and follow him, at an interval of fifteen minutes, to the British Consulate in a city not far away, where he would prove his identity in the presence of the Consul. An hour later Strasser was in the consulate at Oporto, fully convinced of the identity and intentions of his visitor, who, he learned, had been looking for him for thirty-six hours.

Contrary to a common fallacy, the British are an efficient people. None could have done better or quicker in getting Otto Strasser unobtrusively to Lisbon and aboard the American steamer *Excambion*, which sailed on October 2nd. Even before he went aboard the Portuguese Government announced that, to its regret, it had been unable to discover the German refugee, Dr. Otto Strasser, who was alleged to be in Portugal.

That was a shining deed, at a shining time, of which any Britisher may be proud. In the later sequel, and in the light of the quite different treatment that was later accorded to him, one might ask, for what reason was Otto Strasser saved? Was it only to condemn him to a living death in permanent exile, this man on whom no shadow of reproach lies?

But the two things cannot so be linked. Life is after all the most important thing; his life at any rate was then saved, and by the British. He himself, although he has at present no reason to look forward to the rest of his life and every cause for embitterment, says, 'I shall for the rest of my life be grateful to my saviour and to those who instructed him'.

Now, on October 2nd, 1940, the *Excambion* sailed with Otto Strasser aboard. He watched the gap between the ship and the dock widen, the rivermouth open, and then the shape of his native continent dwindle and disappear.

'... Every man is a piece of the *Continent*, a part of the maine; if a Clod be washed away by the Sea, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were....'

Europe *was* the less.

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## Chapter Ten

### OASIS, WITH WELLS

White cliffs and dark cedars, an emerald sea and a sky of brilliant blue: God,' who makes deserts, also makes oases, and now Otto Strasser, on his hard and barren path, came to one where he was to rest awhile. On October 10th, 1940, the *Excambion*, to the surprise of its passengers, anchored off Bermuda; a police launch came out to the ship and then returned to the island with Strasser aboard. He had had no chance in his hurried departure from Portugal, to apply for a visa for any North American country. Mother England now gave him a temporary permit for Bermuda so that he could from there pursue his efforts to reach some mainland country whence he could resume his campaign. That was in the period of the Second War, between Dunkirk and the German attack on Russia, when truth and loyalty still prevailed, and an honest ally was paid his due in courtesy and aid.

In Bermuda Strasser for the first time trod British soil. He has always had a soldier's esteem for the men against whom he had fought, and in addition belongs to that large body of Germans who feel, helplessly, that the salvation of Europe and the West would be ensured if the two countries could but find the way to work together. His respect for Britain appears in all his political writings, and for the present author it is a consolation that in 1940 his life, in all probability, was saved by British intervention. That is a substantial credit entry to set against the treatment accorded to him by British Governments, together with those of Washington and Ottawa, from 1942 until today.

He was taken by surprise by the friendliness of the Bermudans, and was deeply impressed, at this his first acquaintanceship, by the British Colonial official. In the spiritless 'twenties and 'thirties British folk fell into a facile habit of jesting about the man who dressed for dinner in the jungle; today that opinion may be changing again, for manners are rare and their value is consequently reviving. In 1940 this German exile found nothing to mock and much to admire in the British Colonial official. He wrote at the time, 'The Colonial Britisher, with his training, education, self-confidence, integrity and incorruptible judgment belongs undoubtedly to the best products of our civilization. The Colonial Secretary on this island was an especially good specimen of this type, whose example unquestionably inspired a large circle around him'.

After the hunted life he had lived for seven years, with death ever at his heels, Bermuda was reprieve, respite and enchantment. He still speaks of it as the loveliest spot he has seen on earth, and as he has seen many delightful places this superlative opinion may to some extent be relative to the grim experience that lay behind him. Against that background of hope, fading into extinction, beauty may have looked doubly beautiful. The British had saved him when the relentless pursuit reached him in a remote Portuguese fishing village; the Royal Air Force had checked Hitler just when nothing on earth seemed able to stop him. Suddenly everything looked vastly better, in that autumn and winter of 1940; the long nightmare that had begun with the Reichstag fire seemed to be coming to an end at last. He was alive and full of energy; Hitler's day would soon be over; Otto Strasser and his like would yet rebuild Germany and restore peace in Europe.

It was a false dawn, not only for this man, but for the masses of English people and Europeans. The writer also recalls the exultant feeling of that autumn and winter and the spring that followed; it seemed that the mistakes that had been made had after all been honest ones and would now be honourably amended. There was hope alike in the spring flowers in Regent's Park and in the bomb debris around St. Paul's. The next summer and autumn were to bring the return of the nightmare. The leaders of the Christian West were to abandon the greater part of Europe to a worse fate than even Hitler had inflicted on it. The wretched story of the years 1933-45, in which there was but this

one bright interlude of 1940-41, was to be resumed in chapters even darker with dishonour and sorrow. Millions of people were to be the victims of that, and Otto Strasser was but one of them. However, he will always be important, if only for the different shape which such men as he could have given to the course of events, had they not been outlawed, and this is his story.

He spent six months in Bermuda, uplifted by his own experience, heartened by Hitler's reverses, inspired by new hope and restored by the peace and beauty around him. He was troubled only by the impatience of his wish to get to the mainland and to work, and by one untoward episode which was inexplicable to him at the time but ominously presaged what was to befall him.

This was a strange encounter with a man of British nationality whose behaviour towards him was in such violent contrast to all his other experience of the British, and particularly his recent experience, that Strasser was left in nonplussed consternation. He had never, anywhere, met or even imagined so megalomaniac a being as this squeaking gnome; it was as if a pelican postured as a peacock, and to make it the more ludicrous, this man was an Englishman. Even today Otto Strasser shakes his head in perplexity when he thinks of that curious meeting. His only comparable experience was the violent debate with Hitler, and Hitler was, if anything, more modest in demeanour than this new acquaintance. Strasser had never seen a man so fixed in self-importance, so cocksure in curious fallacy, or so unaccountably vain.

The man was a writer, a Mr. H.G. Wells, whom ill chance brought to Bermuda at that moment, and whom the devil had long since prodded (like Wilkie Collins) towards perdition by whispering 'Herbert, get a mission!' so that he had deserted Kipps and gone in for Utopia. This he envisaged as a beautiful place which mankind could quickly reach if it followed his directions and as he had given all the directions, including all the opposite ones, he was embittered that mankind did not arrive there, but wilfully persisted in going its own gait to the dogs (unless it were to the gods). He knew and had at one time or another foretold all things, including the military potency of the balloon and the naval uselessness of the submarine, the military invincibility of France and the impossibility of naval warfare between two powers continuing more than a week. The obdurate blindness of mankind to all his revelations had deprived Mr. Wells of that unhop'd serene which men call age. As he grew older he grew angrier and by the time Otto Strasser unluckily crossed his path he had come to confuse his own end, then inevitably near, with the end of the world. To this doomed planet, condemned to extinction because it had not followed the innumerable conflicting courses recommended by Mr. Wells, he was soon to bid farewell in these words: 'The writer sees the world as a jaded world devoid of recuperative power ... The odds seem all in favour of man's going down and out.'

Otto Strasser is a man who laughs at the pranks of fate, however unkind, instead of repining, or he might have lifted his hands to heaven and asked if he were not already in enough trouble, without having Mr. Wells thrust upon him, who, quite apart from his constant cosmic wrath, had special personal reasons for illwill towards mankind when they met. He had just come from New York, where (wrote Mr. Somerset Maugham) 'His lectures were a failure. People couldn't hear what he said and didn't want to listen to what they could hear. They left in droves. He was hurt and disappointed. He couldn't understand why they were impatient with him for saying much the same sort of thing as he had been saying for the last thirty years. The river has flowed on and left him high and dry on the bank.'

As if that were not enough to stoke the failing fires of his choler, he was put off the aeroplane at Bermuda because the space was needed for urgent mail. He, Mr. Wells! Under this indignity he swelled, bullfrog-like, until he nearly burst. 'Urgent mail!' he snorted to Strasser, 'why, most of those letters are for me anyway!'

Thus he was just in the mood to take it out of a lonely exile, delivered into his hands; this was his cup of tea, and they met at a tea party at which their host and hostess were the only others present. Otto Strasser contemplated Mr. Wells with mild disillusionment, listened to the tirades that then began in growing astonishment, and after five minutes would have left in droves, had courtesy permitted; he acknowledges the law of courtesy.

Mr. Wells, being apprised that the other guest was a German and Catholic, violently abused Germans and Catholics. In the First War he had for a time been put in charge of propaganda against Germany at the Ministry of Information; his qualification may have been a published recommendation for the looting of Berlin, unless it was simply his ignorance of Germany. Now he poured harsh vituperation on the Pope, the Church, the Germans, and 'the accursed mysticism of German philosophy'. Otto Strasser, who had never seen an Englishman behave like this, could only tell himself that it clearly took all kinds to make an England.

When that subject was exhausted Mr. Wells turned to Utopia. His mind, at that particular instant, saw the shortest way to universal bliss and peace in the creation of a World Air Line; the idea was hard to follow, but this seemed to be it, if it was an idea at all. In the manner of Hitler delivering an ultimatum he demanded to know whether Germany, once rid of the Nazis, would join in this World Air Line. Strasser answered, 'Why yes, of course. For that matter, Bismarck joined the World Postal Union, not that that stopped war, as far as I know.' This reply produced an angry squeal and another abusive and pontifical harangue. To this day Strasser is not clear what Mr. Wells was driving at, but thinks he had some vague notion that mechanical progress, by inherent magic, would evolve a solvent of all mankind's problems, as a sort of by-product, but that mankind in general, and Otto Strasser in particular, was from sheer contrariness obstructing the realization of this, his vision.

Strasser felt as if he had suddenly encountered the ghost of nineteenth-century liberalism, talking through the hat on its decapitated head in the ruins of the Fabian Society's manse. There was no common ground between these two men: the one a Christian, soldier, man of action, scholar and cavalier; the other, a disbeliever and sedentary pamphleteer in whose mind inconsequent ideas scurried about from first reaction to second thought and later afterthought like a riotous mob that surges forward to destroy, reels backward at the word 'police', and then scatters and scuttles through the byways, throwing a random stone from aimless rage.

Strasser, though he was puzzled by the personal vindictiveness which seemed to envenom Mr. Wells's outpourings, gave them no further thought, and had they come from any other man they would have gone with the cleansing wind. But Mr. Wells still had power to hold a pen and wreak a petty spite; he might have been left high and dry on the river's bank, but he could yet make a little fire of twigs of malice there to warm his chilling blood. When space was found for him in an aeroplane and he returned to England, he continued his tea-table tirade in articles attacking the man, previously unknown to him, whom he had by chance met once in a drawing-room in Bermuda! Otto Strasser ought to be put in a concentration camp, Mr. Wells told newspaper-readers (at a hundred pounds a thousand words, according to his biographers). Mr. Wells seemed anxious to succeed where Hitler, Himmler, Dr. Steinhäusl, the Daladier Government and a long line of others had failed.

Indeed, there were astonishing resemblances, remarked by many people, between the prophets from Bromley and from Braunau; Mr. Wells was very much like Hitler in the confusion of his ideas, in overbearing manner and inordinate conceit, in impatience with reasoned objection and vindictiveness towards the objector.

In fact, Mr. Wells (and this is a piquant reflection) would inevitably have become a demagogic politician of the Hitler type but for one small disqualification. In his *Anticipations* (1901) he wrote,

'It is improbable that ever again will any flushed, undignified man with a vast voice, a muscular face in incessant operation, collar crumpled, hair disordered and arms in wild activity talking ... copiously ... rise to be the most powerful thing in any democratic state in the world. Certainly the individual vocal demagogue dwindles.' The anticipation, as events showed, was incorrect, and the picture given is a very good one of Mr. Wells himself, save for one detail. His vocal chords were so made that they emitted a squeak; had they been built to produce 'a vast voice' nothing, in this writer's estimation, could have stopped Mr. Wells, who was without equal as a demagogue of the pen, from becoming a vocal demagogue with a herd following. He could then have thundered from platforms (instead of merely putting on paper) such inspiring anticipations as: 'And for the rest, these swarms of black and brown and dingy white and yellow people who do not come into the new needs of efficiency? ... I take it they will have to go'; and the intoxicating and timber-shivering roar of 'Heil!' would have done the rest.

The author, though his collection of examples is large, does not know of a more wanton case of published misinformation than the statements which Mr. Wells then and later made in the newspapers of the world about the man he had briefly met on an island. The writers of all time might hold their noses over it; however, in this day many of them inhale such odours as if they were the perfume of Eden, or perhaps the aroma of a bird hung long enough to be approved by those who like their game high. This book shows where the malicious impulse started: Strasser was whipping-boy for the droves that left those American lecture halls and for the authorities who put Mr. Wells off an aeroplane; thus is 'the news' born, as ragweed may spring from a seed carried into a dark corner by some wind of chance.

The vindictiveness with which Mr. Wells pursued from London the man he had by chance briefly met in Bermuda admits of no rational explanation. Indeed, the search for one is unnecessary, for Mr. Wells called his last book, written not long afterwards, *Mind at the End of its Tether*, and this title was more appropriate than its unfortunate deviser could realize. Just enough tether remained, however, for him to discharge a long series of expletives and denunciations at Strasser, then in Canada. These fulminations went on for months and years and were eagerly echoed and spread by leftist newspapers and politicians so that at times the Second War might have seemed, to innocent newspaper readers, to be against Otto Strasser, not Adolf Hitler; Mr. Wells's feeling about Hitler must have been that of one demagogue for another, to judge by his conduct in this matter. He was renowned for his short legs and if the adage be true his words may not have much longer ones. However, they went trotting on for a little way even after his death, so that one of his biographers in 1950 still extolled his valiant campaign against 'a man whose hands were stained with blood' (*H.G. Wells*, Antonina Vallentin, John Day Company, New York). The reader of this book may check that statement for accuracy or inaccuracy. At this mid-century, in 'the free world', anybody may publish anything about an impoverished exile whom powerful governments have combined to outlaw.

Wells passed on; the oasis remained. Bermuda was enchantment, but also captivity, because Strasser thirsted for the fight. He needed to find some place on the North American mainland from which he could once more begin to organize his campaign, rally the party of freedom in Germany against Hitler, enlist the support of the West, and in particular enlighten the Anglo-Saxon world about the inner stratification of the German people. At that time, when Britain led the fight, the world still made a distinction between Hitler and Germany, between the Nazi government and the Germans, and he thought it to be of paramount importance that this distinction should be clearly maintained by means of authentic information. The days of Mr. Roosevelt, Uncle Joe and Unconditional Surrender were yet to come; at that time none could imagine that the West would deliberately turn its back on those Germans who were waiting to destroy Hitler. There seemed to be a great work waiting to be done by him on the North American mainland.



With all those considerations in mind, Otto Strasser took a fateful decision, which today, in the light of all the unforeseeable things that later befell him, he may regret. He refused an invitation of the Mexican Government to go to Mexico and directed his efforts towards the United States and Canada, where he thought he could best apply his energies to the struggle. He then received the first warning of what was to come. He was told by an official American authority that telegrams of protest against his admission were being received from Jewish and leftist organizations. The Canadian Government, however, offered him hospitality. He preferred to go to Canada in any case, because Canada was in the war, so that he expected no hindrance to his political activity.

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## Chapter Eleven

### THE LAST FRONTIER?

All the difficulties of passage and permission were one day overcome and on April 7th, 1941 Otto Strasser sailed from Hamilton, Bermuda aboard a ship which a little later, on the same run, was sunk by a U-boat with great loss of life. He left behind him sunny Bermuda, which lies on the latitude of the northern Sahara, and soon saw before him the coast of New Brunswick, still under snow. He had since 1933 crossed many frontiers: from Germany by night over the mountains into Austria; from Austria by tram into Czechoslovakia; from Czechoslovakia by aeroplane, over the heads of Hitler's troops, to France; from there to Switzerland and back again to Paris; then had come the twisting, turning flight across France and over the Pyrenees into Spain; next, the sidestep into Portugal, the Pimpernel-like British intervention and the escape aboard the *Excambion* to Bermuda.

Danger had been his constant companion on those long journeys and many frontier-crossings, and mortal peril had often been at his very side. Now he looked over the ship's rail at one more frontier, the wall of Canada, and his heart was high with hope. If at that instant he cast his mind's eye over the various prospects of success or failure that might await him on this new shore, the thing that was to happen certainly never occurred to him; it was too fantastic, in 1941, to be even imagined. He could not possibly conceive that this might be the *last* frontier he would ever cross! He was 43 then, and had been fighting Hitler, like none other, for eleven years. He is 55 now, and at present no reason offers to anticipate that the governments of Washington, London and Ottawa, and their protégé regime in Bonn, will ever allow him to see his country or his children, who were infants when he went away and are now full grown.

He landed at Saint John and began the long journey to Montreal and then to Ottawa, looking from the train windows with that surprise which the dimensions of Canada ever inspire in a man from Europe. At first all went well. He was received at the Canadian Department of External Affairs with the respect and sympathy he deserved and confidently counted on support in his work. He would have received it at the last attempt, in Paris, but for the catastrophe there. He had even from Bermuda succeeded in founding the Free Germany Movement, with organized branches in South America and South Africa, and looked forward to erecting, on this basis, a German National Council which would speak with authority for Christian, anti-Hitler Germany and provide the core of a German government to be established after Hitler's defeat. His aims were at that time fully consonant with those professed (but later abandoned) by the governments of the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth countries and the exiled governments allied with them. Two publications issued by the British Ministry of Information 'in particular, implied that the collaboration of anti-Hitler Germans was feasible and was desired.

Otto Strasser set to work with his characteristic energy, lecturing, writing, organizing and interviewing authority. The press was friendly to him and his plans. His task now had changed. Up to the outbreak of war his objective had been to prevent the war itself by bringing about a German revolution against Hitler; that hope had been destroyed by the concerted support given to Hitler, at decisive moments, by the men who held the keys to the situation in Germany, first, and next in England, France, Italy and the United States. Now that the war had come, he saw that his foremost aim must be to make the world aware of the distinction between Hitler and the Germans, and to organize all Germans whom he could reach against Hitler. The outbreak of war had achieved what the Gestapo had for six years failed to do: where the concentration camp had not sufficed to disrupt his Black Front in Germany, the automatic call-up was effective. Therefore he saw that he must concentrate on radio-broadcasts direct to Germany (if he were allowed); and on the spiritual

mobilization against Hitler of the large German communities in North and South America, South Africa and in other countries, and the growing armies of German prisoners-of-war. He hoped to receive support in all these plans and at a later stage to be assisted in forming a German Freedom Legion to take part in the actual fighting against Hitler.

The condition of all this was that the Allies should have a clear policy towards Germany among themselves. In April of 1941 it was still possible (though not for long after that) to hope that they would evolve one of such soundness and sanity. While he argued and pleaded, Otto Strasser wrote and disseminated his ideas untiringly. The programme of his Free Germany Movement was published in English, German and Spanish in 1941 and circulated in large numbers in many parts of a world then responsive. His lectures were packed (a remunerative lecturing tour in the United States, however, was cancelled at Jewish demand). His books, *Hitler and I* and *L'aigle prussien sur l'Allemagne*, were sold in large numbers, and in all these ways he was able to pay for the printing and distribution of his periodical Letters to his Free Germany Movement throughout the world.

Every condition for his success was fulfilled save the essential one: the Western governments, or those who controlled them, would not commit themselves to a sane policy towards Germany, so that the support he sought, though it often seemed always near, was ever withheld. When Hitler attacked the Communist Empire, the Western allies, by the alacrity of their sycophancy towards Moscow, threw away the great cause which had been at stake: freedom against tyranny. Then, when the United States entered the war, it was gradually shown that the treatment of Germany was to be governed by the desire of powerful pressure-groups for an Old Testamentary vengeance, and the verb 'to morgenthau' was added to the war's other new one, 'to coventrate'. (In the light of what ultimately happened the present writer has always been surprised by Mr. Winston Churchill's inclusion of the precept 'In Victory: Magnanimity' among the four 'Morals' which introduce his volumes about the war; the application of the word 'magnanimity' to the transactions of Quebec, Moscow, Yalta and Potsdam seems to be of almost unique incongruity.)

Thus as 1941 wore on and ended, on its course transforming the Communists into the noble allies of the West and the Americans into belligerents, Otto Strasser felt the temperature change. In the American House of Representatives a Democratic Congressman, Mr. William Thom of Ohio, received no government answer to his proposal that Otto Strasser's Free Germany Movement be officially recognized and supported in broadcasting to Germany, giving instruction to German prisoners-of-war, classifying Germans resident abroad, and establishing a German Freedom Legion. Such ideas no longer received governmental support; Germany was merely to be morgenthaued; the great principle of freedom against tyranny was being thrown overboard like a corpse sewn in a blanket and the real shape of the war was emerging. It carried with it the abandonment of leaders and allies everywhere who had joined in the fight for the original, supreme principle. That process continues today, in 1953, and Otto Strasser was but one of the many victims of it. Mr. H.G. Wells would not cease from wreaking spite or let the pen rest in his hand while he could still attack Hitler's enemy, briefly met in Bermuda. His tirades were taken up by leftist Members in the Canadian House of Commons (some of them later expressed regret) and so harassed the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, that although he admitted their emptiness he also undertook, with the politician's instinct for hedging, to withhold any support from Strasser and his Free German Government.

All these events are on record, accessible to any who care to search files and verify their information. The background to them, however, is here revealed for the first time. The change of behaviour towards Otto Strasser did not come about by spontaneous aversion or by any process of reasoning. It was a process prompted by third parties who did not publicly appear in it and were powerful enough to direct the actions of officials and governments. 'I am taken captive and I know not by whom, but I am taken,' wrote Seneca. Otto Strasser was not left in doubt about the identity

of those who in effect took him captive. They were not the police officers, government officials and ministers from whom he received intimation of his plight....

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## Chapter Twelve

### SLINGS AND ARROWS

At the turn of the year 1941-42 Otto Strasser was unexpectedly invited to dine at the house of an important citizen of Montreal, whom he scarcely knew, for the purpose of meeting a distinguished American visitor. The standing of his host seemed to speak for harmless and pleasant entertainment and he accepted. To his surprise the guest from the start took command of the conversation.

This man was an American of Eastern European origins and was head of one of those 'Institutes' in Washington and New York, the names of which suggest that they are opposed to sin and in favour of some worthy, though vaguely-defined cause. They derive large revenues from the massive fortunes left for good works by the titans of rugged individualism, and these occasionally come to be applied in ways which might startle the original Carnegies and Rockefellers, for some of them have been at times 'infiltrated', and then 'captured' by Communist agents, so that their activities are perverted. Mr. Alger Hiss (the Communist agent who was President Roosevelt's adviser at Yalta) was until his exposure head of an establishment dedicated to the promotion of 'peace'; though his colleagues were patently sincere, their chief presumably held the furtherance of Communism to be the primary consideration and the cause of peace an incidental one.

The man who confronted Otto Strasser, that winter's night in Montreal, was (say) Mr. Davis Washington Jefferson of The Foundation for Cultivating True Americanism and today presides over The Institute of American Sympathizers of Thailand (the true names cannot yet be given). He was a high Soviet agent and thus never appeared in Communist politics. In the presence of their mutual host, who said little, and may have understood less of what transpired beneath his nose, he invited Strasser to take over the leadership of the entire German opposition, on condition that the Communists should be admitted to Strasser's Free Germany Movement (the reader may recall that this is the invariable Communist device for gaining entrance to parties, coalitions, governments or any body, the capture and overthrow of which is intended; this same demand, being supported by the governments of London or Washington, led to the Communist usurpation of power in Poland, Yugoslavia, China and other countries).

Mr. Davis Washington Jefferson urged Strasser to realize that the facts of political life had completely changed through the Communist Empire's emergence in the war on the side of the West. The Communists now regarded themselves, and by all democracies would be recognized, as 'the allies of democracy', so that Otto Strasser had no further grounds for and should abandon his hostility to Communism. He would be supplied with funds and given full support in his campaign, but must agree to the formation in Moscow of a second headquarters of his Free Germany Movement, and to this end should himself go there, all having been arranged for his journey.<sup>[19]</sup>

This was the party-line patter of that moment and as it was also being trumpeted from the wartime propaganda machines of London and Washington masses of trustful people believed it; possibly Otto Strasser's host thought he was listening to sweet and reasonable truth. To Otto Strasser it sounded like one of the earliest phonograph cylinders, playing 'Tell me the old, old story'; but then, he was an experienced man. He replied politely that he would not consider any form of co-operation with Communism then or later and that his Free Germany Movement would never modify its fundamental principles, which were Christian and anti-totalitarian. Thereon the guest said coldly, 'You will bitterly regret it', and, without asking leave of the host in that strange house, had Strasser shown the door, through which he passed without having seen his dinner!

At this same time Strasser received another warning, also from a person of Eastern European origins, whose status in the eyes of the Canadian law and authorities was precisely that of Strasser himself; the man was by nationality German and a refugee in Canada. He was also a Communist, and apparently an important one, although he had taken little public part in Communist politics either in Germany or in Canada. He approached Strasser after a lecture and said bluntly that if he, Strasser, refused to work with the Communists the Canadian Government would ban his political activity, possibly intern him, and in any event see that he never returned to Germany.

This was a threat of what the Canadian Government would do, made in Montreal by one German refugee to another! The matter is on record because Strasser, in view of its nature, immediately reported it to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, with the man's name, address, political affiliations and statement. To this day it must be in those official files; and to this day the man concerned lives in Canada, never troubled by any.

These two men were not blathering. They meant what they said and knew what they and their friends had power to do; their words were very soon made good to the letter. That is not to say that the Canadian Government knew what menaces were being uttered in its name, or that the political leaders of the West in the last decade have been consciously aware of the humiliating use which has been made of them. Three years after this incident, at the war's end, the Canadian Prime Minister himself, Mr. Mackenzie King, was utterly bewildered to learn from the sanctuary-seeking Igor Gouzenko of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa of the extent to which Canadian governmental departments and agencies and the Canadian services had been honeycombed by Soviet agents. He would not at first listen; next could not believe; and when at last the scales fell from his eyes he was so shaken that he took aeroplane at once to President Truman and Mr. Attlee to acquaint them with the fact that he had discovered in his own country a situation 'more serious' than any in its history and that the one in theirs was even graver. That had no effect in Washington or London. Not to this day, eight years later, has that grave condition been sufficiently investigated, or publicly exposed at all save by accidental and episodic revelation.<sup>[20]</sup>

The men who threatened Otto Strasser at the turn of the year 1941-42 knew what went on and what they could do; they were not simply American, British or Canadian ministers of the twentieth century. Not even Otto Strasser then suspected their power. Immediately the vindictive campaign begun by Mr. Wells was given double venom and range, and has not ceased to this day. As at the touch of a button speakers in the parliaments, reporters of the news agencies, and writers in the newspapers of Washington, New York, London, Manchester, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and all other cities of 'the free world' discovered that Otto Strasser, Hitler's foremost enemy, was a Nazi, a Fascist, a reactionary and many things more. He was to be made to 'bitterly regret'; he was to be banned and prevented even from returning to his country or his children again. The source of the campaign against him has here been shown; the course of subsequent events will now be described.

In July 1941 the Canadian Under Secretary for External Affairs had written to Strasser that, 'The Canadian authorities are naturally very much interested in the questions you raise, although the decision as to most of them would lie primarily with the British Government. If and when any of the proposals are approved by that Government, I have no doubt that the Canadian Government will be prepared to co-operate as far as is considered feasible....'

In December 1942 a very different note was struck. Otto Strasser was then visited by a high officer of the Canadian police in Montreal, who informed him that the Canadian Government desired him to abstain from further public appearances in Canada and to suspend publication of his writings in Canadian papers, as these had aroused 'disquiet and discontent in certain circles of the population'. Strasser protested at once to the Department of External Affairs that this would deprive him of all means of earning a livelihood, that no restrictions had been attached to his permit to reside in

Canada, that every word he had ever written or spoken was on record as being filled with the spirit of hostility to, Nazism, and that the 'disquiet and discontent', according to his police visitor, was in fact confined. to 'a certain small section of the population'.

On February 23rd, 1943, the Department of External Affairs replied that the Canadian Government had consented to his admission only 'on condition that you had or would be furnished with definite means of financial support. It was not contemplated that you would be dependent for support upon speaking and writing activities to be carried on while you remained in this country'. He must 'refrain from public speaking and writing and from correspondence with other persons on political matters, so long as you continue to enjoy sanctuary in Canada'. He had foretold 'a deal between the German Government and the U.S.S.R. at the expense of Poland ... It seems advisable, therefore, to remind you that, since co-operation with the U.S.S.R. in the war against Hitler is the policy of the United Nations, the spreading of speculations or insinuations against Russia's good faith is detrimental to the war effort and cannot be permitted'.

Thus the joint wrath of 'the United Nations' (no longer merely the reproof of his host-country) was now directed against the one man in the world who had been waging 'the war against Hitler' for thirteen years. Strasser repeated in reply that in fact no restrictions whatever had been attached to his entry into Canada and pointed out that he could not have been expected to have financial means as Hitler himself had deprived him of all his property and possessions, so that he would be destitute if he were forbidden to earn a livelihood in the only way open to him.

In March 1943 the Department of External Affairs answered formally, '... We expect you not to publish any articles, letters or books so long as you are in Canada. Manuscripts now actually in course of publication will be regarded as exceptions to the above rule, but we must ask you to withdraw any other manuscripts which are not actually under contract by publishers. This would apply to manuscripts now under consideration by any magazine or publishing house'.

This was just ten years after the Reichstag fire; to such plight had the many years of unremitting warfare against Hitler brought Hitler's foremost adversary. In August 1943 he was served with an official Order-in-Council, signed by the Minister of Justice (the incumbent of that office later became Prime Minister) which said, among other things:

'The said Otto Strasser shall not communicate to any person within or without Canada by public address, letter, telegraph or telephone any information, comment, statement or opinion with regard to any political, social or religious matter excepting however social or religious communications of a purely personal nature. The said Otto Strasser shall not publish, cause to be published or agree to or authorize the publication of any book, pamphlet, newspaper, periodical or review, or any article in any book, pamphlet, newspaper, periodical or review....'

The order very clearly signified political extinction and personal destitution unless these things could be avoided by the ingenuity or good fortune of its recipient. The qualification in respect of 'social or religious communications of a purely personal nature' apparently allowed him to issue printed invitations to a banquet or to copy out the Lord's Prayer and send it to a friend. Even Clarendon, who was driven into exile first by the Puritans and then by the Royalists, was not more harshly treated; and like Clarendon, Otto Strasser never lost his good humour. He says today that the experience 'cannot cloud my view of Canada and its people. I found many friends there, among the English-speaking and French communities alike, and came to the conviction that Canada is the land of the future.'

He was kept alive once more by destiny, which in these emergencies was ever his friend. He met a Sudeten German acquaintance from Prague who had a tiny and unused farmhouse in the apple-

growing Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia and offered him this refuge, free. He went and lived in it, amid utter loneliness, for three years. He wrote two books. The manuscript of one, which bore the prophetic title *Armistice or Peace?*, was confiscated by the Canadian Government and never returned to him, although he had contracts for its publication (the other, *Deutschlands Erneuerung*, appeared in South America after the war).

A small but regular remittance from his brother in the United States maintained him in food. The Black Front and the Free Germany Movement seemed to have been smashed at last, by those who claimed also to fight Hitlerism. He was by the ban cut off from communication with his organization and his supporters in South America, South Africa, China, the Netherlands, Indies and the neutral countries of Europe. Astonishingly, the fruits of his work bloomed without his tending; these branches developed a life of their own and later he was able to renew his work as if it had not been interrupted, thanks to this constancy of his supporters.

However, at that time the threats of the two Communists in Montreal were completely fulfilled. In the Western countries and capitals Communists began to nest in all governmental and service departments and agencies. In Nova Scotia Hitler's chief antagonist, lonely and forgotten, grimly dug his garden and planted potatoes against the winter. Moscow, freed from the competition of the foremost candidate for leadership of the German opposition, formed its own 'Free Germany Committee' with the captured German generals, to whom were later added a Nazi Gauleiter or two. The choice of a similar name was deliberate; there was to be only one 'Free German' movement, and as Otto Strasser had refused any part in it it was to be established in Moscow without him, while he faded into oblivion in the Annapolis Valley. The party of freedom in Germany had been abandoned by the Western Governments which claimed to be fighting for freedom; henceforth the party of the totalitarian State was to be supported and Hitler's work continued for him.

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# PART FOUR

1945 – 1953

## CAT AND MOUSE

The writer believes that recent Western history contains nothing comparable with the victimization of Otto Strasser as it began with the bans in 1942 and continues today, eleven years later, with his virtual internment. It would be a commonplace occurrence in any backward region, but precisely this was from the time of Magna Carta supposed to be the essential point of difference between such barbarous areas and that which has come to call itself The West. To find anything like it in the West the student must go back to times of despotic justice which but recently seemed to have been left far behind. That it should be possible at this mid-century is the measure of the West's deterioration in these fifty years. The motive for it was perceptibly his belief in Christian nationhood and the individuality of nations, and if that is now heresy in the West, then the term 'The West' is losing its distinctive meaning and becoming merely a geographical indication. He is but one of many leaders in many countries who have been defamed or deserted for the same reason; nevertheless there is a peculiar and particular outrageousness in the injustice done him. Fiction alone offers a fairly modern counterpart; the Count of Monte Cristo suffered in oblivion a persecution about as long, equally unknown, and by any fair standards as unaccountable.

While the war continued he gritted his teeth, tended his little plot between the going and the coming of the snows, sought firing for the long winters and waited for the fighting's end. He was occasionally reminded that he must not write, say or publish any word about public affairs and was threatened with 'legal means of enforcement' even if things published by him *before* the ban were republished! The problem of existence was left to him to solve. His post was intercepted, scrutinized, sometimes forwarded, sometimes withheld. He asked in 1943 to be allowed at least to leave Canada and was told months later, in 1944, 'in view of disturbed conditions in South America it would not be possible to approve your earlier suggestion that you should migrate to Uruguay!' He was unwanted; but he must stay. He lived on that borderline of want described in a German phrase; he had 'too little to live, too much to die'.

At last, in May 1945 Berlin fell, the fighting in Europe ceased, and he thought the clouds were lifting. He asked that 'the wartime restrictions' be raised; the Deputy Minister of Justice replied that they must continue 'as there has as yet been no official proclamation of the end of the war in Europe'. Some time after that again, 'the restrictions' *were* raised, in a curious manner of speaking. He was nominally permitted to resume his work. In fact his connections with the publishing world had been destroyed, in part by the silence imposed on him and in greater part by the freedom to defame him enjoyed by others. He could not pick up the threads of his literary work as if they had never been cut. Apparently he was not intended to, for the familiar 'spokesman' of authority jocularly told the press, 'There are no legal restrictions on Dr. Strasser's right to say anything he wants ... but the legal right is one thing, and the propriety of his making statements embarrassing to Canada is another; then we might have a word with him'.

'Legal right' was not even 'one thing' in this case; it did not exist at all. Strasser was not too much disheartened; because writing was not, in 1945, his first interest. He wanted to resume his life's work (the political struggle for the future of Germany), not merely his literary work which had been a means to the greater end. His urgent desire was to leave Canada (which in any case appeared to find him distasteful), not so much for the simple sake of leaving Canada as for that of returning to his own country and of seeing his children again. At that point his treatment took its new, fantastic and present shape. He was by every device of sophistry and ingenuity prevented from leaving the country where he was called a nuisance.

The true motive for this has never been stated and such pretexts as authority reluctantly gave, years later, could by the most cursory examination be proved barren. For the better understanding of the real motive the circumstances of 1945 and 1946 need to be described.

The end of the war in Europe, the reopening of the postal services, and the release of Strasser's mail from interference all showed something unexpected, possibly even to him. He was by no means forgotten in Germany. In that respect the twelve years of exile and the three years of bans had been ineffective. His old supporters began to get in touch with him, by scores, then hundreds, then thousands. Very quickly an organization was re-established; it was as if ivy, torn from its hold, by nature's prompting found its way back to the wall. Strasser from his humble room in Nova Scotia at once proclaimed the dissolution of the Black Front; no further need existed for a weapon forged solely to destroy Hitler. His followers, postally instructed by him (his greatest problem was to raise the money for stamps) grouped themselves in a large and loosely-knit League for Germany's Revival (the name was taken from his book, *Deutschlands Erneuerung*) at the core of which was a small controlling body, in the nature of a general staff, called The Friends of Otto Strasser. He contemplated the foundation, on this basis, of a political party to mobilize opinion and fight elections. It was called the German Freedom Party; its symbol was the Christian cross, and that alone was likely, in the circumstances of the time, to incur hostility in political London, Washington and Ottawa.

At once the machine of outlawry was set in motion against him. Up to that moment, apparently, faith had been put in the power of time and oblivion to obliterate the political significance of Otto Strasser. Now it was seen that these had not availed. In the chancelleries of the West an abrupt awakening seems to have occurred. The forgotten man of the Annapolis Valley had not been forgotten! From that instant the persecution of this solitary man entered its second phase; it was that envisaged in the second phrase of the menace uttered by the German Communist refugee in Montreal in 1941. Otto Strasser (he had said) would find his political activity banned if he refused to work with the Communists; and more than that, *he would never be allowed to return to Germany*.

What was thus threatened in 1941 was fulfilled in 1945 and until the present day. The combined might of the governments of London, Washington and Ottawa, supported by the governments of Paris and of Bonn, has for eight years been exerted to keep this one man from his native land. To achieve this they have availed themselves of Hitler's own law against his chief enemy, in open disregard of all their own laws, constitutions, professions and precepts. They have perpetuated the law of the concentration camp, which obviates the need for charge, trial, evidence or justice, in this one especial case alone.

Before the tale is chronologically told, a brief summary of the basic facts of the situation is here appropriate:

Otto Strasser was deprived of his German nationality by a decree of the Hitlerist Minister of the Interior (Dr. Frick, hanged at Nuremberg) published on November 1st, 1934, in the German *Official Gazette (Reichsanzeiger)* and issued under Hitler's Denationalization Law of July 14th, 1933. Under this law and decree all Strasser's property in Germany was confiscated (his life insurance was about the only important item remaining; however, Hitler even ordered the University of Wuerzburg to rescind his doctorate!), and also that of his wife and children; deprived of their German nationality, they fled to Greece in 1934, reaching Switzerland in 1934. Under this, the valid law of the German Reich at the time, Strasser was disabled from obtaining a German passport. He lived and carried on his campaign in Austria and Czechoslovakia with false passports, or genuine passports bearing another name, escaped from France with a Czech passport, and was given a British passport for the voyage from Portugal to Bermuda and Canada. This passport he was required to surrender on reaching Canada and thenceforward was by Hitler's act that most unhappy of mortals: a man living in a foreign land without a passport.

Then (in 1945 and 1946) came the end of the war, the sudden revelation that his supporters in Germany continued to be numerous and staunch, and his immediate attempt to return there and, at last, take up his life's work. It was desired (though not at first admitted) to prevent this; for what reasons, this book has sought to divine and show. But on what ground could he be forbidden to return to Germany? He had been put under ban, and in effect exiled to Nova Scotia, during the war on the ground that 'the spreading of speculations or insinuations against Russia's good faith ... cannot be permitted'. In 1945 and 1946, however, the politicians of the West were competing with each other to expose Soviet ill faith! There was soon to be a great 'airlift to Berlin' and later a war 'against Communist aggression' in far Korea. The remaining peoples of the West were once again to be crushed with taxes and hamstrung with restrictions, this time to enable them to face and overcome the Communist menace.

Otto Strasser had been vindicated then, in the case of Communism as in that of Hitlerism! The ban had been unjust. He was the proven enemy of the new evil as of the old one. What possible explanation could be publicly given, if one were demanded, for preventing this man's return to his country?

There was a simple answer. Under concentration-camp law no explanation is needed. No public justification was attempted. Hitler had deprived him of his passport and he could not travel without one. Quietly the Western Governments took over that useful enactment of The Wicked Man and by means of it have for nearly eight years kept Otto Strasser exiled in Nova Scotia. The Communist in Montreal in 1941 made no idle boast.

There is a sardonic arrogance and inhumanity in this injustice which stands out more starkly when it is studied against the parchment background of public protestations:

The Constitution of the Republic of Western Germany, promulgated by the government which the Western Powers set up at Bonn, says in Article 116, paragraph 2: 'Former German citizens who, between January 30th, 1933 and May 8th, 1945, were deprived of their citizenship for political, racial or religious reasons, and their descendants, *shall be regranted German citizenship on application.*' (The Bonn Government, against which a suit under this article is pending as these lines are written, has publicly stated that it will uphold Hitler's expatriation of his leading adversary, Otto Strasser.)

The Declaration of Human Rights drawn up on December 10th, 1948 by the United Nations, the creation of the Western governments, and signed by Britain and Canada, among other countries, says in Article 13: 'Everyone has the right *to leave any country*, including his own, and *to return to his country.*' (The United Nations refused to give consideration to Otto Strasser's appeal to it on the ground that it had 'no machinery to deal with individual cases', so that the human rights proclaimed have no genuine existence for human beings. The signatory Canadian Government has long declined to give Strasser a travel document; the signatory British Government, under Socialist and Conservative Prime Ministers alike, has refused to allow him to enter its zone of occupation in Germany and has intimated its wishes in this respect also to the Bonn Government.)

The United States Alien Property Custodian, in his report accounting for the disposal of the property of Axis nationals in the United States up to June 30th, 1950, stated, 'Congress prohibits the return of assets to Germans or Japanese except for obviously persecuted groups like Jews *and anti-Nazi political leaders*'. (The military representatives of the Washington Government in Germany have declared that they will not allow this foremost 'anti-Nazi political leader' to enter Germany, so that he cannot reacquire his assets confiscated by Hitler.)

The Canadian Foreign Minister, Mr. Lester Pearson, being urged in the Ottawa Parliament on April 4th, 1952 to cancel the passport of a Dr. James Endicott (who in Communist China had made allegations about germ warfare implicating his own country) said, 'Dr. Endicott's citizenship is *a birthright and cannot be denied him under law*; therefore *he is always free to return to Canada*'. (The Canadian Department of External Affairs, under the same Minister, has for nearly eight years denied Otto Strasser any such birthright or freedom to return to his country.)

Noble precept and contrary practice make a chilling contrast, like that between a sunlit place and a dark, mildewed vault where things that shun the light creep and crawl.

These are the facts and rights of the matter; as the reader may see, they are beyond dispute. They form the background of proclaimed principle against which five governments have played cat and mouse with Otto Strasser from 1945 (when the ban was nominally raised!) until this day. The writer remained in communication with him, intermittently during the war but regularly thereafter, from England, South Africa and the United States, and eventually met him again in Canada, and has a complete record of these fantastic events.

The simple rules of the game were: first, to tell Strasser privately (and if compelled thereto, publicly to announce) that none desired to detain him and indeed that all would welcome his departure, if he could find some country to admit him; and next, if he found a country ready to accept him, and needed a travel document to cross intervening frontiers, to deny him one. Given freedom from publicity, the game could so have been played for ever, or until he died, the cornered king on the checkerboard being able to move merely from one to the other of the two remaining places open to him: application and denial, denial and application; it was the most charming checkmate. The only disturbing influence came from the gusts of publicity which occasionally blew open the door. These sprang, and inevitably will continue to spring, from Strasser's natural standing and following in Germany.

In September 1945 he again tried to avail himself of the natural 'birthright' and 'man-made law' (above quoted), and return to his country. Having no passport, he asked the Canadian Department of External Affairs to issue to him that 'International Identification Certificate' which had been devised, especially for political emigrés, after Hitler came to power in Germany, by the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth countries, Switzerland and other lands. It was refused. He kept on trying, all through 1946 and 1947, and in that year, just before his fiftieth birthday, received Mr. Lester Pearson's renewed expression of regret that the Canadian Government 'at present sees no possibility of furnishing you with the international travel paper' which he needed.

The two words 'he tried' give no idea of the efforts he made. The background of remoteness, loneliness and penury must also be pictured, against which he struggled with these unearned enmities. The very cost of postage and writing-paper was a constant nightmare; it was hard for him even to communicate with the few who, knowing the facts, wished to help, if they could. The frugal diet and the bitter winters told on him, and in 1946 and 1947 he began to suffer unaccountable pains in his back which seemed to portend the end of all further struggle. Help in that emergency came as manna from Heaven, from a Canadian. He was sent to Winnipeg, where the X-rays showed the cause of the trouble. His horse had been shot under him during the fighting in January 1918 and, being heavily thrown, he had received a compression fracture of the spine; never properly mended, this had given way under the stress of the hard garden work by means of which he sought to keep himself fit and his spirits high in the Annapolis valley. There was a serious operation and then, hale once more, he went back to his exile in Nova Scotia.

In the little community where he found a new dwelling there were few men who had some understanding of the great outer world and its affairs. Two of these, a retired manufacturer and a

schoolteacher, perceived his quality and became his friends. One of them says today that Strasser could be as valuable to the Western nations, in the struggle against Soviet Communism, as a million soldiers; the other, that Strasser is the most honest man he has ever met (he adds, 'probably too honest for his own good', which in the material interpretation of 'good' may be correct). Both these tributes are deserved, in the writer's opinion.

Apart from these two friends, reading has been Strasser's only solace during the long and bitter years. He was lucky not to be cut off from even that source of consolation. Nova Scotia, by happy chance, has a free travelling library which makes periodical rounds of the villages and hamlets, and Strasser became one of its most ardent and thankful users. A scholar before, he has in this way put the dragging, hostile time to good account, and thought deeply on the causes and effects of things as he pored over hundreds of volumes of the story of Greece and Rome, of the American Civil War, of the French Revolution and of other great chapters in the tale of the West. In scholarship alone he must today be the peer of any Western politician at all, and the master of most. This gives his conversation about the events of the present time, and his part in them, a deep foundation of historical and philosophical learning which makes it fascinating to the listener. Withal, he is a robust and amusing man, never furrowing his brow very long. For instance, the scowl that comes when he thinks and speaks of Hitler (of that man's sexual impotence, stomach that would not support meat or liquor, and hunger for power to compensate these organic defects) changes swiftly into a laugh as he concludes, 'Beware of the politician who doesn't like women, steaks and good wine.'

He tried, and went on trying, stubbornly. He even tried to take seriously the announcement of an unnamed official 'spokesman' in the press that he could, of course, leave Canada if he could gain permission to enter another country; no exit permit from Canada was needed! He persisted all through 1946 and 1947 and 1948 and in that year succeeded in obtaining the French Government's consent to enter France and stay there a year. Having that, he thought the Canadian Government would at once grant the International Identification Certificate, previously denied, for he had long been told that the second thing depended on the first. After many months this request also was refused (the refusals were five, from first to last), and by that time the American and British Governments had begun a new press campaign against him, so that the French Government took fright and withdrew its already ageing permit.

The wartime bans on his public work had lasted three years, and had not sufficed to obliterate his memory. Now, at the end of 1948, the peacetime ban on his return to Germany had endured three years, and apparently he was less forgotten than ever in Germany, for suddenly a violent bombardment on him opened from all the third parties which had taken Germany over. For a little while it seemed that Otto Strasser, who by this time dwelt in a snow-bound spot called Paradise in Nova Scotia, was foremost in the thoughts of all the great governments of the world. From that moment on no doubt remained, if any had existed before, that he was constantly in their minds.

There is a constant element of farce in this drama of man's inhumanity to a man. The present writer's dictionary defines farce as 'a dramatic piece intended to excite laughter' and 'an absurdly futile proceeding', and the word is here used in the second sense, for the plainest thing about the events which then began is their absurd futility.

First came a broadside, a bolt from the red, from Moscow, where the German-language sheet, *Die Neue Zeit*, in October 1948 suddenly came out with a three-column-long attack on Strasser and the Black Front, in which 'Truman, Churchill and Strasser' were violently attacked as a united trinity of warmongers. Thereon the French radio broadcast the statement that Otto Strasser had taken up a leading post on the German radio, and London newspapers, on the authority of news agencies and under such categorical headlines as 'Otto Comes Back', reported, 'Otto Strasser, leader of the former

German underground movement and enemy of Hitler, returned from Canada to Germany yesterday'. Otto Strasser, in Nova Scotia, added these clippings to his already large album of similar reports about his movements and undertakings; though he was never allowed to stir from where he was, the newspapers of the world blithely transported him from one country to another during these years.

London and Washington were not far behind Moscow with their onslaught. A few weeks later, in January 1949, the American Military Governor in Germany, General Lucius D. Clay, reported that '... nationalistic groups which had been driven underground in Germany *since the overthrow of National Socialism* are again be-ginning to lift their heads ... One of these movements is a revival of Otto Strasser's *infamous Black Front*, under the seemingly innocuous name of the League for German Revival'.

The author has italicized two passages. As the reader will recall, the Black Front *went* underground at Hitler's accession to power, and was not 'driven underground' after his overthrow twelve years later. Its entire meaning and reason for existence was this underground fight, under Otto Strasser's leadership, against Hitler. It is reasonable to assume that General Clay, as a recent military arrival, had no deep or long knowledge of German affairs and that the report issued under his name was prepared for him by others.<sup>[21]</sup> This is the usual method of compiling such reports and might explain the use of the word 'infamous'. In what respect had the Black Front deserved to be called infamous? Was it, in 1949, already infamous to have fought against Hitler from 1930 until 1945? The graves of Formis, Schapke, Trenkle, Grunow and thousands of others might protest against that, could the earth speak.

But in January 1949 truth, too, appeared to be under concentration camp law, and the familiar 'spokesman' of the United States Military Government in Berlin added to General Clay's words, the next day, the threat that if Otto Strasser should return to Germany 'he would face possible prosecution in German courts as a former Nazi'. Here the element of farce again appears. Is there to be a second Nuremberg Trial, with Hitler's only persistent and active antagonist as the last, sole defendant? That would be a spectacle indeed, if the man who began his open war against Hitler three years before Hitler even gained power, and eight years before the West combined at Munich to present him with the keys to Czechoslovakia, were to appear in such a dock!

*The Times*, in London, joined in the cannonade, with reports and a leading article. This newspaper, three years later, was in its official history to confess the misleadingness of the leading articles about German affairs presented to its readers during the 'Appeasement' period of 1933-38; on this occasion, in 1949, in the present writer's judgment its news and views were not more accurate. The Berlin Correspondent said that Strasser's League for Germany's Revival 'is symptomatic of the new nationalistic spirit that is finding ever louder expression, not least, under Russian inspiration, in Communist propaganda' (this appears to be once more, the suggestion that the inveterate anti-Communist is some sort of Communist). The correspondent concluded, 'There is no reason to suppose that Strasser has changed his fundamental ideas since he fell out with Hitler and was deprived by Nazi law of his rights as a German citizen'.

This singular sentence implied, reproachfully, that Strasser, whose own great claim is that he has never changed his fundamental ideas, which led him to break with Hitler, is reprehensible for *not* having changed them (in which case he would presumably *not* have broken with Hitler!). What his ideas are is not stated. There is a condemnation without an argument, like a dome without a cathedral. Next, the Ottawa Correspondent told the readers of *The Times* that it was unlikely Strasser's application to be allowed to return to his country would be granted because General Clay had described him as 'an expelled Nazi', which fact would 'doubtless be taken into consideration in Ottawa in dealing with the application' (the fourth or fifth). The logic of this statement appears to

have been that an expelled Nazi (the term does not contain the truth of what happened) must not be allowed to return to Germany, where there were some millions of non-expelled Nazis, many of them in high positions.

*The Times* followed these reports with a leading article entitled 'A Ghost from the Past', which began by saying (wrongly) that 'men who came to the fore during the Nazi regime are rightly forbidden to enter public life'. The corollary of that should clearly be that men outlawed during the Nazi regime should *not* be forbidden to enter public life, but *The Times* drew no such conclusion. It recorded that Strasser, in exile, had 'conducted an energetic if futile opposition to the Nazi regime'. No opposition conducted by German exiles could be more effective than their hosts allowed it to be, and if all opposition to Hitler proved futile the story of Appeasement (see *The History of The Times*, Vol. IV, Chapter xxiii) gives valuable information about the reasons.

Proceeding, *The Times*, which had so long and patiently tried to understand the Nazi faith between 1933 and 1938, in 1949 shrank from 'the ghost of the Nazi faith' which it perceived in Strasser's 'rather muddled vision of a Socialism which would not be Socialist and a Nationalism which would not be Nationalist'. Strasser's expositions are not muddled, for anybody who reads them, and the 'vision' that led him to break with the German Socialists and Hitler alike is one of a socialism that *would* be socialist and a Christian nationalism that would *not* be Prussian militarism; his statements are clear and all on record. *The Times* then concluded that 'the British and American authorities are wise to insist that ... the League for Germany's Revival is altogether too potent a brew and that Dr. Otto Strasser is more safely employed in Canada than in the western zones of Germany' (the qualifying phrase, 'the western zones', is curious unless it also was meant to convey an insinuation against the man who had refused to head Moscow's troupe of 'Free Germans').

Strasser wrote a reply to these statements (the present writer, who during several of the years in question had supplied Our Correspondent's reports to *The Times* from Berlin, similarly sought to correct them) and to other erroneous and disparaging ones in other newspapers, all based on General Clay's use of the labour-saving adjective 'infamous'. No newspaper, anywhere, published his protest and rebuttal. Solely *Truth* (which had not given currency to the detractions) printed a dignified objection to the practice of denying reply to published aspersions.<sup>[22]</sup>

This sudden outburst against Otto Strasser, begun by an American general and then taken up, in the manner above shown, by newspapers in London, Ottawa, Washington, New York, Paris and the Commonwealth capitals oversea, marked a new stage in his persecution. Theretofore it had been clandestine; thenceforward it was public, if intermittently so. Previously the pretence had been privately maintained that the whole difficulty was one of his lost citizenship and lost papers; now it was openly admitted that the governments of the West were united in the resolve to prevent this one man from returning to Germany (others who had lost their nationality under the same decree had long since been enabled to travel freely, and to Germany if they wished).

That became clear in the statement of the American Military Government 'spokesman', following General Clay's speech, that 'any application by Strasser for re-entry into Germany would be rejected unless it was backed officially by the Canadian Government' and that he would 'face trial as a former Nazi' if he succeeded in returning; in the statement of 'a Foreign Office spokesman in London' (reported on the same day by the *New York Times*) that 'Strasser will be barred from the British zone of Germany because of long and leading associations with National Socialism'; in the further statement on that day of the Ottawa Correspondent of *The Times* that the Canadian Government was consulting with the British, American and French Governments and 'it is unlikely that permission will be granted'; and in the withdrawal of the French Government's permission, previously accorded, for him to go to France. In addition the British Government, through its military authorities in Germany, refused him the requisite 'licence' to form his contemplated



political party; and the British and American Governments banned the publication in their occupation zones of his highly successful book *Hitler and I*, which had been issued during the war in English, French, Spanish and German, in England, America, Canada, France and South America.

From that moment on the fact was admitted when the question was pressed (public discussion of it was not fervently encouraged). Mr. Skeffington-Lodge, M.P., in January 1949 democratically asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the House of Commons, to 'take steps to prevent Otto Strasser from re-entering Germany as long as this country remains one of the occupation authorities', and Mr. McNeil democratically replied that, 'His Majesty's Government have taken all the steps in their power to prevent his return'. A year after that an official of the British Foreign Office, in reply to another M.P. who expostulated on Strasser's behalf, replied that in the opinion of the Foreign Office 'no Government could take upon itself the responsibility of allowing Dr. Otto Strasser to return to Germany, as they believe he might be instrumental in reviving in Germany the sentiments and ideas which it has already cost the world so much to suppress'. The letter added that the German Federal Government 'also shared' the opinions of the British Foreign Office (a notable coincidence) and that 'it appears that the Black Front largely consists of the followers of Dr. Otto Strasser' (it was formed by, and until he ordered its disbandment in 1945 consisted solely of his followers, whose joint aim was to destroy Hitler and Hitlerism).

There are many other governmental, official, semi-official and 'spokesmanlike' statements on this subject. They are all completely clear in one point (that four Western Governments and the administration at Bonn are resolved to prevent his return) and completely unclear in all else. No reason that can be tested, charge that can be disproved or genuine ground of any kind for his treatment is ever contained in them. They are envenomed with aspersions and insinuations which any advocate would tear to pieces, could he command the attention of a magistrate to the documents of Otto Strasser's record; Strasser is denied all means of vindication and disproof. Officialdom today does not need to fear any such process of verification or supervision; it continues to act, everywhere, under emergency powers and military authority.

These governmental or official statements, however, observe a certain caution. Mr. Hector McNeil, for instance, stated no *grounds* for what he undertook to do: to keep a man against whom no political crime or misdemeanour can be charged out of his own country. He merely said he would do it, and as yet that continues to be enough. Similarly, a government department cannot now or ever be called to account for expressing the opinion, monstrous though it is by the standards which once prevailed, that 'no government could take upon itself the responsibility of allowing Dr. Otto Strasser to return to Germany'; such large asseverations are easily made from the seclusion of a bureaucratic cell.

The present writer, however, having long experience in daily journalism, has been surprised even in these times by the universality of newspaper defamation in this case. It appears to him extraordinary that the code of the journalist can so have deteriorated in a decade. He has seen things, which, from his own newspaper service in Germany he knew to be inaccurate, printed about Otto Strasser in leading newspapers of his own country, of the United States, France, Canada, South Africa and Australia.

Before him as these lines are written lie the cuttings of two articles which show the extreme range of unsupported innuendo discharged against Strasser. In one the Paris Correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* informs the readers of that newspaper that, 'Otto Strasser, henchman in Adolf Hitler's climb to power, is now seen moving again into the European picture, this time as an instrument of the Kremlin ... In his advances to the Russians as well as in his propaganda among the West Germans he is said to stress the need for a Russo-German alliance' (this was published in April 1950, just after Strasser had refused a second enticement from Moscow, described later in the

present chapter). In the second article the Berlin Correspondent of the *Daily Express*, states that 'Allied Intelligence regards Otto Strasser as one of the most dangerous Germans still, alive, and dynamite if he comes back to Germany ... he is rabidly anti-Bolshevik ... he believes it is only a matter of time before he is allowed to return to whip up the ultra nationalism in Germany' (the words, 'one of the most dangerous Germans *still alive*' are interesting in this effusion; presumably the saving clause means that some of the dead ones are more dangerous).

'Instrument of the Kremlin', 'rabidly anti-Bolshevik'; it is an experience, embittering but by some strange means salutary, for a man who has been through and done so much as Otto Strasser to read such things about himself, in a bare room in Paradise. It is deeply puzzling, at first, to find that there are people all over the world who clearly know little about a man and his work and nevertheless are filled with an unreasoning vindictiveness towards him. It is all part of a liberal education in politics and human nature. Strasser knows, as the present writer knows, how this machine of defamation is operated, and how incomprehendingly young men in journalism lend themselves to it. In time the victim can even smile at the abuse of people, completely unknown to him, who clearly know not what they do; and a man needs to be able to grin at adversity when he has for years lived in such impoverishment as has Strasser and one day reads in a Montreal newspaper these words by an anonymous columnist:

'Interested parties (and there are many) have been wondering about the source of funds which have maintained Otto Strasser, exiled former Nazi leader, in his lengthy stay in Canada. It has been established to the satisfaction of police and other authorities that he had money cached here when he arrived. The question is being asked: has he been receiving additional funds from German sources? In the opinion of some, he will never be granted a passport to return to Germany, since they profess to see him closely linked with a rabid neo-Nazi faction there.'

There the question is fairly clearly put by a genial and anonymous stranger: why doesn't the man starve? There is not enough mystery about Strasser's funds for a conjuror to play the pea-under-a-thimble trick with it. Though he is in enforced exile, he is not in hiding and anyone who is interested could see how he lives. He has during these years had fifty dollars a month from his brother in the United States and in a good month makes up to another fifty dollars from articles supplied by him to a few German-language newspapers in Canada, the United States, Argentina and Switzerland which have not yet yielded to demands that they should cease publishing his work. How frail this part of his income is may be judged from the following letter to him from the editor of one such newspaper:

'Dear Dr. Strasser. - I was in New York recently and had my attention drawn to your articles by one of the advertising agencies with which we deal. The owner of this agency, who is Jewish, intimated that several large concerns, clients of his, had complained about the publication of your articles in our newspaper. They made no complaint about the content of your articles, but objected to the appearance in our journal of your name, "Otto Strasser" ... As you can imagine, I am anxious to avoid any trouble with the government and for that matter not to lose advertisement revenue....'

A world of enemies! The power and organization of this persecution is remarkable; it has an all-seeing eye, tentacles that reach to the furthestmost nook and cranny, and a relentless malice. The daily life which its victim leads may be depicted here. He inhabits a tiny, bare apartment over a village grocery store; in the winter the snow is deep, the days are short and the nights are long for an exile cut off from his country, kin and life's work. He cooks his own meals, washes his own dishes, sweeps his own floors, and detests the household drudgery but enjoys the cooking. Rent costs him twenty-five dollars, fuel and electricity ten, and he has to spend a minimum of twenty dollars, where he could well use a hundred, on postage. He has about thirty dollars a month for food, and that means, in North America, that hamburger (or mincemeat) is his usual meat dish,

because it is cheapest. Towards the end of the month hamburger gives way to cheese to leave a few cents more for postage. He does not smoke; the free mobile library provides his only entertainment; he works far into the night and can afford but one luxury, 'lying in bed in the morning'. To his few neighbours he is known as a man of pleasant manners and invariable good humour, who tells the fruit growers and poultry and dairy farmers of the district with a chuckle that he is 'busy raising hell from Paradise'.

He neither courts nor shrinks from publicity, and is ever ready to give the facts of the case to some news agency 'string man' from the nearest town, who telephones to know if it is true that he has just flown to Moscow, landed in Berlin, or the like. For many years the courtesy with which he met these inquiries was repaid with the distortion or suppression of the information he gave. Only in the last few months has there been some improvement in this respect, and one or two of his replies, to reports disseminated about him, have been reproduced without disparaging comment or appended misstatement.

The individual journalist is seldom to blame in this last matter; he usually tries to tell a straightforward story, but the sub-editors, headliners and editors trick it out with defamatory additions. An example of this was the case of a young reporter for a leading Canadian weekly who apparently tried to get his facts right (only a few were wrong) and to avoid prejudicial insinuation (though he could not refrain from seeing something sinister in the fact that Strasser's parti-coloured sports shirt was in part brown!). This young man produced a fairly objective report about Strasser, apart from these defects, but when it appeared in his magazine a headline had been added, in letters an inch high, 'The Last of the Hitler Gang'. However, the Canadian broadcasting authorities, when they last made use of Strasser's time and information, made some amends for earlier treatment by literally quoting his polite statement that, in his opinion, 'the circumstances under which I am being kept in Canada smack of the concentration camp'.

That is in fact the law under which he is being held by the concerted resolve of the four Western Governments and the Bonn Government, as announced in January of 1949, and it is Hitlerist and Communist law, applied to keep a man of good record out of Germany while others of bad record rise there. For it is not true that (as *The Times* then said), 'The men who came to the fore during the Nazi regime are rightly forbidden to enter public life'. They have re-entered it in masses, while Otto Strasser has remained outlawed. If he were to go back to Germany today he would for that reason have to fight against many of the same men who opposed him before!

In August 1949, a few months after the bombardment by General Clay, *The Times*, the New York *Times*, the Moscow *Neue Zeit* and all the others, Strasser wrote to the author, 'Is not the enclosed cutting ludicrous? This "Major General" Remer is the very man who, being in command of the Berlin Garrison Regiment on July 20th, 1944, went to Goebbels and from his office telephoned to Hitler, and then crushed the attempt to overthrow Hitler'. In the clipping enclosed, Major Remer (promoted Major General by Hitler for his services on that day, when the German opposition made its last attempt to kill Hitler and bring the war to an end) was advertised as chief speaker of 'the German Rechts-Partei' (the Party of the Right). 'So this arch-Nazi may speak publicly' (continued Otto Strasser in his letter), 'and his party is granted a licence by the British! I believe he has in the meantime even been elected a member of parliament. Meanwhile my party is refused a licence, I am prevented from returning to Germany, all publicity on my behalf is hindered, and my books are banned in the British zone. What can be the meaning of it all, and where is the sense?'

That was only one case. On October 17th, 1951, Chancellor Adenauer stated in the Bundestag that one hundred and thirty-four former Nazis were serving in his foreign ministry alone. By 1952 the Bavarian radio stated that eighty-five per cent of the leading officials of that ministry, including all heads of division of the political section, were former party-members. An Associated Press report

from Frankfurt stated that about half the state and municipal officials in the American zone were former party-members. There is nothing remarkable in this. It would hardly be possible to staff the governmental and municipal services of Western Germany without using 'former Nazis', because qualifications and experience are needed, and they are mathematically bound in large proportion to occur (given the circumstances of the years 1933-45) among men who were forced to become members of Hitler's party.

What is remarkable is that while all that goes on the one man who, demonstrably, is *not* a 'former Nazi' should by the combined effort of five governments be kept out of Germany. For what is a former Nazi? In the sense in which the term is bandied about in the press, it is simply a man who was a member of the party before it was suppressed. That does not mean at all that he must be a *former* Nazi. He may in his heart still be one. The only way to prevent such men from becoming openly and ardently Nazis again is to help Germany to leadership by proven anti-Nazis. The only men who can genuinely claim to be *former* Nazis are those who left the party before it even came to power, and fifteen years before it was smashed by force of arms, and of these Otto Strasser is the earliest and chief. Men who are no longer 'Nazis' merely because the party has been obliterated by foreign command cannot claim to be or be regarded as 'former Nazis'; the claim of the man who left the party in 1930 and fought it and its leader unremittingly for fifteen years is beyond challenge.

Either the leaders of the West must be so ill-informed about the history of the last thirty years in Germany, that they have no sound basis for their judgments and actions, or their professed desire to eliminate the men and the spirit of Hitlerism is not genuine. Moscow, for that matter, makes no humbug about 'Nazis' and 'former Nazis'; it makes the best use it can of any on whom it can lay hands. Martin Bormann, Hitler's deputy, is almost certainly being held in reserve there for some dramatic intervention in German events at a moment to be chosen, and so are Erich Koch, the former *Gauleiter* of East Prussia and *Statthalter* of the Ukraine, and many other surviving Nazi dignitaries. And so, by all the signs, is 'Hildebrand', who played a part in the kidnapping plot of 1934 in Prague.

The reader may, from an earlier chapter, remember this man, whose real name is Alfred Franke-Griksch. He deserted Otto Strasser and the Black Front after the failure of the kidnapping scheme and went to Germany, where he became a colonel of Hitler's SS troops and took part in the invasion of Prague. In describing those incidents the author mentioned that he would reappear in the story.

In March 1950 Otto Strasser wrote to the author, 'I can but smile when I see what kind of men are receiving from the Allied occupation authorities the 'licence' for political activity, refused to me. First Remer, now Alfred Franke-Griksch! Believe it or not, he is now negotiating with the Western Powers and with Chancellor Adenauer about the rearmament of Germany! What can one do but laugh, lest one weep?'

As an SS colonel Franke-Griksch was taken prisoner by British troops in 1945. In 1947 or 1948 the present author received a mysterious inquiry about him from the War Office, presumably because he had been briefly mentioned in the earlier book about Otto Strasser. In the preoccupations of wartime Franke-Griksch and the part he had played had somewhat faded from the author's mind, but the reply, although he cannot clearly recall it, was presumably unfavourably worded; if it was not it should have been, as this story has shown.

Nevertheless, about that time Franke-Griksch suddenly reappeared on the scene, at large and apparently prosperous. He was seen for a while in Italy, and Strasser received report that he there travelled with British papers. This could not be verified, but if it was the case Strasser fears that some British authority was too confiding.

Later he reappeared in Germany and became surprisingly important there, when earlier events are considered. He built up a body, apparently influential, called the *Bruderschaft*, or Brotherhood. This was the first organization of former officers of the Hitler armies, and especially of those of the SS troops. Franke-Griksch was the head of the Brotherhood (with the title of 'Chancellor') and when the question of rearming the Western Germans arose he prominently engaged, in that capacity, in negotiations with the Bonn Government and, through it, with the Western Powers! (Newspaper reports at that period said there had been some trial or investigation of the question whether he had been involved in the execution of Black Front leaders at the invasion of Prague, and that he was cleared on that score).

In any case, the contrast is startling, between the immunity and freedom accorded to a man of such record and the outlawry of Strasser. In course of time Franke-Griksch's ideas about 'Eastern policy' seem to have become suspect, and he was dropped by the Bonn Government and the Western Powers. He then went, with his wife, to Berlin, where according to report, he was 'arrested' in the Soviet zone. However, the West German press reported that he appeared as a public speaker at 'national-Bolshevist' meetings there, and if this is the case he appears, not unforeseeably, to have landed in that camp. Indeed, Strasser holds him to be no Communist, but a believer in co-operation 'with Moscow against the West' as the best method of achieving Germany's 'national liberation'. The line of thought is almost inevitable in an SS man. Strasser firmly opposes the 'Eastern alternative' and apparently on that account remains in enforced exile; the Hildebrands enjoy all freedom of action and movement.

The reader may care to put himself in the position of Strasser when he learns of things like this and reflects upon his own outlawry. To him there is a sardonic irony in the constant clamour of the Western newspapers about the danger of 'neo-Nazism' in Germany. 'Neo' means 'reversion to'. What need is there of a reversion to Nazism when the Nazis are still there and are gaining more power every day? If there is a danger it is that of Nazism, not of neo-Nazism, and it could only be fought by Germans who fought the Nazis before they were neo-Nazis. The chief of them, Strasser, is under ban.

Early in 1950, as he wrote to the author at the time, the Communists made their second attempt to gain him for their cause. This time they wanted him, not to go to Moscow, but to takeover the leadership of their 'National Front' in Sovietized East Germany. The offer was made through an intermediary, on two occasions, and took skilful account of his plight. Where all others refused to let him leave Canada, the Communists offered to transport him to Germany 'at once, like Eisler'.

The allusion is to the German Communist Gerhart Eisler, who apparently entered the United States as a 'refugee from Hitlerist persecution', with many others of his kind. In 1949 and 1950, after years of delay, the United States Government was prodded by uneasy public opinion into investigating espionage in the atomic bomb field. In the course of the inquiries it was discovered that Eisler, and none of the lesser figures publicly known, was the head of Soviet Communism in America, and he was arrested but released on bail. He then fled from the United States aboard the SS. *Batory* from Soviet Poland, which took him to Sovietized Eastern Germany, where he was made Communist Propaganda Minister (no difficulties about passports or papers arose in his case). The fact that this same ship, the *Batory*, called regularly at Halifax, not far from Paradise, lent point to the invitation which was extended to Strasser early in 1950. At that price, he could have returned to Germany three years ago.

He refused in 1950 as in 1941. He used a famous German phrase in writing to the author at that time: 'The Russians have twice in recent weeks offered, in different ways, to take me across as they took Eisler, *aber ich kenne meine Pappenheimer* and trust them just as little as I trust the Nazis.'

So the lonely struggle went on, through 1950, 1951 and 1952. Strasser had not the means to travel to Ottawa and argue his case in person, little though that would have availed. In October 1950 his brother was in Bonn and was told there that the constitutional and legal position might not allow Otto Strasser to be kept out of Germany for ever, but that the Western Powers and the Bonn Government were resolved by one means or another to prevent his return at least until the question of German rearmament had been settled. Apparently Otto Strasser's influence on German opinion in this matter is greatly feared: however, the Western Governments are much mistaken if they think to make a better deal for themselves and their people with such as Franke-Griksch.

Then his brother Paul returned to the United States by way of Ottawa and himself tried to obtain for Otto the International Identification Certificate (anybody who has occasion to frequent Consulates in North America will see scores and hundreds of people carrying these certificates) which would enable him to book a passage and get transit visas. The reply this time was different. The Deputy Foreign Minister stated that such a document would no longer be necessary because a German consulate was about to open in Ottawa and Otto Strasser could then demand a German passport from it.

That seemed to be a ray of hope and for the first time in many years Otto Strasser thought he had at last reached his goal. He then wrote to the author, 'Now I am justified in hoping that I shall be able to sail in a few months time. Of course, that will be the end of Paradise for me, because what awaits me over there is more like hell. I have no illusions, either about the domestic or the foreign situation of Germany, but I can do no other. I am today not moved by any ambition, as perhaps I was in younger years, or by any illusions, or least of all by any appetite for power; even the impulse to be of help has somewhat suffered through my experience of mankind. But there remains a feeling of duty and of dedication to a task.'

Indeed, after so many years there must have been a constant temptation to throw in the towel, to admit defeat, to say 'I know when I've had enough', and to seek some modest professorship in a minor college, or open a little shop, or even comb the beach; anything for peace and quiet and an end to the persecution. However, if it is in the nature of a man to take arms against a sea of sorrows he will continue to the end to act so.

By the time the German Consulate in Ottawa opened and began to issue passports (in January 1951) the Bonn Government had decided (unless it was instructed) to keep Strasser out of Germany at the cost of no matter what affront to its own constitution and laws. Perhaps it hoped for an act of God or of the devil, some miracle or calamity, illness, death, war, a Communist annexation or its own collapse: anything that would save it from having to face this first test of the metal of 'democracy' and of the Constitution in Western Germany. Strasser was refused a passport because he no longer had German nationality; had not the Chancellor (Hitler, not Adenauer) deprived him of it!

The cat and mouse game began all over again, and as if nothing had happened in the seven years of its duration Otto Strasser set to work to devise a way out of his corner. Truly, he never gave up. Early in 1952 he very nearly succeeded. He had so often been told that if he could but obtain permission to enter another country he would not need either passport or identification certificate. Now he heard of an airline which was willing to carry him without a passport if he had valid permission to land at the other end. By some miracle of ingenuity and effort, he obtained such permission from his own home State, Bavaria! It was without time-limit; if he could get to Bavaria he was back in Germany for good (or until he had to escape from it again before the advancing Red Army).<sup>[23]</sup>

The author was then in Canada and is thus able to describe the next episode in the cat and mouse game from personal observation.

Otto Strasser arrived in Montreal one bleak and bitter winter's morning in high heart and hope. That is, he thought at last to have broken through the ring and was for this reason alone elated. He had nothing to look forward to at the journey's end; on that point he said merely, 'If I don't go I lose my reason for existing; if I go I shall probably lose my life', and shrugged.

Otto Strasser and the author then set out together, through a February blizzard, in search of that passage. He went first to the Dutch airline, which some weeks before had told him that it was ready to carry him if he had a residence-permit of the kind which he had now procured. The first setback came at once. The airline had changed its mind and would not book him without a regular passport. The French airline was more promising and booked his seat in the aeroplane for Frankfurt without demur. With the smile of victory Otto Strasser went out into the snow, did some other business, and when he returned to the French airline to collect his ticket was informed that he would need a French transit visa, as the aircraft would land in Paris. He offered to stay in the machine, and if necessary be locked in, but that was of no avail, so he plodded through the snowstorm again to the French Consulate, filled out a form and paid the fee. The clerk foresaw no difficulty; but when Strasser returned to pick up his transit visa he was summoned to the Consul, who had been telephoning to Ottawa; 'I fear I cannot give you a transit visa unless you have a Canadian or German passport.'

Otto Strasser felt as if he were back in Toulouse in 1940, with Hitler's armies on three sides of him and the Spanish frontier, on the fourth side, closed to him unless he could get a French exit permit. This time there was no friendly Portuguese Consul to help with a hint. He tried the Canadian airline, the Pan American, and the Swiss, and at last seemed to have found a way out of or round all difficulties, just as on that earlier occasion. The Canadians needed no papers at all to take him to Gander in Newfoundland; the Americans were willing to take him aboard their New York-Frankfurt aeroplane at Gander. All this took forty-eight hours, and on the third morning, having paid his passage, he made ready to leave, and pictured himself landing the next day in Frankfurt. He had not seen his children for nearly thirteen years. Two hours before he was due to go to the airways terminal a telephone call apologetically informed him that a detail had been overlooked; he needed a British transit visa because the aeroplane landed in Scotland.

Without a sign of disappointment (but with 'a bleeding heart', he said) Strasser gave back the tickets. He tried once more. There was a small shipping line that operated a vessel between Halifax and Bremerhaven; at least no question of transit visas could arise. Once more the clerk booked the passage without ado, appearing perfectly satisfied with the document presented. Later the head of the concern, having noticed the name of Strasser on the passenger list, telephoned some authority, and the passage was cancelled with the usual explanation: you must have a passport. (The Western German Government was also notified by some zealous informant of Otto Strasser's attempt to sail by this ship. When it reached Bremerhaven in March a reinforced body of immigration officials put all passengers and their papers under double and treble examination, while special detachments of police from Bremen and Bonn, as well as the local Bremerhaven police, searched the ship and watched every porthole for twenty-four hours, apparently from fear that Strasser might have smuggled himself aboard.)

The author said goodbye to Otto Strasser at the Windsor Station in February 1952 and as he then watched the train pull out on its journey through the snows to Nova Scotia cast his mind back over the years and scenes of Strasser's long odyssey and ordeal. Paris waiting for the calamity in 1940; the German columns roaring and rumbling into Prague in 1939; Vienna lighting candles for Dollfuss in 1935; Berlin reddened by the glow from the Reichstag fire in 1933. The author had

made a somewhat similar journey himself, over the same ground and sometimes in a little discomfort or danger, but he thought with some humility, as he watched the receding train, how secure and comfortable he had been compared with this hounded man.

Back to purgatory in Paradise! This concludes, at the start of 1953, the present author's tale of the Prisoner of Ottawa; the end of the story, whatever it is to be, lies hidden in the years yet to come. To the tale itself this writer has but a footnote to add:

Six months after Otto Strasser's latest attempt to go home (the one just described) the Chancellor of the Western German Government, Dr. Adenauer, requested the release of one hundred and forty-six German 'war criminals', and apparently made this a condition of his government's signature of the treaty with the Western Powers. Neither the author of this book nor any other can form any opinion about the guilt or innocence of these men, because their trials did not follow process of law as previously established and recognized in the West. They were not truly public; the charges and any evidence supporting them were not publicly known; the defendants and their defenders, as far as can be learned, were not allowed the resources of defence as these were otherwise jealously upheld by judges in the West. Guilt or innocence could only be established by new and fairer trials, which in the circumstances of today are inconceivable, and as these men did not receive what the West previously held to be fair trials they should be released.

Almost certainly they will be released, sooner or later, but not from any such considerations as those just stated. If they are liberated, it will be from motives of political expediency and political bargaining behind scenes (the process is contemptuously known to Germans as *Kuhhandel*), and that will do no good at all.

The purpose of this footnote is merely to point out that one result of this process would be to leave Otto Strasser, Hitler's and the Nazi's proven, oldest and most redoubtable enemy, as the last German in the world suffering a form of retribution which might arguably be fitting in the case of a convicted 'war criminal'; and that he is being held in exile under Hitler's very own concentration camp law, not under any statute of the civilized West.

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## PERORATION

Such is the story of the man I think of as the Edmond Dantes of 'the free world'. Biographies are usually written because the subject is famous, or because of the writer's personal affection, or from the prospect of substantial remuneration. None of those motives quite fits this book. I know the scenes and times and events of Strasser's story better, probably, than any other, because chance led me the same way at the same period; also I have a great respect for him. I have chosen to write his story, however, chiefly because it illustrates the continued errors of Western policy and the continuing lack of authentic public information in the West and also because it is also the story of Germany.

Germany has been left bisected, and one of the three men concerned in that 'hideous partition' says 'IT CANNOT LAST'. Truly it cannot last, and so the dismembered parts of Germany will come together again, either as part of the Soviet Empire (in which case the Germans may take over the leadership of Communism) or as part of Europe redeemed from the barbaric thrall which Hitler first, and Stalin next thrust on it. I have not said much in this book about Strasser's views on Germany's foreign policy, for the obvious reason that there is no Germany today, and that for the present there can be no German policy, domestic and foreign, save 'to survive'.

However, neither he nor any other German worth having would collaborate with the West save on the condition of Germany's re-establishment. Moscow, knowing this well, constantly dangles that bait before the Germans. The West, for the present, is behaving as it behaved between 1918 and 1933; it is seeking to prop up unpopular and unrepresentative governments and doling out small concessions scrap by scrap. On the former occasion it reserved the ample titbits for Hitler. Experience should teach it to find Germans worthy of trust at an early stage and to support them in reasonable demands. Strasser's self-evident condition for any military collaboration with the West (it is contained in all his literature since the partitioning) would be 'The unity and freedom of Germany from Aachen to Beuthen, from Memel to the Saar'. That means eventually restoring the frontiers of January 1st, 1938, in other words, those which existed before Hitler's first annexation, that of Austria. The West will not find a better bargain than that and may count itself happy if it can on that basis find a way out of the corner into which it has driven itself. In any case, the 'hideous division' of today 'cannot last'.

That is the greater shape of the affair in which Strasser is concerned, and his ordeal of the last eight years is a significant part of it. By keeping such a man out of Germany the West continues to serve expediency and sacrifice principle, and the end of that will again be disappointment. His personal fate is a separate question, a simple one of indefensible injustice, and as long as it continues it is impossible to confide in the sincerity, higher morality or sagacity of the leaders of the West.

It may be considered in the light of certain comments made by Mr. Churchill during the war in regard to the imprisonment, under wartime emergency powers, of Sir Oswald Mosley. During the war I wrote a good deal in protest against the imprisonment under Regulation 18B of certain folk, against whom no charges could be brought, merely because they were disliked by certain other folk. There was a principle at stake, and it was reassuring after the war to find in Mr. Churchill's *Closing the Ring* that he felt similarly at that time.

In this matter of detention without trial Mr. Churchill stuck sturdily to his principles in 1943 (although his government in 1951-53, like that of Mr. Attlee in 1945-51, was to keep Strasser exiled from his native land without any charge, trial or chance of self-vindication). He then wrote to his Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, urging him to uphold in Parliament 'the great principles of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, which are the supreme protection invented by the British people for ordinary individuals against the State. The power of the Executive to cast a man into prison

without formulating any charge known to the law, and particularly to deny him judgment by his peers for an indefinite period, is in the highest degree odious, and is the foundation of all totalitarian governments, whether Nazi or Communist ... Nothing can be more abhorrent to democracy than to imprison a person or keep him in prison because he is unpopular. This is really the test of civilization.'

Apparently Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister, were then doubtful about incurring that wrath which the release of an unchanged and untried man was bound to cause on the democratic Left. Nevertheless, after Mr. Churchill had written, 'On no account should we lend any countenance to the totalitarian idea of the right of the Executive to lock up its political opponents or unpopular people ... In such a quarrel I am sure I could carry the majority in the House of Commons and the mass of the nation; anyhow, I would try', they decided to take the step, and the noise on the Left proved to be but wind. Mr. Churchill congratulated them and commented, 'People who are not prepared to do unpopular things and to defy clamour are not fit to be Ministers in times of stress.'

I would let the case for Otto Strasser's release rest on that. People who keep an unchanged and untried man detained in times of somewhat less stress, eight years after the fighting's end, do not dignify their office, and in this particular case five Governments are involved. Strasser's windows in Nova Scotia are not barred or his doors locked; this does not alter the fact that he has in fact been kept exiled from his country, and prevented from seeing his children, for these many years, for no reason but that he may be 'unpopular' with some people, though their identity is not made known. He has been 'denied judgment for an indefinite period', not only by his peers but by any at all, and if there truly is such a thing as 'democracy' this must be abhorrent to it. In any case, it is abhorrent to the former British conception of plain justice.

In fact this is truly a 'test of civilization'.

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## APPENDIX

Otto Strasser's war record is contained in the *History of the First (Prince Regent Luitpold) Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment*, vol. IV, which covers the years 1911-20 and thus includes the 1914-18 war. Strasser is often mentioned in this work, which was published by the Bavarian War Museum in Munich in 1931. The following extract is from the chapter relating to the last great German offensive in that war, which began on March 21st, 1918:

The 24th Bavarian Infantry Regiment took the enemy first line in thick fog. Its left battalion, the First, had been allotted the task of taking Urvillers from the south-east. Lieutenant Strasser was with it and devoted himself to his especial mission, which was to keep the infantry pressing forward hard behind the curtain of fire. At this point in the line, the method was successful. He found the first enemy trenches flattened out and the few survivors offered little resistance ... Lieutenant Strasser and the scout officer of the First Battalion, Lieutenant Sailer (being held up in their advance by a British machine-gun nest), collected a few volunteers and with them pushed along a trench by means of which they were able to reach the British troops, whom they attacked with hand grenades. They captured the three machine-guns and their crews without loss ... Lieutenant Strasser pushed on some hundreds of yards farther and suddenly saw to his left British guns in action. He decided to take these. He surprised the British artillerymen with a quick attack from the north - they were firing towards the east - and killed some of the gunners, who had been reinforced by some infantry. He made prisoners of the remainder, whom he gathered in a dugout. Two British guns were thus put out of action ... Lieutenant Strasser then rejoined the staff of the First Battalion which, with one company of the battalion, was in a captured British trench. Five hundred yards away they saw a British battery in action and Lieutenant Strasser offered to attack it with Lieutenant Sailer. Taking a platoon of men with him, he was able to cover the five hundred yards of open ground and to reach cover midway between two British guns. Four guns, two machine-guns and a complete brigade staff were captured in this engagement. Machine-gun fire hindered a further advance, and Lieutenant Strasser decided to turn one of the captured guns upon the machine-gunners. But as the British artillerymen had rendered their guns useless, two hours' work was needed to make one of them ready for action. Lieutenant Strasser then served this gun himself, shooting over open sights.

Lieutenant Strasser was nominated for the Max Josef Military Order for his work on this day.

This was the first big engagement in which Otto Strasser took part as an officer (he received his commission towards the end of 1917).

By August the German advance had ceased. American troops were pouring into France, and the German armies were on the defensive. On August 9th the great Allied counter-offensive (which ultimately led to the German collapse and the end of the war) began. Of this day the *History of the First Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment* says:

The news of the British attack east of Amiens made a deep impression on us. Lieutenant Strasser, who was carrying on in spite of severe sciatica, at this time wrote in his diary: 'When I think of the feeling at home and of the condition of our infantry, I am filled with anxiety, the deepest anxiety. If only the whole army were like the artillery and particularly the artillery officers - ah, then!'

On August 20th, 1918, the German line began to break and the German retreat began. The *History* describes how Otto Strasser saved his guns:

When the advancing enemy was only eight hundred yards distant, Lieutenant Strasser ordered the withdrawal of all his guns save one, and sent an orderly with an appeal for limbers to get this gun away. He took command and fired all his remaining ammunition at the advancing French Colonial troops. At 6.15 p.m. he removed essential parts from the gun and ordered all his men save two bombardiers to retreat, giving one of them a message to say that the limbers must be sent at the gallop. He then went to a point on the road to await the coming of the limber, and saw there three Prussian guns which were bound to fall into the enemy's hands. Lieutenant Hieber, whom he had left in command of the gun, then arrived to report that masses of black troops had captured the battery position vacated by the other guns, and were advancing on the last gun. At this moment the limbers appeared at the gallop. They had already passed the last of the retreating infantry, who had tried to prevent them from coming on, saying that they would only fall into the hands of the French. Lieutenant Strasser succeeded in harnessing six-horse teams to two of the Prussian guns and then went to help Lieutenant Hieber rescue the last of his own guns. The enemy was now within bombing range. The noise of the explosions alarmed both men and horses, and escape seemed impossible. Lieutenant Hieber says: 'I attribute our success in saving the gun at the last moment to the coolness and courage of Lieutenant Strasser, who called to the men: "Steady, don't hurry. Just let them go on throwing their bombs", so that in the end all four guns, his own and the three Prussian guns, were saved.'

Strasser, says this regimental history, was for his work on August 20th nominated a second time for the Max Josef Military Order (he had been wounded on June 6th, but did not leave his battery).

**NOTE:**

I am indebted to the Imperial War Museum, Lambeth, for the opportunity to consult, and thus to quote from, this history of a Bavarian Artillery Regiment in the First War. D.R.

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## FOOTNOTE

Between the writing and the printing of this book more and even stranger things have happened in the tale of Otto Strasser, Germany and 'The Free World'; and I append a summary of them.

Until the summer of 1952 the four great governments of 'the free world' were *directly* responsible for Otto Strasser's enforced exile in Nova Scotia. As partners in the military occupation of Germany, the governments of the United Kingdom, United States, Canada and France had the power to prevent him from entering his native land, if he reached it. He could not reach it because the Canadian Government, acting in concert with and on behalf of all, by denying him travel papers immobilized him in Canada.

This situation changed on August 31st, 1952. As a gesture of respect towards the sovereign status which the West German Government now enjoys, in name, the Western Governments announced that they would on the morrow, September 1st, hand over to the Bonn Government 'most of the travel controls which they have exercised since the war'. As a step on the path towards rehabilitation, therefore, the West German Government was to become responsible for its own frontier, customs and immigration regulations and their application. It was to say whether, and what, Germans might enter or leave its half of Germany.

This restoration of sovereign rights was subject to a large qualification. The Bonn Government (as the news agencies of the free world dutifully and unquestioningly recorded) was at the same time 'given control over a black list of approximately twelve thousand Germans and other nationals to whom the Allies have forbidden travel visas ... One of the best known is Otto Strasser, friend of Adolf Hitler ...' This is the version purveyed to the world by the Associated Press, twenty-two years after Strasser's violent defiance of Hitler. The last four words, which are clearly its own, may be appraised by readers of this book.

Control over the comings and goings of Germans, therefore, was restored to the West German Government, but it was also ordered to continue the debarment of Otto Strasser from his native land. As it was by this time full of former Nazis, its compliance was not surprising. 'Black lists' (the reader may have forgotten) did not exist in Europe until Hitler imported them from Soviet Russia to Germany (my own name was on one which was found in the ruins of the Nazi Government's offices). Now the governments of those countries which had cleansed the world of Hitler reinflicted Hitler's black list on the 'free' half of that Germany which has been 'hideously partitioned', in Mr. Churchill's words.

Meanwhile, many other things have happened in Western Germany since General Clay, in 1949, spoke of 'the infamous Black Front' and uttered his warning, approvingly echoed by *The Times*, about the danger of 'neo-Nazism'. Such danger is dead now, for the *old* Nazis are back, in strength. Chancellor Adenauer himself has publicly stated that '66 per cent of the higher officials in the West German Foreign Ministry are former Nazis', and his critics assert that the figure is greater.

Herr Diels, the first Chief of the Gestapo (and how well I remember the astonishment and repulsion I felt when, that body having made its appearance in Germany in 1933, this young official emerged as the head of it) is now a senior official in the West German Ministry of the Interior, and by credible report in the *Verfassungsamt* (or Department for the Constitution) in that ministry; this department would presumably have something to say about Otto Strasser's suit before the West German Constitutional Court to regain his German citizenship, a right specifically prescribed in that Constitution!

Again, Captain von Pfeffer-Salomon, Roehm's successor in the command of the Brownshirts, and under Hitler and Goering a Prussian State Councillor, is today an executive member of the West German Government party.

In Soviet East Germany the picture is the same. On October 2nd, 1952, the East German Parliament unanimously passed a law granting former Nazis and army officers the same civic rights as other East Germans.

And finally, in January 1953, the British Government, through its military authorities in Western Germany, arrested seven high-ranking former Hitlerists, stating that they were 'plotting eventually to regain power'. Chief of them was Dr. Werner Naumann, who was with Hitler during the 'last days' in the Berlin bunker and was by him nominated to be Dr. Goebbels's successor; there were also two former *Gauleiter* and other Nazi leaders. In 1949 *The Times* had applauded the detention of Otto Strasser in Canada on the grounds that 'men who came to the fore during the Nazi regime are rightly forbidden to enter public life'. Now such men had to be arrested to prevent them from entering public life, and such a man as Strasser (who as this book has shown did *not* 'come to the fore during the Nazi regime', but was its enemy long before it was established) is still denied his birthright. The state of affairs which led to the arrest of the seven Nazi leaders was but one foreseeable result of the policy pursued, and the further consequences are equally foreseeable. Men who have roots and meaning in Germany, who have proved their devotion to the common cause, are kept out of Germany. A regime without roots has been planted which will soon wither and fade away, because it must. The worst in Germany will again rise to the top, if the policy of errors is continued. Will it then be coddled, as Hitler was?

There is nothing unexpected in all this. It was bound to happen, given the repetition after 1945 of the mistakes which were made after 1918, and I only mention these things to throw into greater contrast the pitiless iniquity of the treatment accorded to the one man who constantly and consistently fought Hitlerism and Communism, at the cost of all he had and for many years at the daily risk of his life.

As men like Strasser are prevented from taking a hand in the rehabilitation of Germany, others will assume control there. Who they are and yet will be is now plain to see. Myself, I feel like a ghost walking on my own bones when I read the daily reports in *The Times* from Our Own Correspondent in Berlin and cast my memory back to the days, between the wars, when my reports for so long appeared under that headline.

It is the same in green, as the Berliners used to say when they meant that there was, between two things, no discernible difference. In West Germany there are politicians of the same kind at the top, shadow-shapes that in a little while will dissolve like cigarette smoke in the air. What hope have they, or can their country have in them, these men who are saddled with the blame for acceptance of 'the partitioning'; of the payment of 'reparations' for Hitler's sins to a State which did not exist in Hitler's lifetime and which contains hardly any folk who formerly lived in Hitler's Germany; of military service, not for any German cause but for 'the plans of The West'? These things are not their fault, but they will bear the onus of them and be swept away as the 'Weimar Parties' were swept away.

It is like watching the reissue of an old film; it makes me feel as if I were again a newspaper correspondent in Berlin around 1930 and watched *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

Meanwhile the one man who fought Nazidom so long and so hard is in fact held in the very outlawry that Hitler put on him.

It is an apt footnote to the Second World War.

## POSTSCRIPT (and Addendum)

As this book goes to press I have had my attention called to recently published information which confirms the statements made in it about the original motive for the Canadian ban on Otto Strasser and about the illegality of his continued detention. In September 1952 *The Times* (the earlier statements of which I have quoted) reverted to the subject in messages from its staff correspondents in Ottawa and Bonn. The correspondent in the Canadian capital, clearly conveying official information, said, 'Welcomed at first in this country as one who had personally disagreed with Hitler, Otto Strasser later appeared in a less favourable light through *his criticisms of Russia during the brighter period of the wartime alliance*'. So much for the ban of 1942; as to the continuing enforced exile of 1952, the correspondent said, 'Under the constitution of the German Federal Republic, persons who lost their German nationality during the Hitler regime *are entitled to have it restored*. Strasser has been seeking restoration of his nationality since the end of the war.' The newspaper seems to have asked its Bonn Correspondent why, if Strasser were entitled to return, he was not allowed. The correspondent reported the West German Government's attitude as follows: 'pending a decision by the Constitutional Court there can be no question of Strasser being granted a visa to come to Germany'. Strasser's constitutional suit has been 'pending' for more than a year.

Again, as the book goes to press an event in Germany throws even brighter light on the injustice done to Strasser. In January 1953 the British High Commissioner ordered the arrest of a group of Hitlerist leaders on the ground that they had been making plans, or plots, to regain or seize power in West Germany; the chief of them was Dr. Werner Naumann, Goebbels's chief assistant and the nominee for his succession, and the others included former *Gauleiter* and other high Nazi officials. The statement made, in justification of action taken over the head of the supposedly sovereign West German Government, implied that considerations of great and even imminent danger had led to it. After ten weeks, during which the arrested men were held incommunicado and denied access to lawyers, and habeas corpus pleas on their behalf were disallowed, the affair dissolved in fiasco, being handed over to the West German Government.

It should today hardly need saying that there are many groups in Germany which are working to gain power sooner or later; that surviving Nazi leaders are prominent in them (so that the term 'neo-Nazism' is misleading); and that these groups will obviously make every use they can of action in the line of the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939, if by that means they think they can bring about the reunion of Germany. The only way to avoid further disappointments (and fiascos) would be to give at least equal freedom, if not support, to those who consistently combatted both Hitlerism and Communism. Strasser remains in outlawry, enforced by the American and British Governments. D.R.

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At the last moment before publication of this book comes the news of Otto Strasser's moral, and possibly final victory in his long and lonely struggle. On April 29th, 1953, the German court of first instance, at Cologne, admitted his legal right, under Article 116 of the Constitution of the West German Republic (quoted in this book) to regain the German nationality of which Hitler deprived him in 1934, and therewith to return to his native land.

The West German Minister of the Interior, a Dr. Lehr, thereon announced that his government would appeal the decision. If it does this, it will be fighting against its own Constitution to perpetuate Hitler's law of arbitrary outlawry of political opponents. Strasser's return to Germany might by such means yet be postponed, but the final result is inevitable. The West German Constitution is explicit; his legal right is as unchallengeable as his mortal right is patent.

If Germany is to become again a *Rechtsstaat*, a state of law and order, the decision will stand. If not, it will have been shown that Hitler's law continues in the West German Republic established by the Western allies. The just decision has been given and the moral victory has after twenty years been won. Therein lies the justification of Strasser's life and struggle so far, and of this book.

DOUGLAS REED

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## FOOTNOTES

1: Only 'preserved for the instruction of twentieth century man', incidentally by the last-moment appeal of an American officer who by chance knew it and understood the symbolic importance of its history and beauty.

2: Shakespeare knew the state of mind, in young men, mentioned in the previous chapter:

To the wars, my boy, to the wars!  
He wears his honour in a box unseen  
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed.

3: Strangely, after two wars against Germany barrack-square methods in one great Western country seem to have taken on some resemblance to the harsh ones used in the Germany of 1914; at any rate, this reflection is inspired by pictures of recruit-training in the United States Marines recently published in an American periodical.

4: The main facts of Otto Strasser's war service are given at the end of this book from the official German records. This is not done for the purpose of extolling acts of courage performed long ago, but because his war record, with all other phases of his life, has often been denied and falsified since the systematic persecution began. Thus the authentic record puts the matter beyond doubt.

5: This Count Arco escaped a death sentence but was arrested, many years later, by Hitler's Gestapo! What became of him afterwards eludes my efforts at research. D.R.

6: In the author's opinion, no life of Hitler or story of Hitlerism yet published is of much permanent value, because of the gaps which occur at four essential points: his descent, early associations in Vienna, activities in Munich during the Red regime, and the manner of his disappearance. Any future historian who might seek to elucidate the real truth about the man would do well to give attention to another significant incident: when he later formed his Brown Army Hitler forbade any members of it who fought in the liberation of Munich to display on the sleeve of their brown shirts this golden lion to which they were entitled.

7: 'A wretched peace may be well exchanged even for war,' said Tacitus, and many young Germans of the years after the First War seem to have thought in this way, to their undoing; Otto Strasser, however, was not of these.

8: And after the Second War Mr. Churchill, a severe critic of the policies of the victors after the First War, wrote, 'We find ourselves still confronted with problems and perils not less but far more formidable than those through which we have so narrowly made our way'. Similarly, Mr. George F.



Kennan of the American State Department (recently United States Ambassador in Moscow) wrote, 'Both wars were fought, really, with a view to changing Germany, to correcting her behaviour, to making the Germans something different from what they were. Yet today, if one were offered the chance of having back again the Germany of 1913, a Germany run by conservative but relatively moderate people ... it wouldn't sound so bad, in comparison with our problems of today' (*American Diplomacy, 1951*).

9: My own list of such questions would include, in addition to the one indicated here, the following: Who fired the Reichstag? Who killed King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Count Folke Bernadotte? What were Hitler's associations and activities in Vienna before 1914, what did he do in Munich in March and April of 1919, and how did he contrive to remove his body after committing suicide in Berlin in 1945? Why would President Roosevelt for six years listen to no warnings against Mr. Alger Hiss and why was Mr. Hiss chief presidential advisor at Yalta? Why were Dr. Klaus Fuchs and others allowed access to the most secret British and American military information? and several others. D.R.

10: The quoted words are those of a German leftist writer, Dr. Jakob Stoecker, who is one of the very few current commentators to have done justice to Otto Strasser. His book, *Maenner des deutschen Schicksals* (Oswald Arnold, Berlin, 1949), is informative about this period.

11: Not even one year, or one moment, of such self-deception was excusable after the Second War. The Third War was made inevitable, saving divine intervention, by the preconcerted arrangement for the bisection of Europe which was sealed at Yalta.

12: These words of Otto Strasser, published in 1930, may be compared with some addressed by Mr. Winston Churchill to the House of Commons thirteen years later, on September 21st, 1943: 'The core of Germany is Prussia. There is the source of the recurring pestilence ... Nazi tyranny and Prussian domination are the two main elements in German life which must be absolutely destroyed. They must be rooted out if Europe and the world are to be spared a third and still more frightful conflict.' Mr. Churchill's government returned in 1951, and still in office as this book is written, continued its Socialist predecessor's policy of keeping Strasser exiled in Canada and barred from Germany.

13: When Otto Strasser wrote this Mr. Roosevelt had not been elected President of the United States, so that it is not a contemporary allusion; it was, however, an enlightened prognostication of the Roosevelt era.

14: See *The Forrestal Diaries*, page 10 (Viking Press, New York, 1951).

15: 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.' *Jeremiah*, xxii, 10.

16: No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the maine; if a Clod be washed away by the Sea, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were ... (John Donne's *Devotions*, 1624).

17: These moments are known to all men who go through such experiences. Mr. Churchill describes such brief moods of consuming despair at his capture by the Boers in the South African war and at Mr. Eden's resignation just before Hitler's invasion of Austria in 1938: 'I must confess that my heart sank, and for a while the dark waters of despair overwhelmed me.' Mr. Churchill also shows the same mood seizing his friend, Ralph Wigram, at Hitler's march into the Rhineland in

1936: 'My friend never seemed to recover from this shock. He took it too much to heart ... His untimely death ...' (*The Gathering Storm*).

18: Or in English, 'First catch your hare, then cook it!'

19: As an example of efficient political staffwork and synchronization, it may be recorded that immediately after this meeting the Tass Agency issued a report, which the non-Communist agencies assiduously spread over the world, stating that 'Dr. Otto Strasser has arrived in Lisbon to organize the amalgamation of all anti-Hitler forces and to take over their leadership'. Being issued under the imprint of 'Tass', that could only mean one thing. Although Otto Strasser never left Montreal, and could be inspected in the flesh by any who were interested, he could gain little publicity for the denial which he immediately issued.

20: The official report on the investigation of the Canadian espionage affair, with all its disclosures, would apparently never have become known in England but for the efforts of the present writer, who gave it publicity in a newsletter which he was then publishing, *London Tidings*. Thereafter it received some attention in the mass-newspapers and a limited number of copies was obtained from Canada for sale by His Majesty's Stationary Office to any who had the energy to seek them there. One of the most illuminating official documents of this century, it is still little known. The corresponding investigation in England, which should have been the natural result of Mr. Mackenzie King's warning, has never been held, each fragmentary revelation (for instance, the cases of Dr. Klaus Fuchs, Professor 'Bruno Pontecorvo', the vanished diplomats and others) being presented to the public as a casual and separate incident, unrelated to any containing whole. Similarly, in the United States no amount of public pressure has sufficed to produce a total investigation and exposure, and even the demand of a Senatorial Internal Security Subcommittee, that 'the role of Alger Hiss in foreign affairs and the formulation of foreign policy in the United States and his influence on personnel decisions in the State Department' be investigated, was ignored by the rulers of that Republic.

21: The American Military Governor had on his staff officials of a category not previously known to the military establishments of the West, as far as the author can ascertain, although a somewhat similar institution has existed in the Soviet area since it began. These were the 'Political Advisers'; the name recalls the 'Political Commissars' who accompany, and apparently exercise supreme control over the military commanders of the Red Army. It appears possible that the new 'Political Advisers' of the West may fulfil a rather comparable function, namely, that of ensuring that military commanders conform strictly to certain overriding dogmas. At a later stage in the events above discussed the office of United States Military Governor gave way to that of United States High Commissioner in Germany. This new, civilian authority was also supported in his work by a staff of Political Advisers. In 1952 the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate, acting under Resolutions of the Senate of the 81st and 82nd Congress, carried out an investigation into 'espionage, sabotage and infiltration by persons who are or may be under the domination of the foreign government or organizations controlling the world Communist movement ...' The investigation lasted a year, was exhaustive, and was carried out by the Committee's Internal Security Subcommittee. One of the recommendations was that the United States Department of Justice should submit to a grand jury the question of whether one such Political Adviser in Germany had perjured himself in giving testimony, by denying that he had recommended that the United States Central Intelligence Agency 'employ, utilize and rely upon certain individuals having Communist associations and connections'. In such circumstances there seems reasonable ground to suspect that the word 'infamous', deftly inserted in the report which was to be issued under General Clay's name, was of Communist origination, the Moscow Government having the greatest stake in (1) ensnaring Otto Strasser into its service, if it can, or (2) as he has refused all baits, keeping him

out of Western Germany. The epithet was parroted by the entire world press without any examination of the question whether its use was justified or unjustified.

22: Apropos, by way of contrast, and to show how times change: In July 1939 the combined British press waged violent warfare for a week on *The Times* when it refused to print a reply to a letter by Mr. J.A. Spender criticizing a speech by Sir Archibald Sinclair. The journals which joined in rebuke included the *Daily Telegraph*, *News Chronicle*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Mirror*, *New Statesman*, *Time and Tide*, *Spectator* and *Manchester Guardian*; an example, from the last newspaper '... it is, to say the least, unfortunate that an editorial censorship of opinion should be set up in a forum so traditionally impartial as the correspondence column of *The Times*'. One must conclude from the perusal of all those columns of outraged protest that the denial of right of reply was at that time extremely rare, in the British press at least. At the mid-century Otto Strasser was almost invariably unable to induce any newspaper to print a reply to or correction of any statement about him, and such statements went and were published all over the world.

23: The Bonn Government some time later issued a report stating that this document was forged. The author, who would hold Otto Strasser to be fully justified in any means he used to return to his native land, and who considers his treatment an abomination, has not asked him about that. The document looked good, but the author did not examine it minutely, having no such doubts in mind.

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# THE SIEGE OF SOUTHERN AFRICA

by

Douglas Reed

To

LORELEI and LORELLE

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*although no chapter numbers were used in the original, they have been used here for convenience*

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## Foreword

In the first book which I wrote after my arrival in South Africa in 1947<sup>[1]</sup> I said, "I expect Africa to become of major importance during the next fifty years ... for third parties, international aspirants to world power who sought to raise the dark man against the white one, and to divide the white men among themselves, South Africa was a land of opportunity."

In 1948-9, when this was written, it was a very long shot even for a man of my experience.<sup>[2]</sup> In 1948-9 Africa was a minuscule dot on the outer periphery of the radar screen of international affairs and events. It was not present in the mind of the public masses at all. Africa was for them a large place far away which they knew nothing about (as Mr. Neville Chamberlain might have said).

That was to be radically changed in the 1960's when, by obvious preconcerting at the super-national or behind the scenes level, a propaganda campaign equivalent in its noise and intensity to a barrage on the Somme in 1916 or a thousand-bomber raid on Hamburg in 1944 was suddenly opened against the remnant of White-ruled Africa because it did not lie down and let the tidal wave of massacre, one-man-dictatorship and terrorist police sweep over it from the north, where one newly "emergent" state after another demonstrated the abiding validity of old Tippu Tib's dictum that "the man with the gun will always rule Africa".

I also discovered in those far-off days of the Forties, when the word "Africa" was not present at all in the mind of the masses at large (today it preponderates in the screaming daily headlines and violent opinions about it are loud on the lips of every initiated conspirator or imbecilic infatuate in the world), very large plans for Africa were already shaped in those secret places "behind the scenes whence the world is truly governed" (Disraeli).

Thus a Mr. Truman from Missouri, having ascended the Democratic elevator from the Vice-Presidential to the Presidential floor at the close of Mr. Roosevelt's catastrophic fourteen years, was soon prompted to announce a programme for "saving the world from Communism" which contained a "Fourth Point", "a defence master plan to open up Africa South of the Sahara". This envisaged a "huge project" for building roads and railways between the African possessions of Britain and those of other countries, and establishing "new airways and modernizing scores of new ports". (Long before any of these blessings could accrue, Britain had been bereft of all "possessions in Africa".)

Intrigued by the discovery of this stupendous scheme for developing Africa, I pursued my researches and found that a similarly stupendous scheme had already been outlined in a book by the then American Communist leader, Mr. Earl Browder. Mr. Browder's vision (or his masters'; Communist leaders in countries outside the Soviet area do not have such ideas of their own) was that America should underwrite "a gigantic programme for the industrialization of Africa ... large-scale plans for railroad and highway building ... all-round modernization ... in undeveloped areas".

Fine and fair words, but all that came of them in the next twenty years was bloodshed, of Black men by Black men, on a scale probably greater than that of the Second World War. They revealed, however, the continued collusion of American and Communist strategy "behind the scenes", the earliest public sign of which was given by the words of the first of the puppet Presidents, Woodrow Wilson, to Congress in 1917 on the occasion of the Bolshevik Revolution: "Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have happened in the last ten weeks in Russia ... here is a fit partner for a league of honour".

A straight line runs from this early revelation through the fourteen Roosevelt years. President Roosevelt told a penitent Communist defector to “go jump in the lake” when informed with proof that his right hand “adviser” was a Soviet agent: the same who was the dying President's right hand adviser at Yalta when the decision was taken to transfer half of Europe from the Hitlerist to the Stalinist curse, and to drive out the Allies' Chinese allies from China and establish the Communists in their place. These are all matters of authentic and verifiable record. Some day a competent dramatist might take the Yalta Conference for his theme. The scene showing Stalin gazing sardonically at the dying President opposite him, surrounded by men whom Stalin well knew to be his (Stalin's) own men has all the stuff of high drama.

This shadow policy of parallelism with Communism in deeds while publicly professing inflexible antagonism to Communism continued through the presidencies of Truman and Eisenhower. Under President Nixon there was a recoil from it.

As far as Africa is concerned, at any rate, President Nixon took off the heat. He did not send “Special Emissaries for Africa”, like the egregious Mr. Mennen “Soapy” Williams, to go round Africa calling for the South African Government to be “brought to its knees”. Neither did he send members of his family to harangue students of South African universities about the evils of South Africa.

President Nixon, indeed, showed a sense of responsibility in world affairs: and because of that the termites in his administration, and those in other countries who also work “behind the scenes” under the cover-name of “liberalism”, will break him if they can. The reader will be able to judge of that for himself by 1976. If this president can survive the international onslaught against him and can halt his country in doing the Communist revolution's work for it, which is what his predecessors did, the outlook for Africa, and for much else, would greatly improve. If the next President is of the Wilson-Roosevelt school, the world can, in my opinion, say goodbye to the United States it has known, and should watch out for its own survival.

And now, to Southern Africa and its beleaguerment.

Douglas Reed  
South Africa, South West Africa,  
Angola, Rhodesia, Lesotho,  
Mozambique, Swaziland, Botswana,  
1973-4.

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## Author's Note

For the purpose of this book the term “Southern Africa” denotes the following States and territories: South Africa (with its several Black Homelands), South West Africa, Angola, Lesotho, Rhodesia, Mozambique, Botswana and Swaziland.

I spent nearly a year between 1973 and 1974 travelling the immense area which contains these territories, and covered some 30,000 miles by jeep, landrover, military or civilian aircraft, army convoy, military or private car, and rail. My thanks are particularly due to the South African, Portuguese and Rhodesian authorities, who enabled me to go anywhere and to see whatever I wished in the terrorist-infested and other areas.

“Southern Africa”, in the meaning of this book, is of course the part of Africa which so far has been spared the régime of massacre and gun-rule bequeathed to the remaining northern part by “the wind of change”, and the words “The Siege” allude to the intense campaign waged from the outside world, and supported by arms, money and the most poisonous propaganda this writer has ever known, with the purpose of spreading the area of massacre and gun-rule to those parts which as yet have resisted the infection.

May 1974

D.R.

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# Chapter One

## THE SIEGE

*Siege: Operations of encamped attacking force to take or compel surrender of fortified place (Concise Oxford Dictionary); The investiture of a town or fortress by hostile troops in order to induce it to surrender either by starvation or by attack at a suitable juncture (Chambers Encyclopaedia); The "sitting down" of an army or military force before a fortified place for the purpose of taking it, either by direct military operations or by starving it into submission (Encyclopaedia Britannica).*

The reader will see that none of these definitions describes the siege which is the subject of this book, though the direct military attack has for twelve years now been clamoured for by the warmongering majority at the United Nations, and a detailed military, naval and air blue print for such an operation was published years ago by one of the various American Government-subventioned "foundations" in New York. The open frontal attack has not happened, or not yet, and the siege of Southern Africa which has been conducted during the last decade is of an entirely new nature. It is one of bombardment by falsehood, threat and menace from the body ludicrously called the "United Nations" in New York; of murder, arson and rapine by hired assassins on the borders of the four countries chiefly besieged; and of incitement by words and money gifts from innumerable "democratic" Governments and Communist "cover organizations" all over the world.

This, in short, is a siege of a kind never before known in recorded history: but then, this century is like none in recorded history. To those inside the area of beleaguerment the noise from without is like that of the incessant howling of a pack of hyenas. The countries under this siege have offended none and threaten none. The siege began within a few years of the Second World War, which ended with the abandonment of half Europe to the Communist tyranny of which Hitler's was but a carbon copy.

These achievements bequeathed to the remaining "free world" a sense of moral rectitude which expressed itself in a sudden outburst of fury and menace against South Africa, Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique on account of the treatment of the Black peoples in those territories. This, was the general clamour, was not to be borne.

Some of the contributions to this cacophony of hatred and contempt may provide the future historian with scope for humorous comment. A leading part in the threats and money gifts to the murder gangs was played by a body of mysterious origin, but obvious political bent, which called itself "the World Council of Churches". I deem the part played by this body to be worse than that of Judas: I have seen the results at the other end, and would like to take the members of this organization severally by the nose and lead them through the wards where Black babies lie, their feet blown off by Chinese and Russian mines.

Then there was a Mr. Harold Wilson, who used the oldest trick in the busker's book (raising the eyes to the gallery as the punchline is spoken) to gain the maximum applause for his undertaking to lend "British Labour's" support to "the freedom fighters". In announcing his party's "unconditional" gift of money to the "liberation movements" (at Blackpool in October 1973), Mr. Wilson upcast his eyes to the gallery, where sat the representatives of these "liberation movements", and reaped the expected storm of applause from there. At almost the same time Queen Elizabeth, in the speech from the Throne prepared by her Ministers, was saying, "The British Government remains committed to encouraging peaceful change in Southern Africa, but condemns the use of violence".

Mr. Wilson, when he addressed his words to the gallery at Blackpool, was hoping to become British Prime Minister again.

Politicians the world over outdid each other in the venom of their attacks and feared not to make themselves ridiculous. The chief of these was a Mr. Gough Whitlam, who in resigning as Australian Foreign Minister described himself as “the greatest we've had”, and aligned himself with forgotten Mr. “Soapy” Williams from Washington in calling for the South African Government to be brought to its knees. He also said that Mr. Ian Smith of Rhodesia was “as bad as Hitler”.

This irresistibly put me in mind of another Prime Minister, one whose vanity and ignorance led my native country into a disastrous war, and in my private album I classified Mr. Gough Whitlam, from remote Australia, as “worse than Chamberlain”. I never thought to be able to say that of any politician, but the twentieth century knows only the change from bad to worse.

Thus politicians throughout the world fell over each other in the rush to get on the band-wagon of “aid to liberation movements”. West Germany's Socialists, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Canada, even far New Zealand and, of course, Russia and China joined in the chorus, so violent was their urge to aid the victims of oppression anywhere except in Poland, the Baltic lands, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Arab Palestine.

Another body of Churchmen (ah, these men of peace and love!) joined with the World Council of Churches, and at Dublin in 1973 reaffirmed its support for the other body in the matter of giving financial aid to “liberation movements” against the counsel of two bishops from Southern Africa, one of whom, Bishop Burrough of Mashonaland, introduced an element of truth into the imbecilic debate by saying that the Council was in effect supporting “naked terrorism”. He added, again with utter truth, “You are sending them to their certain deaths in a contest which they cannot win for a liberty which they cannot produce”.

This is the whole truth of the matter, which everybody in Africa knows. In any chaos of the kind which these people outside Africa strive to produce inside Africa for their own ulterior purpose, the Black people would be the greatest sufferers and they would be less free than ever before: they would, in fact, return to the days of “darkest Africa”. What has happened north of the Zambezi has already shown that, and Black leaders who as yet have been spared well know it.

One of the most notable Black Leaders to emerge from the contemporary South African scene, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of Zululand, knows this and said so publicly to a hostile audience in America: “You must stop encouraging people to create a bloodbath for other people to bathe in.” I have long wondered whence came this nauseating phrase, “bloodbath”, to which, in Africa, politicking clerics seem particularly addicted. It has the sound of Teutonic fury and might have been the product of Hitler's or Goebbels's diseased minds, or for that matter of the greatest bloodshedder of all, Stalin. It could only have gained popular currency in this degraded century of the liberal death-wish.

A prominent Black leader in, South Africa, Chief Kaizer Matanzima of the Transkei, also warned African States supporting terrorism to “mind their own business”, and all responsible Black men in Southern Africa, knowing well that they are the potential victims of “liberation”, feel like this, and often say so. Chief Gatsha Buthelezi even made himself highly unpopular in Communist quarters by his remark and was the object of organized hostile student demonstrations when he visited Dar es Salaam, the Chinese headquarters in Africa and the base of Chinese arms supply.

In August 1974, a third Black political leader from one of the self-governing Black Homelands set up by the South African Government, Venda (the one nearest to the menace of “liberation” from

the north) spelt out the same warning. This was Mr. Baldwin Mudau, who on returning from America said conversations with Black African delegates at a law conference in Texas had led him to change his mind about African “freedom fighters”. They did not want to help their brothers. They meant to take control and they would hit the Black man and White man alike; and Vendloland would be the first battleground in the fight against armed insurgents.

It has been a remarkable experience living and moving inside the walls among men, Black and White, who get on alongside each other well enough, and to hear the tumult of menace and moral indignation from outside, with the voices of high clerics and vote-thirsty politicians leading the din, and to think, “Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful without but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness”.

Hypocrisy! The word is not big enough for this lying cacophony. Was it only yesterday that the Socialists of Britain preached that wars were made by bloated capitalists, or armament manufacturers? Was it but yesterday that they claimed the monopoly of peaceable intent?

And today they proudly announce, to the plaudits of the slave-raiders and murderers in the rogues' gallery, that they will give “unconditional aid” to these liberators. Shades of Uncle George Lansbury and Arthur Henderson, those patron saints of “disarmament”. I see Uncle Arthur now, the very Father of Disarmament, being escorted by reverent French officials to his stateroom on the Geneva express. Those Socialist leaders of yesteryear achieved nothing but were at least honest men, who would have shamed themselves to send “aid” to the murderers in the Zambezi valley, in Angola, and in the Tete district.

In 1973 a “fact-finding delegation” of trade union officials from England came to South Africa. I would have liked to show them some facts in the hospital at Tete, but that would not have interested them, although they would there have seen the results of giving “unconditional aid” to assassins, and pretending that they are “liberators”. They would have been able to see the amputated Black arms and legs. Instead, they collected “facts” of a nature more agreeable to a trade union congress, and, wearing almost visible haloes of moral superiority, returned to an England made desolate by strikes, short time and unemployment.

Yes, a rare experience indeed to live through this siege. History has seen so many sieges, from Troy to Paris and Stalingrad, but none like this. The only one that might be compared is the siege of Jericho, when the walls collapsed beneath the blare of rams' horns. Is that literally true, or are the rams' horns symbolic? Was the noise that of propaganda perhaps? Listening from within the Southern African perimeter to the shrieking din from outside, one could believe it.

What is it truly all about? The mob believes everything and ever did, since it clamoured for Barabbas to be released, but even the mob surely cannot believe the frenzied outburst of moral indignation against the White-governed countries to be genuine. What is really the game?

The game is world revolution and the world slave state. It is the next step of the world-state conspiracy to that end. The conspiracy is old and all whose lot has led them to the study of world history in our time are fully aware of it.

The “conspiratorial theory of history” has always been derided by those who serve it, but the Second World War brought it into the open and it cannot any longer be denied. The facts and the evidence are there. The governments of the great Western Powers *were* infested by agents of the revolution and in one country after another, as that war ended, these were exposed and convicted: in America, in Canada, in England. The stables were never cleansed, and all whose business it is to study these matters know that the foul infection is worse than ever now. Let those who care to

consider whether that may lead in the future look back on the Second World War and the shape that “victory” was given at the Yalta Conference by agents secretly enlisted in the service of the world revolution.

The history of the world-revolution conspiracy is of absorbing interest to students. It is so old that its original root is hard to find, but the continuing development of the idea can be picked up at almost any period. In this century it has made great gains and the present ambition is evidently to complete the process during the remainder of the century: to this end the ruination of all law and order in Africa is obviously held to be a paramount necessity.

I quoted earlier the words of President Woodrow Wilson, who in 1917 became the praise-maker of the revolution and began the American involvement in it which bred the disasters of 1945 and after. He was a man picked for the job, and this process of selecting and “getting something on” a man who is to run for high office was described in an extraordinary novel published before the 1914 war by President Wilson's own mentor, “Colonel” House.

The novel was called *Philip Dru, Administrator*, and, strangely, was published in 1912 *after* Wilson's first election. It tells, in thinly veiled fictional form, the story of Woodrow Wilson's choice, and if that President read it, as he certainly must have, he can have had little doubt about his own humiliating place and function in the conspirators' scheme of things.

“Colonel” House (he had no military rank) described a “conspiracy” (his word) which succeeded in electing an American president by means of “deception regarding his real opinions and intentions”. The conspiracy was to insinuate itself into the electoral process in such a way that “no candidate might be nominated whose views were not in accord with theirs”.

The breakdown of President Wilson (also a dying man) threw the conspiracy temporarily out of gear, but in 1932 it made its greatest advance when Mr. Roosevelt, having been nominated Democratic candidate for the Presidency, hastened forthwith to discuss the future with “Colonel” House (alias Philip Dru) at his Massachusetts home. In 1938 House boasted to his biographer, “During the last fifteen years I have been close to the centre of things, though few people suspect it. No important foreigner has come to America without talking with me. I was close to the movement that nominated Roosevelt ... All the Ambassadors have reported to me frequently.”

Here, then, the reader may perceive how the sorrows of our generation were made “behind the scenes”. Here may be seen why Woodrow Wilson posed as praise-maker of the world revolution, and why Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta agreed to hand over half of Europe to it.

House's original notion, as propounded in *Philip Dru*, was for a world government founded on “Anglo-Saxon solidarity”, but the results of his conspiratorial activity, as revealed by the deeds of the two marionette-presidents in supporting the world revolution, show that this phrase was but another example of his technique of “deception regarding his real opinions and intentions”.

At the turn of the century another man, on the other side of the world, was pursuing this ambition of world government. Cecil Rhodes, in South Africa, thought to bring all the habitable portions of the globe under the control of “the English-speaking peoples”, and being immensely rich was able to take practical steps (as he thought) towards the aim, stated in his first will, of “extending British rule throughout the world ... (and) the foundation of so great a power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the interests of humanity”.

The *method* was to be conspiratorial and the model for the secret society he envisaged, and began to set up, was to be the Society of Jesus. Rhodes' last will established the Rhodes Scholarships,

which provide for the bringing of “Rhodes Scholars” from the British Empire, Germany and America for schooling in internationalism at Oxford, with the aim, according to his co-conspirator William Stead, “that after thirty years there should be between two and three thousand men in the prime of life scattered all over the world, each one of whom would have impressed upon his mind in the most susceptible period of his life the dream of the Founder, each one of whom, moreover, would have been specially, mathematically, selected towards the Founder's purposes.”

The British Empire dissolved, and the great body of English-speaking peoples disintegrated and deteriorated long before Rhodes' dream could be realized, but his *method* of planting trained conspirators in all the high places of the world was taken over intact by Communism and used to great effect as the results of the Second War, and the exposures which followed it in Washington, Ottawa and London showed: indeed, the method was used to such effect that the old morbid ambition of world government at last came within perceptible prospect of success in the remainder of this century.

Still pursuing “Colonel” House's technique of “deceiving” the public masses about “real intentions and opinions” and planting agents of the world revolution in all governments of the world, the conspiracy at that point (during and after the Second World War) adopted the benevolent-sounding name, Liberalism, as a cover for its fell designs.

Under the bloodstained banners of “liberalism” and “the United Nations” the conspiracy prepared for the third act in the Twentieth Century drama: the attempt to set up the World State through carnage and chaos in Africa.

The remaining area of law and order, Southern Africa, was a major obstacle to the completion of this grand design: hence The Siege of Southern Africa. This brings the story to the present epoch of “liberalism”, which I call that of the ravening wolves, for as Jesus said (Matthew 7, XV), “beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves”.

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## Chapter Two

### THE RAVENING WOLVES

*Liberalism will be seen historically as the great destructive force of our time: much more so than communism, fascism, nazism, or any other of the lunatic creeds which make such immediate havoc. Compared with the long-term consequences of a Gilbert Murray, a Bertrand Russell, a Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Hitler was an ineffective dreamer, Stalin a Father Christmas, and Mussolini an Arcadian shepherd.*<sup>[3]</sup>

Of the birthplace of this all-destructive force in its present shape, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge says, "I took a great dislike to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and even more, to its imbecilic foreign admirers." The verdict is the more damning in that Mr. Muggeridge himself, as he says, "went to Russia in a silly enough mood". Indeed, he disposed of his home and effects, packed, and took his family with the intention of settling there for good. Six months (the winter of 1932-3) were enough for him to discover the truth of the abomination of desolation there, and the classic he produced in 1934 (*Winter in Moscow*, Eyre and Spottiswode) will remain for all time the true and ghastly picture of that birth and birthplace.

His phrase, "the imbecilic foreign admirers", brings back to me vivid pictures of some of those weird travellers, whom we foreign correspondents in Berlin saw on their way through to Moscow, and others whom I encountered when I went to Moscow in 1935. How comic and ineffably stupid they seemed then: how little we could foresee the havoc they would wreak in the world, the Lady Astors, the Mrs. Roosevelts, the Webbs, the Bernard Shaws and many more.

We who knew the truth of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat watched these characters pass and return with ill-placed mirth, little realizing the power for evil that resided in them: they seemed figures of ridicule. Most of them, in fact, were infatuates rather than initiates of the great conspiracy, but as the years went by and the Second World War approached they bred around them a great band of true initiates, men in governments and administrations who were able to warp and distort actions of State, particularly in America, to the service of the World Revolution.

Some of these were the creatures exposed in Washington, Ottawa, and London when the War ended, but their exposure led to no general clearance: today, as all students of power politics know, they are more strongly and more numerously esconced in places where they can do the most damage than they were in 1945. The Siege of Southern Africa is the proof of what they have been able to achieve in the name of "liberalism".

"What a ghastly charade that was! In those days Moscow was the Mecca for every liberal mind, whatever its particular complexion. They flocked there in an unending procession, from the great ones like Shaw and Gide and Barbusse and Julian Huxley and Harold Laski and the Webbs down to poor little teachers, crazed clergymen and millionaires, and drivelling dons, all utterly convinced that under the aegis of the great Stalin a new dawn was breaking in which the human race would at last be united in liberty, equality and fraternity for evermore....

"Stalin himself, to do him justice, never troubled to hide his contempt for them and everything they stood for and mercilessly suppressed any like tendencies among his own people. This, however, in no wise deterred them. They were prepared to believe anything, however preposterous, to overlook anything, however villainous, to approve anything, however obscurantist and brutally authoritarian, in order to be able to preserve intact the confident expectation that one of the most thoroughgoing,

ruthless and bloody tyrannies ever to exist on earth could be relied on to champion human freedom, the brotherhood of man, and all the other good liberal causes to which they had dedicated their lives.

“It is true that many of them subsequently retracted; that incidents like the Stalinist purges, the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the debunking of Stalin, the Hungarian and Czech risings, each caused a certain leakage among liberal well-wishers. Yet when the dust settles the same old bias is clearly discernible.

“It is an addiction, like alcoholism, to which the liberal mind is intrinsically susceptible - to grovel before any Beelzebub who claims, however implausibly, to be a prince of liberals. Why? After all, the individuals concerned are ostensibly the shining lights of the Western world; scholars, philosophers, artists, scientists and the like ... held in respect as being sages who know all the answers; sought after by governments and international agencies; holding forth in the press and on the air. The glory of faculties and campuses; beating a path between Harvard and Princeton and Washington, D.C.; swarming like migrant birds from the London School of Economics, Oxford and Cambridge into Whitehall. Yet I have seen their prototypes - and I can never forget it - in the role of credulous buffoons capable of being taken in by grotesquely obvious deceptions. Swallowing unquestioningly statistics and other purported data whose falsity was immediately evident to the meanest intelligence. Full of idiot delight when Stalin or one of his henchmen yet again denounced the corrupt, cowardly intelligentsia of the capitalist West - viz., themselves. I detect in their like today the same impulse. They pass on from one to another, like a torch held upside down, the same death wish ...”

I have reproduced these paragraphs, again with grateful acknowledgment to that unique authority on the subject, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, who included them in an unforgettable denunciation, *The Decade of the Great Liberal Death Wish*, published in December 1970 by Esquire, New York. This magnificent diatribe was of particular fascination for me because I knew from my own experience the Moscow-bound pilgrims he describes, was involved in the events of that period, and watched the emergence after the Second War of a great throng of their proselytes in the governments of the world, and particularly in the central headquarters of death-wish liberalism, the place of the ravening wolves, on the East River, called “The United Nations”. The building which houses it is tombstone-like, and the masons might very well prepare to incise on its walls, “Here lie the remains of Western civilization, of the once-United States, and of once-Great Britain.”

Founded on a deed of arrant racism, the expulsion of the Semitic Arabs from their ancient Palestinian homeland to make way for non-Semitic Jews from Russia and Poland, it devotes all its energies (and would like to start a war) to attacking “racism” in Southern Africa. Again, Mr. Muggeridge comments, “In a world full of oppressive régimes and terrorist practices, in England the venom and fury of the liberal mind picks on the White South Africans with particular spleen.”

Seldom does an honest word come out of this place, where all men are helots, enserved to the liberal policies of their governments “which do not govern, but merely control the machinery of government, being themselves controlled by the hidden hand” (Disraeli). In 1973, for instance, the helots were marching towards the General Assembly to give the inevitable rubber-stamp vote of approval to a typically hidden-hand resolution “welcoming the accession to independence of the people of Guinea-Bissau”, (a Portuguese West African territory), “condemning Portugal for its illegal occupation of certain sectors of the Republic” and inviting other states to give “the new republic” all assistance.

The facts of the matter were that they themselves had invented “this new republic” and “welcomed it” for the purpose of swelling the clamour for war against Portugal which was in legal possession

of this region. No “new republic” had been established there; the local terrorists had merely sent agents to report that they had conquered the territory, knowing that such a claim would be accepted by the General Assembly without question.

Before the General Assembly could impress its rubber stamp on this resolution, the helots, in their delegation-dens, found on their desks the following alternative resolution:

#### The General Assembly

confused by the situation reportedly prevailing in Guinea-Bissau  
deeply concerned at its inability to find the newly independent state  
puzzled by the conflicting and confusing geographical references given by the  
parties concerned; having lost a fact-finding mission sent to the area; disregarding  
such facts as are available

1. Welcomes the accession to independence of the people of Guinea-Bissau  
(a) Whomever they maybe
2. Hopes to be able to find the newly independent state
3. Decides to despatch a second fact-finding mission to be composed of 135  
members of the General Assembly to be selected by themselves to  
(a) Find the first mission  
(b) Implement paragraph 2 above
4. Invites all member states, the specialized agencies and other organizations within  
the U.N. system to join in the search
5. Condemns the Government of Portugal for whatever it may be doing
6. Calls on the Government of Portugal to desist forthwith
7. Decides to keep the situation under continuous review.

Even helots may be allowed a little fun, and a few of them had gathered together to produce this alternative resolution. The helots well know what frauds they are and I happened to learn that there was loud laughter in the rooms of the delegations which were about to vote for the original resolution when this “alternative” one was circulated around. It at once became a collector's piece among the helots and was tenderly stored in hundreds of albums which, in later years of retirement, would help ageing helots to pass the long winter evenings in happy reminiscence of the good old days at Helots Hall on East 42nd Street.

While this extraordinary pantomime was being enacted, I was already engaged in my long journey around the beleaguered areas of Southern Africa.

I began with Angola.

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## Chapter Three

### ANGOLAN ORDEAL

Luanda is one of the least known capital cities and its hinterland, Angola, one of the least known countries in the world. Luanda, with its ancient fort brooding over the southern tip of its magnificent bay, would be the big-game hunter's and fisherman's paradise, were it better known and more accessible: in the respective seasons you may see the landrovers returning to town with buck and buffalo strapped across the bonnets, or the boats coming in laden with barracuda and marlin.

When I first saw Luanda, it was abustle with building activity, like all the other cities I have seen in this decade, and the streets were thronged with people of every shade of complexion between black and white, all getting on alongside each other very well. Yet twelve years before this hardly a being in the place would have given Portugal more than two years in Angola. That was after the terrible initial shock of the attack of drugged and drunken assassins from across the Congolese border.

Angola has been a Portuguese possession for five hundred years. One of the great Portuguese navigators, Diego Cam, first landed there in 1482 and left his mark in the traditional Portuguese shape of the Cross. That was centuries before the emergence of the British Empire which in its brief day occupied a quarter of the globe and ruled over a quarter of the earth's inhabitants, before dissolving to leave as its only memorial a gibbering wraith called the British Commonwealth, wherein the erstwhile "lion cubs" turned into yelping jackals snarling at the other members.

All that time Portuguese Angola was there. For a few years the Dutch appeared on the scene and the Portuguese Governor withdrew upriver, but in seven years he was back again in the ancient fort. During this time the Portuguese in Angola even hived off a colony in South America which today has become the greatest state in that half-continent, wealthy, with a population of fifty million and a glowing future: Brazil.

Among the great "ifs" of history is why the Portuguese Government did not make of Angola a second Brazil. All the conditions were present: enormous space, and boundless mineral wealth. Diego Cam's discovery was neither exploited nor developed, although he planted his cross on the coast of Angola years before Columbus discovered America. These Portuguese navigators, who set out in cockleshells and knew not if they would end by falling off the edge of the earth, were the spacemen of five hundred years ago.

While all the great events of the next five hundred years racked the world around it, Angola continued its placid way of life, undisturbed by the demon "progress". Differences of race were not felt or known as such. The difference between relatively schooled and skilled White people from overseas and undeveloped Black ones set the pattern of life; colour as such played no part in it.

In this enormous territory (it is almost as large as Europe and it has a thousand miles of coastline stretching from north to south along the Atlantic) the Portuguese until the beginning of this century effectively occupied only the coastal strip, and that in small numbers.

The huge Black population of the interior, had they wished, could have just nudged the Portuguese into the sea: hardly any troops were garrisoned there. But they never did this. The Portuguese, alone among the colonizing powers, seem to have understood and come to grips with Africa. While others came, stayed a hundred years or so, and then scuttled away, Portuguese Angola, unknown or

forgotten, stayed on. It saw all the others come and it saw them go, and now that its five hundredth anniversary approaches it is still there.

This colonial slumber was shattered in the early morning of 15 March 1961, by the shrieks and screams that arose from twelve villages in the coffee belt of north-western Angola. The day that followed was one of rape, torture, arson and obscenities practised on living and dead bodies that have no parallel in the history of any period on record. Creeping silently through the elephant grass the fiends burst upon the sleeping or unsuspecting farmers, peasants and small shopkeepers, hacking off heads, legs and arms of men and women, girls and children and babes, Black and White and Brown, hanging them on trees. At one place they put living victims through a sawmill.

Who were these creatures? Mr. Robert Ruark, an expert on terrorism and torture from his experience of the Mau Mau in Kenya, identifies them: "... hired strangers, strangers drunk on the local *pombe*, strangers fired by hashish, strangers recruited and semi-trained across the northern Angolese border in the Congo, strangers with no real axe to grind except against an innocent neck, strangers armed by the terrorists of Algeria, strangers motivated by Russia and China and other Communist affiliates."<sup>[4]</sup>

Mr. Ruark did not add what I will append here: these hideous miscreants were the protégés of those ravening wolves, the Liberals of New York, as well as the hirelings of Communism. Their leader, an abominable creature of many aliases, is best known as Holden Roberto. Just eighteen months before the massacre he went to the United States where he was made warmly welcome by the American Committee on Africa, the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

These influential acquaintanceships bore fruit. Holden Roberto received both financial and political support from United States sources. Then about a year later came the massacre, of which Holden Roberto boasted to a correspondent of the Paris journal, *Le Monde*. He was asked, "There is proof of tortures perpetrated upon Portuguese men, women and children. Do you deny these horrors?" He answered, "No, all that is true ... they massacred everything." "Women and children included?" he was asked, and he replied, "Yes, why deny it?"

Mr. James Burnham (see above and footnote [5]), speaking of the propagandist successes in the world press and at the United Nations of such revolting gangs of murderers as that of Holden Roberto, said, "Not the least of these propaganda victories has been the concealment of the events of 15 March 1961. And even today some readers of this book will wonder: can these horrors that Bernardo Teixeira recounts really be true? Can they *possibly* be true? Is it conceivable that human beings actually ran other humans through rotary saws?"<sup>[5]</sup>

"Alas for mankind, not only are these things true, but these things are not the worst, of what Holden Roberto's squads did and have done: of some things it is simply not possible to write."

I studied the story of 15 March 1961 for years before I was able to go to the scene of the massacre and recreate what happened for myself. In probing the background, especially the background of foreign support for these sub-human massacrists, my eye was immediately caught by the name of Mrs. Roosevelt as their patroness. This woman, who posed as the mother of all good works and good causes, first attracted my student's attention in 1949, when I was in America. At that time the Soviet agent in the American Government, Alger Hiss, the man who at Yalta, at the dying President Roosevelt's side turned the Allied victory into a Communist victory and an Allied defeat, had been exposed and the Liberal Establishment was waging a tremendous campaign to snatch its favourite son from the jaws of justice.

I observed with a shock of surprise that Mrs. Roosevelt identified herself with it, and went to the length of publicly attacking the man who had denounced Hiss. From that time on I was prepared for anything that Mrs. Roosevelt might do in her role as patroness of liberalism, and I was no longer surprised when she entertained such as Holden Roberto to tea.<sup>[6]</sup>

I came to think of Mrs. Roosevelt as the reincarnation of Madame Defarge. She knitted by the guillotine as heads fell into the basket. Mrs. Roosevelt entertained murderers to tea and wrote her unreadable "My Day" column, while women and children, Black, Brown and White, were being hacked to pieces by her visitors' gangs in Angola.

Thus, by way of the Yalta Conference, the "hidden hand behind the scenes", and the rise of all-destroying "Liberalism", we come to the massacre of 15 March 1961 in Northern Angola: the continuing thread from Mrs. Roosevelt's patronage of Alger Hiss to her tea-party with Holden Roberto twenty years later and his welcome by the Communist-infested departments of the American administration is clear to see.

The initial shock in Angola was almost lethal. In the whole vast territory there were but a few platoons of soldiers, Black and White, and police. Few then believed that Angola could survive. But the unexpected, the almost incredible happened.

The civilian population of the massacre-area resisted fiercely and drove the murder squads back into the Congo. The Black population never gave the invaders that support without which (according to Che Guevara) no guerilla attack can succeed. Within a few days troop reinforcements began to arrive from Portugal and soon the situation came under control. The mass of Black peasants and farmers who had fled into the bush, either from fear of the murderers or of being mistaken for them, began to trickle back, and in less than a year 140,000 of them had officially presented themselves to the Portuguese authorities who fed, clothed, and housed them and provided medical assistance.

No questions were asked, although terrorists may have been among this returning throng. The Portuguese from the start, both in Angola and Mozambique, always practised this policy of receiving-back and reincorporating into the Portuguese community. They are wise people in their dealings with the Black population and have thus succeeded in Africa where others failed.

The atrocious event of 15 March 1961 went unnoticed by the outside world. As Mr. Burnham said, its concealment was one of the greatest successes of the terrorist leaders and of "Liberalism", and it was achieved by the complicity of that vast network of "liberals" which in our generations has come to control all means of public information: press, radio, television.

One American publisher produced the authentic story, with all the pictorial and other evidence, but in Britain and other "enlightened" lands no one would touch it. The international campaign of propaganda against Portugal continued unabated and was taken up by persons who had come to political office in such places as Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

The resistance of the Angolan population, Black, White and Mulatto, and the arrival of military reinforcements, put an end to the immediate threat to Angola, and from that point the epic of Angola began. The atrocious event led to the rebirth of Angola, which began to look like becoming "a second Brazil". Its development in the decade after 15 March 1961 was so great, and in such contrast to its former lethargic condition, that when I arrived there in 1973 the current jest was that a statue ought to be erected to Holden Roberto because he had shocked and shaken the country out of its colonial slumber.

A sudden revival of confidence followed the defeat and flight of the Bakongo murderers, the return of the great plantation owners and the continuance on their land of the small ones, the repossession and resumption of work in hundreds of plantations which had been attacked or destroyed. The discovery of offshore oil in 1966 and the participation of several great foreign concerns in its exploitation and in further prospecting helped. In places where thought had never been given to Angola as a place for investment, the awareness began to spread that it probably has the greatest unexploited mineral wealth in Central Africa.

During this period a great iron deposit was opened up at Cassinga and much progress was made with a gigantic hydroelectric scheme to harness the water of the Cunene by means of a series of barrages, irrigating up to 100,000 hectares of land in Angola and Ovamboland, and developing electric power for South West Africa.

The effect of the 1961 atrocity was to cause the Lisbon government to put Angola at the top of its agenda paper. The support of the primitive Black population, which had been crucial in turning the tide of invasion, must be maintained and established. One immediate result was the abolition of the old colonial system of the *indigenas*, who were not recognized as full Portuguese citizens and were subject to compulsory labour. For thirteen years now all Blacks have had the right, by simple application, to become Portuguese citizens, and about a million have taken advantage of this.

A second effect was the emphasis laid on education, which for a backward population represents the great road to improvement: in 1960 only 100,000 Black children were at school: in 1971 there were 511,000 children and students in the schools and universities, and at least 400,000 of these were Blacks (all places of education, like the hospitals, are integrated and Black and White scholars or patients occupy adjoining desks or beds).

The other great effect of the 1961 attack was the vast growth of the system of roads in Angola, partly due to military necessity (with an army of 100,000 men, Black and White, suddenly appearing in the country), and partly to the great economic expansion which occurred in the following decade. Formerly, during the rainy season, roads in the interior became unusable; the plantations in the Coffee Belt and the diamond mines in the Lunda [ed: Luanda?] district, as well as the pleasant small towns which have grown up in the interior during this century, were almost cut off from their needs. By 1971 there were over five thousand kilometres of tarmac roads serving north-south traffic and branching eastward.

On the morning of 16 March 1961 (that is, the morning after the massacre), it seemed impossible that Angola's Coffee Belt, its main source of income, could ever live again. But in the next ten years the coffee output was doubled. Much of the coffee-forest land is worked by Black growers who get a guaranteed minimum price through the Coffee Institute at Carmona.<sup>[7]</sup> This marketing system has achieved the result (near-miraculous in Africa) of weaning the Black smallholder away from his immemorial method of hand-to-mouth, daily-bread farming, and making him a man of substance with a rising standard of living.

For twelve years after the massacre of 1961 the picture of that day never left my mind. Not Stalin or Hitler had ever invented such horrors as these. Now that I was in Angola I made it my first purpose to go to the scene where those things happened which (as Mr. James Burnham said) were "simply impossible to describe", to talk to survivors and generally clear my mind about something which it still found difficult to believe.

So I set out for the Coffee Belt one day with a most helpful guide in a military convoy (the road was by this time pretty well clear of the Chinese land-mines planted by night, although a wrecked

truck or two still lay about, but was not secure from the odd shots fired from safe ambush in the shade forests, where some of Roberto Holden's miserable hirelings still lurked).

This was a journey of the greatest interest. The Portuguese developed their anti-terrorist technique as they went along and produced new ideas out of this necessity.

One was the regrouping of the tribespeople in protected villages, and I saw many of them along this road and later in the east and southeast, where other Chinese-motivated and Soviet-motivated groups of terrorists still made desultory forays across the border. The *aldeamentos*, or protected villages, were a good answer to the menace in one way: they did guard the people from the arsonists and abductors who plagued them when they lived in isolated groups. A disadvantage is that the Black tribesman clings tenaciously to the soil he knows, however perilous, and dislikes to be separated by distance from his land.

However, safety comes first and the Ovambos and others accepted this enforced regrouping, albeit with inward reservations on which the terrorists will undoubtedly play. As we went along we passed groups of coffee-picking women going to and from the shade forests, escorted by an armed militiaman (he is usually a returned fugitive living in the protected village). Another idea born of this emergency was the mobile gendarmerie, Black soldiers or policemen grouped in a cantonment, equipped with transport and arms, and in contact by radio with all isolated plantations or *aldeamentos* of the district.

The Portuguese have built heavily on their policy of reincorporation and regeneration, and some of their most efficient and effective Black troops are the Flechas, returned fugitives (or returned terrorists: as I said, no questions are asked). These are highly-trained and very tough warriors who go out on their own to pick up a terrorist or two or detect arms-caches. The array of Russian, Chinese, Algerian, Cuban, Iron Curtain and other automatic weapons, grenades, landmines, mortars and the rest collected by them, which I saw at one place, was proof of their devotion to their job.

The most fascinating of all the new ideas born of these problems was, for me, the regiment of Black Dragoons whose officers welcomed me with great good cheer when I visited them. Their discipline was exemplary, the condition of their lines, horses and barracks would have gladdened the nostalgic eye of any ex-cavalryman from overseas. Ninety per cent of the troopers are Blacks and their commander told me that none of them had ever seen a horse before they began their gruelling training as Portuguese Dragoons in Angola. This rebirth of cavalry is one of the strangest and yet most logical results of the need to seek out and stampede and rout creatures who never fight, whose weapons and methods are the darkness of night, the buried landmine, the ambush and the arsonist's torch. The Black Dragoons go out for weeks at a time, under their own officers, and usually come back with a prisoner or two and more Chinese or Russian weapons to add to the collection in the armoury.

Everywhere I went, in the north-west, the north, the east and the southeast, the Portuguese way of handling their problem seemed to be producing results. In several places I saw tribespeople who had been driven out from their homes by fear or levelled weapon, presenting themselves to the Portuguese authorities for readmission. They told their tale of capture and abduction and were taken in and given one of the adobe houses which Portuguese soldiers, Black and White, were building all around.

On this first journey we came to Quitexe, a place I particularly wanted to see because at Quitexe there were two survivors who were able to tell an exact story of what happened on that day of horror. There were a few survivors in other places, but they were usually too demented from the

things they had seen to give a lucid account. At Quitexe was a butcher whose name has become famous.

Angola is hunter's country and he and his daughter were keen hunters, and had guns and ammunition. On that morning of 15 March 1961, some presentiment caused the butcher to delay a few moments before opening his shop at the usual time. This brief delay saved his and his family's lives, because during it the bloodcurdling screaming began as the murderers from the Congo (as in eleven other villages, at the same preconcerted time) rushed into every shop and house and slaughtered every soul in the place, hacking off heads, legs and arms as they did everywhere else. The butcher and his daughter, from an upper window, killed the group waiting at their own door and then any other murderer who came within range. They held out until the screaming stopped because "the dead cannot scream" and thus survived that day.

From Quitexe our convoy went on to Carmona, the capital town of the coffee region, where another fantastic fight for survival was fought and won. At the beginning of the day the people of Carmona, like those in the twelve villages, were completely unaware that the day was to be different from any other. When the doctor, having gone the twenty odd miles to Quitexe on his professional round and turned back when he saw what was happening there, drove into Carmona with the alarm, the townspeople, sitting at the pavement cafés, at first could not understand what he meant, so unprepared were they for anything of the kind. Yet by the evening the townspeople (there were only five soldiers in Carmona) under the doctor's leadership and that of his son (killed during the battle) had improvised some sort of defence against the Congolese attack which obviously was to follow.

It came in the dusk, when the drums began in the elephant grass and in Carmona the church bells all began to toll. The noise of the drums came nearer and nearer, and louder, and then thousands of voices, shouting kill, kill!, joined in the demoniac pandemonium. At last the murderers burst from the elephant grass and the townspeople with their few weapons fought back, killed the frontal few, and then drove in Landrovers and old motor cars, headlights full on, into the mass.

At last the murderers fell back into the high grass and departed: the staccato chorus of kill, kill continued, but it grew fainter and then died away. And that was the end of the Congolese incursion for the time being. The basic idea was to take Carmona and then claim that "the liberation movement" was in control of northern Angola; at that point their accomplices at the United Nations would without doubt have "recognized the new republic". The Angolan population, Black, White and Brown, had shown that they wanted no truck with the "liberators" and of their own strength had beaten them back.

After that, troops began to arrive from Portugal and the immediate danger was over. Today as I write, thirteen years later, the troops are still there, 100,000 of them, mainly Black but also many Portuguese from Portugal itself, mostly peasants' sons whose devoutly Catholic mothers at home cross themselves as they hear that "the World Council of Churches" is giving aid to the murderers. What, they ask themselves, are their sons fighting for so far away, if even the churches want them butchered.

I have in my mind's album many vivid pictures of that journey around Angola, by convoy and by air. At one place in the eastern sector, where soldiers were building a protected village for the returning fugitives and other soldiers were planting vegetables for them, I looked toward a distant hill and saw a building which had the shape of a typical South African trading store. This surprised me, because the trading store, so familiar a sight in South Africa and Lesotho, for some reason is not found in Angola, so I asked what the odd-looking, lonely place could be. The Portuguese colonel said it was "a shop" and added that it belonged to an eighty-year-old man who had been

there for fifty years and had survived three attempts by murderers (this time from Zambia) to kill him.

I asked to be taken to him and found a very ancient man sitting quite alone in his trading store, the stock of which seemed to consist only of a few blankets. He lived there, and had for fifty years lived there and now was quite alone - his wife died long ago and his children did not care for the place and had moved to the nearest town, Luso, begging him to come with them, but he obstinately refused.

Even the "freedom fighters", stupid hirelings as most of them are, might be expected not to foray across a frontier in order to kill one old man. But they came one night and fired through the door of his room next to the store, where he was wont (as they evidently knew) to sit at his table. The bullets went through the door and into the wall behind the table and would have perforated him but by chance he was, for once, not there. They came again later with a machine gun and from a safe distance sprayed the house with machine gun fire, the bullet holes leaving a dotted line across the front of it. Once more they came and he went out with a shotgun and blazed away at the sound of their firing. After that they left him alone, and he told me that if I came again ten years later he would be there.

Another memory is that of a commanding general in one sector, on whose desk I saw a heavily scored and annotated book. It was Sir Robert Taylor's *Defeating Communist Insurgency in Malaya and Vietnam*. This general told me that he had read the book in the aeroplane on his way from Lisbon to take up his command. When he arrived he gave his troops the order, "Don't press the trigger unless you see something pointed at you." The order was at first unpopular with the younger officers, but they accepted it and behaved accordingly. This order, of course, was in line with the Portuguese policy of retaining and encouraging the allegiance and support of the Black Portuguese and it has produced results. Neither in Angola nor Mozambique have the murderers had much success with the Black Portuguese population, who know all too well the sort of thing their "liberators" do.

Another memory, a surprising one, is that of two Irish ladies whom I found in a remote place in the eastern sector where for twenty years they had selflessly tended the sick and the poor. They paid the highest tribute to the Portuguese as a nation and particularly to the Portuguese army, which, they told me, was always ready to fly an urgent case to distant Luanda and to provide them with transport to fetch a patient or stores. A German nursing sister at a mission not very far from the two Irish ladies spoke of the Portuguese troops, and their ready helpfulness, in the same way.

This is an apt place to say that all the foreigners I met in Angola have admiration and respect for the Portuguese and their troops, feelings which I soon came to share. People who had lived in other parts of Africa and in many parts of the world all shared this regard.

A British Ambassador's lady once wrote of Portugal that she could not quite put her finger on what makes the Portuguese such lovable people. In my case I can put my finger on exactly what qualities gained my high respect for the Portuguese as I saw them in Angola. They are brave, steadfast in adversity, tenacious, and proud. In this decadent couldn't-care-less generation they remain proud of their nationality and of their unique historical achievement in opening up the world.

In Angola they are engaged, as they well know, in a war which they cannot militarily win because it is not a war at all, in any sense in which the word was ever used in history. It is an international conspiracy in which half the governments of the world join, wearing the mocking mask of moral indignation: Russian and Chinese Communists, American Quakers, British Socialists, Norwegian, Swedish and German Socialists. It can go on as long as hireling murderers can be enlisted by the

promise of loot, women, private vengeance and political appointments. It can go on as long as America, Russia, China, "the satellite States", Cuba and Algeria flood Africa with arms for these hirelings, and as long as the Socialist party in England and the Roosevelt school in America lavish money on them.

A bitter ordeal this, that has been put on Angola and Portugal. The Portuguese, Black and White, have shown that they want none of the "liberators" who have already liberated millions of Africans from life, but that will not save them if the liberal conspiracy has its way. The end of that would be a return to darkest Africa (this has already happened in the northern "liberated" areas) and a continent depopulated, not this time by the slave trader, but by the carnage which the liberals started in the 1960's and now seek to complete in Southern Africa.

The best military brains realize that the Portuguese wars in Africa cannot be won by military means because, as I have said, they are not wars. They are forays out of bush, jungle and forest land, into which the murderers vanish, again at will, of gangs paid and armed from abroad. At any other time in history they would have been chased back routed and destroyed, and peace would return. Today, the noxious liberal cohorts all over the world would clamour "Portuguese aggression" and call for "a bloodbath" (their favourite prescription for others).

What, then, can be done? A Portuguese general, Antonio de Spínola, deputy Chief-of-Staff of the armed forces, in early 1974 suggested a solution in a book called *Portugal and the Future*. Starting from the generally accepted theorem that the African "wars" cannot be won by military means alone, he proposed the creation of a Federal Republic of Portugal in which each of the Portuguese overseas territories would become independent states with a federal assembly in Lisbon and a common head of state.

This plan would undoubtedly commend itself to the overseas Portuguese territories, which have often felt that government from metropolitan Portugal was too remote from their especial interests and needs, and would strengthen their attachment to the Portuguese language, culture and heritage. I do not myself see how it would prevent the international liberal conspiracy from continuing to pay and arm the murderous marauders in the Congo (now Zaire), Zambia and Tanzania, or discourage the Chinese and Soviet Russians from their obvious design of taking over Africa.

However, General de Spínola may see more clearly into the future than this wandering scribe. He was dismissed immediately after the appearance of his book.

I left Angola one day with a sense of high respect for the Portuguese, whom I seldom encountered in my earlier travels, and a conviction that, whatever the future, they had certainly brought the revolt begun by the Roberto incursion of 15 March 1961 under control in Angola. At the start it seemed that so small a country as Portugal could not long sustain the cost and strain of maintaining a great army in Angola, but for thirteen years it had done just that and Angola itself, by its own exertions and also by a few strokes of good fortune, such as the discovery of oil, was more prosperous than ever before.

I said goodbye with regret and as I looked down on this enormous country, with its hundreds of thousands of miles of empty ranchland and hundreds of miles of unused beaches, hoped one day I might return and find that the grass had grown over the frightful memory of 15 March 1961.

Then I turned my face to the next stage on my long journey: Rhodesia.

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## Chapter Four

### “WILSON'S WAR”

Rhodesia, seen again after seven years, was bright, busy, vigorous and prosperous. Everywhere building activity, new housing schemes, new industries, new schools in the tribal districts, clinics, weirs, dams and roads, brick homes instead of pole-and-dagga huts, trained community advisers who with the support of the District Commissioners organized the tribespeople in local government councils with the power to levy rates, school them in building their own clinics, and in maintaining dams, bore-holes and roads. This pattern of self-help, under expert guidance, is spreading throughout the chiefdoms and the tribespeople are raising substantial sums among themselves for the development of education, health, roads and water throughout the land.

The improvement of the general lot is in the hands of men (and women) who, from the Government outwards through the chiefs and headmen to the tribespeople themselves, really know the country, its people and their needs, and thus are different from the howling mob outside the walls which claims to know just what should happen in Rhodesia. The picture is one of growing improvement, despite the outer howling and the boycotts, and this will continue. In contrast to the carnage and chaos to the north, a better future awaits the Rhodesian people if they are left alone, and their present is already much better than their past. The traveller may convince himself of that: contented people laugh and chatter in the village markets.

Prosperity! How is it done, with all the foreign exchange inlets blocked, barred and bolted? Money seems to be abundantly available for new enterprises. Sanctions have proved to be a farce as far as the strangulation intent is concerned. “We are trading with all civilized people,” said a Rhodesian Minister on the air. He laid emphasis on the word “civilized” and who shall gainsay him.

Outside Rhodesia the ravaging wolves of liberalism keep up their howling, their clamour for the “bloodbath” which they have already brought upon the Black people in the northern area of carnage and chaos. The Rhodesian, White man or Black tribesman, who gazes northward may see close at hand what liberalism would like to make of Southern Africa: millions of dead in Nigeria and the Congo, five hundred thousand in the Sudan, an estimated two hundred thousand (so far) in Burundi and Ruwanda, other hundreds of thousands spread over Zanzibar, Uganda, Zambia. All Black people killed by Black men: everywhere one-man dictatorships built on trigger-happy troops and police, modelled on the O.G.P.U. and S.S.

Over this stricken field, this shambles, beat the pinions of a rare African fowl, of vulturine type, known locally as the Mocking Bird *Wilsoni*. Its characteristics are an almost human-sounding call and its ability to pick up and imitate sounds rising to it from below, so that its doleful, spine-chilling cry, as it circles over the mass graves and unburied dead of Africa north of the Zambesi sounds like “One man, one vote, one man ...”

Amid this scene of Pharisaic beleaguerment stands Mr. Ian Smith, his head unbowed after a nine-year ordeal of threats, calumny and lies; nine years of what Rhodesians call “Wilson's War”. The traces of Battle of Britain surgery still show on his face but do not mar its determination. He fights a good fight and keeps his cool, despite all. Thirty-five years ago, when he helped defend Britain, he was held in honour, but in this generation of liberalism honour is a dirty word. Today his two sons and his daughter's husband, as was to be expected, help defend their country in the deadly Zambesi valley and share only in the epithets of hatred which the liberal establishments everywhere in the world hurl at such men of loyal principle and Christian belief.

I was able to travel through and to fly over the area called Centenary (I never learned which centenary: Rhodesia is not a hundred years old) on the north-western border where the hired killers with their landmines and weapons were galvanized into sudden activity by their Chinese masters in far-off, safe Lusaka and Dar-es-Salaam in late 1973 and early 1974. To this deadly place men from all over Rhodesia, stockbrokers and tradespeople, bank clerks and butchers, bankers and bricklayers come to do their tour of duty, then return to their homes and work until, quite soon, the time for their next stint comes round.

The farmers here live with sudden death from the assassin's gun or grenade. I attended a meeting of them and heard hardly a word about that: the talk was all of crops and marketing.

I met others in their homes and found myself among men I could understand, men of unshaken belief in the values which, until the era of all-destructive liberalism, were the common heritage of good men and true. "Good men and true": as I write the words I realize that they have lost their meaning, save in places such as this. Where else in the world today are good men and true, in this world of Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White, of Fred Rose, Burgess, Maclean and Nunn May, Fuchs, and Philby? Treason and treachery no longer cause even a lifted eyebrow. But here in this little corner of Africa men still fight for the right and for their rights. I dined with a farmer whose dining-room window was heavily sandbagged. The neighbouring farmer's wife had recently been killed by a grenade thrown from the outer darkness into the room where she sat. After a delightful evening my host led me to my room and put a loaded revolver on the bedside table. Thus they live in the Valley, but they stay there and fight.

I flew also to Saint Albert's Mission, the Catholic mission at Mount Darwin overlooking the Zambesi Valley, where a raiding band of terrorists kidnapped by night 270 Black children and students and took them off towards Zambia. Rhodesian Air Force planes went up to search for the party (a hopeless task over such country in darkness) and by good chance dropped flares over them which caused the kidnappers to panic, and in the confusion nearly all the children escaped and made their way, hungry, exhausted and terrified, back to the Mission.

The affair at Saint Albert's Mission provides proof of the extent to which the revolutionary conspiracy has gained control of all news-distribution, by press, radio and all other means, throughout the world. The kidnapping of the Black children is an incontestable *fact*, like the sinking of the Titanic, an eclipse of the moon, or the murder of the two Canadian girls at the Victoria Falls. I visited the Mission myself, talked with the priests and with some of the returned youths. Hundreds of other investigators did likewise. Yet, months later, the BBC was still broadcasting references to "the alleged abduction". Truly, when the next war comes, the masses will never know what hit them, or why, for the truth has never reached them.



THE BLACK DRAGOONS, MOZAMBIQUE, 1973

When I was there seven girls were still missing and I asked the priests their ages. Between sixteen and seventeen, I was told. This meant that the old slave-raiding days had returned. I never learned if these seven girls escaped or were rescued, but at the next vacation fifteen Black girls arrived at the Mission and begged for refuge: they were terrified of being abducted and made into “bed companions” for the murder gangs. They were taken in, and Father Maurice Rea said, “The terrorists' talk about recruiting girls for nursing training in Zambia and other places is sheer nonsense. They want bed partners.”



PORTUGUESE TROOPS IN ACTION, ANGOLA-MOZAMBIQUE, 1973-4

About this time Mr. Wilson fluttered his eyelashes upward to the gallery at Blackpool and said that if his party were returned it would give “unconditional aid” to the “liberation movements”. I listened to the news report of this with the same feelings of shock and shame which I first felt, thirty-five years before, as I listened in the British Legation at Budapest to the story of Mr. Chamberlain's ultimatum to Czechoslovakia. “Surrender your defensive region to Hitler or take the consequences: we have betrayed and deserted you.” Those were not Mr. Chamberlain's words but that was what they meant, and they also meant that within a year Hitler, thus encouraged from Westminster, would start the Second World War. (See *Insanity Fair*.)

In South Africa, from the start of the wind-of-change period, I had again lived with this feeling of shame for my country. Were the British people about to dance for joy in the streets in Mr. Wilson's honour, as they did for Mr. Chamberlain? Would no end ever come to this story of abasement and betrayal?

When I came to write this chapter of my book the disastrous election of 28 February 1974 opened the way for Mr. Wilson to become Prime Minister again and re-enact the Chamberlain deed, this time with “a little country far away” (but in Africa, not Europe) as the victim. Of ignominy there is no end.

For the future of England, I judge, the fact that Mr. Wilson replaced Mr. Heath as Prime Minister was not of great importance. What was of great importance was the sudden emergence of six million people who voted Liberal: as the Conservative and Labour Parties were only separated by a few seats, this meant that liberalism would in fact hold the strings of power and if any still doubt what that will mean, they need not have bothered to read this book. The ravening wolves were loose among the sheep. England was committing suicide on television. The curse had come upon us. The Liberal death-wish had gained the day. I surmise that, historically, this election of 1974 will prove to have been a nail in England's coffin.

I have in another book given some picture of the beings who in the outer world are dignified by the name of “freedom fighters” or “liberation movements”. If they are such, then Stalin and Hitler

might equally claim the name. I will give here the portrait of just one such “freedom fighter”: his story is typical of them all.

The Black man believes that his great handicap, in competition with the White man, is lack of education and he thirsts for it. The older or completely illiterate victims of the terrorists' press gangs are lured by the promise of loot, women, motor-cars, houses and political appointments. The Younger, partly-schooled ones, are dazzled by the promise of “a scholarship”. They have no clear idea of what a scholarship is, but the word is a magic one to them.

The dupe, whose story I now relate, was a Black lad of 17 or 18 from Bulawayo, Rhodesia. He had some schooling but left at the end of form four and walked across the border into Botswana believing that he would be helped to a scholarship “by the World Council of Churches”! Here the reader may study the shape that news about the World Council of Churches takes on when it reaches a Black boy's ears.

In Botswana he was arrested. Sir Seretse's Botswana, though it dislikes South Africa's views on racial separation, has been impeccably correct in refusing to allow the terrorists to use it as a throughway or base for their activities and this lad was arrested. When released he sought out a representative of the World Council of Churches in Francistown and was about to sign a form, supposedly applying for some “scholarship”, when “a man” from Zanu (the Zambian-based terrorist organization) appeared and told him not to bother: the formalities were already completed and a good position would be secured for him. He was then put aboard a plane for Zambia, where he was taken by troop carrier into the hills and there told to forget about education: there was a war on. Then he was taken to Tanzania for training and in time given a gun and ammunition and pushed into Rhodesia with a band of killers.

Quite useless as a killer, he was soon picked up by Rhodesian security forces and told his story, one long since familiar to his captors. This lad quickly had enough of the life of a “freedom fighter”, which is one of the most miserable to be imagined: hungry, often thirsty, frozen at night and half dead from heat by day, hated and feared by his own people, ever on the run from the Rhodesian troops and police or the Rhodesian African Rifles, he is a poor creature indeed, exhausted, starved, equally terrified of his Zambian masters, of his Rhodesian captors, and of his fellow-tribesmen in Rhodesia.

Such “terrorists” as this lad present no problem. They are pressed into the gangs, having never intended to join them, and usually desert or give themselves up as soon as they can. The older criminals, who have been fully trained in China or Algeria or Tanzania, are different. These are the ones who take delight in planting a Chinese landmine in a tribesman's mealie patch, so that his wife or babes are blown up when they go to plant or pick; these are the ones who seek to intimidate men into joining them by kidnapping wives and daughters.

These are the ones to whom Mr. Wilson, raising his eyes to the rogues gallery at Blackpool, promised “unconditional aid”. The word “unconditional” does not mean much, if anything, at the other end. No conditions made would be kept in any case. The use of the *word* “unconditional”, however, implies approval of and therefore co-responsibility for the atrocities perpetrated in the name of “Liberation”.

Mr. Wilson at Blackpool was reported to have said that he would welcome the agents of “guerilla movements” to London, and wanted to greet them in his drawing room at 10 Downing Street. Thus Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's cosy tea-party with Holden Roberto, which preceded the massacre of 1961 in Northern Angola, seems to have set a pattern for liberal politicians all over the world.

And now, with Mr. Wilson again Prime Minister, we shall be back to the days of ten years ago when, like a sneaking schoolboy, he crawled to the House of Helots in New York and reported Rhodesia to them. That was the time when British officers were canvassed to know what they would do if ordered to attack Rhodesia. I have heard the story from their own lips.

Thus, after nine years, Rhodesians told each other that they were back in “Wilson's War”, with the difference that the formal dissociation (of his earlier period) from “violence” has given way to “recognition”, “unconditional aid”, and possibly a tea-party in Downing Street.

To live twice through such periods of national decline and degradation, once under Mr. Chamberlain and now under Mr. Wilson, is a hard lot for an Englishman. Somewhere there must be a turn for the better, but for the present there is only a darkling prospect and the howling of ravening wolves.

I travelled, a second time, all over Rhodesia by road and air and once more breathed deeply the high, clean air there and also the air of what Mr. Churchill called “simple and honourable purpose” in a generation of vipers and liars.

Then the time came to press on again, to the next sector of the siege: Mozambique.

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## Chapter Five

### THE MARTYRDOM OF MOZAMBIQUE

Only a few years after Diego Cam left his mark, the Cross, at a rivermouth in Angola, Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape, sailed up the eastern coast of Africa, and landed on Mozambique Island. Thus the Portuguese have been in Mozambique, as in Angola, for newly five hundred years. They were there long before the British Empire and the United States were thought of and they are still there. Like the Angolans, they are fighting a corrupted world, in which the Cross has been dishonoured, and wanton and unprovoked aggression is called “freedom fighting”.

In the context of today that is where the resemblance between Mozambique and Angola ends. Mozambique is in a worse plight than Angola because it is much more vulnerable to attack, called “liberation”, in this century of the lie dominant, or “liberalism”. Up and down its 1,700 miles of coast pass and re-pass the ships of the powerful Soviet navy in the Indian Ocean. That is not of major importance ... yet; it might become so. What is deadly for Mozambique is that, only some 150 miles from its northernmost boundary, lies the Chinese and Russian invasion port of Dar-es-Salaam. I believe the name means “Haven of Peace”, but in today's context the name bears as little resemblance to truth as that of the World Council of Churches to Godliness.

Into Dar-es-Salaam steam continuously shiploads of the most modern weapons, tested by the Viet Cong and elsewhere: rifles, rocket launchers, the AK47 assault rifles, anti-aircraft machine guns, mortars and more and deadlier things to come. They are loaded into trucks and sent bumping through the bush to equip the “freedom fighters” on the Mozambique and Rhodesian borders.

These “freedom fighters” in Mozambique are, for the most part, the murderous kin of those who committed the Angolan massacre on 15 March, 1961: “... hired strangers, strangers drunk on the local *pombe*, strangers fired by hashish, strangers recruited and semi-trained across the northern border ... strangers with no axe to grind against an innocent neck ... strangers motivated by Russia and China and other Communist affiliates” (Mr. Robert Ruark's description in Mr. Bernardo Teixeira's *Fabric of Terror*, Devin Adair, New York, 1965).

This description equally fits the “freedom fighters” of Mozambique: The killers of 1961 in Angola were Bakongo, a tribe which straddles the Zaire-Angola border and is hated and feared by the other Black peoples of Angola for its evil reputation for butchery in earlier, slave-raiding and slave-trading days. For these people killing was a calling, and butchery an essential part of killing which they performed with laughter and shouting.

Similarly in Mozambique the mass of the Frelimo murderers come from two tribes which also straddle the border, their main body being in Tanzania and their evil reputation being the same as that of the Bakongo on the other side of Africa: the Maconde and the Nianja. It was customary in earlier days to dignify such with the name of “warrior tribes”: their warfare was always against their own people. Today these creatures have been promoted to the status of “freedom fighters”.

However, they are but the merest pawns in the great game of liberalist world revolution. Their weapons come, in the vast majority, from Russia and China. Their propagandist support comes from the press of almost the entire, corrupted world: as on a famous occasion two thousand years ago, “The chiefs and elders persuade the people ...” and the mob today reacts exactly as the mob reacted then: “Release unto us Barabbas.”

“Warrior”! Was ever a word so defiled! The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* defines it as “a distinguished or veteran soldier ... fighting man”. These creatures do not fight. They no longer use the assegai or meet others in combat. Their weapons now are the Russian or Chinese landmine, planted by night in some villager's little mealie plot, or the Chinese mortar, by means of which they can lob shells from a safe distance of many miles into a native village or township.

When I was in Tete I saw a number of the victims of the landmines, and can never forget the sights. In Tete itself, with the occasional mortar shell being lobbed into the town, I was reminded of a place which few others now will remember: Poperinghe, a behind-the-line town in the Ypres Salient in the First War. There was the same behind-the-front atmosphere, the same instinctive listening for the next explosion, the same dust blowing around from the earlier explosions.

But the hospital was entirely different. Here the great majority of the patients were Black Portuguese from the surrounding villages, and many of these were children or infants, legless or armless. More were brought in while I was there (the few doctors and nurses accomplished miracles of salvation and succour). Up to that time nearly seven hundred villagers had been killed by these mines and two thousand more maimed for life. Very many of these were children and I wondered if the tribeswomen realized that their babies had been killed, or had their legs blown off, by bombs from China (not that “China” means anything more to them than somewhere far away). I wondered too whether any Chinese ever asked themselves why their country was killing people, unknown to them, thousands of miles away. If any do so, they presumably find the answer in the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao*. Around this hospital, on the bare ground, lay the families of these amputees. They dared not return to their villages, if anything remained of them, so they came to Tete and lay down on the ground around the hospital, hoping, I supposed, that food and shelter might some day, somehow, reach them.

Thus the *weapons*, the worldwide clamour of chiefs and elders and the slavish mob, the troops (not the wretched Bakongo and Maconde killers but the thirty thousand Chinese so far assembled as railway workers, technical advisers and the like) in Zambia and Tanzania, the whole machine of the liberalist world revolution has been set up for the purposes of destroying Mozambique and extending the territory of the world revolution in Africa. But what of the other essential: money!

Never was so much contributed by so many for the purpose of murder and rapine.

The Organization for African Unity at Addis Ababa, where the aged Emperor Haile Selassie (restored to his throne by South African troops after the Second World War) presides over the periodical meetings of such representatives from its forty-one Member-States as have escaped assassination or deposition during the preceding year as they fulminate against, and demand war upon, South Africa, this “O.A.U.” administers a “freedom fighter” fund composed of contributions which are said to amount to at least one million pounds sterling a year.

Outsiders hasten to get in. Colonel Gaddafi of Libya sent the O.A.U.'s “Liberation Committee” at Dar-es-Salaam £100,000 and then added another £100,000. The United Arab Emirates gave £175,000 for use against Southern Africa. Norway gives the gangs operating against Portuguese territories £250,000 annually and is considering an increase to £750,000. Jamaica chipped in with a modest £12,500. From England, Mr. Wilson, in his 1974 election campaign, promised “unconditional aid”.

At the bidding of the General Assembly of the United Nations the “specialized U.N. agencies” joined in the stampede to promote the physical and moral welfare of mankind by subsidizing murder and massacre in Mozambique. UNESCO for instance set up a two-year programme to train Frelimo cadres to run areas occupied by the gorillas (no misprint, this); the World Health

Organization agreed to set up a new programme for the above-named which will train medical personnel, provide surgical equipment and establish mobile health services. (Victims of the freedom fighters, being dead, will not share in these health-giving undertakings.) Then the Food and Agricultural Organization (ah, the inner man and the hungry multitudes) is analysing defoliants used by the Portuguese to discover murder gangs lurking in the bush and has issued leaflets of instruction in methods of counteracting these defoliants.

Thus, the reader will see that freedom is on the march and a new holocaust is in advanced preparation. (Africa has already had one holocaust. The number of Black people killed by Black people in Africa since the Wind of Change reared its ugly head and “freedom” became the order of the day must already exceed the casualty list of the Second World War. There are no statistics about Africa to prove this, even if statistics in this century would ever be allowed to prove anything, but all who live in Africa know that it is so.)

North of the central and southern area of Africa, Russia has been pouring tanks, armoured personnel carriers and Mig jet fighters into Somalia, so that readers may expect to hear news from that part of Africa soon, if none has developed before this book appears. Such consignments are not tokens of respect. They are meant to be, and will be, used.

The stage is set for another move in the liberalist world revolution and, as the reader has seen, East and West (who said they would never meet!) as well as North and South are all equally involved in it. Everywhere the high priests and elders, in U.N. lobbies, parliaments and editorial offices, combine in persuading the multitude that captivity is liberation, bloody despotism “democracy”, massacre a gallant blow for freedom, and self-defence racist oppression.

Mozambique, like Rhodesia and Angola, is not fighting against “freedom fighters” and “liberation movements”. These frontal few, the scum and scourge of Africa in its “Darkest” days, have merely reverted, under “Freedom”, to their immemorial practice of raiding, killing and butchering: night is their ally, butchering with shouts and laughter their method, disembowelling (especially of pregnant women) their speciality, and heads, arms, legs and breasts their trophies, to be hung on trees.

These creatures, in a sane world, would be dispersed like chaff by the wind. Mozambique, Rhodesia and Angola, as the facts and figures show, are in truth fighting Russia, China, the captive “satellite” countries, Cuba, Algeria, and politicians all over the world, and, above all, American money.

Mozambique, more than the other beleaguered territories, has been the particular victim of the upside-down news technique. The massacre of 15 March 1961 in Angola was probably the most atrocious one in any discoverable record of the subject. Another success (and this one, more than any other, reveals the complete worldwide domination of all means of public information by the liberalist conspiracy) was the Mozambique massacre that never occurred at a place that never existed. This was the opposite method from concealment of truth: the worldwide dissemination of untruth.

In the summer of 1973, when I was myself in Mozambique, the *Times* of London published a sensational story of a massacre of Black villagers in Mozambique by Portuguese troops. The story was attributed to some priest or priests who had it from some other priest or priests. Thus it was hearsay and to a *Times* journalist of my generation it was something that should never have been published without complete and authentic corroboration. Answering questions, a spokesman for the *Times* was reported to have said that he had realized the story was “uncheckable” and had taken it “on trust”.



To anyone living in or knowing Africa the absurdity of the story lay on the surface: for that matter its absurdity should have been obvious to anyone at all, inside or outside Africa, who had the power of thought. An incontestable fact about the Portuguese handling of affairs in both Mozambique and Angola is that the far more numerous Black population in both territories held aloof from the murder gangs from outside. For what possible reason, then, would the Portuguese massacre their own tribespeople? In order to drive them into the hated Bakongo or Maconde camp? Again, the majority of the Portuguese troops in both territories are themselves Black Portuguese. For what possible reason would they massacre their own folk?

However, the Portuguese, as they always do, threw open their gates to the fullest possible investigation. Hordes of journalists went wherever they wished in search of the place of the massacre, but it was not to be found. The thing was a propagandist invention, but it received headline treatment all over the world. Eventually some other zealous propagandist produced “a fifteen-year-old boy” who had *seen* the massacre. People who live near to these matters know how fifteen-year-old Black lads can be persuaded to tell what they “saw” on such occasions.

Whoever was the original fabricator of this story qualifies for a place at the United Nations, where they even invent new republics. Whoever he or she was, the species, if not the individual, was indicated by a reference to “Marxist priests” in a comment made at the time by the Archbishop of Lourenço Marques. The matter of the Marxist priests is an unhappy chapter in the whole unhappy story. At that time a former Foreign Secretary, Lord George Brown, said in a B.B.C. broadcast that he was suspicious of the motives of those who were publicizing the alleged Portuguese massacres in Mozambique, and added that in Southern Africa the previous year he had met a number of young Roman Catholic priests who were more interested in revolution than anything else.

People living in these parts understood this allusion. “Marxist priests” have certainly been among the Friends of Terrorism, in fact, though in words they always say piously that they are agin violence (as President Coolidge's preacher was agin sin).

That there is a deep fission, reaching to the top, in the Roman Catholic Church seems to be indicated by the Pope's decision to retire the hero of Roman Catholic resistance to anti-religious Communism in Communist-dominated countries, on 8 February 1974. This was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the very day on which, in 1949, he, Cardinal Josef Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, was sentenced to life imprisonment on trumped-up charges by a Hungarian Communist court!

Before his dismissal (which at the moment of writing the Cardinal has refused to accept) he had informed the Vatican of five points at which the working bargain between the Vatican and the Hungarian Communist régime had been broken. Two of these were: “The decision to appoint Church functionaries rests with the Communist régime,” and “The appointment of a great number of pro-Communist 'peace priests' in key Church offices has shattered the trust of loyal believers in the leadership of the Hungarian Catholic hierarchy.”

“Marxist priests”, “peace priests”: these are dark, hooded figures displaying a crucifix as they move among the shambles of anti-Christ. The Roman Catholic Church has no monopoly of them. The Church of England has produced enough of them, bishops, deans, canons and the rest, and I came on traces of their ill-omened visitations as I travelled through the beleaguered countries of Southern Africa. The reputation they left behind them did their church no credit, nor their sincerity in their calling. Happily there were others who still believed in and preached and practised Christianity.

I came to Mozambique with great respect for the Portuguese, Black and White, which I had acquired in Angola. As I have said, the lot of Mozambique was quite different from that of Angola. For ten years it had had no rest from Chinese and Russian landmines and mortar bombs, yet it

maintained an orderly life among its forty-three different tribes and (strange paradox) its population increase during the deadly decade 1960-70 was the greatest in its 470-years' story. The pride of the Portuguese, their especial quality, forbids them either to complain about their desertion by the outer world or to invite sympathy from others in their isolation. Whatever they may inwardly feel about it, they evince no bitterness. The emergency in Mozambique, as in Angola, has given an impetus to the long-neglected and long overdue development of the territory and, again as if they had no other preoccupations, they are pushing ahead with great road and rail schemes.

Above all, they have calmly gone ahead with the Cabora Bassa project, one of the greatest hydro-electric undertakings in the world. This place, when I was there, was already one of the wonders of the world, with machines like prehistoric monsters crawling along miles of lit streets burrowed through the mountain. Work was ahead of schedule and is due to be completed in 1975, when Mozambique hopes to supply services to its African neighbours.

Cabora Bassa is only a few miles from Tete, the most dangerous area of Mozambique, but work went on there as if all the world were at peace. Cabora Bassa is said to be strongly guarded, though no open signs of this meet the traveller's eyes. It has never yet been attacked by the murder gangs: whether from fear or by order of their Chinese masters, who might hope to take it over intact when world revolution day strikes, is anybody's guess. The lake, when full, will stretch 155 miles to the Zambian border. Some with whom I spoke thought that this great stretch of water would prove to be a great hindrance to the murder gangs in their activities. Others, nearer to the menace, were less optimistic.

A thing that particularly impressed and, I confess, surprised me about the Portuguese in both territories, was a characteristic once thought to be peculiarly English, or British: their sangfroid.<sup>[8]</sup> They show no resentment at their treacherous abandonment by "the free world" - how it all brings back to me the treacherous abandonment of Czechoslovakia in 1938, of which I wrote at the time, addressing myself to English readers, "Czechoslovakia means *you!*"

Exactly so, in its effects, would the treacherous abandonment of Mozambique, Angola, Rhodesia and the rest of Southern Africa mean you, little though you dream it now.

After this long journey, which left the hospitals at Tete and Nampula forever imprinted on my mind, I returned to Lourenço Marques, where the life of the big hotels and the pavement cafés continued tranquilly around the splendid bay where Vasco da Gama landed 470 years ago, and from there I recrossed the sub-continent to another place where the leftist-liberal conspiracy has been busy trying to stir up trouble: South West Africa.

While I was there the news came of General Spínola's fantastic *coup*, and looking back over my shoulder at Mozambique I saw a picture suddenly turned upside down. Diplomatic relations opened with Soviet Russia, whence came the landmines and mortar shells that filled the Tete and Nampula hospitals with victims: it was ominously like the first days of President Roosevelt's calamitous fourteen years in America.

Socialist and Communist leaders returned in triumph to Lisbon. A Socialist-appointed Foreign Minister had undertaken to cooperate with "our British allies" in the Wilsonian enterprise against Rhodesia. The same Minister had himself photographed embracing the leader of the killers who had filled those hospitals with Black amputees.

General Spínola's aim, he said, was pacification, but the immediate result was an uproarious clamour for war. Earlier in this chapter I mentioned that Moscow was supplying large quantities of arms to Somalia. This small republic is far from the madding Southern African scene so that the

immediate intent was not clear to see, but I said that the arms were not sent as tokens of esteem: they would be used. Sure enough, the news of General Spínola's coup produced in far Somalia an urgent call from President Mohammed Siad Barre there for the establishment of a permanent continent-wide army to fight the Whites of the South.

Then the tidings of the General's coup at once released a new stream of atrocity stories, of the kind begun by the *Times* in July 1973, and ever since printed by the world press without scrutiny or demur. These originated, as always, in the lie-factories of Dar-es-Salaam, Lusaka, Moscow and Peking; and followed the old Communist pattern, unchanged since 1917, of churning out horrifying stories of "police brutality" (it used to be "Cossack brutality"). The Portuguese security police, the DGS, were used for the purpose on this occasion.

I mentioned before that the first act of governments in every one of the newly-independent Black States in Africa (save for Botswana) has been to establish these "para-military" police units, with unchecked powers of arrest and imprisonment. The process has been watched without a glimmer of interest by the outer world. Now that Mozambique was found to have had its own para-military police the Communist propaganda mills produced reams of readymade "Cossack" stories, on a note of moral infuriation that such things could be. These stories went the round of the world press. The mob was let loose to work off any old private grudges it wished by beating up the policemen.

In particular, terrible stories were told of torture and the like in the "infamous" (or "notorious") Machava prison. By chance I had learned a lot about Machava prison, near Lourenço Marques, when I was in Mozambique. It was then, I estimate, unlike any other prison in the world. The Portuguese military and civil authorities, I found in both Mozambique and Angola, were guided during their long years of ordeal by the idea of "rehabilitating", rather than killing, the terrorists. I have given instances of this and have seen numbers of people coming out of the terrorist areas and presenting themselves to the Portuguese for readmission.

The "infamous" Machava prison was in fact part of this pattern of rehabilitation. Its inmates were indeed detained without trial, on suspicion of being sympathizers of the terrorists. However, the manner of their detention was unique. For many of them the prison was but a place to sleep. In the morning they set out from it to do their usual jobs, returning in the evening to sleep. No attempt at escape was ever made and the prison authorities claimed excellent results in "cleaning" former Frelimo sympathizers by this method. I learned of one young man who passed his university entrance examination at Machava and was able to attend lectures in Lourenço Marques during the day.

The future will show the result of General Spínola's coup, and those who have seen the staunch Portuguese resistance to Communist attack during all these years must hope that the result will not be disastrous for Portugal. The Frelimo killers are already acting as the future rulers of Mozambique, saying that they will break off economic ties with South Africa and Rhodesia at no matter what cost to Mozambique, and will nationalize the Cabora Bassa dam without compensation (I suggested earlier that this might be the reason why the Chinese had not tried to blow up the dam).

General Spínola had been in power just one month when he gave warning, at Oporto, against "anarchy" ("any form of anarchy will fatally open the door to new dictators, to régimes like the one overthrown on April 25").

Any violent interruption of an orderly system of government which has been going on for five hundred years is obviously likely to lead to anarchy and one may wonder why the General did not see that danger before he leaped into the centre of the political stage.

In the meantime the unhappy Black man in Mozambique and Angola, as elsewhere in Africa, will continue to be the small Black pawn in the White man's game of world revolution.<sup>[9]</sup>

Only the course of events can now vindicate or condemn General Spínola; and show whether his coup will prove to be a shot in the arm for Portugal or the coup de grace, destroying the Portuguese commonwealth and with it the historic achievement of five hundred years. When he acted, the Portuguese troops in Angola had the situation well in hand; as soon as he acted the Chinese, who until then were active only in Tanzania and Zambia, began to send instructors across the continent to the Congo to train Congolese troops for an attack on Angola. On 15 March 1961, the reader will recall, the Angolan population, unarmed, unprepared, almost defenceless, of its own strength threw back into the Congo the murderers who came from there, and in the subsequent thirteen years Angola went steadily ahead. Now the *coup* in Lisbon seemed to set back the clock thirteen years and the survivors of that terrible ordeal of March 1961 were faced with the likelihood of another such. In Mozambique, when the general acted, the Portuguese troops, two-thirds of them Black, were staunch and steady, as I can testify.

While the world waited to see the outcome of the coup in Portugal, I made another long journey of political discovery: to South West Africa.

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## Chapter Six

### SOUTH WEST

Much had changed since I saw South West Africa in 1948, but the changes were superficial. Essentially it was still the same: like Angola and Botswana, a huge, underpopulated piece of Africa, with much wealth already extracted from the earth and much more still awaiting the great mining companies' exploitation or the lone prospector's geiger counter and pick. Information about the diamond industry is almost as closely guarded as the Prohibited Area along the coast where diamonds are found, but those who should know say that around £100,000 worth are daily lifted from the ground.

The main changes were in the increasing prosperity of South West Africa since the Second World War, which derives chiefly from mining in all its forms, and the growth of Windhoek, the capital, which is now, much more than it was, a recognizably German city, with German shop names, German-style hotels, and a German newspaper.

The high-rise buildings and glistening shops are new and are not different in their functional architecture from those which abound in all modern cities, but their character is distinctively German. The old Beau-Geste-like fort still stands and a cannon with the Hohenzollern eagle on it guards the gateway. Three castle-on-the-Rhine-like mansions look down on the town. Two of them (as Mr. Jon Manchip White relates) were once owned by a German baron who installed his lady friend in one while he inhabited the other. The story is that he was a stickler for *Korrektheit* and always sent his butler over with his visiting card before calling on the lady.

Swakopmund, a rather forlorn little Governor's *Residenz* town at the mouth of the Swakop River when I saw it in 1949, has grown into a popular, and in the season populous, seaside resort still as distinctively German in its *Kaffee und Kuchen* atmosphere as it was in the days when Dr. Goering, the Reichmarshal's father, sat there in the Governor's place.

The greatest change was in South West's relationship with the outer world. In 1949 few knew anything about it and many had never heard of it. Those who for any reason took interest in it knew that, after centuries of savage tribal wars, it was annexed by the Kaiser's Germany in 1894 and was a German colony for thirty years until the German troops there surrendered to General Botha's South African forces in 1915.

Thus the question of South West's future arose. "International law" (according to the encyclopaedias) applies to "the subjugation of one independent State by another: which may be followed by the acquisition by the conqueror of territory which admittedly belonged to the conquered." In the light of what transpired, the world might have been spared much tribulation, had the South African Government simply invoked the law of conquest and incorporated South West in its own territory.

Instead, the League of Nations was set up in Geneva and South Africa was, by dubious right, burdened with something called "a Mandate" to administer South West under South African laws *as an integral part of its territory* (my italics are intended to draw attention to the essential point).

The old League, though a farce, did at least bring together in its assemblies persons with recognizable names and identities, with some qualification to be accredited as national representatives, and to be regarded by the public masses as men who upheld the cause of their

particular nation among this “league” of nations, spokesmen and guardians of national interests within the framework of international debate.

Later, to the woe of generations to come, South West, quiet, improving, orderly, harming none, came under the purview of the congeries of faceless, nameless beings at the House of Helots in New York, as they cast about for places to incite men against each other and destroy peoples and nations. None knew *their* names. They were as anonymous as a gang of cattle rustlers on a dark night: the only “unity” they knew was in their united devotion to the destructive cause. Like automatons they stood up to vote for any incitement to rebellion or war. Not a man among them dared vote on his conscience or belief; they were the helots of world revolution. They sent arms, money and a rabble of mercenaries with “U.N.” painted on their helmets to destroy one of the very few viable, stable and well-run territories in Africa, the Katanga of Mr. Moise Tshombe, and in their wake left the Congo open to massacre on the grand scale. Then they turned their predator's gaze on South West Africa, enjoying a period of order and progress after centuries of the most savage tribal warfare.

One of the Unacceptable Truths about South West (that is to say, a truth which is not allowed to reach the masses outside) is that during the fifty years of South Africa's administration the general birth rate increased more rapidly than in any other African country (in the last ten years; of course, the general *death* rate in those other African countries has increased much more rapidly). This applied equally to the Hereros, one of the nine separate ethnic groups inhabiting the territory. Alone among all these tribal groups, the Hereros are known, at least by name, to some extent in the outer world. This seems to be the result of various excursions into the country by “Marxist priests” seeking “a cause and an audience”. The general, vague idea about the Hereros among such people in the outer world is that they are, among the oppressed, the most oppressed.

Again, this is the opposite of the truth of what has happened to the Hereros during the period of South African administration; this has been the re-birth of a small tribe which seemed to be doomed and dying out.

The Hereros spent the first eighty years of the nineteenth century in unrelenting warfare with the Hottentots, who twice defeated them. Then in 1894 came the Germans, and the Hereros became the favourite sons of the new Protector (as such the Hereros regarded them, and the Germans tried hard to uplift them). In 1904 the Hereros suddenly turned against the Protector and massacred German garrisons and mission stations. The German General von Trotha mercilessly repressed the inexplicable rising and in the final encounter at the Waterberg the Hereros were wiped out save for the few survivors who escaped to Angola and Botswana (where they still are).

After that the Hereros seemed to be dying out again. There were stories that their women refused to have children, that the men had become sterile: the spirit of the tribe was broken. Then, when South Africa took over the territory, the reverse process began, and in the next fifty years (that is, until today) their numbers more than doubled. They are still one of the smaller tribes, outnumbered seven to one for instance, by the Ovambo in the north. They stand out from the other tribes by their great self-conceit (they think of themselves as the destined leaders of the mass and upstage the others by their talent for attracting the notice of the outer world to themselves).

Their women, who are tall, graceful in movement and sturdy, stand out from all others, anywhere in Africa where I have been, by the brilliance and elegance of their dress. None can understand today how they have contrived to fashion raiment of such beauty from the original mode, the flounce-and-bustle dresses of the wives of the Rhenish missionaries who appeared in South West in the mid-eighteen hundreds. It is as if Mr. Cecil Beaton, in *My Fair Lady* mood, had designed a dazzling series of costumes for a Black musical, *My Dark Lady*, perhaps. Their use of vivid colours

produces startling effects, and any who encounter an Herero woman in full regalia for the first time must stop and stare at something so unique and unexpected.

The male Herero, for no apparent reason, feels himself to be a member of a *Herrenvolk*, and bears himself swaggeringly. He is, understandably, disliked by his fellow Black men. The Hereros and Hottentots defeated and enslaved the more numerous Bergdama people, whom they despised as “baboons”, and to this day look down on them as destined serfs of the stronger tribes.

So much for the Hereros, who receive more publicity in the outer world than they inherently deserve, but that is part of the leftist-liberal plan of reducing all of Africa to a mass and mess of weak, depopulated territories, incapable of resistance when World Government moves in.

After the rape of Katanga the attention of the House of Helots at once turned towards South West, a place where tribal feuds could be encouraged and risings against the Whites fomented, and a base established for the main attack on South Africa itself. This phase of the destructive process began with the appeal of Ethiopia and Liberia to the World Court to hold that South Africa had violated the obligation to “promote to the utmost the moral and social wellbeing and the social progress” of the inhabitants of South West. (In another book I recalled that the old League of Nations, which occasionally did good things, found through its Slavery Commission that slavery still existed in Ethiopia and Liberia, and I mentioned that this continued to be the case.) For the moment nothing came of that, and the desired invasion of South Africa by sea, air and land (already planned in full published detail, in the Carnegie Plan of 1965) did not occur.

The name, South West Africa, is as correct as “South Africa”. The territory lies in the south-west of Africa, and no good reason offers to call it anything else. For bad reasons, the Helots in New York invented yet another new republic there, as they had already done in the Portuguese West African territory of Guinea-Bissau. They called this new, equally non-existent country “Namibia”, after the great Namib desert. If it should serve the purpose of the conspiracy no doubt they will one day announce that the whole of North Africa is the new Republic of Saharia.

Then the leftist-liberals all over the world began to talk about “Namibia” and, of course, to “recognize” the new republic. In no time at all about seventy of the faceless Helots on East 42nd Street had “recognized” the new Republic, and from far-flung Australia the energetic headline-collector, Mr. Gough Whitlam, hastened to join the throng.



A NGANGA (HERBALIST AND BONE-THROWER)  
AT AN ANTI-TERRORIST GATHERING, SALISBURY, 1973

In due course the Helots announced the appointment of a “U.N. Commissioner for Namibia”. This was a Mr. Sean MacBride and Mr. MacBride set about to make another Katanga of “Namibia”. Speaking, as might be expected, at Lusaka, in Zambia, which is the headquarters of several terrorist

organizations, he gratified his audience by saying that he would, “consider using force to get South Africa out of South West”, if the Security Council approved. He intended, he said, “to draw up a long-term programme for independence in Namibia which would include the training of Africans to take over the running of the country”. At this point the shadow of what had happened in Katanga began to creep towards prosperous and orderly South West, and if ever they find themselves living in “Namibia” the Ovambo will rue the day. But then, they are meant to rue the day, and to revert to the days of slavery from which they have been freed.



“INTIMIDATION”: TWO CHIEF'S MESSENGERS AMBUSHED AND MURDERED, 1973

The kind of people who, if this Commissioner should have his way, would be “trained to take over the running of the country”, might be foreseen by considering the case of a Mr. Sam Nujoma, the leader of an organization called the South West Africa's People's Organization, or SWAPO, which is dedicated to the aim of creating revolution in South West. His public exhortations to violence and revolutionary methods caused him to remove himself to Dar-es-Salaam, the Chinese-Russian invasion port in East Africa, where he found himself in congenial company with those whom one writer calls “the cream of Africa's revolutionaries”, and whom I would call the scum of Africa. On the wall of his office hangs a published programme-of-action of the Organization for African Unity (OAU), which says:

We cannot compromise with any White Government, extreme or liberal, or agree to multi-racial nonsense. We are determined to destroy all vestiges of White civilization. The rivers of the South are to turn red with the blood of the White tyrants and their children.

In view of this typical example of Mr. Nujoma's incitements to violence and revolution, none need be surprised that the tribal chiefs and headmen in South West, whose task and duty is to keep their tribal areas and their fellow-tribespeople happy and in order, do not greatly admire Mr. Nujoma and his organization, particularly its “Youth League”. (In all such countries and situations, for instance in Lesotho and Zambia, these “Young Pioneers” or whatever they call themselves soon gain an especially evil reputation for brutality and violence.)

This applies particularly to the Ovambos, who with around 400,000 people are by far the greatest tribe in South West. More than that, as part of the Homeland process, they obtained self-government status in 1973 (as did their much smaller Kavango neighbours in that year). Since then they have had their own Ovambo Legislative Council which functions on a federal basis, each of the seven Ovambo tribal communities contributing six representatives. Ovamboland is in practice run in the traditional way by its Chiefs and Headmen. When I was there late in 1973 the Chief Councillor (in effect, the future Prime Minister) was Chief Filemon Elifas, whom I found, when I called on him at his kraal, wearing a sweat shirt and pants and busy doing something to his car.

Under this arrangement Ovamboland, where the Ovambo came down from the north and settled long ago, has lived a peaceful and settled pastoral and agricultural life, almost free from the lethal inter-tribal wars of the southerly tribes during the nineteenth century. They were left alone and were happy in their fashion. Even the Germans, during their stay in South West from 1894 to 1915,



never established effective jurisdiction over the Ovambo, and were never represented there by either civilian or military officials.

Thus a fair and promising future of independence developing into sovereign nationhood would await the Ovambo, but for one thing. They are no longer to be left in peace to go their own way. Their territory borders on Angola, and through the forests and bush there creep the emissaries of Mr. Nujoma in far away Dar-es-Salaam. These emissaries infiltrate into the Ovambo villages by night and disturb and incite the tribespeople, particularly the young men, with tales of coming invasions patronized by the House of Helots in New York and limitlessly supplied with Chinese and Russian arms. The leftist-liberal world conspiracy has reached into this remote and peaceful pastoral community.

Chief Elifas and his colleagues of the Legislative Council responded to the threat of violent outbreaks and the overthrow of orderly government by measures similar to those taken by other Black leaders in the “liberated” regions to the north. He requested the South African Police to suppress illegal meetings in the homeland, because they were the product of “undesirable foreign influences” and were intended to break down law and order in the territory. At that time an election pended and political meetings were allowed only with the prior permission of the tribal authorities. This step was directed mainly against Mr. Nujoma's SWAPO agents, who were in fact stirring up grave trouble in the territory.

As a sequel to this a Mr. Nangutuuala, leader of an opposition “Democratic Co-operative Development Party” was arrested and publicly flogged with the traditional palm-leaf rib.

Mr. Nangutuuala, a Christian soul who believed in turning the other cheek, was probably the least outraged by the flogging, saying he felt happy about it because “I benefited politically as a result”. In the outer world, however, all the cover-organizations of the leftist-liberal conspiracy, such as the World Council of Churches, “International Amnesty”, the “Friends of Namibia”, and the “International Commission of Jurists” (*sic*) filled the air at the House of Helots with their cries of “unprecedented brutality” and their demands for an attack on South Africa.

In the real world, as distinct from the false one of helotry, flogging is an immemorial form of African tribal punishment. It is the least of the tribal ways of dealing with political or other enemies, to which the Black states of the north reverted immediately after “liberation”. Queen Victoria, when she reluctantly agreed to the Chiefs' plea to grant Protection to Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, instructed her High Commissioner for the three Protectorates to “respect any African laws and customs” except where these were “repugnant to humanity”, but in this even the great Queen failed. When I was in Basutoland in 1948, the British administrators were vainly trying to stamp out “medicine killings”. They never did: in the tribesman's beliefs, these *were* part and parcel of “African laws and customs”.

Other countries, other ways. When Queen Elizabeth II, as Princess Elizabeth, visited Basutoland in 1947, she was received with great state and reverence by five senior Basotho chiefs. After her departure the British community agreed to ask her acceptance of a painting by an eminent South African artist to commemorate her visit. The general feeling was that the painting should be of some typically South African scene, “Moonlight on the Drakensberg” or something of that kind, but the Princess asked if she might instead have a painting of the five Chiefs whose picturesque ceremonial of loyalty and veneration she well remembered. Sadly, this could not be arranged: two of them had in the meanwhile been hanged for strong medicine murders.

When that gentle zephyr-like “Wind of Change” blew into Africa north of the Zambesi, all such restraints vanished as the night dies with the dawn, and “tribal laws and customs” returned to

unchecked power. In the Uganda of General Amin, a “Foreign Minister” who was dismissed for “laziness and inefficiency” was found, carved with panga slashes, floating in the Nile (March 1973). Again in Uganda, at a time when the Helots were fiercely attacking South Africa for student bannings, the entire executive of the Student Guild at Makerere University disappeared and at the time of writing its whereabouts is unknown. In Zambia a woman member of parliament suggested in a television programme that criminals should have an arm or hand cut off if convicted of theft (this is a “tribal law and custom” widely practised in the days of “Darkest Africa” and now recurring).

In Liberia, while the uproar about the South West flogging continued, the Police Chief ordered his men to flog all *suspected* thieves arrested and put them behind bars before they could be tried. The reader will recall that Liberia was one of the two countries (Ethiopia was the other) which arraigned South Africa before the “United Nations”, alleging tyrannical oppression of the South West African peoples.

In Guinea, President Sekou Toure's judiciary ordered that a smuggler have both his arms amputated from the shoulder before commencing a sentence of fifteen years. In the Central African Republic an edict of 1972 laid down that convicted thieves should lose an ear, the other ear to be sliced off after a second offence. The Head of this State once was present while some thirty men *suspected* of various crimes were beaten, killed, maimed or injured by troops who beat them with clubs in the central square of Bangui, where the bodies of those dead were left in the tropical sun for an hour as a warning to others. Among the pictures of this era in Africa which the outer world is not allowed to see, lest it injure its belief in the “liberation of Africa”, is one of the President of this newly-liberated African State, wearing on his jacket more stars than there are planets. He watches something, with the smile of a good, kind uncle on his ebon face, and applauds what he sees with his hands. Another picture shows what he sees. His para-military police are beating to death with heavy bludgeons some dozens of their fellow men - suspected of what? - who have been manacled and thrown in a heap on the floor to be killed. The faces of their killers show a ferocious satisfaction in their task. In Nigeria, northern tribesmen cut off the right hands of thieves. Some Ghanaian tribes, in the practice of “tribal law and custom”, drive nails into the heads of their victims. In Nigeria, again, public shootings, with hawkers peddling soft drinks and sweets among the throng of thousands, are regarded as public entertainments.

The joke, if it can be called such (possibly paradox is an applicable if inadequate word), is that the representatives of all the places where these things happen, now that the colonial police officers have gone, occupy seats (indeed, the majority of the seats) in the House of Helots and, to the applause of the World Council of Churches, International Amnesty, the International Jurists, the Friends of Namibia, the American Committee on Africa, the Council on Foreign Relations *et al*, join in thunderous denunciation of “South African brutality”. These Helots, were they to return to their African homelands, would practise and be subject to the same “tribal punishments” which they denounce in New York.

In the particular case of the flogging of Mr. Namgutuuwala, under “tribal law and custom”, which was seized on by the Helots for a rabid attack on South Africa, the matter came to court when the Supreme Court at Windhoek granted applications by the Black Bishop Auala of the Lutheran Church, the Anglican Bishop of Damaraland, and a Mr. Thomas Komati to stop floggings of “members of political parties” save under specific conditions. The traditional rulers of Ovamboland claimed that tribal law placed no limitations on the public floggings of their political opponents. Nobody was flogged (said a senior Headman) merely for support of a political party. The punishment was for contravention of tribal law and practice. Tribal tradition was that such punishments were given with an *epokolo*, or palm branch, and had always been given in public on

the naked body. According to tradition women were equally liable to this punishment, which was not limited (as the applicants maintained) to ten lashes.

At this point in time the story of South West had best be left for the reader to take up as the plot unfolds. The tribespeople there live in peace, tend their fields and graze their cattle, but the ravening wolves are at the door and the future is overcast with menace. The mighty gun-power of China and Russia is trained against them, and so is the vast moneypower of America (which paid for Russian and Chinese armaments in the first place and seems itself to be drifting toward a Communist takeover). In the operations room at the House of Helots the attack on South West is next on the drawing board.

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## Chapter Seven

### SOUTH AFRICA; THE GREAT CHANGE

Now we come to that which Mr. Churchill would have called the root of the matter: South Africa, a country which I have learned to know well in twenty-seven years. About South Africa I have here to relate some of the Unacceptable Truths.<sup>[10]</sup>

One unacceptable truth, for which I can vouch because I have seen it happen, is that during these twenty-seven years the lot of all sections and classes of the population has vastly improved (with the exception of the Coloured folk, those orphans of the political game who have neither international finance nor voting power behind them; but as I write signs offer that their plight too is to be relieved).

This improvement is that rare thing, an incontestable fact. The Black people have come up a long way, in material and spiritual things, and from being a faceless mass have become a presence felt on the South African scene, able to bring heavy influence to bear upon their ambitions and needs.

The Indian community, which is mainly located in Natal, has made great strides, chiefly through their native skill in business and trade, and while their brethren in the “liberated” Black States of northern Africa are being expelled and despoiled, the Indians in South Africa are developing into a highly educated and on the whole well-to-do community.

The contrast with their condition of twenty-seven years ago, when I first saw them, and today is most remarkable. They were then mostly ragged shack-and-shanty-town dwellers, often tuberculous, miserably poor. Their housing has much improved, they have their own university and have lifted themselves by their bootstraps, having little voting power. Another remarkable thing about this group of the South African population is that of their own will and accord they maintain their racial identity and harmoniously pursue among themselves that path of “separate development” which, as governmental policy called “apartheid” is the target of such frenzied moralist attacks from the liberalist outer world. *They* keep themselves apart, and none accuses them of bigotry or racism. It is their way and they thrive on it, even in adversity. Indians in the countries of northern Africa, now “liberated”, yearn to be in “racist” South Africa.

When I first reached South Africa, General Smuts had still a few months to run as Prime Minister. His policies in matters of race relations were not much different from those of the Nationalists (who took over from him six months later) but he was held in high esteem by the outer world and no chorus of obloquy ever fell on him. This, I think, was because he was held to be potentially “one of us” by those who direct these great affairs; he liked the vision of “World Government”. His problems in governing South Africa, however, were the same as those which confronted his Afrikaner successors. As he once said:

There isn't a human problem under the sun we haven't in this one Union of ours: Black, Brown, Yellow, White, we have them all. Can it be said that we are a peaceful amiable nation? of course it can't. But it cannot be said that we are not an interesting nation. How exciting life is here. How there is a passion here that creates a sort of genius! I wouldn't be anything but a South African for the world.

The South African situation is in fact unique in the world. Nowhere else do so many distinct racial and linguistic groups, each with its own identity and cultural or tribal tradition, have to find a way, if they can, of living alongside each other in peace and harmony. Judged by that, the only true

standard, South Africa has done extremely well, and the overall picture is one of improvement and progress towards general betterment.

*Racial* hatreds do not on the whole exist, despite the constant incitement from the leftist-liberal conspiracy in the outer world. The only *racial* outbreak I remember during twenty-seven years was the sudden inexplicable attack on the Indians by the Blacks in and around Durban in 1949 (I was in the middle of that strange, isolated affair). The ghastly case of cannibalism at the port of East London in 1952, when a White nun was killed and eaten on the street by a crazed and drunken mob, was not in its origins *racial*: it was the direct and demonstrable result of the infiltration and capture of a peaceable and law-abiding Black organization by Communists. It led to the effective suppression of Communism in South Africa and remained, to the disappointment of its foreign organizers, an isolated incident. After that order prevailed in the land.

*Tribal* feuds, as distinct from *racial* hatreds, are endemic in South Africa and in all other African countries. These have nothing to do with government or misgovernment: they are always there, beneath the surface as far as South Africa is concerned, and erupt in violence and massacre once the lid is taken off. This has been shown in one “liberated” country after another in the northern part. Once “Independence” was gained, the ancient vendettas immediately flared up and millions of Blacks were killed by other Blacks in the Congo, Nigeria, Zambia, Uganda, Ruanda, Burundi, Zanzibar and elsewhere. The origins of these inextinguishable feuds are never to be discovered. They go back to the days of Darkest Africa, to which Africa to the north is now reverting. They, together with the slave-traders, disease, and starvation, produced a depopulated Africa, and that condition would also return if Southern Africa, as yet immune, were to be “liberated” by the liberal-leftist conspiracy.

The image of South Africa which is projected by the authors of this business into the mass-mind overseas is that of a great mass of Black people brutally oppressed by a White minority. I have used the word “Black” throughout as the one nearest to the facts. “Africans” and “Natives”, the favourite designations of the propagandists, are inapposite because the millions of White folk born in South Africa are “Africans” and “Natives”. The word “Bantu”, now commonly used, means simply “the people”, and in the mouth of a Black man would mean merely those of his own colour.

Colour, however, by no means carries with it unity of belief, purpose or ambition. As we have seen, the most virulent and ineradicable of hatreds in Africa are between people of the same *colour*. The Black population of South Africa is divided into at least seven distinct ethnic groups, each with its own written language and home area, and each resolved to retain its identity, that is, to “develop separately”, or to stay apart. This is the sector of the South African situation which the present Government has set out to regulate by the establishment of separate, self-governing “homelands” for each group, each to move gradually towards (and I quote) “sovereign nationhood”. It is a tremendous undertaking, but if anyone can suggest a more just or more logical method of meeting the situation, without committing the White population to suicide, I have yet to meet him.

This Black sector is only one, though by far the biggest, of the mass of “human problems” to which General Smuts referred. Its size is due to the enormous increase in the Black population under White Government, which put an end to slave-raiding, jungle diseases, malnutrition and starvation. These improved conditions, together with multiple marriage, caused the Black population to increase, as the saying is, by leaps and bounds. In the “liberated” African States to the north, the reverse process has already gone far: there the killing of the darkest days is already reducing the population to its earlier, pre-“Colonial” size. If South Africa were overrun, to the joyful cheers of the leftist-liberal cohorts abroad, the same thing would happen there.

To any rational mind, South Africa must seem to be obviously on the right line in this matter. Somewhere along the line new difficulties will arise (for instance, when the Black population reaches a size too great for the land, under any government, to carry and feed) and that will need to be met in due course. In the meantime the best that can be done is, in my opinion, being done, and all sectors of the population do in fact live in fair relationship with each other.

The sub-divisions of this total population are endless. The main Black tribal masses contain many smaller tribes. The Indians are divided between the descendants of the Hindu “coolies” (now increasingly prosperous), imported as indentured labourers a century ago, and the Muslim merchants, and speak several different oriental tongues, including Gujarati and Urdu, Tamil, Hindi and Telegu.

The Coloured people (in South Africa “Coloured” means mixed breed) include, statistically at least, a distinct group of Cape Malays, descendants of slaves sent to the Cape from Java in the 1600's and 1700's, who are of the Muslim faith and, again, despite poverty and adversity, have retained their separate identity, through their devotion to Islam. (The journey to Mecca is their overwhelming ambition and having made great sacrifices to achieve it, they return uplifted in spirit by this, the supreme experience of their lifetime.)

This, then, is the situation which any South African Government has to handle, and it is unique in the world. That the country, with such a conglomerate of diverse racial groups, has succeeded in enabling them to live alongside each other in fair harmony, progressively improving their separate lots, acknowledging and respecting their differentiation, and forging economically ahead until it has become economically the strongest and most stable state in Africa, is a considerable achievement by any standards. This is the Unacceptable Truth about South Africa today. It is the opposite of that which the propaganda-fed multitude in the outer world receives from the hyena-like howling of “racist” which the leftist-liberal media of communication keep up against South Africa. Separate development, or “Apartheid” as the Nationalist Governments call it, is in fact what all parties concerned desire: the preservation of national, racial, tribal and linguistic identities.

All South African Governments, which includes pre-Nationalist ones, have pursued this aim of enabling the Black population to develop *separately* in its own various tribal areas, since 1913 when Black tribal land was declared inalienable. In 1936 an act was passed providing for the expansion and consolidation of these Black tribal areas and increasing the recognized Black tribal areas from six million to fifteen million hectares. Since then, step by constitutional step, the measure of Black self-government in these areas has been increased until, as I write in 1973-4, eight separate Black ethnic “homelands” have been brought to the threshold of complete independence within the framework of South Africa.<sup>[11]</sup>

Within the decade 1975-85 all these are due to become independent states, so that the reader of this book will be able to see what transpires. What form, then, will their “independence” take?

The Nationalist Government has spelt that out and committed itself. The Prime Minister, Mr. Vorster, has said more than once that by “independence” he means just that, and nothing less. On the very eve of the 1974 election in April a Nationalist Minister, Mr. M.C. Botha, in answer to a questioner who asked if “independence” meant that the Black homeland states “would be able to accept gifts of Russian arms like Uganda”, said that this would be so. He hinted at a qualification by adding that although South Africa would give the independent Homeland States financial aid after independence it was under no obligation to continue doing so in all circumstances. The South African Government, he said, had already offered to sign non-aggression pacts with any state in Africa and this offer held good for the independent Homelands. If they wished to join the United Nations they would be free to do so.

This was within a few days of the election, and caused hardly a ripple on the surface of public discussion. No storm of Nationalist protest ensued, and indeed an almost uncanny calm prevailed during this election, a most unusual thing in South Africa. I had the feeling that great changes of heart must be occurring among the Afrikaner Nationalists, once accounted to be the most irreconcilable opponents of change. These governmental statements represented the most extreme change from the Nationalist attitude at the time of the 1948 election which brought them into power, and during successive elections. Yet there was no reaction. As to the Opposition, Sir de Villiers Graaffs United Party also seemed to accept the great change as something not worth using to make political capital. There seemed to be quiet acceptance of the once unacceptable.

The most instructive comment on the great change came from a leading Nationalist politician who had been a Minister in the Nationalist Government for twenty-six years, Mr. Ben Schoeman. In a statement which would have been inconceivable a few years ago, he said:

Of course we have adapted our policy. Today we have tens of thousands of educated Black men that we didn't have in 1948. They are progressing economically. They know what's happening. We have to adapt ourselves, our policies. That's why we have mixed sport today. You have to have it for the future. We are making more and more adaptations. We have got to do it as long as we maintain two principles. We have to maintain our identity. We have to survive as a White race. But we have to hasten slowly, the way we have been doing. People have accepted the changes ... You have to educate your people, and do it gradually.

So there it is. Under the Nationalist government, and within the present decade, South Africa is scheduled to become a country containing eight independent Black States, of sovereign nationhood, and one White State. The reader will see that General Smuts' claim that South Africa, despite its multifarious "problems", was an exceptionally "exciting" and "interesting" country has been fully justified.

The world has nothing like it, and has never seen anything like the political amalgam now in project here. If it succeeds the world will have to realize that the men on the spot after all knew best. They have in fact pursued the old British concept, which has bequeathed so many fiascoes in northern Africa, of leading the indigenous people to self-government.

It represents a reversal of the "White supremacy" theory of government in this country, and the acceptance of "White survival" as the right and proper policy for the future, an "adaptation" compelled by changing circumstances. The Nationalist concept is that of "political independence" lubricated against friction between the eight Black States and the White one by their "economic interdependence", and indeed the experiment could only succeed on that basis, for the leftist-liberal machine in the outer world would obviously be put into top gear to create dissension between the eight and the one. Political independence is an empty thing without economic viability. You can't have one without the other, as the song says of love and marriage, and economic viability for the eight new Black states can only rest on a good neighbourly relationship with South Africa. That is the best hope for the outcome of the radical change of the South African shape of things now envisaged.

It is an astounding undertaking, and only the Nationalist leaders can know whether it is a well-calculated risk or a desperate gamble. At the outset it is hard to see how the two vital Nationalist principles, "to maintain our identity and to survive as a White race", could be ensured in a greatly reduced White area completely surrounded by sovereign Black nation-states incessantly prodded and prompted from outside to submerge the Whites in "a bloodbath". Similarly it is hard to envisage how Russian and Chinese arms from the East and liberal-leftist finance and incitement

from America could be kept from poisoning the relationships between the Blacks and the Whites in this new rearrangement of population and territory in what until now has been known as “South Africa”.

One thing is obvious: if the project is carried through to the ultimate shape depicted by the Nationalist Government, and succeeds in producing a sort of Southern African Commonwealth in which all races are able to live in close proximity in harmony, it will be a triumph for all concerned, something without parallel or precedent in the relationships between peoples of utterly different breeds.

The difficulties are many and obvious. Already, long before “Independence” in this form becomes a reality, several of the potential new states are claiming more territory than that laid down as the home-area of their tribes in the 1936 Act mentioned earlier. This applies particularly to the Transkei, which is scheduled to be the first of the Black tribal areas to achieve full independence (in the sense of “sovereign nationhood”), probably within the next few years. This priority (like the vast increase of the Black population in all the earlier Colonial areas) is a legacy of British rule. In 1894 the British Government at the Cape instituted what Mr. Basil Holt (in *Where Rainbirds Call*, Howard Timmins, Cape Town, 1972) calls “a wise and far-seeing native policy, which alone has made possible the self-government of the Transkei today: this policy was not to take the land from the Africans by throwing it open to White colonization indiscriminately, but to hold it in trust for the Africans themselves. Furthermore, while, in the then primitive state of the inhabitants, it was necessary to place them under restraint and to prohibit fighting, murders, and the more extreme manifestations of 'witchcraft', in all such matters as were not in direct conflict with justice and humanity they were to be governed in accordance with their own laws and largely under their own chiefs.”

This accounted for the difference I noticed when I first went through the Transkei in 1948, although I did not at the time realize it. I found that the White men were few and White men's cars hardly to be seen on this long stretch of the great highway which the White man had driven from the Transvaal to the Cape. I said then that the green and rolling country, with neat little villages scattered on the hillsides, bore “on the surface at least” the look of a pastoral idyll, and so it does today.

But in its one city Umtata (one at that time, and even today towns are few) was a Parliament-like building (Speaker's Chair, Sergeant-at-Arms and all) called the Bunga, (Council of Chiefs) whence the Transkei was self-governed within the limits described above. Only a few White traders, missionaries and officials lived in the Transkei, and they on the probationary basis set by the British enactment of 1894. The rest was a large piece of Africa inhabited by its own tribespeople, the Xhosas, and they were happy there in their fashion. They felt themselves free and in my earlier book of 1950 I told the tale of a lively debate in the Bunga when a chief, in true Runnymede fashion, attacked a motion to regulate the large-scale brewing of Kaffir beer as an intolerable attack on the liberty of the people: to show how great a principle of human freedom was at stake he added, “the Transkei is our England, our only home where we can go up and down.”

Alas, the comparison would not be valid today; England has ceased to be the land towards which men look when they dream of freedom!

In this way, when self-government began to move towards “independence” and “sovereign nationhood”, the Transkei became first on the list and before this book is five years old the reader should be able to judge how the great experiment works out in practice. It is a huge piece of Africa, twice the size of Wales, with a long stretch of Indian Ocean coastline. It is a ready-made homeland, the only one of its kind, having no “White problem” of any size to solve, and being inhabited by its



original people, the Xhosas, with their factions of Pondos, Tembus and Fingos. It has its ready-made Parliament building (unless as a sovereign nation it should follow other northern African examples and spend large sums of money on building a new one, like the one which stands deserted near the Royal Kraal of King Sobhuza in Swaziland).

It has long governed itself in all internal matters of any importance (that is, except for foreign affairs and defence), and according to governmental information all South African police are to be withdrawn by 1976 and their duties taken over by a Transkeian Black force. The danger that this might develop traits similar to those of the "para-military" units notorious in Zambia, Lesotho, Uganda, and elsewhere is obvious, but the present Head of Government, and presumptive future Head of State, Chief Kaiser Matanzima, has had enough experience of Communism in the territory to be well aware of which way to look in this matter. His life was twice preserved from assassination attempts by the South African police.

The old hurdle, of "economic viability" will then remain. The only clear point in that matter is that the South African Government is prepared "after Independence" to continue financial aid, which has carried most of the Transkei's budget in the past. There seems little prospect at present of attracting large scale industry to the Transkei.

The country's only potential source of real wealth lies in its soil, which is some of the best in the Republic. This is the snag on which so many efforts to uplift the living standard of Black people have come to grief, in the Transkei and elsewhere. The tribesman is so tenaciously attached to his traditional methods of grazing the land bare and planting only for the day that attempts to convert him to better farming methods have everywhere failed.

In the Transkei the tribespeople reap for themselves and their families eight to ten bags of maize (mealies) per season. The Transkeian Department of Agriculture once persuaded a man to let them cultivate and fertilize his land and they produced forty-five bags. This made no impression on his neighbours, who said that their eight to ten bags were sufficient: why should they go to so much trouble and also incur the expense of fertilizer? The man himself was asked if, having made so much money, he would himself buy fertilizer next season, and he said, "Why should I? I have enough mealies now to last for ten years." Possibly a new Transkeian Minister of Agriculture will succeed where so many others failed.

The coming of the new "sovereign nations" within the framework of South Africa will bring new figures to prominence, names hitherto unknown or little known to the outer world, and the first of these, given the Transkei's pride of place in the transition to "sovereign independence", will be Chief Kaizer Matanzima - when he was born the Black tribespeople heard the White folk talking loudly of one "Kaizer", whom they assumed must be a great man, hence "Kaizer": it has no other significance. In like vein one has heard of a Kitchener Leballo and a leading Black footballer is known as "Computer".

Chief Matanzima has inherited from the British enactment of 1894 not only a Western-type parliament, but also (a very rare thing in tribal Africa) an Opposition, led by the very able Mr. Knowledge Guzama. His ability is not likely to gain for his party, the Democratic Party, a majority in parliament. Elections are held, but in these parts (as in White South Africa itself, for that matter) the majority usually remains with the ruling party. If an Opposition survives at all when the Transkei becomes sovereignly independent, it will be an exception to the tribal African rule, as is shown by other examples mentioned in this book. Indeed, in March 1974, with Independence supposed to come "in a few years" (Mr. Vorster) or "within five years" (Chief Matanzima), Chief Matanzima attacked "the rebel Tembu faction" of the Opposition party, and advised Mr. Guzama to

throw these “revolutionary fellow-travellers of Peking and Moscow” out of his party, otherwise “the rebels might find themselves locked up after independence”.

Chief Matanzima, like political gentlemen everywhere, sometimes says contradictory things. In August 1973, for instance, at East London, he advised the South African Government to give satisfaction to the Blacks “otherwise there would be a bloodbath” (*Daily Despatch*, 7 August 1973). This sounds as if one of the pestilent “Marxist priests” who gloatingly peddle this nauseating phrase around Black Africa had passed through Umtata at some time. Another Black leader who has become well known on the international scene, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of Zululand (KwaZulu), when addressing an American audience said what ought to have been the last word on this subject when he advised his hearers “to stop agitating for a bloodbath for other people to bathe in”, but unhappily for mankind, Black, White, or any colour, the liberal-leftist-socialist gang far away continues to befoul the air with this word.

Chief Matanzima has better cause than most to abhor the use of such words. Apart from two attempts on his own life, his Transkei was in the early 1950's and 1960's made the scene of a highly organized Communist attempt to take over South Africa by bloody revolution, and in the course of it there was enough bloodshed of the most horrific kind, with decapitations, burnings-alive, disembowelment and the rest.

This phase began on 26 June 1952 when Dr. Mary Quinlan, a White Sister who for many years had worked among the poorest Blacks in the port of East London, emerged from a hovel where she had been tending a mother just confined in childbirth, and ran into a raving mob of several hundreds who tore her to pieces and ate her in the street. The mother heard the uproar and came out and later said, “It was horrible the way they ate her. When I got to the scene they were dishing out parts of her body. Hundreds of them ate. I could not stand it for long and ran home. I was sick.”

The police eventually arrived and fired into the drunken, crazed mob. Some were killed and blood was found on the mouths of these. “We could not find much of Sister Quinlan” said the police report.

In the Communist calendar for South Africa, this day, 26 June, is celebrated as “Freedom Day”; in Communist parlance, freedom is a euphemism for “cannibalism”.

This was the start of Communist revolutionary terrorism and resulted from the takeover of the oldest Black political organization in South Africa, the African National Congress. Founded in 1912, this ANC was a peaceable organization, which by reasonable methods of resolutions couched in moderate terms and communicated by memoranda or deputation to the government of the day worked for reform in various aspects of the Government's laws and regulations affecting the Black population.

In 1917 came the Bolshevik revolution; in 1921 the South African Communist Party was formed; in 1930 the ANC joined with the Communists in launching a country-wide pass-burning campaign; in 1936 a Communist became its Secretary-General, and after that the ANC was in fact part of the Communist organization. It shared in the outbreak of lawlessness which expressed itself in the African miners strike of 1946, with attendant rioting and damage to property. Of the forty-six people convicted for their part in this outbreak thirty-three were Communists and they included the man who was, or became the leader of Communism in South Africa, Abram Fischer, who was not only an Afrikaner but the grandson of a famous Afrikaner, Abraham Fischer, who from 1902 to 1910 was Prime Minister of the Orange River Colony (later the Orange Free State). More than that, Abram Fischer had been a Rhodes Scholar, and in his time overseas became an habitué of the

London School of Economics and a visitor to Moscow. Cecil Rhodes' dream was converted into its opposite by Abram Fischer and his like.

Thus Communism spread and as a result of the investigation into that event of 1946 the Nationalist Government in 1950 promulgated its Suppression of Communism Act and banned the Communist party, which went underground. The ANC, still a separate entity, then abandoned its original, longstanding policy of advancement through peaceful means and organized a country-wide stay-at-home strike of Black workers on 26 June 1950, two years to the day before Dr. Mary Quinlan was eaten alive.

The red thread is plain to trace, and the next ten years were filled with acts of murder, arson and sabotage, arrests of ANC members, and police efforts to trace the leaders of the campaign of violence and terror. In 1963 the police raided a house near Johannesburg and took under their wing the entire high command of the South African Communist Party, including Abram Fischer, the Rhodes Scholar earmarked to become Prime Minister of Soviet South Africa. He later escaped but was recaptured and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

This was the end of long and infinitely painstaking years of investigative work under the guidance of Fischer's great adversary, also an Afrikaner, a brilliant security and intelligence expert, Major General Hendrik van den Berg. It was also the end, for the time being, of the epidemic of Communist murder and sabotage. However, hundreds of ANC men had fled abroad and were receiving guerilla-warfare training in Russia, China, the Soviet "satellite" states, Cuba and Algeria. The ANC, somewhere along the line, had been taken over by the "Pan-Africanist Congress" of Robert Sobukwe, a defector from the original ANC.

Sobukwe's PAC openly proclaimed a policy of violence, and hived off an army of murderers and arsonists of the kind who make war on Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique.

Thus terrorism came to South Africa, and in particular to the Transkei. In February 1963 came the first exploit when a White family of parents and two little daughters with a family friend were attacked as they slept with open doors and windows in two caravans near the Bashee River, hacked to death and burned. This branch of Sobukwe's PAC became known as Poqo (a name taken from Xhosa, the language of the Transkei). The murders continued, many headmen and Xhosa tribesmen being among the victims, and, as previously told, two attempts were made on Chief Kaizer Matanzima himself. Having seen so much bloodshed in his tribal territory, it seems to me surprising that this Chief, in 1973, should talk of "a bloodbath" if the Transkei's demands were not satisfied.

Indeed, Chief Matanzima has more to fear from the policy of bloodshed than most. The Transkei is marked down for Communist penetration and insurrection, and its capture is seen as the essential first move towards the complete Sovietization of South Africa. The reason for this especial concentration on the Transkei is plain to see. It is the only one of the future "Independent nation states" with a long Indian Ocean coastline, which would thus be thrown open to murder gangs coming down from Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia.

Sobukwe himself was captured and leadership of the organization was taken over by his second-in-command, Potiako Kitchener Leballo, who moved his headquarters across the border to Maseru in Basutoland (now Lesotho), where he set to work to prepare "the Great Revolution" in April 1963. Poqo branches in the Transkei received their orders from him, as he received his from the South African Communist headquarters in Johannesburg. Leballo's directives for the Great Revolution (which he openly avowed in statements to the press) listed the enemies of Poqo as the entire South African edifice of law and order, from the armed forces to the police, and even the poor old,

originally law-abiding ANC, which had to be “wiped out”, “and the entire White population, including the women and children”. The Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Justice, Mr. John Vorster, and Minister of Finance, the late Dr. Eben Dönges, were to be killed (an organized group was sent to accomplish these deeds but was intercepted by the police).

Leballo adopted a new slogan in place of the interned Sobukwe's “We have chosen starvation in freedom to opulence in bondage” (a typical Communist utterance). While awaiting the great festival of murder and rapine Leballo continued to live comfortably in Maseru, like all the other leaders of similar murder organizations. To my knowledge, none of them has ever been killed or wounded in combat, or even taken part in combat.

Leballo's Great Revolution came to nothing. On 29 March 1963 he sent his woman secretary to Bloemfontein with 150 letters to be posted to Poqo cell leaders throughout South Africa containing instructions for the Great Revolution to begin on 7 or 8 April. She was barely across the border when police intercepted her and confiscated the briefcase with the “battle orders”. These were in a childish code, the meaning of which sprang to the eye : “A wild living session has been arranged for the night of 8 April. On this night everyone must live.” Hundreds of arrests of Poqo leaders followed, and only local disorders occurred. Three days later the Basutoland police raided Leballo's office in Maseru. A detailed list of more than 15,000 members of the murder organization was found. Kitchener Leballo went into hiding.

For the moment at least, the Transkei and Chief Matanzima were rid of a deadly menace and neighbour. If the meaning of the word “bloodbath” was not clear before, it surely had by now been made clear to all, including Chief Kaizer Matanzima. Two hundred Poqo men were charged with murder, and the intended victims in other cases were witnesses against the accused.

Leballo, as was to be expected, turned up in the Chinese-Russian invasion port of Dar-es-Salaam, then moved to Kenya and later to Zambia, where he found himself among other “freedom fighter” leaders who spent carefree lives there, far from the madding sound of landmines and ambushes. In South Africa, however, the leaderless Poqo murder gangs, gingered up by the Communist headquarters in Johannesburg, began to reorganize, and again their chief objective was the great Transkei with its open coastline. Of the hundreds of ANC men who had fled the country, some returned with orders to set up guerilla training camps, particularly in the Transkei, and to survey the Transkei and Natal coast for possible Red submarine landing sites, where men and arms were to have been put ashore to support an uprising.

Thus the Transkei, if it be spared the “bloodbath” which Chief Kaizer Matanzima predicted unless its “demands” were satisfied, is likely to be in the news for some considerable time and Chief Matanzima's name is equally likely to become more and more familiar to the world audience of newspaper readers. He himself, speaking in April 1974 as presumptive Head of State of the future sovereignty independent Transkei, spoke very differently about matters of bloodshed.

He said that any person aiding terrorist organizations either morally or materially was “committing a crime against the people of South Africa, both White and Black”. His Government was unshakably opposed to all terrorism: “All we stand to gain by their actions is the eventual loss of our freedom, territory and identity ... the world should know that we as a Black Government in South Africa have no need for terrorist activities, that we feel that a terrorist revolution will only break down everything we have achieved and put us back decades in our development. The world should know that the Transkei would be quite satisfied to attain its freedom through legal constitutional means. We are determined to preserve the good relations existing between the South African Government and ourselves and we condemn in the strongest terms any action directed at

revolutionary upheavals. It should be clear therefore that so-called freedom fighters have no part to play in the Transkei.”

This is obviously sober and simple truth, uttered in statesmanlike tone, and it might make Chief Matanzima as unpopular in leftist-liberal circles abroad, as the advice of Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of Kwazulu to “stop agitating for a bloodbath for others to bathe in” made him.

Chief Buthelezi is the other Black Homeland leader who has become a recognizable figure on the international scene. This is mainly due to his own personality, and partly to the image of the Zulu nation projected on to the mass-mind by Mr. Welcome Msomi's play *Umabatha*, which in its productions overseas was seen by multitudes of people, who gained from it for the first time some idea of the Zulu identity.<sup>[12]</sup>

It could not have come about but for the encouragement given to Mr. Msomi, an ardent Shakespearian scholar, by Professor Sneddon and Mr. Pieter Schultze of Natal University. His mentors succeeded in engaging the interest of Mr. Peter Daubeney for his International Theatre season, and, as all now know, it was a sensation in London. Not long before this a successful and colourful film was made about the Battle of Rorke's Drift. Through these disconnected incidents large numbers of people in the outer world began to form some picture of a nation, submerged and forgotten since their defeat by the British a hundred years ago.

I was present at the first performance of that remarkable production, and an unforgettable experience it was, beneath the Southern Cross. High up behind me, the tower of Natal University was great Dunsinane. Halfway down the slope towards the harbour were groves of trees, Birnam Wood. Midway between the two was the University's open air theatre, and into this cleared space the Zulu impis came out of the trees and shadows, did battle in the arena, and merged again silently into the trees and shadows. The Zulus, trained from earliest youth in the old, traditional, tribal war dances, can make a mock battle look more like a real one than any other people, as overseas audiences now know.

This event helped to provide a less uneducated audience for Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, Chief Councillor (in practice, Prime Minister) to the Paramount Chief, the King of the Zulus, when he went abroad. The re-emergence during the present decade of the Zulus as a distinct ethnic and linguistic entity, in fact a nation, is the result of many years of unrelenting, patient effort by this Chief, himself a grandson of King Dinizulu. The present King, Prince Goodwill Zwelentini, who recently married a Swazi Princess, has kept much in the background, in the manner of Royalty everywhere, during these long years of struggle for Zulu advancement, which has been the life's work and mission of Chief Gatsha Buthelezi.

He is a man of high intelligence and therefore a conciliator, whose vision is that of a South Africa where all men should live harmoniously side by side. He has repeatedly dissociated himself from “bloodbath” talk and for this reason has become the object of scurrilous attack from the leftist-liberal-Marxist-priest pack in the outer world. “White Government stooge,” is the kind of insult they hurl, or howl, at this man who by undeviating but patient effort has brought Zululand to the threshold of “sovereign nationhood”.

Thus in March 1973 some weird American character speaking for some self-appointed “Pan-African Congress” (naturally, he spoke at the Chinese-Russian invasion port of Dar-es-Salaam) said Chief Buthelezi would not be invited to its Sixth Annual Congress, which was intended to bring together people of African origin from all parts of the world including “liberation movements”, but not other African leaders “like Chief Buthelezi”. The “liberation movements”, said this non-combatant type, were “the people engaged in struggle”. Asked whether Chief

Buthelezi was not “engaged in struggle”, this stooge said his organization had decided to recognize only the “liberation movements” as the representatives of the African people in Southern Africa. Just before he said this the Frelimo murder gangs in the Tete district of Mozambique had shot or hacked to death seventeen *Africans*, men, women, children and infants, in a night-time raid. The facts were verified by a large party of foreign journalists and by the local Red Cross representative.

These attacks and insults are bound to be painful to such a veteran fighter for his cause as Chief Buthelezi, but he has experience enough to realize that, no matter what the “cover name” used, the instigators are not “African”: the minds behind them are those of White men, of the kind rounded up by the South African police when they cast their net round the entire leadership of the underground Communist Party.

Chief Buthelezi is a man of rational thought who seeks reasonable solutions. Industrial magnates and men of high finance now seek him out when they are in Africa and he has always opposed “sanctions” and “boycotts” against South Africa on the ground that, apart from all else, those who would be the most hurt by them are those whom they are supposed to benefit: the Blacks. He wants to see much more industry in the Black areas, and I was present when he formally opened a jointly-initiated and operated Afro-Indian factory near Durban, a small but entirely novel beginning in this direction.

His political philosophy rests on the basic tenet of what would once have been recognized as statesmanship in such a situation: that the Whites have “the gun” but the Blacks have the numbers, so that any collision between the two, whatever the outcome, could produce only a Pyrrhic victory. Hence he concludes the right way is to work together to create a better, greater South Africa. This is in effect what the South African Government is coming to realize and do, as its “sovereign independence” policy shows, though its spokesmen are careful, especially in election time, not to go too far in the use of such phrases as “working together”. Their policy still is to develop separately, but in effect their theory of “economic interdependence” must mean “working together”.

Thus Chief Buthelezi, as he looks into the future of independent Zululand under its King and elder statesman, himself, sees many problems ahead. First KwaZulu is completely unlike the Transkei, which is a great, compact piece of territory containing few Whites, long since self-governing, having its own extensive coastline.

KwaZulu, as it has developed during the century, consists of numerous scattered Zulu reserves, interspersed with areas of White-settled farmland, all converging on a great port, Durban, with a vast new port already under construction at Richards Bay. How this could be administered in its present form as an independent state is hard to imagine. Chief Buthelezi's vision is of Natal sinking its separate identity in a non-racial KwaZulu. This idea would have been inconceivable a few years ago but Chief Buthelezi has said, “I offer this proposal to Natal Whites in earnest: I mean it.” He envisages the protection of the minority groups in this non-racial state (Whites, Coloureds and Indians) by means of a bill of rights. He thinks the outer world would be greatly impressed by “the emergence of such a thing in this place that is so sickened by racism”. He sees such a state as “the golden key which would open African markets”. His meaning in this respect is not fully clear. South Africa is not short of markets.

Chief Buthelezi has twice put forward this proposal in magazine articles, and may well have mentioned it to Mr. Vorster and some of the Ministers but it has not, of course, received either official cognizance or discussion up to the present. What the general reaction to it might be in traditionally “British” Natal cannot today even be guessed. In the minds of people here in Southern

Africa the old order may be and indeed is changing, but to what extent they could support a conception so drastically at odds with their established way of thinking cannot be estimated.

Chief Buthelezi considers that this great project, if realized, would commend itself to “African countries”. Here, it seems to me, even Chief Buthelezi for once succumbs to an illusion. Which “African countries”? If he means the countries of the chaotic, bloodstained northern area (and what other “African countries” are there now?) I think he is completely wrong.

Those countries are in truth being used to promote the aims of world revolution, which demands the violent reduction of Southern Africa to their own condition. Their role in the revolutionary design is to spread the area of bloodshed, one-man dictatorships propped up by terrorist police, and “apartheid” in reverse, that is, anti-White racialism everywhere.

“Conciliation” is an abhorrent word to their Communist masters and they have shown this most clearly in their vilification and ostracism of Chief Buthelezi himself because he denounces “bloodbath talk”, advocates harmonious relationships between all racial groups *within* South Africa, and has, himself, the stature of a man of peace. The success of conciliation in Southern Africa would be seen by them, under the masters they serve, as an intolerable affront and a major defeat. If Chief Buthelezi were to succeed with his vision of a conciliatory solution he would be the most unpopular man of all in those “African countries” and their attacks on him would know no bounds. He has already been vilified as the “stooge” of the South African Government, while in fact he has publicly charged it with fathering and supporting an Opposition party, calling itself “Chaka's Spear”, in his own KwaZulu, and in time he will no doubt be denounced as a “Fascist”.

After the Transkei and KwaZulu, six more “homelands” are scheduled to move towards full independence and Sovereign Nationhood. I gave their various names in a footnote earlier in this chapter. None of them has as yet made great impact on “the news”, but as the process continues they will appear more and more as separate entities and readers will be able to attach areas to the various leaders involved, and to form for themselves a general picture of the development.

One thing is clear: South Africa is on the threshold of great changes. As General Smuts said three decades ago, one other thing is indisputable: that South Africa is “an exciting country”, “an interesting country”.

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## Chapter Eight

### IN BLANKETLAND AGAIN

Lesotho revisited after twenty-six years (it was Basutoland then) is a place of great changes. In 1948, if you blinked, you might enter Basutoland from the Orange Free State almost without noticing what you were leaving behind and coming to. In a sentry box a Basotho trooper casually and smilingly waved you through and then a short stretch of curving dusty road led you to a little settlement, not much more than a typically Southern African one-storey inn and a Fraser store, the “capital”, Maseru.

Beyond Maseru another long, dusty track led to the north of this small country and dotted along it were a few inhabited places, at that time still locally known as “camps” from the days when the British troops pitched their tents and began their duty of protecting the Basutoland Protectorate. On your right, as you rode northward, was the narrow green belt of lowland and beyond that rose the mighty peaks of the Drakensberg Range, on the other side of which lay South Africa.

If you needed to visit a trader or a mission in those inaccessible mountains, and Frasers were good enough (as they were in my case) to lend you a pack pony, you rode a day and a half to reach a place, perhaps ten miles away crow-wise, and what a ride that was, up and along the one barely visible track, called, if I remember rightly, the Government Path.

Along the way you passed Basotho, back from the goldmines on the Reef, toiling homeward up this agonizing track with heavy loads on their heads: or, more often, the loads were borne on the heads of young girls. At the end you found yourself in another world, a remote, barren, rocky one, eerily lonely, immemorially old, where nothing grew and eagles soared. But people lived there, and they were happy people: that I well remember. The women singing at their labour, the young girls chatting and giggling around their favourite meeting-place, the trader's store, and the Basotho men tripling along on their surefooted ponies to the nearest beer drink: these were happy folk.

Today the sentry box has gone and one goes through the whole routine of passports, departure-and-entry form-filling, first at the South African border post and next at the Lesotho one. After that the little curving road brings you to modern Maseru, with shopping centres and supermarkets (happily, the name Fraser still predominates), and little Basotho girls from those remote mountain villages chirruping round the shop windows and emerging from the shops with the latest thing in mini skirts. Their inaccessible mountains are no longer so remote, the arduous trek down the rock and boulder-strewn track is no longer always unavoidable, because the pioneer work done in British days by a South African airman, Richard Southworth, has developed into a network of landing strips, in places hitherto unreachable save on foot or horseback, which are served by a fleet of six-seater aircraft from Maseru.

Thus a Basotho young lady today may flip down to the shops in Maseru when she wants to see what is in the windows there, instead of dickering for a piece of printed cotton fabric at the trader's. Nevertheless, the traders are still there and they have become so integral a part of Basotho life that it is hard to picture the country without this hardy, stalwart breed, who understand the Basotho mind and needs and are ever ready with credit.

And then, of course, modern Maseru has its brand new American-type hotel with casino, swimming pool, and theatre. The new hotel is only the first, I was told, of others to be built for the tourist trade (to which all the new African states attach great importance). I heard criticism of the casino on the ground that, although it undoubtedly brought much monies from the inveterate gamblers of



Johannesburg into Lesotho, it was too great an attraction for the young Basotho clerk or employee, who quickly ran into debt by this means.

Another effect of the appearance of the great tourist-type hotel in Lesotho (and in other places which I later visited) was one which I mention here without expressing any opinion: the clustering round them of numbers of young Basotho girls who accost visitors whose cars show them to have come from across the border and, if successful in their importunities, climb into these cars and are driven away into the night. This was a change, unimaginable twenty-six years ago.

When I was there in 1948 the Basotho were described as the only unconquered African tribe in Southern Africa. If they are still so today this is the result of the century of protection, and of old Moshesh's wise act of statesmanship when he sent a message from his unsubdued mountain stronghold, Thaba Bosiu, begging for the great Queen Victoria's protection; the request being granted, he rejoiced that "my people have been allowed to rest and live in the large folds of the blanket of England. My country is your blanket, O Queen, and my people are the lice in it."

The three Southern African territories which received such Protection were Lesotho (Basutoland), Botswana (Bechuanaland) and Swaziland, and of these Lesotho was the second to achieve independence, in 1966. This event concluded ten years of disputatious wrangling among the Basotho themselves (very many of them wanted none of it), and with successive governments in London. The British Government, as events have shown, was willing, and only too anxious, to be rid of this commitment and of all other commitments in Africa. Meanwhile the hardworking British Resident Commissioner in Maseru, and all his District Commissioners and other officials throughout the land, toiled away at the task of improving the lot of the Basotho and their, by nature, very poor land.

While these ten years of negotiation went by, the picture of Africa to the north of Lesotho changed vastly for the worse under the aegis of bloodthirsty liberalism, and responsible Basotho leaders, gazing northward at the shambles and chaos which stretched from the Zambesi to the Sudan, became greatly worried about the true shape which "independence" might take in Lesotho. The dangers were as clear and the warnings as well based as those of Mr. Winston Churchill in the 'thirties about the looming Second War. These are a few of the warnings which were addressed by leading men of Lesotho to the Prime Minister, during this protracted period of pre-independence discussion, about the future of independence when it was achieved:

We have the honour to submit our views about the independence of Basutoland ... these views are a matter of common sense experience, based upon hard facts in the newly independent States of Africa. We must learn from the mistakes of others and avoid them, instead of following the painful method of trial and error which may lead to irreparable damage. A *coup d'etat* which has been a characteristic feature of the newly independent African States, e.g., Ghana, Nigeria, Congo, Dahomey, the Cameroons ... must at all costs be avoided in this country. In view of the present tendencies in Basutoland, this epidemic which has invaded the States up north is a real possibility in the not far distant future. Experience has shown that dissatisfaction is always inevitable in any newly independent State where a large proportion of the national income and of the financial assistance which may accrue from outside is used in prestige projects, such as building expensive palaces, erecting sumptuous assembly halls, buying cars for Ministers of Government ... Figures from the Unesco show that about 60 to 65 per cent of the Public Revenue of Mali, Nigeria, Ghana, the Republic of Central Africa, etc., has been expended on these prestige projects ... A wisely led political party of whatever complexion would choose to concentrate all its energies on awakening a sense of acceptance of duty

and an enthusiasm for hard work on the part of the masses instead of dashing in “where angels fear to tread”, controlling the army, the Police Force, the Civil Service, which, if realized, leads to dictatorship ...

I have broken off these quotations at this point because the last sentence touches on the real root of the matter: “control of the army, the police force ...” This was to prove the issue which dominated the long debate, and events have already shown how accurate these warnings were.

From the start the matter of who should control “the Police and the armed forces” when the British went and “independence” arrived proved to be the main question at issue and in dispute; the warnings quoted above, and the continuing carnage to the north of Lesotho, cast an ominous shadow over the proceedings.

All who know them intimately agree that the Basotho are a friendly, hospitable people who, until liberalism reared its ugly head in their mountainous little land, quietly tended the plots allocated to them by their Chief (and refrained from producing crops of such quality that the Chief or headman might re-allocate the plot to a friend), living by tribal laws and customs handed down by word of mouth from time immemorial, utterly loyal to and revering the hereditary Paramount Chief of Moshesh blood, knowing nothing of the thing called “politics”, harbouring among themselves very few (at that period) politicians or agitators, proud of their traditions and nationhood, treasuring the impartial justice which the Protecting Power introduced, and haunted by only one terror: witchcraft. Every misfortune was attributed to witchcraft and was capable of remedy only by the *ngaka*, the witchdoctor. Every undertaking, every warlike or legal dispute, needed the help of the witchdoctor if it were to succeed.

Their customs were their own and in a continent without written history cannot be traced to their remote, ancient beginnings. One of these tribal customs, particularly gruesome among these kindly people whose hospitality is boundless, is that of the strong-medicine or witchcraft murder. This is a desperate remedy, used against desperate ills, or what the Chief considers such. An epidemic of these occurred in 1947 and was still in progress when I arrived in Basutoland early in 1948. I was new to Africa then and was one of those who are often reproached with writing about a country after a short visit. However, what I then wrote twenty-five years ago seems to stand up to the events that have followed.

I said, “The chiefs and headmen were warned not long ago that if the killings did not cease the system of indirect government through the chiefs will after ninety years be ended. Neither the warning nor the hangings have been effective.”<sup>[13]</sup>

I added, “I felt that the chiefs must be in the grip of a greater fear than that of death or deposition. The only greater fear I could imagine was that of the end of Basotho freedom. Perhaps they read the signs of the times more clearly than many White men and cannot understand why the White man allows these accumulating perils to approach. In consternation and confusion, perhaps, they have returned to the witchdoctor and his strong medicine, his stern remedies. By doing so, however, they relinquish to the witchdoctor the power they wish to keep. He becomes the chief power in the land, and who prompts the witchdoctor?”

I answered this question by quoting the words of a Basotho, who, I said, should be an authority. “Chief David Theka Makkaola was for some time acting Paramount Chief of the Basotho and he served with Basotho troops in North Africa, Asia Minor and Italy. He said the murders were instigated 'by certain political bodies which are using the witchdoctors as instruments to further their aims'. The immediate object, he added, was 'to break the power of the chiefs and leave the

people leaderless ... this, in some measure, has been achieved, since many of the principal chiefs now stand accused of participation.”<sup>[14]</sup>

So there it is. As the British prepared to hand over full independence to the Basotho the shadow of all-destructive liberalism was creeping over the mountains, into the villages. “Certain political parties”: the Basotho, in the great majority up to that time, had no interest in or understanding of “politics”, or in the cry for self-government raised by these newcomers. They had been presented with their own parliament, at that time called the Basotho National Council, and took so little interest in it that a poll of 15% to 25% at any election was considered excellent. Itinerant political speakers, touring the villages, were sometimes refused permission to hold a meeting and occasionally were even stoned.

Such was Basutoland, one of the smallest and poorest countries in Africa, living contentedly under the White Protector and its own chiefs, as the ten-year negotiations about independence began.<sup>[15]</sup>

It is entirely surrounded by South Africa, and in a rational time good relationships with that country would be the cardinal tenet of its policy.

Lesotho is not self-sufficient in foodstuffs and never can be until the tribesman can be persuaded of the virtues of contour-ploughing and donga-filling: the erosion is horrible to see, but the tribal peasant, here and in other African countries, strenuously resists efforts to get him to plough back stalks into the land instead of feeding them to the cattle, and to do the same with manure rather than use it for fuel. Over-grazing is another source of poverty. To gaze over a landscape of denuded rock to the green lands of the Orange Free State, a mile or two away, is a sorry sight.

Lesotho is dependent on South Africa for its essential maize imports, and a major amount of its national income comes from the customs agreement with South Africa and from the earnings of those Basotho (the greater part of the male population) who go to Johannesburg to work on the mines. Lesotho has no mineral resources to exploit, save for some diamonds, which have not yet developed into a major revenue-producing asset. During the period of Protection the little country depended on British subventions, and as Independence loomed no prospect of economic viability offered.

In the decade 1960-70 “parties” appeared on the once-placid Basotho scene and on this tiny stage a Homeric struggle for power ensued, “power” in the sense of the dictum of Tippu Tib, the great Arab slave-trader, who said a hundred years ago, “The man with the gun is the king in Africa.” As far back as 1964, when the Basutoland Legislative Council was debating the report of a Constitutional Commission set up by the Paramount Chief (later King Mosheshoe II) on a proposed constitution for a future Independent Lesotho, one speaker strongly advocated that control over the Police and the Armed Forces should be delegated by the outgoing Protecting Power to the future king, and spoke in the spirit of Tippu Tib's maxim when he said: “This conviction of ours is supported by what has happened in Ghana and other independent African States. We have watched with dismay the governing parties in these States make use of the Police and the Army to destroy all forms of legitimate, democratic opposition and entrench themselves in power for all time. Opposition elements, finding themselves unable to change the government by democratic means, reverted to assassination and *coups d'état*. These manifestations in many African States have been an object lesson to us and we have no desire to see such political upheavals occurring in Lesotho. The solution, as we see it, is that *no* political leader (including our own) should be tempted to do these things by being given control of the gun ...”

In the struggle for power to which I referred above, the chief protagonists were Chief Leabua Jonathan and Ntsu Mokhehle, a man of rabid racial hatreds who led the Basotho Congress Party.

When the first elections were held in Basutoland in January 1960, Chief Jonathan and his party, the Basotho National Party, were heavily defeated by the other party and Chief Jonathan himself failed to win a seat. Later in the year his political exile ended when the Paramount Chief (later King) nominated him to fill a vacancy in the Legislative Council, an act which brought him no gratitude.

Chief Jonathan varied between radical outbursts and words of sweet reasonableness. As a potential future Prime Minister of an independent Lesotho, a small country enclosed by and dependent on South Africa, instincts of wise statesmanship can hardly have prompted his appeal to the United Nations:

The White supremacist policy of our neighbours needs no qualification from us. It is a known fact throughout the world, and especially in the United Nations, that their economy is based on the philosophy of oppression and exploitation of the non-white races. Their past actions have proved beyond doubt that in the upkeep of this policy nothing is sacred. How much more so of Basutoland which would go a long way towards disproving their philosophy, being an island inside its territory.

At other moments he seemed to show a disposition towards rational relationships, as when he visited and was cordially received by Dr. Verwoerd and, later, Mr. Vorster. At the pre-Independence election of 1965 it was stated in the Press that he had received from the Republic of South Africa financial assistance in his campaign amounting to R15,000.<sup>[16]</sup>

In the pre-Independence election of 1965 Chief Jonathan again lost his seat, and his party, the Basotho National Party, emerged narrowly victorious with 31 of the sixty seats, the opposition Basotho Congress Party of Mr. Mokhehle gaining 25 and the small Marematlou Freedom Party 4 seats, so that Chief Jonathan's overall majority was two. His party, however, polled a minority of votes.

An extraordinary game of musical chairs followed, which boded little good for the future of one-man-one-vote liberalist "democracy" in this, its latest province in Africa. A safe seat was found for Chief Jonathan, who was then sworn in as Prime Minister. Mr. Mokhehle's Congress Party then appealed against two of the results and both appeals were upheld by the High Court, so that Chief Jonathan's party had 29 seats and the Congress and Freedom parties together also 29.

Chief Jonathan thereon adjourned the sitting of the Assembly *sine die*. Mr. Mokhehle wrote to the Paramount Chief urging him to declare that Basutoland (not yet Lesotho) had no government, the National Party Government having no majority and having in fact collapsed. Chief Jonathan was rescued from his predicament at this point by two of the four Freedom Party members, who crossed the floor to his side and thus restored Chief Jonathan's overall majority to 2! The Assembly remained dissolved. Chief Jonathan remained, and as I write nine years later remains Prime Minister.

The years between the "first-ever" Basotho election of 1960 and the "pre-Independence" election of 1965 were filled with bickering about the form of the new Constitution, whereunder independent Lesotho would be governed. In 1964 the British Government, after a meeting in London with political leaders from Basutoland, agreed that Independence should be granted provided that the Basotho people, through resolutions of both their Houses of Parliament or in case of disagreement at that level by majority at a referendum, should ask for independence: *and* that conditions in Basutoland should be such as *to enable power to be transferred in peace and order* (my italics).

In this last phrase the main point of contention came to the surface. Chief Jonathan had previously stated in the Legislative Council, "I certainly cannot agree that the Head of the Armed Forces

should be the Prime Minister. In the memorandum of our Party we have specifically stated that the power should be invested in the Head of State.” Mr. Mokhehle and his followers strenuously insisted that the Armed Forces should be under the direct control of the Prime Minister, he being “an elected representative of the people whereas the King is an hereditary monarch who is not answerable to anybody for his actions ...”

This issue bedevilled the debate right up to the decisive moment of what Mr. Khaketla calls “the great betrayal”, when the British Government in June 1966 agreed to grant Independence in October 1966 and accepted as the Constitution of independent Lesotho a draft constitution agreed in London in 1964. This draft Constitution was “with minimum changes” to become the Constitution of independent Lesotho. The intervening years had been filled in Basutoland with furious debate, inside and outside the Legislative Council, about the status of the King, which to the ordinary Basotho was the only truly important matter.

The term “constitutional monarchy” is absolutely meaningless to the ordinary Basotho, who wants what he always had, a ruler with effective power. The present king's ancestor, King Mosheshoe I, certainly consulted his people when he decided to request British protection. His method was, in any matter of national importance, to submit it to a *pitso* (public meeting of the whole nation) or to his Council of Advisers. All feelings were aired and a report of the proceedings was sent to the King, whose advisers then tendered counsel which he was free to accept or reject. No case is recorded where he acted against counsel thus tendered. It was in the light of this tradition that his descendant, King Mosheshoe II, saw his place and duty as King of Lesotho with effective power.

The politicians, however, in *both* contending camps knew well what they meant by a “constitutional monarch”: one who would have no status, other than a titular one, as head of the Armed Forces. All the warnings from the chaotic North were disregarded, and when the British Labour Government, represented by Mr. Fred Lee, in June 1966 met the Basotho leaders in London to finalize the matter Chief Jonathan, with his majority of two, had streamrollered all amendments concerning the powers of the King out of the constitution. Mr. Lee said that after all the years of preparatory work, after all the successive “constitutional steps” had been taken, there was really little to do but sign and close the books. Chief Jonathan, however, in order to make assurance doubly sure, reiterated that the matter of the Paramount Chief's discretionary powers must not be reopened, “both in the interest of stable government in Basutoland and in the interest, let me emphasise, of the Paramountcy itself”.

Famous last words! Their sequel is of much interest, as the reader will see. When they were spoken the representatives of the two Basotho Opposition parties had already withdrawn from the Constitutional Conference in protest against the granting of Independence to “an unpopular minority government”, and King Mosheshoe II had declined, “as the traditional Head of the Basotho nation”, to attend the final meeting and to sign “the proposed agreement conferring independence on my country”. He said, “on what should have been the happiest day in the history of my people”, that for seventy years the Basotho had put their faith in the honourable intention of Britain, that when the time came to relinquish their protecting role, this responsibility would be discharged “in a way fitting to them and to ourselves ... our faith has been gravely misplaced. As the traditional head of my people I have only one overriding concern and that is that my people should be broadly united. The political expression of this unity demands a Constitution that enables them freely to acknowledge their democratically elected leaders and to respect the integrity of their Head of State ... a nation divided against itself can never be at peace: for a nation to be deeply divided at the beginning of its period of independence is a calamity that everybody should wish to avoid ... My own part in these difficult weeks has been to insist on the safeguards necessary to ensure the preservation of democratic institutions after independence. This has been my only purpose. And I feel duty-bound in the days ahead to continue to strive for these objectives. Only in

this way do I feel that I can discharge the responsibilities which my people have always reposed in their traditional ruler.”

This was the end of the hundred years of British protection and of ten years of “Constitutional advancement towards Independence”. The King's words, and similar ones spoken by many others during the long pre-Independence disputes, may be tested by the events which soon followed. For the moment Chief Jonathan had won the day, and therewith “control of the Armed Forces and the Police”. I know little about Lesotho's Armed Forces, but saw a good deal of the Police, who are what is known in today's jargon as “a para-military force”. In Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, Austria and occupied Czechoslovakia I grew to detest the sight of such. It was sad to see (in Lesotho and elsewhere) how quickly Black men, recruited or press-ganged into these bodies, and equipped with “the gun”, consider themselves above the law and able by their mere presence and bearing to cow, bully, intimidate and strike fear into the hearts of even those who simply go about their business. The mere feeling of “the gun” changes these men for the worse.

King Mosheshoe II returned to an independent Lesotho where he was to be at best a rubber stamp. The feeling of the people, deriving from their long tribal tradition, was that he should have the last word in any matter referred to him by the Prime Minister: in case of disagreement, particularly on any subject of great moment, he should have power to order the Prime Minister to submit the question to the people at a referendum, the outcome of which would be final. The King, before the final conference in London, had already listed the matters in which, he submitted, the pre-Independence Constitution was unsatisfactory. For instance, the prescribed machinery of consultation between himself and the Prime Minister was in fact derisory “because at the present time matters pertaining to the administration of Lesotho are discussed, finalized and put into effect without any knowledge whatsoever on my part”.

Further (and this is particularly important in view of what transpired), decisions “dealing with the declaration of a State of Emergency should not be made by the Prime Minister, but should be made by Motlotlehi [the King] after a report to him by the Prime Minister, and after satisfying himself that such a declaration is necessary because there is nothing else that can be done”.

On his return from London King Mosheshoe II resumed the series of *pitso*-like meetings with his people which he had been holding before he left. In one of these, at Ramabanta's Village on 11 December 1966, he repeatedly assailed the new Independence Constitution (and also complained that “foreigners” exerted too much influence in Lesotho, and particularly that “the British” were still much too numerous in senior offices). He stated at an earlier national *pitso*, in September, “proposal was made that I should be included in the Constitution. The British have rejected this proposal with malice and cunning. Instead, they have secretly, on their own, introduced certain clauses which have been written into the Constitution.”

He referred specifically, said the King, to Section 76 (4) and (5) which gave the Prime Minister power to sign bills. He asked two Chiefs there present, and any Member of Parliament who might be present, to confirm that these clauses had never been discussed at any time during the prolonged Constitutional deliberations in Maseru and London. As none confuted him, King Mosheshoe appears to have made a very strong point here.

He ended by asking his hearers bluntly: “Do you wish that the laws of Lesotho should be assented to by the Head of State or by the Prime Minister? Is it your wish that the Constitution should be amended or not?” The response was a thunderous “Yes” to “the Head of State” and another vociferous “Yes” to amendment.

On his return from London Chief Jonathan had rushed through four bills which aroused a storm of protest from the two opposition parties, Mr. Ntsu Mokhehle's Basotho Congress Party and the Maramatlou Freedom Party founded by Mr. B.M. Khaketla, who was the King's Privy Councillor until 1970. The Emergency Powers Bill empowered Chief Jonathan to declare a State of Emergency whenever he deemed this necessary; an Internal Security Bill gave the Minister discretion to ban public meetings; the Printing and Publishing Bill empowered the authorities to intercept, open, examine or confiscate mail matter; the Societies Bill gave power to ban any organization as unlawful if the government thought fit.

A very large but peaceful meeting of protest resolved to petition the King and the British Government Representative against these Bills, but this was ignored and with Independence, on 4 October 1966, they became law in Lesotho until such time as they might be repealed, if ever. Thus the first fruits of Independence were four bills such as might have been enacted in any of the innumerable African States to the north which had fallen into dictatorships based on terror.

The King himself was their first victim. On 27 December he planned to go to Thaba Basiu, the Holy Mountain of the Basotho, to address another national *pitso* which was to be a prayer meeting to dedicate the people to the service of their now independent country. This was to be the last of his national *pitsos*. At this time the Basotho, at the several *pitsos* previously addressed by the King, had by their response clearly shown that they did not approve the Constitution, particularly the clauses which the King had specified.

On 22 December, five days before the *pitso*, Chief Jonathan's Cabinet in an emergency meeting decided to inform the King that any further attempt by him to hold public meetings in the absence of advice from His Majesty's Ministers or against the advice of His Majesty's Ministers would be prevented by the Government with the full force of the Constitution, this warning specifically applying to the proposed *pitso* at Thaba Basiu on 27 December. The Principal Chief of Thaba Basiu was personally ordered by letter from Chief Jonathan not to permit the meeting to be held, but this Chief held that he could not stop the King from meeting his people.

In a last minute bid to stop the meeting, Chief Jonathan and his legal adviser drafted a document and presented it to the King, offering to repeal the clauses of the new Constitution which the King had publicly declared to have been inserted in the Constitution without discussion at any time in Lesotho on condition that the King would agree to cancel the meeting. The King studied this document, which appeared to meet the case, and returned it, signed, to Chief Jonathan. At the same time he indicated that it was now impossible to cancel the meeting as no time remained to let the tribespeople know. He undertook to go ahead and address the meeting, using Chief Jonathan's document as the basis of his address, so that he would be able to tell them that he and the Prime Minister had agreed on repeal of the clauses (Section 76 (4) and (5), as mentioned above) which had caused such uproar in the land. What the King did not know was that the Prime Minister had not himself signed the document which he submitted to the King, and which now bore the King's signature.

Therefore, the King set out for Thaba Basiu with the good news; Chief Jonathan set out to stop the meeting at all costs. The Mobile Police Unit (the "para-military" force to which I have referred) appeared on the scene in force and found thousands of Basotho men and women assembled on the mountain, awaiting the King's coming. The MPU men ordered the crowd to disperse and when they did not fired into them, killing ten people and wounding many others.

The King returned dejectedly to his palace to find it surrounded by the para-militarists: Chief Jonathan did nothing by halves. No-one was allowed to enter or leave the palace. Chief Jonathan

announced to the nation that he had put the King under house arrest because he had evidence that the King was involved in a plot to overthrow the Government.

The next morning the King's Privy Councillor, Mr. Khaketla, went to see the King but was turned away at the gate. He asked for an interview with the Prime Minister and was told to put in writing the matters he wished to discuss. He thereupon wrote to ask on what charge the King had been arrested, how long he was to be kept under arrest, and "what you intend to do ultimately". Mr. Khaketla added that as far as he knew the allegation about a plot to overthrow the Government was not founded on fact, and he suggested that an independent commission of enquiry, under a judge of the Appeal Court, be set up to sift fact from fiction and establish where the truth lay.

Chief Jonathan then offered to meet the King's Privy Councillor the next day. However, when the time came Mr. Khaketla was informed that the Prime Minister was too busy to see him, but had requested his Deputy to take his place. This Deputy then also found that he was too busy, and detailed two Ministers to the task. They listened and said they had "no mandate" to answer the questions put. They would report to Chief Jonathan from whom he would hear in due course. Chief Jonathan knows the value of the pending basket, and the King's Privy Councillor is still awaiting the reply. That evening Chief Jonathan again spoke on the radio, saying that all was quiet and under control, and the Government would rally all the force that was behind it to crush "any further uprising".

No uprising had occurred. Simply, the man with the gun had once again proved himself king in Africa. King Mosheshoe remained in close arrest.

The wind of change had come to little Lesotho. Of the century of British Protection one may say that nothing became it so well as the way in which it was conducted during those hundred years. The pity is that it had to end so ill. But that was no fault of the patient and hardworking British administrators, devoted and dedicated men all. It was the result of machinations far from Lesotho: good liberals everywhere must have rejoiced to see the way things were going.

Chief Jonathan's next move was to summon the College of Chiefs to meet and discuss ways of disciplining the King for making common cause with the Opposition parties "in their bid to overthrow the Government". This meeting lasted several days and was held in the palace.<sup>[17]</sup> The King was under arrest there and the house and grounds were under the vigilance and guard of a large force of the "para-military" police.

In this atmosphere of fear and suspicion the College of Chiefs and the Cabinet on 5 January 1967, produced a document which, they claimed, the King had voluntarily signed, whereby he undertook to abide by the Constitution; to dismiss a Chief alleged to have been responsible for "the disturbances" at Thaba Bosiu; to receive no visitors without the permission of the Government (including his mother, Queen 'Mabareng Seeiso and his sister, Princess 'Mampoi); to take no part in politics; and if, in the Government's opinion, he should contravene any of these provisions, he would be taken to have abdicated automatically.

The general belief was that if the King had in fact signed this document he could only have done so under extreme duress. Under the Lesotho Constitution, for what it was worth at that point, the King's discretionary prerogative was the disciplining of Chiefs. Thus the action of the College of Chiefs, which obviously dictated the clause about dismissing Chief Reentseng Griffith Leretholi as Principal Chief of Matsieng, was void in law. The functions of the College of Chiefs were limited to the designation of a successor to the throne or a Regent in the case of death or abdication. The Marematlou Freedom Party immediately (6 January 1967) issued a strong protest against the document, particularly the "suicide clause", on the ground that it had no force of law.



During the furious public controversy which followed these events Chief Jonathan broadcast many statements. In one he said the deaths at Thaba Bosiu were of men “who were unfortunately dragged into this mess by the King ... This unfortunate incident is the result of a long-hatched plot between the King and the Opposition leaders to take the Government by force of arms in the hope that in the resulting upheaval the King would assume dictatorial powers for which he has always yearned”.

All this reached South African newspaper readers in the following form, in an article in the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*. “The moderate pro-West Prime Minister of Lesotho has smashed the Communist-inspired Pan-Africanist plot to overthrow the Basotho National Party (Chief Jonathan's party). The dramatic events exposed power-seeking King Mosheshoe as a key figure in the affair. It also brought to light the existence of a High Command of six, and a number of Communist advisers surrounding him.”

None need doubt that Communism had and has a finger deep in the Lesotho pie, but such an interpretation of the situation was ludicrous. The King, captive in his “palace”, had no means of seeing even members of his own family, let alone “surrounding himself with Communist advisers”. One of the “High Command of Six”, according to the same Johannesburg newspaper, was none other than Mr. Mokhehle leader of the Basotho Congress Party, who may well have had Communist supporters, but was on record as aiming for the abolition of the Monarchy and the Chiefs.

To keep up the appearance of calm and order restored, the King was allowed to accompany Chief Jonathan to attend Mass at the Roman Catholic Cathedral “on a day of national prayer for unity and prosperity in Lesotho”. An election loomed a few years ahead and great jockeying for position was going on behind the scenes. In October 1967 Chief Jonathan sent the “Dear Leader of the Opposition”, Mr. Mokhehle, a note saying, “How about instead of an unholy marriage of convenience between you and the King, we enter into a convenience marriage with you to establish a Republican form of Government in Lesotho, and I make you President?” As no reply was received, a follow-up note was sent: “Dear Mokhehle, I am sure my suggestion to you is the only solution to the problems facing our country. The whole fate of the country lies with you and me.”<sup>[18]</sup>

Lest the reader grow confused: all parties to this dispute at one time or another expressed directly conflicting views, according to the tactics they judged best at that moment.

Time passed, and the election drew nearer, and at a public meeting in May 1969, Chief Jonathan said:

One of the things which has retarded progress and economic development in Lesotho for a long time is the question of His Majesty King Mosheshoe II and his position according to the Constitution of 1966. Unfortunately His Majesty has associated himself with politicians who are opposed to the Constitution formulated according to the wishes of the Basotho Nation by rejecting a Government elected by the people; and these politicians with whom His Majesty is associated are full of chicanery and use his exalted name to retard the progress of the Nation.

This was an open declaration of war. Meanwhile the King remained in his “palace”, with its high security fence and strong police guard and was constantly humiliated. In 1968 Swaziland became independent and King Sobhuza II invited King Mosheshoe II to attend the celebrations. He went, taking with him two Basotho Principal Chiefs. On their return, the Chiefs' salaries were stopped because they had not obtained permission to accompany the King. All this time the King's incarceration continued: no visitors or guests without Government permission.

This led to a ludicrous incident when a chimney caught fire. The police guard remained at the gates. Crowds of people gathered round the security fence but were prevented from helping by the police, who said extinguishing fires was no part of their duty. Eventually the crowd saw the King himself climb to the roof and put out the fire by pouring buckets of water down the chimney. Meanwhile, the Chiefs who had joined in the pressure to make the King sign the “suicide document” had second thoughts and informed Chief Jonathan that by majority they “rescinded” the decision. Nothing happened, and the guard continued to stop all comers, including Chiefs, from visiting the King. They were hoist with their own petard.

The election was due for 27 January 1970, and electioneering gathered pace. Chief Jonathan did his own electioneering and toured the country up and down the new tarmac north-south road, the construction of which he claimed to be a major proof of the Government's success in developing the country. By this time, however, his Government and Party were clearly losing popularity. The new tarmac road did not mean much to people living in the remote mountain fastnesses of Lesotho: in Lesotho too, as in all the other newly “liberated” African States to the north, the lavish expenditure on new “palaces”, Ministerial cars and the like gave Mr. Mokhehle and his men plenty of ammunition to use among electors who really wanted bridle paths kept in repair, bridges across rivers which overflowed during the rains, jeep-tracks, clinics and schools.

Mr. Mokhehle was a vigorous and highly skilled electioneer, and had obviously had organizational training from experts. He was a travelled man, having trodden the familiar beaten path through adoring Labour and Liberal lobbies in London to Moscow and Peking and elsewhere. He knew how to influence the simple Basotho peasants.

Chief Jonathan, who often made wild statements and did drastic things, put on the white garment of pure “democracy” in his pre-election speech of December 1969. He spoke, he said, as a free man greeting free men and women in a free and democratic country, which owed all this to its independence in general and to his party, the Basotho National Party, in particular.

In other parts of the European, Asian and African continents, he said, nations were governed by military governments or hereditary kings or colonial masters. These men and women yearned for a free democracy such as obtained in Lesotho. He had advised the King to dissolve Parliament and now elections were to be held. If the Government were not a democratic one, believing in the right of the people to elect their own Government, they would not have called a general election. They maintained and upheld the principle that the Basotho must choose their own Government.

What Chief Jonathan said about relations with South Africa might be taken to heart by the blathering Liberal-Labour-Socialist-Communist politicians who empest the air with their ignorant imprecations in this regard:

South Africa has its own government which was elected by South Africans in accordance with the provisions of their own Constitution and laws ... It is not for Basotho to interfere in South African politics. Leave the problems of South Africa to the South Africans. This accords with the principle of independent States ... Lesotho's safety lies purely and simply in the degree to which Lesotho can maintain friendship with South Africa and also with the rest of the free world.

Wise words, and rare ones in this generation. I do not know whether Chief Jonathan later modified or recanted them (Basotho politicians, like politicians elsewhere, often reverse their utterances). But at the time they were words of wisdom which any statesman anywhere would benefit mankind by taking to heart.

Therefore, on 27 January 1970, the first elections since Independence were held. On the 28th and 29th Chief Jonathan broadcast that the elections had been conducted in an atmosphere of peace and quiet throughout the country. As the results began to come in they showed that Chief Jonathan's Basotho National Party and Mr. Mokhehle's Basotho Congress Party were running neck and neck with the rest nowhere. After the score stood at 23-23 no more results were broadcast: this was on 29 January. According to those who should know, Radio Lesotho was instructed to withhold announcement of further Congress Party gains until National Party gains caught up with them, but this never happened. The majority of gains after the blackout went to the Congress Party. The Congress Party had in fact won the election, with 35 seats against 23.



THE BASOTHO TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN: CHIEF LEABUA JONATHAN

Chief Jonathan, in accordance with all his campaign speeches and with the counsel of legal advisers who included high legal experts from South Africa's judicial capital, Bloemfontein, then prepared to hand over the Government to Mr. Mokhehle, and urgently summoned all his Permanent Secretaries, telling them to prepare for a peaceful handover. All the embassies in Maseru were informed of an impending change in government.



THE "INDEPENDENCE DAY" PRIME MINISTER: CHIEF LEABUA JONATHAN OF LESOTHO

On the morning of 30 January 1970, the day on which he had proposed to tender his resignation to the King, Chief Jonathan summoned a meeting of the Cabinet to inform its members that he was preparing to hand over to Mr. Mokhehle.

This was vehemently opposed by the Deputy Prime Minister, Chief Sekhonyana 'Maseribane, and the Minister of Finance, Chief Peete Peete. Both felt they would rather die than hand over government to Mr. Mokhehle; they alleged that he was a Communist and had rigged the elections. All other Ministers agreed.

The Chiefs' fears were not empty. This being Africa, they thought they would in fact die if "the gun" were in the hands of the Congress Party. In the context of all that has happened elsewhere in Africa where "the gun" always prevails, the Chiefs well knew what they might expect: not only that Mr. Mokhehle was committed to abolishing the Monarchy and the Chieftainship (committed, that

is, on some occasions: on others he shifted his ground for tactical reasons); he was moreover a man of unbridled threats and racial hatreds. Had he become head of the government he might have become another Amin. He was an admirer and pupil of the late Kwama Nkrumah of Ghana. During the outbreak of *liretto*, or medicine murders, in 1947, when several Chiefs were charged, found guilty and hanged, Mr. Mokhehle fiercely defended the Chiefs, saying that the whole thing was “a trick of the White people intended to discredit the Chiefs”! Later he told a Black reporter from South Africa that if he won the election, “We shall do away with chiefs.” He made clear that among the Chiefs he included the Paramount Chief and his party's organ instructed its readers that the initials “P.C.” meant the malodorous polecat.



THE ZULU KING AND HIS SWAZI BRIDE, PRINCESS MANTFOMBI

Such were the thoughts of the Ministers who so adamantly opposed Chief Jonathan's decision to stand down. The result was like an earthquake in Lesotho.

In the afternoon of 30 January 1970, radio listeners were told to wait by their sets to hear a very important announcement by the Prime Minister, Chief Jonathan. The little Lesotho world stood still, as the saying is, while all wondered what they would hear. Was it to be the news of Chief Jonathan's resignation and Ntsu Mokhehle's summons to form a new government?

Chief Leabua Jonathan's voice came through: “I, the Prime Minister of Lesotho, in terms of the Constitution, hereby declare Lesotho to be in a state of emergency. The decision I and my Ministers have just made has been taken in order to protect not only the liberty of the individual but also law and order ... An atmosphere of fear and threats of violence was spread throughout the country by the Opposition on the eve of the election. On election day the elections were marred by actual acts of violence all over the country. Now that I have declared the state of emergency I hereby suspend the Constitution pending the drafting of a new one. I call upon you to remain quiet and go about your daily duties in the normal manner. Wait for further instructions.”

Mr. Mokhehle and several other leaders of his party were put under arrest. “Chief Jonathan seizes power”, cried the newspapers and the whole world was racked with the sound of liberalist sobbing at this blow to “democracy”. What happened in Lesotho was in fact exactly what had earlier happened in a score of newly “liberated” states to the north, and in less than no time each new seizer of power had been recognized and welcomed at the United Nations. The crocodile tears shed over this incident would have been sufficient to irrigate the whole of Lesotho, which at that time badly needed rain.

The captive King, of course, had no part in all this. What he might have done, had he not been deprived of all effective power, is anybody's guess. He had not old Moshesh's power to guide the nation in emergencies of State. As the reader has seen, control of the Armed Forces and Police was

vested in the Prime Minister by two clauses in the Independence Constitution which, the King alleged, had never been debated in the Basotho Legislative Council and were inserted by “the British” (at the time, a Labour Government) in the Constitution which he refused to sign. When the emergency was declared the King's two sons, aged five and seven, returning from school, were denied access to their parents and infant sister at the “palace” and were whisked off to the King's country residence at Matsieng. Thereafter they were driven into Maseru each morning to attend school and taken back to Matsieng in the afternoon, where the King's mother cared for them.

The British Government broke off relations with Lesotho and suspended British aid, which had carried more than half the country's budget expenditure. These grants in aid were later resumed then finally stopped in 1973-4.

Under the State of Emergency a new arm of the security forces appeared in the form of green-shirted youths, apparently trained in methods of maintaining “law and order”, who appeared on guard duty at the Prime Minister's mansion. I have seen them referred to in newspapers as the Lesotho “Peace Corps” (not to be confused with the long-haired apostles of peace, also so known, from America who became the object of surprise and derision when they appeared in the streets of Maseru).

Chief Jonathan felt some need to explain his reasons in declaring the State of Emergency, and once more depicted the captive King as the villain of the piece. The King (he said to forty international reporters) had violated the agreement of 5 January 1967 (which contains the automatic abdication, or “suicide” clause): the King had ordered Chiefs, in a meeting at Matsieng, to vote for the Congress Party; he had supported with arms and ammunition a group of men under Mr. Clement Mooki Leepa, an acting Commissioner of Police; the King's brother in the south of Lesotho also ordered his followers to support the Congress Party; he (Chief Jonathan) had consulted the King's Privy Council and received its consent before declaring the state of emergency; the Congress Party resorted to threats, intimidation, arson and violence to win the election; the Congress Party stole ballot boxes; he (Chief Jonathan) headed the list of people the Congress Party had resolved to hang; he was preventing a Communist takeover of the Government in order to protect Lesotho's Christian heritage; pro-Congress Party polling officers deliberately tampered with election results - there seemed no limit to the villainy of the King and the Opposition.

On 2 April 1970, the newspapers “reliably reported” that the King had agreed to go into exile, and the next day, 3 April, he was flown out of Lesotho in great secrecy. Journalists in Maseru were detained at the time of his departure: at Johannesburg's airport reporters were not allowed to see him. He disappeared, rumour said into Holland. Chief Jonathan told emissaries from the Freedom Party, who wished to know whether the King was going voluntarily or being forced to go by the Government, that he had a letter from the King (they were not shown it) expressing willingness to go abroad for a short rest. The Chief said the King would be away for six months at the most, possibly less.

Thus, one by one, all other characters in the drama disappeared from the stage and Chief Jonathan was left alone on it, the sole arbiter of power. Within a fortnight of the declaration of the state of emergency violent collisions occurred between supporters of the Opposition party, or those who were suspected of being such, and the para-military police, now strengthened by the appearance on the scene of Chief Jonathan's green-shirted “Young Pioneers”, who gained an evil reputation for abducting Opposition supporters by night, taking them to the veld and beating them until they lost consciousness and leaving them where they lay. The news of these things could not be kept entirely out of circulation and Chief Jonathan was eventually compelled to make a public statement about them, saying that he had investigated them and found that “a small number of incidents” had occurred: he had in consequence reprimanded “some members of the Youth League” and this had

put an end to such incidents. Meanwhile the Civil Service was being purged of persons suspected of belonging to or sympathizing with the Opposition, and during the year nearly eight hundred civil servants of all grades were summarily dismissed and their places filled with National Party supporters. Opposition supporters outside the Civil Service were served with house-detention orders, and the “incidents” continued with increasing violence.

Fear stalked the land in a measure never known there since the days of the slave-raiders and slave-traders and with the fear went hatred which was something hitherto unknown in Lesotho. If any country in Africa seemed to have hope of being spared the curse which the liberalist conspiracy had brought to all Africa north of Lesotho, it was Lesotho itself. It contained less than a million people, known for their friendliness and hospitality, and all of one tribe. There were no tribal hatreds seething and simmering below the surface, ready to erupt the moment “freedom” came. These tribal wars had cost millions of lives in the Congo, Nigeria, Ruanda and Burundi, Uganda and elsewhere.

But “politics” brought hatred into the little land, in such measure that Mr. Khaketla says of this “Reign of Terror”, “I believe there is hardly a crime in the moral code, from lust to corruption, theft to extortion, rape to arson, cruelty to vulgarity, cupidity to greed, which they did not commit with complete abandon.” (He refers to the para-military police and the Young Pioneers.)

Thus, the long process of “Constitutional progress towards Independence” found this serpent at the end of the path. Old Moshesh had rooted out tribalism and built a united Basotho nation out of the remnants of other tribes which had been scattered by the wars of King Chaka of the Zulus, but (as Chief Jonathan correctly remarked) “the peace and unity which Mosheshoe I gave us has been slowly dissipated and eroded over the years”, this erosion having begun with the introduction of “the so-called party system, thus introducing a neo-tribalism no less abhorrent than that which our Founder so painstakingly eliminated before he could even begin to build a nation”. Chief Jonathan continued, “We, the Council of Ministers and I, as representatives of the Basotho National Party, firmly believe that in like manner we too must finally rid ourselves of the party system because while it exists there appears to be no hope of attaining our ideal of one culture, one custom and one nation.”

This was the epitaph on the foredoomed attempt to transplant Westminster-type government to African soil, and none who know Africa would gainsay Chief Jonathan on this point. The legacy of liberalism everywhere in Africa has been chaos and carnage, and this will go on as long as the outer world continues, with arms from Russia and China and incitement and money from the “democracies” of England, the United States and many other western countries, to support the murder gangs in their attack on Southern Africa.

In Lesotho the violence and bloodshed were so great that Chief Jonathan agreed to discuss with the leaders of the three Opposition parties ways and means of ending the crisis and getting the country back to something resembling normal conditions. During discussions lasting several months various proposals for forming a “national government, all-party government, or coalition government” were debated and for one reason or another abandoned. During the discussions all four representatives of the parties (Chief Jonathan's National Party, Mr. Mokhehle's Congress Party, and Messrs. Tsepo Mohaleroe and Charles Mofeli of the small Freedom Party and United Democratic Party respectively) agreed that the 1970 election (the final results of which were never published, though the Congress Party's victory was clear) should be “disregarded”.

Mr. Mokhehle agreed to this “for the sake of peace”. Discussion of the matter should be closed “to stop the bloodshed”. Mr. Mokhehle also opposed Chief Jonathan's suggestion of an “Interim National Government” on the grounds that a National Government went hand in hand with a *born* national leader. The only one such was the exiled King and Mr. Mokhehle was on record as

desiring to abolish the Monarchy and the Chieftainship! All involved were deeply concerned to stop the violence at all costs and Mr. Mokhehle, from prison, instructed his followers to abstain from violence in all circumstances and if they were in hiding to surrender to the police. (He himself was to go into hiding four years later.)

The talks were inconclusive and eventually Chief Jonathan proposed, as a starting point for the process of restoring order in the land, that his Council of Ministers continue in office but be enlarged from eight to eleven members by the recruitment of three new members, one from each of the three opposition parties. This proposal seems never to have come to positive debate because a number of events occurred which were greatly to Chief Jonathan's advantage and proportionately strengthened his position, in Lesotho and abroad.

Chief Jonathan knew that the suspension of British aid meant that Lesotho's economy was grinding to a halt. At this point a grave drought-and-famine situation developed in Lesotho and he naturally made the most of this in his approaches to the British Government for a renewal of the grants-in-aid, and in his message to the outer world in general. As a result, British aid was resumed, and America increased from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000 its unusual and distinctively American "Food for Work" programme. (This operates in the following way: gangs of sturdy Basotho peasant women may be seen rhythmically attacking the stony soil with pickaxes as they build new roads. They are paid with mealie meal for their labours.)

All this so much improved Chief Jonathan's standing in the land, and his reputation abroad, that he was able to announce a conclusion of the bogged-down talks with the other political leaders by announcing that, "My Council of Ministers and I have decided to continue to administer the country until such time as we are satisfied that a peaceful and democratic election can be held." This prediction of yet another election as the end in view contrasts strongly with Chief Jonathan's oft-avowed belief that Lesotho "must rid itself of the party system because while it exists there appears to be no hope of attaining our ideal of one culture, one custom and one nation." In the event violence subsided and life in Lesotho became outwardly normal as 1970 passed into 1971, with Chief Jonathan still in the centre of the stage.

In April 1973 Parliament, having been closed for three years, was reopened by the King, though under what circumstances he had returned from his exile remains a mystery. Similarly I was unable to learn how this Assembly was assembled, or how, and by whom, it was composed. Presumably Chief Jonathan nominated the members, among whom were some from the former Opposition Parties.

Among those present were many women members. This innovation in Basotho life was originally due, I believe, to Chief Jonathan and initially it brought him much popularity.

The King said the time had come to devise "a new constitutional structure". Ergo, back to Constitutions.

Chief Jonathan, moving the "humble address" of thanks for his Majesty's speech, reviewed "the events which had led to the political impasse which the House would be asked to resolve". After Independence, "partisan politics had continued to drive a wedge and sow dissension among the people", and Independence celebrations were made a mockery through the encouragement of boycotts. This disunity had resulted in "the unpleasantness of incidents such as the eruption of violence at Thaba Bosiu". This situation had led the political leaders to their joint decision "that the elections of 27 January 1970 should be disregarded".

The House had been called in order to resolve the political deadlock caused by those events. It was an open secret (Chief Jonathan now declared) that the last Constitution was not acceptable to the large majority of the people. They had accepted the Westminster Constitution not because they had agreed with "its alien nature" but because the attainment of 'Independence was their paramount aim. The proper place to work out a viable political system which would embrace national aspirations "and establish a stable future for the democratic process" was in that House, in the establishment of which the reconciliation programme had achieved a gratifying result.

Chief Jonathan reiterated that the Constitution that failed "was drawn with alien traditions overriding our own". Democracy was not a readymade commodity following a common pattern. If it were to work, it must develop against the historical and cultural traditions of the people among whom it must operate. It must grow from the indigenous way of life and be based directly on the institutions that are linked to the life of the indigenous people. It must follow an evolutionary rather than revolutionary development, and grow with the people and their traditions, rather than imported alien concepts. With these words (with which few people in Lesotho or outside will disagree) Chief Jonathan bade farewell to Westminster and its illusions, as Africa to the north had already done.

And then, having bidden this courteous and reasoned adieu to Westminster, Chief Jonathan bared his teeth and viciously bit the hand of the former Protector, who for decades had carried more than half of the Lesotho budget and in 1970 had saved his political life by responding to his appeal to restore the broken-off relations and resume the grants-in-aid:

While we are grateful to the colonial government for the little they have done in our country, such as providing a civil service to run the administration machinery, we are however aware that it was not colonial policy to develop Lesotho towards economic stability. At the time of independence we found ourselves in a state of abject poverty, with no roads and communications, particularly in our mountain areas. This is evidenced by the fact that the United Nations has declared Lesotho among the six poorest countries which have been earmarked for intensive United Nations assistance, for which we must be grateful. We do not belong to the group of the least developed of the developing countries because we cannot work hard but because the country is still suffering from the after effects of a colonial policy that did not prepare us for self-reliance in independence.

The Interim Assembly having been launched, the next sign of Independence statesmanship came when King Mosheshoe II and Chief Jonathan went to Addis Ababa to attend the tenth anniversary of the Organization of African Unity, the host being His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie.<sup>[19]</sup> This body includes many upstart dictators and mass murderers, but Lesotho's entrance into it was proclaimed to the Basotho as a triumph for Basotho Independence.

At this anniversary meeting the King of Lesotho, who certainly owed his throne to the century of Protection, was content, in the modern African fashion, to attack "colonialism, racism and exploitation". He devoted a large part of his speech to an attack on Portugal, a country which has no possible point of conflict or contact with Lesotho, stating that "Portugal has declared war on the African inhabitants in the territories under her rule." Speaking for a country where the Constitution was suspended, one-party rule in fact in force, and the press gagged, he said a "situation where people are denied an opportunity for negotiation, and no constitutional machinery existed for the expression of their views was an invitation to confrontation and violence".

King Mosheshoe II seemed to have forgotten about and learned nothing from his own experience at home, or his years at Oxford, and showed no sign of having inherited the statesmanship of his ancestor, King Moshesh. Chief Jonathan followed in the same vein, roundly denouncing the denial



of democratic rights to the peoples of *other* countries (needless to say, South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal). He was particularly eloquent in his indignant attack on the “illegality?” of the “Ian Smith régime in Rhodesia”.

The King and Chief Jonathan returned from the mutual admiration party at Addis Ababa to a Lesotho where discontent was rife among Basothos who deemed themselves to have been deprived, after nearly four years of one-party rule, of the democratic right of free expression, and in January 1974 a violent insurrection broke out in the mountains of northern Lesotho, where mobs attacked police stations and killed at least one police officer. The rising, later to become known as “the clumsy coup”, was suppressed with equal violence by the para-military police and Young Pioneers, by the now familiar method of killings and burnings of Congress Party supporters.

When I planned this book the last thing I could have imagined was that the story of Lesotho would occupy so much space. In a small country with one language, one national tradition and no tribal feuds, the bloodstained sequel to “Independence” which had marked the “emergence” of all African countries to the north, seemed unlikely, and a smooth transition into some new form of life, probable. What in the event happened was a sad disillusionment but also a process of high dramatic quality, a tale that demanded to be told for its own dramatic sake. Also, it all happened in the open. Every move in the drama could be followed by any who wished. This was because, enclosed by South Africa as by a moat defensive to a house, Lesotho was not severed from the news networks of the world, as were the northern African countries, where darkness fell upon the land and the events taking place there. For instance, news of political changes in the countries to the north usually reach the outer world in some such form as this:

The Government of the dictator of Tooralay, Generalissimo 'Mbingo, was toppled today by an army coup under the leadership of Marshal 'Umodso, and a military government has been set up under Grand Field Marshal 'Odit. Generalissimo 'Mbingo's body was publicly hanged from a tree in the public gardens end message.

Then a newsless interlude until the next change of government when Marshal 'Umodso and Grand Field Marshal 'Odit are reported to have fled the country.

Lesotho is near to important centres of news-gathering and dissemination, such as Johannesburg and Bloemfontein, and these are full of writers who know Lesotho intimately and have long-standing contacts among all sections of the Basotho population, so that news of events there always gets out, despite censorships and news blackouts.

I leave the story of Lesotho as it stood, still striving to find itself, in April 1974, after seven and a half years of Independence. Then I went to look at Swaziland, the last of the three former British Protectorates to achieve Independence (in September 1968).

The story of Independent Swaziland was quite different from that of Lesotho. Swaziland had a king who intended to rule, and did rule.

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## Chapter Nine

### L'ETAT C'EST MOI IN SWAZILAND

Swaziland, I thought when I saw it in 1974, was the Lichtenstein of Africa: tiny (it is said to be the smallest country in Africa), beautiful, prosperous, contented. Where Lesotho is by nature poor, Swaziland is richly endowed. Of its three levels, the Highveld (up to 6,000 feet) has great deposits of asbestos and iron ore; the Middleveld (2,000-2,500 feet) is fine farming land, producing cotton, tobacco, pineapples, citrus fruits and dairy products; the Lowveld (500-1,000 feet) is bushland, but the grass has a high feeding value and is used for large-scale cattle grazing. Also, Swaziland, country of many rivers, has abundant water.

Only in its history has Swaziland a close resemblance to that of Lesotho. As the Moshesh dynasty built a Basotho nation by conquering or assimilating other tribes and clans seeking a home from the all conquering Zulus, so the Dlamini dynasty in Swaziland by somewhat similar methods of incorporation built the Swazi nation. Both held off others who cast covetous eyes on their land (these, in later years, included the neighbouring Boers), until in course of time the British became the Protecting Power (reluctantly: the British had enough protectorates on their hands) and the national identity and integrity of Swaziland became assured. In 1921 the present King, Sobhuza II, was installed; as I write in 1974 he is the longest reigning monarch in the world, and reigns over a country now "Independent".

When Swaziland became a British Protectorate the long wrangle began about land-ownership. Much of the Swazi land, like that of the Indians in the United States had been taken over, under "concession" agreements, by newcomers to Swaziland, mainly South African and British, and in 1907 the British, by a "Partition Proclamation", set aside one third of the land for the settlement of the Swazis. This was not popular with the Swazis, naturally, and one of King Sobhuza's first acts was to lead a delegation to London in 1922 with a petition to the Privy Council against the Partition Proclamation. The petition failed and the King's deputation returned home empty-handed.

Embitterment about land continued and in 1941, when nearly 4,000 Swazis were serving with the British forces, King Sobhuza again appealed to the King of England for more land for his people. As a result, a series of Land Settlement Schemes was begun, and in 1944 the Swazi areas were increased until more than half the Swazi land became available for Swazi occupation. It might be said here that as a consequence of the money and development brought into the land by the "concessionaires" the Swazi economy greatly benefited, but the sense of grievance remained.

At the time of the original grant of such concessions even Swazi chiefs were often illiterate, and King Sobhuza, long after "Independence" had been gained, recalled: "Those marks that the British and the Boers had us [i.e. his predecessors] put on their papers were strange to us and we had no idea what they would lead to. They really conquered us with paper." That is obviously true: nevertheless, on the credit side of the balance sheet should be recorded the fact that today's great asbestos, iron ore, afforestation and farming schemes would not have occurred without the finance and knowledge brought into the little land by the "concessionaires" of yore.

While the land dispute continued, the other wrangle began, the one about "the Constitution". The Swazis had repeatedly been promised their independence, and in 1960 the British Resident Commissioner called the first meeting to discuss a new constitution. The new Constitution was promulgated in November 1963. This provided for a multi-racial Executive Council and Legislative Council. Accordingly, a general election was held, and Swaziland's first-ever Legislative Council was opened on 9 September 1964. This new Legislative Council immediately recommended that

the 1963 Constitution be amended and provision be made for the coming of internal self-rule. Accordingly another Constitution (that of 1966) was promulgated by which the Ngwenyama, or Paramount Chief (as the monarch until then was officially designated), became known as King Sobhuza II and provision was made for the appointment of a Parliament consisting of a Senate and a House of Assembly.

Thus the well-worn path to and from Westminster again knew the tramp of many feet, and the comedy continued towards its already familiar end. One thing which makes this period much more interesting than the similar periods in other countries is that it marked the emergence into public cognizance of a most remarkable man, King Sobhuza II of Swaziland, who was to dominate the scene in the miniscule kingdom.

In April 1967 another general election was held and, to the surprise of many, it was contested by *four* parties. Of these, to the surprise of none, the King's party, the Imbokodvo National Movement, gained all the seats. On 25 April 1967 homage was paid to Sobhuza, now constitutionally and lawfully King Sobhuza II, by a great throng of Swazis at his new Royal kraal, Lobomba.<sup>[20]</sup>

In May 1967 the names of the Senators nominated by the King and of the Ministers in Swaziland's first cabinet were announced and on 6 September 1968 the long Constitutional trail having reached its end, Swaziland achieved its "Independence". The greatest throng ever seen in Swaziland gathered at the traditional annual meeting of the Swazi National Council to hear the king speak about Independence. I do not know if this very wise King turned his gaze towards the north, but the northward allusion was clear in what he said:

Freedom will not change our country overnight. But change will come and we must know the dangers. We have watched others cross the river and we have seen some of them swallowed by crocodiles. But we have learned from their mistakes. We know the dangerous places, and we will make our way through the safe waters, away from the crocodiles.

"Crocodiles!" No one can know just whom the King had in mind, but the name "crocodiles" is apposite for the Liberal-Labour-Socialist-Communist coalition which today is trying to complete the ruination of Africa.

This Parliament was dissolved by King Sobhuza II in March 1972, and new elections were held in May. These produced an astonishing result. The King's Imbokodvo Party won seven of the eight three-member constituencies but another party, led by a Dr. Ambrose Zwane, won all three seats in the other one. For the first time since the Westminster type of "democratic government" had been introduced, an Opposition appeared in the Swazi Parliament. The second Swaziland Parliament was opened by the King on 2 June 1972, the King's nephew, Prince Makhosini, having been reappointed Prime Minister.

Alas for Westminster, this Parliament had not long to live. The officially-approved narrative of events in Swaziland from which I have quoted much of the above, although dated 1973, stops short at this point and therefore does not record the events of 1973 itself, which were the most remarkable in the country's story. This was the year when King Sobhuza II showed that he would brook no "opposition" and took over as the sole, autocratic ruler of the land. There was to be no King-and-Chief Councillor, or Chief Councillor-and-Opposition confrontation in Swaziland, as in Lesotho. But the events of 1973 in Swaziland were just as dramatic, in their different way, as those in Lesotho during the decade.

The appearance of an Opposition in Parliament, even one of three members, was seen by the King as an intolerable affront to his Royal status and dignity. He had in effect governed the country for fifty years through the Supreme National Council, where democracy in the Swazi understanding prevailed: there was discussion and dissent and the Council ultimately decided what the King wished. Now, under the “foreign” Constitution, that was to be changed and his authority might be publicly challenged in this new “Parliament”.

The next affront to the King's Majesty came when one of the three Opposition members, a Mr. Thomas Ngwenya, was declared by the Government to be a non-Swazi. An almost illiterate man, he is sure he was born in Swaziland, though no written records of such events were kept in the tribal districts at the time of his birth. He appealed to the High Court and then to the Appeal Court and won both times, but was warned of bodily violence from Government supporters if he tried to take his seat, which he never did.

His appeal was based on the contention that a hastily created tribunal for disputed citizenship cases was unconstitutional. The Appeal Court upheld this, but the law which set up the tribunal bore the King's signature, so that this was a direct challenge to the King's authority, an unheard-of thing in Swaziland. All this whipped up the hostility to the “foreign Constitution” to the point of hatred and in Parliament (Mr. Ngwenya seems to have gone into hiding about this time) the Constitution was declared unworkable and the King was recommended by the Prime Minister, his nephew, to get rid of it.

The King was ready to take an action obviously already decided, and on 12 April 1973 he told seven thousand happy Swazis, gathered at the Royal Cattle Kraal, that he had dissolved Parliament, banned political parties, and introduced imprisonment without trial for sixty days, recurrent if deemed necessary. For the first time the King's new army (some three hundred well-armed and trained men) appeared on the scene. During the British period White constables equipped with truncheons and wicker shields were the only guardians of law and order, and in order to be able to equip his new soldiers with weapons they had to be exempted from the Arras and Ammunition Act of the Protection period. They looked like the typical “Para-military forces” now familiar in all the terror-ruled (“emergent states”, but up to the time I arrived in Swaziland in 1974 they had not so acted and the land was free, as far as I could detect, from the smell and atmosphere of fear which pervades those countries.

Indeed, the King's assumption of supreme power in the land caused hardly a ripple among the people. He is personally beloved and revered by the Swazis and greatly respected by the White population of his “non-racial” land.<sup>[21]</sup>

The business community even found their lives and activities eased under the King's autocratic sway. The strangling clutch of bureaucracy (the curse of most “emergent” African states) was relaxed; “going through channels” much reduced; delays shortened and decisions more quickly made. The country continued to increase in prosperity (although the petrol crisis of 1973-4 was a hard blow to Swaziland's booming tourist trade: people could no longer get so easily and quickly to the gaming tables of Mbabane, the capital, from South Africa and Mozambique).

In short, the King's deed seemed to suit the Swazis well enough. The King had justified his action by speaking of “an extremely dangerous situation that has arisen in our country”: the Westminster-born Constitution “had permitted the infiltration of undesirable political practices designed to disrupt our essentially democratic system and engendering hostility, bitterness and distress in a peaceful society”.

No revolutionary situation was known to exist in Swaziland, and the King's allusions may have referred to the detested "political parties" and "Opposition". As to that, only one of the three Opposition members, a Mr. Mageja Mashela, attended (but took no part in) the debate calling on the King to get rid of the "foreign Constitution". The leader, Dr. Ambrose Zwane, went into sixty days detention, but must have been (temporarily, at least) released later, for in January 1974 the newspapers reported that he was seen being dragged, shouting and struggling, from his surgery, and that was the last news of him until in April 1974 King Sobhuza ordered that he be released, and further ordered that he "pray for Swaziland" (which Dr. Zwane gratefully undertook to do). Mr. Ngwenya and Mr. Masilela are not visibly on the scene.

Meanwhile the King announced the appointment of a commission to draft a new Constitution, tailored to meet the needs of a newly-developing Black country. This commission met in the deserted Parliament building, but spent much time visiting other African countries to study their practices and experience. In most of these death or imprisonment without charge or trial was now a permanent feature of life (in Southern Africa, Botswana alone, in my experience, stands aloof from this practice of political terrorism).

Not speaking Siswati and being limited by time, distance and travel considerations, I could not do more than take samples of opinion and feeling, but I could find no evidence that King Sobhuza II's great popularity with his people has been affected by his seizure of supreme power, which, in effect, was but a return to the method of tribal rule which the Swazis had always known. It was clear that the King, from his ancestral traditions, his long experience, and his knowledge of the country and people, was convinced that the whole apparatus of Westminster-type democracy could never work in Swaziland, and particularly that "political parties", a thing unknown in the tribal past, could only bring strife, internecine hatreds and trouble into the land.

He felt this so strongly that when the Zulu Paramount Chief Goodwill (the future King) visited Swaziland for the Independence celebrations, he even sent a message to the Zulu Prime Minister, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, warning him against "the destructive nature of political parties to a developing people". When Chief Buthelezi later visited King Sobhuza himself, the King expressed surprise and regret at the news that, despite his warning, "a so-called political opposition had emerged in KwaZulu". Chief Buthelezi was in fact having a little trouble at this time with an embryo opposition group calling itself "Shaka's Spear". Incidentally, the future Zulu king, at present called Prince Goodwill, has recently married Princess Mantombi, a daughter of King Sobhuza II of Swaziland.

So Swaziland settled down quite comfortably to life under its all-powerful monarch (something which it understood, whereas Constitutions and parties were mysteries to it) and all seemed set fair, despite the moanings of liberals from near and far. A small cloud remained on the horizon. What would happen when the King died?

Swaziland has no law of succession as the monarchies of the West understand the term. What truly happens is hard to determine even for men who have spent a lifetime in Swaziland. By Swazi tradition the new King cannot be chosen until the King is dead and even then there is no ascertainable *law*, or tribal tradition governing the choice. The King is expected to marry several wives each year from different parts of the country and to breed more children than any of his subjects. King Sobhuza, I was told, has more than fifty wives. There is therefore no lack of male heirs, aspirants, candidates, claimants or what you will. I chanced to be in Swaziland at the time of the Kingship ceremony at Lobomba, and saw very many young warriors wearing the red touraco feather of royal lineage in their hair.

But the abundance of possible successors has no bearing on the matter. The choice and final decision lies (again, as far as one can gather in the web of closely guarded tribal secrets) in the hands of a personage unique in the community of Royal courts anywhere in the world. This is the She Elephant (Ndlovukazi), or Queen Mother.

The Queen Mother is held to be a co-monarch, almost as powerful as the King himself. The Queen Mother need not be, and as I write is not, the mother of the King. King Sobhuza's mother died and a former wife of the King then became Queen Mother. The Royal lineage, given multiple marriages and innumerable progeny, becomes tortuously difficult to follow and the Queen Mother's task is to keep it sorted out, and, if common report be true, eventually to choose the successor.

Meanwhile the present, King Sobhuza, a fine figure of a 75-year-old tribal monarch, venerated by his Swazis and respected by the White people who still are numerous in his non-racial country rules the land and, in the words of a popular ballad of our day, does it his way.

The Swazis seem to like his way.

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## Chapter Ten

### THE “NON-RACIAL” REPUBLIC

Of the three former British Protectorates, Botswana (formerly Bechuanaland), Lesotho (formerly Basutoland) and Swaziland, Botswana alone under the leadership of a remarkable man, Sir Seretse Khama, and his consort, Lady Khama, on whom the Botswana have come to bestow the seTswana name of “Our Mother”, has been able after independence to avoid a relapse into tribalism and internal unrest generating forcible repression, and to create something like a “parliamentary democracy” of the Westminster kind.

Sir Seretse is a man of peace. Immediately after the independence ceremony in September 1966, when the Union Jack was hauled down and the new Botswana flag hoisted, he said, “We intended to establish, have established, and are determined to maintain, a non-racial democratic party State based on universal suffrage and a government which will be prepared to accept any responsible opposition within a multi-party state.” On an earlier occasion the annual conference of his party reiterated its policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of other states although “greatly perturbed by recent events in Africa”, an allusion to the numerous seizures of power by “coups” in the northern region. Returning to this theme in his Independence Day statement, Sir Seretse said Botswana would be “as little prepared to tolerate unconstitutional bids for power as it will resist any interference from outside”.

Sir Seretse has a task which would have daunted any of the great statesmen of the past. For Botswana, as he has said, “non-alignment” means simply “self-preservation”. His poor but enormous country, reaching deep into the territory of encircling South Africa, stands between the clamant north, loo'd<sup>[22]</sup> on by every liberal-leftist government or party in the outer world in its threats of war against South Africa, and South Africa itself, on which Botswana is inescapably dependent economically. If the Communist assault were to ensue, Botswana would lie athwart the route of attack.

As to that, the parallel between American and Communist policy in Africa, to which I drew attention in books published in 1950 and 1951 (*Somewhere South of Suez* and *Far and Wide*, Jonathan Cape), is now taking ominous shape. President Truman's programme for “saving the world from Communism” contained a Fourth Point which envisaged a “huge project of road and railway building and modernizing ports” in Africa. About the same time the then Communist leader in the United States, a Mr. Earl Browder, in a book called *Teheran, Our Path in War and Peace*, similarly proposed that America should underwrite “a gigantic programme for the industrialization of Africa ... large-scale plans for railroad and highway building ...”

Today the Chinese are building a naval base at Dar-es-Salaam and have already completed the Tanzam railway as far as the northern border of Zambia, the southern border of which is just across the Zambesi River from Botswana. American funds are going to the construction of north-south highways in Lesotho, which borders on the Transkei, the most vulnerable part of South Africa and the territory which has obviously been chosen by the Communists as its chief target for subversive activity in South Africa.

The possibilities and dangers are obvious. If an attack were made on South Africa, on the lines proposed by the Carnegie Endowment some years ago, and were to succeed, neither Botswana nor Lesotho would survive in their present form, and this alone dictates the shape of any statesmanlike policy; self-preservation. Sir Seretse, Balliol-educated and a barrister of the Inner Temple, in his Independence Day statement said:

“The Batswana are a peace-loving people and all races in Botswana have lived together in harmony and mutual esteem for a long period of years ... We will in no way interfere in the affairs of others. While we do and will continue to deplore any policies in any other states which appear to us to be inhuman, and we will strive by force of persuasion and example and not by force itself, for an amelioration of conditions we deem unacceptable elsewhere - we will strive to live on terms of good neighbourliness with all states which, whatever their policies, show themselves well disposed to us ... My government and I have one main object - the creation and preservation of a peaceful corner on the surface of the earth in which, in every possible field, the standard of living of the people will steadily rise and, as Batswana, we can take our place, proudly and properly, amongst the peoples of this world.”

If men such as Sir Seretse had their way in Africa the future would be hopeful, as these words show. But “peace” is today a word which arouses as much anger and revulsion in the northern parts of Africa, and in the supporting cohorts of leftist-liberalism throughout the world, as a lewd joke would have caused in a Victorian drawing-room. Only four Black leaders in Africa, by my counting, habitually use the word and they are all the targets of abuse from the Black north and the leftist-liberal world. Sir Seretse may find himself equally under Communist-prompted abuse.



THE KING'S CHIEF COUNCILLOR: PRIME MINISTER  
CHIEF GATSHA BUTHELEZI OF ZULULAND, ON CHAKA'S DAY

Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, who has done as much as any man could to make “Zulu” a name of good repute and to reawaken the Zulu spirit of nationhood, has consistently defended the White man's right to a place in the southern African sun and appealed to his audiences to realize that violence will not provide a solution in South Africa. For that he was jeered and booed by students at Dar-es-Salaam University until he walked out. A South African professor, returning from addressing a conference organized by the Yale and Wesleyan universities in the United States, reported that American Negroes and Black South Africans among his audiences jeered at references to Chief Buthelezi's philosophy of peaceful change and refused to listen to his argument that Chief Buthelezi had done much to raise the morale of Black Africans. They replied that terrorism was the only means of effecting change.

Another victim of the scurrilous campaign waged under Communist propaganda-control is President Banda of Malawi who has consistently refused to fan the flames of anti-White racism in the north or to support the clamour for war from Black states there. He has always spoken for peace and once paid a State visit to South Africa, where he was greeted with a great ovation from crowds of people, Black and White, in the streets. For this he was rewarded with the epithet “notorious” in a special article in the London *Times*. By June 1973 *The Times* was even quoting the Organization of African Unity as the arbiter of affairs in Africa which could do no wrong:



“By its refusal to abide by the Organization of African Unity's boycott of South Africa and its determination to maintain a working relationship with its White-ruled neighbours, Malawi has acquired a certain international notoriety”, proclaimed the *Times* in large print.



ENGLAND 1974: AS OTHERS SEE US

The caption for this cartoon reads:

“That's Ponsonby-Smythe of the British Embassy in South Africa.  
Poor devil was caught listening to a Lions rugby match”

President Banda himself explained his invitation to Mr. Vorster to make a return visit thus: “I do not agree that we must have nothing to do with South Africa and Mozambique. I do not agree with either boycotting or isolating these territories. I do not believe in the policy of denunciation at a distance, from Addis Ababa, New York, London, Lagos or Singapore. I believe in contact between the African states north of the Zambesi and the people of the White-ruled States south of the Zambesi.”

How fair would be the future of Africa, and the world, if men in New York and London (and for that matter Australia and New Zealand) spoke in terms such as these. They have made the warmongers bitterly hostile to President Banda, but the truth is in him, not in those in New York, London and other distant places who speak like ventriloquists' dummies operated by Moscow and Peking.

The fourth peacemaker in Africa, the last of the little band, is the erudite and long-term President of the Ivory Coast, M. Houphet-Boigny, a former Deputy in the French Parliament. Like Sir Seretse, Chief Buthelezi and President Banda, apartheid is abhorrent to him, but he deals in peace, truth and reality, not in parrot-cries and catcalls. He told an American audience at Washington in October 1973 that apartheid was an internal South African problem. African States should not mount military operations against “our brothers”, the South Africans. He rejected so-called “non-alignment”, saying Africa should seek co-operation with the Great Powers in economic, cultural and similar fields, but should steer clear of the East-West political alignment. Two conditions, he said with obvious allusion, were necessary for his concept of neutrality. The first was domestic peace in individual African States based, not on force, but on social justice. Lacking domestic peace African States would not have access to co-operation with other African territories: the second condition was peace between African countries. South Africa was an African State, and its policy of apartheid was a domestic matter.

Thus Sir Seretse Khama, a man of peace, finds himself in good, if numerically small, company. The story of his life has been one of struggle and success against great odds, and he might conceivably succeed, grim though the prospects are, in the task he has set himself against much greater odds: “the creation and preservation of a peaceful corner on the surface of the earth”, the earth, in this context, being the continent of Africa, where peace, law and order have in fifteen years been shattered in the area north of the Zambesi by the “Wind of Change”, and supplanted by lawlessness, violence, massacre and war-cries.

When I arrived in Africa in November 1947 one of the first persons I met in Cape Town was Chief Tshekedi Khama, who in 1926 had been chosen by the dominant tribe of Bechuanaland, the Bamangwato, as Regent for the lineal heir of the Khama dynasty, Seretse Khama, who then was but five years old. I did not know when I met him that Chief Tshekedi was a central figure in what appeared to him to be a State crisis of great magnitude, threatening the entire future of the tribe and of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland - this protection having been reluctantly accorded by Queen Victoria at the petition of the great Khama III in 1885, jurisdiction in the land being left with the Chiefs, with the exception and exemption of White persons. (This exception was in no sense "racist": it was an essential precaution to take in territories where "tribal law and custom" included witchcraft and medicine-killings.) "There is no government we can trust as we trust that of the Great Queen", King Khama said in his petition.

The preoccupation that lay so heavily on Chief Tshekedi's mind when I met him was the news he had received from Seretse, then studying in England, that he intended to marry a White woman, Miss Ruth Williams. Looking back, twenty-seven years later, the rumpus that this aroused seems ludicrous, but those were different times, and Chief Tshekedi could see nought but disaster coming from such a marriage. Before I briefly retell the tale of that furious controversy, Chief Tshekedi deserves space to himself, for he was a remarkable character and appeared in several unusual episodes, now almost forgotten.

He might never have lived to see the day of the great argument about Seretse and Miss Williams, because, at an earlier period, he was shot by two chiefs whom, in the exercise of his Chiefly functions as dispenser of "tribal law and custom", he had ordered to be publicly thrashed. This form of punishment, in greater or lesser measure, was and today again is known and accepted all over tribal Africa, but the two men involved refused to submit to it, shot at and hit Tshekedi, but only wounded him slightly.

This matter of flogging became big in the news in 1933 when, in defiance of the White-exemption law, a White youth was publicly flogged or caned (the true facts of this episode are hard to discover), having been charged before Chief Tshekedi with assaulting a young Black girl. He was convicted and publicly flogged, or caned. Chief Tshekedi maintained that he was still considering what sentence to pass when the crowd took matters into their own hands. Whatever the circumstance, this was a breach of the law, and the British High Commissioner in Cape Town sent a punitive expedition of marines and sailors under Admiral Evans ("Evans of the Broke") to Bechuanaland to "try" Chief Tshekedi.

The spectacle that ensued resembled a Hollywood-type melodramatized version of "HMS Pinafore". The punitive force, with weapons directed on the prisoner, Tshekedi, faced an angry throng of tribespeople. Admiral Evans, with the Union Jack fluttering overhead, pronounced Tshekedi guilty, suspended him from his chiefly functions, and ordered him to be banished from Serowe, then the main town of Bechuanaland.

Public opinion in England disliked the whole business and very soon an order from London cancelled Tshekedi's exile and restored him to the Regency.

This, then, was the Tshekedi Khama, Regent, who in 1947 received what Mr. Stanley Baldwin would no doubt have called "the grievous news" that Seretse intended to marry Miss Williams. There followed a furious interchange of messages, reproachful on the one side, uncompromising on the other. Tshekedi told Seretse that he did not oppose the marriage because Miss Williams was a White woman, but because her marriage to a sovereign head of the Bamangwato had not been endorsed by the tribe (on this point Seretse himself conceded that he had erred). The Regent commanded Seretse to return to Serowe to discuss this "mad idea". Seretse remained in England.

Another cable from the Regent said, "Your proposal ... surest way of disrupting Bamangwato tribe", and a final one added, "On no condition can we agree to your marrying an English girl".

By then Seretse and Miss Williams had already been married at a London registry office after the Bishop of London, under pressure from Tshekedi and the London Missionary Society, postponed his agreement to a church ceremony in September 1948. Seretse cabled, "I realize that this matter will not please you because the tribe will not like it as the person I am marrying is a White woman ... In spite of what they may do or say, I shall still return home whenever you say and serve them in any capacity. Please don't try to stop me. I want to go through with it." (Another such "mixed marriage", in far different circumstances, occurred in southern Africa two or three hundred years earlier. Readers who chance to have my *Somewhere South of Suez* (1950) will find the story, an interesting one, on Pages 93 and 94.) During his honeymoon Seretse was urged by the Regent to dissolve the marriage. He replied "Dissolution unacceptable".

The warnings of doom followed fast and furious. The *Daily Mail* reported from Serowe that "even without violence, if Chieftainess Ruth is allowed to come to Serowe, the disintegration of the tribe that must follow will reduce it from one of the most prosperous tribes in South Africa to poverty, thus providing another excuse for the territory to which Queen Victoria pledged her protection, to be taken over." The Regent fired a last shot, now that the knot was tied and could not be untied: "The tribe will be blown to pieces by a single thoughtless action of my nephew."

In October 1948 Seretse returned to Serowe to face the storm. He confronted his adversaries at a council of the whole tribe, called a *kgotla* in Bechuanaland (in Lesotho, *pitso*). The atmosphere was coldly hostile. The Regent and members of the Bamangwato royal household solidly opposed the marriage. The same thing happened at a second *kgotla*. The vote was that Mrs. Seretse Khama be banned from Bechuanaland, and that he, Seretse, remain in Serowe. Seretse said he would not give up Ruth and flew back to her in London.

But tomorrow is also a day, as the Germans say, and when Seretse returned to his country in June 1949 the wind had veered. Now the whisper was going round the tribes that Tshekedi was trying to keep Seretse out in order to appropriate the Chieftainship for himself. At a third *kgotla*, which lasted for four days, an assembly of four thousand members of the Khama dynasty, chiefs, headmen and tribespeople, decided that in order to keep Seretse with them in the country they would accept "the White woman".

Regent Tshekedi, the loser, took farewell of the tribe, saying: "Seretse's return has brought ruin to us ... Seretse, you can see for yourself the unrest which your marriage to a White woman has caused, for you were wrong to have married an English woman without our knowledge ... You have put an end to the continuity of succession of the chieftainship of Sekgoma's family."

The course of this matter had still far to run before it became smooth. The great noise did not abate, and in London the Colonial Office had no rest from the commotion. The British High Commissioner agreed to a proposal by Tshekedi Khama, previously turned down, that a commission of enquiry be appointed to study the question of Ruth's tribally constitutional status, and in November 1949 this commission met at Lobatsi, where a half-century before Boer and Briton had fought each other on the road to Mafeking. The principal term of reference of this commission, as it turned out, had nothing to do with Ruth's status at all (she was by this time in Bechuanaland). It was "to decide whether Seretse was a fit and proper person to discharge the functions of chief", a very different matter.

Seretse's supporters feared that this was a move towards barring Seretse from the tribal throne: indeed, it looked like that. Seretse, while thousands of tribesmen chanted his name outside the

court, declared that he was the rightful heir to the chieftainship and that the tribespeople wanted him as their king. He made it clear that he would not be separated from his wife. The Commission ended its deliberations without announcing any findings, so that all was left in the air.

Seretse and his wife spent Christmas in Serowe, waiting, but nothing happened until February 1950, when the British Government (Labour, at that time) commanded Seretse and his wife to London for “discussions on the future administration of the Bamangwato”. This looked like another bid to force Seretse to choose between the chieftainship and his wife and Seretse was suspicious. As he could not get from London any assurance that his wife would be able to return to Bechuanaland, he left her in Serowe and went to London alone. His suspicions were well grounded. In due course his wife received a cable, “Tribe and myself tricked by British Government. Am banned from the whole Protectorate. Love Seretse.” Seretse told the British Press that the London Government had banished him from his homeland as a “danger to the unity and wellbeing of his tribe” and had informed him that recognition would be withheld from him for at least five years. Tshekedi, the Regent, was also to be banned from the Bamangwato area of Bechuanaland “while the Chieftainship is in suspense”.

Thus Bechuanaland and the Bamangwato were abandoned and left leaderless, bewildered and resentful of the distant Government which once had meant law, order and protection to them: the only government they could trust, as Khama III had told the Great Queen.

In May 1950 Mrs. Seretse Khama bore a daughter at Lobatsi and Seretse was permitted a brief visit to see the baby. Tshekedi was also briefly allowed back to round up the great herds of royal cattle. The two men met on the common ground of resentment against the British Government's actions and Tshekedi visited Seretse and Ruth in their home, a fitting ending to the years of antagonism during which, as now is clear, Tshekedi was never prompted by motives of personal ambition or personal hostility: he simply performed his duty to the tribe as Regent in the way he thought right. If events proved his forebodings wrong, he was not alone in this. Reconciliation was complete and until his death Tshekedi resumed his role as Seretse's revered “Uncle”, counsellor and friend.

Seretse returned to London with his wife and daughter in August 1950, announcing that he wished to be considered as “an ordinary citizen” among the Bamangwato: he hoped the British Government would allow both himself and Tshekedi to return to Serowe to serve the tribe as private individuals. In 1951 Tshekedi went again to London and agreed with Seretse that they would both press for permission to live with their people as commoners. Their continued exile led to anti-British rioting in Bechuanaland and a clamour for both Seretse and Tshekedi to be sent back to their kinsfolk. The Tory Government announced in 1952 that Seretse's exile “for a minimum period of five years” (under the Labour Government) would thenceforth become “final and permanent”. Soon after, the Labour Party, sniffing the wind of political advantage, turned a somersault and began to campaign for Seretse to be allowed to take up his Chieftainship. In 1956 Seretse and Tshekedi together handed to the Secretary of State, Lord Hume, a written renunciation by Seretse and his heirs of all claims to the Chieftainship, while Tshekedi reaffirmed his earlier, similar declaration. On the strength of this the British Government announced that Seretse and his family might return to Bechuanaland and the tribe as private persons.

Thus in October 1956 Seretse returned, after six years of exile, to the acclamation of cheering crowds. He toured the country in triumph but, honouring his pledge, told a great *kgotla*: “Any man who thinks he will make me Chief is wasting his time.”

He was joined by his wife and daughter and their first son, whom they named Ian, and the family settled down quietly in Serowe. Seretse and Tshekedi expressed the growing demand of the Batswana for release from remote-control government by calling for the establishment of a multi-

racial Legislative Council, and in April 1959 the British Government announced the formation of such a body. At this time Tshekedi Khama was dying in London and Seretse flew to the bedside of his famous Uncle and former adversary. Tshekedi's body was flown back to Serowe and laid to rest in the Khama family burial ground there.

His nephew returned to an Africa in chaos and to a Bechuanaland which was already looked on by the leftist-liberal revolutionaries as the next objective of the "liberating" force of Communism. Through the sixties Bechuanaland felt the pressures rising around it. Seretse continued to disclaim any interest in being Chief of the Bamangwato, but this did not restrain him from participating in political life and eventually forming his own Bechuanaland Democratic Party. The future rulership of the tribe was settled in 1964 when the British Government decreed that the Khamas' eldest son, Ian, should assume the Chieftainship when he came of age at twenty-one.

Seretse did much electioneering in the pre-Independence period. He held that tribalism must be broken down, and in saying so challenged the strongest force in Africa, including Bechuanaland itself, where witchcraft and strong-medicine-killings were endemic. Everywhere in Africa the superstitious fear of witchcraft had proved stronger than the ideas of "liberation" and "democracy", and under the witch-doctors, tribalism in its fiercest form had reappeared, bringing the tribespeople back to the days of Darkest Africa. Thus Seretse Khama and his wife, who took an active part in political life, conjured a very demon out of the bottle when they avowed enmity to tribalism.

Nevertheless, the approach to Independence was more promising than in any other of the new Black states where the process was generally a riotous and bitter one, producing more strife than "freedom", bequeathing internecine feuds theretofore unknown, and reviving old, half-forgotten ones.

In June 1964 the British Government announced a new Constitution for Bechuanaland which had the advantage, in comparison with constitutions bestowed on other new Black States, that it was made in Bechuanaland, not at Westminster (although it followed the Westminster model). It was worked out in Bechuanaland between the Chiefs, political parties and minority groups, under the chairmanship of the Queen's representative, and provided for the division of Bechuanaland into thirty-one single-member constituencies, and a single voters' roll based on universal adult suffrage.

Of this constitution the Johannesburg *Star*, which was well-placed to comment, said, "Bechuanaland's new constitution is a model of racial co-operation. While we and the world critically watch the often turbulent transition to self-rule of other states in Africa, Bechuanaland has been quietly preparing for the same step right next door. The constitution is not imposed. Bechuanalanders themselves devised it, so successfully that Britain merely had to rubber-stamp it. The unanimity of the planners, tribal, racial and widely divergent political groups, is a model of co-operation and no doubt a pleasant change for Britain. It is also an object lesson to those who dogmatically assert that moderation and stable progress are unattainable by a backward, impoverished African nation."

At the first election under this constitution, in March 1965, Seretse Khama's party gained 28 out of the 31 seats. Seretse was sworn in as Prime Minister, and set himself apart from the anti-White racists by saying, "We don't have to approve the policies of the countries with which we trade. South Africa deals with Communist countries while prosecuting Communists at home." Of Communism itself Prime Minister Seretse Khama spoke in words which seem to me strangely delusive in so well-informed a man: "At present Communism is virtually unknown in this country, and we want to keep it that way. We have one or two Reds, I suppose, but some of these African nationalists are not bad chaps really. A South African political offender might not be an offender from our point of view. But we don't want any old riff-raff from the Republic."

Obviously the Bamangwato tribesman knows nothing about Communism. The reality of this matter is that Botswana (as Bechuanaland now is) in the global strategy of the revolution is quite simply one of two things: a penultimate stepping-stone on the Communist advance through Southern Africa to the Indian Ocean, or an obstacle to that advance which must be crushed. This strategy, like the incident of cannibalism on the city street which proclaimed to South Africa that Communism had taken over the old African National Congress, is the product of White minds, not Black ones. Some of the worst of them, Moscow-trained or Peking-trained men with slimy trails of murder, arson and sabotage behind them, escaped South African justice through Botswana.

Botswana may only have "one or two Reds", but being by an accident of geography a pivot-point in the global strategy of the revolution, it will never be spared the pressure of Communism within its boundaries and against its borders. When the Tanzam railway is completed the quarter-mile of Zambesi River which separates Botswana and Zambia will be the last break in the great strategic railroad from Dar-es-Salaam to the South African border, with the Communist-patrolled Indian Ocean gleaming beckoningly in the distance. Even that quarter-mile is not an insuperable obstacle now, the old wooden ferry with its outboard motors having been supplanted by a powerful craft which can carry heavy transport. Today's reader may now see whither President Truman's and Mr. Earl Browder's visions of "huge" and "gigantic" schemes of road and railway building in Africa lead and converge.

Prime Minister Seretse Khama, while repeatedly stating that he will give political sanctuary to bona fide refugees, soon found that the matter was not as simple as that. The "Freedom Route" to Zambia saw many dark figures make their way along it, whose bona fides as refugees consisted only in their haste to escape from legal penalties for proven deeds of arson, bombing, riot and murder. It also saw many dark figures coming the other way: these were the "Freedom Fighters" beloved of Mr. Harold Wilson and his supporters, the mine-layers, ambushers, killers of their own folk. In course of time, having learned by experience, the Bechuanaland Government passed a law to prevent any in the country from plotting against other nations (a laudable but hopeless task, given Communist underground tactics and their support by the West). He was resolved, said the Prime Minister, not to let his country be used "as a springboard for subversive activities against other territories".

If he finds himself able to maintain that stand, against all the obloquy from East and West which it will bring him, Seretse Khama will deserve a high place in the ranks of men of goodwill, and might even succeed in his ambition of establishing his country as a bridge between the territories and peoples of Africa north of the Zambesi and those south of it. That would be an achievement indeed.

With his new constitution working smoothly and his prestige in the country high, Seretse Khama was off to a good start as the leader of a country on the brink of independence. For once, orderly constitutional progress had reached an orderly conclusion and Bechuanaland, a model for others to follow, continued to be the bright exception rather than the golden rule. The Prime Minister went to London in February 1966 to wind up the Protectorate and in his opening speech referred to the racial tensions in Africa and said he believed Bechuanaland, though small, had a role to play in Southern Africa and in the unnecessary conflicts between Black and White. His government's aim was to achieve a non-racial society in which each individual would have equal right of expression and opportunity, no matter what his race or colour. It would be an essentially democratic society in which men and women of different colour would live together in mutual respect and understanding, as they were already doing.

The happy ending was not to be allowed to pass without someone "walking out". This had come to be a familiar episode in such conferences. This time it was the leader of the small Opposition party,

Mr. Philip Matante, a disciple of the late Mr. Nkrumah of Ghana, who had already attacked the Independence Constitution as “an instrument of dictatorship and Fascism”.

Apart from this solitary Bronx cheer, the Independence conference was the most decorous and frictionless one of all those which had produced the new Black states of Africa: there were no “unfair to Bechuanaland” pickets outside Marlborough House, no crowds of student demonstrators and, back in Bechuanaland, no moans of woe and martyrdom from “liberation movements”.

One most surprising thing, in the context of “emergent Africa”, happened. Seretse Khama broke with all precedent by announcing that he hoped to avoid the creation of a Defence Force, something which he could not afford anyway. (The matter of expense had not deterred or delayed the formation of “para-military units” in any other “emergent” state: indeed, this was always a matter of the highest priority.) Prime Minister Seretse Khama said, “It's pointless to have an army. It's wasteful and there is nobody we wish to go to war against. We firmly believe that in our part of the world, just having the two races living together in harmony is more efficient and effective than military force.” He looked to a defence treaty with Britain for his country's protection. Botswana's role in Africa would lie in “trying to bridge the gap between Black and White by example rather than the use of force”.

And that was the end of the eighty-one years of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland. One last plumed hat, one last hauling up and then down of the Union Jack, one last tiara'd Royal lady: Sir Seretse Khama (accoladed a few days before), beside him Lady Khama: on 29 September 1966, the new Republic of Botswana, under its President Sir Seretse Khama, came into being.

President Sir Seretse established himself and his government in the new capital of Botswana, Gaborone. Gaborone was but a military camp and an almost imperceptible whistle-stop when the century began. The tiny station, however, was just big enough to house a safe, which came to make the stuff of an amusing anecdote from South African war days. When the Boers took Gaborone they found the safe and blew it open, finding inside a piece of paper with the words “Sold again”, or something equally mocking. The stationmaster, at the approach of the Boers, had removed the money. Whether he reported what he had done, and where he had put the money, history does not record, but nearly fifty years later (in 1947) an old tree near Gaborone Station was cut down and a bag of gold coins fell out of a hole in it.

Gaborone was reoccupied by the British soon afterwards. Presumably the stationmaster did not reoccupy the station, or perhaps he had forgotten in which tree he had deposited the contents of the safe.

Further down the line, at Sepeitse, today's traveller may find another memento of that war and of the days when wars were chivalrously fought. The Boers were strongly entrenched on Sepeitse Hill, overlooking the railway, and the British troops occupied an inferior position across the line, which was under constant artillery fire from the Boers on Sepeitse Hill: the terrain between Boer and Briton was steep, broken and stony, and this made a frontal daylight attack on the Boer position impossible, so that a series of night attacks were made in the hope of dislodging the Boers from their commanding position. These all met with heavy small arms fire, land mine explosions, and barbed wire entanglements, but in the third one, made by Rhodesian troops, a Captain French fought his way uphill to the very entrance to the Boer fortifications, where he was killed. When the Boers later evacuated the position they left behind a large cairn of stones with a wooden cross atop of which appeared the words:

“Here Capt. French fell. He was a brave man. If any of his relations would like to know any details of his death I shall be glad to give them when the war is over if I am spared.” The officer who had the cairn and the cross erected was a Captain van Dalwig. Part of the cairn still stands.

Today Gaborone is hurrying to catch up with the jet age. It has a fine Parliament building, which, unlike others in many of the “emergent” states, will be useful as well as ornamental if President Seretse Khama succeeds in his aim of establishing a non-racial system of parliamentary government, based on universal suffrage. He has had ups and downs of fortune in his first years as President. The terrible drought and famine of 1965-6 was a bitter blow on the eve of Independence; death from hunger devastated tribal and wild life on a catastrophic scale. This was a major setback, but Britain and other countries rallied round, and in the end the rains came. An early blessing was the discovery in 1970 of a great diamond pipe (said to be one of the richest in the world) at Orapa.

Meanwhile the new capital, Gaborone, continues to grow and to take on the shape of a modern city, small, but nevertheless a city with multi-storey blocks rising, somewhat incongruously, out of the limitless surrounding scrubland. A few miles away stands an American casino-type hotel. Gaborone, like any other small city springing into existence at this point in time, has been able to profit by the experience of other, older ones and to introduce modern ideas at the start such as its main street, prettily called The Mall, which is trafficless.

Cities seem to have an attraction for human beings, almost as irresistible as the force of gravity itself. The tidings of this new thing sprouting in the savannah evidently spread out to remote places in the old Kalahari and other parts of Botswana, and soon people began to come towards it, like moths to a candle, and to squat down in the bush, make themselves some sort of shelter out of grass, sacking and pieces of corrugated iron, and wait for the city to absorb them. They may need to wait for long, for there is not all that much work to be had: but wait they will. When I was there these squatter settlements on the outskirts of Gaborone were growing fast, and bringing with them all the problems which arise in such places. Prostitution is usually one of them.

But there they were, and there, I judge, they will stay. The city had them in its spell and they looked not unhappy, nor yearning for whatever tribal homes they had left behind them. In time they will become part of the little city's life: in time it will absorb them.

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## Chapter Eleven

### THE CHINESE INVASION

I cannot end this story without briefly mentioning the Chinese invasion of this unhappy continent, and two of the remarkable characters whom the “Emergent States” have thrown up during the decade of “independence”.

President Kenneth Kaunda's career during the decade demonstrates anew the continuing validity of Lord Acton's aphorism: “All power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.” The erstwhile nice chap, the disciple of Gandhi and passive resistance, the apostle of non-violence, the strict and stern abstainer from liquor and tobacco, the club tennis and table-tennis player, now finds himself the head of a one-party state based on terror and fear while avowing that he will never reopen his border with Rhodesia “until the Ian Smith régime is deposed and one-man-one-vote legislation introduced”!

President Kaunda, indeed, “the Father of Independence”, finds himself neither free nor liberated. He has, and uses, the power to put people away without trial, as he himself was sometimes “rusticated” by the Rhodesians in former times. He denounces as “brutality” in others what he now does himself. He is the prisoner of pressures - which he cannot resist, chiefly from the army he put under the command of an ex-Sandhurst subaltern who in 1969, while still in his twenties, took over from the last British commander, Major-General Reed.

In 1973, under this new commander, Brigadier Chinkuli, the Zambian army, Chinese-armed, went completely out of control and became an instrument of terror, beating and killing Zambian civilians and Whites from the sheer exhilaration of possession of “the gun”. This led to their most notorious exploit, when some drugged, drunken or merely trigger-happy soldier for three hours kept up a stream of rifle-fire across the Zambesi, killing two Canadian girl tourists and wounding an American.

The power of the men around him was shown by the preposterous explanation of these murders which was issued under President Kaunda's name. This was to the effect that the soldier (“who did his duty”!) only fired when the two Canadian girls and the American began to swim across the Zambesi towards the Zambian power station, and they seemed all to be “men wearing bandoliers for the protection of explosives”. (No human being could swim these rapids even if they were not crocodile-infested.)

The father of one of the girls, Mr. Oscar Drijber, subsequently visited the scene of the murders and pointed out that at such short distance it must have been obvious that the tourists were harmless, and two of them women: he was told that the sun had been in the rifleman's eyes, so that he could not see clearly. Mr. Drijber came away with “nothing but contempt” for the Zambian authorities and soldiers, but with high regard for President Kaunda, with whom he had a brief meeting. He said he did not believe that President Kaunda issued the Zambian explanation: this was done by “people who could be dangerous to him”.

Mr. Drijber hit on the truth there, and this truth reveals the plight of the captive-President Kaunda. Nevertheless, he *did* put his signature to a document which aroused the angry derision of the world, including even his most devoted leftist-liberal admirers. He has in fact around him many people who “could be dangerous to him”, among them Mr. Simon Kapepwe, Mr. Harry Nkumbula, some of his Cabinet Ministers, including the Defence Minister, and Brigadier Chinkuli.

Ten years after Independence (which began, as in most of the “emergent” states, with a massacre, that of the Lumpa people) President Kaunda is in a difficult plight. His soldiers, and their cadets of the Youth Force (again, these reminded one of the Hitler Youth, and as in all the emergent countries have an evil reputation), are feared and hated by the population, Black and White. His country is infested with “freedom fighters” coming through from Tanzania or setting up bases on Zambian soil, who have created such a reputation for drunkenness and brutality that he has tried, without great success, to impede their incursions. In addition, there are some thirty thousand Chinese “workers” in his country and adjoining Tanzania, and who knows if or when they might ever depart.

Furthermore, Zambia's powerful transmitting station near Lusaka, a gift from Chairman Mao in Peking, broadcasts threats of death and destruction to Rhodesia, preparing the way for the day when they will incite the Blacks in Rhodesia to start their insurrection. President Kaunda, among his other worries, must be learning to beware of the Chinese when they come bearing gifts, for their mission is not to “liberate” Black people: it is to extend the world revolution to Africa, when the Black people would find themselves in a worse enslavement than that of the slave days.

Few can doubt this ultimate purpose of the Chinese intervention in Africa. If they were truly interested in “liberation”, then liberation should begin at home. The real motive behind the lavish Chinese investment in Africa (tanks stockpiled at Dar-es-Salaam, a fleet of torpedo boats in waiting at Zanzibar) was given away by a pamphlet distributed from the Chinese Embassy in Lusaka when it was first opened. Its title was *Revolution in Africa*. “Revolution”, not “liberation”.

Alas, poor Kenneth Kaunda. He was a man of infinite illusion, happy while he was fighting his way to the top, fearful and encircled by menace which he cannot handle now that he has arrived there.

He and his henchmen use detention without trial indiscriminately against all and sundry - sixteen British subjects were by March 1974 being held in prison without trial in Zambia and in neighbouring Tanzania and Malawi. (This happens everywhere in “liberated” Africa with the exception, up to now, of Sir Seretse Khama's Botswana.) This, and the unchecked behaviour of the Zambian Army, para-military police and Hitler-Youth-Like Green Corps, has produced all-pervading fear and dread in the land.

In London, the Junior Minister for African Affairs, Miss Joan Lestor, when questioned about the plight of these sixteen people, blandly answered that they were being held “under legislation for the preservation of public order”; there was “no legal requirement for eventual trial”, but some detainees “eventually” came to court after six-monthly reviews. It will be seen that Socialist language varies greatly from country to country: what is brutal dictatorship in one is merely “legislation ... without any requirement for eventual trial” in another.

The state of unrest engendered by lawlessness in Zambia compelled President Kaunda in April 1974 to introduce hanging for “armed gangsters”. Several persons had recently been killed or wounded by ambushers on country roads or in unlit suburbs of the towns. Once again the President's statement on the incidents was vague and devious. He blamed “aliens” for the wave of violent crime. The public, however, had long known that, apart from the misdeeds of the army itself, the crimes were committed by the terrorists whom the President himself allowed to set up training camps and bases along the border. Their presence in Zambia is well known and beyond doubt, but the Zambian officials, from the top down, insist, to the audible jeers of the populace, that “not one terrorist base” exists in Zambia. Public excitement runs so high that a meeting called by a woman Member of Parliament broke up in disorder when she refused to advocate *public* hanging. Another woman Member, on television, proposed that convicted thieves have an arm or hand cut off.

President Kaunda has so far resisted pressure to introduce public hangings or amputations, but might yet have to yield and emulate General Amin in such matters (as I write, a film showing Aminist troops machine-gunning victims tied to stakes is drawing large crowds in Paris). He has in the past yielded to pressures around him, as in the case of his signature to the preposterous statement about the murders of the Canadian girls, and the equally ridiculous allegation that the Rhodesian Air Force had bombed a Zambian village “with hand grenades”. President Kaunda is in a sorry plight, not from outer menaces but from rivals and enemies within his own camp, from the “freedom fighters” who terrorize his own people, from an army which has run wild, and from his Chinese guests.

Thus Africa to the north of the Zambesi sinks back into the slavery of the Arab slave-raiding days, and the shadow of its doom lengthens towards the southern part, while ecstatic cries of “liberation” come from the Socialist countries outside Africa, and particularly from Wilsonland. There, a new figure appeared on the darkling scene, Miss Joan Lestor, new to me but no doubt well known to others better informed, who received an especial mandate from her superior in the new British Government to look after African affairs. She, like Mrs. Roosevelt of yore, is accessible to any “freedom fighter” from Africa and the results will in due course be witnessed by readers (I fear to their cost). In her early weeks in office she hastened to Zambia and under her aegis British representatives in Africa began to behave like clowns, lacking only the string of sausages and bladder of lard.

This occurred when a rugby football team from the United Kingdom came to play a series of matches in South Africa. Orders arrived from London that British representatives were to have no social truck with these players and, thus prompted, British representatives in the southern part behaved in ways which would have shamed Caligula's horse. Englishmen in this generation have grown used to feeling humiliated by the acts of British politicians, but these people, in their zeal to score a mark in Mr. Wilson's good books, went even further than the hysterical Tories who cheered Mr. Chamberlain's “peace in our time”.

I became aware of this toadyism among bearers of the British name abroad even before the boycott-order from Wilsonland. I met a beardless ambassadorial satellite somewhere in Southern Africa where there was also a Rhodesian representative. To my horror, I heard this callow sycophant telling people at parties, in a loud voice, that he had requested the authorities and other diplomatic acquaintances not to invite him to any function where “that man” would be present. I surmise that this youth hoped that a tick for zeal, might be put against his name on the draft list of candidates for some future K.C.M.G. The good saints Michael and George, if they can see what goes on here below, might hurl their haloes to the ground at the thought of the purposes for which their names are like to be taken in vain in the next decade.

In the present case the zealots in Southern Africa hastened to carry out the Wilsonian (or Lestorian?) edict. Not content merely to keep quiet, they virtuously announced that they would shun all social contact with these footballers, and at once return any complimentary tickets that might be sent them. In private diplomatic chit-chat the term “banana republic” is sometimes used to denote a low form of human life. These types would have ill become even a banana republic.

This digression was caused by indignation at the doings of the latest Socialist expert on African affairs, an apt successor to Mr. Arthur Bottomley and Mrs. Judith Hart. If any future Shakespeare should stage the drama of our generation, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Judith Hart and Miss Joan Lestor would be well cast for the parts of the Weird Sisters. Miss Lestor, while in Africa, did not visit the legless and armless Black babes at Tete and Nampula hospitals. Miss Lestor just missed being in Zambia when another Canadian girl was shot. A Zambian warrior (the same one?) perceived a motorcar with two women approaching and valiantly fired at it. He hit one of them, a Dutch lady,

but missed the other, who was Canadian. Miss Lestor went, as a homing pigeon, to Zambia, where she expressed approval of General Spínola's coup in Portugal, announced that Mr. Smith's Government in Rhodesia now was imminently about to "topple" in consequence, and returned to London to preside vociferously over the premiere of a scurrilous Communist film about South Africa, at the National Film Theatre (R8.00 a ticket). The audience was largely composed of young ladies (and not so young ladies) of the theatre; members of The Profession are always quick to respond to any cause offering the prospect of "good publicity" (and free publicity at that). These charming ladies are the Unity Mitfords and Hitler Maedels of The Left, and in the last ten years the late Miss Nellie Wallace seems to have been almost the only female performer of note not to have marched in their ranks.

At the very moment when Miss Lestor was fulminating against South Africa's treatment of Black workers from this platform, a Black South African woman, Mrs. Lucy Mvubelo (general secretary of the all-Black National Union of Clothing Workers in South Africa) was telling the annual conference of the International Labour Organization at Geneva (6 June 1974):

... recent advances in job opportunities for Blacks represent a miracle ... Our voices are now being heard and our opinions noted. Ten years ago it would have been unthinkable for a Black trade union leader to address a White meeting in South Africa. Now it is possible.

The reader might note, if he so wishes, that the truth, once again, is different from the leftish-liberal vituperations. Early in this Book I said what Mrs. Mvubelo said at Geneva: that during my years in South Africa the lot of all races and sections of the population had vastly improved (save for the Coloureds) and added that this process of improvement would continue if it were allowed, but the leftist-liberal conspiracy was organized and mobilized to prevent that and to reduce the remaining orderly part of Africa to the ruination of the northern part. The advent of a second period of Wilsonism, with the promise of "unconditional aid" to the murder gangs, brought an immediate quickening of this process, as if a stick had been poked into a nest of hornets. "Freedom fighters" trained in and armed by Moscow and Peking flocked to London and were dined, wine and toasted there. Miss Lestor hastened to Lusaka to herald the obsequies of Rhodesia. The clamour for war increased and the liberal-leftists of the world swelled its volume: the further they were from the impending shambles, the louder they cried "Forward", and the more money they put into the collecting box to make Africa free!

To revert, after this digression, to the unhappy President Kaunda, temporarily uplifted in prestige and spirit by the visit and encouragement of a member of the British Government, an emissary of Wilsonism, he might well wish himself back in his happy days as a schoolmaster. His next-door neighbour, the Mgwazi President Dr. Kamuzu H. Banda of Malawi, also has troubles, but not so many as President Kaunda, and he deals with them in different ways. For instance, he has not the Chinese with him, as yet anyway, but they are just across the fence. Also, although he cannot quite prevent the "freedom fighters" from sneaking through the bush on his border with Mozambique and foraging across it, he does not encourage them or allow them to set up camps and bases in his territory. President Banda is, also, a very different man from President Kaunda, having spent many years in America, Scotland and England before he returned to his native Nyasaland to become its father of independence. Round about the end of the Second World War, I chanced to visit some friends in a north-western part of London where I grew up in the years up to 1914. From them I heard of a Black doctor of the neighbourhood who was highly respected and well liked by the people of that part, a Dr. Banda. I also saw him across a street, a man in a London shopping throng, unremarkable, but destined to become one of the first Black heads of state in post-colonial Africa.

His international background may account for his different approach (from that of such as Kaunda and Nyerere) to his task of governing Malawi. He was and is a Black nationalist, and a leader of such. But as a responsible head of government and arbiter of his country's policy, he thinks peace better than war, discussion more useful than tom-tomming, rational words and deeds preferable to rodomontade and threats. He speaks as statesmen used to speak. Thus this Black leader is on record as uttering almost the only wise words that have come out of Black or White mouths, in Africa or about Africa, "in the last decade":

I do not agree that we must have nothing to do with South Africa, Rhodesia and Mozambique. I do not agree with either boycotting or isolating these territories. I do not believe in the policy of denunciation at a distance from Addis Ababa, New York, London, Lagos or Singapore. I believe in contact between the African States north of the Zambezi and the people of the White-ruled States south of the Zambezi.

For stating such beliefs as this President Banda, like Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of Zululand, is vilified by the leftist-liberal-controlled press of the world as a traitor to the Black cause.

Despite his long international experience and background, President Banda, when he came to rule over Malawi, like all the other leaders of new Black States (with one exception) accepted, and put in practice, the political truism that tribal peoples newly thrust into "independence" cannot be ruled by Westminster-type party politics. He brooks no opposition. He expels, bans and imprisons. Thirty-five thousand Jehovah's witnesses were forced to leave Malawi in 1973. He acts against journalists, Black or White, who in his opinion embarrass his government.

As a professional writer who was put on Hitler's death list, banned in Soviet Russia, and surreptitiously removed from circulation in most countries of the world, I am strongly opposed to suppression of the press, but in one case personally known to me President Banda was abundantly justified. This was when a report of a clash between Malawi and Portuguese troops near the Mozambique border was published.

It was an obvious "liberationist" fabrication, intended to produce the impression of a war situation, like the story printed in *The Times* in July 1973 of a "massacre", of which the Archbishop of Lorenzo Marques said, "Neither the site of the alleged massacre exists nor has any massacre of the type described occurred." Since that story appeared, and despite its certified falsity, the world press has been wide open, without scrutiny, to any "massacre" or "atrocities" story put about by the lie-factories in Dar-es-Salaam, Lusaka, Peking or Moscow.

President Banda set a good example by scotching that particular lie at its start. Unhappily, this is the generation of lies and vipers, and the good example will not be followed.

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## Chapter Twelve

### INTERIM BALANCE SHEET

I finished a year of travel around the countries of Southern Africa, which took me into all the zones of so-called “freedom fighters”, and at the end concluded that the world is in the grip of homicidal maniacs, all eager to sacrifice Africa on the altar of the world revolution. The southern part was entering the pre-Munich period of abandonment and betrayal. The vultures were gathering, and no clairvoyance was needed to foresee the outcome. A schoolboy who had done his twelve times table could, without chewing his pencil, find the answer to this sum in simple addition:

THE WEST		THE EAST
Money		Aircraft
Arms	<i>plus</i>	Missiles
Incitement		Arms and Bombs
Loans		Loans

*equals ...*

### WAR ON SOUTHERN AFRICA

A man who endured the experience of Munich could but feel himself sick with shame to see men at the head of affairs all over the world today conniving to bring about another such holocaust in the name of “freedom” and “liberation” (just as Mr. Chamberlain called his deed “peace in our time”). Indeed, to watch England from afar during these twenty-five years has been like watching someone dear dying from cancer.

Unhappy Africa, to stand in the way of the World Revolution's global strategy just when it was supposed to be “emerging” into the bright morn of “freedom”. The Black people of Africa, born and bred to witchcraft, in the northern part have already torn each other to pieces under the spell of this new superstition, and are on the verge of destroying each other in the remaining southern part, to serve a cause hidden from, and incomprehensible to, them. Of all peoples they most deserve pity for the fate that the witch-doctors of the outer “civilized” world have prepared for them. When I began my journey, millions of them had already slaughtered each other for their own re-enslavement, and still the witch-doctors in the West and East scourged them on with cries of “liberation” and “bloodbath”. All the horrors that were perpetrated on defenceless human beings during the Second World War pale before the outrages that Black people have been bewitched into inflicting on each other in the Nineteen Sixties and Seventies.

As 1973 drew to its close the foul shape of worse things to come loomed up in November when Mr. Wilson, electioneering at Blackpool, promised “unconditional aid” to the arson-abduction-and-murder gangs. Any Englishman who remembers the feelings of horror and embitterment with which he heard the news of Munich will understand my feelings when I read this in a southern Africa newspaper:

In giving the Labour commitment to the “Freedom Fighters”, Mr. Wilson deliberately cast his eyes to the upper balconies of the conference hall, where his words were greeted with howls of delight from “observers” of the banned African National Congress of South Africa and the Anti-Apartheid Movement. He explained that “We [i.e. the Labour Party] have restated the role of Britain in the

world fight for freedom.” He welcomed to the conference “those who are leading the fight for freedom in Africa and elsewhere”.

I like to hope that readers may remember Mr. Wilson's words and see how much freedom for the Black people comes out of his “restatement of Britain's role in the world fight for freedom”.

Thus encouraged, the clamour for war grew and spread. In Uganda General Amin offered himself as “commander of Africa's liberation war”. People outside Africa have since then been enabled by a film shown all over the world to see for themselves what “liberation” looks like in Uganda. As a prize, Soviet Russia sent a large consignment of arms to Amin, who publicly thanked the Soviet Ambassador. This was in March 1974, and the contagion spread to Libya, which offered to supply General Amin with MIG 17's. Norway announced that it was tripling its “aid to freedom fighters”, and in April General Amin urged the Organization of African Unity, which has a membership of some forty “new” states, to form a combined military force to fight “the White south”.

This proposal was enthusiastically supported by the Zambian Foreign Minister, who said the struggle would be costly but they must be prepared to pay the price. “The price” would be paid by many others than Zambians: President Mobutu of Zaire (the Congo) once offered to put his armed forces, numbering nearly 40,000 men, at the disposal of President Kaunda in the event of armed conflict between Zambia and Rhodesia.

By the latter part of April 1974, Mr. Wilson was again Prime Minister, committed to “unconditional aid”, and promptly on 1 May a leading “liberationist” arrived in London with outstretched hand to claim “the bond”. Dr. Agostinho Neto, leader of the Popular Liberation Movement (MPLA) which operates with Chinese arms in the northeastern bush and forest land of Angola, said MPLA was “largely armed and financed” by what he called “Socialist countries”. (Ah, our dear Socialists: yesterday, the high priests of disarmament: today, the best customers of the arms industry.)

He was received with great honour in the lobbies of Parliament, and went on to claim the bond from a Miss Joan Lestor, described as “the Junior Minister responsible for African affairs”. Miss Lestor, no doubt a Shakesperean scholar, was prevented from replying “not any drop of blood”, had she so wished, by her superior's pledge of “unconditional” aid.

In Holland a rare voice was raised against all this aid for the murder gangs when *De Telegraaf* attacked the Netherlands Minister for Development for “dragging the Dutch people along in giving aid to African terrorists”, but this still, small voice was lost in the general clamour for war at any price. The Americans kept quiet but were in fact supporting both sides with arms and money. They sponsored, by these means, the Roberto massacre in Angola of 15 March 1961, which began the thirteen years' ordeal of Portugal in Angola and Mozambique. The Americans today are financing the great north-south road through Lesotho which in the global strategy of the world revolution is to be used for the invasion of South Africa.

The Chinese simultaneously are building the great north-south railway from Tanzania to Zambia which would serve the other flank of the invasion.

In Tanzania and Zambia are already some 35,000 Chinese soldiers disguised as “railway workers”, and carrying in their packs Chairman Mao's little book, containing the edict: “Every Communist must grasp the truth: political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.” Zambia itself is swarming with “freedom fighters” and their camps and arms depots. In England, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and in all those “socialist countries” which have been financing the revolution, the clamour for war in Africa increases.

Behind the scenes, where all this is organized, the process is being stoked up to a climax, perhaps this year of 1974, perhaps in 1976. Whatever the time already chosen the climactic event is clear to foresee.

In April 1974, while the howling of the jackals continued, the Portuguese general, Spínola, of whom I told in an earlier chapter that he published a book on *Portugal and the Future*, and was bowler-hatted for it, de-bowler-hatted himself, and used the armed forces to arrest the Portuguese President, Prime Minister and two other Cabinet Ministers and maroon them on the island of Madeira. He went on to dismiss all the Governors in Angola and Mozambique, most, if not all, of the generals and university professors, and put Portugal and its overseas territories under a *junta*, or military government, said to be provisional. He also released large numbers of political detainees, organized triumphant homecomings for exiled Socialist and Communist leaders, and sent out emissaries to Mozambique who seemed to be begging Frelimo, the main body of killers, to make up and be friends.

This fantastic affair was evidently long-prepared and organized behind the scenes. The true motive and meaning of it was not and never will be, admitted, but the essential nature of the stroke was clear from the howls of delight with which it was received everywhere in the leftist-liberal world, where *coups d'état* by generals are not normally popular. The Wilson Government in London could not wait to recognize *this* “rebel régime”. The B.B.C. gleefully announced that the coup might trigger off “a bloodbath”.

The British Foreign Secretary, by this time a Mr. James Callaghan, with equal joy revealed that the (socialist) Foreign Minister in the Spínola Government had assured him that this Government would do “all in its power” to help enforce sanctions against Rhodesia.

In fact, the air was afoul with the smell of Munich, and all the world rejoiced at what it saw to be a surrender to Communist Russia and China, the Socialist countries, the Communists in the American State Department and Council on Foreign Relations; and the defeat of the Portuguese, Black and White, military and civilian, who from the day of the Roberto massacre in 1961 for thirteen years had borne the brunt and burden of resistance to the hirelings of the world revolution.

The author of the coup, General Spínola, in the book of which he was also the author, contended that victory in the wars against the hireling killers was impossible by military means, and proposed a federal form of organization for Portugal and the Portuguese possessions overseas. I said in an earlier chapter that greater independence from the central government in faraway Lisbon was something which would certainly appeal to the Portuguese in Africa, who long had felt that the distant central government did not sufficiently understand their needs and interests (for example: the defencelessness of Angola when the massacre of 1961 burst on it).

I added that I could not see how such a reorganization of the Portuguese home-and-overseas-structure would prevent or hinder the revolutionary conspiracy in the outer world from continuing to pay and arm the killers in the Congo, Tanzania and Zambia, or deter the Chinese and Russian Communists from their obvious design of taking over Africa.

General Spínola's book, the credo of his coup, proffered his federal-reorganization plan as a feasible alternative to the military victory which, by general accord, could not be gained against killers in the bush and jungle who were limitlessly financed and armed by the whole outside world (with very few exceptions).

Implicit in his proposal was the promise that Portugal, if the Spínola plan were adopted, would continue to be one entity, a federated republic comprising mainland and overseas possessions and a



population united by history, culture and language. If the General's coup were to achieve something like that, it might vindicate him, but at the start of his undertaking the prospects are ominous. At first, anyway, the foreign-armed and foreign-financed killers showed no sign that they wish to return to Mother Portugal's bosom and resume their place as good citizens among the others. Indeed, China and Moscow would hardly permit that, and London and Washington would join with them in prodding the murder-gangs into continued, and increased, activity.

Sad would be the day if, after twelve or more years during which Portugal has set an example of steadfastness and loyalty to the corrupted other world, the junta were to bring the matter to end in fiasco. I think of the butcher of Quitexe and his daughter, who fought off hundreds of howling, hashished killers and survived the day. I think of the doctor of Carmona who in a few hours improvised the defence of the town and succeeded, with only its civilian inhabitants and five soldiers in driving the blood- and drug-crazed mass back into the bush. What must they feel today when they hear that the junta is sending envoys to offer unconditional peace to the murder gangs.

Portugal, which opened up the new world five centuries ago, is the last of the great nations, and the world would be much poorer if the leftist-liberal conspiracy were, octopuslike, to wrap its tentacles round it. I found, with surprise in these decadent days, that the Portuguese are still a great family, spread over the earth. Goa was overrun by the Indians in 1961, but the Portuguese Goanese still had a choice of many Portuguese territories to which they could go, and I met several of these Portuguese Goanese in Mozambique and Angola: incidentally, Portugal, with its long history, ignores such trifling interruptions and Goa is still listed as part of Portugal today (though for the nonce "occupied") in official Portuguese literature. For the Portuguese, despite the present "military occupation by foreign powers", the situation has not changed since the early sixteen hundreds, when an official Portuguese Council stated, "He who is born and lives in Goa or in Angola is just as much a Portuguese as he who lives and is born in Lisbon." This has held good until the present day, in all the territories which the Portuguese discovered and settled five hundred years ago. In Mozambique I met a young soldier whom I took, from his looks, to be Chinese. He was in fact Chinese by race but a Portuguese because he came from Macao, where ninety percent of the inhabitants are racially Chinese but hold fast to their Portuguese nationality: they are "Portuguese", not Chinese, and this is still so today despite, or perhaps because of, the monstrous Communist China set up by President Roosevelt and his successor at their doorstep. In a little town in the interior of Angola I met a young nurse, also of Chinese appearance. She, too, was a Portuguese from Macao.

To have retained the allegiance of peoples so distant and so different through all the centuries, is a stupendous achievement, and one that should be maintained. The group of generals who so suddenly and efficiently took the fate and future of Portugal in their hands in April 1974 could only justify themselves if they wisely administered this unique heritage. They will be under enormous pressure to succumb to the leftist-liberal conspiracy and to let Portugal sink into the widening area of the revolution.

General Spínola's coup occurred in April 1974 and as quickly as Mr. Chamberlain's promise of "peace in our time" dissolved in disaster, just as quickly did General Spínola's vision of a federated Portuguese Republic comprising Portugal's mainland and overseas territories, with a greater degree of autonomy, dissolve (did General Spínola really believe in it? Did Mr Chamberlain really believe he had preserved peace in our time?).

Within three months the harassed General Spínola had been forced, by the methods familiar to the elders of the world revolution (strikes, demonstrations, increased terrorist bombing and burning) to abandon the idea of the great Portuguese federation, of autonomous territories still all under the Portuguese flag. By July he was gravely warning the nation of the danger of "anarchy" (the obvious

result of a violent interruption of an orderly process with a history of five hundred years), and, while he negated Portugal's past, plaintively rebuking the trouble-makers with the words "We must not negate our past". He had in fact brought Portugal to the Austria-Czechoslovakia phase, when realization dawns that the wolves cannot be held off by throwing babies to them. In August the surrender and collapse (to the international conspiracy) were complete. The Lisbon Government announced, not of its own right but through the House of Helots in New York, that it had pledged itself in that quarter to begin immediate negotiations with the terrorist organizations in Mozambique and Angola for the transfer of power. Shades of the Angolan massacre of 15 March 1961! Within a few weeks of his great coup, while Portugal and its territories were in chaos and the leftist-liberals everywhere were exultingly crying "liberation ... freedom ... democracy", it was clear that General Spínola had played a Kerensky-like part, and short of a miracle had destroyed the great Portuguese family.

Clearly, the Third-War-time-fuse ignited by the "wind of change" speech of 1960 was sputtering to its scheduled end: another planned and contrived war. Almost every highly-placed politico in the world had done his stint in its preparation, deluding the mob by lying talk of "freedom" and "liberation" in Africa. Indeed, the only one in a high place who did not join in the incitement was President Nixon of the United States, who had been marked down for destruction ever since he, by skilful questioning, led the Soviet agent and traitor of Yalta, Alger Hiss, to convict himself. The power of the conspiracy was never so plainly shown as in the worldwide attack on this President, the purpose of which was obviously to put another man from the Woodrow Wilson-Roosevelt stable into the White House in 1976. If that happens, the world may say good-bye to the United States it has known for two hundred years, as it has already seen the disintegration of the British Empire and the decay of England. It has been pitiful, to a veteran of these things, to see the idiot-faced mob, all over the world, muttering "Watergate" with the knowing leer of the halfwit on its face. If its masters desired, it would equally readily go about mumbling "Watercloset".

A bad world, my masters, this of the Nineteen Seventies. As the song says, "When will they ever learn ... when will they ev-er learn!"

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## Chapter Thirteen

### THE UNABATED STORM

Sir Winston Churchill, looking back on the years of the Second War, called one of his four volumes of its history *The Gathering Storm*, and in the writing evidently planned to carry the narrative through to the passing of the storm and the emergence of a peaceful heaven from behind the dissolving thunder clouds. In the event, he knew before he died that the storm had not passed (“I have achieved everything I set out to achieve in order to achieve absolutely nothing”), and that the alliance of the money power in New York and the Communist revolution in Moscow had cheated him of his sole aim (“... Our aim? I can answer in one word. Victory ... victory at all costs”).

In these mournful circumstances his visit to the United States in 1946 and his call for closer co-operation between “the British and American peoples” had the hollow ring of an empty hope, perfunctorily expressed. A gallant fighter to the last, he made this final appeal but knew when he made it that he stood already on the grave of the “simple and honourable purposes” for which, he said, his country had entered that war.

Thirty years later, in 1974, his “gathering storm” was still there, blacker and more ominous than ever. The forces which had defeated him planned that it should burst, this time, over Africa, at least at the outset, and then continue its tornado-like gyrations in an ever-widening radius of destruction until the world revolution was complete and what remained of the twenty centuries of Christian improvement looked like Hiroshima after the bomb.

1974 brought a sudden, steep rise of the needle's track on the chart showing the beat of human expectancy and fear. Two events showed the quickening thrust towards a new calamity of the forces which have made the Twentieth Century wars, and their enormous, juggernaut-like power, which none as yet has been able to withstand. These events were the Spínola stroke in Portugal, which destroyed the last great nation and its worldwide family from within, and the enforced resignation of President Nixon in the United States; this tragically revealed the dependence of American Presidents on, and their utter helplessness against the alliance between the money power in New York and the revolutionary high command in Moscow which had converted the military victory in the two wars into a triumph only for the world revolution.

These two upheavals were dark shadows cast on the contemporary scene in 1974 by the morrow's coming events, and the pace was obviously accelerating towards some climax. Both the Spínola and the Nixon crisis showed the might of the revolution backed by the money power. General Spínola's leap in the dark was in fact a surrender to Communist armed might built on money from America and four months after his coup he was still struggling to sort out the anarchy which he had brought about.

In Mozambique the murder-gangs, prompted by their Asiatic masters, continued, despite all the talk of negotiation and independence, to murder and burn, and were clearly under orders to stop at nothing less than complete and unconditional submission. Here and there General Spínola appeared to be attempting to stave off chaotic collapse by a local rearguard action, but his vision of a future Portuguese federation of independent territories united by history, tradition, culture, language and a common Portuguese flag seemed to be doomed: the vultures gathered over the last of the great nations.

The cock crew as officers of the gallant Portuguese army in Mozambique announced that they would join in with Wilson's War against Rhodesia, and others, in Angola, publicly announced that

they would let wouldbe terrorists from South West pass through Angola without hindrance, on their way to be trained in the Congo (Zaire) by the savages who committed the massacre of 15 March 1961, the ones whom Portuguese people, Black, White and Brown, though unarmed and unready had thrown back across the border. The effect of General Spínola's coup was to ensure the completion of the African tragedy. Four months after his intervention he bore on his shoulders the face of doom: embitterment and disillusionment were etched deep into it, as well they might be. He had sent the oldest of the empires crashing into the abyss of chaos, like all the others before it: the Turkish, the Austro-Hungarian, the German, the British, the French, while the American one was already on the brink.

Even more ominous than the Spínola crisis was the Nixon one of this year of disgrace, 1974. The first-ever resignation of an American president was brought about by pressures which he could not resist, and it showed more clearly than ever before that the once-great American republic was in truth utterly delivered to the Communist world-revolution, financed from the start and until now by the money-power in New York. President Nixon was not the first, only the most important man to be politically assassinated for challenging the authority of the grand alliance between money-power and revolution, to which President Woodrow Wilson, 1917 (as America entered the first war) committed his country with the words (2 April 1917):

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia.

President Wilson, when he said that, knew what his Congressional hearers did not know: that the Bolshevik revolution has been financed by the New York banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Co. He was the captive of a group of men committed to the idea of world revolution, and during the fifty-seven years (that is, up to now) which followed his speech the Soviet Empire has always been shored up and vitalized by infusions of American money.

After the First War the stomach of the American Republic revolted against Mr. Woodrow Wilson and the men around him and three presidents (Messrs. Harding, Hoover and Coolidge) followed who would have none of "foreign entanglements" of the Woodrow Wilson sort. They were all in time and turn smeared into political oblivion and with the coming of President Roosevelt the process was resumed. After the Second War Soviet agents were uncovered in the American Government and for once public opinion became restive, so that the chief of them (the man who in effect turned the Allied victory into defeat at Yalta) was exposed, tried for perjury and convicted.

That was in 1949 and at that point the political assassination of President Nixon in 1974 was determined. The reason was that Congressman Nixon (as he then was) by dint of extremely astute questioning led the traitor to convict himself out of his own mouth. Mr. Nixon was never forgiven for this and all through the next twenty-five years his name produced paroxysms of fury among the Leftist-Liberals of America.

This was the real truth of the Nixon affair in 1974, and the name "Watergate" was coined merely for the delusion of the imbecilic mob. I said at the start of this book that the conspirators would destroy President Nixon "if they can", and they could and did.

In fact, a case for President Nixon's impeachment might, in a sane world, have been made against him on quite different grounds. As President, he found himself unable to withstand the pressures of these dark powers behind the scenes who, although Mr. Harry Hopkins was long since dead, carried on his policy of "doing things for Russia which we could not do for other nations without discussion", and were equally insistent that there be no "discussion" about this policy, that it must

continue “without reservation”. Thus President Nixon, despite his achievement of 1949 and his obvious knowledge of the revolutionary conspiracy and its methods, when he went to Moscow in 1973 took with him seven million dollars worth of direct private investments in the Soviet Union. He also almost wrote off some eleven *billion* dollars of war debts, reducing the 10,800,000,000 dollars owed to 820,000,000 dollars.

Prodigious gifts, but they were not enough to expunge the memory of his offence of 1949, when he exposed the traitor in the American Government. For that, he had to be politically assassinated and he was. The vendetta will not cease with his retirement: it will be continued for ever. Meanwhile, America and the world are left with an United States now openly envassalled to the world revolution, and as long as there are American presidents, the fate of Mr. Nixon will be with them like writing on the wall.

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## Appendix

I am conscious of the fact that a new generation of readers has grown up since I began writing books and gained some repute with them, and many, if not most, of those who may read this book will know nothing of me or of any experience I have which might qualify me for pontificating about world affairs in general and African ones in particular. Moreover, I have only written two books (this is the second) in the last twenty years and am thus unknown to most of those who came of age during that time.

I will not try to introduce myself and my experience by listing the posts I held, the travels I made, and the books I wrote. I was fortunate to find in *The Blossoming World* (the second volume of the autobiography of a much better known writer, Mr H.E. Bates, published by Michael Joseph) what Mr Bates wrote, in 1971, about my first book of a series, *Insanity Fair* (1938). This will introduce me to those new readers and I quote some passages with grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Bates:

... by the year 1935 ... it already seemed to me that war, sooner or later and probably sooner, was inevitable ... Man had been insane enough in 1914; I found it a matter of excruciating and impossible difficulty to believe that he could be as wildly insane again and yet in my heart I was utterly convinced, though against my will, that soon he was going to be.

I was fortified - the word is ironical if you care to read it that way - by the dispatches then being sent to London by *The Times* Berlin correspondent, Douglas Reed, who was presently to expand these dispatches into a book called *Insanity Fair*, which Jonathan Cape published. My most awful fear having been confirmed by *Insanity Fair*, I begged that Cape should send a free copy to every member of Parliament, a suggestion that Rupert Hart-Davis received with the wearily ironical sentence, "My dear boy, what's the use? They can't read anyway."

The most terrifying thing about Reed's book was the accuracy of its prophecy. He had watched, listened and had been horrified by what he had seen and heard in Germany ... Here, as in some hideous glass ball, the future was set out with terrifying accuracy for all to see: the Saar, the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, Danzig, Austria, Belgium, France and lastly, of course, England. Every ghoulish prophecy, and a thousand more that we didn't yet know about were eventually to come true with uncanny, bitter, sickening accuracy. And it seemed to me that Reed set out his arguments with such power and cogency that no one of right mind could deny them. I certainly could not: everything intelligent and civilized in me told me that we had looked into a glass darkly and had seen the black, diseased, doomed face of Europe's future ...

D.R.

Some blank space remaining on this page as the book goes to press enables me, without re-paging, to bring the tale of the African tragedy up to date.

The betrayal of Angola and Mozambique has bequeathed the anarchy in the Portuguese territories which was bound to result from General Spínola's intervention, and the outcome, if any clear outcome is to ensue, cannot be foreseen. The spectacle of his emissaries negotiating a "transfer of power" to the massacrists of 15 March 1961, in Angola, and with their kind in Mozambique must make the angels weep.

One small item on the credit side, that of truth, emerges from the chaotic scene this General has produced. The deposed and exiled Portuguese Prime Minister, Dr. Caetano, who bore so much of the brunt of the years of resistance to the leftist revolution, in his turn has published a book, *Testimony*, in which he spells out the Unacceptable Truth that America patronized and supported the Roberto murderers in Angola and similarly supported the Frelimo murderers in Mozambique.

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## Acknowledgements and Sources

I had great courtesy and help from the authorities in all the Southern African countries and territories, particularly in the Communist-insurgent areas (a more correct description than “Terrorist”) where my small undertaking would never have got off the ground, as the modern saying is, without the hospitality of Rhodesian and Portuguese military pilots, convoy commanders and cavalrymen, officers and troopers, Black and White. Black Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique, as well as Goanese Portuguese and Portuguese from Macao, all helped me on my way. The following list of publications includes those which I found most helpful in dealing with the various countries and territories individually. I have then added a separate list under the umbrella heading, “World Revolution”, of which these several localized events are part. Without understanding the global concept little real information or enlightenment about what is going on in South Africa can be gained.

### **SOUTH AFRICA**

*South Africa*, Anthony Trollope, ca 1870  
*An African Survey*, Lord Hailey, Oxford University Press  
*Somewhere South of Suez*, Douglas Reed, J. Cape, 1950  
*History of Africa*, D.L. Wiedner, London, G. Bell & Sons  
*Ethnological Elements of Africa*, R. Gayre of Gayre, 1966

### **SOUTH WEST AFRICA**

*The Land God Made in Anger*, Allen and Unwin, 1969  
*South West African Yearbook 1971-2-3*, Windhoek, S.W.A. Publications  
*Ovambo*, Mouth African Dept. of Foreign Affairs, 1971

### **TRANSKEI**

*Where Rainbirds Call*, Basil Holt, Cape Town, Timmins, 1972

### **ANGOLA**

*The Fabric of Terror*, B.J. Teizeira, New York, Devin-Adair  
*The War In Angola*, Ronald Waring, Lisbon, 1961  
*Angola on the Road to Progress*, Michael Charman, 1971  
Angola, Economic Dynamic, *Optima*, Sept. 1973, Johannesburg

### **BOTSWANA**

*Botswana Notes and Records*, Vol. 4 1972 Botswana Society  
*Botswana National Development Plan 1973-8*, Parts I and II, Ministry of Finance, Gaborone  
*Primary History of Botswana*, Roy Gardner, Longman, 1972  
*White Queen in Africa*, Eric Robins, Hale, 1967  
*Ruth and Seretse*, John Redfern, Gollancz

### **LESOTHO**

*History of Independence*, D.T. Sixishe, Maseru, Govt. Printer  
Reopening of Lesotho Parliament, 27th April 1973: speech of Leabua Jonathan  
*Lesotho 1970: An African Coup*, B.M. Khaketla, London, Hurst

### **MALAWI**

*Banda*, Philip Short, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1974  
*Guide to Malawi*, Blantyre, Dept. of Tourism  
*Livingstone's Lake*, Ransford, John Murray



## **MOZAMBIQUE**

*Portugal Today*, Lourenço Marques Dept. of Information  
*Portuguese Africa*, Lisbon, Foreign Ministry, 1973

## **RHODESIA**

*The Battle for Rhodesia*, Douglas Reed, Cape Town, H.A.U.M., 1966  
*The Man and his Ways*, Salisbury, Min. of Information, 1973  
*People and Projects*, Salisbury  
Mr Ian Smith on Settlement, June 1973, Salisbury, Min. of Information

## **SWAZILAND**

*Swaziland Today*, Mbabane, Swaziland Printing Co., 1973  
*Inside Swaziland 1973*, Mbabane, Swaziland Broadcasting Service  
*The Story of Swaziland*, J.F. Scutt, Mbabane, Swaziland Printing Company, 1973  
Swaziland Tries Independence, *National Geographic Magazine*, August 1969

## **ZAMBIA**

*Bwana - Go Home*, Hitchcock, Cape Town, Timmins, 1973

## **ZULULAND (KwaZulu)**

*Shaka's Heirs*, John Selby, Alien and Unwin  
*The Zulu War*, David Clammer, Cape Town, Purnell  
*The Zulus*, Hoseph Judge, *National Geographic Magazine*, Dec. 1971

Events in Africa since the Second World War have in truth been part of the process of World Revolution, with the Black people as pawns in the game. The Revolution, confined to its original area from 1917 to 1939 by obvious complicity between persons on both sides who were in a position to shape events at the war's end, was extended to the middle of Europe and the coast of China. The next move in its global strategy is to take over Africa and in this process, which has been going on since the 1950's, Soviet Communism and powers ostensibly opposed to it are once more synchronizing their actions behind the scenes. Thus to understand that what is happening in Africa is not merely a spontaneous upsurge of "Black Nationalism", but an engineered product of White brains, a working knowledge of world revolution under its several masks, Communism, Liberalism and the like, is necessary and I append a brief list of works which cover this wider aspect of the matter.

*The C.F.R. Conspiracy To Rule The World*, Gary Allen (American opinion), 1969  
*Communist Revolution in the Streets*, Gary Allen  
*The Worldwide Conspiracy*, Ivor Benson, Durban, Dolphin Press  
*Message from South Africa*, Ivor Benson  
*Far and Wide*, Douglas Reed, Cape, 1951  
*Somewhere South of Suez*, Douglas Reed, Cape, 1950  
*When World Government Moves In*, Douglas Reed, New York, Economic Council Letter, June 1953  
*None Dare Call It Treason*, Stormer, Florissant, Missouri, Liberty Bell Press  
*Braam Fischer, The Man With Two Faces*, Vermaak, Johannesburg, APB Publishers, 1966  
*War in Africa*, Venter, Cape Town, Rousseau, 1973  
*Terrorism*, Morris, Cape Town, Timmins, 1971  
*Winter in Moscow*, Muggeridge, 1932  
*The Thirties*, Muggeridge, Haniish Hamilton, 1940  
The Decade of The Great Liberal Death Wish, Muggeridge, New York, *Esquire*, December 1970  
*Chronicles of Wasted Time*, Muggeridge (Part I), Collins, 1972

*The Fabric of Terror*, Teizeira, New York, Devin-Adair Co., 1962  
*Terrorism in South Africa*, Jacobs, Peterson and Yarborough, New York, American Affairs Assn.  
*The Silent War*, Shay and Vermaak, Rhodesia, Galaxie Press, 1971  
*Defeating Communist Insurgency: The Lessons of Malaya and Vietnam*, Sir Robert Thompson, Chatto and Windus, 1966

Several of these books are now only to be found at some libraries. From the shelves of others they have vanished and librarians consulted by me have said they were aware of the process but could not identify the source or catch these leftist book-burners at their work. A leading authority in this field, the late Mrs Nesta Webster (*World Revolution*; *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*, etc.) once told me she had been warned by a British publisher that if she wrote “against the revolution” she would find herself unpublishable. Her works are in fact almost impossible to obtain today.

For those who wish to follow the story of the transfer of American treasure to the revolutionary citadel, from Woodrow Wilson's initial credit of \$325,000,000 channelled through Koen, Loeb & Co. the day after Wilson's war against Germany speech on 2 April 1917 down to the present day, the *Diaries of Major Racey Jordan*, New York, 1913, are invaluable, also Prof. Antony Sutton's *National Suicide: Military Aid to the Soviet Union* (Arlington House, New York, 1973).

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## FOOTNOTES

1: *Somewhere South of Suez*, Jonathan Cape, 1950.

2: The allusion is to *Insanity Fair*, Jonathan Cape, 1938, see Appendix.

3: Reproduced with permission of, and grateful acknowledgement and admiration to, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge from one of his book pieces in *Esquire*, New York.

4: This quotation, and the later one from Mr. James Burnham, are both from *The Fabric of Terror*, Devin Adair, New York, 1965, the authentic story of the massacre.

5: On the occasion described on the previous page one of Holden Roberto's henchmen, asked about the sawmill massacre, replied “with a broad grin, 'Yes, we sawed then lengthwise'.”

6: The Second war in Europe ended on 8 May 1945, and Mr. Churchill evidently knew what was to be cooked up behind the scenes at Yalta, because he said on 13 May, from London: “We have yet to make sure that the simple and honourable purposes for which we entered the war are not brushed aside or overlooked in the months following our success and that the words “freedom”, “democracy” and “liberation” are not distorted from their true meaning as we have understood them. There would be little use in punishing the Hitlerites for their crimes if law and justice did not rule, and if totalitarian or police governments were to take the place of the German invader.”

7: A place where, apart from the control of coffee marketing and research, experiments in human relationships, of much interest to seekers after knowledge in this particular field, are carried on.

8: Voici l'Anglais avec son sangfroid habituel, *or*, Here comes the Englishman with his usual bloody cold.

9: General Spínola's coup, so joyfully welcomed by the leftist-liberals of the outer world, brought more alarm than satisfaction to responsible Black leaders in the White-governed south. Chief Kaiser Mantanzima of the great, about-to-become-independent Transkei, in obvious allusion to the events in Mozambique and Angola, said at Umtata in June 1974: "South Africa is our common home; we do not want the status quo disturbed by external revolutionary forces, forces of people who are avaricious and anxious to set foot on the rich soil of our country. ... Where we have to differ with the South African government we will differ as a family and not try to fight one another when we have common enemies outside the Republic."

10: By this phrase, Unacceptable Truth, I mean simply truth, which is naturally unacceptable, and inaccessible, in a world where all means of public information, press, radio and television, are today controlled and financed by the leftist-liberalist conspiracy, with the proportionate brainwashing effect on the mob or multitude.

11: They are the Transkei, with some three million Xhosas; the Ciskei, with a million; KwaZulu with four million Zulus; Lebowa with about a million and a half Sotho-speaking people; Venda, with 350,000 people; Gazankulu with 730,000 people; Bophuthatswana with 1,700,000; and Basotho-Quaqwa with 25,000.

12: Mr. Msomi is a Shakesperean scholar, and his *Umabatha* is an adaptation of *Macbeth* to a Zulu background (little adaptation was needed, for the story of intrigue and murder for the succession runs through earlier Zulu history as through that of Shakespeare's Scotland).

13: Thirty-eight chiefs, headmen, witchdoctors and tribesman had been hanged in a preceding twelve-month.

14: I described a typical case of a medicine-killing in an earlier book (*Somewhere South of Suez*, Jonathan Cape, 1950), and need not repeat the ghastly story in detail here. People who know the Basotho best deny that they know this practice to be a crime; they are tribal-law-abiding men. The murders are committed to obtain the strongest remedy, as they believe, against threatening dangers. A chief, seeing his authority reduced, calls in his witchdoctor, who "smells out" the person who by witchcraft has caused the situation. The victim is caught, taken to some remote place, and has parts of his body taken while still alive. These are used to strengthen the chief's medicine horn, the symbol of his authority.

15: A minor postscript to contemporary history: the Basotho servants of an American friend of mine temporarily resident in Lesotho, after Independence told him they wished the British were back: when they were here, "there was law".

16: See *Lesotho 1970*, by Mr. B.M. Khaketla, C. Hurst, London, 1971.

17: In fact this was an old building, the former British Residency, and only by courtesy can it be called a "palace".

18: Attested photostats are in existence.

19: In this century of yesterday's-hero-today's-villain-yesterday's-villain-today's-hero this aged monarch is a typical figure. The object of universal sympathy and compassion in the 'thirties, when he was driven from his country by an unprovoked aggressor, he was restored to his throne by Allied troops in 1941. A large memorial in Saint Matthew's Church in Addis Ababa, set up by him, records his gratitude "to the forces who fought in the campaign for the liberation of Ethiopia".

Pride of place in the central panel is, rightly, devoted to the South African troops who took a leading part, yet ever since the war Haile Selassie has led the howling against South Africa.

20: Not far away the new Parliament building was in construction, on the Westminster model, with all the trappings of Speaker's Chair, presented by some other Constitutionally-minded Commonwealth country, offices for all the Ministers, Sergeant at Arms, archives and press. When I visited it in 1974 it was deserted save for a woman in the Enquiries office, who had a friend with her; this friend, in the sociable Swazi manner sat on the floor in a corner, and suckled her baby.

21: The term "multi-racial", currently popular, is in my experience meaningless. "Non-racial", as practised in Swaziland, *has* effective meaning.

22: Of the several meanings of the word "loo" the one used in this case is "loo: to incite dogs to the chase" (the Greater Oxford Dictionary).